

## ***Appendix B***

### ***Example of Fieldnotes***

Date: March 24, 1980

Joe McCloud

11:00 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.

Westwood High

6th Set of Notes

#### ***The Fourth-Period Class in Marge's Room***

I arrived at Westwood High at five minutes to eleven, the time Marge told me her fourth period started. I was dressed as usual: sport shirt, chino pants, and a Woolrich parka. The fourth period is the only time during the day when all the students who are in the "neurologically impaired/learning disability" program, better known as "Marge's program," come together. During the other periods, certain students in the program, two or three or four at most, come to her room for help with the work they are getting in other regular high school classes.

It was a warm, fortyish, promise of a spring day. There was a police patrol wagon, the kind that has benches in the back that are used for large busts, parked in the back of the big parking lot that is in front of the school. No one was sitting in it and I never heard its reason for being there. In the circular drive in front of the school was parked a United States Army car. It had insignias on the side and was a khaki color. As I walked from my car, a balding fortyish man in an Army uniform came out of the building and went to the car and sat down. Four boys and a girl also walked out of the school. All were white. They had on old dungarees and colored stenciled t-shirts with spring jackets over them. One of the boys, the tallest of the four, called out, "oink, oink, oink." This was done as he sighted the police vehicle in the back.

O.C.: This was strange to me in that I didn't think that the kids were into "the police as pigs." Somehow I associated that with another time, the early 1970s. I'm going to have to come to grips with the assumptions I have about high school due to my own experience. Sometimes I feel like Westwood is entirely different from my high school and yet this police car incident reminded me of mine.

Classes were changing when I walked down the halls. As usual there was the boy with girl standing here and there by the lockers. There were three couples that I saw. There was the occasional shout. There were no teachers outside the doors.

O.C.: The halls generally seem to be relatively unsupervised during class changes.

Two African American girls I remember walking down the hall together. They were tall and thin and had their hair elaborately braided with beads all through them. I stopped by the office to tell Mr. Talbot's (the principal) secretary that I was in the building. She gave me a warm smile.

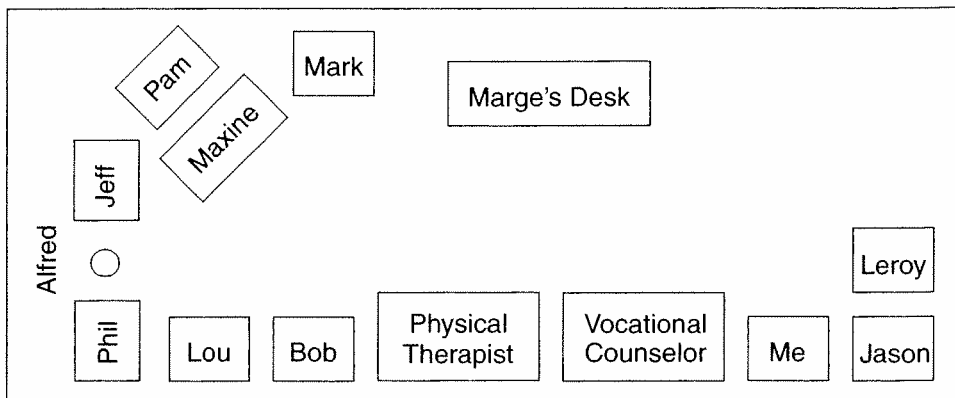
O.C.: I feel quite comfortable in the school now. Somehow I feel like I belong. As I walk down the halls some teachers say hello. I have been going out of my way to say hello to kids that I pass. Twice I've been in a stare-down with kids passing in the hall. Saying, "How ya' doin'?" seems to disarm them.

I walked into Marge's class and she was standing in front of the room with more people than I had ever seen in the room save for her homeroom which is right after second period. She looked like she was talking to the class or was just about to start. She was dressed as she had been on my other visits—clean, neat, well-dressed but casual. Today she had on a striped blazer, a white blouse and dark slacks. She looked up at me smiled and said: "Oh, I have a lot more people here now than the last time."

O.C.: This was in reference to my other visits during other periods where there are only a few students. She seems self-conscious about having such a small group of students to be responsible for. Perhaps she compares herself with the regular teachers who have classes of thirty or so.

There were two women in their late twenties sitting in the room. There was only one chair left. Marge said to me something like: "We have two visitors from the central office today. One is a vocational counselor and the other is a physical therapist," but I don't remember if those were the words. I felt embarrassed coming in late. I sat down in the only chair available next to one of the women from the central office. They had on skirts and carried their pocketbooks, much more dressed up than the teachers I've seen. They sat there and observed.

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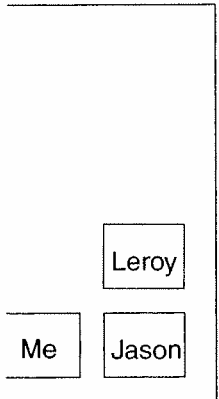
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Alfred (Mr. Armstrong, the teacher's aide) walked around but when he stood in one place it was over by Phil and Jeff. Marge walked about near her desk during her talk which she started by saying to the class: "Now remember, tomorrow is a fieldtrip to the Rollway Company. We all meet in the usual place, by the bus, in front of the main entrance at 8:30. Mrs. Sharp wanted me to tell you that the tour of Rollway is not specifically for you. It's not like the trip to G.M. They took you to places where you were likely to be able to get jobs. Here, it's just a general tour that everybody goes on. Many of the jobs that you will see are not for you. Some are just for people with engineering degrees. You'd better wear comfortable shoes because you may be walking for two or three hours." Maxine and Mark said: "Ooh," in protest to the walking."

She paused and said in a demanding voice: "OK, any questions? You are all going to be there. (Pause) I want you to take a piece of paper and write down some questions so you have things to ask at the plant." She began passing out paper and at this point Jason, who was sitting next to me, made a tutting sound of disgust and said: "We got to do this?" Marge said: "I know this is too easy for you, Jason." This was said in a sarcastic way but not like a strong putdown.

O.C.: it was like sarcasm between two people who know each other well. Marge has known many of these kids for a few years. I have to explore the implications of that for her relations with them.

Marge continued: "OK, what are some of the questions you are going to ask?" Jason yelled out "Insurance," and Marge said: "I was asking Maxine not Jason." This was said matter of factly without anger toward Jason. Maxine said: "Hours—the hours you work, the wages." Somebody else yelled out: "Benefits." Marge wrote these things on the board. She got to Phil who was sitting there next to Jeff. I believe she skipped over Jeff. Mr. Armstrong was standing right next to Phil. She said: "Have you got one?" Phil said: "I can't think of one." She said: "Honestly Phil. Wake up." Then she went to Joe, the white boy. Joe and Jeff are the only white boys I've seen in the program. The two girls are white. He said: "I can't think of any."

She got to Jason and asked him if he could think of anything else. He said: "Yeah, you could ask 'em how many of the products they made each year." Marge said: "Yes, you could ask about production. How about Leroy, do you have any ideas Leroy?" He said: "No." Mr. Armstrong was standing over in the corner and saying to Phil in a low voice: "Now you know what kinds of questions you ask when you go for a job?" Phil said: "Training, what kind of training do you have to have?" Marge said: "Oh yes, that's right, training." Marge kept listing them.

O.C.: Marge was quite animated. If I hadn't seen her like this before I would think she was putting on a show for the people from central office.

Marge continued: "Now you got all these questions down? Have you got them on cards? Can you all ask at least one question when we are out there? Don't ask the same question that the person in front of you asks, but do you all have a question that you could say? Now you know that Mrs. Sharp likes you to ask questions and you'll hear from her after, if you don't ask them. You are all excused through the fifth period tomorrow. If we get back late, I'll excuse you for first period lunch and you can eat lunch during the second period."

I looked around the room, noting the dress of some of the students. Maxine had on a black t-shirt that had some iron-on lettering on it. It was a very well-done iron-on and the shirt looked expensive. She had on Levi jeans and Nike jogging sneakers. Mark is about 5'9" or 5'10". He had on a long sleeve jersey with an alligator on the front, very stylish but his pants were wrinkled and he had on old muddy black basketball sneakers with both laces broken, one in two places. Pam had on a lilac-colored velour sweater over a button-down striped shirt. Her hair looked very well-kept and looked like she had had it styled at an expensive hair place. Jeff sat next to her in his wheelchair. He had one foot up without a shoe on it as if it were sprained. Mr. Armstrong (Alfred) had on a white, shiny shirt opened two buttons in the front. He had on light-colored dress pants, the kind without a belt. Phil had on a beige sweater over a white shirt and dark pants and low-cut basketball sneakers. The sneakers were red and were dirty. He had a dirt ring around the collar. He is the least well-dressed of the crowd. Joe had on a regular white old t-shirt and jeans. His long blondish hair was uncombed. He has acne on his face and is over six feet tall. He had on jogging sneakers that were clean and new-looking. He was the only boy who had on jogging sneakers. The rest had basketball sneakers. Jim is probably 5'9" or 5'10". He had on a red pull-over. Jason had on a black golf cap and a beige spring jacket over a university t-shirt. He had on dark dress pants and a red university t-shirt with a v-neck. It was faded from being washed. Jason's eyes were noticeably red.

O.C.: Two of the kids told me that Westwood High was a fashion show. I have a difficult time figuring out what's in fashion. Jason used that expression. He seems to me to be the most clothes-conscious.

Marge said: "OK, we are going to have the test now." She went and handed out a sheet of problems. On one side it was a blank check with some instructions about what to put on it. There was also a deposit ticket and a balance sheet of a checkbook with a lot of figures below. They were supposed to put all the figures in the right place, balance the checkbook, and write out a check as well as write out a deposit slip. A great bulk of the period was spent doing that. Marge said: "Get started—remember this is a test." Maxine asked her a question. She said: "Remember this is a test. I can't tell you that." Jason said: "At least can you tell us how to spell a word? How do you spell twenty?" Marge ignored this. She came up to Leroy and said: "Leroy, you are supposed to use a pencil not a pen. If you make a mistake, you can't erase it. Where is the pencil that you have?" He looked toward Jason and Jason gave Leroy back his pencil and then Marge gave Jason a pencil from her desk. She went over to the other side of the room. Bob was using a pen also. She said: "Bob, a pencil not a pen." A few times Jason said: "Miss Katz, Miss Katz," trying to get her to come over and help. He got Mr. Armstrong's attention and asked him some questions about writing out the deposit slip. Armstrong said: "If I answer that question, I'll be answering the test for you."

I leaned over to the person who was the vocational counselor and asked her about her job. She said she had been working for the city for two years but she was also in graduate school at the University. I asked her the reason for the visit. "I heard about this program. I want to explore if L.D. (Learning Disabled) kids are eligible for counseling. I hadn't seen this group so I wanted to come out and take a look, see what kinds of services they were getting and what they might get." I asked about the lady who was with her and she said that

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she was a physical therapist who was just coming along with her to see if there were any services that physical therapists could give. She was new to the district.

O.C.: I really felt these women were out of place here. Their dress wasn't appropriate and they were like bumps on a log.

During the testing, Marge was walking around the room looking at what they were doing. She said, "You're all so smart. Now all you need is money to put into the bank." Three or four times during the test she used the phrase: "You're all so smart" in praise of them.

At one point, Marge looked around and said, "Where's Mac? Oh, yes, I told him not to come without his mother. Well, that's what you get, he's not here and I guess his mother couldn't come."

Marge came over and talked to the vocational counselor. The vocational counselor asked: "What about mainstreaming the kids?" Marge responded: "Oh, they're in the regular classes with the other kids. This is the only class they are together." The counselor said: "What about gym and Jeff?" Marge said: "They're in the regular gym period. Jeff can use the pool. It's designed so the handicapped can use it." The counselor said: "Do any of the children get any kind of therapy outside of class?" Marge said: "Jeff goes to the C.P. (Cerebral Palsy) clinic once a week." When Marge was talking, she whispered but her voice did carry and I was sure that Jason who was sitting next to me could hear everything that she was saying. The vocational counselor said: "I was watching Bob over there. He has almost a primitive grasp of the pencil." Marge said: "Oh, they all have that. The writing is a real problem not just reading."

Marge said: "Before this class was formed, most of these kids were not labeled L.D. or if they were labeled, they were emotionally disturbed. There was really no place for them. I mean, they would have them in this program or that program but not one that really is what they needed."

At this point, she was raising her voice and I was sure that Jason could hear her say: "Emotionally disturbed."

O.C.: I wonder if the students are as sensitive to these labels as I am. I feel terrible if they are used in front of the students.

The vocational counselor said: "Are there other kids besides those in wheelchairs that could use the therapy?" Marge said: "I don't really know. What kinds of things are you thinking about doing?" The vocational counselor said: "Oh, consultation, physical therapy. We can't perform miracles but there are certain things we can do. I remember a C. P. kid's parents saying that the first word our child said was car. Now how can she tell him he can't be a mechanic?"

O.C.: This comment came out of nowhere. I couldn't figure out what it was hooked to. I got the feeling that the vocational counselor was nervous. She was young and Marge was being nice but not warm.

At some point during the class, Marge said in a voice that interrupted the class: "I forgot to hand this out to my homeroom. (Her homeroom is made up of typical students.)"

Oh, how could I be such a jerk." She was holding up a sheet of paper. Jeff asked: "What's it about?" Marge said, "A summer program, it's about visiting colleges. Visiting colleges that you might be interested in." Jeff gestured with hand as if he wasn't interested.

O.C.: This is the second reference that Marge made to colleges today. It really makes you wonder how college-oriented secondary school is. I wonder how the kids feel when they hear the word "college" said.

Marge started talking to the vocational counselor about some troubles with the way the schools were set up. She said: "The problem is the stupid credits plus the tests they have to take in order to get a diploma. You are almost forced to put them in academic subjects when that's not what they need. They ought to have some competency-based programs where you can measure them against life skills and have something to give them at the end of the program. They shouldn't be in here four years wasting their time." The vocational counselor asked what kind of subjects the students were in. Marge said: "There'll be a kid who's in here who is in biology. We will have somebody who is in algebra." The vocational counselor said, "Wow, that's something. Do you ever need things like a computer?"

O.C.: The vocational person didn't follow up on Marge's concerns.

Marge said with a little anger: "Well, if we had a computer, we could use it. We do have cassettes and we try to make those available." The vocational counselor said: "We are getting some computers down in the office. I can't promise that you will be able to use one but they are on order." Marge said: "Now one of the kids does hand in printed stuff. His mother does the typing. He wants to go to college. I don't see it unless he takes her along with him." Marge lowered her voice and said: "He's not realistic. He wants to be a forester."

Marge continued to talk to the vocational counselor: "Most of the kids are in C.E.T.A. Now C.E.T.A. is not a career but at least it's a job, something for them to do. The problem is the diplomas. They can go through and take all their credits and then not get a diploma. Only E.M.R.'s (Educable Mentally Retarded) can get adaptive diplomas. My kids, they can take their minimum competency test orally but they're going to have to pass all parts of it, the writing and the reading and math. I don't want to be pessimistic but next year I know that none of my kids will pass it."

All this time while they were talking, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, everyone was very, very hard at work. Mr. Armstrong went from place to place and people were asking him questions. He wouldn't give any information to help solve the problems they had. He would only clarify what the instructions were.

The two women from the downtown office left thanking Marge and saying: "We'll get back to you." Actually, the one woman hardly said a word. After they left the room, Marge said to the class: "Those two women were from the downtown office. One is a vocational counselor and the other one is a physical therapist. I would have introduced you, but I didn't know one of the lady's names and it was embarrassing. Joe McCloud (pointing to me) is sitting over here. You know he is visiting regularly. He's interested in classes like this. He's from the University."

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Marge said: "Do the adding and subtracting the best you can do. If you did this at home, you would have your own calculator and it would be a lot easier."

O.C.: Most of the kids in the class are poor. I can't imagine them having a calculator but I think she was saying that to be encouraging.

Mr. Armstrong came over to Leroy and said: "What do you have this for? This is a test." Leroy looked up with a smile on his face and said, "Well, I wanted to learn how to do it." Apparently Leroy was using a book to work on his test which he wasn't supposed to do. It ended with that.

Jason finished and handed in his test and said: "I got one hundred, this was easy." He asked if he could go to the bathroom and walked out with Marge saying: "Five minutes." A short time later he came back and he had the pencil in his mouth. Marge said, "What are you doing with my pencil in your mouth?" Jason said: "I'm holding it." She said: "Give it to me." He took it out of his mouth and gave it to her and Marge said: "Look at this you have got your teeth marks in my pencil. Nice way to return it."

O.C.: The tone of this was mild anger but not confrontational—Marge has a relationship with Jason where she is very direct with him but they are old friends.

Marge collected the papers and Jason said: "Let's see who has got them wrong. I know I ain't got none wrong." As she collected the papers Marge said to Jeff: "Now, you can finish this during the sixth period and some of you can finish this tomorrow."

O.C.: This gave me the impression that it was a pretend test, not the real thing.

Jason said: "How can they finish it tomorrow if we are leaving at 8:30 on the bus?" Marge said, "Some of the people come in other periods than the fourth period."

The bell rang and everybody began to leave. I can't remember who was wheeling Jeff out or if he was doing it himself but Philip noticed Jeff's leg up and said: "What happened. You sprung you leg?" Meaning you sprained your leg. Marge said: "Sprung your leg, very good Philip. Try sprained." Mark and Laura chuckled.

O.C.: Marge talks in a joking way because of the tone of her voice. I don't think of it as a put-down. It is more joking. The tone of her voice is not hostile and the kids do seem to like her. She is the same way with the kids who are not in the program. The kids joke back with her.

Everybody left and Mr. Armstrong came over; so did Marge. They sat down next to me and we began to talk. I asked about where Mac was. Marge said: "Mac's a real problem. He just doesn't come. In the other program that he was in, he didn't come. I keep trying to talk to the father but I can't get him. I can't get the mother. I called the other day and Mac was on the phone. I heard his mother say that she couldn't come to the phone because she was too tired. The father works all day and then is a minister at night. They live

on Hollow Street." I asked: "What kind of minister is he?" Marge said: "Alfred, maybe you know."

O.C.: Alfred lives in Mac's neighborhood.

Alfred said: "It's a full-time church and everything. It is just very small."

I asked: "Why were the people from the central office here?" Marge said: "Well, she said that she was going to come at 10:30 and then she didn't come until almost 11:45. At 10:30, I could have talked to her. I had some free time. I didn't want to say you can't come in, so I told her to come in and sit down. I don't know if she saw very much. I don't know what she is going to do."

I asked Marge what she felt about the central office and she said: "They don't know I am here. They don't know I exist." I said: "Who do you report to down there?" She said: "Well, not really anybody. Joe Carroll is the person. But Bullard is the one who is in charge of Special Ed. Let me see, Carroll is in charge of some special programs, I guess new programs that they are getting started. I really don't know what Bullard does. For sure, he doesn't make any decisions. I go to see Carroll. He's the supervisor of special programs."

I asked if the people come up and see the program. She said: "Well, Claire Minor who is a teacher on special assignment came once to see if we were alive and well but I haven't seen her since. I called Carroll once because I needed something and he came in, but he didn't initiate coming up. They don't come to see what I am doing. They don't know what I am doing. I don't mind. They must think that I am okay and I can handle my own thing but if there were new teachers, maybe they would come in but for sure, they ought to find out what's going on and what they are doing. I feel that if I had a problem, I could get help but they're really not on top of what I am doing. You will hear people talk. You can't get a decision on anything."

I said: "Can you give me some examples of not getting decisions?" She said, "Well, Jeff, now I have been calling down to that office to try to get a special bus for him so he could go with us to Rollway and I can't get Mike down there. He is going to wind up not going because we don't have the bus."

I asked for any other examples. She said: "At the beginning of the year with the aide. The aide I had, he quit and I called down and told them and Carroll told me that I wasn't going to get an aide this year. They said that I was going to share an aide with the resource teacher across the hall. Now that is kind of impossible because she has the same setup that I do. You can never tell how many kids are going to be in her class or my class so I went crazy. I screamed and yelled. Finally, I went to see Mr. Talbot, the principal. He's really good at screaming and yelling but he didn't seem to get anywhere either. Finally, I mentioned Teachers' Association. I told them that I was going to call T.A. That finished it. They are really afraid of the union. Before you know it, I got a call and they said they were sending up Alfred. That was around October 1st. This is supposed to be a pilot program. How can they have a pilot program if they don't have an aide for it? Yes, then they called me when I mentioned the union and they said that there was a young man for me."

I asked Marge about how the program began. I said that I hadn't gotten that clear last time. She said: Let me see, you know Leroy, you see Leroy. Well, he's the lowest functioning guy in the class. He's on five years probation for robbery and some assault, too. I had Leroy

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at the beginning of last year. Lou Winch tested him and found him to be neurologically impaired. Nobody knew that he had any problems. He just went along and wasn’t getting anything. There was a teacher on special assignment and she couldn’t believe that he had come up through school functioning at the level he does now. He was labeled emotionally disturbed. He is very very suspicious. Even if you raise your voice, he gets all excited. One time in the library, I mentioned his probation officer and he started yelling at me telling me, “Don’t tell this in front of everybody.” It’s like nobody knows. Everybody knows that he has a parole officer. They put Leroy through the district committee. They said they needed a program for kids like this and they talked to Lou about it and then I volunteered. I also had Mel in the resource room. I was a resource room teacher last year. I hope you meet Mel before you go. He hasn’t been coming in.” Alfred said: “Yeah, he has got a job in some food store.”

Marge said: “Anyway, people started talking about needing a program. Lou Brown at Miron Junior High has more of a self-contained classroom for neurologically impaired and learning disabled kids and we knew some of those kids would be coming here. So there was a need and so it just happened.”

I mentioned how hard I thought the kids worked on their test. She said: “Yeah, you give them a task and they will stick to it. Now they don’t get it all right. Like Leroy for example, instead of signing his name he signed sweater and pants.”

I mentioned that Mark looked fairly sharply dressed and that he had an expensive shirt on. She said: “That’s not the way he always looks. The other day he had on a shirt that looked a wreck. I went to his house. It is on East Street. They’ve moved now. Mark has never been in a regular class, always Special Ed. At Rosetree he was in with Alfred and his program. The Committee on the Handicapped, which was local then, looked at him and they encouraged his mother to develop a lawsuit because there was really no program to meet his needs. His mother didn’t have to do very much before they said that there was going to be this program available for him. I mean it wasn’t like the committee officially told her to start a lawsuit. It’s kind of, they say it on the side. Mary Willow is the person who Alfred used to work with and she’s really good.”

Marge started talking about Luca Meta who I have not met. She said: “Now there is a boy who shouldn’t be in here. His father put the old squeeze on Bullard and he wanted a special class for him so here he is. Luca doesn’t need living skills. He seems to get something out of the vocational program but then he says that he wants him to be a forester. Well, I don’t know about it.”

I told Marge and Alfred that I had been to the Westwood High School play on Saturday night. I asked them about the kids that were in the play in relation to the kids in the special program. I asked generally about friendships in the high school. She said: “Well the way I think about it is that there’s the very top and there’s the very bottom. We really don’t have a middle. Now that’s my impression. Now you noticed there was only one black person in the play. Black kids like to come here because there are lots of other blacks. Some of the other schools don’t have as many. But they really don’t intermingle the way you would think. Thursday was the fifties day. Everybody was supposed to get dressed up like the fifties. The play was kind of like a fifties play. Very, very few of the blacks would dress up. They don’t stay strictly to themselves but at lunchtime you go into the cafeteria, the whites are eating with the whites, the blacks with the blacks. Now the black middle-upper class mix with the white. That’s different.”

At one point, Marge told me that she had volunteered to coach the volleyball team. She said, "I have to get used to talking with kids at a different level. I always talk so slowly here and don't use big words. The volleyball team ought to be good. I play myself and it will give me a chance to practice."

We continued talking about the very top and the very bottom. Marge said: "The teachers that I talk to say that in their classes there is a mixture of those who can do the work and those who can't do the work." I ask whether they had the kids on welfare from the inner-city and then professional class people. She said: "Yes, that's pretty much the way it is."

It's not very clear when this was said, but I remember at one point, she said: "The L.D. label gets you a better class." Meaning that having an L.D. class got you more of the less-troublesome kids.

I don't know what got this started but she started talking about the social background of the kids in the class. She said: "Pam lives around here right up there so she's from a professional family. Now, Maxine that's different. She lives on the east side. She is one of six kids and her father isn't that rich. As a matter of fact, he's in maintenance, taking charge of cleaning crews. Now, Jeff, he lives on Dogwood. He's middle class." I asked about Lou. She said: "Pour Lou, talk about being neurologically impaired. I don't know what to do about that guy. Now he has a sister who graduated two years ago. He worries me more than anybody. I don't know what is going to become of him. He is so slow. I don't know any job that he could do. His father came in and he looks just like him. What are you going to tell him? What is he going to be able to do? What is he going to do? Wash airplanes? I talked to the vocational counselor. She said that there were jobs in airports washing airplanes. I mean, how is he going to wash an airplane? How about sweeping out the hangars? Maybe he could do that. The mother is something else. His mother thinks that Lou is her punishment. Can you imagine an attitude like that? I was just wondering what could she have done to think that she deserved Lou?"

"Now Luca Meta, he is upper class all the way. Leroy, there's your low end of the spectrum. I don't know how many kids they have but they have a lot. His mother just had a kidney removed. Everybody knows he is on parole. Matter of fact, whenever there is any stealing in the school, they look at him. He used to go to gym and every time he went, something was stolen. Now they don't let him go to gym anymore. His parole officer was down. He won't be here next year."

By this time it was about 12:00 and I mentioned going and setting up another time. She said: "You could come anytime you want. We're having a Tuesday trip." I said I probably would come the fourth period on Wednesday. She said something about them starting to read ads for apartments.

She said: "By the way, I was talking and maybe you overheard me about what we need is a competency-based program here. I have already finished a competency-based program if they ever took it. It is silly to have kids spend four years sitting here, when it makes no sense in terms of them. They ought to be out working. If they're not going to graduate, what they ought to have is some living skills like what we did with writing the checks. People aren't going to teach them that out in the world so they could do that. Once they had enough skills, living skills, to make it on their own then they ought to go out. There is no sense to this."

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## Additions

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At one point, she was talking about Philip's family. She said: "Now that is a nice family. He's a very nice boy, middle-class boy."

Sometime during my visit I asked about the armed services as a possible career. She said: "That is another problem. Most kids can't pass the test to get into the armed services. There was a show on 'Sixty Minutes' about how they get kids in by cheating. They can't get a diploma. They can't get in the army. I wish there would be some way to let them cheat with these kids because these kids could really use the diploma. If Phil doesn't get a diploma, he's going to feel very, very bad but I don't see how he can get it. Pam, it will destroy her. It will devastate her if she doesn't graduate. She has a group of friends who are going to get diplomas. She's on the track team."

We left the room. Alfred and Marge walked up the empty hall with me. I asked her how the kids felt about being in this class. She said: "Well, it varies. It really bothers Pam. Like she failed history and she has to go to summer school. The reason she failed it was she wouldn't tell them that she was in this program so she didn't get any extra help and then she failed." Marge walked me to the door. Alfred dropped off at the teachers' room.

On the way to the door she said: "Remember that boy I told you about who's going to be in here? The dentist's son, the Swenson boy? Well, I have been hearing stories about him. I come to find out that he is really E.M.H. (Educable Mentally Handicapped) and a hyperactive kid. I really am going to have my hands full with him. If there is twenty in the program next year, I really am going to need another aide." I said good-bye and walked to my car.

### *Additions*

The night before last I met a woman at a party who teaches at Westwood. She asked me what I was doing at Westwood. I explained. She said she hadn't had that many kids from the program in her class. She did say that she had Luca and he is very good. I remember her saying something like: "He can't read very well but he's intellectually up with the other kids in the class." She said he wrote a report for her that was typed. She said she had Leroy in a class but she didn't see much of him. I said that some time I would set up a meeting to talk to her.

O.C.: This morning I was up talking with Hans about the inclusion study. We began talking about Jones Markey School and how perhaps having more than one or two handicapped kids in a class made it easier for the handicapped kids. As we talked I began to realize that maybe a lot of what we are seeing in regard to hostility toward inclusion has very little to do with the kids or inclusion. Perhaps those schools that are undergoing strain and transition are the ones who are most anti-inclusion. Inclusion should not be understood as a thing that people are for or against. It should be understood that at different times schools face different problems. At Macri Jr. High one teacher sees the special education class being there as an example that the school is going to close down. The principal may see it as an indication that it is going to remain. Special Ed can alleviate or cause problems in the way it is perceived. It is very important.