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## Program for Seven-Year-Olds: In a Suburban School, In a City School; New Books for Children

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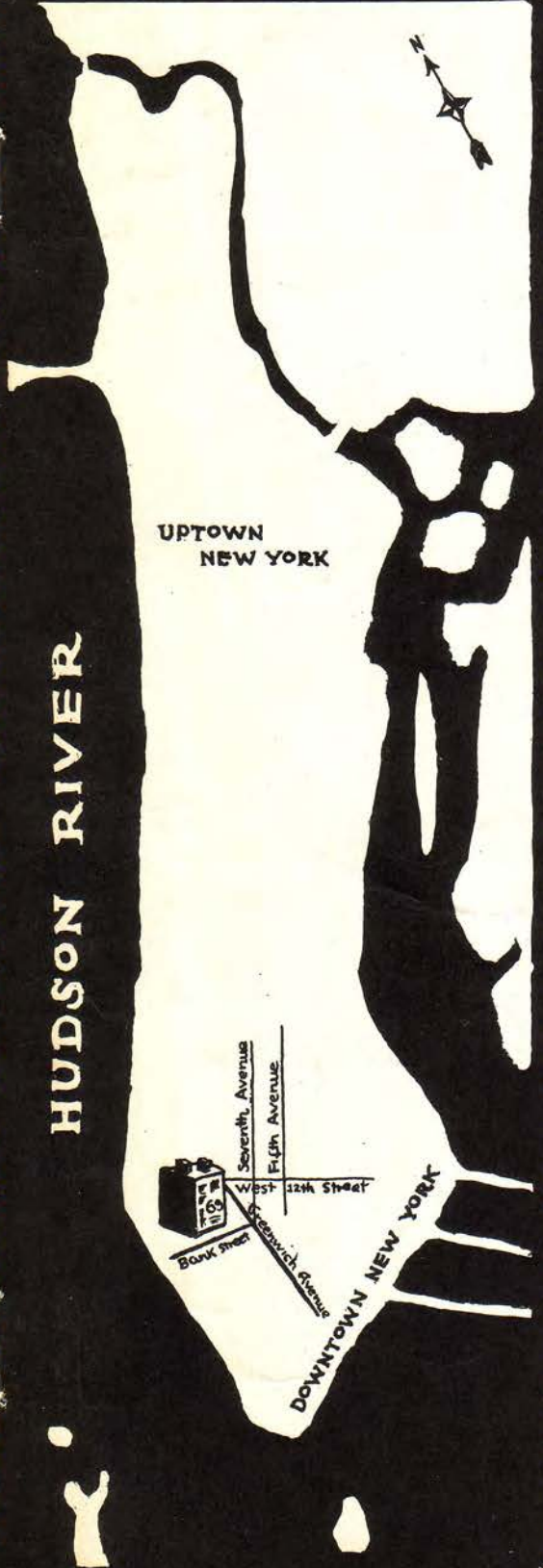
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PROGRAM FOR SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS

IN A SUBURBAN SCHOOL  
by EVELYN BEYER

IN A CITY SCHOOL  
by LORNA C. REED

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN  
by JESSIE STANTON and ELLEN W. STEELE

CURRENT NOTES ABOUT CHILDREN  
CURRICULUM AND RESEARCH FOR  
TEACHERS AND PARENTS . . .

COOPERATIVE SCHOOL FOR STUDENT TEACHERS  
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## A SUBURBAN PROGRAM FOR SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS

Evelyn Beyer

Although "environment" is a word whose edges have become blunted and rounded with use, to a teacher of seven-year-olds it retains sufficient sharpness to be a meaningful word. The fact that children see steeples instead of skyscrapers and lawnmowers instead of boats, that they hear the muted gentle roar of suburban traffic instead of the confused and constant booming of city living,--these are facts which must leave marks on children's patterns of play as well as on their thinking. And they are facts which a teacher of seven-year-olds must consider in planning and directing a program which will be alive and real.

One of the inevitable differences between city and suburban school situations in regard to program planning is that the suburban school has much less vividly dramatic material to work from. The child comes to school by automobile, catches glimpses of the country, passes a few trucks, perhaps sees some telephone repair men. If he drives through the town, he waves to the traffic cop, sees the stores and more trucks, then whizzes up the curving hill to school. He has seen no construction, no leaping steel framework; his ears have not been pounded with a hundred waves of city sounds; he has not been part of rushing, surging, moving people and vehicles. There is not even the sense that about him,--perhaps a few concentric circles away from his own

axis,--these thrilling and exciting things are happening. For him no ferry plugs across the river; no distant smokestacks bespeak a liner's departure; no stubby tugs push and pull; no subway trains rush through dark tunnels; no elevated highways stretch high and long; no ships dock and unload enchanting cargoes of bananas or fish.

It is so simple, living in the country,--or in a town like Morristown. The relationships are so easily comprehensible, so much less complex than city ones. One railroad runs through the town, providing transportation to and from New York, which represents the outside world to us. Fathers go and come on this railroad; and endless boxes come from New York: furniture, bicycles, telegraph poles, boxes of soap and shredded wheat, automobiles, coal,--everything that doesn't come in big grocery trucks, like those of the A. and P. and the Royal Scarlet. Not much (and this is queer) seems to leave Morristown except mail, packages from people, and milk.

It is all very simple; and because of its simplicity, the activity of the children, though purposeful and vigorous, is marked by a slower tempo, which reveals itself in a kind of self-imposed restraint, although the children themselves, I am sure, are quite unaware of it. As I have watched city and suburban seven-year-



olds at work and at play, I have noticed that the city sevens have seemed possessed of a kind of electric energy which is not so apparent in country children, an energy which comes from their exposure to and their absorption in an environment which is pulsating, moving and dramatic, and to which they respond as vigorously as the impulses which impinge upon them so constantly. I do not mean that suburban children are lacking in all vigorous responses to what they find about them; but because what they find is simpler and slower and less dramatic, their responses are less vehement. There is a repose about their activities that I believe is impossible for city children to achieve.

What about a farm program for suburban sevens? I belong to the heretical school which believes that farm programs do not provide material sufficiently dramatic or varied in content to assure a lively and intellectually stimulating activity. Suburban children are not living farm lives; and in a sense, the farm is nearly as remote as New York city living. They have seen farms, and they know the simple "farm facts" relevant to their own lives. They have seen the cows and the milking; they know that the hens lay the eggs. (A startling discovery this, to a genuine city child who was taken with his New York group into the country. Even when he saw the hen actually sitting on the eggs he asked the farmer, "Did you get those eggs from the A. and P.?" ) From four through six, they have been arranging these facts and using them in their play. I have sat by questioningly, watching two groups of sevens plod through a farm program. But I had the fun of taking over one group in the middle of the year, dropping the farm to embark on a town program, and watching the group

return to health and zest. It is not my wish to damn farm programs in themselves. Although I have never learned to love cows, I still feel that there is a reality to farm life that I am not smart enough to make real to the children. But it is not altogether personal deficiency which makes me feel that a concentrated farm program for sevens is likely to be tepid and lifeless. I feel that a farm program to have any vitality must provide a real farm experience. It is not sufficiently dramatic. It is not play material, unless it is accompanied by real properties: real chickens to feed, real eggs to gather. I once followed a program for suburban seven-year-olds. The children made a neat miniature farm, a kind of model, which, when completed, was exhibited-- and then put away, because there was nothing to do with it. I also watched a group of sevens undertake an outdoor farm. A meadow was selected and divided into lots, a real farmer came to plough and harrow the land, winter wheat was planted, packing-case houses were set up and embellished with windows and doors. Were these the elements of a legitimate farm program? I cannot feel that they were. While the farmer was ploughing, the children played pirate on his wagon. It was a lark, it was fun--but it wasn't real farming.

It was this group which I took over after Christmas and I found a real opportunity of proving to myself with some satisfaction that there is health in a town program, even though the school does sit on a mountain. I chose the suburban program not only because I wanted to break away completely from the farm, but because I felt it was one in which we could carry on vividly and logically an earlier and very real interest of theirs reluctantly left at six.



I must admit that I rather threw it at them; but they caught it deftly and sustained it. The first day after the holiday, my first day with them, I began questioning them about the farm, - what they had been doing, what more they intended to do. From the discussion it seemed that all that remained was to paint the houses and wait for the wheat to grow. We talked about what farmers do during the winter, and then I said, "I've been thinking that since there is so little we can do on the farm while the snow covers the wheat, it might be fun for us to make a little town indoors, and then when the Spring comes, we can go back to the farm, if we want to." I asked them how they felt about it. They responded eagerly. We talked a long time about how towns grow up and what buildings were most essential to town life, and decided which buildings each one would make. Then we embarked on a vigorous construction period, using heavy nail boxes as units. We had decided that a garage, a railroad station, a freight yard, an A. and P., a library, an apartment house, a bank, coal yard, Post Office, and fire house were indispensable to any city. They had had little carpentry, except for sawing windows, so that the actual construction of the buildings was the consuming interest in the beginning.

Our discussions were lively and pertinent. At first we talked about the buildings themselves: their structure and function, and their relation to the city as a whole. We talked about the people who worked in the city, - their jobs, - the rules they would need such as where not to park, what signs they would need. Then as the city began to take shape, and the children played with it, a thousand questions arose, which we set to solving in discussions or by trips. When Phil's gas station caught fire

and was promptly saved by the Morristown Fire Department, he handed the chief ten dollars. But the chief refused to accept it. "You don't have to pay me for putting out your fire," was her answer. "But you have to have money," said the gas station man. "Where do you get your money? You have to buy groceries at the A. and P. don't you?" Here was a problem! Where does a fireman get his money? Who pays him anyway? Lillian, the astute fire chief, knew that it was not a matter of individual payment when I challenged her, "Well, why not pay for a fire, if you have one, and the fire department comes and puts it out?" She thought a moment and said, "That wouldn't be fair because you can't always help it, having a fire, and you might not have the money for putting it out. A fireman couldn't say, 'If you give me five dollars, I'll put out your fire.' That wouldn't be right." I agreed, and asked them if they knew who paid the traffic cop, the street cleaner, the snow eater men; and if there was anything about those jobs that seemed something alike. Several children seemed to sense it at once, that these were city workers, and some said, "The City must pay them." But here was another problem: where does the city get its money? One child had the term "taxes," which he presented. So we talked about taxes, what they were, and who takes care of them. "We really need a mayor," was the decision; but every one was much too busy with his own job, so they asked me to collect the taxes and see that the firemen got paid.

So many questions honestly asked and answers honestly sought! How does the bank know which is your money? Why do you pay more for air mail stamps than regular stamps? What happens to old oil drained from your car? Where does the A. and P. get all



its stuff? Why do you need conductors on trains? How do signal lights work? Where does a city get its water, and what happens to all its rubbish? Why do you have to pay fifty cents to go through the Holland Tunnel and only twenty-five cents on the ferry? How does the fire department know where the fire is?

To answer some of these questions, trips were imperative. We began by repeating some of the trips made at six, especially those to the railroad yard, and the post office. They returned with greater maturity and having already had the first experience were able to push their investigation further. We also went to the places represented in our play city which we had not seen before. The Fire Department was wonderful! We were allowed to climb up on the truck and ring the bell once, and a sample alarm was rung, showing us exactly what would happen if there should be a chimney fire at our own school. The bell ringing, the number flashing; pinheads representing hydrants winking red in our district on the wall map; the "telltape" writing magically, "Chimney fire at Mt. Kemble School;" the doors flung open, and Mr. Maloney on the engine seat!

The rest of the program was at least touched by the city spirit. Writing was needed for letters, signs, notices, all city business; in arithmetic there were endless computations over prices: how much would five gallons of gasoline cost if....etc. How many yards of carpet for so much? How much change from ten cents? These sevens had learned to read at six, so that the content of their reading was not entirely motivated by the city program. There was a spontaneous relating of their immediate needs to the tool subjects. The "tools" themselves were by no

means omitted from the program; we had regular reading, writing and arithmetic times.

You may ask, what about nature? Isn't yours a country school? What do you do about it? It is a question I have asked myself frequently, which I have never answered to my complete satisfaction. There is one thing I know about it: that Nature as the center of a program is not enough in itself,--surely not at seven, nor before that; and perhaps never, even in beautiful country where the school sits on top of a mountain.

I have tried to discover how much of nature is meaningful to seven-year-olds; just how much they do perceive without adult prodding. I believe they have a vivid awareness of seasonal changes, which comes out in painting and language especially. And they are keenly interested in the beginnings of things. Spring is magic on our mountain, not only in the perception of adults. The children themselves watch eagerly for the wild flowers, the greening and budding of tree and plant life. They watch for birds and recognize the calls of some. One day we found a pheasant's nest with eleven eggs, greenish yellow and still warm. For them nothing is more fun than a morning in the brook,--catching queer creatures, or pollywogs and snakes. I have noticed that spontaneous individual stories are likely to be about animals or about some outdoor experience. And certainly Nature stories are their favorites.

But be they sevens in the city or sevens in the country, they are creatures of much the same interests and desires. Their thinking patterns are likely to be similar and their bodily movements alike. They are deeply absorbed in the immediate world at their doorsteps, yet have a timor-



ous but eager reaching toward the world which follows the path away from the door step. Theirs is a thinking curiosity, now more than a verbal one, about the physical facts of the world: what does cause rain and snow? And what is a star? And does the earth really move? They are beginning to look backwards, comparing the new with the old. The DeWitt Clinton was a queer engine. What a

tall smokestack, but he really needed it. And yet all these reachings are only on the periphery of the seven-year-old's interests. His most complete absorption is in the very immediate here and now, and although activities may vary according to the nature of his particular here and now, his completest use of himself and his talents will find itself in expressing his own environment.

### A CITY PROGRAM FOR SEVEN-YEAR-OLDS

Lorna C. Reed

Seven-year-olds still respond with their senses and their muscles to all that is dramatic in their environment. The play at five and six, if it is well handled, should have given them more, rather than less, interest in their surroundings. But at seven there is a growing intellectual curiosity as well, that needs to be satisfied, and a corresponding ability to use a richer content with deeper understanding.

The use of a city program, to be satisfying to sevens, must include more than the mere physical building of a city of blocks, oil cloth harbors, shop-made boats and trains. It must in some way take into account this increasing need of seven-year-olds to come to grips with some of the problems of the real city around them. We all realize that the more we know about something, the more interesting it is to us. Moreover, the city, or the suburb, or the town, is so all-inclusive that there are few problems of life today not found there in some degree. Some teachers question whether there really is in such a city program enough content to satisfy the active minds of children of this age.

To answer this challenge, one alert and experienced teacher decided to give the thing a genuine tryout. She was continuing with the same group she had taught at six. At the beginning of the year she called her sevens together and said, "Well, what do you want to do this year?" "Build New York," they replied almost unanimously. She countered, "Why? Just because last year's sevens did?" And she suggested other programs they might do. But they were insistent. They were full of ideas about the city; they wanted to get right to work. Reluctantly she consented. "All right, we'll try it. But we'll vote again in two weeks and you can change your minds then if you want to." After two weeks, they were more enthusiastic than ever; and when I visited the class in the spring, they were still going strong on the city, with new ideas for play, and new problems still being worked on. The teacher was more convinced than ever, she said, that a city program has much to offer seven-year-olds.

Then there was another teacher. She initiated a "city program" because she felt it was the thing to do at seven, not because she really un-



derstood the value of it. The group built a cardboard replica of a purely imaginary city which they called "Tiny Town" or some such name. Under such conditions, a city program loses nine-tenths of its point. "Tiny Town" may be a fairly typical town, with various retail businesses interrelated. You can imagine any kind of business you like. But where is the challenge to exploration? Where are the problems of a community in adapting itself to its geographical setting if there is no geographical setting? What are the leads for trips, if you can imagine anything as and where you want it? Where, in fact, is the educational value? It is like a group of children playing dolls at home. It is exactly the kind of program the critics of progressive methods point to when they remark, "They do nothing but play." The children themselves never showed much enthusiasm nor had much spontaneous play with it. They gave a play for their parents with their little city, much as they might give a puppet show. But that is not the kind of flexible creative play which clarifies relationships of community living and ever challenges the child's developing mind.

In some country schools the sevens have an outdoor building program, and each child builds himself a house large enough to play in, so that the children, rather than dolls, are the dramatis personae. I have never seen such a program in operation; but as I have heard it described, it is hard to find in it the intellectual values of the other type of program. It is the actual construction of the buildings which is the center of interest, it would seem, since they are not usually completed until almost the end of the year. A fine healthful activity, surely, but hardly a rich program.

Once I had a group of sevens who were, or thought they were, "fed up" with the city. I suggested an Indian program, to which they responded eagerly. They wanted to go primitive, and they certainly did. Their dramatic play was vivid, their discussions were interesting, but they were a little lost as to activities. They wanted to go down to the shop to hammer and saw. But there weren't many Indian things that were made that way. And real Indian activities, such as weaving and basket-making, were either too sedentary or too difficult for them. Then, toward the end of the year, we got into a discussion about boats, wooden boats, and the talk came thick and fast. They were more spontaneous than they had ever been in their discussion about Indians. I realized that they had never really been "fed up" with all aspects of the city; and that if I had been more resourceful at the beginning of the year, they would have found plenty of material left in the city's harbor and boats that would still have been new and exciting. We could better have saved the Indians until the next year, when the activities would have been more appropriate to their age.

The possibilities of city play are truly limitless. Perhaps they can best be suggested by a picture of how the play developed in one group of sevens I taught. One child ran a farm out on Long Island, shipping milk by railroad into the pasteurizing plant in the city, whence it was delivered to the houses, schools, and restaurants. Another child ran the Post Office, delivering bills from the milk man and the coal man, and statements from the bank. Department stores, drug stores, candy stores, tailoring shops, and shoeshining establishments were very active. Paula, an artistic child, ran a dressmaking shop for a while, then changed to an



interior decorating establishment, laying linoleum (crayon designs on paper) and hanging curtains for other people. Then the milk business was put on sale at \$900. Paula didn't have that much money, so she sold her house and furniture for \$700 (we had a lot of toy money from the five and ten) and gave the owners a note for the balance. The two owners disagreed about the division of the money. Joan could settle it. She had advertised in our newspaper, "I am a lawyer, I make laws."

It doesn't take much imagination to see all the leads for trips and discussions in this complex play. In the group whose play I am describing, there were always far more questions than I could follow up. I believe we could have found content for another year's work, if the deep absorption of the children was any indication.

Bob started picking up stray dolls wherever he found them, clapping them into his "jail." Since he is older than the other children, they were a little afraid of him. It was up to me to confront him with, "Who gave you the right to put people in jail?" That took us right into the middle of government questions, and we had to interrupt a fascinating study of milk long enough to elect a mayor and form some sort of city government. Then someone asked, "How does the mayor make money?" and we got into a discussion similar to that of Miss Beyer's seven-year-olds about paying the fireman.

In fact, up until spring vacation our program was not so different from Miss Beyer's suburban one. Our school is in a fairly quiet residential section of Brooklyn. It is true that trolleys passed our corner, the Empire State tower was visible from the front of our school, and occasionally toots

from the harbor reached our ears; yet the real rush of the city activity was not a part of the daily lives of these children. Many of our trips, however, had taken us down into the busier sections of the city: to the warehouses near the water's edge, to the great markets, and to the docks themselves. And of course nothing had fired the imagination of the children so much as the boats. They were able to realize how important they were to the city, to realize how much of the food, coal, oil, sand, and innumerable other things came by boat. They found out that even if materials came to New Jersey by train, the trains themselves were loaded on barges and towed to Manhattan and Brooklyn.

We had to stop our trips to the water's edge during the heavier winter weather, but with the coming of spring we all wanted more boat trips. All year long the children had been making boats; but due to the arrangement of our room, they had had no place for a harbor to sail them in, or even for a bit of pier. Now we decided we would sacrifice everything else to playing harbor. So we moved most of our tables out into the hall, covered the floor of our room with wide strips of brown paper fastened together with gummed tape, and painted on it an enormous map of the harbor. "Do you need any help on the Hudson River? No? All right, then, I'll do Governor's Island." And, to a child studying the Pilot Map, "How deep is it around Kill Van Kull?" "Oh, about forty feet. Make that deep blue." The room was full of workers, and all the talk was of geography.

We had prepared for this great undertaking of a harbor map by some ferry boat trips, trying to get our locations straightened out. We had discussed what the land under the



water is like. The children had drawn islands as they look to a bird and as they look to a fish; and they had come through to an understanding that the land under the water is as uneven as land above the water, and that islands are really the tops of underwater hills.

And as the harbor on our floor became real water and land, our discussions became more exciting. We talked about what a harbor is, and made one in our sand box to show in what way the boats were protected by it. We asked, "Why is New York the busiest place in the world?" And they said, "Because there are so many people here, and so many boats come here, and so many trains come here, and all the people here need food and everything." "But why did so many people come here in the first place?" It took a lot of pondering, but they finally came to the conclusion that it was all due to the harbor! Their harbor, they almost felt it was now!

Since they had studied the pilot map with such interest, I asked them why pilots needed maps, and why they needed new ones each month. That was easy. The harbor floor was constantly changing. But why? Well, currents, they said, and the tide. Ah, the tide! That had new meaning now. When we talked about it, there seemed to be some confusion between wind and tide, so we tried to get straightened out. "The tide is water, and the wind is air," Linton said. Others contributed the facts that the wind went faster than the tide, and that the tide was more regular, so that we could tell ahead of time what it was going to do. That led us, of course, to see how the tide affected the sailing of boats. Everything we touched on led to something else, endlessly.

Winds, waves, tides--these led

to poetry. We read Mrs. Mitchell's poem, "Ocean and Shore," from her book "North America," and "The Song of the Tide" from "Manhattan, Now and Long Ago." The children soon carried out new experiences into their dance rhythms. First they were waves outside the harbor, waves that rose and swelled, curled as they crashed, and sank again. They did lovely rhythmic things with their bodies, absorbed in new sense images. Then with a big map of the harbor hastily drawn on the assembly floor, the children divided up so they could show the tide coming up the East River, up the Hudson River, and through the Long Island Sound. And, oh, what fun to be the whirlpool at Hell Gate or Spuyten Duyvil!

We were drawn back to poetry again and again. Each child made a harbor book, with pictures and stories of his own which were often surprisingly fresh and vivid. There was Nancy's little white tug boat, starting off on its adventures, "It puffed and chugged up the river, puffing and chugging very hard, for it was going against the tide. It had no creaks and no squeaks. It was a new little tug boat." And, "The busy, busy harbor, the dirty, dirty harbor, with dirty sticks floating in the gray green water." Poetry was in our talk. The seagulls, Paula said, looked like clothes that had blown off the line.

Of course there were other trips, each one, we thought, more thrilling than the last. We took a ride along the waterfront to see the kind of buildings there were, and why. After studying our pilot map to see where we would expect to find big ocean liners and where the coastwise traffic, we made a visit to the "Europa" and to the immense new piers being built for the "Queen Mary" and the "Normandie." That trip led to a serious mathematical



problem. The "Europa" drew forty-five feet of water, they told us. We had to measure to see how long forty-five feet was; over twice as long as our room, it turned out. Then we had to puzzle over the pilot map to see how such a big boat could get into dock. The Ambrose Channel is marked a forty-foot channel! How could that be? It certainly had us worried for a while, until we noticed that the figures on the pilot map indicate the depths at "mean low tide!"

The time was going so fast, with so much yet to see and play and talk about before the end of school! We did manage to visit a coaling station, an oil refiner, a lumber basin, a fire boat, and a police boat; garbage scows, a railroad yard, even the service station on Staten Island, which is the headquarters for the buoys, light houses, and light ships for the whole harbor. We never got to the Fulton Fish Market, nor to a grain elevator, nor to a banana boat.

Our buildings were placed on the map now, the position of each one well oriented in the children's minds. Our boats were brought up from shop, gay with painted smokestacks, large enough to carry a lot of freight and toy passengers. A pilot boarded each of them at the Ambrose Light Ship and steered it carefully up the channel, keeping red buoys on the right and black on the left, to a dock planned by the children as most suitable for that particular kind of boat. The police boats were soon busy, keeping the harbor traffic in order.

Meanwhile our academic work went on in spite of the difficult arrangements of tables. Writing be-

came our necessary tool. There were time tables to be made, and telephone books, and bills, and letters to be sent from the Post Office. There was our newspaper, with each child writing out his own contribution--story, picture, or advertisement--to be pasted on a large sheet of heavy paper. And, of course, the harbor stories I referred to above. Since these children had been introduced to reading the year before, they were beyond the stage where charts made from their own experiences could satisfy them as reading material, and it was hard to find enough books to correlate with our program, especially the harbor part. So hard, in fact, that I began to write one myself. For group reading, I had copies of poems we enjoyed typewritten for each child. They put them together into "poetry books," which they read over and over.

Up until the last day we played harbor and discussed harbor. We studied new maps, showing sewage outlets (then we understood why there were no fish around here now), and maps showing the locations of coaling stations, power generating plants, warehouses, and markets.

It was wonderful the way maps had come alive to these children since they had not only made one but had played upon it. The smaller maps they would squat down on the floor and study for fifteen or twenty minutes. The period was always over before their interest had waned.

And so was the year! "Oh," they cried, almost with one voice, "why does school have to be over so soon?" and "Can't we go on studying the harbor when we come back next year?"



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Contributors to this issue: Evelyn Beyer formerly taught the seven-year-old group at Mount Kemble School, Morristown, New Jersey. Lorna C. Reed teaches the seven-year-olds at the Woodward School, Brooklyn, New York and is a member of the Staff of the Cooperative School for Student Teachers.



## CHILDREN'S BOOK LIST

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- THERE WAS TAMMY, by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan (32 pages; Dodd, Mead, \$1). A story about a beloved little dog, who insisted on going on a family picnic when he wasn't wanted. A pattern children will love. Good illustrations.
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- SUNG UNDER THE SILVER UMBRELLA (211 pages; Macmillan, \$2). A very good and much-needed anthology of poetry, selected by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education.
- CHRISTOPHER, by Marjorie Flack (36 pages; Scribner's, \$.75). What happened to a little dog when he was all clean after a bath.
- WE GO TO NURSERY SCHOOL, by Marjorie Poppleton and William E. Blatz (62 pages; Morrow, \$1). Photographs and simple text. A child's day in nursery school.
- A LITTLE LAMB, by Helen and Alf Evers (52 pages; Farrar and Rinehart, \$.75). The adventures of Mary's little lamb after the teacher turned him out of school. Droll pictures.
- WAIT FOR WILLIAM, by Marjorie Flack (34 pages; Houghton Mifflin, \$1). Three children go to see the circus parade.

### Ages Six to Eight

- LITTLE ONES, by Dorothy Kunhardt (80 pages; Viking, \$2). An unusually beautiful book. All the details that children observe and enjoy in baby animals are described in rhythmic prose. Charmingly illustrated by Kurt Wiese.
- GONE IS GONE, by Wanda Gag (56 pages; Coward McCann, \$1). An old peasant tale of the man who wanted to do the housework and the attendant difficulties. Very funny.
- WHO GOES THERE, by Dorothy Lathrop (38 pages; Macmillan, \$1.50). A little boy and girl plan a picnic for their friends in the woods. Beautiful pictures of the small wood animals.
- FUN AT HAPPY ACRES, by Ruth C. Barlow (94 pages; Crowell, \$2). Beautiful photographs by Melvin Martinson of farm animals and activities. Recommended for school use.



- DANNY'S COUNTRY STORE, by Helen Fuller Orton (108 pages; Stokes, \$1.35). Easy reading. A simple factual story of a small boy's experiences working in a grocery store.
- HERE COMES PETER, by Verna Hills (60 pages; Lothrop, Lee, Shepard, \$1.50). Easy reading. Realistic tales of a youngster who lived in the suburbs.
- LUCKY MRS. TICKLEFEATHER, by Dorothy Kunhardt (64 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$1.25). A completely nonsensical book. Very funny illustrations.
- GRINDSTONE FARM, by Henry B. Lent (127 pages; Macmillan, \$1.75). A mine of information about farming--showing uses of modern machinery. Excellent for school as well as home.
- TALES FROM UNCLE REMUS, by Joel Chandler Harris (62 pages; Houghton Mifflin, \$1). A new edition of the inimitable stories, with charming pictures.
- CHILDREN OF THE NORTH LIGHTS, by Ingri and Edgar Parin D'Aulaire (40 pages; Viking, \$2). A beautiful picture book. Slight text about a Lapp family.
- THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO USED HER HEAD, by Hope Newell (64 pages; Lothrop, Lee, Shepard, \$1). Very charming story of how the old woman supplied her wants by brilliant head work.
- MR. TIDY PAWS, by Frances Clark Sayers (64 pages; Viking, \$1.50). Lithographs by Zhenya Gay. Well told story of a little boy and his grandmother and their remarkable cat.

Ages Nine to Eleven

- AUTOMOBILES, by Franklin M. Reed (92 pages; Crowell, \$2). From raw material to their part in the social scheme. Splendid photographs.
- SEEING STARS, by W. B. White (62 pages; Hartes, \$.10). An excellent manual for finding the major constellations, with simple facts about the stars.
- ALONG THE HILL, by Carroll Lane Fenton (96 pages; Reynal and Hitchcock, \$1.25). A handbook of simple geological facts, with clear drawings on each page.
- TALKING WIRES, by Clara Lambert (72 pages; Macmillan, \$2). A book in two parts--description of how the telephone works, and stories placing it in the social scheme--profusely illustrated.
- RAINBOW IN THE SKY, edited by Louis Untermeyer (498 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$3). Good anthology for children, arranged topically. Not much modern verse.
- JAUFREY, THE KNIGHT AND THE FAIR BRUNISSENDE (124 pages; Holiday House, \$2). An authentic troubadour adventure retold in charming translation.



- ALL SAILS SET, by Armstrong Sperry (175 pages; Winston, \$2). Introduction by William McFee. Delightful tale of clipper-ship days and "The Flying Cloud"; convincing style and good illustrations.
- IN THE SADDLE WITH UNCLE BILL, by Will James (290 pages; Scribner's, \$2). This author's latest Western adventures of boy and girl on a ranch--sure shot from 9 to 11.
- THE GOOD MASTER, by Kate Seredy (212 pages; Viking, \$2). Story of boy and girl, set in Hungary; not too much atmosphere; colorful illustrations.
- CHILDREN OF THE HANDCRAFTS, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey (192 pages; Viking, \$2). History stories of early America. Good materials and attractive illustrations.
- STREET FAIR, by Marjorie Fischer (216 pages; Smith and Haas, \$2). Two American children in Paris; will be very amusing reading in spite of the few French sentences.

Ages Twelve and Thirteen

- BOY ON HORSEBACK, by Lincoln Steffens (258 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$2). A selection from the famous autobiography. Highly recommended.
- FORTNIGHT SOUTH OF SKYE, by L.A.G. Strong (218 pages; Loring and Mussey, \$1.75). The coast of Scotland is the scene of a good fishing story, in "Tales of Action" series.
- NATIONAL VELVET, by Enid Bagnold (303 pages; Morrow, \$2.50). Girls and horses in an amusing English setting. Girls should not miss it.
- DRUMS OF MONMOUTH, by Emma Gelders Sterne (288 pages; Dodd, Mead, \$2.50). The American revolutionary period as a vivid backdrop, against which is placed the story of a sensitive young poet.
- BEHIND THE STORE WINDOW, by Jeanette Eaton (314 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). A consumers' guide for younger readers--photographs.
- THE SEA FOR SAM, by W. Maxwell Reed (360 pages; Harcourt, Brace, \$3). Men and fish; interesting information and modern theories as to the formation of the ocean, movement of currents and tides. Clear and scientific.
- BEFORE THE DAWN OF HISTORY, by Charles R. Knight (120 pages; Whittlesey, \$2.50). An illustrated, dramatic primer of the time of early man. Beautiful photography of museum murals. Adult style but interesting.
- PARADE OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, by Dr. Robert Hegner (664 pages; Macmillan, \$5). 700 photographs. Animal life; written by a student, teacher and leader of scientific expeditions.

This list of new books recommended for children was compiled for THE NEW REPUBLIC by Jessie Stanton and Ellen Steele, of the Cooperative School for Student Teachers. Miss Stanton selected the books for younger children; Miss Steele those for ages nine to thirteen. Reprinted by permission from THE NEW REPUBLIC.



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