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Board of Trustees

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6-9-1995

### June 9, 1995 Meeting Minutes

Shawnee State University

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MINUTES  
SHAWNEE STATE UNIVERSITY  
BOARD OF TRUSTEES  
JUNE 9, 1995

The meeting was called to order at 4:07 p.m. by Chairman Reynolds.

Roll Call

Members Present: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards,  
Ms. Riffe, Mr. Saul, Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Members Absent: Mr. Shkurti (excused)

Approval of June 9, 1995 Agenda

Mr. Winters moved and Mr. Kaplan seconded a motion to approve the June 9, 1995 agenda.

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards,  
Ms. Riffe, Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

Approval of April 21, 1995 Board Minutes

Mrs. Richards moved and Mr. Kaplan seconded a motion to approve the April 21, 1995 Board minutes.

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards,  
Ms. Riffe, Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

President's Report

President Veri announced that today's Commencement ceremonies will honor Shawnee State's largest graduating class; 463 eligible graduates, with 360 attending the ceremony. President Veri also announced that in case of rain, guests with tickets would be admitted to the Activities Center and other guests will be directed to the Flohr Lecture Hall of the Library where closed circuit television had been set up to view the ceremony. Board of Trustee members and guests were reminded that at 5:30 a reception and pre-Commencement dinner would be served in the Micklethwaite dining room, with ceremonies to begin at 7:30 p.m.

President Veri acknowledged the presence of Founder Emeritus and Mrs. Vernal G. Riffe, Jr., President Emeritus Frank Taylor, Trustee Emeriti Dick Hyland and Orville Ferguson and past Board members William Reinhardt, James Strafford, Duncan Baxter and William Horr. All were greeted with a round of applause.

President Veri asked Board members to view the blue index card in front of them. The card listed SSU's Mission and Goals and President Veri's Perspective on SSU's Mission. He reminded the Board that OBR did not tell us what our mission would be, but let us identify functional mission statements for their consideration. These functional mission statements had the endorsement of the Strategic Planning Oversight Committee (SPOC) and the University Senate, and even can expect OBR approval in the next few months.

President Veri reported that the JOBS program, which has served some 2,000 people since 1991 with a retention rate of 88.5%, has submitted a grant proposal in the amount of \$550,000 with a new emphasis on work/study.

Speaker Riffe addressed the Board and stated that it was an honor to attend today's meeting. Mr. Riffe thanked SSU, especially Dr. Veri, Susan Warsaw and Sara Daehler for the great weekend celebration May 21-22 in recognition of his contributions to SSU and the Portsmouth area. He stated that there was no family more proud and thankful for Shawnee State University than the Riffe family, especially Verna Riffe, who as of today would be ending her 9-year term on the SSU Board of Trustees.

Speaker Riffe announced that he had made a commitment to Shawnee State that he would make a contribution to SSU upon his retirement. On behalf of the Riffe family, Speaker Riffe made a pledge of \$100,000 to SSU and stated that the money was proceeds from a leadership dinner in 1980. He also stated that there were two women to thank for this contribution, Verna Kay and his wife, Thelma. Speaker Riffe was given a standing ovation and warm round of applause by the Board and the audience.

Committee Reports

**Executive Committee, Mr. Tom Reynolds, Chairperson**

Mr. Reynolds reported that the Executive Committee met today prior to the regular committee meeting. The committee had only one action item to present, that of a recommendation of Vice President for Student Affairs, Dr. Larry F. Mangus. This agenda item will be included in the Personnel Resolution under Finance and Facilities.

**Quality of University Life, Mrs. Patricia Richards, Chairperson**

Mrs. Richards reported that personnel items will be presented under Finance and Facilities.

Mrs. Richards moved and Mr. Kaplan seconded a motion to approve Resolution 30-95, Honoring the SSU Women's Softball Team and Individual Athlete Accomplishments. The resolution was approved by unanimous acclamation.

Dr. Paul Crabtree read the resolution and recognized the SSU softball team members that were present and also Lanny Rice, of the SSU men's golf team. Both sports were represented in the NAIA National Tournaments and all players were presented with a copy of the resolution and a larger plaque was presented for display. The teams were then given a round of applause by the Board and audience.

**Finance and Facilities, Mr. Frank Waller, Chairperson**

Mr. Waller gave an overview of Resolution 31-95, Approval of FY 1996 General Fund Budget. Mr. Waller moved and Mr. Clayton seconded a motion to approve Resolution 31-95. Discussion followed with Ms. Riffe stating that she did not support several of the fees and wanted her objections noted.

**Ayes:** Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

**Nays:** None

President Veri thanked the Fiscal Affairs Committee of the University Senate under the chairship of Joanne Charles, for their work on the budget. President Veri stated that he paid careful attention to the FAC and Dr. Creamer's recommendations and incorporated into the budget those items that he felt were in the long-term best interest of SSU. Dr. Veri's independent recommendations were shared with the Vice Presidents and recommended and approved by the University Senate.

Mr. Waller moved and Mr. Kaplan seconded a motion to approve Resolution 32-95, Approval of the Auxiliary and Agency Budget. Mr. Waller gave an overview of the budget and also stated that the Center for The Arts budget was not included in this budget.

**Ayes:** Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

**Nays:** None

Mr. Waller moved and Ms. Riffe seconded a motion to approve Resolution 33-95, Approval of Administrative/ATSS Salary Increases. This resolution approves a 3% pay adjustment for all full-service Administrative/ATSS personnel to be awarded as a two percent (2%) basic salary adjustment and a one percent (1%) distinguished performance salary adjustment effective July 1, 1995 in accordance with University policy 4.49.

**Ayes:** Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

**Nays:** None

Mr. Waller moved and Mrs. Thatcher seconded a motion to approve Resolution 34-95, Approval of Personnel. This resolution approves the appointment of Greg Dandio, Associate Director, UIS; Jamie M. Madden, Network and Systems Manager, UIS; Todd Pelphrey, STARS Coordinator; Larry L. Mangus, Vice President for Student Affairs; Nora J. Hickman, JOBS Coordinator; A.L. Addington, faculty reassignment effective January 2, 1996; and accepts the resignations of Dennis Travis, Dean, Arts and Sciences; Kendall D'Andrade, Assistant Professor, Philosophy; Anita Krsak, Assistant Professor, Computer Information Systems and Marshall F. Coyles, Senior Instructor, CADD.

**Board of Trustees Minutes**

**June 9, 1995**

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

Mr. Waller moved and Mr. Winters seconded a motion to approve Resolution 35-95, Approval of Grants. This resolution approves the submission of the Governor's summer Institute and the Tech Prep grant renewals.

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

Mr. Waller stated that the approval of parking fees will be delayed until such time that the parking lots can be blacktopped.

**Academic Affairs Committee, Mr. Kaplan, Chairperson**

Mr. Kaplan moved and Ms. Riffe seconded a motion to approve Resolution 36-95, Approval of Graduates.

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

Mr. Kaplan moved and Mr. Winters seconded a motion to approve Resolution 16-95, Approval of Human Subject Research Policy 5.25.

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

Mr. Kaplan moved and Ms. Riffe seconded a motion to approve Resolution 37-95, Approval of Professor Emeritus. This resolution grants Emeritus status to Dr. Robert L. Wilson, Professor English for outstanding services and contributions to SSU.

Ayes: Mr. Clayton, Mr. Kaplan, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Richards, Ms. Riffe,  
Mrs. Thatcher, Mr. Waller, Mr. Winters

Nays: None

Mr. Kaplan reiterated the outstanding service that Professor Wilson has given to SSU and stated that this was the first such Emeritus designation in SSU's history. This recognition reflects the importance of teaching, service, scholarship, and dedication to the mission of SSU.

Mr. Saul stated that he personally had Dr. Wilson as a professor and felt that there was no better way to serve students than to be like Dr. Wilson.

Mr. Kaplan stated that the Academic Affairs Committee will miss Ms. Riffe and Mr. Hannah as they retire from the Board, and that Dr. Addington would also be missed.

New Business

Mr. Reynolds stated his appreciation for Mr. Hannah's dedication and service as a Student Trustee and the fact that he had never missed a Board meeting in his two year's as a Board member. Mr. Reynolds then presented Mr. Hannah with a director's chair. Mr. Hannah thanked the Board for the opportunity to serve SSU and stated that he knew from conversations with other Ohio Student Trustees that they don't get the same treatment and respect as SSU's Student Trustees.

Mr. Reynolds recognized Ms. Riffe for her nine-year term on the Board of Trustees and stated that he felt inadequate in addressing all that Ms. Riffe has been to the Board during that time. Mr. Reynolds stated that Ms. Riffe makes decisions from the heart and thanked her for the influence she had on her father, Speaker Riffe.

Ms. Riffe stated that this was a very emotional day for her as she thanked everyone for the opportunity to "make a difference." Ms. Riffe stated that she learned that there are both staff and faculty members who don't have the success of this university at heart; they have their own agenda, and they are detrimental to the health of SSU. She also learned that most are very committed and very dedicated to the university. There are three groups Ms. Riffe hold in highest esteem; health care professionals, public officials, and educators. Ms. Riffe also singled out Trustee Emeritus, Orville Ferguson, Sr., as an important influence. Ms. Riffe's farewell speech brought a standing ovation.

Mr. Reynolds presented Ms. Riffe a director's chair with Shawnee State's insignia on it and again she was given a round of applause.

Comments from Constituent Groups and the Public

University Faculty Assembly, Professor Carl Hilgarth, President

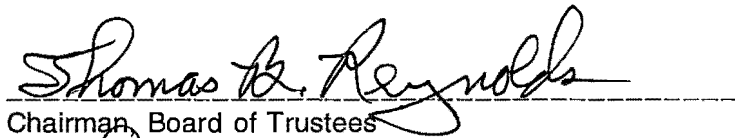
Professor Hilgarth announced that the University Senate passed a resolution to approve NCAA Division III Football and the establishment of additional women's sports. He also announced that as Chairman of Senior Seminar, names of individuals who have won Senior Seminar awards will be announced during Commencement as the recipients receive their diplomas. Professor Hilgarth also reported that Tau Alpha Pi (ET graduates) will be wearing cords of green and gold during Commencement ceremonies.

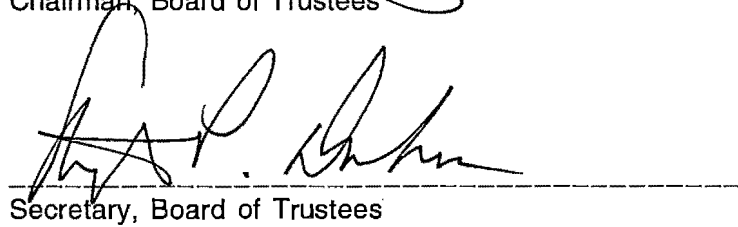
President Veri introduced Dr. George Demko and his wife, Jeanette. Dr. Demko will be the 1995 Commencement speaker. President Veri also commented that as President of this University he had thoroughly enjoyed being tutored by Ms. Verna Riffe and shall miss her counsel as a Board member.

Adjournment

Mr. Kaplan moved and Mr. Winters seconded a motion to adjourn at 5:15 p.m.

The meeting was adjourned by acclamation.

  
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Chairman, Board of Trustees

  
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Secretary, Board of Trustees

# AGENDA

## SHAWNEE STATE UNIVERSITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

JUNE 9, 1995

- A. Call to Order
- B. Roll Call
- C. Approval of June 9, 1995, Agenda
- D. Approval of April 21, 1995 Board Minutes
- E. President's Report
- F. Committee Reports

Executive Committee - Mr. Tom Reynolds, Chairperson

Recommendation of Vice President for Student Affairs,  
Dr. Larry F. Mangus (as included in Personnel Resolution  
under Finance and Facilities).

Quality of University Life Committee - Mrs. Patricia Richards,  
Chairperson

Resolution 30-95 Honoring the SSU Women's Softball Team

Finance and Facilities Committee - Mr. Frank Waller, Chairperson

Resolution 31 -95 Approval of FY 1996 General Fund Budget

Resolution 32 -95 Approval of Auxiliary and Agency Budget

Resolution 33 -95 Approval of Administrative/ATSS Salary  
Increase

Resolution 34 -95 Approval of Personnel



Resolution 35 -95 Approval of Grants:  
Governor's Summer Institute Grant Renewal  
Approval of Tech Prep Grant Renewal

Academic Affairs Committee - Mr. Jeff Kaplan, Chairperson

Resolution 36 -95 Approval of Graduates

Resolution 16-95 Approval of Human Subject Research Policy  
5.25

Resolution 37-95 Approval of Professor Emeritus

G. New Business

H. Comments from constituent groups (if any) and the public

I. Other Business

J. Executive Session (if needed)

K. Adjournment

## RESOLUTION 30-95

### Honoring the SSU Women's Softball Team and Individual Student Athlete Accomplishments

WHEREAS, Shawnee State University supports extracurricular sports opportunities for all its students, including varsity sports and competition in the Mid-Ohio Conference and National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics; and

WHEREAS, the University through the efforts of its players and coaches, has fielded excellent teams and individuals in all its sports; and

WHEREAS, members of the Women's Softball Team represented SSU and were champions of the Great Lakes Regional Tournament play and are MOC Champions for the fourth consecutive year; and

WHEREAS, the members of the Women's Softball Team advanced to the National Tournament for the second time and finished in the "Elite Eight" in National Tournament play; and

WHEREAS, one student athlete was the MOC Golf Champion, and represented SSU in the National Golf Tournament, in Tulsa Oklahoma; and

WHEREAS, three student athletes have been named NAIA All-American Athletes;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University grants special recognition to these athletes for their outstanding accomplishments and commends the individual athletes listed below:

Kim White - NAIA 1st Team All-American - Women's Softball  
Renee Walls - NAIA 1st Team All-American - Women's Softball  
Brandi Rose - NAIA Honorable Mention All-American - Women's Softball

Lanny Rice - NAIA National Golf Tournament Participant

and the following members and coaches of the softball team:

Jennifer McGraw	Brandi Rose	Renee Walls	Leah Fickle
Missy Lawson	Marie Chapman	Kim White	Keri Davidson
Kari Koehn	Jaimie Wilson	Amy Evans	Denise Whetherholt
Tana Lemon	Maggie Kornokovich		

Head Coach: Ralph Cole

Assistant Coaches: Chuck Carpenter, Kenny Shupert, Bill Kamer

Score Keeper: Tom Davis

Student Trainer: Chad Leach

June 9, 1995

**RESOLUTION 31-95**

**APPROVAL OF GENERAL FUND BUDGET**

WHEREAS, revenue estimates have been developed based on the proposed Executive budget, fees adopted by the Board of Trustees and enrollment levels similar to the previous fiscal year; and

WHEREAS, the prior year base budget was adjusted for contractual commitments and all known inflators; and

WHEREAS, the University Senate's Fiscal Affairs Committee, based on the projected revenues, evaluated all expansion requests and recommended an expansion budget of \$1.1 million and up to an additional \$200,000 should revenues exceed current estimates; and

WHEREAS, the President has reviewed the University Senate's recommended budget and amended the expansion priorities after consultation with the University Senate's Fiscal Affairs Committee and the Provost and the Vice Presidents;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University adopts the proposed general fund budget for fiscal year 1996 as recommended by the President and summarized in the accompanying exhibit.

(June 9, 1995)

**RESOLUTION 32-95**

**APPROVAL OF AUXILIARY AND AGENCY BUDGETS**

WHEREAS, revenue estimates have been developed for all auxiliary and agency accounts that reflect fee increases approved by the Board of Trustees and anticipated activity for fiscal year 1996; and

WHEREAS, the resulting revenue growth is only adequate for funding existing activities and known inflators; and

WHEREAS, the Student Senate and the Student Affairs Division have jointly developed and recommend the proposed budget;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University adopts the Auxiliary and Agency budgets for fiscal year 1996 as summarized in the accompanying exhibit.

(June 9, 1995)

**RESOLUTION 33-95**

**SALARY AND WAGE INCREASE FOR ADMINISTRATIVE PERSONNEL  
AND ADMINISTRATIVE TECHNICAL SUPPORT STAFF**

WHEREAS, the operating budgets approved by the Board of Trustees includes adequate funds for providing a two percent (2%) basic salary adjustment and a one percent (1%) distinguished performance salary adjustment for all administrative and Administrative Technical Support Staff; and

WHEREAS, such increases are to be awarded in accordance with University policy number 4.49 "Administrative/ATSS Performance Based Salary Increases";

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University authorizes a 3% pay adjustment for all full service Administrative personnel and the Administrative Technical Support Staff to be awarded as a two percent (2%) basic salary adjustment and a one percent (1%) distinguished performance salary adjustment in accordance with University policy number 4.49 effective July 1, 1995.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University adopts the revised salary and wage schedules which accompany this resolution effective July 1, 1995.

(June 9, 1995)

**RESOLUTION 34-95**

**PERSONNEL**

WHEREAS, the University-wide Board policy 5.16 "Approval of Personnel Appointments" establishes the procedure for the approval of those personnel changes requiring action by the Board of Trustees and for the reporting of other personnel actions to the Board; and

WHEREAS, this policy establishes a procedure for the consolidation of personnel resolutions; and

WHEREAS, all actions in this resolution are in compliance with this policy;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University authorizes the following appointments and reassignments and acknowledges the items reported herein:

**APPOINTMENTS AND REASSIGNMENTS FOR BOARD ACTION:**

**Administrative**

Greg Dandio, Associate Director, UIS  
Continuous Contract (following successful completion of probationary status)  
Grade: 29  
Salary: \$47,800 penetration of 96.6%

Jaime M. Madden, Network & Systems Manager  
Continuous Contract (following successful completion of probationary status)  
Grade: 27  
Salary: \$27,653

Todd Pelphrey, STARS Coordinator  
Continuous Contract (following successful completion of probationary status)  
Grade: 25  
Salary: \$24,500

Larry L. Mangus, Vice President for Student Affairs  
Continuous Contract (following successful completion of probationary  
status)  
Grade: 53  
Salary: \$65,000

Nora J. Hickman, JOBS Coordinator  
Continuous Temporary Contract (following successful completion of  
probationary status)  
Grade: 23  
Salary: \$23,460

A.L. Addington  
Provost  
Faculty Reassignment Effective January 2, 1996  
Rank: To Be Determined  
Salary: To Be Determined

**RESIGNATIONS AND OTHER ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:**

**Administrative**

Dennis Travis  
Dean, Arts and Sciences  
Resignation: Effective July 24, 1995

**Faculty**

Robert Wilson  
Professor, English  
Resignation: Effective June 9, 1995

Kendall D'Andrade  
Assistant Professor, Philosophy  
Resignation: Effective September 15, 1996

Anita Krsak  
Assistant Professor, Computer Information Systems  
Resignation: Effective August 31, 1995

Marshall F. Coyle  
Senior Instructor  
Resignation: Effective June 19, 1995

(June 9, 1995)

Joe L. Dillard, Professor, Arts/Humanities  
Salary \$44,702  
1996 Academic year, full service temporary contract

**Administrative**

David Maze, EOC Outreach Coordinator  
Continuous Temporary Contract (following successful completion of  
probationary status)  
Grade: 22 - Part-time  
Salary: \$10,000 - Ten months

David Todt, Interim Dean, College of Arts and Sciences  
Grade: 52  
Salary: \$70,000 (above the mid-point)  
Effective: July 1, 1995

James Kadel, Dean, College of Professional Studies  
Grade: 52  
Salary: \$72,000 (above the mid-point)  
Effective: July 1, 1995

**RESIGNATIONS AND OTHER ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:**

**Administrative**

Mary Luttrell  
EOC Outreach Coordinator  
Resignation: Effective June 30, 1995

Adora Campis  
Coordinator, Women's Programs (G.R.O.W.)  
Resignation: Effective June 16, 1995

(July 10, 1995) ← Misspint



**RESOLUTION 35-95**

**GOVERNOR'S SUMMER INSTITUTE GRANT  
TECH PREP GRANT**

WHEREAS, the grants listed below and summarized on the attached grant proposals have been reviewed by the appropriate University committees and/or individuals, and are recommended for submission for renewal by the Finance and Facilities Committee;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University approves the submission of the Governor's Summer Institute and the Tech Prep grant renewals.

(June 9, 1995)

**RESOLUTION 36-95**

**Approval of Graduates**

WHEREAS, it is Shawnee State University policy that the Board of Trustees award degrees and certificates; and

WHEREAS, candidates to be presented by the Board's Academic Affairs Committee have made satisfactory progress toward graduation, and all final certificate and degree requirements have been met, and are recommended by their Department or College and by the President as candidates for graduation; and

WHEREAS, two students, Joe Smith and Jamie Parton, will receive degrees posthumously;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University empowers the President to award certificates or degrees at Commencement on June 9, 1995, to all candidates whose final completion and graduation from the University is confirmed by the Office of the Registrar and whose names are later attached to this resolution as graduates.

**June 9, 1995**

**RESOLUTION 16-95**

**APPROVAL OF HUMAN SUBJECT RESEARCH POLICY**

WHEREAS, Shawnee State University desires to establish a human subject research policy; and

WHEREAS, the University Senate has approved the attached Human Subject Research Policy;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Board of Trustees of Shawnee State University approves the Human Subject Research Policy as a Shawnee State University policy, effective June 9, 1995.

April 21, 1995 (Tabled)  
June 9, 1995 (Approved)

## RESOLUTION 37-95

### Dr. Robert L. Wilson - Professor Emeritus

WHEREAS, Shawnee State University may grant Emeritus Status for outstanding services and contributions of selected faculty and administrators; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Robert L. Wilson, Professor of English has been employed since Fall Quarter, 1978 and is completing his seventeenth year of employment with Shawnee State University ; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Wilson has been an outstanding teacher as evidenced by consistently exemplary student evaluations, by superior supervisory evaluations, by numerous letters of support and appreciation from former students and colleagues; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Wilson has scores of publications in the creative area of poetry as wells as numerous published articles and papers in professional journals; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Wilson has served on numerous University committees and has devoted countless hours in providing workshops and seminars in public schools and the community; and

WHEREAS, Dr. Wilson is retiring at the conclusion of this Spring Quarter, 1995; and

WHEREAS, the Provost and Vice President of Academic Affairs and the President recommend the title of Professor Emeritus for Dr. Robert L. Wilson;

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED that the Shawnee State University Board of Trustees confirms and bestows the title of Professor Emeritus on Dr. Robert L. Wilson.

June 9, 1995



**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

May 18, 1995

Dr. Robert L. Wilson  
Department of Arts & Humanities  
Shawnee State University

Dear Professor Wilson:

I knew that someday I would receive your notice of retirement from Shawnee State University, Bob, but I was hoping against hope it would not be until the year 2005 or later!

Your letter truly saddens me. It means that future generations of Shawnee students will no longer be able to grow intellectually under your careful and loving guidance. It means that our faculty colleagues will no longer observe the extraordinary work of a professor's professor. It means that Harding Stedler's many expressions of scholarship will no longer stimulate colleagues and students to try to emulate THE Poet Laureate of Shawnee State.

But, I must honor your request to retire and will so recommend acceptance by the Board of Trustees at its June 9 meeting. Your leaving on July 31, 1995, will create a void that will be impossible to fill.

I wish you and Hilda a peaceful retirement. You both must be extraordinarily proud of your life's work in shaping young minds for 34 years. I thank you most sincerely for the 17 years you have shared with our students.

Sincerely yours,



Clive C. Veri  
President

rgw:95132

pc: Dr. Holt  
Dean Travis  
Provost Addington

307 Tanglewood Drive  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694  
May 8, 1995

Dr. Clive Veri, President  
Members, SSU Board of Trustees  
Shawnee State University  
940 Second Street  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Dear Dr. Veri & Members of the Board of Trustees:

The journey I began in September 1961 is about to end. And what a grand journey it has been!

Please accept my resignation from Shawnee State University, effective July 31, 1995, for the purpose of retirement.

My seventeen years at SSU have been wonderful and will allow me to leave the University with a wealth of positive memories. As you know, students are what make teaching all worthwhile, and I have nothing but praise for the students at Shawnee. I shall treasure the many privileges I had in teaching them for years to come. My life has been enriched considerably because of them.

In leaving Shawnee State, I wish nothing less than best for the institution, knowing it will continue to prosper and be a positive force in the Portsmouth area. Again, I thank you for the many privileges afforded me during my tenure at SSU.

Most sincerely,



Robert L. Wilson  
Professor of English

cc: Dr. Jerry Holt

## RESUME SUMMARY

### NAME, TITLE, ADDRESS:

Nora J. Hickman  
JOBS Coordinator  
2327 Elmwood Drive  
Portsmouth, Ohio 45662

### EDUCATION:

<u>Degree</u>	<u>Academic Major</u>	<u>University</u>	<u>Date Awarded</u>
Bachelor of Science	Business Education	Ohio University	Mar. 90
Associate Degree	Applied Business	Shawnee State	June, 85

### EXPERIENCE:

<u>Institution/Agency</u>	<u>Title</u>	<u>Inclusive Dates</u>
Shawnee State University	Records Technician	1987 - present
Shawnee State University	Adjunct Faculty	
Scioto County Joint Vocational School	Evening Instructor, Adult Education	

### HONORS AND AWARDS:

### ADDITIONAL INFORMATION RELEVANT TO POSITION:

Assists and aids students in choosing courses relevant to their degree/career goals. Often visits instructor with the student to discuss ways which can be implemented to aide the student.

**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

June 6, 1995

Clive C. Veri, President  
Shawnee State University  
940 Second Street  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Dear Dr. Veri:

I would like to return to the teaching faculty effective January 2, 1996. I have enjoyed teaching all my life and certainly look forward to being in the classroom again. Students are a joy to be around and help keep you young, which is something to remember as I start the decade journey toward seventy.

It is amazing how much has been accomplished in the last eight years and how quickly time has passed. Thank you for the many kindnesses you have shown me and for your support. You have been a major force in shaping the University and few know as well as I do the many long hours you have spent in dedicated service to foster the development of the University.

Thank you for all of your efforts in working with the SEA to make this return possible. I hope that the day will come at Shawnee when academic administrators are given the automatic right to return to teaching as occurs at the other 12 public universities in Ohio and would have been an option at the three previous universities where I have served. I would have liked to have had that more extended option, but understand the realities of our situation.

Thank you again for all your help.

Sincerely,



A.L. Addington  
Provost



**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

MEMORANDUM

June 4, 1995

Mr. Roy Payne, Dean  
College of Business  
Shawnee State University  
940 Second Street  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Dear Mr. Payne:

It is with some regret that I must notify you of my intent to resign my position at Shawnee State, effective August 31, 1995. In my twelve-plus years at SSU, I feel that I have had the most enjoyable and positive experiences that a faculty member could possibly hope for. In addition, my tenure at Shawnee State was one of tremendous growth for me professionally, in that I was given the opportunity to earn an advanced degree and assume positions of leadership within the department and the university governance systems. As I believe you are aware, the sole purpose for my resignation is to move to Cleveland area to be with my spouse.

I have accepted a position at Lakeland Community College, and from there I hope to keep contact with my many SSU friends and colleagues. I hope that Shawnee State will continue to grow and improve in the coming years, and I look forward to good reports from all of you.

Sincerely,



Anita M. Krsak  
Assistant Professor

Marshall F. Coyle, Ph.D., P.E.  
405 Moseley Dr.  
Charlottesville, VA 22903

June 5, 1995

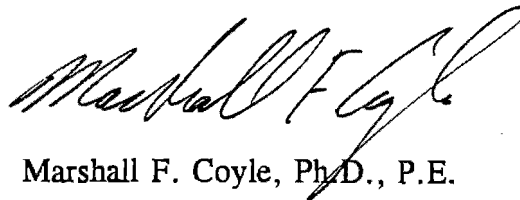
Dean James R. Kadel  
College of Engineering Technologies  
Shawnee State University  
940 Second Street  
Portsmouth, Ohio 45662-9922

'95 JUN 7 AM 9:50

Dear Dr. Kadel,

I regret to inform you that I will not be returning to my position of Senior Instructor in the CADD Department in the fall of 1995. I resign my position effective June 19, 1995. I have accepted a position elsewhere. Thank you for your time and assistance.

Sincerely,



Marshall F. Coyle, Ph.D., P.E.

cc: Roger A. Diamond  
William H. Penn  
Judith McGraw

**Proposal for Emeritus Status - Dr. Robert L. Wilson**

Few professors - - perhaps none, in fact - - occupy a place in Shawnee State history akin to Dr. Robert L. Wilson. It is therefore proposed that Shawnee State University grant the title Professor Emeritus to Dr. Robert L. Wilson. Dr. Wilson received his B.S. degree from Kent State University in 1961, his M. Ed. degree from Xavier University in 1968, and his Ph.D. degree from Florida State University in 1976. Dr. Wilson began his professional teaching career with the Clermont County (Ohio) Public Schools from 1961-67. He then served as a teacher of English, high school principal, Coordinator of Adult Education, and as the Secondary Supervisor and Curriculum Coordinator for the Brown County (Ohio) Public Schools from 1967-1974. After completing his doctorate degree at Florida State University (1974-1976), he served as an Assistant Professor of English at Pine Bluff, Arkansas from 1976-1978. Dr. Wilson was employed by Shawnee State University beginning the Fall Quarter, 1978, and he has announced his retirement effective the conclusion of the Spring Quarter, 1995 (B.O.T. Po. No. 5.18, 2.2.1 & 2.2.5).

**Clear Evidence of Teaching and/or Administrative Service and Evidence of University Service Beyond the Normal or Ordinary Expectations (B.O.T. Po. No. 5.18, 2.2.2 & 2.2.4):**

Dr. Wilson's teaching and related administrative accomplishments are outstanding. They go far beyond those normally expected of a faculty member. As indicated by student evaluations, he is universally revered by his students. A brief sample from two decades of accolades would include:

"He creates the perfect student-teacher relationship."

"He understands the frustrations that student writers go through, and he is there for us at our most discouraging times."

"He makes the classroom a place where you WANT to learn."

"Dr. Wilson is a wonderful professor. He explains things so that all can understand and he is always willing to help."

"Dr. Wilson is very creative, caring and professional. I believe he truly cares about his students. He will be sorely missed."

"Can't be replaced--don't even try!"

And, finally, the one student comment that says it all about Dr. Wilson:

"To him, EACH AND EVERY student is the MOST IMPORTANT student."

His Department Chair, Dr. Jerry Holt writes:

"Indeed we will miss Bob Wilson--more than we can gauge at this moment. It is true: teachers do affect eternity. Dr. Wilson is living, breathing, quintessential proof."

A listing of his accomplishments related to his teaching and administrative responsibilities as a Professor of English would include: Founder/Sponsor of the Shawnee State College Poetry Circle; Member of the Cultural Affairs Committee; the N.C.T.E. Campus Representative; a Teacher in the Minford Middle School EDGES Program (Educationally Gifted Students); a Teacher in the Scioto County Summer and Winter Enrichment Academies; a Co-Coordinator of the Annual Shawnee State Writers' Workshops; a Chairperson of the Mission and Purpose Committee of the North Central Accreditation Review; a Member of the Self-Study Committee of the North Central Accreditation Review; a Coordinator, of the Poet-in Residence; a Conductor of the Young Authors' Workshops; a Guest Lecturer at the Junior Arts Day (Scioto County JVS); a Conductor/Coordinator of the Shawnee Hills Spring Poetry Workshop (Greenbo Lake State Park); a Luncheon Speaker at the Ohio Verse Writers' Guild Spring Banquet (Columbus); a Consultant to the Brown County Teachers In-Service Day (1983), Tuscarawas County Teachers In-Service Day (1984), and Scioto County Teachers In-Service Day (1985); a Convention Speaker for Alpha Delta Kappa; the Historian of the South Central Ohio Chapter of Phi Delta Kappa (1982-83) and a Newsletter Editor (1982-84) and President (1989-90); a Poet-in-Residence at the Ironton Public/Parochial Junior High Schools; a Consultant at the Fourteenth Street Community Center, a Sponsor of the Alex Haley Lecture; a Coordinator of the Writers' Workshop featuring Alex Haley; a Consultant to the Northwest Local School for Language Arts Curriculum Revision for Grades K-12; a Member of the Four-Year College Feasibility Study Steering Committee; a Keynote Speaker, Right-to-Read Week at Vernon Elementary School; a Program Presenter during Library Week at Ripley High School; Phi Theta Kappa Scholarship Committee; Representative, Ohio Board of Regents Faculty Advisory Committee; Advisor, Shawnee Silhouette; Keynote Speaker, Young Authors' Conference, Nauvoo Elementary School; Member, The Phoenix Writers; the Chair of the Teacher Education Subcommittee; a Member of the College Coordinating Council; a Consultant for Brown County Schools; SOCTE Executive Committee Member; a Member of the Advisory Committee for Shawnee BASICS; a Keynote Speaker at the SCJVS-COE Awards Banquet; Chair of the Distinguished Lecture Series Committee; a Judge at the KSPS Annual Poetry Contests; a Coordinator of the English Communications Core; a Co-Editor of Focus: Teaching English Language Arts (1989-91); a Delegate-at-Large for the Kentucky State Poetry Society, 1991-93; played "Buford Turnover" in "Daddy's Dyin': Who's Got the Will?", Portsmouth Little Theatre, 1992, played "Wasserman" in "Squabbles," 1993, served as an Escort for AAA South/Central Ohio, a Member of the Pike

Co. JVS Academic Advisory Board, 1994-96, an Instructor in Governor's Summer Institute, a Conductor/Coordinator of the Little Smokies of Ohio Fall Poetry Workshop (Murphin Ridge Inn).

**Recognized Record of Professional Achievement, Growth, and Development, and Evidence of University Service Beyond the Normal or Ordinary Expectations(B.O.T. Po. No. 5.18, 2.2.3 & 2.2.4):**

Dr. Wilson has published extensively. Approximately 110 of his articles have appeared in various professional journals and publications. His articles include:

"Revision Proposed for the English Curriculum"--Ohio Schools, December 1962

"A Leg by Any Other Gnome Would Hang the Same"--Journal of English Teaching Techniques, Fall 1976

"The Need to Base Public Education on the Self-Fulfillment of Individual Man"--The Florida Speech Communication Journal, February 1977

"Writing Off Objective Tests for Measuring Writing Ability"--Freshman English News, Spring 1977

"A Flagrant Abuse of Democracy--The Bicentennial Failure"--College Student Journal, Fall 1977

"The Ing's of Write-ing"--Wisconsin English Journal, April 1978

"Common Examinations--Farce or Force?"--The University of South Florida Language Quarterly, Spring-Summer 1978

"Real Experiences and Composition: A Recommendation"--Kansas English, December 1978

"Writing: The Process and the Product"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Winter 1978

"Social Promotion and Credibility at the College Level"--Contemporary Education, Spring 1979

"The Place for Competition"--Journal of Humanistic Education, Spring 1979

"Importance of Linguistic Sophistication in Learning to Write"--Arizona English Bulletin, April 1979

"A Case for Standard American English"--Montana English Journal, Autumn 1979

"The Subtleties and Sophistication of Sentence Combining"--H.C.T.E. Leaflet, November 1979

"Survival Tips for Teachers for Writing"--Missouri English Bulletin, November 1979

"How to Make Vocabulary Study Interesting by Doing 'Different' Things"--Mississippi English, December 1979

"Approaches to Vocabulary"--The Leaflet, Winter 1980

"A Non-Textbook Approach to Teaching"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Winter 1980

"Doubling the Final Consonant to Form Verbals"--Statement, February 1980

"Where Does Motivation Begin?"--Journal of Educational Communication, Spring 1980

"Forcing the Issue of Proofreading"--Statement, May 1980

"Paragraph Movement"--The Leaflet, Fall 1980

"A Case for Merit Pay"--Community College Frontiers, Fall 1980

"The Importance of English in the Two-Year College"--Midwest Messenger, October 1980

"The Enigma Called 'Poetry'"--Hill and Valley, November 1980

"Sentence Combining and Linguistic Sophistication"--English Language Arts Bulletin, Fall/Winter 1980

"The 'Illogic' of Politics"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Winter 1981

"Writing: Pretense or Intense?"--English Notes, January 1981

"Modal Development of Two Pre-Schoolers: A Pilot Study"--Arizona English Bulletin, February 1981

"The Options Available to Teachers of Writing"--Missouri English Bulletin, February 1981

"Alternatives to Rating Scales"--The Michigan English Teacher, March 1981

"An Undergraduate Experience-Based Curriculum in English Education"--Statement, May 1981

"The Relative Term"--Oregon English, Spring 1981

"The Enigma of Grading"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Spring 1981

"Incorporation in the Act of Sentence Combining"--English in Texas, Summer 1981

"Accountability and English"--Community College Review, Summer 1981

"How Not to Teach a Course in Writing"--The English Envoy, September 1981

"Who Deserves Promotion?"--Community College Frontiers, Fall 1981

"On Coon Hunting"--Connecticut English Journal, Fall 1981

"Articulation in Evaluating Student Writing"--Montana English Journal, Fall 1981

"Invitation for Candor: An Interview"--California English, January-February 1982

"Modern Rhetoric: The Means of Ensuring Survival"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Winter 1982

"No Apostrophe's Needed"--Statement, October 1982

"The Need for Field Experiences at an Earlier Date: A Responsive and a Responsible Act"--Minnesota English Journal, Fall 1982

"If Only Poets Were Blind"--Indiana English, Fall 1982

"Focusing and Detailing: A Descriptive Solution"--Arizona English Bulletin, March 1983

"The Age of Absurdity?"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Spring 1983

"Teaching Them to Talk"--Georgia English Counselor, Spring 1983

"Conclusions: Reflecting and Projecting"--English Language Arts Bulletin, Spring 1983

"Responses, Only If They Nurture"--Carolina English Teacher, Spring 1983

"A White Intruder in a Predominantly Black School: A Message for All Teachers"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Fall 1983

"Grade Inflation: Fad and Fault"--Statement, October 1983

"Production Controls: Library Research"--Midwest Messenger, October 1983

"Public Education and Culture Appreciation"--Humanities Education, January 1984

"A Word About Transitions, Predictability, and Beginning Writers"--English in Texas, Winter 1984

"The Literature of Appalachia: A Perspective"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Winter 1984

"Writing for Survival"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Spring 1984

"Thanks, Editors, for Saying 'No'"--Hill and Valley, March 1984

"Back to Basics Isn't Where It Is"--Western Ohio Journal, Spring 1984

"The Ups and Downs of English"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Spring 1984

"Building Trust . . . and Vocabulary"--Exercise Exchange, Fall 1984

"Why All the Hoopla About SAT Scores?"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Fall 1984

"Why Students Can't Fathom Freshman Comp. and How We As Teachers Can Change That"--English in the Two-Year College, Fall 1984

"Writing: A Matter of Processing"--Indiana English, Winter 1985

"Poets in Appalachia"--Pathways, February 1985

"The Poetry in Us and Around Us: What It Means and What the Poet Should Do About It"--Hill and Valley, March 1985

"How One Two-Year College Has Infused New Life into a Forgotten Segment of Appalachia"--Journal of the Ohio Association of Two-Year Colleges, Fall 1985

"Paragraph Logic," Statement, October 1985

"Literal Mindedness Is the Hobgoblin of Mediocrity"--English Language Arts Bulletin, Spring 1986

"Until They Know They Do Not Know"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Winter 1986

"Perceptions of Writers About Their World"--Georgia English Counselor, Spring 1986

"Persuasive Writing Hinges on Students' Knowledge of Audience"--S.C.E.T.C. Newsletter, Spring 1986

"Testing: Skills or Content, Not Vocabulary"--Georgia English Counselor, Summer 1986

"Rhythm and Brooms: Behind the Closet Door"--English in Texas, Summer 1986

"The Integrated Approach to Teaching Writing Patterns"--The Nebraska English Counselor, Fall 1986

"Above and Beyond Routine Matters: Preparing Students for College English"--North Carolina English Teacher, Winter 1987

"Detente or Word War III?"--Western Ohio Journal, Spring 1987

"Tunes of Unknown Poetry Soldiers"--The Creative Child and Adult Quarterly, Summer, 1987

"Massacre by Red Ink"--The Journal of Experiential Education, Fall 1987

"Real Writing: In Concert"--Kentucky English Bulletin, Fall 1987

"At Higher Levels of Diction"--SAACTE Journal, Spring 1988

"Looking for What's Right, Not for What's Wrong"--Florida English Journal, Spring 1988

"Me and Johnny Are Leaving Now"--Arizona English Bulletin, Spring 1988

"How Poetry Can Abound in Academe"--In Print, Fall 1988.



"Only Baited Hooks Catch Fish"--Montana English Journal, Fall 1988.

"Honing Their Perceptions, or the Piano Tuner at Work"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Winter 1989.

"Truth in Its Own Right Is Not Sacred"--New Mexico English Journal, August 1989.

"Marriages Made Not in Heaven, But in the World of Academe"--Kansas English, Fall 1989.

"An Awareness of Idioms"--Statement, Fall 1989.

"What I Would Say to Those Wanting to Be Poets"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Winter 1990.

"The Writing Conference"--H.C.T.E. Leaflet, February 1990.

"Without Fear of Reprisal"--Mississippi English, Spring 1990.

"Numbers Measure, Words Weigh"--Houston English Journal, Spring 1990.

"Overcoming the Urge to Resist the Written Word,"--Indiana English, Spring 1990.

"Myths, Motives, and Means of Writing for Publication"--S.A.A.C.T.E. Journal, Spring 1990.

"What We Were Doing Out There"--New Jersey English Journal, Fall 1990.

"Life After Death?"--Nebrasks English and Language Arts Journal, Spring/Summer 1991.

"The Origin and Result of Freedom in the Writing Classroom"--Focus: Teaching English Language Arts, Fall 1991

"Speaking of Reform: When the Lack of Tradition Can Be Advantage"--Arizona English Bulletin, Fall/Winter 1991

"Where Sound and Meaning Dance Their Way Across a Line"--New Mexico English Journal, Spring 1992

"Responding: For Them and for Me"--Indiana English, Spring 1992

"Worms Manifest as Jello"--Virginia English Bulletin, Spring 1992

"Breaking the Vacuum of Isolation"--SAACTE Journal, Spring 1992

"Finger Eyes"--Western Ohio Journal, Spring 1992

"When There Is No Right Word"--Houston English Journal, Spring 1992

"More Than Merely Coping"--Missouri English Bulletin, Fall 1992

"Enduring Human Survival"--The Shawnee Silhouette, Winter 1993

"Writers' Lib"--The Leaflet, Winter 1993

"Act I, Scene I"--Indiana English, Spring 1993

"More Than Merely Rendering a Service"--Kansas English, Spring 1993

"Giving English a New Subject Matter"--Maryland English Journal,  
Spring 1993

The following literary journals and anthologies have published Dr. Wilson's articles under his own name and his nationally known pen name, Harding Stedler:

Literary Journals

VOICES INTERNATIONAL	THE WHITE ROCK REVIEW	THE GUILD
BARDIC ECHOES	TIME OF SINGING	MANNA
BROKEN STREETS	TROUVERE'S LAUREATE	ENCORE
JEAN'S JOURNAL	AUGUSTA SPECTATOR	GRYPHON
PRAIRIE POET	DOWN INK LANE	CARAVAN
HARBOR LIGHTS	RE: ARTES LIBERALES	PARNASSUS
THE NUTMEGGER	ENTERPRISE	WIND
ORPHIC LUTE	BAY SHORE BREEZE	UNKNOWNNS
CARDINAL QUARTERLY	AMERICAN POET	REFLECT
SUNRISE SUNSET SILHOUETTE	NORTH AMERICAN MENTOR	AMBER
QUINTESSENCE	HAIKU HIGHLIGHTS	EXPLORER
HOOSIER CHALLENGER	A DIFFERENT DRUMMER	TERMINO
SCIMITAR AND SONG	HILL AND VALLEY	THIRTEEN
THE FURTHER RANGE	THE BARN-RED DOOR	THE VILLAGER
PIEDMONT LITERARY REVIEW	SOVEREIGN GOLD	THE ARCHER
MENDOCINO REVIEW	CONNECTICUT RIVER REVIEW	THE MUSE LETTER
THE DREAM SHOP	CREATIVE PERSON	GREENFEATHER
NEW EARTH REVIEW	THE WRITERS' EXCHANGE	FACET
POET'S CORNER	GREAT LAKES REVIEW	FLIGHTS
INKY TRAILS	EXPRESSIONS: FIRST STATE JOURNAL	MOONSTONE BLUE
HAVING WRIT	THE SHAWNEE SILHOUETTE	HEARTHSTONE
BACK HOME IN KENTUCKY	MIDWEST POETRY REVIEW	CYCLOTRON
PEGASUS	INTERNATIONAL POETRY REVIEW	UNITED POETS
POETIC JUSTICE	RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY	FROG GONE REVIEW
NORTH COUNTY POETS CIRCLE	WYOMING, THE HUB OF THE WHEEL	POTATO EYES
THE BOTTOM LINE REVIEW	THE ROLLING COULTER	THE PLOWMAN
POETRY SOUTH	GREEN'S MAGAZINE	THE SYMPOSIUM
POETIC LIBERTY	THE CREATIVE SPIRIT	MUSE'S MILL
THE JEFFERSON REVIEW	POETRY SOUTH	SISYPHUS
	COLD MOUNTAIN REVIEW	RENEGADE
GREEN'S MAGAZINE	COLLAGES AND BRICOLAGES	SILVER WINGS
THE POETRY PEDDLER	RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY	PAISLEY MOON
POET	THE PLASTIC TOWER	IMAGINATION
HEMISPHERES	THE OBLIGATORY SIN	POETRY JOURNAL
RE: ARTS & LETTERS	SOUNDINGS	POETRY MOTEL
POETIC PAGE	APPALACHIAN HERITAGE	IMPERIUM
TABULA RASA	SHIP OF FOOLS	FEELINGS
POETPOURRI	OMNIFIC	HEART & SOUL
CLOVERDALE REVIEW	GRAB-ANICKEL	SIMPLY WORDS
NEW AUTHORS JOURNAL	POET'S PARADISE	LONE STARS
THE ROADRUNNER	MOMENTS IN TIME	PAINT LICK
THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE	SCRIPSIT	

**Anthologies**

YOUNG AMERICA SINGS  
NEW WORLDS  
AMERICAN POETRY  
STEPPING STONES TO FAITH  
POETS '87A BURST OF TRUMPETS  
CHASING RAINBOWS  
BEFORE THE MIND'S EYE  
CAMBRIC POETRY PROJECT TWO  
POET'S MOUTH THE POET: PEU A PEU  
THE YEAR ALIVE THE BEST OF 1982  
RAINBOW COMRADES IN POETRY  
AMERICAN POETRY ANNUAL  
ON THE THRESHOLD OF A DREAM  
TREASURED POEMS OF AMERICA  
PORTFOLIO '91

THE GUILD ANTHOLOGY  
AMERICAN POETRY: OLD AND NEW MAINSTREAM  
A NEW DAY  
NATIONAL POETRY ANTHOLOGY  
BEST OF HILL AND VALLEY  
CAMBRIC POETRY PROJECT ONE  
HEART ESSENCE  
OHIO BOOK OF POEMS  
ETERNAL ECHOES  
SOMEWHERE ON A GREENBO TRAIL OVER THE  
A NEW BEGINNING  
POEMS OF THE CENTURY  
TODAY'S MODERN POETRY  
HEARTSTONES

His published poetry columns include:

"Speaking of Poetry" in THE RUSSELL TIMES  
"Regional Poetry" in THE SUNDAY INDEPENDENT  
"Poet's Corner" in THE CLERMONT COURIER  
"An Outlet" in THE CHILLICOTHE GAZETTE  
"Poet's Nook" in THE WELLINGTON ENTERPRISE  
"Poetry" in THE COLUMBUS CITIZENS JOURNAL  
"Poetry" in THE BETHEL JOURNAL  
"Phoenix Writers" in THE PORTSMOUTH DAILY TIMES  
"Words with Wings" in THE VAN BUREN TIMES  
"Kaleidoscope" in THE SENTINEL-RECORD  
"Poet's Corner" in THE IRONTON TRIBUNE  
"Focus on Humanities" in CLAYTON PIONEER

**Evidence of University Service Beyond the Normal or Ordinary Expectations:**

Dr. Wilson has presented professional papers and he has attended numerous local, state, and national conference:

**Papers Presented**

"Breaking the Vacuum of Isolation" at The National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando, Florida, March 21, 1989 (with Betty Hodgden).

"New Beginnings/New Avenues to Using Discourse" at the Conference on the First-Year Experience, St. Andrews, Scotland, July 12, 1989 (with Betty Hodgden).

"Myths, Motives, and Means of Writing for Publication" at the National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando, Florida, March 11, 1990.

"Needed: Drivers to the Ocean . . . and 'Real' Teachers" at the National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando, Florida, March 7, 1991.

"They Do Not Know What It Is They Know" at the OCTELA Fall Conference, Columbus, Ohio, October 1, 1991

"The Prose and Poetry of Jesse Stuart" at the OCTELA Spring Conference, Columbus, Ohio, March 7, 1992 (with Betty Hodgden)

### Conference Participation

- 1978--Modern Language Association Convention, Chicago
- 1979--Conference on English Education Convention, Pittsburgh
- 1980--Conference on English Education Convention, Omaha--Chair, "Teaching the English Language"
- 1980--National Council of Teachers of English Convention, Cincinnati
- 1981--Southwest Regional Conference on English in the Two-Year College, Little Rock--Panelist, "Communicate with Composition"
- 1983--Conference on College Composition and Communication, Detroit
- 1984--Spring Conference on Teaching English and the Language Arts, Columbus
- 1984--National Federation of State Poetry Societies Annual Convention, Wittenberg--Host, Late Night Cereus Reading
- 1985--Southeastern Ohio Conference of Teachers of English Convention, Portsmouth--Luncheon Speaker
- 1986--Conference on College Composition and Communication, New Orleans
- 1987--College English Association of Ohio Convention, Athens
- 1988--College English Association Convention, New Orleans
- 1989--National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando--Presenter
- 1989--Ohio Council of Teachers of English Language Arts Convention, Columbus
- 1989--International Conference: The First Year Experience, St. Andrews, Scotland--Presenter
- 1990--National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando--Presenter
- 1991--National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando--Presenter
- 1991--Ohio Council of Teachers of English Language Arts Fall Conference, Columbus--Presenter
- 1992--Ohio Council of Teachers of English Language Arts Spring Conference, Columbus--Presenter
- 1992--Kentucky State Poetry Society Annual Convention, Carter Caves State Park--Reader/Prize Winner
- 1993--Kentucky State Poetry Society Annual Convention, Greenbo Lake State Park--Reader/Prize Winner
- 1994--National Seminar on Successful College Teaching, Orlando--Presenter
- 1994--Kentucky State Poetry Society Annual Convention, Kenlake State Park--Reader/Prize Winner

**Samplings of Dr. Wison's professional publications, creative activities, and letters of acknowledgment are attached.**

Also, as indicated by the above, he has been an active member in professional organizations throughout his entire years of service with Shawnee State University. His professional associations include:

- Lambda Iota Tau
- Phi Delta Kappa, South Central Ohio Chapter
- National Council of Teachers of English
- Conference on English Education
- Southeastern Ohio Council of Teachers of English
- Ohio Verse Writers' Guild
- Kentucky State Poetry Society
- Ohio Council of Teachers of English Language Arts
- United Amateur Press Association of America

Professor Wilson has been the recipient of numerous awards and honors. Included among these are:

Martha Holden Jennings Scholar, 1968-69  
"Outstanding Young Men of America" recipient, 1971  
"Leaders of American Elementary and Secondary Education" recipient, 1971  
Member, Educational Advisory Committee, Zicom Systems, Inc., 1981  
First Prize Winner, Ohio Poetry Day Awards, 1982  
The Directory of Distinguished Americans, honoree, 1984  
Third Prize Winner, Kentucky Poetry Day Awards, 1986, 1990  
Runner-Up, OCTELA's Outstanding College English Educator, 1991  
Finalist, OCTELA's Outstanding College English Educator, 1992

He is the author of four books:

YEARS OF SOLITUDE  
HOW GREEN THE GRASS  
PRACTICING FOR DEATH  
WHERE DOWNSIDES ARE UPSIDES AND OUTSIDES ARE IN

In summary, the July 31 retirement of Dr. Wilson is the close of an era in the Arts and Humanities history of Shawnee State University. For seventeen years, Dr. Wilson's devotion to his students and his love for the craft of writing have combined to produce unforgettable experiences for scores of appreciative classes. Though gentle and soft spoken, Bob Wilson nonetheless held his classes spellbound, because he chose his words so well. And, as two generations of his students have attested, he listened as wonderfully as he spoke. Those who were lucky enough to work with Dr. Wilson as one of The Phonix Writers or in the publication of The Shawnee Silhouette found him to be the ultimate team player--always himself eager to learn. He was the consummate educator, and over nearly two decades he has been guide, mentor and friend to literally hundreds of Shawnee State Students.

Dr. Wilson leaves us with the continuing inspiration of his accomplishments. As this nomination attests, Dr. Wilson meets every criterion set down for the title of Professor Emeritus. There is something eminently fitting about the possibility that one so completely embodies SSU's finest hopes could also be named our first Emeritus, and it is, therefore, my great privilege to place the name before you of Dr. Robert L. Wilson. It was Durants, Ariel and Will, who wrote: "Teaching is the transmission of civilization." Never have these words been more true than in the case of Bob Wilson.

**PUBLISHED ARTICLES**



NEW JERSEY COUNCIL  
OF  
TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

Fall 1990

**NEW JERSEY  
ENGLISH JOURNAL**

*The Power of Poetry*

# WHAT WE WERE DOING OUT THERE

by Robert L. Wilson

Poets are not content to render judgment about the world around them without having experienced firsthand what it is they decry. In an age when the masses are quick to stand in judgment of other human beings, poets are reticent to judge without having done or been.

I am reminded of the Transcendentalists Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau, who openly opposed their government's involvement in the War with Mexico. They openly vowed not to pay their poll tax to render their disapproval. Despite their compact, Emerson proceeded to pay his tax and the morning after, much to his amazement, discovered his friend Thoreau peering out from behind bars at the Concord city jail. One apocryphal story tells how Emerson stopped still in his tracks and asked, "Henry, what are you doing in there?" Thoreau replied, "What are you doing out there?" Poets have historically been of strong conviction. And Thoreau typifies the soul and spirit of poets-universal.

Every time I have occasion to teach a unit on Transcendentalism and allude to the incident of Thoreau's spending a night in jail, my students gasp: "How horrible!" And I ask, "How do you know?" The fact is, they don't know. It seems to me before we decry the horrors of a night spent in jail, we ought to spend one there.

Last summer, I had the privilege of teaching poetry writing to a cream-of-the-crop group of high school sophomores from across the state as part of a state-wide academic enrichment program known as The Governor's Institute. From all over the state of Ohio, teenagers came to discover a world they knew little about: Appalachia, its scenic beauty and economic deprivation. These young people were particularly intrigued by the abundance of street people who frequented Tracy Park, the post office lobby, and the Roy Rogers Esplanade. Therefore, it seemed only fitting that we take advantage of an opportunity to write about living subjects.

After two days of hearing the students lament the plight of Portsmouth's homeless, I decided that, as poets, they needed to know from experience what life on the street was like. So, come Wednesday, we dressed the part and, with Glad Bags over our shoulders, "hit the street." Heading in different directions, in groups of two, we ultimately came together at Tracy Park where we ravaged garbage cans and drank from thermoses of city workers (obviously without their consent). We scoured the grounds for coins, stuffed our trash bags with remnants of discarded sandwiches and redeemable aluminum cans, and stretched out on park benches. Needless to say, we even aroused the curiosity of the street people themselves.

From Tracy Park, we made our way to the steps of the local post office, where we encountered the city's most celebrated street person. In her gruff and disgruntled manner, she rebuked those who invaded her territory.



begging for a handout. Those who confronted her directly were less sympathetic after the encounter.

When "life on the street" had ended, the twelve of us made our way in retreat to the safer, saner confines of the Campus Ministry to sort through our experiences. After a few hours on the street, we as poets were better prepared to discuss what life out there was like and to view destiny in a new light. Having been on the street, the poets were quick to admit that they viewed life out there much differently than they did as outsiders twenty hours earlier. They were able to arrive at a balance in their perceptions of those who lived on the streets.

Having seen life on the street from both the inside and out, the students wrote prolifically, and with solid insights into the plight of the homeless, and with new vision about society's responsibility to/for its comrades. Surely, the most productive pieces of our days together came from the experiences that empowered the students to write knowingly. Indeed, as poets, we milked the experience for all it was worth, but without having done so, our judgments would have been more of those outside renderings without some basis for a claim.

*Professor of English at Shawnee State University in Portsmouth, OH, Robert L. Wilson, a.k.a. Harding Stedler, has been a practicing poet for some twenty years now. He has three published volumes of original poems and his work has appeared in over a hundred literary publications. Each April, he conducts the annual Shawnee Hills Poetry Workshop at Greenbo Lake State Park near Greenup, KY.*

## More Than Merely Coping

ROBERT L. WILSON

As times change, so does the focus of language arts instruction. When I think of the many ways I have taught English over the past twenty-nine years, I am amazed to discover the many ways in which language can be taught. In the early '60's, I was expected to teach the rules of grammar and parts of speech. My students who had studied these for eight years before I inherited them were totally indifferent toward the study of the English language or had come to deplore its study. (And, I might add, with good reason.) Then, in the '70's, the focus shifted to an analysis and interpretation of literature. However, my perception of this approach was that such tasks were too sophisticated for most students. They had neither the skills nor the aptitude to perform such critical feats. And those students who were inclined toward creativity in writing were totally turned off by the purely mechanistic techniques they were expected to use to explore a piece of someone else's writing. With the 1980's, the preoccupation of English teaching shifted to composing, most often focusing on students' designing papers that conformed to patterns—e.g., the five-paragraph essay. Now in the '90's, I find myself taking a totally new approach to the teaching of English. This time, the focus is on interdisciplinarity and integrated learning in the teaching of writing. No longer do discussions focus on dangling modifiers or plot development; instead, they focus on academic disciplines other than English.

In the current curricular mode at the university where I teach, I devote one-third of the term to discussing aspects of language, another third to a treatment of topics rooted in the biological sciences, and the final one-third of the quarter to an investigation of issues having to do with the social sciences. Translated, my students consider such issues as natural order (or the lack of it), the importance of discovery to the work of the natural scientists, ontogeny vs. phylogeny, values, belief systems, and on *ad infinitum*. At the end of each cycle, students

then compose a full-length essay, using as their focus some issue of note from previous discussions. By and large, my students seem to like the current approach to the teaching of English. Their perception is that the course focuses on the "real world" rather than on matters of language that have little or no application beyond the classroom.

Emphases in language arts curriculum need to change, and the more the activities of the English classroom can be related to the world beyond the classroom, the greater the likelihood students will tune-in in a participatory way to the events taking place there. When the activity reeks of artificiality, it is only natural that students will not take it seriously and may even become disruptive as a result. To give the activities in my classroom as much real-life value as possible, I invite students whose papers are particularly communicative to submit their papers for publication. The campus newspaper is invariably a good place to find a sympathetic ear, particularly if the topic written about has student appeal. Commercial newspapers in one's immediate area are also a good marketing source. And, on occasion, I've even had students succeed with various speciality journals. Not only does print give permanence to the pieces written, but it also serves to celebrate the performance of those individuals who authored them.

Certainly as coping strategies in the classroom go, there are arguments for variety, particularly in the activities and approaches to teaching English. But as a veteran of the profession, I want to do considerably more than cope. I want to thrive; I want my students to experience the joys of learning; and I want both of us to value our time together.

## Houston English Journal

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### When There Is No Right Word

Robert L. Wilson

At a recent writers' conference at Shawnee State University in Portsmouth, Ohio, keynote speaker June Berkley referred to her four-year-old grandson's natural bent for creating metaphors. A few days earlier, he had likened a shaggy dog to drooping willow limbs on a canopied stretch of highway they were traveling. Due to the inadequacies of language—oftentimes there is no *right* word—people have little choice but to compare, merely to “come close.” According to Berkley, “We're obliged to make metaphors because we're human beings with brains. We can't avoid it.”

The need to compare is as real for adult users of language as it is for preschoolers. Even for those whose command of language is sizable, there still are not enough words, and in some instances no right word, that aptly describes.

As I recently discussed with a group of freshman students the need to avoid cliches because of their triteness, an older student said to me, “Are they (cliches) wrong?” Then she went on to say that she liked such expressions: *as old as the hills* and *as pretty as a picture*.

In response to her question, “Are they wrong?” I proceeded to tell her that, in my judgment, the matter had less to do with rightness and wrongness than it did with propriety. Situations determine in large measure whether one pulls from the “top drawer” or the “bottom drawer” words for an occasion. Certainly in conversation, one might use colloquialisms and slang expressions that would be totally inappropriate in a college essay. And the language one would utilize in presenting a formal paper at a scholarly gathering would be clearly more academic than the language one might use in a letter to a friend.

What makes cliches trite, and inappropriate for those more formal occasions, are their completing terms. Surely there is no wrong in comparing the age or beauty of one object to another if only the likeness could be drawn to something more original. Were users of language to think about the possibilities of freshness in their language, substituting for the more commonplace likenesses, my suspicion is that most people would delight in effecting new images. Isn't there an excitement about *as old as dirt* that is lacking in “the hills” and likewise in *as pretty as mimosa fringe* that's lacking in “a picture”? Those more specific terms used to complete the comparisons, words like dirt and mimosa fringe, convey a vitality that the generic completers lack.

Yes, people have a need to compare things in and of their world, but there are indeed levels of comparing. Students need to be informed about the options and made aware of how to make wise choices. It is all right, I'm sure, to like, even to use the overused comparison. However, our language and our lives will be much richer once we rise above them, or at least, do not limit ourselves to them.

## FINGER EYES

by Robert L. Wilson

Shawnee State University; Portsmouth, OH

At a recent writers' conference, I heard Kentucky poet laureate Lee Pennington ask an audience, "How many eyes do you have?" The groans and facial expressions of that audience suggested to me that they believed the answer to be perfectly obvious. Many were quick to respond, "Two, of course."

Literal-minded observers will, almost unanimously, argue in defense of those eyes on the front of the face, divided by a nose. But poets are not literal-minded and a small fraction of that audience began to think about eyes that were not eyes. As Pennington went on to explain, we (all of us) see our world through the tips of our fingers, the hollows of our noses, the depths of our ears, and the tips of our tongues. A notion that only poets would buy.

As I took to reflecting on this thought in the days and weeks ahead, I knew I somehow had to incorporate that notion into my poetry writing course for beginners. Then came the brown bags, and my whole approach to teaching poetry had forever changed.

For whatever reason(s), students have been programmed to know what something is. Perhaps a carryover from public school testing. Little did I care in the teaching of poetry writing if students ever knew what was in the brown bag. Rather than to know what it was, the more important thing, it seemed to me, was to know how it was. Soon, I found myself saying to students who were quick to let me know "It's peanut butter!" or "They are chicken feathers!", "It really doesn't matter what it is. In fact, the least important thing you need to know is about the stimulus is what it is. Instead, what words best describe what it is you see through finger eyes? What is its texture? Its shape? Its weight? The nature of its movement?" After overcoming the initial urge to tell the world what it was, students gradually caught on to the fact I was trying to help them discover words that would enable them to construct images. But as this was a new way of looking at and thinking about their world, the transition was gradual at best.

With every poetry writing class, I teach a component on Knowing One's World through Sensory Eyes. Recently, I used a walnut shell, grains of barley, cornstarch, a live grasshopper, and peanut butter as tactile stimuli. Then, the week following, as auditory stimuli, I shared the sounds of metal pie tins clanging, dried beans dropping, water pouring, paper shredding, and a brown bag bursting. From these encounters, students build word lists and shared them, then constructed similes and metaphors that were eventually used in poems for subsequent weeks.

Poets clearly need to know their world in less than conventional ways. As writers, they need to have a sense of idiom and cliché and the compulsion to avoid them. Inasmuch as virtually every subject has been written about on countless occasions, contemporary poetry, to be vibrant, needs to look at familiar topics in unfamiliar ways. As cool as a cucumber just doesn't get it. But as cool as a cadaver or as cool as Eskimos' noses (why do you think they rub them?) gives new hope to poets who are weary of all-too-traditional likenesses.

Surely, if I could do beginning poets a favor, it would be to temporarily blind them that they might see more of their world than they had ever seen before. But since I have no supernatural powers, and doubt that I could restore their sight once the experiment ended, I have little choice but to rely on brown bags containing cornstarch or live grasshoppers.



South American Sketches  
Paula Schaeffer

## BREAKING THE VACUUM OF ISOLATION

by Robert L. Wilson

When Shawnee State became a university it was faced with the immediate task of replacing the community college curriculum with a viable university curriculum. At the directive from the Ohio Board of Regents, and with the help of a consultant from Albertus Magnus College in New Haven, Connecticut, the English Department embarked on the task of formulating a Freshman Comp sequence that would be interdisciplinary in nature. John Goodlad, an international authority in the area of curriculum design, provided the basic model for structuring these courses.

Predicated on Kenneth Boulding's perception of curriculum in the broad sense, Goodlad designed a Wheel of Learning that placed students at the hub, rather than on the periphery, of their own learning. In this Wheel, all subjects in the curriculum are placed into one of six compartments:

- The World As a Physical System encompasses physics, geology, mathematics, and technology.
- The World As a Biological System includes botany, zoology, chemistry, and ecology.
- Evaluative and Belief Systems allow for philosophy, logic, history, and political science.
- Communicative and Expressive Systems take in language, literature, and the arts.
- The Human Species consists of psychology, archaeology, and religion.
- The Global Village is represented by sociology, anthropology, and economics.

Once the nexus of committees established the goals and objectives for the separate courses in the three-course sequence, the Core coordinators were then able to begin thinking in specifics about the 111S, or entry-level, course. The Department had earlier agreed that the three courses—111, 112, and 115—must be taken in sequence. No student would be permitted to take the 112 or 115

course without having successfully completed the 111 course.

The consensus among those in the English Department was that a lecture series would lend itself well to the goals of the 111 course. And, by allowing students the opportunity to hear speakers from a variety of professions and walks of life, ones who were authorities in their field, the lecturers would provide students with a degree of exposure they might not otherwise get in a classroom. Not only would a lecture series invite students to write for a wide array of purposes but it would also give them an inside view of some academic discipline outside English.

Once the concept of outside speakers had been agreed on, the Core coordinators set out to design a lecture series that would reflect the various segments of The Wheel. With 111 classes scheduled in block times, several sections could report to the large auditorium for a common "encounter." Lectures would be scheduled for every other week, allowing a two-week turnaround time in each cycle. For those students absent at the time of the lectures, however, and for those 111 sections scheduled at times other than block times, it was imperative that the lectures be videotaped. After all, from the earliest stages of planning, it had been the intent of the English faculty that all students enrolled in English 111 have a common experience.

During Fall Quarter 1988, one of the most exciting lecture series put together by the Core coordinators unfolded. Using as her topic, "Writing as Process," Ohio Teacher of the Year June Berkeley brought her traveling road show to town. Representing that segment of The Wheel labeled Communicative and Expressive Systems, she pulled from her wooden trunk a number of artifacts (family heirlooms, in most instances) that contributed in some way to the development of her characters, the setting of her stories, even the plots in her own fiction. She showed those in attendance how to discover the significance of events in those objects she shared. And finally she shared with those present drafts and revisions of drafts that led up to her finished works. In so doing, students came to understand and appreciate the length of the writing task from start to finish and the labor involved in refining a draft so that a writer might finally go public with it. To complement the lecture, students were then asked to read for the sake of discussion a number of essays that would ultimately point them in the direction



of a language topic for an essay they themselves would write. Since the topics would not be teacher-selected, students would be expected to arrive at their own topics for writing. Some of the reserved readings assigned during this cycle included these titles:

"Writing and Teaching for Surprise" by Donald Murray  
"The Writing Process" by Charles Duke  
"Teaching Thinking by Teaching Writing" by Peter Elbow  
"Recognizing Writing as the Key to Learning" by James Howard

"Releasing the Reluctant Writer" by June Berkley  
"Prewriting: The Stage of Discovery" by Gordon Rohman

From *The Norton Reader* composition instructors also assigned selections. Together, the Norton selections along with the titles on reserve in the library were meant to provide a broad base for the students to garner insights into the essence and function of language and the process of writing. Some of the Norton selections included were these: Erich Fromm's "The Nature of Symbolic Language," an excerpt from Eudora Welty's *One Writer's Beginnings*, Wayne Booth's "Boring from Within: The Art of the Freshman Essay," and "John Gardner's "What Writers Do."

In the two-week cycle (a quick turnaround, to be sure), the focus on language was completed by attending a lecture, discussing several selected readings, and writing an original essay.

Cycle Two, with a focus on "Discovery as a Process of Science," featured a speaker new to the SSU science faculty. Jeff Bauer, a geologist by profession, emphasized the importance of observation to the work of the scientist. Readings chosen to complement Professor Bauer's lecture included Michael Katz's "On the Wings of an Angel: An Exploration of the Limits of Biological Enterprise: and Stephen Jay Gould's "Our Allotted Lifetimes," both from Norton. Other titles (on library reserve) included Richard Olson's "Aristotle's Method and Early Humanist Opposition to Scientific Thought." Again, students selected a topic—this time, one rooted in the biological sciences—and composed another original essay.

Cycle Three featured a panel of local clergy—a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic nun, and a Protestant minister. The topic of their presentation was "Comparative Religion." Again, as much as anything else, the intent of the English faculty was to heighten

awareness. Norton readings included Stanley Melgram's "The Perils of Obedience" and Samuel Clemens' "Advice to Youth." To supplement the Norton titles the library provided H.H. Price's "Belief and Knowledge" and Stephen Jay Gould's "The Politics of Census," to name just two. The focus of Cycle Three was that segment of The Wheel labeled The Human Species, using religion as the discipline of emphasis.

Cycle Four, The Global Village, featured Michael Warsaw, a local businessman whose roots were in the community. With a focus on economics, he traced for the audience in his lecture the economic history of Portsmouth from its founding to the present day. Students related well to his use of charts and graphs and seemingly gained an appreciation of "what went wrong" and why Portsmouth is currently mired in a period of economic decline. A number of readings from the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society Quarterly were brought to bear on Warsaw's presentation.

The final lecture of the term was presented by Richard Cohen, a recent graduate of Johns Hopkins University. Philosophy was the subject matter focused on in that segment of The Wheel labeled Evaluative and Belief Systems. Maurice Mendelbaum's "On Doubting and Believing" and W.V. Quine's "On the Nature of Moral Values" were selected for reading. In The Norton Reader Gilbert Ryle's "On Forgetting the Difference Between Right and Wrong" and Judith Viorst's "Good as Guilt" were also read.

As many academic disciplines comprise each of the segments of The Learning Wheel, it became apparent to English faculty that, in time, all of the disciplines should be subjects for focus. Secondly, it was important that the Department did not wear out its welcome by working a hardship on any one presenter. Consequently, the 111 lecture series would need to be redesigned each quarter with changing emphases. Then, as emphasis changed, so would the readings. Always the coordinators would be planning three months in advance.

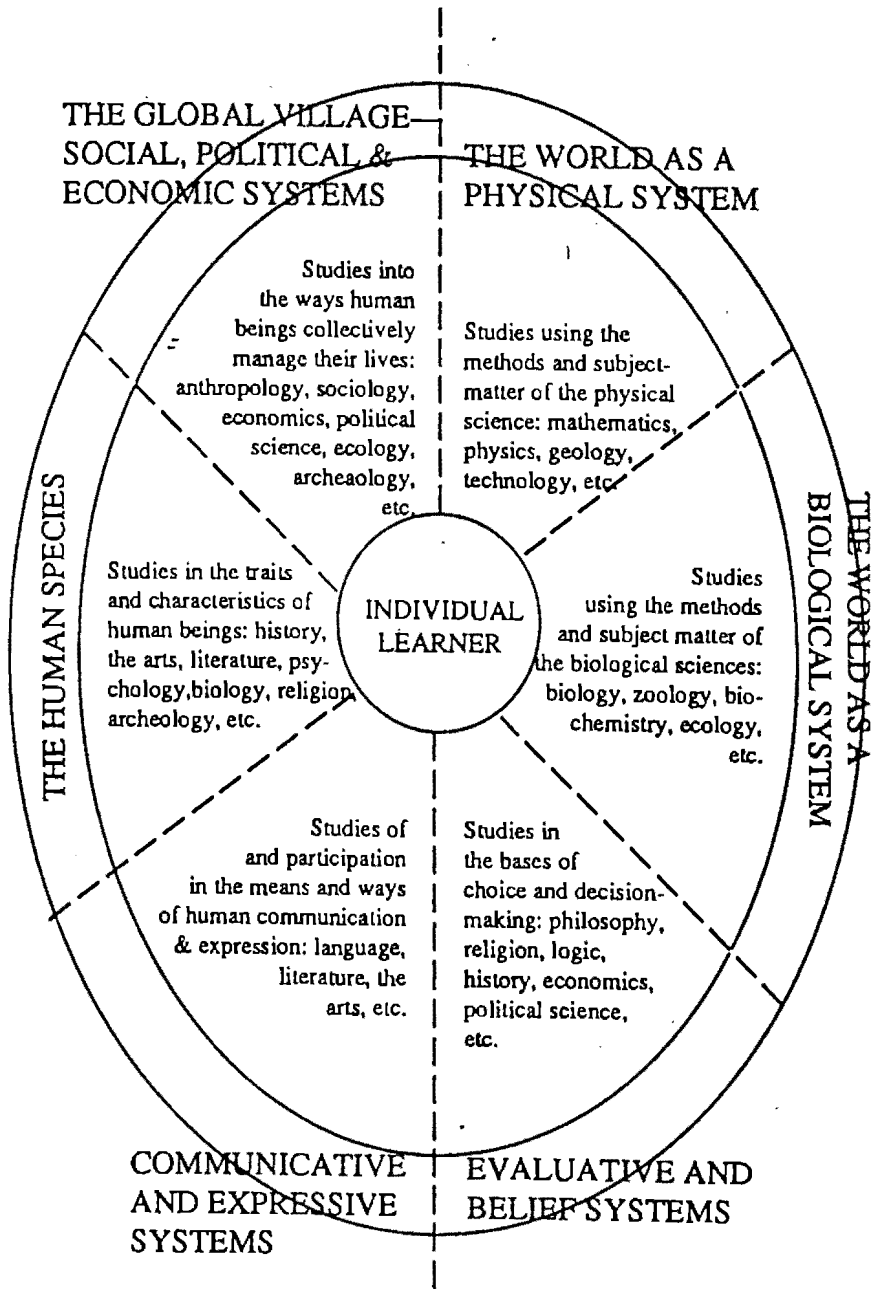
The term following the one outlined above focused on a different subject in each of the cycles and utilized a different presenter for the lecture. In Winter Quarter, mathematics became the focus of Cycle One, The World as a Physical System. Raleigh Pegram titled his lecture, "The Language of Numbers." Cycle Two, Evaluative and Belief Systems, featured Judy Granger, a native of

Maine and a recent addition to the Teacher Education faculty at SSU. Interim president Cay Horr conducted the lecture for Cycle Three with Communicative and Expressive Systems serving as the focus for her remarks. In Cycle Four, a local pointer and musician spoke on "Art as an Expression of Our Humanness." Finally with archaeology the focus, local attorney and amateur archaeologist David Kuhn zeroed in on The Global Village.

With the shift from a Composition Core to a Communications Core, the intent has been to provide students with meaningful opportunities to develop their skills in reading, writing, listening, and speaking. And with speech no longer a requirement in the University Core students are provided opportunities for oral use of language in the Communications sequence. Such activities include panel presentations, oral reports (both summaries and reviews of selected readings), and introductions of guest lecturers.

The new design has been operational for four years now. The first time out, all who were teaching the 111 course were "finding their way," discovering the newness of connected learning and learning for themselves new ways of teaching. Each quarter since, they have been revising their teaching in light of what they learned in their previous attempts at teaching this course.

Opposite Page: "The World's Systems and the Scope of School-Based Curricula for Expanding Students' Views of Their World. (Adapted from Kenneth E. Boulding, *The World as a Total System*, Beverly Hills, CA: Sage, 1985.)



Robert L. Wilson

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## Worms Manifest as Jello

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Too much time is spent looking; too little time, spent seeing. Thus, the charge of the teacher of poetry writing.

I am forever amazed at how a fleeting glance will suffice for coming to know a stimuli visually, especially in the early days of poetry writing. And when the sensory stimuli are other than visual, most beginning poets will spend the briefest time encountering the material for their writing, be it via touch, taste, smell, or sound. Usually, several attempts at "getting acquainted" with subject matter are necessary to make the point with writers that looking and seeing are separate acts, that seeing is an extension of looking.

Recently, in a freshman composition class of mine, a poet chose to interject a comment in the context of our preliminary discussion. She said, "I have spent my whole life in this town. And I've seen the [Ohio] River hundreds of times. But not until I attempted to write a poem about that river did I discover I had never seen it before. I discovered that to write the poem, I had to go beyond looking at it to seeing it." What a poignant observation. And as I glanced about the room, I saw expressions of amazement on the faces of those who were not poets. What an awareness for them as beginning writers as early as the first day of the term.

I frequently provide non-visual encounters for my poetry writing students that they might see through finger eyes, nasal eyes, and the like. With stimuli concealed in brown bags so that students have to reach in to touch, they make all-too-fleeting contacts with the contents of those bags. Then, when their word lists come up short, many will ask to revisit the stimulus and re-encounter the whatever. More often than not, that is the time when looking becomes seeing.

Looking is at best a transitory act. Too often we look but never see. Not only must poets see to write meaningful pieces, but they must see into and through. One thing about poets is that they rarely see their world from the vantage point the person on the street sees it. I once said to a group of high school poets who spent a Saturday morning on campus under my direction, "If you want to write about the sunrise, fine. But remember, we'll not write about it with both feet planted on concrete. Rather, we need to view the sunrise from some other perspective, perhaps from the pinnacle of those tallest trees nearby." And that we did. We climbed to tops of trees to view the sunrise from unfamiliar elevations and from uncommon angles. Subsequently, we composed, making compelling images and poems about something as common as a sunrise with a freshness few nature poems have.

Seeing into goes far beyond merely seeing. It invites questions such as *What does it mean? What purpose does it serve? What is it made of? How did it come to be? What could it be?*

I am reminded of a tactile experience with a writing class a few years back. Concealed in a plastic container inside a brown bag was a glob of live tent caterpillars, those demonic beings that nest in webs and droop from branches of wild cherry trees. They travel in battalions up sides of houses, trunks of other trees, and pant legs, ravaging everything in their path.

At the end of a two-hour in-class writing, a middle-aged lady who brought her finished paper to the front of the room remarked, "I've never written about jello before." I looked dumbfounded. She knew by that look that jello it was not. After everyone had finished and all

papers were turned in, she returned to inquire about my puzzled look and asked: "It wasn't jello?" I responded in the affirmative. "But it could have been" was her reply.

Indeed it could have been. That is precisely the point to be made to writers. One does not need to know what something is or even its name in order to write about it. In fact, to know what it is often inhibits the writer and impairs the writing. All a writer needs to know is *What it might be/what it could be*, and then let imagination take over.

Too many imaginations have grown dormant or been thwarted over the years, and too many writers are unaware they have one. They need to discover, or rediscover, the imagination that is theirs and learn about its many advantages to them as writers. Certainly a part of the freeing process that is a part of, and a result of, writing is discovering that one has an imagination that needs to have freer reign. Imagination certainly enables one to go beyond looking to seeing and beyond seeing to seeing into. What more could I have asked for from a group of writers than for wormy papers manifest in jello?

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#### Bathers in Soo River

In the intense bake of August,  
boys and girls brown as berries  
peel off skivvies and stand naked  
on the river rock. Like shy pelicans,  
they toe the ripples and ford the  
rapids and float the channels  
like alligators or logs rolling  
to saw. Their differences of  
gender matter little in rivers where,  
advancing the flow is becoming to  
them, the sunshine, and the poet.

—Edward C. Lynskey

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*An adjunct lecturer in the English Department at George Mason University, Edward Lynskey has read his work at Hollins College.*

## Responding: For Them and for Me

ROBERT L. WILSON

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On the heels of a day-long writing conference at the college where I teach, I was eager to hear from my students about their perceptions of writers and writing. Two weeks into fall quarter was too early to expect insights that were terribly valid, but these college freshmen had spent the previous day listening to a variety of speakers discussing writing.

The next morning, I asked the class to complete for me a statement, one that had been addressed the day before. The statement was this: The problem with writers is . . . . Individually, the students responded. With a curious array of completions that included these words, their responses were totally unlike anything they had heard the day before:

1. they set their goals to high.
2. there not explanatory enough.
3. they do not all use good english.
4. that sometimes it is hard to grasps what needs to be wrote.
5. that when they write they sometimes overdue it.
6. that they have no imagtion.

The obvious difficulties contained in these responses were such that I felt compelled to reply to their statements, for them and for me. Besides the blatant grammatical faults, the largely negative attitudes contained in their responses made me as a teacher of writing want to instill more positive thoughts in these students.

Surely, one of my primary responsibilities as a teacher of writing is to foster healthy attitudes about language, if, as the writer June Berkley says, "Writing is the ultimate manifestation of our humanity." Rather than posing writing as punishment and inviting negative attitudes toward language, teachers of writing need to encourage young writers to explore with language, rekindle their imaginations, and discover themselves and the world around them.

With this in mind, I replied to their statements in what I hoped would be substantive terms--seriously. These are my responses for them:

### *Response to No. 1*

Dear Mary,

It is true that most writers are goal-oriented. To get things done so as to meet deadlines, they almost have to be. Because so many people wander aimlessly through life without any goals, I am always elated to meet up with writers because they do have goals.

*Response to No. 2*

Dear Leon,

Writing is a delicate act of balancing. Almost always, the situation in any story will determine the amount of explanation required. An extended description will, of course, require lots of detailed imagery. A narrative account, on the other hand, may require very little.

*Response to No. 3*

Dear Lester,

I'm not sure what you mean by good English. Do you mean learned words that you are not familiar with? Or do you mean improperly paired subjects and verbs? If characters are speaking, they need to sound like they do in real life. So, there may be improprieties in what they speak.

*Response to No. 4*

Dear Alyce,

Your response conjures up many possible explanations. If the story was written on multiple levels, the apparent ambiguities may well have been intended. Too, where the author placed the emphases may not be where you wanted emphases to be placed. The fact is that there are so many details to pick from, and they cannot all be used, so the job of the writer is not an easy one.

*Response to No. 5*

Dear Jana,

It is important that writers include enough details to make themselves clear. The burden of proof is on writers, not readers. To establish a mood, to make a story believable, and/or to develop fully a character or storyline, writers cannot leave important details to chance. The credibility of a piece of writing is, in part, contingent on the adequate development of the story.

*Response to No. 6*

Dear Ryan,

Successful writers do have imagination! A vivid imagination is an asset to almost all writers. I always encourage my students to allow their imaginations to work for them. Certainly, for a piece of writing to be interesting, added thoughts that only the imagination could provide will make the reader want to read on. The sooner



writers realize that reporting the truth is not the ultimate goal of writers--rather, that believability is--the sooner they will begin writing pieces that others will want to read.

As writing merits response, I replied to all of these individuals. But, in addition, I also responded to myself. What I wrote in those responses, however, was for me alone to read, not to share with my students.

A sense of humor can be sustaining not only to teachers generally, but to teachers of writing in particular. As much as I realize the need to take seriously what students write, and to respond in kind, I also know that as a writing teacher, I can take myself too seriously sometimes. As growth in writing is often infinitesimal, I know going into a set of papers that previous editing may have put some of my students' problems to rest but that I will continue laboring with young writers to overcome certain of their difficulties. In learning to write, one never arrives. Writers are in a constant state of growth. They continue to learn about writing as long as they continue to write.

So, in a private notebook, where I include notes to myself, I went on to make tongue-in-cheek notes for no one but me. I needed release. Not only did I want to review those students' statements about the problem with writers, but the mischief in me dictated that I respond playfully to those lines--not for the students, but for me. These were my responses:

*Response to No. 1*

Dear Mary,  
I think they set their goals too high to.

*Response to No. 2*

Dear Leon,  
Sometimes there too explanatory.

*Response to No. 3*

Dear Lester,  
Even french writers do not always use good french.

*Response to No. 4*

Dear Alyce,  
It surely are. Them can't always determines those details that most needs to be wrote.

*Response to No. 5*

Dear Jana,

They do not overdue it intentionally, I'm sure, but there are always those few who due.

*Response to No. 6*

Dear Ryan,

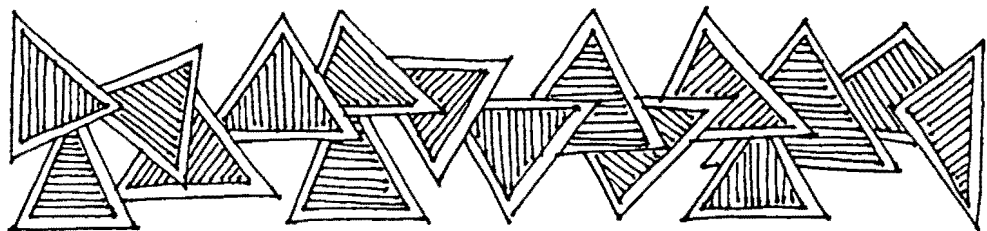
Not only do some writers have no imagination but they don't write interestingly either. But, then, they are the writers who never succeed at writing.

Knowing what to say and what not to say, what to share and what not to share is a delicate balancing act for teachers of writing. Some things are better left unsaid. Some things are better left unshared. Consequently, when we respond, we need to do so on two fronts--for our students and for ourselves.

When I respond to what a student writes, I want to say something that will help. I want my criticisms to be constructive so that students will do a better job in revision. What I most want not to do is send students away discouraged. After all, growth in writing is incremental, and writers need to be nurtured. Consequently, what I do is invite the students to select topics from the baggage they carry with them, provide them with opportunities to take flights of fancy, and engage them in topics that enable them to wrestle with their attitudes and feelings. In addition to my recognizing "discovery" statements in their writing, the students themselves often recognize that they have made discoveries in the course of their writing.

When I respond in the privacy of my journal to what students write, I may need more than anything else to release some teacher-reader frustration. Simply laughing at some blatant faux pas I find in a paper is often therapeutic. And the problems I respond to privately may not be ones I need to ponder seriously. Or, if I do, and in all probability will at some later date, I will be able to keep the issues of composing in perspective.

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Now a student who can successfully complete only a segment of a course in the prescribed 15-week unit of time may be able to earn one credit for successful completion of that portion of the curriculum. For example, in the pharmacology course referred to earlier the student may acquire partial credit at the end of the semester if (s)he has achieved the stated objective detailed for the fifth week; (s)he will then progress to the next section of the course involving preparation of solutions from prescriptions (See Figure 2, New Content D.). This system of "Credits Through Mastery" enables the instructor to match competency, as stated in instructional objectives of the course, with credits earned. This methodology proves the learner with realizable goals as well as rewards for periodic success.

Current learning theory and recent research suggest that educational change moves toward having the learner accept responsibility for his decisions. Individualization of instruction can maximize involvement; it treats the nontraditional learner as an adult, making learning realistic and accessible. Through success with smaller units of learning, a student gains a sense of worth and self-potential, a necessary ego support for further accomplishment.

New problems demand new solutions. If we are to react productively to the current crisis in education, we must be willing to accept the risks involved in responding creatively despite the forces of tradition. "Credits Through Mastery" embodies that philosophy and provides a scheme which is both economic and pragmatic.

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## Viewpoints: Who deserves promotion



ROBERT L. WILSON

At many small colleges, community colleges in particular, promotion is a joke. Too often it is awarded automatically when candidates become eligible. And what makes one eligible is often an insult to the profession. Witnessing faculty being awarded promotions without having earned them is demoralizing to other faculty who make an effort.

Perhaps the severity of my criticism of promotion policies at two-year colleges is based on my observation of how it works at four-year institutions. Having been there, I know that many faculty at the larger colleges/universities are highly critical of the promotion criteria at their particular schools. They feel that the requirements are too stringent and, in essence, unrealistic. I disagree.

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Robert L. Wilson is assistant professor of English at Shawnee State College in Portsmouth, Ohio.

## A WHITE INTRUDER IN A PREDOMINANTLY BLACK SCHOOL: A MESSAGE FOR ALL TEACHERS

Robert L. Wilson

More than four years ago now, having completed my doctoral studies at Florida State University, I was offered a teaching position on the English faculty at a well-known, predominantly black Southern University which had been integrated only four years before my arriving there. With a black heritage, the school succeeded in recruiting fewer than 10 percent of its enrollment from the white population of that area. Approximately the same percent of the faculty and staff were white, also.

As is fairly typical in many parts of the South yet today, the past has not been forgotten, and the animosities generated by the circumstances of slavery and the War Between the States live on. Consequently, I--not only a white but a damn Yankee--found myself hard-pressed to relate to the bitterness felt between the races and to be accepted by those whose roots were there. I often felt that I was at a disadvantage in that setting inasmuch as I had never learned to hate. Yet, to survive, it was almost imperative that one learn to do so. I never learned. I never wanted to learn. Consequently, in time I left for a situation where I would be more at home.

During my first semester at the University, I was privileged to have a group of six young men who had a bent for creative writing. The next semester, we met independently of the class for which they were registered and learned creative kinds of writing--poetry, fiction, essays, and the like. I never could determine who enjoyed it more, the students or the instructor. At any rate, this group was an atypical segment of the student population on that campus. Sensing attitudes that were more compatible with my own and ones to which I could relate, I occasionally reminded them that as writers we needed to build on the things we had in common rather than the differences which divided us. Our humanity was more important in the long-run than our ethnicity. Consequently, the pettiness of human differences never impeded our progress or affected their work, and the experience was delightful.

But, for too many students and, I regret to say, members of the faculty and staff, the modus operandi was to perpetuate ethnic differences. As a result, many students allowed their ethnicity to get in the way of learning. I am often reminded of a young man in my 1311 class who was very much disturbed about the less-than-positive attitudes of his peers. Speaking for those students who were making the most of their educational opportunities, he remarked, "We don't want sympathy. We

want results." If only the majority of his peers could have acquired the same attitude, the attrition rate on that campus would have been much less.

Being a white instructor in a predominantly black school was a kind of experience I had never had before. Many of my colleagues believed in giving the students "something for nothing" so that their students could "catch up." Rather than giving them something for nothing, it seemed to me that we ought to be preparing the students to "make their own way." (Rather than teaching dependence on society, we needed to be teaching our students, we needed to be teaching them credibility and the worth of work.) I was unwilling to lead them to believe they were adept at performing skills if, in fact, they were not.

The "something for nothing" notion is a product of government, which has historically attempted to be all things to all people. The business of grade inflation is simply an extension of government give-away. I believe that most people want to be proud, and they cannot continue to receive handouts and still be proud. Pride is the product of being independent.

Needless to say, my perspective on work and grades was very different from that of the majority of my colleagues. Consequently, I was an outcast. Yet, my convictions were too deeply-rooted to compromise on either count--work or grades. What, then, were my alternatives? How could one whose educational philosophy that was so incompatible with the majority function in this situation?

One of the first discoveries I made as a young teacher, several years ago, was that teachers have two options: to do what they believe is right or to do whatever is necessary to retain their popularity. I decided then and continue to believe that in the long run it is better to do what is right than what is popular. As Jesse Stuart wrote in an essay, "Popularity fades as often as the wind changes its course, but character never fades." As a teacher, I opted for credibility.

I worked my students mercilessly. I believed that the majority of them would one day decide that it was more important to have skills than sympathy. I tried to encourage them in their work and to make them believers in themselves. I did not give them busy work; rather, I found their weaknesses and gave them assignments that would improve their skills. Then, I insisted that they follow through on these assignments. They were expected to come to my office with their completed work where I could work with them individually and drill and drill and drill. Although many students did report, others were unable to transcend the barriers of race. Many of those

who chose not to confer were unable to distinguish between work and punishment. They were the ones who typically never saw the completion of their freshman year.

The way this white instructor coped in a predominantly black setting was to proceed in spite of the distrust and hostility. I saw no reason to perpetuate inferiority. I saw no reason to perpetuate laziness. So far as I was concerned, there was nothing more important than developing proud, self-reliant human beings. And the only way this could be accomplished was to be credible with my students and to teach them to be credible in return.

\* \* \*

### BEACHCOMBERS: PADRE ISLAND

Nancy G. Westerfield

Under her billowing outer dress of dunes,  
The lank sea gestures, noon's small-reasted  
Wanton turning her rings on restless hands,  
A turn of jewels intricate as man:  
The coiling pale floral intestines  
Of trapped things in a tidal pool,  
The plastic sea-sacs of the hydras  
Being rent by beak-headed gulls.  
Off the earth's far round, the sea  
Is a corona of gold spray; here,  
The damp and impacted sands lean downward,  
Into the free-float of wadded strands  
And the little waves' trudge, where we are  
Late comers. All the discoveries that were imminent  
Are already made, and what the combers  
Are surfing now is minutiae, ropings  
Of cheap and dull beads. A bottle of bilge  
washes forward, then back, without messages;  
The oil rigs hammocking offshore in the swells  
Trawl no words, though the sea rings  
Like clappers in the earth's bell.  
And all that we have found are uncollectibles  
From the dawn, a few sand-dollars, brokens,  
*Clausmata*, cast from the necklaces  
Of the night's prodigious pearls  
Continually flung, continually withdrawn.



BREAKING THE VACUUM  
OF ISOLATION

Presented by

BETTY HODGDEN  
ROBERT WILSON

SHAWNEE STATE UNIVERSITY  
Portsmouth, Ohio

March 21, 1989

**Robert L. Wilson**

## **IF ONLY POETS WERE BLIND**

If only poets were blind, they could write. They'd have so much more to say. Too many of them have allowed their senses, all with the exception of sight, to become dormant. In an era when there is such an emphasis on visual appeal, students know too little how to touch and listen, much less taste and smell. Consequently, I structure my writing activities around non-visual experiences.

I am the professor who brown-bags it to class. Little do others know, however, that it is not my lunch inside that bag. Typically, it contains the stimuli for my student poets. Their poems are contained within — hickory nuts, egg shells, mushrooms, or whatever. And sometimes it's alive and moving.

At any rate, I have found much good writing and many extraordinary perceptions to come from the tactile experience. Students have to see whatever they see through the mind's eye. They are quick to discover what I told them weeks before, that they have eyes in the ends of their fingers. And so they visualize the parallel creases in the shell of an acorn and the gelatinous texture of tent caterpillars and the sponge-like quality of lichens.

Usually, the students are a bit apprehensive about probing the contents of the container without first looking. But we move quickly to establish trust. Soon, they begin walking through the doorway with their arms outstretched, eager to encounter the next day's discovery.

It's probably human nature for students to want to know what it is they're touching, smelling, tasting, and so on. But I never allow them to. Were they to know for sure, their perceptions would be biased before they started. Consequently, the mystery remains a guarded secret long after the writing has ended.

Once we've exhausted the tactile experiences, I generally have them work with gustatory impressions. These encounters are good vocabulary builders. They must learn to describe tastes with responses other than "It tastes good" or "It tastes bad." They need to be able to describe the taste of turnip, egg yolk, eggplant, and so on. And in so doing, they are also experiencing texture in a new and different way. For example, a substance may be sweet and dry (texture) or tart and coarse (texture again). There are so many communicative words that students discover in the gustatory experience — words like **rancid**, **palatable**, **distasteful**, **bland**, **scrumptious**, and so on. The students almost always respond to texture-tasting experiences in positive terms.



Once we've felt and tasted, we ultimately get around to listening and smelling. As I frequently tell groups of students, to know something in terms of one sense only limits them to 20 percent of what it is possible to know about the stimulus. So, if they know a cricket only in terms of what it looks like, they know relatively little about it. They need to be able to describe its sound, its smell, its texture, and its taste.

In my early years of teaching writing, I was naive enough to let students write about things they were familiar with, only to discover that they were barely familiar with them. Once I asked a class of 28 students to make a list of words to describe dandelions. The composite list included two words — **round** and **yellow**. Obviously, they didn't know much about dandelions.

What do we do with our perceptions once the encounter is complete? Typically, we build word lists. And I'm always amazed at how different the students' lists are, which, in part, reflects their varied perceptions. In some instances, the lists reflect the depth or shallowness of their vocabularies as well.

From these lists, and from our discussion of these lists, we generally go in search of images and that first poetic line. Without words, it's impossible to write and the lists provide a good inventory of words from which to pick and choose.

Images evolve. The students weave them together in patterns. They get their rhythms and sound effects together. Ultimately, they have something to edit. And all because they had some meaningful perceptions to write about.

So, my secret for good writing is to blind the students so they can see. In fact, they've looked so long, they're blind to the world around them.

## WRITING: THE PROCESS AND THE PRODUCT

Robert L. Wilson  
Portsmouth, Ohio

Whereas James Moffett and Peter Elbow purport theories which maintain that students learn to write by writing, Robert Zoellner, for one, maintains that writing can be taught, but that growth in writing is incremental. Basing his theory on the psychology of operant conditioning, where all behavior is considered acceptable, Zoellner proposes a behavioral approach to the teaching of composition.

A part of the problem in teaching composition, according to Zoellner, is that most composition teaching is product rather than process oriented. Most teachers of writing, in Zoellner's judgment, equate "the act of thought with the act of writing in the sense that the scribal stream 'symbolizes' both vocal utterance and the thought which generates it."<sup>1</sup> A case in point is J. N. Hook. Hook, in The Teaching of High School English, cites a statement of the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association:

The purpose which runs through and strengthens all other educational purposes . . . is the development of the ability to think.<sup>2</sup>

From this statement, Hook concludes that composing is thinking. Zoellner, however, maintains that writing and thinking are separate processes. According to Zoellner, when given the opportunity to express orally what they have expressed in writing, students will invariably speak what they have written with greater clarity. That being the case, the problem is not one of understanding but one of recording. In Zoellner's words, "Some sort of behavioral term intervenes between thought on the one hand and the written word on the other."<sup>3</sup> That is, the written word is not an adequate representation of a writer's understanding of a subject; at best, it is an approximation.

Rather than the typical think-write approach, Zoellner proposes a talk-write approach to teaching writing. According to Zoellner, the opportunity for students to articulate their thoughts orally is essential to their recording with clarity their ideas on paper. The process of composing aloud is defined by Emig as

a specialized form of verbal behavior characterized by the alternation of actual composing behaviors and of certain specifiable kinds of hesitation phenomena.<sup>4</sup>

In Emig's judgment, oral language activities are indispensable to good writing.

In addition to using oral language activities in the composing process, John Sweet proposes an argument for reading one's words aloud as an aid to proofreading.

You may improve your writing by as much as twenty percent if you will read your rough draft aloud, shaping and cutting as you go. Your ear will find poor rhythm. Your ear will find the sentence that is not clear.<sup>5</sup>

Hence, the test of good writing is what it sounds like as well as what it looks like.

In a classroom such as Zoellner proposes,

the student's responses in the scribal modality will receive immediate reinforcement, whether by the instructor or by some other member of the class who is working with him as part of a vocal-to scribal dialogue team. He will not have to wait a week or more until the instructor finally returns a marked and graded theme which tells him little more than that he missed the bullseye.<sup>6</sup>

Hence, in the talk-write classroom students learn to write in a laboratory setting whereby they compose publicly. In the presence of their classmates, students serve as sources of constant and immediate reinforcement for each other and editing their papers becomes a cooperative effort.

The question of whether writing is taught or learned seems at best academic. Instead, the more important task of research is to determine how teachers can help students to improve their writing.

Although most of the research . . . supports the familiar contention that students learn to write by writing, with the help of a qualified teacher, it is not clear yet with what kinds of writing it is true, how much is the optimum amount, and with what kinds of students such generalizations are effective.<sup>7</sup>

In other words, more reliable research is needed to learn what teacher behaviors help students to write and/or write better. Furthermore, the findings of research will continue to be of little value to English teachers until research in composition becomes more thoughtful and more tightly designed.

Research does indicate that there are some factors which have a decided effect on the quality of a student's writing. For example,

studies by Lincaid and by Wiseman and Wrigley demonstrated that the topic a person writes on affects the caliber of his writing. (Also,) Seegers has indicated that a person's sentence structure is affected by the mode of discourse he is using--argumentation, exposition, narration or description.<sup>8</sup>

So, it is a faulty assumption for teachers of English to feel that students will perform the same regardless of the assignment. The topic and the mode of discourse do affect a student's writing performance.

Elbow defines the process of writing as a "transaction with yourself, . . . also a transaction with other people."<sup>9</sup> From this perspective, writing is both an internal and an external act. It is both private and public. Elbow further explains the process as "a string you send out to connect yourself with other consciousnesses."<sup>10</sup> That is, writing is a means of linking human beings--a means by which people communicate and interact with one another.

Wallace Douglas, on the other hand, perceives the act of writing in still different terms. His perception is that

writing is a productive process, a process of making, of bringing into being. Only the last part of the process . . . involves writing in the narrow sense of composing sentences and recording them on paper. Most of writing goes on before that and consists of a most complicated kind of thinking about material, audience, form, shape, effects, touches.<sup>11</sup>

In other words, writing is a creative act. Viewed from this perspective, the bulk of writing activities precedes the act of putting words on paper and includes one's observations and interactions with a stimulus for writing. In fact, the writing process is largely a matter of writers becoming one with their stimulus for writing.

Arthur Koestler describes the creative act in terms of bisociative shock whereby the matrices of self and topic become one. To illustrate his point, Koestler cites the case of the ape, Nueva, who synthesized two previously unrelated skills in the act of discovery. Thus, to apply Koestler's theory to the composing process, writing becomes a matter of synthesizing.

In the case of Nueva, the playful act of pushing objects around in her cage with a stick became a survival act in which she used her stick to retrieve food outside her cage.

At that moment the two previously separate matrices fused into one, and the "stick to play with" became a "rake to reach with"--an implement for obtaining otherwise unobtainable objects.<sup>12</sup>

Koestler, then views the creative act in terms of fusion. Thus, from this point of view, writing is a creative act--a matter of writers merging with their topic. Good writing, then, is the product of that merger.

Edward Lueders holds yet another perspective on the process of composing. He perceives writing as an artistic act--as "a matter of controlled relationships, of likes and dislikes, of elements both in and out of balance."<sup>13</sup> From this point of view, good writing is the ability to strike a delicate balance among the various elements of writing. Rather than an impromptu activity, Lueders perceives writing as a thoughtful, deliberate exercise in which the writer, like a painter or a musician, attempts to relate the parts to the whole. That is, writing--in search of balance--is composing.

The process and the product of composing are dual concerns of the composition teacher. Thus far in this essay the emphasis has been on the process: (1) as a transaction within and between people, (2) as a creative act, and (3) as a matter of controlled relationships between the elements of writing. The emphasis is the remainder of the essay will be on the writing product.

Every teacher of writing must be concerned with what constitutes a well-written paper. In the opinion of one writer, the product of writing (among other things)

should not be done to please a teacher; good writing is an exchange of opinion, experience, emotion. It is essential to make clear to the student that the successful paper stimulates reaction in other people.<sup>14</sup>

From this point of view, then, whatever writing a student does should have a specific intent and be directed to a real audience. That is, the test of good writing is for writers to effect a desired response in their readers.

Gordon Rohman, on the other hand, identifies freshness and originality as the marks of good writing. But freshness and originality, like mechanical perfection, are in and of themselves insufficient criteria by which to judge the worth of writing. T. A. Koclanes, for instance, maintains that if a composition does not

- (1) communicate anything of significance;
- (2) show evidence of a central purpose or idea around which the various paragraphs are arranged in some effectual pattern; (3) adhere to standards of logic and straight thinking in the formation and statement of judgments and opinions; (and) (4) supply an adequate number of relevant facts in support of opinions developed in the composition.<sup>15</sup>

it fails to pass the test of good writing. In other words,

besides being fresh and original and mechanically flawless, good writing must say something of importance and it must be presented in a logical manner.

Good writing, then, results from writers having insights and perceptions of the world around them. Whether it is intended for themselves or for other readers, good writing--regardless of its purpose--is the result of writers becoming one with their topic. But familiarity alone does not ensure good writing. Successful writing must interest and communicate with its readers.

#### Footnotes

- 1 Robert Zoellner, "Talk-Write: A Behavioral Pedagogy for Composition," College English 30 (January 1969) : 269.
- 2 J. N. Hook, The Teaching of High School English (New York: The Ronald Press, 1965), p. 226.
- 3 Zoellner, p. 279.
- 4 Janet Emig, The Composing Processes of Twelfth Graders (Urbana: National Council of Teachers of English, 1971), p. 92.
- 5 John Sweet, "Some Notes for Student Writers," English Journal 56 (February 1967) : 261.
- 6 Zoellner, p. 300.
- 7 Richard Braddock, Richard Lloyd-Jones, and Lowell Schoer, Research in Written Composition (Urbana: National Council of Teachers of English, 1963), p. 35.
- 8 Braddock, Lloyd-Jones, and Schoer, p. 17.
- 9 Peter Elbow, Writing Without Teachers (New York: Oxford University Press, 1972), p. 76.
- 10 Elbow, p. 77.
- 11 Wallace W. Douglas, "Composition and the Editorial Process," in Teaching English in Today's High Schools, ed. Dwight L. Burton and John S. Simmons (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1970), p. 252.
- 12 Arthur Koestler, The Act of Creation (New York: Dell Publishing Company, 1964), p. 102.
- 13 Edward Lueders, "Teaching Writing Today--Composition or Decomposition," English Journal 56 (January 1967) : 104.
- 14 Lou L. LaBrant, "Marking the Paper," in Teaching English in Today's High Schools, ed. Dwight L. Burton and John S. Simmons (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 1970), p. 352.
- 15 T. A. Koclanes, "Can We Evaluate Composition?" English Journal 50 (April 1961) : 256.

# o a case for merit pay

ROBERT L. WILSON

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Merit pay is incentive pay that encourages the optimum performance of all individuals within an institution. It is a positively oriented approach, rewarding those who surpass the minimum level of performance, but in no way penalizing those who choose to function at the "entry level." Yet in many schools tradition rather than logic determines the course of action. Hence, in schools, across-the-board pay raises are more common than systems of merit pay.

Although many college teachers do not elect to engage in controlled research or to write for publication, those who do are entitled to rewards over and above the base salaries they are paid for merely holding classes. If colleges and universities are to remain quality institutions in our society, professors need to be encouraged to go beyond the mere holding of classes. There need to be some incentives, sufficiently attractive, to entice them into other arenas of professional growth. Surely conducting research and writing for publication are legitimate and worthwhile provinces for college teachers to explore.

A system of merit pay rewards the industrious teacher. Without rewards, there can be little incentive for teachers to give of themselves beyond "maintaining" the classroom. Failure to reward those persons who do go beyond the minimum level of performance can only breed a system of inequities. Those for whom teaching is but a means of livelihood are keenly aware that in a "straight salary" pay system approach, those who engage in profes-

sional activities beyond the classroom receive no additional rewards for their efforts. That being the case, why should they, being less industrious, extend themselves beyond routine classroom duties?

One writer recently noted that in the banking profession, for example, merit-pay systems which were discontinued temporarily during the recent recession have been revived with tremendous success. In fact he went on to observe that there is no better inflation fighter than a well-managed merit system.(1)

Mitzi Middlebrooks attacks the systems of merit pay on the grounds that they lack the necessary objectivity that makes for a viable system in schools. According to Middlebrooks, "No valid or reliable instrument has yet been developed for measuring teacher effectiveness

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**It is time for the  
teaching profession to join  
the ranks of other professions  
in rewarding excellence.**

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or the total growth of students, which involves growth in values, ability to think, understanding of self, and other intangibles"(2) – charges I cannot refute. For years, in bastions of behaviorism, humanists have argued that not everything in education is subject to quantifiable measurement. The humanities teacher is even more perplexed than the teacher of mathematics. The kinds of concerns that English teachers have, for example, are seldom countable. Good writing as a form of effective communication is organic in both process and product. A good finished product is not determined on the basis of its length or the number of adverbs or how many complex sentences it contains. Good

# Potpourri

## Cavett's cardinal rules for interviewing

Public television's Dick Cavett has written 10 cardinal rules for interviewers:

1. Do not place yourself in such a way that your back is to the person with whom you are speaking.
2. Be within hearing distance of the other person.
3. Do not leave the room while the other person is speaking.
4. Have at least one language in common.
5. Do not attempt to conduct the interview in an inappropriate place, such as the center of a busy highway.
6. Do not use the word "albeit" more than four times.
7. Make an effort to be wearing clothing during the interview.
8. Do not address letters or repair a diathermy machine during the interview.
9. Do not light firecrackers or attempt to fish during the interview.
10. Do not take hold of a wart on the interviewee's face and go "beep-beep."

## Where does motivation begin?

The belief that teachers can motivate students is a naive one, according to Robert L. Wilson, assistant professor of English at Shawnee State Community College (940 Second St., Portsmouth, OH 45662).

Many people have incorrectly diagnosed low levels of student achievement as a product of teachers failing to motivate their students, he says. "But, motivation is an internal process, a desire, and a student's wanting to succeed is something no one else can do for him or her.

"While teachers cannot motivate their students, they can create for their students an interest in school. Teachers need to become catalysts—they need to display a contagious enthusiasm for their subject both in their tone of voice and in providing a stimulating atmosphere in the classroom."

Professor Wilson says that some of the many techniques that teachers can use to generate interest among students are the preparation of attractive and novel visual displays, the use of stimulating records and tapes, and the showing of carefully selected (even provocative) slides and films. But, regardless of the activities selected, a semblance of continuity is the element which will enable a teacher to retain an optimum level of interest in the classroom. Each day's activities must be a logical outgrowth of the events of the day before.

"An effective teacher," says Professor Wilson, "is the one who is able, by whatever means, to make students want to succeed. An effective teacher is one whose students look forward to each class meeting and feel a sense of belonging there. Effective teachers, in summary, are not

those who wish success for their students but those whose students wish success for themselves. That is, they are driven from within to achieve to a large degree what is possible for them to achieve."

## A positive program is pushed at Sussex Central High

Educators at Sussex Central High School in Delaware have embarked on an ambitious "Positive Program" to promote a better image for local education.

James H. Van Sciver, assistant principal at the school (301 W. Market St., Georgetown, DE 19947) reports, "We have changed our outlook here; we recognize that few people know what is really going on in school. So, we have launched a multi-pronged program to recognize the achievements of the majority of our students."

Some of the activities in the positive program are:

- A steady stream of public service messages on local radio stations. Each highlights one subject such as reminders for good reading habits, tips for better parent-child relationships, suggestions on the true meaning of learning, etc.
- Positive postcards, given to teachers to fill out and mail to parents of students doing well.
- The *Positive Family Contact* system, in which the assistant principal mails at least 10 letters a week to parents mentioning an achievement of their children recently.
- A weekly column in the local newspaper in which achievements of students, staff and community boosters are mentioned.

Van Sciver says response to the program has been overwhelmingly positive. Parents write notes such as, "This was the first time in 10 years anyone made an effort to say something nice about our son." Van Sciver will furnish additional details about the program to those who write to him at the above address.

## Avoid promiscuous use of parentheses

That punctuation is best which best serves to make writing subtle, supple, delicate, nuanced and efficient, according to national newspaper columnist George F. Will. Recently, Will quoted Lewis Thomas, president of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center who has it in for parentheses, calling them "syntactical defeats." Dr. Thomas believes authors who use them illustrate an unwillingness to present things "in the most logical order, thus every random thought gets dragged in." Dr. Thomas writes:

"There are no precise rules about punctuation (Fowler lays out some general advice (as best he can under the complex circumstances of English prose (he points out, for example, that we possess only four stops (the comma, the semicolon, the colon and the period (the question mark and exclamation point are not, strictly speaking, stops; they are indicators of tone (oddly enough, the Greeks employed the semicolon for their question mark (it produces a strange sensation to read a Greek sentence which



## REAL EXPERIENCES AND COMPOSITION: A RECOMMENDATION

ROBERT L. WILSON

University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff

George Hillocks, Jr., notes in *Alternatives in English* that "most English teachers know very little about the teaching of reading and view reading as somehow distinct from the study of literature . . . Any English teacher who does not see himself as one who should . . . help his students to interpret what they read is ignoring the realities that engulf him . . . In the same sense, every English teacher must regard himself as a teacher of composition." Hillocks' concern for the teacher of composition reflects a finding of the Squire and Applebee Study (1966), that what English teachers teach worst is composition.

The fact that by and large the teaching of composition as a compartmentalized assortment of activities has failed in the past and the fact that students' attitudes toward writing have remained basically negative, one's initial reaction to HOW TO TEACH WRITING might well be "to do away with the teaching of writing." Although that may seem an oversimplified solution to the problem of teaching others to write, if the teaching of composition has been such a dismal failure, why continue doing it—at least in the manner that it has been done in the past?

The fact that the teaching of composition has been a dismal failure presumes that the manner of teaching composition is valid. However, that assumption may be erroneous. Only in content-centered curricula are traditional approaches to the teaching of composition appropriate. In a student-centered curriculum, the traditional focus is totally inappropriate.

Assuming, as Dixon does in his summary of the Dartmouth Conference of 1966, that language is rooted in experience, students' experiences become central to the teaching of composition. Although their experiences are rooted primarily in the actualities of the world outside the classroom, it seems that many kinds of meaningful experiences could be structured for them within the framework of school.

It seems, also, that the act of writing needs to be preceded and succeeded with lead-in and follow-up activities respectfully. Drawing from the actualities of his community, the student comes to school with an experiential preparedness about non-school experiences. Regrettably, however, he is expected to turn off his *real* world when he enters the *artificial* world of school each day. At the end of his artificially-staged day, his non-school sensors click on automatically. Rather than the teacher of composition utilizing the resources of the students' experiences, typically the teacher denies the student the opportunity to utilize them in the classroom. Unfortunately, the teacher of writing has been more concerned with the mechanical precision of the student's paper than with what he had to say. He has enforced religiously the taboos of the school. Thus, the topics for writing have seemed to the students very mundane compared to the far more exhilarating experience of their *real* world.

Robert L. Wilson is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Arkansas at Pine Bluff where he chairs the Committee on Freshman Composition.

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Even if the teacher of composition is not permitted or is not willing to let students draw on their deep personal experiences, he can be at least somewhat creative in his approach to structuring awareness activities that will eventually culminate in a writing exercise. To draw from personal experience, I once discovered that students are most unfamiliar with the most "familiar" objects in their midst. The things they most take for granted are among the things they know least. They have become oblivious to the common objects in their immediate environment. In many cases, the students had never seriously experienced a given object; in other instances, they knew the object by one sense only. In other words, they were strangers with their surroundings.

Lead-in activities to writing need to be simulating and real to the students, who need to be actively involved in experiencing. Often the experiences need to be novel—not necessarily to the teacher, but certainly to the students. Total sensory experiences *can* successfully capture the interest of high-school age students. If, as Dixon says, language is rooted in experience, then experience must breed language.

Not only might a student know a dandelion blossom by its color pigment and/or its circular shape, but he might also know it by its texture or by the taste of its stem. Merely getting to know the dandelion in unfamiliar ways in itself is not enough insofar as sensory experiences relate to languaging. Students must also be able to verbalize the taste of the dandelion stem. The assortment of descriptive terms within the class can then be shared, compared, and refined.

A variety of common objects within the immediate environment of the school can be used and experienced in a variety of unique ways. In fact, there are phenomena in the school environment of every student that are common to his non-school experiences. Those phenomena—people, bicycles, food, air, and daylight, to name a few—would be a likely place to start.

In terms of the anatomy, students can experience the *touch* of human hair. Careful observation will lead them to discover that hair has many different textures—silky, coarse, bristly, snarled, fine, smooth, thin, thick, and so on. Further observation will, in all probability, reveal a distinction between the textures of cranial hair and facial hair. If the situation allows, students will discover that the cranial hair of blacks and whites has distinctly different textures.

As human hair has different textures, a fried hamburger has different *tastes*. In addition to different people perceiving a common taste in different ways, the differences in taste may be attributed to any one of a number of external factors as well. For example, the tastes of hamburger will be determined by how fresh it is; whether or not it was frozen; whether or not it came from grain-fed beef, whether it was cooked over an open fire, on a grill, or in a skillet; whether or not it was cooked in oil; whether or not it contained preservatives; and its degree of leanness. Thus, no two hamburgers, in all probability, will taste the same. But to identify the separate tastes and what distinguishes one from the other can be articulated by the keenly perceptive individual.

As human hair has varied textures and as hamburgers has varied tastes, tobacco smoke has different *smells*. As the perceptive individual will eventually discover, different brands of cigarettes give off differing aromas when they are lit. Some have a strong tobacco smell; other have a more distinct paper-like aroma. Mentholated

distinctions and the ability to articulate them will make for good writing. Furthermore, a student can learn to readily distinguish smokers from nonsmokers on the basis of his olfactory perceptions.

As textures, tastes, and smells are of different kinds, so are the *sounds* of zippers unique. The individual sounds are determined in part by the material they are made of. To be specific, the sound of a plastic zipper is a softer, less threatening sound than the sound of a metal zipper, whose sound is coarser and more defensive. Zippers, like people, have personalities of their own, determined in part by the person zipping. Some of the sounds suggest gentility, others anger; some imply a sense of urgency, others a patient stillness. Thus, one cannot accurately perceive the separate sounds of zippers as being alike.

Many human perceptions are of a *visual* nature and, like the other sensory perceptions, are individualistic. A sunrise, for example, is a phenomenon that one perceives visually. Existing weather conditions or seasonal variations, however, affect one's perceptions of a sunrise. All will not be as distinct as the others. In fact, on an overcast day, the presence of the sun may be completely obscured from one's vision. Varying degrees of air pollution will also affect one's perceptions of the sunrise. Other variations that affect one's perceptions of the sunrise include such things as the angle of the earth's axis. For that reason, the sun will rise in a northeasterly direction in spring and in a southeasterly direction in the autumn. To be sure, only the careful observer will recognize the subtleties of difference in the varied sunrises.

Once the phenomena common to school and community have been explored, the stage is then set to carefully explore some purely non-school phenomena that in all probability are but casually and carelessly observed apart from school.

So as to maximize the student's experience and to allow him the opportunity to experience separately each object by the separate senses, the teacher needs to consider blocking out the student's non-perceiving senses in each activity. In other words, for the student to experience the taste of a stimulus, it is best that he neither see nor smell nor feel the stimulus beforehand. Rather, the experience of tasting should be isolated. Ultimately, the separate experiences for each object should come to bear on the total perception and knowledge of that object.

Personally, I find this approach to the teaching of composition desirable for a number of reasons, among them being the likelihood that English will no doubt be taught in rather traditional ways in the vast majority of schools for a long time to come. One of the valuable by-products of this strategy is creating the awareness among students that no subject is an island unto itself. The following classification depicts the relatedness of English via composition to other subject matters.

SENSE	CONCEPTS	SUBJECT AREAS
sight	symmetrical vs. non-symmetrical circular vs. non-circular large vs. small the color spectrum	geometry, art physics, physical science arithmetic physical science, art
smell	fragrance vs. absence of smell sweet vs. sour pungent vs. faint	physical science chemistry, home economics physical science, chemistry

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sound	loud vs. soft melodic vs. dischordant the spectrum of emotions	physical science, physics music, physics psychology
taste	the temperature spectrum taste vs. temperature hot bland vs. seasoned	chemistry, physics physics, chemistry home economics
touch	smooth vs. abrasive serrate vs. smooth 2-D vs. 3-D spectrum of geometric shapes	art, wood- and metalworking biology, home economics drafting, art, geometry geometry, drafting, art

Hence, sensory experiences are grounded in all content areas in one way or another. Thus, students may be lured into the technical vocabularies of the various disciplines according to their interests and experiences.

From experiencing to abstracting the experience and languaging about the experience is the sequence of events. The student is now at the point of ordering his experiences through language. The task of the student becomes one of putting together in writing verbal patterns that parallel his experiences and in such a way as to have an interesting and orderly finished product. The finished product then needs to be welded together in some kind of order—either logically, chronologically, or spatially. And with appropriate transitional elements that show the proper relationships between successive components of the paper, the composition will take on coherence and continuity.

Having been guided through a series of structured and meaningful sensory experiences, how then does the student make use of the raw materials for writing? If the teacher's objective is to have the student write, it seems that rather than trying to teach them how to write he should let them write. As the student expands his knowledge of objects through discovery, it seems that he might best learn to write by discovery, also—learning in *his* own way *his* own techniques. The test will be in sharing with his classmates whether or not he had anything to say and whether or not he was able to communicate it effectively. The fact that students learn from students, not only from teachers, it seems that teachers have been remiss not to capitalize more on the exchanges of students.

What might students do in groups to improve their papers? By sharing them in the group, students can point out to one another what would strengthen their papers. Also, by sharing their papers, the students can make each other aware of those techniques that are either appropriate or ineffective. For example, the following exchange illustrates a constructive dialogue between two students, laboring over a paper.

*STUDENT A:* For some reason, I don't think my paper is very convincing. What should I do with it?

*STUDENT B:* I don't really understand what you mean in your opening paragraph. What are you trying to say?

*STUDENT A:* Well, even though people are basically honest, they are



*STUDENT B:* That really doesn't come across in your introduction at all. In fact, there is no focus to your paper. Why don't you try [writing] a thesis statement? And get rid of that concluding sentence in the first paragraph. It's redundant.

*STUDENT A:* But don't I need some kind of concluding statement there?

*STUDENT B:* Yes, but it should be more of a summary statement that ties your paragraph together.

*STUDENT A:* Oh. The problem, then, is with the introduction. Okay. Let's get a thesis statement.

As can be seen in this exchange, Student B does not merely point out the weaknesses of the paper. Rather, Student B offers some solutions to the problems that have been identified. As negative criticism in itself is of little value, a teacher should strive to have the students offer constructive criticism to their classmates. It seems doubtful that merely to suggest things not to do would result in better writing; rather, students need some recourse in terms of what they might have done in lieu of what they did.

Another advantage of students learning from students is that they are a more representative audience than is the teacher alone. In terms of interests and the ability to receive communication, the chances are enhanced for more meaningful analysis and criticism when students share their papers with each other. For a teacher to be able to evaluate a piece of writing fairly, he must first have some knowledge of the subject. Also, his interest or lack of interest in the topic cannot help but affect how meaningful his evaluation is. In a class of students, although not every individual will be interested in every topic, at least the chances are increased that a student's composition will find a receptive audience with someone.

The oral exchange in the writing class has yet another advantage. Because of his heavy work load, the teacher very often evaluates a composition with grade only. In no way does a grade by itself reveal the strengths and weaknesses of a student's paper. Often, written comments fail to communicate effectively the problem and how the student might go about correcting it. For evaluation to be effective, I maintain that it is imperative to have oral exchanges so that the student has the opportunity to ask: "Do you mean that I should . . .?" This gives the evaluator, teacher or student, the opportunity to clarify explicitly the point he is attempting to make. When students share orally their papers, the emphasis shifts from grades to mastery of writing techniques, which, it seems, is the only valid reason for students writing in the first place. Teachers of composition need to concern themselves more with improving the student's ability to communicate and less with improving his grades. Whereas his grades will not guarantee his success in the outside world, his ability to communicate effectively will earn him high marks.

What, then, is the role of the teacher of writing? *Rather than teaching* the students how to write, it seems that his responsibility should be *facilitating the students' learning* to write. In summary, the teacher should be responsible for structuring a wide array of meaningful experiences about which students can write—bringing stimuli to the students and taking students to the stimuli. Teachers need to bring to the students'

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attention striking as well as more subtle sensory stimuli. In fact, they need to structure awareness activities that will make students more keenly aware of things around them. Teachers need also to provide opportunities for students to share and compare their perceptions, which are, in themselves, exercises in language study as well as in perception. Furthermore, teachers need to provide students with opportunities to write on common topics and to compare the outcomes of their writing. Having provided the students with opportunities to explore and refine their perceptions, the teacher then becomes a partner in the learning process. The teacher, along with the students, assists others in the class in finding the right combinations of words to accurately record and to effectively convey the specific perceptions of the writer.

Finally, the finished product should not be an end in itself. Rather, some meaningful use should be made of the final paper. It should certainly be the stepping stone to other language activities—the exploration of literature, further writing, debates, the study and preparation of school publications, and so on. Again, the teacher is but a coordinator of the many activities of writing, which, like drops of water in a moving stream, flow in and out of each other.

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Pine Bluff

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**POETRY**

# Quarterly Winners

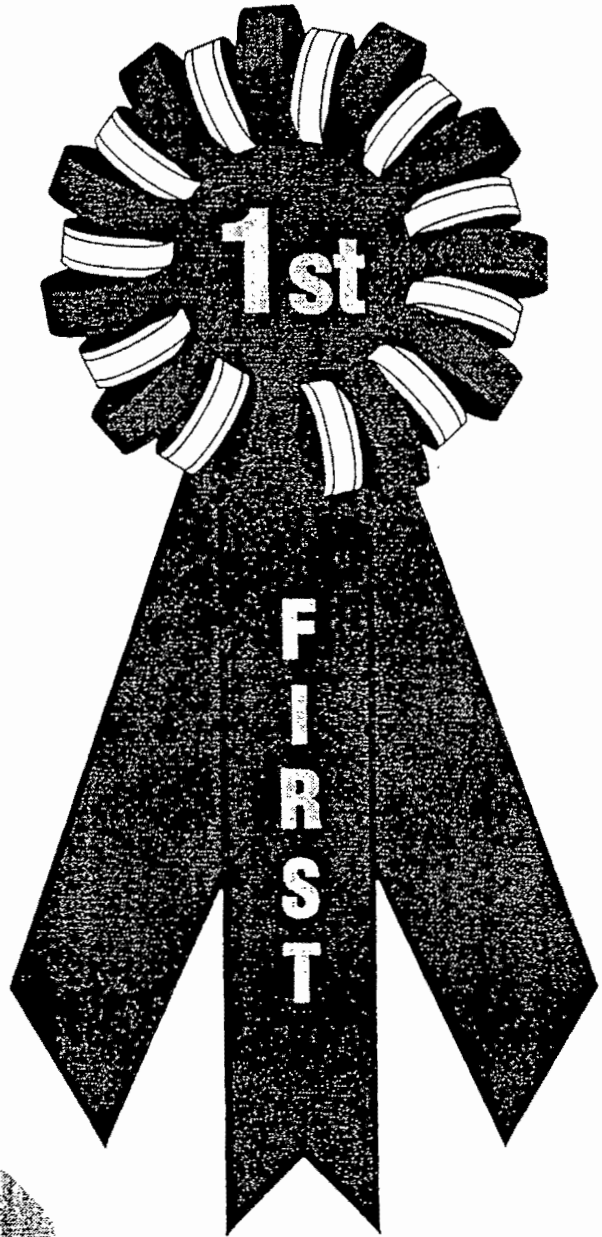
## WHITE RHYTHMS AMONG BARE TREES

From twelve feet up,  
the gourds make rhythms  
of their own. They wait  
to catch the eyes of scouts  
returning from their winter homes.

February shines warm sun  
on earth, and March awaits  
her turn. Breezes shift  
from north to south  
and lift purple martins  
across warming waters of the Gulf.

Spring is some few wings away,  
a few states south and coming.

*Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio*





**Waiting for Your Cue**

I've waited for your cue  
for eighteen years now.  
My shirt is starched,  
my tux is pressed,  
and the pheasant on my tie  
stands at attention.

You were to wheel me in the coffin,  
center stage, between Acts II and III.  
Then, as the curtain opened,  
you were to release the spring  
that would send me vaulting  
above the audience.  
But when the curtain closed  
on second act,  
you closed the lid and disappeared  
with coffin key in hand.  
I smothered in that airtight box  
before the night's performance ended.

So here I lie, buried deep in earth,  
some eighteen years beyond my planned debut,  
still dressed,  
still waiting for your cue.

**Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio**

## HARDING STEDLER

307 Tanglewood Drive, Wheelerburg, OH 45694

### SEPTEMBER SONG

Tonight, I sing a rain song  
in September.  
Its lyrics celebrate the heat wave's end,  
invite me back to garden.  
Martin gourds are ready for the harvest, now...  
and drying time.  
My winter will be theirs,  
in search of April hanging ---  
a springtime invitation  
to the sun.

Tonight, I draw the curtain  
on summer's last production.  
Only colored leaves remain  
to drape Earth's grave  
and celebrate a life lived well.

My song rings out in joyful sorrow  
as days grow short  
and wooded trails  
lie carpeted in brown.

## HELEN WEBB

R.1, Box 635, South Point, OH 45680-9740

### INDIAN SUMMER

The white haired man soaks up the sun

## NANCY WAT DODRILL

7707 Black Creek R.  
Kirkville, NY 13082

### THE CITADEL

The row of arborvita  
cypress stands  
like a citadel against  
the strong winter gal  
The windbreaker gives  
shelter to the remnant  
of birds and snow  
creatures that remain  
to brave the maliciou  
of the season's worst  
The trees attend to th  
deficiencies of the  
unprotected, contend  
with the savage storm  
yet bending with resp  
to its nefarious streng

### ALONE

His eyes mesmerize,  
Dark pools of sadness  
Copper-skinned,  
Shallow from hunger  
And fatigue.  
He leans on one crutch  
Too drained to feel.  
He seeks no  
Handouts now,  
His turn to stone  
He's a child

THOUGHTS WHILE LISTENING TO MUSIC

You are making promises  
you won't fulfill;  
causing me to believe;  
creating hope with your  
invisible possibilities;  
wrapping me in velvet emotion,  
satin feelings; coloring the room  
with Scheherezade richness;  
drowning sorrow in aural wine;  
and even when you cease,  
though not a thing has changed,  
you leave a certain wisdom.

R. Meir Morton  
Louisville, KY

BENEATH COLD STARS

City streets lie iced in sleep.  
I listen to the music of their silence  
and long for change of clothes.  
A tub of water and a firm mattress,  
eighteen miles as the road winds,  
ponder my week-night absence.

Winter upends my routine  
and throws me to the wolves.  
Tonight, I am pioneer,  
camping on borrowed space  
beneath cold stars,  
shivering in sleeplessness  
as the campfire burns to ash.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, OH

**WHAT OCTOBER CELEBRATES**  
(In Memory of my Grandfather Wilson)

Twenty-six years ago,  
your eighty-five years were stolen  
without warning.  
The paralysis of the news  
is less today,  
but the disbelief remains.

Each time I pass the house  
your hands built,  
I recall the nights I stayed,  
the hand plow we worked the garden with,  
and the gong of the dinner bell  
when work took me beyond the fence.

October was your month.  
You came and went then.  
Today, a summer breeze  
frolics in the maples.  
Your laughter is in the pines.

**HARDING STEDLER**  
Wheelersburg, OH

**THE DESERT CHURCH AT MASADA**

Through a stained-glass window of Judean sky,  
the Dead Sea fills up this hollow frame  
with a vision of living water  
flowing across an altar of desert space.

In this sanctuary of Byzantine acoustics,  
potsherd walls built upon a rock  
echo praise from a roof top of dry mouths  
mortared to pieces of prophecy.

From these fragments of broken bowls,  
a mirage of cupped palms calls me  
to a Sabbath worship with Elijah's ravens:  
desert law is a sacrament of salt tablets.

**NOCTURNE**

Long evening shadows leave another day  
To stretch away from sun's retreating glare.  
They splatter silhouetted strokes of gray  
Upon a landscape slowly made aware  
That shades of darkness fall. With only sound  
Night paints a picture of each living thing  
That creeps or crawls or flies. Some seek the ground  
Or settle on a limb and under wing.  
They listen all the while bold breezes tell  
Of symphonies and tunes that ever run  
The year in cycle, and like earth's rondel  
Begin their lyrics with a setting sun.  
And beauty's held in darkness all night long  
Till dawn appears and sings a different song.

**PATRICIA A. LAWRENCE**  
East Sandwich, MA

**Best Poems of March**

**LIES**

Green fingertips scouting  
for their sleeping brethen  
fall for the annual late winter  
prevarication and poke from soil

only to be fooled again. They turn  
toward a fickle February sun,  
gathering heat on cold crocus  
shoulders soon to wilt before

false promises. Indoors, she  
chops onions so fast she forgets  
to cry, says she's sorry, her voice  
unraveling as the towel in her hand.

Tonight, once more, I'll inhale  
the musk of her remorse,  
limp as the hothouse carnations



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## A DAY THAT WINTER WILLS

*by Harding Stedler*

February bows its head  
in deep white tufts  
that measure height of knees.  
Spent by morning shoveling,  
I carve pathways into March.

My footsteps fracture contours  
of late winter drifts  
almost sacrilegiously.  
Art and guilt meet  
in their own collision course.  
I try not to look.

Roads not meant for travel  
await the thaw of sun.  
Today, the world of concrete  
takes a back seat  
to the invisible hands of wind,  
and I recognize the insignificance  
of roadways through the country.

## FEBRUARY

*by Dawn Zapletal*

The word alone is difficult  
to say and hazardous to spell;  
a strange, ill formed month,  
the hyphen between January  
and March; the quick, sharp  
leap from winter into spring,  
a lopsided package of wind,  
snow and sleet. It may, by  
turn, be blustery or benign,  
either way it's over in twenty  
eight days or twenty nine.

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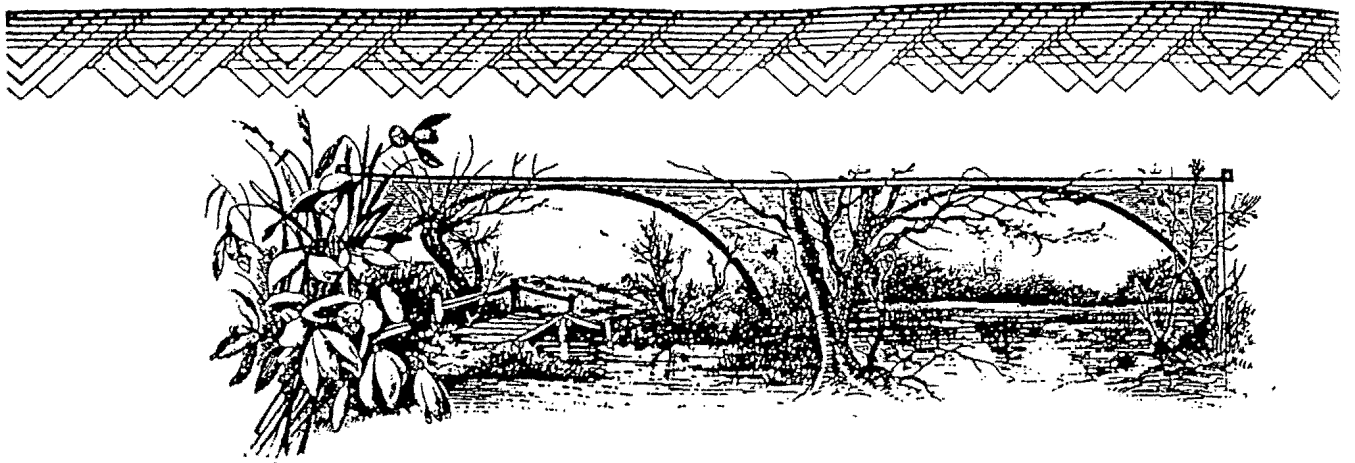
17 1/2 Park Place, Bronxville (914) 337-1234

## HAIKU

*By Tashie Kane*

Lightning a bright snake  
Flashes quickly in the sky  
Deadly to our earth.

Thunder in the world  
A bad sister in the sky  
Claps hard to be heard.



## IN THE SPIRIT OF KIND WINDS

*Harding Stedler*

Old leaves pirouette  
on concrete ballroom floors  
as November's dance.  
In the spirit of freed Germans,  
they glide in wind-held rhythm  
where work is play  
and play seems more than play.

In feet that swirl  
and seldom touch the pavement,  
the dancers bare  
their stick-stemmed legs  
where hiked skirts share  
an autumn ripeness.

My thoughts dance free as leaves  
amid the eddies  
where sideways glances  
run the risk  
of being trampled  
by the kindness of the wind.



## BREAKING APRIL

This morning's sun has a hard time  
breaking April fog and feathers;  
Easter clings to choruses  
of siskin and red-winged blackbirds.  
As tulips cup the glory of a new spring,  
I tread the trailing fragrances of phlox  
and celebrate first greening of the land.

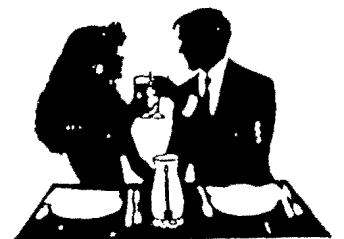
Renewal comes in rainbows  
draped on hillsides of April;  
I breathe the promises of summer.  
My hopes are linked to cloudless skies  
and gentle breezes that ride on shafts of ge

## THAT SPECIAL NIGHT

by *Henry McBride, Jr.*



Remember that special night we sat together,  
hoping the moment would last forever;  
we looked at the moon and the stars in the sky  
and held on to each other as time passes us by.  
Before we knew it, we had to leave . . .  
I'd see you again, I had to believe.  
I still really miss you and want you to know,  
that you're in my hart wherever I go;  
I just wish I could see you and hold you again,  
and maybe this time it won't have to end.



## White Sands and Island Breeze

Harding Stedler

Today, in minus zero,  
minus sun,  
the river belches  
and hoarfrost wraps itself  
about shoreline trees  
naked in December.

I crack my whiskers  
in the gales  
of arctic wind  
and move stiff-legged, south,  
in search of palms  
and island breeze.

I escape the real  
to feel the thaw  
of coral reefs  
and lay my bones  
among white sands  
of tropics.



## EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARDS

Poetry Judge: Denise Martinson - Poetic Page

First Place - \$ 10.00  
Wind Sculpture - Harding Stedler

Second Place - \$ 8.00  
The Red Barn - Marian Ford Park

Third Place - \$ 6.00  
A Vague Revision Of Facts - Raymond H. Farr

First Honorable Mention  
Windows - Susan B. Blocker

Second Honorable Mention  
Meandering - Phil Eisenberg

Third Honorable Mention  
Death - Robert Loudin

Denise Martinson is the editor and publisher of Poetic Page magazine, Poetic Page Annual, Poetic Page Short Story Anthology, and several chapbooks. Her own work has appeared in hundreds of magazines and books; including poetry, children's short stories, articles, illustrations, and paper dolls.

Besides judging poetry contests, she has revised and rewritten poetry which resulted in publication for many beginning poets.

### Note:

A guest editor will select these awards for each issue of  
The Philosophers' Stone



WIND SCULPTURE

Harding Stedler

My world spins older,  
Its faces age,  
in flesh and stone,  
with season vaulting season.

Contracted by the cold,  
aging smiles pull tight;  
deep furrows rib old foreheads.

In later cycles,  
suns spread those smiles  
and bake them wide,  
relax the lines  
of wrinkled foreheads  
and necks pocked like summer squash.

Suns and winds carve deep,  
subtracting life  
from youthful faces,  
leaving only sharp-edged lines behind.

OPPORTUNITY TAKEN Mark Weinrich

Could the earth reverse its spinning  
And the sun retrace its tracks;  
Would our lives be any different,  
Could we erase the facts?

Would there be less fools, more wisemen,  
Would there be more life, less death,  
Could we change heredity and habits,  
Would the clock tick slow or fast?

The coward worries what might have been,  
The fool is still waiting for chances,  
The wiseman takes opportunities  
One day at a time  
A failure away from success.

WATERING THE PLANTS G. Murray Thomas

Most of the plants are dry, and drink eagerly.  
She plucks the withered leaves,  
fluffs the healthy ones out.

The leaves glow in the morning sun,  
absorbing the light, making it their own.  
She is fascinated by the spider web veins,  
echoed in the branching form  
of the whole plants.

She envisions the water sliding silver  
from her pitcher, picked up by the roots,  
transferred from one network  
to the next, until it finds its home  
at the tapering end of one of those veins.

NO GIVING IN TO NUMBNESS Harding Stedler

Sometimes, the ache surpass<sup>s</sup> hurting,  
and in the arena of oblivion  
all seems well.

Intensity is human suffering's own best friend,  
and I cannot destroy the soul in me.

Today, I walked in no direction  
along a grassless path, alone,  
one void of bird song.

The sun was sunless.  
The hurt I carried attempted to escape,  
but I clung to it,  
knowing that to no longer feel the pain  
is worse than never suffering.

REALITY Judy Sorestad

There's a knock at the door  
And there you stand.  
I can't believe my eyes,  
How long has it been?  
We talk and share laughter,  
Fill one another in on our past.  
You say that you still love me  
And you'll be with me-- to stay,  
I, too, declare my love for you,  
For, I never stopped loving you.  
But, What's that clanging in my ear  
The alarm clock awakes me  
And I return to reality.

LOVE POEM TO MY SISTER

Kathleen A. ten Haken

My dead sister comes to  
me in dreams. She is  
wholly beautiful and she  
says 'to make yourself  
burn you must kindle the  
fire.' And I weep for  
the loss of her; a face  
nostalgic in its innocence,  
a voice soft in memory. She  
is the shadow-angel who  
walks beside me and I draw  
into her wings to kindle  
the fire and make myself burn.

DON'T Judy Sorestad

Don't ask me what is wrong,  
For I'll tell you, "It is nothing."  
Don't look into my eyes,  
For you'll see that I am lying.  
If you can sense the truth,  
Of what I strive to keep so secret  
Then you'll be forced to share  
This awful shame I bear.  
"Why does he do it," you say.  
I don't think even he knows why.  
"And, why don't you leave?" you in  
"Why don't I," I repeat.  
"I don't know."

4-B - SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1990 - THE SENTINEL-RECORD

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARKANSAS

## **-Kaleidoscope-**

Edited by Bonnie Lee Reynolds.  
Poets should submit only their own original works for this column to: Bonnie Lee Reynolds, 305 Westwood, Hot Springs, Ark. 71913. (Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for the return of unpublished poetry.)

HONK ... HONK ... HONK

### **HONK ... HONK ... HONK**

Morning came as you did,  
swooping from out of darkness  
into liquid silver.  
I heard your warnings  
as you glided over pinetops  
and broke the stillness.  
It was a perfect morning  
for splashdown  
in Paradise.  
You were the wakers  
that broke the nighttime  
and brought the morning  
out to me.

Harding Stedler  
2816 Tanglewood Drive  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

### **AUTUMN REFLECTION**

Autumn leaves:  
yellow and brown,  
autumn leaves amber and red  
Father Time has made them grown,  
with joy they're swirling to the ground.  
Tree branches being stripped to the bone  
Rejoice over beauty they've shed.

Mildred W. McKinney  
226 Fairview Road SW  
Camden, AR 71701

### **THE THREAT OF WAR**

When the threat of war is sounding,  
And our troops are on the move,  
There's no room for speculation.

## RUNAWAY SLAVE

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Oh.

"You are the damned," they said.  
So, I had little choice  
but to advance on foot by night wind  
in shadowed alleyways  
of a sleepy river town.

To escape detection,  
hours before the dawn,  
I made my way  
to and through intersections  
that led me lost  
among old brick,  
listening for the turn of keys.

"Signed" masters at every entrance  
waited to taunt their charges.  
They waited to teach me  
the unforgettable lesson.  
But I liked the feel of freedom,  
cross-town, night-time slippings  
that allowed me students.

My entries were timed  
to blend with morning dark,  
departures with traffic flow.  
I tricked the pickets  
to befriend the hostage-learners  
inside the armed encampment.

## Is It Love?

Robb Allan  
Gahanna, Oh.

Mindgames: (Scramble, Par-tease-me, Sorry.)  
the boardgames  
of  
love

She tiles his heart with linoleum  
promises. She uses his brain  
like a porcelain toilet;  
picks it clean, and flushes it.

She says she adores him,  
but only as long  
as he allows her  
to shave his head  
and paint clown faces on it.

STRETCHED TIGHT WITH COLOR

The grass all mown,  
I savor autumn's hues.  
Like falling leaves,  
I drift among the orange  
of valley sassafras,  
through maple red,  
beside the yellow elm.

Autumn wears her finest  
for October's gala,  
with a kindness  
in her smile.  
Gentle sun  
warms gentle slopes  
that slumber after harvest.

Autumn is my song  
stretched tight with color  
aloft on southern breeze.  
And I wait for birds  
to bring me feathers  
that will link me  
with April space.

- Harding Stedler

N?  
r the dunes?  
ers  
d hangers.  
ear up,  
he piers.

now time,  
ers,  
flame bush bent?

nce to these rooms,  
on the patio:

umber yard,  
rridors.  
oor  
t one.  
right side  
ing twice.

for Christmas,  
y

lie,  
veating  
ing,  
of distant music,

- John W. Woods

SISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUS

JOHN GREY

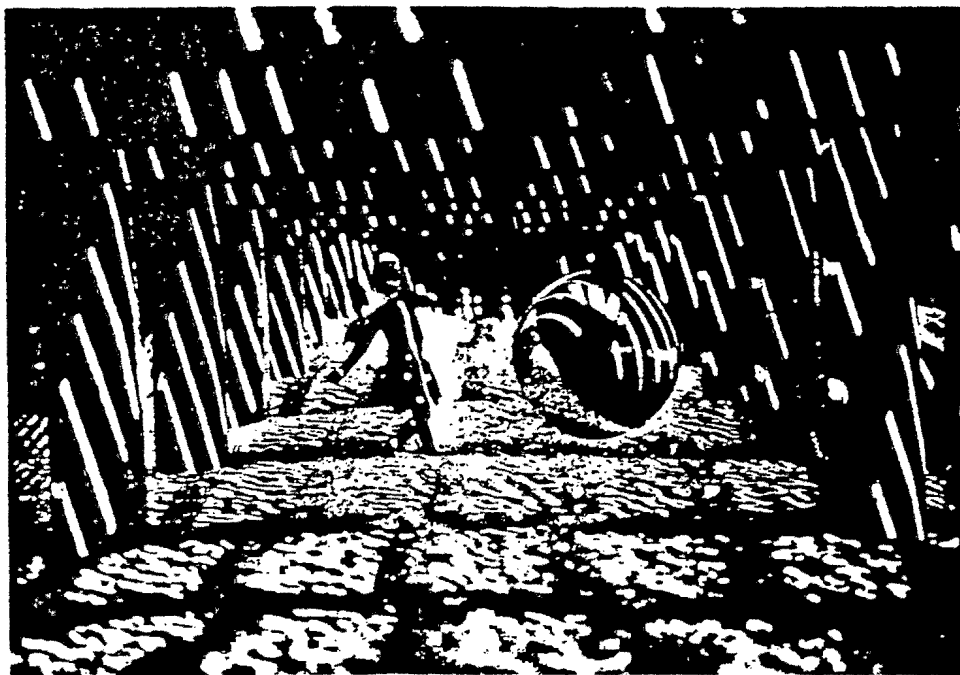
Dog Days

My dog-tags are hidden in the  
dresser beside the bed,  
buried beneath socks, underwear,  
favorite t-shirts.  
It knows the things I wear closest  
to my body though it's been years  
since I slipped that silver flash  
of identity over my head.  
My wife wonders why I don't  
toss it in the garbage  
but I tell her that would be too easy.  
I need it close at hand  
so that I know, at all times,  
I am not wearing it.

HARDING STEDLER

PRISONER OF APPLE BLOSSOM

I am a prisoner  
of apple blossom and dogwood flakes  
that winter-wrap my April.  
As winter's stepchild,  
I wade in underbrush  
and hide where shadows crawl  
in petalled softness.  
There, I speak in silence  
with those who understand  
my coming  
and those alone who know  
most prisons have no bars.



SISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUSISYPHUS

WOOLEN HATS AND SWEET PERFUME

Toothless men gnaw raw hotdogs  
on a city park bench  
in dry December sun.  
They hide their ears  
beneath dark wool hats.  
In fog-like jets  
against the cold,  
they breathe an emptiness  
that defies the season.  
I watch helplessly  
as fur-collared shoppers  
pass them by in sweet perfume,  
lipsticked for the kill.

Harding Stedler

DRIVEN BACK

Like Confederate soldiers poised against Union armies,  
I lose the battle against December's cold.

To face attacks of dawn,  
I wrap myself in flannel over thermal,  
scarf and quilted coat,  
boots, gloves, and woolen hat...  
move stiff-legged into north wind  
until steps in-place  
yield to backward movement  
and refuge behind stone mountains.

Day winds drive me back  
to dawn's beginnings,  
to shirt-sleeve summers...  
in mind,  
in time  
on days when losing and winning  
are much the same.

-Harding Stedler



HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARKANSAS

## -Kaleidoscope-

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### FIRST LOVE

When summer moonlight laces country lanes  
My thoughts reach back through time to touch your face  
And hold again the wonder that remains  
Of special moments years cannot erase.  
So hurting sweet  
the magic of young love  
when fervent and forever  
vows are made . . .

Across the years we went our separate ways;  
Each found another love and happiness  
But for a moment we still share a bond  
When summer moonlight laces country lanes.

Opal Jane O'Neal  
421 Dell  
Hot Springs, AR 71901

### WINGED MARIONETTES

There is magic in the footsteps  
of butterflies,  
touching down on cushioned orange  
in the prime of August heat.  
They make kaleidoscopes of rhythm  
in gentle but sprightly steps  
across summer's softness.  
I feel the freedom of their wings  
on easy breeze in nearby shade  
and fly backward to my youth.

Harding Stedler  
2816 Tanglewood Drive  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

### A SHELL AND A POEM

A fragile shell upon the beach;  
A book of poems to read.  
Pick up the shell and then the book . . .  
Fulfill artistic need!

Oh, shell that's but the skeleton  
Of life that lived within  
I'll place you on my mantle  
And praise you with my pen.

We seldom think of you that died,  
Who made this lovely shell.

Antique Made New

Brillo-backed clouds spend February  
shining sun for spring's debut.  
Suspended among the warmth of green,  
where ice melts into trickling crystal  
on a downhill course,  
the golden globe will rise  
from ocean floor  
and carve its own downhill.

Spring is for display  
of new antiques,  
for celebration of the artist  
and christening of the clay.

I arc my hopes in heated alleyways  
that I might ride a rainbow soon  
and suffer splinters from the prism.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, OH

Commercial Poetry

Here I come	I feel ok
Being clever	come what may
If only I had	a profound thought
The endeavour	won't be for nought
My poem shows no	the Muse has gone into
erudition	remission
And worst of luck	this thing will rhyme
It will not sell	or be worth a dime!

Mary Louise Dua  
Santa Cruz, CA

my door  
that steals  
is in place  
er  
the quilt  
to warm  
face  
gers  
urby  
ew  
it know  
g teeth  
d  
to go  
ry Holm  
acramento, CA

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARKANSAS

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### **WIND BENEATH MY WINGS** (Dedicated to my mother)

As I look  
into your shining brown eyes,  
they shine no more.

I only see a sadness,  
a pain,  
a wound so deep.

No more  
does your shield guard you.  
For it has been destroyed.

No more  
can you lock away,  
those feelings you have inside.

Your mind tells you  
no one cares,  
but your heart knows different.

Although your precious heart  
has been split, almost in two,  
you keep your hope.

You guide me through  
my hard times,  
and my worst problems.

You strive  
to give me everything,  
yet you get nothing in return.

Although I don't say,  
or even show,  
but you are  
the wind beneath my wings.

Erica Littlepage (Age 14)  
110 Glenmore  
Hot Springs, AR 71913

### **NO MORE SONGS TO PLAY**

Today, I pass the keyboard  
and recollect those tunes  
once echoed from a summer heart.  
But suffering turned that heart to stone  
and now there is no song.

Those ivories used to call,  
and I would play for hours.  
But on the heels of a late-night call,  
the music died,  
and with it, part of me.

Harding Stedler  
2816 Tanglewood Drive  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

SHE IS

*Gentle Blue is You*

You are the blue sedan  
that winds through midnight alleyways.  
The gentle beast  
tamed by lovers' footprints  
on velvet ceiling.  
One whose empty Stroh's cans  
attest to your mellowness.

Something about that Polara  
that makes me feel secure  
and gives me peace.  
Something about the way  
you steer it gently through the night.  
Something about Old Blue that's you.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, OH

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### **OWNING NIGHT'S LONELY HILL**

Silence fills the void of dusk  
on lonely country roads.  
June is out of counting;  
tomorrow brings July.  
Long days are less than last week's  
though I bask in warmth of night.

Mown field beyond the creek  
I walk alone in darkness.  
Freedom in the flesh  
beyond day's labor.  
Dark whispers form the rhythms  
of my walking  
where in the privacy of open space  
I own night's lonely hill.

Harding Stedler  
2816 Tanglewood Drive  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

### **THE FACTS OF LIFE**

The winds gonna blow up a rain.  
Mama knows.  
Scientists say lightning makes grass grow.  
Grass grows fast in our backyard.  
I know,  
Cause I'm the one who has to mow!

Louise Jones  
P.O. Box 166  
Mountain Pine, AR 71956

### **BLESSINGS...**

We pictured beauty when gardens looked bare -  
today lovely flowers bloom everywhere.

Question



If you don't have  
peace and love,  
how can you give  
them to another?

- Norma Niemi Lundstrom  
Zion, Illinois

The  
Emptiness

Left  
from

Dying

Without a light to cast a shadow,  
the house sets empty  
in the aftermath of burial.  
No one watches down the lane  
for headlights now.  
December chill  
invades the stillness left behind,  
and home has left the house  
on a winding stretch of highway  
where broken fences  
fracture friendships worn by aging.



The old gives way to new.  
Time's torch is passed,  
and memory is all that wafts  
on wings of yesterday.

- Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio



Winter (to Christ Our Lord)

There was frost on the trees etched in  
Florentine silver  
for in the willow wood of my heart it was  
mid winter.  
But you were there all along building a  
brilliant fire,  
forging flames in deep drifted snow and  
ice crystals.  
In that place of dried weed and stark,  
leafless pillars,  
you cut the finest jewel from my barren heart.

- Stella Nesanovich  
Lake Charles, Louisiana

## Kaleidoscope

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Mundelein, Ill.

### CUMBRIAN CLOUDS

Mountains grow into clouds  
that frost green slopes  
with coming Scotland.  
Sideways rains march east  
across the island.  
Somewhere out at sea  
a demon lies  
and spews his misty breath  
upon the rising shore.  
He paints a greener green  
with white.  
I ride beneath his morning  
and wait for the paint to dry  
on the canvas of my dreams.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio

### FROST FLOWERS

When the heart sighs in December,  
May it tenderly remember  
All the lost and lovely Mays,  
All the lilac-scented days.

Surely, frost flowers are a token  
Of the promise, never spoken,  
that spring will come with dancing feet  
After the penance of the sleep.

Alice Mackenzie Swaim  
Harrisburg, Pa.

### CLOAK OF FAITH

Now,

If she were here and saw me standing now,  
What would she see? The grey upon my temple,  
The ash that crumbles from my cigarette,  
The red and black that cry within me as  
I turn and walk away beneath the moon?

HARDING STEDLER  
Ohio

PAPER WINGS

They yearn to spread their gills and fly.  
Hemmed by bars of rock-held oak  
grown wild and elbow-locked,  
the prison teems with victims  
pleading for escape.  
Along the water's edge,  
our eyes meet.  
I pull them through my eyes  
to freedom  
and perch them on bare branches  
to watch them feather. . .  
then, on paper, let them fly.



## Amid the Rapture of My Hills

These hills are wrapped as I am,  
in April song  
on the rim of feathered rhythm.  
In dogwood white  
that drapes the jagged hemlines  
of the valley  
and crawls its way to ridge.

Dogwood winter  
rides a north wind south  
where in tender green,  
like fronds of fern unfurling,  
I curl against cool shadows.

In the softness of April green,  
the warmth of warbler song,  
and the linen white of wild dogwood,  
I retreat from asphalt worlds  
and reports of barroom stabbings  
to the heavens of my hills.

--Harding Stedler

FLICKERINGS

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Oh

A figurine,  
he forged his way  
through adolescence:  
TV shootouts,  
locker-room ed,  
and school bus talk  
too raw for kids.

At each day's end,  
I found him tarnished  
from raw exposure.  
In soft darkness,  
I rubbed away  
each unsightly blemish  
to polish him new again.

But, then, I've done the same  
for years with candleholders  
that keep my mantel lit.  
Surely, as one to light my way,  
deserves no less.

Strong, Continuous, No Rupture

James Musheneaux  
San Diego, Ca.

As we sit here today and think  
Of a world without our presence,  
A world devoid of our uniqueness  
Would it make any real difference?

Things will go on just as before  
Ice cream, hot dog, soda pop,  
Procreation, war, crime, work  
The whole sha bang, atom to raindrop.

Motion and time will not cease  
Due to our sudden departure,  
Forget it, life remains intact  
Strong, continuous, no rupture.

No Sweet Pain

Diana Baker  
Conyers, Ga.

This Georgia heat  
makes me feel old  
rug beaten waiting  
just outside the  
county jail for my  
delinquent son's  
release at noon.  
I watch him shoulder  
shove the door,  
pause to light a smoke,  
then fold the pale,  
lean hush of his body  
inward as he descends  
the steps, hands in  
pockets, dressed in black,  
looking closer now  
to death than life.  
I shudder thinking his  
dry smile is quick sand  
sucking in my heart  
to pay his bail,  
buy him smokes,  
and take him home.  
Arrested, Public Drunk  
they found him curled  
up in a ditch, where  
he spends his time.  
I hope he gets a good  
feel of the dirt,  
what it will be like  
when his lungs are  
full of it, when he  
is buried six feet  
under it.  
He is promising thin air  
again, a job, a haircut.  
I nod, watch his blue eyes  
cloud, see the sharp line  
of bones surfacing,  
taste the dirt in my mouth.

Hot Springs National Park, Arkansas

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### **D-DAY PLUS ONE**

Under the cover of night  
we were herded below deck  
on the "Princess Astrid"  
that carried us across the channel  
for the landing on Omaha Beach.

The channel was rough  
— it always is —  
and my stomach began complaining.

So, all by myself, I snuck up on deck

### **SOMETHING ABOUT STONE**

It's hard to laugh  
when storm clouds churn,  
pushed by swelling winds;  
when lightning shoots its beam  
at moving targets  
and thunder  
scolds the harmless.

Sobriety replaces laughter,  
and smiles retreat to stone.  
Music fades to silence.

I dislike winter more  
in autumn now  
than before.  
Something about stone statues  
aging in the cold.

Harding Stedler

Wheelersburg, Ohio

### **FROM MAMA'S TIME TO MINE**

In Indian Summer  
when other kids were starting school,

is comprised of 16 museums and galleries, and is one of the  
formation Center and administrative offices. The Smithsonian  
information Center, currently houses the Smithsonian In-

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### **HE WAS EMBARRASSED**

He was embarrassed  
At what prompted him  
To be so longing  
To set paper to pen.  
"Why, I've got plowin'  
That must be done!  
With more chores awaitin'  
The mornin' sun!"

So he scribbled on envelopes,  
Tickets, scraps.  
Wrote of gray spiders  
Making silver maps.  
Then told how his day  
Like a priceless jewel strung  
Became golden thread-hours  
Between sun and sun.

That's close to one-hundred  
Years ago.

as they come tumbling down,  
the leaves on the trees blow and clatter,  
the little birds excitedly chatter,  
it's as if they know we are going to have snow!

Frances McDonald  
Hot Springs

### **THEY WAVE FAREWELL**

They crawl upstream against the water's flow  
and wait for frozen north winds driving south  
against October ... summer spent on lies  
and heat-ripe sun.

A winter promise rides  
the river down on ledges of gray clouds  
that layer from the moon in silver crests  
that ride on liquid magic, delta-bound.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio

### **THE POWER OF A SMILE**

Upon close examination  
of the furrow 'tween my brow -

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARKANSAS

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Hot Springs

## CHATTER OF THE DOZENS

Hummingbirds wind like yoyos  
in shadows of syrup-red.  
Like marionettes,  
they dance before the dusk.  
They swarm to disappearing  
against declining sun  
and wrap the night in song.  
Day's first sound  
is day's last sound,  
left reeling on the darkness.  
I wrap myself in fast flight  
for the dream.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio.

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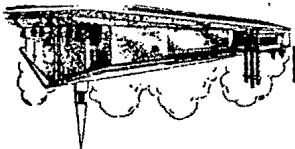
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**NEIGHBORS**

*by Lucille Patterson*

A cup of sugar, a measure of flour.  
Sorry, to bother... but, the milk turned sour.  
This isn't my day, as I trudge next door,  
to beg or borrow from neighbors, some more.  
I'll water your lawn, and I'll cut your grass,  
for a couple of eggs, and an iced tea glass.  
Never a lender or borrower be,  
is no golden rule for the neighborly.  
But, I will obey the rules, perfectly.  
If neighbors return stuff borrowed from me.

**Catskill Kittens**

determined to keep up with the others.

Sometimes Cherry Jubilee would come and stand at my feet and look up. One day I picked him up and he stretched contentedly in my arms, working his claws on my sweater and purring. This began to happen fairly often. "Well, I love you, too," I'd say, "but you're a barn kitty."

Winter came. All went well in the barn through December. But one night early in January, while I was working on a quilt square, I heard a slight noise at the door. Cherry Jubilee. After a while he went away, but the next night he came again. It was below zero and he must have been cold out there. He howled. He howled piteously. Well, what would you have done?

The next night he came back with two of the others and we began a daily in-at-night-out-in-the-morning ritual. That is, all but Boniface. Dear little skittish, shy, suspicious, lovable Boniface. He did want to enter the house with the others but somehow he didn't dare. Finally I coaxed him, holding the door open just a bit, then closing it. He edged closer and closer. Yes, he would. No, he wouldn't. Finally, in he scrambled; the family was complete. The wind screeched and moaned outside. Inside, the people, the dog, and all the cats were warm, secure and happy. It was a very good winter.

Now it is early Fall again and you know what? Upstairs in the barn loft there are four kittens. Two little Ragamuffins and two Cherry Jubilees.

*Ruth Bean, now a non-resident member of the Bronxville Women's Club, is a contributing writer from her home in Walton, New York.*

**TO CELEBRATE A CHAMPION  
Harding Stedler**

I waded through autumn confetti  
to the roar of the mower's engine.  
In a ticker-tape parade,  
on the south side of October,  
I stepped in rhythms of falling leaves.  
Red yellows ground to brown  
in sideways cyclones  
rode hillsides into valleys  
to celebrate summer's harvest.  
Pumpkins, bearing toothless smiles,  
beamed in the face of frost,  
champions of a national pastime.

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*Karastan*  
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QUALITY YOU CAN STAND ON

I CANNOT HELP BUT WONDER

Arkansas lies heavy on my heart.  
I yearn to go  
and pick the friendship flowers  
I planted there that bicentennial year.  
Last time I checked,  
they grew wild along the roadsides  
as refuge for the roadrunners.

I need to wade again  
among the cane grown wild  
in river bottoms,  
gather purple hull peas  
in the sun's inferno.  
I need to see again  
how egrets ride on cows' backs  
and watch them tick-pick  
between each swish of tail.

I need a midnight  
north of Little Rock  
where I can hopscotch  
with the moon's help  
through crusty cow pies.  
A song of whippoorwill  
from distant fencerow  
to lure the ghouls from sleep.

I cannot help but wonder  
if there will be another bus ride  
when Arkansas lies heavy on my heart.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, OH

COMPLETE REVERSAL:  
U K O K

Driver sits on right,  
steers on left,  
and sets my mind in complete reverse.  
Suddenly, I decoordinate:  
My righthandedness turns left,  
right brain left  
and I am right (or is it left)  
to ponder  
why everything's in reverse.  
I speak backward sentences  
trying to unravel the trick  
but even they don't turn out left  
(or is it right?)

Harding Stedler



I F O N L Y T H E R E W E R E  
E R A S U R E

Before tomorrow's dawn,  
I take yesterday's mangled hand  
aboard flight 606,  
in the luggage compartment above,  
with a year of fractured thoughts.  
I put it with my carry-on case  
and travel light  
to some unknown land of hands  
in search of miracles  
or to trade the hand impaired  
for one that works.

The flight is one of dreams  
that leaves reality behind  
in the rubble of broken bone  
and a midnight hour  
that cannot be erased.

Harding Stedler

NOT UNTIL SOMEONE  
BREAKS THE LOCK

I sit on Time's back doorstep,  
waiting for clocks to chime.  
My heartbeat ticks away.  
the minutes of every hour  
and logs them for antiquity.

Locked inside the vault  
of heart-keep sakes  
are records of the anguish and the glory  
of each day lived.  
They will remain sequestered there  
until the heart is broken  
and its truths come pouring out.

Harding Stedler

T I M E   R E L E A S E

I do not wish  
to surrender the sun  
before I can wade  
knee-deep across it.  
My time wraps the midnight.

I am the son of sun, denied,  
committed by job to darkness.  
Contained by time's barbed wire,  
I paint through vacant eyes  
the red of my release.

I want to be wrapped by sun  
and feel yellow in my bones,  
sing feathered songs,  
and emit perpetual light.

Harding Stedler

OUR TRAVEL

# TRAVELS

BYRD  
stant

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## PECIAL!

Erica Miller  
icians

et of Acrylic  
ails  
cures!

Entire Family •  
Color •

56  
RS WELCOME

His dedication reads. "Dedicated to the Public Figures and events which made these verses both possible and necessary." The poet's criticism, of corruption, neglect, injustice, apathy, rape of the environment, wars, incompetence, morals, autocracy, treatment of children, mismanagements by governments and much more is as piercing as tackweed darts. He sharply punctuates his anger and disgust in the five sections of this book: 1) General Comment; 2) Politics and Politicians; 3) War and Peace; 4) The Environment; and 5) Life.

The author believes that haters are the basest and most cowardly of men, some of them bigots who need to cover their faces with sheets and afraid to carry out their dastardly deeds unless they have support from their "buddies."

In "Hate Merchants" he says: "If you try to debate with a peddler of hate, when he runs out of facts, he'll attack."

The poem "Verdict" is an argument with the 12 who handed down the verdict in the Rodney King beating. Daughters says that the 12 are responsible for the monstrous riot. He further says that all of them saw the beating on the video tape and "reached the verdict by seeing all, without restrictions." He asks, "Does that mean that the part we saw was really only fiction?" If so, the poet begs that they show us the rest of the film. Further, in the poem he lashes out against prejudice:

"If colorblindness can't become a feature of our culture, there can be little justice and I tremble for our future."

Through the prickly weed patch where demonic (almost deadly) potions fill peoples' daily lives with dilemma, weakness, sickness and darkness, the poet skillfully brings his readers a bit closer to understanding how small our earth really is and how the inhabitants are really indivisible.

He does this in "Missing," an extraordinarily beautiful poem in which astronauts learn a new geography. They tell of mountain ranges "like wrinkles on a quilt and

forest lands, lakes and rivers, continents of different shapes, peninsulas and islands is an all-encompassing Oneness where the poet sees "Massive clouds that swirl above us full of wind and rain/which demonstrates man's feebleness and nature's great disdain."

The poet, as do the astronauts, widens his view and sees this tiny place filled with people of diverse cultures and countries of different sizes and topography and calls for unity. This is aptly shown in these magnificent lines:

"Yet all around the earth they see no national boundary lines dividing earth in strangely shaped unnatural designs."

If your feet are not yet completely punctured, you might consider continuing a conversation with me as we follow the poet to the end of this patch of missiles.

He takes us to a safe place to keep our money. In his poem "Investments" he says he would give his money to help friends and guarantee their bills are paid and he would not fill his home with "fancy stuff."

His sardonic humor, characteristic of many of his poems, is highlighted in these lines:

If I were a billionaire  
I'd do one other thing.  
I'd go buy a Senator  
and keep him on a string.

In the section "War and Peace", he takes the reader by the hand and leads him through war after war and tells how governments supply weapons and make millions by selling war at the expense of the taxpayer, thus making the people dealers in death. Consider these lines so aptly stated:

"Though we may say we wish for peace  
our peaceful words are shammed  
Exporting death for others' wars  
both they and we are damned."

The poet's anger sometimes mellows with a passionate plea for peace. In his war and peace poems, he strikes the heartstrings as the widow's empty bed is colder than the grave, the tormented wounded lay helplessly on their backs in hospital tents, people parade around the tomb of an unknown

that when we fail to build, we condemn our sons to live as names on future walls."

Andrew Daughters springs his usual subtle humor here and there throughout his tackweed garden, but we must be certain to wear thick rubber boots and leather britches as we go through "Barefoot in the Tackweed."

This is a book that people of all ages can enjoy. For those who say they don't read poetry, I promise you this one. "I promise you that you will enjoy it."

I accept Daughters' challenge: "So if you dare to follow, let this verbal maniac lead you and hand in hand we'll run together barefoot in the tackweed."

"Barefoot in the Tackweed" is available at the following locations: Good Company Books (Regency Station), Brentwood, Liberty Drug, Brentwood, and from the poet himself, Andrew Daughters, Oakley, 684-2263.

## Haiku

Life boats hang in place  
no more taste of ocean breeze  
rust bleeds through white paint  
--Loren Jenks  
Brentwood, CA.

## Blue for the Master

There are worlds  
beyond the world of horror  
In a world away  
I lose myself  
in silence,  
rivers beyond the torture.

I rediscover birdsong  
and evening shade,  
breathing as not a labor,  
then the start of healing.  
In the Temple of August Sun  
I pray for restoration,  
give thank for an end  
to suffocation.

To the Alter of Hope  
I bring clusters of wild chives  
and leave them for the Master

--Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio

SCRIPSI - Spring 92

### Neither Then Nor Now

No celery for the Sisters  
who slayed the living steer.  
Who blinded fish with hooks  
in shadows wound with creeks.

No celery for the Sisters  
who, between their legs,  
squash ripe tomatoes  
to avoid eating them during Lent.

No celery for the Sisters  
who, with fiery tongues,  
scald language  
in pursuit of chosen sin.

No celery for the Sisters  
who gnaw on yesterdays  
with toothless gums  
and eyes that dart like demons.

No celery for the Sisters  
weaned of chlorophyll and cowpeas,  
dead among the alders now . . .  
and unwavering.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARKANSAS

## **-Kaleidoscope-**

Edited by Bonnie Lee Reynolds.

Poets should submit only their own original works for this column to Bonnie Lee Reynolds, 205 Westwood, Hot Springs, AR 71913. (Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for the return of unpublished poetry.)

### SEEDS OF SUMMER MAY POEM OF THE MONTH

The earth quivers in minute sensual  
waves under a wind-swept whorl

Upside down worlds writhe  
among discards of banana peels  
turned slick by sun.  
Worlds that wallow in the refuse  
of others' waste.

No room for right side up  
in upside down  
where legs move scissored-sideways  
on trails of brown-black sludge.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio

### VOTE FOR ME

There are congressmen and presidents  
And other I could name  
Who have run for some high office  
In a search for sudden fame.

Once they're on the public payroll  
They think they're there to stay.  
Each speech is full of promises ...  
Then they vote to raise their pay.

VOICES THAT PASS BEYOND THE HILLS

It is the scent of unripe fruit  
that spans the valley  
and makes brethren of old bones.  
I listen to faint whispers  
that echo across the lake  
from Plum Grove  
to commune with those buried here.

On a wafting April breeze,  
voices of the dead  
weave threads among the catkins.  
Their spirits dance  
mayapple rhythms.

The union is one of unripe fruit,  
Jesse's wish,  
and spring's returning promise.

High atop a hill,  
I wade among Indian bones,  
sifting through unfamiliar chants,  
naming voices of the dead,  
and listening to them speak my name.

Harding Stedler

THEY WAVE FAREWELL

They crawl upstream against the water's flow  
and wait for frozen north winds driving south  
against October. . . summer spent on lies  
and heat-ripe sun.

A winter promise rides  
the river down on ledges of gray clouds  
that layer from the moon in silver crests  
that ride on liquid magic, delta-bound.

Harding Stedler

BUDDHA

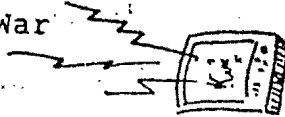
softly scented smoke caressing stone  
serene smiling eyes  
gazing into souls  
bronze gongs strike the hours  
red besilked ankles  
dance reverence to the past

Rickena Kemper



## Canvassed

I resent the waging of that War  
in my living room.  
The mortar rounds.  
Missiles streaking  
down corridors of my consciousness.  
God looking on  
but never interceding.  
My mind is full of shrapnel  
and poisoned now.  
My cries are drowned  
by wailing sirens  
rubbing raw each neuron  
of my lone defense.



Rhythms of moving convoys  
heading to the border  
leave tracks  
across my sandless desert  
framed by roof and walls.  
My only canvas  
is to bring an end  
to decimation  
that I might breathe free air again  
and sleep without a guard.

### Storm Warning

Storm warning  
clouds all around  
but never closer

- Diane Webster  
Delta, Colorado

- Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, Ohio

## In Lieu

I prayed for a string of golden beads  
To match the gold in my hair -  
I prayed for a sequined satin dress  
But God didn't seem to care.

But this morning the eastern sky was gold  
And sequined each buttercup,  
So I know that God has heard my prayer  
And my heart is looking up.

- Jean Carpenter  
San Juan Capistrano, California

PEGASUS - Spring 92

IN THE LAND OF TAME PIGEONS

In the Old World of New Orleans,  
the city never sleeps.  
Today, I felt its strongest heartbeat.

In the land of tame pigeons  
and runaway mules,  
tourists weave their way  
through stumbling addicts  
groping for lamppost after lamppost  
for support of what they crave.  
The almost clad  
flaunt their fleshly treasures  
Sicilian-style  
where waves of summer heat  
slow the pace afoot.

In a world of brown glass,  
white glass, green glass,  
blown glass, broken glass,  
I stare through dirty storefront glass  
at antique glass  
and see reflections  
of next room gamblers.

The stairwells, no longer stuffed  
with bag ladies,  
gaze empty-eyed into bulging streets.  
Just down from Cafe Du Monde,  
the freshness of okra drifts  
where dark black men  
wear bananas in their teeth.

A jazz band plays a blues song  
as freighters pass overhead.  
Uneven brick pass quietly  
through narrow streets.  
On the steps of St. Louis',  
I stop and pray for Old World things.

Harding Stedler  
Wheelersburg, OH

## COOS REPLACED BY QUIET

From distant treetop,  
daylight brought the falcon  
funneling its prey to earth.

Innocence aloft  
replaced by scattered terror.  
Thirteen tame doves,  
coated in milk-glass white,  
circled unsuspectingly  
high above their roost.  
Through bare limbs,  
I watched.

First talons, then feathers,  
then thirteen reduced to twelve.

Coos are replaced by quiet  
in the coop tonight.  
A lonely moon  
flickers between clouds  
in mourning.  
somewhere, a fat cat of a falcon  
sleeps with one eye open,  
just in case . . .  
and as it should.

Harding Stedler

THI

It was  
of see  
because  
on the  
It was  
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How u  
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and a  
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is ever

Rose Mary Sullivan Hamden Connecticut

Harding Stedler Wheelersburg Ohio

VLADIMIR AT THE PIANO

[Vladimir Horowitz: 1904-1989]

Watching Vladimir at the piano,  
body placed a slight bowing space  
from the Steinway,  
fingertips breathing notes,  
hands pulsating life into the keys,  
his face a sounding board  
for a concerto or symphony,  
we witness a man, his piano and music  
blend into a mystical entity,  
evoking the reincarnations  
of Brahms, Beethoven, and Chopin  
celebrating the creation of  
their masterpieces.

ANGST OF A VISIONARY

Alienating myself from family and friends,  
withdrawing from involvement in their worlds,  
I embark on solo journeys,  
writing words of remembrances and visions,  
narrations of lives real and imaginary,  
re-emerge after an indeterminate  
passage of time, needing renourishment  
I seek them out, am puzzled  
at their surprise to see me again,  
their worlds are now foreign to mine,  
and I, who have carried their sacred images  
within me, seem to be the only one willing  
to go back in time.

A RECURRENT DREAM

A persistent, recurrent dream  
a vague, indefinable theme,  
something I did or did not do,  
an act I should, can not perform,  
impossible to comprehend,  
being suspended  
in an inconsistent time space,  
my subconscious defying  
rationale, projecting  
mere fragmentations of thought,  
scrim-shawing  
unrecognizable images  
onto a semi-conscious mind.

OUTFOXING THE DEER

The deer have been deceived  
beyond the hummingbirds' departure.  
Today, their ravaging  
nets only post-ripe fruit  
of my surrender.  
They trample empty cornstalks  
in pre-dawn fog,  
in anger,  
as though to catch me unaware.  
My late day wanderings  
yield evidence of their displeasure.  
Until they cultivate my rows, though,  
I will feel no guilt.

ABSENCE OF RAINBOWS

The hand of night  
gropes blindly  
in search of comfort.  
But, devoid of answers,  
the darkness churns  
in emptiness.

I stagger through sheets  
of moonless rain  
in want of rainbows  
that, without sun,  
can never bloom.  
Dark: my only shade  
of hope.

DREAM-SEEDS RIPE FOR SPROUTING

The squash patch stretches yellow  
on the downside of heat.  
Tomatoes burst in crimson,  
wrapped with wilted green.  
I walk naked among rainbows  
to distant thunder's promise  
where clay lies cracked and wrinkled  
as the hillside waits for rain.

I leave behind no footprints,  
only dream-seeds ripe for sprouting.  
I plant late-season things  
and wait...  
to harvest-wade.

*Ohio Verse Writer's Guild  
Ohio State Journal*

*The Dream Shop*

A RAIN-STORM PASSES

Hallie Cramer

The rain  
worn with its ceaseless beating  
at the bush  
stopped --  
then the sun  
fanned out a wide and painted arc  
across the dew-drenched sky.  
Each drop of crystal  
chalice in the leaves  
held, for a moment,  
a luminous, miniature rainbow --  
but the leaves  
bent with the weight of water  
shuddered slightly  
and the rainbows slipped  
and slid like straightened arrows  
into the waiting loam.

(From her book, A Sprig of Bittersweet.)

THAT UNASSUMING PURPLE

Harding Stedler

The bank lined thistle purple  
at the exit edge  
gave me pause to ponder  
over weeds  
and wonder what the difference was  
between the flowers and them.  
They were purple flowers protected,  
easing down a hillside  
more gently than a fading fact  
that is no more.  
That purple patch  
struck me as no greater joy  
in innocence  
and warned me of less simple things  
in the hurried world outside.

EMPTY PAGE

Frieda Cathers

Nothing happened today  
the diary page is blank  
the curtains didn't dance  
the children all obeyed  
no one rang the doorbell  
all the bills are paid  
the rooster crowed on time  
the sink did not stop up  
no one ripped a seam  
no one broke a cup  
the house was clean by nine  
and I was free to read  
a day of empty page  
is what we sometimes need.

SIGNS OF KENTUCKY JUNE

Harding Stedler

I sat, a privileged guest,  
and watched the other world --  
where salamanders scaled  
the wall of pointed rock  
in search of shade.  
Several on an outing  
combed the in-laid wall  
and sucked the long-awaited heat of afternoon.  
It was Kentucky come alive  
before the fireflies burst electrically  
on humid nights  
that found their way to June.

MEMORIAL

J. Louise Pink

Effervescing surf  
seascapes the lonely lighthouse,  
fog covers the winking stars.

Ghost captains and ships,  
with graying hair and worn sail,  
sail shadowed seas to harbor.

AFTERNOON WALKERS

Mr. Desmond and I  
walk over to the  
His dog is white  
and Mr. Desmond's  
is white as well.  
I remember him me  
somewhere in my  
with another dog,  
walking along the  
looking into the  
Anyway, he stands  
hillside and gaze  
river, and the sm  
pipe curves up in  
afternoon chilly  
It's a good scene  
even if it is Nov

DIVINE LIGHT

Where the light falls  
the altar and candles  
in redemption. Old  
in front row pews  
take March sunlight's  
honey spread through  
While heads of white  
are anointed by Heaven  
deep pealed hymns roll  
across the nave, repeat  
"I am the way. I am  
Since this is God's h  
He has ordained that  
his children shall be  
in the caressing warm  
being especially mind  
whose long voyage has

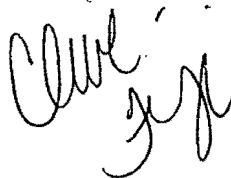
**LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT**

# U.S. HEALTH CORPORATION

3555 Olentangy River Rd.  
Columbus, Ohio 43214

Telephone  
(614) 566-5424

May 12, 1995



Mr. Bob Wilson  
Shawnee State University  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

**OFFICE of PROVOST**

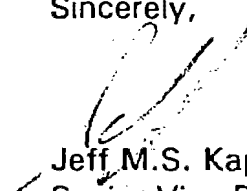
**MAY 23 1995**

Dear Professor Wilson:

I was very sorry to learn that you had announced your retirement effective this July. While I understand why you might be looking forward to this, it is certainly unfortunate that Shawnee State students henceforth will not have the opportunity to learn from such a wonderful teacher. Although I did not have the chance to get to know you as well as I would have liked, from what I have seen personally and from the many anecdotes I've heard, I know you cannot be replaced.

I wish you the very best for the future, and I hope you will stay active in Shawnee State affairs.

Sincerely,



Jeff M.S. Kaplan  
Senior Vice President and  
Special Assistant to the CEO

JK: je

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**OFFICE of PROVOST**

**MAY 19 1995**

**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

May 18, 1995

Dr. Robert L. Wilson  
Department of Arts & Humanities  
Shawnee State University

Dear Professor Wilson:

I knew that someday I would receive your notice of retirement from Shawnee State University, Bob, but I was hoping against hope it would not be until the year 2005 or later!

Your letter truly saddens me. It means that future generations of Shawnee students will no longer be able to grow intellectually under your careful and loving guidance. It means that our faculty colleagues will no longer observe the extraordinary work of a professor's professor. It means that Harding Stedler's many expressions of scholarship will no longer stimulate colleagues and students to try to emulate THE Poet Laureate of Shawnee State.

But, I must honor your request to retire and will so recommend acceptance by the Board of Trustees at its June 9 meeting. Your leaving on July 31, 1995, will create a void that will be impossible to fill.

I wish you and Hilda a peaceful retirement. You both must be extraordinarily proud of your life's work in shaping young minds for 34 years. I thank you most sincerely for the 17 years you have shared with our students.

Sincerely yours,



Clive C. Veri  
President

rgw:95132

pc: Dr. Holt  
Dean Travis  
Provost Addington

**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

May 30, 1995

Robert Wilson  
307 Tanglewood Dr.  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

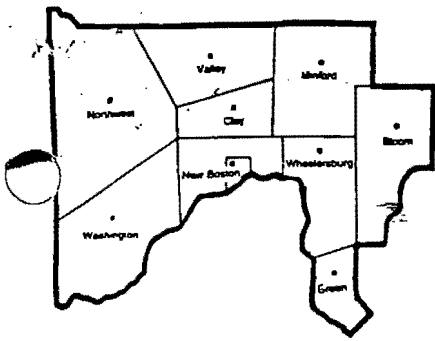
Dear Bob,

Over the years I have observed that some people by their contributions and presence strongly influence the nature of an institution's very soul. You are one of those people. I can remember on numerous occasions your brightening the day by your good humor and wit. Your concern for students is well known. Bob, you will be missed! I feel like one of our major lights is about to go out. Please let me know if I can ever be of assistance. You have my highest respect.

Peace,



A.L. Addington  
Provost



# Scioto County School District

WILLIAM F. PLATZER, COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT  
GEORGE K. LAWSON, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT

ROOM 405 COURT HOUSE  
602 SEVENTH STREET  
PORTSMOUTH, OHIO 45662  
Phone (614) 354-7761

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Box 386  
South Webster, Ohio 45682

ELMO F. SMALLEY  
432 Custus Street  
West Portsmouth, Ohio 45662

"Office of the President"

OCT 25 1989

*Placed in Bob  
Wilson's file  
a.s.  
10/25/89*

October 24, 1989

Dr. A. L. Addington, Provost  
Shawnee State University  
940 Second Street  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Dear Dr. Addington,

I write to commend the hard work and dedication of one of your faculty members, Dr. Robert Wilson. Bob, over the past ten years, has been very willing to work with me and other teachers in the gifted programs in Scioto County. He has conducted writing seminars, spoken to the Junior Honors Group, worked with students in the Mentorship Program, and presented dramatic interpretations to various elementary groups. Bob always provides his expertise and talent in a most enthusiastic and professional manner.

Recently Bob presented a dramatic interpretation for a group of students from Clay and Valley as a part of a night of storytelling. He thoroughly entertained and encouraged, as he always does, students and parents in the audience.

Please pass on compliments to Bob for his excellent work and willingness to give freely of his time.

Sincerely,

John D. Smith  
Coordinator/Gifted Programs  
SCIOTO COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT

JDS:sc

cc: Dr. Clive Veri, President  
Dr. Robert Wilson

*Bob: With letters like this, I now know why many people judge you as one of Shawnee's very best teachers.  
Thank you!*

*Clive  
10/25*

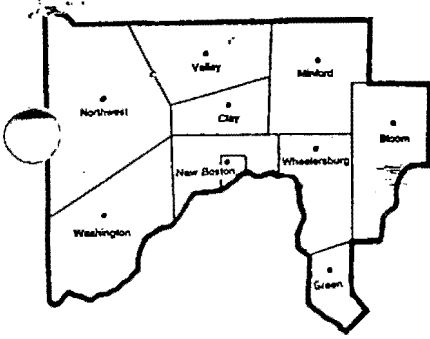
*✓  
Pc Dr. A —*

RECEIVED

OCT 30 1989

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

*Dr. Wilson file*



# Scioto County School District

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Recently Bob presented a dramatic interpretation for a group of students from Clay and Valley as a part of a night of storytelling. He thoroughly entertained and encouraged, as he always does, students and parents in the audience.

Please pass on compliments to Bob for his excellent work and willingness to give freely of his time.

Sincerely,

John D. Smith  
Coordinator/Gifted Programs  
SCIOTO COUNTY SCHOOL DISTRICT

JDS:sc

cc: Dr. Clive Veri, President  
Dr. Robert Wilson

*Bob,  
10/26/89  
Congratulations and thanks  
for all you are doing to  
build an outstanding university!  
Please  
OT.*

RECEIVED

OCT 25 1989

OFFICE OF THE PROVOST

**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

June 22, 1989

Bob Wilson  
Shawnee State University

Dear Bob:

Thank you for your leadership in implementing the  
Distinguished Lecture Series. You have done an outstanding  
job!

Peace,

*A.L.*

A.L. Addington  
Provost

ALA/pm

pc: Jim Flavin

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JUN 14 1989

OFFICE OF THE PROVOST

**Shawnee State University**

MEMORANDUM

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

TO: Members, Distinguished Lecture Series

FROM: Bob Wilson

DATE: 13-Jun-1989

SUBJECT: END-OF-YEAR WRAP-UP

Again, thanks to all of you who had a hand in making our first Distinguished Lecture Series a grand success. At yesterday's meeting, Mark Mirabello was selected to chair the Committee for the coming year. I invite you to give him your utmost support in the year ahead.

Our itinerary for the coming year is in place. During Fall Quarter, Paul Sharma, hosted by Dr. Addington, will be our guest. Presently, he is out of the country and we will not have the dates of his presentation until early August. Kay Bouyack will host Dr. Joseph Renzulli at a Winter Quarter date yet to be announced. That date should be forthcoming during the month of July. Dr. Craig Nelson's visit will be an event of May 4-5. Carlson Yost will do the honors or hosting him during his stay at Shawnee.

DO HAVE A GOOD SUMMER!

mlt:89232

Committee:

A. L. Addington ✓  
Kay Bouyack  
Fred Chrisman  
Julia Coll  
Sibylle Herrmann  
Cay Horr  
Mark Mirabello  
Latricia Sessor  
John Walsh  
Susan Warsaw  
Carlson Yost



**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

August 12, 1987

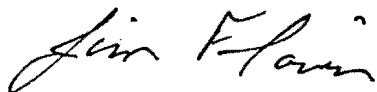
Dr. Robert Wilson  
2816 Tanglewood Drive  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

Dear Bob:

I am writing to say thank you for all the work you put in this summer in helping to select new faculty for the Division of Arts and Humanities. There is probably no decision any more critical to us at the moment than that regarding new colleagues. Your contribution to the division has not gone unnoticed, especially since you were not under contract for summer employment.

Your efforts are very much appreciated by the entire division. Enjoy the rest of the summer, and I hope you look forward to working with your new colleagues as much as I do.

Sincerely,



Jim Flavin  
Chair, Arts/Humanities Division

JF:mt

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JAN 17

OFFICE OF THE PROVOST

MEMORANDUM

**Shawnee State University**

Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

January 16, 1990

Betty Hodgden & Bob Wilson  
Shawnee State University  
940 Second Street  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Dear Betty and Bob:

I write to thank you for your good work in coordinating the publication of FOCUS: TEACHING ENGLISH LANGUAGE ARTS for SOCTE.

You provide a publication that leads toward the improvement of teaching the language arts and, a forum, as well for ideas by not only public schoolpersons but also Shawnee State and other University faculty.

Clearly, your work is a valuable link between our University and the public schools. It is a community service initiative I am proud to recognize.

Sincerely yours,



Clive C. Veri  
President

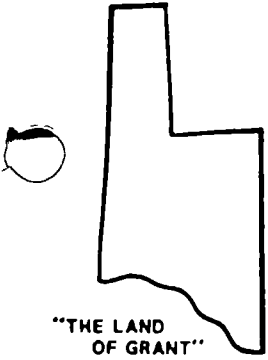
k11:90034

pc: A. L. Addington ✓  
S. Warsaw

bps: The publication would be a nice handout and presentation at the January 22 Board meeting.

*File Betty's file  
Bob's file  
Ofer  
1/19/90*





**BROWN COUNTY  
OFFICE OF EDUCATION  
GEORGETOWN, OHIO 45121**

**POST OFFICE BOX 86**

**PHONE 513-378-6118**

*October 5, 1983*

**BOARD OF  
EDUCATION**

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*Dr. Gene S. Come  
Vice - President / Academic Programs  
Shawnee State College  
Portsmouth, OH 45662*

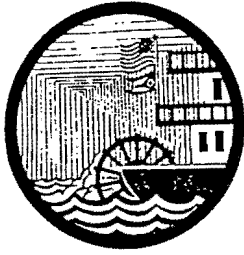
*Dear Dr. Come:*

*At our annual Brown County Inservice Day for Teachers, held on Thursday, Sept. 29, in Fayetteville, Ohio, one of the featured speakers was a member of your staff, Dr. Robert Wilson. Dr. Wilson conducted two sessions dealing with "The Teaching of Poetry. He was, quite simply, magnificent! Our teachers responded to his warmth and enthusiasm for his subject. If they put some of his ideas into practice in their classrooms, Brown County students are in for a treat.*

*Dr. Wilson represented your college in a most favorable way and we are hopeful that he will play a "return engagement" sometime in the future.*

*Respectfully,  
Margaret Cushing*

# SHAWNEE STATE COMMUNITY COLLEGE



June 14, 1985

Dr. Robert Wilson  
Rt. 1, 2816 Tanglewood Dr.  
Wheelersburg, OH 45694

Dear Robert:

Phase I of the feasibility study to determine if Shawnee State Community College should become a four-year college has been completed. We could not have accomplished the task without your cooperation and assistance. Your professionalism and dedication help make Shawnee State a quality institution. I wish to commend you for your efforts during the course of this project and to award you the attached certificate of appreciation.

On June 1, 1985, at the Shawnee State Community College birthday celebration, we submitted a copy of the report to Vern Riffe. His initial reaction to the report was very positive.

Also attached is a complimentary copy of the Feasibility Study - Phase I. I have enjoyed working with you during the last several months on this important project.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, which appears to read "David L. Gleason". The signature is written in a cursive style.

David L. Gleason, Ph.D.  
Chairman

DLG/db  
Att.

cc: Instructional Vice President  
Personnel File

*Off  
6/2/90  
File  
Betty & Bob's file*

**Shawnee State University**

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Portsmouth, Ohio 45662  
(614) 354-3205

JUN 4 1990

Office of the Provost

May 30, 1990

Professor Betty Hodgen  
Division of Arts/Humanities  
Shawnee State University  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Professor Robert Wilson  
Division of Arts/Humanities  
Shawnee State University  
Portsmouth, OH 45662

Dear Betty and Bob:

I've just taken the opportunity to browse through your publication, "Lesson Plans that Work," and wanted to tell you what a wonderful booklet you have edited. I expect that teachers will find the publication of great value to them as they face the difficult task of trying to inspire youngsters.

Thank you for representing Shawnee State so well. It is your type of involvement with SOCTE that makes Shawnee State relevant (get out your red pens and mark this trite--following Carlson's lead!) to the needs of practicing professionals.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely yours,



Clive C. Veri  
President

mjr:90302

cc: A.L. Addington