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### The Reflector, Vol. 1, No. 3, February 1932

New Jersey State Normal School at Newark

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# THE REFLECTOR

The "Reflector" has been selected as a Name for this Publication, because of the demand for the use of the Name of our former Paper.

## New Jersey State Normal School - Newark

Volume One

February, 1932

Number Three

### The Student Teaching Program

That dynamic education is living, was the main issue in Mr. Singer's talk in chapel on Wednesday, January 6th. One must get to know and work for himself, rid himself of fear and insecurity and have his heart in his work, if he is to become a leader and success in the teaching profession. Independence and expansion of thought are the main essentials in attaining this goal. To be able to think for oneself is an invaluable asset.

Miss Katharine Gill, one of three seniors who spoke on Student Teaching experiences, brought out these points.

1. A teacher is merely one part of a child's education. Parents, other children, textbooks, and pictures are a few of the big factors in educating a child. Miss Gill gave as an example the way interest in a project was aroused in spite of a lack of textbooks.
2. A voluntary project renders better results than one that has been arranged according to a course of study.
3. A teacher must be willing to learn from her pupils.

Miss Laura Evans told us about child participation in an experimental sixth grade with the instructor acting as supervisor. Music appreciation was her example and it proved Miss Gill's point on voluntary projects.

Study of children's reactions was Harold Lynch's most important point. He asserts that it is the teacher's responsibility to raise the child's level and help him to make his own decisions. He stated that keeping a record of one's experiences is most profitable. Mr. Lynch emphatically advised those who have not yet gone out to look forward to their student teaching.

In conclusion, Mr. Singer likened the ideal of seeking for the truth and development of child life to a star. His challenge was: "Will you seek it?" and his advice: "Gird yourselves with the truth and march forward!"

### Literary Talent Gains Recognition

There's no telling what people will do under stress or strain—or compulsion. Mr. Vitorelli challenged Nu Lambda Kappa members by giving each member a picture. Five minutes were allowed in which to make up a story or a poem concerning it. Three prizes, an oil painting, water color and pen drawing spurred the contestants on. First prize went to Ida Cohen, second to Florence Wells, and third—a tie—to Joseph Miller and Florence Landers.

A unit is good if it leads to other units. The following week Miss Cohen and Miss Pullins asked the Club members to prove their humor in limerick making by adding three lines to the line provided. Judging by the laughs, the members had succeeded. Prizes were won by Mr. Genne, Helen Gordon and Hazel Dickerson.

### The Junior Varsity Schedules Definite Games

This year a basketball schedule has been made up for the Junior Varsity with teams of their class or any team that will furnish plenty of practice for the boys. Most games are preliminary games before Varsity games at home. The main purpose of the schedule is not to make any record of victories but to train the fellows who will be next year's Varsity stars. The team has some good material and it would be worth while to follow their games as well as those of the Varsity.

In order that all may know who the team is playing and when and where, the remainder of the schedule is as follows:

Feb. 15—Verona High School	4:00	Away
Feb. 19—Montclair Freshmen	7:15	Home
Feb. 24—Westfield Y. M. C. A. J. V.		Away
Mar. 2—Montclair Freshmen	7:15	Away
Mar. 5—Open	7:15	Home
Mar. 12—N. C. E. Juniors	7:15	Away

### Rebirth

The room was almost bare—stark, naked walls—bare floors—uncurtained windows—hardly a room to be lived in.

A slight rustling like the tinkle of an elfin bell flowed into the quietude that prevailed. It lasted a second, and then there was silence again. The wind's song was music from an elfin flute; it blended with the creaking sound of a chair which sounded like the vibrations of a fairy drum. The whole effect was that of an elfin symphony.

The climax was reached when the harsh sound of tearing paper filled the room. All other sounds ceased.

A man hastily sprang up, rushed to the window, and scattered torn fragments of paper to the wind. Then slowly he went back to his chair—slouched down. The massive black head sank wearily to the battered old desk. Great, racking sobs shook his frame; they filled the room with their haunting, sorrowful tones.

Finally, all was quiet again; only the soft music of the wind played on.

Gradually, the man at the desk raised himself to an upright position. New light gleamed in his eyes; new blood coursed through his veins; new hope grew in his breast. He raised his head upward, flung up his arms.

All fears and despairs were dispelled from his soul. He was reborn! The world was no longer a gaping, black chasm waiting to engulf him in its unknown depths; instead, it was a rolling, green plain, a new world reclaimed.

Again the man sat down at his desk. The lively allegretto strains of the wind rushed on to join the music of a dancing pen which covered sheet after sheet with the joy and hope of a reborn soul.

Gussie Grossman, J-B-5.

## THE REFLECTOR

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### What the Imp Decrees

"If you don't get out of my kitchen, I'll  
be a paddle to you!"

"I want some cookies, please, ma'am."

"Get out of here."

"I want some cookies, please, ma'am."

"Not one taste until Saturday. Do you  
understand?"

"Please, may I have some cookies,  
ma'am?"

Exasperated, the lady rushed at the little  
boy, who retreated precipitately to the safe  
vantage of the front stairs. He climbed  
to the top and sat down to nurse his woes.

He was mad. "Why can't I," he thought  
rebelliously, "have just one cookie?" Life  
was perplexing and horrid and not very  
much worth living at times. He blinked  
and tried hard to keep back the tears.

For perhaps five minutes he sat perfectly  
still. From below came the warm, enticing  
smell of the baking.

"Darn it!"

With great care he made his way down  
the stairway. Infinitely cautious, he stole  
past the doorway. He caught a glimpse of  
the woman's back bent over her task. Then  
he was slipping through the porch. "Darn  
it!" he said. "I'll show her!"

Briefly he glanced at his spotless gar-  
ments. Rain had recently fallen. A beau-  
tiful smile spread over his face. Straight-  
way he proceeded to roll over and over in  
the mud-puddles, taking particular pains to  
see that the goopy stuff was smeared on  
every portion of his anatomy.

He approached the domain of the es-  
tranged Andrews family. Nowadays, Mrs.  
Andrews and his own mother were wont to  
pass each other with nose in air. This, for  
reasons he could not fathom. However, he  
thoroughly understood that he was dis-  
obeying his mother in approaching the An-  
drews house.

"Hi, Billy!" he yelled lustily.

A tousled head appeared instantly at an  
upper window.

"What y' want?" it demanded.

"Y' ma home?"

"Nopel!"

"C'mon down."

"What for?"

"Shoot marbles."

"Na-a-h!" Concentrated suspicion was  
in the ejaculation.

"Aw, c'mon," pleaded the boy in the  
street.

The head in the window shook vigor-  
ously: "I don't," it stated with emphasis,  
"shoot marbles with no *sharks*!" Only the  
voice of inexperienced Youth could have  
put such venom into a word. The head  
withdrew.

He below visibly meditated.

"Hi, Billy!" he called.

The head reappeared.

"Bill, ol' fella," said the visitor, "don't  
I owe y' somethin'?"

The face in the window lighted up.

"Uh—huh!"

"D' y' wan't it?"

"Do I?! It's about time!"

The temptor held up a shining coin.  
"Here 'tis," he said.

The shock of tousled hair disappeared  
from the window. Next moment the owner  
was standing near the dispenser of largesse,  
holding out an eager hand.

"Gimme," he grinned, "my nickel."

Adroitly and swiftly the other managed  
to get between the door and his prey.

"So you wan't your nickel?" he sneered,  
glaring at poor Billy, who mentally kicked  
himself for having been fool enough to quit  
the house.

"Will y' fight for it?" said the visitor  
softly.

Billy knew the worst. Without a word he  
dived for his foe, brought him crashing  
down, and proceeded to pummel whole-  
heartedly. Muffled, the other's voice came  
to his ears. Strangely enough: "Atta boy!"  
it said.

It was glorious while it lasted.

Exactly ten minutes after a spotless little  
boy had gone forth, a strange apparition  
entered a front door. Its clothes were—  
well—not worth mentioning; its color—  
possibly white: left eye—not so good; right  
ear dripping saliva, dirt, and mud. In  
short, the thing (whatever it was) was  
certainly in need of repairs.

The woman turned from her oven and  
stood transfixed.

Not a sound did she utter. As she stared,  
the scion of the house burst into a series  
of high-pitched, wailing sobs.

The lady moved. "Darling!" she cried.  
"Who hurt you?"

She gathered him to her ample breast  
and showered endearments on the battered  
head.

The sobbing continued.

She looked wildly around. She grasped  
a plate of luscious, sugared cookies and  
shoved them at him. The sobbing contin-  
ued, interspersed now with intervals of  
munching.

In the shadow of her arms the imp  
grinned wickedly.

Joe Miller.

The Gold Prize, offered by the RE-  
FLECTOR for the best short story submitted  
for publication, will be given to Joe Miller.  
Mr. Miller's sketch smacks of life.

Interesting tales written by Isabel  
Knight and Florence Landers will be pub-  
lished in future editions of the REFLECTOR.



### Varsity Basketball Summary

The Varsity, under Captain John Miedema, entered its official schedule by defeating Jersey City Normal 28 to 11. The game was played December 16, 1931, at Newark, and was preceded by a preliminary game of the Junior Varsity. The fellows played a nice fast game.

A bus load of team and rooters went to Paterson on December 22nd and won their second game of the season. Those who went witnessed a very exciting game which ended with a score of 30 to 16 for Newark.

Private cars took the Varsity to Jersey City on January 4th for a return game with that team. The Jersey City Teachers fought hard but they couldn't break through our defense. The score read 30 to 23 at the end of the game.

Trenton Teachers College sent their basketball team here on January 12th and, try as we might, we had to let them go home with a victory of 39 to 28. Even though the Trenton players are men being trained to teach Physical Education our boys played an excellent game of ball against them.

Our next game was with Bloomfield Theological Seminary on our court, with Bloomfield as host. Bloomfield led by one point at the half, but, by the end of the next quarter, Newark had gained a two point advantage which they kept for the rest of the game; the final score being 28 to 26.

This year the Manager was able to arrange for a game with a team out of the state. This team is from the Wilson Teachers College of Washington, D. C. Our first game with them was on our court, January 23rd, which we won without much trouble by the score of 34 to 20. It was a very clean game and the fellows said that they enjoyed our hospitality.

A return game was played with Bloomfield Seminary on our court January 27th. This time we won by the score of 53 to 33 but it was a good game.

A return game was played with Trenton Teachers College at Trenton, January 30th. The bus was very comfortable, but somehow the trip didn't agree with the fellows because they lost by the score of 51 to 24. Remember, Trenton is the only team that

### Sports Columnette

The fellows from Wilson Teachers College came up here to play us January 23rd, and now we are making plans to go down to Washington, D. C., for a return game on February 27th. The team is going down by special bus and the committee would like to have about twenty rooters go along with them. If there are as many as thirty-five or more who want to go another bus will be chartered. The round trip fare, including admission to the game, will be five dollars.

The Junior Varsity has been playing a number of games, some of which have been preliminary games before the big Varsity games. We can't report that they have won all of their games but the fellows surely have played hard and have received some valuable experience that they will be able to use next year as Varsity material. The schedule is being published in this issue and the fellows would like to have you attend their games.

Mr. D'Angola is working hard to get the basketball team in shape so that they may make a good showing. As coach, he no doubt will devote much of his time helping the fellows on the squad. Now, the fellows who play are your representatives in the sports world and, in fact, your only contribution; we have no football or baseball team to go out and represent the school because we haven't enough fellows who are capable of taking part so that we could have a worthwhile team. Mr. D'Angola and the team are disappointed in the turnout so far; they have arranged to have an orchestra for a number of the games, even though the admission expenses hardly have been enough to pay for it and the referee. Anyone who has not yet received his A. A. card may do so at the door by asking for it.

### Alumni

June 1924—

Gertrude Doneson—Clerk—School No. 11, Perth Amboy.

January 1925—

Louise Kotzan—Teaching in Westfield.

June 1925—

Claire Stepacoff Kroup—Teaching first grade, Perth Amboy.

June 1927—

Lillian Haver—Check tests at Board of Education, Newark.

Gladys Nusbaum—Teaching at Webster, Newark.

June 1929—

Harriet Berry—Teaching in Avon Avenue, Newark.

Mildred Green—Teaching in South Street, Newark.

Miriam Kapelsohn—Teaching Art and Science in Roselle.

Gertrude Popiel—Teaching fifth grade in Wallington.

Frieda Halpern and Florence Tulbovitch are teaching in Newark.

January 1930—

Florence Bishop—Teaching in Woodridge.

June 1930—

Helen Balsam—Assistant Employment Manager at Kresge's Department Store, Newark.

January 1931—

Eleanor Hartman—First and second grades—Nutley.

Mary Hemingway—Teaching in Linden.

Helen Rath—Kindergarten teacher, School No. 9, Elizabeth.

Friday evening, January 22nd, a colorful crowd gathered at the Hotel Suburban. The Ballroom was filled with happy Newark Normal students and their friends. Although this event was largely attended by Juniors, many Seniors were present, and a few Freshmen were peppered here and there.

One of the features of the evening was Al Rose's Orchestra. Their very unique arrangement of dance numbers was gratifying to all types of dancers. Rose's favorite "Tiger Rag" wound up the evening in a climatic fashion. To the strains of the familiar "Home Sweet Home", everyone departed.

The committee certainly merits much commendation.

The Junior Prom has gone down in the annals of Normal School affairs as a striking



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Joe Miller was trying to open the side door in the gym when a fine young lady thus upspoke. "Why don't you stick your head through the glass door, it's half cracked anyway."

Miss Livingston, discussing the recent shows that had been playing in the big city—"Has anyone seen 'Jack the Beanstalk,'" running in New York?

In the psychology class the teacher was discussing the term Happiness. This question was then brought forth by the teacher. "Do any of you boys find happiness in washing dishes?" This question soon brought about many haranging replies so that the teacher exclaimed: "Oh, let's drop the dishes!"

1. Your olfactory cells sometimes determine taste. Hold your nose and apple juice will taste like onion juice. Therefore, you onion eaters hold your nose and eat apples hereafter.

2. Every word should contain a vowel. Can you etymologists explain the word rhythm?

The Freshies have a higher intelligence than other college freshmen.

(Freshie after he reads this):

"Have you got a shoe horn? I can't get my hat on."

3. According to a new theory, the number of one's heart beats are determined, the native traits, before birth. Kissing increases the heart beat. But it's O. K., girls, I don't mind dying young. If this is true a certain person I know hasn't long to live.

5. Mr. D'Angola has an artist's eye. He can move one and not move the other.

6. Seventy-five per cent of your speech is of Latin derivation; twenty per cent of other foreign origin and you say

(Continued in Next Column)

you speak English, well, well, well!

7. Grandma (Miss Esposito) in the play "Nutcracker Suite" was not stuffed as many of you presumed.

8. Even human beings hibernate, like a woodchuck, if you don't believe it, ask Lafer.

9. Kissing a girl leaning away from you, Mr. Townsend, isn't as hard as kissing a girl in Normal School leaning away from you.

10. The race of supermen that lived twenty thousand years ago isn't entirely extinct. Whiting Thornton can still wiggle his ears.

11. A coo-coo bird isn't so coo-coo. It lays its eggs in another bird's nest to hatch.

12. There are hundreds of different ways of saying the same thing but a girl can easily hold you speechless.

13. There is no electricity stored in an electric storage battery. It is stored chemical energy which, when released, turns to electrical energy.

14. Vitarelli stated in science class that a test for pure gold is to place it in hydrochloric acid. If it dissolves it was pure gold.

—o—

If we were bold enough, we'd ask the Newark Museum where they purchased those lovely articles for ten cents.

As we write, our little Chinese brass watch dog eyes us knowingly. Even his tale wags with joy. Possibly he is glad that he belongs to us instead of occupying a seat of honor in the Museum's glass case.

Sometimes even a jewelry counter arouses our ire. All those lovely things and us — broke.

What is education? The silence when that is asked. It makes us wonder. Just what is education? How do you like our definition "To live, to learn to live."

(Continued in Next Column)

Read H. H. Munro's "Toys of Peace". There is an O. Henryish touch to many of the stories but all resemblance ends there.

For the significance of this, Nihil advises you to consult W. Thornton or B. Vogel, "Alas, poor Gertrude! I loved her well."

Our attempt to be Wildian—There are two kinds of fools in this world, those who know nothing about everything and those who know everything about nothing.

It is often hard to put one's philosophy into a single sentence but Nemo has attempted it—One should fight only the ugly and the stupid things and if one can't fight them one should laugh at them.

We claim the world's record for keeping our word. We have to date broken no New Year's resolutions—we didn't make any.

Valete!

Nemo and Nihil.

—o—

### The Nullities

We are writing this A. D. diez nove cent thirty zwie.

If only our dear teachers could know how much we knew but didn't put down.

Since contests prove the rage, here's one for you. Why the ones you don't..... do..... Why the ones you do.....don't.....? If you can solve this, you don't need a prize.

The New Jersey Historical Society is well worth your visiting. The preponderance of Oriental art will astound you.

—o—

### Winter Night

Transformed is all the world tonight  
 Into a fairy place,  
 With silver boughs on silver trees  
 And ferns of silver lace;  
 A silver moon in velvet sky;  
 A mantle, silver white;  
 O, tell me—who has wrought this change?  
 A tiny silver sprite.