

**EXPERIMENTAL RESEARCH EXPLORING THE
LINKING OF COLLABORATIVE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES AND
PEER-SUPERVISION TO IMPROVE
CLASSROOM CURRICULUM**

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INTRODUCTION

The idea for this project came from a conversation I had with Richard Butt in early March. Professor Butt asked me if I would like to become involved with a program at the schools on the Blood Reserve. The project would be experimental because it would involve a new approach to peer supervision. The idea was to have a graduate student and a practicing teacher matched up as close as possible according to subject area and interest. The graduate student and the teacher would write their autobiographies and exchange and discuss them collaboratively. Hopefully allowing each person to gain an understanding and an insight as to where they were coming from as a teacher and a professional. This hopefully would give the teacher and the graduate student a common personal context from which to work. Once this rapport was established then they would collaboratively design, conduct, and assess a peer supervision project. The design of the project was to be left completely open and would be determined according to the needs of the teacher.

I told Professor Butt that I had all the requirements for my Masters degree except for a creative project, but I would like to be involved if I could do the project as my creative project. Professor Butt said that it could be worked out that I could be included in the project and do my creative project at the same time. I was pleased because I thought this would give me an excellent opportunity to work in a real setting and practice supervision skills I would need if I worked as an administrator in the school system. I also thought it would be interesting and fun to be involved in something new and innovative. The most important reason for becoming involved was that I could finish my Masters degree at the conclusion of the project.

The project started with a workshop called Finding Your Teaching Roots. Each of us was sent a Workshop Outline which we were to complete before we attended the first day of the workshops. The outline was a structured guide for each person in the project to use to write their autobiographies. We met for the first time on the morning of April 20th 1989. David Townsend and Richard Butt explained the project to us and introduced each of us to the teachers we were to work with. This was the first time I had ever seen the teacher that I was to work with on the project.

In order to protect the identity of the teacher that I worked with I will refer to him as Leon from now on. He was a first year teacher and had a B.A. and a B.Ed. degree. I will not mention the names of the towns that he went to school in, the names of the schools he attended, the names of the teachers he had, or the name of the school in which he is now teaching. The names that I use for the schools, towns, teachers, and friends in Leon's autobiography are going to all be fictitious.

I found Leon open and co-operative on the first day of the work shop. We talked about our autobiographies, teaching and the project and I thought we were making great progress. My first impression was very positive. I thought that we were going to be able to work together and have a good project.

On day two of the project Leon and I were to finalize a plan for our project. Only I had one small problem. Leon didn't show up. I didn't know where he was. I still didn't really understand exactly what we should be doing for a project. I did know that the teacher, in this case Leon, should pick something that he thought would help him improve his teaching. On the 20th Leon had discussed teaching styles with me. He was interested in perhaps finding out what style he was. I thought the project should be related to something more involved with actual teaching instead of the theoretical. Leon seemed reluctant to identify any aspect of his teaching that he felt could be worked on. Our discussions were always general and we could not seem to narrow down a topic for our project. When he didn't show up for the workshop on the 21st I panicked. I wanted to withdraw from the project. I thought, "If he is going to miss an organizational meeting that is necessary then what is going to happen during the remainder of the project". There were two reasons I stayed in the project. First, I needed the project to complete my masters program and I didn't think I could generate one that would be as good as this one had the potential of becoming.

I made the decision to try and do my best and be part of the Experimental Internship program. The other graduate students and their teacher partners worked together and by the end of the second workshop had a good idea of what they wanted to do.

I had no idea what Leon really wanted to do. I made up a plan that would interest me and hopefully be acceptable for a project by Leon.

The plan I made was to make two or three visits to the school to make general observations and to have an introduction to the School. Then starting on May 8th I would be in the school every day for three weeks. During each day I would, observe Leon teaching for 6 periods and Leon would, observe me teaching for 1 period every day. Since Leon was interested in teaching style, and I was interested in motivation, I thought that I could combine the two interests and make a relevant project. The question I thought would be interesting to research was, "What effect does my teaching style have on my students motivation to learn".

My idea was to try to find a way to measure what effect Leon's teaching style had on the students in his classroom. I thought we could look at the classroom climate, the relationship between Leon and his students, and the students motivation to learn. I thought we could work out some way of measuring and documenting at least one of these items by devising or borrowing an existing measuring device. Then we could record the project by using fieldnotes, personal journals by Leon and myself, and by in depth interviews between us during and at the end of the project.

When I came home after the final workshop on the 21st I had a feeling of ambiguity of uncertainty as to what exactly it was we were supposed to be doing. I had a partner in the project who didn't show enough interest to attend the planning workshop or even phone in and explain why he could not be there. I was very apprehensive about what was expected of me. It seemed as if every thing was being left up to the pairs to generate a supervision project. My understanding of supervision, or at least proper supervision, is that the teacher should determine and identify areas of concern or interest. Then the supervisor was to help and facilitate the teacher by gathering raw data so the teacher could use this information for self analyses and self evaluation to determine what steps need to be taken to improve their own teaching performance. The supervisor, in my opinion, is to act as a resource person and a facilitator to help the teacher achieve self-actualization as a professional. From my experiences with supervision, from the classes I have taken, and from research I have read I knew that in order for a real change in teacher behavior to occur the teacher and not the supervisor had to determine what the nature of the supervision project should be. Otherwise, if the supervisor determines what behaviors need to be changed the behavior change usually will occur while the supervisor is present or will extinguish soon after the project ends. I know from

personal experience that it is difficult for a teacher to say, "Yes I have a little trouble in this area would you help me improve". I also realized I had a problem because Leon is a first year teacher and would probably feel threatened by a graduate student with 11 years of teaching experience and a good reputation in coaching and teaching. I was also concerned about my ability to function in a regular school on a full time basis because of being handicapped. I felt threatened especially because I had agreed to teach one class a day. I didn't know how I would do in a high school class teaching again. I had the feeling that we would never be able to come up with a project and that it wouldn't work out properly. Despite these feelings of apprehension I still felt that the project would be interesting and that I could learn a lot about supervision and more importantly about myself.

To start the project I will write our life histories and try to give a sense of why Leon and I teach and behave the way we do. I will then do a comparison of our life histories and note the similarities and differences in our stories. The fourth part of my paper will deal with the time I actually spent in the school. The fifth section of my paper will summarize the paper and give my recommendations on how to improve a project of this type if it is conducted again. The final section will be my reflections on how I could have changed the project by using alternative strategies. I have tried to be straightforward and sincere in my presentation of this paper. I hope that the teachers, professors, and supervisors who read this paper will gain some useful information to help them improve their supervision and ultimately the education of the students they are involved with.

LIFE HISTORY OF CLARK SLOAN

Life History of Clark Sloan

Pre-school

I was born in Calgary Alberta Canada on the 28th day of October in 1948. My father, Clell Russell Sloan, had recently been discharged from the army as a tank sergeant and had recently been divorced from his first wife. I was the first born of my dad's second family. I didn't have any brothers and sisters until I was three years old. I think this had a tremendous influence on me because I was alone for three years with my mother who loved me dearly. In fact I know by the way my mother and father treat me that I was the first born and special to them. I think that because of this I have a better relationship with my parents than any of the other children. I have 4 brothers and 1 sister, but my sister and two of my brothers are not very close to the family any more. I believe that the closeness I have with my mother was developed when I was little because my dad worked out of town sometimes for two weeks at a time. My mother never worked. My mother would play with me for hours at a time and read me stories. I could actually run at 10 months of age. I was mature for my age and had to help my mom do everything once my brothers and sisters came because my father was away working all the time. I think one comment I made when I was three summed up how I felt about having brothers and sisters. When mom told me I was going to have a little brother or sister I said through my tears "But mommy I want rabbits". I don't think I ever got over having to share the love and attention of my parents with my brothers and sisters because I had so much attention when I was small. Looking back in retrospect I have probably been trying to win back that attention and love from my parents by always trying to be the best and to be perfect so they would love me like they did before I had any brothers and sisters. All through school I was always a show-off and had to get good marks, make every team, and be popular. I was driven to be the best. The problem was that it was too easy in school, so I clowned around. Because of my mothers attention I could already read at or beyond grade three level when I was in grade one. I was going to be put into the grade three class but we moved to Calgary from Cardston. I can still remember when I was six going to the grocery store with a list and getting 20 items and carrying them home and being criticized by my mother for not getting everything right and having to go back. For example, I can still remember one time I was supposed to get two tins of cream of mushroom soup. I

brought home one tin of cream of mushroom and one tin of cream of chicken. Mom was in a hurry to get supper on and made me feel really stupid about not being able to get all the things on a simple list. I went back to the store and what had happened was that all different types of soups were in the bin and the first tin I picked up happened to be cream of mushroom so I just picked up another tin and didn't check what it was and put it in the shopping basket. I also took my younger brother Kent to the movies every Saturday. The movie house was four blocks away. I took my three year old brother, and fifty cents to the movies paid ten cents each to get in ten cents for popcorn and five cents for a drink and thought nothing of it. In the winter time it was always dark because we usually went to the two o'clock matinee. Sometimes if there was a really good western or comedy mom would let me go to the seven o'clock movie by myself. I think about letting my little seven year old daughter go shopping or even playing by herself and I shake my head at the responsibility I had in looking after my little brothers and sisters when I was so tiny myself. Perhaps this is why I crave responsibility and yet resent it at the same time.

Elementary School

It seemed we were always moving when I was young. We moved four times before I got into kindergarten. Then we moved to Cardston for one year. I was in a grade one-two class and I had a fabulous teacher that I really liked. I was a good reader and she spent a lot of time with me. Then we moved back to Calgary. I spent grades two, three, and four at Capitol Hill School in north west Calgary. School work came easy so I became a bit of a behavior problem. I fell madly in love with my grade three teacher and my grade four teacher broke ten rulers in one day strapping me. Despite this I was still one of the top students in any class I was in. I usually got the highest mark of any boy. It was at Capitol Hill that I started playing sports. I came to school an hour early every day played at lunch and after school. We played soccer in the fall and winter and baseball in the spring and summer. We then moved to the south of Calgary and I went to William Ried elementary school. This was probably one of the happiest years of my life. I had very good friends and a very good school. This was also the first taste I would have of organized sports. I did well in soccer and track that year and was introduced to a basketball for the first time. My love at this time and the sport I could probably play best was baseball. I was a starter at the age of ten on our

Little League team. I hit a two out single to drive in two runs in the bottom of the sixth to win our league championship. I'll never forget all the other players coaches and parents running out and mobbing me, slapping me on the back and congratulating me. I can remember the proud look on my fathers' face as the other fathers shook his hand and said things like that's quite a boy you've got there and he's got two more years of little league. I was sailing on cloud nine, to quote a phrase, and I thought I couldn't feel better. Then the coach took us all to the Dairy Queen and bought us all a milkshake. I had never been to the Dairy Queen and I had never had a milkshake before because we couldn't afford it. Mr. Boddington our coach must have sensed this because after everyone had a shake he bought me a second one and told every one it was because of my clutch hitting and winning the championship for the team that I was getting the extra shake. I think somehow he knew how much it meant to me. It was also one of the few times my dad ever came to watch me play. He always talked about that game and how he should have taken a job in Las Vegas as a pit boss he was offered that year. I was as good a baseball player at ten years old that you could find. I often wonder the same thing. What would have happened if we had stayed there or moved some place where there was good coaching?

Junior High School

At the start of grade six we moved to a brand new district in southwest Calgary called Westgate where we bought a brand new showhome for \$14,000. It was dad's first home that he owned and he was very proud of it. The only problem was that the school was nine blocks away and our new district was built on the edge of an old army housing project that had a lot of very poor and very rough kids living there. It was 1959 and the tougher kids all hung around in gangs. Every one used a lot of Brylcream, wore pointed goucho heeled boots, and studded leather jackets with gang crests on the back. My first day of school was a nightmare of fear and confusion. The school went from grades 6-9 and had a student population of 1500. I went alone as usual because dad had to work and mom had two little ones at home. I was an old hand at going to new schools alone but this one was different. I was frightened and I had every right to be. These kids didn't act tough they were tough. Several boys in my grade were thirteen because they had been in detention homes and many of the rest should have been. Many of the boys in grade nine were sixteen and seventeen and they stood around and smoked behind the school and had cars or motor cycles. Then there

were the rest of us sweet little innocent boys and girls that lived in the new districts being built in the area. The contrast was amazing and the students were really divided into sharp and distinct social groups. Again it was sports that helped me fit in and become accepted in the school. I made the grade six soccer team and baseball team for the school and played on every intramural league that was available. The older boys had me play football with them because I was good enough to help a team. Sports gave me status and the tougher kids respected me because I played hard and I was good. School was not really important academically for me now. I found it easy to get good marks without doing any homework. I was more worried about sports and status. In grade seven and eight I had two fights. I fought Bob Forman and Gordie Teters. No one fought Bob Forman but one night after school I came out and he was pushing Kent my younger brother around. Kent was crying and Bob wasn't letting him get away. I told him to leave him alone and pick on someone his own size. Bob was about six inches taller than anyone else in grade seven and a year older because he had failed a grade. He was one of the tougher kids in the whole school never mind grade seven. I was scared but I knew I was right. I remembered what my dad said to me, "If you know you are going to fight always hit first and hit them in the nose as hard as you can". It was in December and it was cold out but I didn't have my gloves on. I hit him with every thing I had with a right hand right in the nose and it started to bleed. He wiped his nose and saw the blood and I realized I had probably made the biggest mistake of my life. He outweighed me by fifty pounds and he came at me like a crazy person. I had been boxing since I was four so I sidestepped him and hit him in the head five or six more times. Now he was cut twice on the mouth and I had hit him in the nose again. He went berserk and grabbed me and knocked me down and stuck me face first in a snowbank, sat on me, and beat me. I couldn't breath at all. I finally started to panic and said I can't breath. I was almost unconscious. He pulled me out and hit me hard in the face a few times and left. I was crying and some of the other kids teased me and pushed me around I punched at them but I could hardly see them through my tears. They wouldn't get too close though because I was angry and hurt. I walked home 9 blocks in the cold beaten up pretty good with my little brother. It was a long walk but I think to this day that night may have been what made Kent and me so close. He always respected me because I stood up for him against the toughest kid in grade 7 or 8. That wasn't the end of Bob Forman and me. About 2 months later we were playing a pick

up hockey game at the outdoor arena and Bob came up behind me and slashed me as hard as he could from behind and cross-checked me into the boards I was really hurt and he laughed and had a "so what are you going to do about it" look on his face. Five minutes later I was skating as fast as I could toward their net when they stole the puck and Bob came at me as fast as he could. He looked back for a pass. We were going in opposite directions at full speed and he wasn't looking. I swung my stick with both hands as hard as I could and got him in the throat. I close-lined him. His feet went out from under him his head hit the ice and he was unconscious. I almost killed him. The game stopped and everyone gathered around. They had all known about our fight and they had seen him wipe me out from behind but I had been so vicious and had hurt him so bad there was a funny look of fear and respect in their eyes. I slowly skated to the clubhouse and changed. When I left the arena that night it was the last time I skated until I was 22.

In grade eight I had a fight with another bully who always picked on my friends. He had failed a grade and was really tough. I wasn't very big in grade 7 and 8 because I matured slowly physically at this time. I had very good co-ordination and timing and I had the fierce determination to win. I would never give in or quit. We were in the small gym in the basement eating our lunches and waiting for tumbling club to start. I had eaten all my lunch except for my orange. My orange was sliced in half, so I offered Gordie half because he had forgotten his lunch. He said thanks Clark and ground it onto the top of my head. Squirting orange juice all over my clean gym strip. Then he laughed at me with that "so what are you going to do" look in his eyes. I chased him all over the gym but he was quicker than me. He was laughing and dodging. I was serious. I said Gordie, "I'm going to kill you if I get my hands on you." Suddenly he got sober and said, "You'd better back off." I tried to grab him and hit him but he was too strong and quick. He realized I wanted to fight him and I was serious that if I could I was going to hurt him bad. He started to punch me hard every time he dodged me. I hit him 3 or 4 times but he kept punching me in the head. Every time he hit me I got more and more angry. I didn't feel any pain only outrage and the desire to hurt him. He was hitting me as hard as he could but I kept chasing him and every once in a while I'd corner him and hit him hard once or twice. Every boy who was a good athlete was in the gym. All of a sudden the look in Gordie's eyes changed. I was blocking the way out of the gym and trying to corner him. He kept hitting me in the face and head. I had

the look of death on my face and kept saying in a low voice that was barely audible, "I'm going to kill you". Gordie was starting to become a little bit frightened because he couldn't hurt me and he wasn't certain that I couldn't hurt him if I caught him. He managed to dodge me and burst out of the gym. I chased him. He ran down the hall with me after him and then he burst up the stairs. He stopped at the top and I was at the bottom. He had a strange look on his face. He had never run from a fight before. I said, "Don't you ever do that to me again or so help me I'll kill you". I ran up the stairs but he went out the doors into courtyard. I walked back into the gym for practice. I had about 15 big welts, and bumps on my face and my lips were swollen. I never had trouble in my junior high school again and Gordie never bothered me or any of my friends ever again. In fact in grade 9 Bob and I would walk home together and Gordie and I are still good friends.

I had my most vicious fight with again another bully from a different junior high school when I was in grade nine. I was sitting watching a play at a church. He was sitting behind me and kept putting his shoes on my jacket. I told him to quit it or else. So we went out side. It was really vicious. It ended with me on the ground and he had my legs held and he was trying to kick me in the groin. I ripped one of my legs loose and kicked him in the jaw. I knocked him unconscious for over an hour. I kicked him so hard I thought I'd killed him. To this day Michael and I are good friends. He never bullied anybody I knew and he quit picking on people.

These fights were, I believe, critical in the development of my personality. In that environment it was essential to be so vicious or else you were always pushed around. Sports and being tough were all that was respected. If you got too good a mark on an assignment then the other boys would call you things like egghead or a suck. Status was determined by sheer toughness in sports and in the courtyard. I think that this is where I really built up a dislike for bullies and people who push other people around because they think they have more power either physically or intellectually. These experiences in Junior High taught me to respond to intimidation or aggression with fierceness and more aggression. I believe that early in my adult life I was being so aggressive because I had been taught in junior high that in order to have status and survive I had to be more fierce and determined to win in any situation than my opponent. I looked at every situation and relationship from

an adversarial perspective. I would never quit until I won. I refused to accept defeat. I took it personally. I think this was ingrained into me from when I was little. If I felt I was in the right I would never give in. This made it difficult to even discuss the weather because if I disagreed with you I would defend my point of view to the grave and never concede that I was wrong unless I thought I was. I was also egotistical enough to think I was rarely wrong. The problem was in most cases I was right and even if I wasn't right most of the time I could convince everyone else- especially my ex-wife- that I was. I was the easiest person to get along with if we had similar beliefs but I refused to compromise my perspective if I genuinely thought I was right in what I was saying or doing.

High School

I really grew in grade 9 and 10. I went from 5' 9" to 6' 2" and from about 150 pounds to 170 pounds. In the summer between grade 10 and grade 11 I had my last fight. My friends and I were suntanning on the pier at Sylvan lake. When Don, the oldest and strongest decided he was going to throw everyone into the lake. He was in grade 12 and had a very strong physique. He proceeded to throw everyone in one by one till he got to me. I had already made up my mind that I wasn't going in. He tried to throw me in and we started to wrestle. He started it by throwing three punches. I stepped back and faked a left and hit him with a hard right hand. He went down like he was shot and hit his head on the pier. I had knocked him out cold. After that fight Don and I became good friends and he quit being a bully around me after that. In fact Don and his wife came and visited me when I was in the hospital and had me come over to their house all the time after I was released from the hospital.

You had to be tough to survive in my junior high. I earned a reputation of never backing down if I was in the right. Even though I wasn't the toughest, everyone knew I would stand up for myself and my friends and the girls I was with. They all knew I wouldn't stop until I had won or until I was knocked out. I had respect not only in my school but in all the schools in my section of town.

In junior high school I made the soccer, track, volleyball and basketball teams. I wasn't very big or fast but the coaches liked me because of my dedication and determination. I would never back down or give in to anyone. I always played as hard as I could and never complained even when I

didn't play in the game. I lived for practices. School was easy. I got good marks and never did any homework. Sports were the only thing that made me feel part of any thing worthwhile. The reason for this is Mr. Dennis Wilson my junior high school counselor, basketball coach, track coach and my first and most influential role model. He kept me on the teams in grade 7 and 8 even when there were boys better than me that he didn't keep. In private he told me he kept me because of how hard I tried and my attitude. I was kicked out of a lot of classes in junior high because I wanted attention and I was bored. Everything came too easy. Mr. Wilson seemed to know how to deal with me. I respected him then and I do now. Mr. Wilson was a teacher, counselor, had a divorce, became a principal he even had to have surgery on his back for a slipped disc. It's remarkable how my life seems to be following the script of his life.

In 1963 I moved to a brand new High School, Ernest Manning. I took the three year matriculation route. Still school was secondary and quit easy. I could get decent marks and not do any work. A factor that may have made a difference in me and the first class at Manning was that we had no grade 11 or 12 students in the school. I think this gave us as a group a tremendous amount of confidence because we didn't have anyone older to put us down and didn't have to look up to anyone.

In grade 10 I had Ken McKenna for my basketball coach. He was the most enthusiastic and fun coach I ever had. During games his face would turn beet red and he would sweat. He would say, "When I take of my tie-press". Or, "If I take of my jacket go into a zone". By the end of every game he was half undressed. He loved basketball and all of his players. We would have done anything for Coach McKenna. We were runners up for the city championship for the junior teams in the city. In grade 11 and 12 we had Don Donald for our coach. He was not as emotional as McKenna but he was a strategist and guided us to an undefeated season in league play in grade 12. We went to the provincials but we lost both games probably because our point guard got hooping cough and couldn't play.

I loved sports. I was on the football team, basketball team, track team, and the swim team. It was no wonder that I spent no time on my studies. One teacher that really stood out in my mind was Mrs. Anderson my grade 8 science and math teacher. She made science interesting and fun. I knew she really liked me and I studied and worked hard in her classes. I learned more in her classes that year than I had learned in

any other class before or since. She still asked about me when my younger brothers went through school 7 years later.

When I reflect on my youth in retrospect it is not hard for me to understand why I am a teacher and a coach and why I taught the way I did. The teachers and coaches I had in my youth were my role models and the people I looked up to and respected. I wanted to be like them. Especially Mr. Wilson and Ken McKenna. Sports was the only thing I did that made me feel special or important. Without sports I never would have finished high school or gone on to college or university. My coaches were all strict but fair, knowledgeable and good psychologists, but most of all they were friends and confidants to me. They still are. I meet them every once in a while and there is still a strong bond. They took the place of a father who was always working and too busy to go fishing with me or throw the ball. They were my idols and role models and I believe are the ultimate reason I am in education. I want to be able to give other children who don't have a good home life the opportunity to enjoy sports the way I did. The students deserve good coaching and the positive experience sports can be.

College

In 1966 I graduated from high school but my average was only 69 and you needed a 70 to go to university. I decided to work and I got a job at the CNR freight sheds loading and unloading boxcars of freight. We loaded and unloaded quarters of beef, barbed wire, refrigerators, lumber and everything inbetween. It was hard work. I played junior football and won an all-star in my first season. I was 6' 3" and 195 pounds 18 years old and just relaxing having a good time. I played senior B basketball that fall and had a great season. In the spring of 67 I got a phone call from Jack Kenyon the coach at Mount Royal College. He asked me what I was doing. When he found out I was just working he asked me to come to Mount Royal College (MRC) and play basketball for him. I went to MRC and played basketball and I didnt do much else except play bridge and poker, chase girls and party hard. I did play hard for Jack Kenyon or "Papa Bear" as we knicknamed him. He was a tremendous coach and it was wonderful playing for him. In 1969 we won the Canadian Junior championship in St. Johns Newfoundland. It capped off a season that saw us win our last two league games by 1 point, and both play-off games on the buzzer. I hit the winning baskets in two of the games and Billy Magerowski hit

the other two. In the final game in Newfoundland I was the high scorer and Billy was the tournament MVP. I wasn't doing much in school. I was just keeping my marks above the 2 point average to remain eligible for basketball and being really wild. I was living in a rented house with a 24 year old fellow who was divorced and going to university, a 25 year old who was separated, and a 20 year old football player who was an animal, especially with the ladies. I was living pretty fast and our parties were the talk of the college and we always had a lot of girls just drop by to see what was going on the weekends. Usually we would end up with 30 or 40 people over every Friday and Saturday night after a football game or a basketball game. I was boxing heavyweight at this time and I lost the Alberta championship to a 220 pound black named Gerry Day. I think I would have won the fight except I caught his thumb in my eye at the start of the second round and it almost knocked me out. All through that round and the next I couldn't see because my eye puffed up the size of a golf ball, tears were running out of both eyes and my legs felt like mush. I couldn't see at all and I fought on instinct. All I knew was that I wouldn't be knocked out or quit. I lost the fight 59-58 on all three cards and till this day my right eye still bothers me. It was the last time I fought in the ring because my girlfriend and future wife made me promise I wouldn't fight any more.

In April of that year I got a job working on the rigs on Mellville Island in the high Arctic. I was just a laborer but I was banking over 3000\$ a month and in 1970 that was good money. I was away for 2 weeks at a time and home for 1 week.

University

My girlfriend at the time was Shannon Wolton and she wrote me every day and I realized that I loved her and I wanted her for my wife. After my second two week stint into the bush I bought a ring and I proposed to her. She accepted and we were to be married On November 21, 1970. By the end of the summer I had saved over seven thousand dollars and I started to go back to MRC. Brigham Young University wanted me to come down and play football for them but Shannon wouldn't be able to work down there. On September third I was out partying with my friends when I realized if I was going to get married I had better do something with my life. I quit drinking and smoking on that day and the next day I drove down to the University of Lethbridge and enrolled for a B.A. in physical education and I met with the head of athletics about playing

on the team. I went down to the U of L because Billy Magerowski went there and Timmy Tollestrup was going to play his fifth year there. Tim was a 6'8" center that had just finished playing 4 years on Utah State and he was on the Canadian National team. I thought that over the next few seasons the team at the U of L would be stronger than the team at the U of C. We beat them 11 out of the 12 times we played them over the next three years so it was a good basketball decision. I also wanted to move away from all my friends because none of them were married and I knew I would get in trouble around them. I helped Shannon get a job in Lethbridge that started in December as a private secretary for a lawyer in town. I look at the young men I meet now and I can't believe I actually got married so young. I know now that I wasn't ready but I am beginning to wonder if a person really ever is ready. Casey, my first child, was born on September 14, 1972. The responsibility hit me hard. There I was a father and husband 23 years old and still in school. From April till September I worked as a brakeman for the CPR. I was clearing over \$750 a month and I earned almost as much as Shannon did for the year. I also was a waiter at Hy's Steakhouse whenever I could and often made \$30 or \$40 in tips alone in a four hour shift. I squeezed 4 years into 3 because I took 6 courses in a semester and I took summer courses also. I wanted to get out and get working. It seemed I had no time to do anything except work, workout and do schoolwork.

Provost

Finally, in 1973 I graduated with a B.A. in Physical Education and a teachers certificate. I applied to 40 different jobs and finally got a job in Provost. It was exciting moving to Provost. My first job as a teacher. The only problem was that I was going to be teaching Social Studies 10, 20, 30, and Economics 30. I had absolutely no methods courses in social studies but I had taken several history courses, geography courses, and 1 economics course. I was just happy to get a job. I can remember when I came home after my first day of classes. I sat down at the kitchen table and said to Shannon, "I taught them every thing I know about social studies today what am I going to do tomorrow."

I was in what you would call a survival mode for the entire first semester. I spent 3 or 4 hours every night getting ready for the next day. The students had departmental exams

for the 30 subjects. I managed to stay about a week ahead on my students for the year. Every one of my students got a C or better on the departmental exams. They should have because I gave them quizzes using all the questions from the departmental exams for the previous 5 years and followed the curriculum to a fault. I impressed the superintendent because he gave me my permanent certificate after my first year.

I almost didn't make it past my first paycheck! When I got my first paycheck I looked at it in disbelief because after all the deductions it was only a little over \$400. I was clearing over \$700 a month on the railroad and making \$300 a month on tips at Hy's. I walked into the principal's office and said, "There must be some mistake because I only got \$400." He looked at it closely and said, "There's no mistake. That is the right amount." I was so mad I almost ripped it up and threw it in the garbage. How could I support a family on \$400 dollars a month. I couldn't believe it. It's a good thing that there are increments and raises otherwise a teacher could not exist in our society. I met a friend of mine named Ken who got his B.Ed. at the same time as me and worked as a spare brakeman at the same time I did. He couldn't get a job at first so he stayed on and became an engineer on the railroad. Last year he grossed over \$60,000 and he only works 3 to 4 days a week. So much for the argument about a good education being a financial benefit! He said, "Sloany I am really happy I stayed with the railroad I get to pick my hours and I can get time off when ever I want. I'm glad I didn't get a job and I stayed with the railroad."

I survived the first semester and the second semester was easier. The second year was even a little bit of fun but, I still wanted to teach physical education. I had the most fun with my economics 30 classes because instead of it being a class of enrichment for the academic route it was a class for the non-academics to get a 30 subject to graduate. I never had more than 8 in the class and these students became my friends. We mainly played games to demonstrate concepts and had discussions on whether it was wiser to rent or buy a house or buy or lease a car. Then I would give them play money and they would have to decide and buy or lease off me. Of course I ran both companies. We would do several years of transactions and then we would talked about where they were financial and how much they were worth. Was it wiser to rent and invest or purchase an pay mortgages? We did budgets the same way. We played negotiation games and I deliberately

built up their trust and back-stabbed them when I could. We played Stock Ticker and finally I gave them each a bank account of \$100,000 dollars. I taught them how to read the financial pages and how to read the stock reports. We did research on investments then I acted as a broker and took my fees on every transaction and they could make a purchase or a deal from me at any time. Once they learned how to read the stock reports they went crazy. We had more fun with the stocks than anything else. We kept a record of how every one was doing and you would have thought they were using real money of their own. It was strange because we had fun and played games and had wide open discussions and outright arguments about everything. I believe they knew as much or more basic economics than I did at the end of my economics 1000 course at university. When I analyze why we were so relaxed and learned so much it was because there was no risk involved on my part. Nobody expected these students to learn anything so it really didn't matter what we did in the classroom. I tried anything that seemed like it would be fun and that they could learn something in the curriculum by doing it. I wonder if freeing the teacher and allowing things to be fun would benefit the academic subjects.

Vauxhall

My oldest daughter Jennifer was born on March 27 in 1975. Shannon and I wanted to eventually move back to Lethbridge because liked the people and the city itself. I got a job in Vauxhall a small town about 60 miles away from Lethbridge. I was the head of Physical Education and taught grade 7-9 boys Physical Education, Health and Hunter Training. I also taught P.E. 10-20-30 in the high school. I also coached the senior boys volleyball and basketball team. I really enjoyed my teaching in Vauxhall. I had a little trouble with the administration of the school. I did a complete inventory of the P.E.. equipment at the school. Everything was run down or missing. There were no basketballs or volleyballs, badminton birds or racquets, and all the nets were in poor condition. Then I found out that the \$500 dollars earmarked for P.E.. had gone to purchase new floodlights for the front of the school. I complained bitterly and showed him the equipment that I had. I eventually got the money from the previous year and the current year and bought \$1000 worth of good equipment. Bill Fukami and I made up lottery and generated another \$2000 for uniforms for the boys and girls teams. My volleyball team came in second in the zones and the basketball team won two games in league play and it's

first game in the play-offs. They hadn't won a basketball game in the previous season. I was seriously challenged by the students in Vauxhall and had to be very strict and never back down. I was telling my P.E. 30 class what I expected on the first day of school when one of my students Vigil Olsen told me I should "fuck" myself. Virgil was 5' 10" and 180 pounds and the toughest kid in school. I walked up to him and slapped his face hard. Immediately the red handprint showed on his face. I looked him in the eye and told him that I would not tolerate that kind of language in my class and if it meant losing my job I could make more money working the rigs. I knew that this was the critical moment for me in this school.

I also knew they had left the previous P.E. teacher tied upside down from the ropes in the gym. That was one of the reasons he quit. I made up my mind that just because the students were rough I was not going to be intimidated. So I did the intimidating because it seemed that was the only language a lot of the boys understood. Virgil turned all red, a good sign, clenched his fists and I could tell he was ready to fight. I looked him in the eye and I was ready. We stood that way for 30-40 seconds. Finally I turned my back on him and walked to the middle of the group and finished my instructions. I had won. I made Virgil a squad leader and a captain of a team in every unit and asked him to be in charge of a lot of drills especially in hockey because he was a junior player. I won him over and he became my ally. That class was my favorite that year and I had no problems in every one of my other classes because they thought I didn't really care about my job and if they swore or too far out of line I might do something about it. I didn't like using intimidation but I didn't know how else to get control in a situation that had taken several years to get so terrible. I think I wouldn't have minded going back on the railroad or the rigs and make better money and not have the aggravation. The students sensed this, so I got respect.

Once the first week of testing by the students ended and I made the grade or passed the test I had one of the best years in teaching I would ever have. The boys had never had a dedicated coach or P.E. teacher. Once they realized that I was good they really responded. I was also teaching what I loved. Sports was truly my vocation and my avocation. I bumped into Virgil about 3 months ago. We had a long talk about how he was doing and what everyone in Vauxhall was doing. He said, "You know Mr. Sloan [he still calls me Mr.

Sloan] you were the only teacher we really respected. We learned so much from you." That statement made a real impression on me. I am not so certain that the proper use of corporal punishment doesn't still have a place in education for certain types of children like Virgil and myself when I was young. I don't think psychology works when the students don't care and there are no consequences for misbehavior except to be kicked out of school for a few days which would suit them fine. The key word here I think is the proper use of punishment. The problem with power of any kind is that the people who wield it usually end up abusing or misusing it. However, if used wisely and judiciously, it can benefit some students I believe. Most students respond better to motivation techniques that don't involve force. However, there are student like Virgil and myself who respond positively to firm but fair discipline.

In October of my second year in Vauxhall I heard that Ben Brooks was resigning as the head coach of LCC and Tim Tollestrup was going to get the job. Tim coached Cardston in the prestigious 4A league. At this time Shannon was unsatisfied with Vauxhall. That year 3 of the high school students died in accidents and one was accidentally shot dead. The town was small and the students were very rowdy. She really wanted to move and was putting some pressure on me to move. I really didn't want to but when I got the opportunity to coach a 4A team and move to the town my dad was born and raised in I applied for the job and got it.

The reason I didn't want to leave was that finally I felt comfortable and relaxed about my teaching. Also, I was the head of P.E. I controlled the gym schedule and the purchase of equipment and I had some responsibility. I had earned the respect and co-operation of my classes and I had control over the principal. I liked the students and most of the staff. Looking at the move in retrospect I now realize that I had a better situation in Vauxhall than I ever would have in Cardston. The parents in Vauxhall really appreciated my efforts and supported me in all the activities I coached and my teaching.

Cardston

When I moved to Cardston I went into immediate survival mode again. I had to pick up 4 classes in mid stream. Accounting 10 and 20, Business Fundamentals 10 and Work Experience 20 and 30. Again it was working 3 hours every

night and staying a few days ahead of the class. My biggest problem in Cardston came from my coaching. In Cardston everyone thought they knew more about the game than me. I cut the son of a prominent local and I was hauled into the office for a confrontation with the principal and an irate parent. My first two years in Cardston were miserable. The team did poorly and I was teaching subjects I knew very little about. Then my teams started to win the zones and we went to provincials 5 times in the next 6 years. I also gradually taught more and more P.E.. until in 1983 when I taught only P.E.. and I became the department head. Finally I was relaxed and comfortable and confident in my teaching and in my abilities as a coach.

In 1978 on September 6 my second son Scott was born. On April 16 1982 my second daughter Jillian was born. Shannon didn't want any more children after Scott was born so Jillian's birth was upsetting to her. In 1983 Shannon started to work for the RCMP as computer operator and dispatcher. The work was very interesting for her but our relationship started to deteriorate after she took the job.

On June 1st 1985 I broke my neck playing baseball in a slow-pitch tournament. I was on second base and the batter hit a single. I ran for third and the coach waved me home. I rounded third and headed for home. I got caught in a rundown but the third baseman dropped the ball so I broke for home. I tried to head first slide around the catcher but he blocked the plate with his leg. I hit his leg with my head at an odd angle and there was a loud snap and I was paralyzed. I was rushed to the Foothills hospital in Calgary where I was in intensive care for one month. Then I was moved to the General Hospital where I lived for the next 9 months. I was totally paralyzed from the neck down. The doctors said this would be permanent. After three months I started moving a little at a time. At 6 months I could transfer into a wheelchair myself and stand up on my crutches. Then strike 2 my wife informed me in January of 86 that she wanted a permanent separation. I was crushed but even more determined than ever to walk and get better.

At the end of 9 months I went to visit a friend of mine in Cardston and I never went back to the hospital again. I lived with my good friend and his family for 1 month and then my mother and father wanted me to move in with them. I lived with my parents for 3 months. During this time I swam and walked and lifted weights every day. I was determined to get

my job and my wife and family back. I went to the board meeting in May and petitioned to get my job back. Strike three. They said that they didn't think I was ready to come back to work yet. This was a terrible blow for me because I was walking much better than I had been. On the May 24th weekend Shannon got sick so I went home and looked after her for a week. She asked me to stay and try to make it work but her heart wasn't in it. I registered for graduate studies at the University of Lethbridge starting in September. At the end of August she informed me she wanted a divorce and I decided to move to Lethbridge and get my Masters degree in Education. I Started in the fall of 86. I attended summer school in 1987 and continued to take courses in 1988. I finally got tired of school and took the summer of 1988 off. I went to Europe that summer for 9 weeks and I had a difficult time settling down when I came back. I was tired of school and all I needed was one psychology course and a creative project. I took a German course in the fall and coached wheelchair basketball. In the spring semester of 89 I passed my final course in my Masters program an this paper represents my final project. It seems as if I am tired of everything in general and schoolwork specifically.

The tremendous trauma of my accident and subsequent divorce have caused me to seriously re-evaluate all of my previous beliefs and values about what things are truly important. I now understand that most of the things people take for granted are the most wonderful things of all. I now appreciate things so much more. What a joy it is to be able to move anything. To be able to turn over in bed or even urinate is marvelous. I am excited whenever I walk, swim or drive my truck. Things like opening a door, even if it's awkward, or fixing yourself a sandwich or even a beer is simply a joy I cannot adequately describe. Like they say you've got to be there to experience it. Independence and freedom to do almost anything, even dance, perhaps not as well or as fast as ablebodied people, is a gift I cherish and I strive to maintain. My trauma has also made me appreciate how truly kind people can be and how wonderful life can be if you will allow it to be wonderful. I was extremely lucky that I wasn't brain damaged at all because I think the ability to communicate, learn and understand knowledge is the greatest gift of all and I cherish learning this in the last four years. I think that not teaching for four years and going through all my trials and studying theory at the university has given me an excellent opportunity to look at my teaching and education in general from an objective perspective. In the last part of my pedagogy I will explain

how I taught and then try to explain why I think I taught that way.

How I Taught

The subject that I believe I taught the best was physical education. The reason for this is that I loved sports and I was proficient at every unit in the curriculum. I believed in being well prepared and trying to have elements of fun in every drill or exercise. I wanted each student to know the rules, strategy, and skills necessary to successfully participate in every activity we covered in the curriculum. I tried to promote and generate a desire to have life long fitness and develop an interest in lifetime sports like golf, tennis, swimming, racquetball, curling, and aerobics. I believed it was necessary to also help the students learn how to play basketball, baseball, football, hockey, volleyball, and track and field. Then I also stressed how to train and be fit. I concentrated on diet and nutrition, stretching, rest, and how to weight train and run properly.

I found that it was necessary to plan the entire year very carefully because of the intense use of all the facilities in the school and in the community. It was necessary to have the units planned with the girls P.E. teacher so we could negotiate when one of us would have the gym or the mezzanine or the swimming pool or the golf course. This problem was further complicated by the fact that the junior high and the elementary school were also trying to book the same facilities like the pool and the ice arena. I usually coordinated the times on the first day of school for the year so everyone could make firm plans. After the negotiations with the female P.E. teacher, the junior high, the town, the racquetball club, the elementary school, the pool, and the rink then the units were pretty well lined up. This is an example of a yearly plan for P.E. 30 boys

YEARLY PLAN

swimming	10 days
golf	10 days
tennis	10 days
football	10 days
volleyball	10 days
racquetball	10 days
basketball	12 days
weights	
and	12 days
fitness	

This would be for the fall semester. I would use badminton as a backup or substitute for tennis if the weather was bad. With girls classes I would do aerobics with weights and give them the option to continue

hockey 10 days aerobics or skate.

Once the length of the units was established we'd take out a calendar and fill in the curriculum taking into account holidays and final exams. This part was tricky because the holidays seemed to always make units start and end on weird days like a Tuesday.

I would always have a sheet with this plan on it and an explanation of the rules for my gym classes. The hand out would explain the dress code, attendance policy, and a breakdown of how their mark will be determined. At this time we had a talk about what I expected and we could negotiate for a change in units. For example I could substitute a unit of soccer for football, or curling for hockey or racquetball or track and field for tennis. I believed in being fair but consistent. Once we decided on the units and what balance we would give participation, attendance, tests, and effort they were set for that class. We would also come to an agreement on the rules for the class. Some rules were not open for negotiation. Before we started the semester everyone knew exactly what we were doing and how they would be marked.

Usually because of assemblies or any number of other unforeseen events around the school you would always lose 3 or 4 days from your plan. Therefore each unit and each day had to be carefully planned. I even liked to breakdown each period and know what I would be doing in five minute chunks and I would never let any activity other than a scrimmage last more than 15 minutes. I made certain my instructions were clear and that every one understood what they were to do. Then I tried to include some element of competition against the clock, an opponent, another squad, or against themselves to make drills more fun and interesting. I would do every unit basically the same way. I would give them a handout with the rules, and strategy that the student would have to learn for the quizzes and the final exam. I will use a badminton unit as an example of how I would plan a Unit.

day 1 Introduce equipment, grip, footwork, forehand
day 2 review- introduce dropshot, clear, drill
day 3 review- introduce dinkshot, long serve, drill
 halfcourt game using only above
 concept-up and back
day 4 review- introduce short serve, drive, drills

games halfcourt up and back
 games in front of service line
 day 5 review- introduce backhand breakdown drills
 games halfcourt backhand only
 day 6 review- introduce smash drills, smash, tip
 clear, clear, smash, strategy
 halfcourt games tourney
 day 7 review- warmup-strategy- half court tourney
 day 8 review-strategy for doubles- tournament
 day 9 review-strategy, tips, continue tourney
 day 10 quiz- skill test on one court and continue to
 finish tourney

I had drills that were fun and required skill to perform. I kept everyone busy and I rarely had any discipline problems.

My basic philosophy in education was to help the students learn to respect themselves and to gain self esteem. P.E. was a perfect vehicle for this because it was easy to set individual goals and objectives and gains could be easily measured. I thought even if they don't really learn any thing as long as the P.E. experience is positive they will want to do sports later on in life. I wanted each student to become self- actuated. I was knowledgeable in every part of the curriculum and I modelled good health practices and fitness. I ate only good food. I didn't smoke or drink. I stretched and worked out hard every day. In a period of 9 years only 3 or 4 boys had ever beaten me in a 5 miler road race. I believe that my fitness and ability in sport made the students pay attention because they would have liked to have been in the shape I was in then, never mind when they were 35.

I find that if I analyze my teaching I seem to have three phases that I go through whenever I teach some thing new. First is a panic or survival stage when you don't know what you are going to do tomorrow and you tend to lecture a lot and give a lot of busy seat work that can be cleanly graded. Then once you learn the curriculum and are confident in your ability as a teacher there is a period of growth where your teaching and the curriculum improve every year. Then I realize that if you are not careful you hit a phase I will call automatic pilot where you know exactly what the students need to know and you have lessons you have taught a dozen times. Your delivery and your tests are good but always the same. The students like them but you tend to get bored. What can you do? There are only so many ways to teach a badminton

unit in 10 days effectively. If you have a good curriculum, and good presentation the students like, and they learn; its hard to tamper and make changes. You tend to get lazy and cruise. If hadn't been able to coach and have a good relationship with most of my students I wouldn't have been able to stand the boredom and routine of my teaching.

The things I disliked the most about teaching was the constant routine and boredom of teaching the same curriculum year after year. I love sports but it seemed that you had to do the same things over and over with each class. Like I said before there only so many ways to teach a P.E. 10 class in 10 days. It doesn't matter how radical you are in your approach or how hard you try, you are still doing badminton and they only progress to a limited level of competency. The thing that bothered me the most about teaching was the reward system. It seems that there is no relationship between the amount of work you do and the pay you receive or even the praise for a job well done. Every year I taught I coached 2 or 3 major sports, chaperoned most of the dances, helped decorate for graduation, and helped set up for band concerts. Many of the other teachers did nothing. They came at 10 to nine and left at 3:30 and never helped out. Most of my problems came from irate parents who's little boy didn't get to play enough, or I didnt set up the bleachers right for the concert. Rarely did I ever get a thank you from the parents, administration or the students. All I ended up getting was a discontented wife from me being away too much.

The Future

When I look at who I was when I was teaching I see a competent, effective teacher who was highly structured and quite inflexible. I see myself as being teacher oriented and very authoritarian. If the students did what I wanted the way I wanted it done then every thing went fine. However if it didn't go the way I wanted it to go then everyone was careful or they would be in trouble. I needed to be in control and every thing had to work out on time and each student had to learn the lesson or else I wasn't happy.

Since my accident, divorce and return to graduate school I have done considerable reflection on teaching and what I will do in the future. Before my accident I tended to view the world in black and white. I thought I had the answers to everything. Now things seem not so cut and dried. Now I see that there are so many more angles to consider in every

problem and solutions are not simple, especially in the field of education.

Presently I am at a crossroads in my life. I am not certain what the future will hold. I am not certain that I want to return to the classroom in a high school setting. I don't know if I should continue with my studies and get my doctorate in Counselling Psychology. Perhaps I should travel. I believe I need to take some time off and then finish my Doctorate in Counseling Psychology and work in a college and try to coach basketball.

Why I am the way I am is a result of all that has happened to me in the past. I am not certain exactly what influence my past 4 years will have on the way I will teach when and if I teach again. I am positive there will be a change and I hope it will be one that will benefit those I teach.

LIFE HISTORY OF LEON

LIFE HISTORY OF LEON

Leon was born on November 6th, 1960 on an Indian reserve in Alberta. Leon is the second youngest of a family of seven brothers and sisters. He didn't realize that he was living in a rural slum because he was happy and enjoyed himself. Leon didn't think he was growing up any different than any other little boy on earth.

Kindergarten

In 1965 Leon attended Kindergarten at a Reserve school that was administrated by the Roman Catholic Church. The Kindergarten was taught by a Grey Nun Sister. She had no formal training but was intelligent, literate and a stern disciplinarian. She was a tremendous influence on Leon because she got her students interested in school and learning despite her religious slant. She was a tremendous influence on Leon because she would pull on his ear to get his attention. She would use corporal punishment, like ear pulling, and the strap to stop improper behavior and motivate students to do better work. Fear and punishment were seen as the proper way to change or modify behavior.

Grades 1 to 4

In 1966 Leon started grade 1 at the Indian Day School where he would stay for 4 years. During this time he was taught by an excellent teacher and had a supportive principal. His first grade teacher was the first person who really believed in the abilities of Leon and his older brother. She taught Leon to read and write and how to do arithmetic. She used a combination of rewards and punishments to try to get her students to accomplish what they wanted. If students did their assignments on time and asked a lot of good questions then they would be rewarded. However, if the students didn't do assignments, were late, and created a disturbance then they would be punished. She was very strict but fair in her approach to discipline. The most important thing she did for Leon was the fact that she told him about the outside world and explained what existed outside the reserve. She taught Leon and his classmates good manners and how to observe rules and regulations. This gave Leon the maturity and the social skills necessary to function as a normal 10 year old. She believed that Leon and his classmates had real potential and let them know that she felt that way. She also taught Leon loyalty. She loved the Detroit Red Wings and never changed. This taught Leon loyalty and it is the reason why he is still

a Toronto Maple Leaf fan after over 20 years.

Grades 5 to 7

In 1971 Leon's parents decided to send him to an off-reserve school. This would be Leon's first experience with "white" children his own age and learn first hand what the word prejudice means. Leon was particularly curious and nervous about a little "white" girl named Donna. Leon was amazed as the class stared at him when he was being introduced. It was the first time he had noticed any differences between race and religion. Half the class was white and Mormon and the other half was brown, Indian and Catholic. Leon got along very well with all the students except for Donna. Her first words were to leave an indelible impression on Leon. When he tried to talk to her she said, "Didn't you wash your face this morning". This devastated Leon and made him feel inferior and it angered him a great deal. It firmly planted the seed in his soul that he was different and that Donna and people like her thought they were superior to him.

It was at this school that Leon first noticed that the native students were passive and quiet while the white students were active and loud. Leon learned to appreciate the good things about the Mormon people he associated with. However, several incidents showed Leon that they were not open minded and tried to impress their values on other people without considering their values or beliefs. Two perfect examples of this were: First, when his hair exceeded the prescribed length of one of the teachers, he walked up to Leon and cut off some of his hair in front of the class. This was very embarrassing to a native student because long hair is traditionally a part of native rites into manhood. Second, the principal made Leon go to seminary, {a religious class for Mormons} even though he didn't want to go to the classes. This reminded Leon of the story of Robinson Crusoe and his boy, Friday. How come Friday had to be the slave? Why did Crusoe get to be the boss?

In October of 1973 Leon had a traumatic experience that would stay with him the rest of his life and leave on him an indelible impression of the realities of life on the reserve. On that night a party was going on at Leon's house. There was a loud gunshot and a cry of pain. Then there was total chaos. People were running around with blankets. Family members were crying and relatives comforting them. The police were there trying to find out what happened. Leon knew what was happening but at 12 years old was still

mystified by it all. Why do people act the way they do when they are under the influence of alcohol and drugs? Why do they want to drink and take drugs so much?

The event that probably had the greatest impact on Leon's life occurred in 1974. His mother and father decided to separate. They decided that the 3 youngest, including Leon would move into the city with their mother and the other children would stay out on the reserve with their father. Leon's mother decided she would start University at the age of 55. She was adamant that the only way that Leon could get a good education was for him to "integrate" into the "regular" school system. She believed it was necessary for Leon to compete with the white students on an equal footing because in her estimation the reserve schools were substandard compared to the schools which surrounded the reserve. In other words the native school did not have as high an educational standard as schools of the reserve which offered a better or more suitable learning environment than schools on the reserve.

Leon thinks this point is very important because in the 1960's, 70's, and early 80's many native parents believed that their children could only achieve success off the reserve. They believed the Reserve did not have the proper social conditions and stability for any students to cope with. How could students succeed with alcoholism, drug abuse, child abuse, family violence, crime, and other problems which seemed to dominate most native students lives. Parents on the Reserve had never seen students achieve academic success in schools on the Reserve run by the priests, by the department of Indian Affairs, or by taking classes from teachers imported from overseas[India and Pakistan]. The parents own experience in Reserve schools was so unsatisfying and unsuccessful that they didn't want their children to have to suffer the same treatment. Leon can understand this point of view. The native parents believed that the Christian missionaries and the department of Indian Affairs could not properly educate their children so it was necessary to integrate their children into the public schools so they could compete on an equal basis.

Grades 8 to 12

Leon enjoyed going to grade 8 and 9 at a Junior High School and grades 10, 11, and 12 at a Senior High School, in the city. He never regretted attending school in the city. He made many friends and accomplished his goal of being able to

enter University. Leon felt proud of the fact that he competed equally with other students and had a good experience in high school. Although Leon was proud of being the only native graduate out of 350 students he still felt there were some drawbacks. Leon is disappointed that he has lost so much of his cultural heritage. He is disappointed he can't speak his Native tongue, and he knows very little about the history of his ancestry. Leon believes that when he was going to school in the city he gave up or disowned his "Indianness" because he had been indoctrinated into believing that being an Indian at that point in his life would only hinder his chances of success.

Leon believes that the person who had the most powerful influence on his life was his mother. He loves her dearly and her example served as a model for him to follow. Leon's mother is one of those remarkable people that you read about in a magazine or newspaper. She entered University at the age of 55 and graduated 3 years later with a B.Ed. in elementary education. She always told Leon that education was like money in the bank and how much she valued education. Her pride in her education and the determination she showed us by getting her degree was a great example to Leon and all the native students. She taught at the Reserve School and worked as a guidance counselor for the department of Indian Affairs. When she retired in 1987 she received a personal letter of commendation from Prime Minister Brian Mulroney. This remains one of her proudest possessions to this day. She has not completely retired from community service however, because recently she was elected to the Tribe Chief Council where she sits on the education committee, health board, and child welfare committee. In addition to sitting on the Tribal Council she also sits on the University Senate. Leon regards his mother as his friend, companion, biggest supporter, strongest critic, source of inspiration, and the person he loves and admires the most.

Two other people who greatly influenced Leon to become a teacher were his social studies and biology teachers in High School. They always took the extra time to work with Leon and encouraged him in his studies and in athletics. Although his marks were only in the C+ to B- range they both encouraged Leon to pursue a university education. They said they saw something in him called potential, a diamond in the rough. This was very gratifying for a young 17 year old to hear and helped Leon's self-esteem and self-confidence and helped give him the desire to go to university and eventually become a teacher.

The physical education teacher at his high school also acted as the football and basketball coach was a role model for Leon. Leon was on the junior varsity team in grade 10 and learned a great deal about basketball and enjoyed the experience greatly. He showed Leon how to strive hard for goals, how to be disciplined, and gave Leon a love for sports.

Teaching

Leon is excited and happy that he is working as a classroom teacher on the Reserve. It gives him a great feeling of satisfaction knowing that he has accomplished a tremendous personal goal. Leon is proud to be part of the movement on the Reserve towards local control of the education. He believes that only through the development of an excellent educational system on the Reserve can the native people truly move towards self-determination. Knowing that he is part of this transition as a teacher gives Leon a great sense of personal and professional pride.

Leon has a difficult time dealing with the cynical attitude of many of his teaching peers who believe that band control of education is an exercise in futility. He believes that this defeatist attitude in itself can spread like a cancerous tumor until it infects the entire body. This doubt caused because something is new and different could be enough to tip the scales against the local control of education being successful on the Reserve. It makes Leon angry that people criticize the desire for the Natives to control their own education and destiny when they do not understand the situation on the Reserve enough to make a valid judgement about it.

Despite working in an environment that currently is in the midst of change, Leon enjoys the every day world of teaching. Leon's favorite class is Math 13 because there are so many real life skills and "teachable moments" that can be pursued in the curriculum. Math 13 gives him the opportunity to teach problem solving, logic, and deductive reasoning. Leon enjoys this because it allows the students to handle real world, relevant problems and learn to think for themselves. The students get to learn how to deal with personal finance and how to buy things on credit like cars television sets and houses. Leon enjoys helping the students become intellectually independent and self-sufficient. He believes it is important for his students to be able to think for themselves and make important decisions for themselves.

This, Leon believes, is the first step in becoming an adult. Even though the prescribed curriculum is Math 13, or any other class, the real curriculum for Leon is that his students learn to think for themselves and make their own decisions and come to their own conclusions. This will give them the ability to formulate their own value system so they can decide for themselves what rules and regulations they will follow and what type of a person they will be. Leon believes that this idea of helping the student become a functioning adult is the most important thing we can do for a student. These ideas exist only in the prefaces and the introductions of the curriculum guides for Math, science, and P.E. programs in Alberta.

Leon believes that teaching is an art and not a science. He believes that unless a teacher has control of the behavior of his students learning cannot take place. Leon believes that he must have firm but friendly control of his classroom so that he can maintain discipline. He likes to allow his students an opportunity to interact with him and other students and be able to ask questions freely. Leon believes in the saying, "You can be friendly to students but never their friend". Leon tries to be creative and allow his students to learn in situations that have real applications outside the classroom. In every thing he does Leon believes it is essential that he is honest in all his interactions with his students otherwise he will lose his credibility as a

person and they will not internalize any of the lessons he would like them to learn about life.

One of the main problems Leon can identify in himself is his desire to always be the boss, to be in charge, to always be in control of the class and the situation. He finds that when students don't behave he has a tendency to shout and lecture them about their behavior. Sometimes he feels that he is making unrealistic demands on them. Getting them to do things that not only they don't want to do, but things that won't benefit them when they graduate. Often he feels like he is trying to fit a square peg into a round hole. Despite this, Leon needs to have control of his environment and needs the respect and co-operation of his students.

Leon is having a difficult time teaching P.E. this year. The major reason for this is the attitude of the students and administration towards the subject. It is looked on as being fun and games and easy credits. The physical set-up of the class and the attitude of the students make it difficult to

teach the class as an academic class. Leon enjoys "doing" rather than coaching and instructing. The end result is more of a recreational approach rather than a structured approach to P.E. Leon gets them into an activity and lets them go to it. He is not happy being so non-structured but because of the way the class is set up it is about the only way the class can be run without creating a lot of problems between Leon, his students and the administration that set up the situation for failure to start with.

Leon prefers to lead class discussions on topics that are of concern to his students and himself like drug abuse, alcohol, abortion, medical ethics, and prejudice. He likes to get his students to think about the mysteries of man and the universe. He has a real problem with prescribed activities from texts and allowing his students to do hands on experiments the lab. The idea of his students doing unstructured science activities or do-it-yourself activities is difficult for Leon to accept because he finds that without structure his students' behavior deteriorates to unacceptable levels and learning does not occur.

Leon has tremendous pride in being a teacher and wants to become an excellent teacher in the next 2-3 years. He enjoys being part of a team and is willing to work within a group to achieve it's goals. Leon enjoys being with friends and colleagues in formal and informal settings. Despite the fact that Leon is divorced and has one child, he still wants to be a good father and ultimately a good husband and a family man.

Leon's long range goals are centered around education. He would like to teach for several years then become an administrator either a vice-principal or a principal in about 4 years. Ultimately, Leon would like to continue his education and become a professor at a university.

One of the biggest problems Leon is having trouble dealing with in teaching is the lack of recognition that a teacher has. Recognition is subjective and is very difficult for teachers and administrators to get. It hurts Leon's pride when he is ignored or unappreciated when he believes he is doing a good job. When his pride is hurt then he tends to be aloof and sometimes even nasty. Leon thinks that the toughest part about teaching may be accepting the fact that all that you do may go unrecognized and unrewarded.

SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES IN OUR LIFE HISTORIES

SIMILARITIES AND DIFFERENCES IN OUR LIFE HISTORIES

The idea of using our life histories as a way of getting to know each other in a peer-supervision project is very interesting. It seemed to me that as I talked to Leon and got to know him better that there were an amazing amount of similarities in our stories. The first similarities in our lives were the strong influence our mothers had on us. Our mothers virtually raised us by themselves. In Leon's case his mother acted as a role model as well as giving him all the support he needed. Our fathers were not there for us when we were young so we had to look elsewhere for our male role models.

In both our lives the people we respected the most when we were young were our teachers and coaches. In Leon's case his first male role model was his fifth grade teacher. Then his Social Studies and Biology teachers in High School influenced him to go on in school and acted as strong role models for him. Sports were also an important part of Leon's life. His P.E. instructor and basketball coach had a great impact on Leon when he was in High School.

In my case I idolized my elementary teachers. They all gave me a lot of attention and I did well in school. Mr. Wilson My P.E. instructor and coach in Junior High School was my idol. I wanted to grow up to be just like him. All my coaches Ken McKenna and Jack Kenyon were all men I greatly admired and respected and I wanted to be like them.

It seems that in both our lives our mothers really valued an education and the people we looked up to the most in our childhood years were all teachers. I know that in my case particularly if it wouldn't have been for sports and the urging of my mother and my coaches I would never have obtained an education and become a teacher.

Our teaching is similar in that we both like routine and order. We like to do things the same way each day and each week so the students will feel comfortable. We both tend to lecture, question and then give the students assignments they can do in their seats. We have a common mission in our teaching to help the students become full functioning adults capable of making their own decisions.

We both seem to need the control in our classes so that we can help our students achieve success. When our students

fail or do not achieve up to their potential we find it very frustrating and sometimes lose our temper and raise our voices. Then we get angry with ourselves because we lost our poise. We really want every student to be successful and when we see students fail we take it personally. Both of us seem to forget that the student has the right to fail if they want and we are not going to get every student to achieve their potential. But, we are both perfectionists and it is difficult for us not to get our students to strive for excellence. It is safe to say that if we didn't have a genuine concern for our students, if we really didn't care then we wouldn't get angry and frustrated when they failed.

Leon and I seem to need to have control of the classroom so that we have discipline because we can't tolerate students talking or fooling around. At the same time we both have a need for interaction with our students and wanted them to like us. We like to be friendly with students and talk to them but we like to maintain some distance and not become friends. It is important for us to maintain our role as teacher and separate ourselves from the students. We don't want to be superior but, we do want to maintain our position. We both believe that it essential to be honest and sincere with our students and not be false or hypocritical because students will doubt your credibility in all things if they know you have lied or misrepresented even one small statement.

The reason we are both so concerned about each of our students getting an education is because an education is the only thing that helped us move from or humble beginnings to our positions as teachers. We know that without an education the chance of a rich and rewarding life is slight. We were both lucky enough to have had a mothers who supported us and teachers who thought we had potential otherwise who knows what we would be doing today or what kind of life we would be living. I think this is the overriding reason we try so hard to get our students motivated to do well in school, so they can enjoy the same sorts of things a good education has given us.

We both seem to need autonomy in our classroom. We don't like to be dictated to or controlled by someone else. We resent the imposition of any exterior controls on our teaching environment and like to run our own program.

Recognition is another item we both seem to agree on. We find that a teacher doesn't get enough recognition for doing a good job. This makes it difficult to be motivated to do a better job or do more because the rewards for doing the minimum are the same as working to the maximum. It seems that in every school a few teachers do all the extra work for the students like graduation, athletics, plays, intramurals, and the yearbook and yet they get no recognition for their contributions.

We have many similarities. We have both been divorced, we are about the same height, we both love sports, in fact we are very similar in our personalities. We both have a need to be in control of our classroom and have things go our way. We both have a temper and get angry and frustrated if things don't go our way.

We are both A type personalities. We are aggressive and outgoing. We have a need to be successful and to be recognized for it. We both have a need to interact with our students and be liked by them. We both have a desire for our students to be successful and feel it's a reflection on our abilities as a teacher if they fail as students. We resent authority figures and don't like being told what to do. We both have a tendency to rely on our natural abilities and not do a lot of planning. We both have a natural ability to interact with students at their level and to win their confidence.

However, we are different because of the way we were brought up. I will never be able to look at the world through Leon's eyes or he through mine. I do not know what it is like to grow up as an Indian in Alberta and he will not know what it is like to grow up as a lower middle class Mormon in Calgary.

I do find it interesting though how parallel our lives are and how close our personalities are to being the same. We seem to teach the same way early in our careers and we seem to have the same attitudes about education. In fact, when I watch Leon teach I get the feeling that this is what I must have been like in my first year of teaching. I thought that this would help us in the project. In retrospect I believe this may have been a factor that contributed to us not being able to work together easily.

THE PROJECT

THE PROJECT

On the first day of the Workshop Leon and I talked freely about our biographies and we talked about school and teaching in general but it seemed that we couldn't seem to really narrow a topic down. I wasn't worried because we had the whole next day to come up with a plan. When Leon didn't show up on the Friday I panicked. What was I going to do? I made up a proposal but I knew it wasn't what we wanted to do. Leon wanted me to teach one of his classes each day and he was interested in teaching styles. Each team had to give a presentation of what they were going to do at the end of the second day of the workshop. I made up a proposal that looked pretty good but I still didn't know what Leon wanted to do. Included below is an outline of my original proposal.

Project outline

Timeline- 2-3 visits for general observation and an introduction to the school.

- Starting May 8th I will visit Leon's class everyday.
- I will teach one class each day.

Focus of the project- Teaching Style

Answer the Question- What effect does my teaching style have on my students motivation to learn?

Measures- Co-operation vs Individualization

- Affection - teacher-pupil
emotions
feelings
reflections
class climate
- Motivation

Methods of gathering information-

- autobiographies
- journals and reflections
- in depth interviews between Clark Sloan and Leon

- any information gathering devices we can use.
- checklists, charts, etc.

It seemed like a good plan at the time but when I got home and thought about it I was not certain that it could be done very easily. The first thing I thought I should do is go to the school and talk to Leon and try to our project better organized. I was also curious to see exactly what the school was really like. I decided that the best way for me to record what was happening to me was to keep a daily journal of what happened and exactly how I felt about it. In this part of the text I will try to summarize what happened and how I felt about the project.

Tuesday May 2nd,

I drove out to the school on the morning of May second for the first time. I left my place at ten minutes to eight. I thought that St. Mary's was only about 50 miles away but it must be closer to 65. I drove at about 75 mph all the way and arrived at 5 minutes to nine. I then found out that school started at 10 minutes to 9. I wanted to find out about the school so I talked with the principal for a while. Then I walked down the hall and talked to the vice-principal for the Junior High. As I talked with these men and observed the school I became aware of the fact that I had come into the school with a lot of preconceptions and prejudices. The vice-principal showed me the attendance forms for the Junior High and they averaged between 80 and 90 percent attendance. I was surprised because 5 years earlier I had heard the attendance for this school was around 30 percent. I was also surprised at the fact that the school and the students were so clean and neat. He pointed out how much better the equipment was since the band took over. There was about 25 new computers in the school, copiers, type writers, and each teacher had a phone in their room. I was surprised how nice the staff room and office was. I was particularly impressed with the vice-principals office. They took an old storage room at the corner of the main intersection of the school and put 3 large windows in it and converted it into his office. He could sit in his office and see everything that was happening in the hall. Inbetween classes he would go into the hall and talk with the students and ask them how they were and tell students who had been absent that he had missed them. I realized that this school was much like any other small rural school and that I should be more objective in my approach to the project.

The reason that I was surprised at the condition of the school and the neatness of the students stems from my 9 years of teaching in Cardston. In the nine years of coaching High School basketball in Cardston we had the St. Mary's Team play their home games at the Junior High school in Cardston. The senior men's teams from the reserve also played a lot of their games in the High School and the Junior High. We had to play some of our games at the Senator Gladstone Center. There was a lot of damage and vandalism at the Junior High School when St. Mary's played. When the senior men played they always smoked and there always seemed to be damage. When we played at the Senator Gladstone Center it was always a mess. The floor was always dirty and there were holes in the locker room walls. The showers didn't work properly and the fans were rude to us most of the time. This is the reason I thought the school would be untidy and dirty.

The reason I expected the students to be different was because of my experience with the native students in Cardston. The native students in Cardston had poor attendance and they usually didn't dress as neat as the white students. I was also under the impression that we got the better students to come to Cardston. This lead me to believe that the students at the school would be poorly dressed, have poor attendance, and have a worse attitude than the native students in Cardston. I was surprised to find that this wasn't true. When the project started I thought I had a lot of insight about the situation on the reserve. I now realize that I don't know as much as I thought I did about the situation on the reserve. It also makes me re-examine my views about other races and religions and situations on the earth. If I could be wrong about something 15 miles from where I lived for 9 years then there is a good chance I could be wrong about a lot of things that I thought I understood.

I went into Leon's class inbetween the second and third period. He was surprised to see me. He had forgotten that I had mentioned at the first workshop that I was going to make 2 or 3 visits before the eighth of May. I sat at the back of the class in a very uncomfortable chair and made some notes of his lessons and started my diary. I wrote down some things I observed and thought we might be able to focus on. I wasn't going to share these with Leon because I wanted him to name the things we were going to work on.

I was curious about what had happened to him on Friday. He said his son, in Regina, had been put in the hospital so he drove out there Friday to see him. He had some negative

interactions with his ex-wife and his son was very ill. Leon had driven for 8 hours Monday night and he wasn't prepared for his classes then I walk in. Considering what a poor start we had our discussion in the eighth period seemed very positive. We talked about a lot of things but once again we didn't really focus on his teaching. I wanted to build up his trust so I didn't mention anything I had noticed that day. I thought it may have been a little unfair under the circumstances. He seemed to still want to do something with styles of teaching so I decided I would do some research on the topic. I also reassured him that I wanted to help him improve his teaching and that I was going to be non-judgmental as possible and that I was there strictly to help him. I had the feeling at this first meeting that Leon's heart wasn't in the project.

I was surprised by how nice a room Leon had and by his teacher-pupil ratio. Leon didn't have a class with more than 15 pupils in it. I thought this may not be such a bad environment to be teaching in.

That night when I was sitting and thinking about the day I couldn't help but write in my Journal that it seemed that there were at least 4 different agendas working in the project. The principal, Richard Butt and David Townsend Leon, and myself all seem to have other agendas and reasons for being involved with the project besides the improvement of the teaching of Leon. These agendas are only my opinion but I am certain that everyone involved has a hidden reason for being involved and I think that these reasons can greatly impact on the project. The principal and the Band Council may be involved to show that they are willing to be involved in upgrading teaching and to show everyone how far the school has come in such a short time. Richard Butt and David Townsend are trying to develop a new theory about implementing peer-supervision and the success of this experiment would be a tremendous innovation in professional development in education and gain them and the University a lot of prestige if it was successful. Leon is involved I think because he feels somehow he should be or he is supposed to be. I don't think he really wants to be involved. I want to be involved mainly so I can finish my Masters degree. However, I do want to learn how to be a better supervisor and I thought that the project would give me more insight into supervision. That first night I felt confused about how to proceed. Leon didn't want to identify any type of a project

and I wanted him to give me some direction for us to go in. I decided that I would get some information on teaching style and try to build up his trust a good rapport between us. I thought that I would try to work the project so that everybody's agendas would be met to their satisfaction. I still wasn't certain what Leon's real agenda was.

Here is a copy of the timetable.

1	8:50 -9:35	Science	9
2	9:37 -10:22	Science	9
3	10:24-11:09	Math	13
4	11:11-11:56	Science	11
5	12:30-1:15	P.E.	10-20-30
6	1:17 -2:02	P.E.	10-20-30
7	2:04 -2:49	Math	13
8	2:51 -3:36	Spare	

Wednesday May 3rd,

I left my house at 7:40 but I still was 5 minutes late getting to school. I didnt want to disturb Leon's class by coming in late so I went into the staffroom. This was fortunate for me because Stan Engels and David George were in the staffroom. I talked to them about the project and how I couldn't get a definite commitment from Leon on what we were to do. They were very supportive and told me that this was normal in the beginning of peer supervision. I was a little discouraged because it seemed that David and his partner were doing such wonderful things and their project was going well and I couldn't seem to start.

It seemed that most of Leon's classes that first day went the same way. He would briefly explain and demonstrate what he wanted done then he would make an assignment for students to do seat work. When all the students were working he would walk around and make certain every one understood the assignment and give further instructions on a one to one basis. Assignments were listed on the board and students knew when each one was due . Leon had a test or quiz every Friday. I watched and scripted each of his classes and I got the feeling of deja vu. It seemed that I was watching me teach in my first year of teaching. I thought to myself that I could probably share a lot of things with him to make his teaching easier for him.

At the end of the day we talked again in general terms about

education and the students and the project. I didn't want to be directive and he didn't want to identify anything that might be thought of as a weakness in his teaching. Whenever I would ask him what we should do and he would answer, "You're the academic. You make the decision." Sometimes he would say it was my project. Looking back in retrospect I believe that Leon didn't feel any ownership of what was happening in the project. This was a constant source of conflict between us because I wanted him to take ownership of the project and be a full partner in it with me and Leon was determined that he was only going to be a reluctant participant. In his mind, I believe, it was "my" project and he would help me but that is all the involvement he seemed to want.

On Thursday and Friday of that week I spent several hours in the University library looking up articles and books on teaching styles. I found several good books on teaching styles, especially a book by Kathleen Butler. It was exactly what Leon was interested in. I thought to myself, "Good now maybe we can do something."

Monday May 8th,

I was excited and optimistic as I headed to school Monday morning. I left my place at 7:30 so I would be at school on time. I had some excellent materials on teaching style. I was ready to review Chapter 22 for Leon in period 4. This was really going to be my first full day on the project and I thought things were going to work out fine. I got into class early and I asked Leon what he wanted me to do in the fourth period class. He said, "Just review chapters 22 and 23." I couldn't believe it. I was only ready for chapter 22. He said, "Don't worry just answer parts A, B, and C in each chapter. That's all they have for homework." I asked Leon what Unit in science he wanted me to do next. He said, "It's up to you." I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "Do either the unit on Chemistry or the unit on Energy." I said which one should I do? He said it doesn't matter. He had no plans made. It was then that I realized he had no comprehensive plans. He had no yearly plans, Unit plans, chapter plans, or individual lesson plans. He really did remind me of my first year of teaching. Leon was staying just a few days ahead of his classes. He was very much in the survival mode of teaching. I said, "Alright I'll decide."

I asked him what he was doing in the other classes and was

there anything he wanted me to look for. He said, " Not much -just some review and then watch a video on astronomy. I said, "Would you mind if I scripted your class." Leon seemed uneasy. I said, "Maybe I could just script the seventh period." This seemed to relieve him and he said, "Do what you think is right."

It seemed to me Leon was afraid of not looking good or not looking prepared and letting someone find out exactly what was going on in his classroom. I felt like I had to back off and not push too hard and build up his trust before we could get any real things happening on the project whatever it was going to be.

Most of the work on Monday morning was review and the video was just a filler. The first three classes seemed like a catch up for the previous week of work. In the fourth period I had the students work for half the period to finish their homework, that was due on Thursday, and then I marked it and had them record the marks for Leon.

Stan came and visited me at noon. We talked about the project and he gave me some forms so I could script Leon's classes better. He decided to stay and watch the P.E. classes with me. Leon said they would be playing lacrosse in the small gym. Stan and I went to the small gym and waited but nobody showed up. As we were standing and waiting Stan told me that Leon had been talking to the principal and that he really didn't want to be involved in the project but that he was going to do it anyway. I told Stan that I really didn't know what I was going to do for a project because Leon wasn't co-operating like I thought he would be. Stan said that I might have to become directive in my approach. We waited for about 20 minutes and nobody came. We decided to walk into the building and see what was going on. As we walked into the building we noticed Leon playing tennis with a student. We both said hello and waved. I'm certain Leon heard us but he chose to ignore us completely. I was really upset and surprised that he would be so rude to Stan and me. First, he never came and told us that there would be no lacrosse, then he totally ignored us deliberately. I felt like quitting. Only the fact that I didn't like to give up once I started something made me stay. I could have found something else to do for my project.

I decided that I wouldn't be judgmental about the day or confront Leon with any questions on his teaching or on his conduct. For example, I felt like asking him what the

purpose of the video was? Why he only let it run three quarters of the way through? Why the students didn't need to answer any questions about the video while they were watching it? I was afraid of offending him or making him defensive about his teaching and I decided to try to improve our relationship and our rapport first before I started trying to work on things that might be threatening to his ego as a teacher. I felt that confrontation would only make a poor situation worse.

I gave Leon the books on teacher styles and he was impressed with the research I had done. I asked him to skim the book by Kathleen Butler and see if there was anything He could identify for us to work on. I was fighting the urge to be directive because I had already identified in my mind that he needed a lot of work in the planning and organizational end of teaching. His presentation and his discipline of the students were excellent, The students responded to him well and he can carry on a discussion very well with the class. I wanted him to ask for the help or for him to discover through my scripting what he needed to work on. I didn't want to be the expert and him the novice I wanted a horizontal relationship.

I thought the best way for me to proceed was to prepare a super unit on Energy. I thought I would prepare a solid unit and chapter plans and demonstrate solid teaching skills and model the types of things he needed to work on. I thought that in this way perhaps we could get into discussions about planning. I know how difficult it was for me to plan because that was my greatest area of weakness in my first few years of teaching. I worked very hard all Monday night to prepare for class on Tuesday.

Tuesday May 9th,

The day was a mixed blessing. Most of the students went on a branding field trip. There were only a few students in each class so Leon had them do seat work. I simply had my students read the chapter on heat and start on the questions at the end of the chapter. I went into the Lab and the Biology teacher talked with me for about 25 minutes and gave me a lot of insight into the teaching of science and particularly how to teach about heat.

I wanted to try and get the students more involved and make the lessons interesting. I was finding the demands of

driving over a hundred miles every day and being in the school very demanding. It was a lot of work walking up the stairs 3 or 4 times a day and despite the fact that I asked for a better chair every day I never did receive one that I could sit in comfortably. I felt very fatigued and I was tired already and the project was just starting. I certainly would have appreciated being placed in a situation that was wheelchair accessible because I could have used it to help me get more done in a day.

I also felt a tremendous amount of pressure because I hadn't taught in 4 years. Not only that but I had never taught science and I would have to change my entire method of delivery because I was on crutches. I felt like a student teacher again. Despite these doubts and worries I was excited that I would be teaching again. I thought that if I could demonstrate some hot lessons I could earn the respect of Leon as a teacher and model some good lessons.

Wednesday May 10th,

I was really excited when I went to school on Wednesday. I was hoping that I could get something going in the project and that Leon and I could generate something together. My expectations were immediately destroyed and I was upset and disappointed. My plan was to script the first class which was science 9 and slip into the lab during the second class which was a different science 9 class and prepare the lab for my students in the fourth period. Then I would return and script the third period and then teach the fourth. Leon asked me just before the bell rang for the first period if I would go into the lab with 2 of his students and supervise them while they wrote a make-up exam. I looked him in the eye and I said, "What would you normally do if I wasn't here. I came here to work with you". He was surprised and he looked cornered and made some reference to the vice-principal. I could tell he didn't want me to observe his class. We stood facing each other for quite a long time. Finally, when I sensed he really didn't want me there I said "Alright I'll supervise for you." So he had me supervise for the first two periods. I had a lot of time to get my lab ready and think about my lesson. At the same time I thought to myself that if I was a student and knew I could miss an exam and then come back and miss a class and get to write it in the lab I would probably not be afraid to miss exams. I always made students write make-up exams at noon or after school in their own time and I would use that time to prepare my lessons.

It's surprising how seldom you ever had to do it. I would also change the make-up exam so it was usually a little bit more difficult than the original. It seemed like a strange management strategy to have a student miss the first day in a new chapter because he missed a previous day. In my way of thinking the student is falling further behind and is increasing his chances of failing by missing a class. Indirectly you are telling the student that only the tests are important and the classes aren't.

My class went extremely well. I realized that the students weren't used to being in the lab. It made me wonder if they had even been in the lab that year. I found out later that Leon's student teacher had used the lab but Leon wasn't in the habit of using it. I don't understand how you can learn science without watching and participating in experiments. I gave the students some notes and did two experiments. I didn't get as much discussion or participation as I wanted. I also realized that for these students and 40 minute classes that I could only do justice to 2 chapters and not 4. I had to re-evaluate my unit plan and how quickly I would do each of the chapters.

I scripted Leon's seventh period science class. I had decided that his P.E. classes were not worth scripting and that I didn't want to teach them very much. Every day Leon would do something on the spur of the moment. It was a recreation or fun time class in the disguise of a physical education class. In defense of Leon this was the best way to handle the class with the way the timetable was set up and the attendance and attitude of the students. I don't think that the students would have liked it much if I had been there all year because they would have had to work very hard to pass P.E. 20 and 30. I was surprised later on in the project when I saw how they were to be evaluated in P.E. The bulk of their mark, over 75% was determined by a book report, a sports journal, and the final. Less than 25% was determined by effort and what they did in class. Again I asked myself, "What message is the student being sent about the importance of behavior in the class".

In the eighth period we read the scripts for each others classes. Leon was very complimentary about my class. All he wanted to do was talk about how good the experiments went and how good my discipline was. I shared with him the fact that the period seemed to slip away and I didn't get as much done as I had wanted to. I told him I was a little disappointed that I didn't generate more discussion from the class and

felt like I talked to much. He said that I still had it and that he was impressed with my lesson. I couldn't get him to discuss anything about his lesson so I tried to use my lesson as a vehicle for talking about things I thought he could to improve his lessons. I showed him my rough unit plan and my rough chapter and daily lesson plans I had made. I also told him I could only get two chapters done in the unit before I left.

I was hoping that by teaching a great lesson that Leon would gain respect for me and this would help in our relationship as peers. I was over my stage fright and I was determined to do an even better job the next day. It seemed that Leon was even more distant about talking about his own teaching and seemed happy to talk about my teaching, the principal, other teachers, the students, the band council, anything except his teaching.

Thursday May 11th,

I rushed to school just in time to get into the class for the first period. Leon was not there nor did he show up that day. About 10 minutes later the vice-principal showed up and said to me that Leon had gone to the dentist and that they would have a sub there shortly. I was a little offended because I was a certified teacher and I knew what was going on in the classroom and yet, they were getting a sub. When the sub came I told her that I had the lesson planned for the fourth period and that I was going to the lab to prepare it.

My lesson in the fourth period didn't go as well as the previous day. The novelty of being in the lab and of me teaching had worn off and the students tested me a lot more. I don't think they are used to a teacher that expects the type of behavior I do in a class. It is difficult to be a guest in someone else's class when their expectations for behavior and performance are lower than yours. I thought welcome to the real world of teaching on the reserve.

At noon Richard Butt and David Townsend were in the school and talked with Lona, David and me about the project. I was relieved when Lona said she was having the same sorts of problems. David still bothered me and I was a little envious at how well he was doing. I was beginning to wonder if I would ever be able to do anything with Leon. I was even beginning to think that it may have been me or my lack of expertise. Our noon meeting was very beneficial for my self confidence because it made me realize that the procedure Leon

and I were going through was typical. It made me realize that my expectations for doing something dramatic with Leon and making great strides in his personal development as a teacher were probably not going to happen. I also learned that documenting experiences that are not so successful were as important as documenting successes. I realized that doing such a good job teaching may even act as a greater deterrent for discussion of Leon's teaching because he may be even more intimidated by my presence once he realizes I can teach at a high level. I began to feel that perhaps my teaching might backfire as a catalyst to the project.

The biggest benefit that I got from the meeting at noon was the fact that it freed me from the fear of failure. I was worried about not having a good project and actually failing. David and Richard made me realize that documenting the reality of my experience with Leon would constitute success regardless of what happened because it was the reality of our peer-supervision project. This was a significant event for me because it helped me to remain much more objective about what was happening and allowed me to be professional about the project instead of being hung up on a mark or how I was going to be evaluated.

Friday May 12th,

I came to school hoping things had changed because of the good work I was doing in science. I was hoping that we could start working together more and get working on some of the Kathleen Butler work on teacher styles. Leon had mentioned on Wednesday that the staff was uneasy about the effects of the referendum. Leon found out Wednesday that he was rehired for another year. Three other teachers, who happened not to be native, were told that they would not be back the next year. The staff was quite upset about it because they thought the band council could terminate anyone at any time [for no real reason] because none of the teachers were in a union. Leon had said that now that he knew he would be back he would be able to concentrate more. He also said he didn't know what he would be teaching next year. Looking at this in retrospect I realize that this was a smokescreen to cover or give excuses for any deficiencies that I may notice.

I believe that Leon was telling me that the pressure of not knowing if he would be teaching at the school next year was contributing to the way he was currently teaching. Leon talked at great length about the problems of having a student teacher just before I got there, the administration, and the

poor attitude of the students. Instead of focusing on his teaching Leon was using these reasons and the fact that I was there as reasons for the way things were going in his classroom. The implication was that if I wasn't there and these other problems cleared up that things would be different in his classroom. It was much easier for Leon to focus on these problems than for him to focus on his teaching.

I realized that by teaching such well prepared and structured lessons that I may have alienated Leon from discussing his teaching even more. This realization hit me in the fourth period when I wanted Leon to script my class. He came up to me just as the class was about to start and said he had to go and do some things. He never scripted my lesson. I hadn't scripted his classes that day because he said, "Take out a pen or pencil and when you are ready we will start." The students did the exam for 30 minutes then they exchanged papers and marked them. Leon then recorded the results. I didn't feel like scripting each class. My class went well. I spent the first 10 minutes in review and notes then we did 2 experiments in the lab for 20 minutes, and then I gave them 10 minutes to work on their assigned questions we were going to mark for a grade on Monday. It was a very well prepared lesson but Leon never saw it.

I wanted to talk to Leon for a few minutes that day and summarize the week and try to get something generated. Leon said he had to go. Once again it seemed like he was avoiding really talking about the project.

The weekend of the 13th I did a lot of reflections about the project in my journal. I was still bothered by the fact that I did not know where the project was going, or how to get it on track. I was having a difficult time dealing with the ambiguity of it. I also realized that my expectations were still too high. I still expected something to happen. I wanted the project to be successful. I didn't feel that Leon and I were working well together and accomplishing any professional development on his part. I began to realize at this time I was learning a great deal about working with people and supervision. I was starting to see how difficult true peer-supervision or supervision of any type is. I kept trying to think of a way I could help Leon become motivated to want to participate and start to become self-actualized and gain control of his own personal development.

I became aware that I had to re-evaluate what was good

teaching and good supervision. I realized I had to re-examine all my preconceptions and previous prejudices about what constituted good teaching and supervision. I found myself thinking. "What is really happening in that classroom between Leon and me?" I came to the conclusion that we were locked in a power struggle. Leon wanted control of his class. It became clear to me that he felt threatened by me being there. I don't think it was a conscious thought on his part but the only way he could maintain power and control was by not co-operating and by not discussing his teaching. In this way he still had power. I don't think Leon really understood the fact that I only wanted him to improve and learn from the project and become a better teacher. I also wanted to sharpen my teaching and supervision skills. I never wanted control or to be in charge. I wanted to help him identify some areas in his teaching that he thought he needed to improve and then help him find ways to accomplish growth. I truly wanted a horizontal relationship. The fears and distrust that Leon had about me prevented us from working in this direction and was forcing me to move in a more vertical type of a relationship. I began to think perhaps this is what Leon wants and needs as a first year teacher.

I was determined to continue to model good teaching in my classes and try to be non-judgmental. I hoped that things would turn around and we could get something good going. I was hoping that we would develop a mutual trust and respect that would allow us to do some good things in the remaining two weeks.

Monday May 15th,

I talked to Leon before class and he said that this would be a much better week for lesson plans. He was referring to the problems about the contracts and the politics involved with the firing of the teachers. He was much more relaxed and his lesson in the first period seemed to go smoother. I went into the lab to set up for my fourth period class but nobody was in the lab to help me and I couldn't find the materials I needed. I had to improvise and work for two periods to set up. I was upset with myself for being so slow but, I needed help or my wheelchair and I could have done everything in about 20 minutes. My class went well but again Leon worked in his room and didn't watch me teach even though I had asked him to.

Leon asked me to introduce track and field in his P.E. class because an old friend had come to see him. I agreed but

again I felt used and what was the use. I know I can teach track and field. My purpose was to help him develop skills. I resented being used as a substitute while he did his work and visited friends. I taught a very good lesson on running. I showed them proper technique and form for running sprints, middle distance, and long distance races. I was proud of the good job I had done. I could tell that the boys were impressed because they payed attention and asked some questions. Several of the boys liked running in distance races. I scripted the seventh period.

After school we talked for about an hour. Leon said that he wanted me to evaluate him. Perhaps I should have, but I wanted to stick to my plan and have Leon identify the areas we needed to work on. We talked about the book by Kathleen Butler on styles of teaching. Leon wanted me to identify his style. I told him that I would script his classes and that he should identify his own style. We talked about each of the students in all of his classes. I was impressed with how well he knew each one. I was shocked and amazed at the information he shared with me. I found out that most of his students were 18 or over. Almost half of the girls in his high school classes were living common law. Remember that he was only teaching Math 13 and Science 11. One student was 22. It was then that I realized that the way Leon taught was very effective for the students he had. His lectures or class presentations were missed by half the students because of lateness or absenteeism.

It became clear that the real teaching occurred when he walked around and worked with each student at their desk. The problem is that I don't think Leon does this consciously but instinctively because he is a natural teacher. He still thinks he must lecture and teach in the same patterns he was taught with. He tries to maintain that same style but instinctively knows that is not working so he does all his "real" teaching on a one on one basis as he walks around or has them come up to his desk. The native students seem to respond better to a one on one situation rather than class discussions.

Looking back in retrospect I realize that again I had been outsmarted by Leon because we never talked directly about his teaching. We talked about everything but his teaching. I taught two classes that day and he never observed me in either class. Once again we went a day without really talking about what happened in our classes. The avoidance tactics were so clever I could hardly recognize them as

avoidance tactics. I don't think Leon was doing it intentionally. I think he was unconsciously protecting himself from having to deal with a situation that he felt was threatening.

Tuesday May 16th,

I was really impressed with Leon's Science 9 classes. I thought that Leon was actually changing his lesson plans a little in response to some of the things he had seen me do with the science 11 class. My class didn't seem to go as well as I anticipated. It was the first class that I had my students do mainly seat work and Stan came to observe. It was strange that I felt so threatened. I now knew how Leon felt. I trusted Stan more that Leon trusted me and I really felt threatened that he would find something in my teaching that was inadequate. Yet in my logical mind I knew I had conducted a good class.

In the fifth and sixth period I helped Leon with the track unit again. We were working on sprinting. I warmed them up and had them do some running drills I learned at a track clinic I had attended. I showed them how to start out of the blocks correctly. Then we timed them in 40 meter sprints. I could tell Leon and the students were impressed with the drills and my knowledge about running. The class was a success. It was the first class we actually worked together in a co-operative way.

I had a good feeling about our day. We seemed more comfortable with each other and it seemed that we were beginning to trust each other more. We didn't talk about Leon's teaching but I thought that could happen soon.

Wednesday May 17th,

I scripted Leon's first two period classes and watched his third period class. Leon was much more organized this week than he was the first week I was there. It is difficult in retrospect to determine if this was his natural way of teaching or if his teaching behavior had changed because of my presence in his classroom.

I had perhaps my best class in the three weeks I was in the school in the 4th period that day. I sat the students {about 12} in a horseshoe around me and we had a talk about how poorly they had done on their homework assignments. I asked them what they expected from me and I explained what I was doing at the school and what I expected of them. I asked them why they were in school and how old they were. Most of them were over 18. I said you are over 18 and taking grade 10 science and not learning it why? Why learn anything? The consensus was that they just wanted to graduate and they really weren't interested in learning. We made a deal that I would have them do less home work and give them more time to do their work in class. In return I expected them to act like adults because most of them were over 18. We had a good discussion. I told them I didn't like them to wear hats in my class but if they wanted to try to make a point about it to go right ahead because I wasn't going to mention it again. I simply didn't appreciate it and it was bad manners to wear a hat inside. We then did review for the last half of the class and I tried to prepare them for the chapter test the next day.

I taught the P.E. class while Stan and Leon talked. We worked on throwing the discuss. I was disappointed we didn't have a javelin or a shotput. We worked on form and I had them throw it to each other. The period went well but again Leon was busy and didn't watch me.

In the eighth period Stan, Leon and I had a meeting. We talked for about an hour about everything except Leon's teaching and we couldn't seem to make any headway on getting Leon to co-operate in identifying a project. Leon had to leave. When Stan and I talked after, he thought that I would have to be have to take control and identify areas that needed to be worked on because that seemed to be what Leon wanted. The entire time had been spent talking about the students, the administration, and the project in general but nothing about Leon's teaching.

There was a lot of avoidance talking about Leon's teaching not only by Leon but by me. I now realize looking back in retrospect that sitting in a group of three I was reluctant to talk about my supervision or lack of it with both Leon and Stan present. It seemed that there was a witness present or two against one. I was uncomfortable in a triangle situation and the project was centered around Leon. I can only imagine how uncomfortable Leon was with two people watching and analyzing his every move in the classroom.

Stan told us that he was coming on Tuesday to watch our classes. I immediately felt pressure about my teaching. I can't explain it but it's the way I felt. I was beginning to feel confident and the students were starting to respond better to me after we had our talk in the 4th period, but I still felt threatened.

Thursday May 18th,

I didn't script any of the morning classes because I was too busy trying to make certain I got my exam run off at the office. Once again no one was around to help and it took me forever to do something that should have only taken 15 or 20 minutes. I gave the exam to my 4th period class and it took the entire 40 minutes to write it.

It rained and the wind blew hard that day. Leon decided that we should go to the gym. When I walked in Leon said, "We are going to do basketball. Do you want to take the class." I felt obligated to take it. I should have said no. I asked Leon how many students we'd probably have. He said he didn't know. I asked how many basketballs we would have. He didn't know. He went and found 4.

I had no way of planning because I could have anywhere from 14 down to 3 or 4 students in the class. Right away I was on the spot because I wanted to demonstrate some warm-up drills and some developmental drills when all the students were used to and wanted to do was fool around and play. They didn't want to learn how to do anything correctly.

One of the boys in particular, whose name was Marlowe, was misbehaving. After several incidents I had to do something or I would lose the entire class. I sent him and the other two boys in his group off the floor because they weren't following instructions. Then I started a scrimmage with them on the side. The three boys went into the change room, changed and left the gym. I thought I'd better have a talk

with them. I left Leon in charge and went in the hall and stopped them from leaving. We had an interesting talk. Marlowe was 18 and so was Corey but Charles was only 15. Charles was a victim of circumstances. He just happened to be in the group. Marlowe and Corey were the ones acting up but I thought that I would have the entire group sit out for 5 minutes. I certainly had my eyes opened by Marlowe. I said, "Why didn't you do the drills and follow instructions?" Marlowe said, "Do you do everything you are told to do?" I explained that when they elected to come into a class they agreed to follow the rules of the class or they shouldn't be there. I explained my position. I asked them for their opinion. Marlowe was not shy. He said I was too impatient and that I had a short temper. He said the Indian way is to be more patient and tolerant. I couldn't believe it. Marlowe had picked out the two things I needed to work at the most in my character. When I was put under pressure I had reverted to my basic behavior. I said I was short-tempered today because I had a lot of things going on. I also pointed out the kind of behavior I expected of my students. I told them that I would be more patient and not lose my temper with them if they would co-operate and act their age. After all they were adults. I gained a great deal of insight into the native way of thinking and some insight as to why there is a real problem with discipline in the school. I couldn't help thinking that things could be different if a teacher started out properly with these students from the beginning of the year using clear cut guidelines and expectations of performance and behavior.

After school Leon and I had a long talk. Leon complimented me on my lesson on Wednesday. He said he didn't think he could open up and get the students to help determine how the class should be taught. He was impressed at how I conducted the class and got them to interact with me and set really good guidelines of behavior we both agreed on and how I compromised about homework. I told Leon I didn't feel that I handled the incident in the gym too well. He told me that he thought I did the right thing.

Again the discussion centered around my teaching, the school climate, and student attitudes. I was learning a great deal about the school and native students but very little about Leon's teaching. I made the recommendation that if the scheduling of the P.E. stayed the same he should consider going to an individualized program in P.E.. like they have at Bishop Carroll in Calgary. It seemed that we were getting to be better friends all the time and I could feel that we were

becoming colleagues. I thought that our project would take off in the final week.

Friday May 19th,

In the first period Leon had a very good lesson. The students were doing genetic differences between men and women. He did a test on reaction time. The students had a lot of fun and I got involved as one of the subjects. It was the best class that I saw Leon teach the entire time I observed him. In the second and third period he gave the students a test.

I was a little apprehensive about my 4th period class because I had to tell them how poorly they had done on the test and that the test hadn't been very difficult. I gave them back their tests and reviewed some of the more poorly done concepts. I told them that their mark reflected their effort and the amount of studying they had done for the exam. I also started the chapter on light for the last 20 minutes of the period. I gave them some introductory notes and told them to read the chapter for Tuesday. Leon left the room for most of the class. I had to rush off to our dinner meeting at the university with the other members of the project and Leon had to leave right at 12 so once again we didn't talk about our teaching. However, I was optimistic about having some really positive things happen in the coming week. The second week had improved a great deal over the first week. I thought that by the first of June we would be doing some really good things. I was afraid that I was going to have to be directive and take more control because Leon wasn't even reading my scripts. How could he give a self-appraisal of his teaching. I thought to myself that all along he has wanted me to evaluate him and now I think we have enough rapport that I can do it.

Tuesday May 23rd,

I scripted the first period and then went to the lab and rounded up all the materials I would need for my class. When the third period started Stan still hadn't arrived. I was actually relieved. About 2 minutes after the bell Stan came in to observe the lessons. He scripted Leon's lesson in the third period and then my lesson in the fourth. I thought that I did a good job on my presentation. Leon had a good lesson but he seemed to be a little nervous with both Stan and me watching.

At lunch Stan, Leon and I talked about the lessons we taught and the school. Once again Leon talked about the students lack of desire and the environment of the school. It was very easy for me to slip into this discussion because it was easier than facing the realities of what was really happening in the classroom. It became obvious that Leon was avoiding the issue of what was happening in his classroom.

Leon left to go to his P.E. class and Stan and I talked about the project and my teaching but more specifically what I should talk to Leon about. From my observations and from the script Stan made of the third period we made up a list of things I should talk to Leon about.

First, Leon used mainly "I" statements. He would say, "I want you to do this." Stan noticed that I used "we" statements. I would say, "Today we are going to start a new chapter." Stan thought that an "I" statement was a turnoff to students and excluded them from what was happening. On the other hand a "we" statement included the student in the activity and made him/her party to what was happening in the classroom.

Second, when Leon introduced slope he seemed a little unprepared. When he asked students what slope was they responded with the following answers. Degrees, angle, and inclined plane. Leon ignored these replies and said slope is rise over run. He then seemed to get a little confused in his explanation. We thought he could have used some of the students ideas especially the concept of the inclined plane to build into the idea of rise over run. We also thought that he could perhaps have been better prepared. Maybe it would benefit Leon for us to look at his lesson plan together.

Third, when Leon teaches he always uses the blackboard. He might try to use the overhead when he teaches math because he can always face the class and he could have his grids for his graphs already produced on a transparency.

Fourth, Stan thought we both didn't give the students enough wait time to answer questions. I was the worst offender. I would answer my own questions before any one had a chance to. Stan suggested that I get the students to ask me the questions so I could answer them.

Stan thought that Leon wanted more direction in his teaching.

I thought that I had built up a good enough relationship with Leon and that he was confident enough that I could be directive. I thought that it was time to be a little evaluative because he had asked point blank to be evaluated at least three times.

Leon basically re-taught the third period lesson to the class in the seventh period. The lesson was better but one of the students couldn't quite understand. Near the end of the period Leon said, "Bonnie I don't understand why you can't get this. I've explained it over and over the best way I can and you still don't understand. What's wrong? I thought that this was a poor approach. The student would probably be embarrassed and feel very stupid especially if they are the only person in the class that can't understand the concept. Leon is also leaving himself open for criticism in the minds of his students because they may be thinking that the reason she can't understand is because he can't explain it very well. The other problem is that while he is taking up the entire classes time for a few students the brighter students are bored and they may tune out completely for the rest of the class.

During the spare period and for about 40 minutes after school I went over these points with Leon. I also talked about how I created and marked my final exams so I could get my report card marks on in only a few hours after the final exams. Leon seemed to accept what I was recommending and we had a good discussion about each topic. Looking at this discussion in retrospect I think I should have only mentioned one or two things instead of almost everything I had noticed from the beginning of my visits. The only thing is that every thing was evident in every lesson he taught. I also pointed out all the positive things I had noticed about his teaching. His control of the class, the way he gets along with his students, his presence, and his potential considering he is a first year teacher.

I thought that my observations were objective from the opinion of two experienced teachers. My intentions were good. I honestly wanted to help Leon to grow and get by the first few awkward years of teaching more easily than he could do it by himself. I wanted to give him some tips that I had picked up over my 11 years of teaching. Looking at it in retrospect I must have shattered his ego and torn holes in his image of himself as a competent teacher. I didn't mean to do that. Leon is probably one of the best first year teachers in Alberta. Not many teachers can survive at a school like

he was at because of all the special difficulties of the school.

Thursday May 25th,

I couldn't attend school Wednesday because I had to have some work done on my truck. I arrived early on Thursday ready to script classes and teach a good lesson. I thought that we had identified some areas of concern and that we were going to start talking about what was happening in the classroom. I got to school early and got one of the other teachers to open Leon's class for me. I was settled in my desk at the back of the class when Leon walked in. He walked to the back of the class and sat two desks away from me. He usually sat in the desk next to me. He had a very serious look on his face. I said, "what do you want me to look for in your class today". In a real serious voice he said. "I just found out I have a problem". He said that he felt a tremendous amount of pressure because he had given up six weeks to a student teacher and he just found out that his grade nines were going to write departmentals in science. He said that because of the student teacher and now my presence in his room he had lost contact with his classes. He said he felt that there was a lack of continuity in his classes especially science 11 and that he wanted to be alone with his classes the last three weeks to prepare them for final exams.

Leon was fidgety and close to panic. My initial reaction was one of anger, then one of amazement. I thought to myself how could I possibly have made a difference in your science 9 class. All I ever did was script them. In fact, Leon never even introduced me to his second period class. We had agreed at the start of the project that I would go till June first.

I looked at him for a long time in silence. I said that I would need till June first to do justice to my chapter on light. He said that the other graduate students would be finished on May the 26th and he would like me to be finished then too. I thought how in the world could you not know that your grade 9 classes were writing departmental exams? I also thought how come you don't already have your review ready? I taught for grade 12 departmentals and I never could take three weeks to prepare the students for their finals. I later found out that the school administrators had decided to have the grade nines write the departmentals and that Leon didn't know that his classes were going to write them that year. I believe that this put Leon in a very awkward position. He should have been told this from the beginning

of the year and not with three weeks left in the year.

I told him he could have my lesson plans and I would finish on Friday. He wanted me to finish the chapter. I calculated if I really rushed I could get it done by Tuesday. I felt cheated because I had really prepared a good chapter on light.

I could empathize with Leon because I didn't really like having anyone in my classroom when I was teaching either. He wanted me to believe that if I wasn't there he would be better able to prepare his classes for the finals. I believe that Leon didn't want me in his classes because he took my observations about his teaching personally. I believe that once I made judgements about his actual teaching he wanted to get out of the project as quickly and as gracefully as possible.

At the time I felt that this turn of events was a reflection of my abilities as a supervisor. I kept thinking that somehow I had, in some way, caused the project to fail. Looking at the project in retrospect I believe that the basic reason the project didn't develop into a situation where there was peer-supervision is because Leon didn't want to be involved in the project but somehow felt that it was necessary for him to be involved.

I still had the feeling, however, that Leon was being manipulative. It seemed to me that Leon was orchestrating a scenario that would in effect "cover his ass." He was trying to establish the fact that because of the 6 weeks with the student teacher, the extra work of the project, and my intrusion into his classroom his students were going to perform a lot poorer on the departmental exams. I think Leon was busy establishing a scapegoat for his students failure on the departmental exams.

Leon does not have the confidence or maturity as a teacher yet to accept the responsibility for the performance of his students. The performance of the student is a combination of the ability and effort of the teacher and the ability and effort of each student. Without hard work and ability on the part of the student it does not matter how much ability the teacher has or how he teaches. I think Leon is trying to find some exterior reason for the lack of education happening in his room, if in fact that is shown by the results of the departmental examination.

My feelings were hurt and I was stunned. I could feel the anger rise in me. I felt like shouting at him, "Why did you waste my time and agree to be in the project and then back out." I said we can work together till Friday and I will come back on Monday and Tuesday and finish off the chapter on light.

I sat in the class for the first period and just thought about what had happened. In the second period class I changed my lesson plans so I could finish by Tuesday and prepared my materials for class. I scripted Leon's lesson in the third period. I taught a solid class in the fourth period but Leon left the room because he said he had things he had to do. He simply didn't want to be involved in the project any longer. I didn't go to his P.E. class and I only observed his seventh period math class. Leon said he didn't have time to talk in the spare and he left the class. I packed up my books and went to the staff room and Leon was sitting with another teacher having coffee. It wasn't that he had no time he was simply avoiding me and any kind of discussion about his teaching.

Friday May 26th,

I had a difficult time motivating myself to drive for 1 hour out to the school when I knew I wasn't wanted or appreciated in Leon's classroom. I forced myself to finish strongly if I could. I didn't go into the grade 9 classes at all. I stayed in the lab and worked on my lessons for my science class. strangely enough Leon came looking for me to see if I had come and what I was doing. I watched his third period class and then taught my science class. I was really proud of my lesson. The students were getting to know me better and I was getting more comfortable in the room. Leon was only there part of the period and he virtually ignored what I was doing and worked on his own material. I left at noon and drove into the University to have lunch with the other graduate students in the project and Richard and David.

It was at lunch that I found out that perhaps Leon had been misrepresenting himself to me. He had complimented me on my lessons and kept telling me what a good job I was doing with the science class and how much he respected the way I kept discipline in the class. I found out at lunch that he had told the principal that I was not a good influence in the class and that I had discipline problems. He also said that my presence in his room was making it difficult for him to prepare for finals. It seemed as if my basic intuition about

what was going on had come true. At that moment I lost my trust and confidence in Leon as a peer. It made me realize that at that time it would be impossible for me to have a horizontal relationship with him because he lacked the maturity, expertise and experience that I had. He was a beginning teacher who was unwilling to take responsibility for what was happening in his class. I felt betrayed because I was sincerely interested in helping him become a better teacher. That was the focus of the project. Help him become a better teacher and record the process. I found that from that moment on it became increasingly difficult to be objective in my comments about Leon and our interactions. It was hard not to take things personally.

Monday May 29th,

It was difficult once again to make myself drive out to the school. It had rained and snowed all weekend and the weather was miserable. I wasn't looking forward to being in Leon's classroom. I observed his morning classes. In the second period Leon took his science class to the lab. They did some experiments about the color of stars. This was the first time that he had taken his class to the lab. He brought them back 5 minutes before the bell and had a short summary. It was the type of thing I had been doing with my classes. I think Leon was changing his lesson plans a little and adopting some of the things I had modeled. I was surprised and thought to myself, "Maybe I have had a positive impact on Leon after all."

I had also decided that I would not confront Leon about the statements he made to the principal about me. I thought that doing so would destroy anything that I had accomplished with Leon. This thought was reinforced when I saw that Leon had gone into the lab for the first time that morning.

I taught my final lesson in science that morning. We reviewed all the home work and went over what would be on the exam on Tuesday. I was disappointed that I didn't have a couple of extra days to do the chapter so we could have done some interesting experiments but, I was happy with the way the chapter went.

Tuesday May 30th,

I wasn't feeling very well on Tuesday. I arrived at school at 10 o'clock. I wasn't concerned about anything except giving my class it's final chapter test and marking it.

I did a lot of work on my chapter test. I made all the questions short answer or multiple choice. Then I made an answer sheet and a marking stencil. I wanted to show Leon how to make a final exam easy to grade and record. I gave the exam and marked it. I wanted to say good-bye to Leon and never go back to the school. When I talked to Leon he didn't have his autobiography at the school. I also discovered I had some school materials at home. We agreed to have all our materials ready and meet on Wednesday afternoon in his spare during the eighth period.

Wednesday May 31st,

I drove out to the school on Wednesday afternoon glad that this would be my last trip. The constant travelling for two hours every day, the stairs, and teaching and supervising in an environment where you are not wanted was very tiring for me and I felt fatigued. I arrived about ten minutes before the eighth period and went to the staff room. When the bell rang I walked down the hall, up the stairs, and into Leon's class. He wasn't there so I sat and waited. I waited for about ten minutes and then I phoned the office. They didn't know where he was. I phoned the Vice-Principal. He said there was an emergency and Leon had to go into town at noon. I couldn't believe it. It was typical of the way Leon had treated me during the entire project. He didn't even have the common courtesy to phone me or at least to have someone tell me when I got to the school that he wouldn't be there. I was upset. I said in a sarcastic voice, "That was nice of him to let me know he wasn't going to be here. I drove all the way out here for nothing. Anyway, tell Leon I was here for our appointment." I couldn't believe it. I was going to have to make another trip out to the school.

Tuesday June 6th,

I phoned several times and tried to make appointments so that we could finish off the project but, Leon was too busy. The earliest opportunity I had of seeing him was Tuesday in the eighth period.

When I walked into his class three other teachers were in the room with him and they were having a friendly conversation about nothing in particular. After about 15 minutes Leon asked them if they could leave so that we could talk. One of the teachers looked at me and said, "We'd better leave so you can have your final evaluation." I guess nothing about the project should surprise me any more but I realized from that

statement that the other teachers on staff who didn't know about the project thought that I was a student teacher of some type and that Leon was evaluating me. It may have been a joke but at that time I wasn't in the mood for jokes. I had heard Leon refer to me once earlier as a student teacher. I resented that a great deal. Here was a green first year teacher calling someone with eleven years experience a student teacher. I decided to be honest about how I felt in as pleasant and professional way as possible.

I gave Leon a list of all the things I had noticed that I thought he could work on to improve his teaching. I gave him the masters of the test I had given and the stencil for marking it. I told him how angry he had made me because of the way he had treated me. I explained why I thought peer supervision was so important.

I was professional in the way I related my opinion and the way I felt. I explained why I hadn't been more directive in my approach. I told him about some recommendations that I had for the project and asked him what he thought of them. Leon agreed with my ideas and we discussed them.

It wasn't until this meeting that Leon opened up at all and expressed how much he had not wanted to be in the project. He said that he felt that he had to become involved. He was resentful that there wasn't anything tangible in it for the teacher.

I told Leon that I thought he was a good first year teacher and had tremendous potential. I told him that the reason I made up the list was that he always wanted me to evaluate him. I thought that he might want to know all the areas that I saw that, in my opinion, could use some work. I told Leon that the main thing I learned was how little I really knew about teaching and supervision. We had a productive discussion at least from my perspective. We parted on good terms considering all that we had gone through.

SUMMARY AND RECOMMENDATIONS

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One of the most difficult things to do when you are involved in a project of this nature is to separate yourself from it and objectively decide what really happened. I think that the fact that I have not taught in the classroom for four years in this instance is a real advantage. I think that when we approach a situation like peer-supervision we bring into the situation a lot of prejudices and preconceptions about what is good teaching and how to supervise. I know that I brought a whole set of values and ideas that have developed throughout my life. I realized that when the school and the students were so different from what I expected. I have the same feeling about the project.

From the very start of the project I had a disturbing feeling of ambiguity. I didn't know what was expected of me or how to be successful in the project. I still had the feeling that I wanted to be successful and really help improve the teaching skills of Leon and help make improvements in education at the school. I think that this feeling of ambiguity of not knowing exactly what we were doing or how we were to be evaluated gave me a fear that I might fail or not be successful. I think that the fact that my expectations were so high and then there was no real change in my peers' teaching was difficult for me to accept and still feel that my project has value. I think that the project was valuable because it helped me learn more about supervision, perhaps, than if everything would have worked out smoothly.

From the very start of the project I made a commitment to myself that I would maintain a horizontal relationship with Leon. I made a commitment to trust and be open and honest with Leon. I believe that in a supervision situation it is necessary for the person being supervised to identify areas that need to be improved. Then it is up to the supervisor to observe, document, and give feedback to the teacher so that together they can try to find ways to help the teacher grow and improve. They have to co-operate and work together for the benefit of the teacher. For this to be accomplished I think that the two people involved must have trust, respect and confidence in the other person. I think that both the teacher and the supervisor should be involved on a voluntary basis because they are ready to change and that they are interested in personal development. In my case I don't think that Leon was a willing volunteer. I believe that somehow he felt he had to participate. He was a first year teacher

and he was teaching in the survival mode. I am a teacher with 11 years experience and in graduate school. I am also 12 years older than Leon. It is very difficult in that type of situation to even consider each other peers and have a horizontal relationship at a professional level. I think that more consideration should be given in a project of this nature to match up partners of the same experience, age, subject, and some research should be done to see how pairs should be matched according to sex.

I think that the fact that Leon was a beginning teacher and that he really didn't want to be involved in the project was critical. Leon wasn't ready to admit to himself or anyone else that there were some things about his teaching that needed to be changed. One of the main reasons for this is Leon wasn't certain how he taught yet. He wanted someone to tell him he was doing a good job. He didn't want someone telling him that he should be planning better or that he used "I" instead of "we" when he talked to his students. I think this is why Leon avoided talking about teaching. I also think that this is why he missed meetings and appointments with me because it was easier to avoid them than to actually discuss the project.

It seemed to me that every one involved in the project had a different agenda or main reason for being involved. The real reason for being involved should have been to improve the teaching skills of the teachers involved and ultimately improving the education for the students at the schools involved. I know the main reason I was involved originally as to obtain my Masters degree. I made some speculations in my journal but I am certain that Leon, the principal, Richard Butt, David Townsend, and the band council had other reasons for allowing the project to proceed. Everyone viewed it as a university project and not as a project for Leon's benefit. Leon always viewed it as "my" project when in reality it was "his" project and I was his supervisor, his facilitator.

The fact that Leon didn't want to participate freely lead to a great deal of pressure in the classroom between us. There seemed to be a constant struggle for control. I wanted Leon to identify the areas that we should work on in the project. He kept saying, "You're the academic you decide." Leon kept saying to me that he wanted me to evaluate him. I refused to take control and establish a vertical relationship. This put me in a catch-22 position. Leon had complete control. Regardless of what I did it was doomed for failure at this point. I knew that if I didn't assert myself

and take control that nothing would happen. On the other hand, if I took control and identified what the project should do I thought that Leon would become resentful and that it would turn him off. Then I would have no permanent impact on his teaching. My intuition seemed to be correct because the day after I assumed leadership, and identified areas that needed improvement, I was asked to leave. I don't think it was a coincidence.

Every time we would have a lengthy discussion two things became evident. First, that he would avoid talking about his teaching. Second, was the deferment of responsibility of the performance of his students. Leon would talk about the poor school climate, poor home situation, poor attitudes of the students, having a student teacher for six weeks, having me in the classroom, and no time because of the project being responsible for the performance of his students. It would never occur to him that the responsibility for the performance of his students rests squarely on his abilities and efforts as a teacher and the ability and effort of his students in his class. To put the blame somewhere else shows a serious lack of self-confidence.

I find that I have the same tendency. I think that I try and push all the blame for not accomplishing any goals in the project on Leon. I believe that we must share in this dubious honor. I think that if I had more expertise or perhaps if I had a different personality we would have accomplished more. I felt that we never did do anything on style of teaching or decide on any project. I must take most of the responsibility for that. However, being as objective as a participant can, I am not certain that success in that particular situation was a possibility for anyone.

I found the project very difficult for me in a strictly physical way. I found that driving for two hours a day, teaching one period a day and supervising six periods a day, then writing up the experience every night very exhausting. I have to walk on crutches and Leon's class is on the second floor. There is no elevator and walking the stairs four or five times a day was exhausting. It also bothered me that I couldn't use my wheelchair to help me in the classroom because of the stairs. I asked for a comfortable chair every day and I never got one. I also asked for an overhead and I never got one. I also set up all my own labs and cleaned up. It took a lot of effort. One thing that bothered me about the project was the fact that I wanted to be paired with a Physical Education teacher. The Physical Education situation

at Leon's school was one that I couldn't work with very well. So I ended up with a science-math teacher on the second floor.

I thought that teaching a class for Leon would be a good idea. Leon said that if you are going to watch me teach I want to watch you. I think that teaching and doing demonstration lessons can backfire. I believe that Leon even avoided talking about his teaching more after he saw my lesson. I think that if you do a really good job teaching then they will feel intimidated but, if you don't do such a good job they will lose respect for you and you may lose credibility as a supervisor. I think it would be better to take the time to go over what you are trying to accomplish, define the roles, and proceed in a horizontal manner.

There were at least three instances when I felt like quitting during the project. I didn't quit because I needed to finish to complete my masters project and because of my professional pride. I felt that I had made a commitment to finish and I was going to complete the project to the best of my ability. Two things really helped me continue in the project when I got discouraged. We had three or four lunches at the University on Fridays. The graduate students and professors would share problems, solutions, and exchange ideas about the project. I found that this helped me keep my sanity and helped give me enough of a boost to make it through the next week. I thought that Stan helped to keep me going and was a source of reassurance when things were not going well. I think that it is important to have someone like Stan act as a facilitator and a liaison for the graduate students.

One of the main problems with the project was that it was so compressed and so intense. We were only given a two day workshop to go over our autobiographies, get to know each other, and plan our project. Then we ran the project all day every day for three weeks straight. In my case my partner didn't want to be involved. Leon also complained that there was nothing in it for him. I found that it was almost impossible for a graduate student and a practicing teacher to have a horizontal relationship. To try and get around these problems I have a few ideas that might make for an interesting way to run the project and promote true peer-supervision

My first recommendation is that the participants be regular practicing classroom teachers that volunteer for the project.

Once they have been admitted to the project they should be admitted to graduate school if they are not already in it. All participants should receive credit for the course. The workshop portion of the course could start in early January. Teachers could be matched up by experience, age, subject, and grade. The workshops could be one night a week for four weeks. During this time the autobiographies could be shared and the pairs could learn a lot about their partners. In these classes the process of peer-supervision could be learned and the projects identified. Starting in February both teachers could spend the Tuesday in one classroom and the Thursday in the other teachers classroom. Each teacher would be the supervisor in their partners class. A substitute would have to be hired to take the place of the teacher when they are acting as the supervisor. A graduate student could act as a liaison between the teachers and the professors. I think a dinner meeting every two or three weeks to discuss what is happening would help the teachers involved in the project be motivated to continue and to give continuity to the project. I think that this would truly develop a horizontal relationship between the teachers involved. They would have the time to reflect and change their teaching. It would encourage their professional development because they would be starting into graduate school and getting credit for a course. The course should be limited to six or seven pairs.

The one question I have a difficult time answering is whether the autobiographical part of the project helped with the peer-supervision. In my case I don't think it did. I believe I know Leon quite well but that doesn't help me with peer-supervision unless he is willing and able to change his teaching. I believe that unless a teacher thinks they need to grow and develop that peer-supervision or supervision of any type is useless. I think that honesty is important also. If the teacher isn't honest they will write their autobiographies in such a manner that they will portray themselves in the most positive manner possible. If they are not honest they will refuse to identify area of need as if they don't exist. I think that the autobiographies help when honest, conscientious teachers are involved who want to grow and develop professionally.

How do you know if the project was worthwhile? This is a difficult question to answer. It is almost impossible to observe the teacher later to see if any lasting change has occurred. They may simply change their behavior whenever you observe them. They may claim that they have grown. But,

some people have been known to make claims simply to save face. I really don't know how you can be certain a permanent change has taken place in a peer-supervision project. I would like to believe that I had an impact on Leon and his teaching. I would like to think that he simply wanted to try the ideas out without anybody watching. I hope that he will want to grow and develop and not stay the same.

The project was valuable for me. It allowed me to work in a school on a full time basis. I got the opportunity to teach a regular class each day for three weeks. It was the first time in four years I had taught in a high school. I had been worried if I could teach again after my accident. now I have a realistic appraisal of the situation. I know that with some modifications in my style I can teach but, I am not certain that I have the strength to teach day after day for a whole year. I found it very fatiguing. Perhaps I would build up my endurance and be able to do it. That is something I am still concerned about.

The project also made me confront all my prejudices and preconceptions that I had about natives, the school, teaching and supervision. I had to seriously re-evaluate what I really knew about each of them. I came to the conclusion that I really didn't have a complete understanding about any of them. I do know that the problems in education on the reserve are very complex and that there are no easy solutions. I can't say for certain if the take over of the education by the band council was the proper move. Only time will tell.

I learned how difficult peer-supervision and supervision in general was. I can now more fully understand how difficult it is to get practicing teachers to participate in professional development. I was surprised at how little I really understood about supervision before I started this project. I realize now that there is a lot more to learn about teaching and supervision.

I hope that the sharing of my experiences and feelings in this project will help the reader gain an understanding of the process of linking autobiographies to peer-supervision. I believe, from my experience in the project, may be a valuable tool to help classroom teachers in their professional development. The key is that the participants must want professional development and must want to be involved in peer-supervision. I believe that there should be more research linking autobiography and peer-supervision to

find if it can be shown to be an effective method of improving the process of supervision in education.

REFLECTIONS ON ALTERNATIVE STRATEGIES

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The project has ended and I have had two months to reflect on what I could have done differently to improve it. I have re-read my project several times and I think to myself, "If I knew then what I know now what would I have done differently." I am not certain that any change in strategy would have improved the supervision process because of the partner that I had in the project. He did not want to be involved in the project.

The main fault I can see in myself in retrospect was that I wasn't assertive enough. I should have been more assertive in the selection of my teacher and the teaching situation I was going into. I should have seen the school and interviewed Leon more closely. I should have asked him exactly what he thought about the project, why he was in the project, and if he would co-operate with me? I should have realized that it would be impossible to work in a horizontal relationship in a peer-supervision situation with a first year teacher no matter how good their teaching was. By not being assertive and allowing myself to be placed with an uncooperative teacher I placed my project in a position where success was unlikely. I think the first alternative strategy would have been to pick a more experienced teacher who was interested in improving their teaching skills and wanted to be involved in the project.

I believe that my fear of being judgement and dominating the project may have limited my effectiveness as a supervisor. Once again I should have been more assertive. I believe I should have confronted Leon early in the project and not let him get away with missing meetings and ignoring Stan and me that day. I should have pulled the plug and done this project with another teacher at a later time when he started not co-operating. Perhaps if this would have been a valid option then Leon would not have been able to exhibit the behavior he did because I would have been gone and the reasons documented. I should have confronted him early and told Leon exactly what I expected and if he crossed the line, leave.

When Leon asked me to supervise his student in the lab to write make-up exams I should have refused and insisted that I observe his teaching. I should have also insisted that he be present when I taught and that he script my lessons so I could evaluate my teaching better. Once again I needed to be

more assertive and not be afraid of hurting his feelings or insulting him. I needed to take more control of the project and assume a greater leadership role and do what was best for the project instead of allowing Leon to do exactly what he wanted and use me like a teaching aid.

I think that I made a mistake by teaching a complete unit and teaching every day. Re-evaluating the situation I shouldn't have taught as much as I did. I could have given a few demonstration lessons but we should have planned them together. I think that having the supervisor teach in the teachers class can backfire and the risks outweigh the benefits. If you teach a good lesson then the teacher is intimidated and his class can see his weaknesses. On the other hand, if the supervisor gives a weak lesson then the teacher loses respect for the supervisors abilities and the project is undermined.

I should have realized that Leon was a first year teacher and probably needed a vertical relationship. Once again, I should have assumed leadership early in the project when I identified Leon's need to improve his planning. I think that an alternative strategy to get at planning would have been to simply ask him to show me his yearly, unit, chapter and daily plans. I could have used these plans or lack of plans as a springboard to talk about how to effectively plan a year, unit, chapter, and daily lesson plans.

As I have mentioned before I should have listened to Leon and started to be evaluative earlier in the project. I should have realized he wasn't going to identify areas of weakness in himself because he was still in his first year of teaching. When he said that it was "my" project and that I was the academic and that he wanted to be evaluated I should have listened and assumed a vertical position in the supervision cycle. I know that if I had been his principal or his mentor on staff that I would have assumed this position readily. The problem that I had doing this was the fact that we were supposed to be involved in a peer-supervision project. I assumed that this meant a horizontal relationship. Leon didn't want this. In fact, in retrospect, I believe he needed a vertical relationship. He needed a mentor more than a peer.

When I finally realized that Leon needed to have problem areas identified I made the mistake of overwhelming him. I identified all the areas he needed to work on and wanted him to pick one to work on. What I should have done was pick one

thing to work on, like planning, and worked only on that until it was mastered and then identify and work on one other aspect of his teaching until it was mastered. I think that simplifying the focus of the supervision to one thing and mastering it would help Leon to pick out other small things and improve on them. This would help him to realize that he could improve his teaching one small step at a time instead of being confronted with 10 things at a time he is doing wrong. In this way success in improving his teaching would seem attainable and not so difficult to achieve.

I realize that my first mistake in the project was that I didn't get matched up to the proper partner for me. Leon and I for whatever reason didn't seem to work out. I don't think it was fair to either Leon or myself to have a first year teacher involved in a peer-supervision project. I believe Leon needed to be involved in a mentorship type of a supervision project.

My second mistake was that I wasn't assertive enough. I should have confronted Leon about things that displeased me and let him know that if things didn't go the way I wanted them I would quit. This would have given me control. From the beginning this is what Leon wanted. I should have assumed this leadership role instead of trying to maintain a horizontal relationship that was never there.

Once the project started with Leon as my partner I was in a very delicate position. The project was based on peer-supervision. The only alternative strategies I can visualize that would have improved Leon's teaching would have changed the project from peer-supervision to supervision in a vertical relationship. In this instance it seems like the only way to supervise Leon at this point in his career.

Knowing what I know now I would try these alternative strategies. However, Leon is a strong-willed individual and the strategies of confrontation and assertion of my leadership in a supervisory capacity may have alienated Leon even more and caused him to be even less co-operative than he was. I think the most important element in a peer-supervision project is that the supervisor and the teacher be carefully selected according to age, experience, subject area, and psychological compatibility. They should get to know each other well and not be afraid of saying, "No, I don't want to work with that person." I think many times we, as supervisors or teachers, are afraid of hurting other

peoples feelings. For example, I knew on the second day of the workshop that things wouldn't work out and that I needed a different partner or I should quit. Instead, I didn't want to hurt anybody's feelings and I thought I should continue because I was supposed to. I don't think a peer-supervision project can work unless you have compatible pairs. They both need to want to improve instruction and want to work with their partner. If either of these two elements are missing then the project will fail. In our project both these elements were missing from the beginning.

The most important thing about supervision I learned from my experience is that you can't go in to a supervision situation with one pre-conceived method and say, "I am going to supervise this way regardless of what happens." This is the mistake I made. I think it is important for the supervisor to react to the person he is supervising and the situation he is in to maximize the results. I think it is important for the supervisor to remain flexible and if necessary change their supervisory style to suit the needs of the teacher they are supervising.

After much reflection, I believe that the linking of autobiography to peer-supervision could be a valuable tool in improving supervision in schools. I now realize, however, that supervisors need to be flexible. I don't believe that there is one way of supervising that will be applicable in every situation or for every individual. To make peer-supervision work you need two people who want to be involved, who want to improve instruction, are willing to co-operate, and who are willing to change. Without these elements peer-supervision simply will not be successful.