MINNESOTA ENGLISH JOURNAL

FORUM LEARNING BEHAVIOR THEORY AND THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

FOCUS A SELECTION OF WRITINGS BY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CHILDREN

Third Issue of Academic Year 68-69
Numbered: Volume V, No. 2
Spring, 1969

MCTE

minnesota council of teachers of english

NATIONAL CONFERENCE IN MINNEAPOLIS IN 1972

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Member of the NCTE Information Exchange Agreement

minnesota english journal

Published by the Minnesota Council of Teachers of English

VOLUME V, NO. 2 SPRING 1969

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preamblings

"Never apologize, never explain," a wise old Frenchman once said about affairs of the heart (and if we stop to look up his name the delay that occasions our forthcoming apology will be extended even further). But we know we must at least apologize to you for the appearance of the Spring issue of 1969 in the wrong season. Had the weather cooperated, we planned to identify this issue with Indian-Summer, but now that the tomatoes have dropped, still green, from the frozen vine, that choice is closed to us. We confess to some chagrin that no sound of deprivation reached us from our reading public. We prefer to attribute that silence to tact and watchful expectation. Somebody is reading the MEJ, though: ERIC has most recently chosen to reprint the six articles from "Focus on Teaching the Humanities" in the April 1968 issue, and Dudley Flamm's "The Loss of Metaphor" in the Winter 1969 issue; the June 1969 issue of the Pennsylvania Council Newsletter quotes from Gerald Kincaid's "I Have a Dream" (MEJ, Fall 1968); and the May 1969 issue of the NCTE Council-Grams has reprinted a section of Ervin Gaines "Censorship and What to Do About It" from the Winter 1969 issue.

We are pleased to devote a part of this issue to an array of elementary school children's writing in its original condition, with plenty of conversation but no pictures, and we're sorry about that, Alice. We worry about the children whose work does not appear: it can be cruel to arouse expectations that are not fulfilled, and we hate to be a party to this, so we ask their teacher-sponsors to explain that journals like ours sometimes seem capricious or indifferent when they are only themselves being thwarted by limited space. Those of our readers who would like to see more children's writing will be lighted with the new anthology of prose and poetry by Central Minnesota elementary students, edited by Sister André Marthale entitled Wonder Writers, vol. 1 (for sale at $2.00 from the Central Minnesota Educational Research and Development Council, St. Cloud); and with an anthology entitled Gems, whose twelfth issue, edited by Peter J. Nekola, Calhoun, was published by the Minneapolis Area Council in May 1968.

The two responses to Robert Zoellner's "Talk-Write: A Behavioral Pedagogy for Composition" (CE, January 1969) are the reactions of a college senior psychology major seeking ways to

improve his own writing and a professor of psychology interested in the connection between the expanding knowledge about verbal learning behavior and the improvement of English teaching procedures. Problems of sequence, about when to teach what, have plagued English curriculum designers for a long time. Unguided by any verified sense of the responsiveness of students at particular stages of their intellectual and social development, teachers rotating in the curricular process of spiral repetition, of basic materials expanded and reapplied as the level of instruction rises, are often merely repetitious. Lynch and Evans made this abundantly plain in their critique of high school English textbooks a few years ago (Little, Brown & Co., 1963). We need more news from the psychology of learning behavior made accessible to us. And we ought to suspend our distaste for the jargon in which such information usually appears. (Here's a beauty from Zoellner: "It is my thesis that many of the scribal non-fluencies we encounter on the college level are attributable in large part to a faulty or disjunctive vocal-to-scribal motor-modal 'weld,' a condition which [at least half-seriously] I call schizokinetic scribophobia, a term which describes a reactive stance toward the writing situation which is often adaptive on the high school level but which generally becomes maladaptive on the college level; correction demands the superimposition of a behavioral dimension upon our present think-write pedagogy, involving the transmodal manipulation of successive vocal-to-scribal approximations derived by autogenetic specification within a framework of variable reinforcement. That's the whole ball of wax in a single sentence.")

The teaching of composition has been especially frustrating to teachers, but not because it can't be taught. We are uncertain about how to measure success. We are divided about whether to take on the whole structure of a composition or to break it into pieces as we offer instruction on given grade levels. We have observed the disparity between students as speakers and as writers. We have also seen a correlation between students who read poorly and who write poorly. To many experienced English teachers any single one of Zoellner's observations and recommendations will not be new. His article is vulnerable in several different ways besides crudities of phrasing. But Zoellner does explore the territory of the psychology of learning behavior that a lot of us knew lay out there beyond our own charts, and he brings us back a way to revise our charts. The mountains and the abysses are still there, but we are going to readjust our equipment and try going up and down instead of around (not "Bring in a composition on Wednesday," but "Let's do it right here and I'll work at the blackboard on the same subject").

If the plans of this mouse, who is now beginning to roar about deadlines, don't go agley again, the Fall issue of MEJ will be along quickly. Articles of the future will be focused

on films, on violence in children's literature, and on the potential the Minnesota Council for English Education has for improving teacher training in our state. We have begun to invite the English faculty of single high schools and of districts to take over part of an issue for sounding-off on current problems (hardware and programs? is block scheduling worth the effort? what is "relevance" anyway? should "deprived" students be given a watered-down curriculum? is anyone interested in Middlemarch anymore? is the Roberts series working as it was supposed to work? why are so-called upper-track students so reluctant to talk in class? how much responsibility for selecting course content should students have? and so on). The first school to take over is Washburn. But don't wait to be asked: we welcome contributions on unannounced subjects as gratefully as on those we've heralded above.

forum

Let's Give Zoellner's Behavioral Approach to Writing its Chance

By RANDOLPH M. NESSE
Carleton College, Northfield

The January 1969 issue of College English was devoted almost entirely to Robert Zoellner's article, "A Behavioral Approach to Writing." The space, we think, was well used. And the subsequent interest that teachers of composition have shown in the monograph is quite justified. For Mr. Zoellner has emerged from an unlikely source of inspiration, the Skinner box, with a rare trophy, a new approach to the pedagogy of composition.

Zoellner finds most teachers guilty of using the "think-write" metaphor as a basis for instruction. This metaphor springs from the assumption that if a student can be taught to think well, then he will be able to write well. Zoellner finds this view too narrow. Thinking, he says, is quite different from writing. Indeed, how else can one explain the student who fluently and articulately explains in speech the idea that he has failed again and again to express in writing?

It is the process of writing that we must teach, Zoellner insists. We spend too much time trying to teach students how to think and how to evaluate finished pieces of typed prose. We spend too little time helping them to learn how to go about the process of writing. If a golf pro taught his skill the way we teach ours, Zoellner says, he would explain to students that they should get the ball into the hole in as few shots as possible and then send them around a course a dozen times a term. Instead of commenting on the student's ongoing behavior as he swings the clubs and plays the game, the golf pro would wait with a red pencil at the end of the course to mark a grade and brief comment on each scorecard. Though we suspect that the analogy is a bit extreme, we must admit that most of our teaching does ignore the active process of writing. How many of us have dared to walk unprepared into a classroom and model for our students the same process of organizing words on paper that we expect them to accomplish when they write essays and exams?

Zoellner draws his recommendations from an application of the principles of behavioral psychology, primarily from Skinner. We must, however, try to set aside our prejudices against such psychology and our aversion to Zoellner's wordy and defensive style long enough to find the value of what he has to say. When he compares students to rodents and essays to metal reinforcement bars, we must dilute our distaste and remember that

he asks us to decide "not whether the following critique is theoretically defensible, but only whether it is practically suggestive."

From his application of behaviorism he evolves a number of suggestions which may be briefly and imperfectly summarized as three principles.

1) Expose students to models of people writing well, in addition to models of excellent finished products.

2) Reinforce students for writing a great number of short pieces.

3) Shape writing style by reinforcing immediately any behavior by the student that produces an approximation to good style. Then gradually raise the standards by selectively reinforcing only the better approximations.

In application, these principles suggest to Zoellner a classroom with blackboards on all the wall space. Students stand at them and learn the process of writing in a social and public way through dialogue with the teacher. We can only guess at the effectiveness of such a set-up, but it certainly is worth a try.

Nowhere does Zoellner deal with the problem of abstract standards. He explains how the student can be taught to approach the norms of the teacher, but he does not reveal how it is that students can gradually approach norms they have within themselves. There is a good reason for this omission. If a student is striving to approach his own standards and makes progress without the intervention of his teacher then, at least in some sense, he may be said to be reinforcing himself. And the concept of self-reinforcement is difficult to explain in terms of Skinnerian theory. In fact, it is the crux of one of the most damaging criticisms of the theory.

If, however, we accept the concept of self-reinforcement we can perhaps find more practical suggestion in Zoellner's ideas even if we must sacrifice some theoretical rigor. His theory, with the principle of self-reinforcement added, might well include five principles.

1) Expose students to models of people in the process of writing well.

2) Reinforce students for all writing so that they come to enjoy the process of writing and so that the number of responses becomes great.

3) Reinforce the student whenever he makes an accurate critical judgment, since he must come to recognize good writing by testing it against a set of standards which he can use critically.

4) Help the student to feel personal pride, pleasure and a sense of satisfaction whenever he writes well, thereby reinforcing himself whenever his writing approximates his own standards. In this way the student gradually comes to train himself to write well independently of the teacher.

5) Stress that learning writing is a process in the same way that writing itself is. The student must see the development of his writing skill as a gradual process so that his goals and standards rise as his competence does.

We have simply extended Mr. Zoellner's idea of process from writing itself to the learning of writing. Just as thinking is not the same as writing, learning to write is not the same as learning how to learn to write. Teaching a student how to write will not necessarily help him to learn the process of learning how to write. So if a student's writing is to improve throughout his lifetime instead of just in the classroom, he must be taught how to learn to write, instead of merely the process of expressing thoughts clearly on paper.

Many others will, no doubt, add more extensive speculation to the foundations laid by Mr. Zoellner. His article will be read often. It is not as clear and straightforward as it might be, and its extensive use of Skinnerian psychology may cause it to be unnecessarily narrow and misunderstood. But the perspectives offered by "A Behavioral Approach to Writing" are new, valuable and worthy of further study.

Cinquains

By DORTHINE BLASCH
Hubert Olson Junior High School, Bloomington

"How far
is Camelot,
that shining citadel?"
Merlin replied, "It's just beyond
the soul."

Alone,
fettered, earth-bound
am I...while silver gulls
soar and swoop above a sea of
turquoise.

To long
for yesterday
or yearn for tomorrow
is to renounce all that we have:
today.

More on Zoellnerism, The Question of Self-Teaching

By PETER M. GUTHRIE
Carleton College, Northfield

In one of the many responses to Robert Zoellner's remarkable article "Talk-Write: A Behavioral Pedagogy for Composition," Randolph Nesse points out that Zoellner failed to deal with the problem of abstract standards. Zoellner's adaptation of operant methods could enable a student to approach the standards of the teacher but provides no account of how a student might approach his own norms of scribal excellence. Nesse argues that students can make progress toward their own standards and suggests that self-reinforcement, as opposed to reinforcement by others, may provide an explanation. These two possibilities are of interest to me because, with C.K. Peek,[1] I have been involved in a small research project on the problem of self-reinforcement and self-teaching and the as yet unpublished results of our work seem relevant to a discussion of Zoellner's paper and Nesse's response.

The model upon which Zoellner has based his "talk-write" method is, in his own term, rodential. Rather than adopting the extrapolation from the experimental analysis of animal behavior which Skinner described in Verbal Behavior, Zoellner has produced his own extrapolations, leading to talk-write. Since the notion of self-reinforcement is itself an extrapolation from more basic theory, some comments upon the base model appear needed. In the more or less standard operant conditioning procedure for an animal such as the rat, several distinct steps are required. The first step is usually to deprive the rat of food according to a schedule that reduces the animal's body weight to about 80-85% normal. While this is being done over a period of several days, the animal is gentled by handling and is habituated to the operant conditioning box in which it will be trained. When the rat is ready to be trained, it is placed in the apparatus, which is typically an enclosure about one foot cubed that includes a small lever, a food tray, and one or more lights that can be used to develop discriminations later in training. The animal is observed through a window in the box, and the entire apparatus is usually enclosed in a sound

[1] Now attending the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado

resistant shell to control extraneous stimuli. The first step in training is to teach the rat to approach the food tray whenever the food magazine is operated to deliver a pellet. On first finding food in the tray, the rat makes frequent trips to the tray interrupted by much exploration of the box. When the food magazine first sounds, delivering a pellet in response to the experimenter's pressing a button, the rat may startle slightly, but has no tendency to approach the food tray. He is trained to do so by being given a series of 20 or more food pellets from the magazine spaced at intervals of one or two minutes. By the end of such a series, the rat has learned to associate the sound of the food magazine with the delivery of a food pellet and he comes to the food tray much as a dog learns to come when he sees or hears dinner being placed in his bowl. During the next stage of training, the rat is taught to press the lever. One method is simply to connect the lever, which serves as a switch, to the food magazine and wait until the rat emits a lever press response in the course of exploring the box. Since he has learned to go immediately to the food tray when the magazine sounds, food delivery and actual receipt of the food by the rat occur almost immediately after a lever press. Within a few minutes, typically, the rat is pressing the lever at a rate of some 10 or 12 responses a minute. He is then said to be conditioned.

This lengthy account was necessary in order to make clear a number of distinctions between the rodential model Zoellner employs and the model we shall introduce. In the narrative above, the rat emitted the first lever response without prompting. He was immediately reinforced by the sound of the food magazine, which had been made a conditioned reinforcer. That sound served to bridge the gap between the response and the actual arrival of food, which was the primary reinforcer. In Zoellner's talk-write procedure, sentences, uttered or written by students in the classroom, are the emitted operants (of a much more complex sort than lever presses, it goes without saying) and the instructor's praise is the reinforcement, conditioned or primary. In either case, if the behavior is truly operant, then omission of reinforcement will lead to a gradual weakening of the operant behavior and experimental extinction.

In contrast, the self-teaching model we shall develop requires the subject to learn a set of materials without at once performing them, and to then teach himself to perform, using an internal representation of the material as a basis for that performance and for the correction of errors which may be made. No external reinforcement is supplied at any point in this process. Whether or not self-reinforcement is involved is the question to which we turn next.

Operant conditioning of rat behavior is undisputed and there is much evidence, some of it cited by Zoellner, for operant conditioning in man. Self-reinforcement would appear a natural extension of the technique. However, Skinner, in Science and Human Behavior, approached the topic cautiously.

> The place of operant reinforcement in self control is not clear. In one sense, all reinforcements are self-administered since a response may be regarded as "producing" its reinforcement, but "reinforcing one's own behavior" is more than this. It is also more than simply generating circumstances under which a given type of behavior is characteristically reinforced--for example, by associating with friends who reinforce only "good" behavior.
>
> Self-reinforcement of operant behavior presupposes that the individual has it in his power to obtain reinforcement but does not do so until a particular response has been emitted. This might be the case if a man denied himself all social contacts until he had finished a particular job. Something of this sort unquestionably happens, but is it operant reinforcement?
>
> (Pp.237-238)

Two considerations suggest that Skinner's doubts were well founded. One is simply that if self-reinforcement were a strong variable in human behavior, if a man could train himself by withholding reinforcement until he had met his own standards of perseverance or skill, or if he could shape his own behavior as powerfully as one shapes the behavior of rats or pigeons or other people, then that fact would in all likelihood have been handed down to us by the ancient Greeks along with other principles such as hypnosis and association by contiguity. A second consideration comes from research conducted by Kanfer and Marston in a series of studies of self-reinforcement. (F.H. Kanfer and A.R. Marston, "Determinants of Self-reinforcement in Human Learning," Journal of Experimental Psychology, 1963, 66, 245-254; R. Marston, "Response Strength and Self-Reinforcement," Ibid., 1964, 68, 6, 537-540; A.R. Marston and F.H. Kanfer, "Human Reinforcement: Experimenter and Subject Controlled," Ibid., 1963, 66, 91-94.)

Their work appears at this point to show that while adult human subjects readily learn to deliver a stimulus to themselves that has been designated as a reinforcer and to do so only when they think they have responded correctly, such self-reinforcement has not resulted in much improvement in the performances on which it was made contingent. One difference between the situation Skinner has described and the situations employed by Kanfer and Marston is that Skinner's example concerned the

quantity of a particular behavior rather than the details of that behavior. The distinction is the difference between the quantity of sentences one utters in an hour and the content and grammaticality of those utterances. Thus the question of whether self-reinforcement actually works at all is not yet resolved within psychology.

Self-teaching, however, seems entirely possible. Anyone who has learned to write or print can presumably teach himself to typewrite. We teach ourselves to hum tunes "by ear," and a host of other similar activities. During the past year, C.K. Peek and I investigated some of the variables that affect "playing by ear" in the laboratory. The procedure required our subjects, college students, to listen to a series of seven musical notes played over several times on a tape recorder, and to then attempt to play the series on an electric practice organ. While a subject was teaching himself to play a series he was given no information about the correctness of his play but did, of course, hear the notes he struck. While our data have not been completely analysed, we can say at this point that our subjects' ability to learn a given "string" of seven notes, all played on the white keys between middle C and C above, depends upon their pitch sensitivity as determined in a pretest, the number of times they were allowed to hear the string before attempting to learn to play it, their musical training, and the difficulty of the string itself. While some strings were never, in the time allowed, played correctly by some subjects and others were played correctly the first try, many of the strings were learned by trial and error. The subjects made mistakes and corrected them. When a subject thought he had played a string correctly he often told us so, and usually he was right.

We think that we are now in a position to specify which strings will be learned most readily and by whom and without reference to reinforcement at all. In our study no mention of reinforcement was included in our instructions, and we delivered none. To explain successful learning in this situation by self-reinforcement would require also explanation of why self-reinforcement failed for some subjects and worked for others. The explanation for the behaviors we observed appears to lie in the relations between the task and the other variables listed above, including pitch sensitivity, previous keyboard training, number of exposures, and string difficulty.

A direct application of the model provided by our experiment to the teaching of English composition might be interesting, and something very much like it has undoubtedly been tried at times. It would seem to require the novice writer to memorize passages of good prose to the point that he could write them "from memory," correcting his own errors by comparing his written product with his stored representation of the

material. Such a method would clearly require attention to detail and one might guess that students required to memorize many passages would become adept at second-guessing their models with respect to word choices, punctuation, and other matters when they begin to work on original compositions in a mode similar to the memorized models. That something of this sort occurs in the normal course of learning to write seems very likely.

Reinforcement, in Zoellner's sense, and in Skinner's, seems to reenter the scene once a piece has been played or written. Some of our subjects wanted to continue to play some of the strings after they had learned them. The experimenters found themselves humming some strings, too. Skinner suggests, in Verbal Behavior, that the composer composes what he likes to hear and the writer writes what he enjoys reading. Our argument here is that a distinction must be made between being reinforced by one's own writing and learning to write well. Zoellner's remarkably astute application of operant principles to the classroom teaching of composition does not contradict the view that self-teaching also occurs. At the same time, the suggestion that self-teaching occurs through the operation of some mechanism of self-reinforcement presents the danger of lulling us all into a false sense of understanding in an area that can benefit from continued research and discussion.

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The Culturally Disadvantaged Teacher

By JACK NEWTON
Roosevelt High School, Minneapolis

We are all experts on the culturally disadvantaged teacher just as the criminal is an expert on crime. I am deeper in crime than many of you; I have the advantage (?) of being not only a teacher of adolescents but also a parent of two teenagers.

I would not presume to tell you what the culturally disadvantaged teacher is, what the generation gap is, or how we can close the gap, assuming we want to. But I would like to share with you some thoughts about the gap -- or, sometimes more appropriately, the cavern.

In thinking about whatever it is that separates me from my students, apart from our traditional concepts of the "proper" student-teacher relationship and the adolescent rebellion against authority, I find it helpful to review what has gone into the background of our students in the last five to ten years. It was about ten years ago that we had the advent of space exploration with the flight of Sputnik. In the past five years alone we have lived through the assassinations of President Kennedy, Medgar Evers, Malcolm X, Lincoln Rockwell, Martin Luther King, and Robert Kennedy (wouldn't our confidence in social order have been shaken?). We have been seeing more and more nudity in movies and increasing frankness in use of language in movies, on TV, and in print; and TV has been an everyday fact of life from birth for students we have in our secondary schools today. There has been increasing public debate on abortion and increasing organized youth-group discussion of whether pre-marital sex is justifiable, the answer often being "yes." We have seen church members demonstrating against their own clergymen; we have seen rioting in the streets and student demonstrations at colleges across the country. We have seen the escape impulse in the Hippie movement and in experimentation with marijuana, LSD, and other mind-expanding drugs. Within the past year we saw a children's crusade to elect a president and a Southern racist seriously campaigning and winning considerable support for the Presidency.

If any one of these things had happened during our own growing-up years, it would have been a significant influence. Now, the quickened pace of events and their sheer numbers have combined to produce a student different from any we have known before. My answer, then, to the question "Is there an ever-widening difference between the culture of students and that of

teachers?" is "yes."

Having made that observation, what do I do next? What do I do with myself, my students, my classroom? I had the opportunity last summer to experiment with some answers to these questions while teaching a class on protest literature at the Twin City Institute for Talented Youth. We considered in a seminar-discussion format such works as Summerhill, Autobiography of Malcolm X, Death at an Early Age, Looking Backward, and Anthem. It was, of course, a quite atypical situation, but I learned or was reminded of several truths: 1. I don't have to be at the center of the stage at all times. 2. Examination of values is what is really important. 3. Students need to talk. 4. "Good" students also smoke cigarettes and experiment with drugs and sex. 5. I really am over thirty.

I'm the kind of English teacher who enjoyed teaching Silas Marner to my 11th grade students six or eight years ago and thought they benefited from reading it once they got through that impossible, difficult exposition at the beginning. I wouldn't consider teaching Silas Marner today -- not because I've changed that much, but because my students have changed to the extent that no matter what gymnastics I went through or what psychedelic experiences I could work in, they would not have become turned on by the time George Eliot and I finished moralizing at them at the conclusion of the book.

I have also enjoyed teaching Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities and would again teach it if it seemed appropriate. A Tale of Two Cities does, I believe, speak to students and would turn them on today. In fact, Dickens' beginning paragraph with "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times" is not unlike the way one might describe our society today. Students could relate rather easily, I think, to that demonstration we call the French Revolution, as well as to the repeated movement back and forth between London and Paris.

I guess what I'm saying is that in selecting fiction today, culturally disadvantaged as I am, I would look for, among other things, movement and dramatic confrontation of values.

What do I do with myself, with my classroom? I try to start by recognizing a few important factors. One of these is students' hypercritical sensitivity to adult duplicity and the near-universal, almost official, teenage rejection of phoneyness. Related to this condition is the anti-establishment current which some of us find rather disturbing. However, I believe we need to recognize this current as a reality, not in the sense of "violence is as American as cherry pie," but in the sense of the Newsweek article (Sept. 1968) on Dr. Spock which pointed out that anti-establishmentarianism is a strain in the American

character and that it seems to be a trait nurtured in American families generally, for, while the study cited in the article showed that German mothers tended to rate obedience as the trait they most desired to see developed in their children, American mothers tended to rate obedience last in a list of ten traits they most valued in their children. At any rate, in my classroom I would try to avoid what-is-the-younger-generation-coming-to speeches, the kind I heard were being given in a city classroom a few weeks ago. From my informant's description of the teacher's speech to the class, it seems that nothing could have been better calculated to alienate those students -- at least the more sensitive, thoughtful ones.

I need, further, to try to understand the simplistic, escapist appeal of the Hippie movement for our own flower children. And, unless I want to continue to encourage kids to learn more outside of school than they do in, I need to use a multiplicity of values, media, and experiences in the classroom, not with the hope of competing successfully with non-school life but with the hope of somewhere along the line touching something of significance, stimulating a perception, evoking an aesthetic response that contributes to students' intellectual or emotional growth.

Finally, I need to recognize the central importance of confrontation of values, for isn't that what life and literature are all about? Only through consideration of alternatives, whether presented by students, teacher, or writer, can students productively examine and develop their own values. I couldn't agree more with the English consultant for Minneapolis, Seymour Yesner, who wrote in his September Newsletter, "... the best thing a teacher can do is avoid the issue [of what is morally uplifting] and go about his business of extending students' experiences through as wide a range of books as possible."

As a partial response to my finding myself with students different from those I had known before, I have become involved in helping to develop an experimental course in American civilization. Our major goal was to put together some of the fragments of American history and American literature to enable students to cope more effectively with the realities of American society today. We have incorporated a variety of experiences and activities with a multi-media approach and are using small and large group discussions, a variety of materials (new and old literature, magazines, newspapers, etc.), outside speakers, movies, slides, and records. We emphasize the examination of values -- students', teachers', writers', society's -- and feel, with Dr. Fader, that students themselves need to make at least some choices regarding curriculum and materials if we really want them to learn. We cannot yet determine what degree of success we have had except that the level of student interest seems high,

if only because of the variety of materials and activities.

There are a couple of questions I faced when I resolved to narrow the gap between myself as teacher and my students. The first is, "How can teachers identify with students when this often leads to confrontations with other teachers and administrators?" This seems to me to be a question of teaching versus non-teaching. One needs to ask himself, "Shall I take a chance or shall I play it safe?" We are all experts at playing it safe -- avoiding the questions or answers that lead to confrontation, diverting attention from the truth that needs telling, following the path of least resistance. If we are truly to teach, we shall have to be willing to have confrontations with colleagues. To paraphrase Burke's statement "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men remain silent," all that is necessary for the triumph of non-teaching is that teachers seek to avoid confrontations -- with students, other teachers, or administrators.

The second question, "Is the teacher's professional responsibility primarily to the student or to school officials?" is easy to answer. To neither of those. The teacher's primary responsibility is to himself as a professional. This is the only way to elicit what is best in all of us -- and isn't that what we as English teachers try to do with our students? Granted, even with common sense and discretion, there is some danger of a teacher's using poor judgment, making a bad decision, or becoming apathetic. But don't we have to believe we get better results from encouraging teachers to use their own best professional judgment in making decisions and planning classroom activity? And isn't it always potentially dangerous to encourage people to think for themselves?

To produce thinking, responsive individuals has always been our goal -- there has always been a "clear and present danger," especially for English teachers. I'm confident that we have the nerve to face the dangers, the resources to narrow the gap, and the will to make the English classroom an increasingly more relevant and significant factor in our students' lives. We really can't afford not to.

Jack Newton teaches English and Social Studies at Roosevelt High School in Minneapolis.

Identification in "Ashes Come Home"

By SISTER M. ANDRÉ MARTHALER, O. S. B.

The Funeral of Sinclair Lewis:
An Essay and A Critique by the Author

I wasn't there for the funeral. I was going to school in Indiana. When I got home for a vacation four years later the townsfolk told me about it. Maybe the funeral wasn't exactly like they told it, but this is what the old grandmas and the middle-aged fathers, the farmers, and the store clerks in Sauk Centre told me.

They said the folks in our town had never seen such a funeral. When they went to wakes they went to homes or to funeral parlors. They went to look at a real body and to see who sent flowers. They went to see the family cry and to hear about the death from the relatives. Their funerals were always connected with religion; there was always a priest or a minister and they always had prayers. But nothing was right about this funeral.

The janitor had swept the high school auditorium and put around some rows of chairs. Under the clocks he put one of the heavy small tables from the shop room.

Late that January afternoon, Doctor Lewis brought home the ashes of his brother Sinclair and set the small glass urn on the shop table. Sinclair's divorced wife, his son, and two or three other persons were there, too. They sort of stood around by themselves all evening. They didn't pray and they didn't cry. The few townspeople who came walked up to the table, gaped awkwardly for a minute, looked around into the emptiness, and left quickly. The men went to Schwarzmann's bar down the street; the women went to the Red Owl and the National Tea and talked and waited for their men.

Next morning word got around that the ashes of old Doctor Lewis's boy was all they had to bury. In the early afternoon the retired townsfolk and those that had no jobs came to the auditorium. Lots of folks from out of town sent flowers. The Lewises stacked them under the table and piled the rest along the wall. Old Mr. Schwarzmann went to Doctor Lewis and asked him if he wanted to put out some of the flowers. Doctor Lewis told him, "Red gave orders before he died -- no flowers!" The Lewises moved around in a little group near the table. Off and

on a few strangers came in and joined them. The hometown folks stood opposite the door near the back. They had nothing else to do.

At two o'clock Doctor Lewis sounded the signal and the folks pushed around and finally sat down. The Lewises sat in the front row with the strangers. Our men took off their caps and waited for prayers. The women poked around in their purses looking for hankies. Finally some man who had been carrying a book got up and stood in front of the table. He said he was a writer from the University. He said he had lost a great friend and that he wanted to read something from one of the books of the departed. He said he was going to read from a book about a doctor -- where the doctor said death is the end of everything. He read a little piece but it didn't mean much to most of us. Old Clem Mueller was rubbing his finger up and down behind his right ear like he does in church when he doesn't know what the preacher is talking about. When the man got through with his reading, Doctor Lewis went to the table, picked up the urn, and dropped it into his pocket.

It was a cold day. There was a strong wind blowing the loose snow and gravel. The Lewises, the strangers, and about a dozen homefolks went out to the cemetery. They went to the Lewis lot where the old Lewises are buried. With his foot Doctor Lewis scraped the snow out of the little hole that was to be the grave of his brother. He started The Lord's Prayer. Young Lewis looked up. "Hey, Doc," he said from where he stood, "Dad didn't want any prayers. Remember?" Doctor Lewis looked at his nephew and said, "Shut up! I'm running this damn show," and finished the prayer.

He tried to open the urn then, but his fingers were too stiff from the cold. One of our men handed him a pliers and with them he opened the seal. He bent down to spill the ashes into the grave. A swirl of wind blew some of the ashes back into his face. "Damn you, Red," he said, and scraped the dirt over his brother's ashes.

Everybody left the cemetery then. The Lewises and the strangers left for Minneapolis. The townspeople went back to the auditorium. The flowers were in vases and on the chairs along the wall. Young Schwarzmann had brought some of his bar over from down the street. The homefolks were drinking beer and eating pretzels.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In "Rhetoric Old and New,"(April, 1951),Kenneth Burke says, "If I had to sum up in one word the difference between the 'old rhetoric and the new' ... I would reduce it to this: The key term for the old rhetoric was 'persuasion' and its stress was upon deliberate design. The key term for the 'new' rhetoric

would be 'identification' which can include an 'unconscious' factor in appeal.

Now, what does Burke mean by identification. One thing, he says, can be identified with another thing when both are shown to share the same whatness or substance. When a writer, a speaker, a politician, a mother, a soldier, anyone, identifies himself with someone else or with some thing which, too, has a whatness, he becomes consubstantial with it. In "Ashes Come Home," which as a prose piece is a form and an act interpreting/reporting an action, the townsfolk, as actors in a specialized activity, participants in a funeral, possess a consubstantiality in that they share among other things, the same attitudes about what makes for rightness at funerals: a real body, flowers, grief, conversation about how the 'loved one' died, religious ritual, an officiating minister, a wake in the home or in the funeral parlor.

What about the identification of the writer? Does the writer have identification, consubstantiality with one or with both sets of actors? Burke says that in the fact that man is symbol user, symbol maker, symbol creator all men have consubstantiality. All men have identification in that they employ their symbol making-using facility, a facility which most "explicitly, revealingly, and universally" manifests itself through the medium of language.

In the first place, the writer seems to seek distance, to be consciously uninvolved, non-participating: "I wasn't here for the funeral. I was going to school in Indiana." But after these two opening statements, the writer reveals, and nowhere relinquishes, identification, consubstantiality with the townspeople. This is accomplished through "the townsfolk told me about it." The principle of identification exists, first of all, in that communication. Then there is the strategy of the possessive pronoun: our in "our town" and "our men." Identification is suggested in the noun phrases: "the hometown folks," "a dozen homefolks." The writer has, in language, chosen to reveal identification with the townspeople.

The writer's identification with the townsfolk is revealed in the choice of simple, ordinary, colloquial vocabulary, the vocabulary of the simple townsfolk. The syntax is simple, ordinary, non-complex. The sentences are short; most of them are of the direct noun phrase plus verb phrase variety. The grammatical function of like in "like they told it" and "like he does in church..." indicates the writer's identification with the dialect of the townspeople. The attention to small, almost the trivial, details reveals the writer's receptivity to the communications of the "old grandmas, the middle-aged fathers, the store clerks."

The writer's participation in the whatness of the townsfolk's response to the Lewises as actor, to the why of their coming together with them, to the agency of the urn, to the agent in the person of Dr. Lewis, who, of course, was once one of them but from whom they are, in this action, separated, to the entire act of the wake, the burial rites, to all that is and makes the scene, is communicated directly, and indirectly, by and through the entire essay. No one part achieves this identification with the whatness of the characters alone. Whatever it is that produces this appeal was in no way a conscious manipulation by the writer. That it is there can be tested by an oral reading of the essay to an audience. (In my case, several of my dorm mates at Patterson Hall)

The strategic positioning of "Doctor Lewis went to the table, picked up the urn, and dropped it into his pocket." with the drop pitch and the voiceless stops /p, k,t/ in pocket, a sentence which ends one thing and begins another, yet is intimately bound with all that comes before and after, invites a response from an audience which is the whatness of the response made by the townspeople. They, too, gape awkwardly, and, because there is no one to bring them beer and pretzels, resort to just moving about, uncomfortable.

Reciprocity

DWIGHT DAVID EISENHOWER 1890 – 1969

By WILLIAM D. ELLIOTT
Bemidji State College

Lament, for priests of life have sprung,
Turned on him; yet he cries, yet blind can see.
Call us a country of deathless corresponding;
Dry Normandy, door of cliffs, strike open
Uplift the temples of our declining North
Strike beggar-like to fathom new routes West
Upset time coming South
Lament the fiction of the concrete universe.
Lost allegory, our lives
Test in court for North America
Try us a country of young men
Who see the fracture of the hour
And Seers, die in winter, sleep,
Pin on the temples of our soul
The fusion of the galaxy.

Focus

A Selection of Writings by Elementary School Children

The writings which follow are the work of elementary school children printed in the form in which they were submitted to us. These writings represent the kind of composing activity which engages teachers and pupils in an English or Language Arts class: poetry, stories, reports, exercises, interpretation or responses to literature, and so on. They were assembled by Sister M. André Marthaler, O.S.B., with the cooperation of teachers and administrators throughout the state, to whom we are grateful. We hope that those children who do not find their own compositions included will understand that we had space to print only a sampling of writings.

Whenever the information was provided, we have printed a description of the assignment or discussion that led to the composition. It is particularly useful to know what suggestions stir children's imaginations, and it is instructive to see the range of responses in a class. We hope in the future to print more elementary pupils' compositions with full descriptions of what preceded the writing itself.

Kindergarten

SANTA CLAUS
by Steven Voth

Santa Claus flies through the air
When toys are packed,
He climbs down the chimney
And fills up the socks.

PUSSYWILLOW
by MaryBeth Hanson

Pussywillow, rose,
The other one
Nobody knows.

SANTA IS GAY
by Ruth Younger

Santa is gay
On Christmas day,
Bells are ringing
And children are singing.

SNOW
by Gail Gellerstedt

Snow comes down
When trees are sleeping,
Flowers are sleeping
Under the snow.

Washburn School
Duluth
Teacher: Mrs. Genevieve Brown

First Grade

THE ODDATY
by Paul Leonard

Once upon a time there was a young witch named marabell with her three pets, a owl, a cat, a goose. the grate white owl named loona was vary clever. she new how to fix the wether. 1. hoot - breez 2 hoots - gale 3 hoots - huracane. Right wing is flaped for rain. Left wing for snow. the big black cat named blister was allso clever. if he licked his back a tong of flam shot out to light the cindling under the wood cadron. if he sharpend his claws he coude set of fire worcks, roman

candels and sparclars of many colerd sparcks and if blister was made he coude start a forest fire but marabell's third pet the big goose was not in the least bit clever or talnted. she was just a goose who falod the witch around and marabell called her honey, and loved her derly. so time past harmonasly intil one day a bit of trubl began. honey started it all. she had grown enveus of loona and blister and there surpereur brains and dasling acomplishmants. she was also bord by the undless prow-sashon of goslings ech like the last. marabell was stiring a magic poshan of wild flowers, moss, pussy willos, whil Blister tended the fire under the pot. loona was perched on th mantle trying to disid whther a light rain, or a downpur wood be better for the vegtabl gardens in the vally until honey who hade been sulcky all morning, rose from her nest dryed her fethers erdobly and wadled across the harth, twecking the witches aperun she whind Marabell. the witch stoped stiring and loocked down axsusly. yes honey what is it? Marabell can't you do me one littel favor. i will if i can said the witch. well this is my very last egg. i wish it woude hatch into a nice gosling, a marvolis baby not like any one elses. marabell stird the broth thotfully finly to honeys content she said well yes i think that can be don. From then on honey sat on the egg with inthusyasum and whenever the clock struck 12 by day or by night she left the nest at marabell's comeand. then marabell purd a spoonful of broth on the egg, the magik broth to which she added a fether from loona, a whscker from blisher and a fist full of dandylion seed so by and by after some weeks of this treatment the egg split open with a musical (ping) and out steped a truly un-usal baby
blister loona Marabell and honey gatherd around and staird down at the infant. it's a odd fleging! said loona. a qwir cat yowld blister. it's nicer then i expeckted said marabell. honey was a blast. there never!! was! such a butiey!!!! in the world!!!!! she said. suddntly the crechur spred out some crecent shaped wings. there! said looona I bet you never saw a cat with wings. the cretchur opend his rosbud mouth and mewed. her that loona blister cried? and whar is ther a bird with a nose and not a beak. stop that, said Marabell. it's a oddaty and i made it. evryone inthe cave loved the oddaty. marabell petted him and named him Gosket. loona gloded over his wings and fethers and clamed that goskets eyes were just like her own. blister addmird his gracefull cat-like shap and honey of course was e-aten up with pride at haveing hached such a nice baby. so the oddat-y grew up in a happy home and led in a amazingly free and fun life. sometimes a sheperd or a herdsmen would cach sight of gosket raceing across the passtur, darting through the air or swiming in the lake. the end

Edison School
Rochester
Teacher: Catharine Flemming

THE ELEPHANT
by Sherri Strelow

The elephant is gray.
He lives in the zoo.
Pople feed him peanuts.
He is a good elephant.

THE BAT
by Craig Scott

I saw a bat.
It was black and brown.
It was in a tree.
It was at night.
It was a black night.
The bat flew away.

THE PIG
by Wade Seadlund

I saw a pig.
It was a pet.
It was at the zoo
It was a big pig.
It was a fat pig.

THE MOON
by Kristine Landherr

I saw the moon.
It was white.
It was in the sky.

THE CAT
by David Robinson

I saw a cat.
It was black and green.
I play with it.

Folwell School
Rochester
Teacher: Mrs. Loretta Wiehr

RED
by Wendy Jarchow

Red is an apple
I like to chew
Red is a light
My dad went through

St. Stanislaus School
St. Paul
Teacher: Sister Mary Colling, SSND

Given: A fairy touches you with her magic wand and makes you invisible. What would you do -- what happens to you?

by David Ek

I would sneak out of the school room and go to the lunch room. There I would swipe food from the cooks. I am always hungry, you know.

by Lisa Hanson

I would sneak and bump into people! I would get into trouble! I would go to an avenue and give the policeman a swat and I would hold a spider in his face. Then I would go to the airport, get in a plane and I would go to Washington D. C. I'll go to the White House and take the President's chairs away.

by Joan Thomsen

I sneaked on a ferris wheel without a ticket. Then I went around the world to see the cities. I went in school and my teacher got scared. A fairy came and turned me back, so here I am.

Tyler Public School
Tyler

MY PET
by Deborah Zschokke

As pretty as a neck lace
As brown as wood
Can bark like a seal
Fond of good dog food.

A FLAG
by Mark Long

As red as a crown
As white as milk
As blue as the sea
As soft as a rag
As fluffy as a pillow
As pretty as a colorful clown

St. Bernard's School
St. Paul
Teacher: Sister Nillon

LITTLE FLOWER
by Jamie Bawek

Little flower do you know?
It is God who makes you grow.
He sends the rain and dew,
And His great sun shines down
on you.

Lincoln School
Rochester
Teacher: Miss Lord

WINDS
by Justin Hollander

Men will be chasing
their hats in March!
March is near March is here!
The wind is smart
The wind blows darts.
Where ever you go,
It will blow.

THE TREE
by Lynn Browning

I have a tree
It is good to see.
The branches will swing.
The wind is king.

Lincoln School
Rochester
Teacher: Mrs. Hisey

Third Grade

POEM FOR DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING'S BIRTHDAY
by Gary Peterson

I'M BLACK, I'M RICH

I'm black
I'm rich.
I'm rich because I'm black.
I'm black and proud.
Rich soil is black.
Good things grow there.
The black community grows tall
Black night is beautiful
I know that.
Sometimes white is bad.
Sometimes black is bad, too.
Martin Luther King was all good.
He liked both black and white.
I learn from him.
I'm black. I'm rich

CHIPPEWA BOY
by Terry Peet

I am a Chippewa boy.
I have a headdress of porcupone quills.
My grandma gave it to me.
I can go dancing.
Many years ago
Proud Indians danced in the woods.
Today we can dance outside or in a big hall
We play with our friends at a powwow
We can eat wild rice;
We drink pop.

LOOK AT US
by David Kaatrud and Greg Johnson

Look at us.
Some call us white.
But, look at us carefully.
You will find out
That we are all colors.
White, see our teeth.
Black, see our lashes and shadows.
Red, see our mouths.
Yellow, see the flecks in our hair.
Brown, see our freckles.
All colors have power.
We should be proud of ourselves
We are not a majority
Or a minority.
We are all people.
Like Martin Luther King said,
We, too, have a dream.
In the dream,
Black is rich.
Red is pwerful.
Yellow is good.
Brown is beautiful.
White is nice.
Look at us again.

Eugene Field School
Minneapolis
Teacher: Pat Schorweiler

Motivation: Discussion of the legend of the leprechaun and what would happen if one were caught.

THE DAY I CAUGHT A LEPRECHAUN
by Diane Hoffarber

Well it happened one day when I was walking through the woods. And I saw a Leprechaun bending his back the other way. I saw him but he didn't see me. I ran home and got a box. (By the way, I live by myself.) Then I looked to see if he was still there. Yep, he was. I got the box ready and picked him up gently. He said in a funny voice, "O.K., I'll show you the gold.

I said, "If you do, you can live with me."

He said, he didn't have anybody to be with, so we both had gold and we both had each other.

THE DAY I CAUGHT A LEPRECHAUN
by Tami Sanders

I caught a Leprechaun! He was not like other Leprechauns, he was medium size, and was noth the color he should be. He was pink! I told him to stay with me. He said, "Yes". That night in the middle of our yard was a moon beam. The Leprechaun took me up the beam, now I live on the other side of the moon.

Sheridan School
Richfield
Teacher: Mrs. Jacqueline Kuhns

Fourth Grade

These compositions and poems are samples from individual notebooks made in a special writing class which met one afternoon a week.

A WALK THROUGH PARADISE
by Mimi Kim

On dark windy nights I like to take a walk. The wind whisks about my face while the trees are rustling. I feel like I'm the only one in the world. The stars start popping out one by one staring at me. The crickets are telling stories to the world. It's a paradise only for me.

THE MAPLE IN OUR YARD
by Marie Gemuenden

In our front yard is a huge fiery maple. It's bright red and orange leaves are very beautiful. I like the way it sways in the wind. It seems to be keeping time to music -- first right, then left, then right again. When the bright leaves finally fall, I like to rake them up and make leave houses with my friends.

A BIT OF HEAVEN
by Julie Olin

As I walk home from school on a sunny winter day, I see a bit of Heaven. The trees make a silver archway over my head, and the sky makes a beautiful blue background. The pink clouds roll gently, the delicate-looking orange sun sets, leaving its rays to decorate the sky. Slowly the light vanishes, leaving the world wrapped-up in a velvet gray. Soon the moon comes out,

and covers the earth in a pure, white light. When I go to bed, I thank God for showing me a Bit of Heaven.

Washburn School
Duluth
Teacher: Eila Stenback

If you could be any color, which would you choose? Tell why you would like to be that color and what problems you might have if you were that color.

Eric Root:

If I could be a color, I would be red. Red is a color that is living and working and feeding and rushing. It is running and alive like a stoplight, or even better -- blood. Let's take blood for an example. Blood is partly something that supplies life. Red is an on the move color, and blood helps us live.

Scott Moehnke:

If I were a color I'd be green because I like grass and I like to climb trees in the summer. In the summertime I get my pants so grass-stained I get used to it. There's always something wrong with the color I like because if I was a piece of grass I wouldn't want to be chewed or stepped on. And if I was a leaf I wouldn't want to be blown away or town apart.

Richard Hall:

If I could be brown I would be a tree trunk and if someone hit me they would fall flat. And I could rest in the cold shade.

Jeffrey Allert:

I'd like to be flourescent orange because artists that make pop art would use me because I'm so bright. I think it's psychodellic. And it catches the yee and it glows in the dark.

Anndrea Johnson:

If I were a color I would like to be blue because I like to swim and you swim in water and water is blue. But in some ways it would be difficult. Like if you were a drop of water in a swimming pool and someone swallowed you, or if you came out of a faucet and some kid swallowed you, what would you do?

Elton Hills School
Rochester
Teacher: Miss Laura Lewis

MISS GUNSON AND THE GLASSES
by Leslie Jacobs

Miss Gunson is a sixty-five year old widow, who everone in the neighborhood says she needs glasses. But she refuses to wear them. She is always getting into trouble. For instances once she put little black candies on a cake she made and put it in the oven, when she took the cake out she swatted it. She thought the black candies were bugs.

Just then someone knocked on the door. (She went to get it.) Well! it was more than one, more than two, more than three. The whole neighborhood was there. They took her and put her into the car. They took her to Dr. Hanson. When they finally got down some glasses and got them on her, she didn't like them. She liked the ones highest on the shelf. Dr. Hanson said, "they are very old and besides I don't think they will work, but if it will make you happy you can have them."

So Miss Gunson went home very happy.

When she went to dinner and put on her glasses there appeared a feast, big enough for a giant. Then she took them off again and the food was gone. She put them on again and took them off. Then a little man appeared in front of her. He said "you have my glasses, "well I bought these they're mine," But said the little man, I can prove that they're mine. Glasses come to Powanta, and the glasses wents of the table to him. "Well never in my life," then Powanta cut in and said, "If you will give me the glasses and don't ask where I came from, I will give you good eye sight and I'll give you one wish."

Miss Gunson thought a minute, all right please give me a picture of myself in the glasses -- then Pow! right before her eyes was the picture but Powanta and the glasses were gone.

Miss Gunson was very happy and she put the picture on the all. And from then on noboby said "watch wehre you're going Miss Gunson.

THE DOG THAT WASN'T MANS BEST FRIEND
by Dean Lillquist

There was once a dog who had no master. He lived in a park away from all the people that visited the park. But if he saw someone he ran and bit them on the leg. One day he went to the city. He did not have a license, and do you Know who saw that dog? You're right the dogcatcher, And when the dog saw the man get out of the truck, in about ten sec. SLAM--the man was in his truck with a sore leg. By the time he got down town every dogcatcher in the country was after him. As time went on more people were Crippled, to put it in simpler words more people got bit by the dog and got sore legs. In the Kennels a man said "we must get that dog." So they hired one of the best dogcatchers. In about an hour, in limped the man. He said you

have to shoot him and they tried to shoot him but they never got him because they could'nt find him. OW well, I think I just found him.

Bryn Mawr School
Minneapolis
Teacher: Mrs. Harris

These poems were written in connection with a writing assignment in the Roberts English Series.

THE DOZE
by Theresa Flynn

How the Doze goes? I don't knows,
But I knows that he has two toes.
And I knows that he makes a noise,
lives in the woods but dosn't play with toys.
But he loves flowers, but as fast as
you can hear with your ear, the
flower crumples up when he comes near!
So if you meet a Doze, you'll be
in quite a daze for days and days
and days if you meet a Doze.

Now you knows!

THE DOZE
by Brigid McGough

The Doze is a ding-dong beast.
The only thing rong is his two left feet.
He walks all day, and all night.
But no one has ever seen him in
sight. I was walking along one day.
And I saw something stomping in
a clompy way. I looked at him
and he looked at me. I ran for
my life but he said, "please do not
go!" I said why not?"
He said "I like you.
And my tail is stuck in these
bushes" Stuck in bushes!
o.k. I said and know we
are best friends.
The End

St. Rose of Lima School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. R. Rumpser

WHAT IS LOVE?
by Sarah Kelly

Love is caring for someone.
Love is someone you like alot.
Love is carefree.
Love is happy.
Love is the center of the world.
Love is my new furry puppy.
Love is a holiday.
Love is a pen pal.
Love is a friend
Love is peace
Love is freedom
Love is brilliant colors.
Love is my family
Love is nature
Love is modern
Love is everyone
Love is warm
Love is everything
Love is my staffed animals

WHAT IS LOVE?
by Craig Armstead

Love seem's to be unknown, never brought into a fourth grade mind. To him or her, Love is kind of dumb. In the real meaning of Love there is joy happiness, and wild life. Love in animals too. Love isn't only kissing and darkness, theres a real meaning that everyone seem's to miss (in Valentine cards, for instance). Love is a teddy bear in a little mind. In a fifth grad mind Love is picking all the flowers in your neighbor's yard. But his mistake is that it's not Love its dangerous. It's not hate that you're here in the world right now, it's Love. Yes Love and generosity to. The great Lord couldn't have more Love in his heart.

WHAT IS LOVE?
by Sarah Ross

Love is getting a baby lamb just for a present.
Love is getting to just be in a Buffalo Wall.
Love is a bird flying over a sandy beach.
Love is music--a rich, floing tune.
Love is a word that is impossible to describe.
You have to find out what it is for yourself.

Linwood School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Mary Cromer

ESSAY ON OCEANS
by Martha Saltvold

Oceans are big. They are wavy. On nice days they make you feel calm, rested. On stormy days they make you feel proud. Oceans are blue. They change constantly. Oceans are proud, great. They are filled with life. Fish, crabs, starfish, sea horses. You can walk along the shore and see shells, stones, barnacles and other things the great ocean waves have cast upon the shore. Oceans are vast. There are always ocean waves. They make loud noises when they hit the shore.

Woodlake Elementary School
Richfield

I AM A BEAR
by Cheryl Maslund

I'm a bear. (Not an alive one though). Some people bought me in Yellowstone. I was carved out of rock. I'm very shiny, I'm not dull. I can't move. The color of me is black and a little white. I have green eyes. I like what I am some days, but when it is cleaning day, all the noise hurts my ears. When they dust, they put polish on me and dust me. I'm not good to eat. Even if you tried you would break a few teeth.

I AM A DISH
by Kris MacDonald

I am green. I look like a leaf. A girl made me. I hold small objects. In some places I am smooth and in some places I am rough. I was dropped and I broke. I am made out of clay. To make me, someone first put a leaf pattern on me and cut me out (that hurt a little bit). Then shaped my sides and gave me a handle and then-- they put me in an oven (that was hot stuff). Then I was cooled off and one week later I went in a car. I went to school a lot. And for the rest of my life I have lived in a bookcase below a lot of books. Right now I need dusting (A-a-choo!)

Lincoln Hill School
Richfield

CINQUAINS

The sun
The sun is round
It burns lots of gases
The sun makes me feel hot
Big star

Susan Samuelson

Flowers
Nice white flowers
Growing in the garden
So pretty I'd like to have one
Roses

Jeffrey Hoffman

Candy
Is colorful
It breaks up in pieces
It is sometimes hard and good, too
Good stuff

Mark Lockhart

Puppies
Funny puppies
Bite everyone they see
They make me feel very happy
Small pets

Kelly Land

Mississippi School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Hunziker

IF I WERE A GIGGLE
by Diana Watson

If I were a giggle,
I could easily make people
Wiggle and wriggle.
Why, their chairs would hop and hop
And never stop!
That is (sigh), if I were a giggle.

If I were a giggle
Imagine what fun!
I could cheer someone up and stay for awhile
Or be off with a run.
I could make a silly face,
Or tickle someone running in a race.
If only (sigh), I were a giggle.

St. Anthony Park School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. G. Nelson

SUMMER FUN
by James Heydon

This summer I hope we can go to the lake.
I know the road that we will take.
We'll twist and turn, among the trees.
And all the time we'll feel a breeze.

When we get there, we'll swim and fish.
We'll play in the sand with a broken dish.
We'll build sandcastles, everyday.
At night the waves will wash them away.

St. Francis School
Rochester
Teacher: Sr. Jacqueline

Fifth Grade

"JANUARY IS".....
by Steve Ahrens

January is.....
The delicate snowflakes
Tumbling through the air.
Covering the deserted streets,
And tucking in the houses.

January is.....
The biting wind,
Forming ruffled covers
Upon the summer flowerbeds,
And tugging on your coat.

January is.....
The blazing cold
Silently creeping upon you,
And striking suddenly with
Fierce, overwhelming force.

Jefferson School
Rochester
Teacher: Joel Grettenberg

SUGAR SNOW
by Janice Sass

Here comes the sugar snow
The children chant.
Its frilly doily like edges
Are their delight.

They don't care how cars get stuck;
Dad's late for work, sis's boots
are somewhere in that mess of sugar snow.
All they care -
Oh Boy!
Here comes the sugar snow.

Jefferson School
Rochester
Teacher: Joel Grettenberg

THE SKY
by Ricky Henk

Did you ever stop to wonder why,
When God made the earth he made a sky.

When the sun is shining,
And the sky is blue,
We laugh and play outside,
And do the things we like to do.

When the clouds are rolling
And the sky is gray,
Rain and snow start falling,
On these early winter days.

On a dark and shining night,
On the ground I love to lie
And watch the stars,
As they twinkle by.

It's getting late
I'll say good-bye
I know why God
Made a beautiful sky.

Ames School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Judy Coates

CLOUDS
by Susan Martinson

The clouds in the morn,
Have just been born.

They are fluffy and white,
And get tangled up with every kite.

At every move they change,
Even on the wide open range.

At night as they fade away through the sky,
They say a faded good-bye.

Ames School
St. Paul
Teacher: Mrs. Judy Coates

CHOPSTICKS
by Vickie Broberg

Did you ever eat with chopsticks?
It's really quite a chore.
Every time you pick good up,
It falls down on the floor.

Some people say to eat with chopsticks,
Is really quite a snap.
Then every time you turn around.
The food is in their lap.

Sometimes I have to eat with chopsticks,
And every time I do,
I use so much energy to pick food up
I hardly have any left to chew.

MY POEM
by Lesa Brackenbury

Hidden away deep under the snow,
So far to see, so far to go.
Deep dwon in the woods the wind will blow.
The hills are white and covered with snow.

The sun will come and melt the snow.
Then from the ground the flowers will grow.
The birds will fly, high in the sky.
O how I wish I could fly so high.

Jefferson School
Rochester
Teacher: Mrs. Erickson

A STRANGE NOISE AT MIDNIGHT
by Leann Jensen

Casey woke up at ten minutes to twelve one night. She went down stairs to get a drink of water. She went upstairs again. She thought she would read her book. She read for ten minutes and then she heard a noise. She thought the noise was coming from the attic. She got out of bed and started to go up the attic stairs. She paused a moment and then went on. She was scared and now she was beginning to get cold. She slowly opened the attic door. She looked-- but she couldn't see anything. Then she listened-- but she couldn't hear anything. So she shut the door and went back to her room. She got into bed and shut off the light.

The next morning she got up and got dressed. She told her mother what had happened. Her mother said, "Oh, it must have been the wind."

That night she heard the same noise at midnight. She went to get a flashlight. Then she started for the attic. She opened the door and looked around. What do you think she saw! Right! She saw a squirrel. Her mother forgot to shut the window when she was cleaning. Casey started to laugh so loudly that she woke everybody up. She kept the squirrel and named him "Spooky."

THE HURRICANE
by Bradley Vander Sluis

One night when we were camping I heard a strong wind but I didn't pay any attention and went back to sleep. But then after a while my dad woke me and said "We, have to get out of here, boy! I just heard on the radio that a hurricane is coming!"

Man, I dont think I have ever dressed that fast before. When I got outside I was surpised how much the wind was blowing. Dad said, "Pick up the pans and every thing because they are blowing away." I picked up all things that were left there. Then Dad said, "Hurry and help me get the tent. It's starting to blow away." I picked up the rope on the tent. It was blowing so hard I started to go up with the tent. If it weren't for Dad I problably would have gone up with the tent. We folded up the tent and put it in the car. Then we started to go back. As we were going along we had to watch for boards and other rubbish. When we got home we had to tell the adventure we had had in all the confusion.

Tyler Public School
Tyler

NEGRO POEM
by Tim Withers

Black is Black
White is White,
So unite and rejoice.

SPACE
by Jonathan Lindfors

Space is a vast ocean of darkness that goes on and on--
a never ending sea of silence;
the thousands upon thousands of stars that dot the
sky light up the countless worlds with the
brilliance of diamonds, where maybe other beings
like ourselves live;
the suns of the many galaxies stand out in
the sky like gigantic fireballs and rubies
giving off their radiant light;
the many moons that are like tiny dots
compared with the giant suns orbit their
planets like electrons circling the nucleus;
the zooming asteroids dent other moons
and planets.

Neill School
New Hope

Sixth Grade

ICICLES
by Susan Hedin

Icicles
Sleek and shining and cold,
And, oh, so slippery to hold.

THE "SCULPTING" WIND
by Steve Watts

The "sculpting" wind carves out the drifts
So they look like big waves frozen stiff.

PICTURES OF WINTER
by Sandy Pederson

The shadows on the snow
Make winter's blanket striped.

WINTER IS...
by Ann Wandmaker

Winter is...
Snowbanks like layer cakes,
Drifts that look like frozen waves,
Icicles that make patterns on the eaves,
And fierce winds that bite your face.

ICICLES
by Mark Hedin

Icicles hanging like dormant spears.
When they get warm, they shed their tears,
And boys knock them down with hockey sticks.

WINTER HAIKU

Screaming, biting wind
Cuts through my coat like a knife,
Stings my ears and nose.

Footprints in the snow
Making designs as they go,
Intricate and deep.
-Mark Taylor

White layered snowdrifts
Strain against the window pane,
Blocking our view.
-Brian Ball

Pinnacles on March snowbanks
Reaching out to touch the sun
Look like dirt-covered fingers.
-Brian Ball

Endion School
Duluth
Teacher: Eila Stenback

FUN AT OUR CABIN
by Judy Halbert

I love to go to our cabin, which is on the Brule River in Wisconsin. There are so many interesting things to do. I like to go swimming in the cold river on a hot day. We have fun in a tree house with a pirate flag propped in the brances and only a rope to get up with. We also have a pet chipmunk which doesn't live in a cage but in his hole in the ground. I just think of him as a pet because he eats peanuts out of our hands.

Sometimes I just wander in the woods and walk down a new path. I also like to read while sitting up in a big willow tree that leans over the river. When canoes come down the river, we go running across the swinging bridge. We call it that because it sways back and forth when anyone walks on it. We run to the rapids and watch the canoes capsize in the swift water.

Some days I play in a little log cabin that was built in a small clearing a short distance from the big cabin. You can see that my favorite pastime is playing and the perfect place to do it is at our cabin.

CHIPMUNK HUNTING
by Mike Bagley

When I'm up at our cabin on Ten Mile Lake and all my work is done, I quickly prepare myself for a chipmunk hunt. A chipmunk hunt? It's not what you think. I don't use a gun or a bow and arrow. I use a secret weapon - a fishnet and potato chips.

I sit quietly on the porch with my net baited, ready and waiting for the small striped chipmunk to come to my trap. I wait and wait until finally I see the little furry figure come sneaking around trees and chopped wood to my fishnet trap.

Just then my sister decides to come out to watch. The chipmunk comes closer to the trap. Then my sister giggles and scares him away. I get mad at her and she leaves me to sulk. However, I know the chipmunk will be back tomorrow, and I'll be waiting for him with my secret weapon.

Endion School
Duluth
Teacher: Eila Stenback

LIMERICKS

There once was a lady named Daisy,
Who's friends all thought she was crazy.
So she sat down to weep
And soon fell asleep
And now all her friends think she's lazy.
-Gaye Skelly

I once had a cat named Boston,
Who went on a trip to Austin.
And when he got there;
He went to the fair,
And then his poor master had lost him
-Julie Davis

I once knew a cow named Greg,
Who had a frog friend named Craig,
While chewing his cud,
He heard a green thud,
And that was the end
Of poor Craig.
-Julie Davis

Unlucky Man

A man got swallowed by a whale
He went right down to his tail,
While the whale was drinking,
The man sat thinking,
How shall I get out of this jail.
-Peggy Vesey

UNTITLED
by Barbara Orner

Boycotts, riots, segregation
What's becoming of this nation?
N[redacted]r, beggar, black soul
Are these the word we want to know?
Prejudice is something that is taught,
When we're born we know it naught.

How long must the blackman endure
The harshness and cruelty of this world?
Inter-racial marriages, that's not the word,
It's marriage of love and people pured.
I have a dream, like many others do,
Of no poverty, equality, and freedom anew.

Lincoln Hills School
Richfield

JAPANESE HAIKU

The Wind
by Karen Schrobilgen

Listen to the wind,
Blowing on this summer day,
Sweet breath of flowers.

Blossoms
by Linda Morales

Blossoms delicate:
Becomes very perfect fruit
That tastes very good.

Birds
by Francis Slavik

An old bird fly, fly;
Land in tree: old, old pear tree.
Wipe feet on pear leaf.

St. Stanislaus School
St. Paul
Teacher: Miss Janet Skarda

WEEPING WILLOW
by Ann Cooper

Weeping willow bends low
To sob over the loss
Of a long gone self

MUSICAL CRICKET
by Susan Barnes

Musical cricket chirps
Wind tousles and rustles the grass
Then all is silent

I STOOD
by Chris Starnes

I stood in the maze of fields
Trying to sooth my dying dog, yet
Trying to go some place-
I know not where.
Helplessly wandering,
Wandering what shall become of us.
Now I sit in a field
With a dying dog.
Help us, O Lord
Sooth my suffering dog.

Washburn School
Duluth
Teacher: Goerge Mead

THE FOUR SEASONS
by Karen Lewandoski

Spring

Spring must be here
Puddles all around
Ground finally showing through
And mud all around.
No more boots
No more caps
Spring must be here at last.

Summer

Summer must be here
Butterflies are in the air
Spreading their golden wings.
Buds burst into flowers
Yellow, red and blue
Summer must be here.

Fall

Fall must be here
Oaks wearing their reddish brown suits
Maples wearing their gayest red
And leaves are all around.
Fall must be here.

Winter

Winter must be here
Snow flakes are dancing about the skies
Snowmobiles drive about the country side
O what fun!
Winter must be here.

St. Bernards School
St. Paul

BOOKS for elementary school reading

Stopping by Weston Woods

By TOM WALTON
John F. Kennedy Elementary School, Ely

An increasing amount of advertising is reaching our elementary schools offering the classroom teacher, or the librarian, literature through sound as well as sight. It arrives as brochures in school mailboxes, as sample records sent to librarians or teachers, and as records included on lists of paperback books for sale to our elementary children. The material advertised has merit, has possible pitfalls, and needs to be considered carefully when looking for a vehicle to bring meaning and enjoyment from the printed page to our children - the eager, the complaisant, the reluctant. One of these companies, Weston Woods, advertises to our school librarians as the people working most closely with children, with books for children, and with the teachers of children.

Speaking at the annual institute on "Creative Writing For Children and By Children" at the Nolte Center for Continuing Education at the University of Minnesota last summer, Morton Schindel, producer, Weston Woods, gave a comprehensive demonstration on what his company is attempting to do with children's literature. Mr. Schindel initiated his presentation through a filmed visit with Maurice Sendak, illustrator, talking about his work. This was followed by a second film covering a book familiar to most libraries and the work of a second illustrator. In this second work, the camera moved in on portions of the illustrations to keep pace with related areas of the text. It is called the "iconographic" approach by Mr. Schindel to differentiate from an animated film. Using this approach, the illustrations are kept as found in the library book and easily recognized by the children.

Broadening the demonstration, Mr. Schindel next showed the filmstrip and record in combination. Newer phonograph/filmstrip combinations key the projector to change frames and keep pace with the text; older models, where they are separate, will work as well because the filmstrip comes with an illustrated pamphlet showing the text that accompanies each frame. The list of books available through this medium is far greater than that for the sound film. Though the films can be rented, to spare the purchase cost, even the rental fee may be prohibitive. The filmstrip may be the better buy for most schools.

Using either media, there are several things to consider with this approach to literature for children. The darkness of the room and the beam of light will help to hold attention. All people will be looking at the same portion of the illustration and hearing the same text with the same emphasis for discussion purposes. Illustrations will be larger for more careful scrutiny; the transparent quality of some colors is further enhanced in the projector making some books appear more a work of art than they exhibit in book form. Background music extends the ability to set the mood for the presentation and contributes to the changing of mood throughout the books.

Records or filmstrips could be used separately, but there are things to consider before doing the separating. One of the purposes in using the records would be to bring into the room new voices, possibly trained voices, reading literature, in addition to the teacher's voice. Interpretation on the record may be far different than that given by a classroom teacher. In some cases, the author, poet, or collector will read the material presented, and it makes these people more real to the children when they are aware of the sound of their voices. If the record is used with the library book in place of the filmstrip, the teacher must hold the book and will therefore limit the child to what he may see through distance from the book and the speed at which the book is flashed.

The classroom teacher or the librarian still must make some decisions if using this medium. There is a need to determine where the material will be used - grade level, area of curriculum, frequency of use. The material will have to be previewed; adding dimensions to an art form changes the response from the audience in some cases, and this needs to be considered here. Some listed books are illustrated by children and are not nearly as spectacular, at first glance, as those done by professionals, but the children need to see that this sort of work has as much merit in beauty and interpretive quality as the other. The library should be checked to see if the books presented are available as the children will surely seek out each new book brought to their attention.

We will never get away from the teacher's, or librarian's, attitude toward books. Their presentation of this new medium by Weston Woods will require as much forethought, preparation, and enthusiasm as any project that we have going in our schools. The thirty day trial provided by Weston Woods does allow for the inspection and selection of material that can best be incorporated into each teaching day.

active file

Kept by LUCILLE DUGGAN
Richfield Senior High School

Educators in public schools, colleges and universities who share concern and responsibility for the training of teachers need to work together well. In order to do this, they must appreciate each others' problems and achievements and search for agreement about what good training is.

The difficulties of the colleges begin with the number of students who are ready to teach and need classrooms. Those classrooms aren't easy to find. Sometimes parents object to their children's being taught by student teachers or to their having several student teachers. Sometimes principals refuse to take any student teachers. Consequently, it may be necessary to scatter assignments over a large area, making supervision by the colleges harder and more expensive. The fees students pay for their clinical experience, contrary to the general belief, do not cover the costs involved. Cost is a reality and a difficulty. Supervisors need to be selected and trained. They make mistakes for which the colleges must accept the blame. A teacher with a great deal of teaching experience may resent suggestions from a supervisor with comparatively little classroom experience. Teachers often protest a supervisor from outside their subject area. Impossible demands may be made upon a supervisor. When communication fails between a supervisor and a cooperating teacher, each is likely to blame the other, and neither is likely to appreciate the other's viewpoint. The colleges must sometimes wonder if the student teaching programs are worth the trouble.

The public schools are not without problems about these programs either. They often receive more requests than qualified teachers can handle. Requests for assignment of a student teacher to several subject areas or to specified and varied grade levels are not easy to meet. An assignment becomes not a question of who can do it well but of who can do it at all. There is a limit to the number of student teachers one person can work with. A good cooperating teacher accepts responsibility for the student and works patiently and long to make the experience a good one. These are often rewarding experiences, but they can also be frustrating. After each student teacher leaves, the cooperating teacher must work to reestablish his relationship with the class. He often feels that he is working in the dark as far as the college is concerned. Most cooperating teachers want to make a contribution and would welcome comments and suggestions from the colleges. The colleges presumably would welcome suggestions from the public schools, too.

Acting on this assumption, I asked nine experienced cooperating English teachers what they thought was good about the preparations of their students and how they thought these could be improved. Here are some of their comments. It is well to remember the range of experiences which they reflect.

The preparation in English is generally good and for some schools is outstanding.

Most student teachers know how to set about planning and organizing their work. Daily and unit planning are well taught. More stress might be given to the place of a plan in the larger learning design.

The college supervisor's observations are often careful and helpful; several teachers expressed admiration for the guidance these supervisors give the students.

Cooperating teachers prefer a gradual transition to student direction of the class to an abrupt takeover of the class.

Students should be assigned to only one cooperating teacher.

Courses in theory should be enlivened by connecting the theory to reality. Videotapes, microfilm or actual practice might be used.

Prospective teachers should be given ways to plan and teach a lesson, to experiment and discuss before they come to student teaching. They might teach short lessons in their methods classes. Without this earlier experience a student is unable to sense the reaction of a class.

Students should be helped to realize the importance of both individual and class reactions and to use them.

Use of a variety of learning activities should be stressed. Students, oriented to a college classroom, tend to forget the necessity for change of pace and activity in the secondary schools.

Students might try team planning as part of a preparation for student teaching or be aided in some way to adapt to different organizational patterns.

Teachers should help the student to see himself as a teacher, as a professional person, and as a part of a faculty.

These cooperating teachers were quick to admit that many of the suggestions were applicable to their work as well as to that of the colleges. While all were aware that it is easier to make

suggestions than to carry them out, they were willing to sit on the other side of the table. Now they are bracing themselves for the moment when college and university faculties talk back -- and hoping that they will.

The Eyeball Has Seen the Moon

By WILLIAM D. ELLIOTT
Bemidji State College

Manpower of it, compassionate nerve;
Forcelife, a disk, continual burn burning
Heart (twist, twist off the afterburner)
Before space
Upturned
Becomes the Sea of its Fertility.

If we could only see the worry and the wringing
If we could only see the twist and the turn,
If we could only
Only

Manpower of it, deadening nerve;
Crushunicraft, a puff (a whisper)
Turn on the afterburner
Reach the space
Skyup
Turn off the Moon and the Marriage.