Denis Wood

Free the Children! Down With Playgrounds!

"Just put up the fence — the kids'll find something to do inside it." This remark was made recently by a parent serving on a committee overseeing the design of a neighbourhood playground. The committee had asked a group of students in a senior design studio to come up with a decent playground. Working with the residents and drawing on recent environmental design research, the students coughed up five plans. At a neighbourhood meeting, the residents rejected them all. The reason? No fence. During the meeting the residents unanimously supported this fence, described enthusiastically as a ten-foot-high chain link fence with barbed wire along its top. After heavy debate, they decided they could skip the barbed wire. When informed by the designers that, given the budget, they could have either the fence around or the play equipment within the playground, the residents were overwhelmingly for the fence. The students castigated these parents as Neanderthals. I disagree. As far as I can see, their attitudes toward playgrounds differ from those of others only in being less hypocritical. Armed with their mandate, the students returned to their drawing boards to do fence details.

the problem

Who dismayed me were the students. At no point — even once it became clear that nothing more than a prison exercise yard was wanted — did any of them suggest that the neighbourhood might not need a playground. On the contrary, they implicitly accepted without investigation the need for and social good of the playground. Although an occasion for dismay, that the students did not question the need for the playground was not an occasion for surprise. Not only are they taught in the schools that playgrounds

are socially necessary, but nowhere in their education are students encouraged to question the need for their clients' projects.

Nor is the problem confined to students — for whom, given the fact that their teachers regularly impersonate clients, such questioning is a form of double jeopardy; the problem is instead pandemic in the entire research/program/design/build profession. In a special issue of *Landscape Architecture Quarterly* embracing the theme that "Children Know Best", a number of leading researcher/designers ignore their own point and lay down schemes for the improvement of playgrounds without questioning the rationale for their very existence. Indeed, although Robin Moore opens his article with the remark that playgrounds are widely regarded as "unfit for human habitation",[1] he never pauses to wonder if this might not be inherent in the playground *idea,* rather than in specific playground designs. Despite mounting evidence that kids use playgrounds of all types with monumental infrequency, that they regard piles of spools with the same indifference that they regard swing sets, designers continue to believe that playgrounds are both necessary and good. The reason for this, I suggest, is that they have never thought about what real social roles the playgrounds play.

Nor is this problem confined to playgrounds. Practically no voice in the research/program/design/build business — whether encapsulated in a single individual or spread across a multitude of institutions — questions the need for a client's project, especially if the project has even the most minimal social sanction. The assumption is made, *a priori* and implicitly, that malls, parks, playgrounds, dormitories and freeways are the necessary, irreducible elements of the built environment. They may be improved, changed, modified, enhanced; but not done away with. Such assumptions vitiate the entire research-to-build process. Decent research about the behavior of children in playgrounds cannot be carried out if the researcher implicitly assumes that playgrounds are necessary or good. Decent programming cannot result when the research data on which it is based is polluted by unrecognized assumptions. Workable designs cannot materialize from faulty programs. Thus, for example, apartment buildings cannot even be conceived, much less built, if it is assumed that people have got to live in single-family detached homes.

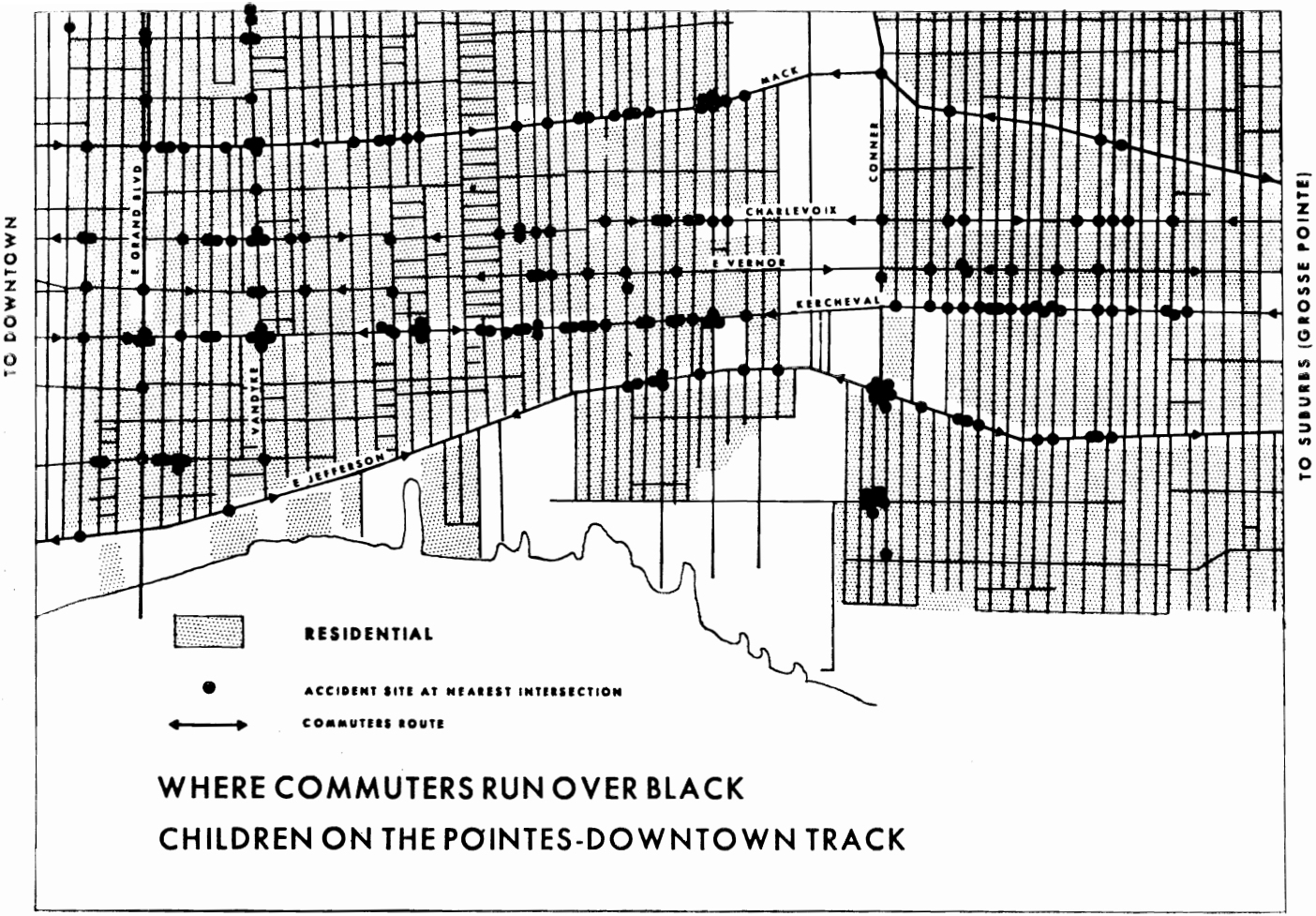
This state of affairs exists because contemporary research/program/design/build procedures have no way of standing outside themselves and examining their own fundamental model of the way the world hangs together. What follows here is a questioning of the playground idea. It is intended that this serve as an example

of the sort of questioning that must take place for everything we research, program, design, and construct. Nothing more rigorous is required in order to stop the construction of improved examples of things we never needed in the first place.

children know best

A playground is an adult-created, sometimes supervised, place for kids to play. Without reflection, it sounds like a good thing, something for the kids, a *beau geste* of the kind that demands applause. Except that the kids don't want anything. A playground only makes sense if adults know better than kids where, when, and with what to play. But if kids do know best — and everything suggests they do — then the adult construction of playgrounds is senseless. Roger Hart, who exhaustively studied kids at play in Wilmington, Vermont, a town without playgrounds of any sort, observed: "A finished play place is not required... Children create their own play places, the process (of that creation) being all important".[2] Iona and Peter Opie, in their seldom quoted but unparalleled study of kids at play,[3] put it even more simply: "Where children are is where they play." Adults fantasize play taking place in the fields and woods, but kids play where they are. If they grow up in the fields and the woods, they play there; but if they grow up in the streets and corner lots, they play there. The Opies tell of a London boy just returned from a week's holiday in a rural village. Asked how he liked the country he said: "I like it — but you can't play ball in the road as you can in London".[4]

Adults don't understand about playing ball in the road. Late for an appointment or eager to get home, and cutting through neighbourhood streets to save a minute or two, a driver is unwilling to slow down to crawl through a bunch of skateboarders cavorting in the street. Frequently someone gets hurt — usually a kid, but sometimes his dog. And it's not just the inner city. This evening the Associated Press wires carried a photo of a kid — with pain written all over his face — sitting on the curb of his wide suburban street in Vancouver, Washington. Over his shoulder you can read the words of a sign that says, "Please slow down. My dog was hit yesterday. Tomorrow it could be one of my brothers." The caption reads: "Lewis Jackson, 6, sits by a sign he put in his front yard last week after a fast car struck his dog Herbie. The dog is recovering, but Lewis wanted to be sure that drivers go slowly from now on."[5] It might have been his brother, and in a thousand streets the next day, it was his brother, or someone's brother.



Detroit Geographical Expedition and Institute, **Field Notes: Discussion Paper No. 3: The Geography of the Children of Detroit,** Detroit, 1971.

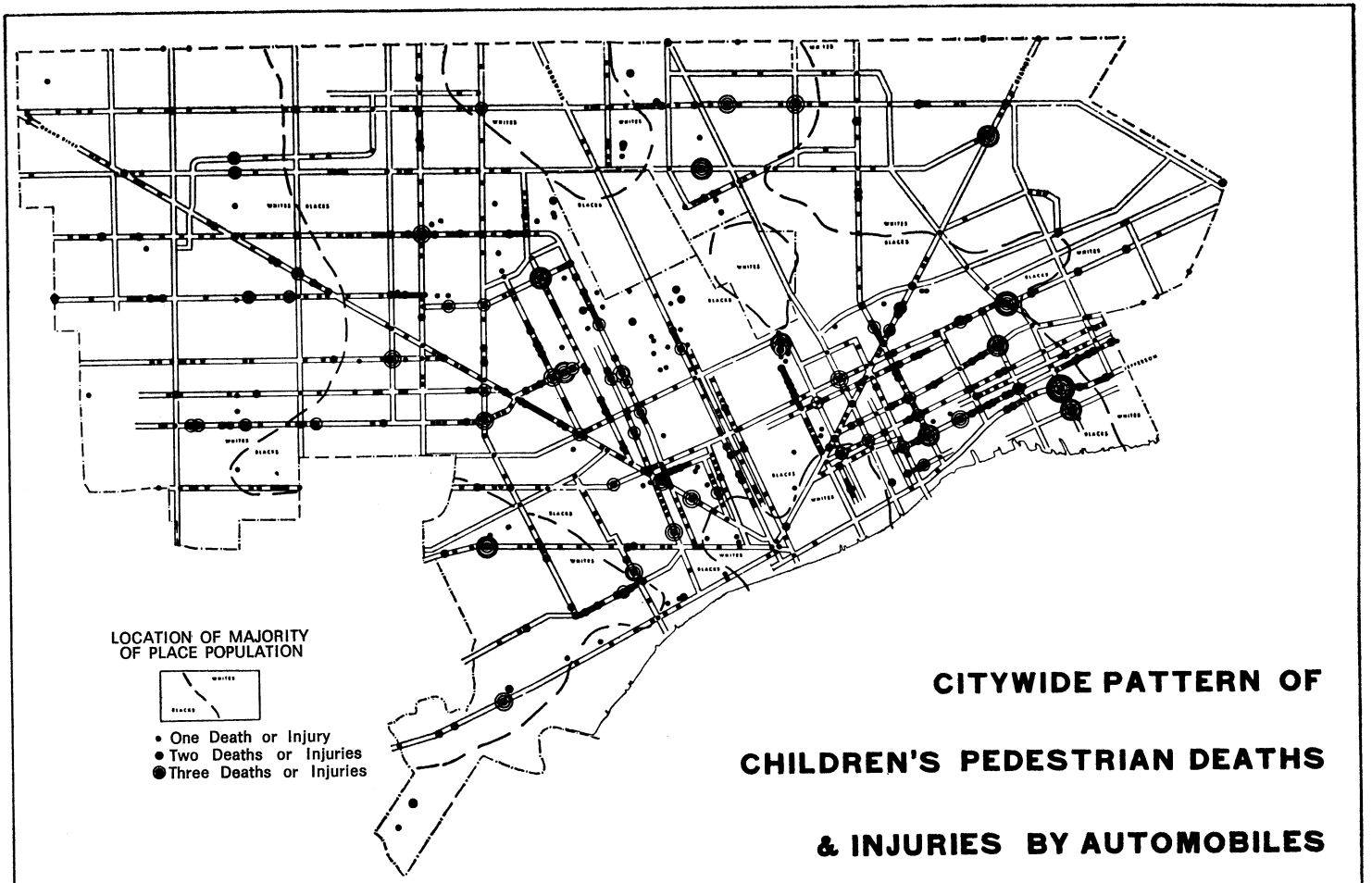
After a few times of this the cry is raised again to get the kids off the street. And it is always to "get the kids off the streets". Never the cars. After all, in the adult mind, streets are for cars, not for people; they're for zipping along, not crawling. "Stay out of the street, dear, or you'll get hurt." In this automotive age we tend to forget — or ignore — the fact that streets were laid out long before Henry Ford was born, with people (mostly) and horse-drawn carts in mind. The stereotyped equations run like doggerel in our heads: streets = cars, kids = playgrounds.

When the observed reality is streets = kids, we move without reflection to get them into playgrounds. Frances Gettier, a Raleigh, North Carolina mother, is typical. She says,

> There isn't much in the way of parks. My kids play in the street and it makes me mad... So I started watching the neighbourhood young people play to see what they were up to and what they enjoy. They were playing ball in the street, but skateboarding was the biggest thing. One of the boys was hit by a car while skateboarding. He wasn't hurt, but it could have been much worse. I decided then to try to get them off the streets and into a park.[6]

The reaction is not unusual and could be multiplied a thousand times any day of the year in the United States alone. This example is just a little sillier than usual. Gettier's goal is to stop the kids using the streets and sidewalks for skateboarding by adding some zigzag asphalt trails to a ravine in an existing park. Then the kids'll have a place to go. Translated into English this means that the next time the kids are seen skateboarding in front of their homes on the surfaces the skateboard was designed to run on, any irate driver, scared out of his wits by having — at sixty miles an hour — just missed a kid, can scream that his tax dollars have been spent to build a skateboard park and why the hell don't they get out of the street and into the park...

But it's not just skateboarding and it's not just missing kids. It's a lot of different play activities and it's often serious injury or death. Things like skateboards, bicycles, soap-box autos, and go-carts were really made for the streets. If you've ever used one you don't need to be told that the irregularities in sidewalks make for awkward spills on a skateboard, that going over curbs at anything but a walk can ruin the rim of a bicycle wheel, and that soap-box carts and go-carts simply can't handle curbs at all. But there are a lot of other street games that are street games because the streets and the kids are there.



Detroit Geographical Expedition and Institute. **Field Notes: Discussion Paper No. 3: The Geography of the Children of Detroit,** Detroit, 1971.

> "Four Square", a popular game among youngsters this summer, is fast-paced and competitive. Nearly every day, from early morning until sundown, scores of youngsters in the Brookhaven neighbourhood test their speed and agility on Four Square boards chalked on neighbourhood streets. And although the youngsters play barefooted on the hot pavement, the heat doesn't seem to dim their enthusiasm. "We just call the kids in the neighbourhood to play and before you know it, the streets are filled," said Alison, a seventh grader...[7]

Other games played in the streets of Raleigh, North Carolina, during the summer of 1976 by kids of almost all ages included the classic kick-the-can, giveaway tag, red rover, and four-foot-in-the-gutter. Some of these were being played in playgrounds (usually on basketball courts, since modern playground designers tend *not* to provide the large, bare open spaces demanded by these games), but all of them were being played on the streets. When cars came along, the kids backed to the curbs. There were few accidents that I saw: just some near misses.

But all too often kids get hit. Gwendolyn Warren puts it this way:

> The whole thing about the transportation: the commuter traffic. The way Detroit is situated, there is the central place downtown and then there are rings which go outside of that and the big ring right outside downtown Detroit is the Black community. All the area about a mile going out from downtown Detroit is one-way traffic and runs right through the heart of the Black community. And on one specific corner in six months there were six children killed on one corner by commuter traffic. But, naturally, these deaths of these children or the injuries or whatever it happened to be were disguised as something else. They never said that a certain business man who was working for Burroughs downtown who was on his way to Southfield went through the Black community by way of this commuter traffic and killed my people—Black children. Even in the information which the police keep, we couldn't get information. We had to use political people in order to use them as a means of getting information from the police department in order to find out exactly what time, where, how and who killed that child. The fact that it actually establishes a pattern proves it is not "accidental." Are the expressways which are right in the heart of the city built for the people in the city? From the outside, it is obvious that they aren't.[8]

And Warren is right: there is a pattern, as the two Figures must make terribly clear, a pattern of hurrying adults running over playing children. What the Figures don't show is the way treelawns, sidewalks and yards — play spaces for children — were eaten up by the road-widening demanded by the heavy commuter traffic. Jean Jones says Detroit's inner-city black children should not:

> be subjected to riding their bicycles on well-travelled streets without a warning to the driver, like the ones on Cook Road in Crosse Pointe Woods with 'Caution, Bicycle Lane' signs. Nor should they have to play in areas like portions of John R. and Bush where their porches are four to eight feet from the crowded streets swarming with suburbanites swatting down innocent children like flies in their flight to their 'safe' neighbourhoods.[9]

To which I can only add, that while it is worse in the inner-city of Detroit, it is not really different in the suburbs: adults in their blind hurry kill kids there too. They've even made a game out of it. A California company called Exidy manufactures a computerized game called Death Race, the object of which is to run over and kill pedestrians. A company executive, Paul Jacobs, says, "If people get a kick out of running down pedestrians, you have to let them do it."[10] Or let them scream, "Get the kids off the street!" I don't doubt the heartfelt sorrow in the scream. I just wonder why it's always the kids that have to get out of the streets, and never the cars.

"yong peple" playing in the cloister

Never the cars. We like to console ourselves with the thought that this conflict of kids and adults in the streets is something new, something related to the modern car and our concern for our children's safety. It's a nice thought, but untrue; adults have never appreciated kids in streets. After describing a conflict between an obstinate driver and a group of kids playing in the street, the Opies go on to say,

> What is curious about these embroilments is that children always do seem to have been in trouble about the places where they played. In the nineteenth century there were repeated complaints that the pavements of London were made impassable by children's shuttlecock and tipcat. In Stuart times, Richard Steele reported, the vicinity of the Royal Exchange was infested with uninvited sportsmen, and a beadle was employed to whip away the "unlucky Boys with Toys and Balls". Even in the Middle Ages, when it might be supposed a meadow was within reach of every Jack and Jill in Britain, the young had a way of gravitating to unsuitable places. In 1332 it was found necessary to prohibit boys and others from playing in the precincts of the Palace at Westminster while Parliament was sitting. In 1385 the Bishop of London was forced to declaim against the ball-play about St. Paul's, and in 1447, away in Devonshire, the Bishop of Exeter was complaining of "yong peple" playing in the cloister, even during divine service, such games as "the toppe, queke, penny prykke, and most atte tenys, by which the walles of the saide Cloister have be defowled and the glas wyndowes all to brost."[11]

Given these examples, which could be multiplied into a roar of

adult disapprobation of kids playing in places frequented by adults (I myself was permanently scarred by a Mr. Miller who would rage whenever I rode my wagon down the sidewalk in front of his — and my — apartment building), the whole idea of playgrounds begins to acquire a rather self-serving tint. By getting the kids out of the streets, out of the yards — out of the hair — and into the playgrounds, adults were thinking not so much of the kids as of themselves. It was the automobile that made it possible, for the first time, to disguise this selfishness under the sanctimonious skirts of pretended concern for the safety of children. What a wonderful idea! Under the pretence of concern for the children we'll put them into these special places — call them playgrounds — and lock them up. To keep them quiet we'll fill the playground with wonderful things to do like hanging from an iron bar or climbing up and down an old wooden spool. Not that we have to pretend our concern for our children's welfare any longer. We've made sure that the streets really are dangerous places for kids to compete with us. When they fight us for the use of that space, we win, and they die.

I can't help noticing that even if historically kids have been in the way of adults, they are more so today; nor can I overlook the fact that the two major kinds of institution intended to free adults from the bother of children — the schools and the daycare centers — are also two of the biggest clients for playgrounds. Today's playgrounds keep the kids not only out of adult places, but out of adult times. To be blunt, the playground is a ghetto in which kids are kept, in all ways out of the way of adults (except for those few hired to watch them).

Without asking if this is good for adults, is it good for kids? The answer is unequivocally no. Drawing not only on his own experiences but on a mass of psychological literature, Hart observes among other things that "Play is direct training for skills demanded in adult life."[12] This is an important reason why kids play in the streets and why they don't stay in the playgrounds. Kids like adults. They want to do what the most important people in the world—their parents—do. They want to be near them, around them, and to justify the seriousness and reality of what they are doing by doing it in spaces occupied by adults. It may be play to us, but to the kids it's life. As Hart adds: "Children have a desire to play and learn 'where the action is', not cloistered away in special areas. Much valuable social learning is incidental and will be frustrated by segregating children... I have observed that children choose to play in front yards so long as the site provides good trees for climbing, good dirt for medeling." [13]

It must also be observed that in addition to the positive benefits

from associating with adults, there are other benefits from playing in adult places such as yards, streets, plazas, railroad tracks, the living room or the kitchen. Play in playgrounds is play in a single, homogenized, sanitized environment; play in other places is play in highly diverse, convenient, multi-faceted, dynamic environments. Arguing for the total desirability of playing in the street the Opies say,

> Where children are is where they play. They are impatient to be started, the street is no further than their front door, and they are within call when tea is ready. Indeed the street in front of their home is seemingly theirs, more theirs sometimes than the family living-room; and of more significance to them, very often, than any amenity provided by the local council... Should such persistent choice of busy and provocative play-space alert us that all is not as appears in the ghettos of childhood? Children's deepest pleasure, as we shall see, is to be away in the wastelands, yet they do not care to separate themselves altogether from the adult world.[14]

Tindall, in an elaborate study of the home ranges of one hundred black second and fourth graders in urban and suburban settings in Baltimore and Annapolis, Maryland, discovered:

> For the most part, second graders in both environmental groups indicated a marked preference for places in close proximity to the actual house in which they lived. The most frequently mentioned places of second graders included their own backyards; school yards; back alleys; front lawns and sidewalks, front steps; up the street; and, in many cases, the children indicated a special preference for their own houses.[15]

Furthermore the second graders actively disliked — and avoided — "busy streets, places very far away from their homes, empty houses, bars and taverns, and in two instances, the movie house..." mostly out of fear, "either fear of being run over or hit by a car; fear of getting lost; fear of dogs; fear of being beat up or picked on by older children; or fear of being punished by parents for travelling too far from home."[16] Much to her surprise, Tindall found the same to hold for fourth graders, for suburbanites as well as for inner-city kids, and for owners as well as nonowners of bicycles. She concludes:

> The high frequency of home oriented activity nodes for all subgroups, regardless of environmental background, would suggest that the areas in close proximity to the children's homes offer much more in the way of recreational opportunities and resources; that these areas offer fewer threats to the children... that both bicycle owners and nonowners are found to be predominantly home oriented as a group.[17]

Hart's work with kids in a small New England town, the Opies'

work with kids in various settings in England ranging from London to rural villages, Tindall's work with urban and suburban Maryland blacks: all point to the same conclusion. Kids like to play— to be — in the yards and streets and places near their homes.

the wasteland

Beyond the advantages to the child of playing in the street and yards, there is the disadvantage to the child of playing in the playground. Robin Moore summarizes the feelings of many when he describes school playgrounds as "places where kids destroy each other."[18] The Opies report that "Often, when we have asked children what games they played in the playground, we have been told 'We just go around aggravating people'." They conclude:

> We have noticed that when children are herded together in the playground, which is where the educationalists and the psychologists and the social scientist gather to observe them, their play is markedly more aggressive than when they are in the street or in the wild places.[19]

But despite the facts that skateboards were meant for streets and that kids do like adults, they don't want to be around them all the time. Sometimes kids want to get away from adults, sometimes even from other kids. In either case the very last place they want to go to is a playground. Or for that matter any other sanitized, organized, cleaned-up, appropriate play space. Robert Paul Smith calls these places where kids get away "the vacant lots".[20] I used to call them "jungles". The Opies call them "wastelands".

> The literature of childhood abounds with evidence that the peaks of a child's experience are not visits to a cinema, or even family outings to the sea, but occasions when he escapes into places that are disused and overgrown and silent. To a child there is more joy in a rubbish tip than a flowering rockery, in a fallen tree than a piece of statuary, in a muddy track than a gravel path. Yet the cult amongst his elders is to trim, to pave, to smooth out, to cleanup, to prettify, to convert to economic advantage — as if "the maximum utilization of surrounding amenities" had become a line of poetry.[21]

One cabal of designers, recognizing the truth of this, has advocated the creation of intentional junk yards and empty lots. Yet not only does the sanctioning and organizing of these experiences rob them of their only point — getting away from the adult-planned, adult-approved adult world — but also few communities are willing to build empty lots; they're eyesores and would undoubtedly violate every health and safety code any community ever

erected. Adventure playgrounds are put forward as a compromise: not as tame as the traditional playground, but not as wild as a "jungle". Like most compromises of this type they tend to satisfy neither kids nor adults, and involve logic of the most specious sort. No one has yet explained why there is more "latent play potential" in a rubber doughnut designed with the single purpose of speeding down a highway supporting two tons of metal, than in a swing set, teetertotter or sliding board.

Indeed, observations of school age kids and swing sets recently carried out by my students in downtown Raleigh, North Carolina indicate that swing sets have more purpose than anyone has cared to acknowledge. Not only does the typical swing set offer changing potentials for growing children — from the passive swinging of toddlers, through the violent stand-pumping, cherry-bumping, and leaping of younger teens, to the quiet conversational swinging of older teens and adults — but it enters actively into other play: kids ride their bikes through swing sets as if they were obstacle courses; use the whole swing "enclosure" in games of House, Business and other fantasy play; use the uprights to climb on, and the crossbars as balance beams worthy of the name; and so on, ending, not with the limited imagination of most adults, but with the furthest limits of the most fertile imagination of a kid. Small wonder then that Garside and Soergal, in their study of children's use of a full-scale urban park in Worcester, Massachusetts, found that "approximately fifty per cent of all of the children from ages five to fourteen *who are in the park* (my italics) are in the swings section".[22]

Why then, aren't swings used twenty-four hours a day by hordes of joyous children? Not because they're "single purpose play equipment" — such an animal exists only in the minds of designers — but because they're *in and of playgrounds* and kids will tolerate being ghettoized just so much of the day. This is not a problem that can be solved by innovative design, but by no design at all. Leave the kids be!

non-design award of the year

Let me pull together what I'm saying about playgrounds. Playgrounds fail by segregating children from adults; at the same time they fail to provide a way of getting away from adults. By segregating play from the rest of life, playgrounds violate the child's need and interest in being near or with adults. Nor, for most kids most of the time, can playgrounds satisfy the necessity of being close enough to home to hear the halloo for supper or the call for

bedtime. Nor can playgrounds satisfy the desire of children to escape from adults into places that are private or silent or dangerous or adventurous. The playground, true to its isolationist intentions, is supposed to keep the child out from under foot, while keeping it under eye. Even a playground supporter notes that "Playgrounds and play were considered as necessary evils to keep children occupied."[23] A cage would serve as well. (And does, of course. There is little difference between a cage and a pen, and a *playpen* — and by extension a playground — is just a coy name for something basically unspeakable.) Fortunately, or unfortunately, depending on your point of view, playgrounds don't even make good cages. Even in the inner city where "there's no place to play", playgrounds can't keep the kids off the street, off the stoop, off the sidewalk or out of the doorways. (See Cozzens, 1971, for an example of this.[24])

Then why do we build them endlessly and at great expense? A coach in Baltimore puts it this way:

> You are buying a little protection. Why do you think the state and the feds lay out money for downtown games? You think they love the kids? That is not it, man. That is not it at all. They give out bread because they're afraid if they don't their cities are going to get trashed.[25]

We build playgrounds to justify not paying attention to our kids; we build them to placate the nagging in the pit of our stomachs that something's wrong with our world, deluding ourselves that it can be fixed by a fenced-in acre and a bunch of old tires; we build them to calm our anxiety that our kids might be "up to something", knowing that that could never happen in a playground; we build them, in the bitter end, to be able to say "The damn kids should of been in the playground", when we kill them in our streets.

I'm not opposed to playgrounds, provided that the rest of the environment is positive and supportive. I grew up in a world of play-grounds and I loved them and spent a lot of time in them. They can be nice places where you can meet people that don't live next door, and play basketball on a full court out under the sun or the stars and swing excitingly high and stop yourself suddenly by dragging your feet on asphalt, and chase, or run from, other kids up the wrong end of the sliding board and play in a big sandbox shaded by trees and get a drink of water without having to go inside. Playgrounds can be wonderful places. What I think is crazy is thinking that building playgrounds relieves us from other obligations, is thinking that building play-grounds means that kids can't play in the streets in front of their homes, is assuming that play-

grounds will make the roads safe and the citizens moral. What I think is immoral is building playgrounds as placebos for the adult distaste for children. The cure for that disease will not be found in paving stones and chain link fences.

When a client approaches a design team with a request for a playground — or a dormitory or a civic mall or recreation center or an apartment complex — that design team is obligated to consider what that structure is intended to do, and it is not enough to accept as an answer that kids need a place to play. Where in the name of all that is holy could they be living if they don't already have a place to play? If the problem is that kids are getting killed in the streets, the solution lies in the streets, not in the playgrounds; if the problem is that kids are watching too much television, the solution lies in the homes, not in the playgrounds; if the problem is that the neighbours don't like kids fixing their cars on the street because it "downgrades the neighbourhood", the solution lies with the neighbours, their aesthetics and their sense of community; not in the playgrounds.

Sometimes the greatest service a design team can do its client is to design nothing, to say, "Here: this problem doesn't have a physical solution. We can't help you." Or perhaps, "You don't need a playground. You need speed bumps across your streets. Call your city councilman." I think awards should be given for this sort of service rendered by designers, for saving us all another zillion dollars and another failed playground. We need a non-design award of the year. We need a dozen non-design awards of the year. And we need to pay designers, researchers, builders and programmers — pay them their full going rate — for not designing, for having the wisdom not to program, for having the wits to let it be. But it will never come to pass unless researchers, programmers, designers and builders can learn to stand outside themselves, outside their methods, and ask the fundamental questions: not, can it be done well, but should it be done at all?

Don't build that fence — the kids'll find something to do without it.

The evening I finished writing this I opened *The Raleigh Times* to find the following letter in its Hotline column. The Ridgewood area referred to is a low density suburb of big homes, spacious lawns and spreading trees, the kind of place people move to "to give the kids a place to play". None of the streets mentioned are terribly heavily traveled. Otherwise it speaks for itself.

> I want to sound off about so many children riding skateboards in the city streets. There are two places in particular that I have encountered in the Ridgewood area — on Leonard Street and around the corner of Dixie Trail and Churchill Road. There are always children riding skateboards in the street there and I am scared to death I am going to hit one of them. I don't know if the parents are aware of how dangerous this is. Maybe they will read this and keep their children off the streets. Mrs. R.J.[26]

notes

1. Robin Moore, "Anarchy Zone: Encounters in a Schoolyard", *Landscape Architecture Quarterly,* October, 1974, p. 364.
2. Roger Hart, "The Genesis of Landscaping: Two Years of Discovery in a Vermont Town", *Landscape Architecture Quarterly,* October, 1974, p. 357.
3. Iona Opie and Peter Opie, *Children's Games in Street and Playground,* London: Oxford University Press, 1969.
4. *Ibid.,* p. 10.
5. Ayn Strattner, "Summer Games", *The Raleigh Times,* July 27, 1976.
6. Lynne Wogan, " 'Skate Park': Citizen Works to Get Kids off City Streets", *The Raleigh Times,* April 20, 1976, 1-B.
7. Strattner, "Summer Games", 1-B.
8. Gwendolyn Warren, "About the Work in Detroit", in *Field Notes: Discussion Paper No. 3: The Geography of the Children of Detroit,* Detroit: Detroit Geographical Expedition, 1971, p. 12.
9. Jean Jones, "The Political Redistricting of Detroit", in *Field Notes: Discussion Paper No. 3: The Geography of the Children of Detroit,* Detroit: Detroit Geographical Expedition, 1971, p. 43.
10. *The Progressive,* "Death Race", June, 1976, p. 17.
11. Opie and Opie, *Children's Games,* p. 11.
12. Hart, "The Genesis of Landscaping", p. 361.
13. *Ibid.,* pp. 361-362.
14. Opie and Opie, *Children's Games,* pp. 10-11.
15. Margaret Tindall, *The Home Range of Black Elementary School Children: An Exploratory Study in the Measurement and Comparison of Home Range,* Chicago: Environmental Research Group, 1971, p. 37.
16. *Ibid.*
17. *Ibid.,* pp. 37-38.
18. Moore, "Anarchy Zone", p. 364.

19. Opie and Opie, *Children's Games,* p. 13.

20. Robert Paul Smith, *'Where did you go?" "Out" "What did you do?" Nothing",* New York: Norton and Company, 1957.

21. Opie and Opie, *Children's Games,* p. 15.

22. Carolyn Garside and Marilyn Soergal, "Children's Environmental Perception and Behavior in a City Park", in David Stea, ed., *Working Papers in Place Perception,* Worcester, Mass.: Clark University, Graduate School of Geography, 1969, p. 64.

23. Louis Joyner, "The Changing Playscape", *Southern Living,* September, 1976, p. 51.

24. Susan Cozzens, "The Children of the Cass Corridor", in *Field Notes: Discussion Paper No. 3: The Geography of the Children of Detroit,* Detroit: Detroit Geographical Expedition, 1971.

25. Bill Gilbert "A Turn Along the Old Pike", *Sports Illustrated,* June 21, 1976, p. 68.

26. R. J., "Sound Off", *The Raleigh Times,* October 5, 1976.