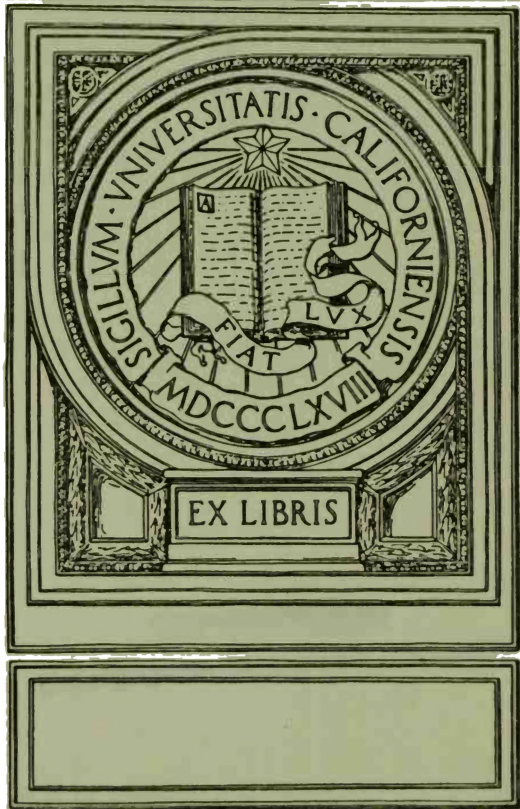


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ONE BOY'S DAY

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PLATE I. "A Good Average Town"

ONE BOY'S DAY

A Specimen Record of Behavior

by

ROGER G. BARKER and HERBERT F. WRIGHT

In Collaboration with

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Beverly Meyerson

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Phil Schoggen

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HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK

ONE BOY'S DAY: A SPECIMEN RECORD OF BEHAVIOR

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Plate 2. . . . walked out behind the house until he stood just west of the clothesline facing the barn.

Plate 3. . . . immediately fell into step with his parents as they started down the walk toward the west.

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Plate 14. . . . stepped forward to the shallow sandpile just outside the boys' door.

Plate 15. . . . climbed up and stood on the railing around the bandstand.

- Plate 16. . . . edged his way along the ledge that formed the top of the white stone trimming . . .
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- Plate 20. . . . climbed high in the tree . . .
- Plate 21. . . . practically carried his bicycle up the steps to the courthouse lawn.
- Plate 22. . . . rode slowly toward the grocery store.
- Plate 23. . . . clambered energetically onto the top of the dog house.
- Plate 24. . . . coasted down the slope . . .

Preface

The names of some of the people who helped in the preparation of this record are listed on the title page. Others who contributed as much as these must remain unnamed. For one thing, the list would be as long as the Midwest assessor's roll. The cooperation of everyone in town is required to secure this kind of record on the children of a small community. We believe, therefore, that this publication marks a milestone in the degree of participation of a whole community in a scientific undertaking. The people of Midwest get nothing but an anonymous satisfaction in return for their donation of time, convenience, and privacy. They all must agree with their fellow townsman who said, "If it's for the good of children, I'm for it." The great contribution of the parents and teachers to the making of the record will impress every reader. Our debt to the teachers and the school administration is especially great. This record is one of several that we have made in Midwest. Each one has required the cooperation of a different family, but all have required the coöperation of the same school staff. Further, the teachers, the superintendent, and the members of the school board were kind enough to read the manuscript and to offer helpful criticism. An advisory committee composed of representatives of the school, the Parent-Teacher Association, and the Chamber of Commerce has also made valuable suggestions.

The names in the record are fictitious, but the events are described just as they were observed.

We are grateful to Mary Townsend and Meredith Koppe for their painstaking work in preparing the manuscript.

Preface

The research of which this publication is a part is supported by the National Institute of Mental Health, U.S. Public Health Service, and by the University of Kansas.

R. G. B.
H. F. W.

January, 1951

ONE BOY'S DAY

Introduction

One Boy's Day is a scientific document. It is a record of what a seven-year-old boy did and of what his home and school and neighborhood and town did to him from the time he awoke one morning until he went to sleep that night. It is an objective record because it describes the actions of Raymond and the physical and social conditions of his life that could be seen and heard by skilled observers. It is an interpretive record too because it reports what these observers inferred as to the meanings to the boy of his behavior and of the persons, things, and events that he saw and heard and felt through the day.

One Boy's Day is a specimen of the behavior and of the cultural and psychological habitat of a child. It is a field study in psychological ecology. As with other field specimens, parts of the original have been altered and other parts have been lost in the process of getting and preserving it. A pressed flower in an herbarium is not the same as a flower in bloom. It is useful to botanists nonetheless. Similarly this specimen of behavior may prove useful to social scientists. Artists and laymen who are interested in the contemporary scene also may find it of value.

THE SETTING

The record was made on April 26, 1949, when Raymond was seven years and four months old. He lived in the town of Midwest. On the day of the record, a guidebook could have described Midwest as follows.

Midwest is a town of 725 people. It is the seat of an agricultural county in the central part of the United States. It is surrounded by rolling, partly wooded farmlands and pastures that are cut by winding creeks. The farmland in the immediate vicinity of Midwest varies from poor to good. Corn, oats, winter wheat, milk, beef cattle, and hogs are the chief agricultural products of the county. (See Plate 1.)

Although no railroad or transcontinental highway touches it, Midwest is not an isolated town. It is within an hour's automobile drive of five cities with populations varying from 10,000 to 500,000; and scheduled bus and truck service make these cities easily available. The people of Midwest make frequent trips to these nearby cities to transact business; to attend theaters, sports events, and entertainments; to visit relatives; and to get specialized medical attention. The 179 automobiles owned by Midwest's 547 adult citizens run up many thousands of miles on the two paved highways that go through the town and on other highways of the state and of the country. Fifteen randomly selected issues of the Midwest Weekly report 178 vacation or business trips by residents of Midwest. The destination on 64 of these trips was more than 500 miles away. These same issues of the Weekly report 160 visitors to Midwest. Over 90 percent of the families of the town receive a city newspaper daily. Practically every family has a radio. The Midwest movie theater shows a recent film every evening. At almost any time there are 4 or 5 out-of-state automobiles on the streets of the town. The currents of American life flow strongly through Midwest.

And there is a strong and full life within Midwest. It is a self-sufficient community. Near though it is to the five cities, the town is not a suburb to any larger place. Only ten of its three hundred and thirty-eight gainfully employed adults commute daily to a city to work. Most of the necessities and many of the adornments of modern life can be secured within its borders. The vitality of the community is suggested by the existence in

Midwest of more than 140 organized groups, including business and professional establishments, governmental and religious institutions, and civic and social clubs.

The economy of Midwest is dominated by three facts: It is a county seat; it is not on a railroad; it is surrounded by farms. Nothing is commercially manufactured in Midwest. The economic activity of the town is based upon the distribution and repair of goods, personal and professional services, and governmental work. Ninety percent of all businesses are locally owned and managed. Eighteen percent of the gainfully employed hold government jobs.

The town is neither wealthy nor poor. There are no rich families in Midwest. A number of families maintain a living standard which includes a new car on the Buick or Chrysler level once every two or three years, clothes of the latest fashion for the wives and older daughters, a sizable yearly vacation, a modernized home with the latest equipment, an education for the grownup children in a nearby college or university. At the other extreme, a few aged and infirm persons are receiving public assistance, although not a single employable resident of Midwest is on relief. A few families are without one or more of the available utilities: running water, gas, electricity, telephone. Seventy-two percent of the families have running water; seventy-six percent, gas; ninety-eight percent, electricity; seventy percent, a telephone.

Midwest county is an alert agricultural county and its citizens have had more than a generation of education in the methods and values of scientific studies of grain and livestock production. Therefore, it is easy for the people of Midwest to see the importance of scientific studies of children. A strong reason for this is that they value nothing more than the welfare of their children.

The social class differences in Midwest are small. On a who-is-congenial-with-whom basis several rough groupings of the people can be observed. But there are no segregated residential dis-

tricts; there is no slum; there is no country club. Most of the social organizations of the town are open to citizens of all groups. The dim social class lines of Midwest are honored as much in the breach as in the observance.

Midwest covers an area of 400 acres on a slightly elevated knoll. From the borders of the town one can see a mile or two in almost every direction. The town site includes 100 acres of land under cultivation. Two hundred and sixty-five houses, 54 business places, and 10 public buildings stand on the remaining 300 acres. The homes of Midwest are not crowded together. Few of the houses are on lots smaller than 100 by 200 feet. The architectural center of the town is a red brick courthouse, two stories high, which dignifies a tidy square. The business district surrounds the square and with it occupies about 10 acres.

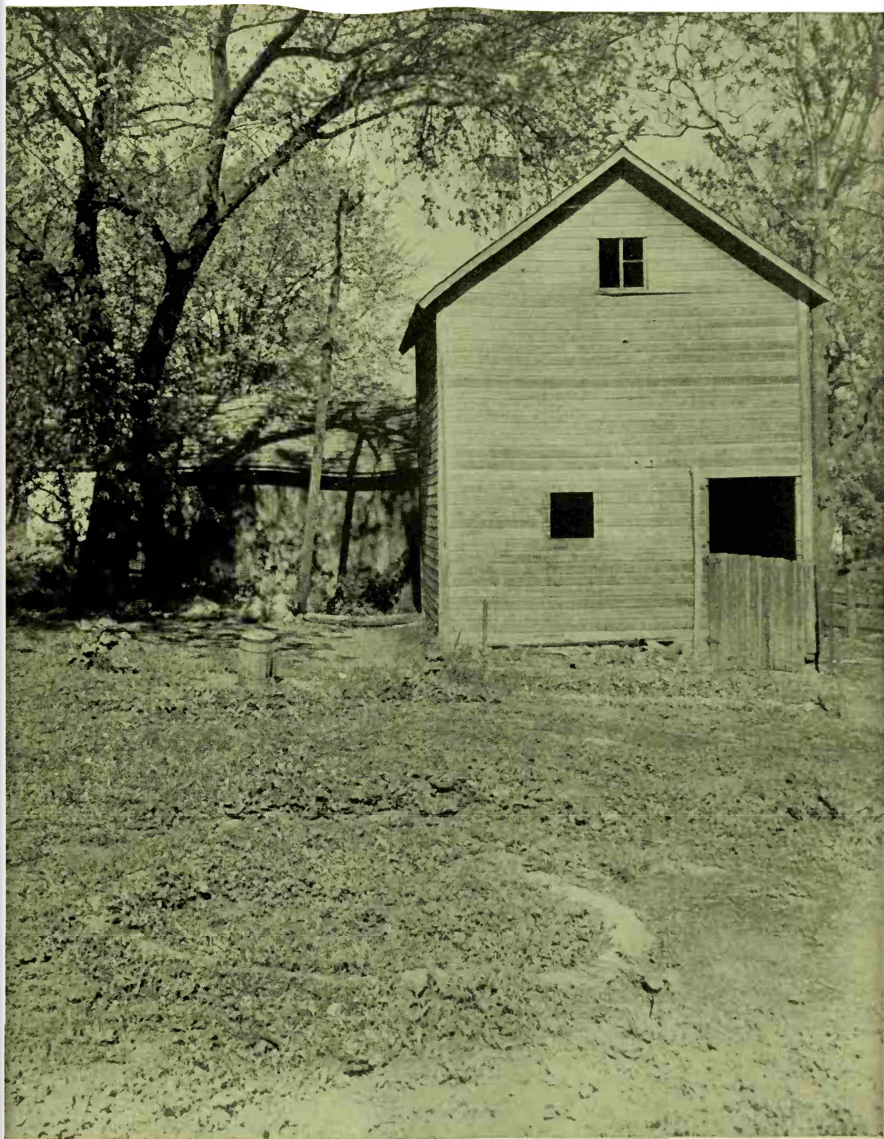
This, in a sketch, is the town in which Raymond lived on April 26, 1949. This is the stage upon which he played his roles through the day. It was a Tuesday. The temperature ranged from 61 degrees in the morning to 84 degrees in the afternoon. During most of the day the sky was partly overcast. Nothing out of the ordinary happened in Midwest during this day.

MAKING THE RECORD

The reader will want to know how truly the record describes the behavior of Raymond Birch and the conditions of his life. Between Raymond's behavior and this account of it a number of operations have been interposed, in some of which the possibility of error was great. The steps in the preparation of the record, the possible sources of error, and the efforts that were made to avoid error all require consideration.

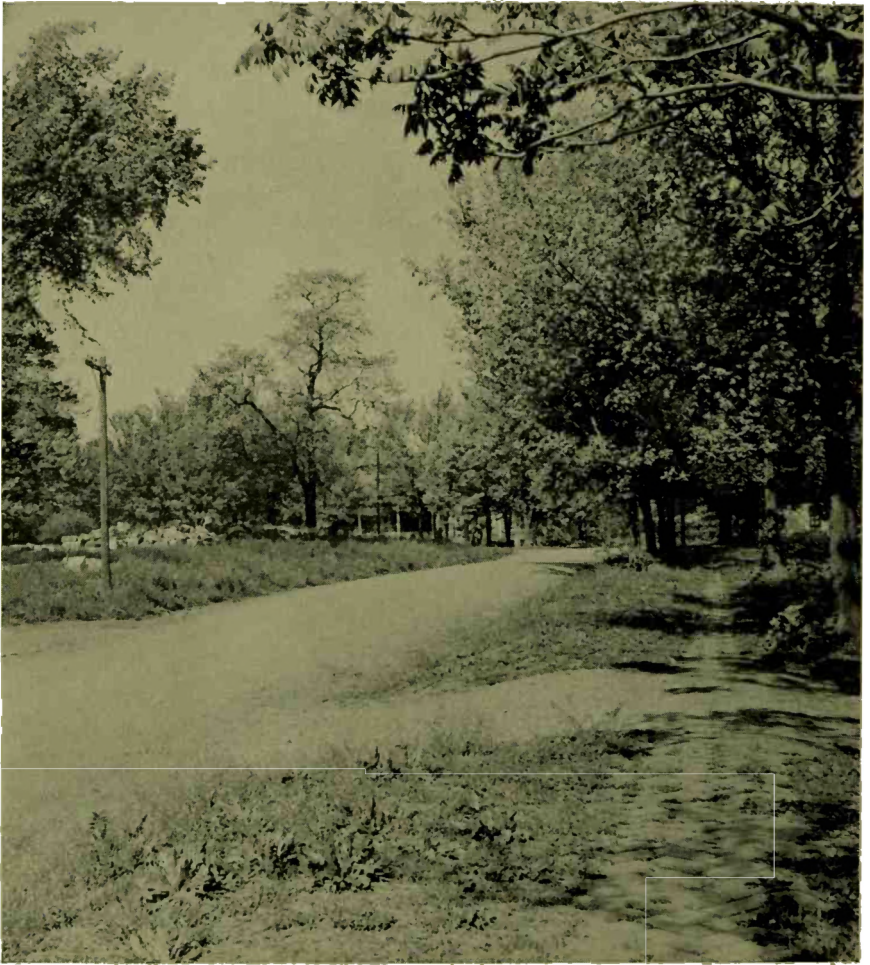
The Influence of the Observer

At the present time specimen records like this one must be made by watching behavior and reporting it in words. Questions



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PLATE 2. . . . *walked out behind the house until he stood just west of the clothesline facing the barn.*



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PLATE 3. . . . immediately fell into step with his parents as they started down the walk toward the west.



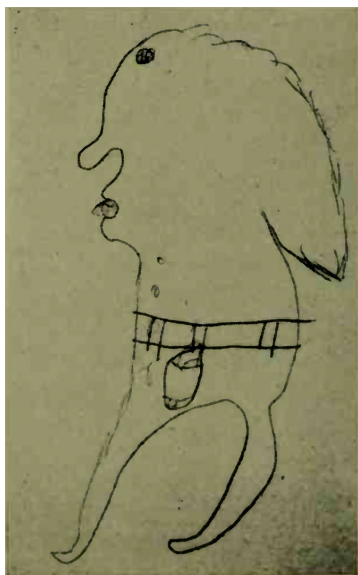
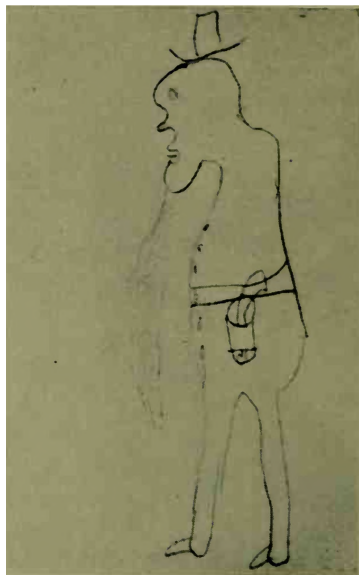
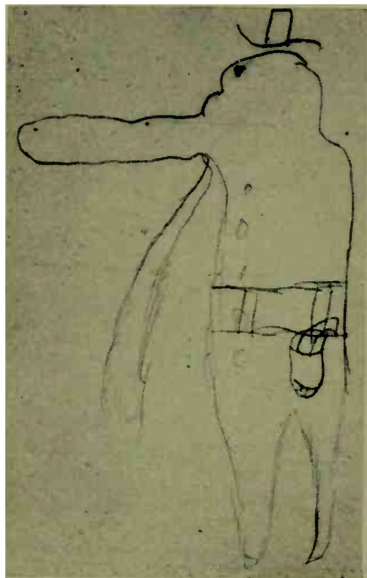
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 4. . . . turned north at the corner and continued toward the square.



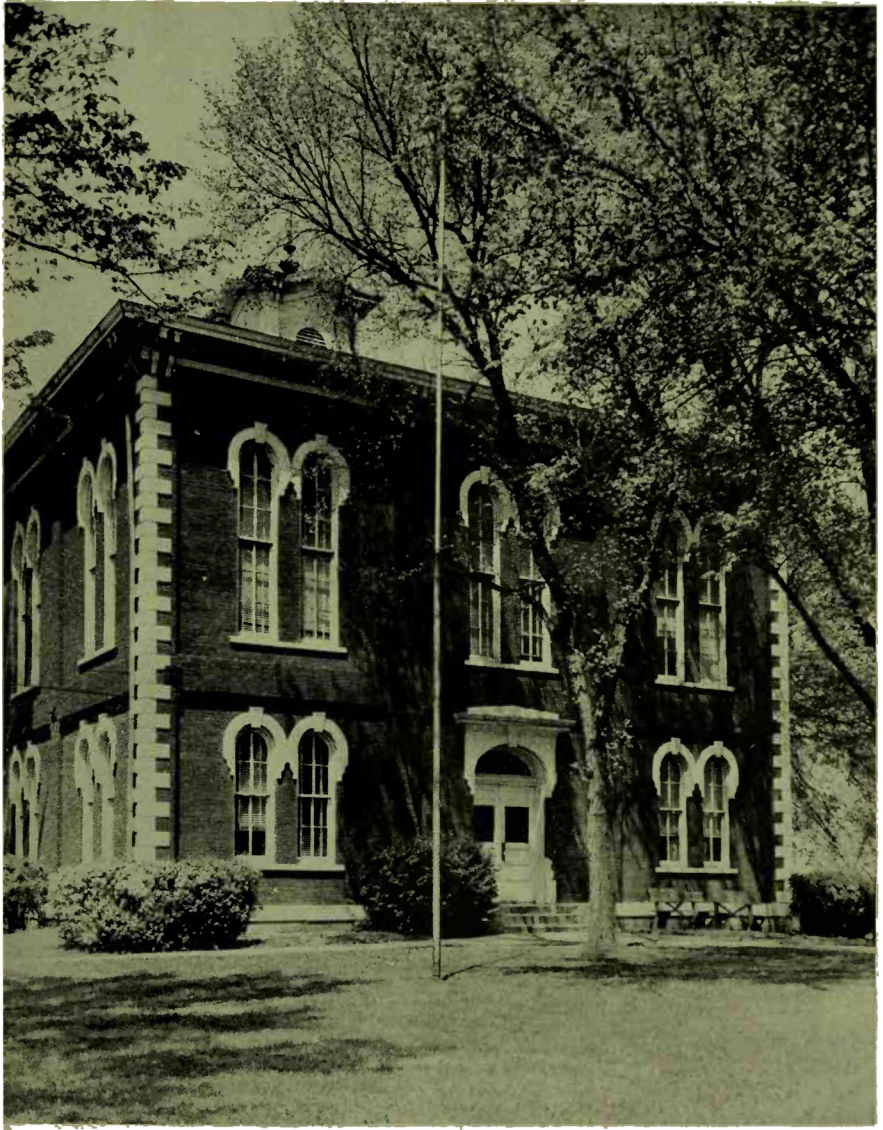
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 5. . . . sauntered cater-cornered across the intersection toward the courthouse.



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PLATE 6. *Raymond's Drawing of a Cowboy with a Long Beard.*



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PLATE 7. . . . went around and around and around the flagpole . . .



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PLATE 8. . . . jumped easily from the retaining wall to the sidewalk.



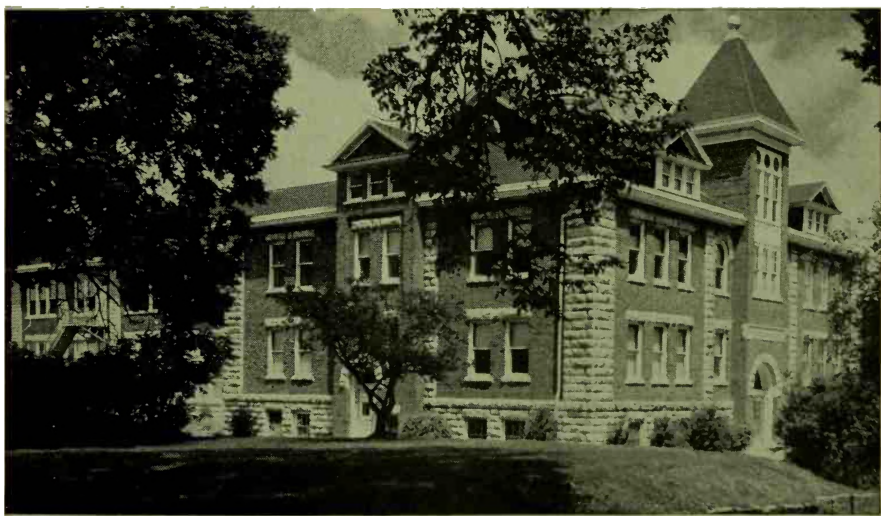
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 9. . . . looked in the window as if peering at the display.



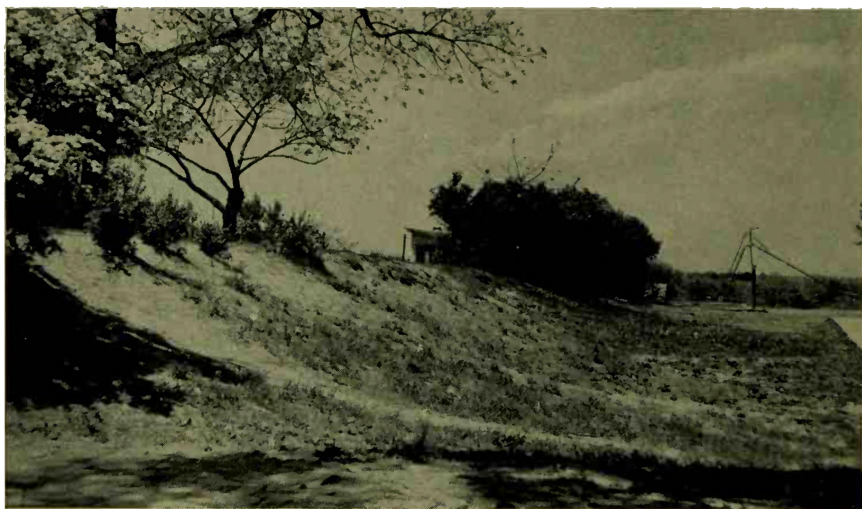
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PLATE 10. . . . walked on the ledge around the well by
the cellar windows.



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PLATE 11. . . . walked very briskly onto the schoolgrounds.



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PLATE 12. . . . raced up the terrace . . .



Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 13. . . . struggled with the front door . . .



Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 14. . . . stepped forward to the shallow sandpile just outside the boys' door.



Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 15. . . . climbed up and stood on the railing around the bandstand.



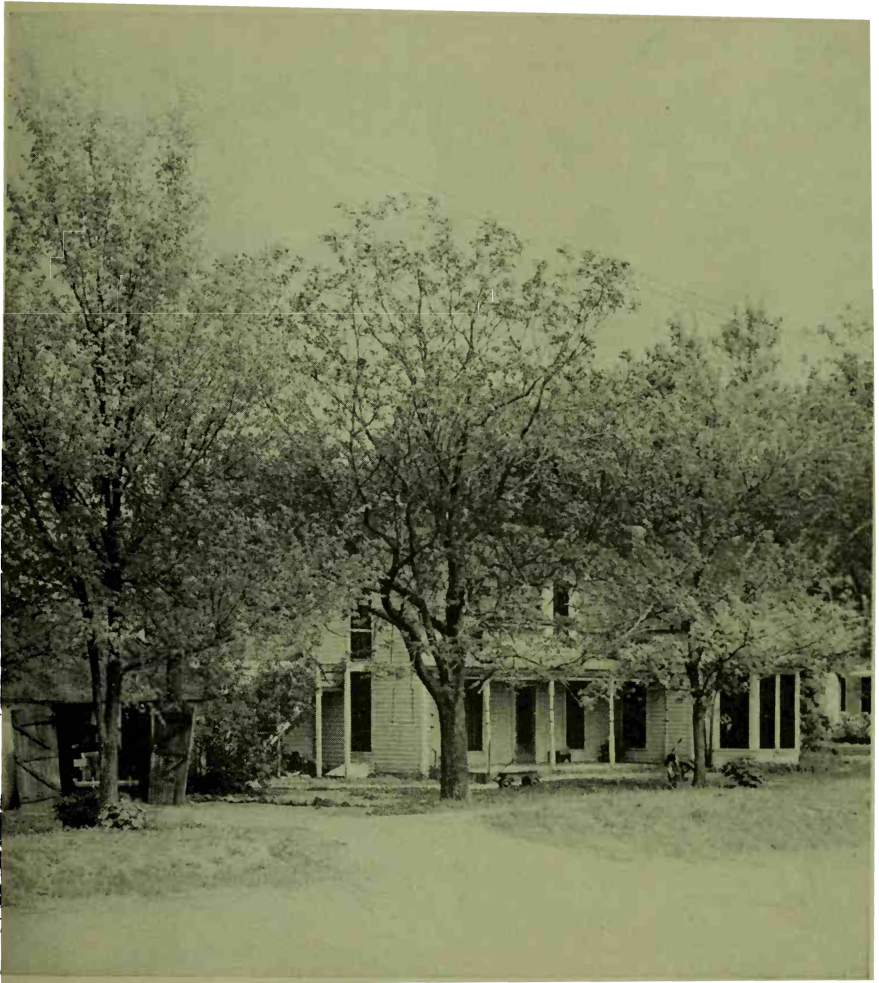
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 16. . . . edged his way along the ledge that formed the top of the white stone trimming . . .



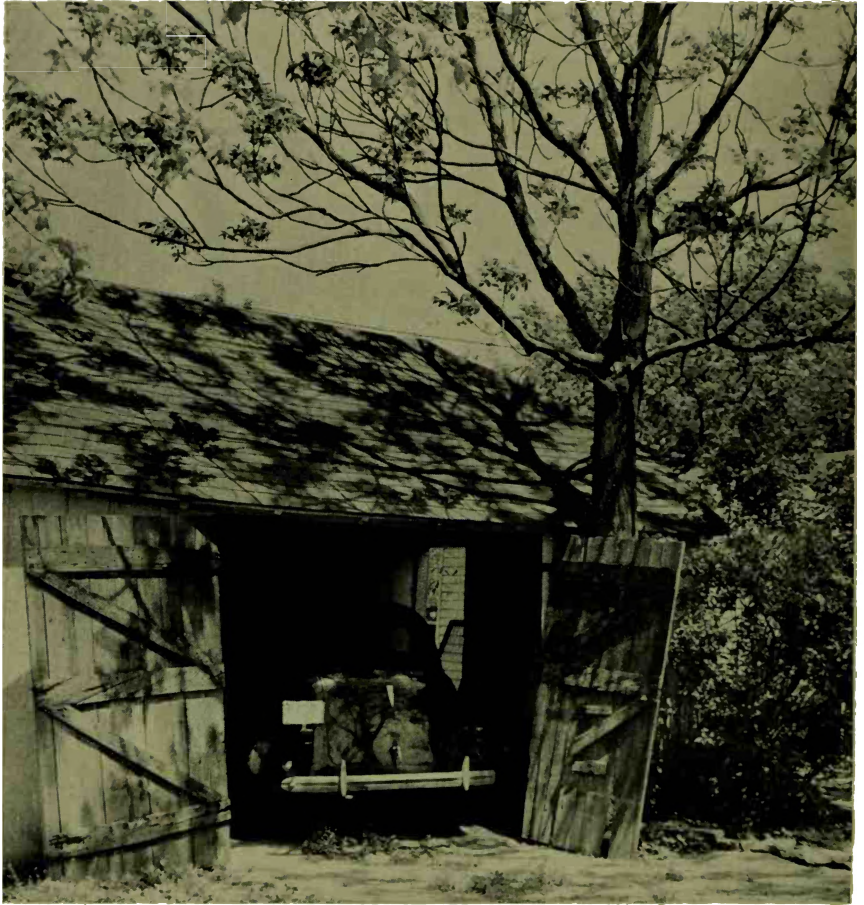
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 17. . . . grabbed the guard rail along the east side of the bank building . . .



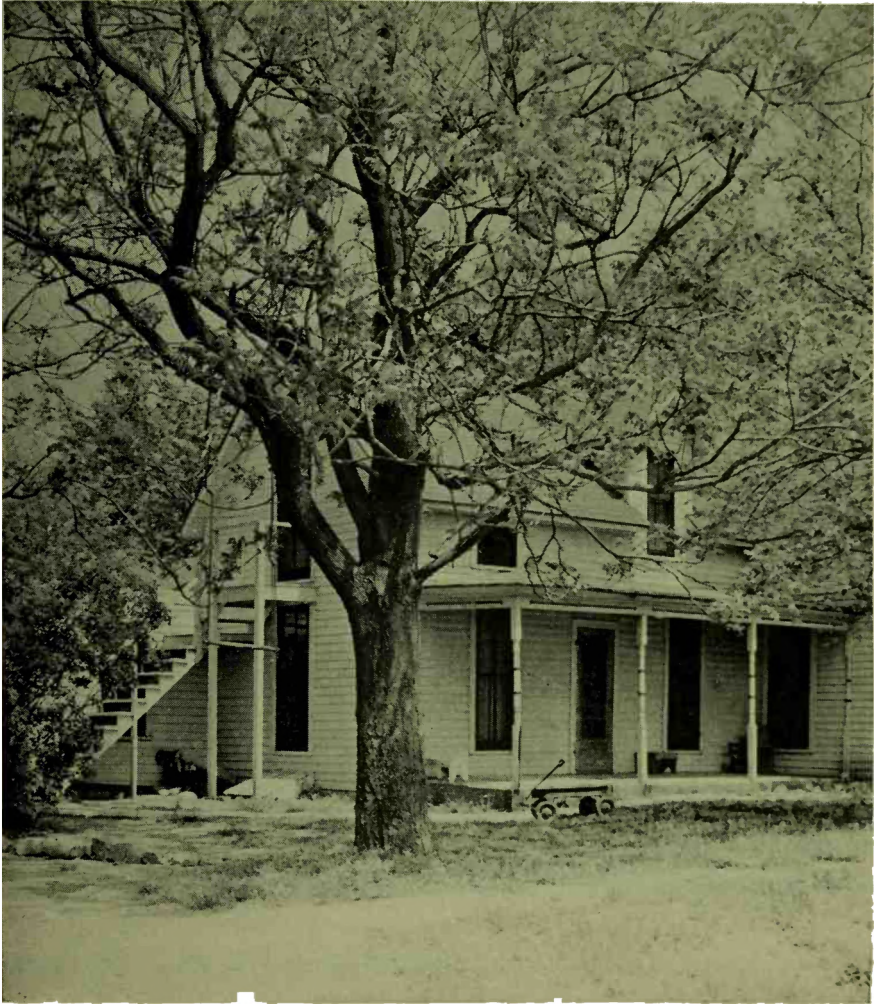
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 18. . . . *neared his home . . .*



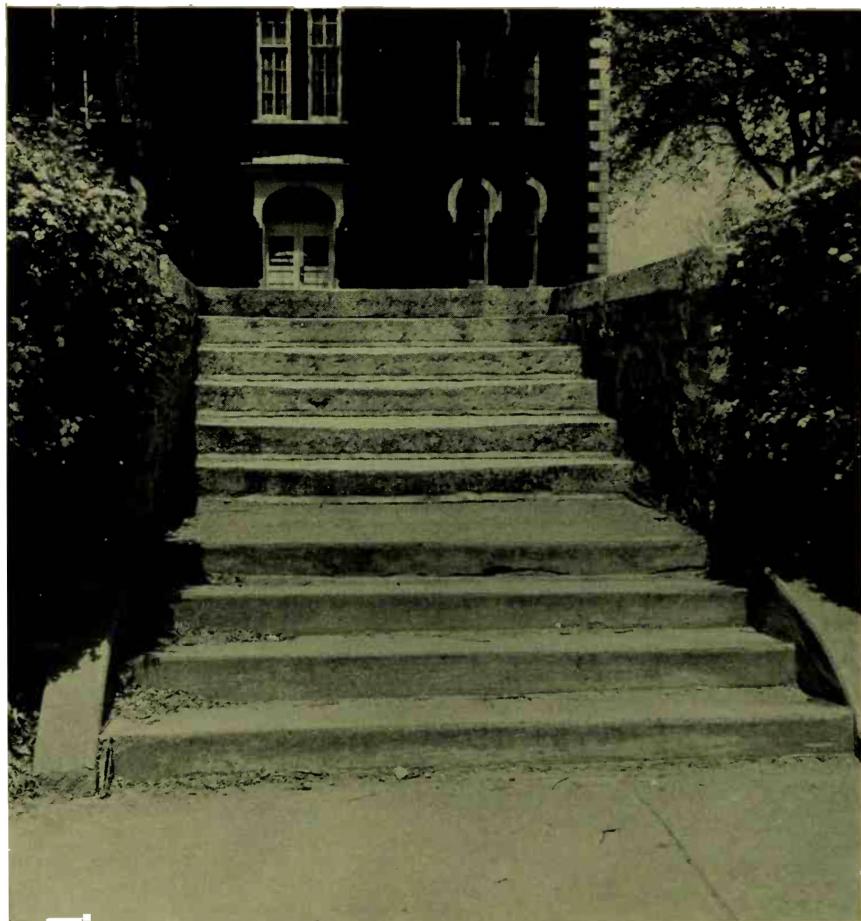
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 19. . . . walked along the ridge of the garage roof . . .



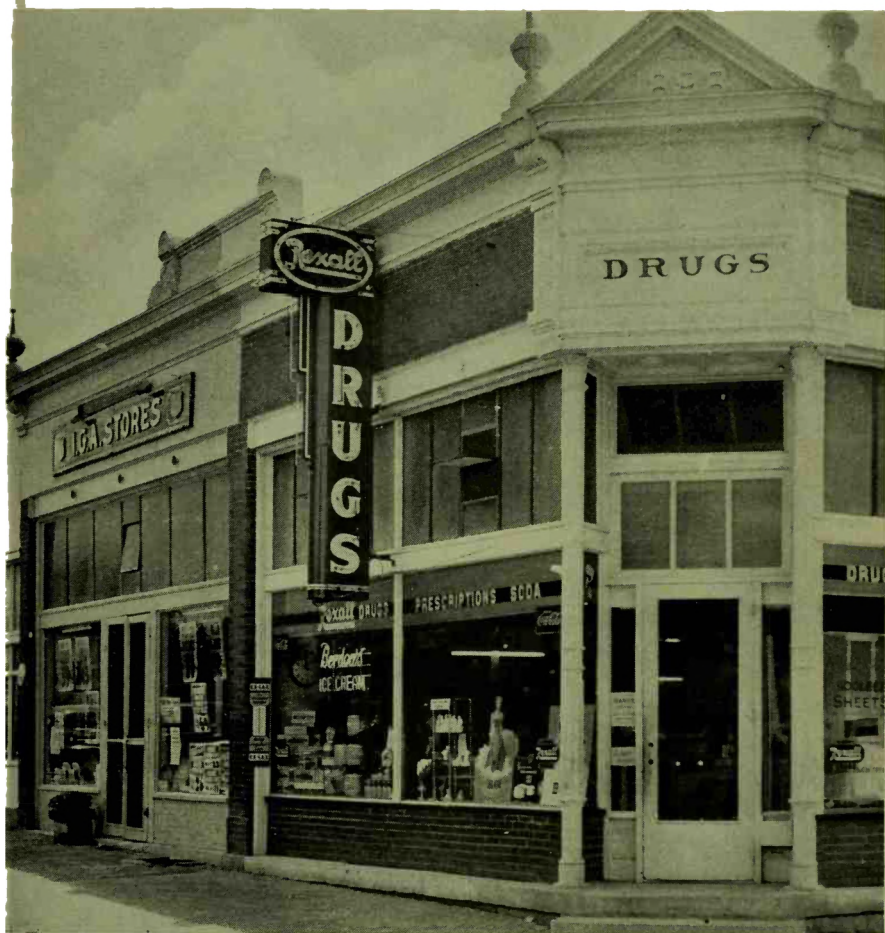
Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 20. . . . *climbed high in the tree . . .*



Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 21. . . . *practically carried his bicycle up the steps to the court-
house lawn.*



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PLATE 22. . . . rode slowly toward the grocery store.



Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 23. . . . *clambered energetically onto the top of the dog house.*



Robert M. Rose, University of Kansas Photographic Bureau

PLATE 24. . . . *coasted down the slope . . .*

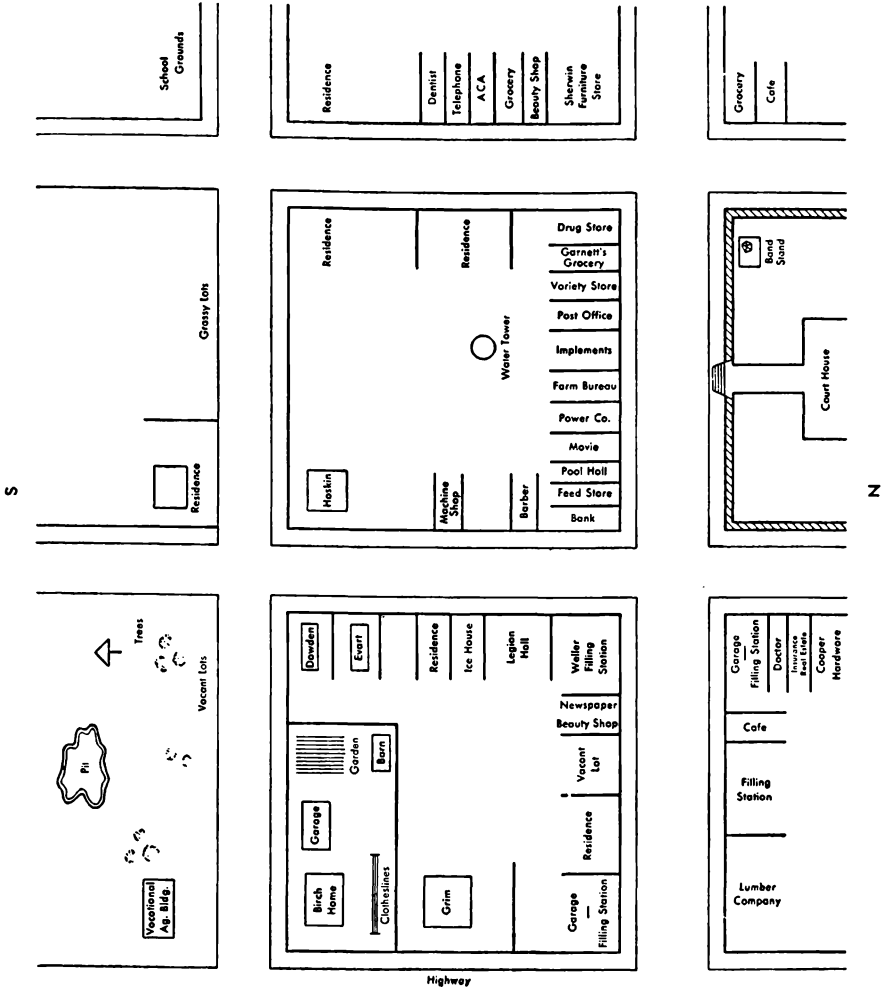


FIG. 1. Locale of Raymond's Day

come up therefore about the influence of the observer upon the person observed. When a geologist surveys and describes an area he does not change the geology of the region. But the presence of an observer of behavior often changes the psychological situation and hence the actions and feelings of the person observed.

How can the student of psychological ecology keep the situation natural and observe naturally occurring behavior when it is not natural for an observer to be present? It is probable that the interference of an observer in field studies can seldom be reduced to zero. The problem is one of making the interference minimal, of defining it, and of holding it constant. These ends were sought in making the record.

Eight observers took turns through the day. All but one of them were familiar adults to Raymond. Throughout the preceding six months they had been frequent observers in the school room of the first and second grades where Raymond was a pupil. Four were permanent residents of Midwest and were known to Raymond as fellow townsmen. The seven regular observers had gone to much trouble to become accepted by the children of Midwest as friendly, nonevaluating adults with an interest in what children do—as, in truth, they were.

The observers had been trained to keep in the background by varying their behavior as the situation varied. On some occasions, inactivity and unresponsiveness make an observer stand out as a stationary figure against a moving ground. On other occasions activity and responsiveness have the reverse effect. A good field observer is one who has mastered the technique of being present but inconspicuous.

Raymond's parents had been informed of the nature and purpose of the record. Mr. and Mrs. Birch and Raymond were familiar with the making of a day record because they had seen it done with other children of Midwest. They knew that this was a part of a larger community study of children. The Birches along with the other people of the town had willingly consented to help. The evening before the record was made Mrs. Birch told Raymond that it would be their turn to have the observers the next day. She explained that the observers would be interested in seeing what a seven-year-old boy did all day long.

The observations covered fourteen consecutive hours. This allowed time for adaptation by Raymond and his parents to new and uncertain elements in the situation. Also, Raymond was at an age when self-consciousness and social sensitivity are not great. It is clear that the method of direct observation used here would not be suitable for adolescent children. It seems adaptable to most children younger than nine years of age.

The observers undoubtedly had some influence upon Raymond's life on April 26, 1949. The record permits an estimate of the nature and extent of some of this influence. Raymond's behavior when alone with an observer can be compared with his behavior when others were present as well. Comparison of Raymond's responses to an observer with his responses to other adults and with his reactions to other observers can also be made.

Domination of the record by a single, unique, interpersonal relation between Raymond and a special onlooker was precluded by the use of several observers.

For a number of problems the fact of observer influence is not disturbing. One thing to be considered here is that any interaction of Raymond with an observer is real behavior with significance in its own right. Every such interaction can be accepted as telling something about Raymond as a particular boy of Midwest. Another thing to be considered is that the influence of the observer was essentially constant through long periods of the day and hence does not need to be considered in studying the effects of some factors which varied during these periods.

What Is Recorded

The observers of Raymond Birch approached their task with the hope of seeing and recording everything he did. They tried to see and record Raymond's directly observable behavior, his vocalizations and bodily movements. Beyond that, they reported their on-the-spot impressions and inferences of Raymond's per-

ceptions, motives, and feelings. The observers wished to recreate for others the behavior of Raymond and the situations which confronted him as they experienced them. All who are concerned about the objectivity of this record must face two facts. One is that behavior without motives, feelings, and meanings is of little significance for students of personality and social psychology. The other is that motives, feelings, and meanings can not be observed directly. In studying these problems it is necessary to work with the data available, however inadequate they may be. To those who are concerned about the bias and completeness of the record we can say only that, although the observers were inevitably selective in their perceptions of the rich and varied field of facts that Raymond presented, their intentions were to include as much as possible. To this it can be added that the use of a number of observers with differing unconscious biases and perceptual bents insured the record against any one person's idiosyncracies.

Details of Procedure

Each observational period was about thirty minutes in length. The observer carried a writing board with a watch attached and made brief notes. He indicated the passage of time in intervals of approximately one minute.

The observations were dictated into a sound recorder immediately after they had been made. The initial narrative was as spontaneous and full as the observer could make it. Each observer tried at this stage to report every fact and every impression with little regard for style or proper sequence.

A listener was present during the dictation of the report. He made notes upon unclear and thin parts of the narrative. After the first dictation the listener interrogated the observer upon the points in question. His queries and the observer's replies were recorded.

After the running account and the interrogation had been transcribed, the whole report was edited by the observer. This editing included deleting of duplications, enlarging meager parts of the record, correcting errors, and placing all incidents in the order of their occurrence. The edited report was then read by a second staff member who raised further questions about unclear parts. Answers to these questions were spliced into the account. Finally, all of the reports were joined together to form the completed record.

The Form of the Record

Certain formal characteristics of the record require special mention.

First, a single sentence is never made to cover more than one thing that Raymond did. Secondly, every sentence which describes a particular action by Raymond is placed alone in a paragraph. If more than one sentence is used to describe the same action, these are grouped into a paragraph. Sentences referring to different actions are never placed in the same paragraph.

The aim of these two related conventions has been to trace in the record the whole course of the behavior which the observer saw and reported with due regard for the many different things that Raymond did. Raymond's every action on April 26, 1949, was a part of a continuum. Further, many of his smaller actions occurred as parts of more or less extended episodes. For these reasons, every possible precaution has been taken against splitting the real units of the ongoing behavior apart so that they cannot be put back together. At the same time, we have tried not to join together actions which belong apart. A task of first importance for all who study the record must be the one of finding what goes with what, of discriminating the larger and smaller units of behavior in Raymond's day. Combining different ac-

tions in the same sentence or dividing the account into paragraphs would impose upon the record a form which might be at variance with the true form of the behavior. As the record stands, its organization will not prejudice any attempt to discover where different units and sequences of action started and stopped, where interruptions occurred, where actions overlapped, and other structural features of Raymond's behavior through the day.

Consecutive statements describing the physical or social situation to which Raymond responds are placed together in a paragraph.

Extended interpretive comments by the observer are indented and italicized. So also are statements about circumstances or occurrences of any kind which are not directly implicated in what Raymond is doing at the given time.

The point at which each observer takes over is indicated by the superior number for a footnote, and at every such point the observer is identified in the footnote. The observer's position in relation to Raymond is sometimes indicated in the body of the record. Otherwise, the actions and situation of the observer are noted explicitly only when he interacts with Raymond.

While the larger stage of Raymond's behavior was the whole of Midwest, the immediate scene of his actions changed from time to time during the day. Also, the "cast of characters" usually differed from one scene to the next. Each scene and the individuals with a part in it are identified. Except for these emendations, the record stands as the observers made it.

Raymond's Family, Neighbors, and Friends

Mr. Jack Birch, *Raymond's father*

Mrs. Joan Birch, *Raymond's mother*

Mrs. Sidney Haskin, *A neighbor*

Mrs. Eleanor Evarts, *A neighbor*

Stewart Evarts, *Son of Mrs. Evarts, age 11*

Clifford Devon, *Grandson of Mrs. Evarts, age 3½*

Mr. Ray Grim, *A neighbor, co-worker with Mr. Birch*

Mrs. Sally Grim, *Mr. Grim's wife*

Grant Grim, *Son of the Grims, age 1*

Mrs. Pauline Logan, *First- and second-grade teacher*

Miss Jean Madison, *Music teacher*

Mr. Mark Howard, *School Superintendent*

Mr. Robert White, *School Custodian*

Martin Culver, *6th-grade boy, age 11*

Sammy Sherwin, *4th-grade boy, age 9*

Lou Olson, *3rd-grade girl, age 8*

Pearl Weller, *6th-grade girl, age 11*

Peter Bowman

Alvin Cutter

Clifford Grinnell

Roy Harkness

Susan Hebb

Grant Herne

Ben Hutchings

Judy Marshall

Susy Norman

Raymond Pechter

Becky Porter

Betty Reeves

Stanton Thorne

Fred Wecker

Anne Windom

} *Children of the
second grade*

Thelma Bollener

Morris Bryan

Lewis Culver

Gregory Daggett

Phyllis Gilmay

Hazel Greaves

Susanna Hall

Watson Kaye

Mildred Norman

Jimmy Olson

Mattie Pearson

Constance Sherwin

Thomas Woodale

} *Children of the
first grade*

One Boy's Day

Mr. Clyde Blair, *County Clerk—with whom Mrs. Birch works*

Mrs. Jeanette Wallace, *Stenographer at courthouse*

Mrs. Andrew Bissell, *Office worker at courthouse*

Mr. Frank Pechter, *County Engineer*

Mr. Jed Olson, *County Sheriff*

Mr. Henry Picker, *Deputy County Treasurer*

Mr. Charles Picker, *Probate Judge*

Miss Anne Graw, *Clerk in Treasurer's office*

Mr. Charles Lipmann, *An elderly businessman*

Mr. Albert Martin, *Caretaker at courthouse*

Mrs. Janet Besserman, *A young matron*

Sylvia Besserman, *Daughter of Mrs. Besserman, age 2*

Clifford Herne, *Boy, age 11*

Jimmy Hebb, *Boy, age 11*

Vernon Dew, *Boy, age 10*

Blake Herzog, *Boy, age 6*

Mr. John Mathews, *An elderly farmer*

Mrs. May Mathews, *His wife*

Mr. Ronald Chapman, *Businessman*

Honey, *Raymond's dog*

Old Puss, *Raymond's cat*

Tippy, Spot, Scrappy, Darby, *Neighborhood dogs*

Mr. Harold Devens^a

Mrs. Amy Howells^a

Mrs. Anna Hebb^a

Mrs. Rita Devens^a

Mr. Mike Bodin

Miss Betty Tilton

Mrs. Susan Chadwick

Miss Joan Poole

} *Observers*

^a Resident of Midwest.

PART I

Morning at Home



Scene 1: GETTING UP

TIME: 7:00-7:09

Raymond Birch¹
Mrs. Joan Birch
Mr. Jack Birch
Honey

Raymond Birch is a sturdy boy, slightly shorter and heavier than the average boy of his age. His dark hair is usually slicked down and his brown eyes often light up with a friendly smile. Grownups of Midwest remark that he is good-looking and impish. At seven years and four months he is the youngest among the fifteen second-graders of the Midwest school.

Raymond is the only child of Jack and Joan Birch. Although he has no other relatives in Midwest, both his maternal and paternal grandparents live on farms in Midwest county, and he is a frequent visitor at their homes.

Mrs. Birch is in her late twenties. She is a brunette of less than average height and weight and is always well-groomed and attractively dressed. She was born and reared on a farm in Midwest

¹ As here, the participants in each scene will be listed, with the exception that, hereinafter, Raymond's name will appear only in the body of the record.

county. She went to a country school and then to high school in Walker, where she specialized in commercial work. After graduating from high school she came to Midwest to work in a government agricultural office.

Mr. Birch is in his early thirties. He is of average height and weight. Although he was born in a neighboring state, some of his ancestors were early settlers in Midwest county. He also went to high school in Walker. After graduation from high school, he worked in the government agricultural office where Joan was employed.

Jack and Joan were married in 1941, and Raymond was born a year later. In 1942, Mr. Birch took a job in a nearby war plant, where he soon was promoted to a position of such responsibility that the government classified him as essential for the duration of the war. During this period, the family lived in a government housing unit near the plant. When the plant closed down, after the war, Mr. Birch was offered a position with the same firm in an eastern city, but he chose to return to Midwest. Since 1946, the family has lived in Midwest, where Mr. Birch has been with the Cooper Hardware Company, one of the town's largest business concerns. His work includes selling in the store, installing electric and gas appliances, and selling and servicing machinery on surrounding farms. While Raymond was of preschool age, Mrs. Birch did not accept opportunities for employment outside her home because she wished to care for Raymond herself. For the past two years, however, she has held a position in the office of the Midwest County Clerk.

There is, as far as Raymond is concerned, at least, one other member of the Birch family—Honey. Honey is a black-and-white fox terrier. She is old, fat, and broad.

The house of the Birch family is a white frame structure, more than sixty years old, but well kept and modernized. It is situated on a lot 75 feet wide and 200 feet deep. The house, which is flanked by a double garage, stands in the southeast corner of the lot, and in the northwest corner there is a tall barn. The southwest corner of the lot is reserved for a vegetable garden. There is a good stand of grass on the remaining ground. The whole place looks neat and com-

fortable from the paved highway to the east or from the graveled street of Midwest to the south. There are two other apartments in the house, Mrs. Glenn's on the ground floor, and Mrs. Hunt's upstairs. The Birch family, however, occupies more than half of the house and is responsible for the care of the premises. (See Plate 18.)

The record starts with Raymond sleeping soundly in his bedroom. His room is at the southwest corner of the house and it has a window in each outside wall. Raymond's bed, a double one, takes up one corner of the room. A dresser, its top cluttered with boyish treasures and toilet articles, shares the east wall with a chair and a door, through which one can enter the living room. A small basketball goal is fixed on the inside of this door. Another chair stands near the foot of the bed. A door in the north wall leads into a hall between the kitchen and dining room. The bathroom opens off this hall, directly across from Raymond's bedroom.

At seven in the morning of April 26, 1949, the sun was just up. It was cool. I approached the Birch home a few minutes before seven o'clock. Mrs. Birch was in the yard between the back of the house and the garage doing a chore of some kind. She greeted me at the front door. I stepped into the living room where we visited for a second or two. Mr. Birch came in and, after a friendly greeting, chatted with us for a minute or so. Mrs. Birch asked if I wanted to come in while she awakened Raymond. I said, "Yes, I'd like to." I followed Mrs. Birch as she stepped into Raymond's bedroom, pulled a light cord hanging from the center of the room, and turned to the bed. I sat down in the chair next to the dresser, about six feet from the bed.²

7:00. Mrs. Birch said with pleasant casualness, "Raymond, wake up." With a little more urgency in her voice she spoke again: "Son, are you going to school today?"

²Harold Devens, observer.

Raymond didn't respond immediately.

He screwed up his face and whimpered a little.

He lay still.

His mother repeated, "Raymond, wake up." This was said pleasantly; the mother was apparently in good spirits and was willing to put up with her son's reluctance.

Raymond whimpered again, and kicked his feet rapidly in protest.

He squirmed around and rolled over crossways on the bed.

His mother removed the covers.

Raymond wore a T-shirt and pajama pants.

He again kicked his feet in protest.

He sat up and rubbed his eyes.

He glanced at me and smiled.

I smiled in return as I continued making notes.

Mrs. Birch took some clothes from the bureau and laid them on the bed next to Raymond. There were a clean pair of socks, a clean pair of shorts, a white T-shirt and a striped T-shirt. Raymond's blue-jean pants were on a chair near the bed. Mrs. Birch continued to stand beside the bed.

7:01. Raymond picked up a sock and began tugging and pulling it on his left foot.

As his mother watched him she said kiddingly, "Can't you get your peepers open?"

Raymond stopped putting on his sock long enough to rub his eyes again. He appeared to be very sleepy.

He said plaintively, "Mommie," and continued mumbling in an unintelligible way something about his undershirt.

- 7:02. His mother asked, "Do you want to put this undershirt on or do you want to wear the one you have on?"

Raymond sleepily muttered something in reply.

His mother left the room and went into the kitchen.

Raymond struggled out of the T-shirt which he had on.

He put on the clean striped T-shirt more efficiently.

- 7:03. He pulled on his right sock.

He picked up his left tennis shoe and put it on.

He laced his left shoe with slow deliberation, looking intently at the shoe as he worked steadily until he had it all laced.

- 7:04. He put on his right shoe.

He laced up his right shoe. Again he worked intently, looking at the shoe as he laced it.

His mother called, "Raymond, do you want an egg for breakfast?" in a pleasant, inquiring tone.

Raymond responded very sleepily, "No." His voice showed no irritation or resentment; he just answered in a matter-of-fact, sleepy way, "No."

- 7:05. As he finished lacing his shoe, he called out in a rather plaintive voice, "Mommie, come here."

Mrs. Birch didn't respond verbally, but her footsteps signaled her approach.

When his mother came into the room, Raymond still had on his pajama pants; his shorts were lying on the bed next to him.

Mrs. Birch came over to the bed and bent down close to Raymond.

He whispered something to her.

Mrs. Birch chuckled with slight embarrassment and said, laughingly, "Well, take them off and put them on," meaning that he was to take off his pajama pants and put on his underwear pants.

She stood next to him as he made the change.

Mrs. Birch returned to the kitchen.

7:06. Raymond put on his blue-jean pants as he stood by his bed.

Honey, Raymond's fat, broad, elderly fox terrier, ambled into the room.

Raymond greeted her in a sleepy but friendly voice, "Hi, Honey."

Honey put her front paws on Raymond's knees.

He scratched her back and patted her as he finished buckling his belt.

7:07. Raymond turned to his dresser and rummaged around among the things on it until he obtained a candy Easter egg.

He held up the candy and commanded, "Sit up, Honey, sit up."

The dog obeyed promptly and Raymond pushed the candy into her mouth.

Just then his mother said, from the hallway, "Are you dressed, son?" Seeing that he was, she said, pleasantly, "Then go and wash up."

Raymond immediately started for the bathroom.

He went into the bathroom, left the door open, and washed briefly.

7:08. He came out of the bathroom carrying a bottle of hair oil.

He shook a few drops of oil into the palm of his hand as he stood before his mirror.

He set down the bottle and massaged his hair and scalp with both hands.

His father, who had been reading the morning paper in the living room, came by in the hall on his way to breakfast. He turned into Raymond's room and greeted him in a friendly, jocular way, "Well, Clam, are you ready to eat?"

Raymond promptly and easily replied, "Sure."

7:09. Mr. Birch patted Raymond on the back, then turned and started toward the kitchen. On his way to the kitchen, Mr. Birch called out, teasingly, "Well, let's get on the stick, Bub," and repeated, "Let's get on the stick, Bub."

Raymond said nothing, just went on combing his hair.

Raymond finished with his hair rapidly, stroking it a few more times with the comb.

Scene 2: BREAKFAST

TIME: 7:10-7:19

Mrs. Birch

Mr. Birch

The breakfast table is laid in the Birches' pleasant kitchen. Windows on the south and the north let in the morning light. The electric refrigerator and table-top gas stove are conveniently placed in relation to the sink and table, and they are immaculately clean.

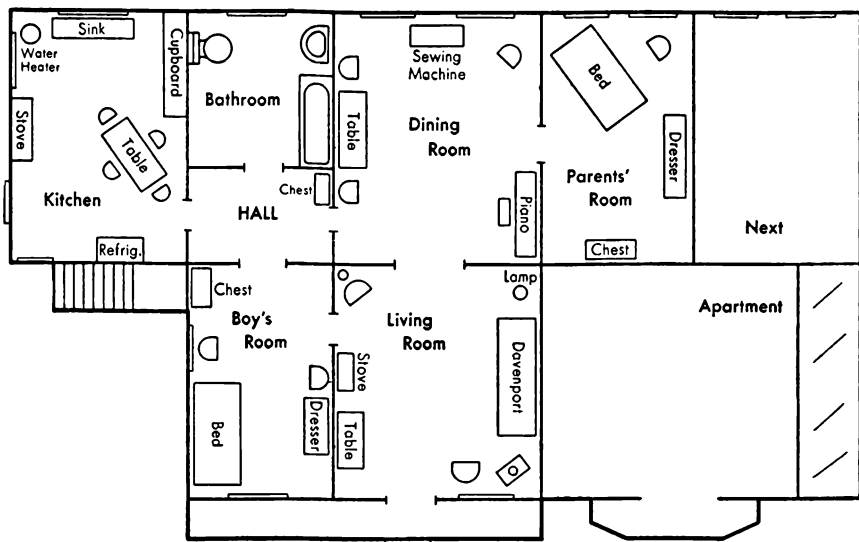


FIG. 2. Interior of Raymond's Home

Raymond's place is set on the north end of the table; his mother's place is at his right hand, handy to the stove; his father's place is opposite Raymond's.

7:10. Raymond went quickly, almost eagerly, into the kitchen.

He went directly to the table.

I took the chair near the table at Raymond's left.

Raymond sat down before a glass of milk, a piece of buttered toast, and a dish of piping hot oatmeal with milk on it, ready to eat.

Raymond picked up his piece of toast.

He began stirring the cereal.

Mrs. Birch invited me to have a cup of coffee. I agreed, and she poured me a cup.

- 7:11. While stirring his cereal, Raymond began munching on the toast.

His parents talked casually back and forth to each other and to me about the weather.

While we talked, Raymond looked up and smiled pleasantly at various points in the conversation. He seemed to be quite content to sit and eat his breakfast and just listen. He was relaxed and calm.

Raymond's mother said to him, "What are you going to do with that shirt if you get hot, son?"

Raymond mumbled lackadaisically through the toast in his mouth, "I don't know."

- 7:12. His mother said in an offhand way, "If you peel your shirt off, be careful not to lose it; it's a good shirt."

Raymond made no response, only went on munching his breakfast, which appeared to be to his liking.

- 7:13. While he continued to eat quietly, he listened to the conversation of the parents.

- 7:14. The father talked about going fishing. He said, "A day like this makes me want to grab a fishing pole."

Mr. Birch said that he and Raymond had gone fishing a few days before. Raymond had been the only one who caught any fish.

Raymond smiled at this reference to him.

His father went on to explain how Raymond pulled the fish out. He said that Raymond's pole was too short and his string too long, so that when he got a bite, he just threw the pole over his shoulder and started running up the bank.

Raymond smiled and glanced down at his plate. He appeared to be a bit embarrassed but at the same time proud.

7:15. He went on eating.

He was still listening to the conversation.

His mother and father talked about their house. Mention was made of the fact that they had spent \$30 in fuel bills during a single month of the winter.

7:16. Raymond continued to eat with good appetite and to listen to the conversation.

7:17. He went on eating and listening idly as his parents talked.

7:18. He stopped eating almost entirely as he listened with awakened interest to the parents' talk about one of the men in town.

They asked me if I had seen this gentleman.

Before I could answer, Raymond replied, "Oh, I saw him yesterday coming out of the post office." This was said with real interest. He welcomed the opportunity to take part in the conversation.

7:19. Raymond sat back in his chair. He was nearly finished with his breakfast.

He said, in a slightly complaining tone, "Mommie, I don't want this other piece of toast."

His mother said casually, "You don't? Well, O.K., I guess you don't have to eat it."

He finished eating his breakfast.

Scene 3: INDOOR ACTIVITY

TIME: 7:20-7:43

Mrs. Birch

Mr. Birch

Honey

The dining room and the parents' bedroom are made attractive by the antique furniture which the Birches have refinished themselves. In the dining room a drop-leaf walnut table takes up the east wall. Mrs. Birch's electric sewing machine stands between the north windows. An upright piano with its revolving stool occupies the southeast corner of the room.

7:20. Raymond got up from his chair.

He went directly out of the kitchen and into the bathroom.

7:24. Coming from the bathroom, he returned to the kitchen.

His mother asked pleasantly, "Did you wash your teeth?" Mr. Birch looked at him and laughed saying, "My gosh, son, you have tooth powder all over your cheeks." Then both parents laughed heartily.

Raymond turned instantly and went straight to the bathroom. He smiled as though he were not upset by his parents' comments.

He stayed in the bathroom just a few seconds.

He came back rubbing his face with his hands. The tooth powder was no longer visible.

- 7:25. The father said to the mother, "You must be sure and show Harold our table before he leaves."

The table, of solid walnut, was one that they had salvaged. Jack and Joan Birch had refinished it themselves.

Raymond stood quietly by the kitchen table, between his father and mother, while they told me about the table. He leaned shyly against his father as he listened.

- 7:26. Amy Howells, the next observer, came in. The Birches greeted her in a friendly way and asked her to have a chair. Amy took the chair that Raymond had been sitting on.

The parents repeated what they had said to me about the table and continued talking with Amy about it.

Raymond leaned on the kitchen table, resting his elbows on the corner of it, while his parents talked with Amy. He followed the conversation interestedly with a slight smile on his face.

Amy went into the dining room to see the table. Mr. and Mrs. Birch followed. Mrs. Birch turned on the light in the dining room.

- 7:28. Raymond, leaving the kitchen table, followed his parents and Amy into the dining room.

Raymond sat on the piano stool and watched the adults as they examined the dining-room table.

- 7:29. He stood up, walked nearer the table, and watched as the parents and Amy continued to talk about the table.

- 7:30. Raymond took a cartridge about three inches long from his pocket.³

³ Amy Howells, observer.

He called his father's attention to it by saying inquiringly, "What's this, daddy?"

His father took it and examined it closely and thoroughly. Then he said to Raymond, "Sweetheart, let's put this in a safe place. It hasn't been shot. The lead is off, but the cap and the powder are still in it."

Raymond listened with great interest and made no protest when the cartridge was pocketed by his father.

The conversation went back to the furniture. Mr. Birch asked Harold if he had ever seen their solid walnut bed and took Harold into the bedroom to see it.

Raymond seemed to pay attention to the conversation but not with the interest that the cartridge had aroused.

He sat down for a moment in one of the dining-room chairs while his father and Harold were talking in the bedroom.

He clapped his feet together a few times.

He reached up and tapped the wall behind him with his hands as he stretched.

He got up and walked over to the bedroom and leaned against the door jamb.

He was listening to his father tell Harold about the pretty grain of the wood in the bed.

Raymond straightened up, put his arms akimbo, and rocked back and forth on his toes as he listened idly to his father.

He turned and started to walk toward the kitchen.

As Raymond entered the hallway, he sneezed hard twice.

- 7:33. He went directly to the dresser and got a paper handkerchief.

He blew his nose firmly and efficiently.

Harold, starting to go out the front door, said "good-bye" to Mr. Birch.

Harold said to Raymond, "See you later," and Raymond answered pleasantly, "O.K."

Raymond went into the kitchen.

He went to the kitchen screen door and stood looking out.

As he looked out, he sneezed again.

He said, "Doggone it!" rather annoyed to be sneezing another time.

His mother, who was at the sink doing the dishes, said "Where did you get all that cold? Did you get a handkerchief?" Her voice was more conversational than concerned. She didn't sound as though she were upset that he had a little snuffle.

- 7:35. Raymond immediately wheeled on his heels and went into his own bedroom.

He returned to the kitchen quickly.

As he did so, he put a handkerchief into his pocket.

Mr. Birch, upon coming into the kitchen, got a dish towel from the cabinet and started to wipe the dishes.

Raymond fiddled along by the heating stove and hot water heater.

He tapped a frying pan that was drying on the heating stove.

He yawned and stretched in a lackadaisical way.

7:36. He said, "Mama," in an asking kind of voice.

Then he went over and whispered something in his mother's ear.

I couldn't hear what he whispered. I was sitting at the end of the table where Mr. Birch had been seated.

The father evidently overheard what he said, and it must have been something that involved Raymond because Mr. Birch remarked, "She wouldn't let you use that the other day, would she?" This was said in a very pleasant, conversational way, not accusingly.

Raymond replied, "No, she wouldn't."

He drifted from the sink over to the table and sat down at the chair to my left.

7:37. He handed his father the salt shaker and said, "Say, daddy, put this in there too."

His father took it and put it in the dish cupboard.

Then Raymond handed his father the sugar bowl.

Mr. Birch took it and put it away.

In handing his father the sugar bowl and salt shaker, Raymond was helping. Of course, he would have helped more if he had gotten up and put them in himself because Mr. Birch was wiping the dishes. I think Raymond wanted to be in on what was going on, that he wanted his father's continued attention more than to help. But the efforts were accepted as help.

While Raymond was sitting at the table with me and was handing these things to his father his mother said to me, "I just hate to come back to a

One Boy's Day

kitchen with dirty dishes." I said, "Oh, yes," that I had worked and kept house often enough to know that it was better to hurry around and get things done in the morning than come back to face unmade beds and a kitchen that was mussed up.

She said, "I don't mind a dirty house so much, but I can't stand coming back to dirty dishes." This was offered in explanation of her being so busy in cleaning up.

Raymond tried to hand his father the coffee pot, the last thing on the table, but his father wouldn't take it.

Raymond looked up and gave me a very pleasant smile while he relaxed and scratched his knee.

- 7:38. Mr. Birch said, apropos of nothing mentioned before, "What made you think that you were going to get a ride on a tractor to school yesterday? Where did you get the idea?"

Raymond smiled and answered, "Grant's daddy took us one day."

His father asked, "Well, didn't he say that he would give you a ride after school? Why weren't you there then? How come you didn't come over there and ask Ray why he didn't take you?"

- 7:39. Raymond answered, "Because you weren't there."

My impression was that Ray Grim, Grant's father, who also works at Midwest Hardware, had said that he would take Raymond and some little friend for a ride on the tractor if they came after school, and that the children hadn't shown up. Raymond was saying, I gathered, that he didn't do it because his father wasn't there to give him moral support. There was no further comment on this.

Raymond got up as his mother went out the back door with some garbage.

He leaned against the door jamb and watched her go out.

- 7:40. His dog, Honey, came to the back door and jumped up, looking through the screen very wistfully.

I asked if it were his dog and he said, "Yes," very pleased.

He opened the door and admitted Honey, who responded by wiggling and dancing around the way fox terriers do.

Raymond went into his own room and returned with a good-sized, red, candy Easter egg.

- 7:41. He held it out while Honey begged.

When the dog jumped, Raymond dropped the egg into her mouth.

Honey clamped down on it and immediately ran outdoors.

Mrs. Birch said to me, "This is the only way we can get rid of the Easter eggs. Raymond got four huge baskets of them, and he won't eat them, so Honey gets them."

Mr. Birch who was still wiping the dishes, asked Mrs. Birch whether she had noticed where he had spaded up the ground near the front of the barn. She said, "Yes, what are you going to do with it?" He answered, "I'm going to put in sweet potatoes there." She said, "Yes, but won't everyone that goes in the barn tramp through the sweet potatoes?" He replied, "No, I'll leave that rock path. You can't spade that anyway."

Raymond went over and looked out the window as they were talking about this sweet-potato patch; he was evidently observing it.

7:42. Mr. Birch picked up a fishing rod, a short one with a spring in it, and started out the back door with it. The rod was rigged with a reel and a line at the end of which there was a spark plug. I said, "Oh, I have never really seen one of those things. My son has told me about them."

7:43. Raymond watched his father and listened.

Mr. Birch stopped and said, "Yes, we went fishing on the river with it last Sunday and had a fine time." I asked, "Did you catch any fish?" He said, "No, Raymond caught the only fish. He has his own rod, but it is not this kind."

Raymond was pleased to hear this reference to himself.

Mr. Birch went on out the door, followed by Raymond.

Scene 4: OUTDOOR PLAY

TIME: 7:44-7:57

Mr. Birch
Mrs. Birch
Old Puss
Honey

At the west side of the house, the kitchen door opens onto a small stoop, which is one step above the ground level. A path leads north from the kitchen door toward the back of the house. Behind the house there is a triple clothesline supported by two sturdy T-

shaped posts. The space between the westernmost post and the barn is open; elsewhere near the house, the yard is shaded by elm trees. To the east of the barn an area about fifteen by twenty feet is freshly spaded. There is a slight slope in the ground level at the north side of the house under the kitchen windows.

Mr. Birch walked out behind the house until he stood just west of the clothesline, facing the barn. (See Plate 2.)

Raymond followed right after his father.

He stood watching his father prepare to cast.

The barn was about fifty feet away.

Mr. Birch cast, and the plug hit the barn.

7:44. As soon as his father had cast, Raymond ran enthusiastically down to the end of the line.

While Mr. Birch reeled in the line, Raymond ran along, following the jumping movements of the plug.

Mr. Birch cast again.

Raymond stood by his father and watched as the line was wound in.

7:45. Honey came over to them.

Raymond dropped down on his knees, petted and talked to the dog and ruffled her ears.

7:46. Mr. Birch cast again and reeled in the weight. When it got caught he said, "Unhook me, Butch."

Raymond immediately ran down to the end of the line and picked up the weight. He did this very happily.

He caught hold of the plug and hung to it as his father reeled it in.

I said to Mr. Birch, "You got a big fish this time."

Raymond smiled happily at this.

- 7:47. When he got back to his father, Raymond grabbed Honey, carried her to the house, and raised her clear up to the kitchen window so that she could be seen by Mrs. Birch, who was working at the sink inside. Honey was fat enough to be quite a weight for Raymond to hold up that way.

Raymond put Honey down and jumped a time or two as if for the sheer pleasure of jumping.

He wandered about, coughing a little, and I took it that he really had some need to cough.

His father cast again, and reeled in the plug.

Raymond said, "Hey, daddy, what's under this?" He pointed to a slanting embankment next to the house.

His father said, "Well, I guess the drain comes out under there."

- 7:48. As Mr. Birch cast again, the plug came off. He said, "Well, I lost the plug," and added, "we'll have to find it."

Raymond immediately ran down toward the barn looking for the plug.

His father walked toward the barn to search for it.

- 7:49. Raymond picked up a big rusty spike and said, "Here's a weight, daddy." This was offered as a joke.

Mr. Birch answered mildly, "That would be just a little heavy." Just then he found the plug.

They walked back together to where Mr. Birch had been casting.

On the way Raymond asked his father something. I couldn't hear the words; he evidently asked if he could cast.

His father said, "Well, you'll have to untangle it if you get it all fouled up."

Raymond said, "Oh, no, I won't," in a joking way.

He petted and rubbed Honey while his father tied the plug to the end of the line.

- 7:50. Mr. Birch stood behind Raymond and showed him where to put his hands and just what he should do to cast. He said, "Now you have to be sure to keep your thumb here. The brake is on now, but I'll take it off." After adjusting the brake, he said, "Now, O.K."

Raymond cast; the weight went about twenty feet.

Raymond looked up at me and gave a big grin. This really pleased him.

- 7:51. His father wound in the plug for him and said, "Try putting it in that basket."

There was a bushel basket about thirty feet from where they were standing.

Raymond cast again. This time the plug fell about ten feet short of the bushel basket.

Raymond said, "I *can't* put it in the basket."

The father said, "Well, neither can I," indicating that he was also just learning to cast with this rod. Mr. Birch adjusted the reel.

Raymond cast a third time.

This time he said, "Oh, oh, foul," expressing concern. The line had backlashed.

- 7:52. Raymond started to disentangle the line, but his father took it from him and straightened it out. This was done unobtrusively and in a kindly way.

After Mr. Birch cast again, Raymond ran gaily down to the other end of the line, took it up, and said, "He's caught another big fish."

His father reeled him in.

Raymond said, "I'm glad I'm a fish; I get to stay in the water."

- 7:53. His father cast again and this time Raymond stayed by him.

Raymond sat down on the ground and started to play with Honey.

After his father cast, he said, "Well, *I* fouled it that time, Butchie."

This seemed to be a real gesture on the part of the father to indicate again that he, also, was just learning to cast.

Raymond said, quite pleased, "We are even."

Raymond continued to play with Honey, this time quite roughly.

Honey barked, growled, and snapped, all evidently in a very good-natured way, because Raymond didn't pause for a moment in ruffling, poking, and playing with her. Mrs. Birch came out with an empty can.

- 7:54. The Birches' yellow cat walked across where the casting was going on, and Mr. Birch said to Raymond, "Look at Old Puss."

Raymond looked up.

The cat was trying to follow the weight as Mr. Birch reeled in and was baffled by the way it jumped.

Raymond watched with interest and amusement.

Mrs. Birch laughed and said, "Well, that really did fool her, didn't it?" Then she said to Mr. Birch, "Are you ready to go?" Mr. Birch answered, "Yes, I am."

Raymond asked, "Where is my hat?"

His mother said, "Well, you had better wear a jacket too, because it might sprinkle."

7:56. Raymond continued to sit on the ground for a moment after his mother had spoken about the jacket.

Then he got up and went over to his father who was getting the fishing reel ready to put away and said, "Let me do it again." This was put in an asking but not very insistent way.

His father replied, "Well, it is time to go now."

Raymond said, "I don't think I need a jacket."

His father said, "Oh, you need something over your arms. You had better get your jacket."

Raymond went into the house.

I followed him and said that I would get my jacket too.

He picked up his baseball-type cap.

He came back to the screen door and said, "I don't need my jacket."

His mother said, "Oh, you had better have your overall jacket. It's right there, and if it does rain, it would be a good thing to have it." She did not say this in a particu-

larly commanding or insistent way, just in a reasonable way, suggesting that what she proposed would be a good thing to do.

Raymond went back again and got his jacket and put it on.

His mother asked, "Do you have a hankie, son?"

He said, "Yes."

7:57. Raymond, wearing his jacket and his hat, came out the screen door.

His mother said, "Are you going to ride your bike?"

He replied, "No." Then he added, "I'm afraid it might rain and then the bike would get all wet." This apparently was something which he could definitely decide on his own.

His mother accepted the explanation.

PART II

Before School

Scene 1: PLAY AT COURTHOUSE

TIME: 7:58-8:26

Mr. Birch

Mrs. Birch

Mrs. Sidney Haskin

Mrs. Andrew Bissell

Mr. Clyde Blair

Mr. Frank Pechter

The grassy courthouse square and the office of the County Clerk within it are as familiar to Raymond as his own house and yard; for, on school days, while school is out, but his mother is still working, Raymond's headquarters is usually the "square."

Here Raymond meets the people who work at the courthouse, those who come there on business, and other children who regularly or occasionally play on the square. And he sees many of the adults in a wider context. For example, he knows Mr. Frank Pechter as Raymond Pechter's father, just as Mr. Pechter knows Raymond as his son's classmate and Jack Birch's son.

The ground of the square rises from three to four feet above the level of the surrounding streets and it is bounded by a stone retaining-wall with a flat top just wide enough for a seven-year-old's

running feet. Its central location and the comparatively imposing two-story red brick building give to the square an impressive appearance and a commanding position in the town. The spreading elms, the flagpole, the park benches strewn rather haphazardly across the lawn, the bandstand platform with its quaint hexagonal cupola and sturdy railing, the steps leading from the street level to the lawn, and the cement slabs at either side of the courthouse steps are all focal points of play activity for Raymond.

The heavy white entrance door of the courthouse opens from the south into a long, linoleumed corridor lined by office doorways. The County Clerk's office, where Raymond's mother works, is near the north end of the corridor.

Just inside the office and facing the doorway there is a long counter which separates the inner office from the vestibule. The height of this counter is such that Raymond can just see over it. There is a passageway into the inner office at the north end of the counter. In the inner office there are three desks. One belongs to Mr. Blair, the County Clerk; another to Mrs. Blair, his deputy, who was absent on the day of the record; and the third to Mrs. Birch. A safe on the south wall contains the county records. On the north wall there is a door to an adjoining office. Between this door and the passageway there is a small table and, beside it, a chair. Immediately north of the door opening into the corridor there is a high shelf for hats, with hooks below it for coats.

- 7:58. Raymond and his parents started down the sidewalk on their way to the courthouse square.

Noticing Anna walking toward me, Mr. Birch said "Relief man." I said, "Yes." Mrs. Birch called cordially, "Well, come back." I said, "I will. See you later." Anna greeted the family and started walking with them.

Raymond immediately fell into step with his parents as they started down the walk toward the west.¹ (See Plate 3.)

¹ Anna Hebb, observer.

I walked along beside Mr. and Mrs. Birch with Raymond slightly in front of us.

7:59. Mr. Birch, seeing some men in a truck which had stopped in the street, went over to speak to them.

Raymond stood for a moment with his upper teeth over his lip, his hands in his pockets, and considered the situation.

He darted over to join his father.

Mrs. Birch stood waiting.

8:00. Raymond dashed back just ahead of his father.

Breathlessly he flung himself down on the grass, face downward, full length in front of his mother.

His mother, speaking firmly, but not reprovingly, told him to get up because the ground was damp.

As he got up, his father patted him good-naturedly on the head.

They continued on their way to town.

After Mr. Birch had patted Raymond's head, Mrs. Birch remarked, "Did you ever see anything so dirty as that cap?"

Raymond looked up at me and smiled a little smile which held some embarrassment; but he immediately turned his head and walked on ahead.

His walk was interspersed with hops, skips, and jumps. He rarely walked for more than three or four steps at a time. His feet were very springy, and he seemed full of pep.

Mrs. Birch and I had a slight interchange on how hard it was to keep children's clothing clean.

They turned north at the corner and continued toward the square. (See Plate 4.)

Across the street Mrs. Sidney Haskin and a woman friend were beating with carpet beaters on a rug.

Raymond's attention was attracted by this, and he stopped a few seconds to watch.

His mother and father also looked. Mr. Birch remarked that that was where "the fire" had been the day before, and suggested that probably the idea was to beat the smoke out of the rug.

Raymond looked up at his father with an appreciative expression as if he understood what was meant, but said nothing.

Mrs. Birch called to the women, "You must like to work." Mrs. Haskin responded in a friendly way.

8:01. They were approaching William Weller's filling station, having walked down the little slope quite deliberately. Raymond didn't go much faster than his parents, but he kept skipping a bit as he walked.

When they reached the corner, Mr. Birch patted Raymond on the shoulder and said, "Good-bye, Butch," in a calm, affectionate voice.

Raymond didn't look up but seemed to accept this as something that happened every morning.

Mr. Birch turned to his wife and said, "Take good care of Stinky now," in an equally matter-of-fact way, as if that, too, were the sort of thing he said every morning.

Raymond sauntered leisurely cater-cornered across the intersection toward the courthouse. (See Plate 5.)

Mrs. Birch followed him while Mr. Birch went straight ahead to the hardware where he worked.

- 8:02. Raymond's mother said to Raymond, "Well, I'll bet your coat feels good this morning."

He immediately looked up and said in a rather contrary voice, "Feels hot."

Immediately he snatched it off and draped it over his shoulder.

- 8:03. Noticing Harold (Harold Devens, an observer) parked in a car at the curb in front of the courthouse, Raymond turned to me, looking pleased, and said, "Why, there's Harold."

Harold acknowledged our passing by a wave of his hand.

Then Raymond immediately turned and leaped up on the retaining wall of the courthouse lawn.

He skipped a few steps along the cement top of the wall.

Then he leaped back onto the sidewalk to rejoin his mother.

- 8:04. As we approached the courthouse, Raymond hurried ahead purposefully. He opened the courthouse door in a matter-of-course way.

Then he held the door open so that his mother and I could enter.

When I thanked him, he said, "Welcome," in a very mannerly tone.

He hopped on one foot and then on the other all the way down the corridor.

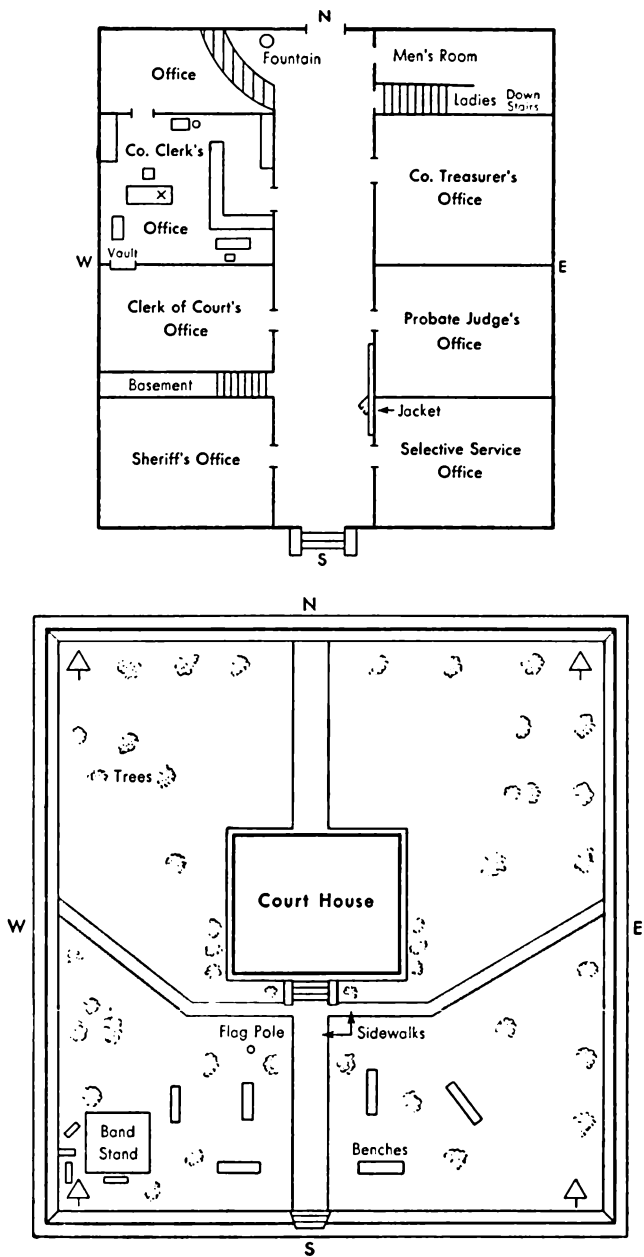


FIG. 3. *Upper Diagram, Interior of Courthouse—First Floor. Lower Diagram, Courthouse and Square.*

- 8:05. Raymond stopped suddenly when he saw a little gray jacket hanging by a thumbtack on the courthouse corridor bulletin board. The coat was obviously a lost garment and was hanging there for someone to claim.

Raymond said nothing about it but stood considering the jacket a moment.

Subsequent action made it clear that Raymond knew that this was Jimmy Hebb's jacket. Raymond was probably wondering if Jimmy's mother, the observer, would recognize it.

- 8:06. Raymond went first into the County Clerk's office where Mrs. Birch worked and immediately flung his jacket down on the small table at the north end of the long counter.

I sat on a chair beside this table. Mrs. Birch hung up her coat.

Almost before Raymond had time to put his coat down, he snatched it up from the table, went to where his mother was standing back of me, took down a hanger, and put his coat on it meticulously.

Then he went around the long counter to his mother's desk, where she had just sat down.

He secured a pad of white paper, about five by eight inches, and a yellow pencil.

As he leaned against the east end of the desk, he drew something on the pad.

Mrs. Andrew Bissell, in the adjoining office, said something about the weather.

As Raymond drew, I could hear him say under his breath, "It's good weather." His tone suggested some rebellion, although there seemed to be no occasion for it.

One Boy's Day

He might have still been thinking about the fact that he had been required to wear his jacket.

His mother said apropos of his comment about the weather, "Well, maybe you could go home and get your bike."

Raymond didn't answer although evidently he heard what Mrs. Birch said. He just went on drawing.

8:07. Mrs. Bissell called from the next room, "Do you know Wally Nolan?"

Wally is a rural boy, younger than Raymond.

Mrs. Birch answered that she didn't but maybe Raymond did. She asked him if he knew Wally Nolan.

Raymond said, "Mmmmmmm," in a considering way, "Yes, I do," but didn't add anything further, as if he weren't interested.

The subject of Wally Nolan was dropped.

Mrs. Birch went on to say to Mrs. Bissell in the next room, "Raymond isn't very observing, I'm afraid. His seventh birthday was the twentieth of last December, and he told me the other day that his Sunday School teacher asked him when his birthday was and he couldn't tell her." Mrs. Bissell chuckled as if this were cute although not praiseworthy.

Raymond smiled at this in a mildly embarrassed way as he continued drawing.

He listened but added nothing to the conversation.

Mrs. Bissell came out of the room from which she had been talking and winked at me as she went out of the County Clerk's office.

8:08. Raymond completed his drawing. (See Plate 6.)

He held up the picture to show his mother.

She seemed to appreciate it but said, "I never saw a cowboy with a long beard before."

Raymond smiled an impish little smile as if he thought, "Well, I've put one over on her."

He held the picture up spontaneously so I could see it.

I asked, "Is that for me?"

8:10. He smiled in a very friendly way and said obligingly, "Sure. I'll put my name on it."

Carefully and diligently he printed his name on the picture.

Mrs. Birch smiled and began to type.

8:12. Raymond walked back to his mother's desk.

He worked concentratedly for a couple of minutes at drawing another picture.

As soon as it was finished, he brought the picture directly to me with another big smile on his face, but without words.

He giggled a bit disparagingly as he handed me the picture.

8:14. *Mr. Clyde Blair, the County Clerk, came in. When he saw me, he winked and smiled broadly, hung up his hat, and went around the counter to his desk.*

Apparently heedless of Mr. Blair's entrance, Raymond returned to his mother's desk.

Lounging against the desk, he busily stamped on a pad there with a rubber stamp.

His mother said in a somewhat scolding voice, "Raymond, not so hard."

He stopped and laid the stamp down as if to say, "If I can't do it the way I want to, I just won't do it." Yet he didn't seem to be angry with his mother.

- 8:15. Raymond went around the corner of the long counter toward Mr. Blair's desk.

He took possession of a chair which had gliders on it. With his hands on the back and his knee on the seat, he began pushing the chair.

He pushed it around the counter and directly up to me.

He knelt, looking over the back of the chair at the writing board on which I was writing. His expression was pleasant but curious.

- 8:16. He pushed the chair over to his mother's desk.

Leaning on the chair, Raymond looked up at his mother as she worked and in a quiet but hopeful voice asked, "Can't I go out and play?"

Mrs. Birch answered just as quietly, "I don't care, if you want to; but you should be going along to school in a few minutes."

- 8:17. Raymond scuttled by me like a little squirrel and was out into the corridor almost before I could stand up.

When he got to the door at the south end of the corridor, a gentleman was also about to leave.

Raymond held the door open for the man and for me, and then he followed us out.

He jumped down the steps one at a time.

I seated myself on the concrete slab at the east side of the courthouse steps.

- 8:18. Noticing a small green board, about two by twenty inches, lying in the grass at the right of the walk, Raymond picked it up.

Quick as a flash he tossed the board up into the air and over some telephone wires. His expression was animated and he showed some surprise at his success. He let the board lie where it fell.

- 8:19. He then darted to some park benches near the bandstand.

He pulled a small green bench out from several others and tipped it over so that the back was on the ground.

He dashed back to the walk and returned, making a running jump as if to leap over the bench.

Seeing that he couldn't quite make it, he put his hands on the perpendicular seat of the bench and just vaulted over it with his hands helping him.

He looked over at me when he hopped over the bench and called, "I can't do it the other way," as if he had hoped to jump it but just hadn't been able to make such a high leap. He smiled happily and didn't seem apologetic.

Raymond appeared to be very glad to be outdoors doing these things. He also seemed to be aware that I was watching and I surmised that it added a little flavor to his play to have an audience.

- 8:20. After setting the bench upright, Raymond climbed up on the back of it.

He sat precariously swinging his legs. I thought that at any moment he would fall from the bench, which wob-

bled dangerously, but he apparently had a pretty good sense of balance.

8:21. He jumped down off the bench.

Then he ran over the grass toward me.

He stopped suddenly when he spied something in the grass.

He leaned over and picked up a small baseball bat.

“Oh, boy!” he exclaimed in an excited voice, and looked over at me to see if I had noticed what he had picked up.

“Oh, boy! A little bat!” His eyes shone.

He began swinging the bat vigorously in every direction, going around and around with it as if he were making strikes.

Suddenly, he dropped the bat.

8:22. He ran as hard as he could toward the south of the courthouse lawn.

Then he turned and ran quickly to the east.

He came back toward me still running as fast as he could go. He laughed aloud as he ran, a happy, half-giggling, half-chuckling laugh—as if he were just having a good time.

It did not seem that he was performing particularly for my benefit.

8:23. When he reached the place where he had dropped the bat, Raymond picked it up and flopped down on the grass with it, as if he were stopping to take a breath.

“Made it!” he said. “A home run!” Raymond sounded triumphant.

I suddenly realized that he had been playing an imaginary game of baseball with himself and that where he had dropped the bat was home plate.

Raymond lay in the grass for a minute, until he recovered his breath.

In this position he glanced up at me, as if to see whether I realized what a good game this had been.

- 8:24. He jumped up with a stone in his hand, threw it into the air, and fanned at it with the bat.

He hit the stone and yelled in a very surprised tone, "Hit it!"

As he swung the bat around, it accidentally hit the metal flagpole.

This made a wonderful, hollow, ringing noise, so he proceeded to hit the flagpole again.

- 8:25. He went around and around and around the pole, hitting it with the bat as he did so, until he became so dizzy that he fell down, bat and all. (See Plate 7.)

As soon as he got his bearings, he leaped up.

He hit the flagpole harder and harder, rhythmically, and, as he hit it harder, he went faster and faster around the pole.

He fanned the air with the bat, missing a beat or two.

He hit the flagpole again and again.

- 8:26. Mr. Frank Pechter came out of the courthouse and said, "Hi," to me.

Raymond looked at Mr. Pechter and abruptly stopped hitting the flagpole.

Immediately after Mr. Pechter came out, someone else opened the door of the courthouse and I could tell by the expression on Raymond's face that here was something that concerned him.

I looked up and there stood Mrs. Birch with Raymond's jacket. She didn't say a word.

Raymond immediately threw down the bat, came up to the steps, and took the jacket from her hand.

His mother patted him on the head and said in a kindly voice, "Be a good boy now."

He looked up at her with a sweet smile, his lips rather pursed in an elfish expression, and answered, "O.K.," in a happy voice.

Scene 2: GOING TO SCHOOL

TIME: 8:27-8:32

The path from the courthouse to school is only two short blocks.

Going on down the walk from the courthouse, Raymond put on his jacket adroitly, whirling around, not just walking straight, but turning around in circles as he put on the jacket.

He went down the steps to the street level, wearing a rather complacent expression on his face.

Suddenly, with his hands to hoist himself, he leaped up to the top of the retaining wall.

8:27. Raymond ambled along the top of the wall until he came to the benches that were grouped together on one corner of the courthouse lawn.²

² Rita Devens, observer.

He sat down on one of the benches with a pleasant, relaxed expression.

He rocked the bench back and forth for a few seconds, sitting with his hands stretched out and holding the edges of the bench to brace himself. His feet were out in front of him, flat on the ground.

He hummed a little to himself, very softly, contentedly.

He jumped up and began rocking the bench as he stood on the ground at one end of it. He held onto the seat and the back and pushed the bench back and forth.

He gave me the feeling of his having lots of energy ready to spill over, although he was going about all this rather quietly.

8:28. Raymond jumped easily from the wall to the sidewalk. (See Plate 8.) Apparently this was no unusual thing for him, for he made the rather high jump without hesitation.

He walked along the sidewalk briskly but not hurriedly until he came to the corner.

He stepped off the curb and looked to both sides for cars, evidently not wanting to cross just yet, for he stood there momentarily.

Then he kicked at the dirt and the dust lying in the street by the curb. In the dirt there were some pieces of rubber inner tubes which he kicked up.

Noticing these, he stooped over and picked up one of them.

8:29. He examined it with a good deal of interest, bringing it rather close to his face and turning it over and over in his hand.

He tossed the piece of rubber aside, not noting where he threw it.

He stood there and looked around for a short time.

Cautiously, he proceeded to the middle of the street.

There he stood looking both ways.

He stood still for a moment longer watching a truck coming about a block and a half away.

He looked down the street in the opposite direction and evidently saw something else coming, for he continued to stand, waiting.

He waited, relaxed, his arms hanging loosely while he looked first to one side and then to the other.

He shifted his weight from foot to foot, swinging the free foot wide. He brought the free foot down and repeated the procedure several times.

He was sucking his lower lip.

He didn't seem to be worried or frightened but, rather, very cautious. It might be pertinent to mention that one of Raymond's closest playmates, Fred Wecker, had recently been in an accident on the square. Fred's bicycle had crashed with a truck.

Raymond took a step and a half forward.

Seeing another vehicle a long distance away, he stopped and resumed sucking his lower lip. It appeared that he was trying to decide whether to go on across or to just stay where he was.

He jumped up and down some with his feet wide apart, almost as if he couldn't stand still another minute and simply had to do something.

8:30. He glanced briefly over his shoulder in my direction and grinned happily. He didn't look directly at me.

A car came from the other side and honked its horn.

Raymond stood for a second.

The car honked again.

Raymond darted quickly back to the side of the street from which he had come, looking a bit puzzled, for two cars went by.

He started across again.

When halfway across, he paused to look, for a truck was coming about a block away.

He hurried his steps and got across the street and up the curb to Murray's Market.

He started to cross the other street to Sherwin's store, slowly looking to the left and to the right.

As he got halfway across, he speeded up some, stuck his hands in his pockets, and put on a more businesslike air.

8:31. While passing Sherwin's Furniture Store, Raymond looked in the window as if peering at the display. (See Plate 9.)

He meandered slowly on.

While going by the telephone office, he walked on the ledge around the well by the cellar windows. (See Plate 10.)

As he passed the second cellar window Raymond dug his toes into some gathered leaves and dust, gave the pile a little kick, and watched with some interest the puff that went up.

8:32. He walked briskly on.

He purposefully squashed a green leaf with his toe, looking back over his shoulder to see the resulting green mess. Raymond half smiled with satisfaction at this.

As he walked along, he pushed his hands deeper into his pockets, sort of stretching himself by straightening out his elbows. This was a very well-marked gesture. He seemed to be feeling fine.

Scene 3: PLAY ON SCHOOLGROUND

TIME: 8:33-8:52

Susan Hebb
Sammy Sherwin
Betty Reeves
Thelma Bollener
Raymond Pechter
Roy Harkness
Martin Culver
Tippy

Once at school, Raymond is confronted with several different things to do. There are swings, a slide, a merry-go-round, a giant stride, basketball equipment, a place for baseball, with space left over for just running. Most of the play equipment and space is south and west of the schoolhouse. A small embankment, slanting downward toward the school yard from the lawn just to the south, has well-worn paths where children have run up and down and slid on the ice in the winter. The wide graveled area in front of the building presents a fairly smooth surface for balls, ropes, and run-

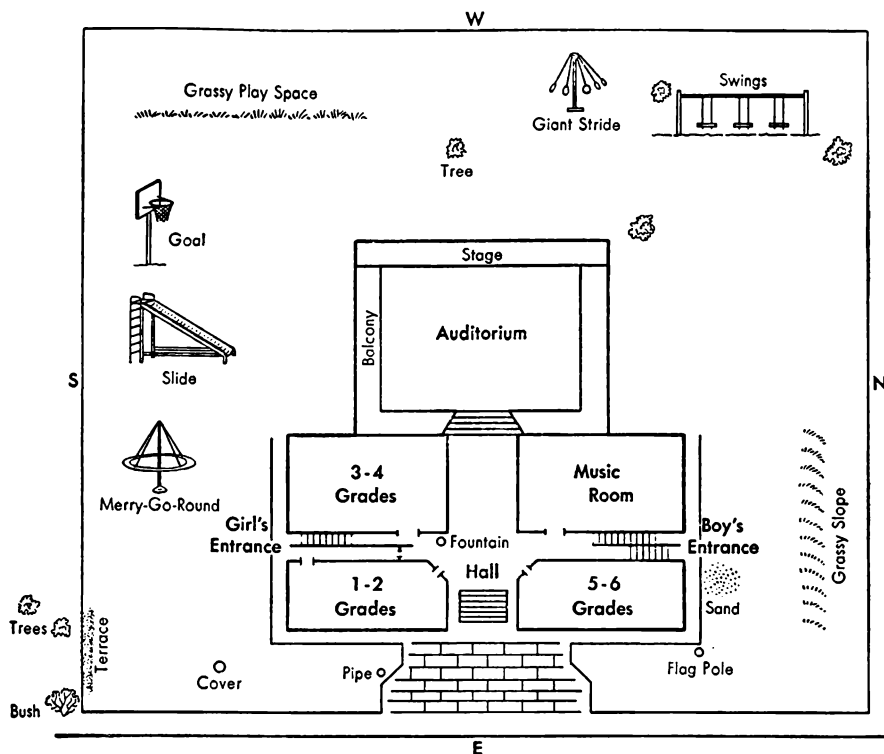


FIG. 4. School and Playground.

ning games, which are often organized by the children during recess.

Since the school building serves both town and rural children of all ages from the first grade through high school, Raymond comes in contact with town and country children of all ages on the school-ground before and after school.

Raymond walked very briskly onto the schoolgrounds.
(See Plate 11.)

8:33. As he came up the walk in front of the school, he saw two dogs barking and snarling at each other by the bush at the corner of the lot, south of the school.

He watched the dogs with interest for a while.

He walked a few steps in an absent-minded way until he came up to a metal pipe that stuck up about three feet from the ground.

Raymond stopped again to watch the dogs.

- 8: 34. He pulled off his jacket, still watching the dogs near the bush. He smiled rather broadly at them and seemed to be getting a lot of satisfaction out of their scuffle.

He dropped the jacket onto the pipe, while still watching the dogs.

He ambled around the pipe, going considerably out of the way. His body seemed to follow his feet, he was going so slowly and lackadaisically.

Raymond walked up the terrace of the yard next to the school where the dogs were scrapping.

He grabbed both dogs by the scruff of their respective necks.

He patted them both as he made clucking noises. The patting was very aimless and the noises were like the soothing cluck of a mother hen to her chicks. He said nothing definite. The dogs continued growling at each other.

- 8: 35. Raymond drew himself up and ambled aimlessly back to the pipe where he had left his jacket.

He tucked the tail end of the jacket between his knees.

Then he put both hands on the pipe to support himself.

He leaned back, pulling the jacket taut with his knees.

The jacket slipped off the rounded end of the pipe, leaving him with only his hands for support, so he sat down

rather suddenly, but his hands kept him from really falling. He grinned when he sat down as if he had expected this or had even planned it so.

Susan Hebb (a second grader) went by on her bike and said to Raymond, "Hello," in a pleasant tone. She parked her bike while Raymond was still sitting where he had fallen.

Raymond picked himself up from the ground and walked toward the corner of the school, carrying his jacket.

Susan fell in step behind him.

- 8:36. They had some whispered conversation, and giggled in a breathless way. They were not boisterous, but each breath came out in the form of a giggle or a happy sigh.

Wheeling around, Raymond walked over to Susan's bike, which was parked near the front door, and pushed his jacket into Susan's basket.

Susan said, "Hey, you," and laughed. She said this in a demanding, warning, but very good-natured tone of voice.

- 8:37. Both giggled quietly as before.

They simultaneously ran over by the dogs, now together near the terrace.

Raymond jumped over the dogs and landed on the other side in a sitting position.

He jumped up quickly.

He dog-paddled his hands in the air over the heads of the two dogs.

He sat down, landing between them.

He patted at their noses and made unintelligible sounds, some of them suggesting an imitation of the yapping dogs.

Rolling to and fro on the ground and holding "Tippy" between his legs, Raymond said, "I've got him, I've got him," exuberantly and happily. "I've got Tippy down," he added with satisfaction.

8:38. Susan and Raymond laughed heartily.

Susan called with excitement, "Let go of him, let go of him," as she jumped up and down.

Tippy pulled away to chase the other dog.

There was no indication that Tippy's escape was due to Raymond's releasing his hold when Susan said, "Let go of him."

The two dogs ran swiftly up the street.

Both children screamed and laughed heartily. They seemed to be having a fine time.

Sammy Sherwin came up, riding his bike. He called out something like "Look at those dogs go; they sure can run," and laughed.

Susan and Raymond giggled heartily.

Sammy rode on and parked his bicycle.

Raymond ran up the terrace of the lot next door to the school.

Susan chased him.

They ran in and out of the bushes.

Raymond ran quickly down the terrace.

He stood still, taunting Susan, but not saying anything. He looked quite cocky with his legs spread apart and his arms akimbo, just defying Susan to catch him.

Susan ran quickly down after him.

Raymond then raced up the terrace and the chase continued. (See Plate 12.)

Susan followed and they went in and out of the bushes.

Raymond raced down the terrace again.

Susan called good-naturedly, "Oh, what's the use, what's the use. You can keep your old hat on your head."

This was the first indication that she was chasing him to get his cap.

8:39. Raymond ran up the terrace with Susan after him.

He slowed down as he came back down the terrace.

He walked over in my direction, taking his cap off his head and carrying it along.

Susan came up to me and said, "Hello, Rita," in a friendly way.

Raymond, mashing or kneading his cap, came over to my side and peered at what I was writing.

8:40. As he looked at my writing, he cocked his head back and forth, grinned, and bit on his lower lip. Seemingly embarrassed, he may have been acting comical to cover the situation.

Finally a big grin spread on Raymond's face.

He suddenly took off again, running up the terrace.

He was followed by Susan, but she ran right past him to meet Betty Reeves, who had come up the road.

Raymond, looking a little sheepish, as though he didn't know just what to do, stopped right where he was, beside the bushes. He seemed reluctant to join the girls, yet appeared not to know quite what to do with himself since Susan had stopped chasing him.

As he stood there, he picked a leaf off a bush, put it in his mouth, and nibbled on it.

8:41. Suddenly Susan ran after him.

Raymond giggled and went chasing off in the direction of a tree that stood across the walk from the bushes.

Susan, giggling, pursued him.

They clutched at the branches while running around the tree several times. Sometimes they just patted the branches as they went around.

Soon they appeared to be stymied. Susan was on one side of the tree and Raymond on the other; they were both holding on to the branches and shouting at each other.

Susan called out tauntingly, "Hey, monkey face, monkey face."

Raymond called back, "You're a monkey face," in a gay, boisterous fashion. They were giggling the whole time.

Susan suddenly ran down the hill and pulled Raymond's jacket out of her bicycle basket. She ran across the schoolground toward town.

Raymond, looking as though he would more than get even with her if he could catch her, chased her with mock vengeance. But he seemed to be just having a good time.

Susan dropped the jacket by the flagpole.

That didn't stop Raymond. He chased her until he reached the edge of the schoolground.

Suddenly he turned, went back, and picked up his jacket.

Susan followed him.

Thelma Bollener (a first grader) had just ridden up and was parking her bicycle.

Raymond went up to her and asked, as if he expected a "yes" answer, "Can I put my jacket on your bike?"

8:42. Thelma said, "Yes," in a puzzled but willing tone.

So Raymond carefully hung his jacket on the handle bars of Thelma's bicycle.

Susan came by just as Raymond did this.

Raymond walked off slowly in the direction of the terrace.

Susan deliberately grabbed the jacket from the handle bars of Thelma's bike. Thelma stood there undecided and then said in a weak voice to Raymond, "Susan took it." Susan stuffed the jacket into her own bicycle basket, looking from Raymond to Thelma as she did so. She gave the jacket several pats as if to insure its staying there.

Raymond came back a few steps, evidently to get the jacket.

Then, as if he had decided all was well, he ran to the edge of the schoolground and up the terrace of the yard next door.

8:43. Susan gave a pert nod of her head, directed at Thelma, and smilingly started up the terrace after Raymond.

I had the feeling that the two girls were vying for Raymond's attention.

The dogs came racing and snarling around the school-yard.

Raymond called out very loudly in a singsongy voice, "Here comes Tippy."

Susan called to Raymond, "I could catch you if I wanted to," threateningly, but also as if she needed to assure herself. Coming up behind Raymond, she grabbed at his cap. Then she grabbed Raymond about the waist but let go immediately, for Tippy was snarling around their feet.

Raymond scolded firmly but not very loudly, "Go away, Tippy."

- 8:45. Raymond walked lackadaisically away from the terrace toward the entrance of the school where several bicycles were parked.

Susan followed.

Raymond went up to one bicycle which had a speedometer on it.

Susan, saying boastfully "I could make it go," shoved Raymond out of the way and prepared to mount the bicycle.

Raymond just walked away.

The dogs snarled a little louder.

Susan and Raymond went over a few steps to the grassy plot in front of the schoolhouse. They stopped near the dogs.

Raymond Pechter, who was standing near the center of the area in front of the school, called, "Your dog is being beat up."

Raymond pushed at Tippy with his foot.

Then he laughed and said, "That's not my dog."

Raymond walked over to Raymond Pechter and grabbed his leg.

Raymond Birch attempted to lift the other Raymond up, and they both giggled happily while Susan stood nearby.

After a brief but strenuous struggle Raymond Birch let go and started for the terrace.

Pearl Weller came along and called out to Susan playfully, "Shame on you, Susan," in a shaming tone, "playing with the boys." Looking at Raymond Birch, she said, "Shame on you, Raymond, for playing with the girls." Then Pearl called back to Susan, "Shame on you for playing with your boy friend." When Susan ran over and poked her, Pearl ran on.

Raymond didn't seem to notice any of Pearl's comments. Continuing on his way, he ran up the terrace.

Roy Harkness and Raymond Pechter followed Raymond Birch.

Suddenly Raymond and the others flopped on the grass.

- 8:46. The boys sat for a few seconds—a long stretch of time for them to sit quietly.

Susan stood leaning against a nearby tree. She ambled over behind them.

- 8:47. They were all making noises which indicated that they were quite tired. They sighed and took great gulps of air.

Susan suddenly grabbed Raymond's cap and ran off.

Raymond Pechter excitedly called, "Catch her, catch her! You can't run faster than that, Susan. Catch her, Raymond."

Raymond chased her.

He threw her down in just about half a minute.

The next thing Susan knew, she was sitting on the ground. She grimaced and looked surprised as she got up.

Raymond picked up his hat and put it back on.

- 8:48. He walked over and sat on the cover of the curb box hole.

The cover is made of iron and is about twelve inches in diameter. Beneath the cover is the valve which controls the water meter.

Raymond picked up some sticks, stuck them into the holes in the hole cover, and broke them off into small pieces by pushing on them.

He jumped up quickly and threw several pieces of the sticks at Susan with some force. He could have hit her but purposely did not.

Susan walked by and pointedly ignored Raymond's throwing.

Raymond Pechter, wandering over to the sidewalk, called to Susan something like, "Susan can't catch me. Boy, if Susan could really run, she could catch me." His tone was cajoling and challenging, for he was trying to entice her into chasing him.

Raymond Pechter and Susan went off together and left Raymond Birch by himself.

Raymond Birch sat down on the hole cover again.

8:49. He scooted off to the side of it so that he could lift it. He raised the edge of the cover and peered down into the hole.

Susan went over to her bicycle, got Raymond's jacket and called, "Raymond!" loudly, teasingly, tauntingly.

Raymond dropped the cover into place and jumped up.

8:50. He chased Susan toward town.

Again Susan dropped the jacket during the middle of the chase.

Raymond continued the chase for a short time longer.

Then he turned and retrieved his jacket.

He went toward the school entrance, and said loudly, "Boy, I'm tired," as if he were trying to impress that fact on the others.

Raymond Pechter sauntered up and said with bravado, "*You're* tired? *I* got up at six o'clock this morning."

Raymond Birch didn't say anything; he just gave the other boy a sidelong, disbelieving glance.

Raymond Pechter, feeling the need to defend his statement, said, "*I did*. At least I was *awake* at six o'clock."

The boys walked towards the bicycles parked near the entrance.

Coming to one bike, Raymond Pechter said, "That's Stanton's bike."

Raymond Birch said, "It is not. It's Frederick Wecker's bike. It's not Stanton's."

Raymond Pechter said, "Well, they look just alike."

Raymond Birch said defiantly, "Well, it isn't Stanton's, it's Fred's."

As the time for the beginning of school approached, more and more children arrived on the school-ground. At this time the front yard was swarming with children of all ages.

Raymond walked aimlessly about and happened to walk by Martin Culver, who had his arm outstretched.

Martin (a sixth grader) picked Raymond's cap off.

Raymond continued walking momentarily, but suddenly realizing what had happened, he turned toward Martin.

Martin called teasingly, "Do you want this, Raymond?"

Looking at Martin with disgust and anger, Raymond grabbed his cap out of Martin's hand.

Raymond slammed the cap on his head, holding his jacket in the same hand as he did so.

8:52. Without taking his hand down Raymond continued to hold his jacket, resting his arm on his head so that the jacket was hanging down his back.

He walked to the front door of the school building, carrying the jacket in this way.

With his free hand he struggled with the door, which was heavy for him to open. (See Plate 13.)

Finally, he had to use both hands to open the door, making grunting noises and sticking out his tongue.

As he dashed quickly up the stairs, he again held his jacket over his head.

Morning School

Scene 1: CLASSWORK

TIME: 8:53-9:24

Mrs. Logan

Children of the Second Grade

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Peter Bowman | Susy Norman |
| Alvin Cutter | Raymond Pechter |
| Clifford Grinnell | Becky Porter |
| Roy Harkness | Betty Reeves |
| Susan Hebb | Stanton Thorne |
| Grant Herne | Fred Wecker |
| Ben Hutchings | Anne Windom |
| Judy Marshall | |

Children of the First Grade

| | |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Thelma Bollener | Watson Kaye |
| Morris Bryan | Mildred Norman |
| Lewis Culver | Jimmy Olson |
| Gregory Daggett | Mattie Pearson |
| Phyllis Gilmay | Constance Sherwin |
| Hazel Greaves | Thomas Woodale |
| Susanna Hall | |

(Five children, not listed, including two special friends of Raymond's, were absent because of measles.)

Mrs. Logan is the first- and second-grade teacher. She was born and raised in Midwest, where she taught prior to her marriage. She returned to teaching here when her son entered high school, but she and her husband live, as they had for some years before, on a farm about six miles from Midwest. Mrs. Logan is well-established as a solid citizen, independently of her position as a teacher. The parents of the first- and second-grade children feel that her motherliness is a real help in the adjustment of bewildered six-year-olds, particularly since there is no kindergarten. It seems to them that she brings to her job an unusual fund of patience, tolerance, and genuine affection for children.

Anyone who has ever gone to school in a small town would immediately feel on familiar ground in the Midwest Public School. In Raymond's room, word lists and simple sums are printed on the blackboard; gold-starred charts and some pictures, among them *Song of the Lark*, *Friends*, and *Lincoln*, share the wall space. And in the atmosphere there is the fused odor of chalk dust, overshoes, and lunches.

A pleasant touch is added by the collection of dolls, cowboy hats and guns which rest on the window sills until their owners claim them at recess. Plants, tended by Mrs. Logan, are also on the south and east window sills. Low tables along the north wall are used mainly by first-grade children for spelling and reading. A large closed cupboard at the back of the room contains library books for reading during free periods. Under the bulletin board at the front, there are low cabinet shelves containing various supplies such as paper and paper towels. A narrow platform runs along the wall under the blackboard at the front of the room, behind the teacher's desk. The school desks vary in size and neatness. The contents of some of the desks are arranged in an orderly fashion on the shelf space beneath the stationary desk top. Other desks are overflowing with papers, pencils, crayons, books, and an assortment of personal belongings.

When Raymond first enters this classroom on the morning of April 26, 1949, Mrs. Logan, who had arrived and opened the classroom, is upstairs duplicating some work to be used later. Many of

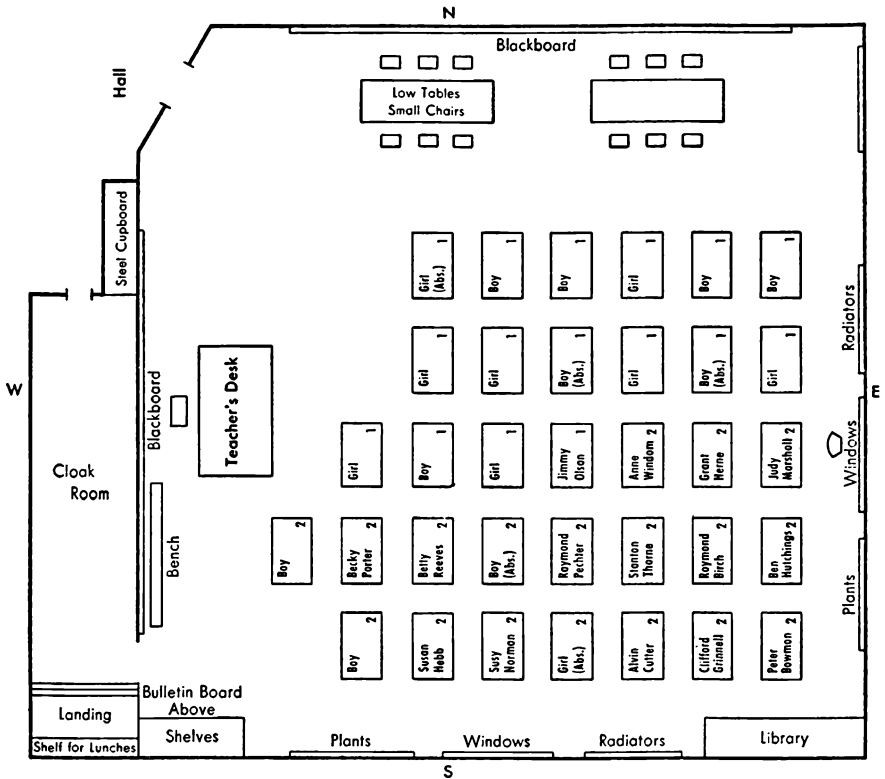


FIG. 5. Schoolroom

the children are already milling around freely, chatting in small groups, sitting on desks and swinging their legs or drawing at the blackboard.

8:53. Raymond turned left at the head of the steps and walked into the room.¹

He walked to the back of the room and dropped his cap on one of the window sills along the east wall.

¹The reader is reminded that this is a record of Raymond's activity. The teacher and other children are included only as Raymond interacts with them, or responds to them. The record is in no way a complete account of the teacher's day. In fact, it would be fairer to regard this record as approximately one twenty-eighth of the teacher's school day.

He turned and walked directly to the cloakroom and carefully hung his jacket on one of the hooks.

He came back into the classroom immediately, walking rather briskly.

Raymond Pechter came in and said, "Oh, I know whose hat is on the window," teasingly, as if he might take the hat.

Raymond, paying no attention to this remark, ambled slowly around the room, past the north side and on to the teacher's desk.

He reached into the chalk box on the desk and pulled out a piece of chalk.

Returning to the north side of the room, he stopped at the blackboard.

- 8:54. Raymond started to draw an outline on the blackboard, making a series of quick short marks, each roughly overlapping the previous one. He was quick and enthusiastic in drawing. What he drew was a goonlike figure consisting of a head and a long snout.²

Then he drew a chin almost as long as the snout.

At the back of the neck he drew a large hump.

After drawing the rough outline, he gave the figure a cursory glance.

Raymond looked over at Clifford Grinnell who was drawing at the blackboard next to him.

Clifford came to the blackboard after Raymond, watched him, then started a drawing of his own.

Raymond showed interest in Clifford's drawing.

² Mike Bodin, observer.

Suddenly Raymond went “Baa, baa,” and laughed aloud. This laugh wasn’t exactly a humorous one but it seemed to release some exuberance.

Clifford informed Raymond, “I’m going to draw a steam boat.” He rapidly drew a rough outline of a boat and then a few inches of water underneath it.

Raymond watched closely.

When his companion had finished drawing the water, Raymond looked back thoughtfully at his own drawing.

He picked up some chalk from the chalk tray and played with it for a second.

8:55. Then he carefully drew eyes in his figure.

He next added dash lines representing tears dripping down from the eyes. He used short, hard, definitely separated lines as if his arm were under rigid control.

At the end of the snout, he drew the same tight little broken lines to indicate drips from the snout. Immediately after drawing the last line, he turned and wandered away from his drawing. His going appeared to be aimless but it got him nearer the front of the room.

He made a long-drawn-out “ah” sound, raising his voice shrilly and then lowering it.

Radiating his arms loosely from the shoulder, he whirled them round and round.

He broke into a jog with short choppy steps.

He slowed to a halt near the teacher’s desk.

Then he looked around the room at his classmates, as if speculating on his next activity.

Noticing Gregory Daggett seated near the back of the first grade, Raymond went directly toward him.

Raymond slid on his knees into the seat immediately in front of Gregory, thus facing him.

Raymond reached out and took a songbook from the top of Gregory's desk.

The two boys were extremely friendly in a very informal way which indicated mutual understanding. Gregory seemed to enjoy Raymond's presence.

Raymond opened the book carelessly, just inserting his fingers and flipping it open.

Laying the book on Gregory's desk, he leafed through it, merely glancing at the pictures on each page. Apparently he wasn't searching for a particular page.

As he came to one page, he read in an offhand manner.

He turned the book and tilted it back so that Gregory could see.

He pointed to the writing at the bottom of the page.

Gregory glanced briefly but appreciatively. Since Gregory was evidently familiar with the book, he had only to note the page to perceive the meaning immediately.

Both boys read with interest and intentness.

- 8:56. Raymond carelessly flipped through the pages, glancing perfunctorily at each one. He licked his thumb before turning each page and used quick wrist movements.

Jimmy Olson came up and sat down in the seat with Raymond. He sat with his arm against Raymond's leg and looked toward the front of the room. There was plenty of room for both boys. Each, although aware of the other, was intent on his own activity. The boys were companionable without actually sharing any activity. Raymond was in Jimmy's seat.

Jimmy slid out of the seat, got down on his knees in the aisle, and looked for something under the desk.

Raymond continued to flip through the songbook without interruption.

8:57. He stopped as though one of the pages held particular interest.

He started singing in a mechanical fashion, carefully following the lines in the book. I couldn't tell whether he was concentrating on the words or on the notes, but at least the book seemed to hamper his own free style.

He turned back one page and sang another song. Apparently he followed the song exactly as it was written, since his eyes were fixed on the book.

As he finished the song, he abruptly flopped down from his kneeling position and straddled the back of the seat.

He closed the songbook with a flip.

With deliberate finality he pushed the book away from himself and toward Gregory.

Gregory merely sat and watched Raymond.

Raymond stood up leisurely.

He strayed to one of the desks in the first row of the first grade.

He leaned against the desk, putting one knee up on the seat.

Absently he fingered some pencils that were on the desk.

He strolled to the back of the room, turned, and sauntered toward the front of the room.

He spoke very briefly with Becky Porter, whose desk was on the front row. The two seemed to be talking about something which interested them both.

When the conversation ended, each automatically went on his way. Raymond wandered by the teacher's desk, glancing indifferently at the objects upon it.

He stopped at the blackboard behind the desk.

Leisurely he stepped up on the little platform beneath the blackboard.

8:59. He started to draw slowly.

He drew a picture of a woman with a long humped nose, an upper lip which protruded, a lower lip, and the outline of a neck.

He made a large wavy line to indicate the hair down to the back part of the neck. He drew slowly and methodically. He appeared to give less thought to the content of the picture than to the mechanics of drawing.

With a flourish he added a large tongue sticking out of the mouth.

He added an eye as an afterthought.

Raymond surveyed the other children. I did not take it that he looked around to see if anyone were appraising or appreciating his drawing.

He turned absently to the board and made a few short, haphazard marks.

Then he hopped down restlessly from the steps and disappeared into the cloakroom. He was in the cloakroom only a few seconds.

He walked back to the classroom and went directly to his seat with quick, determined steps.

Almost instantly after sitting down, he had a workbook in his hands.

It was outwardly similar to the English workbooks of the other children except that it had quite a lot of crayon drawing in it.

Raymond turned abruptly and engaged Ben Hutchings, whose desk was directly behind his own, in a quiet, friendly conversation.

9:00. Mrs. Logan came into the room. With a good-natured but definitely commanding tone she said, "All right, children, it's time to get quiet."

Quickly Raymond turned in his seat and faced the front.

He pushed his feet hard against the floor, and straightened his body in a quick, restless movement.

Straining his body, he pushed his seat up so that he sat on the edge of it.

Relaxing for just a second, he gently squeezed his lips together with his hands.

He squirmed restlessly in his seat.

He turned and glanced around the room, looking for something to do.

He turned back to the front of the room.

He picked his nose absently.

9:01. The teacher made her pleasant, routine request to the first grade to "Turn, stand, and pass." The first graders were slow in getting organized to go to music class.

While he picked at his nose, Raymond absently looked toward the first graders.

He watched the general confusion as the second graders found different things that they wanted to do.

Suddenly Raymond slipped out of his seat and scurried to the teacher's desk, where she was trying to supervise the departure of the first grade.

He spoke so quietly to Mrs. Logan that she had to lean down to hear. As a result, Raymond spoke directly into her ear, making the conversation appear secretive and confidential.

I assumed that Raymond asked permission to go out to find his coat which he thought he had left on the playground.³

The teacher listened to him pleasantly and patiently, and readily nodded her consent.

She announced to the class, "If any of you left your coat outside, you had better go get it because it looks like it might rain."

9:02. Raymond hurried out through the cloakroom.

At the same time the first graders were passing through the door directly into the hall. I was delayed by them.

When I stepped outside, Raymond was wandering around just outside the front entrance of the building, without his coat.

He went back inside.

He grinned at me self-consciously and hurried up the stairs.

He scurried through the cloakroom.

³ Raymond had previously hung his coat in the cloakroom. See page 70: time, 8:53.

When I stepped into the classroom, Raymond was explaining something briefly to Mrs. Logan.

She said, sharing his problem, "Oh, you couldn't find it?"

He added something more that explained the incident.

Bringing this matter to a close, Mrs. Logan nodded agreeably and turned to the class.

She said at once, "Now we are going to make some May baskets," and she held up a sample basket. Her manner was that of a person furnishing an unexpected treat.

As later developments showed, the May basket was to be made by taking strips of construction paper, about one inch wide by eight inches long, with holes punched at the two ends. The purple strips were to be laid one on top of the other and fastened at the ends with a paper fastener. With the fasteners holding the ends together, the strips were to be separated from each other in the middle by pulling them apart. The green strips were then to be woven crosswise through the purple ones, and their ends fastened together by paper fasteners. A handle was to be attached to the ends of the purple strips when the weaving was complete. The result: a rounded woven basket. The children were to do only the first step on this day.

Raymond, standing directly underneath the basket held by Mrs. Logan, jumped up and down on his toes and gleefully clapped his hands.

He walked to his seat, grinning with excitement at the different children in the class and clapping his hands together.

9:04. After sitting down, he watched with intent enthusiasm Mrs. Logan's preparations for making the baskets.

Mrs. Logan picked up some purple strips of paper and instructed Betty Reeves to distribute six of these to each person.

The teacher appeared to be indulgently pleased with the forthcoming activity and the class was effervescently expectant.

Raymond watched closely every move that Betty made as she proceeded importantly down the row, meticulously counting six strips to each person.

- 9:05. He was greatly pleased when Betty gave him his six strips.

He laid them out carefully side by side on his desk.

Then he scooped them all together and picked them up in his hands.

He waved them back and forth in his right hand, holding one end of the strips and flopping the other ends back and forth.

- 9:06. As he waved the strips, he looked around with alertness and eagerness to see what the other children were doing. As he looked around he put his finger on the back of his neck and scratched, just barely moving the finger.

He glanced back at his strips and fingered them just a second.

Mrs. Logan announced that the children would have to punch some holes in their strips.

As she spoke, Raymond looked up at her, alert to any possible instructions for making his basket.

The teacher told the children that she was going upstairs to get a punch from the main office. She instructed the class to work quietly while she was gone.

Raymond appeared to lose interest as she spoke; he followed her words with decreasing concern.

Becky Porter readily volunteered to go after the punch. Mrs. Logan gave pleasant approval by saying that she thought that would be very nice. Instantly a majority of the class noisily voiced their desire to go with Becky. Mrs. Logan said good-naturedly that she thought one person was enough to carry a punch.

Although Raymond sat quietly, he was alert in watching this turn of events.

Then, Becky minced out of the room; Raymond looked at her with particular interest.

Ben Hutchings, sitting behind Raymond, boasted, "These strips are mine." Ben's strips were arranged in some peculiar order.

Raymond glanced back at Ben momentarily.

Then he just stared toward the front of the room, staying ready and on the alert, though, for the next move.

9:07. The teacher asked Raymond Pechter to pass out some green strips.

Raymond Birch was enthusiastic about getting more parts for his basket. He watched Raymond Pechter go to the front of the room, pick up the strips, and pass them out in a businesslike manner to each of the children.

Raymond Pechter began carefully counting six strips for Raymond.

Raymond Birch reached out with impatient enthusiasm to snatch the strips.

Raymond Pechter turned his body to swing away.

Raymond stretched out full length to grab hold of the strips.

Raymond Pechter counted out six strips, avoiding Raymond's attempt to seize them, and plunked them down on the latter's desk.

Raymond Birch immediately grabbed the strips and re-arranged them quickly but in no particular order.

The teacher asked how many of the children did not have six purple strips and six green ones. Several of the children held up their hands.

Raymond slowly and meticulously counted his strips to be certain that he did have enough of each color.

When he was satisfied that he had six of each, he pushed them all together with a quick movement.

He took them in his right hand and gently slapped the strips against the palm of his left hand. He swung them idly and leisurely back and forth, slapping his palm.

9:08. As Mrs. Logan gave out strips to those who needed them, Raymond watched her with little interest.

He placed the palm of his right hand over his mouth.

He stared over in the direction of the door leading into the hall.

With the strips in his left hand, he slapped his left cheek with an absent-minded, leisurely movement.

He seemed to have quit gazing into space and instead to be looking briefly at various children in the front of the room.

He chewed on his finger as if he were preoccupied with an idea.

Again, momentarily, he just stared ahead in an absent-minded way.

Then he chewed on one of his fingernails.

The teacher made an announcement about "the handle of the basket," as she came down the aisle and handed out one strip of the colored paper to each child. One of the children said resolutely that the color being handed out was not the same as the color on the sample. Mrs. Logan explained with patience, "Well, we're getting a little short on paper at school, but this will do just as well."

Raymond was preoccupied with his own little strips of paper. He laid them out on the desk and made a design.

Then he rearranged the strips in various ways.

As the teacher approached his desk, she held another strip out to him.

He took it readily and eagerly.

After she had gone by, he held this one strip out in the aisle and purposefully dropped it.

He playfully caught it from above as it floated down.

Just then Becky Porter came back with a paper stapler instead of the punch for which she had been sent.

Raymond watched Becky closely.

The teacher asked Becky who was in the main office. Becky, sensing that something was wrong, said that Mr. Howard and two other people were there. Mrs. Logan said, "Well, did you ask for a thing to punch holes in paper?" She was careful, I felt, not to voice any criticism of Becky. Becky stated positively, "Yes, I did." Mrs. Logan explained to Becky that maybe she herself should

go to the office so that she would be certain Mr. Howard would give her the right thing for punching holes. Then Mrs. Logan slipped quietly from the room.

Raymond watched Becky intently throughout the conversation.

He dropped his strip again and watched it float down a few inches.

He reached out quickly and caught it.

He rubbed the strip against his cheek.

At the same time he looked back briefly but with interest at Becky.

- 9:10. He put all the strips together, being careful to see that all of the edges were even.

He stretched them tightly over his forehead.

Just then Peter Bowman stated, "Oh, look. I made a window out of mine." Peter created quite a stir among all of the children and became the center of attention.

Raymond glanced back to see what Peter meant by his "window." He didn't seem particularly impressed.

Raymond looked back to the front again almost immediately.

Fred Wecker, taking Peter's statement as a lead, said, "I've got a tree." Holding the ends of all of the strips, he let them branch out and flop down to form a part of the tree.

- 9:11. Raymond, more impressed by the tree, studied it momentarily.

He purposefully put his strips together, held them at one end and let them fall over, part one way and part the other, to form a similar tree.

As he held it up, he looked around as though looking for recognition.

Then he stood up in the aisle beside his seat, a better position for attracting attention.

He arranged his tree carefully so that exactly half the strips were on one side and half were on the other. His desire for an audience diminished as he became engrossed in the activity itself.

9: 12. He swung the strips back and forth so that all of them flopped to one side and then to the other.

Then he tried to swing the strips dexterously so that part of them would fall on one side and part on the other.

When he was unable to separate the strips, he went back to swinging them as before.

He stood still and looked carefully around the room to see what the other children were doing.

His glance stopped on me.

I looked away just a second. When I looked back toward him, he was still looking at me.

He quickly turned his eyes away, however, when I looked directly at him.

Peter Bowman in the back corner said that his were real pretty, referring to his own strips as he had arranged them.

Mrs. Logan came quietly back into the room.

Raymond wheeled around quickly to see what Peter was talking about.

- 9:13. *Raymond Pechter turned around and looked at me. He announced to the entire class that I was writing about them. When he gained only a limited audience, he said loudly, above the noise in the room, "Mrs. Logan, we'd better be good today, because that man back there is writing down all the bad things we do." This took Mrs. Logan aback for just a second. Then she smiled leniently and said, "Well then, I guess we'll just have to see that we're good today."*

Then all the children turned en masse and looked at me. They smiled as they studied me. There was a long silence as they looked me over, probably expecting me to say something.

Raymond glanced at me in an offhand manner.

- 9:14. *Everyone, except Raymond, alternately stared at me, smiled at Mrs. Logan, and looked back at me.*

Raymond faced the front of the room.

Holding both hands up by his head, with his paper arched tightly in front of his eyes, he remained motionless.

He slid the paper back and forth snugly against his eyes.

- 9:15. He took the paper strips down to rearrange them with infinite care.

Ben Hutchings started talking to Peter Bowman in a low conversational tone.

Raymond swung his legs into the aisle and turned his body sideways so that he could watch Ben and Peter. He didn't take any part in the conversation but just listened.

The other two boys took no notice of Raymond and didn't bring him into the conversation.

As he looked at the others, Raymond still manipulated the strips in his hands.

- 9:16. While Mrs. Logan went from desk to desk, punching each child's strips, she announced genially that the handle should be kept separate.

Raymond turned only his head as he looked at the teacher.

He continued to manipulate his strips absently.

One of the children mentioned something about names. This suggested to Mrs. Logan that the children should put their names on the handles of their baskets. She suggested that they do so.

Raymond immediately jerked around in his seat and seized his pencil.

He wrote his name on the handle very carefully and slowly, laying the side of his head almost on his desk as he wrote.

- 9:17. He looked up. He was alert, though preoccupied.

Mrs. Logan instructed one of the children in the front of the room to scrape the little pieces of paper, cut by the punch, off the desks and into the wastebasket.

Raymond watched this absently, still preoccupied.

He held a small piece of cellophane paper against his face as he watched.

He rubbed it up and down absently across his cheek.

- 9:18. *One of the other children said, "Oh, it is going to be easy to make these baskets." There was consid-*

erable discussion in the room concerning the difficulty of the work.

Without taking notice of the discussion, Raymond watched Mrs. Logan while she punched the holes.

He stretched his hands straight upward and then stretched his whole body.

Then, bending his elbows, he put his hands behind his head.

He energetically leaned and stretched from side to side in his seat.

Leaning forward, he spoke very briefly to Stanton Thorne in front of him.

Stanton brought up a point that seemed to interest Raymond. The two discussed it briefly.

9:19. Raymond intently watched Mrs. Logan, who was almost even with his desk, as she punched the strips for the different children. He held his hands in front of him close to his chest. His right hand pressed against his left thumb and his right thumb was motionless in his mouth. His position made me think that he was very interested in what the teacher was doing.

9:20. Mrs. Logan made a slight movement as if she were finished with the person in front of Raymond and would be coming back to him.

Raymond picked up the purple strips and arranged them carefully, aligning all of the edges.

He looked up at Mrs. Logan as if he were expectantly waiting for her to punch his strips.

But something happened in the front of the room. The teacher stepped away from Raymond to help one of the other children.

Raymond dropped the papers, which he had arranged so carefully, down on his desk. The sudden intrusion brought a letdown, though he did not show annoyance.

Raymond relaxed, placing his hands back of his head.

As he held his hands behind his head, he formed a little oval with his lips, making a "sh" noise.

He leaned slowly over until his elbow was almost touching the floor.

Then he swayed back and leaned over until the other elbow was almost touching the floor.

Slowly he swayed back and forth several times.

All the while, he made the "sh" sound.

He sat upright in his seat and flapped his hands gracefully as if he were flying.

9:21. Suddenly, as though wondering if anyone were watching him, he swung quickly around and looked directly at me.

He looked hurriedly away.

Mrs. Logan returned to punch his strips.

He looked up at her with some surprise.

Slowly he rearranged the strips.

Then he carefully handed the purple strips to the teacher.

She took them and punched them with a single movement.

Raymond watched her closely.

Mrs. Logan put the purple strips on his desk and picked up the green ones.

As he watched, Raymond fingered and manipulated the strips that had already been punched.

The teacher counted the green strips and said, "Raymond, you need another one; you only have five."

He looked skeptical and hesitant, uncertain as to what to do.

Mrs. Logan counted the strips again.

With his hand on the back of his seat, Raymond slid to the edge of the seat to be ready to stand.

Mrs. Logan said, "Oh, no, here are two that are stuck together."

Raymond relaxed and slid back in his seat.

- 9:22. He arranged the purple strips, manipulating them busily.

The teacher experienced some difficulty in getting all the green strips rearranged satisfactorily.

Raymond attempted to put a brass paper fastener through the holes to hold the purple strips together. He seemed confident as to the right arrangement of the strips.

The teacher passed on, the punching for Raymond finished.

- 9:23. Raymond worked the prongs of the paper fastener down through the strips which were lying on his desk.

He leaned forward closely over his desk and looked at the strips, evidently wondering about something.

Considerably more at ease, he started to slip a fastener through the hole at the other end of the strips.

Some of the children in the front of the room had already fastened their strips together. They made little masks with bars running horizontally by slid-

ing the incompleated baskets over their faces. They stood and looked toward the back of the room.

Ben and Raymond Pechter said, "Becky, you'll tear yours up if you're not careful."

Raymond looked up at Becky, who stood showing off in front of the rest of the class.

Even while he watched Becky, Raymond fingered the strips in an effort to put the other pin through.

9:24. When the first grade started to come in after their music period the teacher said to the second grade, "My, this twenty minutes has certainly gone fast. You'd better get your books and go into music now." With their books quickly in hand, the second graders started for the music room.

Leaving his basket materials on his desk, Raymond immediately stood and went toward the door.

Because he had forgotten his book, however, he took a step or two back and carelessly picked up a book from the desk across the aisle and to the right of his own desk.

Scene 2: MUSIC

TIME: 9:25-9:41

Miss Madison Children of the Second Grade

Miss Madison, a young and vivacious brunette, is a new teacher his year in Midwest. Her charm and lively teaching of music have already endeared her to the children and to the community.

The music classroom is the center of musical activity for the

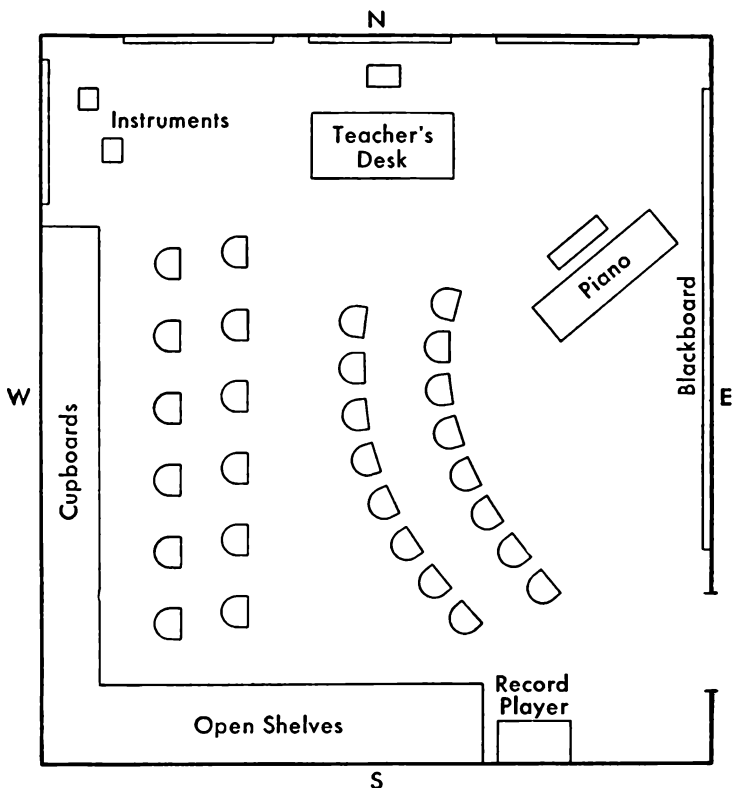


FIG. 6. Music Classroom

whole school from the first grade through the twelfth. Band instruments are kept on shelves along the south wall. A table record-player is a standard part of the music room equipment. Plants are on the teacher's desk and on the window sills to the north and the west. A piano in the northeast corner of the room is the focal point for a semicircular row of small chairs. Behind the small chairs are larger chairs which are arranged in nearly straight rows. Two larger chairs have been pulled forward at the south end of the front row.

9:25. Raymond hurried through the cloakroom and on into the music room.

He forced his way past the other children so that he could get the chair by Clifford Grinnell.

He stood resolutely in front of the second seat from the south end of the front row.

Clifford was in front of the first seat. I took a seat behind Raymond. There was confusion in the music room because there were not enough seats in the front row for the second-grade children. Miss Madison said, "Now, be seated." Most of those who were standing by chairs sat down.

But Raymond remained standing. He and Clifford stood side by side, gazing absently toward the front of the room.

Raymond Pechter, one of those without a chair, seized a chair from the second row directly behind Raymond. He pulled it forward toward the front row.

Raymond obligingly slid his chair toward Clifford to make room for Raymond Pechter.

Several children helped crowd Raymond Pechter's chair in to the left of Raymond's.

Raymond Birch sat down and relaxed while he watched the chair being moved.

As it was slid into the row, the larger chair accidentally caught on a smaller one just as the boy standing in front of the smaller chair started to sit down. When he sat down there was no chair. Several of the children laughed; even the teacher smiled.

Raymond had a bright smile on his face as the boy picked himself up from the floor.

9:26. Miss Madison said somewhat ceremoniously, "Good morning, children," and waited expectantly.

The children replied in unison, "Good morning, Miss Madison." Raymond took part in the greeting automatically.

The teacher asked with formality, "Is there anyone who would like to sing a special song this morning?"

Raymond apathetically fingered his book.

Several of the children held up their hands and waved them enthusiastically. Miss Madison called on a girl who chose the first song in the book, "America."

Several of the boys mumbled, "Naw," and "not that one."

Raymond, staring toward the front of the room, was preoccupied with his own thoughts.

He looked over toward Clifford as though perhaps he had missed out on something and wanted to see what Clifford was doing.

9:27. The teacher started playing "America."

Raymond placed his nose against his opened book, and the pages shut on his head.

He squirmed restlessly.

The other children started singing.

Raymond sang also, but in a mechanical way, paying little attention to the song.

He glanced briefly over his shoulder as if he wanted merely to see what I was doing.

He watched Miss Madison when she said pleasantly, "Now let's sing it again, not quite so loudly."

The children sang "America" again, more softly. Raymond sang in the same automatic way. He barely sang, but his mouth did move in time with the music.

He seemed a little more interested toward the end of the song. He breathed jerkily when he hit each note.

Miss Madison almost clipped the last note when she instructed the children, "Now let's sing the song on page 52." It was entitled "Clocks and Watches."

Raymond licked his fingers and flipped through the pages rapidly, showing eagerness to get on to another song. He was one of the first children to find the correct page.

The teacher introduced the song by asking, "Well now, what kind of clocks are there in this song? There are three kinds; you can tell from the pictures." Clifford held up his hand and said, "Steeple clock."

While Raymond looked directly at the book, his mouth seemed to be forming words. Apparently he was reading the verse in an effort to discover the other types of clocks.

The teacher asked, "Is a steeple clock a large clock or a small clock?" Clifford answered readily, "It's a large clock." "What other kinds of clocks are there?" asked the teacher.

Raymond waved his hand vigorously. He was the first one to raise his hand on this question.

Smiling pleasantly, the teacher said, "All right, Raymond. What's another kind of clock?"

He said confidently, "Mantle clock."

Mantle clocks were the second type mentioned in the text of the song. Also, a picture of a mantle clock appeared at the bottom of the page.

Raymond immediately put his cheek against his open book and slammed the book shut against the side of his head.

He repeated this quickly several times.

- 9:29. Betty Tilton, the next observer, came quietly into the room and eased the door shut. She squeezed between Clifford's chair and the shelves along the south wall.

Raymond openly watched every detail of Betty's movements.

- 9:30. She sat down beside me and directly behind Clifford.

Raymond turned toward us and watched intently to see what was going on. His foot swung back and forth, not quite touching the floor, as he gazed at us.

He glanced a second at the teacher as he had looked toward us.

Slowly he turned and made an offhand comment to Clifford Grinnell.

Just then the teacher started singing the clock song, signaling the children to join her.

Raymond's conversation was interrupted. With shoulders hunched and his body bent forward, he followed the words in the book, singing lackadaisically.

- 9:31. Along with the others, he sang with enthusiasm when he came to "tick-a-tick-a, tick-a-tick-a," at the end of the song.⁴

While the teacher played, she looked back over her shoulder with an alert, encouraging smile.

At the finish, she stopped and said, "We didn't sing that so well," adding pleasantly, "Let's sing it again."

⁴ Betty Tilton, observer.

Raymond looked at her seriously.

Miss Madison smiled as she started to play, and said, "Let's try it once more."

Raymond looked solemnly back at the songbook with willingness to comply.

He sang along with the others.

- 9:32. Near the close of the song he put his book up to his head while he stretched briefly. He continued to sing rather dreamily while he stretched.

Many of the children smiled when they finished the song, apparently because of the comical words at the end.

As soon as the song was ended, the teacher said pleasantly, "Now we'll sing page 100."

Raymond turned the pages slowly, looking for the right one.

Several children hurriedly found the place. Miss Madison said to the class as a whole, "What is the name of the song?" Someone quickly answered, "Down in the Garden."

Raymond was still looking for the page.

As he leafed through the pages, he whispered words and made funny lip movements. He was unobtrusive in this frolicsome action, as though he meant it only for Clifford.

Clifford grinned appreciatively.

Raymond's expression showed satisfaction.

The teacher directed a discussion about what would be found in gardens in real life.

Apparently not hearing the discussion, Raymond continued making faces and slowly turning pages to find page 100.

When he finally found the song, he laid the open book on his lap.

He turned his attention toward the teacher with only mild interest.

- 9:33. The teacher pleasantly restated the name of the song, "Down in the Garden." Her voice was quieting and it got undivided interest. She said, smiling as though she were offering the children a most enjoyable activity, "Let's sing it through first, and then pretty soon we'll go through the motions." She began playing the piano. Most of the children joined in eagerly.

Raymond yawned once during the brief song, but otherwise he sang along in a fairly alert and contented fashion.

When they had finished the song, the teacher said enthusiastically, "What shall we do with 'Down in the Garden?'" Becky suggested that some of them could hoe.

Becky's suggestion went unnoticed by Raymond, who turned and looked at Clifford.

The two smiled at each other genially, as though they shared some mutual joke or secret plan.

- 9:34. When Becky hesitated uncertainly, the teacher said with zest, "Yes, some of us could hoe, and some of us rake, and some of us sow." In order to get the procedure under way, Miss Madison said, "Now those up to Becky can be hoers; those up to there can be rakers, and all of the others up to Clifford can be sowers."

Raymond watched the counting off of groups with solemn interest.

When Miss Madison finished her counting, Raymond complained in a disappointed protest, "We sowed once. . . ."

The teacher interrupted him by saying, "That's all right."

Unconvinced by her remark, Raymond finished his sentence, ". . . last time."

Ignoring Raymond's objection, Miss Madison adjusted her music book and announced, "Let's stand for the music." Her manner was gracious and friendly. The children stood up eagerly as though they anticipated the song, and the accompanying motions, with pleasure.

Raymond, forgetting his disappointment, shared the interest of the group as he stood up.

While the teacher ran through the music, Raymond swung his arms slowly back and forth in anticipation of the song and of the actions.

Clifford, too, swung his arms.

Miss Madison said, "You people who are sowers keep time with the music; be sure to keep time with the music." She asked Raymond, "Raymond, you are ready. How do you sow? Show them how to sow."

Raymond smiled rather shyly, pleased.

Then, with more emphasis on the swinging, he alertly swung his arms back and forth as the music played.

The teacher questioned pleasantly, "What are you going to sow, Raymond?"

Raymond abruptly stopped swinging his arms. He appeared abashed, and giggled with some embarrassment.

Shyly he said, "Ummmm, I don't know."

He smiled at Clifford, needing, perhaps, some relief for his flustered feelings.

Clifford smiled broadly like a friend in empathy and, it seemed, with some amusement at the question.

Raymond loosened up and his smile became more relaxed.

The teacher pleasantly called on Susan Hebb. Susan said, "Flowers, maybe." The teacher pointed to the sowers, indicating that they should start. She then said, "Sowers," smiled at the children in general, and began to play.

- 9:35. Raymond participated in a most willingly way as the sowers "sowed" together quite expertly. He exchanged smiles with Clifford, showing gladness that they were doing this together.

Each of the three sections was to practice, and then later combine.

When the music stopped, Raymond ceased sowing abruptly.

When the music began again, the rakers performed in unison.

Raymond put his hands on his knees and leaned forward so that he could see the rakers better. He smiled with interest.

The teacher said that the rakers were fast rakers, perhaps meaning to imply that they were too fast.

Clifford and Raymond grinned spontaneously at each other and at the same time began imitating the fast, exuberant, raking movements.

As their turn came, the hoers began "hoeing."

Raymond stepped forward eagerly to view the hoers in action.

Clifford, too, watched the hoers.

The hoers performed with rapid, vigorous movements. The teacher said, "Now, not so fast," pleasantly cautioning the hoers, "You'll be hoeing the whole day and you'll get tired." Most of the children giggled at that.

Raymond smiled genially at Clifford.

Clifford smiled back.

The hoers slowed down.

- 9:36. Raymond made little antic lip movements just for fun; he appeared to be filled with energy and fascinated by the acting with the song.

The teacher announced, smiling and sharing the general enthusiasm, "All together now. Do we have the hoers, rakers, and sowers all ready and the hoes and rakes all in our hands?"

Raymond and the others looked ready and eager.

As she began to play, Miss Madison smiled and announced simply, "Sing."

Raymond "sowed" with a contented swing and he and the other children appeared to be happy in carrying out the appropriate actions.

When the music stopped, Raymond stood contentedly awaiting the next activity.

9:37. Immediately Miss Madison said, "Now let's all pull the weeds." The second verse mentioned weed pulling. She spoke almost as though she were directing a game. While she played, all of the children happily "pulled weeds," hardly any two keeping the rhythm.

Raymond made slightly exaggerated movements. His idea seemed to be to amuse Clifford.

Clifford, grinning appreciatively, imitated Raymond but with less exaggeration.

Raymond smiled with pleasure at Clifford's appreciation of his side play.

When the song ended, Raymond pretended that he had something in his hand which he threw out, perhaps seeds. He had an air of almost joyous abandon—anything for fun. Yet his manner was controlled. He was not showing off.

Clifford pretended throwing, too, in imitation of Raymond.

Then Raymond stretched rather wearily.

The teacher said, in a soft, genial voice, "All right, sit down."

Raymond sat down.

At once he turned speculatively toward Clifford, apparently searching for some diversion.

He grinned with expectation into Clifford's receptive face.

9:38. *Miss Madison waited briefly until the children all sat still. She said softly, "Turn to page 128." This song was entitled "Mister Sun."*

Raymond, who didn't hear the page number, noticed with mild surprise that the other children were turning to a particular page.

He looked down at Clifford's book for the number.

Comically, Clifford put his book under Raymond's face so that Raymond could see what page it was.

Raymond looked at the page number quickly, smiling at Clifford's antic.

Raymond turned his book upside down for Clifford's benefit while he hunted for the page.

He soon looked more solemn as he tried to find the page with the book upside down. He appeared oblivious of the others while they sang the song through to the end.

The teacher announced, smiling, "Let's clap to the music." This brought excitement from some of the children.

Raymond continued busily and seriously looking for the page, still holding the book upside down.

A satisfied grin indicated that he had at last found the page.

He turned the book right-side-up and glanced briefly, happily, at Clifford.

Just then, he noticed the zestful clapping and immediately joined the others.

He looked around with contentment at nothing in particular, apparently enjoying the clap, clap movements.

9:39. The teacher whispered, "Softer," as the song continued.

There was no perceptible difference in the volume of Raymond's clapping. His face showed enjoyment.

One Boy's Day

He briefly glanced at Clifford.

The two exchanged a smile as they clapped.

The song ended. Immediately the teacher said, "Let's sing it."

Raymond looked mischievously around the room. Apparently he had nothing in mind to do to externalize that feeling; he just looked around. An impish smile was on his face.

In his general perusal of the room, he happened to look back at me, but showed little interest.

When the others began to sing, he picked the tune up immediately and sang along with them. His feet swung contentedly underneath his chair; they didn't quite touch the floor.

As the children reached a high note, near the close of the song, Raymond raised his eyebrows in surprise at such a high note.

Still singing, he looked briefly to see Clifford's reaction.

Clifford had not noticed the high note, so Raymond faced the front.

When the song stopped, Raymond, with the others, quietly faced the teacher, awaiting her next word.

9:40. The teacher said in a pleasant and mysterious tone, "Now, remember this song?" As she played softly a few notes, she looked at the children questioningly. Some of them began looking through their books. Miss Madison quickly said, "Close your books." She smiled at them in a rather playful way, as if to say, "Can you remember it?" Several of the children held up their hands.

Raymond's mouth opened in puzzlement. He plainly was wondering what the song could be.

One or two children tried to name the song. The teacher said, "Shhh," smiling. She played more of the song slowly and softly.

Suddenly Raymond's eyes lit up in recognition and he quickly put his hand up. His exuberance seemed due to his having recalled the name of the song rather than a desire to show off before the class.

His hand came down the minute the teacher called on someone else and he glanced around in a calm, waiting manner.

Miss Madison asked a question concerning the frogs in the song.

Raymond's hand went up immediately, confidently.

As she called on someone else, he put his hand down; he was unconcerned about not being called on.

Raymond watched the teacher as she began speaking in a soft voice.

Miss Madison said, "Let's say the words over together."

He mumbled the words with the others, participating without enthusiasm.

Miss Madison announced, smiling, "Now, we'll sing the song on page 41."

Raymond found the place and sang along with the others. His interest gradually waned and his face took on a more dreamy expression.

About halfway through the song, Raymond began whistling scarcely audibly, since he knew that he shouldn't whistle. He appeared confident that no one would notice, so he whistled on. His eyes sparkled merrily.

He banged rather absently on his book.

He swung his feet back and forth restlessly but, in general, seemed contented and happy.

Miss Madison said in her quiet way, "All right, let's rise."

Raymond and the other children rose in unison.

Clifford, who was nearest the door, was the first one out and he held the door open for some of the children.

Scene 3: CLASSWORK

TIME: 9:42-9:56

Mrs. Logan

Children of the First and Second Grades

- 9:42. Raymond hurried out of the music room and back to his classroom, not boisterously, but as though he were eager to return.

He walked briskly to his desk, on which his May basket materials lay just as he had left them.

At once he put his whole heart into working on his May basket and getting the paper fastener through the hole at the end of each paper strip.

- 9:43. The second graders were seated after some delay. They seemed to be very industrious but somewhat bewildered as they worked with great enthusiasm trying to put the complicated May baskets together, yet not quite understanding the process.

Raymond, appearing confident that he knew just what to do, worked eagerly without looking up.

The teacher, realizing the complexity of the task, went between the two rows of the second graders saying, "Now, fasten all the pieces so they will all be together." There were questions from many of the children. She repeated her statement many times, talking with a few children here and a few there. Various children kept asking questions.

Raymond, however, silently worked away.

9:44. He continued working very industriously without asking questions.

Finally he succeeded in putting both paper fasteners in, thus securing all the pieces together.

9:45. Just as he finished, Stanton Thorne turned around in consternation and said to Raymond, "Hey, Raymond, how did you do that?" The teacher just then said impatiently, "Now, second graders, turn around and face the front." Stanton turned around at once.

Raymond didn't appear interested in Stanton's question, but just looked at him. I don't know whether he would have answered Stanton, had not the teacher spoken.

Raymond happily took his basket, finished as much as it could be that day, and extended his arm to show the basket to Judy Marshall across the aisle.

She looked at it cursorily without speaking.

With surprising suddenness Raymond separated the strips in the middle, giving the basket a hammock effect.

He slipped one strip up for a handle.

Then he carefully placed the basket on his head with the handle on the top of his head and the semicircular rows of strips over his face.

He peeked between the paper strips, looking from face to face.

One child said in a surprised tone, "Look at Raymond Birch." Jimmy Olson, standing up in amazement and delight, said, "Yeah, he's a knight." Several other children chorused the same thing. Some of them punched their neighbors and told them to look at Raymond.

Raymond, behind the "helmet," must have had a happy expression for he looked with jerky head movement from one child to the other, apparently enjoying this "knight" role.

He took the basket off after surveying the room in general. He seemed pleased with the finished act, though not overly proud.

He and Watson Kaye simultaneously exchanged broad smiles, Watson as the admirer of Raymond, the actor

Stanton, in front of Raymond, finished his basket put it on his head and announced, "I have an Easter bonnet." Several children at the back of the room laughed raucously at Stanton's Easter bonnet.

Raymond, not noticing Stanton, looked at his own basket speculatively, as though considering what it could be other than a helmet.

- 9:46. *The teacher, seeing Stanton, frowned and said "Boys! Boys!" That put a stop to the Easter-bonnet business at once.*

Raymond still speculated solemnly about his basket. He didn't look up at Mrs. Logan or show any sign of noticing her words.

Mrs. Logan said firmly, "Fold it up," to the class in general.

Oblivious to the command, Raymond put the handle just barely on top of his head, letting the rest hang loosely over his eyes.

He peeked through the "bars" absently as though he were no longer expecting an audience.

The teacher went down the aisle toward the back.

As she came toward him, Raymond took the basket off quite quickly and held it in his hand. But he showed only a passing concern.

Raymond appeared to dismiss the teacher from his mind as he looked around speculatively, yet rather wearily, for something to do.

The teacher said with impatience, "Fold it up right now, Raymond." She spoke sternly though quietly. She lightly tapped him on the hand as a further inducement—almost as a threat. Continuing on her way, she again said imperatively, "Fold it up right now, Raymond."

Raymond immediately began to push the strips together to make them form one neat pile of strips. Overtly he showed no special concern for the reprimand, other than carrying out the order.

However, when Raymond attempted to push the pieces together, some strips buckled and would not slip neatly into place. He worked seriously at trying to tuck one strip under the other where each should go.

The pieces persisted in buckling but after painstaking effort he finished.

As the teacher went by again, he handed part of the loose strips to her dutifully but with some indifference.

Mrs. Logan said, surprised, "Raymond, here!" She picked up the strips which still lay on his desk.

Evidently she planned to keep all the strips for the second part of the May basket so that the children would not lose or mutilate them.

Raymond merely sat quietly, watching the teacher.

She spoke sharply to Stanton, who sat just in front of Raymond, "Now, Stanton, if you would just attend to your own work and not to Judy's, you would get along a lot better."

Raymond cupped his hands over his face and peeked through his fingers to watch the conversation. His manner suggested dreaminess rather than real interest.

9:48. He turned to Ben Hutchings, who sat just behind him.

Raymond and Ben carried on a conversation, grinning happily, neither having much else to do and each wanting something to do.

Then Raymond turned slowly to the aisle, stretched down, and picked up a thumbtack.

The teacher told the children to put their books in their desks.

Apparently not hearing her, Raymond absently looked at the thumbtack and wiggled it around to see how far he could push the point down on his thumb.

The teacher announced in a businesslike manner, "Now we have seven or eight minutes left for you to tell your stories. Second graders," she added firmly to get them all attentive.

Still Raymond appeared absorbed with the thumbtack.

At length, he looked up with passing interest.

9:49. As Mrs. Logan came down the aisle to see if everyone was ready, she said, "Raymond Birch, you don't have your books put away yet." She said this as though surprised that after being told to put his books away he hadn't done it.

He perfunctorily offered her the thumbtack that he had found. He offered this, it seemed, as something of an excuse for not having his books put away.

The teacher repeated, just as a reminder, "Raymond, you don't have your books put away."

Raymond slowly lifted a book to put it into the desk.

9:50. *Mrs. Logan said, "James, you're first."*

The storytelling period often occurs two or three times a day. If a child has a personal experience that he wants to tell, he writes his name on the blackboard. The children take turns in the order in which the names are listed on the board. Each child speaks from the front of the room, standing on the narrow platform along the blackboard. When a child has finished, he erases his name.

Jimmy Olson arose and started to the back of the room. Mrs. Logan, surprised at such behavior, said, "James, you go to the front of the room." Jimmy went to the front and stood up on the bench.

Meanwhile Raymond slowly put his books away.

Jimmy said, "I found this," and happily held up a flashlight battery. Someone questioned, "What is it?" Another child said, "A battery."

Raymond looked at the battery with interest.

At the same time he slowly fumbled around without looking down, trying to make a workbook stay inside his unkempt desk.

One Boy's Day

Someone questioned, "Will it work?" When Susan Hebb said that it would, one or two others asked almost disparagingly, "How do you know?"

As soon as Raymond had his book in his desk, he sat very straight, looking ahead directly at the speaker.

His desk was still quite cluttered with a gun-shaped pencil box, scissors, pen, a box of crayons, and a small, cone-shaped May basket. However, he did have all the books off his desk.

9:51. The teacher called on Betty Reeves, who went at once to the front of the room.

Raymond watched attentively as she climbed upon the bench.

While Betty spoke about plants and neighbors, Raymond chewed on his hands and scratched around in his desk restlessly. The restless activity was extraneous, for he appeared quite interested in her comments.

While Betty was still talking, Susan Hebb went to the front, as did Stanton Thorne. That made four children at the front of the room: Betty, Susan, Stanton, and Jimmy Olson, who had lingered on after his speech. It seemed that some children thought they would be in line ready to talk, even though they weren't next in order. The three children who were not talking began to write their names larger on the board, causing some confusion.

Raymond didn't seem to notice the confusion but watched Betty with interest.

The teacher went up, seized Jimmy and Stanton by the shoulders, and gave them a firm push toward their seats. Susan went at once to her seat, too.

As Raymond poked at his cheek absently, his eyes were fixed on the activity at the front of the room.

- 9:52. Using his thumb and forefinger and dropping his jaw, he tried to press his cheeks together so that they would meet between his teeth. He exerted much effort in the attempt.

He kept his attention on the storyteller, but the interest was lessened by the involvement with his cheeks.

Constance Sherwin, whose turn it was, stood on the bench and held a color book. She first talked about painting just two toenails and getting in such a mess that she had to quit. She was greatly amused by her own story. Then she told about some color books that her mother had gotten for her. She said that while she was coloring, her dog had eaten a crayon. Constance giggled intermittently and appeared to expect laughter from her audience.

Raymond smiled feebly as he squeezed and pushed on his face.

The teacher suggested pleasantly that Constance show the pictures in her color book.

As Constance showed the first picture, Raymond laughed spontaneously.

Several of the other children also laughed.

Raymond then turned his undivided attention to the storytelling, ceasing his attempts to make his cheeks meet between his teeth.

Two or three other pictures were shown.

Raymond showed considerable interest, laughing at the ones he thought were funny.

9:53. Absently he bit his nail.

More solemnly he watched the pictures in the color book.

After Constance had finished and had gone back to her seat, Thelma Bollener came forward and talked about the terrible mess her room was in. The covers were even down on the floor. She tried to be dramatic and funny.

Raymond looked pensive as she talked.

Then Thelma told about company coming.

Raymond continued to look straight at her, but it seemed that his mind wandered absently.

Thelma went on and on relating unconnected incidents.

9:54. Raymond rubbed his face but watched the speaker more intently toward the end of her story.

9:55. When Mattie Pearson's turn came, she went immediately to the front.

Raymond put his hands at the back of his head to stretch.

Mattie, squirming and giggling, talked in a more or less humorous vein, trying to be amusing. She talked about playing with a girl friend who had come to visit her. She said, "We put white stuff on our legs so our parents wouldn't know us."

Raymond grinned broadly at that.

9:56. Then he appeared lost in thought.

He looked up at Mattie with an absent cursory glance.

Again he seemed lost in reverie momentarily.

Raymond listened attentively to the last part of Mattie's story.⁵

Mattie finished and went to her seat.

Mrs. Logan announced pleasantly but with authority, "It's time for recess now." She implied that the children were supposed to "perk up," preparatory to leaving the room.

Raymond reached down, either into his pocket or into his desk, pulled out his cap, and jauntily slapped it onto his head. His facial expression and posture showed anticipation.

Scene 4: RECESS

TIME: 9:57-10:20

Mrs. Logan
Susan Hebb
Roy Harkness
Watson Kaye
Jimmy Olson
Clifford Grinnell
Thomas Woodale
Darby

•

During this recess, Raymond stayed on the north side of the schoolhouse instead of going with most of the children to the play equipment. The attraction was a pile of sand in the corner formed by the intersection of the walk which runs along the north side of the

⁵ Susan Chadwick, observer.

school and the walk leading directly north to the street. It was not a planned sandpile, but just a mound of sand left from construction work on the schoolground. On the east side of the walk leading to the street there was some loose cement also left by workmen.

9:57. The moment the cap lit on his head, Raymond popped out of his seat as if jet-propelled.

He rushed down the aisle, through the cloakroom, and across the main hall to the head of the north stairs.

Just as he came to the head of the stairs, he slowed down so that he could put his arm around Jimmy Olson. He gave him a companionable hug.

Raymond whispered a word or two to Jimmy, who replied with a smile and a few words.

Raymond hurried down the stairs in a skip-hop fashion, not missing any steps.

He adjusted his steps carefully to those of his friend, so that his arm rested possessively on Jimmy's shoulders all the way down the steps.

At the last step Raymond brought his arm down from Jimmy's shoulders and the two parted company.

Raymond headed toward the outer door of the Boy's Entrance.

After a step or two he stopped short suddenly and twirled around.

He signaled to the boy with whom he had walked down the stairs that he was going into the basement before going outdoors. The signal was a snappy gesture; no word was spoken.

The boy answered Raymond's signal with an understanding nod and went on outdoors.

9:58. Raymond completed the twirl and continued down the basement stairs.

He came back up about half a minute later.

As he saw me waiting for him at the door, he gave me a beaming smile.

He pushed the door open, carefully holding it for me to get through.

A salesman, who had been in the hall, came down the stairs behind me.

Just as Raymond began to let the door flop shut, he caught sight of the salesman.

Immediately he paused and hung on to the door, permitting the salesman to pass through.

Raymond released his hold on the door.

He turned to me at the same time with a broad friendly smile, as if we had done this together.

He faced the playground with an undecided expression.

He turned to the left and to the right in a searching manner, looking for something to do.

Some children burst out the door behind him, spread in either direction, and continued on around the building.

Still Raymond paused, undecided as to destination or play activity.

All the other children were gone.

Raymond stepped forward to the shallow sandpile just outside the boys' door. (See Plate 14.)

9:59. He dropped down to his knees in the sandpile.

Absorbedly he pushed piles of sand back and forth from hand to hand, letting the sand slip between his fingers as the palms cupped around the fine grains.

Susan Hebb came from the front of the school, intent on some purpose of her own. Upon seeing Raymond, she paused and watched his play with interest. Probably she was also intrigued by the observer's presence, for she turned to say "Hi" to me in a friendly fashion.

Oblivious of Susan, Raymond pushed the sand around in an undecided way, as though he still didn't know just what to do with it. His motions were somewhat desultory. He seemed to be interested in finding some constructive use for the material at hand, and so he explored the possibilities.

Susan came to me, ostensibly to see what time the observer's watch showed, but also to take a look at my notes. I ducked the board so she could see the watch.

Raymond noticed Susan's interest in the board and the watch.

Hopping up from his kneeling position in the sand, he came near to take a look.

Just as he came up, I asked him, "Do you know what time it is?"

He shook his head without concern and said, "No."

Staring with intense concentration at the watch for several seconds, he frowned and moved his lips slightly as if trying to figure the hour.

Suddenly Raymond flung his arms out and upward with exuberance. At the same time his expression took on a contented expansiveness.

His inability to read time was of no consequence in comparison to the fact that he knew he had free play time before him.

10:00. Raymond ducked down into the sandpile again, intent on getting on with his play.

He picked up an eight-inch sliver of a shingle to use as a scraping implement.

He pushed it back and forth, carefully, making designs in the sand.

Susan turned away from me and asked him, "What are you making?" Thereupon, crouching down on the ground, she immediately got absorbed in play similar to Raymond's.

Without responding, Raymond went on working the sand intently.

10:01. Just then Roy Harkness came sauntering along from the west playground. Roy repeated what he had heard Susan say, "What are you making?" At the same time he inadvertently stepped close to the sand designs.

Raymond felt his design was threatened, for he looked up, startled, and said in a definitely commanding but pleasant enough voice, "Don't you step on it."

Roy stopped in his tracks and with his hands in his pockets asked curiously, "Are you making a road?"

Raymond answered calmly, "Sure," with relief apparent in the lowering of his voice.

It appeared that he had not thought of making a road, but that Roy's suggestive question suddenly turned his designs into a network of roads.

At once Raymond vigorously pushed his shingle along the roadbeds as if it were a tractor or a grader of some

kind. The sound accompaniment was a "Bzzzzzzzzzz," in imitation of a heavily laboring motor.

Roy stepped forward to kick apathetically at the roadbed near the walk. He also hauled a cookie from his pocket and nibbled at it absently.

Raymond, entirely oblivious of Roy and of the damage Roy's feet were doing to the roads, was at the other end of the sandpile, buzzing along with his machinery at full speed.

At the top of his voice he yelled with exuberance "Yippi, kiyyo, kiyae."

- 10:02. *Roy Harkness, somewhat sullen about the isolation in which he watched them, said to Susan and to Raymond, "What do you have there, road graders?" Just then like an unexpected thunderclap, a horde of first-grade children zoomed by with a lot of laughter and yelling. Roy's question was lost in the commotion.*

Raymond, undisturbed by this noisy intrusion into his quiet retreat, and without even a flicker of an eyelash in recognition, remained absorbed in road making.

- 10:03. *Roy Harkness and Susan turned to watch the children as they ran by. No sooner had the last straggler passed when the crowd suddenly veered back and chased by on a return trip to the east side of the school.*

When the children were just opposite Raymond, one of them screamed in a very high-pitched, loud voice.

This evidently caught Raymond's attention, for he looked up momentarily, somewhat startled. It was as if a motion picture were suddenly stilled. He supported

himself with his left hand firmly on the ground but his right was caught in midair, the shingle poised to come down.

After several seconds of arrested motion, Raymond dropped the shingle into a heaped-up sand ridge and continued smoothing sand into a roadbed. His attention to this work was immediately as intense as before the children ran by.

10:04. Roy Harkness turned to me and asked companionably if I had ever been in quicksand. I shook my head and mumbled, "No," meaning to discourage his conversation. He looked eager to carry it on, though, and, in fact, did so.

Raymond looked up several times as Roy continued the conversation about the quicksand, but he did not change his play activity in the least. His glances were timed so as to coincide with my answers rather than with Roy's questions. His interest in my side of the conversation with Roy was mild but friendly.

Finally, in a voice intended to convey the impression that I was not interested in talking, I said that I definitely wouldn't like to be in quicksand. Roy laughed aloud at my answer, indicating by his manner that he agreed with me.

For a brief moment Raymond looked up at Roy.

Then Raymond gave me a little grin which seemed to say, "Well, after all, I wouldn't either." His interest in the whole conversation and even in this final answer was mild.

Susan said in a companionable, pleasant voice, "Raymond, let's make it this way."

Raymond willingly accepted her suggestion simply by crawling over to her and continuing the roadbed in the direction she pointed out.

- 10:05. Roy, finally finishing his cookie, stood there, bored, it seemed. With real pleading in his voice, he asked Raymond and Susan, "May I help you?"

He wasn't sure whether they would let him join them, but he was obviously quite anxious for their permission.

Susan said promptly, "Huh uh." In other words, she didn't want him to join in.

Raymond made no comment nor did he show any change of expression at all. He remained utterly absorbed in play and ignored Roy's question as well as Susan's answer.

Then Susan drawled, "Well, this can be a tree," referring to a sprig of grass which had come up through the sand and was waving in the breeze.

Raymond turned his head to Susan without abandoning the machinery in the roadbed.

He continued running the machinery back and forth as he replied with all seriousness, calmly acceptant of her elaboration of the play situation, "Well, you'd better cut it down because some kid might run into it and fall down." He spoke pleasantly, as if he were quite intrigued with the new idea and wanted to add something of his own to it.

Susan remonstrated gently, "Well, if we don't want to cut it down, we could build a fence around the tree, then no one would run into it."

Raymond seemed to accept this change in his plan for he went on pushing the grader around in the sand without response to Susan's words.

- 10:06. Susan burst out with a sprightly laugh as she flipped the stick with which she was playing up into the air and said, "These are rain makers."

Raymond showed no recognition of her action or of her words.

- 10:07. Roy walked over close to Raymond. With a foot-long, dried-up twig that represented an airplane, he "buzzed" over the area where Raymond was playing. Teasingly he dipped low just above Raymond's head so that the plane almost brushed Raymond's hair. Then he swooped on down tantalizingly close to Raymond's face. He repeated this, all the while imitating the roar of an airplane motor. This was definitely an interference with Raymond's play. It seemed to be a reflection of Roy's disgruntled feelings because he had not been allowed in on the group play.

Raymond tried hard for a time to ignore Roy and his diversionary tactics.

Suddenly Raymond was "fed up," for he just reached out and plucked the plane out of Roy's hands. He moved gently but very purposefully as he did this. His actions were aimed at removing the plane, not Roy.

Roy was so surprised that he stood motionless.

Raymond then teasingly flew the plane over Roy's head and with a smooth, easy, outflung gesture, flipped the plane away so that it landed in another part of the playground. He got rid of the disturbance without being hostile or abrupt about it.

One Boy's Day

As a little pup came along, Roy said conversationally, "Oh, here is Pat."

Raymond corrected him firmly, "No, it isn't. It's Darby."

The dog wagged himself on around the building.

This was only an interlude in Roy's determined bid for attention.

Raymond turned back to his roads.

10:08. Vehemently Roy said, "This is no road here." He stamped up and down violently, making a perfect wreck of one of Raymond's roads.

Raymond said in an irritated fashion, definitely reprimanding Roy, and emphasizing each word, "It is, too!"

At once Roy stopped stamping and shoving his feet around, seemingly in direct subservience to Raymond's authoritative manner. He didn't feel he dared go further with out-and-out destructive activity.

Raymond paused in his play and looked up indignantly to see whether Roy would quit bothering him or not.

Raymond then scraped and smoothed off a space a foot square.

"Here is the pasture," he said in a pleasant, positive way. The pasture was another addition to the construction on which he and Susan were working.

Watson Kaye, wandering along without observable purpose, stopped on the fringe of the play area. Roy walked up to Watson and almost smothered him by putting his arms around him and leaning down over him. Watson was small in comparison with Roy. Roy whispered to Watson in a furtive,

secretive way. Watson looked up at him questioningly, evidently not understanding Roy's words or the intent behind them. Roy continued whispering and at the same time more or less pushed Watson to the sandpile. Roy stopped Watson at the edge of the sandpile.

Raymond was still with great interest and concentration, alternately pushing a grader along the road and scraping the road smoother by hand.

Roy taunted Raymond, saying, "Hey, Birch," in an overbearing, definitely daring fashion.

Raymond said, "What?" questioningly.

In answer to Raymond's "What?" Roy stalked boldly across a couple of roadbeds, dragging little Watson along with him. Watson's expression was a study in bewilderment, for he was puzzled as to the purpose and meaning of the activity into which he had been forced.

Raymond, still on his knees, sat back very abruptly, startled and surprised at the indiscriminate path across the roadways.

Roy kicked about willfully he as walked across the sand. He flung his feet around sideways as well as forward so that the roads would surely be squashed.

Raymond commanded angrily in a raised voice, "Quit it," with a great deal of vehemence. He was sober-faced. His eyes had a sharp, piercing look which added weight to the emphasis put on his words. It seemed that Raymond's anger was directed only at Roy, and that he realized Watson was an innocent dupe.

10:09. Susan, looking up, seemed to be determined to smooth things over and get the play going again. She said, "Let's

have this as a cement pile." She referred to some spilled cement powder which had collected in the corner of the sidewalks. Immediately she began patting some of the cement into a pile, scraping and piling it up rapidly.

Raymond's attention was turned away from Roy and Watson by her words. His features cleared at once as he watched her. He was interested and receptive to the new angle.

Roy and Watson, likewise, switched their attention to Susan and stared at her while she worked in the cement. Watson was still puzzled and utterly unaware of the import of the situation.

A fast truck came by on the road. Roy yelled out at the driver, "Hey, you chicken driver." Derision was plain in his voice.

Raymond turned to Roy with a frown and commanded in a rather determined, disgusted tone, "You had better be still. You don't know what is going to happen."

Raymond evidently disliked such a show of hostility. Probably, also, he meant that Roy should not say too much in my presence.

Roy at once dropped down into the sandpile and began digging around wildly with his hands in the sand, very close to one of Raymond's roads.

Raymond, feeling compelled to admonish Roy again, said, "Quit that, Roy." This command was given somewhat more calmly and with less vehemence than when Roy walked across the sand, but the "punch" was still there.

Nastily, Roy insisted, "Well, I can dig here just as well as you. Anybody can dig here." He, in turn, was dis-

gusted now and, beyond that, was still determined to taunt Raymond as much as possible.

Raymond said, "Yeah," quite pleasantly because he had to allow that Roy was correct—this was free ground for all the children to play in. Then he continued, "But," and his voice took on emphasis, "you had better not bother the things we have already made."

Roy gave some noncommittal answer which indicated his realization that once more he had been put in his place by Raymond.

10:10. Mrs. Logan came by and paused just a moment to smile at me.

As Raymond saw her coming up, he sat back on his haunches and said in a "pat-me-on-the-back" manner, "See, I made a road, here, and here." He gestured proudly with his hands, pointing out the lay of the roads.

Susan interrupted Raymond by saying, "Yes," in a disgusted tone, "the kids have all been coming along and messing up what we are doing."

The implication was that she and Raymond were doing things that didn't interfere with anyone else, but that these others were getting in the way. I got the impression that she knew she would get nowhere with Mrs. Logan and yet wanted to be sure to tell the teacher. The teacher went on around the building without commenting on Susan's words.

Raymond and Susan turned back with renewed zeal to their play.

Raymond said, as he carefully marked off a special place in the sand, "Here is a filling station."

Roy, who had made no remonstrance when he had been implicitly tattled on by Susan, now entered the conversation by saying, "Raymond, you want a well?" It appeared that he was trying a more positive approach in speaking to Raymond, because he spoke in an ordinary conversational tone.

Raymond said emphatically, "Huh uh," rejecting Roy's suggestion.

Susan said, "See, I told you that we didn't want you here." She and Raymond seemed in agreement. She picked up Raymond's refusal as being perfectly all right with her. Susan deftly pushed some sand around and made the remark, "Here's a well."

Raymond merely looked up for a moment at the hole Susan had made and, by refraining from comment, seemed to accept the fact that Susan had made a well. This was in contrast to the direct rejection of the "well" idea when Roy had suggested it.

Roy continued in spite of the former refusal, saying "Here's a well" as he made one of his own. He seemed satisfied that he had won a point even though Raymond and Susan were aligned against him.

Raymond jogged along on his knees about three or four yards away from the other children but nearer Susan.

Here he pitched into vigorous activity, aimed at helping her finish the well she had started on her own initiative. He scraped with the shingle and with his bare hands, amassing quite a supply of cement in a short while.

All this time, since 10:08, Watson stood perfectly still, watching the children, play by play.

Again a bunch of first graders dashed around the corner of the school. As they ran by, a little slower and less noisily than earlier during recess, Roy was enticed into chasing them. He hopped up off the sand and scurried with the other children to the west playground. It seemed likely that he was in need of getting away, at least temporarily, from a situation which was quite intolerable for him—not being wanted by Raymond and Susan.

Susan heaved a big sigh, "Now, he's out of the way." She smiled with satisfaction. Though she and Raymond hadn't actively pushed Roy out, still he was gone, to their relief.

Raymond merely said, "Yeah," in a pleased way, acquiescing to her statement.

Raymond and Susan quietly worked along in the cement, showing utter contentment in facial expression and in relaxed, smooth body movements. There was no one to bother them now.

Watson stood at the side, a forlorn fellow in a way, yet quite happily involved in watching Raymond and Susan. Watson was neither threat nor bother to Raymond and his friend.

10:11. Susan broke the companionable silence with an additional remark about Roy, "He keeps on messing things up for us all the time."

Pleasant laughter accompanied Raymond's intent play in the cement.

Raymond said, "Let's drag a little sand in with it."

He immediately proceeded to pull sand into the pile of cement, forming a good-sized wall.

Jimmy Olson appeared suddenly from around the corner of the building, singing at the top of his voice, "Drifting down the river."

Raymond, pausing in his play, sang playfully back at Jimmy, "On a Sunday afternoon," in a rather high-pitched but lilting voice. As he sang he kept the rhythm of the music by swinging his shoulders.

Raymond went right back to his work on the well when this phrase was finished.

Jimmy came closer and inadvertently stepped onto Raymond's roads. Susan said to Jimmy with irritation and insistence, "Get out." Jimmy kept right on stalking across the sand.

That was too much for Raymond to take. He said, pleasantly, yet firmly commanding Jimmy, "Get off the road, yeah! We are making things here."

Jimmy said, undisturbed by the order, "Well, if this is a road, where are the cars?" and jumped off the sandpile on to safe ground. Then he turned with curiosity and asked Raymond, "What is this?"

Raymond made no reply. I thought this was more a consequence of his deep absorption in play than a purposeful disregard of Jimmy.

Then Jimmy complained, whining, "Well, I can play here, too, if I want to."

Raymond said, aware finally of Jimmy's distress, "Yeah, but don't mess it up." His "yeah" was accepting and acquiescent in tone. His "don't mess it up," on the other hand, was spoken firmly and with authority. He had had enough fooling with this road construction and was determined to put a stop to it.

Then Raymond proceeded with his play, very much interested.

Jimmy insisted in a somewhat nasty tone of voice, "Well, I can play here if I want to. If I want to mess it up, I can mess it up." He emphasized "mess" both times and matched the firmness with which Raymond had spoken. Unperturbed, Susan placated him by saying, "O.K.! We'll give you some sand to mess up. You can just have this." She started outlining a section of sand Jimmy could have for his own. Jimmy said disgustedly, his voice rising in protest, "That much? Heck! You guys have a lot more than I." He was willing to fall in line with the suggestion that he be allocated a certain part of the sand as his, but he was quite displeased at the small amount of sand he was getting. Susan explained, "Yeah," in a rather condescending way, "after all there are *two* of us and only *one* of you." Her manner was such as to show that no exception would be made. Two *needed* more ground than one. Jimmy said, "O.K., then let's make the line here." He reached over and drew a line a little larger than Susan had outlined but on the other hand smaller than he had wanted.

10:13. Raymond muttered a noncommittal "Yeah." The line as drawn was accepted. At least he could not be bothered with a fracas over the exact boundary lines.

As he said, "Yeah," he continued to play within a four-foot-square area without a pause of any kind. He pushed and scraped with his hands and with a little stick.

Susan noted Jimmy's modification of the boundary with a look on her face that seemed to say, "That's just what I expected of you." She had another idea which would avoid both immediate and future difficulty. Companionably she remarked, "Well, why don't we just all play together, then we don't have to mark it off."

Probably Raymond was not in entire accord with Susan on this, for he thoroughly ignored her proposal.

After a few moments of absolute silence Raymond flipped the bit of wood over his shoulders so that it sailed away into the street.

As he did this he said with finality, "Oh, I don't want that!"

10:14. He hopped up onto his feet and skipped to the north-east corner of the school building where the bushes grew thick.

He ducked under some of the branches to search for a piece of wood or twig more suitable for play than the one which he had just discarded.

As he searched around under the bushes, Jimmy said, "I need a grader." His voice rose on the "I" as if he simply had to establish himself on a par with Raymond. He came along to the bushes to hunt for a new stick also.

Raymond went back immediately to mix the cement and sand together carefully.

At this time, Watson, who still just stood and watched, walked around the sandpile to an unused corner. There he sat down on his haunches and carefully, with great circumspection, used only the sand directly before him. In this way he was sure to avoid encroachment on the play of Raymond and the two others. He was close to Susan.

Susan and Watson engaged in a brief companionable discussion about the graders they were using in the sand. This was initiated by Susan, but carried on in such low, gentle tones that the conversation was lost to me.

As they talked, Raymond watched them in a slightly quizzical fashion, abandoning his play momentarily.

Raymond got up and slowly ambled down the whole length of the broad sidewalk that leads from the school building to the street. He dropped his shoulders just enough so that he could easily scan the ground on either side of the walk. Evidently he found nothing desirable along the way; at least he picked up nothing. Probably he looked for something to use in the sand.

When he reached the road he whirled himself around and hurried back to the sandpile. He skipped and hopped along like a frisky young colt out to pasture. He swung his arms, not wildly but freely, enjoying the sheer motion.

10:15. As he came up to the sandpile, Susan looked up and said, "Hey, Raymond," with a questioning look on her face.

Raymond interrupted her at once by saying in a friendly fashion, "Yeah, I'll get some more sand with it." He seemed to know that she needed more sand to mix with the cement and he was immediately ready to provide for her.

Jimmy broke in, "Well, I'll get some more sand." His emphasis on "I'll" was very clearly a further bid for his place on the "team."

Raymond turned him down by saying, "Huh uh."

Susan turned him down almost simultaneously by saying, "You don't know how we want it." So it still was Raymond and Susan as partners, very companionably enjoying each other's play and definitely siding against Jimmy.

Watson went unnoticed, but was not purposefully ignored, it seemed. His play was parallel to that of Raymond and the others.

Raymond got down on his knees beside Susan and shoveled sand for her.

Then he pushed himself along to the cement and milled around in it absorbedly, trying hard to help on her construction job.

- 10:16. Raymond jumped up, clapped his hands together snappily, and laughed aloud with glee as he said, "Susan, look at my hands. It looks like I've got flour all over them," and he laughed loud and long at the huge joke. The cement had whitened his hands.

Susan laughed with him.

With new purpose, Raymond said, "Well, now I'll dig up some more sand," and he took a few steps forward so he could reach the sand.

As he did this, he said, "That daggone flour." His voice carried both amusement and irritation because the cement was still on his hands even though he had clapped them together smartly.

He flipped his arms up and down in the air with great abandon to shake more of the cement off.

As he did so, he began the song about the "river on a Sunday afternoon"—just excerpts, a few words at a time. Between words he absent-mindedly hummed the melody.

Raymond and Susan then hummed together companionably for a moment or two, in good harmony.

Raymond sang alone after that.

10:17. After the last note, he looked up with a gleam of mischief in his bright eyes, and announced to the world at large, "We won't be cruising down the river, we'll be *killing* down the river." He emphasized the verbs "cruising" and "killing." Then he laughed aloud hilariously at his own joke.

Susan said, "Raymond, look-a-here." Presumably she had heard the joke, but had found her play more absorbing.

Raymond turned to Susan at once and said, "Yeah?" questioningly.

Susan pointed with pride to a design in the sand.

Raymond dropped to his knees beside her and nodded his approval.

The bell rang.

Raymond remarked, "Oh, the telephone," in such a way as to suggest that this was a common pleasantry. Otherwise he ignored the signal.

He scraped and scratched around in the cement with vim and vigor, putting his entire energy into getting a lot done in a short time.

10:18. Abruptly Raymond got up from the sand and flapped his hands against his pants legs to dust off the cement.

Clifford Grinnell walked up from the other side of the building. When he was near Raymond he asked, his voice rising with wonder and interest, "What did you make here?"

With a smile Raymond teased him, "None of your beeswax," in a singsong, lilting answer.

Thomas was coming from behind the building bouncing a large rubber ball along the sidewalk.

After a pause, Raymond called out commandingly, "Hey, Thomas, throw it to me."

Thomas Woodale said, "No," very definitely turning down Raymond's request.

Raymond mumbled, half under his breath. He was disappointed by not getting the ball, but acquiesced to Thomas' prior claims.

Once more he slapped his hands smartly against his trouser legs, trying to get some more of the cement off.

- 10:19. About half a dozen children, mostly first graders, hurried toward the front of the building, evidently in answer to the warning bell. When they came to the sandpile they stopped. Almost immediately every child was on his hands and knees arranging the sand and the cement.

Raymond walked around the crowd to the cement.

He scooped up some cement and walked purposefully with it to his best long roadbed.

There he stooped far over, letting cement slip out from between his fingers so that it covered the road evenly and smoothly.

Raymond seemed to accept without objection the decision of these children to play in the sand. His receptiveness probably was influenced by the fact that, from the beginning, it was apparent that they intended to continue the work that Raymond and his companions had begun. There was no indication of willful destructiveness by any of the children.

Raymond suggested forcefully, "Hey, guys, fill up this hole."

Meanwhile more children had approached the sandpile. By this time twelve to fifteen children either stood nearby or worked on the roads.

The bell rang.

10:20. Raymond jumped at the signal.

He clapped his hands together to dust them once more.

He brushed them hard against his trouser legs to get the cement off.

He hurriedly went to the door, still shaking his hands.

He paused long enough to give me time to enter with him.

Other children got hold of the door then.

With a pell-mell rush, Raymond and the other children hurried up the stairs, crowding happily past each other whenever possible.

When he arrived at the top, Raymond seemed suddenly to remember my presence.

He put on the brakes for a moment and looked back at me with some concern.

I was almost up with him.

His expression cleared somewhat.

He continued his dash through the cloakroom and into his own room.

Raymond grabbed a towel from one of the shelves at the front of the room and rubbed his hands briskly, still trying to wipe off the sand and cement.

He rubbed and rubbed, whisking the towel against his hands time after time.

The teacher came into the room and ordered pleasantly, "Children, it's time to get quiet."

Still rubbing his hands on the towel, Raymond abruptly hurried through the cloakroom and up to the drinking fountain in the main hall.

It was a standard ruling that if the children wanted to get a drink, they were to do so before the beginning of classroom activities.

Raymond took a quick gulp of water.

Then he retraced his steps, hurrying so much that he was almost out of breath by the time he reached his room again.

He dropped the mangled towel into the wastepaper basket beside the teacher's desk.

With an inquiring eye he scanned the surface of her desk a moment.

Scene 5: CLASSWORK

TIME: 10:21 TO 11:31

Mrs. Logan

Children of the First and Second Grades

The classroom is in a turmoil. A few children are in their seats but most of them are still in the process of getting settled. Some children are continuing their play activities in anything but a quiet way.

10:21. As Raymond skipped down the aisle toward his desk, he glanced around the room.

Whenever his glances met those of other children, his face lit up in friendly greeting.

At his desk he paused, as if undecided whether to sit down immediately or to find something else to do.

Suddenly he turned and went to the back of the room.

He climbed onto a window sill.

One of the little girls also climbed up on the window sill.

Raymond seemed to be aware of her presence but neither child spoke.

Leaning at least halfway over the sill, he gave the street a brief glance.

Just as the teacher came to the back of the room, Raymond dropped to the floor with dexterity.

Mrs. Logan repeated, with a little more emphasis, "It's time to get quiet now."

She frowned at Raymond and at the girl, who was still on the sill.

Raymond looked up at the teacher questioningly.

I was sitting just a few feet away from them.

Mrs. Logan said to me in a friendly way, "If the window is too much for you, just close it."

Raymond heard her remark but said nothing.

10:22. He walked briskly to his desk and sat down, leaving his feet in the aisle. His gaze wandered around the room.

While the teacher walked to the front of the room, she said, "There isn't much time to tell stories this morning. Sit up straight now! Sit up straight and put your feet

under your desk where they belong! Sit up straight! If you are quiet we will have a little time to tell stories."

Raymond pulled his feet in from the aisle, straightened his hands on the desk, as though expectantly awaiting the stories.

All the children had responded to the teacher's request and were ready for the stories. This story-telling period was conducted in the usual manner; each volunteer awaited his turn to come to the front, stand on the platform, say a few words, and return to his seat.

- 10:23. Susanna Hall was the first speaker. She held out a large sheet of paper taken from a coloring book. As she began her story she dropped the paper. She continued talking, while bending down to retrieve it. The teacher helped her.

Raymond watched this action closely.

With his eyes still focused upon Susanna, he suddenly slid far down in his seat so that his feet stretched out under the seat in front of him.

As Susanna continued her story, Raymond listened attentively and with great interest.

- 10:24. Raymond slid farther down in his seat but still seemed quite intent on Susanna's story.

He arched his back tensely for a moment, as cats do, and then relaxed.

- 10:25. Jimmy Olson spoke next with a story about an electrification project.

The boss of the project and his family were living on the Olsons' property. Jimmy told an involved tale about the boss's child who should be in the sec-

ond grade but was not coming to school this spring. The teacher could not follow at various points and questioned Jimmy to try to straighten them out.

At the beginning of this conversation, Raymond straightened up with alacrity, as if anticipating something interesting. His interest waned almost immediately, however, probably because of the difficulty in following the main thread of the story.

He bent down to take a storybook, entitled, "Black Bear Twins," from his desk.

Carefully he leafed through the book, giving each page only one long, intent look.

10:26. *Jimmy's story became quite funny. The children roared with laughter.*

Raymond, apparently oblivious to the story and the laughter which it aroused, was buried in his book.

10:27. *Mrs. Logan called a halt to the story and Mildred Norman took Jimmy's place.*

Fascinated by his book to the exclusion of all other activity, Raymond seemed unaware of the change in storytellers.

With an inadvertent motion he pushed his plastic gun-shaped pencil box off the desk, scattering its contents in all directions.

Surprised and embarrassed, he bent over immediately and picked up his pencil box in a quick, furtive way.

The teacher looked up and said with some irritation, "What's the matter?" Then she walked down the aisle, looking for the source of the disturbance. She stopped at Raymond's desk and frowned at him. The boy across

from Raymond, Grant Herne, reached down to help Raymond pick up his things.

10:28. Raymond and Grant worked very companionably but rather hurriedly. While he retrieved his supplies, Raymond seemed to pay no attention whatsoever to the story which continued without interruption.

Finally Raymond laid the pencil box with its jumbled contents on his desk.

He rearranged the assorted pencils and crayons so that they fit in their proper places.

The teacher walked back to the front of the room.

While Raymond was putting his supplies in order, Mildred happened to pause for a moment.

Raymond stopped and looked at Mildred; his attention seemed to be caught by her pause.

The teacher signaled Mildred to continue.

When Mildred resumed her story, Raymond turned back to his pencil box and carefully put the last crayon in place.

He snapped the case shut with a sigh of relief. His action was gentle and controlled, but in spite of that the snap made a loud noise as it closed. His head ducked and his shoulders twitched in a slight, "startle reaction."

Then he glanced quickly at the children around him.

He turned to me with a question in his eyes, wondering, I thought, if I had heard the noise.

I smiled in answer.

He turned back to his "gun" and with caressing fingers leaned it against the back of the seat in front of him.

With great caution he slid it down on his desk.

Then he looked back at me with a big grin.

When Becky was called upon to tell her story, Raymond turned away from me and assumed a listening attitude with his head cocked on one side.

- 10:30. He absently picked up a short purple crayon which lay in the pencil trough.⁶

He bent forward and began to squeeze the crayon so hard that the knuckles on his hand became almost white.

Mrs. Logan announced that the first grade would have numbers. The second graders were to get out their reading books.

Raymond immediately leaned over, looked inside his desk, pulled out his reader and laid it on his desk.

As he straightened up, the purple crayon rolled off the desk and fell to the floor.

Raymond leaned way over into the aisle to search briefly for the crayon.

He sat up with it clutched in his hand.

- 10:31. Still clutching the crayon in his left hand, he leafed through to the back of the book, even through the index, and then turned back to the next to the last page.

All the while he squeezed, pushed, and kneaded the crayon.

- 10:32. The teacher called on Ben Hutchings, who sat directly back of Raymond, to start the reading.

While Ben read two sentences, Raymond's gaze flitted at random over the page.

⁶ Anna Hebb, observer.

Then Mrs. Logan said, "Raymond Birch," in an authoritative but quiet voice.

Raymond had to search a moment for the exact place. He showed no embarrassment at the delay.

Bending intently over the book, he read about a boy who wanted a hatchet so he could help his father cut trees. Raymond was solemn and apparently did not enjoy his reading. His left hand still clutching the crayon, he pointed along each line with his left forefinger.

When he came to a word that he didn't know, he paused, holding his finger on the word.

The teacher supplied each word, about two or three in all.

When the teacher called "Susan," a look of relief flooded Raymond's face and he stopped in the middle of a sentence.

10:33. While Susan Hebb read, his eyes followed the words.

With his eyes on the book Raymond let the ball of crayon roll from the front of the desk toward me.

When it fell off the edge, he caught it in his right hand, put it back up at the front of the desk, and let it roll down two or three more times.

The bell buzzed loudly.

Raymond was so engrossed with watching the book and catching the crayon ball, in his left hand now, that he paid no attention to the bell.

10:34. The crayon fell off the desk and plunked to the floor.

Raymond immediately leaned over to search for it. He looked on both sides of the desk but couldn't see it.

Mrs. Logan, noticing his by-play, walked up quietly behind him, tapped him on the shoulder, and pointed with her hand to the place in the book.

Raymond looked back at his book. Although his eyes seemingly clung to the sentence, he still explored around on the floor, trying to locate his crayon ball.

Suddenly he found it, scooped it up, and straightened up in his seat.

10:35. From the front of the room the teacher said, "All right, Raymond."

Raymond looked up questioningly, as if to say, "Why, I just read!"

Mrs. Logan added "Pechter" to the name.

Holding his right arm across his chest with his elbow resting on his book, Raymond followed the reading.

His right fist, in which he still held the crayon ball, tensed and loosened several times.

10:36. Raymond abruptly placed the little ball in the pencil trough.

He immediately brought his right hand to his mouth and bit his nails nervously.

He chewed at the cuticle around his nails.

The teacher made a few comments about the hatchet in the story.

Raymond looked at Mrs. Logan and continued to chew on his nails as he listened.

He glanced at the page to find the place.

He looked up at Mrs. Logan again.

His fingers were restlessly tapping on the page of his book as he listened to questions Mrs. Logan asked the other children.

Turning slightly to his right, he looked speculatively at Anne Windom.

When Anne looked at Raymond, he nodded affirmatively, as if in answer to the question that Mrs. Logan was asking.

- 10:37. He chewed on his left thumbnail and gazed off into space over the heads of the other children.

Judy Marshall, who was in his direct line of vision, looked at him and whispered something.

As they both raised their eyebrows, Raymond rolled his eyes upward, as if to say, "Gee, is this boring."

- 10:38. Then he slumped way down until his head leaned against the back of the seat and his book rested against his chest.

Someone in the room whistled.

Raymond looked around, as did many of the children, to locate the source of the sound.

Raymond's eyes returned to his book.

- 10:39. He gave a large stretch, with both hands raised over his head.

Suddenly he stood up and walked straight to a window at the back of the room.

He carefully closed the window, peering outside with a curious, lingering look, as if he would like to stay and look a long time but knew he had better go back to his seat.

- 10:41. Mrs. Logan said, "You may put your readers away and get out your number workbooks."

Raymond returned to his seat, bent down, and peered inside his desk.

He popped up in a minute with a ballpoint pen and a pair of scissors, which he placed on top of his desk.

He put his tongue between his teeth and blew hard, making a sputtery noise.

- 10:43. He stood up, walked very briskly to the front of the room where the teacher stood, and spoke to her in a low voice.

The teacher asked aloud, "You mean you haven't any pencil?"

Looking somewhat puzzled, Raymond leaned nearer and said something more to Mrs. Logan.

She replied aloud, "Oh, you mean no paper."

Waiting while she considered his request, he stood with his finger in his mouth and looked around the room aimlessly.

Then, swinging both his arms, he ambled over to the teacher's desk where he just leaned and surveyed the children in the room.

The teacher said in a calm but commanding voice, "I'll get you some paper in a minute, Raymond. Go and sit down."

Raymond, looking to neither side, walked immediately to his desk and sat down.

- 10:44. The number lesson began. Mrs. Logan called, "Raymond Birch. Five and how many more make eight?"

Raymond, with his face grave and his brow wrinkled, carefully considered the problem.

He answered, "Two," speculatively and somewhat uncertainly.

The teacher said "No" in an abrupt way.

With a questioning look on his face, Raymond seemed to be wondering what the answer might be.

While he was considering, he picked up the scissors from his desk top, pulled the points apart and stuck them in his mouth.

He clicked the scissors open and shut with the points in his mouth and repeated this action several times.

At the same time he watched the teacher, who was at the front of the room writing Roman numerals on the black-board.

Raymond's elbow kept slipping off his desk, which made it a rather precarious bit of play because he still held the scissors in his mouth.

He took the scissors out of his mouth, finally, and placed the points over his nose as if to cut off the tip of his nose.

He seemed to be speculating still about the teacher's question, which no one had yet answered.

10:45. Mrs. Logan asked, "Ten and how many make eleven, Raymond Birch?"

Looking surprised that she had called on him again, he immediately answered with some confidence, "One."

The teacher said, "Right," approvingly.

10:46. She gave some more instructions about how the children were to write the Roman numerals on their scratch

paper. She asked how many had not done a certain assignment from the day before. Many hands were held up.

Raymond gave a big, relaxed yawn and idly glanced around the room.

10:47. Placing his hands straight ahead of him on his desk, he folded them properly for a moment.

Relaxing somewhat, he picked up the ballpoint pen from the trough and peered at it curiously.

Then he scanned the Roman numerals which the teacher had written on the blackboard.

Mrs. Logan brought a page of plain white paper and put it down on his desk.

Children were moving all around him, some whispering and talking.

Raymond bit on the end of his pen and gazed around the room absently.

10:48. Leaning forward and grasping his pen very tightly, he began drawing numerals with care on the piece of paper.

10:49. He laid his head on his left hand as he labored at drawing the numbers.

10:50. *There was a knock on the door. Several children looked up.*

Raymond worked away making the numerals without looking up.

10:51. He pulled his number workbook out of his desk with his left hand and put the paper inside with his right, all in one large movement.

He found the right page and began writing Roman numerals in the blanks. He was bent so close over the work that his mouth practically touched the top of his pen.

- 10:52. He again laid his head on his left hand, while he drew more numerals.

He seemed to be having trouble with the pen, for he went over and over the same spot with it.

Three of the children nearby looked at him suddenly. Judy Marshall across the aisle looked at him; Stanton Thorne in front of him turned to look back; Ben Hutchings behind him stood up and looked over his shoulder. This commotion caused Mrs. Logan to say "Here, here," in a rather abrupt, reproving manner. She walked over to Raymond and asked with some surprise in her voice, "No pencil? Well, do you want to use this?" extending her little yellow pencil toward him.

He shook his head negatively.

Then he shook his pen, rubbed his nose with his left hand, and again shook his pen.

He tried making the Roman numerals again, while he licked his upper lip with his tongue.

- 10:53. He turned sideways in his seat and marked on his hand with the pen.

As he looked up, his glance happened to meet mine.

He held up his right hand and showed me his thumb, which was covered with black ink. As he held up his thumb, he wrinkled his nose, looking just a little cocky about what he had done.

- 10:54. He shook his hand briskly as a cat shakes a wet paw, but the ink didn't come off.

He abruptly left his seat and went to the front of the room to speak to the teacher.

I couldn't hear him but he must have asked permission to wash his hands.

10:55. He walked to the cloakroom door and opened it.

As he walked out the door, the teacher called after him warningly, "Better bring a pencil."

Raymond went through the cloakroom and disappeared down the north steps of the hall toward the boys' wash-room. His head was bent over as he watched the steps going down.

10:58. Raymond came bounding up the steps from the wash-room.⁷

He said pleasantly to me, "Hi, Harold."

Greeting him with a smile, I said, "Hello."

Raymond continued walking purposefully across the hall, through the cloakroom, and into the classroom.

10:59. He stopped at the teacher's desk. He stood there a moment rubbing his hands together and listening to a conversation between the teacher and some other children.

11:00. He went quickly to his seat.

He sat idly holding his pencil in his hands with his number workbook open before him.

11:01. Raymond turned around, looked at me, and smiled.

He held up his right hand to show me the ink on his fingers.

He turned his hand over, looked at it and smiled.

⁷ Harold Devens, observer.

Then he turned back toward the front.

He picked up the ballpoint pen which had been the source of the ink on his fingers. He took the cap off the pen and examined it.

Mrs. Logan walked back near Raymond's desk and noticed him fingering the fountain pen. She said pleasantly, "I think you had better put that away, Raymond." She spoke as though she were merely reminding him about something that had to be done.

Raymond promptly placed the cap back on the pen and laid it down in the pencil trough on his desk.

- 11:02. He listlessly resumed working on his numerals, holding his pencil near the place where he should write in the workbook.

He looked around, glanced back at the page, and wrote a little, and then glanced around again.

The teacher said, "Now, second graders, get out some paper and I'll put a row of numbers to twelve on the board, but I'm going to mix them up for you. Write Roman numerals for the ones I put on the board."

- 11:03. As the teacher said this, Raymond watched her idly.

Mrs. Logan began writing the numbers on the board.

Raymond began copying the numbers on his paper.

While he was doing this, the teacher finished putting the numbers on the board, walked down the aisle, and picked up a pencil from the floor near Raymond's desk. She held it out to him and asked in a businesslike way, "Is this yours, Raymond?"

Briefly looking up from his paper without saying anything, Raymond merely shook his head negatively.

The teacher inquired somewhat louder, "Whose is this?" holding up the pencil so the other children could see. She asked, "Is this yours, Ben?" Ben, who sat just behind Raymond, said, "Uh huh," and the teacher gave it to him.

Raymond continued working and paid no attention to this interaction.

11:05. Glancing up from his work, he stared around the room in various directions, apparently with no purpose.

11:06. Still looking idly around the room, he poked at his face with his finger and with his pencil.

He rose up in the seat so that he was almost standing, and looked across the aisle and one seat in front at Anne Windom's paper. He looked intently as though trying to see what she had written on her paper.

She was doing the same work that he was supposed to be doing.

11:07. Raymond settled back in his seat and idly chewed his pencil.

He twirled the pencil with his fingers as he held one end of it in his mouth.

Then, poking his fingers in his mouth, he stared idly across the room.

11:08. He turned back to his work rather intently for a second or two.

He looked up to listen to the teacher talk with the first graders.

With the sharp end of his pencil, he tapped a page of his workbook several times rather vigorously, so that it

made a noticeable though not really distracting noise, and dislodged the paper which he had tucked inside several minutes before.

Using the pencil, he very carefully put a crease in the sheet of paper and resumed his work on the Roman numerals.

- 11:09. Many of the other second graders had already gone up to the teacher's desk, one by one, to have her check their work.

Raymond, looking up, idly watched one or two of the children going to the teacher's desk.

- 11:10. He turned back to his work for just a second.

The teacher called out severely, "Lewis!" and walked to Lewis Culver's desk at the northeast corner of the room.

Raymond looked over in that direction with only a slight degree of interest.

Not waiting to hear the scolding, he turned back to his writing.

- 11:11. After working briefly, he gazed across the room in an idle way.

He stared blankly at the page for awhile.

- 11:12. Ben punched him lightly on the back.

Raymond at first did not respond; then gradually and slowly he turned around to see what Ben wanted.

Ben showed Raymond his own work paper which had already been checked by the teacher.

Raymond looked at the paper very intently for a moment.

Then he glanced quickly back at his own work and studied it for a second.

He turned around, almost standing up, and looked hard at the paper which Ben had just laid on his own desk. He studied Ben's paper for about fifteen or twenty seconds.

- 11:13. Raymond turned back to his paper and worked at it briefly.

Then he got up from his seat and walked quickly to the teacher's desk.

He stood quietly and patiently at the teacher's desk waiting for her to finish with four other children at her desk so that she might check his work.

- 11:14. The teacher turned to Raymond, took his paper and looked it over.

There was a brief, businesslike exchange between the teacher and Raymond about the paper.

They were too far away for me to hear what was said.

Mrs. Logan raised some question, however, about a part of the work.

Raymond tried to defend what he had on the paper.

Then, grinning broadly, he took the paper and started walking slowly back to his seat.

The grin may have been to cover up embarrassment or disappointment at his performance.

As he walked back to his seat, he carefully folded the paper.

Then it disappeared. I could not see what Raymond did with it.

He sat down in his seat.

- 11:15. *The teacher announced, "Now, second graders, I want to know what page you are on in your workbook so I can know how much progress you have made. When I call your name, you tell me what page you are on." She began calling names. The first child answered "110." The next two children answered "110" and "68" respectively.*

Raymond sat quietly, listening to the proceedings.

Then the teacher said, "Raymond Birch."

Raymond answered, "1-0-3."

Then the teacher went on to the next child who also was on page 103. The answers given by the other children she called on varied from page 58 to page 122.

- 11:16. While Susan Hebb answered, "103," Raymond chewed on his pencil.

Picking up his workbook, he leafed through the pages as though he were looking for something.

He dropped the workbook abruptly on the desk and returned to chewing on the pencil.

- 11:17. With his pencil in his mouth, he stared blankly toward the front of the room.

The teacher said, "Now, children, put your books away and get ready for the Science lesson."

Making no response to her instruction, Raymond continued chewing his pencil and staring across the room.

- 11:18. He continued to stare idly ahead.

Catching the hem of the sleeve of his T-shirt with his pencil, he pushed the shirt up to his mouth and chewed the shirt on the end of the pencil for a second or two.

Then he moved his workbook from the desk top to the seat beside him.

He faced the front, folded his hands properly, and sat up straight.

- 11:19. Relaxing again, he put his hands to his mouth and chewed his fingers.

Then he put his whole left thumb into his mouth.

The teacher spoke reprimandingly to the children about their tardiness in getting ready to have her read to them. The comment was something like this, "Now children, just because I'm not ready yet, just because I'm working on someone else's paper, that doesn't mean you should not be putting your things away and sitting up straight in your seat ready for me to read. When I say it's time to get ready to listen, you must put all of your things away and get ready, no matter what I'm doing." She singled out no particular child for this reprimand; it was for general information. As she spoke, nearly all the children sat up straight and folded their hands in front of them according to instructions.

Raymond, watching the teacher, sat up even straighter and folded his hands more tightly in front of him.

- 11:20. Mrs. Logan began reading a story about animals and spring.

Raymond stared flatly across the room as he listened. His hands were on his face in a more relaxed and natural position.

He looked toward the teacher as she held up a picture for the children to see.

- 11:21. The teacher asked the children if they recognized any of the things in the picture. It was a nature study, showing trees, grass, flowers, and birds.

Raymond studied the picture but made no response.

Other children held up their hands and a few blurted out guesses.

After gazing at the picture a few seconds, Raymond shot his hand up and almost simultaneously in a high, questioning voice asked, "Sparrow?"

The teacher responded, "No," without censure. Immediately several other children made guesses. Finally one child called out, "Oriole!" The teacher said, "That's right, an oriole." Mrs. Logan showed a picture of a bird and identified the bird as a flicker. In doing so she said, "We've had very little about birds so you aren't really expected to know too much about them."

Raymond appeared to have little interest at this point.

The teacher, holding up another picture, pointed to each of several animals in it. As she pointed to one animal, several of the children volunteered that it was a beaver. Another picture was identified by a chorus of small voices as a squirrel.

- 11:23. Raymond idly watched this activity but made no attempt to respond.

Mrs. Logan turned back to the reading.

Raymond sat quietly in his seat, chewing on his finger and idly watching the teacher; he seemed to be listening to the story.

At one point in the story there was a description of the growing of a plant. It was mentioned that the rain

supplies water and the sun supplies heat, both of which help a plant grow.

As Mrs. Logan read this, Raymond twisted sideways and held his hands out to the right of his seat with the palms together. Gradually and very slowly he separated his hands and spread them as far apart as he could get them. He had a broad smile on his face and his mood was jocular. He was demonstrating the growth of the plant which the teacher was reading about.

- 11:24. Raymond turned back, facing the front, and quietly looked around.

The teacher asked some question regarding the growing of plants. Many of the children held up their hands eagerly.

Raymond merely listened without volunteering.

- 11:25. The teacher said, "Now, here are some questions at the end of the story." The first question she read was, "What is on the inside of the buds?"

Although Raymond made no response, he was attentive.

Several children volunteered. The teacher called on the volunteers one by one, but none of the children answered correctly.

Finally Raymond quickly and eagerly raised his hand.

Mrs. Logan called on him at once.

He gave the answer, "Leaves," quite clearly and eagerly.

The teacher said, "Yes, and what else?" Her question was directed to the class in general.

Raymond made no response but sat back in his seat as though he felt he had done his share.

Someone else volunteered that some buds might have flowers in them. The teacher agreed. She asked, "What signs are there of spring?"

11:26. Raymond sat quietly, listening.

Joan Poole, the next observer, came into the room from the cloakroom door.

Raymond watched her with interest as she approached my chair.

I think this was the first time he had seen her, so he may have been curious as to who she was and what she wanted.

He continued staring at her for nearly a minute as she stood by the chair in which I was sitting.

11:27. While Raymond continued watching Joan, he pulled idly at his hair with his finger.

Then he turned and looked out the back window.

The teacher continued her questioning.

Raymond seemed rather bored. He didn't look at the teacher and made no apparent effort to follow the discussion. He yawned, covering his mouth haphazardly as he did so.

11:28. Mrs. Logan was still getting responses to the question about the signs of spring.

Suddenly Raymond's hand shot up.

Again the teacher called on him almost as quickly as his hand was raised.

Raymond responded confidently, "Grass."

The teacher said, "Yes, the grass is green." She asked, "What signs of spring do you see if you look out the window?"

Nearly all of the children, including Raymond, stood up or turned around and strained to look out the window at the back of the room to see what signs indicated spring.

Several children offered suggestions for signs of spring. Then the teacher said, "All right, sit down now, children."

Raymond promptly dropped into his seat, crossing his left leg under his right.

He idly chewed his finger.

11:29. Mrs. Logan said, "From here I can see a garden." The majority of the children stood and looked out the window again to see if they could see the garden.

Raymond didn't get up to look immediately, but after a short time he followed the example of the other children.

The teacher asked the children to be seated again.

Raymond sat down promptly.

The other children did so less promptly.

Then the teacher said, "Betty has something to say." Betty stood on the narrow platform along the blackboard at the front of the room and told her story in a few words.

Raymond listened absently.

11:30 When Betty finished, Morris went to the front and told a little story about his cousin's spotted pony.⁸

⁸ Joan Poole, observer.

Raymond listened to Morris half-heartedly. His glance shifted around the room, pausing to rest on Morris from time to time. His right hand was over, and his fingers were partly in, his mouth.

Mrs. Logan announced that it was time to go home.

Raymond chewed the little finger on his right hand as he listened to her announcement.

After the announcement, many of the other children, apparently eager to leave, immediately jumped up and fidgeted and chatted to one another even more than before.

Raymond, however, remained seated, chewing his little finger and looking vacantly at Mrs. Logan.

His mouth opened wider and he stuck both of his little fingers in it.

His fingers moved around inside his mouth in a revolving movement.

11:31. *Mrs. Logan, trying as usual to get the children to straighten up the room before they left, told Constance to pick up the paper under her seat, someone else to put his books in his desk, and the like.*

Raymond extended his arms up into the air, bent his elbows, and clasped his hands behind his head.

He gave a slight yawn as he looked at the teacher, who was conversing with some of the children.

Mrs. Logan said in a routine way, "All right, you can turn, stand, and pass now."

Many of the children immediately jumped up with anticipation and excitement.

Raymond remained quietly at his desk for a few seconds, moving his mouth rapidly as if silently forming words with exaggerated enunciation. This seemed to be just playful action, although his facial expression was serious.

He jumped up abruptly and walked slowly and purposefully, looking neither to the right nor to the left, toward the cloakroom.

Just as he got to the door of the cloakroom, Mrs. Logan, with a frown on her face, said with some impatience, "Raymond!"

Raymond jerked around, looking puzzled and uncertain.

Mrs. Logan continued, "Stop your talking," in a somewhat scolding tone, still frowning.

Upon noticing that Raymond Birch was looking at her, she explained, "I meant Raymond Pechter."

Raymond Birch continued to look at her vacantly, as though not yet convinced that he was free of guilt.

Then he wheeled around and dashed into the cloakroom.

I didn't catch up with him until he was outside on the schoolground. It took him a very short time to get from the door of the cloakroom to the playground. He must have known exactly where his jacket was, for he picked it up hurriedly and dashed out.

PART IV

Noon Hour

Scene 1: PLAY AT COURTHOUSE

TIME: 11:32-11:57

Fred Wecker
Jimmy Olson
Thelma Bollener
Mr. Albert Martin
Mrs. Jeanette Wallace
Mrs. Birch
Mr. Ronald Chapman
Mr. Henry Picker

11:32. When I opened the front door of the school, Raymond was standing about halfway between the school entrance and the street, facing the door.

He stared at me for about half a minute, standing almost motionless with his hands in his pockets. He seemed to be waiting for me and wondering what my next move would be.

Finally he turned around and started sauntering up the sidewalk toward the main part of town.

Fred Wecker and Jimmy Olson were a few yards ahead of Raymond.

Without changing his pace, Raymond walked along by himself with his hands shoved down in his pockets, looking straight ahead at the boys.

11:33. He stopped, turned around, and glanced blankly at me.

He walked along backwards for ten or fifteen steps. After looking at me the first few steps, he then looked down at the ground, being careful to straddle the center line of the sidewalk as he walked backwards.

He wheeled around and walked forward. He stepped lightly in a bouncing, springing way.

He crossed the street without pausing to check the traffic.

When he reached the other side of the street, he slowed down somewhat, abruptly took off his denim jacket and carried it in his hands.

11:34. Thelma Bollener came up from behind me on her bicycle and chatted as I walked along.

When he heard Thelma's voice, Raymond turned around curiously and looked at her.

He slowed up a little more and sauntered on.

He looked back at us from time to time.

11:35. Raymond stopped and glanced around at Thelma and me briefly in front of Sherwin's furniture store.

Then, standing so that he almost touched the window, he looked in the store window indifferently.

I took it that he stopped to wait for us, not because something especially interesting in the window had caught his eye.

Thelma stopped a few feet behind Raymond. She wrinkled her nose and asked me, "Do you know what the signs of spring are?"

Raymond looked back at us with interest when Thelma mentioned signs of spring.

I smiled and said, "Oh, some of them." She asked breathlessly, "What are they?" I said, "Well, why don't you tell me?"

Raymond giggled appreciatively.

Thelma, laughing too, moved nearer Raymond and looked in the window. She asked him, "What's that?" and pointed to a big pasteboard placard advertising a garbage disposal unit. This was more a conversational remark than a question.

Raymond chuckled again and said, "I don't know."

Thelma pointed out different things on the advertisement, explaining what she thought they were.

While she did that, Raymond backed away from the window and turned round and round a couple of times, scraping his feet on the ground. His smile indicated enjoyment of her comments.

When he stopped turning, he held up his right hand, which was holding his jacket, and put it against his head so that the jacket was hanging down from his head over his back.

He started walking on toward the main part of town in a springing, carefree fashion with his jacket hanging down over his back.

11:36. Thelma followed. She said, "Wasn't that a good show?"

Raymond in a quiet voice asked indifferently, "What show?"

In a rambling, muttering fashion, Thelma explained what show she meant.

Raymond walked on without responding.

When he reached the southwest corner of the intersection, he paused and looked around as if surveying the scene.

He let the arm which held the jacket drop.

Thelma turned off to the left without saying good-bye.

Raymond took no notice of her departure but looked over at Jimmy Olson and Fred Wecker, who were on the northwest corner of the intersection.

Jimmy called out a friendly "Hi, Raymond!"

Raymond responded, "Hi," in a conversational tone.

Standing at the corner, he quietly watched Jimmy and Fred for about half a minute.

Perhaps he was debating whether or not to join them.

He stepped off the curb and wandered diagonally across the intersection in a lackadaisical way.

He zigzagged slightly, looking down at the street, paying no attention to the possibility of any cars coming along.

11:37. When he got to the other side he hopped upon the curb.

He ran to the retaining wall and clambered up to the courthouse lawn.

He dashed around behind the bush at the southwest corner of the lawn and disappeared from sight for a second or two.

He came out from behind the bush on the front side of the courthouse.

He skipped along the top of the retaining wall in front of the courthouse in a gay, carefree way.

Turning around, he gave me a fleeting glance.

Mr. Albert Martin, the Negro caretaker, was spraying dandelions near the steps which led from the street sidewalk to the sidewalk leading up to the entrance door of the courthouse.

11:38. When he neared the place where Mr. Martin was working, Raymond turned and gave me another quick glance.

Then he jumped off the wall and walked slowly up to Mr. Martin.

Raymond and Mr. Martin exchanged a few casual words which I couldn't hear. The fact that they looked at the dandelions as they talked suggested that this was probably the topic of their conversation.

Raymond left Mr. Martin and ambled on toward the main door of the courthouse.

When he reached the steps, he picked up a small baseball bat which was lying there and looked at it with interest.

I sat down on the concrete slab at the east side of the steps.

Raymond turned slowly and walked haphazardly, stopping near the flagpole.

11:39. He picked up a rock from the ground, tossed it up in the air, and swung at it with his bat. He didn't hit it squarely; it glanced off his bat and went only a few feet forward.

He immediately picked up a small stick from the ground, threw it up and hit at it with an easy swing.

Next he picked up a larger board, which was about two feet long and four inches wide, and banged at it.

When he hit the board with his bat, it made a loud noise.

Raymond immediately turned around and looked at me with a shy smile on his face, as if he had done something unusual which pleased him.

Using both hands, he swung the bat around and around in a wide circle in front of him.

He took a few steps toward the flagpole, leaned against it leisurely, and tapped it a few times with the bat.

He seemed to be having a good time, just playing around with first one object and then another.

Mr. Ronald Chapman came out of the entrance door of the courthouse. As he walked down the sidewalk, he called out in an extremely friendly, teasing way, "Hello there, Birch. That's a hefty bat you have there."

Raymond smiled broadly and impishly and said, "It's not my bat."

Still smiling, Raymond watched Mr. Chapman until he got to the street.

Raymond tapped the flagpole lightly with his bat a few more times, looking at me as he did so.

11:40. He abruptly dropped the bat on the ground and dashed to the bandstand.

He hurriedly climbed upon a bench and used it as a stepping stone for clambering up to the floor of the bandstand.

Almost immediately he climbed up and stood on the railing around the edge of the bandstand. (See Plate 15.)

He balanced himself in this precarious position for about half a minute.

He leaned forward, as if considering whether or not to advance a few steps along the rail. Evidently he decided to play safe, for he remained within arm's reach of an upright post that he could grab should he start to fall.

Noticing Jimmy Olson walking along the retaining wall at the front of the courthouse, Raymond called out nonchalantly, "Hi, Jim."

Probably Raymond wanted Jimmy to observe his daredevil performance; he assumed the role of the hero who flirts with danger but remains composed and modest.

Jimmy made no response; evidently he didn't hear Raymond's greeting.

Raymond jumped down from the railing, landing on the floor with a thud.

- 11:41. He dashed to the opposite side of the bandstand, took hold of the railing with both hands, swung under it, and let himself down onto one of the benches along the sides of the stand.

He jumped adroitly to the ground.

He darted to another bench, which was about halfway between the bandstand and the courthouse door. His movements were high-spirited.

He took hold of the top of the bench and pulled it over so that the bench was upside down on the ground; i.e., the edges of the seat and back rested on the ground, so that a narrow space was left under the bench.

Raymond hurriedly crawled under the bench and for about ten or fifteen seconds was out of my sight.

Then all of a sudden his hand jutted out from the crack between the back of the bench and the seat. He waved at me.

He made a gentle noise that sounded like "Peep, peep."

Then he crawled out from under the bench.

He ran swiftly to the flagpole.

He picked up the baseball bat which was lying nearby.

He leaned leisurely against the flagpole and tapped it softly a few times with the bat, holding the bat behind him.

11:42. He wandered a few steps from the flagpole. As he walked along, he swung the bat from side to side in front of him a few times, cutting a wide half-circle in the air each time.

Then he energetically swung the bat up and down, straight above his head and down in an arc through his legs, as he leaned forward. The movement involved his whole body.

He took hold of the bat with both hands, one hand grasping the head of the bat and the other hand the base.

He held it out horizontally in front of him and knocked it against the flagpole several times making a louder noise than he had before.

Next he clutched the bat with his left hand and banged at the flagpole even harder.

He looked up questioningly at the top of the pole as he struck at it.

He glanced over at me momentarily.

He may have been wondering if I would interfere with his hitting the pole so vigorously.

- 11:43. Grabbing the flagpole with his right hand, he ran briskly and energetically round and round it a few times. He leaned away from the pole as he ran.

A man came out of the front door of the courthouse and asked Raymond in a gruff but pleasant way, "What are you doing?"

Raymond said, "Nothing," as if he really didn't care about saying anything to the man.

He turned away from the man without saying more.

He lightly threw the bat up in the air about three yards above his head.

He watched it as it went up and fell down a few yards behind him.

- 11:44. He picked it up and vigorously swung it three times like a baseball player, gritting his teeth and with a grim and determined facial expression.

Then he walked lackadaisically back to the flagpole.

He circled around the pole several times, tapping at it lightly with the handle of the bat.

He backed off a few steps from the flagpole and quite energetically swung the bat around in a wide arc.

He sauntered over to the same bench which he had climbed under previously.

He pounded on it a few times with the bat handle, slowly and gently.

- 11:45. With some effort he climbed up on top of the overturned bench, still carrying the bat.

When the bench teetered a few times, he quickly started to step off. As he did, the shift in his weight caused the bench to teeter even more, making his attempted step more like a fall.

He immediately climbed upon it again and stood on it for just a second.

He jumped off again, this time more successfully and smoothly.

He wandered over to another bench a few yards away.

He climbed quickly upon the seat.

Standing up straight and motionless, with a look of seriousness and concentration on his face, he balanced the bat horizontally across the top of his head.

He took a step forward on the bench and stepped off to the ground in a cautious manner.

As he stepped, the bat fell to the ground.

He immediately picked it up and with an intent, sober expression, balanced it again while standing on the ground. The bat stayed on his head a few seconds and then toppled off.

- 11:46. He glanced up momentarily at a man who was walking around the side of the courthouse toward the front door.

Raymond picked up the bat and started pounding on the ground, leaning way over so that the upper part of his body was parallel with the ground.

Then he took a few steps and pounded in the same way at a different spot. The second time I could see that he was pounding a dandelion flat against the ground; this must have been his purpose the first time, also.

Abruptly he straightened up and vigorously threw the bat about twenty feet up into the air.

He watched it fall to the ground but didn't go and pick it up.

He wheeled around and ran in a beeline toward the southeast corner of the courthouse.

11:47. I could see the outline of his body through the bushes as he stood there almost motionless.

He moved behind the bushes and next to the building, making a lot of noise. Leaves rustled and twigs broke.

The noise suggested that Raymond was trying to attract my attention.

Still with considerable noise, he came out through the bushes and glanced at me momentarily.

He surveyed the ground in his immediate vicinity as if trying to uncover something to play with.

He inspected a rock briefly and gave it a little kick.

Then he ran pell-mell toward a tree which was just a few yards in front of me.

He stood behind the tree, very straight, evidently pretending to hide from me.

He barked like a dog.

11:48. Mr. Henry Picker came out of the front door of the courthouse and clapped his hands at Raymond in a friendly, playful manner.

Raymond peeked out from behind the tree and grinned broadly at him.

Raymond raced toward Mr. Picker and ran right into him at the courthouse door.

They scuffled playfully for a few seconds, with Mr. Picker trying to go in the door and Raymond pulling him back.

Some other people came out the door.

Raymond and Mr. Picker had to step out of the way to allow the people to get by; that seemed to end their roughhousing.

Mr. Picker went into the building.

Raymond turned and stepped onto the concrete slab at the west side of the steps opposite from where I was sitting.

He casually picked a tiny bud from the bush.

He examined it closely.

Then he walked down the steps, looking at the bud all the while, and stopped right in front of me.

Facing me, he looked intently at the bud for about thirty seconds.

11:49. He slowly walked up the steps and picked another bud from the same bush.

He examined it for just a second or two.

Suddenly he glanced up at the pane on the top half of the front door of the courthouse.

A noise or voices may have caught his attention, although I didn't hear anything.

Mrs. Wallace stood just inside the door, looking through the glass.

Raymond darted forward and peeked in at her.

He chuckled teasingly and ran quickly back to the slab.

He pressed his body flat against the wall, as if hiding from her.

He did this two more times very gaily and happily.

The third time he hid against the wall, he plucked a twig from the bush.

The twig was about six inches long and was covered with spirea blossoms.

When he peered in the window again, Mrs. Wallace had gone.

He looked in the window for a while as if expecting her to reappear, but she didn't.

Raymond held out the small branch, which he had broken from the bush, and asked me in a friendly, agreeable way, "Want this?"

I took it and thanked him warmly.

11:50. He leaned toward me and said confidentially, "I'll be back in just a minute."

He turned and quickly stepped inside the door.

Just as I opened the door to follow him, he came dashing back out, giggling when he saw me.

He may have stepped inside to see if Mrs. Wallace was in sight; I saw no one nearby.

I sat down again on the east slab.

Raymond walked to the slab on the opposite side of the steps.

He lay down on his side and propped his head on his left elbow.

He lazily picked another bud from the bush at the side of the steps.

He gazed at the bud idly for a short time.

Abruptly he stood up and ran to the east side of the foot of the steps.

He picked up a stick and lazily knocked it against the tree a couple of times.

He glanced up at one of the windows of the room at the southeast corner of the building.

He ran toward the window. He laughed and had an impish look on his face as he ran hunched forward in a teasing posture. He resembled a wild animal about to pounce on its victim.

I glanced up at the window and could vaguely see someone standing there, probably Mrs. Wallace.

Raymond veered to the left and clambered up the steps.

He opened the front door of the courthouse and peeked in slyly.

He quickly stepped inside the door and shut it with a bang.

Almost immediately he opened it and dashed back out.

He may have expected Mrs. Wallace to come back and continue the hide-and-seek game, but she must not have been there.

11:52. Raymond sauntered leisurely down the steps to a nearby tree.

He kicked idly at the tree several times.

A middle-aged man came out the door and went around the side of the building.

With a sober, serious expression on his face, Raymond glanced up briefly at the man.

He ran down the front sidewalk of the courthouse toward the street, zigzagging from left to right in a swaggering, drunken manner.

When he got to the outer steps, Raymond hopped down the first one and came to an abrupt halt.

He turned around slowly and glanced toward the building.

11:53. He went back up the walk toward the entrance, walking backwards and looking down at the ground cautiously. His steps were quick and mechanical.

When he reached the steps at the courthouse door, he slowed down and walked up them hesitantly, yet without looking behind him to see where the next step was. He showed serious interest in gauging the height and distance of each step.

A woman came out the door and asked Raymond a question concerning someone named Judy.

Raymond indifferently replied, "Uh huh."

He backed up so that he stood directly behind me for just a second or two.

The woman continued down the steps and out to the street.

Raymond gingerly edged his way along a two-inch ledge that formed the top of a white stone trimming outlining the base of the courthouse about two feet above the ground. (See Plate 16.)

Holding on to the bricks in the building and walking on the narrow ledge, he inched his way across to the first window at the side of the door. Raymond was an expert at this and managed it easily although it required alertness and concentration.

When he got to the window, he took hold of the window ledge and relaxed perceptibly as if he were in safer territory.

Betty Tilton, the next observer, came up to the courthouse steps and sat beside me.

Raymond twisted around and looked at Betty shyly but genially for a few seconds, leaning backwards and holding on to the ledge with just his right hand.

11:54. He jumped off backwards from the ledge and landed on the ground with a thud.

He sauntered over to a tree near the foot of the steps.

He picked up a little stick from the ground and hit it slowly and gently against the tree about four times.

Then he held it out in front of him, dropped it and punted it easily, barely kicking it.

He picked up another stick and kicked it in the same manner. His aim was better this time; the stick went several feet ahead.

He gave the stick a little kick which made it scoot along the ground a few feet farther.

He wandered across the courthouse lawn in the direction of the bandstand, kicking at the stick as he went

along. It went forward a few feet with each kick. He gauged his steps so that he didn't have to come to a stop in order to kick the stick. He walked along in a lazy, easy fashion.

- 11:55. When he reached the corner of the square by the retaining wall, he turned slowly and glanced briefly toward the door where Betty and I sat.

He ran back toward the door at a rapid but jogging pace.

He ran up the steps in the same way, and fell against the door.

He stepped over on the slab and jumped off into the bushes at the west side of the steps.

He stood there partially hidden. The twigs crackled noisily with his slightest movement.

- 11:56. Mrs. Jeanette Wallace came out of the door of the courthouse.

Raymond called out a gay "Hi, Jeanette. Whatcha doing?"

She looked toward the bushes but didn't see anyone right away.

Raymond giggled with glee.

"What am *I* doing?" said Mrs. Wallace, as if surprised that he should ask what she was doing when it was he who was doing something unusual.

Raymond said, "Yeah, whatcha doing?" in a careless, unconcerned way.

In a light, bantering fashion, she asked, "What are *you* doing back there?"

Raymond replied nonchalantly, "Oh, nothing."

Mrs. Wallace laughed and walked on down the steps toward the street.

A couple of women came out the door.

Raymond said, "Hello, hello," in a quick, jolly fashion.

The women smiled and shook their heads indulgently.

One of them asked Raymond something about his being in the bushes.

He replied, "Uh huh," and giggled as if greatly enjoying this attention.

He climbed upon the slab, stepped over to the door of the courthouse and peeked inside, evidently trying to see if someone else was coming.

He quickly jumped down into the bushes and stood there quietly.

He gave a faint, affected groan.

The door opened and his mother came out.

Raymond said calmly, "Hi, mama."

11:57. She said, "Hi," in a friendly way as if she were very glad to see him. She went on, "What are you doing?" and smiled at him affectionately.

Raymond made some matter-of-fact comment about being in the bushes.

Scene 2: LUNCH

TIME: 11:58-12:39

Mrs. Birch
Clifford Devon
Mr. Birch
Honey
Betty Tilton

Mrs. Birch said, "Come on, let's go home." She was smiling and in a good-natured mood as she started briskly down the sidewalk.¹

Without further ado, Raymond quickly came out of the bushes and darted after her.

He caught up with her about halfway down the walk and took hold of her hand.

The two finished walking down the sidewalk, hand in hand.

They conversed genially as they walked.

When they got to the end of the sidewalk, Mrs. Birch went ahead to the post office alone.

Evidently as they walked along they had planned that Raymond would go on home by himself.

11:58. Raymond looked slyly back at me with his thumb in his mouth, as though wondering if he should go on or wait for me. He waited uncertainly until he saw that I was coming.

¹ Betty Tilton, observer.

Then he dashed across the empty street.

He jumped over a cement post on the outer edge of the sidewalk in front of the implement store.

The post was about eight inches high and had a flat rectangular top. It looked like the base of a gasoline pump which had been removed.

He turned east and went leisurely down the sidewalk.

Raymond showed high spirits as he vigorously kicked a piece of paper.

He stopped and scanned the movie advertisements in front of the theater with mild interest.

He moved on, jauntily swinging his coat.

When his coat dropped, he swooped down, picked it up and swung it around at random.

11:59. He walked swiftly past the front of the bank and around the corner. As he passed the east side of the bank building, he grabbed hold of the guard rail above the stairs leading to the basement of the building. (See Plate 17.)

He took small jumping steps forward as he moved his hand along the railing.

As though by habit, he cut diagonally across the street.

As he approached the opposite side of the street, Raymond jumped up the slight embankment to the sidewalk.

12:00. Clifford Devon, his three-year-old neighbor who was playing on the sidewalk, called happily, "Hi, Raymond."

Raymond responded in a sociable manner, "Hi, what-cha doing?"

Clifford mumbled something in reply.

Raymond said something like "Why don't you go home?" He spoke in a doting way.

Raymond swung along jauntily with his hand atop his head holding his coat.

He looked over briefly as the noon whistle on top of the water tower across the street gave a shrill blast.

12:01. Raymond turned east at the corner and walked on, swinging his coat up and down.

He adroitly tossed his coat up in a tree.

Then he grinned back at me in amusement.

I smiled.

With a suave show of confidence, he climbed up the tree dexterously.

Stretching far out on a long limb, he retrieved the coat and dropped it to the ground. His expression, though purposefully nonchalant, betrayed satisfaction over the feat.

Raymond immediately climbed down, grabbed the coat, and started jauntily on his way. As he walked off, he giggled with pleasure.

As he neared his house he announced happily, "What do you know, daddy's home." (See Plate 18.)

Raymond took longer, faster strides.

He darted up the back step.

He went in first and politely held the kitchen door open for me with his feet, without looking around.

12:02. Honey, his dog, greeted him with excited barking.

To quiet Honey, Raymond said, affectionately, "Look out, Honey."

Then he yelled eagerly, "Daddy!"

Mr. Birch came into the kitchen. We introduced ourselves briefly, both smiling.

Raymond merely watched, waiting for his father to be through talking. He wanted to talk but waited willingly.

When his father stopped talking, Raymond asked with curiosity, "Daddy, when are you going to cast?"

His father asked in a puzzled tone, "What did you say, Raymond?"

Speaking more clearly, Raymond repeated, "When are you going to cast?"

Mr. Birch said in a pleasant way, "Well, not now. We don't have any time now."

Raymond ran out of the house at great speed.

He leaped up bouyantly as he ran to a nearby tree.

Leaving the tree, he ran toward the garage yelling "Yipeee" in a playful spirit.

He climbed the side of the garage easily and gracefully.

Raymond looked back to see if I had been watching. His manner was confident, but at the same time he seemed to feel slightly self-conscious.

12:03. He scaled the roof, crawling up to the top ridge.

The asphalt shingled roof had a high ridge along the middle, and slanted down on both sides at a rather steep angle. The slope flattened out at the edges of the roof.

Raymond walked along the ridge with agility, supporting himself slightly on a branch of an overhanging tree. (See Plate 19.)

- 12:04. His father, coming out of the house, said good-naturedly and as if unconcerned, "Well, you'll fall through." He went on about his work of fixing a screen.

Raymond giggled, sat down, and pounded his fists against his knees.

He swung back and forth on a tree limb in a daredevil manner. Though he appeared unafraid, he was somewhat cautious.

Mr. Birch came out of the garage carrying a screen frame.

Raymond yelled, "What are you going to do, daddy?"

He spoke, I thought, for communication more than information.

His father said in a matter-of-fact tone that he was going to put the screen in.

Raymond slowly descended the side of the garage, groaning with the effort. It seemed more difficult for him to descend than to ascend. Instead of getting down the same way he had come up, he stepped down onto the open garage door, squatted, hung on the door top, and then lowered himself onto the automobile underneath.

He slipped into the garage, came out the side door and around to the front. He tried hard to be casual, though he had meant it as a trick on me, it seemed.

His mother came into the yard carrying groceries. Both she and Mr. Birch laughed heartily at the joke he had played on me.

They knew that I had expected to see Raymond come out the front of the garage instead of the side.

Raymond said beguilingly, "Mommie, come here."

Not appearing to hear him, his mother looked at her husband, who was working with a screen beside the garage. Mr. Birch announced, "The water is off." She said, "Oh, dear," rather discouraged, and went on into the house.

Raymond seized the cat, lifted her and put her down. He was beaming as though to say, "How funny I am."

12:06. He went to a nearby tree, walking in a rather unobtrusive but comic fashion.

He wandered around aimlessly, then stood for a while, indifferently watching his father lift the screen.

Then he quickly went to the tree directly in front of the house.

He swung from a flexible branch that hung low. It was easy for him to grab onto the branch and pull himself up.

He climbed high in the tree, ignoring his falling cap and giggling all the while. (See Plate 20.)

12:07. He yelled with friendliness, "Daddy."

Mrs. Birch was telling her husband about Mrs. Blair falling on a waxed floor. Mr. Birch listened with interest and concern, apparently not even noticing Raymond's call. He asked if Mrs. Blair might have to go back to the hospital.

Raymond watched them with a serious expression and listened to the conversation.

² A long dry spell had resulted in a water shortage.

The noise of a passing truck distracted Raymond's attention. He turned to see it go by.

He made gibbering noises with a make-believe air.

His parents continued talking about things that needed to be fixed around the house, such as the screen. They went into the house, seemingly unnoticed by Raymond.

12:08. Raymond swung lithely from the branch, hanging by his hands.

He jumped easily to the ground.

He picked up his cap, wiped it off with a few rapid strokes, and put it on.

He walked slowly away from the tree.

He tossed his cap into the air and caught it.

Then he jumped up on the front porch and ran around in a dizzy circle.

He jumped off again and ran rapidly back to the tree.

12:09. Making a contented, clicking sound, he began to climb nimbly up the tree again. He puffed and panted from the vigorous effort.

Just then a car went by, making a cloud of dust, some of which blew into his eyes.

Raymond jumped immediately to the ground, groaning in disgust.

He walked halfway across the yard, wiping his eyes several times with his fist. The dust evidently hurt his eyes.

He grabbed a long stick which lay on the ground and energetically scraped the end of it along the gravel driveway.

Persisting in his exploration for excitement, he took high steps up and down.

- 12:10. Then he sauntered back toward the house, still holding the stick.

Suddenly he aimed at the landing of the stairway to the second-floor apartment and flung the stick upward. When it fell down in front of him, he let it remain.

Then he rushed up the steps and straddled the railing of the second-floor landing.

He rested his head on the railing.

He smiled at me with friendliness. His manner suggested some dissatisfaction with his play activities.

I smiled and remarked, "You are way up there."

- 12:11. He made no comment but immediately came down the steps aimlessly.

*At that time it began to sprinkle quite noticeably.
Raymond didn't have his coat on.*

He took hold of the screen frame his father had left outside, and walked it along a few feet.

He balanced it on his head and walked off cautiously, holding it on each side with his hands. He walked stiffly to balance it as he went around the corner of the house.

He came back without it, looking pleased.

He dashed into the side door of the garage.

Suddenly, he darted out of the garage, ran over to the porch, and yelled at his mother through the screen door, "It's sprinkling!" He spoke with a touch of excitement and seemed happy to make this announcement.

She said pleasantly, "Well, you'd better tell the lady to come in."

He went in first and politely held the door open.

I said, "Yes, we might get wet," smiling.

She said pleasantly, "Now, just make yourself at home. We have to get dinner. We're always in a hurry around here." I said that I would, took off my coat and laid it down.

- 12:12. Raymond went to the door and fiddled with the screen door. He seemed to enjoy watching the rain from the inside.

He slowly opened and shut the screen door a few times.

He stepped outside to feel it sprinkling.

I asked Mrs. Birch, "Do you have to go back at one?" She said, "Yes," smiling, and continued her preparations for lunch.

- 12:13. Raymond went purposefully into the hall off the kitchen.

He climbed upon the chest of drawers and sat down.

He began to play with the two light chains that were there, turning on one light bulb and then the other. It appeared that this was just more or less something to do although he became more and more interested in the activity as he continued.

- 12:14. Soon he dropped to the floor.

With gurgling noises he shuffled around in the hall, pattering with various objects.

Mrs. Birch asked if I would eat with them. I hesitated. She said that I'd be most welcome though they wouldn't

have much, but to do whatever would be convenient for me. I smiled and said, "How about half a sandwich?" She smiled understandingly.

Meanwhile, Raymond came in and leaned on the table, grinning amiably. He appeared concerned about whether I was going to eat. As he leaned his weight on the table, he swung his feet back and forth.

He looked restlessly around and then sat down in the corner by Honey.

He said, "Come here, Honey," in an affectionate tone, and extended his arms to greet the dog. Then he said coaxingly, "Come here, kootchie, hootchie, hootchie."

As she took the Windex bottle off the table, his mother said, "I guess we don't need Windex for our dinner."

She giggled; I giggled; Raymond giggled—all simultaneously.

Raymond said "Boo" to the dog. He spoke in a friendly, happy manner.

Then he playfully ruffled Honey on the sides and behind the ears.

The unresponsive dog leaned heavily against Raymond's leg.

12:16. Raymond, grinning, put his foot on top of Honey.

Suddenly he said softly and solemnly to the dog, "Now, I've got to go and wash my hands."

As he went to the bathroom, he commented, "There's no water."

Mr. Birch, who had just come in the room, said in acknowledgement, "I know it, son." Mrs. Birch said that there was some water saved.

Raymond came to the kitchen door drying his face with a towel.

He looked at his mother, framing a remark.

He said seriously, "Mother, you know that pen Art gave me?"

He took the towel back to the bathroom.

Mrs. Birch said, "Yes," curiously.

He called simply, "It leaks."

She said, in disparagement of the pen, "Oh, why don't you throw it away?"

Raymond said quickly and soberly, "It still writes all right, but it leaks. Where you screw it down, it leaks right there."

She said in pleasant seriousness, "Well, you shouldn't have taken it apart."

- 12:18. Raymond cut the conversation short by rushing out the door and to the garden behind the garage, where his father was working.

Mrs. Birch laughed and asked, "Can you keep up with him?" I laughed and said it kept me hustling all right. She seemed to be at ease and happy to have me there.

A cord was stretched across the garden to keep the rows even.

Raymond energetically jumped the cord a couple of times.

He rushed happily back to the porch and began pounding at something on the porch.

His mother called, "Tell your dad to come in and eat."

Raymond called gaily to his daddy.

As Mr. Birch came toward the house, he remarked to Raymond that someone had pulled out a lot of papers and they were blowing all over the yard. He spoke agreeably but with a touch of criticism.

As they walked together into the kitchen, Raymond apparently denied the indirect accusation.

His father said good-naturedly, "Now are you sure it wasn't you?" Receiving no reply, he continued, "Well, who do you think did it?" He asked almost as though trying to get a confession but his manner was pleasant.

Raymond said teasingly, "I know who. J-a-c-k B-i-r-c-h." He smiled at his own joke.

His father smiled also.

At the same time Raymond surveyed the table with interest to see what they were going to eat.

Mrs. Birch said she imagined that the papers had blown off Anne Glenn's steps. Mr. Birch said that he didn't think so because they were copies of the City Tribune. She said, "They could have blown in from some place," with a certain definiteness, perhaps to end the discussion.

Raymond seemed indifferent to this conversation. There was an air of contentment about him.

He climbed on a chair, knelt, facing the back of it, and wiggled energetically.

As he entered the bathroom, Mr. Birch said, "Hurrah for Midwest!"³ It hasn't rained for a week and now we're

³ At this time, the demand for water occasionally exceeded the supply. Since then the water supply has been increased by new wells.

out of water." Mrs. Birch said facetiously, "It sure makes it nice!"

During the ensuing brief silence, Raymond continued wiggling.

He looked quizzically at his mother and asked, "What do you mean, it sure makes it nice?"

She explained absently, "Well, it sure makes it nice that we're out of water."

Not quite understanding her, he said, "I don't think it is nice."

Then he stopped and smiled as though realizing that she had meant it as a joke.

Mrs. Birch, who was working at the sink, said pleasantly, but as though she needed help urgently, "Raymond, would you go over to the broiler quick and pull it out so the sandwiches won't burn?"

Raymond went to the stove willingly and pulled the broiler out at once.

12:20. He went over to his mother and said, "I want some coffee," in a plaintive, begging voice, yet with a certain pleasantness. He mumbled something to the effect that he had had no coffee in the morning.

She said, "Well, you can live without it." Her manner was good-natured, with a mixture of playfulness and enough seriousness to suggest no coffee.

He begged, "But I want some."

She said something like "Oh, no," as if to brush aside his request.

He walked over to the table and noticed four cups of coffee.

He said expectantly, "Well, I get some."

She said quickly but absently that he couldn't have any.

His father investigated a wobbly chair beside the table.

Raymond said, "Let me sit on the 'rock-a-bye baby.' "

He grinned and sat down in the wobbly chair.

His father laughed and said teasingly, "Oh, *you* could!"

Raymond smiled broadly at the teasing.

Raymond rose and sat down in his own chair at the north end of the table.

He looked around the table and happily counted the four full cups of coffee by pointing unobtrusively.

His mother said, kidding Raymond, "Well, I guess I forgot and poured you coffee, too."⁴

He looked at her, giggled, and said emphatically, "Well, you didn't either."

The lunch was ready. Raymond sat opposite me, with his father on his left and his mother on his right.

Mrs. Birch asked me, "Do you want cream?" I said, "Yes. Coffee is just what I need." Mr. and Mrs. Birch laughed heartily at this.

Mrs. Birch said, "Do you know when we were coming down the walk from the courthouse, Raymond said to me, 'Now I know what I want to be when I grow up. One of those.' " Her face beamed and she looked chiefly at Raymond as she spoke.

⁴ After lunch, in Raymond's absence, Mrs. Birch indicated Raymond's cup still full of coffee. She said, "Now see his cup of coffee. He always wants coffee but never drinks more than a swallow. But it's quite an issue with him once he decides he wants it."

He smiled, in confirmation, it seemed.

I asked, half-smiling, "One of what?" She said, "I took it he meant a psychologist."

Raymond sat back, smiled, and squared his shoulders as though to say, "Yeah, that's what I meant."

His father said fondly, "Well, only yesterday you said you were going to be a pilot."

Raymond didn't answer; he just seemed very contented to listen.

In a more serious manner his father said hurriedly, "Well, I guess you could be both at the same time." His seriousness and quickness in saying this gave me the impression that Mr. Birch wanted to avoid giving Raymond the feeling that he was being teased.

Raymond giggled and said softly, "I don't know," as he considered his father's suggestion.

Mr. and Mrs. Birch passed things very hospitably to me and to Raymond.

There were toasted cheese sandwiches (a favorite of Raymond's), pickles, sliced tomatoes, coffee, and apricot sauce in side dishes. The apricots apparently were home-canned. The atmosphere was congenial and relaxing.

- 12:23. Raymond helped himself eagerly to a sandwich and to the rest of the food as it came around to him.

As they began eating, Mrs. Birch mentioned the Mead boy who had been injured seriously. Mr. Birch, quite concerned, asked questions. She explained that the boy had fallen off his bicycle and was unconscious.

Raymond listened and continued eating quite hungrily.

While they passed the pickles, Mr. and Mrs. Birch spoke of how well they liked a certain brand of candied pickle sticks. The pickles on the table were not candied.

A knock was heard at the front door. Mr. Birch rose and said he would go to the door.

Raymond said, "Is that Honey?" in a questioning voice.

He continued eating with zest.

- 12:24. Mr. Birch brought Mike Bodin, the next observer, into the kitchen and there were friendly greetings.

Raymond appeared pleasantly interested.

The Birches invited Mike to join them in the meal and I suggested that Mike might take my place, but he said he had already eaten. The Birches cordially invited me to stay and eat in peace and relaxation. I agreed to and handed the writing board to Mike, who sat down at my right.

- 12:25. Although Raymond's eyes were fixed upon us, he didn't seem to be particularly involved in what was going on.⁵

He stared absently at the top of the window without actually looking at anything, it seemed.

He chewed slowly and heavily with rather large jaw-movements. It was as if he really enjoyed eating and yet was not particularly aware of the flavor and taste of the food.

Mrs. Birch made some comments to Betty concerning candied pickles and Mr. Birch added something more.

During this brief conversation Raymond watched his father closely and at the same time continued chewing.

⁵ Mike Bodin, observer.

Mrs. Birch told Betty that the candied pickles came in a square jar. She added that the jars made nice refrigerator dishes when they were empty, because they fit compactly into the refrigerator. She pointed toward the cabinet, evidently to indicate one of the jars.

Raymond quickly and mechanically turned the upper part of his body and his head to look in the direction of the jar. Apparently he followed the conversation.

He turned back and with a hearty bite finished his cheese sandwich.

- 12:26. He brushed the palms of his hands together with wide, sweeping movements. His purpose seemingly was to brush the crumbs from his hands as well as to indicate that he was finished with his first sandwich.

Then he said quietly, "I want another sandwich." He hesitated slightly and added, "Please."

He was given another sandwich.

His mother immediately asked obligingly, "Would you like a pickle also?" and extended the pickle dish before he could answer.

He nodded that he would like a pickle and simultaneously reached for one. He put it in his sandwich.

He picked up the sandwich in both hands and held it directly in front of his mouth with his elbows resting heavily on the table. He calmly leaned his head forward to take a bite.

The conversation still concerned pickles.

As he chewed automatically, he watched the proceedings around the table, looking chiefly at Betty, who followed the conversation without taking an active part.

Mr. Birch commented that these were very good pickles even though they weren't candied.

Raymond said, "I put mine in my sandwich."

After a short pause he added, "See," and held up part of his sandwich. The edge of the pickle was visible. He seemed proud, as if he had performed something rather ingenious.

He made several short little grunts of laughter.

I thought that his manner of laughing possibly indicated slight anxiety or self-consciousness about calling attention to himself and to his sandwich.

His father turned to him and asked, "Do you know Melvin Yeager?" Mr. Birch apparently wanted to draw Raymond into the conversation.

Raymond looked at his father very attentively.

Mr. Birch gave a short description of Melvin Yeager, mentioning that he was a large man with a mustache. Then he described Mr. Yeager's appearance as he rode on his very small tractor.

As Raymond chewed steadily on his sandwich, he watched his father with wide-eyed intentness. He was especially fascinated by his father's verbal picture of such a large man on such a small tractor.

Mr. Birch went on to say that when one wheel caught in a furrow, the tractor tilted precariously and Mr. Yeager clung to the controls to retain his balance, creating quite an awkward appearance.

Raymond listened with rapt attention. He sat facing his father and looked directly into his face.

12:29. Raymond pulled himself up squarely to the table.

He reached purposefully for a salt shaker, which was shaped like a small hammer, and salted his tomato generously.

He deliberately set the salt shaker back in its place at the center of the table.

Spreading his jaws wide and measuring the sandwich with his eyes, he took a large bite and chewed it thoroughly.

He held the sandwich directly in front of his eyes and studied it for several seconds. With his head tilted to one side and his brow wrinkled, he inspected the sandwich from a close range.

He took an exceedingly large bite.

After chewing the bite slightly, he popped the remainder of the sandwich quickly into his mouth. He seemed to enjoy the process of eating as much as he enjoyed the food.

Using a broad sweeping movement, he brought the back of his hand across his face. Then he wiped his mouth with the palm of his hand.

Mr. Birch introduced a new topic of conversation. He spoke of the Yeagers' plans for the farm that they had purchased recently. The Yeagers had also remodeled their house. The location of the house was explained in detail to Betty by both Mr. and Mrs. Birch.

Raymond watched his father and mother as they talked. He looked back and forth from one to the other.

His mother, noticing that he had finished his sandwich, promptly inquired if he wanted another one. She appeared eager to see that he had everything he wanted to eat.

He answered briefly, indicating that he wanted one.

Mrs. Birch immediately gave him another sandwich.

He bit into it without hesitation. He had his elbows on the table and the sandwich grasped in both hands. When he took the bite, he brought his head forward rather than taking the sandwich to his mouth.

A discussion of the possibility of the Yeagers moving their garage to their new location in the country was followed by a consideration of the suggestion that the Yeagers were planning to build a tourist camp. Mrs. Birch commented that the Yeagers had quite an investment in their new property.

Raymond, immediately curious, repeated, "Tourist camp. What's that?" While speaking he looked very closely at his father.

Mr. Birch asked Raymond if he remembered where they had slept when they went to California. He spoke in a man-to-man fashion.

Raymond nodded knowingly.

Returning to his sandwich, Raymond leaned his head forward and took another bite.

He put the sandwich down and wriggled and fidgeted restlessly in his seat.

With his arms hanging loosely at his sides, he wiggled his fingers back and forth to remove the crumbs.

12:32. Mrs. Birch continued to tell of the Yeagers' plans to remodel their home.

Raymond watched his mother idly and listened with only slight interest.

Noticing some red paint on the shoulder of Raymond's T-shirt, Mrs. Birch rubbed it vigorously.

Raymond took another bite without making any response to his mother's action.

Mrs. Birch returned to her food.

Raymond placed his sandwich on his plate and hurriedly grabbed his spoon.

- 12:33. Taking a firmer grip on his spoon, he stirred his coffee slowly, methodically, and yet noisily.

He carefully put his spoon down on the table beside his plate.

He took his cup in both hands, neglecting to use the handle, and took a small sip.

Preoccupied, he picked up his sandwich and took another large bite.

Mr. Birch was doing most of the talking.

With his head tilted and his eyes opened wide, Raymond listened to his father.

Mr. Birch put his dish of apricots on his plate and asked pleasantly about some cookies. Mrs. Birch went to the other side of the kitchen to get some.

- 12:34. Speaking over his shoulder, Raymond said he wanted a piece of cake. He spoke with a hint of playfulness, although I felt he really meant it.

Mrs. Birch half-seriously said that he would have to eat cookies today.

Raymond looked up at the cupboard teasingly, as if he expected to find some cake.

He asked when his mother would bake one. I still had the impression that he was joking.

As if to appease him temporarily, Mrs. Birch answered that she would bake him a raisin cake one of these days.

Continuing his playfulness, Raymond indicated that he wished she would bake a cake soon.

Then he put his apricots on his plate, held the dish firmly in his left hand, scooted forward in the chair, and dug into his dessert with vigor. His right elbow was extended in the air as he pushed energetically at the food with the spoon in his right hand. He scooped the food quickly into his mouth.

He returned the spoon to the dish and sawed at the skin of one of the apricots.

He pushed the fruit over to one side, and, using the fingers of his left hand, put the fruit on the spoon. He worked solemnly and carefully with the dessert.

Then he took several scoops with the spoon and quickly finished the fruit with very little ceremony and no distraction.

12:35. He slid the chair easily away from the table.

Raymond sat motionless for a few seconds.

Then he put his hands on the edge of the table and pushed back from it languidly. He stretched back with evident enjoyment in tilting his chair.

This also appeared to signal his completion of the meal.

He slowly lowered the two front legs of the chair back onto the floor.

Mrs. Birch inspected the shoulder of his T-shirt again and asked reprovingly, "Where did you get that red paint?"

Raymond said nonchalantly that it had come from the bricks on the courthouse.

She questioned him at some length and admonished him in a pleasant way to stay away from the courthouse because the paint was very difficult to remove.

Raymond looked at Betty and then at me with a hurried glance.

As he looked, he loosely swung the door of the cabinet which was at his immediate left.

He hesitantly asked his mother if she would care if he had a marshmallow.

She was agreeable and said that it didn't matter to her.

He reached into the marshmallow sack, placed a marshmallow in his mouth, and chewed it heartily.

He slid his leg up under him on the seat of the chair. He squirmed back and forth on the seat, quietly restless.

The conversation at the table concerned some meat from the jowl of a pig. None of the family liked it because it was too fat and wasn't cured. Mrs. Birch asked her husband, "You know of any dog that we could feed this meat to?" Mr. Birch jokingly suggested their own dog, Honey. Mrs. Birch said flatly that Honey wouldn't eat raw meat. Mr. Birch remarked, for the benefit of the observers, that Honey was very particular with her food.

Raymond followed the conversation with rapt attention.

Mr. Birch added facetiously that Honey looked underfed. He nodded, smiling, toward the roly-poly dog.

At his father's mention of the underfed dog, Raymond smiled broadly.

12:38. He jumped up quickly from the table and darted behind his father.

Raymond put his foot playfully on Honey and held it there lightly and gently for just a second.

Honey lay still.

Raymond went quickly into the bedroom.

Carrying a small candy Easter egg, he returned at once to the center of the kitchen and called expectantly to Honey.

He extended his arm and held out the egg.

Raymond watched with pride as Honey took the egg and settled to the floor.

Honey, showing little enthusiasm, merely tasted the egg and let it fall from her mouth.

Raymond quickly picked up the egg and obligingly returned it to Honey's mouth.

He went to the back door and let Honey out.

He darted hurriedly behind his father's chair and into his bedroom to get his cap.

As he hastened back to the kitchen, he flipped his cap onto his head.

Without a word he went directly outside into the garage.

He took hold of the handle bars of his bicycle and started to push it out backwards.

It was a full-sized 28-inch boys' bicycle of standard make. It appeared to be quite new.

Seeing that I was standing in the doorway blocking his path, Raymond stopped hesitantly.

12:40. When I backed out of his way, he very efficiently lifted his bicycle over the small studding around the garage door and pushed it out into the open.

He gave a couple of little jumps to gain momentum and swung his leg easily and expertly over the bicycle.

He rode up to the main sidewalk. His manner was very relaxed and confident.

He turned and asked me what time it was.

It seemed to me that he was more interested in making conversation than in finding out the time.

I showed him the watch on my writing board and asked him what time school started.

He mumbled almost unintelligibly, "Eight o'clock."

Scene 3: PLAY ON SCHOOLGROUND

TIME: 12:40-12:50

Gregory Daggett
Lou Olson
Judy Marshall
Raymond Pechter
Susan Hebb

Raymond made a sharp turn toward the house.

He let his bicycle roll freely down the slight incline.

With deliberate playfulness he banged the front wheel of his bicycle into the back end of his wagon. This sent the wagon shooting sharply toward the house.

Then he quickly and expertly stopped the bicycle and swung to the ground.

He dashed into the house to ask permission to take the bicycle to school.

His mother agreed in an offhand way.

Hurriedly Raymond came out the back door.

He climbed onto his bicycle.

He started up the sidewalk toward school.

- 12:41. He coasted very slowly down the incline of the ditch into the street. He balanced his bicycle well despite the fact that he was hardly moving.

When he reached the alley, he calmly glanced back at me.

Leisurely and lazily he rolled up the street.

There was a sound of a car or a truck on the highway.

Raymond glanced back to locate the sound.

He looked forward immediately and proceeded on toward school at a snail's pace.

- 12:42. He pedaled slowly across the first intersection on the way to school.

He coasted down almost all of the next block over the slight incline.

He went so slowly that at times he had to maneuver the front wheel to keep his balance. His slow speed did not indicate lethargy or lack of energy, for he was very alert in balancing the bike and used good judgment in knowing just how long he could coast without turning the wheel.

He poked along as he crossed the street to the school-ground.

Again he glanced back briefly to see if I were coming.

He pedaled slowly on the sidewalk, going south in front of the school.

He came very close to two girls. Probably he was teasing them by coming as close as possible without running into them—a common boyish prank in Midwest.

Raymond made a large, lazy circle in front of the schoolhouse, evidently for his own enjoyment. He paid no attention to any of the other children who were playing there.

Confidently he coasted to a spot just north of the front entrance of the building.

He swung off his bicycle with ease and landed lightly on his feet.

12:44. He silently pushed the bicycle past the front entrance where Miss Madison, Mrs. Logan, and one of the high-school teachers were standing and talking.

Raymond was very businesslike as he backed his bicycle against the wall and kicked the stand down.

He sauntered toward Gregory Daggett.

Reaching out with jaunty carelessness, he grabbed Gregory by the arm.

With assumed indifference Raymond said, "I can do something you can't do." Then he said something softly; I thought he mentioned a trapeze. He was quietly boastful.

Gregory, who was much smaller than Raymond, answered him readily. I missed the first part of his remark but heard him comment that he could bend his knees.

Raymond seized Gregory's hands playfully and the two boys scuffled in a quiet, friendly way.

Gregory said, "I can too." He walked slowly to Raymond's bicycle and asked if it were Raymond's.

With mock seriousness Raymond answered, "No."

Gregory went to the next bicycle.

Raymond laughed playfully and said, "Yes, that was mine."

- 12:45. Lou Olson and Judy Marshall came running out the front door. Judy explained to Gregory, to Raymond, and to Raymond Pechter, who had sauntered up just then, that they had been telling some high-school girls about the boys they were going to marry. Lou repeated impishly that Judy had said that she was going to marry Raymond Birch.

Raymond Birch, seeming slightly embarrassed, leaned back against the wall.

Lou said she loved Quentin Kerr.

I felt that Raymond was relieved when the topic shifted from him. He started chanting, playfully and monotonously, "Lou loves Quentin, Lou loves Quentin."

Some high-school girls who were entering the building just then laughed at Raymond.

Their laughter incited more emphasis and vigor in his chanting.

- 12:46. Gregory honked the horn on Raymond's bicycle several times.

The horn was the push-type friction horn similar to the first automobile klaxons.

Raymond meandered calmly over to his bicycle.

He pushed experimentally on the horn lever and listened carefully to the sound.

Gregory, leaving the bicycle, entered the building on his way to class.

Raymond tentatively honked the horn a couple of times more.

Then, putting his ear right against the horn, he gave the horn lever an energetic push.

In response to the loud honk, Raymond straightened up suddenly and shook his head. He said, "Oh," playfully, and laughed.

He dashed into the building.

He ran quickly up the stairs, with a great deal of vitality and vigor.

He went quickly into the cloakroom.

When I caught up, Raymond, still wearing his cap, was trying the door into the classroom from the cloakroom. The door was locked. He firmly tried the door two or three times. His manner was calm and deliberate, as if the door being locked was not unusual.

He hurried back to the center hall and entered the classroom through the main door. He went straight to the other door and unlocked it.

He entered the cloakroom purposefully. He was gone only a second when he returned to the classroom, still wearing his cap.

- 12:48. Raymond wandered absently around the room, surveying the activities in a general way, as if to orient himself.

Then he quickly sat down beside a girl in the first grade, as though choosing her in particular. The two sat closely side by side without even looking at one another.

Raymond Pechter, on his stomach on the window sill in the southeast corner of the room, shouted to some people outside, "It's time to come in."

Raymond Birch heard him and looked back with interest.

He then hurried back to the window.

Energetically he scrambled up the window sill and lay down on his stomach beside Raymond Pechter.

The school band was assembling outside.

Putting his hand on the frame, Raymond leaned out to watch the activity with great interest and intentness.

- 12:49. He suddenly slid down from the window sill and backed away hesitantly. It was almost as if someone outside had threatened him and he had retreated to avoid being hit. He backed away about six feet.

Then he walked calmly up to the window again.

Standing with his feet on the floor, he looked out.

While watching the activity, he played absently with the string which controlled the window shade.

Inadvertently he let the shade down to the middle of the window. Then he raised it again.

He seemed preoccupied with the activity outside as he let the shade up and pulled it down several times.

- 12:50. He turned suddenly, went directly to the desk behind Susan Hebb's, and sat down on the desk top.

Raymond listened calmly to a conversation between Susan and Judy Marshall, who were both sitting at Susan's desk.

Judy said proudly, "Nobody knows what I told Raymond."

Quietly, almost impulsively, Raymond whispered something to the girls which I interpreted to be, "She loves me." He seemed to be extremely embarrassed after this declaration.

Afternoon School

Scene 1: CLASSWORK

TIME: 12:51-2:01

Mrs. Logan
Children of the First and Second Grades

12:51. Mrs. Logan entered the room and said loudly but pleasantly, "All right, children. It's time to be seated."

Raymond immediately went to his desk and sat down. He seemed alert to all of the activity going on in the room.

12:52. He squirmed restlessly in his seat.

He looked over at Judy Marshall in a coy and embarrassed manner.

Raymond affected a haughty facial expression as he turned his head away.

Grant Herne, whose desk was in front of Judy's, came up and whispered something to Raymond.

Raymond listened with interest to what Grant had to say.

Grant returned to his seat.

Raymond regarded Grant for a second.

Then he went quickly to Grant's seat and whispered something furtively.

He slipped back to his own seat.

He glanced momentarily at Judy.

Then he gave Grant an intimate, knowing glance.

- 12:53. Mrs. Logan went rapidly to the back of the room. She was annoyed with Stanton Thorne, who was lying on his stomach on the window sill. She took him by the shoulder and shoved him firmly toward his seat. She looked out the window to see what had been so interesting to Stanton.

Raymond observed this incident, with no apparent feeling.

He stood up and went directly to the teacher.

Before Mrs. Logan turned from the window, Raymond whispered something to her.

I inferred that Raymond asked her for some paper to put his candy in.

Mrs. Logan listened attentively to what he said and nodded agreeably. She pushed him gently in the direction of his desk.

Raymond took the hint and returned to his seat passively.

Mrs. Logan went to the front of the room, tore off some paper and brought it to him.

Raymond watched her actions closely.

He took the paper as a matter of course, put it to his mouth and slid a piece of candy from his mouth onto the paper.

He carefully wrapped the candy in the paper.

He put it between his front teeth and bit on it mincingly.

The teacher said that she did not know who was present and would have to call roll.

Raymond spontaneously volunteered, "Morris is in the wrong seat." He reported this in a businesslike and good-natured way.

Morris Bryan turned around and looked solemnly at Raymond. Then he grinned mischievously. The teacher in calling roll told Morris to move one seat forward.

12:55. The school band started playing loudly outside in the street.¹

Raymond, along with several other children, jumped up immediately to watch the band from his seat.

Just then Mrs. Logan started to call for reports by the children who had written their names on the front blackboard.

Raymond, seemingly satisfied with what he had seen, calmly sat down facing the front.

He absently placed the candy with the paper around it between his front teeth.

12:56. Ben Hutchings came in and Mrs. Logan asked, "Ben, did you just now get here from home?" Ben nodded yes and grinned shyly in embarrassment. The teacher smiled and acquitted him, saying, "That's all right."

¹The school band was having its first outdoor practice so the situation was entirely novel to the children.

Raymond scrutinized Ben as Ben entered and went to his seat.

- 12:57. Raymond turned around in his seat and stood on his knees to see the band playing outside.

Becky Porter started giving her report at the front of the room.

Raymond turned to the front and watched her fixedly.

As he watched, he pinched his upper lip between the finger and thumb of his right hand and licked at his fingers with his tongue.

Then he absently fingered his nose and mouth, still watching.

- 12:58. With his right hand grasping his desk, he leaned into the aisle so that he could get a better view of Becky. Raymond watched every move she made.

The palm of his left hand was pushed against his mouth.

Then he unmindfully put the joint of his index finger into his mouth.

- 12:59. Becky finished her story in a faltering way and Mattie Pearson began. While Mattie spoke, Mrs. Logan put some flowers in a vase on one of the large tables at the north of the room.

In a slouching position Raymond watched Mrs. Logan with only slight interest.

He sucked on his left index finger.

Then he laid his head on his hands as he glanced briefly at Mattie.

He studiously regarded his fingers.

1:00. While Mattie finished and Susanna Hall began, Raymond, resting his elbows on his desk, chewed his finger. He seemed to be looking out into space rather than at anything in particular. He did not appear interested in Susanna's report.²

He poked the fingers of one hand into the palm of the other in an absent-minded way.

Mrs. Logan erased carefully around some small figures on the blackboard behind Susanna.

Raymond's eyes were fixed upon the teacher's doings.

When Susanna finished, Thelma Bollener was called to the front for her turn. She began breathlessly, "I'll bet you can't guess." Mrs. Logan said rather impatiently, "Oh, tell us, Thelma. We can't guess."

At these words, "We can't guess," Raymond sat up straight, and focused his eyes on Thelma. He watched her intently and listened with interest to hear what she had to tell.

Thelma took a while to get around to the point of her story, which was that some relatives were coming. She named them off at great length.

1:02. When it became apparent what this "You can't guess who is coming" was going to be, Raymond noticeably lost interest. He put his arm across his desk, laid his head on it, then closed and opened his eyes several times.

He sat up again and looked intently at Thelma.

He soon relaxed to his former position with his head resting on the desk.

1:03. Mrs. Logan, after calling Morris Bryan to the front, said impatiently, "Wait 'til everyone is settled," which was a signal for all to straighten up.

² Rita Devens, observer.

Raymond sat up straight.

As soon as Morris began to talk, Raymond picked up the May basket which lay on his desk.

He raised it to his nose and hung it there. His face showed a relaxed expression but his eyes darted about with alertness to catch any crumb of fun that might come his way.

- 1:04. Sitting on the corner of his seat with his feet spread apart out in the aisle, Raymond half-chewed, half-pressed his finger in a lackadaisical manner. His eyes were turned to the front but it was difficult to tell whether he was actually looking at the speaker or just in that general direction.

Susan Hebb was called to the front to speak.

Raymond's eyes were turned toward the front during her entire talk. He seemed to be watching her with intentness and mild interest.

Susan told the class that her family planned to take a trip and that she would stay with me while they were gone.

At the mention of my name, Raymond and many of the other children turned to look at me. As Raymond looked, he gave me a fleeting but friendly smile.

- 1:05. He turned quickly back to look toward the front of the room.

After Susan had finished, Mrs. Logan asked pleasantly, "Does anyone else wish to give a report? We'll have a few more and then we'll quit."

Raymond held up a limp, motionless hand about shoulder high but didn't even look at the teacher.

Mrs. Logan called upon someone else.

- 1:07. Sitting still, Raymond appeared to be listening to the speaker.

He drummed his fingers quietly on his desk top.

A piece of paper in the aisle caught his eye. He put his foot on the paper and pulled it to him.

Then he pushed it to and fro, watching it and enjoying the noise it made.

He picked his foot up from the paper and leaned his head on the desk. His feet were sprawled under his desk.

He looked lazily around the room.

- 1:09. Mrs. Logan announced that she was going to read a story named "Keeko," thus ending the reports period. Some of the children said that they had heard it before and did not want to hear it again. When one of them said he would like to hear it, a chorus of small voices begged, "Read it again, Mrs. Logan."

Raymond took no part in this discussion. His manner suggested no particular concern about which story she read.

Mrs. Logan said with some finality, "I'll read it if you'll just be quiet." All of the children immediately sat up straight.

Raymond's drooping posture abruptly changed. He sat up straight with his hands folded quietly on the desk top.

- 1:10. After maintaining this still position for only a second, Raymond began to clasp and unclasp his hands, shifting the fingers in different positions.

Mrs. Logan, in reading the story, mentioned the grandfather of Keeko, the Indian boy. Keeko's grandfather's name was Chief Running Horse.

At the mention of this name, Raymond laughed quietly.

Then many of the other children laughed more loudly.

Raymond appeared to be mildly interested in the story, responding to it occasionally.

As he listened, he played restlessly with his hands and his eyes darted to and fro as if looking for other interests.

He spread his fingers wide apart and pushed them against his forehead, moving his head back and forth a little.

- 1:11. Raymond moved his fingers over his face and pulled at his cheeks. He was getting no attention from anyone, nor asking for any.

Mrs. Logan read about the flowers in Keeko's hair. His animal friends asked, "Who is this young Indian brave with flowers in his hair?"

The mental picture of a brave with flowers in his hair brought a large grin from Raymond.

He chewed his lips.

He clasped his hands together, put his index fingers on each cheek and left them there for a moment almost motionless.

- 1:12. Again he looked about.

He held his hands over his face.

Mrs. Logan read how every time the little Indian boy would try to pull tail feathers out of the birds, the mothers of the birds would scold him.

This made Raymond laugh.

- 1:13. Sitting up fairly straight, he listened with only moderate interest.

Again he looked about for something more interesting.

He folded his arms and lazily drummed his fingers on his arms.

Raymond Pechter giggled in amusement at one part of the story and turned to Stanton behind him. Stanton turned to Raymond.

- 1:14. Raymond just sat motionless in an upright position and listened soberly. He paid no attention to this bid for sharing in the amusement and didn't even smile at whatever it was they had laughed about.

- 1:15. He rubbed his eyes as though he were somewhat bored and restless.

He began to slide almost imperceptibly from his upright position until his spine was barely on the edge of the seat. His shoulder blades, resting against the back of the seat, were the other point of balance.

He jiggled his feet up and down, then shuffled them back and forth on the floor.

- 1:17. He rubbed vigorously at his nose, as if it really itched.

- 1:18. He rubbed his eyes in a bored way.

Still dropping down in his seat, he looked around the room.

When his eyes met mine, he smiled broadly.

- 1:19. He picked at his nose and afterwards looked at his fingers.

Raymond grinned at the teacher's description of Kee-ko's dumpy little legs.

He looked about again.

When Ben Hutchings dropped a piece of metal, Raymond looked around quickly.

Just as quickly he turned back to the former slouching position.

- 1:20. He put his hands between his legs and stretched his whole body.

- 1:21. He put his hands over his face and rested his arms on his desk.

I had the feeling that although the story wasn't especially interesting, he liked this restful part of the day when he could just sit.

He stretched his feet out as far as he could and extended his arms downward.

- 1:22. The story came to an end but there was no perceptible change in Raymond until the teacher said in a very definite tone, "Second grade, we will get out our English books." Then she said in a louder voice, "All right. Let's get quiet now."

She began helping the first graders with their spelling.

Raymond immediately got out his book and opened it to the proper page. He grimaced, pretending that the prospect of doing this lesson was frightening. The cor-

ners of his mouth turned way down so that his face was pulled out of shape.

He leaned over with his nose close to the book, looked at it and grimaced again. It looked as if he were doing this for an audience, but he had none.

- 1:23. He stretched his feet into the aisle, raised one arm, and worked his mouth, all of this unobtrusively.

Toward the end of the story the Indian boy, Keeko, had walked through the woods where his friends were, raised his arm and said, "How," as he had seen other Indian braves do. At that point in the story many of the boys in the class had raised their arms in this "how" sign. I inferred that Raymond's raised arm and mouth movements were an imitation of this Indian signal.

- 1:24. Raymond faced his book with determination.

He twisted around in his seat and talked to Ben Hutchings and Judy Marshall for just a moment.

He turned back and purposefully picked up a pencil from his pencil trough.

- 1:25. After he had written a word in the book, he stretched and smiled faintly, as if in satisfaction at what he had written.

He turned again to Ben, who held up a piece of metal about the size of a silver dollar.

Raymond took it, faced the front, and looked at it intently.

Then his gaze shifted toward the first grade.

I had the feeling that Raymond was on the alert for any new activity and that the least possible excuse

One Boy's Day

for distraction was quickly seized. His expression was relaxed, however, and he was not actively searching for something to do.

He slumped lazily down in his seat as he watched the first grade.

Stanton, turned to Raymond, silently handed him the book from which the teacher had read the story about Keeko.

Raymond took the book and put it on his desk.

He turned abruptly and extended the metal piece toward Ben.

When Ben did not see him right away, Raymond impatiently pushed his hand forward and pulled it back several times, trying to attract Ben's attention.

Ben finally took the metal without a word.

- 1:27. Raymond opened the storybook and read the first page carefully, moving his mouth and looking closely at the pictures.

In his hand was a small blue crayon which he turned to and fro, coloring his thumb and forefinger.

- 1:28. He turned the next pages, fast, and inspected the pictures briefly.

As I came into the room, Raymond gave me a brief glance.³

- 1:29. With much interest he looked at a large, brightly colored picture in the storybook.

He turned the page and gave the next picture intent appraisal.

³ Susan Chadwick, observer.

Some activity in the first grade, where the spelling lesson was in progress, caused him to look across the room momentarily.

Raymond turned back to his book. At times he read the words that went with the pictures; at other times he merely looked at the pictures.

He went through the book quite rapidly, turning each page with care.

He held the crayon loosely in the palm of his hand. It was soft and somewhat flattened, evidently from earlier manipulation.

- 1:30. Peter Bowman whispered hurriedly across the aisle to Ben Hutchings.

Raymond, sitting just in front of Ben, was distracted momentarily. He looked back and listened to the conversation.

He nodded his head in agreement and volunteered his own opinion.

With undiminished interest he turned back to his book once more. He looked at a brightly colored picture and read the short paragraph beneath it.

- 1:31. *Mrs. Logan, standing near Raymond's desk, announced the English lesson. Several of the children disagreed with her on the page number. The argument continued; voices became louder and more of the children became involved.*

Mrs. Logan's voice raised slightly with authority as she insisted that the lesson was on page 56.

The increased noise and the final announcement of the assignment distracted Raymond's attention from the Keeko book, and he stopped reading with reluctance.

He raised his arms languidly and stretched them far back.

Then he relaxed all in one piece.

He stretched his arms out once more, reaching them back over his head.

He dropped his hands suddenly on his desk with a thump.

He picked up the book and, stretching as far as he could without turning his head, laid it on Peter's desk.

Raymond opened his English workbook which lay on his desk, and listened to the teacher's directions concerning the fill-ins for the first part of the English lesson. After she finished talking, his eyes were still on the book.

Raymond also smoothed the blue crayon between his fingers gently. Neither of these activities, the reading or the smoothing, seemed to get greater attention from him than the other. They went on simultaneously and his application to both was energetic.

- 1:32. Noticing that Raymond was not yet writing, the teacher said in a voice which carried a slight reprimand, "Here, what are you doing?" She continued pleasantly and calmly, "You weren't here, dear, when we had this. Here, this is where we are." She turned the page for him and pointed out the first direction on page 56.

Raymond immediately read the sentences there.

After pausing thoughtfully for just a moment, he wrote in the answer.

As he wrote, Mrs. Logan read the second direction to the class as a whole and then paused for the children to fill in the blanks.

- 1:33. Raymond wrote busily and finished both parts one and two.

He leaned back in his seat and listened to the teacher's instructions. His face wore a puzzled frown and his lips were pursed.

The teacher said, "Susan, you may read the next one."

As Susan Hebb stood to read, Raymond looked at his book with even more perplexity.

His face unexpectedly cleared up as she read.

Quickly he turned to his book and gripped the pencil tightly in his hand.

- 1:34. Raymond's movement to write was arrested suddenly, because his plastic gun-shaped pencil box fell from his desk with a terrific clatter. The teacher was disturbed by the noise.

Raymond, startled at the noise, ducked his head and pulled in his shoulders.

When he saw that his own supplies were involved, an expression of dismay and embarrassment replaced the surprised look on his face.

Then he noticed Stanton's arm across Raymond's desk.

The teacher came down the aisle to investigate.

Raymond looked up at her with increasing dismay.

Then he said complainingly, "*He* pushed the gun off onto the floor," referring to Stanton.

Stanton acknowledged the act with a nod and said, "Well, Raymond Pechter is always moving my desk."

Raymond Birch listened with a great deal of interest.

While Raymond made his complaint and while Stanton spoke, Ben Hutchings quietly got out of his seat, stooped down, picked up Raymond's scattered supplies, and put them back into the plastic box.

Ben closed the lid of the box and graciously returned it to Raymond.

Although he made no comment, Raymond was pleased that it had been picked up. There was a "thank you" expression on his face as he accepted the box.

In answer to Stanton, Raymond Pechter remonstrated, "No, I don't," meaning that he didn't move Stanton's desk. The teacher said, "Well, let's just adjust your desk. Get up and adjust your desk a little bit."

Raymond listened with interest and curiosity.

Mrs. Logan resumed the English lesson by reading the third direction aloud, giving a brief explanation in her own words.

Raymond turned to his English workbook immediately, and with great intentness and confidence filled in the two blanks.

He rolled and smoothed the softened crayon over his pencil, molding it into a cylinder, half an inch long.

Attending closely to the task, he pulled the crayon off the pencil and spread it out flat and smooth on his English workbook.

He picked up his yellow pencil and rolled it across the crayon, as a mother rolls a rolling pin across pie dough. Raymond worked hard at this, and seemed oblivious to everything else. Since everybody was busy, there were no particular distractions.

- 1:36. Mrs. Logan commented, "We should be ready for number four now. How many are not?"

Several were not ready.

Raymond was, so he played with his crayon uninterruptedly, rolling it smooth with the pencil.

Then he picked it up and folded it over and over, much as one kneads bread.

He laid it down and smoothed it with the pencil once more.

- 1:37. Abruptly the teacher read the fourth direction.

As she began reading, Raymond paused in his play. With his head cocked to the side, he listened very carefully.

Then he hurriedly wrote in a word.

He paused thoughtfully for a moment. His thoughtfulness turned to a mildly frustrated or puzzled look.

His expression cleared and with evident confidence he filled in the second blank.

- 1:38. He laid his pencil down with an air of relief.

He put the crayon up against his mouth, covered his lips with it and smoothed it across them. The crayon was so soft and malleable that it readily adapted itself to the contours of his lips.

Removing the crayon, he then marked various lines on it and poked at it, making little indentations.

A faint smile appeared on his lips and broadened gradually until he was positively beaming with pleasure at the result of his work on the crayon.

- 1:39. Raymond Pechter and Alvin Cutter whispered quietly together. Their whispers grew louder and louder until

they almost talked aloud. Judy Marshall ducked her head close to get in on the conversation.

The whispering soon became loud enough that Raymond's attention was also drawn to it. He looked up idly at the three children without showing much interest.

At the same time he played with the crayon continuously.

1:40. The teacher read the directions for part five.

Immediately Raymond turned and watched her intently.

He grabbed his pencil and listened closely.

He held the crayon against his cheek in a caressing fashion. He smoothed it against his face a time or two, then laid it against the hollow of his cheek and held it there for awhile.

He wrote in an answer, frowning slightly from an apparent effort to concentrate as he wrote.

The teacher read the sixth direction which required the children to copy on tablet paper a story of several sentences in length from the English workbook. She repeated the directions in her own words and added that she would pay particular attention to penmanship.

1:41. Raymond listened absently to this lengthy explanation of the last part of the lesson.

He put the flattened blue crayon on his tongue and rolled it over and around, exploring its taste and texture.

Then he stuck it out on the tip of his tongue and gingerly picked it up with his fingers.

He seemed to enjoy folding the soft, moist wax over and over and continued with this until it resembled an oblong capsule.

- 1:42. Holding the crayon in his left hand, he began writing lackadaisically.

While busy with his words he stuck the crayon back into his mouth and drooped it out the side as a man might dangle a cigarette.

Judy Marshall asked the teacher something about copying the capitals in the lesson.

Raymond looked up and listened with intense concentration to the answer. Judy's question apparently concerned something Raymond did not understand either.

After the teacher had answered, Raymond returned to his copy work once more.

The teacher moved to the back of the room and stood in the far corner by the bookcase. Susanna went back and asked permission to do something other than English.

Mrs. Logan felt it necessary to check Susanna's English before releasing her from study, so she questioned her on the day's work.

- 1:43. Distracted by this conversation, Raymond twisted around so that he could see as well as hear.

While he listened, his lips and tongue manipulated the crayon in his mouth.

He quietly spit the crayon out into his hand.

- 1:44. He hunted around in his desk, restlessly trying to find something. With a great deal of fidgeting and wiggling all over his seat, he looked under one object after another and disgustedly put them all down again.

Leaving his seat, he walked about half a dozen steps down the aisle, still intent upon his search.

He stooped over and anxiously scrutinized the floor under the desks and seats of other children.

Evidently he did not find whatever he was looking for, for he came back to his seat and flopped down in it dejectedly.

Extremely apathetic, he poked around with his pencil at the softened crayon.

- 1:45. Suddenly his face lit up and he hurried to the teacher's desk with his tablet tucked under his arm.

A crowd of children stood around her having their English checked.

Raymond propped himself up against Roy, who in turn leaned against the teacher's desk.

Peering fixedly between the children, Raymond watched the teacher grade the papers with interest.

When the crowd finally thinned, leaving more room, he leaned on the desk and waited impatiently for her attention.

When Mrs. Logan turned to him with a quizzical look, he asked a question about the copying of the story.

Evidently she recognized immediately that he was doing his lesson wrong, for she kindly told him to turn the paper over and rewrite the story neatly on the other side.

Scratching his neck in a puzzled, restless fashion, Raymond went back to his desk. He seemed to be undecided and discontented.

- 1:46. Once he reached his desk, his face cleared and he seemed resigned to the task. He sat down at once and, with his head on his left hand, applied himself to writing the story carefully, deliberately and with great intentness.

Without pause or observable diversion he remained glued to his writing.

- 1:47. Raising his head momentarily, he seemed to be thinking.

He whispered several words to himself while he wrote them down. He appeared to be unaware of his whispering.

Then, still unconsciously, he made a "Sh, -sh-s" sound as he checked his own work against the original.

He wrote another word or two.

He raised his head a little and turned an analytic eye on what he had written.

Smiling briefly with satisfaction, he copied more from his English book. He seemed absorbed in the task.

- 1:48. Grant Herne, who was crouched in the aisle cleaning his desk, bumped into Raymond's desk accidentally.

Raymond glanced up casually but showed no particular interest in Grant's maneuverings.

Then Raymond stuck his feet out in the aisle and stretched out the length of his body, relaxing it inch by inch.

- 1:49. Tapping his pencil restlessly against his trouser leg, he checked his work against the original in the English book. He appeared satisfied and content with the quality of his work.

He wrote again with his pencil gripped tightly, deliberately forming each letter. Alternately he wrote and checked, never straying from his purposeful activity.

Many first graders were at the blackboard. Some of the second graders who had finished English were

there, too. Other children walked to the teacher's desk and back to their seats.

Raymond was so intent on finishing his lesson that he remained oblivious of the activity in the room.

- 1:50. Alternately he read in the English book and then copied. He bent his head in concentration, even lower than before. Although his pencil was still gripped tightly, his general posture was quite relaxed and he worked with a great deal of freedom of movement.

He seemed very much at home and quite comfortable.

He swung his body around and scooted back and forth in his seat somewhat restlessly.

- 1:51. There was a thoughtful pause on Raymond's part.

Raymond's attention was attracted to the crowd of children around the teacher's desk. He seemingly forgot his own drive to finish as he observed their activity.

- 1:52. Stanton Thorne, coming back triumphantly from the teacher's desk, showed his paper to the children as he walked down the aisle. With beaming pride he showed Raymond his paper.

Raymond perused Stanton's work carefully but without signs of interest in the grade.

- 1:53. He returned almost immediately and with increased concentration to his own work.

Stanton talked to Raymond and the children around him.

Raymond seemed to pay attention only to his work, but his subsequent actions proved that he listened.

Suddenly he broke into the conversation with a quick, quiet whisper, "That's not as good as Ben's."

He spoke without pausing in his own work.

- 1:54. With an abrupt movement Raymond laid his pencil in the trough and jumped out of his seat.

With his English lesson in his hand he hurried to the front and stopped at the right side of the teacher's desk.

Several other children were crowded together at the right side of the desk.

Raymond immediately moved to the left side.

He leaned against the books on the desk and waited for his turn.

While Mrs. Logan looked over the writing in his tablet, he watched her expression intently. I could not tell, either from her expression or from his, what his grade was.

As soon as she made a check mark on his paper, he hurried back to his desk.

Nearing his desk, he crumpled the paper, seemingly without any disappointment or anxiety. His expression was one of "Well, that's that and I'm through."

The teacher called to him pleasantly, "Did I grade your book?"

Raymond answered with a negative shake of his head.

- 1:55. He picked up his English workbook and returned to her desk. He walked briskly but with none of the eagerness shown before.

He again had to wait for other children to clear away before his turn came. Impatiently he shifted from foot to foot several times and then shuffled his feet noisily.

He swung his English workbook around his head, then

around his waist, then around his head again. He did it in a more or less random fashion, just marking time until the teacher was ready for him.

Mrs. Logan left her desk to tap Peter Bowman and Thomas Woodale on the shoulders. They were talking to one another by the blackboard at the right side of the room.

Raymond turned to watch them, not with particular interest in his face, but simply as a matter of bored contemplation of what was going on as he waited through an enforced delay.

1:57. He laid his workbook on the desk.

The moment Mrs. Logan came back from the blackboard, Raymond asked her a hurried question with a good deal of emphasis. He nodded his head vigorously. His eyes were bright and insistent in expression.

Then he dashed suddenly out the cloakroom door.

The teacher gave a cursory glance at Raymond's book and carried it to his desk.

Then she announced, "Those at the board may be seated." Most of the children left the blackboard to go to their seats; some were slow about leaving. The children knew that it was almost time for recess. They started putting supplies away and straightening up before leaving.

1:59. Through the cloakroom door, Raymond peered into the classroom. He took a few steps and peered around again.

He straightened up and headed for the teacher's desk.

He leaned on the desk, breathlessly looking around the room.

Mrs. Logan asked him whether or not he had returned any library books.

He gave a firm negative shake of his head.

Then he marched back to his desk.

2:01. The teacher in a routine way, said, "In position."⁴

Raymond immediately folded his hands and sat up straight and took on a solemn facial expression.

Mrs. Logan explained to the class as a whole that all of them should go out to play except those who had special permission to stay in.

Raymond, sitting quietly, listened soberly to her words.

Scene 2: RECESS

TIME: 2:02 TO 2:20

Mrs. Logan
Susan Hebb
Mr. Robert White
Watson Kaye
Lewis Culver
Roy Harkness
Stanton Thorne
Spot

2:02. Mrs. Logan perfunctorily told the children that they could leave.

Raymond lingered at his desk and was about the last one to stand up. He seemed in no hurry to go out for recess.

⁴ Joan Poole, observer.

Leisurely he shuffled forward a few steps.

He abruptly grasped Raymond Pechter's desk top with one hand and the back of the seat with the other. He hopped between the desk and the seat, supporting his weight by his arms.

He lingered behind the other children who were crowding to get into the cloakroom.

Suddenly, as he walked along, he pounded his chest and made a face as if he were Tarzan.

When he reached the cloakroom door he picked up momentum. He walked hurriedly through the cloakroom, pushing his way through the other children who were chatting while putting on their coats.

He ran out the door of the cloakroom into the hall.

When he reached the center of the entrance hallway, he stopped, turned around, and looked at me expectantly.

He apparently was waiting for me, since he stood there and just stared at me.

Then he walked toward me slowly and uncertainly and stopped right in front of me.

In a questioning, friendly way he asked, "Are you coming to the courthouse tonight?"

I smiled and hesitated.

He repeated his question with the same inflection, facial expression, and manner as he had asked it the first time.

I replied lightly, "I don't know. But I might be."

He immediately turned and scurried down the steps and out the boys' entrance.

Susan Hebb and three or four boys were standing just outside the door. Susan was standing a few steps from the door by herself and the boys were talking with one another.

Raymond walked up to Susan and stood beside her.

- 2:03. Susan handed him a candy ball from a jar which she was holding. She said something to the effect that he was the only one she had given any to and he was the only one she was going to give any to.

Raymond said nothing but seemed very pleased to have the candy. He popped it into his mouth.

He abruptly sat down on the sidewalk in front of me and looked up at me for ten or fifteen seconds.

The boys who had been standing near us walked away.

Susan, kneeling down, ran her hands through some powdered cement which was spread out on the sidewalk next to a pile of sand.

Raymond circled around that area, running a few steps, swaggering a few, and scraping his feet along the ground.

While he ran around, Susan said something to him which I didn't hear.

Apparently Raymond heard her comment but it did not interrupt his running.

He picked up a broken branch, which was about a foot long and fairly stout.

Holding it with both hands, he tried to break it over his knee, without success. He hit it against his knee rather mechanically and with only a moderate amount of force.

2:04. Susan made comments from time to time about what she was doing and what she wanted him to do.

Raymond did not volunteer any additions to Susan's planning but listened passively.

While he listened, he continued to knock the stick against his knee until he finally succeeded in breaking it.

Once the stick broke, he immediately tossed it over his shoulder without looking to see where it landed.

He turned to Susan expectantly, as if not knowing what to do by himself and waited to hear what she would suggest.

Susan said, "O.K., Birch, I'll find you one," in a helpful but directive fashion. Several little sticks were mingled in with the cement powder. She picked up one, cast it aside, picked up another one, inspected it, and cast it aside.

Raymond watched her activity with interest but made no move to help. He seemed to accept it as being Susan's prerogative to select a stick for him.

Finally she found one which suited her and held it out to Raymond, saying "Here."

He took it and got down on his knees beside her.

They both scraped back and forth in the cement for awhile, using the little sticks as scrapers. Their scraping was an individual activity in the sense that each one scraped in a different spot and did not help the other one. Still, they both worked toward a common goal, namely, using the cement powder as a filler for "roads" dug in the sand.

Raymond scraped with vigor and with enjoyment, as if the physical movement of his arms and body were highly pleasant to him.

2:05. Susan exclaimed, "Hey, lookee!" in a shrill, enthusiastic voice. As she pointed at the cement, she looked at Raymond expectantly.

Raymond looked at her blankly and then looked down to where she pointed. He either did not see what she meant to call to his attention, or else he did not consider whatever it was worthy of such excitement.

Susan turned to me and said, "Hey, lookee!" in the same enthusiastic way. She went on to explain that it was real cement that they were playing with. She said something more which I didn't hear.

Without ceasing his scraping movements, Raymond glanced briefly at me and at Susan while she talked.

Susan found a small piece of twine mixed up in the finely ground cement. She announced, "Hey, here is some rope. There is a whole lot of rope here."

Raymond giggled at both of her statements.

Susan laughed, as if pleased that her audience appreciated her humor.

Raymond dropped his stick abruptly and stood up.

He walked in a bouncing fashion around Susan.

He stopped directly in front of me and lay down on the sidewalk.

I gathered that he did this for the express purpose of putting himself where I could see him best.

2:06. He stared at me with a blank look on his face for fifteen or twenty seconds.

Susan said, "You had better start in digging," in an almost dictatorial way, as if to remind him of his duties.

Raymond ignored her statement and continued to look at me.

Then Susan said, "I've got a joke on someone." She spoke in a mysterious way, as if she knew something that he didn't know and wanted to arouse his curiosity.

Raymond stood up and walked a little closer to her.

He asked, "Who?" in a voice filled with playful curiosity.

Susan teasingly said that she had a joke on someone but she couldn't tell him.

Raymond asked playfully, "Me?"

Susan said, "It's half on you and half on others," and looked at me knowingly. Smiling and looking at me, she repeated that her joke was half on Raymond and half on other people.

Her "joke" evidently was that Raymond was the subject for a day study, and the "others" probably referred to other children we had used previously as subjects.

Raymond looked at her thoughtfully and seriously, as if trying to figure out what the joke could be. He evidently didn't interpret Susan's glances at me as a hint, for he seemed completely unaware of my presence.

2:07. He was about to question her further when the school custodian, Mr. Robert White, came up behind Susan and pushed her lightly in the ribs. She jumped and let out a little squeal of surprised laughter.

Raymond laughed loudly and gaily at Susan's surprise.

Mr. White and Susan had a fairly lengthy, good-natured conversation, shifting rapidly from one topic to another.

It was all in a light, bantering fashion. Mr. White's comments were jolly and obviously intended to provoke laughter.

While they talked, Raymond seemed to be listening.

He skipped a few steps sporadically as he meandered around the school yard, never going more than thirty or forty feet from Susan and Mr. White.

He giggled cheerfully from time to time at the things that Susan and the man said.

Raymond picked up a stick, threw it up in the air, and hit it with his hands.

He giggled at that lightheartedly.

He seemed to be in such a carefree, happy mood that everything provoked a gay chuckle.

The conversation between Susan and Mr. White changed to the subject of the concrete which Susan was playing in while they talked. He asked Susan in a lively way, "What do you mix with cement to make concrete?" Susan paused, as if trying to think of a witty retort.

2:08. Raymond very pertly and saucily replied, "Horsetails."

He laughed boisterously and unrestrainedly at his clever comeback.

Susan and Mr. White laughed gleefully also.

Then they talked a while longer about mixing cement.

Raymond continued his frolicsome wandering around.

The custodian's mention of mixing sand and water in cement prompted Susan to say flippantly, "There's water in sand."

Raymond chuckled at Susan's remark.

Stopping his meandering, he stood right next to the pile of sand at the side of the sidewalk where Susan sat.

He knelt down in the sand and began to dig a long groove from one end of the pile of sand to the other. He very carefully smoothed out a furrow, taking special pains to get it straight.

Watson Kaye appeared from around the front of the schoolhouse.

2:09. When Mr. White asked Watson if he were coming down with the measles, Raymond glanced up at Watson. It appeared that he looked up automatically when he heard Watson's name mentioned, since up until then he was evidently unaware of Watson's presence.

Mr. White remarked that Raymond's arms were very red and maybe he was coming down with the measles.

Mr. White was trying to talk on the child's level.

Raymond looked at his arms thoughtfully.

He explained with seriousness, "It's sunburn."

The conversation turned to the subject of baldness. The custodian made a good-natured, disparaging remark about his own lack of hair.

Raymond joined in the laughter at that.

Susan and Mr. White still were the two main conversationalists, while Raymond and Watson were a few feet away listening.

Raymond continued digging in the sand. He dug mechanically now, almost as if he had forgotten that he

was digging and was just automatically going through the motions.

He looked at Susan and Mr. White occasionally and listened with a great deal of interest and pleasure. He giggled from time to time as Mr. White talked about his hair falling out.

- 2:10. Mr. White asked Susan if her father had any hair. Rather defensively Susan said, "Why shouldn't daddy have any hair?" as if baldness were completely incongruous with her visual image of her father. The elderly man pointed at his head and said jokingly, "Why don't I?"

Raymond and Susan giggled loudly and appreciatively.

Mr. White walked into the schoolhouse.

Watson left at about that time; his departure was unnoticed by Raymond.

Raymond worked at his digging more seriously and earnestly.

Susan, who evidently had ground up enough cement to suit her, said to Raymond, "Here's some cement. Come on and fill up your road. Get going." This was said in a normal conversational tone, not commanding, but it was clear that she was trying to get Raymond to cooperate with her in filling up the road with cement.

- 2:11. Raymond immediately stopped digging in the sand.

Playfully walking on his knees, he took about three steps toward Susan, maintaining a solemn expression all the while.

When he was about a yard from her, he pretended to move while standing still; his weight shifted heavily

from one knee to the other and he made rapid rowing motions with his arms. He moved vigorously and energetically.

He said jokingly, "I'm coming, but I keep slipping!"

He giggled loudly and with enjoyment at both his remarks and the forceful activity of moving while staying in one spot.

Susan ignored his actions and his comment. She began pushing the cement in a small pile.

Raymond abruptly stopped his antics.

Whether Susan's indifference or his interest in the new activity made him stop, I couldn't tell.

He got up on his feet quickly.

He covered the yard separating him from Susan in one big leap.

He leaned down and carefully filled his cupped hand with the cement.

He and Susan started to fill in the groove in the sand with the cement which Susan had been grinding up. Raymond very carefully sifted the cement through his fingers into the groove. He crouched down, sitting on his heels, and followed along behind Susan. He seemed absorbed in the task temporarily and worked earnestly and efficiently, being careful not to let the cement fall outside the edges of the groove.

- 2:12. When he was about two-thirds of the way to the end of the groove, he tired of it or else ran out of cement and was too lazy to go back and get another handful. He walked slowly to the other end of the sandpile.

He lay down on his stomach and looked at Susan, who was still busily engaged in the task of road-filling.

Lewis Culver came around the corner from the front of the schoolhouse, pulling a dog along by a rope which was fastened around the dog's neck.

Raymond got up and walked slowly over to Lewis.

Raymond and Lewis eyed one another soberly.

Raymond opened his mouth as if to say something, hesitated uncertainly, and then said, "Take the rope off; it might hurt him." It was not a command but more a plea for the dog's comfort.

Raymond turned away from Lewis and walked back toward the sidewalk where Susan sat.

Lewis very indignantly and resentfully called after him, "It's not yours."

Susan and Raymond both chorused, "It's not yours either; it's a high-school boy's." They both spoke so simultaneously that it sounded rehearsed. Even the inflection and feeling expressed was very similar—slight animosity and a touch of superiority.

Lewis said, "It's my brother's," very defensively but with emphasis and decisiveness.

Raymond said dispassionately, "Well, it's not yours if it's your brother's," and sat down beside Susan, as if that ended the dispute.

- 2:13. His calm seemed to quiet the bitterness of the other two. In a normal conversational tone of voice, Susan asked Lewis what the dog's name was. Lewis obligingly replied that it was "Spot."

Raymond listened with indifference.

He looked up when Roy Harkness came out the side door of the school.

Roy noticed the dog at once and accusingly said to Lewis, "That's not your dog." Lewis and Roy argued back and forth about who owned the dog and what the dog's name was.

Raymond listened to the first part of the argument indifferently.

Then he hopped up and walked to the middle of the sandpile.

He knelt down and carelessly ran his hands through the sand a second.

Susan was again playing with the cement on the sidewalk.

Raymond wandered over and stopped momentarily to glance at her activity.

He wandered aimlessly a few steps away.

He picked up a rock and threw it down on the ground listlessly.

He picked up another rock and threw it down in the same way.

- 2:14. Susan said, "Get going," in a playfully commanding way, trying to get Raymond interested in the sand game again.

Raymond replied with a laugh, "I *am* going."

He just stood there without "going," and looked around as if trying to discover something more interesting to do.

Roy Harkness walked up and inspected the "road" in the sandpile. He asked Raymond, "Do you know what the gray is?" referring to the gray cement filling in the groove.

“Sure,” said Raymond rather defensively but with pride. He turned away from Roy and wandered off aimlessly. Raymond stopped at the edge of the sidewalk.

He looked at me for a brief interval.

There was a slight drop of two or three inches from the sidewalk to the ground.

He said, “I’m going to faint,” with obviously fake distress and imitation pain in his voice and manner.

He leaned backward and fell back a few steps, giving a poor representation of a mock faint. His pretending did not extend to closing his eyes or falling to the ground; it was really more of a backward jump from the edge of the sidewalk.

He exclaimed, “Whew! I just missed that.”

His simulated fainting was completely ignored by all.

Raymond glanced over at Lewis and Roy, who were still arguing about the dog. He listened with little interest while Lewis repeated the statement, “It’s mine.”

- 2:15. Raymond ran to the boys’ entrance, opened the door and stepped inside.

Inside I heard someone yell something at him.

He giggled and ran back outside.

He walked over to Lewis and asked good-naturedly, “Can I pet your dog?”

Evidently he had decided that the dog belonged to Lewis after all, or else he was just being diplomatic and was trying to avoid an argument.

I didn't hear Lewis's answer, but if it had been "no" I am sure it would have been loud enough for me to hear.

They went around the bushes and were quickly out of sight.

I heard Lewis yell, "Hi, ho, Silver," playfully. He ran around to the front of the building, pulling the dog behind him.

- 2:16. Raymond walked back and sat down on his knees beside Susan.

He said plaintively, "He's running that poor dog to death."

Four small girls came running around from the back of the building. They slowed down as they neared the doorway.

Raymond listened to their chatter.

He jeeringly mimicked something they said and looked at them tauntingly.

They all laughed at Raymond's words.

He smiled with pleasure at their appreciation of his humor.

The girls ran on their way and disappeared around the front of the building.

Raymond watched them absently until they were out of sight.

He carelessly ran his hands through the sand a few times.

- 2:17. Lewis reappeared, still pulling the dog.

Raymond sauntered over and sat down by the dog.

He petted the dog in a warmly affectionate way. He spoke caressingly, saying such things as, "Come here, Spot, nice dog."

He asked Lewis, "Can't you get him undone?" suggesting indirectly that Lewis should undo the rope.

Lewis defensively said, "Sure," but didn't take the hint. He walked off pulling the dog behind him.

With a concerned look on his face Raymond watched them leave.

He called out pleadingly, "Don't pull him, call him," as if he knew his plea would be ineffectual but he would make a final attempt anyway.

Lewis disappeared around the back of the building, completely ignoring Raymond's request.

Susan called to Lewis, "Don't call him Spot; he doesn't have any spots." As she spoke, she smiled at her own joke.

Raymond said, "He hasn't got any spots at all," and laughed loudly.

Susan joined in his boisterous laughter.

- 2:18. Susan and Raymond played quietly in the sand for ten or fifteen seconds. As far as I could tell, their playing was aimless, individual activity. Each one just dug around and sifted the sand through his fingers.

Mrs. Logan appeared from the back of the building with several children following her.

Raymond and Susan stopped playing in the sand when she came up.

The teacher said pleasantly, "Come on, let's go in," and gently pushed several of the children near her toward

the door. Susan asked, "Are you done yet, Birch?" in a friendly, somewhat patronizing manner.

He said definitely, "Sure."

Raymond drifted toward the door.

The person in front of him let go of the door.

To prevent the door from hitting him, Raymond caught it.

He held it open, as if undecided whether or not to go on in.

Children came from all directions and started piling through the door.

Raymond held the door open as they passed through. He didn't appear to enjoy this doorman's role but he didn't know what to do about it. He couldn't let go of the door or it might have hit someone.

Finally, someone walking through the door reached out and held it open.

Raymond immediately stepped back outdoors and seemed relieved to be released from this unpleasant activity.

2:19. Susan offered him another candy ball eagerly, saying, "Do you want another one?"

Raymond said, "Sure," and nodded his head vigorously. He quickly took the candy and put it into his mouth.

He immediately turned and ran through the door.

He ran up the stairs and over to the water fountain. He didn't talk to or even seem to notice the other children who were milling around in the hall.

He got in line at the fountain behind two or three other children.

He turned and watched me with little interest as I came up the stairs.

Stanton Thorne made a loud remark about my coming up from the boys' basement and laughed boisterously.

Raymond and several others standing around heard Stanton, but no one said anything or joined in Stanton's laughter.

Raymond just stood patiently in line, waiting to get a drink of water.

When it was his turn, he took only a small gulp.

He turned quickly and hurried through the classroom door.

2:20. He stopped just inside the door and looked at me.

Raymond walked toward me slowly and deliberately and stopped about four feet in front of me.

He leaned his head back and held his mouth open wide for a couple of seconds, standing quietly amid the general confusion in the hall.

When I glanced away, he straightened and, as far as I could tell, he appeared to be looking at me.

When I glanced at him briefly again, he immediately flung his head back and opened his mouth wide.

He again straightened up when I looked at someone else, and appeared to be just looking at me.

The same thing happened a third time when I took another quick look at him.

After the third time, I decided not to look at him until he did something else.

Peripherally, I could see him standing motionless and looking toward me, probably waiting to catch my eye again.

Scene 3: CLASSWORK

TIME: 2:21 TO 3:14

Mrs. Logan

Children of the First and Second Grades

Raymond turned around and sauntered into the classroom.

Many children were milling around in the room and general confusion prevailed.

As Raymond passed by the windows at the back of the room, he glanced out briefly but did not slow down to take a good look.

When he reached his desk, Raymond Pechter was standing beside it.

He and Raymond Pechter exchanged a few friendly words.

Raymond Birch perfunctorily dusted off his seat with his hand, brushing back and forth a couple of times.

Raymond Pechter talked to him while he dusted.

Raymond Birch listened soberly but made no further comments.

He stuck a book, which was lying on the seat, into his desk.

2:21. Raymond Pechter returned to his own desk.

Raymond Birch sat down.

He looked around the room, waiting patiently and indifferently for the resumption of classroom activity.

With his mouth closed, he made a fairly loud noise which sounded like a siren. He seemed to do this just for his own amusement.

He and Anne Windom, who sat just in front of him and to his right, exchanged a few words. The conversation was so brief that I couldn't hear any of it, but it seemed to be just a good-natured chat.

Raymond stood up abruptly and ran to the back of the room.

He jumped and pulled himself up on the window sill, where several other children were already leaning and looking out.

With the upper part of his body lying flat against the sill and with his feet dangling, he looked out the window for a few seconds.

2:22. He abruptly left the window and walked slowly and deliberately toward me, looking at me steadily while he walked.

He stopped right beside me and stared at me for about half a minute, standing quietly and looking with interest, first at my face and then at my rapidly moving pencil.

Ben Hutchings came up and stood beside Raymond.

This seemed to give Raymond more courage. He and Ben leaned closer to see what I was writing. Raymond's brow was knitted in concentration and probably in perplexity at my scribbling.

After a few seconds of their scrutiny, I smiled and pulled the writing board back in a playful, teasing way.

Raymond and Ben both giggled merrily, as if that were funny.

Mrs. Logan tapped her desk with a ruler and called the room to order.

Her words were almost lost in the confusion; few of the children obeyed her.

Raymond immediately dashed back to his desk.

He flopped down in his seat, almost throwing himself into it.

Mrs. Logan was trying patiently to get everyone settled down.

Raymond sat up very straight and listened to what she said.

- 2:23. Susan Hebb walked up to his desk, carrying a candy jar under her Brownie cap. She said something to Raymond which I couldn't hear, since her back was turned toward me and she spoke softly.

Raymond nodded his head slowly and soberly and said, "Uh huh." I supposed that he meant he would like a piece of candy.

Susan carefully selected a piece of candy from the jar and placed it gently in the pencil slot on his desk.

Raymond watched her movements with interest and intentness.

Mrs. Logan tapped with the ruler again, more impatiently than before. Susan hurried back to her desk.

Raymond stared toward the front of the room with a thoughtful look on his face. I couldn't tell whether he was looking at Mrs. Logan or just staring into space.

Mrs. Logan walked over to the south windows and put up one of the shades.

Raymond turned around and followed her with his eyes, staring at her vacantly, almost as if he really didn't see her as a person but just as a moving visual stimulus which caught his eye but not his attention.

When she walked back to the front of the room, he continued staring out the window in an absent, detached way.

2:24. Mrs. Logan, businesslike, gave instructions to both grades, telling the second grade to go over their spelling words if they needed further study on them or to do whatever they liked either at their seats or at the blackboard.

Raymond stopped daydreaming when she spoke. Hunching down in his chair, he listened with little interest to what Mrs. Logan said.

When she had finished talking, he pulled his spelling book out of his desk.

He turned right to the page he wanted.

He pointed to a place on the page and stared fixedly at it for about thirty seconds, as if lost in thought.

His fixation on one specific passage seemed affected or posed; it certainly appeared excessive, considering the probable difficulty of the spelling words.

The room was noisy and no one else was so prompt in settling down to work.

- 2:25. Stanton Thorne stood up in the aisle next to Raymond's desk and held up two crayons and a pencil, trying to find the owners.

Stanton's nearness apparently caught Raymond's attention. Raymond stood up and looked at Stanton rather curiously.

He quickly grabbed the pencil out of Stanton's hand. He just stood and looked at Stanton a second or two longer while Stanton waved the remaining two crayons in the air.

Then Raymond snatched one of the crayons and abruptly sat down at his desk.

The teacher asked perfunctorily if anyone owned the crayon that Stanton was holding up.

While she and Stanton tried to find the owner, Raymond got up and went down the aisle toward the front of the room. He walked in a bouncy, springing fashion.

The other children were still in the process of getting settled and none of them seemed to be paying any attention to Raymond.

He stopped and chose the center section of the blackboard along the front of the room.

He was the first one to go to the blackboard, although Mrs. Logan had given all of the second graders permission to do whatever they wanted, if they needed no further study on spelling.

Very carefully Raymond erased a wide space in the middle of the blackboard, making even strokes up and down.

Mrs. Logan showed some of the children in the second grade where the spelling words were.

- 2:26. Raymond picked up a piece of chalk from the tray and drew a long horizontal line across the middle part of the blackboard. The line covered about one-half the length of the blackboard. He drew it very slowly and carefully as if he wanted to be sure to get it straight.

Then he drew a small outline of a house, which rested right on the left end of the line. He drew the house carefully and with considerable pressure applied to the chalk. He seemed intent but only moderately interested in the drawing.

He turned around facing the room, put his hands behind him, and bounced back against the blackboard several times, looking off into space dreamily.

- 2:27. The teacher asked if anyone had seen a dime of Ben's which Ben had lost.

Raymond stared vacantly at each child who volunteered information about the lost dime.

Then he turned back to the blackboard and quickly and carelessly added smoke to his picture. The smoke appeared to come out of the top of the house, although he had drawn no chimney.

With great care he drew a trapezoid along the baseline, right next to the house drawing.

- 2:28. After finishing the trapezoid, he turned and glanced briefly at Ben Hutchings and four other boys who were drawing on the blackboard along the north wall.

Raymond turned back to his own work and promptly proceeded to draw horizontal lines from left to right inside the trapezoid figure. The lines were close together

and very straight and Raymond was extremely careful that they went just to the boundary of the figure and not outside.

Betty Tilton, the next observer, came into the room and stood beside me.

2:29. In the same precise way Raymond drew vertical lines from top to bottom, through the trapezoid.

When he had finished the lines, he turned around and glanced momentarily at Betty and me. His cheeks were sucked in as he grimaced absently.

Raymond turned back quickly and continued drawing on the board. He added several straight lines from the bottom of the trapezoid figure to the bottom of the blackboard. He drew the first one at the left corner of the figure and worked from left to right, drawing each one carefully and at an equal distance from the immediately preceding one.

Then he continued toward the right side of the figure, making the remaining lines wavy instead of straight but still carefully spacing the lines at equal distances from one another.

After he had finished making the final wavy line from the lower right-hand corner of the figure to the bottom of the blackboard, he turned sideways and looked momentarily at the first graders who were getting settled at the side table for their spelling lesson.

He put his right hand on the back of the teacher's chair and his left hand on the chalk rail along the blackboard. He lifted his feet from the floor and supported his weight on his hands, as if the chair and rail were parallel bars.

He swung his feet back and forth a few times, moving them only a little.

He let go with his hands and plopped to the floor.

Then he stepped back up on the bench in front of the blackboard and picked up a piece of chalk.

He reached as far upward as he could on tiptoe and drew a figure that was meaningless, as far as I could see. Raymond seemed to be more interested in seeing how far up he could reach than in making a good drawing.

Next, he carefully drew a figure on the baseline, which was similar to the one he had just finished higher up on the board.

Clifford Grinnell, Raymond Pechter, and Susan Hebb were the only second graders sitting at their seats. All of the others were drawing at the board or moving around the room.

Raymond erased the figure he had just drawn.⁵

He turned around with nothing in mind to do, apparently.

- 2:31. He watched Susan Hebb and Joan Poole closely as they conversed. Most of his interest, I think, was in the fact that Susan was talking to Joan, an observer.

Joan left the room.

Raymond sat down leisurely on the back of the teacher's chair, placing his toes under the bench he had been standing on.

When he lifted his feet, the bench board tilted up in front. He appeared satisfied and pleased in a dreamy way.

⁵ Betty Tilton, observer.

As the teacher came toward the front, although she wasn't coming toward him, he hastily took his feet out from under the bench and stood up straight on it.

Mrs. Logan took no notice of him but directed her attention to the first grade.

Raymond looked around aimlessly as though he didn't know what to do.

- 2:32. He leisurely bent down and picked up an eraser from the floor.

With sweeping, rather precise movements, he erased all of his drawings.

He took a piece of chalk and drew a horizontal line from one end of his blackboard section to the other. It was a slightly wavy line, which was intended, I think, to be straight.

At the left end of the line he drew a small airplane that appeared to be either grounding or taking off. The wavy line apparently was the runway. He drew rapidly and with confidence, as though his thoughts had developed before he drew. The drawing showed very good form.

- 2:33. Then he immediately drew an airplane which was flying downward through the air toward the plane on the runway. He drew rapidly and easily.
- 2:34. With playful solemnity he put one finger on each airplane and slowly brought the two fingers together just over the runway, as though imagining a crash.

Susan Hebb came to the blackboard and began drawing in the corner of Raymond's section. She drew a small picture that was scarcely discernible.

Raymond glanced at her drawing but showed only a mild, passing interest.

He turned back to his own work.

Leaning his stomach against the board, he intently drew a man in mid air in front of and below the airplane in the sky. He drew with a fair amount of interest and enjoyment.

2:35. Raymond showed only slight interest in attaching a parachute to the man.

Then Susan began to draw a small picture on Raymond's runway, evidently in an attempt to make her activity sociable or recognized.

Raymond absently looked at Susan's drawing.

Then he stepped down from the bench slowly.

His leaving was simply an outcome of progressive boredom at the board, I suspect; it did not appear to be retreat from Susan, for he took little notice of her.

Raymond started toward the back of the room.

He stopped a minute at Raymond Pechter's desk and exchanged a few words.

He sauntered on past his seat and stopped at one of the windows at the back of the room.

He put his weight on one foot, leaned both elbows on the window sill in a relaxed way, and dreamily stared at the outdoors.

Susan followed him and stood at his left.

He was looking a little toward the right and didn't seem aware of her arrival.

She went around to his right, apparently wanting to attract his attention.

- 2:36. Paying no attention to Susan, Raymond fiddled with the cord of the window shade.

The two-way shades rolled up to the top and down to the bottom from the middle of the window.

Raymond tugged at the cord suddenly; the shade flew up. He looked up with an amused interest.

Susan grabbed hold of the string and pulled the shade down.

Raymond and Susan then simultaneously tried to manipulate the cord. For a moment Raymond acted as though she were a nonentity and would automatically stop because he was pulling the cord.

However, when he saw that she didn't intend to give in, he glanced at the next window and then went peacefully and quietly to it.

The teacher came up to them and said firmly, "If you're not working at the board, you should be in your seats." She restated the thought, rewording it for emphasis.

Raymond went immediately to the front blackboard with very little enthusiasm.

He stepped upon the bench about in the middle of the section.

Susan followed him. Standing to his left on the floor, she drew a wavy horizontal line, about a third of the way across the section.

He looked down at her briefly.

Then he immediately began drawing just on the other side of the end of Susan's line, on "his" side. He seemed

to regard the ends of the horizontal line as marking her territory.

- 2:37. He turned and looked around the room absently.
He stretched his mouth around and made a grimace.
He slowly turned back to the board.
Susan conspicuously extended the wavy line.

Raymond slowly picked up his eraser and with calm deliberateness erased the part of the line she had just added.

With easy movements he drew a large, square-shaped elephant in his part of the board.

He erased it at once with an air of discontent.

- 2:38. Raymond turned around and looked searchingly over the teacher's desk.

As his eyes lit on the end book on the desk, his expression became more animated.

He soberly stepped down from the bench, took the book, and sat down on a seat in front of the teacher's desk and right next to the first grade.

It was one of the extra front seats which had no desk top.

Raymond leaned his head forward as he leafed hurriedly through the pages, looking with interest at the pictures only.

Mrs. Logan came to the front to stand by her desk, thus standing almost over Raymond.

Raymond continued to scan the pages hurriedly, without noticing her nearness.

- 2:39. The teacher looked down at Raymond and said softly, "Take your book to your seat, Raymond."

Raymond responded immediately and obediently by arising to leave.

He slowly returned to his seat, keeping his eyes on the book while he walked. His expression suggested merely a superficial interest in the book.

A spelling book, crayons, a May basket, a fountain pen, and his pencil box were scattered across his desk top.

He sat down on a workbook which lay in his seat, without bothering to bring his feet in from the aisle.

He leafed through the book with fleeting interest in the pictures as Becky Porter and Judy Marshall went noisily past his desk on their way to the library shelves.

He progressively turned more pages at a time and increased the speed of his turning.

2:41. He stopped abruptly at a particular page and pointed with his forefinger at various things in a picture. His eyebrows raised with interest as he pointed.

2:42. He glanced cursorily over at the first-grade children when the teacher's words suggested that one of them was having trouble spelling a word.

He started to turn back to his work but his eyes lit on Peter Bowman and Ben Hutchings, who were cutting up at the blackboard. Raymond watched them for a moment with no particular interest.

2:43. Raymond went slowly to the library shelves and deposited the book which he had taken from the teacher's desk.

He immediately selected "Wonder World of Science." With a show of anticipation, he returned to his seat.

He immediately opened the book and began studying the first picture. He was so absorbed in the book that he didn't notice the teacher reprimand Ben and Peter.

With his head down, he became engrossed in figuring out the printing.

2:44. He put his finger down on the print to help follow the reading. He was so sober and intent that he was unaware of Judy Marshall, who was reading aloud across the aisle from him.

2:45. He finally turned the page and began to look at the pictures. He made little facial contortions with his chin moving down and his cheeks moving around in exaggerated movements. He seemed oblivious of the activity near him.

Raymond Pechter tried to move his seat and in so doing made a noise similar to rumbling thunder. The teacher suggested that Raymond Pechter be quiet. He explained that he was trying to move his seat. She suggested rather firmly that he get up if he wanted to move it.

When Raymond Pechter stood up to move his seat, Raymond Birch looked up briefly at the noise.

2:46. He looked back at once to scan printed pages hurriedly, stopping only to glance with a quickly satisfied interest at each picture.

The teacher said to Becky Porter and Judy Marshall, "Don't read out loud."

2:47. Raymond quickly turned the pages without looking up. He tapped his foot up and down rhythmically in a contented, relaxed manner.

He stared at an illustration of the steps in the growth from a tadpole to a frog. He ducked his head closer to the book during his brief but intense scrutiny of this picture. His lips moved rhythmically along with his foot.

He abruptly turned the page.

He looked up at me searchingly.

He looked quickly back at the book.

For just a moment or so he made slight facial contortions, especially for my benefit, I felt.

- 2:49. He returned the book to the library, taking a short cut by vaulting over a seat. He was proficient at swinging gracefully through to the other side.

Raymond opened the library bookcase doors, climbed up on his knees on the projecting shelf, and surveyed the books.

Almost with indifference he chose one on a lower shelf, "My Navajo Book."

On the way back to his seat he passed Ben Hutchings. Hardly noticing Ben, Raymond moved mechanically to avoid bumping into him.

- 2:50. Raymond sat down and looked at the pictures from one page to the next. Oblivious of the activities around him, he became progressively more interested in the book as he leafed through it.

Ben and Clifford Grinnell were whispering, Judy was reading aloud, and Raymond Pechter and Stanton Thorne were talking quietly.

Raymond looked around briefly at Ben and Clifford when the teacher asked them not to talk.

He returned to his book and frowned with reflective interest.

Meanwhile, unnoticed by Raymond, Stanton Thorne and Peter Bowman carried on an imaginary gun play. Stanton got clear out into the aisle to aim at Peter and imitated the sound of a shot in a subdued tone.

Then Stanton shot at Alvin Cutter, who fell "dead," slumped in his seat with his eyes shut.

Raymond glanced up at Stanton with annoyance at the noise.

Behind him, Ben entered the game with a shot, and was shot at in return.

Raymond looked back at his book and turned the pages rapidly.

Mrs. Logan came over and peremptorily took Stanton by the shoulder and whisked him around to face the front. She scolded him thoroughly but quietly.

Raymond looked up quickly, perhaps a little startled at Mrs. Logan's action.

Then, unconcerned with the activity about him, he looked back at his book.

- 2:53. Mrs. Logan announced wearily, "Now, second grade, we will have spelling. You turn to the same page you had before and we'll write on the other side."

At once Raymond opened his spelling book, which was already on his desk, and picked up his pencil; he was mechanically dutiful.

The teacher stopped to answer a first grader's question. Peter Bowman asked loudly, "Mrs. Logan, what's the

first word?" The teacher, attempting to be patient, said, "We're not ready now; I don't want you to start writing yet."

Raymond whirled the end of the pencil around in his open mouth. He seemed alert and ready for her to begin pronouncing the words, but in a dreamy way he was content to wait.

- 2:54. There was confusion while the teacher told the first grade what to do while the second graders were having spelling.

Raymond looked around absently. Gradually, he looked more aware of waiting and more restless with the delay.

- 2:55. He gazed dreamily at his teacher.

For a moment he appeared to be in absent reverie.

He watched idly as Clifford Grinnell sharpened a pencil.

- 2:56. Mrs. Logan inspected a few second-grade books at her desk.

She took a book from Douglas Simmons' desk since he was absent.

Staring toward Mrs. Logan, Raymond stretched his arms wearily.

Suddenly more interested, he watched Susy Norman come down the aisle.

Before she was past him, he half smiled at her.

Ben and Peter noticed and touched the little white purse which hung from Susy's shoulder.

With interest Raymond watched Susy go by and glanced at Ben and Peter when they touched her purse.

He turned back soon to a brief reverie.

He came out of his reverie a few seconds after the first word, "gate," was pronounced.

Raymond quickly and mechanically wrote the word down, hurrying to catch up. At the same time he seemed tired.

The teacher gave the second word, "dear."⁶

Raymond, leaning close to his paper and gripping the pencil tightly, wrote the word carefully.

The teacher was called to the door, leaving the children in the midst of their spelling.

- 2:58. Raymond sat quietly. He seemed fairly relaxed. He evidently was calm and assured about the spelling lesson.

There was a good deal of commotion around him.

He looked with little interest from one group of children to another.

He moved a little in his seat as if to get in a more comfortable position.

He seemed to be looking around to find something interesting to see, but he showed no willingness to take part in any of the activities.

- 2:59. He balanced his pencil between chin and chest, sticking the point into his chest.

Raymond looked about to see if he had an audience, and found none.

He rested his chin on his hand.

With a sudden smile of inspiration, he picked up his pencil and poked the point through his T-shirt in several places.

⁶Rita Devens, observer.

Many of the children were making a good deal of noise; none of them seemed to pay any attention to Raymond.

The teacher returned and said, "Well now, we'll continue with our spelling lesson." She said this in a detached way, as if she were trying to get herself back into the situation and partly, perhaps, to bring the children back. She said quietly, "The next word will be 'eye.'"

Raymond didn't write the word; he appeared not to have heard the teacher.

She repeated the word.

He immediately bent down close to the page and, with his pencil grasped tightly in his fist, wrote the word "eye."

The very second that he finished writing the word, he stuck the end of the pencil into his mouth.

Mrs. Logan gave the next word, "fair."

Raymond wrote it without hesitating, as though he felt fairly confident.

He put the pencil in his mouth again when he had finished writing.

3:00. *Alvin Cutter and Raymond Pechter had an argument in which the teacher was forced to take a hand.*

Raymond paid no attention to this but looked around lackadaisically.

Mrs. Logan gave another word, "fox."

Raymond wrote as before.

3:01. The teacher gave the next word, "hit," and Raymond Pechter brought up some discussion about it.

This didn't deter Raymond from his writing. He bent even closer to his work until his nose practically touched the paper. It was difficult to see how he could possibly write in this position.

He pushed the pencil into his mouth immediately after finishing the word.

Then he took the pencil out of his mouth and tapped his chest with one end of it.

Mrs. Logan gave another word, "farmer."

- 3:02. Raymond wrote diligently, again putting the pencil in his mouth after he got through.

The teacher gave the next word, which was "hay." Someone questioned her about it. She walked up and down the aisle saying, "Horses eat hay. Hay. Horses eat hay."

Raymond smiled almost imperceptibly at this and again wrote as before.

- 3:03. Mrs. Logan gave the last word, "hop."

Raymond wrote this one more quickly.

Clutching his spelling book, he immediately started for the front of the room, bumping into Stanton on the way.

He put one hand out in front of him, half pushing and half protecting himself from Stanton, as he followed Stanton to the front of the room.

Just when they got to the front of the row, the teacher said sternly, "You get back in your seats now. Get in your own seats."

Looking a bit frightened, Raymond turned on his heel. His eyes were bright and his mouth was drawn up to a tight smile.

He hurried and seemed to be holding his breath until he got to his seat.

He sat down, looking relieved and more relaxed.

Stanton returned to his seat, too.

Then Mrs. Logan sat down at her desk and said in a definite tone of voice, "All right, now I'm ready to grade the second grade. I'll take Becky's row first."

Raymond and the other children in Becky's row filed to the front of the room in an orderly way.

Raymond, however, pushed Stanton slightly.

When he reached the front, he stood behind the other children momentarily, as if appraising the situation.

Then he walked around to the left side of the teacher's desk, where no one else was standing.

He pushed the book in front of the teacher, near her hands.

She waved him away in an offhand fashion.

His facial expression showed no change; it was as if "Well, it was a good try, even if it didn't work."

After the others in the row, through Stanton, had had their work graded, Mrs. Logan reached absently for Raymond's book.

He released it.

She called the other group up while still grading his book.

When she had finished grading the book, he took it.

With no change of expression on his face, he looked at it.

He clasped the book firmly to himself, thereby covering the page on which Mrs. Logan had written the grade.

He took a roundabout route to his seat, going along the north wall, across the back of the room and then down the aisle to his desk.

He eased himself into his seat on his knees.

Immediately he slid out the other side of his seat.

3:05. He headed straight for the library bookcase.

He took out one book after another, putting each one back before taking the next. He didn't seem to be really looking for any particular book; he was just surveying the books.

3:06. Raymond came back to his seat without a book.

He sat down on his knee, resting one foot on the floor and leaning against the back of his seat.

Suddenly Raymond Pechter came back and asked brightly and eagerly, "What did you get in your spelling?"

Raymond blushed and looked down at his desk. He fidgeted with his hands a moment before he answered. In a swift hoarse whisper he said crossly, "None of your business." He seemed quite embarrassed as he spoke.

He picked up a piece of candy that he had previously wrapped in paper.

He made a great fuss about unwrapping it, taking a long time.

Then he dropped it into his mouth.

Raymond Pechter looked at him; then, perhaps sensing the situation, he turned and walked back to his own seat.

Raymond Birch ignored him.

Mrs. Logan, who was recording the grades, said, "Let's see the hands of those who didn't get 100."

3:08. Raymond sat there for a moment.

He then very slowly and reluctantly raised his hand.

The teacher called out the name of each child whose hand was raised, asking in each case for the number missed.

After hearing from the first child, she said pleasantly, "Raymond, you missed two, didn't you?"

Raymond mumbled in embarrassment, "Yes." He looked very unhappy and blushed again.

He looked blankly at his desk for a moment. While Mrs. Logan went through the rest of the names, Raymond continued to appear somewhat crestfallen by his failure to get 100.

3:09. The teacher finished checking the grades and closed her book with some finality. She got up and walked to the back of the room, saying, "Now everyone, let's look and see if we can find Ben's piece of money." When she came to Raymond's desk she looked stern and said, "Here, you'll have to clean this mess up. We can not leave all this mess in this seat at night."

Raymond had two or three books on the seat beside him and his desk top was littered with supplies.

He looked a little embarrassed.

Mrs. Logan went on to the back of the room. Many of the children from the second grade came running back to Ben's seat and clambered all over the floor,

looking under the radiator and, in general, had a grand time making quite a bit of noise legally.

Raymond held his hands over his ears and made faces, looking around to see if anyone was watching him.

When Judy Marshall smiled broadly at him, he looked self-satisfied but didn't smile back.

- 3:10. Raymond picked up the books that were on his seat and absently put them in his desk.

When they weren't able to find the piece of money, Mrs. Logan said, "All right, everyone look in your pockets." As the children searched their pockets, there were many calls of "Not me" and "I don't have it."

Raymond looked in his pockets in a haphazard way and said nothing.

- 3:11. Mrs. Logan said, "Well, you'll just have to look in your desk, Ben."

Raymond leaned back and watched intently while Ben looked in his desk.

When Ben removed the first book, out fell the missing piece of money.

Raymond smiled companionably at Ben, and Ben smiled back.

Raymond leaned back and patted Ben's hand.

- 3:12. Raymond continued to pat Ben's hand for several seconds.

Ben smiled and began to pat Raymond's hand.

They began to pat harder and harder until they were practically striking one another. They both grinned very broadly during this activity.

Mrs. Logan said to the class, "You'll all have to get much quieter before we go home."

Raymond quickly turned around and sat up straight with his hands folded carefully on the desk top.

The teacher stated, "In position."

Raymond continued to sit in "position."

3:14. She said routinely, "Turn, stand, pass."

Raymond and the others filed down their respective rows.

PART VI

After-School Play



Scene 1: PLAY AT COURTHOUSE

TIME: 3:15 to 5:05

Ben Hutchings
Roy Harkness
Jimmy Olson
Mr. Mark Howard
Mrs. Jeanette Wallace
Mr. Olson
Clifford Herne
Mr. John Mathews
Mrs. May Mathews
Mr. Charles Lipmann
Mrs. Birch
Mr. Henry Picker
Mr. Charles Picker
Miss Anne Graw
Mrs. Janet Besserman
Sylvia Besserman
Jimmy Hebb
Vernon Dew
Blake Herzog
Lewis Culver

When he had reached the end of the row, Raymond looked up at me and asked, "Are you coming to the courthouse?"

I said that I was going wherever he was going.

He jumped up and down twice and seemed delighted about this.

Ben turned and, looking knowingly at me, called, "Hey, Mulligan."

The two of them tumbled laughingly out the room.

Roy Harkness caught up with Raymond and Ben as they walked down the steps together.

3:15. Raymond climbed on his bicycle.

Very slowly he started to ride away from the school, with Roy holding onto the carrier over the back wheel.

Roy called out to Jimmy Olson, who was going by, "Look at Jimmy's old, big, long raincoat."

Raymond asked, "What you got your raincoat on for, Jimmy?"

Jimmy immediately took the raincoat off and said, "There," rather self-satisfied and as if to please Raymond.

Roy slowed down a little and Raymond sped up, leaving Roy behind with Jimmy and some of the others.

3:16. Raymond continued on his way alone. He rode slowly and carefully down to the corner of the square.

He saw Mr. Howard coming.

He got off his bike.

He stepped off the curb and started pushing his bike across the street.

About in the middle of the street he met Mr. Howard and said, "Hello, Mr. Howard," in a pleasant way.

Mr. Howard responded warmly, "Well, hi, sir. How are you getting along?"

He passed Raymond and went on his way.

3: 17. Raymond remounted his bike.

He rode on across the intersection to the sidewalk in front of the courthouse.

He kicked the front wheel of the bike up over the curb. He bit his lower lip as he made the effort.

He walked the bicycle to the bottom of the front steps leading up to the courthouse lawn.

Raymond practically carried the bicycle up the steps. (See Plate 21.) The bicycle was heavy and it took many grunts, groans, and puffs to get it up the flight of six or eight steps. Raymond did this efficiently and quickly.

He immediately mounted the bike, almost before he had gotten it past the top step.

3: 19. He rode back and forth near the top of the steps on the walk.

Without dismounting, he paused momentarily.

Looking very intent, he rode around the trees, between benches, crisscrossing the sidewalk.

It looked as if he were putting on a performance for me.

He scrutinized the pedals as he rode by me.

Raymond began to ride somewhat faster as he zigzagged along the sidewalk.

Then he rode up the sidewalk to the main courthouse entrance, using only one hand to steer.

With a sidelong glance, he looked at me shyly but proudly. The restrained smile that came and went fleetingly seemed to indicate that he was quite proud of his one-hand riding but did not want to show it.

He barely missed some trees and benches as he made a very sharp turn.

- 3:21. Riding one-handed, he came very close to me, smiling broadly at the incident.

Raymond circled and rode back around the trees to the main sidewalk.

As he came riding up, his eyes appeared to be closed, although they must have been slightly open.

He rode along the sidewalk and around the trees, three times in all, with his eyes apparently closed.

- 3:22. He turned off the sidewalk and rode across the lawn.

He almost dismounted as he rode.

Raymond quickly and efficiently remounted, giving a little running start.

His nonchalant manner seemed to mask somewhat his genuine pleasure in the activity and his self-satisfaction in maneuvering the bicycle so expertly.

He rode by standing up on the pedals. In order to stand up he had to balance the pedals in the midway position, for he couldn't reach them otherwise.

He propped himself up on the back of the seat in this standing position.

Then he rode, looking down at the ground intently rather than looking ahead. He smiled slightly in enjoyment of this new sensation.

3:24. He came up the main sidewalk again, evidently trying to go as slowly as he could without losing his balance.

He took a sharp curve, rode away some distance, and came back up the sidewalk.

Mrs. Jeanette Wallace came out of the courthouse and asked what I was doing. I explained briefly.

Noticing Mrs. Wallace, Raymond came riding up and honked his horn at her.

She pretended to jump.

Raymond giggled to himself in quiet amusement.

He rode off across the lawn shaking his shoulders in a playful way and progressively increasing his speed.

He went past Mrs. Wallace again and gave several sharp honks. He grinned as she jumped away.

Raymond rode across the east side of the courthouse lawn.

He dismounted abruptly and worked at his bicycle chain.

3:26. He remounted his bicycle.

He set off again, going quite a bit faster than before.

He turned sharply when he reached the ledge at the side of the outer steps, barely missing it.

He said "Hi" to Harold, who was sitting in a car parked near the steps.

He rode very close to the edge of the steps and came around by the trees.

Raymond rode his bicycle up and down the sidewalk and around on the grass. He seemed to be relaxed and comfortable.¹

3:28. He honked the horn of his bicycle several times as he easily rolled along.

3:29. He rode up and came to a stop by the courthouse steps, where I was sitting.

He said very pleasantly, "Hi, Harold, are you coming up to our house tonight?"

I answered casually, "Sure."

Raymond said, "Oh, goodie!," and seemed to be genuinely pleased.

3:30. He got on his bike again and rode around in circles.

About halfway between the courthouse and the street, I heard him call "Hi" in a loud, friendly voice to someone across the street.

Raymond rode his bike back to the courthouse and parked it near the steps.

He asked me with real interest, "Hey, Harold, are you thirsty?"

I continued writing and said nothing for a moment.

He repeated the question, "Are you thirsty, Harold?"

I replied, "Oh, not particularly, are you?"

3:31. Raymond said informatively, "When you want a drink you just go in the courthouse."

He walked up the steps and opened the courthouse door.

He held it open for me as I went in.

¹ Harold Devens, observer.

Raymond walked the length of the corridor to the drinking fountain.

He took a few gulps of water.

Then he turned around, wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and walked back down the hall.

As he passed the County Clerk's office, he stepped in the doorway and said, "Hi," to his mother, who was working at a desk on the other side of the counter.

He turned to walk on down the hall.

Mrs. Birch asked him, "What are you doing?"

He stepped back inside the doorway for a second and muttered something to her.

He left the office and ambled down the corridor.

About halfway between the County Clerk's office and the front door Raymond spied a moth hanging by a spider web about two feet above his head. He paused, put both hands on his hips, and studied the moth intently for a few seconds.

He glanced back at me and then walked slowly on toward the door.

3:33. He went through the door and stopped outside to hold it open for me.

Raymond headed straight for his bicycle and pushed it a little way, as though preparing to ride. However, instead of riding, he merely pushed the bike around in a small circle.

He reached down and pulled the pedal around so that it was in the right position for him.

Then he put his left foot on the pedal, swung his right leg over the seat, and began riding.

- 3:34. He rode around in front of the courthouse, along the walk and on the grass.

As he passed the flagpole, he reached out and touched it with the tips of his fingers.

- 3:35. *Sheriff Olson came out of the courthouse, spoke a few words to me, and walked on down the sidewalk toward the street.*

Raymond continued riding slowly around the courthouse lawn, giving no indication that he was aware of the sheriff's appearance.

- 3:36. He honked the horn on his bicycle just for his own amusement.

He made a wide circle around the lawn, going from the courthouse steps to the street and around again.

When he approached the courthouse steps at the end of his circle, Raymond turned and went around the east side of the building, honking his horn again.

- 3:37. He returned to the front of the building from the west side.

As he rode toward the building entrance, Clifford Herne called to him in a belligerent tone of voice, "Hey, come here a minute."

- 3:38. Raymond rode up to Clifford, who was crossing the east lawn of the square on his way home.

The two boys had a very brief talk.

Clifford went on his way promptly.

Raymond stood there leaning on the bike and rubbing his hands on the handle bars for a moment after Clifford left.

3:39. Then he mounted his bicycle and rode off.

When he started back toward the courthouse, Mr. and Mrs. John Mathews came out of the building.

Mr. Mathews called to him in a serious tone, "Raymond, do you know of anyone who found a ball glove out here?"

Raymond made no response for a minute but then he replied coöperatively, "No, but I saw a bat out here this morning."

Mr. Mathews said, "Yes, but it's a ball glove that we're looking for." He and his wife looked around on the grass for a short time.

Raymond watched them briefly.

3:40. Then he rode up to the steps of the building.

He got off and pushed his bike around to the side of the steps.

3:41. He parked it next to the building and beside the steps.

He went up the steps, jumped off one of the concrete slabs at the side of the steps and landed in the bushes.

I heard a few branches snap and then Raymond called to me with anticipation in his voice, "Hi." I looked and could see his face right in the center of the bush where he had pushed the leaves aside. He was smiling broadly as though this was quite a clever stunt.

I smiled at him.

I heard a few more twigs snap.

After he moved around behind the bush awhile longer, he came out.

He crawled up on the slab, walked the length of it, a distance of about three feet, and jumped down to the sidewalk. As he jumped, he held onto his bicycle for partial support.

- 3:42. Raymond leaned lazily on the bicycle and pushed it slowly with the kick stand still down.

Still leaning on the bike, he kicked the stand up.

He asked me pleasantly, "Are you going to be at my house tomorrow morning?"

"No, I guess not, Raymond," I replied.

He made no response.

He pushed his bicycle to a tree about eight or ten feet from the courthouse steps, and parked it there.

- 3:43. Raymond went quickly into the building.

When I opened the door, he was standing just inside and talking to his mother.

I didn't catch the words of their conversation, but she was laughing and smiling.

At this point Mr. Charles Lipmann walked up and asked, "Do you know any little boy who would like to sell his bicycle?"

Raymond said nothing.

His mother said, "I don't think Raymond would, would you, Raymond?" She was questioning and teasing at the same time.

Raymond smiled broadly and said, "No."

Mr. Lipmann said that he had two dogs which he would be glad to trade for the bicycle; he valued each dog at twenty-five dollars.

Again Raymond smiled broadly and said, "No."

Then Mr. Lipmann launched into a long story about a man who had a \$2500 dog. The story went something like this: One man, admiring another's dog, asked the owner, "Is he smart?" "Yes," said the owner. "Is he housebroken?" "Yes." "Does he win dog shows?" "Yes." "Well, what did you pay for him?" "\$2500." "You mean to say you paid \$2500 cash for that dog?" The owner said, "No, not exactly. I had two cats which I valued at \$1250 each. A man wanted \$2500 for this dog so we traded." Mr. Lipmann and Mrs. Birch laughed heartily at the conclusion of the story.

Although Raymond showed no great interest in the story, he looked right at Mr. Lipmann and seemed to be listening. He had a smile on his face while it was being told and laughed almost imperceptibly at the end.

3:45. Mrs. Birch walked slowly back to her office.

Raymond walked along beside her.

Mrs. Birch said something to Raymond about ice cream.

Raymond made no response.

Mrs. Birch turned into the County Clerk's office.

Raymond went on down the hall to the drinking fountain and got another drink.

He went to the rear door of the building and opened the door very wide.

3:46. He looked out for a minute and then idly let the door close.

He turned, walked back to the County Clerk's office, and went in.

He picked up a "Look" magazine from the counter.

He took the magazine, rounded the end of the counter, and walked behind it.

He spread the magazine on a desk next to the one where his mother was working.

Mrs. Birch was sitting at her desk working on some balance sheets with an adding machine.

3:47. Raymond was absorbed in looking at the magazine.

3:48. He continued to look at the magazine with a sober expression. He turned pages occasionally and studied each one.

3:49. He continued looking at the pictures in the magazine.

3:50. He turned the pages slowly, looking at each one with concentration, but his face was blank.

3:51. This activity continued a while longer.

Then Raymond put the magazine back on the counter.

He took another issue of the same magazine and placed it on the desk where he had been reading the first one.

He began looking through it.

3:52. He continued looking at the magazine with somewhat less intentness than previously.

He turned several pages quickly, scarcely looking at the pictures.

Then he paused and looked with interest at a particular page.

3:53. He turned several more pages rather rapidly.

He paused at the next one.

Then he continued turning pages and looking at them briefly.

- 3:54. Susan Chadwick, the next observer, came into the room and stood next to me at the counter.

Raymond looked up but said nothing.

He looked back at the magazine right away.

I said, "Mrs. Birch, this is Susan Chadwick." I added, "This is Raymond."

Raymond continued looking at the magazine.

Susan replied, "Oh, yes, I know Raymond." Mrs. Birch smiled politely and returned to her work.

- 3:55. Raymond glanced up at me for just a second as he continued to turn pages.

- 3:56. *Mrs. Birch said that she had gotten sunburned when she went fishing the past week-end. I responded that I had gotten sunburned while mowing the lawn.*

Raymond continued looking at the magazine, giving no indication that he heard our comments.

He finished the magazine and put it back on the counter.

He turned and walked quickly around the counter and out of the office.

When he went out the door, he turned to the right and walked toward the front entrance of the building. He leaned toward the wall and rubbed his shoulder against it as he walked along.

- 3:57. About halfway to the entrance, something on the bulletin board on the opposite side of the corridor caught his eye.

He crossed over to the bulletin board.

He studied it for a few seconds.

Raymond turned and ambled slowly and lackadaisically toward the front door, sliding his left palm along the wall. He seemed slightly embarrassed by the presence of two observers. Self-consciously he blushed and pulled in his head turtle-fashion.²

Straining somewhat, he pulled the heavy door open.

Then he quickly slipped outside, letting the door bang shut.

I sat down on the slab at the side of the steps. Harold went back into the building.

- 3:59. Raymond got on his bicycle, which was parked near the steps. There seemed to be some tension in his actions.

I made an attempt to ease things by saying, "Well, I'll pretend these steps are a chair and will sit here while you play."

Making no comment, he merely smiled briefly in acknowledgement.

With a swift kick at the bike stand he started off.

He zoomed to the edge of the courthouse yard, turned gracefully in a wide circle, and rode back to the steps. He wound in and out among the trees lining the walk that led to the sidewalk.

He circled widely, making the same round once more.

With a sudden burst of speed he rode to the southeast corner of the lot and then back toward the courthouse.

- 4:00. As he neared the steps he slowed down.

² Susan Chadwick, observer.

He stopped short directly in front of me.

He sat back on the seat and gave me what seemed to be a “let’s talk” look.

I asked him what brand of bike he had.

He answered, “*Arrow*,” smiling shyly at me.

I commented that my son had an *Arrow* and it was a good brand.

He seemed pleased by my comments.

- 4:01. Then, leaning forward, he gave the kick stand a slap with his foot and pushed hard against the walk for a start.

He maneuvered his bike skillfully around in tight circles directly in front of me.

For variety he flattened out his route to an ellipse.

Then he circled closely again. He seemed to enjoy showing off his prowess on the bicycle.

- 4:02. After the sixth circle he rode fast around the building. Before disappearing around the corner, he glanced back as if wondering what my next move would be.

I remained sitting on the steps.

- 4:03. In a short time he whizzed by from the other direction. He laughed aloud as he caught my eye. It was apparent from his manner that he enjoyed the thought that I might have been puzzled concerning his whereabouts. He slowed to a stop near me.

In a conversational tone I asked him, “Is there just as much space on the other side of the courthouse as there is here?”

"Yes, I think so," he informed me pleasantly.

He seemed to expect some more conversation, so I said, "Well, this time around, may I go along?"

He said obligingly, "Sure, I'll show you; I think it's bigger than this side."

He rode off at once slowly and deliberately, allowing for my walking speed.

At the other side of the courthouse he commented in a surprised tone, "Well, maybe this isn't larger than in front."

He halted the bike a moment and looked around, measuring the plot with an analytic eye.

He continued slowly on around the building.

When he neared the front, he took on a sudden spurt of speed and turned the corner of the building, out of sight.

When I turned the corner, the bike was parked on the walk near the steps and Raymond was not in sight.

As I walked up the steps I met two men, Henry and Charles Picker, who smiled at me and said, "Hello." I asked casually, "Do you know where Raymond has gone? Has Raymond gone inside?" Mr. Henry Picker said, "He did, but he came back out again." Mr. Charles Picker remarked, "Yeah, I think he did, but he's out again." I said, "Well, are we playing games out here?" Immediately grins spread across their faces, so I was sure that Raymond must be within earshot. I said, "Well, what game shall we call this?" and watched the men's faces closely.

It seemed to me that Raymond was hiding in the bushes just beside the steps, but I refrained from

turning my eyes in that direction. Both men seemed to be in on this game.

- 4:05. Charles Picker went inside and Henry Picker continued the conversation a little longer.

Meanwhile my marginal vision caught the movement of leaves and branches to the right of the steps. The quivering in the bushes increased until Raymond finally emerged, beaming broadly and carrying several leaves which he had picked from the bushes.

- 4:06. He settled his cap firmly on his head and walked jauntily in front of Mr. Picker and me to the other side of the steps.

There he stood with an intent and curious expression on his face, as if checking our reaction to his appearance. Raymond seemed both embarrassed and pleased by the joke he had played on me.

Holding the leaves loosely in his hands, he listened with interest as Mr. Picker talked to me about the housing shortage.

Raymond smiled fleetingly as he listened.

Our talk evidently began to bore him, for he pulled on the leaves and picked them apart listlessly, one after the other, until his hands were empty.

He seemed to follow the conversation, even though he was bored and apathetic.

He dropped down onto the steps and sprawled over them while Henry and I continued to talk about the housing shortage.

- 4:08. Raymond reached languidly across to the bushes and stripped off several leaves.

He shredded the leaves with aimless, unconsidered movements and dropped the pieces one by one on the steps beside him.

4:09. Mr. Picker finished talking and entered the courthouse. Raymond got up immediately and moved the bike from the walk to the grass at the side of the steps.

There he kicked the stand down with a vehement foot.

He headed briskly for the courthouse door.

4:10. He jerked the door open, using all his strength.

He held it long enough for me to enter with him.

He ambled down the long corridor.

Raymond appeared to be self-conscious about my nearness.

Attempting to ease the situation, I told him that I knew his name and asked whether he knew mine.

He looked at me with interest and said, "No," as though he were surprised that he had not thought about it before.

I told him that my name began with an "S" and asked if he could guess the rest of it.

He stopped still, as if caught by a problem he had to solve at once.

He leaned against the wall and lazily scraped his shoulder along it, as pigs do against a fence post.

Deep thoughtfulness showed on his face as he looked up at me and whispered the sound "S" a time or two in a low voice.

He brightened up suddenly and in a pleased manner said, "Sue."

I laughed and said he was almost correct, because the first part of my name was Sue.

He said questioningly, "Oh, Susan?"

I nodded in confirmation.

He repeated, as if to fix the name more definitely in his mind, "Susan."

He walked down the hall with an easy, free swagger, partially turning his head and shoulders toward me.

He turned into his mother's office.

He pulled himself up on the small table against the north wall. The table was very close to his mother's large desk. Raymond sat facing her and the rest of the room.

Miss Anne Graw came in from another office and, leaning against the counter, talked with Mrs. Birch.

I put my writing board on the counter just inside the door.

Raymond stretched across the space between the table and the counter with a big heave.

The counter was quite a bit higher than the table on which he sat.

Panting with exertion, he managed to pull himself onto the counter.

There he settled himself comfortably to my right.

He looked down at my notes.

I made no move to take them away.

His interest switched from the writing board almost at once, for he heard steps in the hall. He raised his head and looked toward the door with curiosity.

- 4:11. Henry Picker appeared, carrying a toy rubber tire about four or five inches in diameter. Mr. Picker asked pleasantly, "Raymond, is this yours?"

Raymond answered enthusiastically, "No, but I saw one like it yesterday." He seemed both happy to be able to give information and regretful that he could not claim the tire.

Mrs. Birch agreed, "Why, yes, this must be the mate to the one you saw yesterday."

Mr. Picker handed it to Raymond and said, "Here, want to play with it?" He seemed to be on good terms with Raymond.

Raymond accepted the tire with a pleased smile.

Immediately he toyed with it, running it back and forth on the counter.

Mr. Picker, Mrs. Birch, and Miss Graw carried on a conversation, ignoring Raymond entirely. Mr. Picker asked if Mrs. Birch knew the owner of the jacket left in the courthouse overnight.

This question brought Raymond out of his absorption in the tire play. He replied, "I know whose jacket that is."

Without paying any attention to Raymond's pronouncement, Mrs. Birch, Anne Graw, and Henry Picker concluded their conversation about the jacket.

Raymond listened with interest while his hands absently fingered the toy. He didn't seem to mind being ignored.

- 4:12. When the talk changed to another topic, he jumped off the counter.

He hurried into the hall in an excited way.

He turned left and scurried to the north end of the corridor.

He bent down and vigorously swung the tire back and forth many times, as a baseball pitcher winds up before he throws the ball.

Then, with a final energetic swing, he released the tire.

He watched intently as it rolled almost to the other end of the hall.

When it stopped against the baseboard, he ran unevenly after it.

He scooped it up and with the same motion rolled it back toward the north end of the corridor.

He began running after it as soon as the tire left his hand. He reached the north end of the hall just as the tire gave its last turn and flopped on its side.

Without a pause and panting heavily, he swooped down and picked it up.

He swung his arm far back and with a wide, smooth, deliberate movement threw the tire.

Standing motionless, Raymond watched the tire roll down the corridor in a perfectly straight line and bounce against the south door.

Then he turned to me with a look on his face at once proud and expectant.

“That’s the best yet,” I remarked.

Raymond smiled contentedly but said nothing.

4:13. He strolled jauntily to the end of the hall, savoring his success all the way. He threw back his shoulders and

flipped his cap onto the back of his head, where it hung precariously.

When he got to the door, he bent down leisurely to pick up the tire.

He took a deep breath, flung his arm back and forward, back and forward, for a good windup.

In a carefully timed, deliberate way, he let go of the tire once more.

He dashed down the corridor, trying to keep up with it.

It rolled in a straight line until it was almost at the end of the hall. Then it hit a jag in the floor and turned sideways. Down the stairs it went, into the ladies' rest room.

Raymond came to an abrupt halt.

Dismayed, he peered down the steps a moment.

Then he whirled around and tore into the County Clerk's office.

He said, "Mom," in a voice which was pleading and yet somewhat commanding.

He put his head close to his mother's and whispered softly to her, hiding his lips behind his hands. I gathered that he asked her to go downstairs for his tire.

His mother laughed.

Raymond showed no surprise at this, only a slight embarrassment.

4:14. Still chuckling, Mrs. Birch went out the office door, across the hall, and down the stairs to the ladies' rest room.

Raymond, dejected, followed her to the top of the steps.

There was a flight of about four steps, a landing, a right-angle turn and then about six more steps.

Raymond stood at the top of the stairs with his hand gripping the railing. He kept his distressed gaze on the turn of the stairs, while he waited for his mother to return.

When she reappeared with the tire, Raymond's expression changed quickly from distress to pleasure.

He took the tire eagerly from her outstretched hand.

He hardly gave his mother time to get out of the way before he rolled the tire down the hall again.

It swerved and came to a stop in the doorway of the sheriff's office.

Raymond hurried after it.

With no preliminary windup he rolled it back toward the north end of the corridor.

Again it swerved toward the stairway leading down to the ladies' rest room.

Raymond hurried after it.

He giggled with relief when he saw it stop before it reached the stairway.

Without hesitation he picked it up.

He rolled it smoothly and deliberately toward the south end of the hall.

He dashed after it.

He scooped it up and in one motion sent it back.

4: 15. He ran panting after the tire.

It turned into the County Clerk's office.

Raymond retrieved it, looking slightly irritated.

As he came back into the hall, he mumbled to himself, "Roly-poly, roly-poly."

Probably he was referring to the tire.

He walked purposefully to the windows at the north end of the corridor.

He planted his feet wide apart and, with a wide, free-swinging movement, wound up and let the tire go once more. His final swing was easy and the tire rolled only a very short distance.

Raymond skipped along beside it and picked it up as soon as it stopped.

He gave it a light toss which sent it back to the north end of the hall.

He dashed after the tire and grabbed at it.

He lost his balance and fell to the floor on his knees.

He lay there awhile until he got his breath back.

He slowly dragged himself to a standing position.

- 4:16. Very gently and deliberately he threw the tire again. He panted loudly as he threw.

He followed its roll leisurely, as if he didn't care where it went.

When he caught up with it, he picked it up easily.

With a preliminary windup, he threw it into the air and caught it. He did this three times in succession.

- 4:17. He tried to set the tire rolling toward the south end of the corridor by planting it on the floor and giving it a shove with his right foot.

When this didn't work, he tried a second time, and was again unsuccessful.

Disgustedly he bent down, scooped it up, and let it roll.

He strolled slowly down the corridor after the tire.

Casually he picked it up.

He started it gently, almost carelessly, toward the north end of the hall.

He followed the tire slowly and deliberately, apparently little concerned with its progress.

He picked it up when it came to a stop.

Raymond walked to his mother's office with an air of finality.

He laid the tire on the counter and said, "There," to no one in particular, although his mother and Mr. Blair were both at their desks.

4:18. He turned and walked out of the office purposefully.

He paused a moment to let me catch up with him.

Somewhat deferentially he turned his body so as to suggest that we were walking down the hall together, rather than that I was following him.

When he got to the front door, he held it until we both passed through.

Joan Poole, the next observer, passed by in front of the building and said "Hi" to Raymond.

He said "Hi" in a friendly way.

He looked back at me for a moment with a puzzled expression on his face.

Then he ambled down the steps.

He stood at the bottom of the steps and aimlessly watched Mr. Albert Martin, the courthouse caretaker, spray with a pressure pump.

I remarked to Mr. Martin, "Oh, you are spraying the dandelions." He said, "Yes, they really needed it."

Raymond must have heard these words but his attention was on the pressure pump rather than on our comments.

4:19. He picked up a long twig and languidly whipped it around on the ground.

Raymond continued to do this as he followed Mr. Martin around the lawn, watching the pump nozzle intently all the while.

Raymond swished the stick back and forth, right and left.

Mr. Martin paused to give a particular patch of dandelions a good pumping of weed killer.

With his hands in his pockets, Raymond stopped and continued to watch Mr. Martin.

He turned suddenly and ran back toward the steps of the building. As he ran he swung his arms wide in a smooth, even rhythm.

He flopped down at my left on the top step.

Almost immediately he slid down until he rested fairly comfortably on the second step. His legs stretched far out in front of him.

I asked him, "Tired, hot?"

"Both," he replied. He seemed pleased with the fact that I talked with him companionably.

He dropped his head back and looked up at the clouds and sky, evidently daydreaming.

He gave a little giggle as he raised his head.

It seemed that he giggled at some private thought.

- 4:20. He pulled himself to his feet undecidedly and circled around twice in front of the steps.

Abruptly he paused and exclaimed loudly, "Oh, boy."

He gave a sharp whistle of surprise and anticipation.

He whirled around and kicked at the stand on his bicycle to settle it more firmly.

Raymond walked around the bike to a dandelion with a fluffy, white seed-head.

- 4:21. Very carefully and with a fine twist of his fingers, Raymond snapped the stem.

Gently and deliberately he straightened up.

Then he took a big breath and blew hard, scattering the little feathery seeds. He smiled broadly with pleasure as he watched the helter-skelter flight of the seeds.

He tossed the stem aside carelessly.

Raymond walked up the steps and onto one of the concrete slabs at the sides of the steps.

From there he jumped to the ground and hid behind the bushes.

My marginal vision caught him scraping on the wall of the courthouse with a twig, pushing it back and forth restlessly on the rough bricks.

After a few moments of this he hauled himself up the side of the steps, quite clearly bored.

He dragged his feet one after the other down the steps.

He stopped at the bottom. His shoulders were rounded and hunched over and his hands hung loosely at his sides.

He pushed the cap off the back of his head and scratched his scalp.

He put his cap back on in an apathetic way.

His gaze wandered off dreamily past the roof tops and meandered from one fleecy cloud to another. His eyes were the only part of his body which moved. Momentarily, his thoughtful expression seemed to change to a bored one.

4:22. The bored look shifted to one of sudden interest as he stooped down to pick up a slender twig from the grass.

He held the twig against the blue sky and gazed at it.

Then he raised his knee and broke the twig sharply against it.

He flipped the broken pieces over his shoulder, unconcerned with where they landed.

He circled around near the steps, plopping his feet noisily against the ground.

He turned purposefully and walked back to his bicycle.

He sat on it and rested a moment; his shoulders were hunched over in relaxation.

Abruptly he hopped off the bike and kicked the stand up.

As if the bicycle were very heavy, he pushed it toward the southeast corner of the courthouse grounds.

He ran several steps, getting a good start.

Then he swung himself on with alacrity.

He circled the whole area between the southeast corner of the square and the courthouse steps.

As he came by me he grinned broadly and said, "See, I don't use the seat." He giggled at the fact that he was sitting on the carrier instead of the seat.

He continued to sit on the carrier while he made a wide circle around the flagpole.

- 4:23. Suddenly he appeared to be winded. He panted noisily, "Uh, uh," forcing himself to ride on toward the courthouse steps.

His hand brushed across his face, as though to wipe the sweat off his brow, and he rode more slowly.

With an air of weariness, he parked the bike at the east side of the steps and put down the kick stand.

He leaned against the bike and daydreamed for a few moments.

He took off his cap, flung it up in the air and caught it as it came down.

He threw it up once more, caught it, jammed it on his head and then pushed it back into position.

- 4:24. He wandered around between the flagpole, the steps, and the nearest tree.

As he wandered near the tree, he caught sight of a strip of paper and stooped to pick it up.

He looked it over long and carefully.

Then he tore it up carelessly.

He stood still a moment and spit out of the corner of his mouth.

4:25. He headed purposefully for the bandstand.

Once there, he stepped up on a bench which rested against the east wall of the bandstand.

Leaning against the back of the bench, he lazily watched Mr. Martin, who was going by with the sprayer.

Mr. Martin continued on around the building.

Raymond's eyes followed him for some distance.

Then Raymond stretched his arms back and up so that they touched the railing around the bandstand.

Touching the railing seemed to give him a new idea, for he turned immediately and climbed up on it.

His cap fell off.

He bent down, picked it up with irritation, and jammed it on his head.

He crawled back onto the railing and lay there stretched out on his back.

He hopped off almost at once and then jumped up again, this time turned around so that he faced south. His hands were folded across his chest and his elbows hung loosely on either side. His ankles were crossed and his knees bent outward. He balanced himself in this precarious position.

He wiggled around considerably in an effort to make himself more comfortable.

His elbows swung back and forth like flapping wings. His eyes seemed to be closed.

Then he watched the street as he balanced, motionless, in this position. He was very relaxed, using the least possible amount of exertion to stay on the railing.

4:27. He reached upward and hung on to a reinforcing beam.

After a moment in this position, he hopped down to the bandstand floor.

He followed the railing around to the south side.

There he jumped quickly to the ground, out of my sight.

When I reached him, he was looking into a door in the side of the bandstand underneath the platform.

4:28. I asked him, "What is that? May I see?"

He said in an offhand way, "Yeah, sure. There are boards in here."

Apparently losing interest in this, he turned away.

He sauntered toward an upturned bench that lay between the bandstand and the steps of the courthouse.

4:29. As he came to it, he sat down and scooted sideways on it.

Then he dropped through the open space between the seat and the back of the upturned bench.

He peeked out from a crack in the bench.

He made a high-pitched singsong noise.

This was followed immediately by a teasing, playful call, "Help, help, help."

As I came by the bench on my way toward the courthouse steps, he said, "Hi," companionably.

I answered, "Hi," and walked on toward the steps where Joan Poole, the next observer, was sitting.

He came out from under the bench at once.

He followed me undecidedly and with friendliness to the steps.

- 4:30. When they reached the steps, Susan said she had to leave. I made a joking comment about her having dinner ready when I got home.³

Raymond just stood quietly and listened to our conversation.

As Susan turned to leave, she said to Raymond, "Maybe I'll see you later."

Raymond nodded his head briefly in acknowledgment.

He walked slowly up the steps and onto the concrete slab directly behind me.

He stood there for ten or fifteen seconds, apparently looking either at me or at Susan as she walked towards the street.

Suddenly he ran down the steps and toward the street at a slow trot.

He stopped abruptly about one-third of the way down the walk and looked toward the street, as if wondering where Susan had gone and trying to catch sight of her.

She was already out of sight.

He wheeled around quickly, raced swiftly back up the walk, and headed straight for his bike, which was parked at the east side of the steps.

As he started to get on his bicycle, he glanced at me and smiled in a friendly, good-natured way.

He climbed upon the seat, with his tongue between his teeth and an earnest, serious expression on his face.

- 4:31. He rode by the steps, glancing briefly at me as he passed.

He circled around a tree, making clicking noises out of the side of his mouth, as if he were riding a pony.

³ Joan Poole, observer.

He headed straight for the bandstand. He looked down at the ground as he rode along and seemed to be working seriously at bike riding.

He disappeared behind the bandstand and was gone almost half a minute.

He reappeared at the other side and rode back toward the courthouse steps.

I heard someone tapping on the windowpane of the front door of the courthouse and I glanced up to see a woman standing just inside the door.

When I looked back at Raymond, he was looking at me. He giggled slightly.

I glanced at the door again to see if his giggle was prompted by the woman's actions, but meanwhile she had disappeared from sight. So far as I could tell, Raymond was unaware of the woman and her taps on the window, although he may have glanced up at the window at the same time I did.

He veered toward the left, made a complete turn, and rode down the sidewalk toward the street. He looked down at the ground with concentration most of the time and pedaled at a steady, moderate rate of speed.

When he got almost to the street, he called out soberly, "Hi, Sylvia."

He stopped the bicycle and stood straddling it.

He looked toward the street, as if waiting for a response.

Mrs. Janet Besserman and her daughter Sylvia were standing on the sidewalk at the southeast corner of the square. They didn't call back or make any sign of recognition.

Raymond honked the bicycle horn loudly three or four times.

Still, as far as I could tell, neither responded.

He got on the bike again.

He circled around and rode back up the sidewalk, pedaling steadily at a medium rate of speed.

- 4:33. As he neared the steps of the courthouse, Jimmy Hebb, Vernon Dew, and Blake Herzog came running around the side of the building.

Jimmy asked Raymond good-naturedly, "Where is my coat?"

Raymond said, "Come here and I'll show you," in a helpful, obliging way.

Deliberately he parked his bike by the steps.

He turned and looked at the other boys expectantly, waiting for them to be ready to go in.

He led them inside the door of the courthouse.

He looked back a couple of times with a sober expression on his face. His manner resembled that of a guide checking to see that everyone was following him—a guide who enjoyed leading the way.

When I opened the door to follow them, they were standing about twenty feet down the corridor. Jimmy was just taking down his coat, which had been tacked to the bulletin board.

Raymond glanced toward me briefly as I stepped through the door.

Raymond and the other three boys ambled back to the main door.

The other boys made a few comments about their play.

Although Raymond didn't seem to be included in their conversation, this did not appear to be an intentional snub.

Raymond just strolled along with them and listened to what they said.

When they got out the door, they simultaneously came to a stop on the steps.

I sat down on the concrete slab at the west of the door.

- 4:34. Jimmy Hebb explained to me that someone had given them the leather straps that he and the two boys were holding. He went on to make a few more comments about the straps, mentioning that they were for their horses (pretend). I added a word or two since some comment was necessary, but my remarks were as colorless and noncommittal as I could make them.

During the conversation Raymond looked at Jimmy and then at me with interest and pleasure.

Jimmy and the other two boys dashed off around the side of the building.

Raymond hesitated a few seconds as if undecided about what to do.

He walked purposefully, but at his normal walking speed, to his bicycle.

He got on it and headed toward the east side of the building, probably in pursuit of the other three boys.

- 4:35. Just as he turned the corner out of my sight, I heard several "Whoops."

Evidently Raymond almost ran into the boys as they came dashing back around the building.

The boys made "pow pow" gun noises and ran across the lawn in front of the building and around the west side.

I waited awhile, expecting Raymond to reappear. When he didn't come back, I walked over to a bench halfway between the front of the courthouse and the bandstand, hoping to see him from this vantage point.

Raymond reappeared at the west side, riding his bike from the back of the building. He headed straight toward me, pumping his bike more slowly and with a good deal of effort. There was a slight incline which may have accounted for part of his difficulty.

He stopped just a few feet in front of me and mechanically set the bicycle up on its stand.

4:36. He raced off toward the bandstand and disappeared from view behind it.

I saw his head appear next to the side of the platform opposite me. He must have been standing on one of the benches along the sides of the bandstand while peering briefly in my direction.

Raymond then ducked out of sight again.

4:37. He reappeared from behind the bandstand and walked slowly toward me with a stick in his hand.

He walked along leisurely, swinging both arms forward and backward synchronously in an exaggerated way so that they came up almost to shoulder height.

He sat down on the upturned bench, which was just a few feet from me.

He looked around, as if at a loss for something to do.

Noticing Lewis Culver standing just inside the retaining wall at the west side of the courthouse yard, he called out, "Don't you break that, Lewis." It was more a simple statement than a command, although there was a slight note of disapproval in it. Evidently whatever Lewis was doing wasn't a serious misdemeanor; Raymond's comment seemed to be just an attempt to start a conversation.

Lewis laughed and mumbled something.

Raymond shuffled over and sat down beside me on the bench.

I was sitting at the end of the bench and he sat down just about a foot from me.

He watched Lewis with mild interest for a few seconds.

4:38. I said something about it being very warm outside.

Raymond said, "Yeah," in a smiling, agreeable way. He seemed relaxed and not the least bit ill at ease, although I was almost a total stranger to him.

He sat quietly on the bench and glanced occasionally at my writing board.

I asked him what time his mother got off work.

He said, "I don't know," and laughed. Then he went on to say, "My daddy gets off at six o'clock. I don't know about my mother. I guess she gets off about five." He talked slowly and as though he were giving the matter some dreamy reflection.

I smiled and nodded my head briefly.

He lay down on his right side with his feet hanging down toward the ground so that he was in a twisted position.

He lay quietly and calmly and stared ahead in a thoughtful way for about fifteen or twenty seconds.

Then he sat up quickly and asked me cordially, "Are you coming to our house tonight?"

I smiled and said that I didn't think I would be but it would be nice if I could.

He looked into space musingly.

He sat very still except for tapping lightly and rhythmically on the bench with his hands; his arms hung down loosely on either side of him.

4:40. He continued staring ahead into space.

He glanced briefly at me from time to time.

4:41. He ran his hands forward with his fingers spread out and dragging along the bench, making a soft, scratchy noise.

He did this absently five or six times.

He continued to stare off into space, sitting very relaxed and slouched down.

Jimmy Hebb, Vernon Dew, and Blake Herzog came around from the east side of the building, making quite a bit of noise. Their play involved chasing and shooting at one another.

Raymond looked up when he heard their approach.

He stood and went toward them in a slow, jogging run.

Jimmy said, "You guys have got to catch us," explaining the game for Raymond's benefit. Jimmy dashed back around the corner of the building at breakneck speed. The other boys trailed behind.

Raymond trotted after them, lagging behind more and more.

He stopped at the southeast corner of the building and seemed to be following their flight with his eyes.

He turned slowly and sauntered back toward me.

- 4:42. Raymond sat down on the bench right next to me and settled himself comfortably and quietly.

I asked, "Don't you want to play with them?"

He nodded his head "no" vigorously and smiled at me.

The other boys reappeared.

Raymond watched them play. He sat quietly and contentedly, swinging his legs back and forth a few times.

Vernon and the other boy disappeared from view, leaving Jimmy Hebb standing on the bandstand.

- 4:43. Raymond glanced over his shoulder and immediately jumped down from the bench.

Vernon Dew was standing against the west side of the building, evidently trying to hide from Jimmy.

Raymond made motions to Vernon with his arms.

His movements were energetic and his face was screwed up with the effort of getting across whatever he was trying to tell Vernon.

He seemed to be warning Vernon to find a better hiding place and perhaps he was suggesting one.

Vernon ran toward the back of the building but I could not tell whether his action was prompted by Raymond's motions. Jimmy also ran toward the back in pursuit of Vernon.

Raymond sat down on the bench and watched the boys race out of sight behind the building. He seemed very interested in their activity and giggled excitedly.

4:44. He pulled his feet up on the bench and, sitting in a squatting position, continued to look toward the back of the building for a few seconds after they had disappeared from view.

With carefulness and concentration he climbed up on the top edge of the back of the bench.

He stood there in a precarious position, partially balancing himself by leaning against a tree.

He was in that position only a couple of seconds when Lewis came running toward the bench.

When Raymond noticed Lewis's approach, he jumped down hurriedly. He looked as if he were afraid that Lewis was going to knock him down from his dangerous perch.

Lewis tore by in front of the bench without even glancing at Raymond.

Raymond sat down beside me again and looked around as if wondering what to do next.

Then he looked toward the back of the building, evidently searching for the other boys.

"Where did they go?" I asked him.

He smiled at me as if pleased that I knew what he was thinking. His smile faded into a comical grin in which his teeth hung over his lower lip and were pressed tightly against it.

He said, "I don't know," and shrugged his shoulders, as if to say it was baffling but at the same time humorous.

4:45. The three boys appeared from around the east side of the building and stopped near the center door of the courthouse.

Raymond ran over toward them in a jogging, spirited fashion.

As he neared them, he said, "Hey, Vernon," with an air of easy unconcern.

He stopped and seemed to be asking Vernon a question. He talked soberly and seriously and apparently was concerned about and interested in the topic.

The other two boys may have made some comments but they were all about fifty feet from me and I could hear none of their words.

Evidently Vernon's answer satisfied Raymond. At any rate, he turned, left the group, and trotted back toward me.

The other boys raced behind the building again.

Raymond sat down quietly next to me and seemed content to just sit and do nothing.

4:46. "Don't you usually play with them?" I asked.

He said, "I'm too tired to play tonight," and smiled faintly.

He just sat, very relaxed, and looked around calmly and impassively.

I asked him why he was so tired.

He replied slowly and as if he were considering it seriously, "Oh, I went to school and I played hard today." He paused and added as an afterthought, "At recess."

Then immediately after that, he slowly and carefully twisted around and leaned down from the bench so that his head touched the ground. His back rested against the seat of the bench and his feet were extended high into the air.

He stayed in this position just two or three seconds and then eased himself down to the ground.

He got up and sat down at the opposite end of the bench from me.

4:47. He looked off into space thoughtfully, sitting very quietly and swinging his feet back and forth a few times.

4:48. *Jimmy and the other boys came back to play on the bandstand. Jimmy called to Betty, who had just driven up in the station wagon, "She's over here," telling Betty where I was.*

Raymond continued staring off into space, very comfortable and contented. Nothing indicated that he had heard Jimmy's comment.

Then he glanced over at the boys and watched them for a while.

4:49. Suddenly he got up and dashed toward them.

He quickly and energetically climbed up the bench and under the rail along the side of the bandstand.

He walked directly up to the three boys, who were standing in the center of the bandstand.

I couldn't hear him but he seemed to be asking Jimmy Hebb something. His manner was solemn and earnest.

Jimmy handed Raymond one of the leather straps which they all carried, and he seemed to be showing Raymond how to whip it from side to side.

Holding the leather strap loosely in his hand, Raymond watched Jimmy with interest.

He glanced over at me briefly.

- 4:50. He pulled himself up on the inner rail of the bandstand. Sitting on the railing in a lax, lolling manner, he made a couple of comments as he watched the boys run around cracking the leather straps back and forth.

Blake Herzog left, unnoticed by Raymond.

After five or ten seconds of sitting on the rail, Raymond jumped off.

He began to trot around and flourish his leather strap along with the other boys. They evidently pretended to ride horses and to whip their horses behind them.

I moved to a bench at the side of the bandstand.

Raymond jumped off the bandstand and raced toward a nearby tree, swinging his leather strap enthusiastically from side to side behind him.

- 4:51. He stopped at the tree and stood behind it, evidently hiding from the other boys.

Vernon Dew pursued him.

When Vernon came near the tree, Raymond jumped out from behind it.

He raced with enthusiasm toward a nearby bench and crouched down behind it.

He pretended to shoot at Vernon.

Vernon squatted down behind another bench and shot at Raymond.

The two boys moved energetically from bench to bench in this fashion, shooting at one another all the while and trying to find cover.

- 4:52. Raymond raced toward the bandstand and sat down on the bench next to me. He was breathing quickly and

loudly and seemed to be pleasantly exhausted by the vigorous gun game.

He said in a laughing, playful way to Vernon, who had followed him, "I'm going to be Smiley."

Jimmy chuckled and asked, "Smiley who?" It seemed clear that he knew without asking.

Raymond said, "Smiley Burnett," and giggled as if he had said something very funny.

Jimmy and Vernon laughed boisterously in appreciation. Then they dashed off toward the building.

Raymond remained seated beside me.

He said, "I get to rest now," and chuckled with pleasure.

Almost immediately after this remark, he jumped up quickly and raced around the bandstand.

4:53. He leaped over the upturned bench on his way toward the courthouse.

He raced on toward the side door of the building and stopped there for a few seconds.

He seemed to be peeking in the door with curiosity and interest. Perhaps he was looking for the other boys.

He turned and ran swiftly around the front of the courthouse and on to the southeast corner of the building.

He stopped short and stood behind a bush which was next to the building. I could see his figure silhouetted behind the bush. He stood there practically motionless for about ten seconds.

*Jimmy and Vernon were playing on the east lawn.
Raymond was probably spying on them.*

4:54. He trotted back toward me and sat down on the bench again.

He just seemed to be resting as he sat there calm and relaxed.

“Where are they now?” I asked.

He replied, “Hiding around there,” and pointed toward the east side of the building.

Lewis Culver came running up and asked Raymond if he had heard the horn on some passing car.

Raymond said, “Yeah,” and laughed companionably.

Lewis laughed, too.

Raymond stood up abruptly and ran to the upturned bench.

He crouched down behind it for a couple of seconds, as if pretending to spy on someone secretly.

Again he raced toward the southeast corner of the courthouse and stopped at the bush against the corner of the building.

4:55. He stood behind the bush for just a second.

Then he tore back toward me, very much out of breath and apparently exhausted.

He sat down beside me, almost collapsing on the bench.

Raymond absently fingered the leather strap which he still carried.

He sat quietly and appeared to be relaxed.

Lewis was still playing nearby, climbing up and down various benches.

Raymond said, “They didn’t see me.”

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He paused as if waiting for some response to his announcement.

Then he added, "I'm glad they didn't see me," and laughed as though pleased at the success of his spying activity.

Betty walked toward us. I thought Raymond saw her coming but I wasn't certain.

Raymond abruptly stood up and ran around the bandstand at a fast, even pace.

Jimmy and Vernon came to the front of the building and stopped on the sidewalk near the courthouse door.

Raymond reappeared at the other side, running a little more slowly; he trotted on toward Jimmy and Raymond.

4:56. He announced, "Hey, Jimmy, I'm going to go now." He went on to say something about his mother coming right away.

Jimmy seemed to accept Raymond's remarks and listened to them seriously despite the fact that he was several years older than Raymond.

Jimmy made some comment which I couldn't hear since they were about fifty feet away, but it seemed to be a remark concerning the fact that Raymond had to leave.

Raymond called loudly and expectantly to his mother, who had just come out of the courthouse, "Mother, may I stay here?"⁴

She called back that she was going to the grocery store and that he could stay there until she was through buying groceries.

Raymond walked back to the bandstand and sat down on the same bench.

⁴ Betty Tilton, observer.

Lewis Culver had meanwhile climbed up on the bandstand and was sitting on the railing above Raymond.

As soon as Joan started away from the bench, Raymond quickly got up on the bandstand beside Lewis.

Joan said to Raymond, "'Bye, kiddo.'

Raymond said, "'Bye,' with a friendly smile.

Joan said, "'Bye, Lewis.'

As Joan left, Lewis said with surprise, "I didn't know she knew my name."

Raymond smiled and said, "I told her your name."⁵

Raymond looked rather admiringly and thoughtfully toward Joan as she left and got into the station wagon.

4:57. Then he said softly to Lewis, "Where did they go, I wonder?"

He paused, considered, and announced, "They're supposed to be hunting me but they aren't."

Then he said enthusiastically, "Come on, Lewis."

He scurried down from the bandstand and tore across the lawn.

As he dashed around the southeast corner of the building, he looked back again and called earnestly and as though certain that Lewis would comply, "Let's go after them. Come on, Lewis!"

Lewis followed but not with much enthusiasm.

As I came around the corner, Jimmy and Vernon lolled at the east entrance of the courthouse.

4:58. Raymond cried excitedly to Lewis, "Here he is, come on!"

⁵ At no time had Raymond mentioned Lewis's name to Joan.

He dashed toward the bushes and ducked underneath them.

- 4:59. Lewis was an unenthusiastic participant but he followed Raymond into the bushes.

Raymond explained to Lewis that he should help since he was even a better fighter than Raymond.

Lewis said, "No, I'm not a better fighter."

Raymond insisted that Lewis was a better fighter than he.

Lewis maintained he was no good as a fighter.

Raymond came out from behind the bushes.

Lewis followed and after a brief hesitation said facetiously but still unenthusiastically, "Do you know why I ain't a better fighter? 'Cause I ain't no fighter."

- 5:00. Raymond, standing right behind Jimmy Hebb, thought he had hit his whip against Jimmy and said quickly and apologetically, "Excuse me."

Jimmy smiled and said, "You didn't hit me."

Raymond, showing surprise, said, "Didn't I?"

Jimmy laughed to think Raymond would apologize when he hadn't done anything.

Raymond laughed too.

- 5:01. Jimmy said decisively, "Let's go." Vernon said with enthusiasm, "I'm going to grab my old gray mare." Jimmy and Vernon ran off together around the building. It was apparent that these two older boys were the leaders.

Raymond galloped after them.

Behind him ran Lewis, trying to keep up. Jimmy and Vernon ran around the courthouse and up into the bandstand. They sat momentarily, feet dangling, on the edge of the platform.

Raymond and Lewis joined them. Raymond appeared to wait expectantly for further developments.

Jimmy got up and went to the center of the bandstand. He announced that it was to be his corral or stable. Vernon jumped up at once.

Raymond stood up also and quietly watched Vernon and Jimmy.

Lewis wandered off, unnoticed by Raymond.

Vernon and Jimmy argued in more or less a friendly way, but they were both firm as to which section was whose. Jimmy argued that one certain section had been his the evening before. Vernon laughed and said, "We weren't here the evening before." Jimmy, somewhat embarrassed, still insisted that they divide the corral as he first suggested.

Raymond slowly advanced a few steps toward Jimmy.

Jimmy said patronizingly and with friendliness to Raymond, "You can have the part in here." He pointed rather indefinitely, it seemed.

Raymond asked uncertainly, "What part?"

Jimmy said, "This part right here," specifically pointing to an outer edge of the bandstand. As Jimmy walked around, he happened to hit himself with his whip; he said, "Ouch," in a low voice.

Raymond giggled and said, "That happened to me too."

5:03. Jimmy smiled at Raymond in a friendly way. Vernon announced, "I'm going to go riding; want to go with

me?" He asked that as a general question to get the game going.

Raymond said willingly, "I will."

Vernon discussed what horse he would take and finally decided on the gray mare. He galloped down the side stairs.

Raymond and Jimmy ran spiritedly after him. Raymond appeared glad to be with them.

They ran in and out among the benches rather slowly and somewhat aimlessly, as though they didn't know exactly what the play would come to next.

Then Vernon led the way, galloping off toward the courthouse.

Raymond followed agreeably, grabbing at a tree on the way by.

Suddenly he stopped and looked around, seriously, toward the grocery store where his mother was. He slowly went a few steps in the direction of the store. Evidently considering what to do, he moved mechanically in that direction.

Then he tore around the nearest tree, murmuring to himself.

He became much involved in pretending to be a horse, and scarcely noticed Vernon and Jimmy.

He whipped himself with the reins.

The "horse" became "bucky" and obstinate.

Stopping shortly, he reared his front "legs" realistically.

Vernon led and Jimmy followed as these two ran off around the courthouse.

Raymond took up the chase, considerably behind Vernon and Jimmy.

As he was about to go around the corner of the building, Raymond stopped short, turned around and ran to meet the other boys from the opposite direction.

When he arrived at the steps of the courthouse, he stopped decisively to wait. He stood idly and watched for the others to come around.

Something had happened to his whip, for he was empty-handed.

He looked speculatively toward the grocery store across the street.

5:05. When Jimmy and Vernon came puffing up to Raymond, he turned and said something to Jimmy, evidently announcing his departure.

Jimmy called out, "Hey, guys. Raymond isn't going to play anymore."

Scene 2: HOME ACTIVITY

TIME: 5:06-5:18

Mrs. Birch
Lewis Culver
Honey
Stewart Evarts
Clifford Devon

5:06. Raymond walked to his bicycle, which was parked near a bench about halfway between the building entrance and the bandstand.

He hopped on easily and started off at a low speed.

He smiled at me in a friendly way as if to tell me we were leaving.

Raymond quietly got off the bicycle when he reached the steps at the edge of the courthouse lawn.

With effort he rolled the heavy bicycle down the steps.

On reaching the bottom, he energetically got back on his bicycle and guided it to the street corner.

As he started across the street, he slackened his gait and appeared to be considering a problem.

In a soft, informative voice he said, "Maybe I should go to the grocery store and tell mother."

When he approached the opposite side of the street, he went faster in order to force the bike up on the curb.

Once on the sidewalk, he turned sharply to the east toward Garnett's grocery store.

As the bike started to tip over, he quickly jumped off. He appeared quite flustered and embarrassed.

Immediately he lifted his bicycle off the ground, saying, "I got off quicker than the bike got down."

5:07. He jumped on the bike and rode slowly toward the grocery store. (See Plate 22.)

When he reached the store, he climbed off the bike and parked it just outside the door.

Quickly he opened the door and, without stepping in, poked his head inside.

As he caught sight of his mother, who was standing in line waiting to pay, Raymond called, "I'm going home."

Mrs. Birch smiled and nodded in approval.

He backed out of the doorway and jumped on the bike.

- 5:08. He started eastward for home, riding slowly so I wouldn't be left behind.

He looked back at me in a friendly way.

I said, "It's a nice day to ride a bike."

He agreed, "Uh huh," and looked ahead. He seemed anxious to get home.

At the same time he appeared happily contented to ride the bike.

Several girls were standing on the corner in front of the bank and were talking to someone in a car. An elderly man with a cane was turning the same corner and walking eastward.

- 5:09. Raymond slowed down carefully and considered the procedure of getting around the corner with so many people there.

The girls stepped out of the way just in time so that Raymond didn't have to stop his bicycle.

Raymond turned politely to avoid the man and gave him a straightforward look which was friendly but serious.

Looking straight ahead, he rode slowly around the corner and continued southward at a leisurely rate.

He had just turned the corner when Lewis Culver called to him.

Raymond turned his head quickly and appeared annoyed to see Lewis walking behind him.

He said with disgust, "Lewis, I want you to quit following me around."

Lewis stopped at once and stared off into space.

Raymond rode on with ease and enjoyment. He seemed certain that Lewis would comply, for he didn't even bother to look back to make sure.

5:10. When Raymond reached the next corner, he turned east, crossed the street very slowly, and rolled up onto the sidewalk of the block on which he lived.

5:11. The space from the corner to his home was covered in a leisurely fashion.

Arriving home, he got off the bike jauntily and gave the stand a vigorous kick.

Honey, who was in the front yard, barked a welcome.

Raymond said softly and affectionately, "Hi, Honey; hi, Honey; come on, Honey."

All the while patting Honey, he sauntered over to a little white bench in back of the garage.

He sat down and caressed Honey briefly.

5:12. Suddenly he stopped patting her and looked directly up at me.

He asked politely and genially, "Are you thirsty?" He started to rise before I could answer.

"Oh, yes," I said.

He stood up decisively and smiled, seeming very pleased that he could offer me a drink.

He walked rapidly to the back stoop and up to the kitchen door.

He went in first and held the door open for me, not looking back.

He went directly to the cupboard and said, pondering, "My mother keeps the glasses somewhere."

He opened the cupboard and looked around searchingly on the shelf at his eye level. He seemed puzzled.

Then, with a quick movement, he stood on tiptoe and got a large iced tea glass from the top shelf.

He went straight to the refrigerator, opened it, and took out a water jar.

He started filling the glass, and seemed intent upon the procedure.

I asked pleasantly, "Could I have mine about half full?"

He replied, "Yes," very politely.

When the glass was about half full, Raymond asked, "Is that enough?" He spoke politely and with a certain sophistication that seemed to fit the procedure.

I said, "Yes," smiling.

Raymond handed me the glass with a satisfied twinkle in his eyes.

I said, "Thank you."

Still feeling pleased, Raymond then sauntered nonchalantly to the door and looked out.

He yelled spiritedly at someone whom I could not see, "Hi, Sylvia."

I assumed that she called back.

He went through the kitchen and into the hall.

He searched in the chest for something, moving things around brusquely and impatiently.

Stopping abruptly, he hurried purposefully back into the kitchen and opened the closet door.

He took out a BB-gun and shut the door.

- 5:13. He started immediately for the kitchen, much aware of the gun in his hand.

He held the door open behind him as though he thought I might come.

Gradually he allowed the door to shut.

Then he scurried down the steps.

He sat down on the white bench behind the garage and faced the alley.

Raymond aimed very carefully at the trash barrel in the alley, pulled the trigger, and the BB rang on the barrel.

He held his gun uncertainly for a brief interval.

Wanting verification, I asked, "You hit the barrel?"

He said, "Uh huh," as though to make this appear to be an easy thing for him to do.

- 5:14. He aimed painstakingly and again hit the barrel. He appeared happily relaxed for just a moment, following his success.

A frown appeared on his face as he inspected the gun.

He fussed with it as though something were wrong.

- 5:15. *His mother came up the walk. "Do you think it will rain?" she asked me genially. I said, "Well, it certainly would be hard to tell." She said, surprised that I was sitting on the back stoop, "Wouldn't you like to have a chair?"*

I said quickly, "No, I'm very comfortable. I often just sit on steps because I like to."

Raymond turned toward me and smiled very warmly.

He turned back and shot at the trash barrel again.

He stood up on the bench and began to adjust the trigger.

Dissatisfied, he shook the gun vigorously with the barrel upward.

5:16. Then he shot as a trial to see whether it worked all right.

First banging on the trigger a few times, he again shook the gun, with vigor.

He closely inspected the gun around the magazine.

Still dissatisfied, he put the barrel downward and knocked it squarely against the bench.

“There,” he exclaimed, “I got it! It was caught,” he added.

He aimed and shot with care and confidence, satisfied, without a trial shot, that the gun was fixed.

After that he did some rapid aiming, shooting, and reloading.

Meanwhile, he sang, “Bomp, bomp, bomp,” to the tune of “Up on the Housetop.”

5:17. He got down off the bench leisurely and sauntered to the house.

He held the door open behind him until I was inside.

Mrs. Birch said in a friendly way, “Well, I got you some T-shirts today.” This was made to sound like good news.

Raymond exclaimed eagerly, smiling, “Oh, let me see them!”

Smiling and sounding somewhat apologetic, she said, "They just had blue and brown." The shirts were in plain colors.

Raymond made no comment as he went to the table and opened the package. He merely looked at the shirts.

Raymond went directly to the closet where he had found his gun and put it back inside.

He returned to the table and looked at the T-shirts casually and briefly.

He glanced rather indifferently at the cookies on the table.

He marched to the refrigerator and opened it.

He stood there a moment.

He came out from behind the door with his mouth all wet from drinking. I couldn't see whether he drank from a glass of water or just from the water jar, but his speed suggested the latter.

5: 18. He hurried outside.

He took the lawnmower from the side of the garage and pushed it to the front lawn.

He gave the handle a vigorous flip; it had been on the wrong side of the blades.

He looked at some cars going by, as if the occupants might be interested in seeing the handle flip through the air so fast.

Then he went eagerly to the side where the handle was and picked it up.

Slowly but enthusiastically, he started mowing the grass, selecting an east-to-west route from the sidewalk to the end of the front lawn.

He finished about two strips with a show of energy, although the machine was somewhat difficult for him to manipulate.

As he started another row, he saw Stewart Evarts and Clifford Devon coming slowly down the walk, and walking close together.

Raymond called a friendly "Hi, Stewart."

Both boys yelled back a congenial "Hi, Raymond."

Scene 3: PLAY ON VACANT LOT

TIME: 5:19-6:21

Stewart Evarts
Clifford Devon
Scrappy
Mrs. Anna Hebb
Mrs. Birch

The pit here is the weather-beaten remnant of the basement excavation of a large house which had been moved from its site several years previously. Rain, wind, and weeds have reduced it to an irregularly shaped depression. The sides are eroded but still quite steep. The ground outlining the pit is bumpy and overgrown with weeds. Raymond, standing in the tangled weeds at the bottom of the pit, cannot easily see over the edge. Here and there on the sloping dirt walls there are miniature bridges, runways, and roads which show that the pit has been visited before by juvenile engineers. A dilapidated wooden crate is half-buried in the weeds in the bottom of the pit.

5:19. Raymond looked at me eagerly and asked, "Do you want to go over to the lot?" As he spoke, he looked across the street, indicating to me the location of the lot.

Seeing Stewart and Clifford evidently was a signal for Raymond that they would all go to the lot, though they hadn't mentioned it.

Politely and eagerly he asked, "Do you want a chair?"

"Well, I'd just as soon sit on the ground," I replied with a smile.

"Oh, no," he said, with concern, "that would be too dirty."

He looked toward the house as though thinking that he really should get the chair.

When he saw his red wagon, he said, "How about the wagon?" His eyes twinkled as though the thought were comical, yet sound.

"That would be fine," I said.

He dashed into the house and called to his mother that we were going over to the vacant lot. He explained quite excitedly that they would take the wagon for me to sit in.

Raymond got three small vehicle toys.

Then he hurried back out, grabbed hold of the wagon handle, and turned the wagon around ready to go.

He looked at me with a benevolent smile and said almost hopefully, it seemed, "Do you want to ride?"

5:20. I giggled spontaneously at the idea and said, "No, I guess I had better walk." I smiled knowingly at him.

He giggled, too, as he looked up at me and contemplated the proposed load. He understood my amusement and laughed with real mirth.

Clifford yelled several times that *he* would ride.

Raymond said considerately, "Clifford, get in."

Clifford climbed into the wagon.

Raymond started off jauntily, pulling Clifford.

Just as they reached the road, a car neared. Stewart said, "Watch out, Raymond," quite concerned that Raymond might not see the car.

Raymond stopped abruptly, by his own intention, I thought.

Just then Mike Bodin, the next observer, drove up in his car.

Raymond looked at Mike and then back at me.

I smiled at Raymond.

He started to cross the street happily, with energetic strides.

5:21. He yelled back, "Honey," a happy good-bye to his dog.

"Bump, bump," he mumbled in a singsong way as he pulled the wagon over the bumps in the street. He pulled slowly because of Clifford's weight and because of the bumps. The slowness was not, I took it, in consideration for Clifford's comfort.

Puffing and pulling, he went up the curb, across the sidewalk, and into the grassy lot.

5:22. The sod was very bumpy and he went more slowly, although his exertion increased.

Mike Bodin came up and walked with me.

Raymond stopped by the large excavation.

Immediately Stewart and Raymond scooted down easily into the pit.

Clifford followed, but not so easily.

Raymond asked Stewart in a pleasant way, "Which one do you want?" referring to the toys.

After Stewart had selected a racer, Raymond gave Clifford a small tractor, leaving himself a slightly larger dump truck.

- 5:23. A dog came rushing down into the excavation and up to the boys.

Raymond said impatiently, "Get out of here," and gave the dog a slight push.

Stewart used more diplomacy in urging Scrapy to leave. He said, "Come here, Scrapy," and directed the dog to a handy exit.

I suppose the idea was that Scrapy might get in the way and run into or over the cars. Scrapy left.

Clifford yelled quite a bit in a gleeful, random way.

Raymond laughed up at us about Clifford's noise.

Then Raymond took his dump truck and industriously filled it with dirt, scooping the dirt in hurriedly.

He made the noise of an automobile as he ran the dump truck along a "mountain overpass."

- 5:24. He solemnly scraped part of the bank smooth to get more free dirt for a heavier load.

Then he dumped the dirt from the truck with considerable effort, for the dumping machinery was somewhat balky.

Turning to the other boys, he said in a slightly boastful manner, "I got a dump truck, see?"

He demonstrated how the bed came up, probably expecting no more response than that of a passive audience since Stewart and Clifford had many things to do, too.

Vocalizing appropriate motor sounds, Raymond ran the vehicle to the bottom of the slope.

Clifford accidentally fell on it.

Raymond said sharply, "Don't cover it up."

Stewart laughed and said, "Clifford is just a little bit bigger than that."

Stewart, trying to ease the situation for Clifford, may have meant that Clifford wasn't much bigger than Raymond's truck and therefore couldn't do much damage.

Raymond, mildly curious about the cause for laughter, asked Stewart what he had said.

Stewart repeated his statement, laughing again at his own joke.

Raymond listened but gave no signs of seeing anything especially funny in this.

He was much interested in the play and said, "Zzzzz-zzzz," as he turned back to moving his truck slowly up the pass.

Raymond stopped the roaring noise and sang happily to himself, "I'm going to tumble on the bumpy road."

5:25. Stewart said to Clifford, "You keep the dirt out of the way." Clifford had knocked dirt into a runway Stewart was making down the side of the hill. Clifford coöperatively moved at once.

Raymond looked up when Stewart spoke and watched with interest as Stewart cleaned the runway, put the racer at the top and let it roll down. Raymond watched the procedure intently several times.

He made a low comment about the racing.

Then he shifted to his feet, squatting, and put one hand on the ground. He kept his eyes upon the racer all the while.

Suddenly Raymond scooted up toward his dump truck and backed it on the high mountain bridge.

The bridge fell into two pieces as the truck went over it, whereupon Raymond, serious, mended the bridge quickly.

He turned to Mike and me, shyly grinning.

He turned back and, with interest, watched Stewart's racer make another run down the incline.

5:26. Raymond turned to watch Betty give me the writing board.⁶

As he watched us, he picked up a handful of dirt and casually tossed it over his head.

Stewart said, "Look-see which one knocks it down." He seemed to be talking to himself as much as to anyone else. "It" referred to a brick propped up near the bottom of the incline.

Raymond watched with interest as Stewart let the cars run down and hit the brick.

⁶ Mike Bodin, observer.

He went back to his own play with the truck. Hopping jerkily on his knees and one hand, he went leisurely around the corner.

In other words, he went around a protruding curve beside a more eroded area of the embankment.

Raymond whirled about and scooted rapidly, jumping along so that he could make the truck go very fast.

Stewart said, "I want to see which one knocks it down," and let two toy cars roll against the brick.

Raymond watched and seemed intrigued.

At random, all three boys let their cars roll against the brick.

Stewart had the brick well-fortified and well-braced so that the cars couldn't knock it down.

With enthusiasm, Raymond brought his car back, turned it loose, and let it roll down again.

Clifford whined when Raymond accidentally stepped on Clifford's car.

Raymond stepped back and moved on rapidly. He was accommodating without being patronizing.

5:28. He went "Brrrr" to imitate the sound of an engine and raced about six feet away as fast as he could go.

Then he raced the car back, scooting along rapidly on his hands and knees with one hand clutching the car.

Stewart challenged, "Now, you can't knock it down." He looked away across the lot.

While Stewart was looking away, Raymond shoved his car down against the brick.

Stewart immediately looked back as the momentum of the car moved the brick several inches. He quickly gathered some sticks and braced the brick.

When Stewart looked away again, Raymond practically threw the car down against the brick.

He said loudly and almost triumphantly, "Oh, boy, I knocked it down."

When Stewart looked back the brick was down. He sat on his haunches and watched, making no move to replace the brick.

Raymond hopped away on his knees.

As he pushed the car, he said, "Come on, let's go faster; the cops are after us."

He made a guttural sound, "Kkkkkk," to indicate the burst of speed.

"The cops are still coming," he said with playful urgency.

He made the guttural sound more rapidly to indicate that the car was speeding still faster.

He and the car crawled around the corner at top speed with sound effects at full throttle.

Raymond raced the car back and forth on the ground as he stopped crawling, sat down on his heels and leaned his weight on the hand which held the car. His entire body swung as he moved the car back and forth.

5:30. Chugging his racer more slowly, he returned to where the other boys were playing.

Stewart in a friendly way asked Raymond to look a second.

Raymond glanced up briefly but didn't seem to take time to see what Stewart was talking about.

He raced away on his hands and feet, pushing the car very fast and making a "Brrrrr" noise.

Clifford stood aside and watched Raymond and Stewart.

Raymond watched while Stewart supported the brick.

Raymond pushed his racer toward Stewart aimlessly.

Stewart said, "Now, Raymond, let it fall."

Raymond just released the car and let it roll.

He said impassively, "Upsssss," as it banged ineffectually against the brick.

He picked the car up and let it go down once more, watching it very closely as it bounced back from the brick.

5:31. He picked the car up again and with a burst of speed zoomed down with it in his hand.

He said, "The cops are after us," and made a wide turn.

The car skidded, as Raymond made it swerve, and scarcely missed the brick.

Then Raymond recklessly released the car and it went tumbling across the ground.

Suddenly he said, "I don't like this," meaning, I took it, that he was tired of the play.

"Let's go get some more squirts," he said impatiently.⁷

⁷ Squirts are maple keys which just at this time of year can be squeezed in such a way as to eject the immature seed and some liquid with quite a satisfying effect.

While speaking, he started to meander toward the edge of the pit nearest his house.

"What?" asked Stewart.

Raymond turned and repeated loudly, "Some squirts."

Stewart rejected the suggestion by answering, "Huh uh, you are always squirting me too much."

Raymond climbed out of the abandoned basement and stopped at the edge uncertainly, as if wondering what to do next.

He held the car, preparing to let it roll from the top where the sides were almost perpendicular.

Stewart said pleasantly, "It will somersault if you let it go now." Stewart seemed to sense Raymond's discontent and sought to placate him.

Raymond agreed immediately that it probably would but listlessly let it go anyway.

He watched closely as the car rolled over and over and stopped at the bottom.

Raymond absently scanned the landscape.

- 5:33. Noticing a large crate in another corner of the basement, he proposed, "Let's go over and play with that crate."

Stewart said flatly, "No."

Raymond hopped down from the bank into the excavation and walked purposefully over to the crate.

Strenuously he pulled on the crate. He evidently intended to drag it to the place where the three boys had been playing together.

The crate caught; he had to yank strenuously to move it at all.

He looked at me and said, "I'm a big strong man." He grinned at me as he said this, making a joke of his ineffectiveness.

Raymond absently chanted "Dum, dum, dum" as he tugged energetically on the crate.

It stuck again on something in the weeds.

He jerked quickly, leaning all his weight backward as he tried to pull the crate.

As the crate came loose suddenly, he stumbled back a few steps.

He looked at me just briefly.

Raymond grunted as he tugged it with both hands.

When he got it almost over to the other boys, he pulled so hard that the crate tilted upright. He seemed satisfied with the upright position, although it was achieved accidentally.

The wobbly old crate was constructed of several loosely connected boards and measured about five feet by thirty inches by thirty inches. It was open completely at one end and the other sides had openings where the boards crossed. The openings were large enough for the children to climb through. The crate was resting on its open end.

5:34. Raymond stepped lightly on a board on the side of the crate and crawled through one of the openings. As he climbed inside, the crate wobbled loosely.

Stewart scraped the flaked paint from Clifford's toy car. Clifford objected. Stewart said, "Let's get the paint off. It doesn't look nice this way."

From inside the crate Raymond watched the brief argument with interest.

Then he straightened up, lifted the crate easily, and walked a few steps, absently humming the tune of "Lavender Blue."

Stewart looked up and said with disgust, "I thought you were going to quit that song."

This surprised Raymond; he evidently wasn't even aware of his humming. He said quickly, "Well, I tried to."

Immediately he purposefully hummed, "Rock-a-Bye Baby."

Holding onto boards on both sides, he rocked the crate back and forth in time with his humming.

He climbed deliberately out of the crate and up to the top. The crate tilted as he climbed.

He said, "I don't like this," although he seemed to be having a lot of fun.

Stewart said, "Yeah, you'll fall."

Raymond said self-consciously and as if he were afraid he might fall, "I guess maybe I'd hit my head."

Stewart said seriously, "That isn't *all* you'd hit."

Reluctantly Raymond looked around and said, "Yeah, I guess I'd bust all of me."

He climbed down most carefully until his feet touched the ground.

For just a second or so he wandered aimlessly.

Absently, he tugged on the crate.

I felt that he was wondering what to do.

All of a sudden he pulled himself up on top of the crate.

Forgetting all caution, he balanced himself expertly on the top end while the crate leaned to one side.

Straddling one of the boards, he started flopping his hands and legs wildly.

Playfully intent, he said, "I'm going to win the race."

Suddenly, with a flurry of "blub, blub's," he reconstructed the tune of the "William Tell Overture," better known to children as the theme song of "The Lone Ranger" radio program. The crate tilted from side to side while Raymond jerked his body in time with his song and pretended to ride a horse.

He looked down and said in a solemn way, "I think it is just about a tie now."

Stewart watched Raymond quietly for a while and then entered into the spirit of the thing by saying, "I think you are ahead now."

Raymond said, "Yeah, about this far," and held his hands out to indicate the distance.

He increased his vigorous bouncing even more.

Stretching his hands as far apart as possible, he said, "I'm ahead this far."

Then, as if in distress on a runaway horse, he shouted, "Help, help." He jumped around vigorously, grunting with the effort.

He appeared to be tired of the play momentarily as he climbed slowly off the wobbly crate.

5:36. Hardly down, he was quickly up again.

This time he was more calm and poised as he got settled on top of the crate.

He hummed "Rock-a-Bye Baby" and swung gently back and forth in time with the music.

Looking down, he watched the bouncing movements of the crate.

Clifford moved closer to the crate and there seemed to be a chance that his foot might get caught under it.

Raymond cried out protectively and with genuine concern, "Look out, Clifford."

Stewart repeated the warning. Clifford stopped and looked up at Raymond as if bewildered.

Raymond pointed an imaginary gun in his hand and said, "I'll shoot."

Clifford continued to stare at Raymond with perplexity.

Even more threateningly Raymond said, "I've even got a cap in it," and pointed the gun at Clifford.

Stewart gently persuaded Clifford to move out of the way, to Clifford's chagrin.

Raymond sat quietly and patiently until Clifford was moved out of the way.

Then he climbed down and surveyed the crate, looking for a new avenue of approach.

Going around to one side, he pulled heavily on the crate, leaning back on his heels.

Laboriously, he crawled inside the crazy structure.

He let go of the side and the crate fell back to its original position with the open end down, thus enclosing him entirely.

Clifford said with gaiety, "Oh boy, oh boy, he's caught inside." "Yeah, just like a cow in a barn," Stewart said dryly.

Raymond quickly took up the play and said, "No, a mule."

Then he announced, "I'm going to crawl out the top," and proceeded to do so.

He pulled himself up and straddled a board across the top.

Stewart moved out of the way and warned, "Don't tip it over."

5:39. Raymond tilted the crate from side to side in a calm, rhythmical way.

Clifford's feet were endangered again. Stewart came over and very protectively led Clifford out of the way.

Raymond slowly descended to the ground inside the crate.

When Stewart came back around the crate, Raymond reached out at him, growled very gutturally, and said, "I'm a big gorilla."

Growling very ferociously, he stamped around the "cage" with his arms hanging loosely.

He reached out with slow, gross movements.

Raymond reached toward Clifford but didn't really try to catch him.

Then he grabbed Stewart by the shirt.

Imitating a very fierce gorilla, he pulled Stewart toward the crate.

Stewart was passive and allowed himself to be pulled in. He said, "Why don't you let go of me?" He spoke disgustedly and yet not disparagingly.

Raymond released his grasp and ceased imitating a gorilla.

He tilted the crate so that he could crawl out of the open end.

As he crawled out, he lost control of the crate and it fell over on its side with the open end perpendicular to the ground.

Stewart said, "Well, how did you get out?"

Raymond said self-consciously, "I fell out," and forced a laugh.

He looked briefly at me as if wondering what I thought.

- 5:40. He slowly and carefully crawled inside and went directly through the crate and out the open end.

Stewart and Clifford got in front of Raymond and tried to get him to chase them and to continue imitating a gorilla.

Raymond stood immobile and didn't cooperate.

Finally Stewart said to Clifford, "Maybe if he'll follow us through, then we can crawl out this end. Then we can tip it up and have him caught again."

- 5:41. Stewart entered the crate and started out the other end.

Raymond acted as though he were going to follow him inside.

When Stewart was halfway out, Raymond stealthily slipped around the outside of the crate.

He grabbed playfully at Stewart, who was in an unbalanced position with one foot inside the crate and the other one out.

Stewart said in a playful way, "No, no."

Raymond held on gently without trying to throw Stewart to the ground or hurt him.

Then he let go and looked around aimlessly as though he might be wondering, "Oh, what can I do now?"

Stewart also seemed to have some of this feeling.

Suddenly Raymond looked up at the edge of the pit, considered it thoughtfully, and said in a loud voice, "Do you think I can put it up on top?"

Stewart answered very confidently, "I can."

Accepting this as a challenge, Raymond laboriously dragged the crate to the side of the pit.

He tried hard but was unable to raise the crate out of the excavation.

Stewart stood aside and watched Raymond.

Raymond climbed up the side of the pit and studied the crate.

He jumped back down quickly and resumed his inept attempts.

- 5:43. Clifford noticed that his toy rubber car was caught underneath, and that every time Raymond yanked on the crate, it was buried deeper. Clifford cried and kicked his feet in anger.

Raymond regarded Clifford indifferently; he seemed unaware of the toy.

Stewart came over and rescued the toy.

Raymond aimlessly lifted the lower end of the crate.

Stewart said, offering his advice, "Don't push now. Lift it higher and roll it over."

Raymond evidently didn't understand what Stewart meant, for he went to the top of the ridge and pulled on the crate with all his strength.

Stewart picked up the bottom of it and rolled it to the top, end over end.

Surprised at how easily this was accomplished, Raymond immediately took possession of the crate and playfully shouted, "Bombs away."

Stewart warned Clifford to get out of the way and then led him to one side.

5:44. With a quick shove Raymond sent the crate tumbling down into the pit. He watched it and seemed to be pleased with the clatter it made.

Stewart said, "I'll get it up now very quickly."

Raymond immediately interrupted him, "No, I can do it." I felt that his bragging was expressly for my benefit.

He looked directly at me.

Raymond climbed down the side of the pit, lifted the crate and rolled it to the top.

He climbed up quickly and started to push the crate down into the pit.

Seeing Clifford in the way, Raymond hesitated.

Stewart exclaimed quickly, "No," and moved Clifford out of the way.

Standing behind the crate, Raymond slowly and deliberately tilted it forward. He steadied it by pressing his foot against the side near the bottom.

He watched with interest and enjoyment as the crate tilted out of his control and tumbled down to the bottom.

Clifford squealed, "No," in fright as the crate came bouncing down. He was actually quite safe since it was several feet away from him.

Raymond just glanced toward Clifford.

He waited calmly at the edge of the pit until Stewart easily rolled the crate back up to him.

Raymond gave the crate a quick push and eagerly followed it down into the pit.

As Stewart started to lift it out again, Raymond pushed him rather rudely and quickly out of the way.

With less effort than previously, Raymond lifted it to the top.

Stewart seemed to be offended by this, for he turned away and quietly played with the cars.

When the crate was at the top of the pit, Raymond said invitingly and with a slight whine, "Come on, Stewart." He suggested that they be monkeys inside the cage.

Stewart hesitated with reluctance for a moment and then joined Raymond.

Clifford was the first one to crawl slowly into the cage. He was followed by Raymond and then Stewart.

The three boys crouched on their hands and knees inside the crowded cage.

The crate was lying on end so that the bottom area was just about thirty inches square.

- 5:46. Raymond, more enthusiastic than the others, went, "Chat, chat, chat." This was probably an abbreviation of "Chatter, chatter," which he later repeated over and over.

Imitating a monkey, he went around the edges of the crate, keeping as close to the outside as possible because of the crowded space, and looked out through the "bars."

Suddenly he said, "I want some popcorn."

He threw his head back and smacked his lips as if pretending to catch some popcorn that someone had thrown.

He repeated this several times, changing his request from popcorn to peanuts and various other edibles.

The other boys watched Raymond's antics for awhile without joining in actively. Then Stewart crawled out of the crate and announced, "I'm going to the monkeys' lake."

Reluctant to leave the cage, Raymond plaintively tried to persuade Stewart to stay there and play. He said insistently, "You be the keeper."

Stewart said immediately and enthusiastically, "O.K., in three minutes you get to go to the lake." He stated more positively, "In three minutes I'll let you go to the lake." He counted from one to ten on his fingers and then started over again. He counted twice around on one hand for each ten.

While Stewart counted, Raymond crawled furtively back and forth in the cage, sticking his head out through

the imaginary bars and saying, "Chatter, chatter, chatter."

After Stewart counted to ten about three times, he suddenly announced authoritatively, "I've changed my mind. You can go to the lake in one minute." He counted to ten three more times and then said, "Now you can go to the lake." He seized Clifford's shoulder and gently urged him to go to the monkey lake, which was down in the pit. Clifford crawled down into the abandoned basement and Stewart accompanied him.

Raymond sat quietly in the cage watching Stewart and Clifford.

Stewart said expectantly to Raymond, "Come on."

"I don't want to go now," Raymond stated calmly.

Stewart, in an attempt to interest him, said, "Come on, the men want to see you."

5:48. Raymond crawled out slowly and stood there for a moment.

He then jumped quickly down into the pit and landed all at once in a sitting position, for his feet had slid out from under him.

He repeated over and over monotonously, "Chatter, chatter."

Raymond stopped chattering and glanced at Clifford, who was playing with his truck.

Raymond picked up a stick and started digging energetically around a stone which was partially embedded in the sloping side of the pit.

He said something quietly to Clifford.

"Monkeys don't play with trucks," Stewart told Clifford. In the same dogmatic way he turned to Raymond and said, "Monkeys don't talk either."

Raymond looked toward Stewart, but Clifford interrupted any possible response.

With his little grunts and squeaks, Clifford argued with Stewart about whether or not monkeys played with trucks.

Clifford, with his near baby talk, was difficult to understand. Stewart, however, was usually able to decipher the intended meaning.

Raymond resumed his digging, diligently pushing the dirt away with his stick.

He removed some of the dirt by chopping at it and flipping it away from the stone.

Clifford stated that monkeys do eat men anyway.

Raymond responded with a brief but appreciative chuckle as he continued to scrape and dig industriously.

Clifford and Stewart started playing together. A car was buried in the dirt. Stewart asked Clifford patronizingly, "Who put the car in the dirt?" Clifford answered playfully, "You did." Stewart said, "Who?" and looked at Raymond. Finally Clifford said, "Clifford."

Raymond poked repeatedly at the dirt.

At the same time he turned and made fun of the way Clifford said "Clifford."

5:50. *Some cars were resting on a ledge part way up the sloping side of the pit. The ledge consisted of an old shingle and resembled a bridge, supported at each end by dirt. Stewart started undermining the ledge*

to make the cars fall into the pit. It seemed to me that his action copied Raymond's very closely, although his purpose differed.

Raymond suddenly stood up and brushed off the dirt which he had carelessly flipped upon his legs and lap.

He knelt down and smoothed the dirt from the rock.

Then he started chopping rhythmically. Time after time he shoved the stick into the damp dirt, and pulled sideways, flipping the dirt away. The stick bent under his vigorous efforts.

Inadvertently and unnoticed by Raymond, one of the flying clods of dirt happened to hit Clifford. Clifford didn't complain; he was too busy watching what Stewart was doing.

Finally a car fell off the ledge which Stewart was tearing down. Stewart shouted, "Look at it roll on down below in the canyon."

Raymond looked over and watched the rolling car with mild interest.

He returned immediately to his own digging, not even looking up to see the second car roll down.

5:52. Stewart finished chopping the dirt away from the sides of the bridge and said, "Let's make it lower."

Raymond laughed, a forced laugh, as he turned and saw Stewart lower the shingle.

He immediately returned to his industrious digging.

A clod about the size of a marble happened to hit Clifford, who retaliated angrily by throwing a clod which hit Raymond on the leg.

Raymond looked around in surprise.

Before an attempt could be made to calm Clifford, he had wildly thrown another clod in his aggravation.

Raymond, perplexed, just sat and watched the unexpected outburst.

Finally Stewart was able to calm Clifford and get him to laugh.

Still unaware of the reason for Clifford's anger, Raymond went back to digging dirt away from the rock, continuing to flip the clods exactly as before.

He mumbled some vague comment about his progress in digging the dirt away so that the rock would fall. What he said was to the effect that he would be completing the task soon.

Clifford took some minute replicas of carpenter tools from his pocket and showed them to Stewart.

Raymond looked around to see what Clifford and Stewart were talking about.

Curious about what they had, he scurried over to them on his hands and knees.

Then he stood up to see better.

5:53. Stewart counted the tools very slowly and said something about each one. He asked Clifford, "Now what's that?" Clifford answered very playfully, "Oh, wildcat."

Raymond laughed; the laugh was quick, squeaky, and forced.

Raymond watched closely with interest until every tool, about six in all, had been counted.

5:54. Suddenly Stewart hid all the toys while Clifford was looking in another direction. Then he asked playfully,

“Now, where are they?” Clifford said, “Home.” Stewart asked insistently, “Where are they?” Clifford answered quickly, “Stewart has them.” Stewart repeated the question. Clifford said, “Raymond has them.” The question was repeated again. Clifford said, “Clifford has them.”

After listening to this dialogue, Raymond playfully showed Clifford where the toys were buried in some loose dirt near Stewart’s foot.

Stewart grabbed the toys playfully and held them up so that Clifford couldn’t reach them. Good-naturedly looking for an excuse to return the small pieces, Stewart said, “Oh, look—we’ll have a landslide,” and he picked up a shingle that had been used for digging. He slid the toys down the shingle. Clifford sorted them from the dirt and picked them up.

Raymond watched this action very closely.

The group spontaneously broke up and each child went back to his own individual play. Raymond resumed his energetic digging.

5:56. Stewart said, “Say, you forgot you were monkeys.” Clifford made no response.

Raymond, intent on digging around his rock, also said nothing.

Stewart climbed out of the pit, using his bridge as a stepping stone. Surprised by the strength of the bridge, he said, “Look, it didn’t break.”

After a brief glance Raymond stood up immediately and tested it. Standing on one foot, he bounced a time or two and then stepped calmly up to the edge of the pit.

Not satisfied, he hopped lightly down, placing his heel on the bridge and stepping on down to the bottom.

He said very proudly, "Well, at least it cracked when I stepped on it."

Then he crouched down again and dug very vigorously with his stick, flipping the dirt away from the rock.

Without paying any attention to Raymond, Stewart jumped down and went over to the crate.

Just then Anna Hebb, the next observer, got out of her car.

At the sound of the car door slamming, Raymond looked up quickly.

When he saw who it was, he said with some surprise, "Oh, there's Mrs. Hebb."

He watched her just a second as she started across the lot toward the pit.

Then he continued digging around his rock.

5:57. As Anna came nearer, Raymond noticed a camera in her hand and said, "Oh, you are going to take some pictures?" Without waiting for a reply, he added playfully, "Then I'm going to hide."

As he said this, he ducked down out of sight behind a ledge.

Anna said pleasantly, "Oh, it was such a pretty day, I thought I'd bring my camera. We have some extra film." She explained that she wanted to finish the roll so she could get the pictures developed. I inquired, "How many pictures do you have left?" She answered that the camera was now set on number six, with two more to take.

Raymond straightened up and watched very congenially and attentively as we talked.

There was a lively discussion between Anna and Stewart as to whether there were six pictures left. Anna again explained that she had taken six pictures and had two left.

Raymond alternately watched them attentively and dug energetically around the rock.

Anna commented, "Well, I guess I can't take any pictures into the sun."

Startled somewhat, Raymond jumped playfully.

As he jumped, his knee hit on the rock around which he had been digging. He laughed about it but he limped with sudden pain.

He crawled slowly out of the pit, favoring his leg.

He came over to Clifford and made noises similar to his former gorilla growling.

Leaving Clifford and Stewart, he climbed very carefully and slowly onto the crate, which lay on its side but was still wobbly.

5:58. He stood erect on the top.

He circled around on the crate, very carefully stepping on the boards.

Clifford jabbered something either to Stewart or to Anna.

Standing on the edge of the crate, Raymond watched Clifford as he spoke.

Suddenly Raymond hopped down from the crate and lit on his feet, bouncing lightly to maintain his balance.

5:59. He jumped on into the pit.

He knelt down and applied himself to digging the ground away from the same rock.

When Anna said, "Smile, Clifford," she got a flat and definite "No." She said pleasantly, "Don't you smile for pictures? Don't you look up to have your picture taken?" Clifford was sullen and unresponsive.

Possibly because of the attention being centered on Clifford instead of him, Raymond took a sudden interest in the picture-taking, stood up, and climbed out of the pit.

As Anna focused the camera, he stood behind Clifford and slightly to one side. He was attentive and apparently wasn't trying to steal the show.

When the camera clicked, Raymond seemed slightly surprised.

He stood as if wondering what to do next.

He dropped the stick from his hand and kicked it before it reached the ground.

Suddenly he lay down on his back and started tugging on the crate to pull it over on top of him. He panted with the exertion.

Meanwhile, Stewart and Clifford, without saying a word to anyone, departed across the vacant lot to the northwest.

6:01. Raymond crawled into the crate, which was close to the edge of the pit.⁸

He looked at me through the bars and glanced in a speculative way at the car which was just moving away with

⁸ Anna Hebb, observer.

Harold and Mike in it. His expression was thoughtful and a bit curious.

He crawled out and maneuvered the crate to the side of the pit so that part of it was hanging precariously over the edge.

- 6:02. He gave it a vigorous and reckless shove and the crate went tumbling down into the pit.

Then he turned around quickly to see whether I had noticed what he was doing.

I had a distinct impression that he felt it was a bold and possibly a destructive thing to do and was having quite a thrill out of this daredevil feat.

- 6:03. He stooped down and picked up a piece of white tile about three inches square.

He held it up and scrutinized it, saying to the world at large, "What's this?" His expression was one of puzzlement.

Rubbing his forefinger over the tile, he moved toward me.

Stopping directly in front of me, he said, "There's some printing on it, but I can't figure it out," and turned it around so that I could see it. His voice indicated curiosity and his brow was creased.

I told him that the printing read "Acme Company Limited."

- 6:04. Hearing a sudden noise, Raymond glanced around to find Stewart and Clifford behind him.

Their quick approach had been unnoticed by Raymond.

6:05. Seeing the tile in Raymond's hand, Stewart asked what it was.

Raymond handed it to him and asked complacently, "Can you read it?" as if *he* knew what it was.

Raymond finally read it in an offhand way.

Losing interest in the tile, he dropped it in the dust at his feet.

6:06. With a small leap, he jumped down into the pit.

While Stewart and Clifford were crawling down more cautiously, Raymond quickly sprinted around a bend in the pit and crouched down out of sight.

Raymond popped his head out to peer at me with an impish expression.

Coming out from hiding, he strolled back around the bend.

He stooped over and picked up a long, slender twig.

Using the twig as a whip, he idly struck at a rock that was embedded in the side of the pit—the same rock which he had tried to loosen previously.

6:07. He crouched down, dropped the twig, and started digging in the dirt with his hands.

To no one in particular he said, "Want some damp dirt?"

"I does," answered Clifford.

Stewart started toward Raymond but stopped to ask Clifford, "Where is your wildcat, the black panther?"

Raymond's digging ceased and his body was motionless as he listened for Clifford's answer.

Clifford said that he didn't have the wildcat. Stewart said condescendingly, "Now, are you sure that you didn't hide it, because, you know, you do that sometimes." Clifford very emphatically denied hiding it.

Raymond listened with interest to see what had happened to the wildcat.

When it seemed that the answer was not forthcoming, he started to dig around the rock again.

- 6:08. He clambered up the side of the pit with a ball of damp dirt in his hand.

Once at the top, he quickly and playfully tossed the ball at Stewart. He laughed as he threw it, as if in warning that something was going to happen.

When the dirt ball broke on Stewart's shoulder, both boys chuckled.

- 6:09. Stewart asked Clifford, "Honey, where's your dog?" Clifford didn't know. "Well, where's your little cat, honey?" When Clifford didn't know that, Stewart became concerned and his words came faster. He said, "Now, you had all of them. Let's look around. Are you sure you didn't hide them?"

Clifford had given these names to his miniature carpenter tools.

Raymond responded to Stewart's suggestion of a search. He slid down into the pit on the seat of his pants and joined the other two boys.

He squatted at Clifford's feet and began to look around in the dirt.

While he searched with his eyes, the fingers of his right hand were twiddling.

- 6:10. Stewart said something about the crate in a low voice to Raymond.

Raymond eagerly said, "O.K., we *will!*"

Stewart tipped the crate completely over twice and got inside it. He told Raymond to push it over like that with him inside.

Raymond proceeded to comply with some puffing and pushing, for Stewart was a bigger boy than Raymond and the crate alone was heavy.

- 6:11. Then Raymond said eagerly, "Now, do it to me."

While Stewart crawled out the open end, Raymond pushed past him and scrambled inside.

Stewart said, "Hold on tight," and turned the crate over completely, twice.

Raymond's face was glowing, his eyes were bright, and he giggled hilariously as he clutched the sides of the crate.

As he crawled out, Raymond yelled, "I like it," and tittered gleefully.

- 6:13. Stewart said, "Now, let's put it on top."

They pushed and puffed and strained getting it up.

"I hope this works," Raymond said expectantly.

The moment the crate was pulled to the top of the pit, he whirled around to the opposite side from where they had been pushing, grabbed hold of the top, and said in a very aggressive voice to no one in particular, "I'm going to have to fight the Germans by myself."

Raymond gave the crate a slight push which left it teetering precariously on the edge of the pit, with Stewart standing below it.

As the crate started to slide down, Raymond called to Stewart with laughter and surprise combined in his voice, "Scoot it back up. My pants are caught on it." He held the "t."

All three giggled happily at Raymond's predicament.

- 6:14. As the crate tipped again on the brink of the pit, Raymond called, "Watch out," in a very excited tone; and then he let go, saying "Eeeeeeeee" until the crate crashed to the bottom.

Stewart stepped aside but retained his hold on the crate as it tumbled down.

Sliding on his feet and laughing hilariously, Raymond followed the crate down into the pit.

Raymond and Stewart strained and pushed the crate back up the incline.

While he was pushing, Raymond called gleefully, "I'm a filigation!" His eyes were shining brightly.

He looked at me as he called out again, "I'm a filigation."

I asked, "What's that?"

He grinned from ear to ear and said, "I don't know." He evidently considered this a good joke and the word one which fit the situation.

- 6:15. Stewart and Raymond simultaneously seemed to get the idea of putting Clifford into the crate. Raymond climbed up on the crate, which was quite wobbly from having fallen so many times, and demonstrated how to get inside.

Stewart said, "Now, see how Raymond does it, Clifford?" After Raymond stepped aside, Clifford followed

his example. Stewart said proudly, "Look, he's holding almost like you." Then Stewart turned to Clifford and said, "Now, you get like Raymond. Get just like him, see? Put your feet here; put your hands here." He showed Clifford exactly how to get situated in the crate. Then he said to Clifford, "When I turn it over, what are you going to say?" Clifford said in a high voice, "Yip-peeEEEEEE!"

Raymond smiled.

- 6:16. Both of the boys were careful in moving the crate nearer the edge.

When they got it almost to the brink, somehow all three of them sensed the danger in the situation. Raymond said anxiously, "Don't move your feet."

Stewart at the other side called, "Hang on." Clifford was rigid and was holding on for all he was worth.

- 6:17. Suddenly both boys stopped pushing and abandoned the plan.

Stewart reached in the crate and pulled Clifford out, saying, "No, Raymond is going to do acrobatic tricks like in the circus."

Raymond quickly crawled upon the crate and hung by his feet from a board across the top.

Stewart grasped one end and steadied it. Clifford had wanted to stay in the crate but was instantly diverted by Raymond's actions.

Raymond hoisted himself out, crawled across the top of the shaky structure, and then dropped to the ground.

He crawled inside and braced himself with his feet at the bottom and his hands at the top.

6:18. Raymond said to Stewart, "More acrobatics," in a proud, cocky fashion, as he again tried to hang by his feet.

Stewart called suddenly in an excited voice, "Better jump, Raymond."

Raymond jumped down and out without hesitating or questioning the reason for this advice.

Just as Raymond jumped, Stewart called, "I couldn't hold it any longer," and the crate, with Stewart clinging to it, slid down into the pit. When it reached the bottom, Stewart said, "Better sit on this end—I can manage it better if you sit on this end," and pointed to the end which he was grasping.

6:19. Raymond started down into the pit to join Stewart.

Then Mrs. Birch called from home, "Raymond," in a decidedly pleasant voice but one that required an answer.

Raymond looked up and answered in a clear, high voice, "Whateeeeeee?" copying the inflection of his mother's voice.

Mrs. Birch didn't call again.

Raymond went on down into the pit and quickly found his three toy cars.

6:20. With the cars in his hand he approached me purposefully.

I stood up and asked, "Is this your wagon?"

Raymond answered pleasantly, "Yes," and took hold of the handle with his free hand.

He started to pull the wagon home with the three cars in one hand and the wagon handle in the other.

All the way through the grassy plot to the road Stewart and Clifford walked behind the wagon and kept up a conversation. Clifford didn't want Raymond to go in; he wanted him to stay and play. He said, "No supper, no supper."

Stewart and Raymond smiled in amusement and exchanged glances over Clifford's head.

Stewart said to Clifford, "Well, probably he has to eat supper. I expect his mother wants him to eat supper." Clifford stubbornly kept saying "No supper," in a very wistful, plaintive voice.

When they reached the road, Raymond stopped and turned around facing Clifford.

With a twinkle in his eye he said teasingly, "Cliffie, why can't I eat supper? Am I sick?" He spoke as if he knew it was a ridiculous thing to say.

Clifford stubbed his toe in the dirt and kicked back and forth and said, "No sick, no sick."

Both the bigger boys laughed.

6:21. Raymond turned back and pulled the wagon across the road to his house.

As he entered the yard, Raymond put his knee in the wagon and coasted up to the kitchen door ahead of the others.

Stewart argued briefly with Clifford about how pleasant it would be for them to go home and get supper.

Raymond ignored their conversation.

Leaving the wagon outside, he went to the door and politely held it open for me.

As he closed the screen door, he turned suddenly and said, "Good-bye, Cliffie," in a sweet voice.

Neither Clifford nor Stewart answered.

PART VII

Evening at Home

Scene 1: SUPPER

TIME: 6:22-6:42

Mr. Birch
Mrs. Birch
Honey

Three places are set at the kitchen table with serving dishes in the center. The main course consists of hamburger patties, creamed potatoes, lettuce salad, radishes, bread, and iced tea in tall tumblers. The dessert includes chocolate sandwich cookies and a dish of bananas, oranges, pineapple, and marshmallows cut up together.

As I went into the kitchen, Mrs. Birch invited me to sit down and have supper with them. I said that I would certainly like to, but would it be all right if I just took a chair near the table instead and ate at home a little later. Mrs. Birch nodded understandingly. I sat down in the chair at the east side of the table.

6:22. Tossing his cap aside, Raymond went directly to the sink and began washing his hands busily.

His pet dog, Honey, came sniffing around at my feet. Noticing Honey's insistent sniffing, Raymond explained with assurance, "She wants you to scratch her back with your foot."

I started to scratch the dog's back as Raymond suggested.

Raymond finished washing.

6:23. Just then Mr. Birch walked into the kitchen from the hall, wished me good evening, and asked me to eat with them. I said, "Well, it's just a little difficult to do what I have to do and eat at the same time; so if you will excuse me I'll just wait until I get home. I'll have to feed my family anyhow."

Raymond paid close attention during this conversation.

He sat down at the north end of the table.

His father sat down at the opposite end of the table and his mother sat down at his right. Mrs. Birch immediately picked up the platter of hamburgers and asked Raymond before anyone else, "Do you want some meat, son?"

With no prompting Raymond said, "Please."

She put a hamburger on his plate, picked up the lettuce salad, and asked, "Do you want some lettuce?"

Raymond rested his chin on his right hand and said musingly, "Let me think."

After giving the matter some consideration, he said "No" in a very decided voice.

He pointed to a dish directly in front of him and asked, "What is that?" He spoke as if he thought he knew but wanted to be sure.

His mother answered, "Fruit stuff, but wait and eat that with your cookies."

Raymond said, "No, I want it now," in a calm, determined voice.

After a moment's consideration Mrs. Birch said quietly, "All right, if that's the way you want it, but I surely wouldn't want it that way."

Raymond took a liberal amount of the fruit mixture and put it on the plate beside his hamburger. He didn't seem to feel reprimanded or to be purposely disobeying; his manner was matter-of-fact.

Mrs. Birch said, as she served the potatoes, "Look out, the potatoes are hot."

Raymond made no comment and seemed to ignore the warning.

Mr. Birch was serving himself from various dishes as they came around to his side of the table.

Mrs. Birch asked Raymond if he wanted a radish.

He answered immediately and courteously, "No, thanks."

After a slight pause he reconsidered—"Yeah."

He took two large, red radishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Birch conversed about the garden and about how they wished they had new potatoes instead of old ones from the store.

6:24. Noticing that I was still scratching Honey's back, Raymond got up from the table.

He disappeared into his bedroom for a moment.

When he came back, he had a white candy Easter egg in his hand.

With pride in his voice, he said, "I want to show you how Honey will sit up."

Standing beside me, he held the Easter egg up so that the dog could see it, and then commanded her to sit up.

She sat up, but not for long; her fatness made it difficult for her to maintain this position.

Raymond, slightly embarrassed, gave her the candy.

He looked up at me with an apologetic expression and said, "Oh, Honey, you can do better than that."

In a slightly dejected manner he went around behind his father and took his place at the table.

Amy Howells, the next observer, came in the front door. The sound of the opening door and of Amy's footsteps carried to the kitchen. Mrs. Birch looked at me and raised her eyebrows.

Raymond looked at her and then at his father and finally at me in a very questioning way.

I said, "Well, I think that's someone who is haunting me."

Raymond smiled as if he understood what I meant.

Just then Amy came into the kitchen and said "Hello." Mr. and Mrs. Birch greeted her.

Raymond eyed them with interest.

His mother asked Amy and me, "Did you hear what happened to Sylvia Blair today?" Since we hadn't, she told us in some detail how Sylvia had slipped and fallen on a newly waxed floor.

Raymond stopped eating and listened very carefully and intently to the whole story.

When it was finished, he picked up one of the big, red radishes and took a generous bite.

It was so pungent that his whole face wrinkled up as if he had bitten into a persimmon.

He winced and quickly laid the rest of the radish down on his plate.

He reached for his glass of iced tea and took a sip.

6:26. Mrs. Birch patted Raymond's hair down and said affectionately, "You didn't get your hair combed very good, did you, Butch?"¹

He said softly, "Well, I guess not."

His mother asked, "Are you tired?"

He said, "Uh huh," and smiled as if to indicate that he was pleasantly tired.

He didn't look tired.

He continued eating.

6:27. His father asked, "Who did you play with this afternoon?"

Raymond said, "Stewart."

Mr. Birch said, "What is that boy's name, anyhow? Stewart or Stanton?"

Raymond explained, "Well, his name is Stewart, I think, but everyone calls him Stew."

Mrs. Birch asked Raymond, "Should I fix your potatoes?"

¹ Amy Howells, observer.

Without waiting for an answer; she quickly and efficiently cut up his potatoes into bite-sized pieces.

6:28. Leaning forward on the edge of his chair, his feet on the rungs, Raymond continued to eat.

6:29. He asked, "Where is the salt, Mama?"

Just then he saw the salt shaker, picked it up, and shook it.

"Is it empty?" asked Mrs. Birch.

Raymond answered, "Yes."

She said, "Well, you fill it, son."

Raymond pushed his chair back and got up willingly.

He went to the stove, got out the salt, and unscrewed the shaker. His movements were quick and efficient.

With apparent pleasure he carefully filled the shaker.

6:30. He started back to his chair.

On the way he asked, "Daddy, are you going to cast tonight?" Raymond referred to casting with a fishing line as he had done that morning.

Mr. Birch said, "I don't know. I have an awful lot of things to do. I have to plant some tomatoes and I want to plow some."

6:31. Raymond said, "Can I help you?"

"Sure," replied his father readily.

Raymond sat down on the edge of his chair and salted his radish with the refilled shaker. He did not pull the chair up to the table again so he had to sit on the edge of it in order to reach his food.

He started eating again.

- 6:32. Mr. Birch asked, "Would you like some meat?"

Raymond said, "Well, no. I had some." Then he reconsidered, "But yes, I guess I would like some."

His mother served him some more meat.

- 6:33. After the meat was on his plate, Raymond stood up and reached over to get the sugar bowl.

Mr. Birch said, "Come, here now," in a mildly reproving tone of voice, meaning that Raymond should ask to have it passed to him.

I couldn't see that Raymond took this as reproof.

Still standing, Raymond put some sugar in his iced tea and stirred it vigorously.

Hearing a noise outside, Mr. Birch asked, "What's that?" "Oh, it's some trucks," said Mrs. Birch. Mr. Birch looked out and said, "It's Hall's truck."

Raymond seemed to be listening.

His mother asked, "Oh, didn't that accident with the truck hurt him pretty badly?" Mr. Birch said, "No, it really didn't. It might have if it had hit him differently."

- 6:34. Raymond said, "Well, it dented his fender."

His father said, "Yes. He's just lucky that it didn't hurt him a lot more."

Raymond listened soberly.

Mr. Birch explained to me that Mr. Hall had made a turn off the highway right in front of another truck. The other truck had not been able to stop and had run into Hall's.

6:35. Mr. Birch asked, "Do you want some lettuce?"

Raymond answered, "No, thank you."

Mrs. Birch commented, with no implied disapproval, "I guess Raymond is not eating lettuce tonight." She then inquired of Mr. Birch, "Has the Thomas car been fixed yet?" He replied, "I don't think so."

Raymond listened idly.

6:36. Mr. Birch asked of Raymond, "What are you going to do with that big crate you have?"

Raymond replied, "I'm going to bring it home."

Mr. Birch said jestingly, "You are? Don't you think we have enough crates and that kind of stuff around here?"

Raymond continued to eat, making no response to his father's question.

"What are you going to do—use it for a tent?" asked the mother.

Raymond smiled and said, "Yes." He seemed glad to have a new suggestion for using the crate.

6:37. Mrs. Birch said, "Maybe Mr. Nelson wanted it. Did you ever think of that?"

Raymond responded, "No. He was going to burn it. He doesn't want it."

His father asked, "How do you know? Did you ask him?"

Raymond said, "No."

"Are you sure?" asked his father.

Raymond said, "Yes, I'm sure."

His mother asked, "Was it there where they usually burn things on that rubbish heap?"

"Yes," said Raymond.

Apparently Mrs. Birch accepted this as adequate evidence of Raymond's right to the crate, for she asked him, "How are you going to get it here?"

Raymond replied, "I'm going to put it on my wagon and bring it over."

- 6:38. Changing the subject, Mrs. Birch asked, "Who are those boys that were playing down at the courthouse today? Are they strangers?"

Raymond said, "No. That was Jimmy Hebb."

"Who was the other one?" asked his mother.

Raymond thought a moment and then said, "Vernon Dew."

I commented that Vernon's father worked for the REA. Mr. Birch asked, "Isn't that the boy who sang with Jimmy the other night at the musical?" I said, "Yes, he is." He said, "Well, they certainly were good. I certainly got a kick out of them."

While he listened, Raymond cleaned up his potatoes, meat, and innumerable radishes. He had eaten all the food on his plate.

His mother asked him if he wanted some dessert.

He said, "Yes, I'd like dessert."

She served a dessert dish of the fruit mixture and put it on Raymond's plate.

Raymond started to eat it.

"Do you want a cookie?" she asked.

Raymond said, "No, thank you."

Mrs. Birch commented, "I wish I could do everything I have to do. I wish I could get it done tonight." Her husband inquired, "Did you get the ironing done last night?" She said, "Yes. Thank goodness, I did." She went on to say that she disliked the ironing chore especially and if she weren't so Scotch, she guessed she would have somebody do it.

Raymond listened in an idle way and ate his dessert busily. His chair was tilting backward just an inch or two.

Honey, outside the door, barked loudly.

6:39. Raymond said jokingly, "Honey has got a bear." He grinned and looked at me as he spoke.

I said, "Well, that would be something."

Adding a further detail to his joke, he said, "Honey will run him off."

Mrs. Birch said, "More likely the bear will run off with Honey."

Continuing with the fantasy, Raymond said, "Well, I'll run him off with my BB-gun," and he smiled again.

Mrs. Birch asked, "What did you shoot today with your BB-gun?"

"Oh, just an old board," Raymond replied.

Mrs. Birch asked her husband who it was that had a walnut board down at the courthouse today. Mr. and Mrs. Birch went on to discuss whose relative it was that had the walnut board.

6:41. Apparently paying no attention to this conversation, Raymond gave a big sigh, as if to indicate that he was

through eating, and leaned back farther in his chair. He sat on the edge of the chair with his head against the back of it. His feet were straight out and were braced against the floor so that his chair tilted backward several inches.

Noticing Raymond's precarious position, Mr. Birch said, "Be careful or you'll fall off the edge of the chair, son."

Raymond continued to tilt a little and appeared to ignore his father's warning.

Then he leaned forward, picked out a large radish, salted it, and munched on it.

While Raymond was eating the radish, his mother said, "Pass your daddy the cookies, honey."

Raymond immediately leaned forward, picked up the cookie plate and handed it to his father.

Mr. Birch said, "Thank you." Mrs. Birch was looking over what was left on the table and she remarked, "Raymond, you can have potatoes for dinner tomorrow."

Raymond smiled with pleasure at the prospect.

- 6:42. His father said, "He's a regular Irishman. He likes potatoes twice a day if he can get them." Mrs. Birch said, "Well, he takes after Jack's father." Mr. Birch said, "I guess so. My father says that he likes potatoes twice a day and he'd eat them three times a day if he could get them."

Raymond finished eating the radish and started to get up.

Before straightening up completely, he leaned forward and took a big swig of his tea. He set the half-full glass back on the table.

Raymond went near the sink, where he had left his cap, picked it up, put it on, and walked over toward the south window.

His mother asked, "What do you say, son?"

Raymond made no reply.

She asked again, "What do you say when you leave the table, son?"

In an almost inaudible voice, Raymond said, "Excuse me."

Scene 2: OUTDOOR PLAY

TIME: 6:43-7:49

Mrs. Birch

Mr. Birch

Honey

Stewart Evarts

Mrs. Eleanor Evarts

Mr. Ray Grim

Grant Grim

Mrs. Ray Grim

Raymond looked at a package of tomato plants on the window sill and asked, "Is that a dozen?"

His mother answered, "I'm not sure. I got them on a card that way." She was referring to safety pins while he meant the tomato plants.

Raymond said, "I don't mean that."

Realizing her mistake, she said, "Well, I guess it is supposed to be."

6:43. Raymond went to the screen door.

He looked out and talked to Honey, who was on the other side of the door eager to get in.

He said, "Pop, pop, pop, sic 'em."

Honey whined and barked.

Raymond wandered back to the window sill and counted the safety pins.

He said, "It isn't a dozen. It's only seven. That's just half a dozen."

6:44. He went back to the screen door and on outside.

Stopping at a little stand with an old teakettle on top, he called in a somewhat plaintive voice, "Mother, do I *have* to water the flowers?"

Mrs. Birch answered, "No. I did it this evening while I was waiting on your father."

Raymond clapped his hands and smiled with pleasure at being released from this duty.

He picked up Honey and whirled her round and round, holding her just under her front legs.

Honey barked with excitement and mild displeasure.

Mr. Birch suggested, "Well, you can water the tomatoes for me when I plant them."

6:45. Raymond said, "Oh, I don't want to do that. I can't carry that big heavy pail."

His father said, "Well, you can use the teakettle."

In a discontented voice Raymond said, "Oh, I don't want to do that."

Then he turned to me and said gaily, "Wait a minute."

He disappeared into the garage through the side door.

When he didn't return, I walked around to the south side of the garage and looked up.

From the peak of the garage roof, Raymond waved his hand at me. He looked very pleased with his success in surprising me.

I asked him how he got up there.

He said he climbed up the door.

The open door had diagonal braces which Raymond had evidently used for a foothold.

The rafters of the roof are slanted upward so as to form a long ridge along the center of the roof. The slope evens out somewhat at the side edges, leaving a narrow and almost flat border.

6:46. Raymond walked sideways from the ridge of the roof to the edge. His movement was easy and fairly rapid.

He took hold of a limb of a tree next to the garage and swung out and back on the limb.

Then he walked nimbly up the roof in a diagonal direction until he reached the ridge.

I had the feeling that he got a great deal of pleasure from this activity and that it was something he had done before. I also felt that having an audience added to his enjoyment.

6:47. As he started down the other side of the roof, Raymond began talking to Honey.

Honey yapped in excitement.

Her continued barking was a source of amusement to Raymond, so he called her again.

When he reached the edge of the roof, Raymond went back up to the ridge again, walking backward on his hands and feet and looking up toward the sky.

Looking very self-satisfied, he stood up as tall as he could on the ridge without standing on his toes.

- 6:48. He lay face down on the roof with his feet hooked over the ridge and his head downward.

He stretched out full-length and snored for a few seconds, pretending to sleep.

- 6:49. Then I could hear Mr. and Mrs. Birch laughing heartily from inside the house.

I had the impression that they might be laughing at the way Raymond was showing off for me.

He heard their laughter and came down to the edge of the roof nearest the kitchen door.

He called to Honey again.

Then he jumped up and down with both feet at once. His jumps were not high but still seemed dangerous on the slanting roof.

- 6:50. Raymond reached down with one foot and touched the clothesline that was attached to the garage at a level slightly lower than the roof.

To make sure I saw his stunt he announced, "I touched it."

Then he went quickly up to the ridge and down the other side, out of sight.

Just as I started around the garage, he stuck his head over the top, said "Peek-a-boo," and laughed.

I said, "This is a new kind of hide-and-seek."

- 6:51. He climbed down the south side of the roof very quickly.

Using the crosspieces on the garage door for a foothold, he climbed to the ground.

He ran around the car that was parked in the garage, out the door diagonally across the back yard to the barn.

- 6:52. Raymond tried unsuccessfully to climb upon the half-door of the barn, the vertical boards of which offered no foothold.

Then he ran quickly over to the fence between his yard and the Evarts'.

He climbed onto the horizontal boards of the fence.

He walked along on the boards until he reached a bird-feeding station which was attached to the fence.

He touched the feeding station and looked at it momentarily.

Then he turned around and walked back on the fence boards.

He jumped off and ran over toward the Grims' yard, where some lavender phlox were in bloom.

He picked two sprigs of the phlox.

- 6:53. He ran up to me with the sprigs and asked, "Do you want a flower?"

I said, "Yes, I'd love a flower," took the one he handed me, and put it in my buttonhole.

Then he ran up the back steps and into the kitchen.

He said, "Hi, Mom, here's a flower."

She said very warmly, "Thank you, sweetheart."

- 6:54. Coming back out, he sat down on the steps and started working away with his shoe.

He put his fingers inside his shoe and wiggled them around, puffing and puffing with effort.

While he was working on his shoe, he looked up with a shy smile, said "Mrs. Howells," and pointed to the car that Susan had just driven up. He was calling my attention to this, but didn't seem to be concerned.

I said, "Oh, I see." I asked him if he were trying to get something out of his shoe.

"Yes," he said.

- 6:55. He continued to work at his shoe.

Suddenly he got up and ran over to the tree at the front of the yard.

He started quickly to climb it.

When his cap fell off on about the second or third branch, he called, "Hey Daddy, give me my hat."

Just a few moments before, Mr. Birch had come out with his garden tools ready to plant tomatoes. He had the tomato plants wrapped up in a bundle.

His father said nothing.

Raymond repeated, "Give me my hat, Daddy."

Susan came up and I introduced her to Mr. Birch. She asked about their flower plants, which were growing in

boxes and dishes. He explained about the plants as he started on his way to answer Raymond's plea.

Raymond said for a third time, "Get me my hat, Daddy, please." His tone was a combination of pleading and demanding.

His father came nearer and said, "Well, it will cost you a quarter."

Raymond responded quickly, "How about a dime? I don't have a quarter."

His father went over and picked up the cap. He held it just out of Raymond's reach and asked, "Where is your dime?"

Raymond was taken aback for just a moment until he realized that his father was joking.

His father laughed and handed Raymond the cap.

Raymond put his cap on and climbed up higher in the tree.

He grinned down as I left.

He waved to me as I said "Good-bye."

6:56. About halfway up the tree Raymond paused to peer down at me and to say a friendly "Hi."²

I was busy getting my equipment in order and said nothing.

Insistently but in a very friendly way he repeated, "Hi."

I answered, "Hi."

Then Raymond turned purposefully to climb higher in the tree. He hitched himself a couple of inches at a time farther along the largest branch of the tree. His mo-

² Susan Chadwick, observer.

tions were smooth and easy; he placed his feet and hands deliberately in well-calculated spots.

He settled himself in a crook of the branch, shifting around until he was comfortable and safe.

He looked around in a daydreamy fashion. It seemed that he surveyed the place, looking far and wide, but with no particular person or thing in mind.

When his eyes happened to light upon Stewart Evarts, who was walking east down the middle of the road about two short blocks away, Raymond leaned forward and called in a loud enticing voice, "Stewart, come here."

Raymond repeated sharply, "Come here, Stewart," with emphasis on each word so that it sounded like a command which he really expected to have fulfilled.

There was a considerable pause during which Raymond hung onto his perch and stared down the road toward the west.

Stewart ambled along toward the Birch yard.

Raymond flung his arm out in an impatient, beckoning gesture and called a long-drawn-out command, "Come here."

6:57. Stewart continued slowly on his way.

Raymond started to scramble down the tree.

After a step or two he impatiently took time out to hitch his jeans more securely around his waist.

When Stewart came near the tree, I said, "Well, let's see if I know your name by now. It's Stewart, isn't it?" A smile spread across his face. He stood quietly, hands in his pockets, and watched Raymond curiously.

- 6:58. Raymond clambered down laboriously and slowly, placing his feet and hands with care until he inadvertently bumped against the lowest large branch. He seemed a bit startled by the sudden and unexpected contact.

He stuck his feet out and cautiously settled them in a little crotch so that he could slide farther out on the branch.

He inched along in spurts, methodically testing the branch before he put his full weight on it, until he was about two feet out from the trunk.

At this point he pulled himself upright with no observable concern for his safety.

He jumped up and down as if the branch were a jumping board. To me it looked like a rather precarious perch but Raymond seemed to feel safe and happy there.

- 6:59. He singsonged in a high-pitched, unconcerned voice, "Help me, help me." He seemed to be acting out some fantasy.

Stewart said affectedly and with teasing laughter, "Oooooops, you're going to fall!"

Raymond dropped the fantasy and answered as a matter of fact, "Well, I hope I don't." There was a slight emphasis on the "don't," but no fear or real concern.

Then Raymond sat down and hastily moved farther out on the branch by short, jerky slides.

He paused a moment to gauge the distance to the ground with a thoughtful expression.

Cautiously and more slowly he worked his way to the very tip of the branch.

Then he let go with his hands and dropped to the ground with quite a thud. He flexed his knees expertly as he bounced up and down a time or two, thus maintaining his balance skillfully.

Stewart stood near the tree and watched Raymond's progress to the ground. As Raymond straightened up, Stewart asked seriously, "What is this thing for?"

Stewart referred to one of the suckers growing out of the ground near the main trunk of the tree.

Raymond said, "I don't know," as if he couldn't be bothered by the question.

Stewart started hurriedly climbing the tree Raymond had just left.

Raymond stood quietly nearby and watched with considerable interest.

7:01. Suddenly Raymond ran eagerly to another tree.

He started climbing the tree with great energy.

He remarked in an offhand way, but with slight emphasis on the second word, "I *hope* I can climb this tree." He seemed to say this to himself as a form of encouragement.

In a high-pitched, soft, singsong he said, "I hope, I hope, I hope."

Raymond continued climbing the tree, cautiously grasping one branch and then another, and fixing his feet firmly.

He called out to Stewart in a playfully boastful manner, "Stewart, this tree is harder to climb than the other one."

Stewart called back very firmly and definitely, "No, it isn't."

When Raymond was as high as it seemed safe to climb, he settled in a crotch of the tree with his hands gripped tightly around the branches.

Exuberantly he sang out, "Owww, owww, wheee. Do you see me?" Since the evening was very still and there were few distracting noises, his voice carried far.

Raymond cocked his head as if listening for an echo, but there was none. It seemed that he listened with pleasure to the effect his singsong had upon the quiet evening air.

Stewart jumped off his tree.

Raymond, oblivious of Stewart, began singing "Rock-a-bye baby in a tree top; when the wind blows the baby will rock." He sang in an affected, artificial fashion.

He paused briefly.

Then he sang, "When the bough breaks."

Self-consciously, with a little giggle in his voice, he said "Crack," rolling his voice so that it broke like the crack of a branch. He laughed aloud, tremendously pleased with his variation of the song.

7:02. Stewart yelled teasingly, "You'll come down but not like a baby."

Raymond's response, resolutely yelled down, was "No."

Stewart returned, "And you won't be in a cradle, you'll be in a hospital." He spoke jokingly but with an undercurrent of seriousness, trying to impress Raymond with the precariousness of his position.

7:03. It seemed that Raymond tried to figure out a good re-
tort, for he sat motionless.

Suddenly he yelled with playful intensity, "No, in bed!"

*Raymond was evidently getting a good deal of
pleasure from this conversation.*

Stewart's immediate answer was, "Yeah. In the hospital.
In bed in the hospital." He spoke somewhat derisively.

Raymond seemed at a loss for an answer.

After a brief silence he climbed up a little farther.

*He seemed satisfied with his achievement in reach-
ing the new position.*

He abandoned it almost at once, however, and backed
down to his earlier location.

Very laboriously and cautiously he began clambering
down the tree.

At one point he slipped a little and awkwardly grabbed
the trunk with his legs, barely hanging on. He laughed
aloud at his predicament.

Facetiously he yelled, "I'm doing the splits."

He paused briefly to brace himself for the renewed at-
tempt at getting down safely.

7:04. He yelled at Stewart, "O.K. now," as he once more
lowered himself cautiously, inch by inch. His manner
was quite calm and matter-of-fact, but I got the im-
pression that he wanted Stewart to be sure to watch him
at a dangerous job well done.

His descent was interrupted momentarily while he
hitched up his low-hanging jeans with an impatient jerk.

Stewart came close to the tree.

Raymond jumped off suddenly and landed upright.

He headed purposefully toward the other tree.

Stewart tagged after him companionably. When they were near the tree, Stewart jumped up to a low-hanging branch and shook it vigorously while his feet dangled in the air.

Raymond, taken by surprise, watched Stewart's maneuver with astonishment.

Raymond said longingly, "I wish I could do that."

7:05. Stewart dropped expertly to the ground.

Without further ado and without verbalizing or in any obvious way communicating with each other, Raymond and Stewart walked arm in arm toward Mr. Birch, who was raking in the garden.

As Raymond passed his bicycle, his face lit up and he said to Stewart, "Go home and get your bicycle." This was a partial command rather than just a request.

Stewart said, "Why?" as if reluctant to comply immediately.

Raymond remained silent and just walked along, ignoring Stewart's question. He seemed to be turning ideas around in his head.

Stewart repeated, "Why?" Raymond's silence seemed to arouse his curiosity.

Again there was a long pause as the boys walked on toward the garden. Then Raymond unhitched himself from the arm-in-arm position as if he no longer found it comfortable.

Abruptly and quite imperatively, Raymond said, "Stewart, come here."

Raymond dashed ahead to the edge of the garden where the radishes, lettuce, and onions were growing.

When he got there, he paused and patiently waited for Stewart.

Raymond watched his father's activity until Stewart came near.

Stewart ambled up, in no hurry at all.

Raymond stretched up on tiptoe and spoke quietly into Stewart's ear. He did not seem to mind Stewart's slowness.

He flicked a glance at his bicycle while he talked.

The conversation may have been concerned with the question of using bicycles at this time.

- 7:06. Stewart's mother came out of her house and approached the garden from the far side. She talked across the garden with Mr. Birch, first about gardens and then about an injury which the "least of the Mead boys" had suffered in falling off his bicycle.

Mrs. Evarts' appearance immediately distracted Raymond from continuing his whispered talk. He and Stewart turned and listened to the conversation with keen interest. His eyes turned from one speaker to the other.

Absently Raymond tucked his chin in, pulled up the neck of his shirt, stretched his neck a moment, and then let the shirt snap back into position.

While he listened to the conversation, he repeated this process half a dozen times, unmindfully stretching his shirt out of shape.

Stewart turned away from the talk, picked up a metal tape measure from the ground, and measured Raymond's height with it.

Raymond finally noticed this and asked curiously, "Am I four feet high?"

Stewart said gravely, "Six feet."

"Am I?" said Raymond in a very high-pitched voice. He was surprised and pleased, and evidently accepted the height as being a possible one.

Then Stewart burst out in friendly laughter, thus giving away his intention to tease Raymond.

This puzzled Raymond so much that he said, "Five feet?—100 feet?—1000 feet?" He paused between each phrase, as though trying to fathom what the correct number of feet could be.

7:07. Stewart teased Raymond by remaining silent.

Raymond said, "204?—205?" His voice was pleading and commanding at the same time.

Stewart ignored him and calmly opened the tape measure again. Deliberately and very slowly he stretched the tape along Raymond's body.

Raymond stood quite still, waiting patiently and with interest to hear the result.

Stewart said in a low voice, "41."

Raymond repeated, "41?" raising his voice considerably as if he didn't believe the answer.

Stewart answered decisively, "41." After a moment's pause he continued somewhat condescendingly, "Three feet, four inches."

Raymond suddenly ducked his head and came at Stewart as if he were a goat with horns. The action was playful in a way but there also seemed to be some underlying hostility.

- 7:08. Accidentally Stewart pushed the control button and the tape popped back into its case with a loud snap.

Startled at the noise, Raymond straightened up quickly and halted his movement toward Stewart.

Stewart was surprised also.

Just then Stewart's mother called across to Raymond, "You ain't got the measles yet?"

Many of the children were out of school with the measles.

- 7:09. Raymond whirled around with surprise at being directly addressed.

He recovered immediately, however, and answered calmly, "No." He had to yell this so that she could hear him.

He remained facing Mrs. Evarts and his father and listened with interest to their further comments about the Mead accident.

I walked up closer and directed a casual question to Mrs. Evarts.

My purpose was to ease the observer situation as far as her presence was concerned.

Raymond listened quite intently as Stewart's mother described the physical condition of the Mead boy in detail.

After a few moments he walked on across the garden, stepping carefully over the neat rows of vegetables. He scuffed along in a rather desultory fashion and kicked up the dirt between the rows. His hands were in his pockets and his head hung low as he gazed at the ground.

When he came near Stewart's mother, he stopped and listened with interest.

At the same time he absently pulled up the neck of his shirt with his chin, stretching the shirt out as far as possible and then releasing it.

He repeated this process several times, seemingly unaware of what he was doing.

Mr. Birch was working hard in the garden. He answered Mrs. Evarts' questions but didn't interrupt his work to do so. Stewart's mother called Stewart to come for supper and she started home at once. Stewart followed her slowly.

With a suddenly bright-eyed expression Raymond asked, "Hey, Daddy, can I go to the Legion Hall to-night?"

A plan for community recreation at the American Legion Hall had just been organized in Midwest.

Mr. Birch immediately shook his head in the negative, although his expression remained pleasant.

Raymond's voice changed to a whine when he said, "Yes, please. I wanta."

Mr. Birch firmly shook his head in a plainly gestured "No!"

Stewart's mother turned back to say something more about the Mead boy.

Apparently not hearing Mrs. Evarts' comment, Raymond shrugged his shoulders in a disgusted, irritated fashion. He seemed disappointed and very chagrined by his father's refusal.

His face lit up suddenly and he immediately dashed past the garage and through the kitchen door.

- 7:14. When I came into the kitchen, he was questioning his mother, asking her pleadingly and with great insistence for permission to go to the recreation hall.

Mrs. Birch said pleasantly but firmly, "Mother thinks you are just too young to go there by yourself. You are just too young to be going around town by yourself." She spoke as if she would brook no argument but disliked having to refuse him.

Raymond whined, "Please," drawing out the word and prolonging the "z" sound.

He repeated, "Please," as a command rather than an entreaty.

Then he flung himself about the kitchen near his mother, as if he could in this fashion drag out a "yes" from his mother against her wishes.

- 7:15. Raymond continued begging and seemed close to tears.

He said insistently, "But other kids are going."

"Douglas Kerr does," he added triumphantly, as if playing a trump card.

Mrs. Birch asked, "What time does it get out?"

Raymond said uncertainly, "Well, I don't know."

"Let's wait till next week, and then mother will see what it is all about," Mrs. Birch said. She spoke in a calm, pleasant, persuasive way, as though trying to placate but also hold to her original refusal.

Convinced of her resoluteness, Raymond ran out the back door, sobbing aloud in a heartbroken way.

He dashed blindly around the garage, sobbing more quietly after he had run several feet.

7:16. By the time I came around the garage, he was urgently begging his father for permission to go to the American Legion recreation hall.

His father answered him even more firmly than his mother, "Let's find out more about it. Then maybe next week you can go. Not tonight. You're not going tonight." Mr. Birch was very pleasant but also very firm. He did not seem as emotionally involved as Mrs. Birch had been.

7:17. Raymond whined and cried softly but he seemed to give in to the finality of his father's manner.

As though trying to change the subject, Mr. Birch said, "Think we're going to get the sweet potatoes out?" I asked him whether he had said "sweet potatoes" or "tomatoes."

Raymond's face cleared a little and he turned to us with a glimmer of interest in his eyes.

Mr. Birch said he meant sweet potatoes. He talked to me a few moments more about the advisability of planting by the moon in making gardens.

7:18. As soon as Mr. Birch had finished talking, Raymond once more pouted, whined, and begged for permission to go out.

His father repeated calmly what he had said before, "No, you are not going tonight. We'll see about next time."

Raymond hunched over as if giving up for good.

With a dejected shrug of his shoulders he picked up the lid of a can and sailed it through the air. It must have fallen short of his intended goal, for he frowned at it as it dropped.

He jogged along after it, only half-caring.

He scooped the lid up and again sailed it smoothly.

He followed its flight with indifference.

As soon as the lid hit the ground he turned from it with some distaste, I thought.

He dashed into the Grims' yard, seemingly without special purpose.

- 7:19. Mr. Ray Grim was spraying weeds with a pressure pump. As Raymond passed him, Mr. Grim asked curiously, "What in the world are you doing?"

Raymond made some pleasant, matter-of-fact answer.

Then he suggested that Mr. Grim spray the Birches' dandelions also. I thought he spoke seriously.

Mr. Grim said, "Sure, sure." He teased, "Sure, I'll spray your dandelions; just bring them over to me."

Raymond was momentarily amused and laughed lightly.

Then he ran farther into the Grims' back yard in an aimless, careless way.

Noticing Grant Grim standing just inside the screen door of the house, Raymond called pleasantly, "Hi, Grant," and started toward him. He ran up the steps and leaned against the door.

- 7:20. Mrs. Grim came out of the kitchen and said "Hello" in a pleasant way. She tucked the baby's shirt in securely and then went back inside.

Raymond ducked his head and said very sweetly, "What you doing, Grant?"

He raised his voice and repeated in baby talk, "Whatcha doing, Grant? Ahhh, Grant," he singsonged companionably.

The baby answered excitedly, "Da, da." Then his eyes lit upon his father and he yelled louder and more emphatically, "Da, da." Mrs. Grim came out again and, seeing me this time, said pleasantly, "Hi."

Raymond seemed suddenly to lose interest.

He skipped down the steps and climbed hurriedly up a large tree close by. His movements were tense and awkward.

From this vantage point he yelled back at the baby in a very high-pitched singsong voice, "Hi, Grant; hi, Grant." He seemed determined to get and to keep the baby's attention focused on him.

7:21. Mrs. Birch came out of her kitchen door with some garbage to be disposed of. She called in a friendly fashion to Mr. Grim, "Got a little monkey up in your tree, it seems." Mr. Grim said teasingly, "Yeah, I'm going to spray him down in a minute." Raymond's mother laughed pleasantly and went back into her kitchen.

7:22. Raymond, still up in the tree, stood on a clothesline crossbar, with his arms around the tree trunk. He heard the neighborly exchange of words but seemed to ignore them.

Mr. Grim headed toward the front of his yard.

Raymond, quite engrossed in the process of spraying weeds, watched him closely.

Raymond climbed to a slightly higher fork of the tree.

There he settled himself comfortably.

Almost immediately, however, he stepped down on the bar and surveyed the area below.

- 7:23. From high on the crossbar he yelled down to the baby, "Da, da, da."

Grant looked up inquiringly and answered back in a tone similar to Raymond's.

Raymond continued in a soft voice, "De, de, da, de."

Again the baby repeated the syllables after him.

Raymond continued this "De, da," and added a couple of other syllables.

Raymond played with Grant in the manner in which an older child may play with a younger child on a level which the younger one can enjoy.

Very abruptly he let go of the tree trunk and began climbing down hand over hand.

He slid the last part of the way and dropped down onto the ground with a deep sigh.

Then he straightened up and followed along after Mr. Grim, who was spraying the weeds on the south side of the house.

Raymond pleaded with a good deal of emphasis, "Let *me* do this."

Mr. Grim seemed a little reluctant to turn the pump over to him and tried to evade the issue by saying, "Really, the pressure just comes by itself."

Raymond repeated his request quite plaintively.

- 7:24. Mr. Grim gave in and handed him the metal nozzle.

Raymond held it and directed the spray at the weeds for a few moments. He laughed with pleasure.

Both things seemed to please him: getting what he wanted when he asked for it and also the actual use of the pump.

He gave the pump up reluctantly when Mr. Grim reached for it.

Turning to face the back of the yard, Raymond slapped his hands smartly together, as if shaking off any poison that might have gotten on them. He said facetiously, more to himself than to anyone else, "Hmmm, going to kill my hands, not the weeds."

Out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of the doghouse. He dashed the few steps to the doghouse and clambered energetically onto the top of it. (See Plate 23.)

He sat astride the roof toward the front end.

As he sat there, he swayed his body from side to side and from front to back.

His sober gaze wandered absently around the neighbors' yard.

Mrs. Grim came to the screen door and took Grant inside.

When she put the baby by the kitchen window, Raymond called out companionably, "Hi, Grant," as if pleased to see him again.

Then he hopped down from the doghouse and ran toward the window.

He knocked on the screen vigorously to attract the baby's attention.

Grimacing and panting at Grant, he stepped back a pace or two.

Raymond laughed hilariously.

Again he said playfully, "Da, da," and other similar syllables. He looked steadily at Grant and seemed determined to get the baby to respond.

Grant seemed to enjoy this, for he patted the window-pane with gleeful excitement.

7:25. Raymond leaned forward and playfully brought his face close to the window.

Suddenly he jerked back and hurried in the direction of his home.

He dashed around the garage in his back yard, out of my sight.

Noticing Mr. Birch pause in his work to look up curiously at Raymond, I surmised that Raymond had backtracked.

I swerved a little and met Raymond coming back around the corner of the garage. He seemed surprised at my presence there.

He picked up a white teakettle from the bench nearby and poured water from it. He seemed embarrassed by the trickle of the water.

He ran off suddenly toward the back of the house and disappeared again. He was probably trying to hide from me.

7:26. I walked slowly toward the house and sat down on the front porch.

7:27. Raymond came around the house, glanced at me as he walked past the porch, and sneaked around the garage once more.

My nonchalance seemed to puzzle him, for he gave me a backward glance full of curiosity.

Mr. Birch watched Raymond's actions from the garden.

Then Mr. Birch called to Raymond and asked whether or not his bicycle had been put away. He said something more which I could not hear.

Raymond responded pleasantly but it was evident from his tone of voice that he was correcting his father's impression about something.

He turned from his father and ran toward the porch, where his wagon was parked.

He slammed himself carelessly into the wagon, letting his arms and legs fly.

Then he raised himself on one knee and with the other leg propelled the wagon recklessly along the walk near the house and onto the sidewalk, along the street.

He jerked around in an awkward turn and came back immediately.

He traveled quickly back and forth several times.

All his movements were vigorous but carelessly executed.

As he came by me on the way back to the porch, he smirked and spoke in an aside, "I'm going to hide again."

I said nonchalantly, "Well, I'm tired of that game and don't think I'll play it anymore."

7:28. He seemed undisturbed by my remark but may have taken it seriously, for he refrained from following up his suggestion.

Just then Harold Devens, the next observer, drove up in a car.

Raymond jumped from the wagon and dashed exuberantly across the yard and down the slight incline to the car.

He greeted Harold in a very friendly fashion.

Harold answered him pleasantly.

Raymond preceded Harold as they came toward the porch. He panted, evidently winded from his play.

When he reached the porch he draped himself around a pillar supporting the porch roof, while Harold and I exchanged a few words.

Then Raymond turned to me and asked in friendly "let-me-help-you" manner, "Do you want me to turn on the porch light?" He seemed concerned about whether I could see what I was writing.

I answered, "Well, I managed so far, but maybe Harold will need it."

He rushed into the house and turned on the porch light.

As Susan left, she called out cheerily, "Good night, Raymond."³

Raymond replied cordially, "Good night."

Susan said, "I hope to see you again sometime."

Raymond didn't hear her and said "Huh?" questioningly.

³ Harold Devens, observer.

Susan repeated in a clearer voice, "I hope to see you again sometime."

Raymond said, "O.K."

He walked over to his wagon.

He grabbed the handle of the wagon and ran across the sidewalk toward the street.

He stopped just at the edge of the slight incline leading down into the street and sat down in the wagon.

He picked up a dried-up weed, about four feet long, from the ground and trimmed off a few seeds from the head.

- 7:30. He gave the wagon a slight push and coasted down the slope, waving the weed over his head. (See Plate 24.) The wagon came to a stop about halfway across the street.

The street is an unpaved side street with very little traffic, so this was not a dangerous thing to do.

Raymond sat in the wagon a moment.

Then, giving the weed a careless toss, he got out and pulled the wagon back up the terrace with only mild enthusiasm. His manner was unhurried.

Again he parked the wagon just at the top of the terrace and sat down in it.

He gave the wagon a little shove and it rolled down into the street, stopping at about the same place as before.

This was no great sport, just something to do.

Raymond got out and, grasping the handle, pulled the wagon across the street to the High School Vocational Training building.

He pulled the wagon up to the sidewalk which goes around the building.

He knelt down in the wagon and pumped it around the walk, disappearing around the corner of the building.

Just as I rounded the building, he came back from the opposite direction. When he saw me he laughed at my running to catch him.

- 7:32. He sat in his wagon and let it roll down a narrow path from the building toward the street.

About halfway down the wagon overturned, making quite a noise.

Raymond raised up over the edge of the wagon, looked at me, and laughed lightly.

He crawled to his feet and set the wagon upright.

He pulled it back up to the top of the slight incline.

Sitting down in the wagon again, he rolled it partway down the hill.

He nosed the wagon into a telephone post. The wagon was not moving with enough speed to hit the post with any great force.

As the wagon touched the post, Raymond said enthusiastically, "Wham!"

Then he got out.

He pulled the wagon back up the incline.

He got in and rolled down again.

- 7:33. This time Raymond nosed the wagon into a road sign which said "Stop."

He lay down in the wagon and put his feet up on the sign.

As he did this he repeated "Bup, bup, bup" several times in a singsong fashion. This was followed by other babyish sounds which he made in self-amusement.

He put his feet back down in the wagon and then stood up in it.

Hanging onto the sign, he pointed to the letters of the word "Stop" and said, "M-P-O-P."

He got out of his wagon.

He pulled it to the top of the incline.

He started down again.

The wagon overturned and Raymond fell out. With greatly exaggerated and affected disgust, he said, "Not that again—not that."

He picked himself up and started pulling the wagon westward, around the side of the Vocational Training building.

7:34. As he walked along he muttered to himself, "I'll go get my crate."

He ran around the back of the building and headed for the pit, where he had been playing with the crate in the afternoon.

7:35. When he reached the pit, he crawled down into it and went straight to the crate.

He began tugging and pulling at the crate, trying to raise it up to the level of the vacant lot. He worked fairly hard.

He paused momentarily, looked across the field in the direction of a dog that was barking in the distance, and

said rather disgustedly, "I wish that dog would shut up."

He returned to the tussle of trying to lift the crate from the pit. The task offered real difficulty.

- 7:36. He finally heaved the crate up to the edge of the excavation.

Then he began trying to maneuver it onto the wagon. After struggling with it for awhile, he managed to balance the crate on the wagon.

He began pulling the wagon toward his house.

As the wagon started to move, the crate teetered dangerously.

Raymond said threateningly, "Don't you dare."

After he had pulled it just a few feet, the crate fell over the side and rested on the ground.

He said resolutely, "That makes one time it fell off."

- 7:37. Raymond stood up in the wagon and tried unsuccessfully to pull the crate back up.

Then he got out of the wagon and pushed at the end of the crate. Still he was unsuccessful in getting it back on the wagon.

After pushing at the crate a little more he finally got it balanced very precariously; it extended farther on one side than on the other.

Immediately it fell off again.

- 7:38. Raymond tugged and pulled at the crate a little more and finally got it on to his satisfaction.

Walking backwards and looking at the crate, he started pulling the wagon again.

He said threateningly to the crate, "Don't you dare."

When the crate teetered dangerously, Raymond stopped pulling the wagon.

He went around the side, crawled inside the crate and rested his weight on one knee in the wagon while his other foot touched the ground.

He tried to pump the wagon just as he would if the crate hadn't been there.

Finding the wagon very difficult to steer, he climbed out and went to the front of it.

Again he began pulling the wagon by the handle.

7:39. When the crate teetered dangerously and fell off a second time, Raymond gave up.

He left the crate on the ground and began running very rapidly in the direction of his house, pulling the wagon behind him. The wagon bounced noisily over the rough ground.

Raymond left the wagon almost at the edge of the street and ran back to the crate.

7:40. He tried to pick the crate up and carry it.

It was too heavy to carry so he began rolling it end over end toward the street. This method was slow and awkward.

Raymond stopped moving the crate and started to climb up one side of it. As he did so, he made "squich" sounds with his mouth.

When he started to climb up the side, the crate began to tip, so he got down.

He went around to the other side and crawled into the crate.

- 7:41. From the inside he lifted the front end and began dragging the crate along as he walked slowly.

He had gone only a few feet when his father, who was still working in the garden behind the house, called out seriously, "Raymond, don't bring that crate over here now."

Raymond replied promptly in a very whiny, complaining, pleading voice, "Well, Mommy said we could."

Mr. Birch suggested immediately that Raymond and his playmate make their playhouse in the vacant lot instead of in their yard.

"But Mom won't let us take blankets over there," Raymond whined.

Mr. Birch said, "Well, you work on her a little bit. I bet she will."

"Oh, nuts!" said Raymond in a very disappointed and disgusted voice.

Then he carried the argument further by saying, "Why can't we make it over here?"

His father said something which I couldn't make out.

- 7:43. Raymond stepped out of the crate and ran across the street.

He ran quickly into the house, slammed the back door, and ran through the house to the dining room where his mother was sewing.

Immediately he began begging his mother to let him make a playhouse in his own yard.

7:44. Mrs. Birch told him that he should make the playhouse across the street since there wasn't any place for it in the yard.

"But there aren't any trees over there that we can climb," said Raymond in a rather whiny voice.

Mrs. Birch seemed surprised to hear this and responded, "Well, you can't put it up in a tree, anyhow."

Raymond responded, "Oh, yes, we can."

7:45. They continued to talk back and forth very rapidly about where Raymond was to build the playhouse and whether the boys could put it in a tree and, if so, how they could do it.

Mrs. Birch remained calm and firm throughout the argument, and Raymond, seeing that he was making no progress, seemed to give up.

7:46. He asked defensively, "Well, can we take a blanket over there?"

His mother replied politely, "Well, you can take that old comfort, I guess."

Raymond began walking slowly out of the room.

Mrs. Birch called as he left, "But not tonight."

Raymond made no response.

He walked on out through the hallway and into the kitchen.

7:47. He opened the door of the refrigerator, looked inside for just a moment, and then slammed the door shut.

He went to the kitchen door.

He opened the screen and looked out.

Hanging on the screen door, he swung back and forth for a short time.

When I came on into the kitchen, he went out the door and disappeared into the semidarkness.

I went to the garden where Mr. Birch was working and commented quietly that I had lost Raymond. Mr. Birch said, "Oh, I expect he is in the garage." I went around the front of the garage and waited there for a few moments.

From behind the garage door Raymond said "Boo!" in a teasing way.

He ran out from behind the door and laughed teasingly.

7:49. Then he ran to the side of the house where his bicycle was parked.

He walked his bicycle to the garage.

He took it in through the side door and put it away.

He skipped gaily out of the garage and headed for the front of the house.

As he turned the corner of the house, Raymond reached up, grabbed a pillar supporting the porch roof, and swung himself up onto the porch.

Just then Mrs. Birch called from the front room, "Raymond, Raymond, you had better come in and practice a little while." This was said in a matter-of-fact way.

Scene 3: INDOOR ACTIVITY

TIME: 7:50-8:09

Mrs. Birch
Mr. Birch

7:50. As Raymond started toward the front door, he replied rather whiningly, "Oh, I don't want to."

Mrs. Birch replied as he came inside, "Well, you had better practice for a little while, anyhow."

He walked through the living room and sat down at the piano in the dining room.

He tossed his cap toward the table; it landed in the middle of the floor.

Raymond began playing the piano, using only one or two fingers of both hands at a time.

Mrs. Birch returned to her work at the sewing machine.

7:51. Raymond finished "The Airliner" in only ten or fifteen seconds.

He went through "The Donkey Party" just as rapidly. He played as if this were a task to be finished as soon as possible.

7:52. As he began the "Three Little Pigs" his mother left the sewing machine and went over to stand behind him.

Raymond finished the piece he was on and played the "Steam Shovel," an equally short piece.

Then he turned around and looked up at his mother expectantly.

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Birch in surprise.

Nodding his head vigorously he answered, "Yep."

She turned back a few pages and said, "Let's play this one again."

Without protesting Raymond began playing "The Airliner" again.

- 7:53. His mother gave him some help. She corrected him, saying, "Now, son, you should use your right hand on this piece."

He finished this selection and turned back several pages through the music book.

While he turned the pages he mumbled idly something which sounded like, "Sunday, Monday, Bunday," and other rhyming sounds.

- 7:54. He played the first few notes of "The Wren and the Swan."

His mother said, "Start over, son. Mother didn't see." This was said in a calm, dispassionate manner.

- 7:55. Raymond started from the beginning again.

He hit the notes on the piano with little feeling, almost mechanically. He looked at his hands about as much as he looked at the page.

He finished the song and thumbed idly through the book.

His mother stopped him at one piece.

He said, "Aw, I played that one once."

"Well, play it again," was her reply.

7:56. He said, "Oh, huh uh. I've already played it."

Mrs. Birch said rather impatiently, "Oh, come on and play it again."

Raymond played "The Donkey Party" again.

His mother stood and watched him.

When Raymond finished a brief series of notes, he looked up at his mother expectantly. He twisted his whole body so that he was looking almost straight up into her face.⁴

Her concise order was, "Once more."

Showing just a little reluctance, he glanced first at the book and then at the piano.

He began practicing methodically with his right hand; then with his left. He alternated hands from time to time. He struck the notes mechanically, with no rhythm whatsoever.

He quit playing abruptly and leafed hurriedly toward the back of the music book.

In his haste he leafed past the page he wanted. His gaze lingered upon a particular song which was located beyond the one he sought.

Then he leafed back a few pages more carefully.

As he located the page, he said complainingly, "Again?"

His mother was resolute and unyielding.

Raymond started playing mechanically. Each note was sharp, heavy, and clearly detached.

Then he used both hands simultaneously. The chords were harmonious.

⁴ Mike Bodin, observer.

As if resigned to the task, he again struck each note separately. As he hit a note with his fingers, his whole shoulder moved forward.

He looked up at his mother as though seeking approval.

7:57. When she turned to leave she said, "O.K., you can quit now," with a note of finality in her voice. She walked back to the sewing machine and sat down.

Raymond whiningly reversed himself and complained, "Yes, but there's still one more."

She said that he could play if he wanted. Her electric sewing machine began clattering away as she resumed her work and stopped paying attention to Raymond's activity.

Raymond continued to practice deliberately.

While Harold and I exchanged a few words, Raymond turned partway around to watch us casually.

Then he looked directly away from us and turned facing the piano.

Harold left.

Raymond seemed to stare into space for just a second.

Then he whirled back toward me on the piano stool.

He walked into the living room holding his legs stiff and wobbling from side to side.

Suddenly noticing the evening paper still folded on the floor by the sofa, he bent quickly to pick it up.

His mother called sternly, "Now, you come on in. You've got to take a bath and get to bed."

He said defensively, "I'm not going out. I'm going to read the funnies."

Raymond unfolded the paper, laid it on the floor, and knelt down on his hands and knees.

He seemed quite familiar with the paper. He immediately discarded the front part and went to the back section.

The first page he came to was a sports page. He hesitated to peer inquisitively at a picture.

Then he leafed back to the funnies. He flipped through the pages quite efficiently and with little wasted motion.

Raymond bent down close to look at the first comic strip at the bottom of the page. His knees were drawn up under his stomach and his elbows were resting on the floor.

As he looked, he sniffled noisily.

Preoccupied, he flipped the back of his fingers over his mouth and nose.

He hastily went to the top of the page. As he shifted his weight forward, he sniffled noisily again, making a loose, broken sound.

After only a cursory glance, he passed immediately to the top of the next page and glanced momentarily at the pictures there.

Shifting his weight heavily back on his haunches, he went to the bottom of the page. He studied this comic strip with concentration.

He sat up quickly and expertly turned the page by catching the heel of his hand on the paper with a deft motion.

8:00. He looked at the strip at the top of the next page very closely. He spent several seconds looking intently at the pictures.

He went less eagerly to the bottom of the page.

As he looked down at the bottom, he put the back of his hand up to his mouth. He put his lips close and blew, making a slight hissing noise as the air escaped from the edge of his lips.

Then he went to the comic strip at the bottom of the next page and looked at it intently for a long time.

He glanced with little interest at the strip at the top of the page—"Li'l Abner."

Then he flipped the page, arriving at the editorial section.

He looked briefly at a cartoon showing a cow jumping over the moon.

Mr. Birch entered the back door of the house.

As his father came into the kitchen, Raymond implored loudly, "Daddy, read me the funnies."

Mr. Birch went into the bathroom.

Raymond waited.

Mr. Birch went through the dining room, where Mrs. Birch was still sewing, and on into the living room. He spoke very pleasantly to me.

Raymond stood up, went over to his father and grabbed his left hand. He was trying very impatiently to persuade his father to read the funnies.

"How much will you give me?" asked Mr. Birch jokingly.

With no hesitation Raymond answered, "\$265."

His father said easily, "Well, I'll sure do it for that," and sat down in an easy chair.

With grunts and whines Raymond urged his father on and sat down on the couch.

Mr. Birch picked up the morning edition of the "City Tribune."

Raymond quickly informed him, "That's the wrong paper."

His father said, "Oh, we didn't even read the funnies this morning, did we?"

While Mr. Birch was speaking, Raymond went eagerly over to the easy chair and hung onto his father's left hand.

From the other room Mrs. Birch said, "Oh, I didn't know he was speaking to you; I thought he was still mad at you."

Raymond looked up as though trying to interpret what she said.

Mr. Birch said solemnly, "I thought it was you that he wasn't speaking to." There was a strained silence. Then he added jokingly, "At least this time." He and his wife laughed good-naturedly.

Raymond grinned self-consciously as if that were what he was expected to do.

- 8:03. The father picked up the evening paper from the floor and looked at the front page. He laughed at something on the page.

Raymond watched passively.

Mr. Birch commented on a picture showing a horse caught in a predicament on a railroad bridge. He read the caption underneath the picture to Raymond.

Raymond strained at the waist and leaned forward to see the picture more carefully.⁵

He giggled, looked at the picture awhile longer, and giggled again.

He said, "I sure hope that won't happen to me."

Mr. Birch turned directly to the editorial page.

Raymond seemed to relax considerably.

His father indicated the cartoon showing the cow jumping over the moon.

Raymond merely stood and watched.

Mr. Birch commented briefly on the cartoon.

Raymond looked casually at it as the father spoke.

Mr. Birch turned the page to the comic strips. He looked at the top of the page and said as a matter of fact, "Well, well, 'Little Abner.'" He read it silently.

Raymond pled, "Daddy, help me read that." He pointed at the cartoon at the bottom of the page.

Mr. Birch said, "Oh, 'Mark Trail'?"

Raymond nodded enthusiastically.

His father raised the paper and waited for Raymond to start reading as if it were a usual thing.

Raymond read the first word hesitantly and then stalled completely.

He merely stared at the word without attempting to pronounce it.

⁵ Raymond started school in the fall of 1949 wearing glasses to correct his nearsightedness.

After Mr. Birch supplied the word, Raymond read a few more words in a slow, jerky style and stopped again.

His father automatically supplied the needed word.

8:05. When Raymond finished "Mark Trail" with his father's continued assistance, he leaned leisurely back and put his hand to his head.

Mr. Birch said suggestively, "Oh, here's Dick Tracy over here. Now who's his friend?"

Raymond answered readily, "Sam Catchem."

His father then read the entire strip.

When Mr. Birch came to a part which mentioned a dog, Raymond showed real eagerness and strained to get a better look at the pictures.

Then Mr. Birch went to the top of the page and read "Li'l Abner."

Raymond expressed very little interest in "Li'l Abner" the two previous times he had looked at it.

When Li'l Abner said, "I'm glad you can lick me," Mr. Birch laughed and asked for his own benefit, as well as Raymond's, "Who licked who?" Then Mr. Birch described in detail what was going on.

Raymond forced a laugh, "Ha, ha."

His father read, "We got Yokum blood in us, too," which meant they would go crazy, because of "Yokum's moon."

Raymond and his father laughed simultaneously; Mr. Birch's laughter was slightly more enthusiastic than Raymond's dry chuckle.

They then went to "Annie Rooney."

Raymond just looked at the pictures while his father read.

There was something in this about poison gas.

Raymond continued to look solemnly at the pictures after his father had finished. He asked very seriously, "Daddy, what's this square thing on the gas mask?"

8:08. Mr. Birch explained that the box contained chemicals to purify the air so that the person could breathe it.

Raymond considered this thoughtfully and then seemed satisfied.

His father started reading "Smitty."

Raymond leaned closer so that he could see the pictures more clearly.

Absently he rubbed his left hand, which was resting on the arm of the chair, with his right hand.

Mr. Birch finished "Smitty" and commented on the picture in which two people were sitting on a stove which the little Indian had turned on.

Raymond laughed jerkily.

Then he suddenly turned to me.

When I smiled, he looked back at the paper.

He looked steadily at the comic strip at the top of the page.

8:09. His father passed on to "Smiling Jack."

Raymond listened with only a slight interest. He was quiet while his father read the first part.

Then he wiggled and rubbed the sides of his fingers together.

When Mr. Birch finished this cartoon quickly, he remarked that he wondered whether Hot Rod would fly solo tomorrow.

This got no response from Raymond.

Mr. Birch passed quickly to "Brenda Starr" and began reading.

Raymond stood with his right foot on his left toe. He leaned his whole body forward across the paper and seemed to concentrate intently on the comic strip.

His father asked several questions about the names of the characters.

Raymond identified the characters immediately.

Raymond straightened suddenly. It was clear that Raymond had had this comic read to him before.

Noticing that he had caught his pants leg on a bolt which protruded from the chair, he fingered his trousers and tried to release his leg as he bent over looking at the comic strip.

He moved his hand away and yanked his pants leg loose with a slight jerk.

He chewed slightly as he looked at the next comic strip which his father read.

He fidgeted restlessly.

He seemed to catch his pants leg intentionally on the protruding bolt. He jerked vigorously in an attempt to free his trousers.

He jerked more vigorously and was successful.

There was a slight pause after the father had finished reading the last comic strip.

Scene 4: BEDTIME

TIME: 8:10-8:33

Mrs. Birch

Mr. Birch

Mrs. Amy Howells

Honey

Mrs. Birch called in a pleasant tone, "Are you through? Come on, sweetheart, we'll take a bath and then you can go to bed."

Raymond whined protestingly.

He went into the kitchen, however, with no resistance other than his verbal protest. I could hear him still fussing.

8:12. He and his mother went into the bathroom.

8:15. *I stayed in the living room and conversed congenially with Mr. Birch. He asked if I would like to go into the bathroom. I said that it didn't matter, although, if it was all right with everyone, I would like to, but that it wasn't important.*

Mr. Birch knocked at the bathroom door and called to his wife, "Is it all right if we come in?" She said rather doubtfully, "Yes, I guess it is." I went in quietly and unobtrusively.

8:16. Raymond was on his knees in the bathtub, stiff but passive.

His mother soaped his back. Then she splashed the water up to rinse it off.

He complained sullenly about the water being hot.

Mrs. Birch said, "I don't know whether it's warm enough in here or not to take a bath." She washed his arm briskly and hurriedly.

He shouted with what seemed to be genuine pain.

His mother said, "Oh, did I hit the sore on your arm?" She didn't seem to be really concerned about hurting him but raised her voice and unconvincingly acted as if she were. She looked at his arm in a cursory way. She straightened up, put the washrag in the water, and said pleasantly and as if to hurry him, "Now you sit down and wash your feet and legs." She laid a towel for him to step out on and went out the door. She called back, "Your PJ's are out here when you're ready for them."

To make conversation I told about my son, saying that he was much smaller than Raymond.

8:17. Raymond concentrated his attention on one toe of his left foot. He rubbed the soap back and forth, sawing away between his toes.

Mrs. Birch's voice was heard from the other room. She said to her husband, "Raymond scratched his arm and got blood all over the sheets." Her voice was pleasant, but not entirely without complaint.

While she was speaking, Raymond stopped splashing water and was very quiet. He obviously wanted to hear.

After his mother had finished talking, Raymond immediately started to wash on his knee lethargically.

When I talked with him about things in general and about my family, he seemed to be friendly and receptive.

8:18. He said sharply, "Hey, you."

I thought he was talking to me so I said, "Huh?"

He explained carefully, "Oh, this soap slips out of my hand."

Diving his hand into the water, he retrieved the soap.

He picked up the washcloth and put the soap in it.

He wiggled the soap a little and then he put it on the soap rack.

Slowly and carelessly he rubbed his thumb with the edge of his washcloth for just a short time.

8:19. He hopped out of the tub quickly, turned and faced me as he dried himself.

He dried his stomach rather carefully and methodically.

He dried his legs by rubbing them briskly.

There was a knock at the front door while he was working on his second leg.

He just swished at the lower part of his back.

Raymond hurried out of the bathroom to put on his pajamas, which were just outside the door.

He very slowly put on the top of his pajamas, which consisted of a cotton T-shirt.

His parents and Amy Howells were talking in the living room. Their conversation concerned some packages which Amy had brought to show her appreciation for the family's cooperation.

Raymond seemed to strain to hear what was said.

As he listened, he leisurely smoothed down the shoulders of his pajamas.

Very quickly he put on the bottom of his pajamas.

He skipped, hopped, and jumped to the living room.

He stood by his father just a second.

Amy handed him a package.

He said "Oh!" with surprise and seemed quite excited about his package.

Mrs. Birch said, "Now, what do you say?"

He said "Thank you," as if he really meant it.

He went directly to the table, laid the package down very carefully, and slowly worked at the wrapping.

He tried to take the bow off carefully.

Finally he tore it off impatiently.

8:21. He turned excitedly to face the others with a cellophane bag of candy.

Raymond looked shyly at his mother as he said "Thank you" to Amy. He pushed on the middle of the bag as he spoke.

In his enthusiasm he threw the candy up in the air a few inches.

Mrs. Birch extended the card which was in the parents' package for her husband to read.

Raymond seemed to bubble over as he danced over beside his father.

Honey, the dog, was also excited over the candy.

Raymond glanced quickly down at Honey and then looked back at his father.

- 8:22. Still very excited, he walked over to the living room table.

His mother passed her box of candy to Mrs. Howells and then to me.

Raymond stationed himself expectantly by the heater.

He looked directly into the box as his mother passed it around.

She asked, "Do you want some of this, or do you want some of your own?"

He shot out his arm and took a chocolate from the box.

He quickly put it into his mouth and chewed heartily.

He perched on the arm of his father's chair with one foot still on the floor.

- 8:23. There was a discussion about Honey and the candy. Mr. Birch finally told Honey to sit and speak.

Raymond had to lean forward to see Honey sit up, for his father's shoulder obstructed his view.

As Honey got the chocolate, Raymond tried to balance himself on the arm of the chair with both feet off the floor.

He extended his arm inaccurately toward the heater to catch his balance.

As he leaned forward to catch his balance, he hopped down from the chair and picked up the chocolates from the table.

After his mother prompted him, he passed the candy to Amy, to me, and to his father.

Raymond placed the box on the heater and quickly took another chocolate.

Nonchalantly he sat down on the arm of the chair again.

Since Honey seemed eager to have some candy, Mr. Birch suggested that Raymond get her a candy Easter egg.

Raymond, instantly enthusiastic, went into his bedroom to get one.

8:25. He brought back an Easter egg and promptly gave it to Honey.

His mother suggested firmly that it was time for him to go to bed.

He immediately hopped and jiggled over to the table.

He dug open the cellophane bag and stated with mock seriousness, "I'll have to take a pill and go to bed."

Amy said jokingly, "Yes, you *need* a pill."

Mrs. Birch led Raymond firmly into the bedroom.

He flopped on the bed; I didn't see him but I could hear the springs give.

8:26. *I went over near the bedroom door.*

He was sprawled on the bed. His arms were outspread and his legs formed a wide V.

With a businesslike air Mrs. Birch quickly turned out the bedroom light. She went into the kitchen and turned out that light also, leaving the bedroom in darkness.

Raymond was quiet.

- 8:27. Honey went into Raymond's bedroom.

Raymond stealthily coaxed Honey to jump up on the bed with him.

His mother reprimanded him pleasantly for not going to sleep. She called Honey and put her out the kitchen door.

- 8:28. After Raymond had been quiet for a moment, he sat up and smoothed the covers.

As I glanced in, he was lying sideways in the bed and had rolled up tightly in the sheet.

When Mrs. Birch returned from the kitchen, she glanced in at him, and then went toward him playfully as if she were going to spank him.

He quickly unrolled himself and was under the sheet in a normal sleeping position when she reached the bed.

She pulled the sheet up over him maternally. As she walked out she said gently, "Close your eyes and get some sleep."

- 8:30. I heard some squirming in the bed. I glanced in and he was sideways in bed again.

- 8:32. There was a discussion in the living room about why the parents hadn't seen the project movie. Mrs. Birch said she thought that it had been shown when Raymond had pneumonia. Mr. Birch said, "Yes, I believe he came down with it the night of the movie."

A motion picture showing methods of the Child Study Project had been shown in Midwest a few weeks before.

Raymond set all of us right by calling from his bed that he got sick the night before the movie.

This was the last I heard except for an occasional noise which sounded as if Raymond were sucking on his lips or hands and squirming in the bed.

- 8:33. Amy and I expressed our sincere appreciation to Mr. and Mrs. Birch. Friendly good nights were then exchanged.

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Barker, Roger G.

One boy's day.

