Oh! Calcutta
by, Shouvik Dutta

Much has been said,
More remained
About the joyous city.
Crowded streets, roads like canals
Charming for the poet romantic
Painful for commuters.

The city of charm
Amidst squalor and poverty
Thrives on rich past,
And pregnant future;
Life is neither a song nor a dream
It is beads of sorrow.

Hope like a rope of sand sustains
Skyscrapers are hungry fingers of the city
Whiskey, Channel, Chevrolet
Somewhere Madonna, Lionel
Just beside empty stomach, crime--
Where night rules with the mace of darkness.

Still the attraction
Like the memory of first love
The city thrives alone.
Like a good mystery
The villain too has an old world charm.
Calcutta! Oh Calcutta of mine!

--Shouvik Dutta is a graduate student in Economics from Calcutta, India. He has been at Tufts for two years.
Dear Friends,

I am happy to present the first edition of the International Newsletter which has been dedicated to student writings. It is hoped that this edition will stimulate others to submit writings for future newsletters. We have plans to create an editorial board consisting of Tufts' students to collect, review, and publish student writings for next year either through the newsletter or perhaps through a more formal publication.

The pieces of writings included in this newsletter begin to represent the international community at Tufts. This includes undergraduate students in Medford (International and American), graduate students in Medford and Boston, and families of international students, and international faculty and scholars on all three campuses. The diverse background and levels of the international population at Tufts allow for the newsletter to reflect an eclectic approach to issues and interests. I believe that this will make future literary pieces from the Tufts international community quite unique and appealing to a broad audience.

I hope that you will enjoy reading the pieces included in this newsletter and look forward to receiving contributions from the international community in the future.

Sincerely yours,

Jane Etish-Andrews
Director, International Center
Hearing A Different Drum
by, Gretel Morgan

For the past eighteen years of my life I have always been late. I was late when I was born. I was late my first day of school. I was late for my first day of college. I have never seen the beginning of a movie (and I think I never will). All this used to seem normal for me. I had not noticed there was a reason for this behavior. The people who live in my country, Panama, and in my culture never considered this a big problem. After all, they all do the same. It was not until I came to the United States that I became aware of my problem. First, I thought I was the most lazy and irresponsible person in the world, but then, as I was reading the essay "Social Time; The Heartbeat of Culture", by Robert Levine with Ellen Wolff, about the different pace each culture has and how this factor affects different societies, I found out that what I used to call irresponsibility was just another barrier between cultures. The essay made me understand it is not anybody's fault. Every society has its own rhythm and every society follows it throughout life. The problem comes when someone--just like me--has to learn to keep up with a different rhythm.

I have had my own experiences where I have discovered that time is a factor measured differently depending on what part of the world you are in. Levine experienced being an invited teacher in Brazil, and he was shocked when he discovered that the majority of his students arrived late to class and were not in any kind of hurry to leave the classroom. He was used to his punctual American students who were always in a hurry to leave the classroom at the end of the class. I was shocked my first day of college when the students started to close their books when the end of class was coming. Back in my country the class could be extended up to ten minutes and the students would not say a word.

I do not know why, but it seems that where I come from, five minutes is not late. If someone is five minutes late, that someone is just in time. Here in the United States five
minutes makes the difference between taking a bus or being left by it, between eating at the Dining Halls or staying hungry for the rest of the day, or between hearing the opening lines of a lecture in a class or getting into the classroom when everybody already has a whole page full of notes.

From the moment I wake up I can notice how my "drum", as Levine says when he quotes Thoreau, beats slower than the rest of the people. While my roommate may spend fifteen minutes in the shower every morning, I spend an average of thirty minutes, although I am always trying to hurry up. Then, even though I may take the shower first, she is ready to go before I am! I do not know why I have the idea that even though it is 8:20 and I have an 8:30 class, I still have time for breakfast. I guess it is something I cannot control. I see all the people rushing to class even though it is just 8:25. Everybody walks so fast that sometimes when I am walking to a class with an American friend I almost have to run to keep up with him. Levine determined that people walking to work have different speeds in different cities around the world. I remember when I visited New York, the amount of people I saw in the streets, the fast speed at which they walked and how they did not seem to care about anything around them. They seemed to have a clock or a metronome inside which synchronized all their movements and steps.

In the place where I live, although it is the biggest city in the country, you cannot see that kind of rush. People do not walk that much and the ones who do walk always have time to stop by a store window or a snack bar to get something to eat or drink. They are not in a hurry to get anywhere.

The study Levine did with the help of Kathy Bartlett is very interesting. As they took note of the accuracy of the clocks, the walking speed and the efficiency of the post offices in different countries, I could understand why it is so hard for me to keep up with the lifestyle here in the United States. The study shows that every country has its own pace. It is not a matter of who is irresponsible and who is punctual. Levine expresses this very well: "Each language has a vocabulary of time, that does not always survive translation". Each town, each city, each culture has developed through the years its own rhythm according to the environment surrounding it. Each civilization has survived that way and its drum will continue playing the same notes for each person who is part of it.

I am satisfied with Levine's essay and I am happy I got to read it. I know now I am not the only person who feels something is changing in the way she is living. I cannot force myself to change my internal clock all at once. But I know that little by little I will be able to keep up with the rest of the people in this country and someday I will not be late, for the first time in my life.

---Gretel Morgan is a freshman from Panama. This essay was written for an English class during her first semester at Tufts.
Random Jottings
by, Ephraim Umeadi

Ability to speak a foreign language; the knowledge of world geography; and travelling, appear to be some of the key factors in good inter-cultural relations. If you can understand the other person and be able to have a mental picture of the geographical location of his place of origin you will be able to have a meaningful conversation with him. Compared to Nigeria where English and Geography are some of the intensely taught subjects, most people's knowledge of geography in the United States is limited to what they pick up from the T.V. Some people seem not to care.

Unfortunately the media and the box offices lump Africa into a mass of jungles mainly inhabited by wild animals. The viewers believe everything they are told and end up in big embarrassments when they get into conversations with Africans. The conversation usually starts this way:

"Where do you come from?"
"Nigeria--West Africa." He draws a blank.
"Oh, I've heard of it. How long have you been here?" At this point he gets some education on Nigeria and Africa; if what he learned on T.V. is true, then one should neither be able to come here nor speak English fluently.

On one occasion, a secretary asked me to give a letter to her boss going on vacation to Kenya in East Africa to drop off for me in Lagos, West Africa. I promised to write the letter if she could answer my question. Then I asked her if she was in Tokyo, would she rather give someone a letter to drop off in Cape Cod on his way to LA than mail the letter directly? All the smiles from the happy listeners dried out and the following day she had a world map in her office.

On another occasion an engineer said that I was the first African he had ever seen. He was asking questions about lions and other wild animals. He refused to believe that the only time I ever saw a lion was in the zoo. He insisted that I give him a picture of Nigeria. He was an educated middle class gentleman, so how could he be wrong? I was getting a little irritated because he was trying to prove that I was lying about my country. I visited Lagos during Christmas vacation and mailed him a post-card of downtown Lagos and left him to ponder about elephants in the elevators. To make my points clear I sent a few more post-
cards to some of his co-workers. One card showed the 70,000 capacity National Stadium at Suru-Lere. Lagos was fully seated for the National Challenge Cup final (Soccer). The other showed people of all races cooling it off at the swimming pool of the Federal Palace Hotel in Victoria Island, Lagos. The result was that my "friend" did not talk to me after my vacation.

There are indeed a lot of wonderfully nice Americans but there are also a number of people that have swallowed hook, line, and sinker the T.V. and the box office images of other people. Talking about images from T.V., I was personally fooled or rather scared by some when I first arrived here in the Fall of 1981. Violence dominated U.S. television news and programs. The sight of armed cops on the streets was not amusing. Indeed I had to go to school for some time with my passport because I was afraid the house would be on fire like the ones shown on T.V. everyday. Oh, those fire sirens!

--Ephraim Umeadi is a graduate student in Civil Engineering. He will graduate this May.
To the Editor:

It is during moments like these when I wonder why, among the hundreds of nationalities in the world, mine should happen to be Palestinian.

My grandfather died in Bethlehem this week. I have not seen him in four years. Due to his illness, he was not able to endure the hours of strain which accompany the long journey to Jordan over the Allenby Bridge.

Holders of Jordanian passports, like myself, must go through the arduous process of applying for a special permit to visit the West Bank. Four years ago a restriction was added, granting permits only to those who have 'immediate relatives' in the occupied territories. According to this regulation I am not considered an 'immediate relative.' In order for my family to attend the funeral, they must appeal to the Israeli authorities for a special permit through the International Red Cross. The Israeli authorities might refuse this appeal.

My grandfather will not be buried beside my grandmother's grave because an Israeli settlement was constructed on the burial site. My mother will not inherit the family house where she was born because she is not a West Bank resident. The Israeli martial law will immediately seize the property as 'property of an absentee.'

My grandfather died under occupation. Since 1948 he has witnessed his homeland, Palestine, being transformed into today's Israel. For him, it was a slow death under the Israeli military occupation. As each year went by, the world forgot about the Palestinians. His Palestinian identity was the essence of his existence. Also, as each year went by, more Israeli settlements were erected on the West Bank. At the time of his death, whichever direction he turned, he could see settlements through the windows of his ancestral home, some were even built on his land.

I have no political intentions here. No one is more weary or frustrated with this political conflict than myself. But I'm asking those of you who have been to Israel, who plan to go, or who have the freedom to catch a plane to Tel Aviv, to think of the irony that I, whose ancestral roots go back hundreds of generations, cannot go to my grandfather's funeral in Bethlehem.

---Mary Kawar graduated from Tufts, College of Liberal Arts, an Anthropology Major, in February 1988. This article was printed in The Daily on December 10, 1987.
What Happened To The Famine? 
A Comment
by, Valerie Williams

The recent famine in Ethiopia focused worldwide attention on development problems in Africa. Developments in modern communications brought the devastating effects of the famine into the comfortable living rooms of the developed world. There has been an outpouring of international support, including active relief efforts to combat the famine. The famine is however, only the extreme manifestation of a widespread crisis in Africa.

The roots of the current crisis can be traced to the colonial period. Colonialism transformed traditional economies by the introduction of cash crops such as coffee, cocoa, palm oil and groundnuts with no attention being given to the cultivation of food crops. With exclusive focus on cash crop production and mineral exploitation, colonial economies were not diversified and balanced.

Inappropriate agricultural practices introduced during the colonial period have also exerted a heavy toll on the environment. For example, during the pre-colonial period in the Sahel, the traditional agricultural method employed to prevent soil depletion and erosion allowed the land to lie fallow for 15 to 20 years. During the colonial era, this was reduced to between 1 and 5 years. In addition, harmful practices such as overgrazing, uncontrolled cutting of vegetation and burning of forests have contributed to the destruction of the environment. The drilling and excessive use of deep water wells have lowered water tables. Many of these patterns have continued in the independence period.

The underlying causes of the crisis need to be addressed if famine and environmental degradation are not to become permanent features of the African landscape. It is simplistic to blame the poor or the supposed irrationality of the nomad for the current predicament. As William H. Draper 111, the U.N.D.P.'s Administrator pointed out in a speech to the U.N.'s General Assembly in 1986, "The rural poor who slash down forests or wring exhausted soils in order to live another day are not the sources of devastation but its desperate agents and bewildered victims."

International assistance needs to go beyond temporary relief programs, to effective planning for long term recovery and development. We no longer see starving children on television or read chilling newspaper headlines about Ethiopia, but the problems do not end when the T.V. cameras and the journalists leave.

--Valerie Williams is a graduate student at the Fletcher School from Sierra Leone.
A Retrospect
by, King Lam

My story happened in 1966 when the Cultural Revolution had just started. When my family lived in a city in the southern part of China, I, as a one-year-old baby, indirectly became one of its victims. My father was once a soldier and after the country's independence held an important position managing the food supply in the province. He was poisoned by the people who were politically against him. Not only did they not give us any reason for his murder, they also didn't let us see my father's face, which was totally covered with white cloths. Furthermore, they ignored my family's request for a medical test of his death. Afterward, the Communist Committee sent us back to the village where my parents had married.

My poor mother brought her hungry children back to "the old house." With four crying children, she saw that there was no way to survive without any government help. She brought us back to Goungchow, which is the capital of the province. But my only sister died of starvation in a dirty hotel, because my mom went out to fight for my family's welfare. With all of my family's efforts, we finally got three dollars every month for each person. And we went back to the house with sad shadows.

Oh! The old house. It was twenty feet wide and fifty feet long, with the wooden door facing the south like all the other houses (According to the village's Taoist tradition, facing south brings good luck for the family). But the wall was peeled off. The muddy ground was covered with dirty water, and it smelled like mildew. Many little lights broke through the roof and reached the sky. Pieces of furniture fell apart and absorbed the water like mud. Spiders were hidden among the tops of the
furniture as the two wood doors were pried ajar. The only thing that looked safe was the old brick stove which was filled with mice. We survived with twelve dollars every month in this house, which was particularly dangerous when it rained. But in winters we used our body heat to keep the nights warm, and we tried to save some money for repairs.

One rainy Spring day, I had my first experience with Communism in this small village. My friends and I were sitting under this big tree in the center of the village. We saw a crowd of revolutionary Red Guards who were marching on the street and shouting "Long Live Chairman Mao!" The sound was echoing in the gray sky. I was curious. Who was the Chairman Mao? However, one of my older friends whispered, "I bet you can't say that Mao is a bad guy!" Puzzling for a while I said the evil thing in front of my friends. The next day, the Party Representative stepped into my house and warned me to come to a meeting under the huge tree. I was as scared as a mouse who had seen a cat. After a few lectures about how great Mao was, the representative told me that I'd better listen to Chairman Mao's orders more than my parents. I still remember some of the quotations of Mao that I learned. But who cared about politics, and how would I know any political issues as a five year old kid?

When I was seven, my mother pulled me all the way to the only poor facility elementary school. With tears on my face I fought with her for half a mile along the grubby road. I didn't want to go, but she didn't want me to be like her; illiterate. By the time we could see the fifteen stone steps and the front door of the school, my mom's hand and mine tightened together. She almost tore my sleeve.

As soon as school started, the schedule was different from a regular curriculum. It had Mao's politics, working days, and long boring meetings about Communism. Almost everything students did had to glorify the Chairman and Communism. Likewise, nobody could question the reasons why. Consequently, I and other students believed that the sun never shone in the United States, that the working people were suffering, the bosses were all fat, and that they never had to do any work.

In academics, the tests were all open book tests except mathematics. The only political papers we had to write were very short, and some of them were only one sentence for the posters. Moreover, I thought that the United States was in Europe. Other students and I were not allowed to know anything about the West.
For example, Skik-Kay, who sat behind me, wrote a sentence in his diary, "Victory in the West." The teacher regularly checked our diaries and found the quote. Shik-Kay had to apologize in front of six-hundred students and to write one hundred times on a big sheet of paper about his loyalty to Communism.

As a twenty-one year old student and thinking back on the stories, I now have a chance to question the situation. Why did my father and sister have to die? As Chou pointed out, "China admitted the mistakes that they made during those years, and our government has freed many political prisoners since 1976." But my heart has been broken. What I have lost, I will never get back. It is history. Yet, this history taught me a lesson; that politics can ignore humanity. Perhaps my history can help teach younger generations of what we have all lost.

--King Lam is a sophomore from China who wrote this essay for an English class during his freshman year.

False Expectation & Relief
By, Kyoko Uraga

There is a whiskey on sale in Japan which has the brand name "Boston Club". When I was in Japan, I saw many handsome men on T.V. commercials for this whiskey. They were rowing boats on the Charles River. Then, (the scene was changed) they stood side by side to take a picture with the whiskey glasses in their hands. All of them wore blazers which had the same emblems sewn on them. The men of refined clothes, the beautiful landscape and the stately buildings attracted me to America. The scene was strongly impressed on my memory. So I thought that life in the US, (especially in Boston), must be smart, intelligent, and traditional. And I expected that almost all Bostonians would wear the traditional fashions--like a uniform in the Ivy League--that I had seen on T.V. But the outcome was contrary to my expectations. I saw many people in Cambridge. Most of them didn't wear those blazers. Their clothes were more loose and casual.

It was the same with the lifestyle in the U.S.. The lifestyle was neither strict not stiff. This was a relief to me, because I can enjoy myself in the U.S., with its loose and casual lifestyle, even though I can't understand English very well.

--Kyoka Uraga is here from Japan. She is part of our Spouses' English Program.
"ECUADOR? Where is that?" "Oh, I know, in Africa" Last summer when I was "college shopping" in New England, I felt like a complete alien in the U.S. I never knew that third world nations simply did not exist in the minds of the U.S. citizens. Every where I went, people asked me the most peculiar questions: "Do you ride elephants to school?" or, "Do you have a television?" Of course, everyone wanted to know if I had heard of Madonna. One lady on my flight to Boston asked me if chocolate existed "down there." She almost fainted when I informed her that Nestle's chocolate comes from Ecuador. However the most extraordinary question came from a student at Swathmore, "What kinds of clothes do you wear? Are they like the ones in those documentaries when you don't wear any clothes?" After looking at myself over five hundred times, I couldn't find anything different about my appearance except that I'm only 4 feet and 10 inches tall, thus considered a "pygmees" in the U.S.. Other than that, I looked normal.

Growing up in a third world country, that happens to be quite beautiful, I've acquired an awareness of the realities of life. The experiences I've had, have taught me to value myself and more importantly, the struggles of those less fortunate than myself. More than that, it is an experience, which I feel is important to share in order for others to realize and appreciate what they have. It is time for a revolution of the mind... Time for people to come to know that other cultures, not as fortunate as the U.S. --for instance--do exist. I feel it's important for people to learn about and acknowledge the needs of those less fortunate than themselves. Since I have lived in such an environment all of my life, I would be more than willing to share my experiences with those who could learn much from them.

--Shawna Bucaram is an American student who grew up in Ecuador and came to live in the U.S. for the first time when she began her studies at Tufts. This essay was written as part of her admission application to Tufts three years ago.
Man seeks refuge from loneliness by consolidating himself with a group. Be it through citizenship, ethnic classification, political leanings, playing on a team or just forming a gang; man unites to share a common identity. Willingly or not, he characterizes himself by his surroundings, his color, his school, his town, his economic status, or even his generation. Therefore, when asked of his nationality, a Greek will answer that he is Greek and perhaps recount proudly the country's impressive ancient history. Similarly, an American will boastfully exclaim his proud heritage. This question "What are You?" is not answered with such ease by me; it in fact stimulates utter confusion. The answer would complete my life's quest. I find myself asking "Demetra Grace Dalamagas, who are you?" Should I identify myself with my political beliefs, the location of my home, the place of my birth, the home of my parents, the land of my ancestors, or the land I've lived in most?

I am like the unbaptized baby, of Dante's Inferno, forever trapped in purgatory through sins not my own. Am I truly American? Am I wholeheartedly Greek? I believe if I could develop a sense of nationalism I would undoubtedly identify myself with this country. Yet, I neither agree with nor condone the politics of the U.S., the country I was born in, nor those of Greece, the country of my heritage and my home for the last seven years. Politics, the fertilizer used to grow frustration, repression, and hatred in unfortunate regions of the world, cannot be an ingredient of my nationalism.
"What then?", I beg of myself. I often respond that the location of the home reflects my view of my native country. It is my belief that a person's home is in his assumed country and conversely, his country is his home. This appears sound theoretically, yet one abode is not absolute; both the actual residence and the mental association of one's home can be shifted with extended periods of leave from this refuge. I personally consider two places my stomping grounds; one location of my early childhood in the U.S. and the other of my late teens in Greece. Since I lived in various other places these two locations served as my zone-point of homesickness (first one and then the other). Home depends on where one is living and the time period spent there. I cannot call any specific place home for a long period of time. Thus, I reason that I have no home.

"Then I am lost.", I think. How can an American living her teenage life in Greece, but with the ability to speak English easier than Greek consider herself Greek? Then again I have Greek parents currently living in Greece who immigrated to America in their youth. This makes it difficult for me to identify them with any one specific country (let alone myself!). Although my heritage and culture are Greek I know the traditions of both countries only as an experienced tourist. How can I help but be insanely baffled as to what I call home under these circumstances? Am I destined to be a foreigner in both my home countries? I cannot stop feeling sorry for myself when these images keep coming to mind.

It must have been fourth grade. Wrapped in numbing clouds of confusion I thought I was like the rest. I was a kid. They were kids. We were all kids, right?

"Why don't you go back where you came from?", he said.
I smiled in ignorance at the joke I thought I heard. Then I cried. I was not home. I am forever trapped as a foreigner. I am permanently on vacation.

Once again this year in Greece I considered myself a Greek. I remember the initial shock of realizing my own naivete.
"You don't sound like you're from around here."
"I'm Greek!"
His look of ridicule silenced any further argument from me.
"But I'm not from here. I was born in the United States."
His raised eyebrow signified approval. Then suddenly I got
too much attention and too many friends.

In order to stop thinking about it I try to convince myself that everything is relative and subject to change. Finally, I must face the truth that I am constantly considered a foreigner and always will be. In Greece I will forever be called the "Americanida" while here it'll be "The Greek Girl". Hopefully, with time I will learn to accept that I am neither Greek nor American but one of an evolving species of muddled children burdened with the load of Greek-Americanism (or American-Greekism wherever the emphasis lies).

--Demetra Dalamagas is a freshman from Greece. This essay was written for an English class during her first semester at Tufts.

静夜思
李白
床前明月光
疑是地上霜
举头望明月
低头思故乡

ON A QUIET NIGHT
I saw the moonlight before my couch,
And wondered if it were not the frost on the ground.
I raised my head and looked out on the mountain moon;
I bowed my head and thought of my far-off home.

This poem was written by Li Bai (701-762 A.D.), a famous Chinese poet. It was written while he was far away from his hometown. It is a most suitable expression of Chinese students longing for their homeland.

The poem was submitted by a Chinese graduate student, 思乡.
CELEBRACION DEL QUINTO CENTENARIO DEL DESCUBRIMIENTO DE AMERICA

by, Rosa M. Gutiérrez

En 1992 se cumplirán los 500 años del descubrimiento de América por Cristóbal Colón. Aun cuando en Puerto Rico desde hace varios años se venía hablando acerca de este acontecimiento, no fue hasta este año que logré comprender su gran significado.

La importancia de la Celebración del V Centenario del Descubrimiento de nuestro continente y las repercusiones que podría traer para la América Latina y para el resto del mundo son enormes. Festejar los 500 años del descubrimiento de América debe ser para los pueblos el momento para una integración cultural, política, religiosa, y económica.

Nosotros los puertorriqueños, al igual que nuestros hermanos latinoamericanos, compartimos una misma herencia histórica: España. Durante varios siglos esta influencia permaneció en nuestros pueblos, exportando su cultura, religión, lengua, y muchos otros aspectos que fueron evolucionando con las culturas allí existentes o con otras, como la africana. Así fue evolucionando una nueva civilización.

A los 500 años de su descubrimiento, América se encuentra enfrentando grandes crisis: guerra civiles, deudas externas, hambre, inestabilidad política, drogas, y muchos otros males. Quizás algunos digan que estos problemas no dejan espacio para celebración alguna. Yo opino lo contrario. Este es el momento para decidir el futuro de América. Que el 1991 sea un punto de partida en la búsqueda de soluciones para los males que enfrenta nuestro continente, es una razón para celebrar.

Puerto Rico, como pueblo latinoamericano al fin, que goza de una democracia, debe participar activamente en la Celebración del V Centenario del Descubrimiento de América. Considero que cada nuestra particular posición política debemos servir como intermediarios en la solución de algunos de los problemas que enfrenta la América Latina. Es la oportunidad de unir a nuestro pueblo con nuestros hermanos latino que sufren en el continente. Es el momento para recordar nuestra historia, nuestra cultura, nuestra religión, nuestra lengua. Es importante también, comprender las palabras de Uslar Pietri al respecto: "Sin ese reconocimiento de la propia identidad no será posible encarar el futuro con propósito".

Esta ideas aquí presentadas me han hecho reflexionar extensamente sobre lo que podría significar este tan esperado acontecimiento. La Celebración del Quinto Centenario del Descubrimiento de América podría pasar como cualquier evento más en el tiempo cronológico de nuestra civilización. Está en nuestras manos hacer de esta celebración un evento sin precedente en la historia de nuestra civilización latinoamericana.

--Rosa is an undergraduate student from Puerto Rico who is majoring in Political Science.
CONGRATULATIONS

Elizabeth Amador
  Dean of Students' Office Award
Isabelle Bedrosian
  Alumni Association Senior Award
Moira C. Gill
  The Department of Anthropology Prize
Huseyin Ozkaramanli
  The N. Hobbs Knight Prize Scholarship in Physics
Alexander Tziranis
  The N. Hobbs Knight Prize Scholarship in Physics

CORRECTION The following numbers were incorrectly listed on our last issue of the Newsletter. Here are the corrected ones:

Canadian Consulate, International Student Center, NY (617) 262-3760.
International House, NY (212) 787-7706.
International House of Chicago (312) 316-8400.

NOTE: Before you leave the country, make sure that all your immigration papers are in order, so you don't run into problems when re-entering the U.S. HAVE A NICE SUMMER!

INTERNATIONAL CENTER STAFF
Jane Etish-Andrews, Director
Joedy Chidester, International Student Advisor
Maria Conley, Staff Assistant
Lynn Stevens, Graduate English Course Coordinator
Heidi Stahl, Spouses' English Instructor
Liz Amador, Student Assistant
Moira Gill, Student Assistant
Tamio Honma, Student Assistant
Julie Jones, Newsletter Editor
Casey Keiderling, Student Assistant

INTERNATIONAL CENTER
TUFTS UNIVERSITY
BALLOU HALL
MEDFORD, MA 02155