7-20-1945

The Winonan

Winona State Teachers' College

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Mr. Owens Completes 25 Years at T.C.

W. A. Owens, Vice-president of Winona State Teachers College, has recently completed his twenty-fifth year of teaching at this institution.

Mr. Owens is a graduate of the Oshkosh, Wisconsin, State Normal School and secured his S.B. and A.M. degrees at the University of Chicago, where he had a teaching fellowship.

Before coming to Winona, Mr. Owens taught at the Dubuque Teachers College, where he was Director of the Training Department; at the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, where he was Acting Assistant Professor of Psychology; and at Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, where he was Professor of Psychology.

In addition, he has served for his teaching and as a member of the committees on Schooling, Other committees on which he serves include the Administrative Council and the committees on Testing, Recommendations, and Curriculum.

He is also president of the Faculty Association, Chairman of the Testing and Counselling Committee for Veterans, Co-chairman of the Division of Education and Psychology, and Director of the Summer Session, 1946.

Organizations to which Mr. Owens belongs include Sigma Xi, Chicago; Phi Delta Kappa, Zeta Chapter, Chicago; American Association for the Advancement of Science; American Psychological Association; Mid-western Psychological Association; Minnesota Academy of Science; American Genetics Association; and the American Association of University Professors. He is listed in "American Men of Science."

Concerning his service here, Mr. Owens says: "Winona State Teachers College has a noble tradition and an excellent reputation. I have been proud to be associated with it. Among my many cherished friends are the faculty associates of the past and the present. I always think of them as the faculty family. No finer student body is to be found anywhere. They are loyal, high-minded, and generous. I wish I might have helped them more."

In spite of a full routine, Mr. Owens enjoys numerous hobbies. "I love to sing for my own "amusement," to fish, to play a game of hearts with a bit of cheating and some stories mixed in, and to make things for our cabin at Burnstede," says he.

Lure Winona Faculty

Many members of the college faculty are spending interesting vacations in accord with the tradition that teachers travel, study, visit, and have fun during the warm months.

Dr. Murphy left July 11 to visit Mrs. Bertha S. Tritch in Estes Park, Colorado. She first went to Mrs. Tritch on a Tokyo-bound flight before the war and they traveled together across Japan and to the Great Wall of China.

Dr. Murphy also plans to attend the Writers' Conference at Estes Park, Colorado. Miss Ethel Turner and Florence Walsh, T.C. students, are with her.

Miss Bertha Schwalle is visiting her sister in St. Paul. Miss Agnes Bard is with her sister Carol, a SPAR lieutenant, in San Diego, California, and is reported to have taken a summer job in a defense plant.

Dr. W. H. Koppeck is in Camp Kahler, a boy's scout camp near Rochester, and Mr. H. R. Jackson will soon go to a camp at Nisswa, Minnesota. Mr. F. A. Jerdan, who expects to join his family in Nebraska, and Mr. W. E. Boots report that they will spend the rest of the summer in "horticultural pursuits."

Mr. Owens Completes 25 Years at T.C.
We ARE SOCIALE!!

Winona has always been and will always be known to its students and faculty as "the friendly school." Whether there are five hundred or two hundred students, there is always a family feeling among the group, and so it was in things social this summer.

Instead of using for its intended purpose that huge gavel which was presented to her, Mrs. Turner, chairman of the social committee, has used it for pounding into form some extra-special family events. She firmly believes that all work and no play makes Joe or Josephine College a dull place.

Opportunity for the more formal handshakes was followed by the series of lectures given by Howard Pierce Davis. Here acquaintances of previous summers were renewed, and the social calendar was well under way.

If one must work, one must also eat — and science has proved that even the most delicate eater needs no appetite at a Morey Hall or Holzinger Lodge picnic. So that "famous for her food" (she can sing too) Mrs. Griffith provided the usual palate-teasing menu, which will not be reviewed here since it is too close to lunch time. A highlight of the June 21 picnic was Mr. Owens' joke about the "wabbit." If it were told here, many a laugh would be lost for the next meeting.

And about that July 6 occasion, Mrs. Turner sends her most heart-felt apologies for keeping you all in agony while she returned for her key.

The theater party which featured the current movie, "Music for Lovers," has given impetus to a new and budding romance for one of the students, namely Gladiola.

Both she and Margaret O'Brien have the same feelings about "the hair that isn't there, the nose that is there, and the scrolfulous complexion."

Thus far the main topic of conversation has been food (what better could one find to talk about in these days?) but ample exercise was well planned for and well carried out at the afternoon roller-skating parties. You should have seen the beaming faces of two "unmentionables" when it was announced that July 28 and July 12 were reserved for skating. And, oh, how it can wait!

"Alas!" says Agnes. All good things must come to an end. But the social calendar also provided for one last chance to be together — this time at Prentiss Lodge for a "Sunday night supper on July 15, with Dean (Herself) Turner as hostess.

Sorry you're leaving, Agnes. We'll miss you, but we have had fun!

— Loreen Atchison

Bits from here and there tell us that "the old revival hour" (revival of the classics) has been a feature of the summer session.

"Stan" Breckner seems to be alive and well after having been surrounded by seven ladies in the dining room. He even carried their coffee. As a matter of fact, he enjoyed it very much — the ladies, I mean.

Morey Hall may not have its normal supply of ham, but just to be prepared when it does come, the "smokehouse" is all ready. There were bears, I guess four, by the marks 'long the river, to the south of the college.

Congratulations rolled in for Agnes this morning — an admirer even sent her a lovely and useful corsage. It carries the water and minerals too. She is the only one who wears the "wabbit." If it were told here, many a laugh would be lost for the next meeting.

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Impressions

You stand above the city's lungs. The futility is exhaled Down There. Here on the overhanging roof-top there is oxygen, and the ugliness and outcry of Below are outlawed. They are with people. And because it is all far off it becomes merged into outstretched one-ness in a kind of omnipotent, outspoken power. You feel great and large and dwarfish and obscure. You feel large and great because beauty out of ugliness you have caught and breathed with listeningness in a kind of omnipotent, outspoken power. You feel great and There. Here on the overhanging roof-top there is oxygen, and the ugliness and outcry of Below are outlawed. They are with people.

Ave, Mater

What human force Possesses more power Than Mother Nature? Her vaults are filled With vast stores of wealth. High above her a billowy blanket Guards her Day and night. Specks of gold dust Light her as she goes About her work. Her waters Command respect by her inhabitants, Or the waters will rise up And destroy them. Mother Earth, Ever respected but Ever feared! — Dorothy Engel

The Church of Guadalupe

High and canopyed is the golden-crested altar cover, and high is the cross. Beneath the covering is a white marble altar — white gleaming with gold and decked with coral gladioli . . . The Virgin stands enthroned in a golden frame encrusted with gems . . . A silver crown is far above her thus enframed . . . On either side gleam gold-covered brass frames enclosing ancient stained-glass panes — blue, rose, gold, green. The light falls upon the sacred altar in glowing shafts of color. A humble, hungry Indian crawls on his knees to the gleaming altar rail in silent, reverent devotion . . . The Indian women working in the church forever clean, wipe, polish the twelve red stone steps to the altar floor . . . Candles flame and flutter, burning in the thicket of coral gladioli . . . A half-starved Indian boy buys a tall tallow candle and carries carnations and lilies to the Virgin . . . A tired Indian mother, her baby wrapped in her blue rebozo, crawls slowly past the women working, to pray and do penance at the rail . . . The glowing light flows over the altar, and the lovely Virgin looks upon the pews lost in prayer. — Virginia Spanton

Pandora's Problem

Like Pandora’s chest of ancient myth, an unhappy event in Hamilton, a small Minnesota town, brought trouble, disgrace, and unhappiness upon Jody Barker and her family. And those of us who suffer from doubt as to whether in a modern world, love and work can be a substitute for a family and a happy home life, will take comfort from such studies as that in "Young Pandora," by Ann Chidester.

Upon Jody, a shy, inhibited youngster, Miss Chidester shows the effect of insecurity, of life’s shifting values, and of a mother’s indifference. In her search for love and companionship, Jody falls in love with Pod, a university classmate. Branded as social outcasts, living a carefree life, they refuse to be dominated by moral codes. While the author has written about the problems of youth as realists, she has shown that one is happiest when conforming to the established mores of a given society. "Young Pandora" is an interesting modern novel with excellent characterizations and a thought-provoking plot. — Josephine Dawson

Thankful

Thankful we are for these little things: For sunlight on a forest floor, For lamplight thru a kitchen door, For a blessing birth log’s ruddy rear, For the way a kettle sings.

CONTRASTS

Blight of the Morning

Garbage collectors were here just this morning, Stepping their truck in the alley, where odorous Lettuce leaves, orange peels, half-decayed substances, Foul the atmosphere, reeked in the cans. Hard looking men took the filth in their hands, Shifted the gears of the stinking conveyance, Jerked to a stop at the next person's garbage, Carried routinely the putrid remains of a Shifted the gears of the stinking conveyance, Jerked to a stop at the next person's garbage, Carried routinely the putrid remains of a

Retrospect

She is not lonely, This aged crone. Like a novice Counting her beads, She counts her memories, One by one.

Vigil

Hungry for her to live, We washed her wasted body Struggle feebly To retain The silver cord Which bound her to us.

Night Song

Fireflies dance in and out, Each one a tiny edon sprout, Random streaks of yellow flame By stumps hang flung roundabout. Whispering low of Love's swift death The night-things taunt us soft And warn that in the sickle dawn Her smile is blown aloft. So let me be your love tonight Beneath the hooded sky, Before Love's smile is gone; And when the smoke-blue dark shall die Let live: the echo of a sigh. — Dorothy Engel

The Winonan
**New York Boy Looks at Winona**

Where were his Irish cops? As long as he could remember, O’Connell had chased him for blocks trying to recover a stolen apple. All he saw today was an unconcerned policeman looking at the supply of non-rationed shoes in Baker’s window. Why were there trees growing only a block from the loop? Or was there the loop? Perhaps he had not yet come upon it. Still, he had been twenty blocks east and twenty blocks west. This must be it. Was he going to have to buy his paper without even hearing the headlines shouted by Barker Pete? Did they really use dog-carts here? he thought, as he noticed a little white dog, harnessed to a wagon. If he stayed, he might even see a massacre! He could expect anything!

**An Over-Rated Book**

O River Remember, by Martha Ostenso, Dodd Mead, 1943

The catchy title, O River Remember, no doubt, has done much to bring the reader to this book — now in its sixth printing. Strangely enough, the river, the Red River of Minnesota, played a very little part in the development of the story — not nearly as much as the book actually did in the development of the pioneer territory in Western Minnesota.

Through clever manipulation of related characters and unrelated events moving through time and space, Miss Ostenso manages to invite continued reading interest on the part of any normally curious person so that he may see how the story “comes out.” Although she has tried to show a great strength of purpose in the pioneer by portraying the realism of the Man-of-Vision, the author seldom achieves any real success in making the characters worthy of the lofty thoughts she has given them to think or to mouth.

A convincing bit of realism, to one who has lived in “these parts,” is the first scene where the two characters, Brill Wing and Nora Sha-

**Cinquains**

Night

The stars
Glistening in the
Sky are like a thousand
Diamonds on a background of
Blue.

Dawn

’Tis night
And God’s tiny
Candles light one by one
To burn brightly till dawn’s breath blows
Them out.

— Edna Gerckcn

**Ecclesiastes Defied**

“‘There’s nothing new under the sun.’” Under the sun there’s nothing new:
The sky and land have met before.
In ages long consumed by war;
The eyes of man have ever found
Inviting space beyond the ground;
And knees have scraped to other powers
In twilight years — not just in ours.
There’s nothing fresh, there’s nothing new . . .
Except Beauty . . . That I find in you.

— Virginia Spanton

**To Buddha**

O gentle mendicant with begging bowl,
Thy tears have fallen on sterile ground;
Word hath been a fruitless tree,
Thy wisdom idle birds in every bough.
The slaughtered sinner lies at thy feet;
Entrenched in centuries of births to be;
Thy children all must live again;
Thy wisdom hath not made them clean.

— Virginia Spanton

**Sea Talk**

I want to be a sailor,
In peace to sail the sea.
Quiet? Velvet? Often —
Yet more often with the angry waves.
Beating mad against my ship —
Then once more to hear
The gentle lap, rap on her bow
And to know my gallant ship
Has conquered the god beneath the sea.
I want to take my ship to war
And blast the submarines
That meddle with her right to sail.
I want to blind with searchlights
Those slant eyes guided by the Rising Sun,
If need be, turning the belching turrets loose.
I want to be a sailor —
Peace, war, calms, tempests,
Each a life to me.

— Dorothy Engel

**Prayer**

Thank you, God, for my Mother, for her love and her devotion, for her encouragement when times were hard, and for her courage. A finer mother no one ever had. Let her grow old in peace and content and secure in our love. And, God, thank you for the hours of companionship with her — her who has stood faithful and strong, her who is a model of courage for me now. Make me worthy of her pride and love. Bless her, God, and reserve a special place in Heaven for my Mother. Don’t ever let her suffer. Bless her and strengthen her, and keep her strong.

— Josephine Dawson
**Society Ante-Bellum**

Although stays are no longer the criterion for genteel breeding and modesty, they are not now requisite as feminine accessories in refined circles, just South of the Mason-Dixon line. The observer of human behavior, casual, or otherwise, may yet encounter obvious evidence that Jenny is still a lady and that the Northern is, at best, an uncouth creature of poor blood and vulgar breeding.

The bounding Yankee, insensitive to charm, is never-theless, frequently the victim of an evening's grace and cordiality because of the ever-functioning and indisputable "Southern hospitality." Perhaps a bridge party at the house of Miss Dee and Miss Kate is the occasion where the charm is coursing in syrupy channels, dripping with softened vowels and luxuriant sipplings.

The door is opened and the Yankee (dampened indeed) guest is greeted with the warmth and vigour of a social homecoming. The weather is disagreeable, drizzling; in this vestibule, the dear little dress scar is admired as the costs are laid upon the homespun covered grading grand ma's own dear bridal bed. Dear little tie-back ribbons enhance the bed-room atmosphere (crawling with Jocote roses) really too, too sweet and quite easy to crochet, my dear!

Oh the lovely, lovely plants ex-haling their chemistry—upon the screen sirup sweet and quite easy to crochet, bridal bed. What dear little tie—

**The Deer**

**The Winonan**

The flux backstage of a Little Theater play shows as much kinaes-theisis as an average day in the construction of a modern cantilever bridge. Or maybe it just seems so because of the close quarters and the condensed nature of the action. The meager-proportioned ladies' dressing room is crowded with flying arms and bumping elbows. You gasp someone's belisopped figure as you reach up with a hanged costume to an inconveniently placed and already glutted hook. A pause resulting from this minor laceration is unheard of because of the victim has to climb pronto into a period skirt with voluminous forearms hugged tightly to your sides. In the midst of this delicate ledge, you begin to blend upward with the tips of your fingers, your victim has to climb pronto into a period skirt with voluminous.

**Backstage Bustling**

Friday, July 20, 1945

**Fastidium**

The thoughtful angels All were handsome. Something about The heavenly air Is chilling. The angels are a Cautious lot, Forever spraying Their throats. Before singing. A sneering serpent Is synonymous with sin In Heaven.

— Virginia Spanlon

**False Nymph**

Speak soft in the night! I hear him sing. In quiet coat — with sudden fright. The tree-winds ring. His ghost-notes warn my wanton Of light pledge made. In helpless scorn and thwarted wile. Bold smiles fade. My specter love will not forget A faithless oath; But scented grove from this co-quite Heard never truth!

— Louisa Brooks

**Argument Upon the World of Unredeemed Experience**

If after mingling with ground one thousand years, my spirit never breathes; If a clay hollowness envelops me where never I sense depth, or motion, or any living thing; If nullified infinity Shrouds my defunct bones and non-existent soul; I weep not now for that doom of awareness: One has transcended the terrest-thial. One has reached beyond the ephemeral now, beyond tomorrow, beyond time — And drunk eternity in a moment. (From a golfeat That must decay!) — Louisa Brooks

**The Daisy**

In spring the daisy comes in view To count the lonely hearts, And speaks to all young maidens fair Whose faith in love departs: "Rise, rise, My pretty maid, arise And tread these petals one by one!" And, picking all but one, she finds That she has love's work won. — Edna Gerboth

**The Unwooded**

Thoughts come, Stay a moment, And hasten on, leaving The stolid mind Unchanged. — W. E. B.

**Oblivion**

Like wroght-iron doors Mind's portals Lock in molyb rooms Old thoughts. — W. E. B.

**Fruit of Knowledge**

In shadowed streets I mark the change, Then hear. The night is not A different room: It is. As rooted as this tree Against whose bark I lean, Was I then — Then, when my mind Was questioning. But now, The answers known, I am adrift — As homeless As a thistled who, In the palest light, Recounts his pain And measures, thus, His loss.

— Virginia Spanlon

**The Deer**

I am going out a hunting With my carmine in my hand. For the love of fields and trampling Over autumn-colored land. There's an untier deer there, browsing Where the aspen seems alive, And my eyes behid him beauty As toward his place I strive. But I lack the heart for shooting When against the sky he stands, Like a lonely monarch viewing All the vaxtions of his lands. — Eugene Hopét

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Fifty-six Students Gain Honor Rating

Fifty-six students earned scholastic standing high enough to place them on the honor roll for the spring quarter recently closed, according to an announcement made by Miss Helen Pritchard, registrar.

Included in this group are Ruth Kottschade, Sandusky, 3.73; Brother Kieran Daniel, Winona, 3.00; Brother Hilmar Frederick, Winona, 3.00; Shirley Darrow, Winona, 3.00; Carol Kleist, Winona, 3.00; Carolyn Losch, Grant, 2.90; Lorraine Casby, St. Paul, 2.78; Zita Miller, Stillwater, 2.75; Shirley Olson, Harmony, 2.75; Brother Sebastian, Winona, 2.65; Lauren Tarras, Winona, 2.60; Carol De Wolf, Winona, 2.60; Brother Felix, Winona, 2.50; Brother Lewis Ambrose, Winona, 2.50; Brother Norman Wins, Winona, 2.50; Brother Lucas Pius, Winona, 2.50; Jean Le May, Homer, 2.50; Nancy Staley, Winona, 2.50; Evelyn Statham, Plainview, 2.50; Audrey Carothers, Chatfield, 2.46; Eleanor Kugler, Marshal, 2.42; Gladys Anderson, Winona, 2.33; Marie Croonquist, Stillwater, 2.33; Rebecca Huntley, Winona, 2.33; Dogy Minumdrum, Rushford, 2.31; Evangelina Kugler, Le Sueur, 2.30; Audrey Bodelson, Red Wing, 2.25; Betty Elwood, Lake City, 2.25; Katharine Grimm, Winona, 2.25.

Gladys Hodgson, Big Island, 2.17; Sylvia Selle, Gay, Indiana, 2.10; Marion Match, Newbema, 2.10; Arlene Rockne, Blooming Prairie, 2.10; Carl Goosen, Mountain Lake, 2.20; Lorraine McNary, Kellogg, 2.22; Alverna Spiek, Lake City, 2.20; Inez Pearson, Lake City, 2.17; Gladys Young, Lake City, 2.15; Alene Stahl, Winona, 2.60; Elsie Helms, Winona, 2.00; Lenore Breeden, Winona, 2.00; Dorothy Wildgrube, Winona, 2.00; Breene Doug, Kellogg, 2.00; Hope Houghcin, Chatfield, 2.00; Lois Johnson, Whalan, 2.00; Charlotte Matake, Winona, 2.00; Mary Meier, Winona, 2.00; Marilyn Nelson, Wykoff, 2.00; Laura Roehning, Stockholm, Wisconsin, 2.00; Geraldine Ryberg, Winona, 2.00; Lilian Schwabe, Lake City, 2.00; Anna Marie Truman, Canton, 2.00; Dorothy Wildgrube, Winona, 2.00; Edith Zambold, Owatonna, 2.00.

Twenty-seven students were on the honor roll at the end of every regular quarter of the school year. This toppling list is Shirley Cline, Olson, each with an average of 2.83.

Others on this list are Ruth Kottschade, 2.73; Hilmar Frederick, 2.60; Lorraine Casby, 2.60; Nancy Staley, 2.60; Esther Ask, 2.60; Clara Larman, Chatfield, 2.60; Brother Sebastian, 2.47; Jean Le May, 2.46; Breene Doug, 2.42; Ruth Bierbaum, 2.38; Audrey Carothers, 2.36; Betty Elwood, 2.35; Brother Felix, 2.33; Katharine Grimm, 2.33; Evelyn Kugler, 2.30; Alverna Spiek, 2.30; Betty Boyum, 2.26; Breene Doug, 2.23; Laura Tarras, 2.22; George Match, 2.16; Jean Walle, 2.05; Maxine Church, 2.00; Lois Johnson, 2.00; and Anna Marie Truman, 2.00.

Drames Class Uses Laboratory School

The Phelps summer school affairs for 1944 included another course in creative dramatics given in the first summer session by Miss Dorothy Magnus, head of the Department of Speech. Children of the third and fourth grades provided a real schoolroom situation in which students taking the course could practice techniques of eliciting and guiding dramatic activities. The general procedure was to present the children the character interest by presenting a story with dramatic possibilities and then utilize their response by encouraging them to interpret it effectively by acting it out. In this way they became aware of the elements of speech, such as character, setting, and action, and of the need for organizing sequences in any narrative.

Miss Magnus believe that creative dramatics can serve a definite purpose in developing the children’s imaginations and limited possibilities for intelligent expression. She presented a preview as a member of a speech panel at the recent Professional Relations conference at La Crosse.

Ballet in a Butcher Shop

The day was not reliable. At noon the smell of rain offended the nostrils of persons who were walking about. At three o’clock the sun cut through the dirty clouds, a prima donna averse to任何一个细节。The gen...