

vinced that the student profits in both the short and the long run if she is not short-changed in those aspects of the college program which give her a fundamental point of view about children and their needs. The comments of students themselves—some of them young women whose early days of teaching under our supervision were full of stress—bear testimony to this: "The Bank Street program gave me an attitude towards children and their development which is basic; gave me a more knowing approach into the meaning of behavior than I see in

my colleagues." ". . . Bank Street gave me a good over-all view; I know what I am doing and why."

But how does one strike such a balance? The problem of finding the most effective material experiences and relationships to offer students in this program remains our challenge. Indeed the questions which have been raised by this program are no doubt significant to the whole field of supervision and curriculum development. Childhood and teacher education will benefit from further study of such basic problems.

The Reminder

When the day finally ended I felt wet and cold
And hungry and tired for a drizzling rain had begun
While I was plowing that drove me in from the field,
The overcast brought the dark early with no setting sun.

It wasn't a storm, there was no thumping anger from clouds,
But the slate colored light oppressed me and after the chores
I was glad to come into the house and shed my wet clothes,
I was glad to be warm at the fire and not out of doors.

The house smelled of love in the loaves of newly baked bread,
And my wife when I kissed her snuggled my hands to her breast,
When like a cry from the world, far off in the night
We heard a train whistle, wailing, sad and distressed.

It was nothing for us and yet we were painfully stirred
By the thought of our comfort, our house on earth of our own,
And still be reminded of all who are homeless tonight,
Of the soldiers and prisoners and outcasts who cannot go home.

—JAMES HEARST, *Cedar Falls, Iowa*

Editor's Note: James Hearst, author of this poem and of two that appeared in the October issue, is a member of the English staff of the Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa. He also does part-time farming, maintaining his interest in the farm life which he knew as a boy.

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