



1-1976

The Bulletin, volume 75, number 10, January (1976)

Moorhead State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://red.mnstate.edu/thebulletin>

Researchers wishing to request an accessible version of this PDF may [complete this form](#).

Recommended Citation

Moorhead State University, "The Bulletin, volume 75, number 10, January (1976)" (1976). *The Bulletin (Newsletter/Journal)*. 121.

<https://red.mnstate.edu/thebulletin/121>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the University Archives at RED: a Repository of Digital Collections. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Bulletin (Newsletter/Journal) by an authorized administrator of RED: a Repository of Digital Collections. For more information, please contact RED@mnstate.edu.



within the gates

The Editor's Desk

Since Moorhead State is known for experimentation and innovation, its publications should reflect these same qualities. It would be easy to bring you snippets of news, university kudos or official announcements. It is not so easy to experiment. Yet we are attempting to present you a magazine with a unified idea and stories with a clear purpose.

The idea is simple. We believe that a university is people. It is the people who have attended it and are offering what they learned to a world beyond the campus. It is the people who stay here — faculty and administration — continuing to teach, to improve, to challenge the school. Most important, it is the students attending now, those people who are learning and with that learning reaching beyond the campus even while their ideas and knowledge are shaped and built within the university.

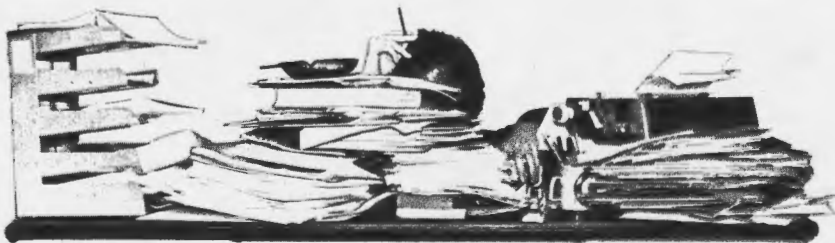
For these reasons, we are experimenting with this issue of *The Bulletin*. There is little hard news in this issue. There is much that is newsworthy. The stories are about or by MSU people. The stories about MSU people attempt to reveal students, past and present, involved with meaningful activities. The articles by MSU students of the past, who are now faculty members, appear for two reasons. It is an historic year for the school with a changed name, the nation celebrating the Bicentennial. The stories serve then as recollections of those decades that witnessed the growth of the college into a university. Also we believe recollections become mere documents unless they look toward the future. And the stories do. They contain praise. They contain criticism. Both are necessary. While the praise unifies, it is the criticism which reveals the openness of the university and its willingness to accept the challenges of the future.

The University will experiment. It will be praised and criticized. This issue with its emphasis on lengthy articles when attention spans are supposedly short and on feature stories over news is an experiment. We would welcome praise. We invite criticism.

Most Moorhead State students go their various ways upon graduation; some return as faculty and administration. Four of these graduates were asked to reflect on the thirties, forties and fifties. It seems important that these years be remembered as personally recalled history and as guides to the future. And these decades are particularly important, for they represent the metamorphosis of the institution from a normal school to a college worthy of being designated a university. To have sought more distant decades might interest the antiquarian. It would not indicate the school's growth and change.

In this issue you will find articles representing the thirties and forties; in the spring *Bulletin*, the fifties and beyond. Hopefully, you will discern these are not just personal reflections, but also the history of an age, an age that created a university.

Important contributions to growth—personal, academic, professional—are obviously not confined to graduates or faculty. Well known and helpful people come to MSU and work with students to stir creative growth and advance professional quality. The article about the dance is but one example. Academic programs, such as the TCU Humanities Forum, encourage students to move beyond the sometimes parochial concerns of a single campus. Students art shows are significant steps for seniors about to enter careers. And, most important, students reach out themselves. They may form musical groups and be professionals while still in school. Reaching out is important. Academia is no ivory tower unless that tower is the world.



Forum Rolls On

A unique academic means of reaching beyond the campus is the Tri-College University Humanities Forum. The forum brings students together from Concordia College, North Dakota State University and MSU for a full quarter's work in the exploration of a significant theme from a variety of perspectives and disciplines.

This year's theme is "The Search for the American Ethic". Its description: "For two hundred years it has been said that we who live in this country share in the greatest vision ever given to any people — a land of independence, justice, free enterprise, opportunity, equality. And the American dream has led millions to emigrate from lands of lesser opportunity to become a part of the melting pot from which a unique culture could be shaped.

"Today, perceptive people are saying that the dream is just a dream, that Americans no longer share such a vision. Can good old American know-how save the environment, stabilize the economy, restore quality to standards of living? . . . It is time to examine the favorite American myths, to find out where we are and where we ought to go. Let's discover the American ethic."

Students may register for the forum as their spring quarter academic load. Just as the students are from three campuses, so are the faculty members. Selected for the fourth annual Humanities forum teaching team is Dr. Joyce Flint, chairperson of the forum. She's also coordinator of American studies and assistant professor of humanities at MSU. Dr. Eleanor Haney, associate professor of religion, represents Concordia and Dr. Margriet Lacy, assistant professor of French, is NDSU's faculty contribution. The forum meets on the Concordia campus. The TCU inter-campus bus provides transportation. Would "Climb aboard" be an appropriate closing?

the bulletin

January, 1976

Ron Matthies, *Editor*

Kathy Foss Bakkum, *Graphic Design*

Linda DuVall, *Photography*

Volume 75, Number 10, Published monthly except for two issues in February and none in July by the Office of University Relations, Owens Hall, Moorhead State University, Moorhead, Minnesota 56560.





Plants, Pots, Percy

Few senior art exhibits are five years in the growing. With William Percy's October show, it is true. For five years, he had grown plants and they were the organic segment of his exhibit. The plants transformed the Center for the Arts gallery into a giant collage of greenery and foliage. If one used his imagination, the gallery looked a tiny bit like a miniature Garden of Eden.

Pottery was chosen by Bill for the area of concentration in his art major. He created a myriad of planters and bowls to house his organic garden. The entire exhibit was accented by a number of his non-objective water colors and greatly enhanced its aesthetic value.

During his senior year Percy as well as each art major must present an exhibition containing representative pieces of work from his advanced years of study. Not only is the student responsible for the actual pieces shown, but also for the appearance of the gallery, arrangement of the works and all types of publicity. These exhibits serve both as a retrospective of work developed and as an anticipation of professional shows to come.

Katura

Katura, Rhodesian for "I feel better now" is a well chosen name for the musical group led by Harold Barney. With a repertoire of standards, modern jazz and soft rock their total sound creates a mellow atmosphere and *katura* is very likely the feeling of most listeners at local and regional night spots.

A junior music major, Barney plays keyboard and does most of the arranging for the group. He is backed up by Marilyn Brack, lead vocalist; Biff Cush on bass; and Kirby Shelstad on drums.

Born in New Orleans, raised in Chicago Barney first showed musical capability at the age of seven as he plunked the James Bond theme on the piano by ear. Formal training followed, but gave him little more than the ability to read notes. It wasn't until the eighth grade when Barney and some classmates formed a band to play for a number of local dances that he developed his "own kind of music." At 13 he wrote his first song, "Midnight Sun," and, with friends' support, continued composing throughout high school.

In his junior year of high school, Barney says, "I became really conscious of how it is to be musical." Influenced by Miles Davis, Wes Montgomery and Horace Silver, his music became more sophisticated and he seriously began the study of music theory. More piano lessons followed graduation; more fruitful this time. Enrolling at Western Illinois University, academic training gave him additional background and he moved to writing classical jazz. In his sophomore year, Barney transferred to MSU and is currently working on a B.A. in Music Theory and Composition.

Discussing his music, Barney says, "I am now trying to work into a frame of mind to write effectively at a high rate of speed, much in the style of Quincy Jones. I want to incorporate everything I know and relate it to a commercial bag." He continues, "I want to use the total spectrum of where I've been — but you have to be honest. You have to make your music your own."

During his 14 musical years, Barney says he has been most influenced by Jimi Hendrix, Herbie Hancock, McCoy Turner, Keith Garrette, Tony Williams, Gene Amons "and I can't forget Stravinsky. I really like Stravinsky."



Recollections Depression through Recession

By Dr. Clarence "Soc" Glasrud, class of 1933, currently professor of English at Moorhead State University.

In the late 1920's Detroit Lakes high school encouraged us to think about college by a new device: informal talks by our teachers about the colleges they had graduated from. I remember that its graduates described Moorhead State Teachers College as a place that was just becoming a college, developing its programs and awarding its first degrees. To me it seemed an honest and unassuming place, and the kind of college I might aspire to. In the fall of 1930 I entered Moorhead State: I had already completed a year of normal training and had taught a rural school for a year. I was eighteen years old, very eager for anything college had to offer; and I had no doubt at all — then or later — that I had come to the right college.

Initiation and Separation

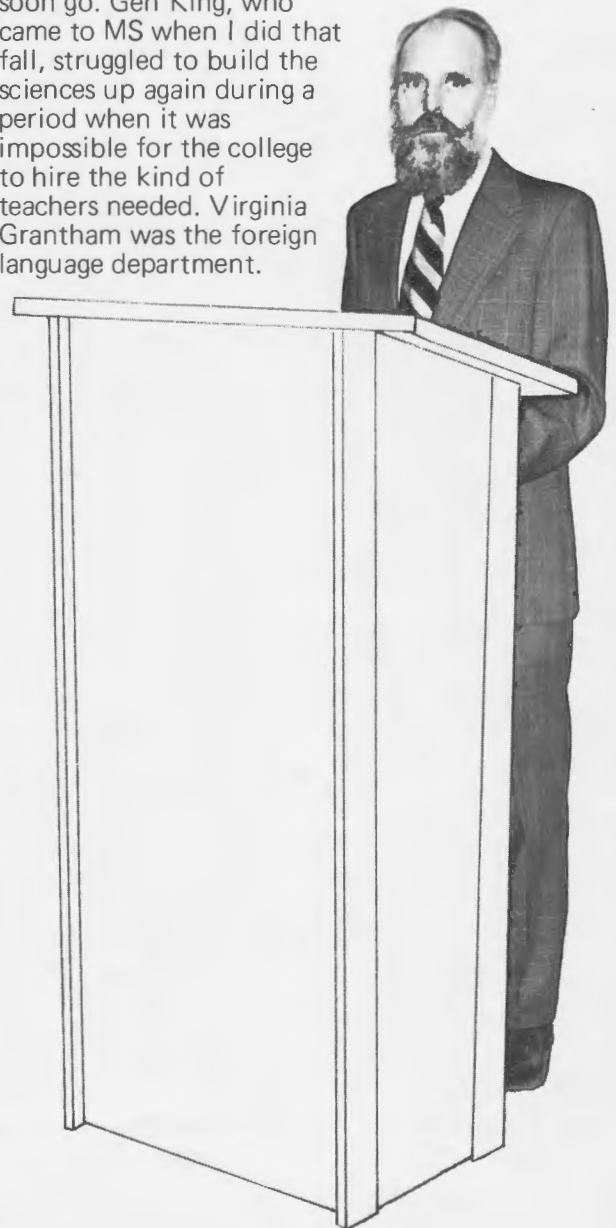
The main building of the college had burned the previous February; the stock market had collapsed in the fall of 1929. However, nearly all of us were able to scrape up the ten or twenty dollars we needed to register for each quarter, and MSTC actually grew in the early thirties. In the fall of 1932 our enrollment reached 708 students, a new high; and nearly 200 of them were men, a sharp rise from the few dozen males enrolled in the 1920's.

We were enormously hopeful about our college and threw ourselves into many activities. I coached and played on a tennis team, sang in Dan Preston's choir, and had modest roles in plays by Shakespeare and Eugene O'Neill. I edited the weekly *Mistic*, and the hundred page yearbook, then called *The Praeceptor* (Latin for teacher); and I earned most of my expenses writing news releases for the Fargo *Forum* and small town weeklies.

Most of my fellow students in the early 1930's were from the farms and small towns of this area, as our students are today. I can remember no students from the Twin Cities, or the Iron Range, or Southern Minnesota (except one) nor any from other states and certainly none from foreign countries. I remember my fellow students as an enthusiastic and energetic lot, and I liked and thought well of most of the faculty.

We were aware that there were no jobs waiting for us when we graduated, unless we made jobs for ourselves or lucked into something. For a year and a half after graduating I worked in an oil station, sold shoes, and washed churns in a creamery before I got a junior high job in Pelican Rapids teaching history, geography, and general business.

R.B. MacLean was president of Moorhead from 1924 to 1941, when he was succeeded by O.W. Snarr. MacLean was extremely conservative, but he allowed things to happen. Students and faculty made many things happen in the decade after the great 1930 fire, and it seemed to me that MS was becoming a real college. Perhaps my memories were tinged with nostalgia, but when I returned in 1947 I thought the place was spiritless, jargon-ridden, and doctrinaire. Many good faculty members were gone; some would soon go. Gen King, who came to MS when I did that fall, struggled to build the sciences up again during a period when it was impossible for the college to hire the kind of teachers needed. Virginia Grantham was the foreign language department.



I had been away from Moorhead for 14 years when I returned to teach in the fall of 1947. I did not want to come. But when the position offered became too good to resist, I suddenly found that I was tired of being broke, disillusioned with graduate study, and anxious to begin teaching again after a five-year hiatus.

Return

Upon returning I found Moorhead State Teachers College a dreadful place, and my position—or positions—utterly impossible. I was in charge of alumni relations, but the alumni were interested only in venting their spleen on the president who had hired me. I was entrusted with public relations and press releases, but neither the public nor the press had any interest in the college, which seemed a lackluster place with little to attract students. Nonetheless there were very good students enrolled. The weekly *Mistic* and the yearbook were also my responsibility; both were poorer than in the 30's and it was difficult to staff them.

There was scant time to brood about such problems because I had a full complement of classes. Our teaching load was 16 hours and I taught all the journalism classes, all the American literature (one five-hour class), and freshman English. I remember the numerous committee meetings with special horror: there were many each week and the president attended most of them. I resented these committees because they took up so much time, got nothing discernable done, and merely aggravated my frustration at the hopelessness of the whole situation.

While many colleges with the great influx of WWII veterans were carried to new heights both in enrollment and program development, nothing like this happened to Moorhead and I blamed the administration, of course. O.W. Snarr became Moorhead's president in 1941. Despite good intentions and high personal integrity, Mr. Snarr was not a good president. Although he was personally liberal in his outlook, he constantly reminded us that the State College Board had vested all power in him — which was true. A very elaborate committee structure was his way of solving his dilemma — because the committees had no power and never accomplished anything that I could see. I remember the sharp tongued Flora Frick saying, "I can stand absolute authority if it has to be and doesn't pretend it's anything else, but I can't bear dictatorship pretending to be democracy." In 1947 faculty friends

assured me that Snarr would soon retire. He stayed until July 1, 1955, five days short of his 70th birthday!

Change

Al Knoblauch's three years as president of Moorhead State were another matter. He was as effective in working with (and on) the legislature — and with the community — as Snarr had been ineffective. Only a men's dormitory had been added to the college since 1932, but under Knoblauch a library, fieldhouse, and new women's dormitory were constructed, and a science building scheduled and planned — and this was only the start. Knoblauch was extremely authoritarian and angered faculty and students who resented his high handed methods of operation. Though we didn't like the way he operated, many of us tolerated and even applauded his actions because they got the college out of the doldrums.

Knoblauch paved the way for John Neumaier, whose 10 years as president from 1958 to 1968, were our brightest for at least a half a century. Although he was a philosophy Ph.D., Neumaier had already proved that he was a successful "operator" in his leadership of the state's junior colleges. Both confident and dynamic, he also was president when the college grew rapidly as a part of an irrestable national trend. But it was the kind of growth that was exciting during Neumaier's decade. Moorhead achieved its long-desired policy of selective admission; the faculty added scores of exciting teachers, and college departments and programs developed in spectacular fashion.

In retrospect it seems to me that some of the hiring and program changes were almost irresponsible, but the times seemed to justify them. They stimulated all of us who were here — students, faculty, and community. Some residual effects of John Neumaier's influence may have been a healthy leaven in an essentially conservative college and community, but they also aggravated the insurgency of the next few years. We weathered it and it seems less pernicious in retrospect than it did at the time.

Present and Future

MS students are more sophisticated now; many come from urban areas and distant places, and they contribute to the education of our standard-variety regional students.





I would not trade MS students for any in the world. They come here badly prepared academically, but they are healthy minded and capable of enormous growth. I am convinced that MSU may be the best college in the world for most of them, as it was for me, and I am disappointed that some apparently never find that out. I am shocked when some of them years later send their sons and daughters to colleges that are more pretentious than MS, but not as good.

My second disappointment is in our liberal arts faculty. For seventeen years we have had liberal arts presidents and we have made the liberal arts the solid core of a bachelors degree at MSU. Judged by their academic credentials, ours is a good liberal arts faculty, but I do not think they show enough imagination and understanding in dealing with our students. Many of them are so impressed by "the liberal arts" as a mystique, and so impressed by their own experience that they do not see our students properly or understand their true potential. I wish these faculty members would focus less on themselves and more on their students.

When I came here to teach in 1947 I thought our students deserved a better education than they were getting. We are light years better now, but I still feel that way.

Two Cheers for MSU

By Mr. Glenn Ringstad, class of 1947. Mr. Ringstad is Chairperson of the humanities department and an associate professor.

By this time in my life, the institution designated at various times as MSTC, MSC, and MSU has played such a large part in my life that I have difficulty imagining my world without it. I don't suppose it was the glittering intellectual attractions which first got me here. As a matter of fact, for a farm boy from Hitterdal, poor and without much enthusiasm for church schools, the nearest state college seemed the only possible academic haven in a world just pulling out of the Great Depression and World War II.

Confirming Suspicions

And yet there was more to the matter. One expected that the glimpses one had caught of the larger world in a small country high school would be continued and enhanced in the big college. Ever since the day in the school library when I had pulled Dickens' *Pickwick Papers* off the shelf as a momentary diversion from an algebra problem, I had been developing a feeling that literature was infinitely superior to life. I expected that college would confirm that suspicion. Another such glimpse came when I entered Anabelle Cruikshank's French class in my sophomore year, in spite of the long tradition that boys took agriculture in that time slot. Miss Cruikshank was an MSTC product from Fergus Falls, and while teaching us the language of polite society, she spoke so glowingly of her teacher, an elegant lady then known as Virginia Fitzmaurice, later Virginia Grantham, that a susceptible student might have been convinced that MSTC was a station on the metro on the way to the Boulevard St. Michel. So, unlikely as it might sound, I came here to read books and learn French cheaply.

It turned out that there was even more to be had. The English Department had its own intelligent and elegant lady, Delsie Holmquist, and a very wise gentleman, Byron Murray. I carried on a one-quarter dialogue with Samuel Bridges about ancient history. There was the flashy and energetic wit of Bertrand McGarrity in mathematics and the dry and laconic humour of Paul Heaton in economics.

Other schools might have been more active and more exciting, but the intellectual current was strong enough to carry one forward, and we had the tremendous advantage of feeling unhurried, uncrowded. I remember a trio of us reading *Camille* out loud in French, the female member of the group being reduced to tears, and during one Christmas vacation reading Proust day after day. I have the feeling that at other schools one would have been forced to learn more and faster, but one would not have enjoyed it as much, or savored it as completely. The war had come near to decimating the place, but everyone felt that the bottom had been reached, and things were enlivened with a quickening sense of the future.

There was another big bonus at MSTC — friends. A sentence of E. M. Forster's in which he describes his own private

aristocracy, unlimited to any social class, has always seemed to describe the friends I made here. Forster writes that he believes in an aristocracy of "the considerate, the sensitive, and the plucky". My friends were not perfect, but they were certainly lively and loveable in a very authentic way. For example, there was the science major whose name I won't mention, who was very sensitive to the joys of poetry and jazz, but not considerate enough to avoid embroiling me in a contest with a hulking Swedish wrestler one night in a bar. They were all plucky, most of them having lived through situations where the lack of that quality would have proved fatal. On second thought, I will mention one name, the late William Paine, who opened my mind more than anyone else I have known. All this ended very memorably one day in 1947 with Marian Haukebo proclaiming loudly in the *Mistic* office that "now we're all going out into the field, and this time it ain't to plow".

Into the Field

A lot of us headed west. I taught high school in California, attended both the San Francisco and Berkeley manifestations of the University, and lived in the Haight-Ashbury district before the advent of the flower children, as did many other students.

We mostly lived in single rooms, and did our entertaining in the corner laundromat. When I announced to my friends there that I was returning to teach in Minnesota, I had the

the impression that they thought the inhabitants here painted themselves blue, did war dances, and that reading and writing were unknown east of the Berkeley hills. I had no hesitation in returning, however, having never appreciated California tribal rites to the fullest extent, and preferring in educational matters the midwest tendency toward contemplation, rather than the California mystique of stimulation.

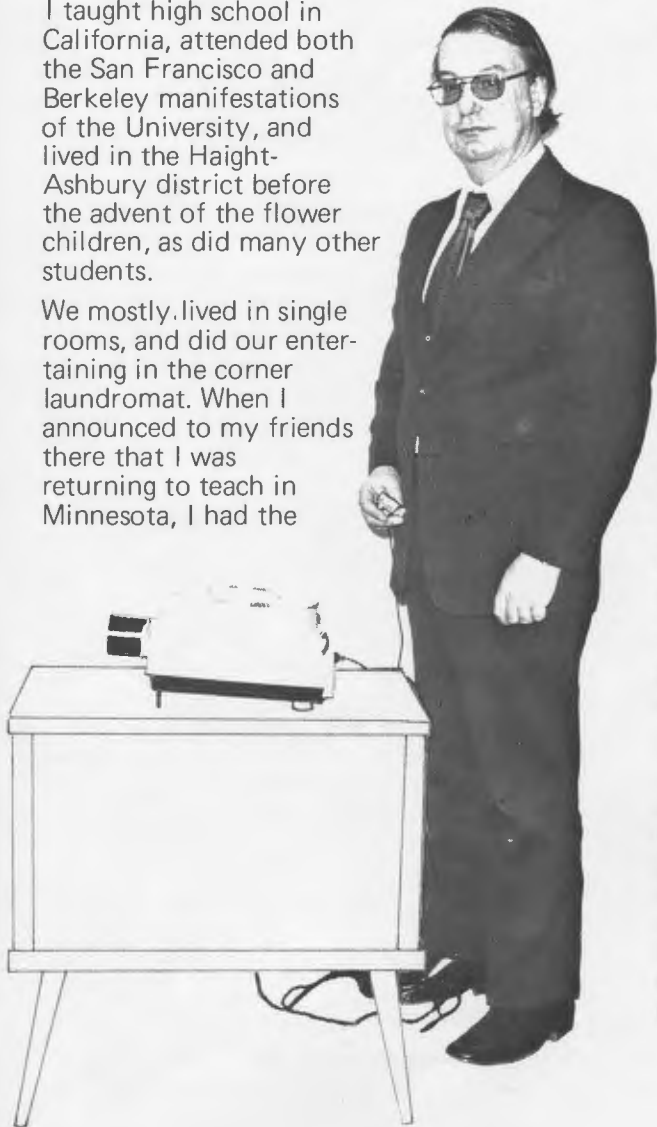
I admit that the campus of MSC in the early sixties looked a little square, the California fads of wearing beards and shouting obscenities through microphones not having reached here as yet. But it was a quite different school from the one I had known, and has since become so different that there are days when I can hardly believe I am walking the same halls.

Exotica and Change

The academic offerings and the quality of those offerings have improved greatly, and the whole place is much more in contact with the outside world than it used to be. In the old days in Mrs. Grantham's classroom, Paris seemed exotic. Now one occasionally faces students and professors from places like Ethiopia and Hong Kong. The wealth of facilities and opportunities now open to students makes what I knew as an undergraduate seem quite limited.

But I sometimes worry about our not making enough of it, students and faculty alike. Ennui and other personal difficulties take their toll, and I sometimes think the much talked about disillusionment of the young with education is frequently the result of taking the whole thing so much for granted that they can hardly be bothered with putting much energy into something so automatic, if not predestined. I see the college as having made enormous strides in many directions, so enormous that we may have to backtrack somewhat to really consolidate our victories. So, if I may paraphrase E. M. Forster again, I say two cheers for MSU. Two is quite enough. To give three would smack of academic arrogance, a quality we pride ourselves on not having.

Sometimes I have been discouraged with a class, my own performance or that of the students. I usually keep the faith by visualizing what a loss it would be if the citizens of Minnesota didn't provide institutions like this one. I concentrate on all the doors I can imagine that would have remained closed for generations of students, a task which is easy because one of those students was and is me.





One Full Rotation

by Elsie Listrom

With the houselights down, eight slide projectors, four film projectors aiming color and motion at a shivering translucent silk dome, and ten local dancers pulsating to the rhythms of a score of electronic music, "One Full Rotation of the Earth" eerily throbbled into being on October 29.

This multifaceted experience, produced by Don Evans of Vanderbilt University's art faculty at Nashville, Tennessee, is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating performances ever viewed at Moorhead State University. Evans, who is also the Director of the Media Experimentation Center at Vanderbilt, spent a week long residency at MSU during which he met with faculty and students, conducted informal seminars, spoke in classes, presented a number of his multimedia works and, using as dancers MSU students he had met in his classes, culminated his stay with one of his most elaborate and complex works, "One Full Rotation of the Earth."

With a minimum of rehearsal time (one afternoon) Evans and choreographer Warren Johnston went through the movements with the dancers giving them the basic floor pattern, the motivation, and the freedom to create their individual interpretations of the work. That evening two performances were given to approximately 100 people who, I am sure, had no idea what they were about to experience. All were seated within the Gossamer Dome and as the dancers slithered over the audience with slow sensual movements and the tempo of the music and visual images on the dome increased each person within the environment became not only a spectator but also a participant in this bizarre conglomeration of multisensory activity. Somewhere between art and ritual, the experience was as mysterious as earth, as incantatory as prayer, and as fascinating as trying to fathom actuality. And when it was over, there was a strange sudden silence.

One had the feeling he had dreamed, not only in color but in sound, and that what he had dreamed he dreamed in common with a gym full of people who were no longer strangers.

Don Evans is an artist. But unlike most artists who choose their subject to fit a particular medium such as painting or sculpture, Evans chooses a medium to fit his ideas, interrelating all the arts through contemporary means of communication: electronic music, modern dance, air-supported environments, computer and control systems for visual sound programs and experimental film and video.

Among his other major creations is a multimedia musical fantasy in twenty three acts entitled "If All the Stars Were Pretty Babies and I Was the Man in the Moon" (featuring the Buffoonmobile). "It's a play about mediums," Evans explained. Using one constant character (a man glued to his television), a stage, a television screen, a movie screen, a chorus line and an enormous head that looks a little like a cross between a Roman sculpture and Mayan art called the Buffoonmobile, it is probably the most outrageously kaleidoscopic spoof on television ever assembled in one place.

As for the Buffoonmobile, it has since been made into a bonafide automobile. It is made of fiberglass, steel and an old Opel and plays hit tunes out of its rear end. It has been stopped a number of times by the Tennessee Highway Patrol, and although no tickets have ever been issued it has been given one warning ticket on which it was recognized as a "Buffoonmobile-1975 model."

Says Evans, "This is what we do at the Little Marrowbone Repair Corporation, 4250 Little Marrowbone Road, Joelton, Tennessee."



beyond the gates

Among the people graduating from MSU, a great many are making significant contributions beyond the campus in their chosen fields. Significance should not be measured by recognition or fame. Rather, it is those people who show dedication to their career, a desire to improve society and the ability to confront challenges. While communicators are featured below, future issues will discuss Moorhead State graduates working in science, industry, the arts, humanities, education, business and with society's problems.

Reflections from the Electronic Eye

Gathering news, writing and editing stories, interviewing and broadcasting are but a few of the tasks for three former MSU students who work at two of Fargo's television stations. Ann Clemenson ('74) appears as a news and feature reporter on the CBS affiliate. Doug Hamilton ('73), anchor man, and Don Slater, weather and news reporter, work at the ABC affiliate. Their common bond is a great enthusiasm for what they learned at Moorhead State and how this knowledge helps as they reach beyond the gates through one of the most popular and prevalent mediums — television.

Ann Clemenson

At 2:00 a.m., fire trucks raced and sired. Ann Clemenson jumped from her bed, grabbed a camera and raced off. "Where did the trucks go? It must have been North Broadway. Aha! Smoke." One week as a tv reporter and already a big story. She dashed into the sewage treatment plant. "I'm Ann Clemenson from channel 4. Where's the fire?"

"What fire? There's no fire here."

"Why is all that smoke pouring out of here then?"

"If it's okay with you, lady, we're just burning off sewer gas."

Although more than embarrassed, Ann had learned a reporter's lesson. Next time she would call the fire department for the location of holocausts.

Before chasing fire engines and reporting news, Ann was a speech/theatre major at MSU. Realizing the limitations of one major, in her junior year she added Mass Communications for a second major. Two classes were particularly influential: Radio & Television Speaking from Mr. Ted Larson and Introduction to Mass Communications from Mr. Marv Bossart. These classes coupled with her part time work as Saturday night d.j. for KMSC led to Ann's decision to enter the field of radio and television broadcasting.

Her decision was confirmed when she interned at KXJB-TV during the spring quarter of her senior year. At the end of her internship and with the resignation of two staff members, Ann was hired. Her first on-the-air assignment was doing the weather for the noonday news. From there, she moved to Saturday night sports announcer. Then calls rang in — a woman reporting the sports!! However, the staff supported her and she continued to give scores and starting line-ups for some time. Now, she is writing, producing and anchoring the noon news.

Behind the scenes, she busily gathers news, interviews, and handles feature and hard news stories for the evening telecast. She also adds filming and editing to her tasks.

The future: Or do you want to grow up to be Barbara Walters? Although someday she would like work at a bigger station, she believes working at a station the size of KXJB is an invaluable experience. It affords the opportunity to work with every phase of the news and she would miss this facet of reporting at a larger station. She would like to try educational tv because "the possibilities of what can be done are unlimited."

But, for the present, she is totally enthusiastic about her job at channel 4, learning new things every day and in Ann's words, "trying not to be a zipperhead."



Doug Hamilton

If anyone was born to the journalism profession, it is probably Doug Hamilton. The presses of the Detroit Lakes weekly were held two hours as his father and editor of the paper awaited the newsworthy arrival. Since the presses rolled, Doug has become a familiar face in the F-M area and is now the anchor man on KTHI-TV.

While attending MSU Doug majored in theatre and had major roles in numerous productions. After graduation, he auditioned for and was awarded a full two year Bush fellowship at the University of Minnesota. As a part of the fellowship, he worked as a member of the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre Company where he received the coveted actor's equity card. Although he learned a great deal from this repertory work, the monotony of continued performances, the number of four line roles and the uncertainty of finding parts struck him.

After a brief hiatus of teaching and an abortive attempt at producing a Thomas Wolfian movie, Hamilton decided to investigate an aspect of the medium into which he was born — broadcast journalism.

As anchor man for the channel 11 news, Doug finds his job changing every day. Not only does he report the news, but also participates in his favorite aspect of news — going out and getting stories. He also edits his tape. "It's a grand effort to put out the news. . . a grand effort on the part of a lot of people."

While his college training was in theatre, it was just that training that taught him the importance of self-discipline and ensemble work. These qualities are as necessary in creating an effective and informative newscast as they are in the theatre.

Speculating about the future, Hamilton says he has done some television acting and someday would like to try film. His major goal, however, is to pursue his career in the field of broadcasting. And someday maybe we'll hear, "This has been Doug Hamilton for ABC news. Good night & good news."



Don Slater

Another theatre major, Don Slater has also joined the ranks of broadcasters as one of KTHI's reporters. He is their weatherman as well as a feature reporter and the voice for many ads.

Don's broadcasting career began while taking a break from school. He worked at his hometown radio station reporting the weekend news, and writing and producing commercials. Within a short time, he was the station's advertising director.

The following summer he returned to MS and his fourth season of Strawhat players. While working with the company, he interviewed for a position at channel 11. After three lengthy sessions, he was offered the job.

On day one, he was doing commercials; day two began his stint as weatherman. Because of the freedom given him in his spare time, Don has experimented with a number of areas in broadcasting. Although he likes announcing, it can be a bit routine and he has discovered that he very much enjoys feature stories with innovative technical and visual techniques.

Like Doug Hamilton, Don stresses the importance of the discipline he learned while in theatre under the direction of Dr. Delmar Hansen. The vocal training was another great asset from his dramatic experience.

Someday Don would like to teach theatre and/or broadcast communications at a college level. Although acting is still his first love, "broadcasting is moving up a close second."

And such is a glimpse, a few reflections from three MSU people who are using their education, reaching into the world over the numerous electronic eyes in Minnesota and North Dakota.



moorhead state university
moorhead, minnesota 56560

