

HONEYSUCKLE

TEXTBOOK IN ENGLISH FOR CLASS VI



A Different Kind of School 5



A Different Kind of School

-- E. V. Lucas



Miss Beam runs a school where simple teaching methods are used to help children learn. The real aim of this school is not so much to teach the thought but to teach thoughtfulness and kindness towards others, especially the physically challenged. She believes that by making the children share in misfortune, they will appreciate and understand misfortune and become responsible citizens.





E.V. Lucas

Edward Verrall Lucas, CH was an English humorist, essayist, playwright, biographer, publisher, poet, novelist, short story writer and editor. Born to a Quaker family in Eltham, on the fringes of London, Lucas began work at the age of sixteen, apprenticed to a bookseller.

Born: June 1868, [Eltham, London, United Kingdom](#)

Died: 26 June 1938, [Marylebone, London, United Kingdom](#)

Nationality: English

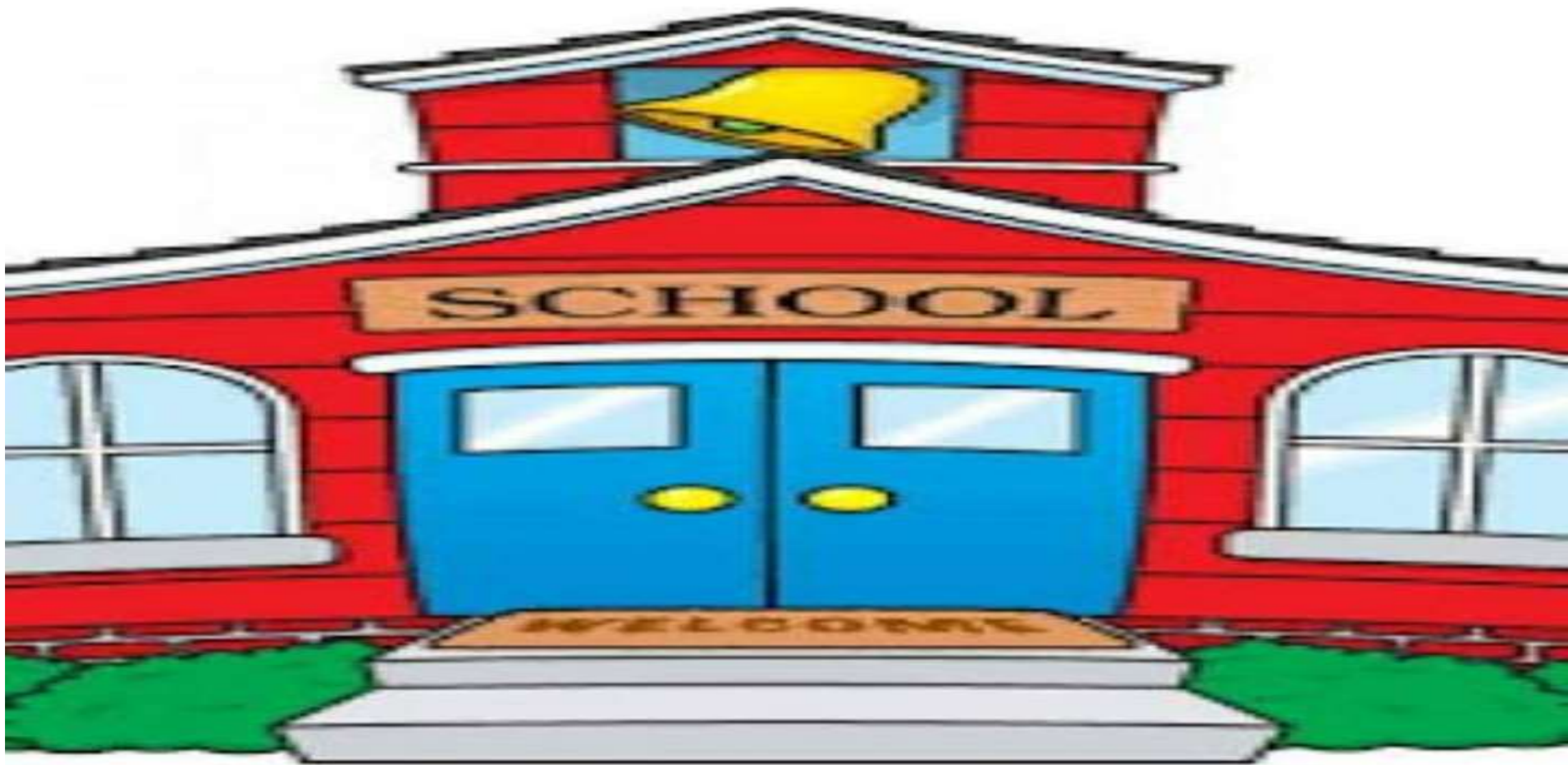
Profession: Humorist, Writer

E. V. Lucas



Introduction of the lesson

This lesson is a message about how doing simple things can make learning more interesting and easier. Learning while doing is the best way to learn different things. Moreover, other than learning routine things, we need to make ourselves aware and concerned about our environment and its problems. How we can make children more responsible and aware citizens?



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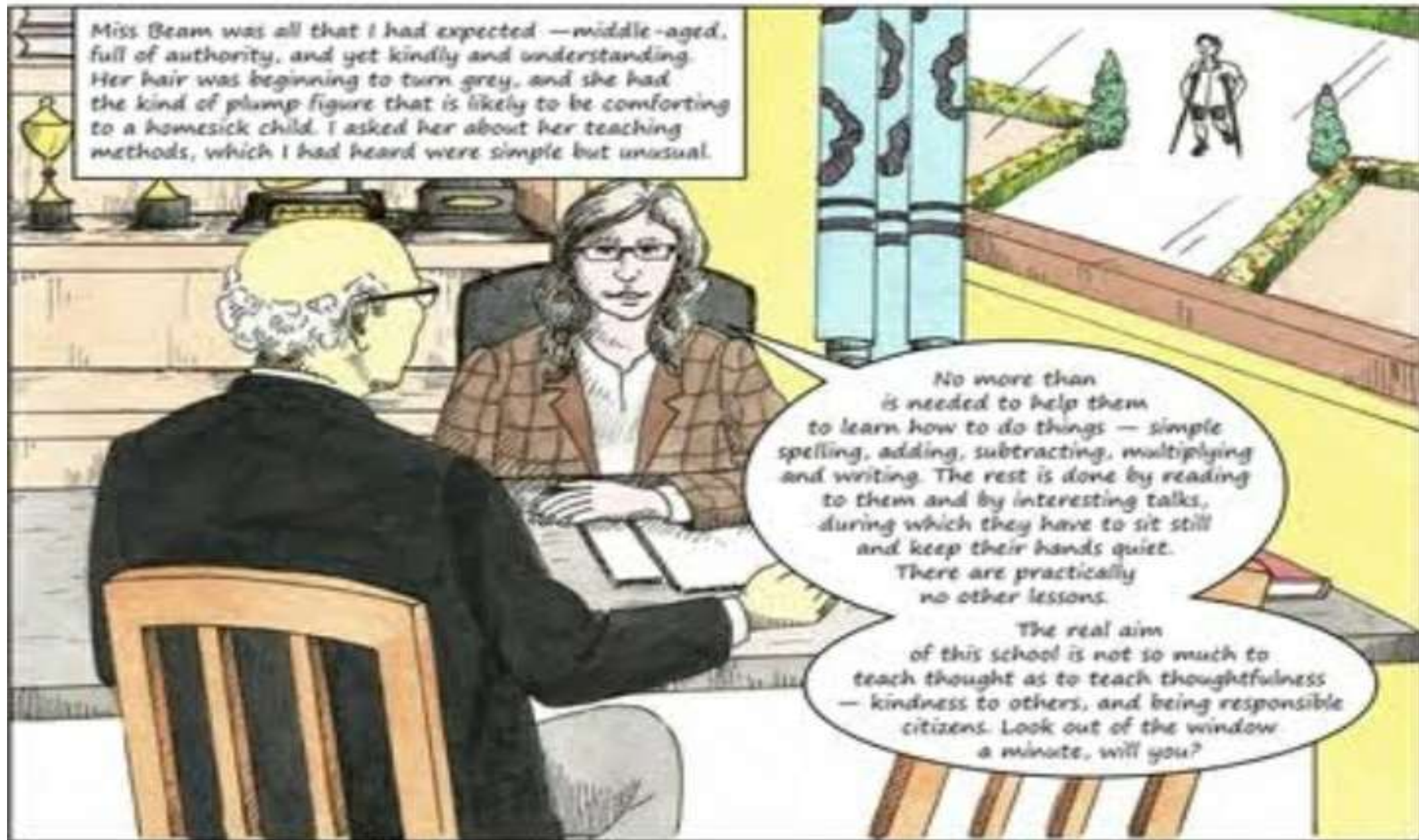
I had heard a great deal about Miss Beam's school, but not till last week did the chance come to visit it.

When I arrived there was no one in sight but a girl of about twelve. Her eyes were covered with a bandage and she was being led carefully between the flower-beds by a little boy, who was about 4 years younger. She stopped, and it looked like she asked him who had come. He seemed to be describing me to her. Then they passed on.

Miss Beam was all that I had expected — middle-aged, full of authority, and yet kindly and understanding. Her hair was beginning to turn grey, and she had the kind of plump figure that is likely to be comforting to a homesick child. I asked her about her teaching methods, which I had heard were simple but unusual.

No more than is needed to help them to learn how to do things — simple spelling, adding, subtracting, multiplying and writing. The rest is done by reading to them and by interesting talks, during which they have to sit still and keep their hands quiet. There are practically no other lessons.

The real aim of this school is not so much to teach thought as to teach thoughtfulness — kindness to others, and being responsible citizens. Look out of the window a minute, will you?





I went to the window which overlooked a large garden and a playground at the back.

I see a beautiful ground with many jolly children. But they don't look healthy. Earlier, I saw a little girl being led about. She had some trouble with her eyes. Now I see two more with the same difficulty. And there is a girl with a crutch watching others play. She looks like a hopeless cripple.



Are
your helpers kind
to you?

Fairly.
But they are not as careful
as I shall be when it is my turn. Those
that have been blind already are the best
helpers. It's perfectly ghastly not to see.
I wish you'd try.

Shall
I lead you
anywhere?

Oh, yes! Let's go
for a little walk. Only,
you must tell me about things.
I shall be so glad when today
is over. The other bad days
can't be half as bad
as this.

I don't think
I'll mind being deaf for a day—
at least not much. But being blind
is so frightening. My head aches all the time
just from worrying that I'll get hurt.
Where are we now?

Having a leg tied up
and hopping about on a crutch
is almost fun, I guess. Having an arm
tied up is a bit more troublesome,
because you can't eat without help,
and things like that.

I told her that we were in the playground, walking towards the house, and that Miss Dean was walking up and down the garden with a tall girl who had very light hair.

That's Annie! She's the head girl.

He's Peter. He's the gardener, and he's hundreds of years old.

That's Anita.

And here comes a girl with curly red hair. And she's on crutches.

There's an old man taking up roses.



And so we walked on. Gradually I discovered that I was ten times more thoughtful than I ever thought I could be. I also realised that if I had to describe people and things to someone else, it made them more interesting to me. When I finally had to leave, I told Miss Dean that I was very sorry to go.

Ah! Then there is something in my system after all.



Thank You