Tamburo Elected S.O. President; Anderson Cops "Veep"

Newark Stater Makes Life

Meet Joseph Tamburo

Definitely the Man of the Hour
A dark horse candidate came through with flying colors. That shy grin and good looks captured a lot of women's votes for sure. Joe gives all the credit to his wonderful campaign managers and his "hopes to make student organizations meaningful to each and every student." With the full cooperation of the student body plus the solid foundation Abe Kaplowitz had laid, Joe is sure S.O. will be an integral part of college policies and activities with the accent on "what the students want." Joe is president of F.T.A. and believes sincerely that every student should become a member. His activities also include membership in Sigma Theta Chi, the honorary I.A., fraternity, Epsilon Pi Tau, and the student Organization. Joe is strictly an armchair strategist and enjoys all sports, both indoor and outdoor! The "people's choice" likes the lighter side of life, soft music and dancing to it. Joe feels conservatively about one thing—dancing. This gentleman prefers not only blondes, but brunettes and red heads, too. Believing in the spice of life! "The new president" does a lot of quoting from Omar Khayyam, we hear, and just loves those I.A. conventions! He leaves this thought with us—"teachers shouldn't look or act like the pro-verbial teacher." The Man of the Hour is definitely the man to watch in the future.

After a week of the most hectic and thrilling campaign that has been seen in the halls of our college, the student body voted on Monday night for the candidates for the hotly contested seats of President and Vice-President of the Student Organization. Joseph Tamburo, a junior in the Industrial Arts curriculum, edged Zelda Huff Lowy, a General Elementary-Handicapped major, for the seat of President. George Anderson, a Sophomore I.A. student, emerged victorious in the campaign for the Vice-president.

The finals climax a week of really unique campaigning. Recordings, the songs, printed napkins, signs, flyers, etc., adorned every nook and cranny of the building. Members of Sigma Theta Chi paraded around school handing out sticks of gum wrapped in paper proclaiming "Stick with Tamburo." In fact, the campaign for Tamburo was so intense that some of the students even forgot the other candidate's names.

The student Organization deserves a vote of confidence for a very efficient election. A voting machine had been obtained from the Newark Board of Elections and was available for both the primaries and finals. Not only did the machine enable a smoother voting procedure, but it also provided a very valuable experience for those who have not yet had the opportunity to participate in a municipal or national election.

The students may well be assured that the activities of the Student Organization will remain in able hands. Tamburo and George Anderson are well qualified to continue the excellent work that has been accomplished in the past year by Abe Kaplowitz and Zelda Huff Lowy.

Mystery Solved

The mystery of when "Ah, Sweet Mystery" would be presented was solved on Wednesday, March 29, when the lower classmen of Normal Theater Guild went "on stage" to prove their talents in a stormy half hour of thespian endeavor.

Orchids should go to Maynard Sason (who stepped in at the last minute), Marilynn Masarsky, Cathy Donatiello and Maxine Rockoff for fine acting talents. They were ably supported by Phyllis Fisher, Larry Buchner, Arlene Semel, and Richard Perello. Direction was by Juliana Mikel.

The scenery, properties, and lighting committees deserve special mention for an excellent job, as do the make-up, costume, program and publicity, and prompting committees.

W.S.S.F. Brings Speaker

No More Pencils- No More Books

Under the auspices of the World Student Service Fund Committee of the Student Council, Mr. Herman Eberling, noted foreign speaker, now touring the United States, presented the Assembly period tomorrow. This program is an activity of the W.S.S.F. committee to augment the finance drive of the current semester.

Mr. Eberling was born, raised, and educated in Germany. At the age of twenty-five, he was forced to leave Germany and flee to France as a political refugee.

The following seven years were spent in various parts of France. While there, he worked as a teacher in private schools, who does reader, and free lance journalist. Mr. Eberling founded an anti-Nazi bi-weekly and edited a youth magazine. After the fall of France, he fled to Marseille where he worked in the American Friend's Service Committee's children's colony.

When conditions were such that it was imperative to leave the vicinity, Mr. Eberling came to the United States in 1941 via Spain and Portugal. After obtaining his citizenship, he volunteered for O.C.S. and served overseas in England, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany.

Following the war, he joined the Unitarian Service Committee staff and returned to Germany for one year's service as the CRAGLOW representative in the French zone. He has been active in various foreign student organizations under which students in Europe and Asia live today. He has recently been featured in various films of various New York colleges and has been enthusiastically received.

The situation in the European fields of education is of direct concern to us as students in an American teachers college. Mr. Eberling, as one who has had first-hand experience in observing foreign systems of education and the existing conditions abroad, is a valuable addition to our slate of feature speakers.

The W.S.S.F. committee also plans to announce several future activities at this time. There was a meeting of the committee year before the possibilities of presenting a giant saga show sometime during the month of May. Featured at that time will be the top entertainment talent of the school plus several attractions from the outside show world. The best features from the

Spring has sprung
De bodie's peep . . .

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NEW JERSEY STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE, NEWARK, N. J.
April 5, 1950

Tuition Fees
To Be Altered

The tuition rate for students registered for part-time and extension work will be lower for the coming year. The current rate was $8.00 per semester point for any person who has not at the time of registration been in the New Jersey State Teachers College, as has been changed as follows:

$8.00 per semester point for any person who has not at the time of registration been in the New Jersey State Teachers College.

$11.00 per semester point for any person who has attended regularly as a public school teacher.
Letters to the Editor

March 28, 1950

Dear Editor,

When the seniors were visiting in Trenton, they and Professor Hutchison and Professor Dowens were welcomed by the Speaker of the Assembly.

The dignity which accompanied the word "professor" inflated the image students really felt like college students.

When we refer to the faculty as "teachers," the figurative eyebrow is raised. It is almost as if the word "professor," and blushingly seeking something adult, we use the word "instructor.

It is sometimes disturbing to hear other college students refer to us as "the junior high school." The building has a school book but does our vocabulary have to be on the same level?

We don't like to be referred to as boys and girls, (and if you often are), and we think our faculty should have more dignified titles.

We would like to know if there is any reason why our professors aren't old enough to call us "students.

The Curious Senior 4's Dear Editor:
The time has come for me to protest when those who dare to teach lack the courtesy to respect the rights and properties of others.

Last week I took a card which was the center of interest of a poster, leaving it barren and uninteresting. They never stop to consider that considerable time and effort had been expended to make it eye appealing and meaningful, nor did they stop to think that this simple card had been the loving possession of an eighteen year old grandchild from her favorite grandchild. She had given it to us all to steal and enjoy it, but it lasted a few brief hours.

Some of the things which have been done in the cafeteria, a clock on that of very little economic value, but the value they have not been bought at any price. We must teach our children this, but must first learn ourselves. If ever there was a place where the golden rule should be fundamental, it is in teacher's college.

Sincerely yours,

Robert Starke, Jr. II

Stationery Equals Beauty

Room 28B will be the pride of the faculty if Junior II's stationery sale is a success. The motive behind the whole thing is pasted walls with flowered draperies and potted flowers in other places. This kindergarten Primary group believes in making textbooks live right here. Why not buy theirwares? Writing letters to Senators may give us extra room manana, but buying stationery will make room 28B beautiful today. The sale goes on till vacation.

Meet... Rose Klein

The Inquiring Reporter

Do you like the new clock in the Tudor Room and cafeteria? Would you like to see more of them and where?

Alice Moore—Junior 3—Yes, very much. I'd like to see clocks in any room used by the students.

Bernice Jones—Sophomore 2—I think the idea is good. It would be nice to like see more of them in places like our garden locker room.

Nancy Torbong—Freshman 1—I think the idea and clocks in the 2nd and 3rd floor corridors would be very convenient.

John Huysman—Junior 1—I think they serve the purpose. I don't care either way. I have a wristwatch.

The Liveworth—Junior 1—Then you tell me what time it is, although getting to class in time is another problem. There should be clocks in the hallways.

Florence Fafaf—Freshman 1—I think they are wonderful and very much needed. I think each classroom as well as corridors should have a clock.

Shirley Leinwand—Sophomore 1—I didn't even see them, but we really ought to have a clock in the school.

Regina Rachant—Sophomore 2—Very nice, because I had often gotten lost in the Tudor Room before I could hear them. I'd like to see a clock on the 3rd floor.

Claire Haggerty—Senior 4—I didn't even know there was one in the Tudor Room, but I like the one in the cafeteria because it lets a person know how much time one has to eat one's peanut butter sandwiches.

Viola Lalfin—Senior 4—Now I know I'm eating too quickly! In the cafeteria, a clock on the wall, especially in this day and age.

With the Exception

By Hildegarde Pross

Rehabilitation means the restoration of a skill that has been lost or of one that has never been present. Facilities for this purpose have been woefully inadequate. The problem of the handicapped is now. The public eye focused upon the problem with the return of the disabled service men. This served to emphasize the necessity for a solution. It must be found if these people are to take their places as contributing members of society.

Although public attention has been drawn to the needs of the disabled veterans, there were, prior to the war, according to Mr. Taylor and Dr. Rusk in their book, New Hope for the Handicapped, approximately 23,000,000 persons handicapped to some extent by the Handicap, Speech, Deafness, Physical, Nervous illness, or some combination of these which might better be called, "What Price Grammar?" Lou La Brant points out that we, as teachers, are so anxious to emphasize mechanical correctness that we structure that we make our children so fearful of having their language criticized that they stammer rather than a chime, hesitate to talk or retreat completely into silence. Furthermore, they acquire the habit of listening for criticism rather than the listening for the useful meaningful. Another outgrowth of this practice is the nurturing of children who are ashamed of their speech and their writing. This is especially true conventionally. These practices are absolutely contrary to the basic purposes of language.

Lou Laski, a noted children's author and illustrator, writes that creative writing is a flowing of ideas. Given a stimulus, ideas come pouring from the mind like water down a mountain. The children may begin by writing the things they have seen and done. If the children are encouraged to do this regularly, it will become a daily adventure. They will become so used to doing this that writing will soon become a pleasure rather than a chore. Drawing and acting out their experiences will further enrich their experiences. Given the situation to be extended and acting out, they will create the dialogue spontaneously; it will not have to be written beforehand. Drawing should never be taught as a lesson. Drawing should be used as a means of expression at all times; at any time, in connection with any subject to clarify ideas.

Clarissa W. Taylor suggests poetry as a means of stimulating creative writing. She suggests that putting particularly expressive lines of poetry on the blackboard and discussing them, as if they were paintings which may be taken out of their settings and framed will inspire children to express themselves more beautifully, and will, at the same time, unconsciously be memorized and kept by the children. She has included quite a few lovely things done by the children. "My Bicycle and I," "My Life and I," and "My Life and I" are particularly worth mentioning. The children will make something that you would like to keep in your collection of poems for young children.

Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship

April 5, 1950

Letters to the Editor

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REDEFLECTOR
Happy Easter — Almost
by Mary DiFiore

"In your Easter bonnet, ta tum ta tum ta tum..." Ah, yes! Easter! Easter is an event that is always on de wing. Funny, I always thought de wings were on de hods. A little lavender here and yellow there, how bout some red, pink and green. The crocus is crooking, the bunny is hopping, the lilies are illy-ig, the pussy willows are purring, and the Easter bonnet is alight. And I am happy! I am happy because spring is here. Also, I am sentimental about Easter. You see, to me Easter means something. Right now I can't remember just what, but I'm sure it means something. A most heavenly holiday — Easter. Yes, Easter means something Easter? Being a logical, sensible person Easter for me means singing, no school, a new outfit. There is nothing as homey as a new outfit. Besides no school — a new Easter habit, no school... well, you've got the general idea. See, Easter really means something to me — homey, sweet, homey.

Let's be practical. What do most sentimental people do on Easter? I'll tell you: make pigs of themselves and get sick. What do I do on Easter? Being a logical, sensible person, do I stuff myself and make myself sick? Do I make a pig of myself? No. Even though it's true that little kiddies roam the wide open spaces looking for Easter eggs, I love little kiddies. There is nothing so homey as a little outfit, as little ones running around. So I help out in every way possible. I hide eggs for them. I love little kiddies. When you go out to find Easter eggs, I have means... the entire house is at peace. For the eggs I have hidden couldn't be found If Buck Rogers used his X-Rays and things. The little kiddies go out at nine in the morning to look for the eggs, and, if everything goes according to plan, at nine in the evening, we are out looking for the little kiddies. I love little kiddies.

There is a special spot in my heart for Easter because it means — besides no school — a new Easter outfit. La femme en vogue must wear the perfect outfit. The little kiddies are the other factors of which the Easter spirit is composed. My mother, knowing that your kind heart will have sympathetic understanding to the plight of a young couple trying to impress miser Di Fabio... I mean a child will really want to express her's, her's, her's... "Bye", they all chorused.

**What Makes a Good Teacher?**
by Mimi Shapiro

A great majority of the discussions held at the Eighth Annual Education Conference in New York was concerned with the problems of teaching art in the elementary schools. The most persistent problem was that of how to stimulate and excite an awareness in children in order to bring out their innate potentialities and willingness to adventure into new experiences. The art teacher should place emphasis on the child's manipulative needs to arouse satisfactions not necessarily in the skill or finished product. Important urges of children are the need to cut, the need to scribble, and the need to dig. Thus, the use of fingerpaints, clay, and sand boxes in the classroom becomes more important in the light of a satisfaction of an important need.

There is much evidence that the artistic development of our children is seriously disrupted at the adolescent stage, or, at times, earlier. This is a continuous growth of artistic ability from childhood to adulthood. One obvious factor of this situation is the impact upon the child of a culture that is largely hostile to aesthetic values. What are the other factors of which the art teacher should be particularly aware? How can the art teacher best sustain an interest of the child in artistic expression, especially in the elementary schools? A child must be given the chance to express himself without the fear of criticism for technically imperfect creations and without the fear of being forced to conform to so-called "ideal standards" of art work. With the understanding guidance of the teacher and with the experience gained by doing, a child will really want to express his artistic feelings.

One learns well by seeing! One learns better by seeing and hearing! One learns best by seeing, hearing, and doing! Bea Card, F.A. junior

**Sarps & Flats**
Rita Schaeffer

With a flexible college schedule you can never tell what will happen next. Perhaps next St. Patty's Day you will see that Dixie version of MacNamarra's Band — but don't depend on it. The musical drama, The Consul, is cropping headlines of music sections these days. Glen-Carlo Menotti combines fine melodrama, and all the trimmings of grand opera in this production at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre. This is a story of modern existence. The plot is the plight of a couple trying to escape from an iron curtain somewhere in Europe. It is a sound, dramatic plot in which (Continued in Next Column)

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**The Exception** (Continued from Page Two) disease, accidents, maladjustments, or former wars. And, while excellent facilities and hospitals have been provided for the disabled veteran, there is a beehive lack of such facilities for the disabled civilian.

Mr. Taylor and Dr. Rusk gave the following examples of proof of the aforementioned statement. There were 1,500 servicemen who lost their sight in military service, and had been treated at the V.A. hospitals. During the same period, 6,000 civilians lost their sight and had been treated at the same hospital. 265,000 civilians were permanently disabled as a result of combat during the war, but 1,250,000 civilians were permanently disabled through accidents alone. These figures tell a little of the story of the necessity for providing much more care and treatment of the civilian handicapped.

In the words of Mr. Taylor and Dr. Rusk, "preventive and curative care and surgery have made great advances. The third phase of medicine which takes the patient from the bed to the job—rehabilitation—has been neglected. Comprehensive rehabilitation programs have been established in the armed forces and in the Veterans Administration. The disabled civilian in a democracy deserves the same opportunity."

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**HAPPY EASTER** (Continued from Page Three)

agreed I need a new pair of shoes. She says to me, "Mary," she always calls me Mary, ever since I was a little girl she's called ... She says to me, "Mary, NO!" There is only one gentle heart leaping at the heart of life. I try a new approach. I run upstairs and read Chapter Twelve in my psychology book: "How to Raise Parents." I run downstairs enlightened. I yet, "Hey, Ma. I want a new red suit. Whatcha say?" can I get one?" She says: "Go. I'm sure you've won't you? I'm wrong. I happen to know there's a catch, 'cause she will say: 'I'm not going to give you the money, though. She lovingly looks at me and speaks: 'I'm not going to give you the money, though. See, I know. I run upstair and read another page. I come down. Kindest Mother. Angel among angels, would that thou couldst spare a pence for a most noble pair of gloves? Couldst thou?"

She says: "I couldst.

I say: "Goodst!" and grab the moola and run. Anyway, I hope the neighbors aren't too critical about my new yellow gloves with the orange flowers on them. I love my neighbors. So even if they are critical, this happy Easter Day I shall smile my toothpaste smile at them. Something is wrong. I forgot to remove the toothbrush. This spoils the effect.

With the above thought in mind, we spend Easter. Of course after it is over, and we are stuffed as pigs, and as the vacation begins we are hungry for the lectures, the homework, and the faculty (Hm m m, that doesn't sound right.) Our arms long for the heartiness of a thousand books—and so I say: "Pardon me while I run up to my room and play Russian Roulette."