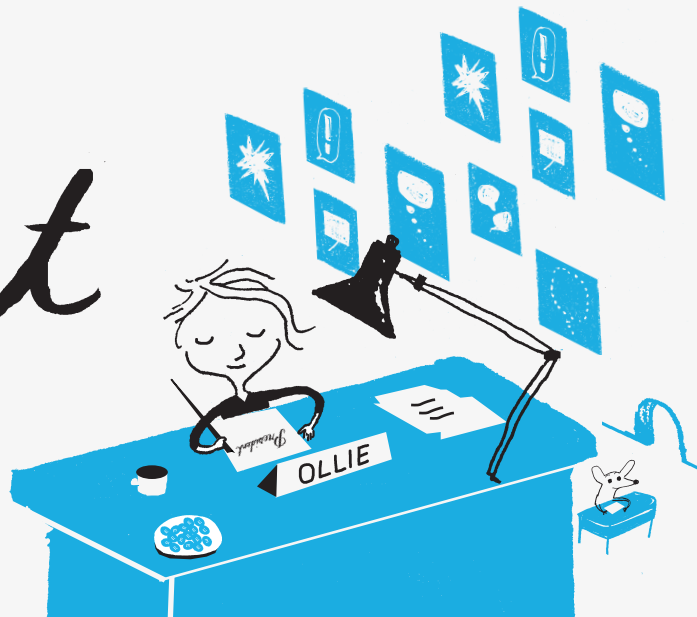


FROM THE DESK OF THE

# President

of The Center for Cartoon Studies

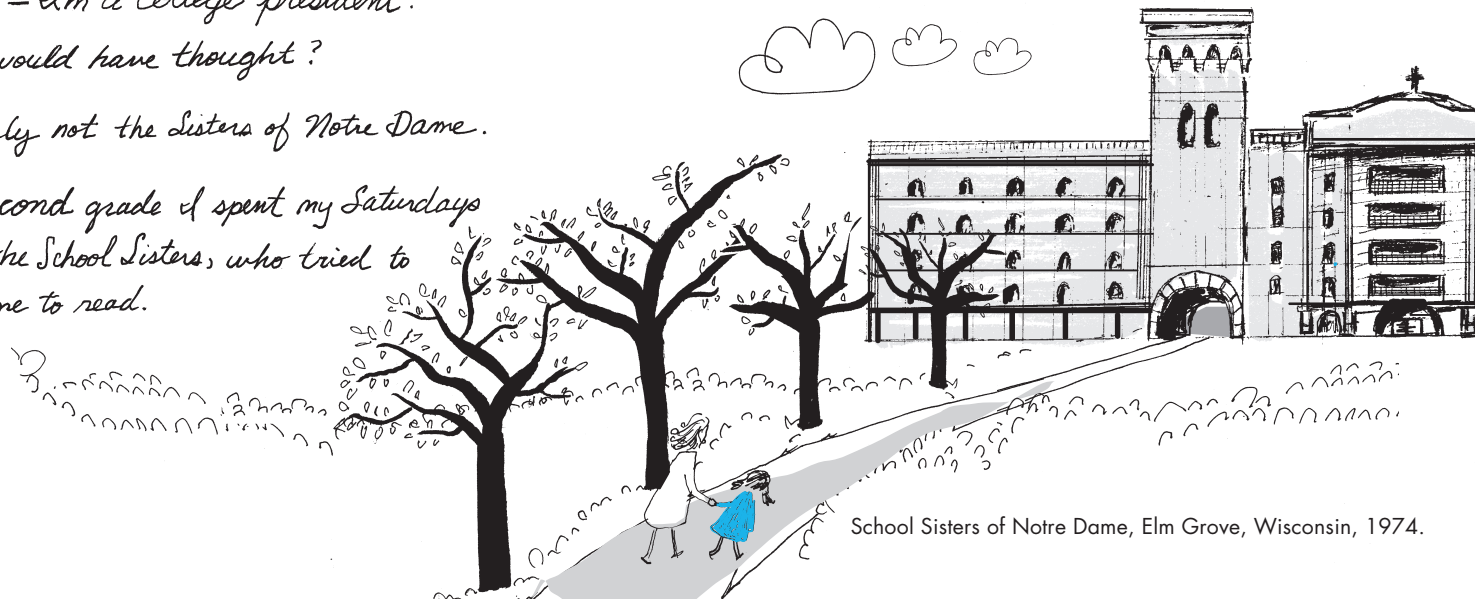


Look - I'm a college president!

Who would have thought?

Certainly not the Sisters of Notre Dame.

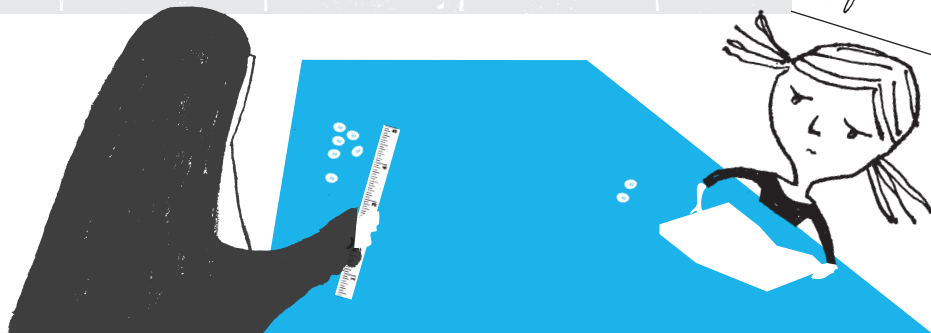
In second grade I spent my Saturdays  
with the School Sisters, who tried to  
teach me to read.



School Sisters of Notre Dame, Elm Grove, Wisconsin, 1974.

With a ruler, they would slide  
an M+M across the table for  
each sentence I read correctly.

Try as I might, I accumulated  
few M+Ms.



Irving Elementary School, West Allis, Wisconsin.

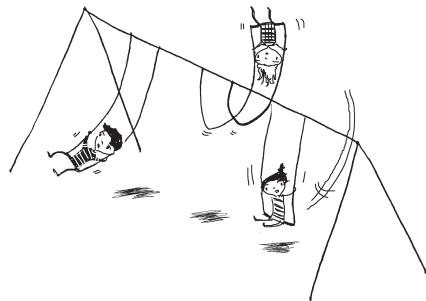
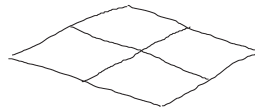
he ~~can't~~ is  
orange.

AGAIN!

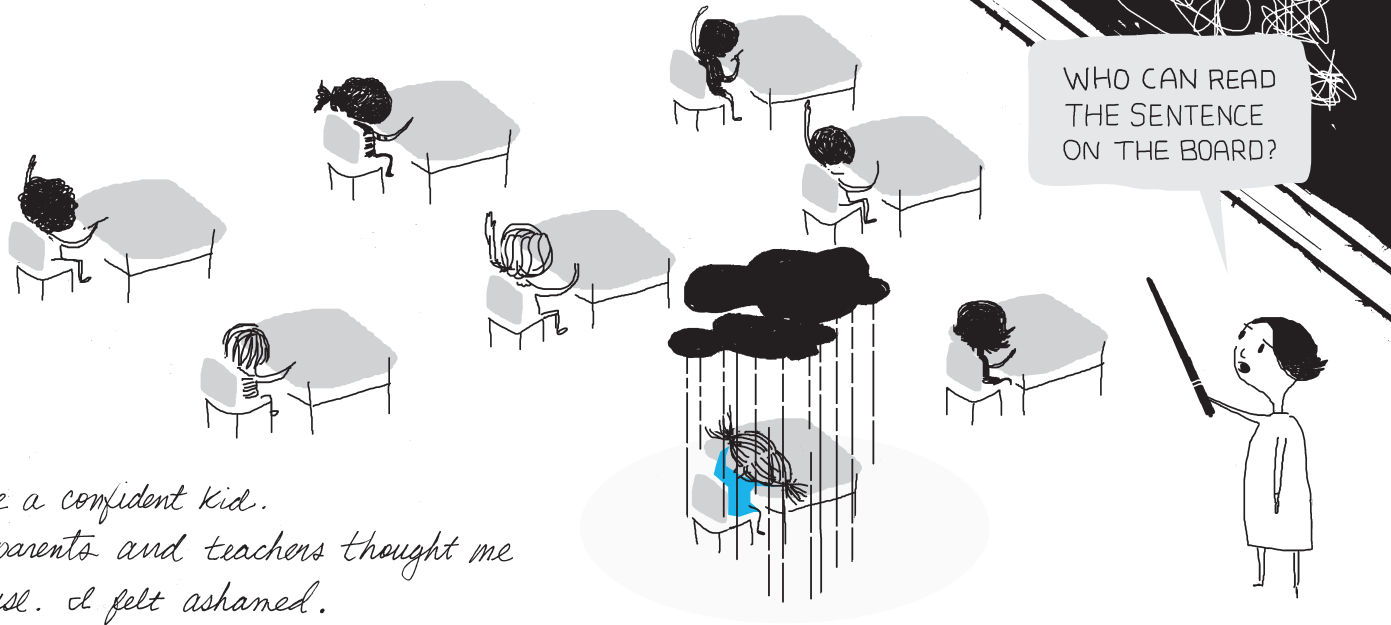
LOOK! OLLIE'S  
IN DUMMY CAMP!

HA! HA!

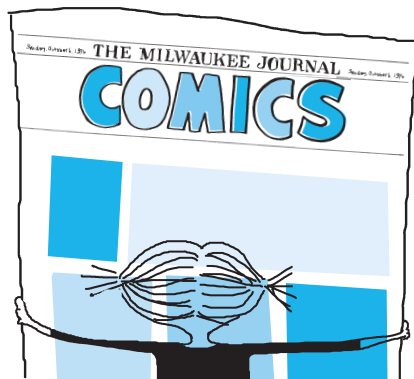
*That summer trapped indoors didn't help.*



*I was once a confident kid.  
Now my parents and teachers thought me  
a lost cause. I felt ashamed.*

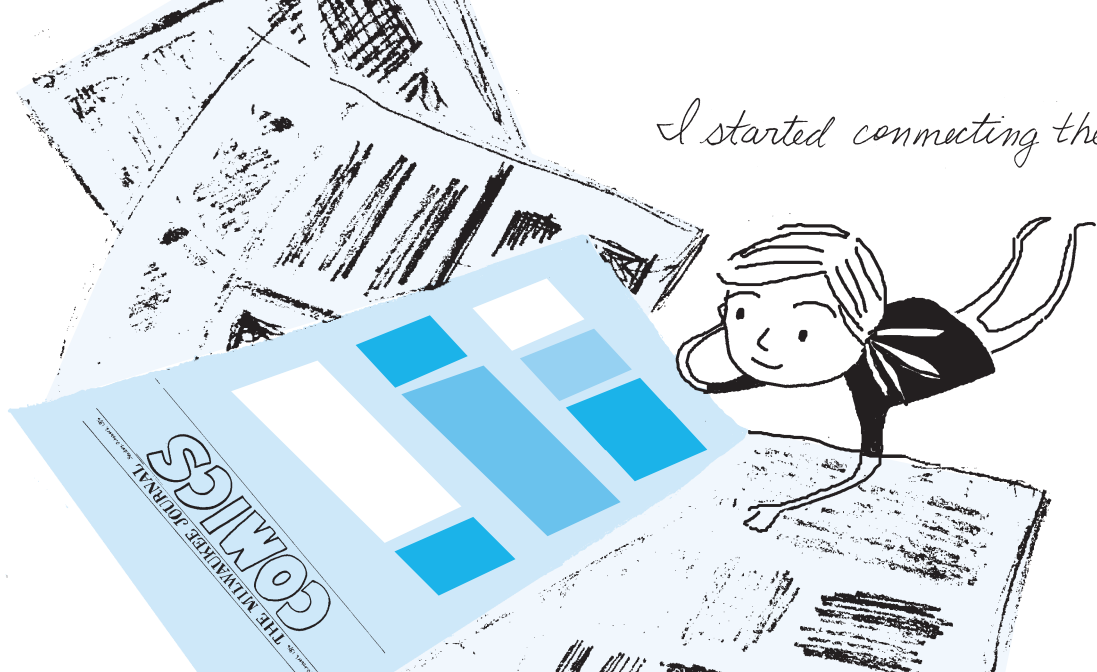


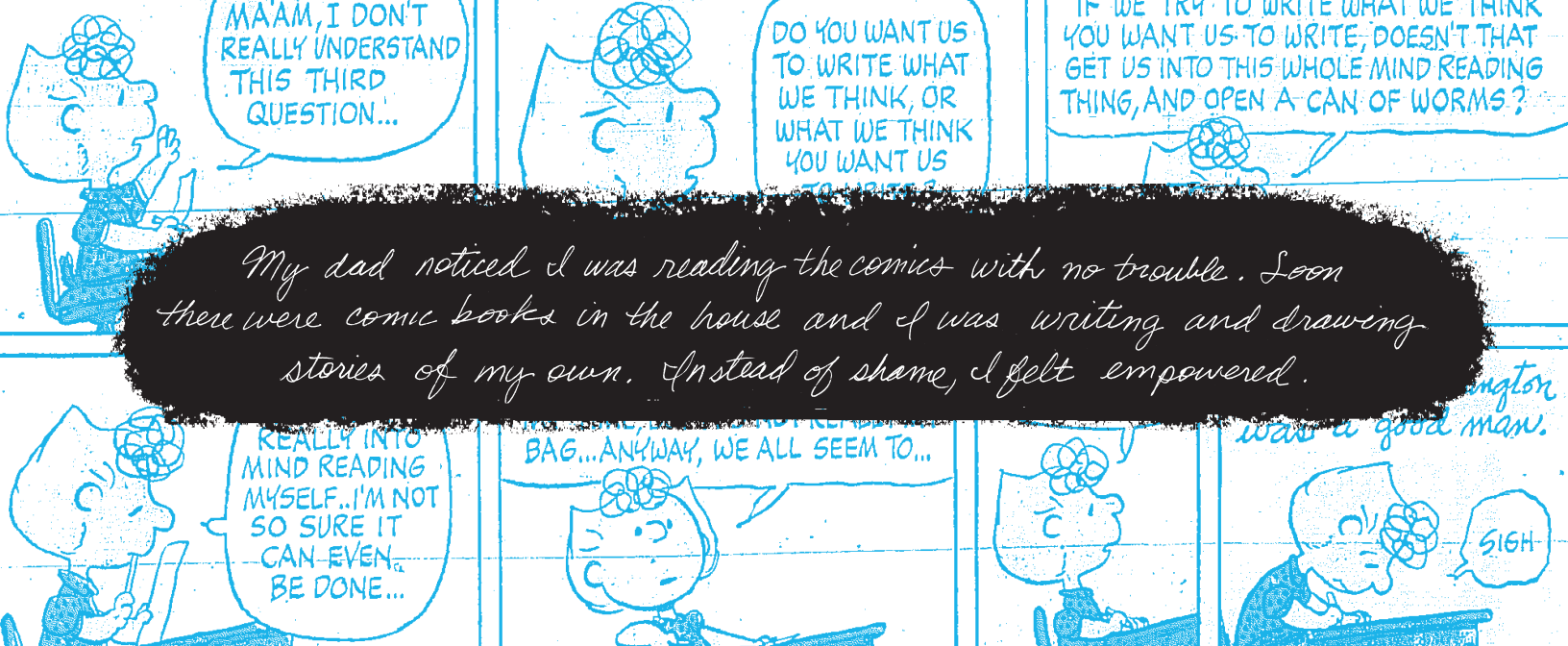
The only time reading was pleasurable was when my father and I read the paper together on Sunday mornings.



He'd read the news.  
I'd read the comics.

*I started connecting the drawings to words.*





MAAM, I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND THIS THIRD QUESTION...

DO YOU WANT US TO WRITE WHAT WE THINK, OR WHAT WE THINK YOU WANT US TO WRITE?

IF WE TRY TO WRITE WHAT WE THINK YOU WANT US TO WRITE, DOESN'T THAT GET US INTO THIS WHOLE MIND READING THING, AND OPEN A CAN OF WORMS?

My dad noticed I was reading the comics with no trouble. Soon there were comic books in the house and I was writing and drawing stories of my own. Instead of shame, I felt empowered.

REALLY INTO MIND READING MYSELF..I'M NOT SO SURE IT CAN EVEN BE DONE...

NOT SURE, BUT I DON'T REMEMBER A BAG...ANYWAY, WE ALL SEEM TO...

My dad was a good man.

SIGH





by Brant parke

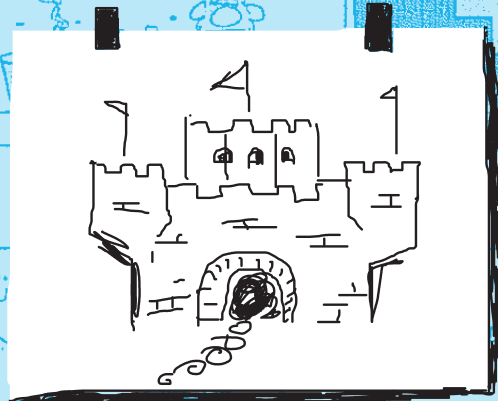
UNT  
UP!  
KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK

IS IT  
POSSIBLE  
FOR A MALE  
WISP TO GET

BEATS  
ME...  
WHY?

I HAVE  
THIS CRAVING  
FOR BAT  
WINGS

NO  
MORE  
BAT  
WINGS



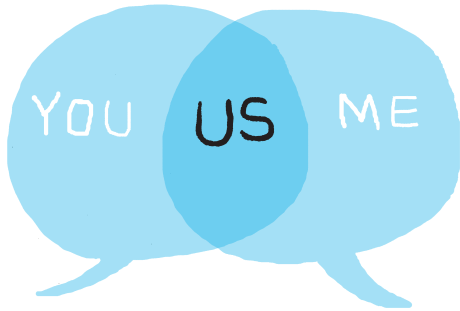
YOU  
ON A  
YOU  
EARS

I'VE  
AL

PING

....A  
WHAT?

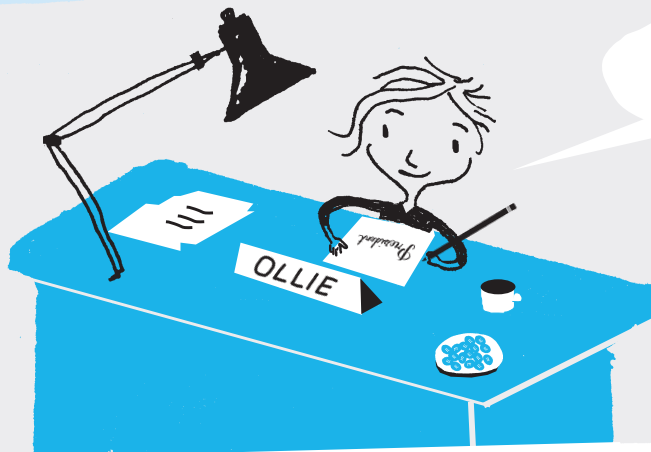
For CCS students, cartooning is not only a vehicle for self-expression, but a sense-making tool that helps them deepen their understanding of themselves and the world.



Over the years, I've seen the profound impact reading and making comics can have on children in the classroom and veterans returning from combat —



*and even a kid with dyslexia.*



THANKS FOR  
READING!





*Write. Draw. Learn.*

THE CENTER FOR CARTOON STUDIES  
[cartoonstudies.org](http://cartoonstudies.org)

Written and drawn by Michelle Ollie, President and Co-founder.