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FALL 1963



LESLEY COLLEGE
 29 Everett Street
 Cambridge 38, Massachusetts
 United States of America

LESLEY REVIEW

Damon
 Box 13
 Harar
 Ethiopia

*File
 with Lesley
 Review*

The Lesley Review
 29 Everett Street
 Cambridge 38, Massachusetts
 United States of America

VIA AIR MAIL
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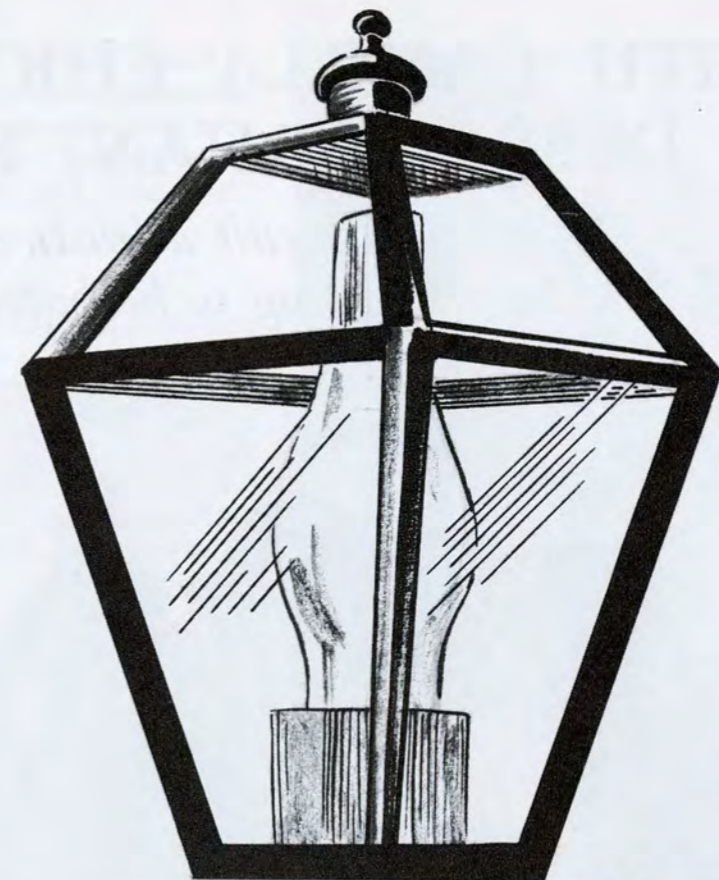
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It's a long way from Lesley's comparatively calm campus in Cambridge to a village in Morogoro, Tanganyika. Life in Ethiopia can be equally hard. And an experiment in living with a Japanese family is not the same kind of trip that a travel agent might plan.

This issue of the LESLEY REVIEW presents several Lesley Alumnae who are now or have recently completed a foreign living and teaching experience. There are many others who continue the hard work of education in far-flung places in the hope of building a better world for all of us to live in.

Lesley has good reason to be proud of all its graduates. But to those whom we present in the pages that follow, and to so many others who are shedding light and knowledge where there is now darkness and ignorance, Lesley is especially proud.



WITH CAMILLA CHICKERING IN DEBRE BERHAN, ETHIOPIA

*"The most difficult adjustment has
been learning to be hated."*



Dear Friends and Classmates,

As I sit on our front lawn and watch the Biblical asses carrying loads of wood and local women carrying the omnipresent black earthenware jugs on their backs "moving along the street," as our students put it, I think of life in the United States.

It is difficult for us not to long for our beloved country, as it has been difficult to adjust to a new continent and culture. The most difficult adjustment has been learning to be hated. Americans are pompous and most of them are sure they are loved everywhere in the world and it is a rude awakening when you learn your water has been turned off because of the color of your face. You know that everything you purchase is worth half the price you paid and you grin and bear it and try to understand. You walk up the street with your head up even when people are using the words "white man" in the tone

of a curse. You hold your head up and smile and realize that they will never accept you. It is all right; you expect acceptance no longer and place your values elsewhere. Your students are handsome and intelligent and beautiful. They understand you and like and respect you until they walk out of your classes on the pretense they are learning nothing and have not a chance to pass their examinations. You then re-evaluate them and yourselves and find you were all wrong. What to do? It has come to a showdown between students and teachers. You know that no one is going to tell them what to do; the decision is yours. Save face or swallow pride? Neither can be successfully accomplished.

Back to reality for a decision which will help the students realize the importance of responsibility. As I turn my thoughts from my friends' problems in their secondary school to my own in my elementary

school where the children are young but well on their way to a rebellious and insecure adolescence. Every day you become more nationalistic; and every day you ponder more deeply your motivations. At times you think seriously of "throwing in the towel," but you linger awhile longer.

Our "Country"

There are thirteen of us Peace Corps Volunteers here in Debre Berhan, a small town just 130 kilometers, or 80 miles, northeast of Addis Ababa. It takes two or three hours to get to the capital of the Empire because of the condition of the road. Most of the 130 kilometers are surfaced with dirt and gravel and have deep and frequent ruts which cut down considerably the efficiency of driving. A group of us must go in every weekend in order to supply our kitchens with enough canned goods and vegetables for the ensuing week. Because we are situated at an altitude of 9500 feet, the winds are strong and the air cool, so even though the sun is hot, vegetables and fruits do not thrive. We buy fruits and vegetables which have been transported from Dire Dawa, the city southeast of Addis Ababa, where the climate is hot and sunny.

They say the empire of Ethiopia is the Switzerland of Africa. It certainly is. The Rift Valley cuts the empire in two from north to south. We can see some spectacular gorges and layers of plateaus as we travel to and from Debre Berhan, The Mountain of Light.

Teaching in an Ethiopian Elementary School

In many ways teaching in an Ethiopian Elementary School is very similar to teaching in an American Elementary School.

In the Model School, where I teach, school begins at 9:15 A.M. or 3:15, at Ethiopian time. The children line up facing the veranda at the back of the school, say their prayers, hear some announcements and then proceed to their classrooms. The children who arrived late receive the old British punishment of whipping, by one of the teachers; the young children often enter my classroom sobbing and soothing their hands. From then on in the classroom the discipline is handled by a student, presumably the oldest or largest one in the class and the offenders taken care of at the end of class by the "monitor."

In the fifth grade I may start the morning by discussing some pages of grammar in their *Pictorial Grammar*, an Oxford University Press edition, which is rather detailed but good. Once a week we have dictation, oral talks and that good ole American weekly, the spelling test.

In the multiple classes of third and fourth grades, I work with one grade while the other is kept busy



with work which I have no choice but what to give. The fourth grades are still working on how to answer questions from the question, not by copying from the book. They are also practicing the usage of nouns and adjectives and have learned to tell time.

The third grades have devoted their time to just plain understanding me and doing very simple written work.

I have the fifth grade twice a week for "songs" and have taught, Billy Boy, Red River Valley, and Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star and others. They love to sing and I find I don't run into the same trouble you do in the U. S. about not being able to hear your students sing; these children shout every note at the top of their lungs which they have adopted from their own Amharic songs.

The end of the school day is at 4:20 P.M. at which time many of my students follow or accompany me home and come in to play volleyball in our compound. This could almost be said to be the national sport; even the young ones are very expert at it.

After dinner and night school which some of us teach to the Ethiopian teachers in the town, we settle down to an evening of correcting papers, writing lesson plans and writing letters. We go to bed with the sound of hyenas laughing, dogs barking and the unmuffled engines of trailer trucks dragging themselves by on their way from Addis Ababa to Asmara.



ADRIENNE DAMON — HARAR, ETHIOPIA

"Good Morning Our Teacher"

I am one of the 278 Peace Corps Volunteers now teaching in secondary schools throughout Ethiopia. After an extensive training program at Georgetown University during July and August where we studied a wide variety of subjects and "toughened" ourselves with physical exercise we flew to Addis Ababa, the capital city of Ethiopia. Here we had two more weeks of training concentrated mainly in our subject matter fields and also had the opportunity to get to know Addis Ababa—a city of extreme contrasts. On one day we visited the Jubilee Palace and were received by Emperor Haile Selassie I, and on another day toured the "marcato," the largest open market in Africa, where you can buy anything from silver jewelry to a mattress after bargaining with the shopkeeper to arrive at a suitable price. Our brief orientation period over, we were all assigned to various cities and towns in the 14 provinces of Ethiopia.

My assignment took me and 30 other Peace Corps Volunteers to Harar, the capital city of Hararge Province. We find Harar a most interesting place to be. Geographically it is 5500 feet in altitude and so the climate is almost perfect. The temperature varies between 70-75 degrees at all times. Right now we are enjoying the "little rains," a

precursor to the "big rains" which come in July. The rains have turned all the grass, trees, and surrounding countryside to a brilliant green. The city of Harar is divided into two sections—the old city which is surrounded by walls and inhabited by the Harari or Aderi people who have lived here for thousands of years. The Aderi are predominantly Moslem and differ from people who live outside the walls in many respects such as their language, religion, and customs. The effect of Middle Eastern Islam on Ethiopia is evident inside the walls of Harar. Outside the walls the city is inhabited by Galla, Amhara, Somali, Kourtou, and other peoples. It is the home of the Military Academy—"The West Point of Ethiopia" where the most promising 12th grade graduates are given a three-year military and academic education and graduate as second lieutenants. There is a police academy and the Third Division of the Ethiopian Army is located here, so much of the population is in a uniform of one kind or another. Because Harar is the capital city of Harar Province, there are many other marks of a city not found in the outlying villages. There are

tice in professional subjects. Because of the great need for elementary school teachers in Ethiopia it has been necessary to train high school students for this job. There are three schools of this type in Ethiopia at the moment—one in Addis Ababa as part of the Haile Selassie I Day School, one in Debre Berhan, and the Harar T.T.S. which has been in operation since 1952. The physical layout consists of eight buildings, the most impressive of which was completed last January and houses the administration, standard and special classrooms, the library, the reading room, laboratories for biology and speech training, a music room, art room, teachers' offices and staff lounge. The home economics, chemistry and physics laboratories are housed in further buildings. There are two boys' dormitories, a clinic, dining room and kitchen on the compound; the girls' dormitory is off the compound. T.T.S. is a three-year school consisting of the 10th, 11th, and 12th grades of secondary school with the addition of professional subjects. The student takes five academic courses, two professional courses, plus art, music, agriculture, home economics, health, physical



The back view of the main classroom building. Because of the ideal climate, the corridors are all opened.



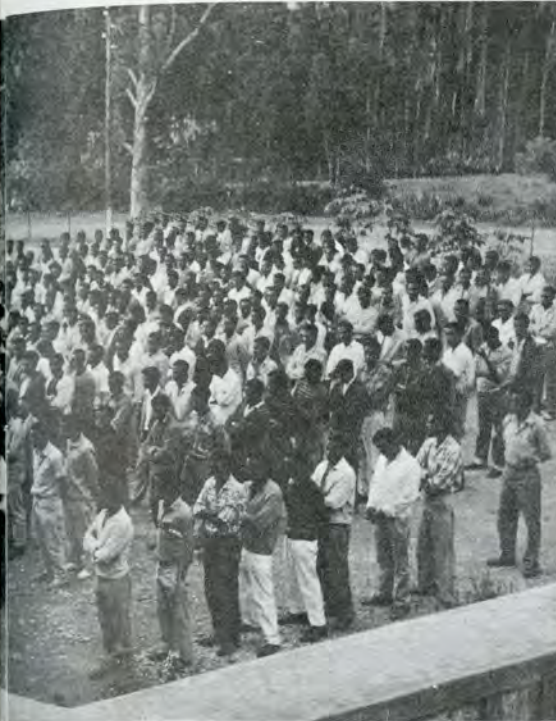
The central market place inside the walls of the old city of Harar.

The home economics-sewing laboratory.

two general hospitals staffed by Czech and Yugoslav doctors; a tuberculosis clinic run by a Filipino doctor; and a military hospital with an Israeli doctor. Also many of the municipality buildings are located here, housing the offices of the Governor of the Province, the Provincial Officer of Education, and other government officials.

My teaching assignment in Harar is at the Harar Teachers Training School, which is an institution of secondary level offering additional courses and prac-

education and library each of the three years that he attends T.T.S. In addition, in the 10th grade the student observes the teaching in one of the ten elementary schools in Harar; in the 11th grade five periods a week are devoted to teaching as teacher's aide; and in the 12th grade the student spends one morning per week teaching during the first semester and in the second semester student teaches in one grade in one school for three weeks. Upon graduating from T.T.S., the students are placed in various



Aderi or Harari girls weaving baskets which are sold in the old city and used by the Aderi people mainly as decorations on the walls of their houses.

Flag raising ceremony at Harar Teachers Training

School before the beginning of classes for the day.

A sewing class at T.T.S. The girls are making white blouses which will be part of their school uniform.

elementary schools throughout the empire by the Ministry of Education. The teaching staff of the School consists of 34 teachers. Besides the 17 Peace Corps Volunteers there are seven Ethiopian teachers, five Indians, four Britishers, and one Israeli. The school is directed by Ato Paulos Asrat, an Ethiopian who received his masters' degree from the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor.

My teaching position at T.T.S. is in the home economics department. Fortunately I have an Ethiopian counterpart—Weyzerit Alemitu Yibsa, who graduated last July from the Beirut College for Women in Lebanon where she majored in home economics. We teach the 48 girls who are in the 10th and 11th grades, in addition to other responsibilities such as: supervision of the kitchen and dining room, teaching of table manners and social etiquette to all the classes of the school, supervision of the teaching of home economics in the elementary schools of Harar, and the development of a home economics curriculum for elementary and secondary schools in Ethiopia as there is no curriculum of this sort in existence. Another part of the home economics program which I am enjoying is the teaching of a basic home economics course to the 12th grade boys at their own request. This is a much more condensed course than what the girls are taking as they only have a one-period lecture each week. So far we have covered clothing repair and laundering,

nutrition, meal planning, childcare, childhood diseases and hope to include some home management procedure, interior decoration, and first aid before the end of the school year. They have their cooking lessons on Saturdays as they do not have any free periods during the week. This will not only be helpful for their personal life but also will be good teaching material for them. The regular home economics course for the girls consists of three periods each week. Alemitu is teaching foods and nutrition, home management and related areas, as she is more familiar than I with Ethiopian food customs. I am teaching Clothing and Textiles, Good Grooming and Childcare. I find the girls very willing to learn anything which I can teach them. Of course they are very interested in western ways of living but I try to keep my teaching in the realms of Ethiopia as much as possible. We have a very well equipped home economics department which is a pleasure to work in. My teaching load includes 24 teaching hours plus five hours of supervision at Model School II. There are at present two laboratory schools connected with T.T.S. Model School I is situated on the compound of the school and has seven classrooms from grades 1-6. Here the students observe and help the teachers, most of whom are former T.T.S. graduates. The Model School II is a new addition this year and was remodeled from an abandoned school-house which was in bad repair. The community

service club of the school, with the help of faculty members and interested townspeople repaired the school and it now consists of ten classrooms in grades 1-4 and 330 students. However there were no teachers to staff this school so the teaching is handled by the 10th and 11th graders. This means that a faculty member from T.T.S. must be there at all times to help the students deal with any problems which might arise in the classrooms, and also to supervise the students and evaluate their teaching performance. Even though the language of instruction in the elementary schools is Amharic, the national language of Ethiopia, one can tell from the response of the children and their attitude whether it is a good lesson or a poor one even though we are not familiar enough with the language to judge the content of their teaching.

All the teaching from the seventh grade on is done in English as they study English as a separate course from the first grade on. Often when I am walking home from school in the late afternoon I come upon a group of elementary school children who sing out in chorus "Good Morning Our Teacher." This amuses me so much that I don't bother to correct them but just smile and say good morning back to them.

Having been in Harar for eight months, I can say that life as a teacher in Ethiopia is not so terribly

different from the same life in the States. The school day starts at 8:15 when all the students line up with great precision for flag-raising ceremony. At 8:30 classes begin and they last until 12:30. There are five periods of 45 minutes in the morning with a 15-minute coffee break during which the faculty gathers in the staff lounge for coffee (the chief export product of Harar). The lunch hour lasts until 2:15 when we return to school for three more teaching periods. At 4:30 club activities begin which keep us all busy until dinner time.

During the ten-week summer vacation from July to October we will be spending six of the weeks engaged in a summer program, the remaining four for our own vacations. Since T.T.S. will have an in-service training program for 300 elementary school teachers in Harar Province, most of the Peace Corps Volunteers and other staff members will participate in this. We will be teaching mainly method courses in our subject matter fields to teachers who have not attended a teacher training school but are merely elementary school graduates themselves.

I am really looking forward to my second year at T.T.S. as I have now had one year to plan a program, become acquainted with the students and the Ethiopian School System. I feel that having had the first year to make mistakes in, our second year will be of much more value and will have a great deal more influence on education in Ethiopia.

EDITH HALE CHEEVER IN MOROGORO, TANGANYIKA



Little Time to Dream

In rare moments I have time to admire the way the last evening rays of sun poke through the clouds, spreading their lovely gleaming fingers down into the mountain forests. The sky goes all red and the palms begin to dance in the evening winds, black and pointed against the Luguru peaks. They haunch like prehistoric heads, fairy-shaped and eye-blinking against their shadows and the sky.

However, life gives us little time to dream out here! A people, disadvantaged by their political history, confused by the sudden advance of outside ideas, underfed most of their lives, trying to live off the red infertile soil, give expatriate educators plenty of reality within which to work.

I am teaching here at Morogoro Teachers Training College through the sponsorship of the A.A.A. program at Columbia University T.C. in New York.

After receiving my M.A. in International and Comparative Education, I went to the London Institute of Education for six months' study before coming to teach in Tanganyika. This training prepared me for better adjustment to the British type of education which is the policy here in East Africa. The staff of my college is a real United Nations: Dutchmen, Germans, English, Canadians, Africans and one American—me!!

Morogoro T.T.C. is about 120 miles from Dar es Salaam, situated among the home hills of the Ulu-guru tribe. We train three groups of students from all over the country. Those with eight years of previous schooling are trained to teach in the Tanganyikan primary schools and those of ten years schooling will go out to teach in the middle schools (Junior High). Students with twelve years of education are trained only for the secondary schools.

Of course there is a tremendous shortage of teachers and schools! It is almost an impossible task to train, in only two years, boys of rural eight-year schooling to go back into the primary schools to teach. Keeping our students up with the new theories while giving them enough subject matter background as well as an understanding of children is a big job!

Educational Psychology is taught only to the secondary trainees and the field here for discovery is great. The emotional life of the child is completely underdeveloped in a home which consists of a colorless mud hut equaled by colorless classroom walls. It's not good talking to them about Getzel and Strang when there are so many cultural considerations which still remain largely uncovered.

As well as doing some research in Educational Psychology and teaching Reading Methods to primary school trainees (Swahili), I have charge of the primary demonstration school attached to our college. This means 260 African children, five teachers and a headmaster to work with.

The problems of primary education are boundless. It's another age out here, Before Dewey and the child-centered school! Due to the lack of basic supplies like books, art materials, or teacher aids, the teacher-centered classroom still prevails. One is aware when observing a class in session that the teacher is boring, or he is dramatic, or he is talking nonsense. Often it is difficult to tell what the children are learning, how they are developing. How can there be such things as project units and centers of interest when a teacher and forty-five pupil benches are all that space will allow?

EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONAL LIVING — JANET ROSEN

Japan—land of cherry blossoms and Geisha girls—of Mt. Fujii and sukiyaki. This, and nothing more, is, in effect, what Japan DOES represent to the majority of Americans. But this overly-romantic travel poster picture of Japan no longer wholly exists and is no longer either an accurate or a fair representation.

During my senior year at Lesley, while studying with Mr. James Robertson, in his "Contemporary Civilizations" course, I became fascinated with this Far Eastern land. A land seemingly engaged in social and cultural conflicts. A land torn between the older, rapidly aging generation, bent in tradition, and the new, challenging, questioning youth. I became keenly motivated to see this phenomenon for myself. However, it was not as a tourist that I wanted—or chose to go, but as a member of "The Experiment in International Living"—thus enabling me to see from the inside-out, and more intensively, as opposed to an extensive, external type of top-soil tourism. Being part of this organization was both a privilege and an honor—embodying all I had ever hoped to gain from such a *living* experience in a foreign culture. We were not journeying to Japan to glimpse the "night life of Tokyo"—nor were we going to buy silk as cheaply as possible! No, our aims were quite a bit deeper and stronger. . . . We wanted to increase and strengthen the bonds of understanding and friendship throughout the world on a people-to-people basis. We wanted to learn about the Japanese people, not merely their outward habits of dress and eating, but how they think and how they feel about life and life's manifestations. To me, this type of experience is and certainly was unparalleled. This learning and sharing of ideas, thoughts, opinions, feelings.

Before we set sail, we were given book lists, ranging the entire gamut from Japanese art to Japanese government to Japanese rice planting techniques! In addition, we were asked to practice sitting on the floor daily on our knees for at least ten minutes—WITH gradual increases. . . . All this, combined with final examinations and term papers, made for quite a hectic May; yet, it was a *happy*, hectic May!

Once graduated and home for two weeks, the time was spent in buying the appropriate "no-iron, drip-dry" attire (which, sadly enough, seemed to look just LIKE that after washing!), voraciously reading overdue required reading matter, packing and emptying out my suitcases (since the Experiment stated if we weren't able to carry our suitcases around a city block, we should taxi home, repack, and begin anew! My problem lay in finding a small enough city block!)—and, of course, sitting on my knees!!

All at once, the magic day arrived. Driving my parents tipsy with the constant whistling and humming of "California, Here I Come," I boarded the plane for San Francisco, closely resembling a Rocky Mountain packhorse with my two suitcases, overlaid pocketbook, and guitar slung over my back!! Once in San Francisco, I joined my fellow Experimenters—all interesting and interested people. (By this time, I remember I was all set to surreptitiously "lose" $\frac{3}{4}$ of my "handy" compartments and "carry-alls!")

After a few days in that wonderfully imaginative city, we set sail on the *S. S. Oronsay*—a veddy, veddy Briddish ship. Our group leader was a paragon of the idea group leader complete with bow tie and jaunty cap! The only things missing were a whistle and clipboard! We roomed four together in a port-hole-less, room-less cabin which, oddly enough, by the end of our 15-day voyage, seemed almost spacious (the quintessence of adjustment!!)

(Everything was "go" until the second day of sailing when this ancient mariner became sea sick and her only wish was to DIE, right there and then!)

The "ship trip" was the main part of our orientation, since, in addition to having to read material on all Japanese subjects, we were each asked to prepare a report on one particular topic, to be shared and discussed with the "group-san." We had meetings usually twice a day, for this purpose—and also, for learning Japanese songs and relevant "not-found-in-books" material which the ship's interpreter graciously helped us with.

Our ship spent a day in, not only Disneyland, but Honolulu as well, where we were all given *explicit* instructions *not* to spend our money on United States goods! However, how can one resist buying just one little indigenous Mu-Mu—and flower lei—and *authentic* beads? How we all ran to the Dairy Queen there thinking we wouldn't be able to have ice cream for the next three months! How very

wrong we were! We were to find Japanese ice cream "oishii" (delicious!).

And, before we knew it, there we were, not so stoutly, clinging to the rails of our stouter ship in the harbor of Yokohama. . . . A grey, foggy day—a feeling of overwhelming excitement as the pilot boat with the Japanese red on white flag approaches—immigration—a long, long process—we practice, quite pedantically, our small smattering of Japanese—and then we wait . . . and wait . . . and wait . . . then, shore! After our welcome from the Japanese Experiment Committee, a quick lunch, and customs, we board buses for Tokyo, where we will stay for two days of further orientation before leaving for our destination, Nagano City. We get on the bus only to hear French music from within. . . . Yokohama dockyards—and its wall etchings are quite similar to those of America, thanks to some of the blatant four-letter-word scrawlings made by our uglier American boys in blue. . . .

We're on our way! We can't see quickly enough—craning our heads this way and that—boys on motorcycles—driving on the left, British fashion—little girls with straight, jet black, shining hair, women speaking with hand over mouth yet, in contrast, much wearing of Western clothes. Children carried papoose style; women caddies on golf course—many cars and taxis having flowers or dolls hanging from within—the music in our bus suddenly switches to jazz and then—

Tokyo! Where East meets, joins, and conflicts with West! Five lanes of jumbled, hectic traffic with swerving kami-kaze taxis. It's every man for himself!

Then, to our Japanese inn where we take off our shoes upon entering, exchanging them for "slippers" or "house shoes." We have a meeting over tea with the Experiment officials, discussing our new "families." I find that my new father, Mr. Ushiyama, is a school principal in a school for the mentally handicapped, and that I also have a married sister, and two University student brothers. We then change into our "Yukatas" (summer cotton kimonos all inns provide for their guests). Then, we're given our first Japanese bath called "Ofuro" (the "O" preceding the word for honorific purposes). What a delightful experience is in store for us! The feminine portion of our group are all ushered into a steamy room with a large sunken tub in the middle, with buckets, soap and washclothes alongside. We are instructed to kneel by the tub (we are al-

ready thanking goodness for our pre-kneeling sessions!) and to pour the hot water over ourselves, using the pails. Having done this, we are to "soap up," then rinse, using the pails filled with the tub water, and THEN, and ONLY then, could we "submerge" in the tub, since the water must always be kept clean. After adjusting to, and soaking in, the steaming hot bath, we get out, fill our buckets with the ice cold water from the water faucets on the sides of the room, and at first very cautiously, then vigorously splash this water over us. What exhilaration! There are drains on the floor of the room, so that the water and suds go right down the drains—along with our tenseness, fatigue and weariness.

Our dinner is a delight. We all eat together, Yukata-clad, in our inn. We are a bit awkward with our "hashi" (chopsticks), and everything we eat is a new and fascinating experience ranging from the yellow pickled radishes to the salty dried seaweed.

After the dinner, we change, and walk about Tokyo, feeling for all the world like Hansel and Gretel, wanting to leave bread crumbs (or rice!) to help guide us back. We wander into one of countless Japanese coffee houses which are interesting to note, in that, in contrast to their American folk-singing counterparts, Japanese coffee houses specialize in stereo classical recorded music. They serve food, as in our country, but more in the line of ice cream, fruit (called "Fruits"), and coffee. They're all air conditioned and the tables and booths are set up not unlike a car on a train while the decor is quite Western, and the entire effect is one of harmony and relaxation. After listening to Beethoven and Chopin, we find our way (sans rice) back to our inn, exchange our shoes for "slippers," enter our rooms, and prepare for our next new experience—sleeping on "Ofuton" (quilted mattresses). One feels somewhat like the inside of a sandwich sleeping on "Ofuton"—with sufficient quilting both under and over! We bid one another an "O yasu minnasai" (good night) while drinking in our simple, lovely surroundings, and dream of more happy new experiences immediately awaiting us.

Tokyo is throbbing with life. Students are everywhere, discernible by their college uniforms which are black with brass buttons and cap with the school's insignia. Western influence is overwhelming, especially among the young people: bouffant hair styles and short skirts on the girls; continental pants on the boys.



*at my favorite pastime
could call them enjoyable
moments a "job"...*



"wa kare masataka?"



*"Teacher, Peto" - they all
The... (English speaking ability) help - each my most
favorites: Spd them all! Super! Miss winter..."*

国際親善に一役
ローゼンさんが英語講師に
本市と都市提携を結んでい
るアメリカ・フロリダ州マイアミ・ビーチ市から来歴したお嬢さんが、市内の相模工業高校で英語を教えることになったという、国際親善のニュース。この日は、マ市のシャネット・ルイス・ローゼン(22)さんで、働きながら、姉妹都市の鹿児島市に住み、日本文化、日本の家庭生活を勉強したいという、就職先をさがしていたところ、相模工業高校の好意で、同校に講師として迎えられることになった。



I'd arrived!

And then, our five-hour train ride to Nagano City! After unhappily holding up the group by breaking both the zipper on my handy grasshopper suitcase AND the strap for my guitar, reorganized, and respirited, we rush with the throbbing masses onto our train—crowded, sticky and HOT! People standing, men wearing white shirts and grey pants—very few colored shirts. We share our fruit with some Japanese boys seated across from us who are not very cooperative, nor impressed with our novice attempts at Japanese conversation—boys with watering cans watering the tracks to keep the dust down. "Eekeemasho!" (we go!). We see green rice paddies—the rice plants straight and tall in their watery homes with every available inch of ground used for farming. Terraced hills! Chattering vendors selling ice cream, box lunches and mandarin oranges at the train stops. One buys through the windows, and when finished, delicately puts the used containers under the seat. For lunch, we have ham sandwiches, attractively cut into eight pieces. Immersed in rubbish, we continue on. Going through the mountains, the air changes and becomes cooler. We see lush green vegetation on the sides of mountains, streams running carelessly over stones, waterfalls trickling down mountain sides and tunnel after tunnel after tunnel. We're all practicing our "dozo yoroshiku" (pleasure to meet you). Then—Nagano!

We step off the train with much trepidation and anxiety and all nametaped with our new "family's" name scenically lettered across our chests. We're met with TV cameras and radio microphones, and one by one, introduced to our families. My "dozo yoroshiku" gets stuck in my quivering throat, and never quite finds its way out in the midst of our bowing. My new "parents" appear very solemn. A small, dark-haired woman, wearing a kimono, and a tall, quiet man wearing a Western suit. A very awkward silence follows, as everyone leaves for their homes, and there we are—WAITING! My one big overall memory is a combination of pouring rain outside, coupled with nervous smiling, and constant bowing! After what seems to be an eternity, we get into a small taxi, which immediately, as if on given signal, begins weaving its way out of the downtown area of much activity. There are sidewalks, but the streets are unpaved and there are many little shops with their wares displayed outside on tables. A few big stores can be seen. We drive in smiling silence as we approach a more residential

part of the city with small homes—many with fences around them, more narrow, unpaved streets without sidewalks, a few automobiles, many bicycles and the taxi stops! We get out and I help carry my paraphernalia to the door of my new home. Taking off our shoes, we enter into a small, delicately furnished home situated across the street from a rice field—a simple, lovely home with sliding shoji-screen doors and tatami mats (reed mats) covering the floor. A low table, phonograph, cabinet and bookcase in the living room begins and ends the furniture. Yet, in the kitchen is a table and some chairs. There is no refrigerator or oven and everything perishable is bought and eaten in the same day. All foods are cooked on top of the stove. Ice is bought in chunks, and chopped by hand, being then put into a thermos.

My recently married Japanese sister, Kimiko, comes to call. She lives two hours away by train. It is her room that I used. She is a University graduate whose marriage was arranged, and she is quite happy. Most Japanese marriages are still arranged and the young people, for the most part, welcome it. Through either a matchmaker or regular match-making agency they exchange pictures. The girls are not deemed "ready" for marriage until they are able to cook, sew, know the arts of flower arrangement, the traditional tea ceremony, and Japanese dance. So it is not unusual for an answer to the question of "what do you do?" to a 23-year-old girl, to be: "getting ready for my marriage."

The atmosphere that first day was, expectedly, strained. We were all afraid of doing the "wrong thing." My family's English was sparse and my Japanese was sparser. Yet one is amazed to find out just how very much can be "said" without words! We all thought ourselves excellent charade players by the end of our first week's living!

After becoming acquainted with my room and learning how to "make my bed" which is made prior to sleep, then rolled up in the morning and put away, and trying to master the art of setting up the mosquito netting which is hung from hooks all about the room, we had a delicious dinner followed by a hot bath. Water is heated by burning wood underneath the kitchen floor. This was followed by a Japanese dance exquisitely performed by my little kimono-clad "Oka-san" (Mother). We then said our "Oyasu minnasai's," and I went forth, bravely to my task of assembling the multitudinous mass of mosquito netting. Incidentally, everything, it seems, is hung from hooks in Japanese homes and there are



in my room, opened making my YUKATA



while attending the Sophia University Concert Band performance, . . .



they asked me to present them with a bouquet of flowers . . . a usual custom after performances — as in the bowing . . .

we had many group activities:



instruction in Japanese cooking . . .

at least three calendars hanging on hooks in every living room!

After a truly marvelous night's sleep, I arose (literally!) at 6:30 a.m., groped my way out of the green netting, swept and cleaned the room, and at 7:00 a.m. sat down with my Oka-san and Oto-san (Father) to our breakfast of fried egg, salad with onions, cabbage, cucumber with tomato and mayonnaise, hot "gohan" (rice) with "ocha" (tea). This, I was to find out soon, was a typical breakfast except we'd usually have hot soup first with either cabbage, carrots and other assorted vegetables, or combined with the leftovers from the previous night's dinner. Nothing is ever wasted! I dried the dishes (which are washed in cold water), and helped to clean the rest of the house. Then, my cute little Oka-san and I walked to the "depato" (department store) to buy material for the Yukata she wanted to make for me. We carried parasols to shield us from the hot sun. I saw mostly older women wearing the traditional Yukata (the heavier Kimono is worn in the winter) and the younger girls in skirts and blouses. Actually, the girls enjoy wearing the kimono and yukata; it's merely that the Western mode of dress is much cooler in the hot summer.

The "Depato," being the largest store in Nagano City, wasn't unlike a small American department store with at least six floors, elevators, and a wide selection of both Western and Japanese clothing and cosmetics in addition to the Japanese household wares and appliances, of course. As we entered, I heard the non-so-Oriental strains of West Side Story's "Tonight" and my gaze was directed to a juke box on the first floor, surrounded by young Japanese boys and girls! The Japanese young people are a breed unto themselves. They're wonderful!! They're so very chock full of and interested in life and all that life has to offer. They love to sing—know songs in many languages—and always in lovely harmony. They love and appreciate beauty and Nature. They are always taking trips, hikes, and camping out. They begin in the fourth grade to take class trips all through Japan, and all summer we saw groups of students on buses, trains, in parks, museums, at national shrines, camping sites, with cameras around their necks, bulky knapsacks on their backs, and infectious smiles across their faces. They're imaginative, resourceful and strong-minded, with a fierce pride in both themselves and their country. They're individuals without having to overtly PROVE their individuality.

Two days after I'd arrived at my new home, I acquired one such individual. One of my brothers, Hiroshi, came home for his summer vacation. He is a law student at Chuou University in Tokyo, and speaks English quite well! What a delight! And the most fortunate part of this delight was that Hiroshi enjoyed and was able to discuss feelings and thoughts rather than obvious superficialities. Consequently, we were both able to gather keener insights into the deeper aspects—the "whys"—of both Japanese and American life.

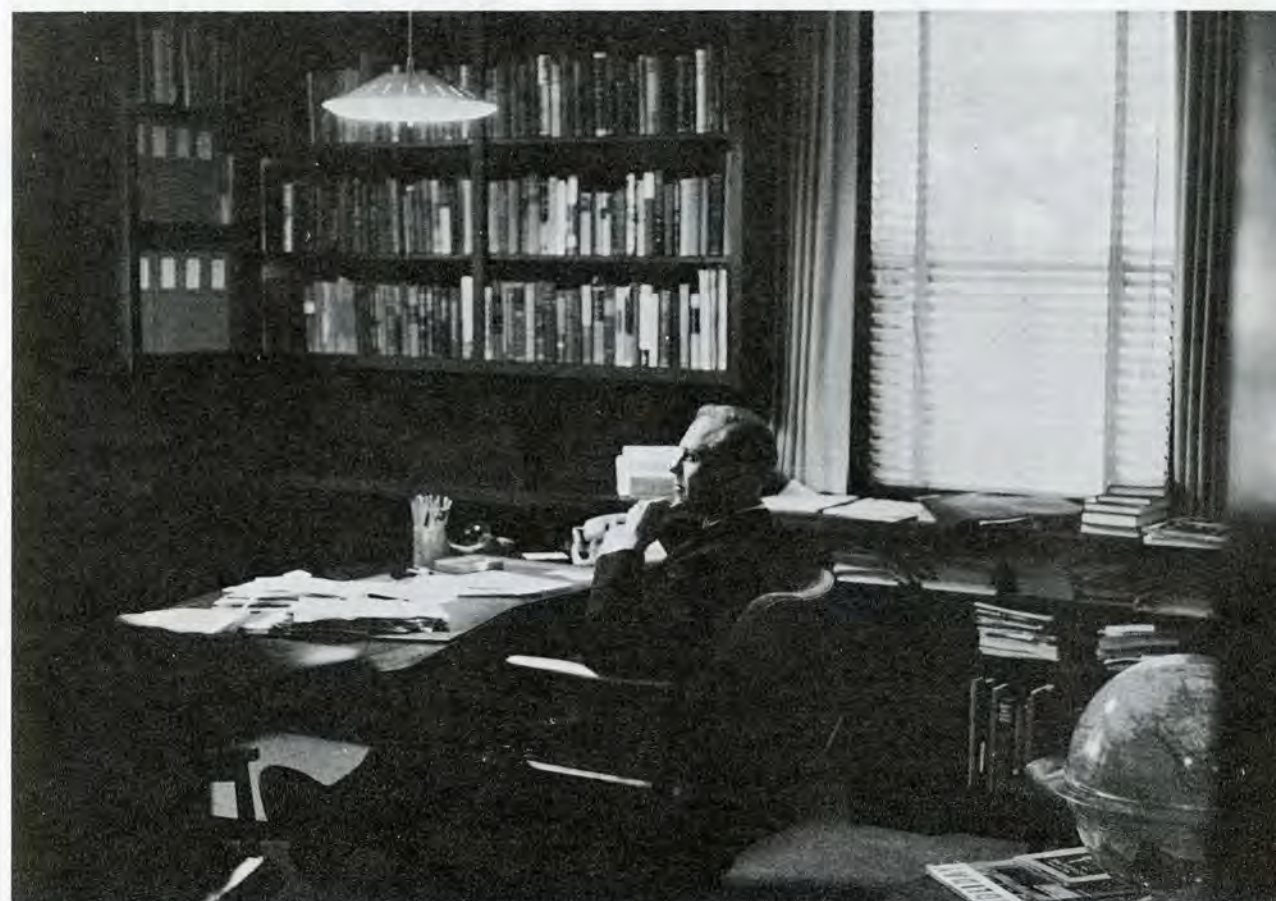
And so the days passed. Our group had instruction in such Japanese traditional arts as Ikebana (flower arranging), "Ocha" (tea ceremony), cooking, calligraphy, "Samisen" and "Koto" (Japanese stringed musical instruments). In addition, we were taken about the city and were able to see Nagano's industries—her factories, farms, hospitals, welfare centers, tatami (bamboo mat) works. We talked with the owners or supervisors and we were fortunate enough to be able to hold discussions also with the main political leaders of the Communist, Labor, and Socialist parties, as well as with the governor and mayor of Nagano and Nagano City. We were thrilled with being part of a Zen Buddhism ceremonial worship at 4:00 a.m., and also with being "oohed" and "ahed" at as we read an English lesson aloud for a tenth grade English class at the local girls' high school!

Yet these activities were but a part of our actual living experience. For the most part, I was "Sachiko"—a Japanese daughter, who helped her Oka-san shop for food, clean the house and help prepare the meals. Who joined her brother and his friends at parties, camping trips, festivals, Mah-jong games, song fests, English-Japanese lessons, poetry analyses, long walks. I was the girl who, after not too long a time, also gazed curiously at an American if she saw one!

My experience was a deep and meaningful one—I *lived* a Japanese life. I came to see that just because man appears, to the eye, different from his fellow man, because of some physical differences, this does not necessarily imply there be a complete all over difference, too! On the contrary, Universal Man is much more similar than he is different. For all men sleep, eat, love, hate, beget. All men experience joy and sorrow—but all men *express* these samenesses in different ways!

If only more could realize and understand this basic truth, we might all be living in a more peaceful, harmonious, tolerant, giving and sharing world.

Speaking personally —



We owe to yesterday's tradition and to tomorrow's demand a quality College. This is a multi-faceted creation . . . one to be achieved collaboratively by alumnae, students, administration, and faculty.

Just as our programs, students and faculty are experiencing change, so, too, has change occurred in the administration of the College.

Within the past year Frank Mazzaglia has joined us as Director of Public Affairs. James Slattery has been named Librarian of the College. Dean Dolores LaCaro last September became our new Dean of Students. In February Dr. Elmer Van Egmond affiliated with us as Coordinator of Research and Laboratory Schools. September 1, Dr. Boris Gertz assumes the post of Director of Graduate Programs.

These appointments have meaning. Their intention is to make available to Lesley and to the national college community an extraordinary pooling of highly developed talent. Added to that which was already here, I believe that perhaps few institutions our size can equal us in promise.

Each of these new administrators will concern themselves with the challenge of securing a place in the sun for Lesley. I know that they will welcome any suggestions you have which fall within their spheres of responsibility.

We can all share great pride in the spectacular promise Lesley is offering today and tomorrow, for this is in just keeping with the accomplishments of yesterday.

Don A. Orton

New Crisis in American Education

By MARK LIPPER

Mark Lipper is Director of Public Relations at Shippensburg State College, Shippensburg, Pa.

There is a touch of irony in the fact that the post-Sputnik emphasis on science education in this country was achieved, in large measure, by the raised voices and the bold print of the mass communicators while the plight of education in Communication continued to go unnoticed.

The National Council of Teachers of English has described the present condition of English instruction in American schools as "chaotic." An NCTE report two years ago revealed that 150,000 students failed college entrance English tests in 1960 and that 70 per cent of all American colleges are forced to offer remedial English courses at a cost of more than \$10 million a year. The report added that an estimated 800,000 of the nation's 900,000 elementary, secondary and college teachers are relatively uninformed about the nature and structure of the language they teach.

This is shocking testimony when you recall the early importance our educational system assigns to Communication. Two of the Three R's in our basic educational system deal with elements of Communication—Reading and 'Riting. But while the third R—'Rithmetic—grows up and becomes mathematics, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, calculus and all their projections, what becomes of the two other R's? They are lumped together in a package labeled "English" thereafter in all the years of formal education.

Let's examine this package. Dr. J. N. Hook, U. S. Office of Education Coordinator for Project English, a national effort to improve English curric-

ula, has said, "Particularly in the secondary schools, English has become a catch-all subject." In the November, 1961, issue of the *National Education Association Journal*, Dr. William Riley Parker, Distinguished Service Professor of English at Indiana University, wrote that "for many decades we have sold English down the river, letting our subject become all things to all people, diluting it and debasing it to such an extent that we ourselves lost sight of both its essential nature and its yet-to-be-realized potential."

By Dr. Parker's definition, "English is literature, language, and composition—period." While most high school and college English faculties agree with this definition, they will be the first to admit that literature usurps an unreasonable amount of the time allotted to the teaching of "English" and that it does so at the expense of language and composition. The reason for this is indicated in the article by Dr. Parker. "One paper a week from each student of a normal high school teacher of English requires from 15 to 30 hours a week of extra-school time." There's the rub. Our already overburdened English teachers find it much less time consuming to teach and to test groups of students in a given area of literature than to instruct and to drill them individually in the use of their language. How shall we meet this problem?

Starting back at the Three R's which are basic in education, we must see to it that Reading and 'Riting evolve into an area of study called "Communication," not "English." At an early age, individuals realize, or can be made to realize, that much of their future success and happiness depends upon their ability to communicate—to read, to write, to speak

and to listen. Because of its utilitarian connotation, the term "Communication" should carry more psychological motivation for the individual than does the term "English." Each new generation of Americans becomes farther removed from the concept of England as the mother country and of English as the mother tongue. Also, probably because of the overemphasis on literature in early English instruction, "English" courses are too often regarded as an academic castor oil which must be swallowed to give a sheen to the educated person. The majority of students take only the prescribed dosage and then run away from anything that smacks of language or of literature. Many of these could be salvaged through the "Communication" approach.

After the elementary Reading and 'Riting phase, "Communication" courses should be taught by communication specialists who will teach nothing but Communication, not by English teachers who may be tempted by the choice of teaching literature over communication.

A second major change to be made involves the nature of teaching materials in this area. Times have changed. When the tradition of "English" instruction was being formulated, scholars spent their time with books. They had few alternatives. Since then, however, the mass media of communication have come into prominence in their daily lives with the most up-to-date information and application of scholarly subjects. When you realize that, generally, Americans are involved in formal education for only about one-fourth of their lives and that for the remaining three-fourths they continue learning through the mass media, it seems ridiculous that our education system does not *require* the constant use of mass media in our schools and colleges.

There is a parallel here with the new trend in American education to make elementary school

"readers" more realistic—bearing some relationship to today's child's world. If this realism is proving to have so much merit in the child's education, how much more merit it should have in the adolescent's education.

From early in their formal education, our students should be exposed regularly to local and national newspapers and to news, quality and general interest magazines. They should be required to watch television programs and to listen to radio programs of certain quality and content. Usage is today's authority on language and composition. Exposure to the mass media will not only teach our students how to communicate effectively, but it also will make alive their many subject areas and cultivate in them a permanent interest in reading the literature of the day and in seeing and hearing beneficial programs. Such a plan, by its influence and by the many school subscriptions it would require, would serve to encourage and preserve good publications and good productions in our society.

Communication should be required as basic to a sound education no less than are mathematics, science and social studies today. In much the same fashion that students branch off from the required general science course into biology, botany, chemistry, physics and other sciences, students would move into linguistics and from there would have a choice of languages other than English. Others would move into literature with its many specializations as to form and nationality. Certainly more than do now would enter the vital area of mass communication where quantity and quality of personnel constitute a major problem.

One author has called Communication "the cement that holds society together." Our society, which is becoming ever more complex, is long overdue in giving serious attention to its adhesive.

CLASS NOTES. We are interested in hearing from more of you. Please send a note telling about yourself to Editor, Lesley Review, Lesley College, Cambridge, Mass. You have undoubtedly enjoyed reading about your classmates—they want to read about you also.

CLASS NOTES FORM

The Lesley Review
29 Everett St.
Cambridge 38, Mass.

Name:

Address:

Class:

This is a Class Note:

GALLUP POLL RANKS TEACHING HIGH

In the span of nine years, the teaching profession has gained prestige, while medicine has lost some of its luster.

In a nationwide survey—identical to the 1953 report—a representative sample of adults received a card listing various major professions and were asked:

"Suppose a young man asked your opinion about choosing a profession. Assuming that he was qualified to enter any of them, which one would you recommend to him?"

The three "best" professions to enter today are medicine, engineering, and teaching, according to those interviewed.

The following table shows the differences in the public's rating of occupations between 1962 and 1953:

Which profession would you recommend?		
	Today	1953
1. Doctors	23%	29%
2. Engineer-builder	18	20
3. Professor-teacher	12	5
4. Clergyman	8	7
5. Government career	7	3
6. Lawyer	6	6
7. Business executive	5	7
8. Dentist	4	6
9. Banker	2	2
Others	4	7
None, don't know	11	8

The higher esteem for teaching is due largely to the attitude of women. Proportionately, twice as many women as men—16% to 18%—select this

profession as the one they could recommend.

The difference between men and women in ranking certain occupations suggests that women give less weight to financial considerations.

In addition, more women than men select the clergy, while fewer women than men choose banking, business, engineering, and the legal profession.

The trend of future thinking on careers is probably revealed by the youngest age group interview—persons in their 20's.

The following table indicates that teaching is second among the choices of this age group:

Which profession would you recommend?

(Views of 21-29 age group)

1. Doctor	26%
2. Professor-teacher	18
3. Engineer-builder	17
4. Lawyer	17
5. Government	8
6. Dentist	5
7. Clergy	4
8. Business executive	3
9. Banker	2
Others	4
None, don't know	6

Among those interviewed who have attended college, engineer-builder is selected most often, followed by doctor and professor-teacher, which tie for second place in number of mentions. College-educated persons are most likely to recommend teaching to a young man.

What's Cooking in Cambridge?

By GENEVIEVE KAZDIN



The brightest news in Cambridge kitchens is the Lesley-Ellis Parents' Association Cook Book. An ambitious committee headed by Mrs. Louis Sullivan has compiled a collection of recipes guaranteed to liven up any woman's menu planning. The book includes adaptations of old favorites, specialties of invited contributors and many original recipes. A feature of "Cook Book" is the large selection of recipes gathered from the many Lesley-Ellis people who have lived and traveled abroad.

Compiling a book of favorite recipes demands a committee willing to plead, pry, even beg the recipes. They then must be kitchen-tested, checked, checked again. Only after that may the work of putting together a book begin. What would inspire a busy group of mothers to undertake such a project?

One mother's answer is: "In this way, we accomplish a two-fold purpose. We support the Lesley-Ellis Scholarship Fund, which has no source of income other than the Parents' Association, and we are making public the pride and appreciation we have for Lesley-Ellis." The school, a laboratory school of Lesley College, specializes in the education of average to gifted children. One important factor is the careful individual attention each child receives. Any child's problem, academic, social, or emotional, is treated by the school and the parents working together to provide the best solution.

Choosing representative recipes from "Cook

Book" means deciding among such taste-tempting treats as: Mrs. Endicott Peabody's Orange Chiffon Dessert, served at Governor and Mrs. Peabody's home at a recent dinner; West African Groundnut Stew, with surprise ingredient; and Red Taffy Apples, a favorite of the Lesley-Ellis children. Two unusual choices are:

GINGER CHICKEN WITH NOODLES	Louise Simonson
1 fryer, cut up and floured	1 t. ginger
2 large onions, chopped coarsely	salt and pepper
1 or 2 garlic cloves, mashed	1 C. water
1 pkg. broad egg noodles, cooked	parsley

Brown chicken in butter or oil. Add garlic, onions, seasonings and water. Cover tightly and simmer 45 minutes or until tender. Remove chicken pieces to plate, and stir hot noodles into chicken broth. Sprinkle with parsley and serve.

SILERIE	Holland Alida O'Loughlin
1/4 lb. med. pearled barley	1/4 lb. currants
5 C. water	1/4 lb. raisins
2 in. cinnamon stick or piece of lemon peel	1/4 lb. sugar 1 C. cranberry juice

Soak barley overnight in water. Next day, add cinnamon stick or lemon peel and boil over medium-low heat for 1 1/2 hours. Add currants and raisins and cook 1/2 hour longer. Add sugar and cranberry juice and serve hot or cold.

"Cook Book" will be an exciting addition to any kitchen. The Committee has made it possible for the book to be purchased by mail. It can be yours by writing: The Lesley-Ellis Parents' Association
34 Concord Avenue
Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

The price of the "Cook Book" is \$2.25 per copy, postpaid.

CARROLL-HALL SCHOOL

The Retarded Child

By MISS HELEN FREEMAN, *Director*



"THE HOPE IS THAT EVERY CHILD WILL BECOME SOCIALLY AND ECONOMICALLY COMPETENT."

Carroll-Hall School is a school for Exceptional Children which was established in September, 1957, by Lesley College. It is the third of three laboratory schools and the only one which was originated by the College. From a simple beginning in a basement room at 40 Concord Avenue, the school has expanded and moved twice. After three years at 34 Mellen Street, Carroll-Hall moved back to Concord Avenue to take over the use of the entire building. It was the first New England day school for Exceptional Children to be founded and conducted by a private, fully-accredited education institution.

The present site provides an excellent physical plant. The building has been completely modernized; it is licensed by the Department of Public Safety and Public Health and approved by the Departments of Mental Health and Education. It is well-lighted, well-heated, well-ventilated, attractively decorated, and equipped with modern school furniture. There is a fine nursery, woodworking and paint shop on the ground floor. Two classrooms, a health room, library, office and reception room are found on the first floor. The second floor houses three classrooms, a modern kitchen, and a combination dining and assembly hall. Three classrooms, three conference rooms, and a sewing room are located on the third floor. Every bit of space in the building has been utilized. In addition there are two spacious, well-equipped playgrounds.

Carroll-Hall accepts children who have problems in the areas of Mental Retardation and Emotional Disturbance. The school proposes to meet the needs of each child on an individual basis. After a clinical diagnosis has been made, an evaluation and prognosis are arrived at according to those problems, characteristics and abilities discovered in the pupil. Each

child's program is thereafter structured to fit his personal requirements. Great emphasis is placed on the development of well-adjusted personality. The school feels a great measure of success when a child can be returned to his community.

Originally, the enrollment was eight children. Currently, the enrollment is composed of sixty boys and girls, chronological ages six to sixteen. The school accepts children only by referral from school systems or approved clinics and agencies. These children must present special problems which may hopefully be solved by small group teaching under the guidance of specially trained teachers. The groups are organized to provide homogeneity in regard to emotional, social and academic status. At first, only private students were accepted. However, as the reputation of the school was established, funds from public and private agencies were made available to sponsor worthy children. Most recently, under the provisions of Chapter 750 of the General Laws of the Commonwealth, selected children are enrolled at the entire expense of the State.

The faculty of Carroll-Hall is composed of men and women who have been certified by the Massachusetts Department of Education, Division of Special Education, to teach children who present problems of Retardation or Emotional Disturbance. In addition to the Director, there are nine faculty members, a physician, nurse, psychiatrist, two psychologists, an office and maintenance staff. Members of the staff at Lesley College offer additional assistance. Apprentice teachers act as special tutors.

There are specific objectives to the educational programs. The hope is that every child will become socially and economically competent. However, this is not always possible. For the more severely involved, social acceptance at home and in the community is the ultimate goal. For some, the training and work experiences received at Carroll-Hall make it possible for them to earn a living. For others, particularly the Emotionally Disturbed, personality adjustments are made, academic achievement is secured and they are returned to their local school systems.

In its overall curriculum, Carroll-Hall School takes charge of every aspect of its pupils' education—regular academic subjects plus both fine and industrial arts. Small classes with a maximum of six pupils allow for a greater measure of achievement and for the removal of the stress of unequal compe-



tion. Individual instruction is provided in speech and in any other area where particular weaknesses are apparent. A program in physical development, geared to the capacities of the individual child, is based primarily upon corrective features. Activities are planned to provide security out of controlled experiences in social living. Cooking, sewing and woodworking courses are popular areas of the curriculum. Instruction in piano and in dancing is provided for some children. All the children belong to Boy and Girl Scout troops which meet weekly at the school. Further socialization is encouraged through entertainments and club activities. The many field trips to places of historical interest and educational value offer the children unparalleled cultural opportunities.

Upon admission and at frequent intervals, psychological and achievement tests are administered.

A very accurate, detailed cumulative record is kept on each child. The elimination of physical defects, social and academic progress are carefully noted. To do this, a team approach is used. Many conferences are held with all agencies and professionals who are assisting in the child's development.

A well-organized health program is conducted yearly. Every child is seen monthly by the school physician. All defects are listed and parents are notified. The children are weighed and measured twice a year. With parental permission, the Mantoux Test and various inoculations are given. Hearing and sight are checked yearly by the Department of Public Health. The Massachusetts Vision Test and a pure-tone audiometer test are given. One hour daily is assigned to various kinds of physical activity. The preparation and clean up of the noon-day meal

are projects handled by the children under the supervision of the teachers.

Co-ordination of home and school activities is achieved through parent counseling. Evaluation of ability and achievement made by way of diagnostic tests and individual study is interpreted to the parents with sympathetic, yet with thorough-going practicality. A truthful picture of each child's abilities and limitations is presented in detail.

For the past five years, a unique feature of Carroll-Hall has been its Nursery Clinic which is conducted by the Department of Mental Health for pre-school children, ages four to seven, whose problems have been diagnosed early. Evaluations are made by the Cambridge Development Clinic in conjunction with many hospitals and agencies. Every attempt is made to help the child to develop to his maximum potential. In the nursery, every effort is made to prepare the children for admission to public school. This is a free service offered to children who are residents of Cambridge. The Boston Association for Retarded Children has been most generous in providing funds for additional equipment at Carroll-Hall. The services of an assistant teacher are paid for by this organization.

Carroll-Hall has also become a center for Special Education. Not only Lesley's students but those from other colleges come here for observations and training. The College offers a concentration in Special Education wherein the courses offered prepare teachers for certification in this area. The securing of this certificate has also attracted a number of graduate students and those who would like to return to teaching in Special Classes. Most of the courses are offered here at Carroll-Hall in the late afternoon and evening. They are conducted by some of the faculty of the school.

The school is slowly developing a public relations program with many agencies and volunteer groups. The Red Cross has been cooperative in providing transportation for the children in the nursery. The Junior League made a documentary film called "The Innocents" in which the children at Carroll-Hall were featured. Much of the dialogue was written by the staff here. In September, some members of the League are going to make tapes for the children while others are interested in actually working with them. The facilities of the school have been opened to various parent and professional groups for meetings and conferences. Many individuals and groups have donated surplus materials and books to the school.

While the school has grown and developed steadily, there are still new things to be done in the future. Among them is the possible installation of a clinic for psychological evaluations.



1913



1923



1938



1943



1953

ALUMNAE DATES TO REMEMBER

PIZZA PARTY
Wednesday, September 18 • 6:30 P.M.
For the Seniors and Freshmen
in White Hall Lounge

TEA AND CHRISTMAS SALE
Sunday, November 3 • 3-5 P.M.
in White Hall Lounge

ALUMNAE REUNION

Without revealing an identity, one of our faculty members remarked, "I just love our Alumnae Reunions. It is absolutely wonderful to see lovely girls that I remember as lovely girls."

Lesley's Alumnae Reunion - 1963 saw hundreds of lovely girls return to Alma Mater on June 1st and 2nd. The weekend was marked by ecstatic embraces, a tour through Lesley's three laboratory schools (here the LESLEY REVIEW wishes to acknowledge several Alumnae requests by publicly thanking Miss Helen Freeman and her fine staff at the Carroll Hall School for providing welcome refreshments and a beautiful exhibit), the Alumnae Banquet and finally Commencement Exercises.

The biggest news at the Alumnae Banquet came from Alumnae Association President Mrs. Helen Mather Benjamin, '29 who announced that Alumnae dues would be discontinued in the future.

President Don A. Orton drew prolonged applause

CLASS NOTES

1923

GERTRUDE MANSIR COTTON has kept an active hand in community affairs. Currently she is a Trustee of the Board at Pittsfield General Hospital and a member of the Nursing School Council. She is also a member of the Hospital Auxiliary Board. A Deaconess of the South Congregational Church. Gertrude maintains a special interest in music, the Tanglewood and Pittsfield Community Music School. She also does Girls Club volunteer work. MARY MACBETH RIORDAN is the mother of two boys, two girls and six grandchildren. She is presently a personal insurance administrator for Sperry Gyroscope Company, a division of Sperry Rand in Great Neck, R. I.

1924

MRS. EDITH HULTEN BIBBINS mailed us the following note and correction: "I am writing with reference to the article I sent you for the Alumnae Class Notes of 1924. First of all I was disappointed that no one else took the time to write you. However, if you wish to have your Alumnae continue to have an interest in your publication, I would suggest that when you publish information you do so correctly.

"Our daughter married Bynum E. Vickory. They have a son named Lance Bibbins Vickory. The rest of the information was correct. Hope to see you next year at my 40th."

1925

Sister Clare Marie, formerly CLARE R. TIVNAN of Salem, Mass. and her sister Louise—known as the "Tivnan girls" are both doing well. Sister Clare Marie, a Maryknoll Sister, has taught first grade in the Bronx, New York, for ten years. She has been on the faculty of the Maryknoll Teachers' College since 1935, giving workshops in Kindergarten Methods, Teaching Techniques, etc., to teachers and teachers-in-training in New York.

LOUISE TIVNAN is supervising principal of the Bently School in Salem, Mass. Both are very well and happy and

when he told the Alumnae that tomorrow's Lesley would include physical expansion and an even greater faculty with still more holders of earned Doctorates included in its membership.

More cheers of approval greeted Mr. Jay Canavan, the President's Assistant for Development and Public Relations, when he announced that an Alumnae Fund Drive would begin in the year ahead. The goal—a better Lesley through Alumnae support. Mr. Canavan made clear that while large gifts were important, a truly successful campaign depended upon participation and that a small gift was better by far than no gift at all. He told the Alumnae that financial aid for Lesley from Foundations could only come after a large percentage of Alumnae demonstrated their loyalty and personal support of the College.

Evening passed. Saturday became Sunday and it was Commencement Day 1963. And while ninety senior classmen bid one another tear-filled farewells, Alumnae said good bye "till the next time."

enjoy hearing about Lesley College and sharing news with friends.

1929

MARION GILLIS HOOPER tells us that she used her Lesley education while in Ceylon. While she was there she taught at 4th and 5th grades at the American Community School.

1931

We were pleased to hear that MARJORIE HILL FORD has been given tenure in her post at Wheaton College as Lecturer in Education and Director of the Nursery School. HENRIETTA BECKER VERNICK wrote to say, "A member of my class, Bertha (Ruby) Kunion, presently of Swampscott, is now mother-in-law to my son, Robert Vernick. Robert, a Bowdoin College graduate, married Sheila Kunion, a graduate of Wheaton College."

1938

MURIEL SANDLER COPELAND sent us the following note from Nashville, Tennessee: "Hi Yo' all! I'm promoting Lesley all the way down h'yar. We've got two Vanderbilt students in their twenties—Faith and Alan, and a 15-year-old daughter, Karen, attending Peabody Demonstration School. We love the South. 'Sandy' MURIEL BARBER KNEIB (Mrs. C. E.) is at Fort Baker, California. She writes: "We have recently arrived in California after three and one-half years in the Canal Zone. During the 25 years since my graduation, we have lived in the U. S., Hawaii (then not a state) and Japan, and I've taught in each place. Our family includes a married daughter, a son who will be a junior in high school, twin daughters going into junior high, and we also have an eight-month-old grandson." Muriel would also like to see more news about the grand class of 1938.

1940

RUTH ROBINSON LONDON writes: "As some of my classmates will recall my husband, Jack, was a student at

Bowdoin College at the time I attended Lesley. Now my oldest son, Steve, has completed his third year at Bowdoin. We have three other children—Howard, 16, Kenneth, 8, and then finally a potential for Lesley—Jane who is 6."

1943

ELAINE CALLAHAN CAVANAUGH is Director of the Child Study Center at Lasell Junior College, Auburn-dale. Elaine has two children—Lynne, 14, and David, 11. BARBARA GOULD HOMER is a substitute teacher in Norwell. She is also President of the Norwell Woman's Club and the Girl Scout Committee. Barbara has three daughters—Carol, 14, Joanne, 11, and Nancy, 8.

LAURETTA FINLAY MARTIN is teaching third grade at the Prattville School in Chelsea, Mass. The Martins have two sons, Ted, 11 and Jack, 8.

JANE EMERY WALKER has three very lively boys. She keeps busy as a Den mother and is active in Sunday School and choir work.

1948

FLORENCE G. SHERRY is now principal of the Mary C. Burke School.

1950

BARBARA BARRON SCHILLING of 6106 Ivymount Road, Baltimore 9, Md., writes: Enjoyed reading about all the wonderful things that have happened to Lesley. I married Dr. Albert Schilling, Associate Physician-in-Chief at Sinai Hospital in Baltimore. We have three girls (future Lesleyans?): Debbie, 8, Carol, 4, and Margie, 1. I'd be interested in forming an Alumnae Club if there are any other graduates in the area. Would especially like to hear from others in the class of 1950."

1953

NANCY TREMBLAY BEAN received her Masters in Education from Springfield College. She has two children, Betsy, 4½, and Lydia, 2½.

MARTHA A. BOWDEU HANCOCK is teaching in Bristol, Rhode Island. She and husband, Edward, have one child, Linda.

DORIS MACGREGOR HENDERSON has two children.

JOAN EISEN RUBIN—1953 Framingham,

I taught 3rd grade in Newton for seven years and found it a most challenging chapter of my life. I hope after my family is older to actively participate in the field of education. Now I hope to continue by studying part time in the hope of earning my M.A. It is my wish that I will be able to earn this degree at Lesley on a part-time basis.

I have just finished and have been influenced by a very exciting and worthwhile book, which I feel will be *constructive* to all of you and especially to Dr. Orton and his entire staff. At this point I must quote from the book . . . "The Feminine Mystique" by Betty Friedan, W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1963 - Page 372—

"Colleges and universities also need a new life plan—to become lifetime institutions for their students; offer their guidance, take care of their records, and keep track of their advanced work or refresher courses, no matter where they are taken. How much greater that allegiance and financial support from their alumnae if, instead of the tea parties to raise funds and a sentimental reunion every fifth June, a woman could look to her college for continuing education and guidance. Barnard Alumnae can, and do, come back and take, *free*, any course at any time, if they meet the qualifications

for it. All colleges could conduct summer institutes to keep alumnae abreast of developments in their field during the years of young motherhood. They could accept part-time students and offer extension courses for the housewife who couldn't attend classes regularly. They could advise her on reading programs, papers or projects that could be done at home. They could also work out a system whereby by projects done by their alumnae in education, mental health, sociology, political science in their own communities could be counted as equivalent credits toward a degree. Instead of collecting dimes, let women volunteers serve supervised professional apprenticeships and collect the credits that are recognized in lieu of pay for medical internes. Similarly, when a woman has taken courses at a number of different institutions, perhaps due to her husband's geographical itinerary, and has earned her community credits from agency, hospital, library or laboratory, her college of origin, or some national center set up by several colleges, could give her orals, comprehensives and the appropriate examinations for a degree. The concept of "continuing education" is already a reality for men in many fields. Why not women? *Not education for careers instead of motherhood*, not education to make them 'better wives and mothers,' but an education they will use as full members of society."

I feel the above paragraph will be evaluated and dissected by everyone. We leave a great deal to offer—we received an outstanding background at Lesley—we should extend ourselves—and use—this education actively, professionally—for our individual good, and for the good of man, and society.

Please let me know your feelings on this matter. I would be most interested in hearing from you.

Sincerely,
JOAN RUBIN
(Mrs. S. Wallace Rubin)

Editor's Note —

Dear Mrs. Rubin:

You will be pleased to know that a number of these outlined programs are already in full operation at Lesley while others are under study at the moment.

Your thoughtful letter, fortunately enough, affords us some opportunity of reminding our Alumnae that our Placement Office is always available to Alumnae seeking guidance or placement.

It should also be noted here that Lesley does run summer institutes and late afternoon and evening classes throughout the academic year which consist of refresher courses as well as up-to-date methods.

Adult Education programs, extension courses, and even reading programs for Alumnae and others interested in continuing their education are presently being studied by a faculty committee.

When these programs become realities, the LESLEY REVIEW will print them in detail.

Thank you again for your note. This kind of interest is always appreciated.

MARY GIBLIN HEROUX has been keeping house for husband, Paul, and their children, Donna, 5½, Jeffrey, 4½, Stephen, 3, and Suzan, 1½. ? in September.

HELEN HAWKINS HOGAN has been very busy between substituting in Sharon, Mass. schools and her children, Mary Beth, 8½, Maureen, 7, and Michael, 4½.

PHYLLIS BLOCK LEVENTHAL is living in Pennsylvania where she and her husband have a 35-unit motel. The Leventhal family also includes Frank, 9, Mike, 5, Jeff, 3, and Steve, 1½.

NANCY MORRISON is a teaching principal in Amherst. She enjoys traveling to Europe.

JEANNE NORTON PALMER fills us in as follows: "After graduation, I taught in Dedham, Mass. (my home town) for two years. Then in 1955, July 4th to be exact, I went to Chicago for stewardess training with American Airlines. I received my wings on August 4th and flew for a year and a half. During this time I was based in New York, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Washington, D. C. and Boston. I left the airlines to marry Peter, M.I.T. '50. We have happily settled in Wellesley, Mass. since our marriage six years ago, and are proud parents of two boys, Steven and Todd, who are five and two years old respectively." PENELOPE PERKINS UPTON is working on a Masters Degree in Guidance at the University of New Hampshire. Her husband Gil is serving in the New Hampshire Legislature. The Uptons have four children: Stevenson, 7½, Martha, 5½, Elizabeth, 3½, and Susannah, 1½. Another baby will be arriving in October.

1955

LUCILLE ANTINE YOFFE moved into a new home at 49 Lolnes Road, Framingham in June. Lucille's husband Lester, is teaching in Needham. The Yoffes have two boys, Michael Robert, 3½, and David Steven, 6 months.

1956

We were glad to get the following note from GAYLE RUDNER CANEVARI who is living at Strawberryhill Avenue in Norwalk, Connecticut.

"Fred and I have two children, Robin Beth, 6½ and Frederick Harry (Ricky), 2½. Strange, but they have the same birthday, four years apart. Early goblins born a day before Halloween.

"We own our own colonial home and love it.

"My husband, Fred, was an engineer on the atomic nuclear ship, the *N.S. Savannah*. This gave us the opportunity to tag along to such places as Lynchburg, Virginia, Colonial Williamsburg, Sun Valley, Idaho and Philadelphia all by car.

"I did some substitute work in town, but now Fred is a sales representative. Robin is finishing up first grade and Rick, well, you know what they say about two-year-olds, they all have me plenty busy, but happy.

"Oh yes, a basset hound—Admiral Bull Halsey—completes our story.

The End—phew!"

BARBARA BURMAN SILVERMAN taught school for two and one-half years after graduation. She is now making her home in Belmont with her husband Jack, whom she married in 1955 (Junior Year). They have two children—Steven, 4, and Helene, 2½.

1957

RUTH HOLLORAN HARDING is residing at 3 Brown Place, Woburn. She was at the Alumnae Reunion Banquet along with LOUISE CACI DOHERTY who makes her home at 26 Waverly Street in Stoneham.

(Editor's Note)

The LESLEY REVIEW wishes to correct the class note in the Spring Issue which stated that JOAN WEINSTEIN SHERMAN's husband was an orthopedist. In fact, Dr.

Beryl R. Sherman is an orthodontist. Joan and other Alumnae have expressed interest in an issue devoted to present and former faculty members as well as to new buildings on campus. The LESLEY REVIEW Advisory Board agrees and while such an issue demands a good deal of time—one is in the planning stage now.

1958

MARIAN ADLER is assisting in the re-organization effort at the Shaw Preparatory School in Boston to handle an expanded reading program.

SANDRA SCHLESINGER MOSKOWITZ of 531 8th Street, Palisade Park, N. J., tells us: "After teaching for three years, I've settled down to raising a family. Our first child, Stacy Ann, was born last August and already shows signs of becoming a loyal Lesley daughter. Ted and I will celebrate our sixth anniversary this June (getting old!). Ted is now working for Mobil Oil Co. as Industrial Relations Manager of one of their new ventures."

1959

CAROLE SPILL BERMAN fills us in as follows: "Upon graduation, my husband, Sonny, and I found an apartment in Auburn. I taught 2nd grade in the Auburn system. Beth Cecil was born on December 29, 1960 and my teaching career has temporarily stopped.

"Sonny is practicing law in Lewiston with the firm of Berman, Berman and Berman. He served with the 99th and 100th Legislature as Representative from Auburn.

"Recently we moved into our own home at 130 Granite Street in Auburn, Maine. This year we took a wonderful, fascinating trip to Puerto Rico.

"I'd like to read more about the girls in our '59 class." ANNE GRAHAM MAGGIPINTO writes: "I enjoyed the LESLEY REVIEW very much and am looking forward to the next issue. Joe and I were married in April of 1961. We have a daughter, Donata, who is just one year old."

1960

RUTH E. GRAHAM was one of a group of 50 scientists and educational researchers who will study and report on elementary science teaching procedures and curricula for the Elementary Science Study group this summer.

1961

GERRI MILHENDER BLOOMBERG and husband Sam have a new son—Ethan Paul—born on January 6. They are living at 134 Prospect Parkway, Burlington, Vermont.

BETTE ALTMAN LEIBO and her husband Stanley have been living in Princeton, New Jersey, since their marriage in July, 1961, where Stanley has been working for his Ph.D., which he received this June. They will then move to Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where Bette expects the birth of their first child in September.

1963

JUDITH ELLEN KIMBALL was married at home on June 23 to Mr. William Allen Emerson of Pullman, Washington. They are residing in Seattle, Washington, where Judith's husband is a student at the University of Washington Medical School. Judith will be teaching first grade at Three Points School, Bellvue, Washington.

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TIMELY MEETING

The hands of time turned back for these Lesley Alumnae—Alma V. Kerr, '13, who returned to the campus for her 50th class reunion and daughter Betty Kerr Foss, '34, who came from Dallas, Texas, specifically to be at the Alumnae reunion.