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Monitoring students, whether as individual or groups, usually comes from question and answer, or a presentation of work. A teacher that moves around the room checking on student progress would be noted in this section.

The difference between a 2.0 and 3.0 in this subdomain primarily rests on the quality of feedback. A teacher who gives feedback such as, “Good. I like that. Yes, that’s it. Well done.”, is giving feedback, but it is hardly substantive and specific. Instead, what an assessor is looking for is feedback that focuses specifically on what was liked or could be improved. “Jennifer, I love how you’ve managed to combine both elements in your painting. It really draws you in.” “Bryce, your cursive is really improving. I’m very impressed with how straight across the page you are writing now. Keep it up.” Such feedback is individual specific, and is more likely to receive higher scores.

Passing Pathwise

In order to pass Praxis III a novice teacher needs to score an average of 2.0 on each domain. In addition, the teacher must score at minimum a 45 overall on the 19 subdomains. The scoring system is non-negotiable. Even if a novice teacher scores highly in three of the four domains, failing a domain even by half a point is a fail. Thus, it is important to score as highly as possible in all areas. Should a novice teacher fail, he or she is required to retake the assessment. However, the second attempt will be observed by a different assessor.

Biographical Sketch

Dr. Timothy Baghurst is an Assistant Professor of Health, Physical Education, Recreation, and Athletic Training at Henderson State University. Dr. Baghurst teaches a variety of courses and brings a multidisciplinary background in Kinesiology and K-12 public teaching experience. He is a Praxis III assessor for the Arkansas Department of Education.

Can You Turn It, Baby? The Christmas Calf

Linda G. (Brown) English
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Abstract: Last summer I wrote a series of stories, entitled, “Yo’ Daddy Stories” with Daddy as the main character. These stories addressed the notion of community through relationship. My hairdresser, George Cornelius, and others within the community (Prescott and Nevada County) asked me to write ““Can You Turn It, Baby?” The Christmas Calf.”

The text of the essay:

Daddy used to say “Can you turn it, Baby?” when I was lying in a prone position with my right cheek resting on that soft spot between a cow’s rear end and her tail bone, with my right arm up to my shoulder inserted into a cow’s uterus trying to turn a calf to assist her in the

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birth process. Between the ages of 12 and 16, I was called upon from time to time to assist when a cow “was down,” with the calf caught or wedged on the mama cow’s hip bones.

My arms were small enough then, and, with opportunity and practice, I became quite good at “turning” calves. So, about two or three times per year, Daddy would tote me out to the downed cow and we would help deliver a calf. A couple of times, I watched Daddy and Carroll (my future ex-husband) help deliver calves using a come-a-long.

I have witnessed the loss of both cows and calves with the vet attending. Delivering calves is a very life-giving, life-enhancing process; yet, when it goes horribly wrong, it can be deadly to the livestock, financially expensive and hurtful to watch. Although it was dangerous, yet fulfilling work, I never lost a calf in my pre-adolescent and adolescent tenure as mid-wife to cattle.

In the mid-1980’s, while Carroll, then a principal at Spring Hill Public Schools, and I were married, Daddy was in his 70’s and had given much of the hard labor of the daily business of the farm over to Carroll and me. I was a primary and middle school counselor with Gurdon Public Schools. As Carroll was leaving for a school board meeting, he told me, “Go get Mazie and bring her into the barn for tonight; it is about time for her to calve.”

It was about 40 degrees on this cold December afternoon. I don’t take orders well, but Mazie was one of ours that Carroll and I had raised on a bucket. She was an orphaned Hereford mix (which Mother called “white face”) calf that we had bought from the Cow Sale in Hope. We had bought June, a Brahman mix, at the same time, but Mazie was “the beloved.” Mazie and June would come running whenever I did the Flicka whistle (three longs and two shorts). Daddy often remarked that, with Mazie and June running full force toward me, one day they would have run over me; but they never did. It must have been a fearful sight for Daddy to see two full grown cows running at “top speed” toward his one and only child.

With temperatures forecast to fall below 30 degrees, I had to find Mazie before nightfall. I checked the southeast corner of the eighty acres and she was not there. I continued to whistle and call to her, but she was not in the southwest corner either. I fired up Daddy’s old red Farmall M Tractor, “Ole Red,” to continue my search, but there was still no sign of Mazie. Then I decided to follow the cow trails to the “back forty” and as I did, I stuck “Ole Red” up to the back axles, big time. I returned to the backyard to retrieve Carroll’s old Ford 150 pickup, “Ole Blue,” and promptly got it stuck near “Ole Red.”

Night was beginning to fall and I had to find Mazie because, being so near to calving, she would not survive the night. I took out on foot and saw a huge, dark lump in the back corner of the northwest corner of the place. Thinking “Oh, My God! It is Mazie and she’s down,” When I approached her, I saw that two hooves had presented, and I did not know how long she had been in that shape and in that position. I noticed that her breathing was shallow, and I knew intuitively that I had a limited amount of time to deliver the calf and get Mazie to the barn.

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I had never delivered a calf all by myself. Helping a cow to calve was considered a two-man job with Daddy and Carroll, but I was Mazie's best and only hope. I had never lost a cow or calf in the birth process and our "beloved" Mazie was not going to be the first. Failure was simply not an option.

There was no time. There was only me. Taking off my heavy jacket and laying it on the freezing ground, I got into position over the top of the hooves. Sure enough the calf's hip bones were wedged on Mazie's hips. I tried reaching beneath the hooves, but there was no room. I tried pulling on the hooves, but that just seemed to hurt Mazie without helping the situation. I reinserted my arm and working with the rhythm of Mazie's contractions, managed to inch the calf's hips off of her mother's. When the pressure released, the calf slid quickly from her mother, missing me by inches and landing squarely on my jacket. Mazie seemed to be okay.

The calf was still covered in a slimy bag of water that had not broken. I realized quickly that the calf was in distress and could not breathe in its new environment. Frantically, I tried to tear into the bag, but it was futile and a waste of precious time. I was going to lose the calf, if I did not think of something quickly.

I began to examine the slippery, slimy bag by feel. Night had fallen, as had the temperature. The bag was most sheer near the nose, so I tried inserting my finger into the calf's nose and miraculously the bag punctured. The calf gasped sweet, precious, life-giving air. As I inserted a finger into the other nostril, there was another gasp of air. Thanks be to God -- we, the calf and I, managed to free her (yes, it was a "her") from the bag which enveloped her. I wept as the calf was born a second time from the bag which held her.

I knelt in the pasture on that cold December evening and watched as Mazie licked, cleaned and bonded with her first born. I wept openly with shoulders heaving and watched as an absolute miracle took place before my very eyes. I was reminded of George Washington Carver's "More and more as we come closer and closer in touch with nature and its teachings are we able to see the Divine and are therefore fitted to interpret correctly the various languages spoken by all forms of nature about us."

The divine moment was broken, when I realized it was really dark and really cold. We could not stay where we were. The calf had been cleaned, but she had not nursed. I knew it was dangerous to move the calf prior to nursing, but I believed that it was more dangerous to wait any longer before trying to get all of us to the barn. Gathering the heifer calf up, I swaddled her in my coat, and we started for home with Mazie following. I could only carry the calf for a little way of the half-mile trek to the barn lot without stopping to rest, catching my breath and repositioning the calf in my arms. I still had to get the Mother and Child into the barn to protect them from the now freezing temperatures.

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Though I did not count them, I probably had to stop ten to twelve times on our way to the barn and safety. As I thought of what a sight we must have been, I could not help but think of the Nativity -- a strange one, but a nativity, all the same, with the Mother, the Child and me.

Getting the holy family into the barn was difficult; I had to work the huge doors and gates to keep them safe, while keeping other cattle out. With Mother and Child safely in the barn, I realized I was numb from my knees and elbows down, but the cockles of my heart were warm. I fetched water and sweet feed for Mazie and made a make-shift manger of broken hay bales for our newly acquired holy family. I watched as Mazie began to lick and stroke the calf who responded immediately. In a short period of time, the baby was able to stand, and I watched as she nursed for the first time.

Seeing headlights and hearing the trilogy of horn honks signaling that Carroll was safely home from his meeting, I walked outside the barn waving and yelling for Carroll to come. He did -- school clothes and all.

The next morning, Carroll and I got up bright and early -- Carroll to check the calf and me to call Daddy. "Daddy," I said. "I have some good news and some bad news. We have a new heifer calf and two stuck vehicles."

Daddy had three things to tell me: "Meet me at the barn. Don't worry -- I will get Jimmy Wicker, next door, and Zane Grey Cole, the cattleman across the road to help get 'Old Red' and 'Ole Blue' out of the pasture. And, I will buy you a new jacket!" How did Daddy know about the jacket?

Come to find out, Daddy had heard a portion of the story unfold last evening. From his home next door, he had heard each vehicle start, in turn, and heard each get stuck, in turn. He even walked to the fence row as I started out on foot in search of Mazie. He wanted to help, but Thelma Belle, my stepmother, did not want him to. He had already been out to check on the holy family that morning and found my soiled barn coat.

Daddy met us at the back yard gate into the barn lot, through a series of gates which provided access to our collective properties. We entered the barn patch and the barn as a trinity, Daddy, Carroll and me. Daddy opened the door. As I entered, I saw Mazie quietly munching a fresh flake of hay while the baby nursed sweetly at her side. I was moved to tears, as were Daddy and Carroll.

I looked into the eyes of the men in my life, with Carroll on my left and Daddy on my right, and thought again of the Nativity and of the "shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night."

As we three squatted down to witness this ethereal scene, I quietly and tearfully told Daddy of the miraculous birth and of having to carrying the calf to safety, with Mazie following behind. Looking at me, Daddy said, "You did as fine a job as any man I know. You

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were very brave. You stayed with it until it was finished and all were safely in the barn. Last evening and the events of it are one of the secrets of being a cattleman and one of the true joys of animal husbandry. I am so proud of you.”

Carroll and I went on to our respective schools that day while Daddy began to share the story with friends and neighbors. He first told the story to Jimmy Wicker and Mr. Cole as they helped to retrieve ‘Ole Red’ and ‘Ole Blue’ from the pasture. He continued to tell the story until his death in 1988.

Over the years, George Cornelius, Jimmy Wicker and Z. G. Cole have all shared their version of the story with me. They know the story as “Little Bit, the Christmas calf.” Daddy, grinning from ear to ear, always ended his story with the naming of the calf, “Little Bit” after his own “Little Bit” who helped to get her here.

The rest of the story:

Mazie, the beloved, lived on the farm and produced a healthy calf each year. Little Bit lived on the farm place until she had to be put down at old age. Both were buried in the front pasture in front of the pond that they loved. To paraphrase Walt Whitman, they “serve to fertilize the ground,” which gave them life.

I bush hogged that front patch in May and June after over ten years of it lying dormant. As I neared the “sacred ground” where Mazie and Little Bit lay, a most fitting Celtic Eulogy, entitled “Something Beautiful Remains” came to mind:

The tide recedes,
but leaves behind bright sea shells on the sand.
The sun goes down,
but gentle warmth still lingers on the land.
Music stops,
and yet it echoes on in sweet refrain...
For every joy that passes,
Something beautiful remains.

P. S. That year for Christmas, I received a red, LL Bean barn coat, which had been monogrammed with my name and new title: Linda G. Brown, Cattleman.

Biographical Sketch

Linda G. (Brown) English is a native of Prescott, Arkansas. She taught for twelve years within the public schools of Southwest Arkansas prior to returning to her alma mater, Henderson State University to teach in 2001. Currently, Linda is Professor of Counselor Education in the Teachers College of her “beloved Henderson.”

Linda has been published in numerous regional, state and national publications, both professional journals and socio-cultural venues including *The Old Time Chronicle*, the *Journal of Poetry Therapy* and *Tales from the South*.

Linda lives in the farmhouse, the setting for many of her stories, with Buford and Babe, her silver-point tabby and black Labrador retriever.

Inside the Story

Sebastian Junger talks about his latest book, *War*, and the dangerous business of reporting it

**Michael Ray Taylor, M.F.A.
Professor of Communication and Theater Arts**

War

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At this year's Academy Awards ceremony, Esperanza Spalding sang over a montage of photographs of film-related men and women who had died in the past year. One of those photographs featured Tim Hetherington, nominated for a Best Documentary Oscar in 2011. Hetherington was killed last April in Libya while photographing the uprising against Moammar Gadhafi. His Oscar nomination came for *Restrepo*, which he created with journalist and author Sebastian Junger. The film follows a platoon of the most active combat unit in Afghanistan during 2007 and 2008. Junger first told their story in a series of magazine articles for *Vanity Fair*. In 2010 Junger brought out *War*, a full-length version of the story of being embedded for weeks at a stretch with young men who faced constant enemy fire, hunkered down in one of the most inhospitable places on Earth, the Korengal Valley, just north of the Khyber Pass.

A few days before the Academy Awards remembered Hetherington, American journalist Marie Colvin and French photographer Rémi Ochlik were killed while covering the civil uprising in Syria. The nonprofit Committee to Protect Journalists confirms that 2011 was one of the deadliest years for journalists on record, and so far 2012 appears even worse. Junger, who delivered a lecture on "Dispatches from War: Stories from the Front Lines of History" at Middle Tennessee State University March 20, spoke with Michael Ray Taylor for the online journal *Chapter16* by phone from his car as he drove toward New York, where he lives and is the co-owner of a pub, The Half King.