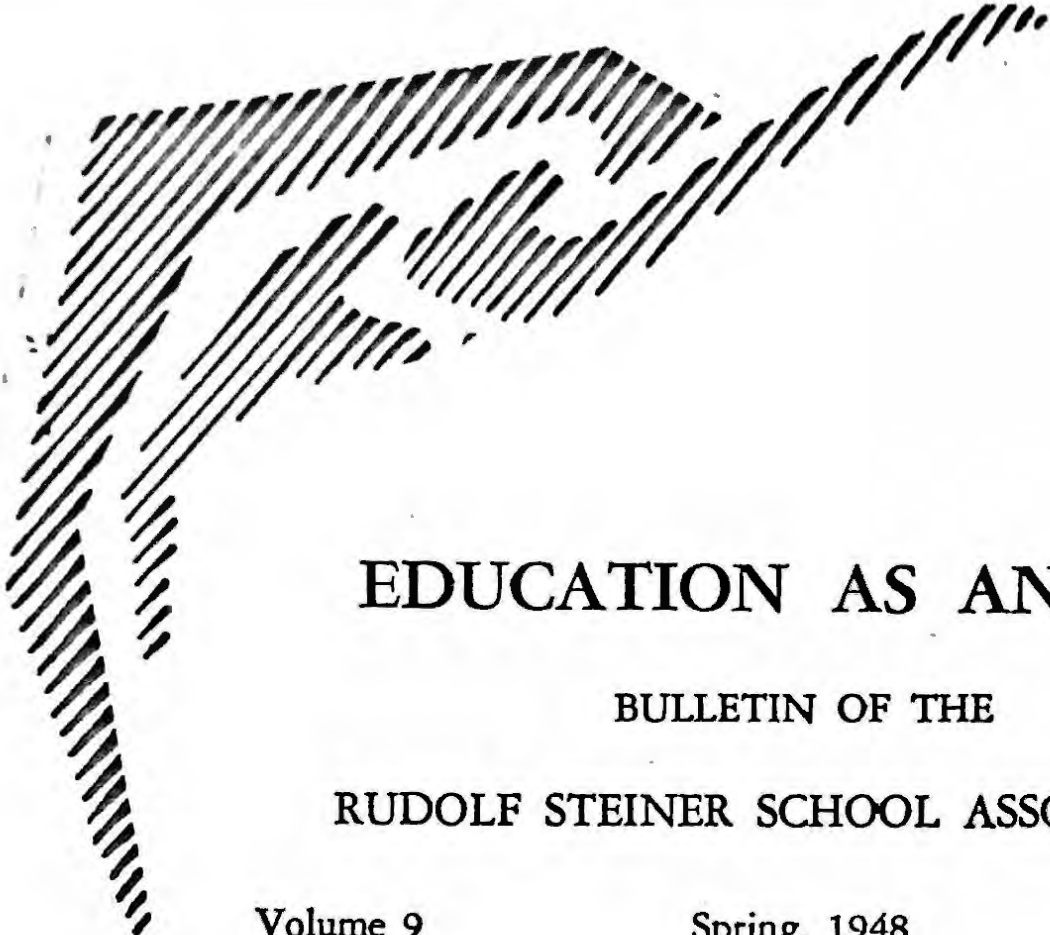




EDUCATION AS AN ART

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ABOUT THE LITTLE VIOLET AND THE BIG VIOLET

By Rudolf Steiner

Once upon a time in a wood, where the sun made its way down through the trees, there grew a little Violet, a modest Violet, under a tree that had big leaves. And the Violet could look up through an opening made by the tree-tops. As the Violet looked up through the wide opening in the woods, she saw the blue sky. The little Violet saw the blue sky for the first time, for she had only just bloomed on the morning of that very day. Now the Violet trembled when she saw the blue sky and felt great fear. But she did not yet know why she felt such great fear.

Just then a Dog ran by—not a good dog, but a savage, wicked-looking one. And the Violet asked the Dog, "Tell me now, what is that overhead—that blue thing that is so like me?" For there was the sky, blue, just like the Violet.

And the Dog in his wickedness said, "Oh, that is a Giant Violet, and that Violet has grown so large in order that it may crush you with all its might."

Then the little Violet was still more frightened, thinking that the Violet overhead had grown so large in order to strike her. And she drew her flower-leaves close together, and no longer wished to look up at the Giant Violet; and she hid under a large leaf which had just been blown down by a gust of wind. So she stayed the whole day, hiding in terror from the Sky Violet.

And when the next morning came she had not slept all night long, for she had done nothing the whole time but wonder how it was with the great, blue Sky Violet which was going to crush her. And she had expected every moment that now—now—the first blow would fall, and it had not fallen.

In the morning the little Violet crept out from under the leaf. Now she was not at all tired, for she had been wondering the whole night through and was fresh and not weary. Violets grow tired when they sleep, and do not grow tired when they do not sleep. The first thing the Violet saw was the rising sun and the red dawn. And when the Violet saw the red dawn, she was not at all afraid. She was glad inside and happy because of the red dawn.

Little by little as the red dawn faded, the pale-blue sky came out once more. It grew bluer and bluer and the Violet thought again of what the Dog had said—that that was a Huge Violet which would crush her.

But all at once a Lamb came by, and now the Violet wanted to ask again what that was overhead. "What is that up there?" asked the Violet. And the Lamb said, "That is a Great Violet, blue, just like you."

Now the Violet was frightened again thinking that she would have the same answer from the Lamb as from the wicked Dog. But the Lamb was gentle and good, and because it looked at her with such good and gentle eyes, the Violet asked once more, "Oh my dear Lamb, will the big Violet up there crush me?"

"Oh, no," answered the Lamb, "It will not crush you! It is a Great Violet and its love is as much greater than your own love, as its own blueness is greater than the blue of your tiny form."

Then the Violet understood at once that that was a Great Violet which would never crush her, but which had so much more blue in order to have so much the more love, and that the Great Violet would shield the little Violet from all that would do her harm in the world. And then she felt so happy—the little Violet—because all that she saw as blueness in the Great Sky Violet seemed to her like the love of God streaming towards her from every side. And the little Violet always looked up, as if to pray to the God of the Violets.*

Translated by Virginia Field Birdsall



FIRST LESSONS IN BOTANY

In a Rudolf Steiner school the first stories about the plants begin in the first grade or even in the kindergarten. But it is not until the fifth year of school life that the children start what they are proud to call Botany. Plant life is now taken up in close relation to the living organism of the earth. The children are made to feel that it is as much a part of the earth as the hair is a part of their heads. The hair by itself is nothing; it cannot grow by itself and has no meaning apart from the human head. Similarly the plant only has a meaning in its relationship to the earth and the forces of the sun. So the flowers may actually be called the children of the sun growing upon the earth.

First of all a mood of wonder is awakened as one pictures the miracle of the springtime—how from the dead branches of the trees appears the living green like a veil thrown over them; how from the root-stock of a plant is thrust one day a slender sprout which will produce a replica of the plant which died down last autumn; and how from the tiny seed there springs a plant which resembles in every way the mother plant. Whence comes this

* From *The Waldorf School Reader*

new life? If we examine the seed, even with the most powerful microscope, we can see nothing that remotely resembles the plant which grows from it. We must conclude that the future plant exists potentially and invisibly within the seed or bulb.

And now the children are given a picture of the two polaric forces at work in the plant world; the earth force, tending to draw the roots down to the center of the earth and to harden and give form to the plant; and the sun force, working principally in the leaves, flowers and fruit, tending to draw the plant upwards. The plant becomes ever finer and more ethereal as we go from the root towards the blossom, the perfume of which often extends far beyond the plant itself. This basic concept unlocks many of the secrets of plant life and is woven like a golden thread throughout the course.

Children always enjoy a journey—even though it be an imaginary one—so the study may be formed into four journeys: first, a journey through a typical plant from root to blossom; second, a journey from Pole to Equator, viewing the vegetation as the very countenance of the earth; third, the ascent of a high mountain in the tropics; lastly a journey through the plant kingdom itself from the simplest to the most complex plants.

In the first journey we see what each part of the plant can do for the life of the plant as a whole, and the various forms which each part may assume.

In the second journey we have a bird's-eye view of the vegetation from the Pole to the Equator. Near the Pole the sun forces are very weak and the water, which is the very life-blood of the plant, is frozen most of the year. So there is almost a total absence of plant life. The wide stretches of earth are like masses of stone.

As we travel away from the Pole, the sun's heat increases, the water is no longer frozen during the whole year, and we have a scanty vegetation consisting of mosses and lichens. Here the earth force works strongly upon plant life, binding it to the surface like a green carpet.

As we near the Temperate Zone, the sun has more power. Plants have now the strength to rise somewhat away from the earth, but they are still dwarfed and stunted. The fir tree, which grows to such height and beauty in our climate, only creeps along the earth—the trunk like a root from which the branches rise like little bushes. The hardening forces, usually confined to the root, have here spread through the whole plant.

But we must not think that the Arctic regions are without bloom. As soon as the snow melts there is an exuberant growth of flowers of an intense color and matchless purity. Butterflies and bees swarm about them; the seeds develop quickly and fall to the earth, and the plant disappears only to repeat the same miracle over again. It is as if heaven had sent its loveliest blossoms to this otherwise cold and cheerless land.

Next we come to the Temperate Regions. Here the sun rises higher in the sky and the summers are longer. The sun force increases greatly and plant life becomes more and more free from the earth's hold. First we meet the evergreens, which rise majestically to a great height; next come the deciduous trees with their crowns of green foliage. There is also an endless variety of flowering plants.

In the Tropics the sun reaches its greatest intensity. Summers are long and very hot. Trees rise like giants from the earth, climbing vines fling themselves from trunk to trunk, reaching up for light. Tree trunks and tree crowns shelter magical gardens overhead. So great is the pull of the sun force that

the earth is no longer able to hold certain plants. Such is the orchid which has its roots in the air and gets its nourishment from air, dew and rain. In the Tropics the flowering tendency is so strong that its power often penetrates to the very heart of the plant, and we have the spice plants with their aromatic roots, bark and leaves.

So we can picture the vegetation of the whole earth like one great plant which has its roots at the Pole, its stem and leaves in the Temperate Zone, its blossoms and fruit in the Tropics.

The journey from the Pole to the Equator is repeated in miniature, but in reverse order when we climb a lofty peak in the Tropics, for each mountain comprises within itself a picture of the whole earth. At the base of the mountain we find the giant trees of the Tropics. The higher we climb the colder it grows until we reach the trees of our Temperate Zone where evergreens mingle with the foliage trees. As we ascend higher the trees become dwarfed and stunted and we finally reach the "timber line". Next comes the moss-lichen zone and as we approach the snow-line we stand enraptured before the masses of lovely blossoms at our feet, perfect replicas of the Arctic flowers. Last of all we reach the region of eternal snow and bitter cold, with no sign of vegetation—a veritable Pole in miniature.

And now for our journey through the plant kingdom itself. First let us look at one of the lower plants, the mushroom, which we usually find growing in the deep woods away from the sunlight. The flowers of the higher plants open up towards the heavens and take the sunlight into themselves. But mushrooms open downwards towards the dark earth. They have no blossom and so cannot form seeds, but produce new plants by means of spores. They have no green leaves either, and so cannot make their own food but live on the food that other plants have made. They have not even any roots with which to get a foothold on the solid earth. We might call the mushroom the baby among the plants, for it is as helpless and dependent as an infant. A little school-girl once said, "It is because the mushrooms are babies that so many of them have milk inside them."

Mosses and ferns are a step higher than the mushrooms, for they possess the green substance called *chlorophyll*, and are not dependent upon other plants for their food. They are not yet able to form flowers, however, but produce spores like the mushrooms. So we may think of the mosses and ferns as being a little older than the babies—the mushrooms—for they are able to make their own food. They also have stems and can stand erect. They are not, however, fully developed plants, since they have no flowers and no real fruits.

Next we come to the evergreen trees, beloved of children for their association with the joys of the Christmas season. Botanists call them *conifers* or cone-bearers. They are the simplest of the plants which produce true seeds instead of spores. They send down strong roots deep into the earth and with their erect stems, or trunks, they reach up towards the sun, often attaining a height of two hundred feet. They produce leaves, flowers and fruit, but all their parts tend to contract and to grow hard. Their leaves are nothing but a midrib; they are well named needles. The blossoms appear but are held back. They look like little curly caterpillars at first, and finally harden into cones. But the forces thus held back in the blossom produce instead an aromatic resin which penetrates the whole tree: wood, bark and cones. The needles also yield an aromatic oil. This, together with the resin, gives the trees their pleasant balsam fragrance. The seeds, with their little wings, are hidden

under the scales of the cones, so the cones are both flower and fruit.

In these trees everything moves slowly. Some cannot produce seeds until they are two hundred and fifty years old. The needles stay on the branches for several years and in some species a cone takes several years to ripen. Many evergreens live to be several hundred years old. They seem to possess great inner tranquility. On entering an evergreen forest one is moved by a feeling of great solemnity.

These simplest seed-bearing plants we might compare to the young child before the age of seven—not yet ready to blossom forth into the school age, but fully out of its babyhood.

A step higher in the plant kingdom come the members of the lily family which grow from bulbs or corms. The lilies and grasses are *Monocotyledons*—that is, they have but one seed-leaf. Their leaves are simple in form and parallel-veined. The lillies do not associate so freely with the earth through their roots as do the grasses, but set themselves apart from the earth and make a little world of their own with its own rhythm.

The lily family, coming before the sun's rays have really penetrated the earth, gives us our first spring blossoms. The children like to hear that they can flower so early because they bring their lunch boxes with them, for stored within the bulb is all the food they need for their blooming.

The lily has always been the symbol of innocence and purity. The angel Gabriel, when announcing the birth of the Christ-Child, holds a lily. The Madonna and Child are often painted with lilies about them.

If we compare this flower to the human being, we could say that it is like a child at about the age of seven. The child has something almost lily-like at this age and has, so to speak, put forth a lovely, fragrant blossom, but is still quite simple and undeveloped.

The grasses are distinguished from all other flowering plants by their small, inconspicuous flowers. From their tiny blossoms, however, comes the seed that gives bread to man, for the grains—corn, wheat, rye, barley, rice and oats—are all members of the grass family. Instead of developing a colorful, showy blossom, the grasses have stored up their life within the seed, as in a little treasure-box. They live very close to Mother Earth—hence their quick growth and sturdiness. It is the mother-milk of earth which we taste in the sweetness of the corn. The grasses have sacrificed their blossoms that they may give food to man, and man may think of this reverently, and reverently partake of his bread as a true gift of the sun and earth.

*A Blessing before Meals**

*Earth, who gave us all this food,
Sun, who made it ripe and good—
Sun and Earth, we pray that ye
Never shall forgotten be.*

Christian Morgenstern

Lastly we come to the top rank of the flowering plants, the *Dicotyledons* or plants bearing two seed-leaves. As examples of this very large group let us look at the apple tree and the rose. We may think of a tree trunk as being a portion of the soil itself, drawn upward and encased in bark. So the tree-

* Another translation of this same verse appeared in Vol. 8, No. 3, of the *Bulletin*.

crown is in reality an assembly of many single plants which sprout overhead in the branches and burst into leaf and blossom earlier than do plants growing out of the ground. This is possible since they grow on the already plantlike living tree trunk instead of in the earthy, mineral soil.

The apple tree is our most important fruit tree, but it is also a flowering tree. Its blossom is very like the wild rose; each has five pink petals and a five-pointed green calyx. But the five-pointed star which the rose blossom carries within itself appears only in the fruit of the apple tree. It can be seen when the apple is cut through crosswise. The apple tree and rose are the parents of a large plant family. The rose, with its lovely blossoms, is the mother; the apple tree, which excels in the formation of its fruit, is the father; while the strawberry is the baby of this plant family.

It is clear at a glance that the apple tree tries to make everything as simple as possible. Its leaves are strong and healthy, but very simple in form, while the rose takes infinite pains with her beautiful, elaborately-formed leaves. The apple tree strives above all for fruitfulness, and its fruit is fully penetrated with the juices of the fruitful earth. The rose is an artist; her blossoms have never been excelled for beauty and fragrance. She is well named the Queen of the flower kingdom.

In our further study of plant life we learn to know many trees: the strong, majestic oak, reaching its full strength and beauty only at a great age; the graceful birch, suggesting sunlight, springtime and youthful freshness; the water-loving willow, which grows quickly but as soon decays; and the noble linden, its blossoms offering a feast of nectar to the bees and a health-giving tea for human beings. So we see that nature strives always "to balance all that is one-sided, and never to let beauty fail."*

Such an elementary study of Botany does not aim to analyze flowers in a technical, scientific way—that belongs to a later age—but to give a key to the understanding of plant life in all parts of the earth and under all conditions. Above all it strives to arouse in the children a feeling for the wonder and beauty of the spring awakening, that they may say with Linnaeus as they witness the opening of a flower: "I saw God in His glory passing by and bowed my head in worship".

Virginia Field Birdsall

Note: The material for this article was gained chiefly from Karl Ege's Course on *Plant Life in Autumn* given at the Waldorf School Seminar, Stuttgart, and from Dr. Gerbert Grohmann's books on Botany.

THE LAZY GNOME**

Once there was a little gnome who didn't like to work. Now that was very strange, for most gnomes are never so happy as when they are busy with their shovels and pickaxes, digging in the earth. In the autumn they make earth beds for the little seed children to sleep in. In the winter they search for treasure: gold, silver, and precious stones for the treasure chamber of the Gnome King. In the spring and summer, when it's time for the seed children to wake up, they dig the ground to make it loose and airy so that the warmth of the sun and the wet of the rain can come down under the ground to help the seed children grow up to be healthy and strong.

* From G. Grohmann's *Plant Studies for Children*.

**Are you acquainted with any children who don't like to work? This story is for them.

Most gnomes like their work, but this one was so lazy and went to so much trouble to get out of work that it took up all his time. He would hide from the others in among the deep-growing roots of trees. If they found him he would pretend to be helping the seeds or looking for diamonds and rubies. He never lifted a shovel or a pickaxe if he could help it, but if he had to, he would soon lay it down—as soon as no one was looking—and there he would just sit and do nothing.

One day the King of the gnomes came upon him as he sat doing nothing. The King had never before seen one of his gnomes just sitting and doing nothing.

"What kind of a gnome are you?" he shouted in a rage. "Why are you not about your business? This is the time of the year when the search for treasure is going on. Don't you see how busily your brothers are working?"

"Sire," answered the gnome, "I was just getting ready to work."

"Where are your shovel and pickaxe?" asked the King.

"I lost them in a deep hole which I had dug in search of jewels."

"Where is the hole?" asked the King.

"Far from here, your Majesty, so far that I cannot find my way to it again."

"You're a humbug!" roared the Gnome King. "We've no use for humbugs in this kingdom. You are herewith ordered to leave my kingdom and don't come back unless you are willing to bring me twelve diamonds every day."

So the gnome had to leave the gnome kingdom under the ground and go up above the surface of the earth. There he found a hollow tree into which he crawled and went to sleep.

When he woke up, spring had come. He looked out of the hollow tree and saw green meadows all around him. The most beautiful colors filled the meadows on all sides, shining from lovely shapes—pink and yellow, violet and blue and orange. We know that these were the meadow flowers. In and out among the flowers flew the golden sun fairies bringing warm sunbeams to each flower to make it live and bloom. They were singing as they flew about. Sometimes they joined hands and danced in a happy circle around a flower. Oh what a good time they were having, singing, dancing, swooping, flying. They were so beautiful that the little gnome longed to play with them and be one of them.

"Let me play with you!" he called to a circle of happy fairies, "Let me play too!"

"We are not playing," they laughed. "We are at work. Our work is to help the flowers bloom in the meadows and when they bloom well we are very happy!" Then they all flew away up to the sun to gather more sunbeams.

"Well," thought the gnome, "they are fools to be so happy while they work. How could work be so much fun?" He thought of all the little gnomes down under the ground digging the air and water tunnels for the seeds and plants, and he was glad that he was not there.

Leaving his hollow tree, the gnome wandered over the meadows until he came to a beautiful blue stream of water. He followed it as it flowed along until it came to a rocky ledge over which it tumbled, and turned into a gleaming white waterfall. There in the white, shining waterfall he saw some water fairies diving through the water. They were singing in the rushing sound of the water, and laughing with joy as they threw sprays of water drops up into the air.

"Oh, what fun it would be to splash in the waterfall with them!" thought the gnome. "Let me play with you!" he called to them.

They heard him, and laughed at him, and answered, "We are not playing. We are at work. Our work is to send the water up into the sky until there is enough to make a nice big rain cloud. Then the rain will fall to help the flowers grow." Then with a shout of joy they flashed away down the stream to find another place to work.

The gnome thought to himself, "Can it really be such fun to work so hard? I wish I could find something that would be fun to do."

Now the sun set and the blue sky grew bluer and bluer and darker and darker, till at last it was quite dark. What a strange feeling came over the little gnome when he found himself all alone without a friend so far from home. He began to be homesick, but he knew that if he went back to the gnome kingdom he would have to take a pickaxe and work for the Gnome King. Never! Never! Yet it would be nice to have at least one playmate. He looked up at the sky and saw something bright: a light—very high, twinkling and sparkling—oh, so high up. Soon another appeared, then many more as the sky grew darker, until the whole sky was shining with many little lights. We know that they were the stars.

While he sat watching the heavens the gnome saw some swift fairies flying like the wind, all covered with gleaming starlight, and carrying in their hands heaps of what seemed like silver dust. They were all in a great hurry, but they were making beautiful patterns of light in the air, and the whole great sky was shinningly beautiful.

As the fairies flew near him over the ground he heard a sweet humming, like the sound we know of wind blowing among trees. The fairies were humming as they flew and their faces looked so happy that the gnome cried out to them.

"Where are you going? Let me go with you."

"That you cannot do," they answered, "for we are beings of the air, and you are an earth gnome."

"Just let me play with you then," he begged.

"Oh, we have no time to play, for before the sun arises again we must carry stardust to all parts of the world, for no one on earth would ever wake up happy and gay if we did not scatter the stardust every night." And so they flew on, faster than ever, to finish their work before sunrise.

"No one has any time for me!" thought the gnome crossly.

Now he did not know where to go or what to do. For a wonder he did not feel like just sitting still and doing nothing, so he stumbled along without looking where he was going, and fell down a deep hole back into the ground. When he reached the bottom, he sat up and looked around and listened. Nearby he heard a sound: Tick-tack, Tick-tack, Tick-tack. Ah! he knew the sound of those little pickaxes digging the earth loose. Then he heard some jolly voices singing,

*"Hi-yo, Hi-yo!
We dig the earth so dry-o,
To help the baby seeds grow
Till they reach the sky-o.
Hi-yo, Hi-yo!"*

"They're hard at it," said the gnome to himself, "and they sound happy too, just like all the others—the sun fairies, the water fairies, and the ones who fly in the wind and starlight." Then he thought, "If we didn't do our work down here under the ground, the sun fairies and all the others wouldn't have any flowers to care for."

Before he knew it he was hurrying toward the sound of the pickaxes, and the next thing that happened was very unexpected. The lazy gnome stepped in among all the other workers and, lifting a pickaxe, began to swing it with them and sing,

*"Hi-yo, Hi-yo!
We dig the earth so dry-o,
To help the baby seeds grow
Till they reach the sky-o.
Hi-yo, Hi-yo!"*

And after this he was never lazy again.

Dorothy Jeffery Harrer

RUDOLF STEINER SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Ever since the Rudolf Steiner School in New York has existed, there have been pupils accepted whose parents could not fully meet the tuition expenses, and everyone connected with the School has always welcomed such children whenever they were worthy of this help.

In the earlier years it was impossible to set aside a fund strictly to be used for this purpose, and if it had not been for friends of the School who very generously donated money for a number of scholarship cases, this practice could not have been carried on.

About three years ago it was felt that the time had come to establish a permanent Scholarship Fund to give more security to the pupils accepted by the School on a scholarship basis, and assure them of their continued membership. A small beginning was made that year. Two years ago the suggestion was made that if we would ask the friends of the School to become members of the Scholarship Fund with a yearly contribution of at least \$10.—we could build up a strong nucleus for the Fund. Today we have about one hundred members and we very much hope that the number will grow.

Any assistance in bringing new members to the Fund, or in giving us names of interested persons who may be contacted, will be greatly appreciated. Miss K. Reeve, Executive Secretary of the School, will be very glad to receive your suggestions or enroll you as a member of the Scholarship Fund.

Whatever can be done to strengthen this work will be of lasting benefit, and if only space allowed, some of the letters received by the School from the parents would be copied here to show you their gratitude.

*Rudolf Lindenmaier
For the Board of Directors*

RUDOLF STEINER SCHOOL CURRICULUM
(Continued)
HANDWORK

Handwork is taught throughout the eight grades in a Rudolf Steiner School. It is begun in the first grade when, with bright-colored yarn, the children learn to do simple knitting and to make, for instance, little scarfs or dolls' blankets. The control of their hands and fingers necessary to master such a task is an important training for the children at this age, for the skillful use of their fingers has a helpful influence upon their facility in other subjects. It is interesting to see how eager they are to learn the different simple steps of knitting, and what joy they take in their achievement when they have mastered them.

In the second grade the skill acquired in the first is carried further. The children learn to crochet—to do chain stitch, single and double crochet, and to combine these into various patterns. Here both counting and attentiveness play a role, and their growing knowledge of numbers is put to use. They also begin to sew at this time by embroidering bright-colored designs of their own in a plain running stitch.

In the third and fourth grades these basic skills are elaborated and developed in greater exactness and detail. The children are now able to make a variety of useful articles, to crochet caps, bags and little jackets, to knit mittens and even socks. Here intricate patterns and combinations of stitches must be carried out. They also sew little aprons, needle-books, pocket-books, etc., and make stuffed animals.

At this point a new element is introduced leading into the work of the fifth and sixth grades. This is simple weaving used both in the making of textiles, such as belts, head-bands, small mats, etc., and in basketry work. In these upper grades such craft activities can be elaborated upon as in the fashioning of puppets for a puppet-show, for instance, or in the cutting and printing of linoleum blocks. Useful articles are made in leather and wood. Shop work, in both wood and metal, now plays an important role as it does also in the seventh and eighth grades. This particular phase of handwork will be dealt with elsewhere in the description of the curriculum.

In these latter grades more skilled manual training is taught on the one hand, and on the other the children learn to do fine sewing, hem-stitching and embroidery, carrying out free, colorful designs of their own. They make for themselves a piece of wearing apparel such as a blouse or shirt, which is usually the culminating achievement of the eighth grade.

It is the purpose of the handwork training as taught in our schools to develop in the children the skill and practical usefulness of their hands, knowing that this has an influence upon their entire nature. For not only is such handwork an activity which is a healthful balance to their mental work, whereby the will and feeling are brought into immediate play, but it also reacts in a more subtle way upon their mental faculties, furthering skill and flexibility of mind. It seeks to give the children a knowledge and mastery of the various basic hand-activities of practical life so that they may be useful and self-sufficient human beings.

Arvia MacKaye
For the Faculty of the Rudolf Steiner School

NOTICE

At a December meeting with the Executive Board of the Rudolf Steiner School Association, it was decided that the two Relief Committees should merge as a step toward enlarging the scope of the relief work. It was also agreed that steps be taken to incorporate the Committee. This has been done under the legal title, The Waldorf Schools Fund, Inc.

Contributions received for general relief will be used by this Fund for purchases made in America to be sent direct from here to the needy schools. Funds earmarked for the Milk Fund, Extra Breakfast, and the Nerve Medicine will be forwarded by the Association to Switzerland as usual.

EUROPEAN RELIEF

The phenomenal growth of the Waldorf Schools in Germany has no doubt been a tremendous satisfaction to all of us who are interested in the Rudolf Steiner pedagogy. There are now nineteen of these schools, and the Stuttgart School is the largest private school in present-day Germany. One French Military Authority called them "islands of hope in Europe's present chaos of despair." They evidently answer a crying inner need in our times since teachers, parents and pupils have banded together in almost every instance, either to repair buildings with their own hands, or to pay workmen not only with wages, but with food saved from meager rations or with clothing badly needed by the owners themselves. Such sacrifices speak of a practical idealism that can only be enkindled by a really worthwhile idea.

However, three years of this herculean effort on starvation rations has taken great physical toll among teachers and pupils. The health of many teachers has suffered irreparable damage. Medical statistics give a frightful picture of the physical conditions of the school children of Germany. Dr. Hauser, at the American Hospital at Burg Lengenfeld in Bavaria, reports that over 86% of the school children in his district suffer from tuberculosis. The latest letter received from Freiburg tells of a teacher going blind because of a lack of proper foods.

There may be hope for slightly improved general conditions next winter, but this early spring and summer will probably be the most disastrous Central Europe has faced. The shortening of the school day has already been seriously considered because of the weakened physical condition of faculty and students. If our schools are to be carried through this crucial period support must be immediate. Through a most fortunate arrangement with the Church World Service we have the opportunity to buy food at lowest wholesale relief prices if we can buy in sufficient quantity. For this we need your cooperation. We can ship for approximately \$50.00—100 lbs. of fat, 100 lbs. flour, 100 lbs. sugar—delivery insured and guaranteed. These 300 lbs. of basic food should go a long way towards relieving distress. If groups of friends or individuals would like to sponsor such a shipment to a school, we would be glad to send this gift in their name. Of course donations of any amount, no matter how small, will be gratefully received and credited towards a shipment if you so request.

We are also able to buy school materials and much needed shoe repair materials at the lowest wholesale prices. The Military Government has asked us to send school material and musical equipment, but we have been able to ship

only a minimal amount because the food situation is so urgent. With the coming of spring requests for rubbers, raincoats, umbrellas and seed for the spring planting are coming in. Can anyone spare any of these? Checks should be made out to: *Waldorf Schools Fund, Inc.*

We are deeply grateful for any help you can give us and thank you in the name of the teachers and pupils of the Waldorf Schools.

Waldorf Schools Fund, Inc.

*"These strangers in a foreign world
Protection asked of me;
Befriend them, lest yourselves in heaven
Be found a refugee".*

Emily Dickinson

CHANGED ADDRESSES FOR SCHOOLS ABROAD

Frau Else Niemann, Freie Waldorf Schule, Brabanterstr. 47, (16) Kassel, Wilhelmshöhe, American Zone.

Frau Rita Schlie, Mauerkircherstr. 1, (14) München, American Zone.

CAMP GLEN BROOK

Marlboro, N. H.

During the months of July and August there will again be an opportunity for boys and girls to join a summer camp directed in the spirit of the Rudolf Steiner School.

For information apply to:

William Harrer
Rudolf Steiner School
15 East 79th Street, N. Y. C.

CORRECTION

The following is the correction of an error in the report on European Relief by Vera Leroi in the Winter Bulletin, 1947:

Contributions sent to Switzerland, August 1st, 1946—October 1st, 1947 for	
Milk Fund, Extra Breakfast, Nerve Medicine	\$3,147.00
School Supplies sent directly	593.77
Food bought in this country and sent directly	553.77
Postal and Shipping expenses	225.37
Total	\$4,519.91

Membership in the Rudolf Steiner School Association, including the quarterly Bulletin, is \$2.00 per year. Single copies of the Bulletin, 15c each; for more than 10 copies 10c each, postpaid.

Address Secretary, Rudolf Steiner School Association, 15 East 79th Street, New York.

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