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Everychild is himself a miracle—a human being, small, immature with vast possibilities for growth.

Everychild begins the miracle of life secure and sheltered. He need not draw breath, nor feed himself, nor keep himself warm. He need only lie, curled and folded—a promise, a hope.

While he waits for his time, Everychild grows—longer, stronger. The parts of his body appear—eyes that have never seen, ears that have never heard, hands that have never reached out to grasp.

Month after month, Everychild waits and grows. Until one day he stirs—stretches—kicks! He feels the mysterious life urge to move and to struggle—to become himself! With a cry, he fills his lungs and breathes. And wonder of wonders, in his heart the flow of blood reverses itself. For Everychild is born.

Now Everychild faces an unknown world that demands that he be a doer and a learner as well as a receiver. The miracle of growth goes on, for his life urge is strong. His body has an urge for food, for action—his mind has an urge to explore, to learn—his spirit has an urge to reach out to other spirits.
These urges! Where will they lead him? Look at little new Everychild—he does not look like a conqueror! Can he learn of the goodness and the dangers of the world? Will learning be a great adventure? Or will apathy hold him back? Will love meet his outgoing spirit? Or will loneliness be his silent companion?

This is the story of Everychild. This, too, is the story of grown-ups who will help or distort the miracle of Everychild’s growth.

Everychild is born with a sense of ME—all else is the great unknown. ME is the sensitive core of his inner life—oh so easily bruised! And ME is the thread of continuity that holds him firm throughout his life.

Around him, impinging upon him, swirls a world of sounds, blurred images, pressures on his body which, bit by bit, he learns is a not-ME world. To all he responds with actions and emotions—inhibitions has he none. These he must learn.

What is the difference between things and people in the not-ME world? That, too, he must learn. For years he may struggle with the strange idea that people are selves in their own right—not merely in relation to ME. At two years, he fingers the ear of another child as if it belonged to no one. He points to a child and says in a puzzled voice, "That Johnny—not ME!" At six when, in a test, he is asked "What is a mother?" he commonly answers, "A mother is to take care of ME."
He learns soonest about the world of impersonal things that he can touch and see and hear and lick. He explores the here-and-now world with his early tools for learning—his senses and his muscles. Before he can walk his eager hands reach out to grasp—a flying bird, a spot of sunshine on the floor.

After a time, he discovers the miracle of talk—another tool for exploring the not-ME world! He pours out a flood of questions: “What is it?” “How does it work?” “Can I do it?” His observations widen—he states them simply, directly. A three-year old returns to his once sunny new room after the sun has set. He murmurs in wonder, “The big shadow is all around.” He describes a hill as “the place where the legs ache.”

At seven or eight, his wonder extends beyond the here-and-now that he can take in directly. He struggles with the idea of a round earth—“Could we dig a hole to China?” He struggles with big words grown-ups use—“How far away is Afghanistan? Just this side of infinity?”

And he enjoys sending his thoughts back to people of long ago and far away. For a time he swaggers in cowboy boots. For a time he draws dinosaurs or space ships to fly to Mars. He uses information freely for his own purposes!

Now Everychild turns to his peers. A new kind of adventure to share secrets from grown-ups with his peers—to develop a code of behavior, even a secret language! His ME expands among his peers.

And his ME will continue to expand as he grows toward the time when society demands that he assume full responsibility for himself, with a credo of his own building, and take his place in the world of people.

Oh, Everychild, we adults watch from the outside the miracle of your growth as you explore the great unknown. But is that enough? To himself Everychild remains ME. He does not learn fully or live fully by taking in the outside world. He must give it out again in his own way to make it his own.
Everychild has a song—a song of life—a song of joy
Deep in his heart of hearts, Everychild has a song.
He sings for the fun of the tickling grass
He sings for the mid-day sun that warms
He sings for the rain that sprinkles his face
and the feel of a kitten, soft in his arms.
He sings for the hand that holds his own
as he wanders about the great unknown.
He sings as he works and sings as he plays
for his heart beats strong in his youngness of days.
He greets the newness, the joy of living
with a song that is his to sing.

Sing on, little Everychild, though few may heed your song
Keep—deep in your heart of hearts—the power to sing your song.

Some adults cherish a myth that childhood is a long song of joy.
No—grief, fear, loneliness come to Everychild. For his life is ruled
by powerful giants whose strange ways he cannot understand.

Sometimes these giants serve him—to him that is their function.
Remember? “A mother is to take care of ME!” And that means,
“She loves ME!” He is flooded with love—comfortable and secure
when some loved giant is near.

Yet sometimes, for no understandable reason, these same giants say,
“No!” Then he is flooded with despair: this giant no longer loves ME!
His world totters—he loves and hates at the same time.
With feeble fists, he hits out—shouts every “bad” word in his slender
vocabulary. Only when he again feels love flowing to him does his
wrecked world become steady. And so, at last he learns to accept
the inevitable No’s in his life.

Sometimes, too, a loved giant simply disappears—he knows not why.
Then Everychild is lost. He searches for the familiar hand—calling,
calling. The familiar voice does not answer. She is gone—
gone forever. The world is empty. Sobbing he cries himself to sleep.
In the years to come, Everychild, you will outgrow your childhood dependence. But may you never try to live without the touch of outreaching hands. Only as you keep your need for other human beings can you, yourself, be fully human.

Everychild builds a world of his own—a world in which he believes and makes-believe. In his make-believe world—his play—he becomes anything he wishes but can not be in the real world. Now he is a helpless baby whose mother takes tender care of him. Now he is the mother who, at will, can caress or spank a doll, another child, a block of wood. Again he becomes an airplane and flies zooming with outspread arms, or a pilot guiding his plane.

In his play he unleashes his pent-up ME. He is unhampered, on his own. And he is learning by being—by extending himself beyond his limited and limiting experience.

May you keep your power, Everychild, to extend yourself beyond what is. Dreams will nourish you in the world of reality. Dreams may even change the world of reality.

We, entrenched in our adult world, find it as hard to enter a child's world as does a child to enter our adult world. Through anxiety or irritation, we may even miss what Everychild can bring us.

Everychild has something that is felt yet is hard to name—something that suddenly reveals the beauty and wonder of the world that in our haste we had near forgotten—a fresh vision of our jaded adult world that quickens us to joyful acceptance and to joyful resolve.

It is a kind of innocence that has no expectation of evil, since he has known no evil, that gives us back our faith. Faith in him spills over into faith in humanity—his trustfulness in us makes us transcend ourselves.

Everychild has something that makes us bow our heads in humility and makes us raise our heads high in sudden joy and release.
Need we name what Everychild brings to us? We need only feel, and try to share with him the “trailing clouds of glory” of his world.

Who is this Everychild? Everychild is a citizen of the whole world.

Long has Everychild gone forth—from the desert to the city, from the Nile to Mississippi, from lands of ice and snow, from lands where mangos grow—Everychild went forth into the great unknown. From what lay around him, he took and made his own. Long have peoples of every land taught him to love their special way and hate the ways of others, to believe their way was right and wrong the ways of others.

And yet—today we pray that Everychild may question his own as the only right way. For today no matter where he lives, the whole world lies around Everychild from which to take and give. And today no matter where we live, Everychild belongs to all of us.

Today we fain would say to Everychild—Go forth from the desert to the city, from the Nile to the Mississippi, from lands of ice and snow, from lands where mangos grow—go forth, Everychild when you are grown, build tomorrow’s world in a pattern now unknown of Man’s humanity to Man.

Can we, his teachers, ask this new miracle of growth of Everychild? Today all of us, not just those in the schools and homes of the world, but all in every land—law makers and law-breakers, workers in every trade, business, profession—are teachers of Everychild.

When you came to us, Everychild, in you was no hate nor envy, nor scorn. What have we, your teachers in the patch of the earth we call “our own,” taught you to prepare you for the task that will so soon be laid upon you?

Has Everychild lived fully as he grew from babyhood to the crossroads we call adolescence? Or have we blocked his eager feet when he sought new paths to become himself—not heeded the song that was his to sing?—bruised his sensitive ME—let him feel unloved and finally without respect for himself or for other selves?
Has Everychild learned for joy—thrilled to the adventure of exploring the unknown from the tiny flower in his hand to the cosmic night of stars?—wondered at the unreal reality of numbers?—found the magic of limitless expansion of his own small world through the printed word? Or have we taught him to learn only to please us or to do better than his friends?

Has Everychild known friendship—the shared laughter, the shared difficulties, the joy of a loved familiar presence? Or has he been lured by the false glitter of popularity?

Have we given Everychild a chance to relish diversity? to expand the group he cares about to include those who differ from ourselves?—to know the joy of being always a learner—both a giver and a receiver? Or have we taught him that conformity to our clan ways is the price of friendship?

Look once more at Everychild as he reaches the perilous pass that leads from childhood to adulthood. Look well at what we are teaching Everychild today lest, too late, we remember.

We have loved you, Everychild, and tried to do our best. Yet we are giving you a world in which you dare not make great mistakes—a world in which time may run out—a world in which we must look to you to perform a miracle of growth that transcends what mankind has achieved through past ages.

Oh Everychild—you are still a promise, a hope—our promise, our hope!
THE goal of Bank Street College of Education is to make schools for children and for teachers places for all-around healthy growth and learning. And a school planned for growth is a good laboratory in which to study growth. From 1916 to the present, research related to growth and learning of children or teachers has been continuous.

1916—organized as the Bureau of Educational Experiments, with a staff of teachers, psychologist, doctor, social worker, to make a joint study of children and to develop a school for children.

1918—a Nursery School with Harriet Johnson as Director, as our first “core of work” with children.

1930—a School for Teachers, a Graduate Program as our “core of work” in teacher education, kept small to permit intensive study by teaching and research staffs, from which have developed field service programs to large groups of teachers.

1937—Writers Laboratory designed to produce high quality books for children.

1943—Workshops for teachers in public schools, in cooperation with the Board of Education in New York City; intensive work with teachers and children in nine schools; district and city-wide programs with various Board Departments and Committees.

1946—Evening Program in Teacher Education, attended each semester by more than 200 teachers.

1950—became the Bank Street College of Education with the right to grant the degree of Master of Science in Education.

1952—Associates of Bank Street College organized to spread interest in constructive work for children; and to help Bank Street College carry on such work. They have offered special meetings, conferences and publications.

1953—evaluation of College work by Trustees and College staff, which led to a new Program for Children, including a re-designed Bank Street School for Children, and the Polly Miller Child Care Center. Lucy Sprague Mitchell appointed Acting President by the Board of Trustees.

1955—John H. Niemeyer appointed President by Board of Trustees.

1956—Lucy Sprague Mitchell named President Emeritus; John H. Niemeyer assumes office of President.

1956-57—Fortieth Anniversary Year.
As we celebrate the fortieth anniversary of Bank Street College, our thoughts understandably turn toward the rich heritage passed on to us by the founders of our institution and by the people who have worked closely with them. Since no part of this heritage is more important than the spirit of looking always toward the future, it is equally understandable that we should ask ourselves at this moment of Lucy Sprague Mitchell’s retirement from active leadership: “What now lies ahead for Bank Street?”

To answer this question in general terms is fairly easy, for the dynamic of Bank Street has been a clear one. Bank Street—whether called a Bureau or a School or a College of Education—exists primarily to search for more effective knowledge about children and the best ways of educating them, to establish pilot projects, to test this knowledge, to develop new procedures and techniques, and finally, chiefly through publications, to make the findings available to the profession at large. From the early Bank Street studies of the development of children to the current experiments in helping college graduates become creative and competent teachers, this dynamic, this opening up of new territory on the educational continent has operated. It will continue to operate in the years that lie ahead.

Perhaps a negative definition of goal will be clarifying. Bank Street, a college, is not striving to become more like other institutions which are called colleges. It is not an embryo Vassar or Hamilton or even Harvard. It is rather, aiming toward being an increasingly important and comprehensive center for advanced studies and research in the mental and emotional development of the normal child.

This far-reaching goal does not represent a break with the Bank
Street tradition. Lucy Sprague Mitchell likes to say that growing old is a matter of "growing more so." The goal for the Bank Street of the near future is just that—to grow more so. The central dynamic mentioned above will remain our built-in gyroscope and radar pilot to give balance and direction. A second basic principle of Bank Street will continue to operate: the principle that explorations of the new should develop logically from the knowledge and skill learned in earlier explorations. Since all the experience of Bank Street has been with the earlier years of human development, our studies in the future will continue to emphasize the years before adolescence.

Within such limitations the possibilities for new search are almost endless. Our teacher education program may soon include professional training for teachers of colleges of education. We shall probably project our studies and experiments into many of the "out-of-school" experiences of children. We intend to test out on a broader socio-economic base what we believe we have learned in the past forty years about parent education from working with a middle-class, professional group of people. We are feeling our way toward a new pilot project in public education—this time a program carried out cooperatively with a board of education for raising the quality of teaching in a whole school district. We are involved in plans for helping teachers handle more competently problems arising from so-called desegregation of schools. And we plan to amplify our research in the field of school curriculum.

Anyone familiar with the work of the Bank Street College of Education will see that these proposed extensions of program are simply Bank-Street-Only-More-So. But the "More So" presents a challenge to all who wish to see Bank Street become an even more comprehensive center for advanced studies and research in the mental and emotional development of the normal child. Two things must be accomplished, with all their implications for planning and organization. First, we shall have to attract to Bank Street, and develop within our own professional staff, an increasing number of imaginative, dedicated professional workers. Second, we must find the necessary financial support for the research, the pilot service projects, and the explorations which almost inevitably are non-income-producing. The first of these tasks is even more formidable than the second. Yet, with the support of our active alumni, our Associates, our devoted Board of Trustees, and the many friends in the wider community who believe in the importance of pioneering for a fuller life for the Children who are Tomorrow's World—with such support, I am confident that these tasks will be accomplished.
Those of us at Bank Street College who work with the new experimental teacher training program are having the privilege of getting as close as we have ever been to the bedrock problems involved in the process of becoming an elementary school teacher. This program, designed to relieve the teacher shortage and supported by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, offers a selected group of students the opportunity to enter the field of teaching after one semester of work at Bank Street. Their work with the College faculty continues through on-the-job supervision and through afternoon and evening seminars at the College for another year.

Students and staff alike have learned from the challenges presented when a novice teacher, after only four months of Bank Street training, steps into a public school classroom, half-way through the year, to take over as teacher. Often this new teacher is faced with children who are unsettled because of the change of teachers; sometimes she finds herself in a neighborhood where the conditions are responsible for near-delinquency in some of the children who sit (no, they don't sit!) before her; and she has her own inexperience to shake her, and the problem of reconciling her high goals with practical realities.

That the students in this new program have all come through their initial difficulties, with even stronger motivation for teaching than when they began, is a tribute to their personal strength, as well as to the supervision-on-the-job received from Bank Street advisers and often from school principals as well.

In June, 1956, we asked the 12 students in this pilot program to write out for us their own evaluations of the experiences they had just been through. We asked them to tell us frankly how they felt about the teaching profession, after this strenuous induction into it, as well as how they felt about our training program.

Their accounts came in to us hot off the griddle, in words that were alive because of the immediacy and strength of the emotion put into them. The students didn't spare us, the schools, or themselves, as they relived the difficulties they had been through. But none of them stopped at this point. With energy, insight, and thoughtfulness, they analyzed the job of the teacher, and their own self growth.
Such accounts as these, spontaneous and never intended for publication, have the pulse of life that is rare in educational writing. They are too important just to lie here at Bank Street in the file drawers.

In the excerpts that follow, the reader is taken right into the classroom, and can see for himself what is entailed in the process of learning how to become an elementary public school teacher today, in the greater New York area:

"Under the first pressures of class management, my concern was with just getting the children and me into some kind of livable situation—not getting their pencils stolen or their heads whacked, getting everyone looking and listening and working at the simplest of things, keeping the din down to a reasonable number of decibels, the beans on the science table and not in a shooter.

"Really, I forgot all about what children needed or were asking to know, what there was exciting in the world around that I'd like to let my children in on. I thought in terms of what they could most easily be kept together with.

"... I see now a major omission in my original picture of teaching. I knew I would be in on the satisfaction of children growing—but I don't think I realized the extent of my responsibility. Teaching means setting up a complete system—making clear mores, work responsibilities, providing the stimuli in the form of program—and being sharply aware every second that things are working consistently and that two dozen individuals are getting along as comfortably and self-fulfillingly as they can. This is a very challenging thing; when things are going half-way smoothly, it is the wonderful thing about the job because somehow it's very satisfying to be called upon to work so hard. But at the discordant moments, it's the most overwhelming and discouraging aspect. . . ."

* * *

"My motives for entering the profession of teaching have changed in that they are less naive, more definitely focused. They were unrealistic in that I had not taken into account what a difficult thing teaching would be. Nor had I considered the limitations of my own personality and altruism. I feel now that my expectations must be cut to the scale of my capabilities. They must be made to include an awareness of the personality interactions that go on in teaching. Rather than considering teaching as a vague 'do good' occupation, I have new knowledge of the need for flexibility, and adjustment by the teacher to the needs of her group. While my final goals are the same—to find a more satisfying, worthwhile occupation—I now realize the difficulty of attaining these goals, and
the naiveté of expecting to attain them quickly and completely. I find now that satisfaction from teaching must come by being less self- and more child-centered."

* * *

"My motives for turning toward teaching as a profession were mixed when I first came to Bank Street. I was working in an office and although my job was interesting it still involved dull repetition that I soon tired of. Teaching represented to me a profession which would hold a constant interest for me because it involved working with children, entailing self-involvement in their growth, welfare, education and social adjustment. To this extent teaching during the past six months has upheld my former expectations. No matter what it has been, it has NEVER been dull.

"I never expected to teach in the type of school in which I find myself now. Moreover I believe that no course could prepare anyone for teaching in this kind of area—low socio-economically, 100 per cent Negro, with extreme deprivation as a matter of course.

"Bank Street, both in courses and supervision, has helped me, through its guidance, to a better understanding of children. It has helped me to understand, to feel, children not merely as automatons to be manipulated by a teacher, but as living beings whose lives have suddenly become my concern. This may appear to be almost too obvious to need statement—but I feel that this is where the major part of my growth as a teacher has taken place during the past year at Bank Street.

"However, I found my greatest need was for training in classroom management and in the mechanics of teaching the various subject areas. I found that while I knew what I wanted to teach and what I was supposed to teach, I didn’t always know how to present it effectively . . . ."

* * *

"My interest in being a teacher has not slackened; it is more realistic and meaningful. The hope that I could qualify as a teacher, my interest in children and my ideals for teaching as a profession and vocation have descended from the realm of speculation to merge and be refined in practice. I thought I had a ‘talent’ for teaching, a love of people, and dedication for the work which would help me, with the proper training, to live up to my standard of a good teacher. Since I have begun teaching—and even while training for the job—I have realized how little I really know about children. I have been excited again and again by their spontaneity and originality, by the part they play in the teaching process."
“Classroom management has changed from an abstract and minor consideration to a vital and skillful technique. Each teacher has her own style, but the teacher who does not work out her attitude about discipline and improve her management techniques finds the rest of her program suffering.

“With training and practice I have a much more realistic conception of the educational process. Elementary school is no longer chopped up in my mind into six separate grades with an established course of work for each. With this broadened conception, I am no longer worried as to which grade level I should teach, or for which class I am prepared. The aims of education remain constant, though the level of growth and learning progresses. To stimulate the child’s curiosity, help him explore avenues of learning, think through new concepts and reach new conclusions for himself is part of every teacher’s job.

“At the same time there is a routine and repetition about the classroom day that was unexpected and a comfort to both children and new teacher. Life both in and out of school has pattern. The challenge is to weave the pattern skillfully, colorfully, without monotony yet containing all the necessary elements.

“Now that my first class is about to go on to second grade, I can begin to see my four months with them more objectively. I have been fortunate to have a fine group of children. They responded to every new idea that had merit, when it was presented in an interesting and organized fashion. In my eyes they are an alert and intelligent class. They represent a democratic range of national, social and economic backgrounds. Every child, even the most difficult, has lovable qualities. In short, when I had gained some degree of self-assurance, the job became ‘fun’—a reward in itself.”

* * *

A number of students spoke specifically of the advantages of the new training program, in ways that encouraged us to feel that we have been on the right track:

“Even at best, teacher training is a limited thing. For this reason, I think the experimental program is a good one. Because it limits the period of artificial training, it forces the teacher to test and develop her theoretical knowledge. There are certain things about teaching that cannot be taught but must be developed on the job. The teacher’s first year may be the most difficult, but it is also the most productive as far as learning how to teach is concerned. Consequently, the sooner this period is begun, the better it is.”
"On-the-job supervision by Bank Street staff has been of inestimable value for me. My supervisors have been a source of practical aid and of advice. In this new teacher's moments of uncertainty and distress, it was steadying to have a good listener and experienced teacher available. It always amuses me when my fellow teachers in this school express their concern and sympathy when I am visited. They cannot believe that I enjoy and profit from these visits. The absence at Bank Street of the feeling that supervision is for grading makes for a relationship of confidence between adviser and teacher-in-training."

An additional excerpt will give an indication of the direction in which all of the students were ready to move, as they entered upon their last semester of supervision on-the-job, in the fall of 1956:

"As a teacher, I believe I have overcome, in part, what was at first my greatest problem—discipline. I believe I have come to terms with myself as to what I consider good discipline and a good atmosphere in my classroom. This does not mean, of course, that I have solved this problem for all time. However, to date, I feel this is one of my strong points for it has made me less tense and anxious. I am now more relaxed in the classroom, more at home, as if I truly belong there. I cannot fully express how great a problem this was to me and how great an accomplishment overcoming it has been. The next logical step in my development is toward more program. That is where I need the most help now—that is what I need most help in from Bank Street."

It has been most gratifying to the Bank Street advisers during the past semester to see this pilot group of students developing into skillful teachers. With the hurdle of "classroom management" left behind, concentration has been on program enrichment. One student writes about the kinds of satisfactions many are now experiencing:

"The other day we were cleaning out closets in preparation for the end of the term. Some science equipment used the first weeks of school was unearthed. Somehow, two very quiet and very serious little groups organized themselves to 'speriment' and find out again how you make lights work and water push up in the drinking fountain.

"... In a discussion of drawings needed for the transportation mural, George said, 'Teacher, you sure get me thinking some good ideas.'

"These are some of the nice things about teaching."
AFTER a simple supper in the kitchen four-year-old Billy followed his mother slowly up the stairs.

“I want to be the leader, Mommy,” Billy called from the second stair. “You have to come down and follow me—okay?”

“Okay,” agreed Mrs. Messner, and came back downstairs to walk behind him. Billy straightened his shoulders and marched up the stairs with striding steps. Halfway up he turned around to look at his mother.

“Remember, you have to follow me,” he reminded her. Mrs. Messner nodded.

Before reaching the top of the stairs Billy stopped marching, assumed a cautious tiptoeing position and held out a warning hand to his mother—not to go any further. Mrs. Messner replied with a sigh of impatience, but stood still as directed. Billy stalked to the upstairs hallway, got on all fours, and in a stage-direction manner motioned to his mother to do likewise. Mrs. Messner did not comply with her son’s request this time.

“You’ll have to hurry, Billy; play time is over,” she told him, walking up to him at her own pace. Billy gazed up at her momentarily, but remained in his four-footed position, completely absorbed in his play.

“Come on, Billy,” said Mrs. Messner, somewhat irritably now, and gave him a small shove with her foot. It was a spontaneous, almost a reflex, action. But Billy was not prepared for it, and he lost his balance and fell forward, scratching his nose on a toy airplane that lay on the floor.

Mrs. Messner’s impatience promptly gave way to remorse. Instantly and tenderly she picked Billy up. “I’m sorry, darling. I didn’t know you’d fall like that! Let me see where you hurt. Let me kiss it!”

Billy released himself from his mother, brushed off his scratched nose and straightened up. Mrs. Messner looked at him worriedly and waited for him to cry from the pain. But Billy only pouted and looked at his mother with an expression of hurt and accusation, rather than physical pain.
“You kicked me,” he said with indignation. “You’re bad,” and then he submitted impartially to his mother’s solicitous attention to the cut, and to her tucking him in for the night.

Well... Mrs. Messner reflected coming downstairs, tomorrow I’m supposed to take Billy to Dr. Epstein for a check-up. He’ll surely ask me about that horrid scratch on Billy’s nose—it might even be swollen up tomorrow... How shall I explain it to the doctor? Then Mrs. Messner checked herself: how silly of me—it’s only a small scratch, why give it another thought? Of course, she kept thinking, I should have waited another minute or two and let the child finish his game instead of losing my patience like that. Oh, well. Why get so wrought up over a little incident?

Mrs. Messner decided to tell the whole thing humorously to her husband the minute he came in. Laugh the whole thing off, that was it! But she visualized Billy’s face with the accusing expression and heard the condemning remark “You kicked me,” and she could feel no laughter. She did not mention the incident to her husband.

In the morning Mrs. Messner searched Billy’s sleeping face. It’s quite all right, she observed, concentrating on the scratch. Dr. Epstein will notice it, of course, and probably ask Billy about it. What does Billy think about the fall? Mrs. Messner dared not bring the subject up with Billy. If I say anything, he’ll know I’m worried and take advantage of me—children are that way.

Mrs. Messner summoned her cheerfulness and tact.

“We’re going on a trip today, Billy; a nice trip on the bus.”

“Are we going to Dr. Epstein’s office?” Billy asked.

“Yes,” answered Mrs. Messner, and added sincerely, “your friend, Dr. Epstein.”

On the way to the doctor’s Mrs. Messner told herself that nothing was wrong with Billy and that she had no reason to worry. Anyway, suppose the doctor did learn that she gave her own child a shove and that he hurt himself slightly as a result—goodness, what of it? Did the doctor expect her to be infallible?

Dr. Epstein had a confident gay manner with children. Billy walked in cheerfully and stepped on the scales himself.

“That’s right, Billy, you know what to do,” the doctor said encouragingly. He took the child’s weight and then his height. He sat relaxed on his swivel chair and adjusted the stethoscope to his ears. He motioned familiarly to Billy to come close.

Now, thought Mrs. Messner, Dr. Epstein will notice the scratch. Now he’ll say something about it.

Dr. Epstein took his time with the black stethoscope, and slowly laid it down.
Now I'll hear it, Mrs. Messner thought. There was a heavy silence, and she thought of saying something herself about the scratch, something frivolous perhaps, to avoid any interpretation on the doctor's part. But would Billy go along with it? How could she tell? Who knows the mind of a child? Wearily she abandoned the notion.

Dr. Epstein was inspecting Billy's eyes. He came to the eyelids and turned them over, while Billy stood still with interest and cooperation. He looked at Billy's face, and unmistakably, he was looking directly at the scratch.

"How old are you now, Billy?" he asked.

Now articulate little Billy will start speaking, and go right on... Mrs. Messner shifted in her seat. Billy answered the question matter-of-factly; not a word about the scratch or the kick.

Dr. Epstein finished the entries in Billy's record. He asked Mrs. Messner some routine questions about Billy's health as he washed his hands.

"Goodbye, young fellow," said Dr. Epstein, stroking Billy under the chin. "By the way," he added casually, "how did you get that scratch?"

Billy promptly got on all fours. "I was in the jungle, and a wolf was standing by himself." Billy made a gesture of forelegs and claws with his hands and peered, wolf-like, from them. Dr. Epstein looked at him with mock fright. "Then, boom! I made a crash landing. Krsh-sh-sh," and Billy made a diving and spreading airplane motion with his hands. "That's what happened."
Lucy Sprague Mitchell

IN her long career of more than half a century as an educator, Lucy Sprague Mitchell has been philosopher, administrator, writer, teacher of children and of teachers, pioneer in research in the behavior and potentialities of children. Mrs. Mitchell used the “interdisciplinary” approach to the study of children long before that term was invented. Her work in geography was a precursor of the social studies. Through it, she led children to an awareness of the relationship between people and the land on which they live, and of the way institutions and attitudes grow out of the work that people do which is economically important to them. She invented “tool” maps through which these relationships could be studied.

In this, as in all her other work, she gave her students a chance to think for themselves, to experiment, to put together raw data. No student, child or teacher, will forget the dynamic quality of her teaching, the zest for learning, the respect for the scientific method, the lively humor and erudition that she brought to her work.

Mrs. Mitchell has always had a remarkable ability to abstract, to analyze and to present the results of her thinking and experience to others, not only in the classroom but through her many books. Her first book, the Here and Now Story Book (1921) which was based upon research in children’s own use of language, had a tremendous impact upon the entire field of juvenile literature. Our Children and Our Schools, a Book Find Club selection, gives a picture of how today’s public school teachers are meeting the challenge of new knowledge and new cultural needs. Two Lives: The Story of Wesley Clair Mitchell and Myself is a dual biography which presents the story of a remarkable marriage and two notable careers.

Mrs. Mitchell, now President Emeritus of Bank Street College, continues her service to children through an intensive program of writing.
Wesley Clair Mitchell 1874-1948

WESLEY CLAIR MITCHELL is known the world over as an economist who made a fresh approach to economics through the study of human behavior in the money economy of western culture. But it is not generally known to his professional friends that he played an active part in developing a roughly comparable approach to the study of children and their education. He worked closely with the staff of the Bureau of Educational Experiments, a group drawn from various professions, helping to create their first records of children as individuals and in groups, and to analyze interrelationships.

Until his death in 1948, he was a member of major planning groups and of the Board of Trustees, and for years, he was the Treasurer of the organization. Each year, after the program in teacher education was begun, he talked to the students. He lived to see one of his major interests fulfilled—the extension of our work to public education.

Harriet Johnson 1867-1934

HARRIET JOHNSON was responsible for the vision and the creation of our Nursery School—the first in this country so far as we know to try to study what young children are like, and how they grow, and to plan a school as a place for them to grow in. Her behavior records of children in groups formed a new technique in the study of children. Her book, *Children In The Nursery School* (1928) has become a classic in the field. It is recognized today that school programs must be geared to the understanding of the developmental stages through which all children go. Harriet Johnson played an important role in the evolution of this concept, and in the accumulation of the body of knowledge which is now studied as child development.
The Expanding World of the Two-Year-Old

THIS is about two-year-olds and their growth, and how they begin to learn about the wider world outside their families. But it is about all of us, too. The reaching out and the turning back, the adventure and the consolidation, which we see so clearly in the two's is after all only a more plainly revealed, more easily studied stage in the continuum of growth we are all experiencing. We as adults know the excitement of moving ahead to new areas of independence and mastery; we know the pleasure of pausing to enjoy our gains, and we know, surely, as we knew at two or at eight, at twelve or eighteen or twenty-one, the comfort of enclosing security. From whatever balance we have attained we can look at our two-year-olds with the sympathy that comes from shared experience; their striving has been and is ours, and their gains are gains we have made and have yet to make.

But their growth is special because it is so new and so apparent. Two's give away with their very body movements feelings we have practiced for years to conceal. Watching them, we see at the same time the whole of the struggle for growth and the distinctiveness of their particular phase of it: after all, these are runny-nosed, snow-suit stuffed kids with mittens dangling from cuffs, their gaits awkward with warm padding. And they are so little! A year ago they were only babies. Even now, although they have begun to cope with their bodies, and with tools and words, they need endless assistance simply to get through the routine of their days: help with dressing, help with eating, help with getting to the toilet, help with steps. They need assistance in managing the most elementary moves toward socialization: help with taking turns, help with sharing, help with speech. And, most of all, they need love, and they need their love in the most direct of forms: touch, hugs, pats, cuddling, kisses. So close are two's to babyhood.

Still, as we watch them, we see sudden glimpses of their growing. One winter morning we can zip a snowsuit jacket more easily—the baby stomach is flattening out. We turn one evening from running his bath to find the two-year-old tugging off his own socks
in his eagerness for the water. We see him spontaneously offering an extra block to the child who wants one. And then, we hear him. We hear him till we are nearly inundated by the flood of his statement, repetition, statement, repetition. But if we listen closely, we can hear him tell how much of the larger world he has converted to his own; how he has internalized adult cues until he can use them for his own purposes. He says "I need" and "I can't" and "I want to do it." He says "I like" and "I don't want to." He says "Where Daddy?" and chants the answer himself, "Daddy come home, supper time, Daddy home, supper time." He says "OK," "sure." He says "broken," and "fix it." He says "later on," "some day," "tomorrow," "after nap." He looks up from his supper and asks for his friend: "Where Matthew?" And goes on, "Matthew eat supper?" Then relationships occur to him. "Where Matthew Daddy? Matthew Daddy eat supper. Where Matthew Mommy? Supper!" He turns to a familiar adult who is caring for him and says "My Dorothy!"

But around and through and after all other words, we hear "Mommy," "Daddy." He calls "Mommy" when he wakes, and when he needs help, and when he is hurt, and when he is tired, and when he wants to be hugged. "Mommy!" We can catch his basic two-year-old ambivalence perhaps most clearly in his language—the constant opening-out of his statements about himself and his world, and the constant refrain of his "Mommy."

And now we think this two-year-old with his wish to explore and to return needs a wider proving-ground for his reaching-out than he finds in his own home. We want him to have a place to be with children his own age, a place where both materials and limits are scaled to his abilities to cope with them. We want to give him the chance to meet sympathetic adults besides his own parents; to find that his world moves along even when Mommy is not the central figure in it. Most of all, we want him to have the excitement of discovering his uniqueness in a setting that he will come to think of as his own, because he has helped to shape it. And, if we are lucky, we send him to the special program for two-year-olds and their parents offered by the Bank Street School for Children.

At this point those of us who are mothers of two's find that if the children themselves are struggling with dependence-independence, so, indeed, are we. The two's want to move out on their own, and want to come back to us. We want to see them move out, and yet we find joy in their return. These currents of child feelings and adult feelings don't run parallel; they cross each other, shape each other, and we become aware how easily our own feelings as mothers color the nature of the child's movements. Perhaps we over-encourage him
to push out, perhaps we tend to draw him back to us. Perhaps his willingness to take part in this new world of his own makes us feel abandoned, or perhaps his strong need to hold onto us makes us feel annoyed. We see how complex even this gradual separation can be.

But we, as mothers, are there, and that is the crux of the Bank Street program for two's. The children are not shut off from the familiar world of mother-home-family after the first days of school; rather, they come just two mornings a week to a room which is set up for them and their mothers. Two rooms, really, with a doorway between. The children have their teachers, and their friends, and their materials, and their juice time together; we have our armchairs and our coffee and our talk together. And we know that when our child needs us, we are there.

So we see this school as an adventure in which mothers and children share. We see our two's making wonderful discoveries in a new world, without total separation from the crucial closeness of home and family. We see ourselves as parents of children with very different ways of reacting, and yet we find real help in talking with one another about common concerns. And, being so much involved with children, we relish our time together as adults, with adult talk. We watch our children relating to sympathetic new adults, their teachers, and we find real joy in seeing them liked, so spontaneously and thoroughly by these adults. Perhaps it is because we are able to be so close to the problems and the struggles and the comings and goings of our two's that we get a new perspective on them—we enjoy them, we delight in their joy, and, during the course of the year, we begin to see them more clearly as people, people who are taking their first steps away from us, and enriching our lives as they do so.

For they are moving, and moving outward. They let their teachers unzip their snowsuits and hug away their tears. They come in to tell us how high up they climbed, rather than to climb onto our laps. They learn one another's names and ask: "Where Julie?" as well as "Where Mommy?" And, at home, they carry the pride of this new world of their own making: "Today my school day. My roof. My juice time. My Julie."

It is early in the school year as I write this, but I can anticipate the pattern of growth during the two's year at Bank Street because a little girl and I have already shared it. This year it is a little boy, and the adventure is beginning again. Maggie Weisberg, his teacher, shared this example of my son's ambivalence and resolution with me: coming downstairs from the roof, David turned sadly to her and said, "My Maggie, I want my Mommy." And then, with a sudden grin and a squeeze of her hand, "MY MAGGIE!"
SOMETIMES when I hear someone trying to explain what Bank Street is I am reminded of the tale of the man who didn’t have time to tell a short story so he told a long one.

You can imagine, I’m sure, how this might happen. There are so many aspects to Bank Street—teacher training, research, the school for children, the child care center, the many extension, in-service and counseling programs. Where does one begin?

As Associates trying to extend the influence of the College we have a particular responsibility to be able to tell the short story—to give a concise statement of what Bank Street is before we lose our audience.

Here is a piece of verbal shorthand which might serve well in this connection: we could refer to Bank Street as a pilot institution in the field of education. Bank Street, like a pilot, has significance not because of its size but because of its leadership. Just as a pilot seeks new ways, tests them and guides others who follow, Bank Street does research in education, tests its results in its various programs and then tries to further the actual use of these new ideas in a wide variety of situations. The pilot uses his sounding lead, his pelorus, his compass and his log to check his course. Bank Street uses its Graduate Teacher Program, its School for Children and Child Care Center, its Writers Laboratory, its extension program in the New York public schools to establish the soundness of its educational ideas.

It is this quality of leadership through research, experimentation and practical application which I believe draws so many Associates to Bank Street. The excitement of being in the vanguard, of tackling our most challenging problems with a creative intensity is something that permeates the College. Were it not for this quality, this role as a pilot, the various programs of Bank Street would lack any special merit in relation to the thousands of others (most of them on a larger scale) which ask for support every day.

We can, I think, be proud of our role as friends and supporters of an institution whose leadership has been acknowledged by such diverse agencies as the Ford Foundation, the U.S. Public Health Service, The New York City Board of Education, cooperative nurseries in housing projects, private schools in suburbia and parent groups in exurbia.

There is, after all, something thrilling about being up front with the pilot.

WILLIAM F. BLITZER
By Children

THE BRIDGE

The bridge is a long arm and he stretches his long arm way across the river, and I think it is beautiful.

The cars go bumpy, bumpy, bump, and the big trucks roll over it.

And his fingers just touch the other side.

And his back must ache sometimes, but he never lets go, for he knows that it would do some damage, so he never lets go!

And he looks down under him and he sees the boats go under him and at night he goes to sleep.

And pretty soon a boat comes and the bridge has to wake up.

And the boat goes too-too-too-ing, and that is the way his life goes.

By an eight-year old boy

THE BEAUTIFUL LILY

Oh! once I saw a beautiful lily floating among the lily pads, floating upon the rippling waters.

She was pink and white, was she.

Every night the lily would close up and there on a pad she would float all night, floating forever on the still dark pond.

By a nine-year-old girl

THE WINTER

I was sleeping in my bed with the peaceful night all over me, with the snow all glowing silver from the moon that's up above, and the night spread all over the land.

I thought of the dog sleeping by the fire and the cat curled up under the stove, and I was sleeping in my bed.

By a ten-year-old boy
NIGHT TIME

'Tis six o'clock and there is only one star in the sky, and that star is Venus.
As it grows darker and darker the trees look like shadows standing stock still.
And after a while the sky was full of stars.
And as the moon shone down it was a beautiful sight to see.
And it is solemn.

By an eight-year-old boy

NIGHT

I am the night
The deep dark night
it hurts my soul
to look upon light
When the sun rises
out of the east
that's the part of the day
That I like least
And when it falls
again in the west
That's the time that
I like best
I am the soul of all that's left.
My hands are supple
my fingers deft.
I weave stories
of pain-wracked lives
And I make the wars
that make widows out of wives.
I am the night,
the deep dark night
It hurts my soul
to see things bright.

By a twelve-year-old girl

STORY OF THE SWORD

I was a plain piece of wood on a rack in a carpenter shop wishing I could be made into something. Soon a small boy came in. "Oh, this is just what I want," he said. He picked me up and turned me around and looked at me very carefully. Then he put me on a table and drew a funny line on me. He took out a long silver thing and sawed around my line. My, but it tickled. When I was all sawed out he put me in a vice and planed me down very smoothly to a point. Then he chiseled a square out of me and nailed a shorter piece of wood into my chiseled square. Then he took and painted me silver and painted my handle different colors. When I was dry another boy came in with another sword and said, "Now that you have made a sword, will you duel with me?"

By an eleven-year-old boy
CHILDREN—their growth, development and behavior—are always fair game for theories. Since we have all been children, we tend to generalize from our own early experiences on the basis of "common sense." Teachers in training are no exception to this. College graduates come for advanced work in education laden with assumptions about the needs and the nature of childhood. In many cases they are blissfully unaware that these are assumptions, just as pre-Copernican Europeans were unaware that it was an assumption, and a false one at that, that the earth was flat. Common sense seemed to be obviously on their side—but again and again people have found that common sense can be a treacherous ally.

Since many of the decisions a teacher must make are related to value judgments about a child's motivation, his personality and how it got that way, it becomes one of the major responsibilities of any teacher education institution to sort out fancy from fact—to help its teachers in training to become self-critical in the broad and positive sense of the term.

If we look in at a class at Bank Street College of Education—The Child's World in Family, School and Neighborhood—we can see this process of testing assumptions taking place, even early in the year. This course offers supervised practice in the techniques of observing and recording child behavior coordinated with seminar discussions of the meaning of the behavior observed.

One student teacher was reporting on Claude, a hostile-aggressive nine-year-old who had very poor social relations with other children. The student said that she had attempted to create a positive relationship with Claude, but that this seemed to stimulate him to aggressive behavior toward the student teacher herself.

At the end of her report, this student volunteered casually that, "Claude's mother is French, and so a part of his hostility must be caused by an over-strict bringing-up." The staff leader of the seminar asked what the student meant by "strict," and the student answered that the first thing that came to her mind was a lot of spanking. This prompted a question from the seminar leader as to whether we were safe in assuming that having a French mother inevitably meant that a child was spanked and over-disciplined.

The student reporting on Claude admitted that since she had never seen Claude's mother, she knew nothing of the kind or amount...
of discipline he was exposed to at home. This in turn precipitated a lively discussion among the other student teachers, several of whom had lived in France or had been there for fairly long visits. One maintained that French children were indeed better-mannered and acted more like little ladies and gentlemen than their American counterparts, and the implication was that this resulted from rigorous training. Another added that they were at the same time not as pressed as American children to grow up and take on responsibility for their own behavior, but were allowed to be babies considerably longer.

At this the class laughed. French “strictness” and French upbringing had been described in practically opposite ways. The seminar leader came back actively into the discussion to say that her original question had not been meant to cast doubt on the fact of differing cultural expectations for children, and she mentioned some of the social-anthropological work along those lines. It might well turn out, she suggested, that Claude’s Frenchness was related in some way to his behavior at school, but we couldn’t leap to that conclusion without a lot more evidence. “It may be relevant,” she said, “but we must find out what it’s relevant to.” In order to do a sensitive job as a teacher, she added, it was also necessary for all of us to become aware of our own cultural and personal expectations for children.

At this point another student suggested that since Claude had come to this country at the age of five without knowing a word of English, his social relations might have got off to a poor start. Still another suggested somewhat timidly that there must be many other factors that the first student, who had observed Claude only in school and for a period of two weeks, could have no knowledge of, and that might have absolutely no relation to nationality.

It was a longish detour around France, but it served an excellent purpose—that of becoming aware of assumptions and hasty generalizations. There could be little doubt that these student teachers ended the period with more awareness of the complexity of the causes of behavior than they had when they began, and were more ready to look before leaping to conclusions.

Nor were they left without positive suggestions and standards. The most important of these was undoubtedly a sense of multiple causation. Concretely, the seminar leader brought the discussion back to Claude’s aggressiveness. She said that while the student’s attempt to build a relation with Claude was laudable, she would probably find that a person related to an entire group of children could not take on an intense relationship with any one child. Naturally she would be sympathetic and interested, but particularly at the
nine-year-old level, such interest should be to help him toward becoming a part of the child group.

Our naive human tendency to build elaborate theories on rickety assumptions turned up again in another Bank Street seminar—The School Curriculum and Techniques of Teaching. Student teachers enrolled in this course are placed as teacher assistants in schools that embody newer practises in education, in the hope that they will see in action the principles the College stands for in education. But it is sometimes difficult even for a trained observer to see how daily classroom work is a demonstration of principle. In order to give these students background and to clarify their own understanding, the seminar leader was giving a capsule account of the history and philosophy of those individual schools in the metropolitan area in which these students were placed. Among the many points brought out was the fact that some schools prefer an oral or written report to the parents to formal grades.

One member of the class was shocked by this. “But don’t children have to have grades?” she asked. “And what possible harm can it do? We’re all used to having a record of scholastic achievement through high school and college. Shouldn’t young children start out getting used to grades, since they’ll have to accept them sooner or later?”

The seminar leader said that a yes or no answer to this question wouldn’t get the class much farther ahead in their thinking. But, she said, the question provoked consideration of many other questions relating to a child’s achievement—how he looks at his own achievement, and how we can help him to look at it. The possible convenience of a grading system would need to be weighed against the effect it might have on children. Would it help a child who did poor work in reading to be labelled a failure at the age of seven or eight? Would it help the gifted child to know that he stood first in his class? The seminar leader went on to say that she might help the thinking of the group best with some counter-questions.

How do you grade a three-year-old in block-building?

This seemed amusing to most of the class, a reductio ad absurdum. But the seminar leader asked them to consider it a serious question. If we carry grades down to early childhood, we would logically want to rate even the activities in the nursery school.

How would you grade a six-year-old in reading? This question raised the problem of the child’s previous experience with books, and brought out the fact that no child could be graded in a vacuum.

How would a teacher grade a ten-year-old’s painting? The students discussed and disagreed about whether the important element
in grading should be the effort the child put into it, or the teacher's judgment of the product as a work of art.

How would a teacher grade a nine-year-old in spelling? Everyone agreed that this would be simple enough, since there is an objective external standard for spelling which is the same for everyone.

The simple question of grades brought out in discussion the whole question of the evaluation of the child in his group, and the fact that there might be other and more satisfactory ways of describing a child's achievement. The student teachers began to see that before we can think of grades in the abstract, we must know the age of the child we are grading, we must take into account the differing kinds of achievement, and we must accept the fact that the ultimate purpose of evaluating a child's achievement is that the child himself understand his own achievement and his place in the group. The seminar leader added that as children get older, many of them want to know test results, which is another story completely.

The student who had raised the question about grades said thoughtfully that she could see it would be necessary to think much more fully about the problem before answering it, and the others agreed.

So student teachers learn. Through recognizing assumptions, through accumulating evidence, they work toward new syntheses of ideas, toward sounder conclusions. Not that their conclusions are final, or identical for the group—far from it! But instead of being a naive and almost childlike combination of superficial observation, personal experience and folklore, our student teachers' theories and conclusions are based increasingly upon experience with many children, and upon knowledge.
What Is Magic?

It's probably been a long time since anyone has asked you this question. Perhaps no one ever has. But don't turn to the Messrs. Funk and Wagnall for an answer. The kind of response we want to think and talk about is purely subjective, and you know how the Messrs. Funk and Wagnall struggle to avoid that quality.

We got to speculating on what is magic early this fall. It happened this way. At a meeting of the Writers Laboratory I brought a new crop of science books from our bookstore. Among them was I Know a Magic House (Whittlesey House) by Julius Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz is a member of the College staff and teaches science in our teacher education division.

I read the first page aloud.

I KNOW A MAGIC HOUSE

where mountain water
comes right into the rooms.
Everytime I turn the faucet on
sparkling mountain water
gushes into my glass.
Every drop has come a long way
from far-off streams
and lakes.
Down through the pipes
that bring the rushing gushing water
to my city
to my house
to my faucet
to me.

I turned the pages to show how the author treats in the same manner such commonplace household articles as the telephone, the icebox, an electric light switch, the furnace, etc.

Immediately one of the group said indignantly, "But no child would consider these things magic. It's a gimmick. It isn't fair."

Presently the whole group was in full cry, some agreeing with the protestor and some with the author. I offered to try to settle the dispute in typical Bank Street fashion. We would ask the children.

The next day I took the book to the teacher of our five-year-old group. I told her about the discussion and she agreed to read the book to her children. This is what she later told me.
She gathered the group around her and showed them the book. She told them that it was a story about a “magic house, but really it’s about a house like the one you live in.” She then asked them if they knew what magic was.

One child immediately answered. “My mommie has a magic mirror and she can see me everywhere I go in the house.”

The teacher commented, “A mirror is sort of magic, isn’t it?”

This opened the flood gates and the children poured forth a stream of comments.

“It’s like magic when you look in a mirror and it looks like you’re over there instead of where you are.”

“It’s like magic when you paint and color comes out.”

“When you put a cake in the oven, it’s so thin, and when you take it out, it’s so thick.”

“You know ... birds fly ...”

“When you take a bath, sometimes the water turns black.”

“When you press down on the piano and a sound comes out—and if you get a whole lot of sounds, it’s a song.”

“When you first get into bed at night your pillow’s cold. Then it warms up—and you turn it over—cold again!”

Finally the group was ready to listen. The teacher read. There were several interruptions quickly “shshed” by other children. There were no comments afterwards.

A day or two later, I heard about an interesting discussion also stemming from *I Know A Magic House*, in the seven-year-old group at the City and Country School. The teacher, a recent Bank Street graduate, the student teacher, who is at present at Bank Street, and the student’s adviser were all present at the time. I questioned all three of them to find out what had happened, and this is what they told me.

The teacher of the sevens gathered the children in a group and read the first page of the book. Immediately one child exclaimed indignantly, “That’s not so magic.” Others agreed with him.

The teacher then asked. “Well, what is magic?”

“When a rabbit gets pulled from a hat,” was the first reply.

“When cards appear and disappear.”

“That’s not real magic. Those are just tricks.” The boy who said this we later learned had a father who frequently performed as a magician at parties.

Eventually the children seemed to agree that water coming into your house from far away was not magic, and that a magician’s tricks were not magic. They couldn’t give a definition with a positive approach but they did decide that “as long as you know how something is done, it isn’t magic.”
Suddenly a silent small girl with a faraway look in her eye said. “When you wish and wish and wish for something to come true and it does come true—that’s magic.”

The teacher picked up this remark quickly. She talked about man’s long wish to fly, how he studied the flight of birds, and how finally one day he achieved the power to fly. “Would you call that magic?” she asked.

There was no direct answer to her question but the children began eagerly to talk about machinery, what made things go, how a motor worked, how fuel turned into action, into heat—the many things born of wishing and working towards knowing.

* * *

How shall we answer the questions of the Writers Laboratory group?

The conclusions are simple and obvious. To these five and seven-year-olds, as to our ancestors, magic is a covering word for the inexplicable. And more than that it carries with it a lovely feeling of wonder, as you can see by the way the children responded to it, with their funny, wise and charming ideas. I Know A Magic House, under the imaginative guidance of their teachers, stimulated the children to think with wonder about the everyday world, about and here-and-now and the faraway-and-long ago. If this is a gimmick, let’s make the most of it.

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY

I hear the Bells of Liberty ringing,
and the swash of waves against the
prows of many ships
Captained by brave men
Dying, so we can live.
I can see a pageant of men and women,
Each one stops
And puts down a piece of something,
every piece fits like a puzzle,
making the story of our country.
And far away, I hear—
The Bells of Liberty ringing.
Telling a story.
Big and small
Loud and soft
The story of a country.

By a twelve-year-old girl
Evening Romp

By EVE MERRIAM

The children are like balls, bells, bulls leaping, assaulting the air, snorting at the mad adult idea of sitting still.

A chair is a bounce, floor a sky upside down.

Wheel, dart, spin, bound and round again, rainbow of speed, arc of buoyancy.
Bodies reach out, there is nothing there to hold them—be careful, my dearest dears!—they hold; careless and confident with love.

Tracery of leaf, heartbeat crude compared to their bumbling grace.
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JOHN H. NIEMEYER comes to the presidency of the Bank Street College of Education from a rich background of teaching and administrative work. He began teaching in the traditional academic pattern, but became discouraged with the results and turned more and more to magazines, books and professional meetings in search of new ideas. It was at this time that he first heard of Bank Street.

In 1934, he went to the Harley School in Rochester, N. Y., where in time he became Assistant Director and Head of the Social Studies Department.

In 1945, Mr. Niemeyer moved to Temple University as Director of the Laboratory School, called Oak Lane Country Day School. He was a lecturer in the graduate program of the Teachers College of the University, directed the Workshop in Early Childhood Education run by the Teachers College and represented the Teachers College in a public school in-service workshop in Philadelphia.

Though Mr. Niemeyer's primary concern has always been the education and the study of children, he has participated in many community activities and professional organizations as well. Through his writing and speeches he has done much to give sane interpretation to modern educational ideas. For three summers during the war he and Mrs. Niemeyer ran a cooperative farm-labor camp, serving farmers along Seneca Lake in New York State. In 1952-53, he went to Europe for the American Friends Service Committee to evaluate their international education program in French and German schools. For several years he was advisor to the Parker School District of South Carolina, helping to conduct summer workshops and acting as special consultant to the high school. He will become president of the Middle States Council for the Social Studies for the year 1957-58.

Mr. Niemeyer says that he has always been caught in a conflict between his interest in scholarship and the excitement and responsibility of active professional and community participation. With strong feelings against the traditional pattern of graduate degrees (a feeling, he says, which commenced with his reading in 1931 of Abraham Flexner's *Universities*), his post-baccalaureate studies have been extensive but eclectic. He likes to record that he has studied under Goodwin Watson, Henry Johnson and Carl Becker at Columbia, Dexter Perkins at Rochester, Schorling and Howard McCluskey at Michigan, and Reller and Woody at Pennsylvania.
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HARRIET JOHNSON
1867-1934