Supporting creative writing for teaching and learning about sports culture - personal reflections from mentoring co-authors.

An aspect which has made this book so eclectic and interesting is the stock of knowledge and experience of the mentoring co-authors which has guided the editing of each creative story. The diversity of their experience across personal training, formal education and in life has shaped the conception of the original academic task, through to the mentoring and ‘polishing’ of these final chapters. Consequently, the purpose of this section is to shed some light upon that guiding experience which may in turn permit the reader a glimpse into the co-authors’ values and intrinsic interests about learning and teaching in Higher Education.

Note: whilst the following short chapters are essentially personal and autobiographical they may be written stylistically to suit the mentoring co-author and the nature of the information they wish to share.

Essex boys can’t rite, wright, right, write... I got there in the end

Clive Palmer

Born in 1966, the 1970s and 1980s were my formative years in compulsory education. I grew up on Canvey Island which is at the most southerly tip of Essex on the Thames Estuary. Not particularly known for being a Seat of Learning, Canvey Island was more associated with the Del Boy image, dodgy builders, mods and rockers and as a rather scruffy seaside resort for Londoners to visit. In time, some of these ‘seeds’ would lay more permanent roots and visit London instead – such was their desire to become a “commuter”. Curiously enough, however, sport featured quite highly on the agenda of my childhood experiences. I started performing Olympic Gymnastics at 8 years old and continue my involvement with that sport to this day. In the late 1970s and early 1980s I was at Furtherwick Park Secondary School where many life-opportunities presented themselves, for better or for worse. Similar to the boys in the film, Angels with Dirty Faces (1938) many young pupils’ lives might have followed a different path from this school but luckily, I never got caught or even beaten up too much. (See also the chapter by Glover/Palmer – “a dirty
face with an angel”). It was the kind of school where the boys did ‘engineering’ - woodwork and metalwork and the girls did ‘food technology’ – cooking. Some of the more popular girls would leave school early to have their babies – advanced biology perhaps? Some of the boys would leave school early having found seemingly lucrative careers which required no qualifications at all! Lucky them. Furtherwick Park is a school that on paper will always appear to be struggling which, in my experience may not be a full account of the valuable social experience of being there. A recent OFSTED report (2004), 20 or so years after I left, placed the school on “special measures” and explained how some thoughtful pupils, no doubt keen to impress the inspectors during their visit, vandalised the toilets beyond use whilst some others went for a spot of shop-lifting at lunch time in the high street. Things did not appear to have changed too much since my day which was strangely reassuring. This said, I had a great time at school and I wouldn’t change a minute of it.

Sport was a major feature in the make-up of Furtherwick Park. For some it defined what the school was about, an early kind of Sports College in effect. Sport masqueraded under the guise of Physical Education. Whilst it was very physical it was never very educative. In retrospect I learned nothing about PE in my time there but a lot about competing in sport. The long con was on and I, the mark, went for it with gusto, I knew no better. After all, Physical Education had nothing to do with learning, that all went on in the classrooms, supposedly. The ‘PE’ ‘teachers’ were totally focused on winning at competitions at local, county and national levels. It is fair to say that they weren’t too bothered with local spoils, in the sense that a neighbouring school team would likely get bull-dozered by a Furtherwick team anyway. It was county and national recognition which the PE staff hankered after and I was part of the merry little gang who would realise it for them.

The school’s spectrum of sports and leagues included in the main, rugby (a lot of rugby) and athletics (a lot of athletics) and cricket (for a rest, or for the rest who were no good at rugby or athletics). At one point, nearly the whole of the Essex County rugby team came from Furtherwick Park School. I chose not to play rugby after school. There is only so much you do. However, I did become very good at Pole Vaulting which sealed my fate for the next five years in those so called ‘PE lessons’. I trained for pretty much nothing else in every PE lesson and during before-and-after school sports training. As Essex County Champion in pole vaulting for 4 years running and County record holder I achieved a place in the top ten national rankings at age 15 and was rewarded with chronic back pain for the rest of my life.
Thanks. I was also training in gymnastics every week and competing at County and Regional level in that sport when I discovered canoeing. I took up kayak slalom (K1) and started competing in that as well. All these sports seemed to complement each other and I didn’t appear to be getting any worse at them, so I carried on – with all of them! It also occurred to me that I wasn’t sat on the school gate during day where the early leaver’s contingent would gather and look in on what they opted out of. “You gotta be in it to win it” I thought. There had to be a reason for me to be in school and them to be out of it. So I chose, somewhat ignorantly, to work hard on examined subjects, gambling that they might come in useful at some point in the future. Curiously, I always enjoyed the bigger projects to investigate stuff. My woodwork folder and geography project were items to behold. In athletics the school became National Champions for three years on the run and I was in the first team to achieve this for the school. Close behind me were some great performers; Mathew Simpson (a national level shot putter), Rob Denmark (GB international middle distance runner) and Dean Macey (World Champion, Olympian and Commonwealth Gold medallist at Decathlon) all of whom came from Furtherwick Park school on Canvey Island. There is also my neighbour on Canvey and fellow gymnast at the time, Paul Hall, who is now the National Olympic Men’s Gymnastics coach achieving the highest accolades the sport has ever seen in Britain (see his chapter in this book and his contributors note: Hall and Palmer, 2008; Hall, 2009). Why was so much sporting talent bursting from such a mediocre educational establishment? How would we get on in life? I can only describe it personally as my being resourceful and determined to succeed at something when the odds appeared to be against me to succeed at anything. I am sure my teachers may have judged things differently from their side of the educational fence. I thank them all sincerely for their efforts to teach me.

“Get a job son, get a trade behind you” was the popular advice from family and school. Higher Education was never on the horizon for me when I was at school. I was curious though, what kind of person might go there? Who ever it was, it didn’t seem to be someone like me, I thought. Surely someone would have said something if it was? I headed to South East Essex Sixth Form College (SEEVIC) with my seven O Levels (GCSEs equivalent) from Furtherwick Park and the academic advice given to me there was that I should sign up for more O Levels. “You don’t have the right combination of subjects to study at A Level” I was informed. Anyway, I was following my gymnastics friend Paul Hall to college who was only a year ahead of me. He was doing some A levels, whatever they were. All I knew was that they were much longer qualifications and seemed to get in the way of training so I...
followed the college’s advice (what I now know to have been utterly appalling advice) and studied metalwork, geology and electronics - at O Level. I already had an O Level in woodwork and enjoyed that at school (I had rather been put off metal work at school) so the metalwork now seemed like a convenient distraction to the other subjects now being followed. Sure enough I passed them and won another County championship in the pole vault. Paul got into dispatch riding in London and was earning “mega bucks” on his second-hand motor bike which he’d bought after saving enough money from his paper round - and saving to pass his motorbike test. A formal “test” and qualification by the way, which had nothing to do with college - I was not totally clear where his A levels fitted into his career plan. A levels seemed pretty pointless to me – just 2 year long schooly-type O levels. There were quite a few folk at college doing them and I couldn’t fathom why, I had no idea they might lead somewhere. The options seemed to be after school; work or college; after college, work. Was there anywhere else to go? I kept my head down and didn’t ask too many questions. At least we were having fun at college.

SEEVIC was probably famous for a few things. One good thing that I discovered years later when I started teaching was that a key text book for PE and Sports Studies had been written there, Sport Examined (Beashel and Taylor, 1992). It featured the sports staff Reg and Margaret Simmons and pictured the sports hall where I trained in gymnastics. “Ere look, I was there” I would point out to my teaching colleagues, who weren’t overly impressed for some reason. One not so good thing but absolutely hilarious at the time was the legendary food fighting which used to take place in the Common Room. Upon a warning shout “foodfight” the air would be thick with ham, bread, tomatoes and other edible missiles flying around with some not inconsiderable momentum. Bottles of drink and flimsy plastic cups of tea were also mutually sanctioned ammunition sources. Tables upturned for protection like cowboys in a bar room shoot-out it was quite a raucous scene. When some ‘cluster bombs’ – a snowball of cheese, crisps, lettuce and bread - found their targets it was immensely satisfying. Eventually these regular events were reported in the local press with disgust, “students’ disgraceful behaviour contravenes public hygiene standards” the common room was locked for the rest of my time at SEEVIC.

So, equipped with more O Levels than any man could eat I joined the Royal Air Force at 18yrs. However, a pattern of (un)professional advice and (mis)fortunes was beginning to emerge. I applied to the RAF to become a Physical Training Instructor (PTI). A logical choice given my sporting
interests, it was a sure thing? My gymnastics and athletics were as strong as ever and my K1 slalom canoeing had expanded on the ‘outdoors’ front to include sea kayaking, rock climbing and mountaineering. I had an impressive pile of governing body badges to qualify me in these sports and a growing list of titles and medals from competitions. I went for a three day assessment at RAF Cosford and ran circles round the other applicants only to be told that my racket skills weren’t very good and my knowledge on cricket was poor. “Not today thank you” seemed to be the message. I am not quite sure if it was my PE experiences which were at fault here or if they had perhaps missed something in my portfolio of skills. Not to be deterred, I joined the Airforce as a sheet metal worker! I knew that metal work O Level would come in handy for something. In fact I was more interested in the Carpenter trade in the RAF but the metalwork option paid more. I followed the money. However, whilst in the Services, stationed in Oxfordshire, I represented the RAF and the Combined Services for 5 years in athletics at National level and competed in Slalom, White-water Racing and Surfing disciplines of canoeing for the RAF and also led expeditions in rock climbing and canoeing in the UK and throughout Europe. If my one O Level in metalwork had opened all these doors what on earth were A Levels all about?

There had to be more to life than banging hammers to repair aircraft, and then the aircraft used to kill people. A cunning vicious circle, it was certainly killing me. As an eternal pacifist and with the Gulf War looming I left the RAF in 1990. I remembered from Furtherwick Park the College address of my Outdoor Pursuits teacher written inside the lid of his rucksack. I.M. Marsh College, Barkhill Road, Aigburth, Liverpool. I wrote to them and asked if I could do their course in Outdoor Education. With the National Curriculum going public in the same year that I had entered Higher Education as a mature student, two ‘new’ chapters in education were opening. At Liverpool Polytechnic, later to become John Moores University, I trained as a Science teacher with Outdoor Education. In truth it was my Maths, English, Physics, Woodwork and Metalwork O Levels that got me there given that my outdoor pursuits skills were pretty much honed.

A four year Masters degree in Physical Education followed my four year B.Ed (Hons). I was now a teacher but keen to learn more. The MA experience introduced me to philosophy and aesthetics which I was able to apply to the sport of gymnastics through an in-depth ethnographic study of artistic quality in Men’s Artistic Gymnastics – which developed into my Ph.D.
Introduction

And the rest they say is history.

Having been utterly deprived of my Physical Education at secondary school - to some degree cheated out of it probably through ignorance, I am fairly clear in my mind about what good quality PE might constitute now. In this respect I thank my PE teachers for being perfect role models of how not to teach PE. As for sport; competing and coaching I continue to gather experience and devise tenacious means of getting on. I feel my journey through education has equipped me well to motivate students at all levels to make the best of their opportunities here and now and for their future.

Like sport, education is a challenge, it is there to be enjoyed, so choose your challenges carefully and commit to them 100 percent.

Clive Palmer

NB: This short auto-biography is linked to the final chapter in this book which is entitled, Rose tinted torture and the tale of Wayne Lacey - Physical Education, a force for good at Bash Street School. The chapter above, Essex boys can’t write, provides a potted overview of part of my journey through education and life. The closing chapter, which is a progression within this tale, provides a more detailed ‘richer’ descriptive account of one of the episodes discussed above, i.e. some experiences of Physical Education. It is a reflective account which may stimulate some thoughts for future research in the area.

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Education, research and writing: a student perspective

Anthony Maher

Since many of the chapters within this book originated from the work by third year (Level Three) university students, I thought it useful to focus some of this personal chapter on my time as an undergraduate student. By adopting this approach, I hope to help the reader to gain a student-eye-view insight into Higher Education generally, and research and writing in particular, from a learner’s “purview”; their ‘we-perspective’ to use a term coined by the sociologist Norbert Elias (Elias, 1978). Only three years haveelapsed since I, myself, was a Level Three student. Therefore, perhaps unlike some of the more ‘senior’ contributors to this book, I vividly remember what it was like to be an undergraduate student. Before continuing on that tack, however, a few words on my life pre-university may provide a useful backcloth for understanding this chapter.

It would be much more than an exaggeration of the truth to say that I knew from an early age that I wanted to teach. Much of the time I spent at secondary school involved one thing; playing a lot of sport, football in particular. The remainder of my time was spent dreaming of the day I’d finally be old enough – although, admittedly, by no means wise enough – to leave compulsory schooling to join the ‘real world’. Not that I had the vaguest idea what the real world entailed. I was adamant, nonetheless, that the real world couldn’t be as boring or tedious as the day-to-day monotony of school. “Your school days are the best days of your life” my parents, sister, aunty and uncle would often say, a claim I would vehemently oppose. If only I knew.

Supported by little in the way of academic qualifications or job experience – I hadn’t bothered to partake in the compulsory work-placement at school, opting, instead, to play computer games at home for two weeks – I found it very difficult to gain employment when I left school. Eventually, after much searching, I found a job as a labourer/apprentice joiner. It didn’t take me long, however, to conclude that manual work wasn’t for me. Despite having no qualifications I was under the – slightly deluded, perhaps – impression that I could do more with my life. I knew I was fairly intelligent; not ‘stupid’, at least. The problem, I realise now, was that I didn’t have any drive or ambition; I didn’t apply myself at school or in any other context unless it involved sport. After moving between various meaningless short-term jobs, I decided that I needed some stability in my life. The answer, according to
my sister and girlfriend, was to go to college. Immediately, I was very sceptical. It had been three years or so since I’d last written more than two sentences. Notwithstanding my initial scepticism, I decided – or, at least, others did for me – to enrol as a mature student on an access course at Liverpool Community College (LCC) to study sport, what else! It was all that I was remotely interested in. It was during my time at LCC that I set my first long-term goal; I wanted to become a PE teacher. After all, I still really enjoyed playing and watching sport, and that’s all PE is, isn’t it; sport? The long holidays were another aspect that made teaching so appealing.

Upon graduating from college I applied to and was subsequently accepted by Liverpool John Moores University (LJMU) to study Sport Development with PE. My first choice was to study for a secondary school PE teaching degree but much to my disappointment then, my relief now, my application was unsuccessful. It was during my time at LJMU that my interest to teach at Higher Education first emerged. Through various modules, I became increasingly interested in the theoretical, rather than the more practical, side of sport. Facilitating social inclusion through sport, sports policy and developing grassroots sport were topics that I studied with much enthusiasm. In fact, it was a Level Two social inclusion module that introduced me to an area of research that would become the focus my undergraduate, Masters and Ph.D. research projects; namely, the inclusion of pupils with special educational needs (SEN) in mainstream school PE lessons. A four-week placement at a large secondary school in Liverpool, the identity of which I shall not disclose here, ended any lingering ambitions I had of teaching secondary school PE. All my efforts from this point onwards were geared towards gaining employment as a university lecturer in a sport-related discipline.

I first began to read academic textbooks and journal articles while studying at LJMU. I’d always enjoyed reading, Charles Dickens and George Orwell were and still are among my favourite authors, but I had never really bothered to do much ‘wider reading’ during college. Perhaps unsurprisingly, then, I didn’t have the slightest inkling of how to reference sources. Endeavouring to learn the often ambiguous ‘rules’ to Harvard referencing is something I remember quite vividly. Once I had become fairly comfortable reading and referencing these sources, however, I then began to study how they were written; how academics structure their chapters, paragraphs, sentences, etc. In turn, I compiled my own dictionary of words and phrases that I found useful, a process amongst others that I believe helped me to expand my academic vocabulary and articulate my ideas much more
coherently and succinctly – I hope. In fact, ‘Anthony’s Dictionary’, which is now much larger than the first edition, is a resource that I still use on a regularly basis.

I was first introduced to research methods as a Level Two (second year) undergraduate student. Thankfully, perhaps, the module didn’t embrace the theoretical complexities of ontology, epistemology, positivism, phenomenology, realism, inductive, deductive and so on; it was more a superficial exploration of research design and methods. Nevertheless, I was instantly hooked. It wasn’t long after I decided that, together with teaching at Higher Education, I wanted to be “research active”. The development of my research and writing skills continued at University of Chester, where I studied for a Masters degree in the Sociology of Sport and Exercise. Unfortunately, space does not permit an examination of the time I spent at Chester, nor the time I have spent as both an Associate Lecturer and now Ph.D. student at University of Central Lancashire. What it does allow, however, in the light of these career developments, is a brief reflection on the mentoring process I undertook for this book.

I was initially hesitant when asked to mentor the students, mainly because of the creative writing dimension of each chapter. For the last eight years or so, I’ve been taught to write in a quite regimented, systematic and insipid style; a style that could be considered the polar opposite of a creative style. It still feels quite surreal to use an apostrophe to juxtapose two words! The last time I wrote anything remotely creative was while at secondary school. In a similar vein to the premise of this book, my English teacher charged me with the task of writing an alternative ending to John Steinbeck’s Of Mice and Men; I still maintain that my ending was more innovative than Steinbeck’s! Nonetheless, despite my initial reluctance I can honestly say that I feel extremely privileged to have been part of this unique project. For me, there is nothing more fulfilling than contributing, in whatever way possible, to the social and academic development of students. In my opinion, the role of university educators is to endeavour to ensure that students become more independent thinkers, researchers and writers; in short, educators should attempt to make their services redundant.

Anthony Maher

References

Learning, travelling, writing, communicating - a central quest in academia

Joel Rookwood

C.S. Lewis once said, “I believe in Christianity as I believe that the sun has risen. Not only because I see it, but by it I see everything else”. My approach to university life – engaging, teaching, learning, researching and writing, reflects my underpinning faith. I do not always succeed in this regard, but this is always my objective. In my current role as a lecturer I have combined my abilities and passions for teaching, researching, learning, writing and helping others to broaden their understanding of the social world and their place therein. Consequently, my interest in social constructs such as identity, behaviour and development has been afforded a fertile environment for rigorous critical examination.

The journey and evolution of status from undergraduate to post-graduate to post doctorate represents a fascinating voyage of discovery and the range of sporting topics in this volume seems to capture something special about that development. On my journey it has been a privilege to learn from engaging educators who presented challenging experiences for me both in education and in sport – football predominantly. I have seen this sport used as a tool to promote as well as mitigate violence. In my own research I have gained a more holistic understanding through an examination of the former, but my interests are firmly centred on the latter.

As a relatively young researcher and lecturer I have been blessed with an educational career short in years yet punctuated by a multitude of rich experiences. My interests led me first to facilitating football camps overseas in the USA for example and then to deeper involvement with NGO (Non Governmental Organisations) projects which use sport for humanitarian reasons in fractured and divided communities. These have typically been with post-war communities or areas of serious social conflict such as Israel, Bosnia, Liberia and Columbia. I firmly believe that every opportunity has an expiration date and that challenges are to be sought after. With this in mind I have grasped many opportunities to engage with, represent and serve the inter-subjective lived reality of people who may be misunderstood, misrepresented and mistreated. Employing social tools such as those relating to sport to promote international social development, build peace and to foster Christian involvement is a rewarding and challenging process, fraught with limitations and possibilities. Critical academic questions are
now being raised in the hope of rendering practitioners better prepared and increasingly conscious of their work; and this is what I consider a key function of academia and a primary responsibility of scholars.

I have enjoyed the process of working with Clive Palmer, whose editorial engagements have extended well beyond the content of this book. His efforts and the motivations that inspire them are to be commended and his impact on my own development is difficult to fully express in words. Working with a promising student in Jamie Kenyon is also proving an enlightening experience for me. I first met Jamie when delivering a Sport Development lecture at Liverpool Hope University. He was and remains unswervingly Scouse, appropriately critical and thoughtfully engaged, characteristics I always admire. I later supervised his outstanding undergraduate dissertation, which would have more aptly suited a Masters level submission. I am currently overseeing his MSc thesis, which explores issues central to contemporary Liverpool framed within a consideration of their wider contextual significance.

I was recently invited to facilitate a sport development project in a Tibetan refugee camp in India and I accepted the offer on the proviso that I could select the participants. Jamie’s name topped that list and the initiative proved an incredible experience for us both, filled with blessings and lessons. We have also started to collaborate and disseminate work, focusing on both the local and the global issues and this creative offering is our latest collective offering.

For his chapter I have provided technical support aimed at developing Jamie’s writing. This has posed fresh questions for me in respect to my role and approach to supervision. I have also helped to shape the historical and socio-political framework of the piece surrounding the 1972 Munich terrorist attacks at the Olympics. This was informed by my experiences of working with and more importantly learning from Palestinians and Israelis, who in my opinion are amongst the warmest people to inhabit this planet (along with the citizens of the Wavertree district of Liverpool that Jamie and I both call home).

I enjoyed the process of mentoring Jamie and I am certain that this creative resource will inspire future work.

Joel Rookwood
Mentoring: a process of personal development

James Kenyon

It was a freezing Saturday afternoon in November 2009 at Walton Hall Park (or Wally Hall Park as it’s known locally) and the football team I play for, Vegas F.C., were two-one up in a Liverpool local men’s league match against Everton Deaf F.C. – a team of footballers, which as the name suggests, is entirely made up of young people with varying degrees of hearing impairment. With the referee having been asked at the beginning of the game to wave a red towel each time there was a need to blow his whistle, the game was midway into the first half before he decided that this complex level of multi-tasking was well beyond his capabilities. Blowing his whistle and waving his red towel and keeping up with the game, all at the same time, were proving too much for the middle-aged referee that afternoon. But what made the situation worse was how he went about letting his feelings be known to the Everton players using an impassioned repetition of the “F” word. He spared his criticism for few shouting at the players on my team, both the managers, all the spectators, some of the spectators from games on other pitches, the token policeman who was based off to one side on his quad bike, and pretty much anyone that was within an earshot of him:

“Oh for **** sake! It’s not my fault they can’t ****ing hear! They shouldn’t be playing in this ****ing league! I can’t be ****ing expected to remember to do this all the ****ing time!”

Predictably, such an outburst was met with a sizeable degree of hostility from most of those watching and playing the game; indeed, I spent the following ten minutes trying to stop one Everton player’s dad from assaulting the referee (while the policeman sat by and did nothing). But when the mêlée had finally subsided and the football resumed, I couldn’t concentrate properly on the game, my mind was now consumed by ideas. All I could think about was how good a research project the Everton team’s story would make, who I could approach to co-author it with me, how it could be structured, which methodological approaches would be useful, what the potential outcomes could be, etc. Quite simply, in sports management terms the Everton Deaf F.C. team is an example of best practice: a team of athletes with disabilities competing and succeeding in an “able-bodied” league. And so I decided right there on the pitch, in the middle of the first half of the game, that people needed to know how such...
The mentoring co-authors

an undertaking can be achieved so it might be emulated elsewhere. But no sooner had I had that thought that another much more powerful one hit me: “perhaps, thinking like this, I’m a sports sociologist, a young aspiring academic yes, and maybe this ‘field’ is where I’m going to stay for a while (no pun intended).

I’ve been to university twice now. The first time was in 2001 when I enrolled on a Sports Development and Coaching degree at Sheffield Hallam University straight after completing my A-Levels at 18. But I wasn’t ready for studying back then. Although I’d shown some early promise, I was naïve and going through personal problems, I was no longer concerned with the education process, my marks were comparatively poor and I was generally more interested in drinking it up with the lads from the hockey team than reading Hylton’s *Sports Development: Policy, Process and Practice*. So for a number of reasons I ended up leaving Hallam before the beginning of my third year and returning home to Liverpool. Upon returning to my hometown, I initially volunteered as a sports coach at a local inner-city primary school. But when the time came for me to find paid employment, the job that I’d wanted to do and the reason I’d gone to university – to be a sports development officer – was by then, an occupation in which only someone with a degree would be considered. So I had to find something else to do as well as coaching football and hockey voluntarily. At first, I started training as a chef but didn’t appreciate being bawled at by a Gordon Ramsey wannabe, who in turn didn’t appreciate my reply on the day I finally snapped. I started working nights as an auditor in the Liverpool Moat House Hotel, a “four-star” establishment which has since been demolished to make way for the city’s new Liverpool ONE complex. Then I was hired by a global investment bank to settle stocks and shares trades between financial institutions throughout the world, and although I didn’t particularly like the job, I excelled at it. I ended up training new members of staff, writing an expanse of training literature and policy documents, and developing and delivering training workshops, things which I found to be the most fulfilling parts of a job I hated being in. Luckily for me though, as I was beginning to cement my reputation as somewhat of a ‘rising star’ in the company I didn’t want to work for, the directors decided to outsource the whole department to India in order to save money and handed my team our notices. This left me with a choice to make. On the one hand, an associate in Amsterdam had hinted that his company were keen to hire me to do the job that I had been doing in Liverpool, ... and for much more money. Or alternatively, I could use my redundancy package to pay off some debts and go back and finish university. Perhaps then I could compete
for employment as a Sports Development Officer. After discussing my options with a close friend I decided on the latter and reasoned that I’d regret not having finished university in the future, and that it would open a few more doors in terms of career options. So I applied and was accepted at Liverpool Hope University to study BSc (Hons) Sports Development and Sport Studies.

This time was different though: I applied myself to my studies, I read numerous books and journal articles and listened to the odd podcast and watched the odd documentary. I engaged in the educational process by volunteering as a student-staff liaison representative and participated as much as possible in every seminar discussion. At the end of my first year, although I’d achieved some excellent grades, when Clive first asked me if I would be interested in submitting my main essay that year to the *Journal for Qualitative Research in Sports Studies* (JQRSS), my first thought was that he’d got it mixed up someone else’s. At the time, the idea of being published in an academic journal was unthinkable to me. While my standard of writing had clearly improved since attending Hallam, never did I think that what I’d written was something that others might be interested in reading. Nevertheless, I was encouraged by Clive’s enthusiasm for the project, and more so, by his enthusiasm for my ‘Can we have our ball back please?’ essay. That first article, unsurprisingly, required extensive mentoring and rewriting, and the academic writing process did not come as naturally to me as I’d first hoped. I had a tendency to ‘waffle’ and use colloquial words and expressions, which the review process helped me to resolve: I was beginning to learn how to write more formally and more succinctly. Although perhaps more importantly at that stage, I was walking a very fine line between critical thinking and outright cynicism, and it was Clive who made sure that I stayed on the right side of the line. Writing and then re-writing the paper was hard work, but a challenge that I relished and one in which the outcome inspired me to want to write another. The second article (written toward the end my second year), *Funding and Sponsorship*, did not stem from any assessed piece of undergraduate work but from my own interest in commercialisation in sport and Olympic social legacies. The aim of this piece was to highlight some of the issues regarding the funding of the London 2012 Olympics and the use of National Lottery money. When I approached Clive to ask whether he would be interested in mentoring such an article, he replied positively, and so work began on an essay which, when completed, was much bigger than anything that I’d been required to write in my first and second years as an undergraduate. Although this paper still needed a fair degree of mentoring and re-writing,
my ability to argue points critically and to identify where my writing could stimulate discussion had improved substantially since the first article. Additionally, as a result of this mentoring process (and the one previous), there had also been a marked increase in the quality of my degree assessments and I was clearly benefitting from the growth in confidence that comes from having work published.

About halfway through my second year, I took my newfound confidence and writing ability and applied for a job at Liverpool Hope University’s Centre for Widening Participation and Outreach as Peer and Academic Writing Mentor. The underpinning agenda of this role was to raise the aspirations of those students who might not have considered university as a viable option because of specific social or economic circumstances, and through this employment I was able to develop my own mentoring skills and instil confidence in the young people I was working with, like Clive had done with me. Then at the beginning of my final year as an undergraduate I was invited to travel to the Tibetan Homes Foundation in northern India to take part in the Liverpool Hope University’s Global Hope education initiative. The aims of this project were to make grass-roots interventions into the Tibetan Homes Foundation’s sporting culture and provide their staff with a platform to engage in an in-depth discussion concerning sport development, coaching, sport psychology and physiology. It was this project that provided the inspiration for my third article for the JQRSS, Sporting education – a Global Hope? co-authored with the project’s leader Joel Rookwood. From the moment I was invited to take part, Joel’s support and was invaluable. Through his mentoring I learned to appreciate a number of important things about writing at this point in my development; how my coaching skills and knowledge can be applied to a world wider than the streets of Liverpool; how to research hard-to-reach environments; and, how to remove the journalistic slant from my academic writing. Joel also helped me to refine some of the ideas that I wanted to present in the article and offered some of his own. There was a lot more collaboration in the writing process on this article which I enjoyed – stemming from the fact that we were both on the project - I learned a lot from Joel’s knowledge of international issues related to sport development. By the time the article was complete, I had graduated with a first class degree and had started my current postgraduate course, an MSc in Research Methods. I felt secure in the knowledge that I already had two academic publications, with a third on the way which chronicled some of my more formative experiences in HE to date. When the Tibet article was finished, Clive informed that he had yet to receive a journal article review submission for the JQRSS and asked if I’d be
interested in writing one as my first solo publication. I of course jumped at the chance; for it was now time for me to show what I’d learned from the mentoring process and in doing so, discuss with my target audience something which was very close to my heart – sports coaching. Writing the review was a very satisfying experience and one which, I think, successfully demonstrated how far my writing had come in the three and a half years since my first essay was published.

Which brings us to this book: *The Sporting Image – What If?* When Clive contacted me about a taking up a role in this project, naturally, I was pretty excited. Interestingly enough, at the time I had not long finished reading *More What If?: Eminent Historians Imagine What Might Have Been* edited by the American military historian, Robert Cowley. Like *The Sporting Image – What If?*, Cowley’s book also consists of a collection of essays and creative writing stories based around plausible alternatives to defining moments in history. So to get the chance to be involved in what is essentially a sport version of Cowley’s book was an exciting prospect. My choice of topic was an easy decision: the Munich Olympics was something that I’d always wanted to write about. Before now, with all the publications, films and documentaries about the Munich Massacre, it looked unlikely that I would ever get the chance; the subject seemed to have reached saturation point. But with *The Sporting Image – What If?* I could tell this story from a different viewpoint and offer a counterfactual version of what actually took place. Joel was the obvious choice of mentor given his multitude of experiences in working with and writing about Palestinians and Israelis in sport’s initiatives. Together, what we offer is a potential answer to the question of whether a successful rescue of the hostages was possible and how history might have played out had a successful rescue actually taken place.

Having the opportunity to fulfil the role of mentor on a second chapter was a much more challenging task than I’d initially anticipated. For Claire Burgess’s story about the Carlisle United goalkeeper, Jimmy Glass, I had to draw on my collective experiences of being a mentee to Clive and Joel, and of being a Peer and Academic Writing Mentor at Hope’s *Centre for Widening Participation and Outreach*. For her chapter I initially provided the type of support that Clive provided for me during my first couple of publication experiences: I helped Claire find clarity in her ideas and demonstrated how to present these more succinctly. I later suggested ways in which the chapter could be amended in order that the research preface was more reflective of the excitement of the events that actually
took place and also that the creative writing story seemed more realistic. I thoroughly enjoyed the process of mentoring Claire’s account, picking up the threads of what is a great story in football and hopefully, making Claire’s version of it entertaining for others. A great deal has been learned from the experience by Claire as author but particularly by me as her mentor.

James Kenyon
Introduction

The learning journey - from classrooms to kitchens and back again

Chris Hughes

From writing menus to writing assignments and stories: It’s all the same to me. Baby vegetables, Jersey Royals, delicate herbs and the Great British spring lamb provide the disgruntled chef with much needed light at the end of winter’s tunnel. There was nothing more satisfying. However long in duration, a typical day would pass with what seemed to be the blink of an eye. My feet barely touching the floor all day with more blood, sweat and tears than I care to remember.

So, it’s Tuesday morning and two baby lambs are carried through the back kitchen door by the butcher. How do we prepare them? and more importantly how do I teach a young commis chef to do it? Do I tell him to refer to the book he uses when he goes on his day release to college? No. “See him, the bloke who just brought them in, well he’s what we call a butcher, ask him, you stupid little…” No. Having being on the receiving end of countless verbal violations and spending 2 years ducking out of the way of flying spoons and ladles, its simple. We treat them with utmost respect, we know exactly where they have come from, what they have eaten, we stroke them (yes, I know they are dead), smell them; discuss what bits we’re going to use for this that and the other. We lay them down at different angles so we can see its true proportion and map out our desired point of entry with a sharp knife. I guide the young lad around the animal; together we break it down, trim fat, remove sinew, we scrape bones, never wasting a single ounce. It’s a journey from the back door to chopping board, to stove, to plate. The single most important component within the journey is the fact that we totally engage, we touch, see, taste, smell, we listen to the skin crisping in the pan and we care for and take responsibility for every single piece. At the end of the day, that’s what it deserves.

My philosophy on teaching and learning has been constructed from several positive and negative experiences within formal education however, nothing has had more impact than my contrasting previous career.

The journey I speak of, in my view, is a journey we take everyday, sometimes without even becoming conscious of it. I believe education and learning to be intertwined, a tactile ever evolving system that when effectively engaged can form a coherent lasting structure; a balanced view on life, an escape from the mundane, an opportunity to be challenged.
Creative writing in a sporting sense makes total sense. We ask players, coaches and even ourselves within a sporting environment to be creative; don’t be afraid of trying different combinations, is there an alternative way of attacking that left wing? However, we must not fall into the trap of simply being creative just for the sake of it. We must be doing it for the good of the team, there needs to be a successful outcome, our creative writing must be written academically, in other words form a coherent structure.

Faced with the task of mentoring a piece of creative writing on Brian Clough, I quickly encountered the occasional problem of, where do I start? Initially, great stuff, books, documentaries, newspaper articles, interviews, autobiographies and even films. This was going to be easy, writing creatively about such a charismatic football figure who loved to play creative football. What I found myself doing was listening to interviews, watching his teams play whilst reading material about the man and his players. I wanted to see the man for who he was, what he believed in and ultimately what he would have been like in charge of England. In an email to Clive I wrote “I feel like Robert DeNiro or some famous actor when they attempt to almost become the character they will be playing”. I tried to absorb so much that it felt as though I knew Brian Clough; he was sat right next to me helping me writing it.

Creative writing, the Sporting Image module and this book all attempt to interpret sport for what it actually is – a creative pastime. What does sport really mean to us? How do we feel when we watch our side play beautiful football? and What if? What if? What if? The beauty of this particular project is the fact that students and mentors alike are free to express their writing skills within correct academic protocol. The resulting stories can provide the reader with an alternative insight into a particular sport, situation or person and even portray a given person in their true light as opposed to their falsely documented nature. Much to the contrary of several biographies and even a feature film, such stories in the case of Brian Clough enable the reader to digest the literature and question for themselves What if?

Chris Hughes
Going around: I don’t want to land yet; I’m having too much fun

Iain Adams

14th March 1990, Goodwood Aerodrome. Alex Corner gently banked the mocca and white Cessna 152 into approximate alignment with Runway 24. With flaps at 20 and the speed at 65kts he lined up on the centre line and transmitted “Kilo Victor, final, touch and go”. The tower responded immediately “Kilo Victor cleared touch and go”. He lowered full flap and as the aircraft reached about 6’ above the runway, slowly eased into level flight and closed the throttle. As she sank, Alex eased the stick back and about 3” above the runway the stall warner chirruped and the main wheels sank onto the runway. Three beaut’s in a row. The weather’s great, wind down the runway, visibility at least ten miles, traffic light. It’s solo time.

Sitting alongside I watched him set take-off flap, take-off trim, carburettor heat cold and scan the engine temperatures and pressures as his hand moved back to the throttle to select full power. I briskly tapped his wrist out of the way and stated “My aircraft”. “Your aircraft” responded Alex. “Kilo Victor staying down, student going first solo” I informed the air traffic controller.

I had been steadily moving my seat back as the lesson progressed; now I was all the way back, out of Alex’s peripheral vision, subconsciously he was used to not seeing his instructor in the plane. I taxied to the tower, hopped out, secured my straps and instructed Alex to call for taxi for one circuit, go enjoy himself and remember to pick me up. Up in the tower, I watched my cygnet become a swan. A nice landing and a jaunty taxi back to the flying school. The plane was safe. To the controller’s amusement, forgotten I trudged back across the airfield, my first ‘first solo’, my first trudge across the airfield, but not the last.

Most instructors, teachers, coaches, gurus, professors, lecturers, educators, trainers, tutors, whatever we call them, are in it for intrinsic reasons; the rewards are not financial. One of the delights in teaching is seeing people achieve. You suffer their failures and rejoice in their victories. Who can ever forget the sight of a small child surfacing and vigorously shaking their head and looking around to suddenly realise they have moved across the pool, maybe only one yard, but moved. “I CAN SWIM!” The joys of watching the small primary school football team win all of their games against much.
bigger schools and finally win the cup at the end of the season. Every junior boy, and some girls, had to play because we didn’t have enough otherwise; at a bigger school most would never have played sport for the school. With the season over, one or two parents actually thank you for the hundreds of hours you have put in with their kids; some of course simply moan “I hope you will be more considerate with your practice times next year”. You’re not paid, you race back from university to get there, and give up your Saturdays, fortunately the pleasures are in the achievements of the kids themselves.

I stumbled into teaching accidently; a scholarship had seen me qualify as a commercial pilot and contracted to Midland Counties Dairies as one of their executive pilots for five years. Then they went bust, I took a part-time job flying an executive jet and went to Birmingham University to do a PE degree to fill in the time, I was an enthusiastic footballer and kayaker. Less enthusiasm and more skill used to intone my instructors. To help build up my flying hours to obtain the coveted Airline Transport Pilot’s Licence I began instructing – and found my niche in life. Sit back and let others scare me to death rather than doing it myself.

I can still hear the shrieks of joy from Dave, a totally blind undergraduate, on a ten day canoe trip into the wilderness of the Boundary Water Canoe area, no roads, houses, or telephones for days in any direction. He had developed sufficient confidence in himself, and me, to paddle down Grade 3 rapids in the front of a Canadian canoe, climb 100 foot cliffs, jump from the cliffs into the lakes and torrents below, guided by my instructions. In the evening around the campfire, he wouldn’t shut up about the sounds, feelings, vibrations, and scents of his experiences; a totally different perspective, priceless.

I have been fortunate in being able to spend my adult life flying aeroplanes and teaching/coaching sport. This has included teaching prospective PE teachers in America, Jordan, Bahrain, Indonesia and Britain. The motto “do no harm” is not good enough. Our students must positively add to their own and other people’s lives.

Assessor, examiner, auditor, inspector, appraiser, evaluator, judge and jury; the more stressful side of my life. “Dr Iain, just three marks, please give me three more marks and I can graduate and go out and teach”. No way, I would not want you teaching my son, so why would I let you teach anybody’s children? A bad PE teacher can impact negatively on well over 5,000 children over a teaching career, nobody gave me the right to please one individual and do that much damage. But it still stresses me to fail
students, especially third years; I may be forcing them to spend another year at university, more thousands of pounds on fees, beer and curry.

Jasper X complained bitterly when I first failed him on his General Flight Test which would have given him his Private Pilot’s Licence and allowed him to take passengers; “I was safe enough for most of the flight and I have promised my wife a flight for her birthday”. “I wouldn’t let my wife fly with you, so why would I let you fly yours? You would have damaged my plane in that simulated forced landing, go do more of those with your instructor and re-book a flight test when he is happy”.

Sadly, higher education is, arguably, the least rewarding educational assessment regime, often measured through hours of reading scripts with tortuous syntax, a plethora of spelling errors and a dearth of original ideas. The instantaneous feedback of a physical skill accomplished denied. At least ‘What If...’ has actually brought forth some enjoyable reading.

Wendy, Alex’s beautiful girlfriend, has already covered him with kisses when I get back to the flying school; Alex is drunk with pride, deep satisfaction and champagne. I had tipped Wendy off that given the right conditions, he could solo any lesson now. Obviously Wendy is driving home; I’m flying again, no champagne for me. “Wow, I get to sleep with a pilot tonight” says Wendy. “Why wait ‘til tonight” laughs Alex and they exit the Flying School. I could have sent Alex solo last week but he was not quite relaxed and confident enough. It would have been safe but stressful. Now he’s enjoyed the flight, been to heaven once today, and is on his way again. I’ve made three people happy, but that includes me, how selfish. Teach and make people happy, teach and be happy.

Iain Adams
Rewriting history to get at the truth

Ray Physick

In everyday life we often pose the question ‘what if...’ “If only I had done this instead of that”, life would be easier. Likewise when looking at historical events people often consider what life would have been like had the outcome of history been different. What would Britain be like if Hitler’s Germany had been victorious or would the Civil Rights Movement in America have achieved greater success had Kennedy not been assassinated? Such hypothetical approaches to history are flawed in that they do not have knowledge of people’s responses to such hypothetical outcomes. Nevertheless, such scenarios are interesting in the sense that it requires the writer of counterfactual history to at least have an in-depth knowledge of the actual historical events. Moreover, re-reading history before going on to write a ‘what if’ version of history does help to clarify what such people as Hitler and Kennedy actually stood for.

Sport, perhaps, has the greatest potential when it comes to ‘what if’ scenarios. What if such and such a striker had not missed that penalty we would have won the European Cup. Such debates are what keeps sports fans going when faced with seeing their team lose a crucial match. In a way it is all part of the build-up to the next sporting event that might see your team, your favourite tennis player or golfer succeed next time.

The ‘what if’ stories I edited all contained the elements outlined above. All the stories are introduced by a research preface that required the student to do some background reading before writing their creative story. This process was a way of students refining their knowledge about actual events. Moreover, it forced students to deal with issues that face sport in the modern day. Issues of class, racism, nationality and how a country uses sport for its own national interest; all were revealed in the research prefaces and in the creative stories.

Emma Jones’ research preface showed the depths of the white supremacist views of Nazi Germany; it also revealed that Jesse Owens was never fully accepted by white America during his life time. Despite the election of a black president overt and covert racism is still apparent in America, forty years after the Civil Rights Movement. The Bourgeois Blues side of life as detailed in Leadbelly’s song was clearly apparent in the USA during Jesse Owens’ lifetime. Emma’s story reminds us of this while at the same showing how horrendous the Nazi regime was. Hitler’s befriending of the ‘white’
Owens reveals splits in the Nazi party, splits that actually existed in Germany, especially before the Night of the Long Knives in 1934. The story also serves to show that Jews, both in Germany and around the world, were not compliant victims but did attempt to resist the horrors that faced them during the Nazi years.

Ashley Walker’s story about football hooliganism was also well researched. Her preface showed that the problems of football hooliganism are deep-rooted and date back to the nineteenth century. Hooligans are usually portrayed by the press as some kind of sub-human species, but Ashley’s preface serves to show that such behaviour does reflect wider societal problems. Moreover, she demonstrates that such behaviour is often exaggerated by the press, a press that duly ignores the fact that most fans are well-behaved and would never get involved in hooliganism. The story generates an atmosphere and gets across the enthusiasm for cup football among fans. The fact that a father and son are at the heart of the story serves to remind us, that as football gets more expensive for ordinary fans, the ability of families to get to a match is becoming ever more restrictive. The conclusion of the story is very powerful, it demonstrates how events can get out of control and how a violent situation can lead to tragic consequences. However, the twist at the end also serves as a reminder to us all that the press and media can often distort events, and give false impressions about the actual course of events, false impressions that can lead to false conclusions. As the story implies such reporting often leads to people being wrongly accused. Ashley clearly shows that there are wider societal issues implicit both in the story and the research preface.

David Hurst’s story about a sporting scandal also reveals a lot about modern sport. The sporting celebrity is a major factor in selling modern day sport. David Beckham, for example, is touted around the world by the Football Association in the cause of the England World Cup bid. Values such as football tradition, what a World Cup hosted by England could offer to the world, get lost in the midst of the money culture that dominates world sport.

David focused upon Michael Vick the American footballer who got wrapped up in drug taking and dog fighting scandals. The celebrity culture that abounds in sport, and wider culture, often places talented people such as sports men and women in a parallel world: a world that is removed from the reality of the everyday sports fan. Sport heroes have been lauded by sports fans since time immemorial. However, the mass media and modern
technology have placed sports celebrities in a fantasy world far removed from the fans who idolise such heroes. The research preface to David’s story shows that Vick went to gaol for his misdeeds. Unlike many other people leaving gaol Vick was able to join another football club upon release. His talent as a footballer made him a prized commodity hence he was able to command a multimillion dollar contract. The modern day celebrity is a product of the commercialisation of sport, sport that competes in a globalised world. As the creative story shows even though Vick had a dubious past the fans of the club will forgive such misdeeds as long as the team is successful. In modern day sport, apparently, success is not possible without the sporting star.

All three stories, as well as the research prefaces, demonstrate that despite its ability to appeal to a wide range of people, sport, today and historically, still has to contend with issues such as class divide and racial prejudice. Such issues are rooted in a world that values financial gain above everything else. William Morris wrote in News from Nowhere (1890) (a classic work combining utopian socialism and soft science fiction - his play on media is interesting even today), about a society that valued people’s abilities in a more equitable way; a place where leisure and culture practices were incorporated into the mores of society. A society that abhorred the commodity culture that was developing in Morris’ time and one that now dominates the world at the expense of cultural development. To a modern day observer such a society would seem utopian: but a world based on common values where different skills have equal value because they make a contribution to society as a whole is a utopia worth striving for.

A world based on William Morris’ values? Seems like there is another collection of ‘what if’ stories in making here.

Ray Physick

References
**Introduction**

**Mea Culpa (my fault)**

Mitchell J. Larson

I write this essay with no small sense of accomplishment, for if my colleagues were completely honest, they would justifiably blame me for coming up with the initially questionable idea of a student essay based on the concept of ‘counterfactual history’. For his first volume of student-staff collaboration, Clive had asked the students to compose poetry reflecting on the work they had undertaken in the module. Doing another book of poetry seemed repetitive and we were keen for a new challenge and development. So during the summer of 2009 Clive, Iain, Ray and I met over coffee to talk about an adequately challenging assignment for the students’ second written piece of assessed work. The module was “The Sporting Image,” and so many of the twentieth century’s sports figures were, literally, iconic: boxer Muhammad Ali and Jesse Owens, the black American sprinter in Hitler’s 1936 Olympics, immediately sprang into my head. The others soon chimed in with their own sporting heroes and villains and the idea gained momentum: the What-If book was born.

Counterfactual history remains controversial within the historical profession and only a handful of scholars have endeavoured to give it a philosophical justification worthy of the name. This is not the place to rehearse that debate. What the concept did offer us in the context of teaching a university module was that the assignment would challenge students to use a combination of writing skills, historical research, and conceptual creativity to complete the assignment. We allowed them to select their own sports personality or historical event to transform in their essay because this would enhance their level of commitment to the work and provide a sense of ‘ownership’. Students in their final year of university education are (ideally) more than capable of writing a predetermined number of words to answer an essay topic selected for them by their tutors. The problem is that they approach the task rather mechanically and without the spark of passion that lies behind really lively and enjoyable prose. In the worst cases student essays are copied or bought from vendors on the internet with no student thought involved whatever. What we sought was a way to remove them from the comfortable cocoon which such mechanical and predictable work allows and force them into some original and creative thinking without giving them complete carte blanche to invent whatever entirely fictional story suited their taste (that is also very challenging but in...
a different way). Judging from the essays in this volume, we succeeded more often than not with this exercise.

Where the blame comes in was after the term finished and the marked student essays came back to the tutors for additional ‘tweaking’ for publication in the book. I feel slightly guilty for helping to come up with the original idea but subsequently editing only two student essays myself! None of us knew how much work it might be to turn some of these creative stories into tolerable-enough prose to put our names on while still sleeping at night. The joy of it – yes, there was a good bit of fun here – came in considering the implications and the ‘big issues’ touched on by the students, often consciously but sometimes unconsciously. Space limitations for the students’ work as well as for the finished product necessarily curtailed some of the discussions that might have arisen had we been granted more space. In one of the essays I edited, entitled *World Cup 1986: what if Fashanu had eclipsed Maradona?*, the student broached a major issue in sport at all levels and one that transcends sport by reaching into human society at large. The student’s implicit dream of a world without (or with substantially less) bigotry against homosexuals might be viewed in a variety of ways. When I read the original draft I realized the possible depth of the ideas that students could explore through this type of assignment and the potential layers of the underlying question, ‘what if?’. As the tutor, one always wonders about the degree to which students are cognizant of their own insights when they are writing something like this. More than likely the student did not have the time to reflect on the experience fully. The fact that it was there, though, gave me hope that the spirit of the assignment had been fulfilled and that the student, whether he knew it or not, had probably embarked on a train of thought that may have important ramifications for him in later life.

What else, as tutors, can we ask for?

Yes, I know – we tutors could be greedy and demand things like proper grammar and spelling and all the things that make the written expression of ideas so challenging to us all, and no less so for today’s students, whose patience too often seems entirely expended waiting for a friend to return the latest text message in the nearly incomprehensible texting language – or ‘tanglish’, as I like to call it. Repairing the technical parts of the writing without losing its flavour or the tone imparted by the student was difficult – I am not sure how well, if at all, I achieved this in the essays I edited.
On the other hand, almost by definition I could not have written the essays the students composed as they are tales told from a certain perspective, written at a certain age, and so on. What is important to me as a key sporting moment will not be the same for them and vice-versa, nor will the lessons learned from particular events or individuals necessarily be the same. This is as it should be. But at a basic level our students need to learn how to transmit their most important or valued ideas (not always the same thing) to the next generation just as we are doing now. It is important for them and for future generations that they learn to think for themselves and to write down their ideas well, for this is how our species grows: we create, develop, and share our ideas....I hope for the benefit of all.

Mitchell J. Larson