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Remembering is Shadows

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Remembering is Shadows

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REMEMBERING IS SHADOWS

SPRING is a time
for shadows to crochet
themselves on streets and sidewalks
fine lace on lawns. Spring smells
like grandma's parlor.

SUMMER is a time
for shadows to do dapples
to umbrella picnic tables
to be soft, and children's laughter
and to fall in love with moonlight.

FALL is a time
for shadows to be windy
to dance a crazy lindy
to thanksgiving the leave that made them
and to be the old earth's tatters.

WINTER is a time
for shadows to be skinny
to retreat into themselves
and remember how they were
and how they'll be.

—Ray Pavelsky '67

A REPORT FROM THE EDUCATIONAL FIELD

By Rev. L. Hetzler

"Every man an island"

Now under intensive study by educators throughout the country is a revolutionary method of teaching pioneered this year by Professor Alfred E. Neuman of Vauxhall University, North Dakota. In a recent interview Dr. Neuman explained exactly what his procedure had been this Fall semester in the first trial of his daring new system. "I met with my class for ten minutes the first day and gave them lists of the books that made up the course, most of which could be found either in this or other campus libraries. I then informed them they were to be participants in an experiment to revitalize teaching techniques and to bring them to perfection. I told them, quite simply, that I would stay away from them altogether, that I would see them no more. Indeed, at a very great personal sacrifice to myself, I would keep myself aloof from them until January, when I would give them their examination." Dr. Neuman, watching the faces of the reporters, waived aside any cries of praise even before they could be uttered. But one of the reporters asked him how, even for the sake of elevating teaching, he could so deny himself the personal rewards that come from marking papers and preparing classes. "I will confess," he replied with a wave of a sun-tanned, dedicated arm, "that when this idea first sprang into my mind late one night, that very thought of such enforced idleness at once presented itself. But I had long since learned that teaching is a martyrdom, and indeed by this time I was ready to try anything."

Reaction from his select group of students has been wildly enthusiastic. Remarked one New York City philosophy major, "I had heard that Vauxhall was a good university and a leader in education, but I never expected anything like this. It's thrilling to be a part of a teaching process so far in advance