

gouache, numerous water paints, and rolls of art paper besides several softballs, bats, volleyballs, and basketballs on the back of my bike from home to the school.

Reams of paper were smeared with tempera in our vegetable printing classes, a few tears were shed during some "roughhousing" between classes; I dropped 15 pounds during the teaching experience.

Three hours a day, from 7 to 10 a.m., was my proving period. Each section of the boys and girls were working on different projects every hour.

I think the 20 minute break between the second and third hours of class was the most enjoyable time of the day. Then, Nancy and I would gather the boys (or girls) and lead off-keyed refrains of songs such as "Michael" ("Row Your Boat Ashore"). In what became known as the "song hour," the Iranian teachers would often lead a song or one of the boys would play an instrument. Many students went home humming the bars to "Are You Sleeping, Brother John" or some other now-

familiar tune.

These were successes, not frustrations. Memories still persist, such as the time when a little boy asked me after class if I loved him. Tangible remembrances are displayed in my house. I still have hanging on one of my walls a beautiful sketch of the late President Kennedy, done in pencil by one of the summer-camp boys. On another wall is a plastic bracelet made for me by one of my girl students.

The summer has passed and now I am working from school to school with the Iranian English teachers. I still have much to learn, but my first and greatest lesson was in my summer program—with the flour, skinned knees, and all.

Tom Ricks (Lafayette, Ind.) graduated from Notre Dame in 1961 with a B.A. in philosophy and French. He earned an M.A. in theology in June, 1962, from Holy Cross College in Washington, D.C., and attended law school for a year at Georgetown University.

Nancy Nelson graduated from the University of Wisconsin in June, 1963, with a B.A. in international relations.

became obvious to them that while their gifts were being enjoyed, there was more they could do for these underprivileged youngsters. The girls themselves saw a need for bringing a sense of love to these deprived children. We began a series of daily visits to the orphanages, dividing our time between the infant ward and the section for girls from 6 to 14 years.

Each girl gave one or two of the little orphans their individual attention and love for several hours each day. At first the efforts were met with blank stares. The beautiful but empty and expressionless brown eyes of the children reflected the obvious lack of a warm family environment. Eventually, the persistent affection of the girls won them over and they began to respond with laughter, hugs, and kisses.

In the older-children section, the day-camp students utilized their summer training and taught the handicrafts and games they had recently learned.

We hope that the girls will continue their enthusiastic support of these projects. Soon we plan to offer other orphanage work as extracurricular projects for our English clubs. We feel that if the social welfare of the community is to be improved it will depend upon an active role of all its young citizens. From the response we have seen from our day-camp girls, we expect the women of Shiraz to become a powerful force in their own communities in the future.

Happiness Can Be a Beanbag

By Sharon Omohundro

The simple concept of "doing something for others" was encouraged as a basic part of a summer day-camp program organized in Shiraz. Another Volunteer English teacher, Marie Circo (Longview, Wash.), and I worked in the program as our holiday activity.

The project, consisting of instruction in conversational English, handicrafts, games, and songs, was directed at young school girls between 12 and 16 years old. The initial response to the program was good, but the results took a different turn from what we had expected.

To offer the students a socially-useful direction, we gave them the opportunity to donate their handicraft products to local orphanages. At the end of each three-week camp session, the girls proudly gathered their beanbags, hand puppets, paper-bag horses' heads, and windmills, and went to the previously-chosen orphanage to distribute the playthings.

The visit to the childrens' home was an instructive and emotional experience for the young students. They were pleased to see how eagerly the children accepted the toys and how they expressed their appreciation for them.

At the same time the girls were visibly

moved at seeing children living without parental love and the close family environment which is such an important part of the Iranian way of life. It soon

A beanbag target is held by Volunteer school-girls on a visit to Red Lion and Sun Orphanage in Shiraz, to present toys made in a summer day-camp program which she and Volunteer Marie Circo conducted.

