

For each child who enrolled, Sister Baptista selected from her inventory of reading measures those individual test instruments which her experience told her would best diagnose the reading disabilities of that child. In addition, she administered and interpreted psychological tests for some of the children whose behavior indicated a need to go beyond the diagnosis of reading difficulties. After the performance of each child had been interpreted and after his score had been recorded as a pre-test, each child was assigned to his teacher and his instruction was started, one level below his performance score. Each teacher worked with six children.

Thus, for five days a week, five hours a day, from July 5, to August 15, the 197 children—little ones, pre-adolescents, and early teen-agers—were given "Therapeutic Tutoring" in reading and study skills, in listening, thinking, speaking, and learning that they could learn. At the end of the summer session, the pre-test was administered as a post-test and compared with earlier performance.

Sister Baptista and Sister Theresa are far too professional to tub thump the differences between a July pre-test and an August post-test as a statistically significant measure of a child's reading gains over a brief six-week period. The results are available and the Sisters are pleased to share them with anyone who cares to look.

However, they prefer to seat their visitors at their kitchen table over a cup of coffee and a sweet roll and let them read the uninhibited answers that the children gave when they were asked to write down what they really thought of their summer school experience. At first, the visitor will be amused; then he will stop, think, and understand what too many of the children are really saying. Each says it differently, but the same theme appears, again and again. "They gave me love here. I want to come back."

The summer of 1966 is history in Dunkirk, on the shores of Lake Erie, in Chautauqua County, New York. The grapes have been picked. The twisted arm-thick vines, which once bore the purple fruit, stand brown and naked, impaled on their props of wood and stranded barbed wire, like skeletons stapled to crosses in the No Man's Land of another country.

But the children have come alive. The word is out for Puerto Rican, white, and Negro alike. The first elementary school children tumble in at 8:30 in the morning; the last high school boys now leave at 9 in the evening.

At the beginning of the September session, 352 had applied for admission. Although OEO funding only made provision for 100 children, 251 of the applicants were from economically disadvantaged families and had been referred by Welfare services.

Somehow, the burden is being carried. Not a single child has been turned away. A new teacher has been hired, the Rotary Club has installed a ceiling, painted walls and a basement floor, put up a partition, and donated materials and labor. A private donor has given \$500 for new eaves and new drains to assure a dry basement. Six classroom lighting fixtures were donated and installed by a local electrical contractor. The Fredonia Presbyterian Women's Group has supplied arts and crafts material. The Fredonia Presbyterian Youth Group has worked at cleaning, clearing, and painting. To take care of increased enrollment, the basement has now been converted into a classroom.

As they review the progress that has been made in a few short months, Sister Baptista and Sister Theresa are thankful. They are also troubled. They know that chautauqua-type training has no place in the 20th Century. They also know that their OEO authorization will expire in April. But they are not idle. They have drawn up an application for re-funding. They are working 16 hours a day to prove their entitlement to each frugally administered OEO dollar.

It is also rumored that they find the time to speak their needs silently to a higher power. To one who might understand, they privately admit that it is much wiser to get on with the most urgent needs of today and let that higher power decide what is best for tomorrow.

Perhaps it was this philosophy which prompted one hesitant little boy to tell the Director of the Center when she asked him if he knew her, "Oh, yes, Sister, I know you. I saw you in the 'Sound of Music.'"

Mr. GOODELL. Sister, I am very proud to have you here as a spokesman from our district, as well as a very articulate spokesman for the concept you are advancing and the program in which you have done so well.