

Children maintained a day center for the retarded at 6747 Third Ave. in Brooklyn for several years before it proposed to set up its hostel a few blocks away. Almost immediately, the organization ran into community opposition.

"After we moved in," recalls one of the Guild's house "parents," Sister Catherine O'Shea, "the neighbors wouldn't even acknowledge our existence. We'd say 'Good morning' or 'Good afternoon' and they'd turn away and go into their homes.

"All that has since changed, thank God. As the neighbors got to know us better, they became

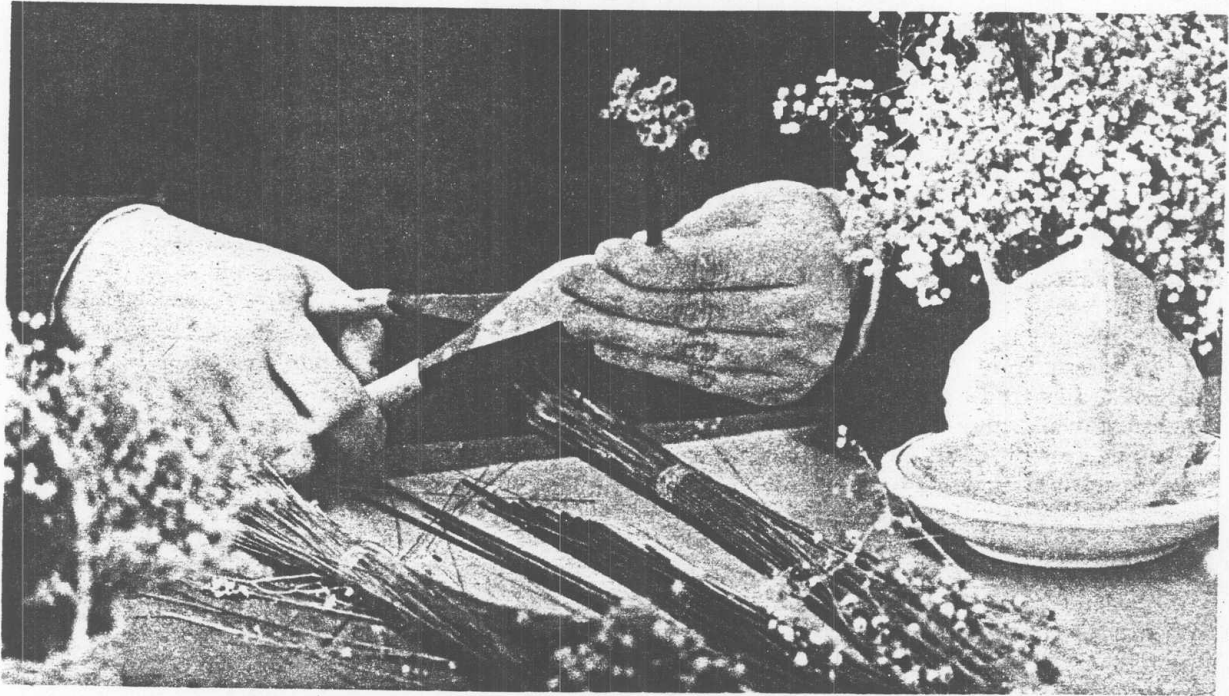
very friendly and helpful. And it's all because they found out that retarded people are not the monsters they thought them to be."

Nassau's Association for the Help of Retarded Children encountered even more resistance before it was able to establish a hostel in the midst of the affluent suburbs.

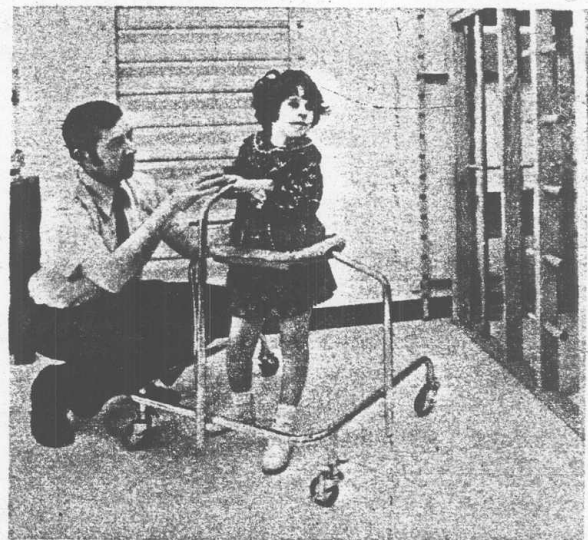
"We were hit by the don't-put-'em-on-my-block syndrome," says Mrs. Kaplan. "We were bumped out of three or four prospective sites because the neighbors kicked up a fuss.

"I think the politicians are at fault when it comes to this. Some punk goes screaming to his

continued on page 40



Making artificial floral decorations brings out artistic bent of women in occupational training program in Brookville.



In specially-designed device, Jane McGinn is motivated to walk by Brookville AHRC therapist William Murray. Few institutions provide such individualized attention.