

And MB, now seeking succulent adventure in the thrills of editorship, is like a boy again, wide-eyed with the intricate aliveness and doggone cleverness of the linotype, chattering plans, popping up with schemes, scheming ever for the underdog. He will make good for the sake of 60,000.

Teachers and underdogs rejoice! Yours is not the only burden of public office. You are not the only cowards, nor the only scoundrels, nor the only martyrs, nor the only heroes. Look at your principal, who struts around on public platforms or stalks in through your classroom doors in order to observe and scare—he, too, is a scared human being. He, too, is hounded by public opinion, harried by people higher in authority and wielding power over his precarious head. Look at your district supervisor, your superintendent—they are godlings that strut, but they, too, are scared. Look at your Assistant Director up in the empyrean and the Director above him and over and beyond these look to the dream-heights of power—all of them are scared men. They strut on public platforms and stalk in through doors in order to observe and scare, but over their heads are other swords, over their hearts a greater uneasiness, over their souls the grander uncertainty.

This, little brother, is the secret story of struggle and ascension, that the higher you go in public prestige, the

more responsibility you have and the more pressure brought upon you by forces and agencies both worthy and unworthy. You wield power; other powers bear down upon you. Do you think, little brother, that happiness and contentment is commensurate with power? Do you for a little moment, little brother, dream of being happy as you go up the ladder of promotion until the ultimate forces of good and evil are pressed on your brow and threatening to crush your skull with politics and favoritism and servility to the greater power above you? Do you dream these dreams, little brother?

Look to yourself and perhaps you will find the end to your tortures and discontents. Your longings you must continue, yes, or else the very flavor of life is gone, but instead of gazing at the distance for the greener pasture, at your own feet, brother, lies the succulent vineyard. In yourself, in the feeling that you are worthy children of your fathers, that you are dedicated spirits, that in your own community you are kings and queens enthroned in the hearts of your people and their children—aren't these gold and treasures galore?

Ah, yes, the big income. Ah, yes, brother, the succulence of political favor. Ah, yes, brother, the prestige of being a school head. These are fine things. These are worthy of every man's ambition and dreaming. But look to your own vineyards, gather

*(Continued on page 48)*