



Deborah Meader Papers

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JOB RELATIONS

A SUPERVISOR GETS RESULTS THROUGH PEOPLE

Foundations for Good Relations

Let each worker know how he is getting along.

Figure out what you expect of him.
Point out ways to improve.

Give credit when due.

Look for *extra* or *unusual* performance.

Tell him while "it's hot."

Tell people in advance about changes that will affect them.

Tell them WHY if possible.

Get them to accept the change.

Make best use of each person's ability.

Look for ability not now being used.
Never stand in a man's way.

People Must Be Treated As Individuals

JOB RELATIONS TRAINING

Training Within Industry Service

BUREAU OF TRAINING

WAR MANPOWER COMMISSION

HOW TO HANDLE A PROBLEM

1—GET THE FACTS

Review the record.

Find out what rules and plant customs apply.

Talk with individuals concerned.

Get opinions and feelings.

Be sure you have the whole story.

2—WEIGH AND DECIDE

Fit the facts together.

Consider their bearing on each other.

Check practices and policies.

What possible actions are there?

Consider effect on individual, group, and production.

Don't jump at conclusions.

3—TAKE ACTION

Are you going to handle this yourself?

Do you need help in handling?

Should you refer this to your supervisor?

Watch the timing of your action.

Don't pass the buck.

4—CHECK RESULTS

How soon will you follow up?

How often will you need to check?

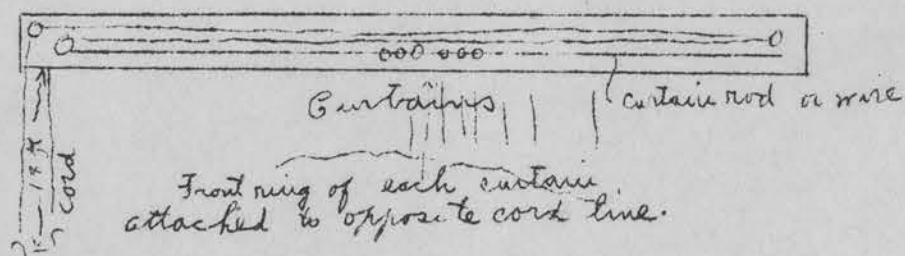
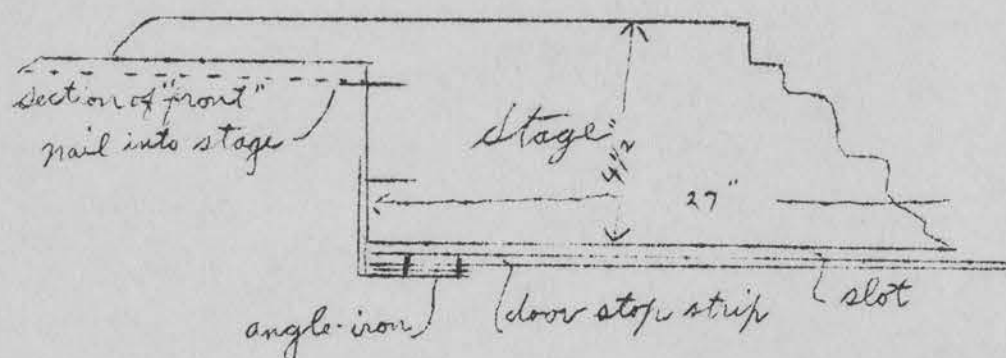
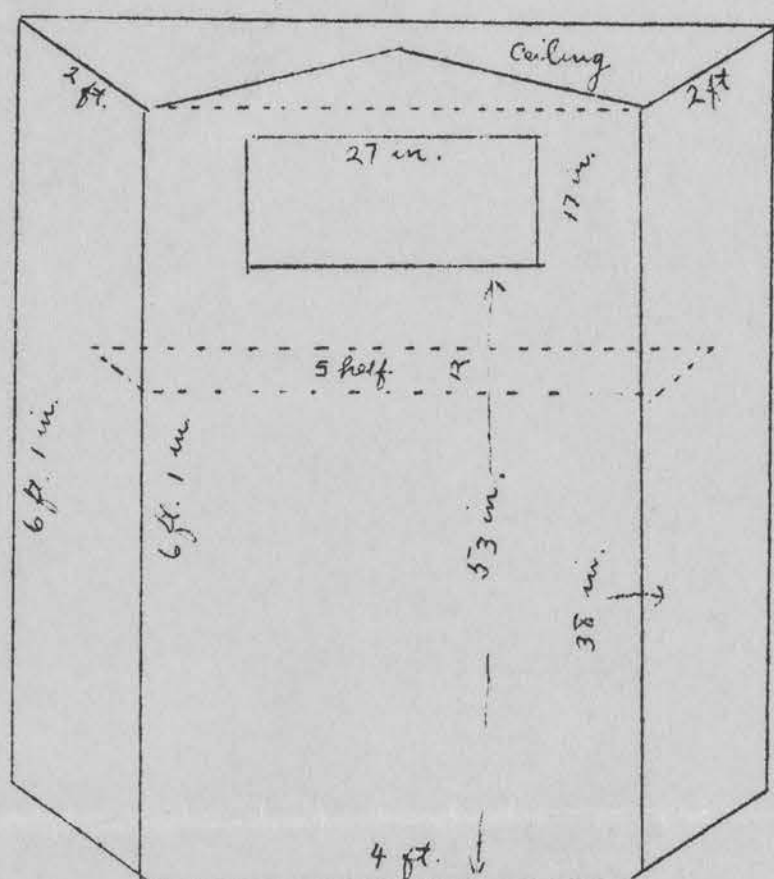
Watch for changes in output, attitudes, and relationships.

Did your action help production?

In hinging the wings to the front, place the hinges at the inner edge of the strips on the "front," so that when the wing is spread a wide crack will not appear between the front and wing.

Footlights and overhead lighting may be devised by adopting Christmas tree lights.

Puppet Theater



you wish to send some folders or special examples of your work to me for advertising purposes I will be glad to display them to the recreation people and drama students I meet in the various parts of the United States. It might interest you to know that so far in 1931 I have visited 52 cities having recreation departments and given lectures in all these places with an average audience of 35 people.

For a practical demonstration I think I will work out a dramatization of the "Pussy Cat" story, I told the other evening, and possibly "Jack the Giant Killer".

Sincerely yours,

Charles F. Wells

Mrs. Claus: The little boys went to sleep a long time ago but I can't find Santa anywhere.

Mr. Claus: Is he working in the wood shed again?

Mrs. Claus: No. And he isn't at the butchers or the candlestick makers. He just isn't anywhere.

Mr. Claus: This will never do. It's much too dark for little boys to be out by themselves. I'll fetch the Town Crier. (Exit)

Mrs. Claus: I haven't lighted the Holy Child's candle yet. I'll put it here in the window and perhaps our own child will see it and come home.

(Enter Mr. Claus and Crier)

Town Crier: Well, what's this, Mrs. Claus? Is Pussy in the well again?

Mrs. Claus: No, little Santa is lost. Oh, run and get your bell Mr. Crier.

Town Crier: Have you searched upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's chamber?

Mrs. Claus: We haven't any upstairs and we haven't any lady's chamber but we searched all through the house and he just isn't anywhere.

Town Crier: Now, don't you worry ma'm. We'll soon find him. He hasn't gone far. I'll get to work.

(Exit Crier) Heard Crying and Ringing Bell-----

"Little Santa Claus is lost!
Little Santa Claus is lost!
All good folk turn out and search!
Little Santa is lost, etc."

Mrs. Claus: The fire on the hearth has gone out.

Mr. Claus: (Sighs) The fire in my heart is out too.

(Crash--bang! Santa falls down chimney and rolls out
on hearth--carries bag of toys)

Mr. Claus: Why, Santa!

Mrs. Claus: Why, Santa Claus! Where have you been!

Santa: Up on the roof, Mother. I've been making toys for my little brothers for a surprise and I hid them up on the roof by the chimney. Tonight I waited so long for the boys to go to bed I fell asleep and tumbled down on the hearth. It's a good thing I'm fat, Mother or I'd have scrapped my bones.

Mrs. Claus: Well, I never!

Mr. Claus: Let's have a look at these toys.

Santa: (Opening bag) See, here is a rocking horse for Mathew and a set of blocks for Mark and some dominoes for Locke and a little wagon for John!

Mrs. Claus: What did you make these beautiful toys out of Santa?

Santa: Oh, odds and ends and bits of kindling.

Mr. Claus: But however did you know how to make them?

Santa: Oh, I don't know. I just did. (Commotion outside--Enter Crier)

Crier: Well, We've searched the whole town-----why, what's this, Neighbor?
Have you played a trick on me?

Mrs. Claus: I declare, Mr. Claus. We were so busy we forgot about the men out
looking for Santa.

Mr. Claus: No no Mr. Crier. Little Santa made these toys for his brothers and hid
them on the roof by the chimney. He was up there to get them. That's
why we couldn't find him.

Santa: Yes. And I fell asleep, and fell down the chimney, toys and all.

Mrs. Claus: Just see this beautiful rocking horse he made all by himself.

Mr. Crier: These are wonderful toys, young man. When you are a little older you
should be apprenticed to the carpenter.

Santa: Oh, I'd like to be a real carpenter when I grow up and make toys for all
the children in the whole world! Maybe I will-----some day!

Curtain

an M. A. or PH. D. degree has been acquired.

I shall never forget the genuine, concentrated interest with which Jane Addams asked me questions about group work with parents when I lived at Hull House. Certainly she knew more about people and the way their minds work than I ever will, but she gave me a feeling of great dignity as she drew me out as to my experience with this or that group. Her interest was not feigned, it was genuine. The genuine interest in continuing to learn instead of sitting back remembering and re-hashing what one has learned seems to distinguish the great from the lesser. You've known people, as I have, who got an idea or a prejudice twenty years ago, who haven't altered it one little bit in the intervening years. You know, too, some who got the idea that you don't change attitudes after you are twenty-five or thirty and who have been then proceeded to prove it.

It's hard to shuffle off one set of attitudes as did the Chambered Nautilus and grow into a bigger set, but the ability to do so seems to be the final test of maturity.

Elizabeth McCormick Memorial Fund, 845 No. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

d. How can you satisfy the need of recognition in your group?

1. Give a moderate amount of approval.
2. Use finished products for demonstration.
3. Appeal to group for discriminating judgment.
4. Pay particular attention to individual improvement.
5. Exhibit worth-while products.
6. Encourage completion of projects.
7. Recognize special ability.
8. Give attention to the weaker members of the group.
9. Be affirmative in your approach to the child instead of negative.
10. Use indirect methods of approach.
11. Assume a cheerful manner. This produces a feeling of social well-being.
12. Be tactful. This is the happy faculty for putting people at their ease and making them feel comfortable and secure in their own self-esteem.
13. Practice poise, thereby spreading about you an atmosphere of composure, serenity, and repose. It is emotional balance - self-assuring. Poise is power.
14. Be polite and courteous. "Nice manners" are really a glorified form of trained kindness.
15. Encourage friendliness among members of your group.
16. Be dependable - keep your word - be on time.
17. Point out desirable qualities in other people as an example to members of your group.
18. Give attention to provide opportunities to command recognition.
19. Give attention to the developing of responsibility on part of individual to feel and express appreciation.
20. Don't
 - a. Ridicule
 - b. Nag
 - c. Be sarcastic
 - d. Domineer
 - e. Boss
 - f. Remind the child of the handicap of his extreme youth.
 - g. Ignore the child's needs
 - h. Be too familiar
 - i. Be too possessive
 - j. Show off

What are the abiding values? Sixteen Junior High boys — an impressionable age — have had a joint enterprise. Through discussion they arrived at a general plan. Individual tasks were assigned and assumed that dovetailed into the whole. ^{organization} They delved into the Bible text for guidance in the drama to be written and acted — literature. They studied the ~~scenes~~ customs, costumes and events of ancient days — history. They painted appropriate faces and scenes — art. They constructed costumes and properties — handicraft. They, in deep earnestness, together planned, discussed, adopted, rejected, amended, replanned, approved and disapproved — the give and take of teamwork, in an adequate field for ingenuity, skill, judgment and tact. They combined the individual products into an orderly whole.

The climax came when they were able to exhibit in orderly fashion the results of the two months effort. They experienced a legitimate reward of achievement — approval.

There is a Bible story that sixteen boys will never forget, ^{a story} whose important characters have been made to move and talk and live again — and a Sunday school has had the visual impress of the drama. Is not all this worth while? Does not a new and more vivid interest in Bible events and characters — arise? — Is not this religious education?

PUNCH: Well tell him you do. (hits Jim till he runs off) Oh, I'm a very remarkable fellow. (struts up and down) (sings)
When I went down to Georgia town, I did not go to stay;
I fell in love with a pretty yella gal,
And I could not get away, and I could not get away.

enter Policeman.

POLICEMAN: Hey, Hey, you're disturbing the peace. Who are you?

PUNCH: I am MR. PUNCH. (both bow)
I am MR. I
I am MR. WELL
I am MR. LO
I am MR. PUNCHINELLO-and who are you?

POLICEMAN: (stuttering) I am the stipendiary magistrate, the village beadle, the town constable of the city of St. Paul, and I have a warrant in my pocket to take you up.

PUNCH: Well I have a warrant in my pocket to knock you down (Hits Policeman down) Root-te-toot-te-too-it-That's the way you do it.

POLICEMAN: Here, here, you can't do that. I've come to arrest you for matricide, patricide, infanticide, and maybe suicide

PUNCH: Oh, a rest did you say? How kind- a rest will do me good.

POLICEMAN: No- no- I'm an officer of the law. I'm going to take you to prison where you will be hung in punishment for your crimes-come with me.

PUNCH: (trembles) What will they do with me?

SCENE II

Enter Policeman with Punch;

POLICEMAN: Here- you go in here;

PUNCH: I don't like this place- (sings) I wish I had someone to love me-----

PROLOGUE

After the children of Israel had wandered in the wilderness for a long time, they came to the mountain of the Lord, called Sinai. Many had never seen a mountain and they thought it a natural temple where God must live. God commanded Moses to come to him on the mount where he would give him instructions for the guidance of the people.

SCENE I.

Scene I shows Moses leaving the people in the care of Aaron and the Elders. Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Nadab and Abihu are seen.

SCENE II.

Scene II is laid on Mount Sinai where God gives Moses the ten commandments.

SCENE III.

Scene III is in the central tent of the camp. The people are uneasy at the long absence of Moses.

EPILOGUE

The Ten Commandments, which the Hebrews believed were given to Moses by God Himself, have been the foundation of the moral law for the people of three great religions ever since. Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans have held them in the greatest respect and have tried to govern their lives by them.

ST. PAUL PLAYERS

MAXWELL SHOLES, DIRECTOR

THE PLAYHOUSE

110 MACKUBIN ST.

TELEPHONE

DALE 7482

Scene 1.

And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed.

And Joseph went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife.

Scene 2.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field keeping watch over their flock by night.

And lo the Angel of the Lord came upon them and the glory of the Lord shown round about them and they were sore afraid and the Angel said unto them Fear not for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord and this shall be a sign unto you. Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace good will towards men.

Scene 3.

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea in the days of Herod the King behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem saying Where is he that is born King of the Jews for we have seen His star in the East and are come to worship Him.

Scene 4.

And the shepherds said one to another Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and they came with haste and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger.

Scene 5.

And when the wisemen were come into the house they saw the young child with Mary his mother and fell down and worshipped Him and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts of gold, frank incense and myrrh and lo the Angel appeared unto them saying Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace good will towards men.

One day Paul and Silas were in Phillipi before the stall of Lydia, a daeler in purple cloth, who was already a worshipper of God. A slave girl draining water at the fountain had been following Paul crying, "These men are servants of the Most High God. They proclaim to you the way to salvation". This girl was under the control of a spirit that made her able to tell fortunes and so bring great gain to her owners. Again she cried, "These men are servants of the Most High God. They proclaim the way to salvation". Paul, unable to stand it longer, turned and said to the spirit, "In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of her". The spirit left her at once. Her owner, hearing Paul's command, saw his hope of gain gone. He took the girl away with him but sent soldiers to arrest Paul and Silas.

Curtain.

Paul and Silas were dragged into the public square before the city officials. The slave girl's owner, who was the ruler of the city, said, "These are Jews who are making a disturbance in our city. They proclaim customs which it is not lawful for us, as Romans, to adopt or follow". The mob attacked them and beat them. They were thrown into prison and the jailer was ordered to be sure to keep them safely.

The jailer put them in the inner prison and fastened their feet in stocks.

As Paul and Silas were praying

Curtain opens

a great storm arose with thunder, lightening and an earthquake. The prison doors were opened. The jailer, thinking his prisoners had escaped, drew his sword to kill himself. Paul, however, told him to do no harm to himself because no one had escaped.

3

DR. WALTER REED

Dr. Walter Reed was a hero of science. After he graduated from medical school, he served for six years among the poor in the New York slums. Then he was appointed by the government to be an army surgeon.

Yellow fever was a foe which preyed upon the people of America and Cuba. For years it had caused thousands of deaths. Some one suggested that a mosquito, if it bit a person ill with yellow fever, took the fever germs into its body. Then, flying elsewhere, it would bite a well person and inject the fever germs into that person's blood.

Dr. Reed decided to prove whether this were true or not. He went down to Cuba, where the yellow fever mosquito was to be found. The best way to study the subject, he decided, would be to find out if yellow fever could be given by one person to another. He called for volunteers.

Two young men, soldiers in the army, offered to try the experiment. Dr. Reed explained to them the risk, and offered to pay them. They refused, and said they wished to offer their lives "in the interest of humanity and the cause of science."

The experiment was carried out in a shack 14x20. It had two tiny windows that permitted very little ventilation.

They slept in a bed among the bed clothes of yellow fever victims, but Dr. Reed allowed no mosquitos to bite them. They came out untouched by the disease.

Because men like these were willing to lay down their lives that other people might live, this plague was driven from our southern cities and Cuba, and in time will be driven from the world.

- Curtain Opens -

GOOD FORTUNE: I do not know what this being may be, Master, but surely I am filled with awe from my whiskers to my tail.

Curtain Closes

VOICE BEHIND STAGE: The artist now remembered how once the spirit of Buddha had been born in the form of a horse, small, but of such fiery spirit that he became the war steed of the King of Benares. Seven kings besieged his master. The chief knight was given the king's horse to ride and, by attacking each camp suddenly, was able to bring back as prisoners six kings. In capturing the sixth king, the horse was badly wounded but he found a voice: "Our work must be done. Set me, Sir, upon my feet. I will finish what I have begun." Weak with loss of blood, he charged the last camp and the seventh king was captured. The King of Benares came rejoicing to meet them. "Great King," said the war horse, "pardon your prisoners." And then he fell dead at his master's feet. After considering the courage and nobility of the horse, the artist drew a horse.

Curtain Opens

GOOD FORTUNE: If a fly should light on your horse, Master, surely it would stamp and toss its head.

Curtain Closes

VOICE BEHIND STAGE: The following day, the artist remembered a story of the boyhood of the Prince Siddhartha, who was one day to become the Buddha. While walking in his father's garden, and watching the swans fly overhead, he suddenly heard the hiss of an arrow, and a wounded swan fell at his feet. He drew out the arrow and was binding up the wound when attendants came to claim the spoil of his cousin. Siddhartha said, "My cousin attempted to destroy the swan. I claim it since I have attempted to save it. Let the councillors of the king decide between us." When the boy's quarrel was brought before the royal council, the swan was given to the boy who was to be the Buddha. Reflecting on the dreamlike beauty of swans, the artist drew a swan.

Curtain Opens.

GODD FORTUNE: There is wind under those wings, sir.

Enter the housekeeper.

HOUSEKEEPER: My master will worry himself into a fever. Your honored forehead looks like a scrubbing-board and your eyes like candles. Our neighbor has sent a servant to invite you to tea. I have said you would be there directly.

ARTIST: One wastes his bréath arguing with a woman. Go, buy yourself material for a new dress.

HOUSEKEEPER: A thousand thanks to your honor. You would think the picture was sugar painted on cream to watch her. I am afraid to leave her alone with it.

ARTIST: She will do it no harm.

Curtain Closes.

VOICE BEHIND STAGE: The next day he imagined himself in a forest, dappled with light and shade. He saw a Banyan deer, setting small hoofs like ebony among the leaves, making no sound, listening with head raised under its fairy branching horns. His herd had been driven into a great enclosure. A king came into the enclosure to look at the deer. "The leaders are too beautiful to die. I grant them their lives. But of the others, see that you bring one each day to the palace for my banquets." A doe with an unborn fawn was chosen. She begged to live until the fawn was born. "I will take your place," said the Banyan deer. When the king saw the great leader of the herd offer himself to be killed, he said, "Did I not grant your life?" "Oh King," the deer answered, "I am taking the place of a doe with an unborn fawn." The king, pleased by his generosity, granted the doe's life as well as his. "But the others, Oh King?" "They too shall live" said the king. The artist, whose heart was torn with the timidity and gentle courage of the deer, drew a Banyan deer.

Curtain opens.

GOOD FORTUNE: Meow, Is there no room for me among the other animals, Master? (She pulls at the artist's sleeve with her paw.)

Curtain Closes.

VOICE BEHIND STAGE: The artist's mind now wrestled with a more difficult problem than any before. He knew the tiger has also come to bid farewell to the Buddha. How could that be? He thought of the fierceness and cruelty of tigers. He imagined them lying in the striped shadows of the jungle with their eyes burning like fires. He remembered how fond they were of their own cubs and how they would face any odds of their cubs were in danger. He thought to himself, "It may be that this is the narrow pathway by which the tiger reaches to Buddha. It may be there is fierceness in love and love in fierceness." Meditating on this sinister but beautiful creature, capable of any burning sacrifice, the artist drew a tiger.

Curtain opens.

GOOD FORTUNE: If the tiger can come to bid farewell to Buddha, surely the cat, who is little and often so gentle may come, Oh Master? Surely, surely, you will next paint the cat among the animals who were blessed by the Holy One as he died?

ARTIST: Good Fortune, I would gladly paint the cat if I could. All people know that cats, though lovely, are usually proud and self-satisfied. Alone among the animals, the cat refused to accept the teachings of Buddha. She alone of all creatures was not blessed by him. It is perhaps in grief that she too often consorts with goblins.

GOOD FORTUNE: Meow - Meow - Meow.

ARTIST: Old woman -

Housekeeper enters.

HOUSEKEEPER: (Bows) Yes, Master.

ARTIST: Buy her a fine fish all for herself. And do not let her come here again until the picture is gone. She will break both our hearts.

HOUSEKEEPER: I was afraid she meant to do the painting a harm.

ARTIST: It is not that.

Exit Housekeeper and Good Fortune.

ARTIST: I cannot be so hard-hearted. If the priests wish to refuse the picture as inaccurate, let them do so. I can starve.

Curtain closes.

VOICE BEHIND STAGE: He drew a cat.

Curtain opens.

Enter Housekeeper.

ARTIST: Let Good Fortune come in. Perhaps I have ruined us but I can at least make her happy.

Enter Good Fortune. She gazes at picture and falls at artist's feet.

HOUSEKEEPER: She was too happy to live another minute. Poor little Good Fortune.

- CURTAIN -

2nd

Long

- CURTAIN OPENS -

Artist discovered.

Enter Housekeeper.

Enter the priest from the temple.

Exit Housekeeper.

PRIEST: (Bows) Ah, the painting, how it shines. But what is that animal you have painted last of all?

ARTIST: It is a cat.

PRIEST: Do you not know that the cat rebelled against our lord, Buddha, and did not receive his blessing and cannot enter heaven.

ARTIST: Yes, I know.

PRIEST: Each person must suffer the consequences of his own act. The cat must suffer for her obstinacy and you must suffer for yours. As one can never erase work once done, I will take the painting tomorrow and officially burn it. Some other artist's picture must hang in our temple.

Priest exits. Artist bows head.

Curtain Closes.

Curtain Opens.

Enter Housekeeper.

Long

HOUSEKEEPER: Oh, come, come see.

Enter Priest.

HOUSEKEEPER: Come sir, it is a miracle.

PRIEST: A miracle indeed. Oh the compassion of Buddha.
Oh, the mercy of the Holy One. (Falls on knees.)

Enter Artist.

See, the Buddha has stretched out his hand in
blessing to the cat.

ARTIST: (Falls to knees) Oh, the compassionate one.

- CURTAIN -

Last song

Because the Jews believed that Paul taught them to turn away from Moses and not to observe old customs, they seized Paul and tried to kill him. A Roman Centurion and his guard saved Paul's life, but ordered him to be flogged. Paul asked if it were legal to flog a Roman citizen without giving him a fair trial. He was kept prisoner for two years in Caesarea. When a new governor, Festus, took office, his case was taken up again and this time he appealed to Caesar. He appeared before Agrippa and Festus and then was sent to Rome under Julius, a friendly Centurion. When they reached a place called the Fair Havens, Paul warned Julius that it would not be safe to leave, but, as the Fair Havens was not fit to winter in, they sailed away. Soon a strong wind arose. The ship was tossed in the sea for days with neither sun nor stars visible. All hope that they would be saved was taken away.

During the night an angel of God stood before Paul and said:

Angel: "Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Caesar, and lo God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

The next morning they took soundings and found a depth of twenty fathoms. As they were afraid they might run upon rocks, they dropped anchor. The sailors were going to try to escape toward shore but Paul said to the captain:

Paul: "You cannot be saved unless these sailors stay on board."

Paul comforted the men saying:

Paul: "I beg you to eat, for not one of you will lose a hair of his head."

They threw their cargo overboard. The storm grew in violence, and the ship ran aground.

(Captain: "We are lost. The ship is aground. We must swim for our lives."

Soldier: "Let us kill the prisoners lest they escape."

Julius: "No, I will not allow it. Paul, you give me your word not to escape."

Paul: "I do."

Julius: "Swim for the land, then."

All reached the shore in safety.

- Curtain -

The island was called Malta. The natives showed them much kindness, and they tarried there three months until it was safe to travel again.