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### The Reflector, Vol. 1, No. 5, May 1932

New Jersey State Normal School at Newark

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New Jersey State Normal School at Newark, "The Reflector, Vol. 1, No. 5, May 1932" (1932). *Reflector 1930s*. 4.

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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

May, 1932

Number Five

### Of Interest to Music Lovers

On April 22nd the faculty and student body heard a delightful program of music. The guest artists were Miss Mildred Dilling, internationally-known harpist of the Metropolitan Opera; Robert Crawford, well-known radio star; and members of the Newark Symphony Orchestra. The orchestra was conducted by Mr. Crawford.

Among the selections played were the first movement of Mozart's "Concerto for Harp and Flute" and Brahms' "Quintet for Clarinet and String."

Miss Dilling more than lived up to her reputation. We thoroughly enjoyed her solo performance, which included Pierner's "Impromptu Caprice" and the lovely "Tune From An Old-Fashioned Music Box."

Magnetism, that compelling quality of personality! Mr. Crawford certainly has it to a marked degree. His vocal rendition of the negro dialect song "De Glory Road" may be described as nothing short of electrifying. We also liked the sweet minor cadences of "This Sweet Little Woman of Mine."

The members of the Newark Symphony Orchestra gave a splendid interpretation. We liked particularly the performances of flutist and first and second violinists.

"Bravo! Come again!" say faculty and

### Newark Library Service

Miss Johnson, head of the school department, Newark Library, recently addressed the assembly. She spoke of the facilities for teachers, offered by the Newark Public Library.

The School Department may be found on the second floor. Here one may obtain information upon any project conceivable. There is a project file, listing clippings, pamphlets, books and magazines. One may look at the project, copy it and ask for supplementary material.

A Newark teacher may have a case of forty books for her classroom library. She may permit the children to take the books home if they can care for them properly.

The story is told of a child who kept his book in the icebox—but then it might have been about Africa!

The School Department also has an illustrator's collection and duplicate copies of children's books.

The services of the library are obtainable by non-residents at three dollars a year.

### Play Contest

The Norms Theatre Guild play contest opened May 1st and will continue until October 1st. Here is an excuse for our literati to oil up their mental cogs. It matters not whether you are as irresponsible as Groucho Marx, or as severe as a Senior at commencement, for you may write a comedy, tragedy or farce. The play must be capable of being performed in not less than twenty minutes, or more than half an hour.

The judges will consist of two members from the English department, the head of the Guild, Miss Wilson, and one outsider. The plays will be judged by their literary value, dramatic appeal, originality and their adaptability to amateur actors and properties.

The first prize? Five dollars. The second and third prize winners will each

### "Human Nature"

"Human Nature" is William Lyon Phelps' latest book—and it is an optimistic thing. It is a small flower-sprigged linen covered book that is insinuating in its confident belief in man.

Mr. Phelps, an admirer of the prehensile mind, tells anecdotes about boxers and philosophers. He speaks with ease of the attitudes of Lotzes and Corbetts.

Like Lotze, the teutonic philosopher, Mr. Phelps believes that "a dead body is dead because it has ceased to hold any relation to any other thing in the universe. Hence, the more interests a man has the more he is alive."

Dr. Townsend might like this statement: "The road to sympathy with and affection for human beings lies through knowledge and more knowledge."

And for those who would die young—"If a man's mind is more filled with anticipation than with memories and reminiscences then he is young."

Mr. Phelps believes that "unless one does in imagination get inside the other man's mind, one will remain in ignorance" of human nature. To this may we add that one may get inside and not agree. Then it would be well to remember John Cowper Powys' philosophy—reverence all although you do not believe.

This miniature book closes with the reminder that charity is "intellectual sympathy, the capacity to enter without prejudice into another's state of mind."

Charity is the crux of understanding

## THE REFLECTOR

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### The Woman Who Knew Too Much

"There," said Clovis Sangrail, "goes the woman who knew too much."

"Where?" asked his friend Bertie Van Tahn. He looked in the direction in which Clovis nodded his head. "Oh, you mean Mrs. Peyton," continued Bertie as that matron took a seat to the far left of the supper room. "I have heard her called many things, but not that. Explain."

Clovis, who would have been disappointed if his comment had evoked no question, began: "It's not much of a story . . ." in a tone which indicated the contrary.

"I was down at Lord Bevis' for one of those stupid week-end parties which only Lady Bevis could devise. I had only gone because I had no other place to go. I was wholly resigned to being bored but, as wealth was always well-represented at Lady Bevis' house parties, I had hopes of replenishing my dwindling purse. That, you will admit, was worth several days'

"I whiled away the time by finding out what I could about several of the guests who were unknown to me. As I was engaged in this pursuit with Lord Bevis, a lady whom I had never seen before passed through the garden.

"Who is that?" I asked him.

"That's Mrs. Peyton, the widow of Mr. Peyton, of whom you've no doubt heard."

"Oh, yes," I answered, although I had not heard of him at all, for I was more interested in Mrs. Peyton.

"My wife," went on his lordship, "invited her because she is a great conversationalist."

"And is she?" I queried.

"Too great, if you ask me," replied his lordship. "That woman knows entirely too much. There's nothing one can talk about to which she can't add something. I admit one must keep the ball of conversation rolling, but it's another thing when the same person catches it all the time."

"She must be a learned person, indeed," said I.

"Learned?" snorted Lord Bevis. "Whether you talk about African tigers or the Labor question, that woman will have something to say. It's intolerable! I'd give fifty pounds to see her stumped for once."

"You'd give fifty pounds?" said I.

"Yes," answered Lord Bevis. "It would be worth it, even if it never happened again. No one's ever done it," he continued regretfully, "and I don't think anyone ever will."

"I'll do it," said I.

"You?" said he in evident surprise.

"Yes, I," I repeated. "I'm willing to bet you fifty pounds that I can talk about something of which Mrs. Peyton knows nothing."

"If you only could," sighed his lordship.

"The fifty pounds are as good as won," answered I.

"If you succeed, my boy," said Lord Bevis, "you'll certainly have earned it. But what on earth are you going to talk about?"

"I won't tell you now," I answered, "but

"I hastened to embark upon my adventure that evening. At first the conversation was quite general, but, whether one spoke of the last rebellion in Mexico or the latest Chanel gown, Mrs. Peyton always had a comment. The woman was formidable. I had been for the most part silent as I did not wish to draw her fire until I was fully prepared. At last I cleared my throat and began. More than one pair of eyes were fastened upon me with interest, for Lord Bevis had told several of the men who had particularly suffered from her tongue of my interest. Other bets had been laid between them as to my success or failure. Major Brindsley even suggested that if I succeeded in quieting her, the winners, in gratitude, ought to split with me. So, you see, I stood to win quite a little.

"I was not frightened. I began, in a low voice, to speak of the search for the ancient lost city of Saumauri."

"Where the deuce is that?" interrupted Bertie. "I've never heard of it."

"Neither have I, but that made no difference.

"I waxed more eloquent as no one spoke. Mrs. Peyton watched me as a cat a mouse. Her eyes were radiant but she spoke no word. Had I been a psycho-analyst lecturing on the Freudian Theory, I could not have had a more attentive audience. I had spoken for at least an unbroken five minutes. I smiled in triumph as I closed my speech. Mrs. Peyton was the first to speak.

"Oh, dear Mr. Sangrail," said she. "I was perfectly thrilled. It was so fascinating and new. I could have listened for ages."

Clovis stopped speaking suddenly and gazed in the direction of Mrs. Peyton. He seemed to have forgotten his story.

"And did you win the fifty pounds?" asked Bertie in an endeavor to bring him back to the topic.

"Good heavens, no! The woman's husband had been an archeologist."



**Boners**

Question—"How would you regulate the ventilation of a room when some children are warm and some cold?"

Marion D.—"Put all the hot ones on the cold side and all the cold ones on the hot side."

Mrs. Plenty—"Mr. Flynn, why did you change your seat?"

Abby Ackerman—"Mr. Flynn got so hot by the radiator I changed seats with him."

Mrs. Abbot—"And then you can use your knowledge of stars to an advantage on the way home from parties."

Edith Maffey (Health Report)—"And then there is the pasture treatment for Rabbiis (Pasteur treatment for rabies).

Anna Stein (to orchestra at Jr. B. Dance)—"Play Why not take all of me and "How long will it last."

Miss Whyte—"Mr. Pfeffer, if I asked you to recite this poem three weeks from now, would you be able to do it?"

Mr. Pfeffer—"Absolutely."

Miss Whyte—"Why, have you that gift?"

Mr. Pfeffer—"Well, I wouldn't exactly call it a gift . . ."

Mrs. Plenty—"What is the name of the famous hen in first grade literature?"

Mr. Pfeffer—"Goosey Goosey Gander."

Margaret P—"A yak is like an ox only

**Deck Tennis**

The Deck Tennis season is now in full sway. We have many players who look good enough to dispose of last year's champions. This year the A. A. Committee will assist Mr. D'Angola in conducting the practices and tournament. Last year May Lindgren finished first in the girls' division, with Eleanor Leitereg second and Kay Mulvaney third. In the boys' tourney John Miedema repeated his first year's triumph by taking first again. Charley Flaskon also has won a medal for two years. Pheffer, a newcomer, was third. We hope to find our new champion before May is over.

**Basketball**

A meeting was called of all basketball men on Friday, April 15, for the purpose of electing a captain. Captain John Miedema presided. The election was open to all remaining basketball men. Francis "Biz" Bizelwicz was elected unanimously to be next year's captain. The editors would like to congratulate "Biz". We know that he will be a peach of a captain.

**Inter Class**

The Seniors reign supreme. The King still lives. Since they entered this class has been undefeated in all branches of athletics. This year they won the baseball league, defeating easily both the Juniors and Freshmen. The class would like to have a game invented so that the other classes can give it closer competition in some phase of sports. The Seniors will leave their laurels

**Tennis and Golf**

The tennis court is being fixed at present and soon will be open to the use of all.

The golf team is now fully organized, having five members: Joe Picarello, John Williams, Mike Homack, Henry Rothstein and John Miedema. They will play regular scheduled matches with various institutions. Come out and give them all the support you can. They may need it!

The Athletic Committee is working hard to raise the sport standard of our school and to give it as many types of sports as the students desire. If you want to have anything brought before the A. A. Committee notify John C. Miedema, Edwin Swenson, Lloyd Kingsley, Katherine Mulvaney or Jessica Hendricks.

**The Truth Recalled by Song**

- "One hour With You"—Any class.
- "Snuggle on Your Shoulder"—Gym at noon.
- "Was that the Human Thing to Do?"—Marks and assignments.
- "When We're Alone"—Conferences with faculty, superintendents, etc.
- "St. Louis Blues"—No Spring Vacation.
- "Kiss Me Goodnight"—Books at 12:00 P. M.
- "Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee"—Lunch Room serenade.
- "Temporarily Blue"—Students with slips.
- "She Didn't Say Yes, She Didn't Say No"—Miss Kreiner's assignment.
- "Lovely Music"—3rd period Tuesday.
- "Home"—Commuting.
- "I Got Rhythm"—Art Class (Miss Mitchell).
- "Can't We Talk It Over?"—When a "D" is in sight.
- "You Try Somebody Else"—Handing student a slip.
- "I'll Get By"—C's.
- "I Love a Parade"—At 3:15.
- "Jig Time"—Noon in the Kindergarten room.
- "By the Fire Side"—Radiators in cold rooms.
- "Starlight"—Sky Study.



**Abroad in an Armchair**

We make le plus grand tour from our armchair to:—

- Ireland* with James Stephen's "Deirdre",
- England* with Clemence Dane's "Broome Stages",
- Denmark* with Marie Bregendahl's "Night of Death",
- Norway* with Sigrid Undset's "Wild Orchid",
- Sweden* with Helma Lagerlof's "Ring of the Lowenskolds",
- France* with Andre Gide's "Two Symphonies",
- Germany* with Adrienne Thomas' "Katrin Becomes a Soldier",
- Italy* with Luigi Pirandello's "Horse in the Moon",
- Russia* with Dmitri Merejkowski's "Romans of Leonardo DaVinci",
- Poland* with Henrik Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis",
- Spain* with Vincente Blasco Ibanez's "Mare Nostrum" and home to
- America* with LaFarge's "Sparks Fly Upward".

F. D. L.—JR. A 6.

**The Street Vendor**

On her face  
Life keeps his Diary.

His pen scratches  
Lines of care  
On the wrinkling page.

Then ———  
Death with a flame  
Destroys all.

G. GROSSMAN, JR. A 6.

**The Old Man**

You remind me of a cat,  
Sitting placid in the sun,  
While Time runs by  
On nimble feet.

**The Seven Wonders of the Modern World**

**WONDER NUMBER THREE**

Our "Wonder Three"—"Divisions Five"  
Each in its order did arrive;  
The sum of all five equals "T"  
For "Transportation"—"Wonder Three".

**Division One**

"Division One" takes us back far  
Beyond the train or trolley car;  
Our forbears many years ago,  
With horse and sleigh, ploughed thru the snow,  
Or horse and wagon served their need  
To take to markets grain and feed.  
The team and family carryall  
For church or riding was at call.  
A young man took his "girl" to ride  
And ere long she became his bride.  
The rush for gold in Forty Nine  
Of oxen-teams saw a long line  
While mules for heavy work were good  
(When they for work were in the mood).  
But while ox, mule and horse held sway  
They could not go far in a day.  
Skiff, sloop, scow, rowboat and canoe  
Helped solve the problem, it is true  
But these means also were quite slow  
When one had very far to go.  
The need became apparent quite  
For moving faster day and night  
The roads were unimproved and poor  
And no one ever thot to tour.  
But many changes have been wrought  
By giving it most careful thought.  
If our forbears were here today  
We wonder just what they would say.

**Division Two**

"Division Two" takes up the boat  
And covers everything afloat;  
Columbus Fourteen Ninety Two,  
With sailboats three and daring crew,  
Sailed seas unchartered toward the west;  
And found the land of all lands best.  
The Red Man paddled his canoe  
Or carried it trackless forests thru.  
Then came the flat-boat, keel-boat, ark,  
On steamboats later they embark.  
Fitch, Fulton, Livingston—all three  
With Stevens did the vision see.  
Said critics—"Course 'twill float down-

"But to go up—that is a dream."  
She *did* go up—with whistle—hum.  
The day of the steamboat had come,  
Immortalized by our Mark Twain,  
Whose stories bring it back again.  
Canals were dug from lake to lake,  
New routes to markets they did make.  
The "Panama" the best of these  
Connecting link between the seas.  
The freighters followed in their wake  
Rich ore and grain—large cargoes take.  
The ferry-boats for many years  
Found passengers and loads at piers.  
Now giant liners ply the seas  
In comfort, luxury and ease.  
To countries far and near we roam,  
Scarce miss the blessings of a home.  
The dreadnaughts guard our liberty  
With submarines—submerged or free.  
Clean oil-burners supercede  
Steam-boilers, traveling at high speed  
Palatial yachts sail oceans blue  
While motor-boats cut white foam thru.

—————  
Come, love, let's away together!  
We'll wander by a moon-lit shore,  
And let silver sand  
Run through our fingers.

—————  
The bond which held us close  
Is broken.  
And one by one,  
Like beads upon a broken string,  
We slip apart  
And fall into crevices.

—————  
My heart is ripe fruit  
Waiting to be plucked.  
Come quickly  
Ere it falls  
Into alien hands.

—————  
I swore I never would be bound  
Once I were free;  
And yet these shackles you have placed  
Seem light to me