

Momentarily at least, textbooks are to be made available on loan to parochial schools. Without going into the reasons, permit me to say that the need of these schools for instructional materials is very great. A far larger proportion of their children buy their books than is the case with public school children. Pupil purchase always tends to restrict the total supply of materials available and to preclude entirely the provision of enrichment materials. Pupil purchase tends also to keep old books in use long after they should have been discarded. The need for instructional materials in parochial schools is very real, and if the present means of supplying this need is invalidated some other means must be invented.

We have lived too long with the Staten Island Effect. This phrase proceeds from an incident that occurred some five or six years ago. A Staten Island parent called the local high school in high indignation. It seems that his daughter was using the identical Latin book he had used 20 years before. How did he know? As a student he had scribbled his name on the flyleaf. Our society needs to learn that books are expendable. We must outgrow the notion that school buildings are monuments and that the books within them are sacred relics.

Mr. Chairman, thank you for the opportunity to present this statement to your committee. I can only hope you will find it half as helpful as it has been lengthy. The schools of this country, particularly those in disadvantaged areas, require aid of the federal government to supply funds for purchase of instructional materials. It is a tribute to your Committee that it has recognized this fact in its support of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. May this wisdom and your leadership continue.

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PUBLISHER BUYS POEM WRITTEN BY GIRL PUPIL 14

[By Richard H. De Lone, of the Bulletin Staff]

Every now and then something extraordinary happens to make a teacher sure it's all worth it.

So when she read Bernice Flanagan's poem, Mrs. J. A. Parkinson, a ninth-grade English teacher at Roosevelt Junior High School, was "so excited I had to leave the classroom so they wouldn't see me crying."

Mrs. Parkinson thought the poem so good she showed it to an editor at the MacMillan Company.

Yesterday, Bernice, 14, of 511 E. Washington lane, had a letter from the publishers offering her \$25 for use of the poem in a new textbook series.

Next fall, pupils at Roosevelt and three other junior highs will be using the book and reading her poem as part of a new school board program to help motivate Negro pupils in so-called "disadvantaged schools."

FIRST POETRY EFFORT

Bernice, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Flanagan, wrote the poem—her first effort at poetry—for Mrs. Parkinson's class.

The teacher had given the class a picture from *Ebony* Magazine, showing a Negro in a gray suit with a blank spot for a face. The caption read, "The Acceptable Negro."

She asked the class to describe the point of the picture, and Bernice answered with a poem, "Man Without a Face."

Her poem, entitled "Man Without a Face," follows:

WHAT AM I?

I am a clock ticking away the minutes never to know the hour.
 I am a wind, blowing the arms of a willow without disturbing a bud.
 I am a shipless captain with no one to hear my call or answer my order.
 I am a current rushing with no destination.
 I am a drop of water among many drops which govern my soul.
 I am a man without a name.
 I am a man in a crowd of men yet so alone.
 I am a tulip in a field of lilies, I have no friends.
 I am a candle in a world which is dark.