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FOREWORD

Much has been said and written about interaction of experience. We all know that experience received under drab and uninteresting conditions is not likely to be pleasing and hence the desire to repeat the experience is lacking. However, experience received under pleasing external conditions is more likely to be repeated. As a result up-to-date educators keep constantly in mind the beautification of the surroundings of pupils.

Too frequently the rural schools are the greatest offenders of this principle. The authors of this bulletin recognize that much remains to be done for rural school beautification before conditions approach anything like ideal. They have combined their thinking and produced a concrete example of the ways in which exterior beautification of grounds can be accomplished.

In this bulletin, therefore, we are offering two articles (1) The Outdoor Approach in Education—by George W. Friedrich and (2) A Community Beautifies Its School Ground—by Ivah Green. The photographs were taken by the staff photographers of the St. Cloud Times Publishing Company.

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THE OUTDOOR APPROACH IN EDUCATION

George W. Friedrich

"The trees and the skies and the lanes and the brooks
Are more full of wonders than all of the books.
And always out-doors you can find something new;
You never are lacking for something to do;
You never hurt others, or get in the road
In taking the pleasure by nature bestowed;
For there's room on the shore where the great tides rolls,
And there's freedom and peace that are good for your soul;
There's hardly a way you can have so much fun
As in being out-doors with the brooks as they run,
With the birds as they fly and the stars as they shine,
With the drift of the years as they rise and decline.
It doesn't cost much and it doesn't take long
To get your ear tuned to the mighty world's song.
It brings in its train no unpleasant regrets,
And the farther you go, the better it gets.
So come where the wild things are waiting outside
And let your soul taste the joys that abide."*

Written almost in doggerel form by Professor James G. Needham, Chairman of the Department of Entomology, Cornell University, this poem is stamped with the age-old love of man for the great out-of-door world. Man lived in close touch with nature for many thousands of years. More often than not his bed was the grassy ground and his cover the trees and "the stars as they shine." He found his environment held more than enough "pleasures by nature bestowed" for himself and his whole community of people. He learned through close attention the nature and habitats of the wild life, the beauty of the earth's covering mantle; was awed by its astronomical and geographic forms. He saw, heard, and felt the wonder all about him. Time and again his soul tasted joy in its simplest and purest form. Consciously or unconsciously he must have held communion with the great spirit that motivates the universe.

It is a sad commentary on modern civilization that, while man's life has been made immeasurably more comfortable and secure, he has turned his face quite completely from the world of nature. It was not inevitable that he has to choose between the heritage of the awareness of nature

*P. 3 *Out of Doors*, MANN AND HASTINGS

and our modern civilized advantages. Both could have been and still can be enjoyed more fully. People do, on occasion, emerge from their homes, office, and factories, pushed by some half forgotten urge, to browse in the open. Moles, pocket gophers, bats, and other denizens of underground galleries and caves at times leave their places of security and venture into the bright out-or-doors. Like man, they blink, experience a feeling of discomfiture, and retreat to their holes again.

Women as a group seem to live more happily within doors than men. This is due, perhaps, to the age-old urge for security both for themselves and for their children. In recent years some, however, have been able to overcome their timidities and now partake in hazardous canoe trips and exhilarating mountain-climbing expeditions. Poor man, who works nearly the year round within factory and office walls, keeps alive the hope that for one or two weeks he can relive a few of the experiences of his prison-free ancestors. He orders seed catalogs, plans his gaden, oils his fishing gear and hunting equipment long before vacation time arrives. He reads volumes of out-door sports magazines and imagines himself the hero, or at least a participant, of every fishing or hunting trip described. He walks across the portage with the writer and balances himself on a rocky trail with the mountain sheep hunter. An editor of a sportsman's magazine has stated that the success of his business depended not so much upon the intrepid outdoors man as upon the factory and office-tied arm-chair subscribers. The great majority of men still want strongly to go where the moose's call is heard and the muskie rises to the pull of the line.

Should this instinct be curbed? Do other considerations for a worthwhile civilization necessitate its elimination? One would think so from the absence of reference to the world of nature and its accompanying pleasures as taught in our schools. Even when curricula contain such teaching units, minor consideration is given them by teachers both in the grades and high schools.

Our schools are manned, or shall be say womaned, almost entirely by the gentler sex. Yet fifty per cent of the children are young males. It can be said with minimum contradiction that the great majority of the teachers have not been prepared even in the simplest elements of the out-of-doors. For example, how many women teachers even know that minnows are not the young of game fish? To many women, animal life, especially the cold blooded members, is revolting. Rather than use a boy's pet toad or turtle as a nature lesson they too often order him to "throw that nasty thing away", and then keep him after school for punishment. Woman teachers as a rule have not brushed up against nature in the raw in their childhood as have the young of the opposite sex. After asking students on numerous occasions how many had ever seen a live crayfish (so-called crab) more than 75 per cent of the young women answered in the negative. Yet they are everywhere in streams, ponds, and lakes. Contrary to common conception, it is the teachers who determine largely what shall be taught. What is being taught does not adequately recognize the boy's point of view. True, male educators most often determine the curriculum but it is the woman teacher who selects and interprets. This is

not intended to white-wash the curriculum makers as the units interesting to the out-door boy are too frequently absent.

How can this disparity between the grade teacher's outlook and training and the boy's be lessened? It would seem that the study of nature forms and the habits and methods of obtaining them should be given more emphasis. More reading material on these subjects suited to the boy mind needs to be written. The field trip should become a normal procedure of teaching. Every teacher-training institution ough to be giving a larger amount of time to the teaching of these subjects. Live and other museums should play nearly as important a role on the college campus as the library, and surely more than the generally accepted type of biology laboratory of today. These improvements would help to overcome the apparent deficiencies in the training of women teachers who now control the molding of the youthful male population. A great step in advance would be taken if men were to teach in the grades. A mind-set, wrong as it is, has been developed over the past hundred years that women can train the young mind more skillfully. Nothing can be further from the truth. Children in nearly all other nations have been taught successfully by men teachers. Why are boys sent to private schools? It isn't because boys are necessarily incorrigible. Many healthy out-door minded boys resent, though not always consciously, the training they get from an all-woman faculty. Parents, not always consciously either, agree with the boys' ruminations. If the money is available, the boy goes to a school that is male oriented. A great part of the education in academies takes place out of doors. Public schools might take their cue from this. Men will enter the grade teaching profession when they no longer will be expected to work for salaries of single women. Thousands of young men who are now returning from war, or soon will be, shun the profession chiefly because they would have to take salaries on which it would be impossible to care adequately for a home and family. Contrary to common belief, young men like to teach young children, especially boys.

The school system of the future, properly to train all of its children, should ultimately employ as many male teachers as female. Their slant on life surely is an necessary to a growing mind as that of a women.

The State of Minnesota comprises 53,000,000 acres of land and water but its towns and cities fit into a relatively few thousands of acres. Yet, only dribbling amounts of the child education deal directly with nature's covering of the remaining millions of acres. Myriads of lakes and ponds with their rich nature lore dot the grain and tree-covered land. If the criterion that a child is educated when he meets successfully with his own environment is true, the education of the children of Minnesota leaves much to be desired. Generally speaking we don't teach about it; we just ignore it. For too small an amount of the educative process concerns itself with the all pervading nature forms and their ways.

On the other hand the children of New York and Brooklyn are educated to meet with the needs and surroundings of the side-walks of their cities. Little time is spent here on the great out-doors. That, to a large extent, would be extraneous education as most of the children never expect to live any length of time in the country. Much of our, and other mid-

western states', educational impetus comes from the crowded cities of New York, Boston and Chicago. Much of it is of secondary importance to a people who gain their living from the soil and seek their recreation in our lakes and forests. It would seem that now is the time for Minnesota educators to strike out bodly to establish a curriculum or series of local curricula that will fit our particular environment more closely. Much material that is functional in a city child's growing life will also be of equal value to the children of rural Minnesota. Much of it is of such questionable value, however, that whole areas can be eliminated without appreciable loss. Now is a good time to do a little weeding. Each teaching unit and its sub-divisions should be closely scurtinized by the teacher herself as well as by an impartial jury of parents, businessmen, farmers, and educators. Unproductive weeds should be pulled from the educational garden. A home gardener tries to balance the amount of vegetables planted to best meet his needs. There is a small bed of lettuce and radishes for early summer consumption, beans, peas, and carrots for later use. He might plant a few hills of pumpkins, but it would be rather foolish if half of his garden were turned over to pumpkins. Likewise our school curriculum must be evaluated in terms of balanced utility. Through elimination and re-evaluation of traditional subject matter ample time may be allotted to a serious study of the out-of-doors and its attendant social significance.

When actual research figures are unobtainable one may use percentages to indicate an hypothesis or hunch. Man acts normally from his emotional instincts perhaps 85% of the time while 15% of his reactions are due to thinking. Yet in our educational institutions the emphasis is so reversed that man must react intellectually 85 per cent of the time, with only scant opportunity for healthy emotional reactions. Education should be fitted more closely with our biological inheritance. Some real advancement has been made along this line in recent years in the field of music, art, and physical education. If man is controlled largely through stimuli of emotional character, then this phase of education should have much greater emphasis whether we as teachers wish it or not. Iit is here that the sociologists, the biologists and physical educationists can find a common ground upon which to work. Nor should the psychologist, professional educatinalist, industrial art teacher and even historian be indifferent to the possibilities their fields might offer.

Some educational areas in which all of these educators could improve their effectiveness are:

1. Beautification of all school grounds.
2. Development of play areas on school grounds in conjunction with the beautification project.
3. Development of out-door theaters.
4. Acquisition and development of camping and out-door nature teaching situations.
5. Development and supervision of swimming facilities.
6. Acquisition of buildings for craft work and development of a large craft program.

7. Organization of summer playgrounds away from the school.

8. Organization of summer choruses, band concerts, and pageants.

9. Development of use of schools during the summer. Each school system to have an out-door summer school with voluntary attendance, its teachers to be paid on an all year round basis.

10. Introduction of story telling and children's forums in which they discuss any problems of importance to children including the school, town, or city, state, and nation.

11. Establishment of and care for a tree and shrub nursery.

12. Development of school gardens.

13. Organization of trips to natural, historical, and recreational sites.

14. Introduction of training in the arts of fishing and hunting.

Throughout all of this work emphasis should be placed on the stewardship of all our resources. Without becoming pedantic the teacher should instill in the growing mind the oneness of God and all of His bounties.

The teaching load should be adjusted to allow for full participation not only in these activities but also to assist in Boy Scout, Girl Scout, Campfire programs, and in summer recreation programs and the general beautification of city and town.

Let us consider one such project, rural school ground beautification.

Unkempt grounds are the rule rather than the exception in rural areas. It almost seems that the early rural school boards made an effort to find the ugliest piece of land on which to build a school and then made it more hideous by crossing it with wagon tracks and piling several years' supply of wood about the building. No doubt there always were worried souls who would have liked to improve the looks of the school grounds but were deterred because of the anti-social members of the group and because they just didn't know how to go about it.

The Hill School near Ronneby was built on just such a barren piece of ground. True, the school building was a good one, but the two acres on which it stood were most unattractive. Fortunately Hill School was able to change this unattractive area to a place of beauty because:

A majority of the farmers and their wives and children believed that beauty was as important to them as to city dwellers.

They had a rural teacher who believed that children would do better work and live happier lives if surrounded with good lawns, trees, shrubs, and flowers.

This school was affiliated with a Teachers College, a college that fortunately had a rural supervisor with vision, administrative ability, and ability to sell a good idea to the school board and parents of the children.

A college faculty member understood landscaping and had previously supplied the college with an extensive nursery that could be drawn on.

Under the leadership of the supervisor all of these elements were put together into a pattern with the result that a once ugly school yard is now landscaped to a thing of beauty.

Many varieties of evergreen trees may be obtained without charge from the State Division of Forestry for planting on school grounds. A list of some of the most practical trees and shrubs of proved ability to withstand the rigors of Minnesota winters and have beauty value are given here.

For Wind Breaks:

Shrubs—Rose, Nankin Cherries, Common Lilacs, Willows.
Trees—Norway (Red) Pine, Jack Pine, White Pine, Cottonwood, Red Cedar (Savin Juniper)

For General Beautification:

Shrubs—Persian Lilacs, Hydrangea, Mock Orange, Red-berried Elder, Japanese Barberry, Alpine Currant, Honeysuckle, Savin Juniper, Van Houtte's Spirea, Common Juniper, Anthony Waterer Spirea, Mugho Pine.

Trees—Norway (Red) Pine, Douglas Fir, White Pine, Colorado (Blue) Spruce, Red Cedar (Savin Juniper), White Spruce, Arbor Vitae (White Cedar), American Elm, Balsam Fir, Lombardy Poplar, Silver Maple.

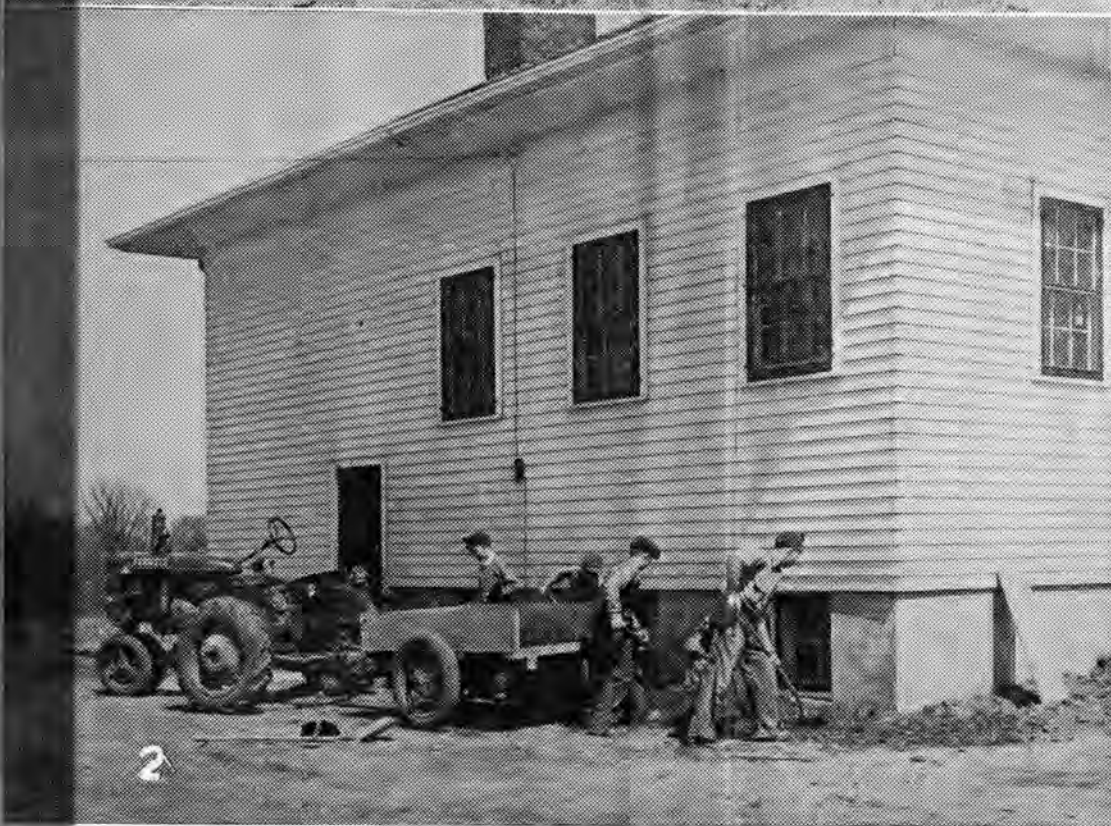
A public-spirited teacher who has learned the elements of beautification can change her school environment from what it is to what it should be. True, she might find the school board reluctant at first and have difficulty in getting sufficient planting stock, but these obstacles are more imaginary than real.

Perhaps nothing gives a teacher, school board, parents, and children so much downright satisfaction as to turn an ugly place into something beautiful and useful.

While all of this trains the children in healthy emotional responses, the mind incidentally becomes trained, too. The emphasis in this work, however, must be placed on feeling and inspiration. We arrive at the intellectual through the emotional.

Teachers Colleges ought to be making it their business to acquaint the prospective teacher with a healthy out-door philosophy of beauty, or at least to give him the social concepts and the simple technics of landscaping that can be used by the socially minded people of the community in which the young person will teach. Children spend the greater share of their working hours in the school plant. Ugly surroundings surely are not conductive to lofty thinking, or, to put it another way, lofty thinking does not result from ugly surroundings. Where beauty is absent, intellectual processes are stunted.

Although a school ground beautification project is just one of many projects and is only a beginning in bringing inspiration to the children of that school, it is the beginning which will give the whole community a spur to realize a fuller and more abundant life. And what better promise can we have than that we shall live more abundantly?



1. The first plantings.

2. Black dirt for shrubs.
TIMES PHOTO

1. Moving the woodpile

2. Another truckload.
TIMES PHOTO

3. Fertilizer for garden.

4. Preparation for lawn.

1. Small Norways arrive.

2. Playing horse.

3. Mothers begin the garden.

4. Shrubs get attention.

1. Bordering the driveway.

2. Garden and lawn. TIMES PHOTO

3—4. From the Teachers College Nursery.

A COMMUNITY BEAUTIFIES ITS SCHOOLGROUND

Ivah Green

Our pioneer forbears engaged in a number of community enterprises such as husking bees, house-raisings, etc. On a day agreed upon, sun-up might find a crowd of men hard at work in a collaboration of mind and muscle that at sundown resulted in a finished product which one man or one family could seldom have achieved without weeks of labor. To the boom of such loud-voiced orders as, "All together now. Easy! Don't let that end slip! There she goes!" up went the side wall or partition, while a good-humored atmosphere of "joshing" and neighborly gossip co-ordinated purpose and progress. The women, no less busy or necessary, stewed, brewed, and served, and stood by to praise and admire.

Today house-raisings and such neighbor-help-neighbor endeavors on a large scale are less common. Modern civilization and mechanical inventions have conspired to make such community work-projects rarely necessary and our knowledge of them is to be found mainly in "tales of olden time." Yet, now and again, we have the privilege of witnessing similar group activities of like-minded persons stimulated by comon purpose—a gathering that has all the earmarks of an old-fashioned "bee."

Such a group of men might have been seen one day last spring gathered on the grounds of a rural school in Benton County. Replacing hammer, saw, and nails of house-raising days, one would have found shovel and spade. The shouted commands differed somewhat. "Gently, now—watch those roots. Hold it straight! In she goes. More sand. More water. That's good. Now stomp it down, hard! There, that's one more in. Isn't it a beaut!"

What's this? A "tree raising"? Exactly that. A concerted effort of manpower resulting in a luxuriant setting of everygreens on spots where an hour before was nothing but a few holes in a barren school yard. This was one phase of a schoolground beautification project at Hill School, a one-room school affiliated with the State Teachers College in St. Cloud, seventeen miles distant.

Group projects do not emerge full grown upon a moment's decision or from a spoken wish, though often the seed of an idea may seem suddenly to take root and burst into flower almost overnight. This particular project at Hill School went through a prosaic enough germination period, but its flowering was almost as spectacular as that of the night-blooming cereus after its long slow growth. This achievement came about for several reasons. One, because the rural supervisor had a vision, a very idealistic one, about what a rural school ground could look like. Two, because she communicated her idea to the teacher of Hill School, Miss Adeline Becker, in whose imagination a spark was kindled,—a spark held and kept alive through a winter's planning. Three, because of the guidance of the biology instructor at the college, Mr. George Friedrich, whose creed for living is exemplified in generous, far-reaching civic actions aimed to further appreciation of the beauty of nature. Four, because a group of fathers and mothers were led by these three, (supervisor, teacher, and lover-of-outdoor) to envision their school in a new, attractive setting.

At a meeting of the Mothers Club of Hill School, these three instigators queried mothers, student-teachers, and pupils, "How would you like to see your schoolground look? Let's put it down in black and white. Never mind thinking about how it can be done. That will come in its own proper time." With such encouragement for everyone's imagination, lavish plans took shape,—plans that briefly considered new driveway, parking area, trees, shrubs, playground, flower garden, and lawn. All these appeared on the blackboard in magic symbols of dots and lines.

Following this preliminary move came a session where practical, first-things-first were discussed. Landscaping must of necessity wait upon agreement as to where the new driveway was to go. That decision must take into consideration parking area, baseball diamond, garden, lawn, and play space for small children. New driveway meant obtaining and hauling gravel. That in turn called for manpower, horses, trucks, trailers, tractors. A lawn would require discing and the purchase of lawn seed. A garden would necessitate plowing, fertilizing, planting, weeding, watering. New space for baseball diamond and children's playground indicated the need for moving and re-setting present equipment. Tree planting involved locating the right kind of trees, digging them, digging holes for them, and immediate, careful planting. The whole venture presupposed voluntary labor, valuable time taken from farm tasks, and a will to stick with the job until it was done. None of these was a small item. No such enterprise had ever been undertaken by this group. But the planning continued. The makers of the plan never visualized failure though they realized it is easier to hold a dream before the eyes of those who must transform it into reality than it is actually to perform the almost-miracle of materialization.

So, tentative plans having been made, it was thought timely to call in the fathers for the final shaping of the project. And to a community already established on a friendly basis and needing only a signal to assemble for business or for a social evening, the natural thing was to meet at the schoolhouse, the natural community center, on a Sunday evening for a hot dish supper and for conference. Miss Becker explained progress of plans for the beautification. Benefit to children, present and future, was emphasized by the mothers. Pride in one's school and the opportunity to set a pattern for other rural schools was mentioned. Landscape sketches on the black-board were thoughtfully studied. All agreed the whole thing sounded good. There was only one drawback,—who would do the work, and when? No one minimized the amount of time and labor involved. Here it was already May, and spring being late, much work was still undone. Yet despite all of these legitimate reasons for postponing the beginning of such an enterprise, there was not a dessenting vote nor an objection raised. And such was the good will and unity of purpose present, that almost without the company's realizing it, tentative suggestions crystallized into concrete planning.

"Today's heavy rain will prevent our working in the fields tomorrow," spoke up one interested father, "why not figure out what needs to be done first and begin tomorrow?"

No reason why not, apparently. Offers followed each other quickly. "I'll give the entire day to it." "I'll provide a boy and tractor." "Count on me to bring a grader." "How many can come and bring spades and

shovels?" And such was the impetus gained from all the enthusiasm engendered, that the next morning found men at the school ready for work. Seven volunteered at once to stay in the gravel pit to do the shoveling, and before the day was over, fifty-three loads of gravel had been laid on a new driveway, evenly, properly graded. A tractor rolled its fat tires over the ground, hauling in from near-by fields, rich black earth for flowers and shrubs. A shiny, eager spring tooth harrow cleanly cut up a portion of yard to be sprinkled with clover and blue-grass.

The morning of the second day found enthusiasm still running high. Fields could wait another day. This job was beginning to look like fun. Committees of mothers in the school kitchen were on hand this day as on the previous one to provide hot food and drink. It beat all how fast things went when everyone took hold. Two earnest workers with shovels began digging holes where x's on the blackboard had indicated half-grown trees could miraculously appear. Two others with shovels and truck drove to the College Nursery to be directed in the digging by Mr. Friedrich. Now it became evident that the man had been found who could transfer those paper and chalk symbols into concrete objects,—who could supply the magic that turned x's into cedar and tamarack; circles into spruce and white pine. An hour later Mr. Friedrich was to be found at the schoolground giving expert guidance to the tree-planting crew. Quickly, efficiently, those freshly dug cedars and pines settled into their new surroundings and harmonious landscaped groupings hid sharp corners and bare spaces.

The friendly participation of all workers proved so contagious that pupils and student-teachers took upon themselves many homely tasks, in their eagerness to be part of the co-operative effort. The huge woodpile at one corner of the ground was an eyesore. It should be carried and repiled back of the shoolhouse. The yard needed raking. Stones should be picked up and carried away. Even the six-year-olds contributed their energy though they might have been moved to such action as much by the treat offered as by their devotion to work. "One doughnut for ten armloads of wood carried", was the offer. (Six-year-olds need to learn to count, and here was a lesson in a "life situation") One potential financier inquired, "If I carry twenty loads, do I get two doughnuts?" There was opportunity, too, for all pupils and student-teachers to help plant a row of Norway pines. These had been dug by interested students at the college who wished to have a share in the good work. Delivery of these small trees in the college station wagon gave the driver (and handy man extraordinary) his chance to lend a hand at digging, planting, carrying,—whatever needed to be done. "It's for kids," he explains, "and kids is what I like."

Helping with the unloading, each child was told he might choose his own particular tree and the place for its planting. Probably never have trees been more fondly selected or more carefully planted, each pupil jealously guarding his until its turn came. Each boy and girl helped to pump water and to carry it by the pailful. Little boys hauled black dirt and sand in an express wagon and shoveled it onto the tree roots before the final "stomping" was done. And they made this routine a game by "playing horse" as they ran across the playground.

There is something about planting a tree, it seems, that tends to make a person just a little different from what he was before he did it.

For one thing, he begins to notice how barren are the places where no trees are. And so it was at Hill School. The attractiveness of the transformed section of the grounds seemed only to call attention to the bareness of other spots. The only recourse therefore was a call for "More trees! More for this space! More for that corner!" On the third day truck and diggers again visited the college nursery and sometime later fourteen men appeared at the school to plant more trees. By this time field work had been resumed but a newly made tree lover found one could walk all day behind a drag, do the chores, and still have enough energy and neighborly spirit to walk two miles to the school to contribute his share of labor in the evening.

"When we first planned to do this job," one of the men remarked, "it looked like a lot of hard work. But I've discovered it's been fun instead."

"That's right," agreed a neighbor, "maybe some of us won't live long enough to see these trees become full-grown but at least we're having the enjoyment of planting them. And it's good to know these kids will have the pleasure of watching them grow."

This joy in "green things growing" must be universal. In the Hill School project it was not limited only to fathers and mothers whose children would benefit from the beautification. Unmarried men, childless married couples, parents with grown children,—all took over zealously a portion of the work. Those who had not attented the meeting to share in the original plans heard them mentioned over the telephone and appeared at the proper time equipped for work. Word went from farm to farm till all knew the arrangements and caught the contagion of co-operative planning. Some came to look and remained to dig. Some who never came near the school at any other time arrived, asking to be set to work. Undoubtedly one lure to this share-the-work campaign was the pleasure to be found in being together,—in exchanging farm news and world happenings as men and women found a slack moment. It may have been also the sociability enjoyed during "time out" for coffee and sandwiches. One mother expressed her thought, "It has done us good to get together like this. Besides beautifying our school, it has helped this community become more friendly."

"That's true," said another, "and I've been so tickled that the men got interested in this whole thing. Now my husband has planted some trees in our own yard,—a thing I've been trying for four years to get him to do."

Tree planting finished, talk turned to shrubs for the new beds of black dirt near the schoolbuilding. The Mothers Club voted to purchase twenty-five dollars worth from the Guy Nursery at St. Cloud. The ensuing transaction added another splendid example of the friendly support that a fine community always receives, by illustrating the good-heartedness of the nursery owners. Learning that the shrubs were for a rural school, they gave generous measure, explaining, "We are always glad to help schools." With the addition of shrubs to the grounds, again a change had been wrought in a few hours. Where once hard-packed clay banks had bounded the school building, now, entrenched in good black earth, flourished hydrangea, spirea, mock orange and flowering currant. Others were artistically grouped on the "lawn."

With shrubs safely in, the mothers could complete plans for the flower garden. In the area reserved for lawn, a space sixteen by twenty feet, bordered by informal clumps of dogwood, Persian lilac, and flowering almond, seemed a desirable size to take care of all the plants and seeds proffered. Fathers offered advice, stepped off the space, and scattered phosphate on ground previously disced and dragged. Then planting began in earnest as mothers transplated rose bushes and sowed seed with lavish hands. Mainly fall-blooming flowers were planned for,—cosmos, zinnias, dahlias, scarlet salvia, asters,—in the hope that these would be at their loveliest during the fall months for pupils and teachers to enjoy.

But the success of any enterprise depends largely on how much hard, persistent labor goes into it after the initial enthusiasm gets it under way. Most schoolground beautification plans die in the beginning stage because "Nobody would care for things during the summer." In the overcoming of that obstacle lies the success of the Hill School project. And the indications are that it will be overcome. Every Monday evening throughout the summer, cars can be seen entering the school yard, and from them may emerge an entire family from Grandma down to Baby, or perhaps only a lone occupant. Everyone who can work does so, taking an implement selecting a portion of ground, and going quietly to work. Rake, scythe, lawn mower, hoe, shears, hands,—all are busy. Newcomers are gaily greeted. Friendly banter is tossed about. No one is asked to come; no one is dutifully taking his turn; each has simply assumed responsibility for finishing something he helped to start. The children lend a hand with hoeing or weed pulling, or peer into a nest of newly-hatched chipping sparrows, or sit in small groups watching their elders. Rain has been ample so no extra watering of plants is necessary. Evenings are long; there is time for a social chat, and for making plans for other matters pertaining to school, such as the putting in of electric lights this fall. There is even time, too, as work is done, to assemble on the school porch, still warm from the afternoon sun, to rest and sing old familiar songs as darkness settles down.

The pupils of Hill School have played a minor part in this beautification project but their share has been spontaneous, educational, and significant. Theirs was the original planning before the subject was broached to the parents. The teacher achieved the desired integration with school subjects through wide reading, map drawing, discussion, record keeping, group stories, and letter writing. When science classes begin in September pupils will learn names and characteristics of trees and shrubs on the grounds. Flowers which they chose from seed catalogs in May will be in bloom for identification and study. With the coming of winter, shaping of ideas for next spring will begin. This can result in plans for replacement of trees, for additional shrubs, vines, trellises, arbor, sand box, croquet ground, iris bed, wild life thicket, window boxes, bird bath, picket fence, and flagstone walks. Much more can be done, but there is no hurry, now that the start has been so auspiciously made. All the desired things will come in time.

For years to come Hill School community will claim a rightful pride in its achievement. Sunday drives will naturally gravitate toward this beauty spot. More trees, more shrubs, and more flower gardens may be found here-

after on farms in that neighborhood. Children who graduate from this school will return to see how "their" trees are doing, and to recall these days of 1945. And, almost suddenly, it will seem, one day a father will say to a small boy, being shown the trees for the first time, "Yes, Son, I remember when this whole schoolground was bare,—nothing grew here but weeds. These are the trees your Daddy helped to plant the day they were brought from the College Nursery. I helped haul dirt in the express wagon, and I held this very tree while it was being planted. I carried many a pail of water to it in the years I went to school here. Now the trees are yours, Son. But I helped to give them their start, and I had the fun of watching them grow."

As for the college students who were fortunate enough to have made a small contribution in this community venture in beautifying a rural school, may they become more deeply imbued with Mr. Friedrich's belief that "One should make the place he lives in a little more beautiful for his having lived there." May they more readily see that to live truly according to that belief a teacher must do "a little more than he is paid to do." As they go out from this college to their own schools, knowing that a bare, unattractive schoolground need no longer be countenanced as a necessary evil, may they be filled with that grand unrest which finds no relief until such ugliness is transformed to beauty through concerted community effort.

Note: No space has been taken on these pages to show "before" scenes of this schoolground. Anyone who travels through rural Minnesota and notes the schoolgrounds of most one-room schools, knows so well their unkempt condition, and their sordid, needless ugliness, that they need not be recorded here.