

QUEBEC HOME AND SCHOOL

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QUEBEC HOME AND SCHOOL

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CONVERSATION PIECE



REUBEN RESIN
days, that true?"

The other day I ran into Myrtle Migraine, whom I hadn't seen for some time. Good old Myrtle! A sharp Migraine if there ever was one. "Well, well", she greeted me, "If it isn't you. Long time no see. How've you been. I hear you're connected with Home and School these

She nailed my nod in mid-air with, "That's good work. I think people should belong to it, especially some of my neighbours. I don't know what their children will grow up to be. Some people have the strangest ideas about raising children. Honestly, I sometimes think that the people who need it most don't belong. I wish I had the time to join. I do a lot of reading about those things, you know. Just last week I read a piece in a magazine about parent-child relationships. I think everybody ought to read it, especially parents, it would do them a lot of good, don't you think so?"

I was about to complete the nod I had started when we met. "This article said", she continued, "That parents should manage their children with intelligence and affection, and not by condemnation, fear, faultfinding and nagging. That's absolutely right. My children never knew fear and I never scared them. But you know children, they get out of line sometimes, so I invented a little bogeyman, just a wenchy one. We didn't use him all the time, just when we couldn't get them to do what we wanted. I have no respect for these mothers who use him in the middle of the night when children wake up. My children are strong and healthy—lots of milk and all that. My youngest, Johnny, he's a little timid about things, but I think it's his teachers. Teachers should understand children, don't you think so?"

I said, "Mmmmm . . ."

"As I was saying", she was saying, "My children and I understand one another, even if I say so myself. They understand that when I sometimes call them stupid or sloppy it's because I love them and it's for their own good, not that I think they're any more stupid or sloppier than other children. Be-

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lieve me, I've seen some real sloppy ones. You have to use psychology, you know. When their friends are around I try not to raise my voice when I tell them those things.

"Of course, they're always forgetting things and doing things they shouldn't, and you have to keep reminding them, you know how children are? Sometimes you have to repeat and repeat and repeat, but I say that's all right, just so you don't nag. I just want to make sure they won't forget. Most times they remember anyway, but I like to make sure."

"That article I'm telling you about, it was really good. It said something about emphasizing our children's successes and minimizing their failures. I swear the man who wrote that must have been thinking of me. That's just exactly what I do. You take my Mary, she's ten, she gets about 70 per cent on her report card. I always tell her it doesn't matter if the children in our family, on my husband's side, too, are all smart and get about 85 or 90 per cent and how happy and proud I'd be if she could get the same. Why, I even keep telling the other children that it's not because she's dumb or anything, it's only because she has an I.Q. But she's good at mathematics, bless her, and I tell her it's just what I expected, because she takes after her father—he's got a mathematical head. Articles like that are interesting, you really learn a lot that way, don't you think so?"

I said, "Well . . ."

"And then the man said something I agree with one hundred per cent. I can't remember what it was right now, but it was really clever. Oh yes, he said that we should help our children choose the lifework they are best fitted for, instead of gratifying through them our personal ambitions. I couldn't have said it better myself. Believe me, if more people did that we'd all be better off, even the children. My children are lucky that way. They have a mother who knows just exactly what they're best fitted for. Take Johnny, for instance, he's going to be a lawyer. You can tell, he argues with me all the time. Mary's going to be a nurse. I had a nurse's training and my mother was a nurse, you know. I say no

Maisonneuve and John Jenkins

At the December meeting of the Maisonneuve and John Jenkins Home and School Association the choirs of Grades VI and VII gave a most enjoyable presentation of Christmas songs under the able direction of Miss Verrinder.

An Essay Contest for the pupils of Grade VI under the sponsorship of the Association produced some excellent material and the final choice of the judges was as follows: 1st Prize, Gail McGimpsey; 2nd Prize (2), Lucia D'Amico, Kenneth Eyre; 3rd Prize (2), Geoffrey Armstrong, Richard Lee; Hon. Mention (2), Winston Mulligan, Patricia Horne.

The winners were presented with their prizes at the meeting and winning essays were read.

The usual business meeting followed under the chairmanship of J. Dunphy and the evening was climaxed with refreshments in the school cafeteria.

matter what you are it's always good to be a nurse. She'll love it, I know. Then there's Bobby. He'll be a doctor, I can just see it now, Dr. Bobby Migraine. You remember him? He's the one who is always making something, chairs and tables and desks and bird houses. He's good with hammers and screw-drivers and chisels and things. Bobby wants to be an engineer but I think that's good training for surgery, don't you? The man who wrote that article was one hundred per cent right. After all, our children have their own lives to live. What do you think?"

I said, "Well . . ."

"There was much more, but I haven't time to tell you about it now. Do you want me to send you the magazine? No, I think discussion broadens the mind and the next time I see you we'll discuss the rest. Well, good-bye, now, and keep up the good work. I really think more people should be in Home and School . . ."

JOHN S. DIEKHOFF

• When a child grows up, it's often a case of "up, up, and away." Physically at home, he's mentally where his teachers and his friends have taken him — which may be elsewhere. Then again it may not, for some parents do know when it's time to stop stooping and start stretching. They too can learn, if they think the effort worth while.

Keeping Pace with

Youth

My father used to observe that he had had Latin five times — once for himself and once with each of his four children. He almost had to have it twice with me.

The subject is not always Latin, but most parents find from time to time that they are "taking" some school subject over as their children take it. The father of a fifth-grader is likely to add and subtract and multiply more readily than he did when his child was in kindergarten. When the youngster reaches high school, Father may even relearn his algebra.

Nowadays, however, many a parent finds that his children come early to subjects which he cannot relearn because he never learned them. When Macaulay wished to be very positive or to indicate that a piece of information or an opinion was common knowledge, he would preface it with the phrase "Every schoolboy knows." Macaulay's imaginary schoolboy knew a great many things. So does the real schoolboy today.

When I went to high school I did not learn the principles of the telephone or the deep-freeze. There were no social studies, except for an hour a week given to "current events" in English class (what *current* meant I never did find out). The atom, which seemed small and unimportant, was indivisible.

All these things are changed. Nevertheless most parents, with their children's help, can keep up fairly well with high school students if they work at it — to their own satisfaction if not to that of the young people. It is when the son or daughter goes to college that his parents are outstripped, whether or not they also went to college.

Looking In on Yesterday

When I went to college the atom was still indivisible and still seemed unimportant to me. I was able to avoid the physics department. Geography was a physical science, not a social science. It was a subject I had had in the fifth grade, and it dealt with the names of rivers and mountains. Psychology was still a speculative discipline, taught in the philosophy department, or (as it seemed to me) a branch of physiology. I am not sure I had even heard of Freud.

When I went to college sociology was a young subject and anthropology and odd one concerned with primitive societies that were dead or dying. Now anthropologists study and undergraduates read about Middletown and Harlem and Hollywood—dying societies, perhaps, but not primitive.

When I went to college, rhetoric, not group dynamics, was the science of persuasion. The course in contemporary literature (allowing for the characteristic thirty-year time lag) dealt with books published in the 1890's, but Mencken and Joyce and Dreiser and Cabell were the literary heroes I thought we should study. This is the only area in which I can hold my own, for contemporary literature courses still hold to that thirty-year lag.

The young intellectual of the early twenties is an old fogey now. And so are you, probably even if you bear a later date and are a later model. The younger generation has caught up with us and passed us. We have been so lazy, or so helpless, or so busy keeping up with the Joneses, that we have failed to keep up with our children.

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KEEPING PACE, *cont'd*

Of course, we have the advantage of years and experience. Some of us have more horse sense. A loyalty investigation of a State Department employee, we are told, made much of a paper he had written during his sophomore year at Harvard. Finally he was asked whether he himself thought the author of such a paper was fit for responsibility in the State Department. The answer is classic: "I think no sophomore is fit for a position of responsibility in the State Department." But sophomores do not always understand this, and they are not impressed by the wisdom of their elders when that wisdom seems to them to be based on ignorance. It does not help much for Father to know best if his sons and daughters don't believe it.

When children are small, we may establish rapport easily enough and may enjoy companionship. We blow up balloons, we wind toy trucks and airplanes, we steady the bicycle, we play Flinch and Lotto and Monopoly. But the companionship is the companionship of play, on the level of children. When our children put away childish things, we are unable to do so. The failure of companionship comes at a very important point in their lives — the point at which they are no longer children, at which play is no longer the most important of activities, and at which the companionship of equals would be possible if we were up to it.

Parent and Child on Parallel Tracks

It may seem from dinner-table conversation that play is still the chief concern of undergraduates. The movies and television, baseball and basketball and football, parties and picnics and personalities fill family talk. But whose interests are at fault? We can blow balloons with our children as equals. Can we discuss with them, as equals, the Hawthorne experiments, Faulkner's novels, radio-isotopes, the culture of the Zuñi Indians, semantic obscurities, Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*, the nature-nurture controversy, Machiavelli's *The Prince*, and the Bill of Rights? Who can't keep up with whom?

In an article on another subject, Professor Robert Redfield of the University of Chicago, a distinguished anthropologist, gives an account of a learning experience in which he undertook to keep pace with his son:

Last winter, while staying in Mexico, my son, a student in the College of the University of Chicago, carried on the work of certain courses of that program of general education, and I worked with him, learning as he did . . . We found ourselves reading the original texts of a series of scientific papers . . .

The other course for which my son and I did the readings during this same winter was . . . in social science . . . This course is about the formation of American national policy, beginning before the Revolution and extending to recent times.

The Redfields, from this account, have intellectual interests in common. Professor Redfield's great learning does not disqualify him for learning still more. The companionship of father and son has survived the balloon-blowing stage and has become the companionship of adults. It is based on knowledge held in common and intellectual interests shared. In these circumstances there is no need for the son to condescend to his father or for the father to change the subject to basketball.

Keeping up with maturing youth is sometimes a stand-by operation, however, in which parents get no help from their sons and daughters. It is hardly fair to say that when the young adult puts away childish things he also puts away his parents, but there comes a time when the young adult must demonstrate his independence to himself. He may for a time refuse to share his interests with his parents, and he is very likely to regard their interest in him or his concerns as an intrusion into his privacy. Even though he lives at home he wants to be his own master. At the same breakfast table with his parents he may be farther away from them than ever before — or ever again.

The youth who goes away from his parents in this sense will come home again, if they will welcome him and are ready for him.

Any parent can be ready, and he need not be a college graduate. He can read with his children, as Professor Redfield did. If he cannot do this because his children will not, he can read by himself what they are reading. And if the children have not yet reached college age, he can get a head start.

Parents who wish to keep up with their sons and daughters can find other parents who are falling behind and with them can organize informal study groups. They can ask the local college to help them keep up — by giving them reading lists and other guidance or by establishing special informal evening courses for the parents of students. More would if they were asked.

Whether parents undertake to study with their children, or alone, or in informal groups, or in classes, it is not hard for them to find out what books to read. The subjects to study are those the young people talk about when they have the choice. The books

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Audrey Ikagami

• Audrey Ikagami is a grade XI student at Cowansville High School. In November the students of Audrey's grade were taken on a weekend trip to New York. On their return the students wrote essays describing the trip. Audrey's essay is reproduced below under her own title . . .

. . . FOUR DAYS OF AMAZEMENT

New York is a city of wonder and excitement, a City of towering buildings and glittering lights. New York has become a magic word, a word that when mentioned takes me back to the time when I was a tourist of this busy metropolis.

At approximately 7.30 A.M. on November 5th, 1953, eighteen excited pupils of Cowansville High School, accompanied by two teachers — Miss Saunders and Mr. Bown — boarded the Montreal Sightseeing bus. The large vehicle already carried pupils from Knowlton, Sutton and Granby. Our main purpose for this four hundred mile trip was to tour the United Nations Buildings.

When the glitter and sparkle of the city lights came into view, we knew that soon our dreams would become a reality. After passing through the Lincoln Tunnel, a spotless structure of white glazed tiles; we reached New York City. All eyes were gazing in amazement and wonder at the "paradise of shimmering jewels". Suddenly the bus came to a stop in front of the Hotel Victoria and forty Canadians set foot in the "Big City".

That night we attended a showing of "The Robe" in Cinema Scope at the Roxy Theatre. On our way back to the hotel, I glanced at the Times Square Building. The time there read 11.59 P.M. You can imagine how tired I was after a half day on the bus and as soon as my head touched the pillow, I was sound asleep.

New York by Day

The first thing I did the next morning was pull up the shades and there before my eyes was a day-time view of New York. Although the sight was thrilling, I was disappointed at the weather we would be having that day. It was cold and windy and there were indications that snow would fall.

A tour of the United Nations was number one on our schedule for Friday. When enter-

ing the General Assembly by the public entrance, we passed through one of the seven nickel bronze doors which Canada had given as a gift. The main public lobby, which has a lofty ceiling of seventy-five feet high, has a large circular information desk.

An attractive UN guide conducted the one hour tour of the various U.N. rooms. The tour took us through the General Assembly Building, Conference Building and the Secretariat Building. The Circular Fountain in front of the Secretariat Building attracted me most because of its unique features. The fountain has a pattern formed on the bottom of the pool by bands of crushed white marble and black stones. The black pebbles were given by Greece and were gathered by the women and children of that country.

After dining in the delegates' restaurant in the Conference Building we went into one of the Assembly Conference Rooms. There we were provided with earphones by which we were able to tune into any one of the five official languages — English, French, Russian, Chinese and Spanish. By visiting the several U.N. buildings and observing the many things which the countries of the world had contributed towards the beautification of the world's headquarters, I began to see why we were at United Nations, not in the United States.

Radio City

The visit to Radio City Music Hall was the most fascinating and thrilling experience. Upon entering the Grand Foyer I stood and gazed with astonishment at the height of the walls and the greatness of the two giant chandeliers. The immense size of the hall and the grandeur of the stage captured my attention. The Music Hall Symphony Or-

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BONARO W. OVERSTREET

• *No man can tear the veil from the future. Tomorrow is safely hidden from us. But we need not face the new day completely unready for its challenges, completely at the mercy of its events. What wisdom does time past have for time to come? Here are guides we can take with us as we walk into each new morning.*

The Capacity for Foresight

Meditating upon the human situation, the poet Shelley wrote:

We look before and after;

We pine for what is not . . .

With equal truth he might have written that we look before and after and *plan* for what is not. For our relationship to the long time span that stretches backward and forward from the immediate present is by no means always that of wistful pining. As often as not, or more often than not, it is that of realistic planning.

The past—our own past and the past of mankind—may indeed, now and then, be the focus of our nostalgia. But always it is the source of our practical knowledge of cause and effect, of what can be expected to follow from what. The past, then, is always involved in our foresight.

The future may now and again be the focus of our idle daydreaming, of hopes not tied to any related policies. Thus we may dream that somehow, some day our ship will come in even though we have never launched it. Similarly we may dream of a social utopia not linked by any program of action to the hard realities of the here and now. But comforting as such personal or social dreams may be when the world is "too much with us, late and soon," they may also be our undoing.

By and large our most rewarding relationship to the past is that of being students in its ample school of experience, and our most rewarding relationship to the future is that of planning, that of organized intention.

To dream is indeed part of our human privilege, but as far as mental and emotional health are concerned we dream best when dream and plan are so combined that we act in the world of things-as-they-are, with *foresight*.

Before Time Takes Hold

The newborn infant is not a creature of

foresight or of hindsight. He is a creature of immediacy, of what happens *now*, of what he feels *now*. The small child—with his brief attention span, brief memory span, and limited knowledge—can show only the rudiments of foresight. He simply does not have enough experience to build realistic expectations. Nor does he have enough independence to be properly called a plan maker. He is still almost wholly on the receiving end of life, almost wholly at the disposal of forces over which he can exercise little or no control.

While he is still very young he may show an emerging power to anticipate one response or another. He may withdraw from that which hurts before he is hurt again; he may reach toward that which gratifies. But this power is by no means a deep, sustained capacity for foresight.

Foresight is learned, and learned slowly. For it is an intricate compound of a number of different capacities, and its maturing is



geared to the maturing of these. In many lives it seems never to be acquired at all—except in the most rudimentary sense. Tragically common among us are grown men and women who still seem children in their power to plan, to foresee consequences of action, or to hold themselves to a plan after they have made it.

Such adults are not happy people. Neither are they happiness-creating people. In situation after situation they “come a cropper.” They say and do things that do not fit, that are not called for, and that get a response altogether different from what they wanted or expected. Thus in little ways and big their relationship to life is marked by tension and conflict and disappointment. No matter how many years they live they never seem, in any adult sense, to become *experienced*.

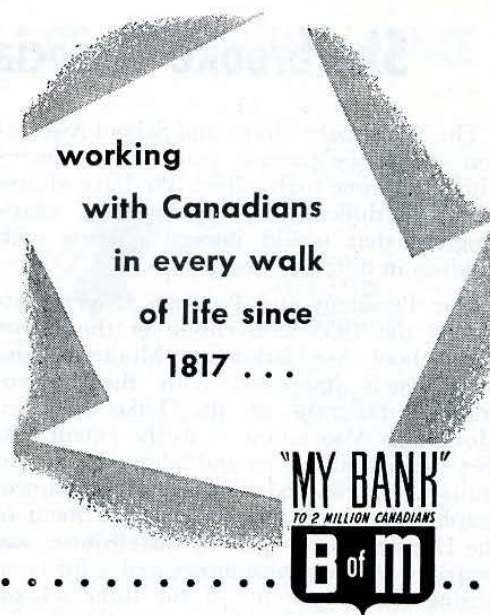
Setting Aside the Self

Caring as we do about human well-being and happiness—and particularly the well-being and happiness of our children—it becomes a matter of common sense for us to try to understand the nature of foresight, the psychic materials of which it appears to be made and through what sorts of experience it develops.

This turns us back to a point discussed in earlier articles of this series: the tremendous importance for mental and emotional health of an *outward-turning* attention. A person cannot exercise foresight in a situation unless he pays attention to it. He must have an accurate slant on how the situation has come about, what is actually going on in it, what forces are at work, whose hopes and interests are involved, what resources are available, and what values are at stake.

I was reading the other day, for example, a magazine editor's account of an interview he had had with an applicant for a position. His first impression of the young man had been favorable. He seemed a clean-cut chap as he came into the office. When he started to talk, however, he promptly and decisively lost himself the job. Instead of giving facts about his training, experience, and reasons for wanting to work on a magazine—facts the editor needed to know—he began by asking about salary, chances for advancement, and even vacation periods.

What kept this young man from knowing that this was the wrong approach? Why could he not feel *within himself* what the editor's reaction would inevitably and justly be? Why, in short, did he lack foresight? We can only assume that he was too full of himself to take in the objective realities of the situation. His attention was turned in-



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ward, not outward. He knew what he wanted. He may even have thought he knew how to be impressive, how to imply that he could pick and choose where jobs were concerned. But he overlooked completely the editor's stake in the situation, his need for a person qualified to do a certain kind of work and do it well.

Salary, achievements, vacations—he might have assumed that an experienced editor would undoubtedly know that he had “need of all these things.” But until the matter of qualifications was settled, discussion of them could not be other than irrelevant, and his absorption with them could only make the editor wonder how much interest he would ever have left over to give to his work.

In this single example we can see that the person of foresight is the one whose attention can be turned *out there*, toward one real situation after another. How can we help our children to become people of foresight?

The basic thing, already discussed in earlier articles, is to set the child free from nagging anxiety about himself. To do this, we recall, we must give him a sustaining

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Sherbrooke Association Well Organized

The Sherbrooke Home and School Association comprises parents from two primary schools and one high school. We have always found it difficult to implement a year's program that would interest parents with children in different age groups.

Our President and Program Director attended the 1953 Convention of the Home and School Associations in Montreal, and were much impressed with the mimeographed program of the Lake of Two Mountains Association — to the extent that they carried off a copy and adapted it almost entirely to their needs. This program, mimeographed by the Commercial Department of the High School as part of their course, was prepared during the summer and a list comprising all the parents of the three schools under our jurisdiction was made up. To attract attention, it was mimeographed on pink paper — another "steal" from the Lake of Two Mountains, and folded in three. On the back, the centre section identified the Association, the left section contained "A Parent's Code of Ethics" and the right, the Aims of the Association — these copied wholesale from a pamphlet from the Canadian Home and School and Parent-Teacher Federation Inc., also acquired from the Convention. Inside on the left section was adapted the Home and School "Creed", from the same source, and the second and third sections were devoted to the detailed program for the year. Our Association meets the first Monday of every month from October to May inclusive, with Executive Meetings the second Thursday of the month. We believed it important to set a specific day of the week for our meetings, and, although we have once or twice found it difficult to

adhere to, in time we hope we will educate our members to set aside that day automatically for our meetings. While we could not decide on any specific theme, we called our meetings "Nights", as follows: "Home and School Night", to re-dedicate ourselves to the aims of the Home and School Association, the speaker being Alex Pryde of Farnham; "Traffic and Fire Night", where the speakers were the Chief of the Police Department and the Chief of the Fire Department.

Next followed the "School Board Night", with the Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners and the Treasurer present. This has just been very satisfactorily concluded. Scheduled we have "Principals' Night" — we have four schools and therefore four principals in the district; "Higher Education Night", with a speaker from a nearby university; and "Fathers' Night" — a purely male presentation. There are two other nights without a name: In March, during Education Week we have a meeting in conjunction with one of the Primary Schools, and in May our Annual Meeting with election of officers is held.

Our programs were mailed direct to the homes and seem to have been an unqualified success. Those who for some reason did not receive one were quite indignant and lost no time in procuring one. Our paid membership has increased over 30% with the year barely half over. Another reason for the increase in our paid membership was the fact that we send home by the children a mimeographed notice of the next meeting, and at the foot are the words: "If you have not already paid your membership fee of

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CAPACITY, cont'd

sense of being loved and wanted, of being acceptable as a person. Only to the extent that he is thus assured of his status in the human scene can he freely lend his attention to the world about him. So long as he is deeply anxious about himself—and therefore afraid of rejection—he can only avoid situations or make demands upon them. He cannot understand them.

In addition to the giving of this basic assurance there are other ways in which we can encourage the growing child to become an *experienced* person, not merely a person to whom things happen.

Ways to Wisdom

We can encourage him to size up the reasons for his own successes and failures. If he has tried to do something and has failed, we won't say, "I told you so" or "Why can't you ever do anything right?" Neither will we confuse him by pretending that what he has done is really wonderful when he knows that it is not. Rather, we will companion with him in trying to understand what went wrong, where he slipped up, what he overlooked. Thus we help him both to accept his mistake and to keep intact his self-respecting conviction that he can learn to do things right.

We can, again, help him to develop imagination about other people—about the hopes and fears they are likely to have in this or that situation or what they are likely to feel when such and such a thing happens, about what all people have in common and about the differences and why they act as they do. Thus gradually we can help him to feel as others feel, which is tantamount to saying that we help him become experienced in human relations.

Since foresight depends upon knowledge as well as attitude, we can help him to gain knowledge by answering his questions, by letting him work freely with different materials, helping him to move comfortably into the world of the printed page, helping him to learn how to look up what he needs to know, and letting him tell us what he wants to do and how he intends to go about it.

Finally, we can let him make plans suitable to his age and try to carry them through—not withholding our help from him if he asks for it but not invading his privacy of planning or doing all his organizing for him.

Foresight, in brief, like most other human characteristics, is a complex affair. We can-

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not wish it into existence, but we can often and in many ways encourage it into existence. And the person who acquires it in reasonable measure thereby testifies that he is a citizen of the world of reality. He is more likely to "look before and after" and plan for what is not than he is to waste himself in habitual, wistful pining.

NATIONAL PARENT-TEACHER
February 1953

Every now and then a man's mind is stretched by a new idea and never shrinks back to its former dimensions.

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

If happiness were really attainable through the doctrine of everyone for himself, the whole world would at once become a very happy place.

—FILSON YOUNG

Cynics are further from realities than saints.

—LIONEL CURTIS
Civitas Dei

We like people in proportion to the good we do them, and not to the good they do us.

—LAWRENCE STERNE

Free Speech for Pat

Margaret M. Thornburgh

At the market one day Pat stopped suddenly by a display of the largest, yellowest grapefruit I have ever seen. They were huge and handsome. Pat was puzzled and frowning with thought. "What are those?" he asked. "Waterlemons?"

Since Pat is almost six, incidents like that should no longer take me by surprise. They do, though, and I'm continually intrigued by the twists that children give to words.

There is, for example, something uncannily penetrating about Pat's vocabulary. His choice of adjectives and nouns, while unorthodox to a startling degree, is often eminently suitable. The way he selects or changes a word from his past experience to fit something new in his life is a revelation — a revelation, that is, to adults like us whose use of our native tongue has become stodgily conventional. Pat's approach to word choice is free and easy. In language, as in other things, he doesn't follow the well-worn paths of custom. He makes his own.

Now, many a child's name for butterfly is "flutterby." By simply changing the sounds he changes the accepted, inappropriate name to one that is accurately descriptive. What an unimaginative adult mind must have bestowed such a prosaic name in the first place!

The same uncomplicated mental process named the grapefruit "waterlemons." Here again the transposed letters accomplished their purpose. An "l" and an "m" changed places and made a perfect new word from an old word. It had a logically transferred meaning, too — the giant version of a familiar fruit.

Pat is fascinated by my new pressure cooker. He feels there is always the interesting possibility that its hisses and sputters may sometime or other produce a loud bang. He knows that I wanted a cooker very much and that I (also aware of its explosive nature) treat it with great respect. So to him, naturally, it is "Mother's precious cooker."

For MUMMY DADDY and ME



A. LESLIE PERRY

ARCHITECT

MONTREAL

Tides and Times

Along the ocean shore there exists a situation that has prompted many questions. Some days when we go there the water almost reaches the sea wall and covers our favorite beach. At other times the water line is many yards away, and there is our beach, all dry sand again. It is obviously a phenomenon that requires an explanation. The encyclopedia devotes ten pages of fine print and complex equations to the subject. Parents, in their efforts to make it clear, have called upon gravity and the moon. But Pat calls it "the tide and the untide."

When the wind is from the right direction we hear the bells in the park that mark the

hours and the quarter hours. "Chimes" we used to call them, a pleasant and adequate word. But Pat considered their clocklike duties and named them the "times." We have come around to his point of view, and now "the times ring out . . ."

Pat could say "electricity," but he does not. The magic that transforms a colorless glass bulb into a power against darkness he speaks of as "light-tricity." The pronunciation is little changed, but Pat's alteration has made the meaning inherent in the sound.

In his earlier, less sophisticated days he called dessert, "deserve-it." What convincing logic to a child who must eat all his vegetables before being allowed the final, rewarding sweet! I should like to believe that the history of dining would reveal a parallel, that the word was first "deserve-it" and only the slurring of long use has produced the present characterless form.

Pat's favorite dessert is a frothy, meringue-like whip, which he first saw as a picture in a magazine. It must be served in a sherbet glass and topped with a spoonful of fruit cocktail. This concoction he has dubbed "fruit cottontail." As name for a food it is no more ridiculous than "cocktail," and it has the superiority of being descriptive.

Heydays and Holidays

The birthday celebrations of his friends and family are red-letter days in Pat's life. He looks forward to each one and enjoys it thoroughly. When the exciting moment comes for the traditional toast, Pat gets right down to essentials and sings with real feeling, "Happy birth-cake to you!"

Before Christmas he came home from kindergarten in a joyful mood because all the next week was to be a "holiweek." Long ago someone changed "holy day" to "holiday," but with grown-up inconsistency went no further. Perhaps mature judgment advised that "holiweeks" were too few to have a name. It is a word for which Webster has no use, but for Pat the Christmas vacation was a glorious "holiweek."

Perhaps *we* are losing a little of the privilege of free speech by following too meekly the disciplined usage of the English language. Certainly there are times when Pat's word seems exactly the right one, and our time-worn substitute seems inept and a little, well — childish.

Margaret M. Thornburgh, mother of Pat and his older brother Mike, is a former teacher, a writer of articles and light verse, and a member of two-parent-teacher associations.

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Chambly Inaugurates

Father and Son Night

The Chambly-Richelieu association rang in a new feature this season when they inaugurated a Father and Son Night as an extra meeting. Plans for the meeting called for the presence of several outstanding players from the Canadiens Hockey Club who would address the boys and their dads and show motion pictures of last year's Stanley Cup series.

Unfortunately a sudden change in the hockey club's plans kept the players on duty. However they sent along the film which was enjoyed by all. It is expected that the event will be repeated later in the season at which time several players will be present.

The hockey club and the Home and School Association each provided a pair of tickets to one of the Canadian's home games. These were drawn for and the winners were Murray Phillips and Robert Cook.

SUBJECTS LISTED FOR BROADCAST SERIES

First broadcast in the CBC series, "The Way of a Parent" was on Sunday January 17 at 6.15 p.m. The series is sponsored by the CBC in co-operation with the Canadian Home and School and Parent-Teacher Federation. The remaining broadcasts in the series will be given on Sundays at the same hour. Subjects for dramatization are listed below.

January 24th—**THE MOTHER WHO SAW HERSELF.** We like our children to be successful, but do we give them the tools for success if we are over-solicitous about their welfare?

January 31st—**DINNER TIME TURMOIL.** The next four broadcasts deal with the motivations for learning. This scene is set at the table!

February 7th—**THE LITTLE SOCIAL LION.** Motivation this time is the child's desire for activity. How can a parent keep a child's mischievous activities from becoming a menace without frustrating him entirely?

February 14th — **LITTLE MARY AND THE TERROR.** How can fears be used to stimulate rather than shackle the emotions?

February 21st—**STORM SIGNALS.** How can the energy generated in a child's anger be used in seeking a solution to its problems?

February 28th — **NEW-FANGLED OLD-FANGLED NOTION.** Grandma demonstrates a little old-fashioned psychology which now might be labelled "indirect control". Anyway, a seven-year-old continues with his music lessons.

March 7th—**A QUESTION OF RESPONSIBILITY.** Here the control is more direct when a teen-aged boy becomes involved in an accident with a stolen car.

March 14th—**THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T BE FIRED.** We see how teen-aged Meg had to suffer the consequences of her actions, and how this punishment could contribute to her development for better or for worse.

March 21st—**RED HERRING IN THE FAMILY.** If the consequence of an action is a reward may this not become a red herring across the path of learning?

March 28th — **JOHNNY IN RETIREMENT.** Many people are unable to work out satisfactory relationship with other human beings, and shyness is often caused through fears.

April 4th—**THE CLEVER SISTER.** What is the effect of parental approval in building a feeling of security in the child?

April 11th—**THE STRAIGHT-JACKET BANK ACCOUNT.** Is Alfred at nineteen years of age ready to manage his own bank account? If not, why not? and what can be done about it now?

JOINT MEETING Q.H.A.S. with P.A.P.T.

As an EDUCATION WEEK feature a joint meeting has been arranged with the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers for March 12. Place of the meeting will be announced in the next issue of Quebec Home and School. The meeting will take the form of a panel discussion and your executive has promised that we will have "very interesting speakers" on a "very interesting subject."

For full details on the program see your next issue of the magazine. In the meantime mark the date down on your calendar of coming events.

COUNCIL DISCUSSES VERDUN HIGH SCHOOL

The need for extensions to Verdun High School was the top item on the agenda of the Verdun Regional Council of the Home and School Associations, which met on Tuesday, January 5th.

Correspondence exchanged between the Council, the chairman of School Trustees, and the Protestant School Board, was discussed and a further letter is being sent to the School Board stressing the need for improvements and urging early action.

The President, Mrs. J. Simon expressed satisfaction at recent measures to combat traffic hazards in Verdun, partly brought about by representations from Home and School Bodies.

Among other points slated for future discussion are the menace of soft drinks on children's teeth, and the need for an adult library in Verdun.

F. David Mathias ARCHITECT

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SHERBROOKE, cont'd

one dollar per family per year, please attach a dollar to this notice and either bring it to the meeting or send it to the school." Space is designated for the name and address, telephone number, and school in which the children are located. This has not only brought in more fees but has cut down the work of the Membership Committee considerably, especially at the meetings when their time was almost entirely taken up with entering names of new members, etc., and they could not enjoy the meetings at all.

We also tried a new activity this year. In September we had a Tag Day, and, when our revenues were ascertained, we notified all parents that a subscription to the Quebec Home and School magazine would be included in all membership fees if paid before October 10th. You will remember that this magazine used to be free, so we felt we were not being too radical. This "stunt" had a two-fold result; our subscription list increased by 300% and our fees were almost all collected by October 10th instead of dragging on into February as in former years. The advantage of the latter was that our financial projects could be decided upon almost immediately, and our budget drawn up within a month or so after the year commenced.

Our most significant contribution this year is the establishment of a bursary to the value of \$100 to be awarded to a graduate of our High School who intends to enter Macdonald College and subsequently, the teaching profession. This is felt to be a very worthwhile project considering the shortage of qualified teachers in the province. We are now working in conjunction with the I.O.D.E. on a project to supply soup to needy children during the winter months.

We have had a very busy season and we hope we have laid a foundation on which the future of our Association can be built.

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KEEPING PACE, cont'd

to read are the books that interest the inquiring minds of young adults — the books to which they refer before they remember that it is twenty years since their parents have read seriously.

The parent can easily ask himself a few simple questions. Or I can ask them: Do you remember the older books your children mention? Have you read the newer ones? Do you always know which is which? What subjects do your children talk about? Have you been bested in an argument with your son recently? — bested to the point where you have taken refuge in one of the most cowardly and offensive of parental remarks: "You'll outgrow it; you'll know better when you are older."

Your son probably *will* know better, but parents grow older, too, and do not always know better as they grow older. Every argument is a clue to the youth's lively interest. Every lost argument may indicate an area of the parent's inadequacy. Every resort to "You'll outgrow it" is a sign of the parent's immaturity, for this is retreat from inquiry.

Keeping Fit Through Exercise

Interests held in common, knowledge shared, mutual respect — these are firm bases for the companionship of rational men. The parent who chooses this way to companionship with his maturing sons and daughters may achieve it, for he has recognized that they have become his equals.

Such a parent may achieve much more. He may rediscover the joy of learning. He may learn again that there is room for disagreement among well-informed and well-intentioned people even on subjects that he thought closed to discussion. He may recapture the open mindedness, the hospitality to new ideas, the respect for disagreement that are the real qualities of the student, whatever his age. They are characteristic of youth only because we have restricted the habit of study to our youth. If these are really youthful attitudes, then only the young are intellectually mature, and the first moment after youth is dotage.

It need not be. A mind need not be young to be vigorous; it need only be active. Maturing parents can keep pace with their maturing children if they will exercise their minds — or use their heads — as much as the young people do. They may keep up by holding their ears and their minds open, and they may better deserve the respect and affection of their sons and daughters. For by these means they themselves remain intellectually mature — as mature as they were when they were young.

FOUR DAYS, cont'd

chestra was elevated from its unseen pit, the lovely world-famous Rockettes danced with perfect precision; the Corps de Ballet in their brilliant display showed the spectators the art of ballet. Radio City Music Hall is truly "the showplace of the nation".

After a morning of exhausting shopping, Central Park Zoo was our next point of interest. There was saw several species of monkeys, bears, elephants, birds, a yak, camel and crocodiles. The bird house was the noisiest of all the huts. I was truly surprised that our feathered friends could gossip more than the women.

Leaving Central Park Zoo we took a bus to the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. There we saw many works of art preserved from days of the ancient Persians and Assyrians and also many of the other ancient countries.

A trip to New York is not complete without going to the Empire State Building, a building whose magnificent height dominates the sky-line of that great city. In no time we were whirled up to the 86th floor observatory and then to the 102nd floor. A ten-mile view of this mighty city included the Statue of Liberty, George Washington Bridge, Central Park and also many other interesting places.

New York by Night

That night we were present at a television studio where we watched an enjoyable half-hour programme of "Ethel and Albert". After the performance, my friend and I, accompanied by a teacher, went to the Madison Square Gardens, where sport lovers go to see hockey games and boxing. This spacious "amphitheatre" reminded me of the Forum in Montreal. At the time of our visit, the International Horse Show was taking place. An added attraction to the show was the Coronation Musical Ride by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Resplendent in their scarlet coats, they rode on well-trained black horses and gave a perfect performance, which set the spectators cheering and clapping.

When Sunday morning came and we had to leave, I made a little wish that someday I would be able to return to this ever-growing metropolis. But until my wish does become a reality, I shall keep in mind of that "Big City" and say "It is a wonderful City".

. . .

We have heads on us for the same reason that a pin has: to keep us from going too far.
—ANON

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WHO'S OUT OF STEP?

A high school principal in Philadelphia finds himself in trouble. He made a suggestion that has been roundly denounced as "undemocratic."

What did he propose? It was only this. It might be a good idea, he thought, if a special program of studies were prepared for outstanding boys and girls. He felt that they could get along faster, and get more out of their years of education, if they didn't have to keep pace with those who were slower. But this, it appears, was a most undemocratic proposal to make.

Fortunately, this high school principal has not been without his supporters. After the first wave of attack had been launched against him, the other side was presented by those who thought there was a good deal to be said for his proposal.

One of those who came to his support was the eminent American educator, Seymour St. John. He pointed out that the freedom to be one's best is surely just as much a freedom as any other. There is no moral or social virtue in pulling people down to the average.

As Mr. St. John said by way of reminder: "Michelangelo did not learn to paint by spending his time doodling. Mozart was not an accomplished pianist at the age of eight as a result of spending his days in front of a television set."

It is always necessary to be on guard against absurd ideas that may be presented, for the time being, with all the seeming authority of proved fact. At the present time there is a curiously real possibility that democracy is coming to be identified with mediocrity. As a result, the educational process is in some danger of being kept so well within the capacity of the mediocre that the child of unusual intelligence must almost be encouraged to assume mediocrity.

No doubt it is very true that little good comes of forcing people to do more than they are able. But this is quite a different thing from trying to induce people to do less than they are able. For whereas the simplified and easier studies may be suitable for those incapable of anything better, they can lead the more talented to believe that being shift-

less and taking it easy are somehow social virtues, deserving of moral acclaim.

Yet there is little purpose to a theory that education should be without tears, when life cannot guarantee similar concessions. What Mr. St. John was saying has been said also by Dr. Sydney Smith, the President of the University of Toronto. In his last report, Dr. Smith used these outspoken words: "Education — real education — is no easy matter . . . It is a process not without pain . . . I am thoroughly in favor of making dull things interesting, but I question whether it is in the interest of pupils to make difficult things easy."

The emphasis upon mediocrity, the tendency to exalt a low common measure of accomplishment, is not entirely separated from the theory that society itself should be organized along similar lines. It is not only in the class room that the mediocre are made the standard, so that those who exceed the standard may be looked upon askance, as exhibiting a regrettably anti-social tendency. It comes from the anxiety to magnify the group, so that group activities, group consciousness, group adjustments have all become methods of reducing things to an even level.

It is all rather reminiscent of the cartoon that appeared in *Punch* in the years of the First World War. It pictured two distinguished experts in the ancient history of Egypt. They were in the British Museum, examining a statue of three Egyptians walking together. One of the experts has turned to the other and remarks: "You know, my appreciation of this statue has greatly diminished of late. I just can't overlook the fact that Rameses II it out of step."

Fortunately that high school principal in Philadelphia has not yet fallen into this way of looking at things. He doesn't see anything undemocratic or anti-social in students who are out of step with the group, if they are a step ahead. Nor does he see why they should be compelled to keep in step by dragging their feet. Perhaps he isn't convinced, as yet, that democracy and mediocrity need be the same thing.

An Editorial in the Montreal Gazette

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