

preciate the "give and take" necessary to acceptable life with the group. To exercise good sportsmanship when it is needed on a ball team is to show an understanding of the concept of fair play. To be willing to take turns with the kick-ball if there is but one available shows some ability to share. Children need frequent opportunities to talk over their playground problems and then to establish better play times for their group. Through the wise guidance of the teachers who are willing

to give the time to help with these important problems of daily living, children will gain understanding of the attitudes necessary for group living.

It should be stated that if we are to become effective teachers of ways by which children learn to live cooperatively with one another, we must strive to establish with fellow staff members, parents, and children a school atmosphere which is charged with the same principles of good living we want for children.

A PARENT LOOKS AT GROUP PROCESSES

MELVA E. HIATT

MORE PROMPTLY than usual, Jimmy came bounding into the kitchen. "Mother, Tony wants to know if he can stay for lunch? His mother is airplane spotting."

On that day the baby had a cold, I had a cold, and it was with a sigh of relief that less than three hours before I had eased myself back into the pillows after the morning chores, realizing that a little heat and five minutes' preparation would convert the remains of last

night's dinner into a hot lunch for Jimmy.

However, rallying quickly despite bathrobe, bedroom slippers, and hair curlers, my response to Jimmy was an enthusiastic affirmative, although I hesitated to expose anyone to my cold. But Jimmy tossed off that objection lightly, saying that Tony was just getting over a cold. Tony responded with a convincing snuffle and cough.

It had not occurred to Jimmy that with the family ill there might have been a better time to act on his parents' suggestion that he bring children home more often rather than play so much away from home. But the luncheon was a huge success, as spontaneous things usually are. Tony, a British subject, born and, except for the past year, reared in India, gave the party a delightful flavor with his English accent,

An appreciative mother writes of how a sixth grade teacher awakened in her students a lively enthusiasm for group action which overflowed into the community. Melva E. Hiatt leads a busy life in Bethesda, Md., looking after her two boys—Jimmy, aged 11, and 18-months-old Freddy—and sharing whole-heartedly in school, church, and community activities.

his incessant chatter of India, and particularly his English mode of eating. I was introduced to the modern technique of note-passing—which didn't seem to vary much from a generation ago—and, repressing an impulse to rebuff, managed an airy, "What does the teacher say about that?"

"Oh, she doesn't know about it," they answered quickly.

Maybe she doesn't but maybe she does! Perhaps that is part of the wisdom which this teacher seems to possess in working with children. For the past eleven years I have preached cooperation, from dawn to sunset, conservation from bathwater to minutes, and all the other idealistic goals of human achievement. Then along came the sixth grade and Miss Brown.

The first day home from school Jimmy said, "She's a nice teacher. Everybody liked her last year."

That was sweet music for I hadn't felt that the years in this school had added up to a large sum either scholastically or socially.

I have watched with interest Jimmy's mounting enthusiasm for the school program. The social studies project, which is the hub of the program, has dealt with conservation and has carried him along in a tide of activity and eager anticipation.

At home, lights were turned off as never before. The 18-month-old brother was reminded that jumping up and down in his high chair was a misuse of furniture, that throwing Pablum on the floor was a waste of food.

At school, all of this culminated in a program on conservation presented for parents and lower grades. My presence at the program had been courted by

Jimmy at least five times a day for the two weeks preceding. For the children, the value of what they put into it to achieve the final results must have been inestimable. The students moved through the entire three-quarter-hour program reciting poems, giving talks, singing songs, and presenting a play—all original—with no obvious guidance from the teacher other than that she played the piano for the beginning and closing songs. It was well coordinated, and some part was played by each child up to the boy in the back row who raised his hand if the speaking was too low.

This is the kind of training I want for my child. I want him to feel that the world is his community but that real community of spirit begins at home and progresses out through the school and on into the larger areas of social intercourse. This, it seems to me, can be achieved best if my child knows that he and his friends are welcome at home and that I am an interested spectator and participant in the life of the school community.

Since seeing that performance and witnessing the abstract and tangible value it had for the children—working together, research, turning off electric lights at home, to mention a few of the apparent benefits—I realize that when Jimmy closes the door on the elementary school next spring it must stay open for me. I, too, must broaden my area—encircle this school from kindergarten through sixth grade—for little brother will soon be packing his books and swinging off down the road. I must reach out to Jimmy's new school and lend a constructive interest. Or I shall be guilty of the misuse of parenthood.

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