and a stove to cook on.

After that semester, or after that year, I realized how grateful I should be that I had been raised differently from the kids that I had taught. When I was in grade school, I think, my family, the children in my family were the ones whose parents who had some college education. I think even our school board members some could hardly write their names. Most of the school board members at the time I was in school didn't have any children in school. My first year experience in teaching, at Ryan was, was really an experience for me in more ways than one. When I first got there, I've been working in life insurance office. When I first got there, I felt like I was talked over the children's heads. Every time I'd say something, the children would just sit there and look at me. I had to get down on their level which was quite lower than what I thought it should I taught the third, fourth, and the fifth grades. third graders were. I quess, as high as they should be or almost as high in their learning; but the fifth graders, I felt, had been neglected. Every time I made an assignment, if it was in arithmetic, where they had problems to read and reason out, they'd say, "Oh, we don't have to get those. Our teacher last year told us those weren't any good because those are reading problems and that kind wasn't any good. Just get the problems that are already written down," and things like that. But before the year was over, I felt that I had accomplished quite a bit and the students were finally to the point where I wanted them to be or where they should have been when I first got there.