

# PELHAM PROGRESS

**News and Activities of The New York Institute for the Education of the Blind**

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## **A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL**



Dr. M. E. FRAMPTON

Principal of the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind

We come to the close of the Academic Year of 1966 and turn our heads back to September, 1965 to what progress the Institute has made during the current year.

There are many of the usual things which we can review with much pleasure; the many activities of the groups of the school both in and outside the Institute — trips to the museums, zoo, circus, plays, visits to industries, courts, shopping tours, scout troop outings and our athletic events of crew, wrestling and track. We have had an unusually fine year in the development of good sportsmen among all of our students, although we were not highly successful in the winning column of any of our sports, all of the members of our various teams gave a good accounting of themselves in all of their activities.

Our staff has been unusually alert and hard-working during this year. We have improved our general curriculum offerings and have helped an increasing number of children with tutorial instruction in order that they may be better prepared to stand for college entrance examinations. During the year we admitted over 40 students from the public schools, almost all of whom have made a fine adjustment in the school and have greatly improved their academic status during the year. This year saw the first full year of operation of our new heating system and we were able to refurbish the buildings and put in some new plantings where the

construction had disrupted the old. The spring though late, brought an unusual amount of natural beauty to the campus when it burst full upon us about the middle of May and our cherry blossoms, flowering shrubs and plants were proudly presenting their colorful dresses.

Our music course and our debating club have had a very active year with a great deal of success in these special events including two plays sponsored by the senior class and the drama club. It is a source of some satisfaction to the Principal that so many new academic students have entered the school and are headed toward college. The enrollment at this school has increased substantially over last year and we are looking forward to the year 1966-67 with much interest.

Camp Wapanacki which opens on July 2nd, holds prospects for its largest enrollment and perhaps one of its most interesting ones in many a year. We expect front ten to twelve students from European countries who will be in our Summer School during July and August and will also take part in the camping program. This will be an unusual event for the students coming from foreign countries as well as a real opportunity for our own students to get to know some of their blind friends from across the seas.

On behalf of the faculty and staff, we wish for all the students and their parents, a very restful and joyous Summer holiday.

## **WHAT'S NEW AT WOOD HOUSE**

### **Educational**

At the beginning of this school year Sally Serfine entered Upper School to begin her formal upper school education under the direction of Mrs. Elms. Sally has successfully completed her assigned work and now is to be promoted to Miss Howe's class. This marks the second time that one of our CP children has been able to compete in Upper School on a academic level.

Joyce Herrington of Albany also a C-P child has completed her formal education at Van Cleve Hall and will be enrolled as an Upper School student this coming fall. Flash! Joyce Herrington also won first place (\$2.00) in oral spelling bee (4th Grade) at Van Cleve.

Faith Winningham. C.P student at Van Cleve Hall won 1st prize in oral and written spelling her. (3rd grade) (\$5.00).

Date-Line! Our very young C-P students studied many different areas of interest this year. One of the most exciting for them was a Unit in Early American History and the use of the Folk Song in discovering Americana. Among their other projects have been the raising of some Tropical Fish born in February of 1966 and the responsibility of taking care of them, They now plan to attempt to raise an unhatched chick in the fall of 1966.

### **Our Social Ladder**

Social hour around Wood House is always filled with laughter and song. From Monday through Friday our children sing, dance and tell stories about their busy day at school or their exciting weekend at home On Wednesday at 4:00 p.m. the children have an added treat when a former student of Wood House. Tom Smith brings his accordion and plays and sings with the children. Our children await Wednesdays with much excitement.

### **Some Of Our Doings**

Our older girls have been enjoying belonging to the Girl Scouts Troop here at school. Troop 1-93 has many adventures in which the girls have been taking part. This year our girls helped to sell cookies as their Troop project.

Our two C-P scouts also stayed one weekend to take part in a two day camp-out held on our grounds and contributed to the very wonderful experience.

### **In This Ring!**

Two of our younger children, who had never been to the circus got their first experience as guests at the Ringling Brothers Circus a few weeks ago. Did they

have a wonderful time? A picture of one of our children appeared in the New York Post and send as an appropriate captions of their feelings. –“Sheri’s Moment”. They talked of their day at the circus long after the initial effect had worn off. In the words of Sheri Baron, “My Goodness this is much better than the T.V. Circus!”

### **Splash, Splash!**

Wood House visits Upper School Pool and “dips” into the cooling waters! We want to thank Mr. Van Pleat again for allowing us to use the pool. Our children always look forward to Splash Parties.

### **AS WE SEE IT!**

This year has gone by too quickly. So much to do and so little time to do it all in. For the many things that we have been able to accomplish we are thankful. For the many things still left undone due to time ... we look forward to completing them. We’ve had a wonderful group of children as well as a wonderful staff to work with. We have been fortunate.

### **“WHY I WROTE ‘TO CATCH AN ANGEL’**

By Robert Russell

Robert Russell is a brilliant, determined, 38year-old associate professor at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Penn. He also happens to be blind. Vanguard Press has published his book, “To Catch An Angel, - an inspiring account of his zestful adventures in a world he has not seen since he was five years old. The following poignant speech was delivered at a monthly meeting of the PTA here at the Institute earlier this year,

I come to you tonight with mixed feelings. I am flattered to be invited to talk to you — flattered that you should think that I have anything to say worth listening to, but this very fact also makes me uneasy, even a little unhappy. I imagine I am here because, about twelve or thirteen years ago while I was drying the dishes and lecturing my wife about how satisfying it was to write a sentence — not one like

this, but one that, when finished, sat comfortably on the porches of the ear and spoke soft, sweet sense to the mind.

Then why don't you write some like that?" she demanded. "Well." I said, "Well. I would — I would if I had anything to write about, "I defended.

"Write about yourself if you can't think of anything else." There was no answer to that. I hadn't a leg to stand on, so I sat down in front of my typewriter and began the struggle which lasted on and off for eight or nine years. It's not hard to write a book. I've heard it said that anybody can do it for I believe that. It's easy to write a book. What's hard at least for me, was to rewrite it, and I did that four or five times at least. Then I started shipping it out, and I did this more than once, too. It was turned down by about twenty publishers before it reached Vanguard Press on Madison Avenue.

Now it's in ten languages with several million copies sold. Naturally I am pleased about this, but the success of my book has put me in some funny positions. One of them I'm in at the moment, standing here where Mr. Hoard used to stand in Morning Assembly the newspaper rustling in his hands as he solemnly read the morning news, and I sat where you sit, counting and recounting the grooves between the slats in my appointed seat. This room for me is full of ritual memories, and my being up here violates all of them. But the most uncomfortable position my book has put me in is that of a spokesman for the blind. I never intended to be one, do not now imagine myself to be one, and I have no intention of ever trying to become one. I think I feel so strongly on this point because I refuse to concede the justice of the whole concept of "the blind." I don't believe in the existence of "the blind" in the sense which that expression asserts.

I freely admit that there are many people whose eyes don't work, but I absolutely and utterly refuse to admit that this fact is of sufficient importance to set us apart from the rest of mankind — to make of us a strange race which needs its interpreters to communicate with ordinary human beings. There aren't any ordinary human beings. Everyone is odd, peculiar, distinct. This is to say only that everyone is individual and I believe that, there's only one of each. That is the glory

of the human species and also our great sadness, that from birth to death each is condemned to the solitary confinement of his own thoughts and emotions. If I cut my finger, you do not feel the smart, and if you fall in love. I do not feel your joy. But this is the sad side of our individuality; it's also our greatest glory. Our variety is infinite and I won't be robbed of my place in individual learning to think and talk of them merely as members of a particular group.

Athletic coaches, music teachers — they mean nothing to me, but Miss Thode does — and a very great deal, too. She used to get so fed up with me, and you could see why if you had heard me doing violence to a piano. She cared about music, and yet she submitted quite peaceably on the whole, to giving me lessons. Every week I would march down the hall on the third floor of this building with the innocent thoughtlessness of the young to put her again on the rack. I would knock at her door. "Come in." she would say with what I now know to be resignation in her voice, and I would come in. I would firmly set myself down before her beloved piano with its delicate touch, and I would heavily and mechanically begin the murder of Haydn. Her monumental patience gave her the strength to control herself for the first fifteen or twenty minutes. Then her voice would begin to tremble ever so slightly, and the barest hint of a stutter would creep in.

"Go back to the beginning. Robert; try it once, just once more, and this time —, So I started over. I knew what was coming and I also knew she had a right to. By the fourth measure she would be on her feet." "Robert, Robert, Robert! Get up! Get up!" I would get up and take my accustomed place beside the piano.

"Listen!" she would say as she sat down in my seat, and then she began to play.

"Do you hear, Robert?" She would call out over the music.

"Yes", I would say, and she played louder and louder trying to drive the music into my head.

"Do you hear the difference?" she would shout.

"No," I would call. "What?" she would cry in disbelief.

“No” I shouted. That wasn’t true, of course, but that had been the pattern of our lessons for so long, it seemed a shame to spoil it and, to confess the truth. I rather enjoyed her indignation. She banged the keys, closed the piano.

“Robert.” she exploded; “You have an ear like a fish — Long pause, then that sweet southern laughter. ”What am I going to do with you? Whatever am I going to do” She didn’t know, neither did I. She probably thought that the lessons were busts, but they weren’t — far from it. What she was teaching was music — what I was learning was that grown-ups could love something so much that they would do almost anything to show others how to love it. That’s what teaching is all about as far as I can see, and Miss Thode gave me lessons in between the noises I made on her piano. She did such a good job that I myself have been trying to teach for the last twenty years, so maybe you can see why I can’t think about music teachers as a group, but I can think, and with pleasure of Miss Thode.

In my time at the Institute there were undoubtedly many dedicated teachers but none made quite the same impression on me — probably because none of them were brought so regularly face to face with my ignorance. Clyde Downs didn’t have to worry about my stupidity. What he had to struggle with, as wrestling coach, was my deep-seated native cowardice. I had the body of a good wrestler, coupled unfortunately with the timidity of a rabbit I was a lion whenever I wrestled with someone from the school, and this meant I was a sure bet for the varsity. The only way Mr. Downs could keep me off the team was by clubbing me soundly with a blunt instrument, and he drew the line at that. But this means I had to represent the school, and whenever I wrestled against an outsider, especially one who could see, I instantly became a tower of jello. I think I fainted in my first match, but Pop Downs wouldn’t give up on me. He worked on me till I stopped fainting but he was trying to turn me into a winner.

Anyone from another school could beat me, but my pride lay in the fact that nobody, but nobody could pin me. Whenever I stepped onto the mats, Mr. Downs and my team-mates knew that we had lost three points. But I felt that was only one way of looking at it. I was courageously determined to save two points for the

guys by refusing to be pinned. The other team could have three points. I would make them a present of that. But they couldn't have five, and I saw to it that they didn't get that extra two. I have to admit that my view of my function on the mat was definitely a minority opinion, but I nevertheless held it tenaciously. In an attempt to straighten me out, Mr. Downs called me into his office which smelled of manly sweat and bristled with masculine gear.

"Look, Fats," he said after all the usual speeches calculated to inspire courage had failed, "You know what your trouble is," I wouldn't say anything. "The trouble with you" and his chair squeaked as he leaned forward, "The trouble with you is you're yellow — plain yellow, you've got a streak down your back a mile wide." I had to admit he had a point. I can't say I had enjoyed his way of putting it, but he did have a point. Because I respected and admired him, I cared what he thought about me, and he made that very clear, also, he helped me face the truth that I was ashamed of myself. Other things, too, entered in, but in a manner of speaking, he drove me to the wall, and made me face squarely what was and still is one of the basic questions of my life: Did I or didn't I have the guts to compete with people who could see? When put that simply — and he put it that simply — there was only one possible answer. Afraid or not, I had to. If I refused, if I chickened out, I might as well crawl back into my shell and give up the whole dream of living a normal life, because, for all practical purposes, I would be dead.

So the worm turned even on the mats, or perhaps I should say that is where the worm started to turn. That worm is still in the process of turning. It is more than twenty-five years ago that I stood in his office and got the message, but I do not want to mislead you into thinking that, ever since that day, my heart never shook with the old terror, that I have marched out to every new struggle in the world of the sighted with muscles of iron, a resolve of steel, and nothing but victory in my mind. The voice of failure is all too familiar, and I still burn as of old under her sneering taunts, but things are better for me than they were in those other days when I thought of myself as old reliable minus three. Things are better, and Clyde Downs and Elizabeth Thode helped to make them what they are, so I hope you can see why I don't think of coaches, and music teachers. I think of those two people.



They're what matters. And that's why I can't think of "the blind". For me, "the blind" are Bob Rossiter, Merritt Clark, Sam Nicholas and all those other marvelous people I partly grew up with. Every one of them is himself, a three dimensional, real live human being — not just a member of a group. I know, of course, as well as you do that people who can see think of us who can't as "the blind."

I realize, too, that we who can't see commit precisely the same folly when we refer to "the sighted." We all have a great tendency to bunch things together. Ours is the age of collective nouns — the farmers, the Republicans, teachers, government, Negroes, Catholics, communists, Jews, scientists, and so on. These nouns are just verbal conveniences, a way of referring quickly to a lot of individuals who believe or do the same things, or who look alike.

Every collective noun refers to a group each member of which has one characteristic or attribute in common with all the other members of the group. Negroes, for example, is a word referring to a group each member of which has a relatively dark skin. Farmers include those people who raise crops and Catholics a group which hold certain religious convictions. So far, so good. It's convenient to have words that enable us to talk about such groups, but the mischief occurs when we forget, as we continually do, that the members of these groups are not identical. We forget that the word refers only to one characteristic of the individuals that make up the- group.

College professor — there's a good group. When I say that I belong to that group, all that I am saying is that I am one who earns his living by teaching in a college. It doesn't necessarily mean that I am absentminded, that I have an ivory tower view of the world that I am a leftwing radical opposed to our intervention in Vietnam. It doesn't even mean that I am particularly intelligent, well-trained, or dedicated. It just means that is how I earn my living. College professors don't have a group personality any more than Catholics or scientists do. That's what we forget and that's when things get dangerous — when we let a mere verbal convenience, a collective noun, take over and begin to do our thinking for us. We begin to make

statements about what Unions think, what Frenchmen are like, what scientists believe, and what the blind feel.

You the audience, right? There's a good collective noun. Each of you is a member of that group denoted by the word audience, but the only thing that makes you a member is the fact that your husband or wife dragged you here and here you sit. It does not mean that all of you are of the same race, the same income bracket, educational background, nationality or anything else. It just means that, for better or worse, you are here. You have my sympathy, but you've no cause to be really angry with me until I start talking about you as if you had lots and lots of things in common with each other — like the audience thought it was a brilliant speech; the audience was bored stiff; the audience felt that Dr. Frampton should be seriously warned against permitting another subserve like Mr. Russell to address it. The audience resented the fact that Dr. Frampton didn't throw a big party with free booze instead of hauling in a visiting fireman to talk. If I started seriously saying these things about you, you'd have a right to be angry with me. I'd be disappointed in you if you didn't. Now it is quite probable that at least one of you thinks of the things I have said, but it is actually impossible for the whole audience to think of all of them, but this is exactly what happens all the time. We think of these collective nouns as if they represented whole personalities.

The blind have the following problems; they feel as follows; they need these things; they think this; they say that; they want so and so. I resent that kind of talk just as individuals here would resent some of the assertions I made about the audience. I admit that I belong to a group each member of which has difficulty seeing, but that's the only characteristic I pretend to hold in common with all other members. That's why I said earlier that I don't like the notion of me being a spokesman for the blind. I'm just me, that's all. I've got my problems but it would be more than presumptuous of me to assume that anyone else had the same ones or that my responses to them are the responses that other people ought to have. I tried hard to make this point in my book. I wasn't setting myself up as a model, and I didn't pretend that I was typical. I simply wanted to make my readers understand that, first of all I was a human being just like themselves. It happens

that I lost my sight, but this didn't change my basic personality, my basic humanity. I was trying to say, "look, I seem to you to be different in kind simply because I can't see, but I'm not. Here is a brief and partial account of my life. Read it and see if you don't: recognize yourself in me. If you do, and I hope you will, you'll realize that our differences are only superficial and that they don't really count. Don't classify me in your mind as one of the blind, because the blind, as you're probably thinking of us don't really exist. The blind is actually just a collection of people like me, and if you can recognize yourself in me, it means the others are like you too."

That's what I try to say. That's what I hope people would understand. When I finished with all the writing and rewriting, I was still afraid that they wouldn't understand. So I tried to say it briefly and simply. In short, I wrote a preface to the book. I wanted it to be printed at the end out of a conviction that that's where all prefaces ought to be printed since they were almost certainly written last, but my publishers insisted that it appear at the beginning like all other prefaces. It so happens that I am still fond of that particular bit of writing, and since none of you is bad mannered enough to stop me, for since I still think it says much of what I want to say, I would like to end my formal talk by reading it. They wouldn't let me have it at the end of my book, but they can't stop me from putting it at the end of my speech. This is how it goes:

Ever since I was a child, people have stared at me. Knots of window shoppers are suddenly silent as I pass, and when they think me out of earshot they say, "Isn't it a shame!

And when someone helps me cross a crowded intersection, his curiosity cannot be restrained.

"What's it like? Just darkness?, *eh?* Always dark like midnight, I suppose. It must be very strange, but then you have a sixth sense, don't you? All you people do. Very strange!"

Well, I ask myself, am I so strange? I have come to the conclusion that they are right — I am peculiar and I am convinced also that those window shoppers, if they

consider the question seriously, would come to the same conclusion about themselves. For we are all oddities, or peculiar, or all individuals. But the loneliness of being separate and distinct: is softened by our sharing of a common life. We all thrill to the same hopes and cower before the same monsters. And most of all we are all forced to act on insufficient knowledge. We are forced irrevocably to commit ourselves financially, emotionally, intellectually and spiritually without being able to foresee the consequences. As parents, as teachers, as statesmen, we are all the blind leading the blind.

Perhaps this is why people are especially interested in a blind person — because in his uncertain gait they unconsciously recognize a symbol of their own uncertain progress toward the unseeable. Therefore, my story is your story also. True there are differences in the circumstances and events, but behind those superficial differences lies the common theme of our lives — the leaving of the familiar, in which we rest secure, for the sake of an uncertain future.

Man is an animal that walks spiritually as well as physically, and to walk is to push the world behind one. We are all blind men in a wild and rugged country in which, with each step, we hazard all that we are. This book is the story of the first part of my life; so it is the story of movement, for while we are young nature is so strong in us that it forces us to accept the challenge of the unknown.

## **A PAGE FROM THE LIBRARY**

By ELIZABETH OTTO, *Librarian*

Our library has been a beehive of industry during the past school year. The work of processing over 4600 volumes alone could keep the room humming.

The PTA gift of \$500.00 has been used in purchasing approximately 200 new titles now in the Print Library which are part of a basic book collection recommended by the American Library Association. Over twenty-five books have been donated by the Peabody Home, through Mrs. Griffith who faithfully visits us. and these books are gratefully acknowledged.

The work of cataloguing continues, with the books in the Print Library nearly completed. In addition to the processing of the books and cataloguing, it was found necessary to take an inventory of books, and this work is now under way by Mrs. Gallucci.

The Librarian has secured moving picture film for showing in the Audio Visual Room. These films were secured free from a local service organization and teachers are encouraged to request films through the Librarian this next year. The films have been greatly enjoyed by the students.

The Curriculum room is now bulging with teaching material from schools all over the United States, and the hope is that the teachers will make use of this room since the information contained is inspiring and of tremendous aid to teaching.

Mr. Farrar has continued to assist the Librarian whenever called upon for his expert work in thermoforming. He has completed the Modern History by Becker and his thermoformed *Beekeeping* a monograph printed in 1947 by members of the N.Y.I.E.B. staff.

We have been able to supplement our reading material by loans from The New York Public Library for the Blind, Recordings for the Blind, The Jewish Guild, and the Concourse Branch of The New York Public Library. These organizations have loaned us approximately 75 Braille volumes, 40 talking books and 15 print books, and it would be impossible to thank these people enough, since their assistance has been most needed for outside reading on the part of our students.

As a thought in closing.

“As good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature. God’s image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good books is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.” —*John Milton*

## **AFTER SUNDOWN**

Listen! Hear the beat, beat, beat of drums — the wail of horns — the noisy grinding of machinery. Listen! Hear the tick tock ticking in the pitch dark room — the erratic pulse beating through a squeal of radio static. Watch the many colored lights pick out the strangely garbed figures draped and cared as they go through their motions and mouth words that are not their own. Smell the exhaust fumes and gasoline — smell the scent of burning flesh....

Do you know where you are? Some strange, bizarre or enchanted land? Not at all. You're in the New York Institute after dark.

Most people would think that after attending class for a ten period day the hallways would be rolled up, rooms locked and the school building put to bed. An evening visit to the Institute would soon dispel that notion for an important part of school is just beginning, for many of us after the regular day's work is done. There are even those who think that only after dark does school really come to life!

Evening at the Institute starts slowly and quietly. The small, frantic tapping of styli in their guides, the rustle of paper and the turning of pages. some mild coughing and hushed whispers... evening study hall is in session, and if not the most popular extracurricular activity is the best attended, probably since it is compulsory until 8:00 p.m. However, for those who are really involved in their work or report writing, the idea of keeping study hall open this year until 9:20 on a voluntary basis, has really paid off in higher grades and deeper understanding of the subject matter. Not all of us are so committed to intellectual pursuits, and for those who have finished their homework and can leave early there are many choices available for productive and pleasurable evening activities.

An every night standard is the Rec Hall for the older boys and girls where dancing, games and informal parties are the customary fare. The exuberance and vigor of the "Rec Hall Regulars" at these evening get-togethers certainly belies their constant complaint of being overworked by their teachers during the regular day.

In the main building, practice rooms (from whence emit the drum beats and horn wailing along with sounds of many other instruments) are open until 9:20 and are well utilized as attested to by the accomplished performances of our students. On the same floor can be heard the pulsing Morse code beeping through the radio static and the verbal communication of our ham radio operators hard at play in their ham shack, listening to and talking back to the world. If the shack is closed, you'll probably find these budding electronic engineers with their cohorts down one flight in the radio lab (recognizable by the odor of burnt flesh) busily soldering their fingers together along with the wires of their current project. (That's a pun.)

Across the hall, the exhaust fumes and engine noise, the smell of gas and the grind of machinery are the consequence of a frenzied group of car nuts hard at work building a go-cart which they hope to get out on the track by September. Working alongside of them are a group of boys who use the workshop a few nights a week to build projects suiting their interests.

Meanwhile, downstairs in the deep dark recesses of the basement, in a room sealed against the light, the Camera Bugs set the ticking timer once again as they go through their process of picture making. Samples of their work can be seen displayed on school bulletin boards depicting interesting areas of school life. Smile.

And of an evening at the Institute drop into the auditorium — and into another world — a world peopled with play actors, singers, dancers, stage hands — and prompters, all bathed in the shifting colors of the spotlights rehearsing in the seemingly disorganized exciting frenzy of show biz. Never really ready, and yet at show time when the curtain parts, somehow really ready. And this cake whose diverse ingredients have been prepared and stirred and blended with such effort for so many weeks is devoured by the audience in an hour of enjoyment. And everyone, nourished in some intangible way by the experience, leaves a little different than when they started. This spring we have sampled Theater of the Absurd, Comedy, Variety and a Musical. We have been enriched.

Not content to limit within our gates the satisfaction of creative and social needs our students venture forth. Out they go to the Harlem River, the crew pulling

against the tide, against the wind, and even sometimes against each other. Or our Boy Scouts who attend meeting at two of the neighborhood troops, off to plan for the next hike or to practice for their advancement. Our Girl Scouts too, going out to perform for a community organization or to a campfire meeting or cookout. Or like the club of Borman House Boys, just down to the pizza parlor or White Castle for a hamburger and soda.

Our school day is a long day. Longer than the first ten periods we usually think of when we think of school. *Our* school day is 24 hours long and who can say what portion is most important for what we shall become? The classrooms for learning skills and nourishing our minds — the evenings to apply those skills in pursuit of our own interests and for the development of personality — the nights for refreshing our bodies for the next day we need them all. And we have them all at the New York Institute.

*NORMAN REIMER*

## **OUR GIRL SCOUT TROOP**

My name is Kathy Flanagan I'm from the New York Institute. Our Girl Scout troop is 1-93. We have about thirty girls in our troop. I'm going to tell you some of the things we have done in our troop.

Every week we have a meeting. We do many different things at our meetings.

Just before Christmas, we had a very busy schedule. For one whole week, we went Christmas caroling. One day we went to a hospital to sing, the next day we went to a nursing home, and so on throughout the week.

The last weekend in April, our Girl Scout trap had an overnight campout. We had a schedule full of outdoor activities, but it rained, so we had to change our schedule to in-door activities.

A couple of weeks ago, we went to Palisades Amusement Park. We all had a very nice time.

*KATHY FLANAGAN*



## THE GOOD WORD

As teachers of language arts and spelling in Van Cleve Hall, we received notice several months ago that we were to prepare our students to take part in 2 school wide spelling bee to be held this spring. We welcomed the opportunity to see how well the children could meet the challenge.

We set to work preparing three lists based on The 1,000 Most Frequently Used Words, according to the Aim List — one for grades two and three, one for grade four, and one for grades five and six. These words were made available in the classrooms, and children were encouraged to study them either individually or in groups whenever they had a few spare moments.

Since we are *of* the opinion that ability to write well is of even greater importance than being able to spell orally, we decided that on the morning following the oral contest we would administer a written test to the half of each group who had been able to stand up the longest. Results of both days work would then be taken into consideration in determining the final prize winners.

From each of the graded lists we selected fifty words for the oral contest and seventy-five words for the written examination. Children writing in Braille would be responsible for remembering signs and contractions, and those who work in print would be judged on the quality of their writing as well as on correct spelling.

As the final day approached, we were so pleased with the progress the students were making that we prepared surprise lists, comprised of words frequently used in textbooks and Weekly Readers, which could be used during the oral bee in case contestants still remained standing when the original 150 words had been spelled.

On the morning of April 20th, the *oral* bee was conducted in the presence of Dr. Frampton and Mr. Walker. To our great satisfaction, it did become necessary for us to draw from *the* surprise lists before all but one child were finally defeated.

When we set about correcting the written papers on the following morning, we had such a difficult time selecting the winners that we felt it only fair to award three prizes of recognition to children who had come within a hairs breadth of

meriting the six prizes being offered by the school. Presentations were made by Mr. Walker to the following children: First prizes of five dollars each were won by Faith Whittingham, Harry Cones, and Steven Matzura; second prizes of three dollars each were awarded to Arlene Silvestri, Lynnea Johlin, and Diane Williams; then smaller recognition prizes were presented by Miss Ziegel to Peter Gintisani, Bruce Alcott, and Joyce Herrington.

One of the most gratifying results of the whole venture was that some of our poorest spellers had progressed to the point where *they* were eligible to take the written test; and what is more, some of them even won prizes. We are hoping that this experience will prove to our children that, with diligence and perseverance, almost any boy or girl can learn to be a good speller.

*LUCIA SALADINO*

# 1966 SENIOR GRADUATES

## CLASS SPONSOR

### MR. LEIGH CALLAWAY

The Senior Class wishes to express their deepest thanks to Mr. Callaway for his help, guidance, and good naturedness as their Senior Advisor throughout the year.

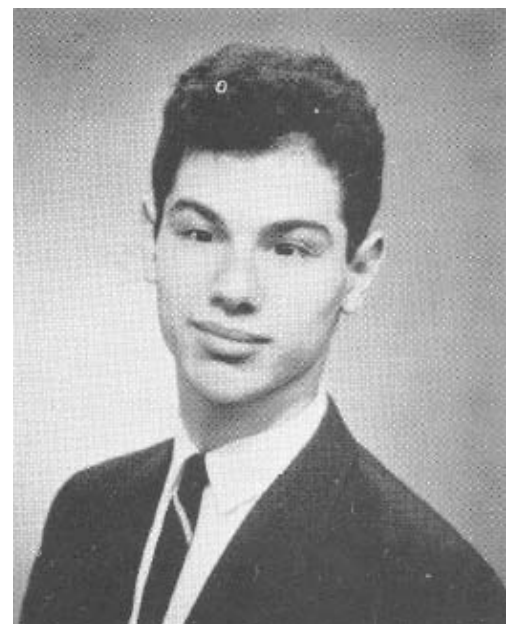


### ROGER BEEKMAN *Valedictorian*

Most of the teachers and students at the Institute would agree that Roger is an optimist. He has an outstanding academic record and has done equally well in extracurricular activities. Roger has been accepted at Upsala College.

### MICHAEL ORLOVE *Salutatorian*

Michael came to the Institute in 1956. He has an excellent record in Biology, His long-term plans include special research in insect behavior. Michael has been accepted at Cornell University.





### **RONALD CONNELLY**

Ronald was elected president of the Student Cabinet, captain of the Wrestling Team, and Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior Class - all in one year. He is making plans to enter college and wants to become a social worker.

### **NATALIE HERMAN**

Natalie looks forward to returning to the Institute for post-graduate work. She plans to take the Civil Service examination for typists and later enter the business world.



### **SUSAN MONATH**

Susan is an excellent dancer - is also interested in the Girl Scouts. She has been active in the Public Speaking Club and Chorus. After graduation she plans to continue to study the piano and voice privately. V.R.S. is making special plans to help Susan with advanced studies.



### **AVA ISCOVE**

Ava attended the classes at the Institute from grade school through high school. She is president of Senior Class '66, member of the Student Cabinet, active in Public Speaking, Chorus. She is making plans for college.



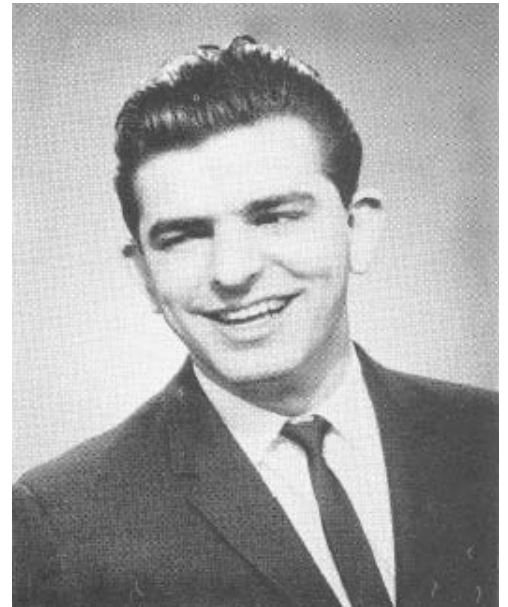


### **JOSEPH HUDAK**

During the summer of 1964-65 Joseph worked at the Center for Better Living as a demonstrator at the World's Fair. He is the only student from the Institute that worked at the Fair. He did outstanding work at the Institute in Public Speaking and the Machine Shop. His goal is to be a lathe operator.

### **LOUIS PACIONE**

After graduation from the Laval School, Louis entered the 9th grade at the Institute. He has been most interested in history and photography - he takes and develops his own pictures. His plans center around being a successful businessman.



### **JUDITH SOROKA**

Judith came to the Institute in 1958. She has been most interested in music and cooking. Her current plans center around special training in New Jersey.



## **ACTIVITIES IN MUSIC 1965 - 1966**

Our musical year opened auspiciously with an invitation from Mr. Reginald Allen who gave us the use of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House for a performance of "Arabella" by Richard Strauss. It was a splendid occasion made more important by the impending removal of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

In early January another memorable outing was to a performance of the twelfth century liturgical drama, -The Play of Daniel, under the direction of Noah Greenberg at St. Georges Episcopal Church. This fine experience, too, was made more poignant by Mr. Greenberg's sudden death three days later.

In March eighteen students from the General Music Classes attended a concert by the New York Philharmonic at Lincoln Center. Thomas Schippers conducted and Tong Il Nan Korean pianist was soloist. This trip was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Ernest Lopez and was enhanced by the courtesy of Mr. John Chappell of Lincoln Center.

In addition to the usual occasions here at the Institute, such as programs at Christmas, Easter and music for Commencement, a concert was given at the Institute for the Organization of Lutheran Church Women of Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Rockville Centre, Long Island, and for the Parent-Teachers Association of the Institute. On several occasions, also, we received impromptu visits at rehearsals, sometimes from friends of longstanding.

The first concert by our students, away from the Institute, was presented on November 10th for the Jamaica Women's Club. Arrangements were made by the president of the Club, Mrs. E. J. Rotheim. Early in December, a similar concert was presented at the Bernadotte Lutheran Church where we have given programs for five consecutive years. Again, at the end of March, thirty-eight Institute students presented a musical program at the Dwight D. Eisenhower School in Wyckoff, New Jersey. On this occasion the audience consisted of about seven hundred young people who listened with rapt attention.

The tenth annual Music Festival in which the Institute has participated was held this year from April 22 to 24 in Hartford, Connecticut. Besides the Institute, the schools represented were Batavia, Maryland, Oak Hill, Overbrook and Perkins. In all, 185 students participated. The Combined Chorus for the last evening consisted of 173 voices.

On Friday evening the students of Oak Hill presented an historical survey of music covering a period of more than two thousand years. They had done the research themselves. Copious illustrations were provided covering the entire development of music. Everybody recognized the quality and the amount of work that went into this informative evening. This program was followed by a reception.

On Saturday morning each school presented a half-hour solo recital. The program presented by the Institute was as follows:

Flute Solo: Nancy Steinhauser

Reverie - Debussy

The Dancing Doll - Poldini

Soprano Solo: Delborah Wilson

'Ah! Je veux vivre" from *Romeo and Juliet* – Gounod

Piano Solo: Duane Steele

Nocturne in F Minor - Chopin

Prelude in C - Prokofieff

Soprano Solo: Peggy Eason

'O luce di quest anima" from *Linda di Chamonix* by Donizetti

Saturday afternoon was spent at the University of Hartford in rehearsal of the Combined Chorus for the final concert. Following the catered banquet at Oak Hill, the entire group again traveled to Millard Auditorium at the University of Hartford where the final concert was given. Following the concert, the students enjoyed a dance which lasted until midnight.



We were shown the greatest courtesy throughout the visit the staff at Oak Hill, including all of their domestic help, could not have done more for us. We had the most comfortable bus we have ever known.

Dates for the Festival to be held at the N. Y. I. E. B. in 1967 have been tentatively set for April 14 to 16.

Visiting artists during the year included Leonard Eisner, pianist, who gave a recital for a group of piano students; and Bruce Hungerford, Australian pianist, and at present Festival pianist-in-residence at Bayreuth, Germany, who gave a recital for our students on February 27th.

Among gifts received were a spinet piano from Mrs. Richard Frand and a valuable selection of LP recordings from the artist Joseph Cornell.

Music for commencement this year will include choral works by Handel which are settings of texts by John Milton and also a selection from "The Creation" by Haydn.

*ELIZABETH THODE*

## **THE NEW MATH AT THE INSTITUTE**

The Space Age comes to the Institute with the introduction of a course in computer programming to be given in the fall. There is keen interest among the students in this project and many have asked their counselors to sign them up for the class already. So iteration, floating point notation, synchronous decisions, sequencers and counters will become the order of the day.

*S. W. HOARD (Curriculum Committee)*

## **THE BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN**

On a bright, beautiful Tuesday morning Miss Ziegel had a surprise for us in assembly. We were going to the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. We were going by subway and this was exciting because it would be the first subway ride for some of us. Mr. Bill, our good cook, packed us a delicious lunch, and by ten o'clock we were off!



We were right in expectations. The subway ride was as much fun as we thought it would be. Some thought it was fun to stand up and wished we could do it more. The ride was long and the can were crowded but we didn't mind because we enjoyed it so much.

First we walked through a lane of cherry trees. Miss Ziegel had hoped that they would be in full bloom but we were a little early. They were covered with deep pink buds that were going to open soon and they were very pretty. All around us the air smelled like spring and new green things.

Our favorite place was the Fragrance Garden. We liked to read the Braille labels that told us about the plants. Each plant was especially interesting to smell or to touch. We called it a "Smell and touch experience"

We had a lovely walk through a Japanese Garden. The narrow paths were made of sand and pebbles. In the middle of the garden was a pond with stone steps leading down to it. As we walked under the beautiful trees and smelled the flowers and grass we felt as if we really were in Japan. And we even heard a white-throated sparrow singing.

By this time we were ready for lunch. We sat down on benches in a little park just outside the Botanic Garden, and ate our sandwiches, apples, raw carrots, and cookies. It all tasted so good!

Then it was time to walk to the subway and start back to school. We got back at about two-thirty. We were all happy because the day was just right, the lunch was delicious, and the Garden was a magnificent Mace to visit.

*THIRD GRADE STUDENTS Van Cleve Hall*

## **THE SCHOLARSHIP TRAINING PROGRAM 1965 - 1966**

By: FRED J. REEVE

This year at the Institute in our Scholarship Program we have had students from Argentina, India, Peru and Uruguay. Several of this group are majoring in the field of Special Education, taking work at Hunter College.

MISS BLANCA NOEMI CLAN, from Argentina, has been with us since September and is doing work in the area of observation at the Institute, having also observed work for the blind throughout New York City and plans to return to her country to continue her teaching in the he'd of the blind.

MR. JUGALESUAR DAS the younger brother of Mr. Das who is Director of our Deaf Blind Department. comes to us from India in order to complete his training at Hunter College. He plans advanced studies in the field of Special Education majoring in work for the blind.

MR. VICTOR DURAN RODRIGUEZ, comes from Lima. Peru and has taken all of his work and observation here at the Institute. Mr. Duran plans to return to the Institute in September to continue his work and observation prior to returning to his home to pursue his work in his country.

MISS GIOCONDO VALLARINO, comes from Uruguay, and has specialized with us in areas of the blind and the Cerebral Palsy Blind program. Miss Vallarino is at the present time serving as one of our housemothers, she has also taken some work at Hunter College.

MR. CHULL WANG. is from Korea and a scholarship student. He is majoring in Special Education at Hunter College. He is also doing observation work at the Institute.

## **European Students to Attend Summer School**

Ten blind teen-age boys from Spain, Germany, Sweden and Denmark will participate in the Summer School program at Camp Wapanacki this summer. The Institute, in cooperation with The American Foundation for Overseas Blind, is making it possible for the group and two teachers to participate in this unique project. Twenty students from widely scattered geographic sections of this country will also be attending the co-ed camp and school sessions. The coming summer will mark the third year of study at Camp Wapanacki for high school students who wish to combine academic achievement with all of the activities of a traditional camping experience.

The regular camping program will be held with capacity enrollment anticipated for the boys' session in July and the girls' session in August.

## **CREW RACE WITH BROWNE AND NICHOLS SCHOOL**

Friday, May 6, the Institute Crew went up to Cambridge, Massachusetts to row against the Fifth and Sixth J. V. boats of the Browne and Nichols School. The race was won by the Browne and Nichols Fifth Boat in 3:01. Their Sixth Boat was a close second with a time of 3:02. The Institute Crew trailed by a distance of seven boat lengths. Don't ask the time!

The miracle was that we were able to complete the course at all. Our stroke, Godfrey Vogel, was ill and out of school all that week. Dave Caren, a starboard man, had been transplanted to port and still felt uncomfortable on that side. Furthermore, this was his first race. In fact he had not even had the experience of a time trial: the water had been too rough on the Harlem the previous evening. As we swung out from Browne and Nichols dock into the Charles. Dave's oar was dragging on the water. Splashing slows down a boat. In a race oars are lifted delicately and gracefully an inch or so off the water. By the time the Institute Boat reached the starting line there was considerable improvement, and during the race Dave managed to lift the oar the required distance above the waves. We

crossed the finish line with a rhythm and power that should have been acquired earlier. Neither did we stop to catch any crabs.

The rest of the afternoon was divided between the Harvard Boat House and steaks at Schrafft's. We had stopped at the Harvard Boat House on the way up to ask directions to Browne and Nichols. A tall young man appeared in the hall. I mistook him for one of the undergraduate managers and asked if any of the coaches were about. "Oh, yes!" he answered. "My name is Webber, and I am the coach of the lightweights. Mr. Parker (the head coach) is in Philadelphia to row against Penn and Navy, but the lightweights have a regatta here on the Charles tomorrow." All very Ivy League. I thought. With some diffidence I inquired if it would be possible to go out in the coaching launch to watch the practice after our race was over. To my surprise he seemed to think the idea a good one. "We are going out at 5:15. Do come back then," he said. So some time later that afternoon we were afloat on the Charles again in one of the long, narrow Harvard launches that must date from 1915. For some unaccountable reason this genteel antiquity recalled the fact that the last Nicholas Murray Butler always refused to give up his 1920 Rolls Royce.

Mr. Webber, stood tall and impressive in the cockpit. and from time to time directed a few cogent words to his coxswains and crews. They responded with an alacrity and skill that were astounding. It was an inspiration to see perfect rowing once more. Timing, balance, rhythm all seemed so effortless. What secret powers were behind those quiet words of advice to the oarsmen? What magic key had Mr. Webber found to open the gates to success? A different mental state perhaps? A better way of life? I noticed in the following Sunday Times that the Harvard Lightweights had captured the Goldwaith Cup the ninth year in a row. And it was done so casually too! When we were back at the dock I observed with surprise that one of the coxswains had steered in his street clothes. Apparently he arrived just in time for practice with no chance to change, and had slung his notebooks into the coxswain's seat for a cushion.

It had been raining, but now the sun shone brightly through fractured clouds. It cast a golden light over the river. The cedar shells. the crimson jerseys of the

Harvard Crews, the gold and black of Princeton made fascinating patterns on the ruffled waters of the Charles.

Across the mad the lacrosse team was practicing. Helmeted warriors slashing at each other with their netted sticks. Eager youths at play! I wondered how much of it would be wasted in the ghastly nightmare of South Vietnam with its acute discomforts and death lurking in the shadows.

But now it was time to say farewell and express our thanks to Mr. Webber. We piled into our station wagon and sped up river to Perkins where we were to spend the night. Then the comfort of hot food, hot showers and a quiet night's rest.

Next morning the rapid trip back to New York. The hills were yellow and green with budding trees, and in spite of the frosty chill, there was the fragrance of apple blossom in the air. I cannot speak for my companions — for who can read mothers thoughts?. But for myself, at least, and in spite of our losing the race so hopelessly, the trip had been a happy and rewarding experience.

SETH HOARD, *Crew Coach N. Y. I. E. B.*

## **SPRING ROWING 1966**

### **SCHEDULE OF RACES:**

- 1) Nutley High School, Nutley, New Jersey, April 28: Harlem River Course.
- 2) Browne and Nichols School, Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 6: Charles River.
- 3) Pomfret School, Pomfret, Connecticut, May 18: Rose Land Lake.
- 4) State University at Stony Brook, Long Island (Freshmen). May 20, Harlem River Course.
- 5) West Side Rowing Club, Buffalo, New York, Lake Erie Regatta, June 11; Black Rock Course, (Barge Canal).

### **INSTITUTE OARSMEN**

**VARSITY:** Raymond Heydet, Dennis Higgins, Geoffrey Vogel, Thomas Wawra.

**JUNIOR VARSITY:** Nicholas C.antisani, David Capen. Kerry Wadman.

## **SPORTS 1965 - 1966**

We had a very good season. Our boys worked hard for their success. The wrestling team although small (5 boys) came home with 3 places. **RONALD CONNELLY** became champ in the 165 lbs. class. **MELVIN BARR** got a second place in the 145 lbs. class and **WARREN HILL** got second place in the 154 lbs. class.

The track season was short because of bad weather, nevertheless the boys worked and worked hard. Our team came home with a fourth place trophy. We missed the third place trophy by one point because of a mishap. Connelly fell during the start of one of the dashes. **WARREN HILL** got a first in the High Jump. **RONALD CONNELLY** got a second in the football throw and a third in the 75 yds. dash, **LEIFUR MAGNUSSON** got a third in the shot put and **MELVIN BARR** got a second in the 1/2 mile a third in the broad jump and a second in the triple jump.

Our girls had less luck but worked hard. We were the host to the girl track tournament. Four schools were here, Perkins, Batavia, Connecticut, Overbrook and New York. **PAULA GAUDREAU** got a first place in the 50 yard dash, third place 75 yard dash and second place IA mile run. **LESLIE ELMS** got first place in the 14 mile. **DIANE NICHOLAS** and **PAULA DERTOUZOS** got a first place in the pair 1/4 mile. **MARY CHRISTOFOROU** and **NANCY STEINHAUSER** got a second place in the pair 1/4 mile. **MARY CHRISTOFOROU** got a second place in the standing broad jump. Our girls got a 3rd place in the tournament. They lost the cheerleaders contest in Virginia but with a good showing.

*JOHN A. PLESS VON HESSE*

## **ADVISORY BOARD**

J. O'Hara Bell  
Roger C. Walker  
Dr. M. E. Frampton