CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHERIDGE

THE INITIAL TEACHING ALPHABET IN A COMPREHENSIVE SECONDARY PROGRAM FOR DISABLED READERS

A project submitted in partial satisfaction of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in Education

by

Margaret Marie Kirol

June, 1973
The project of Margaret Marie Kirol is approved:

California State University, Northridge

June, 1973
DEDICATION

This study is dedicated to my mother and father
Edith Fern Wilson and Ralph Wilbur Wilson
and to my son
David Richard Kirol
whose faith in my reaching this goal never wavered
ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I wish to extend my gratitude and appreciation:

To the faculty and staff of California State University, Northridge, for their giving of time and aid in the attainment of this objective.

To Christine Smith, who served on the project committee and reviewed each stage of this study.

And especially to Faye Louise Grindstaff, advisor and committee chairman, who was generous and unfailing in her assistance and encouragement throughout the preparation and successful completion of this work.

M. M. K.
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ABSTRACT

THE INITIAL TEACHING ALPHABET IN A COMPREHENSIVE SECONDARY PROGRAM FOR DISABLED READERS

by

Margaret Marie Kirol

Master of Arts in Education

June, 1973

The purpose of this study was two-fold. First was to provide a rationale for the use of the initial teaching alphabet, i.t.a., in a comprehensive secondary school program for disabled readers. The second purpose was to provide the complete transliteration, from the traditional orthography to i.t.a., of a book which would be appropriate in the comprehensive reading program.

A review of the related literature revealed the fact that, because i.t.a. was developed primarily for beginning readers, there were very few instances of its use in the secondary schools. In the cases where the initial teaching alphabet was part of a secondary reading program, the reports of its success were very promising.

The selection of the book for transliteration was based on its high interest appeal in secondary reading classes taught by the author of this study. The book used was Fallen Angel and other stories by Mel Cebulash and the editors of Scholastic Scope Magazine.
This study has brought forth the following conclusions:

1. A comprehensive reading program would aid the disabled reader in all academic classes.

2. There are too few transliterations into i.t.a. of appropriate material on a secondary level.

3. Although designed to eliminate the inconsistencies in spelling the English language, i.t.a. itself has been found to contain inconsistencies in spelling.

4. The claim that i.t.a. is consistent in its ratio of one pho-

The following recommendations were made:

1. That further research be conducted into the use of i.t.a. in secondary programs for disabled readers.

2. That research studies be conducted into the use of i.t.a. in comprehensive programs for secondary disabled readers.

3. That transliterations be made of books and other reading materials appropriate to the secondary interest level.
CHAPTER I

THE PROBLEM

Introduction

It has ever been man's desire to establish order in areas of confusion and, in the case of the written English language, there is no exception. At the same time a standardized system of spelling was evolving in the late 1500's, scholars were also declaring that the twenty-six-letter alphabet was inadequate for its purpose. The diversified origins and pronunciations of many of the words prevented the institution of reliable rules which could be depended upon in all instances.

Through the years many attempts were made either to alter the spelling system or to modify the alphabet. For example, Benjamin Franklin experimented with the latter, but was unsuccessful in convincing his contemporaries of the practicality of his approach.

Students are still struggling with the task of deciding upon one pronunciation from among the many different ways of spelling the sounds of speech. In fact, there are over twenty possibilities in spelling the \( i \) sound alone, and this example is merely representative of thousands of instances. A proficient reader, therefore, has had to memorize the appearance of every word he reads while, at the same time, he is aware that there is no completely trustworthy rule that can guarantee the pronunciation of a word with which he has had no previous contact.
The above situation brought about a somewhat recent development in the introduction of an augmented alphabet, known as the initial teaching alphabet. The i.t.a., as it shall be called, was developed in England by Sir James Pitman. It is based upon the phonetic system of shorthand invented by his grandfather, Sir Isaac Pitman. Studies conducted by Sir James Pitman resulted in his categorizing the spoken English language into forty-four separate and distinct sounds. The initial teaching alphabet consists of forty-four letters or symbols, one for each of the basic sound units. In theory, once the forty-four symbols of i.t.a. are acquired, the student will be able to read and write any word which can be pronounced.

Statement of the Problem

A number of methods of teaching reading have been used in the elementary classroom. Supporters of each approach are convinced of the superiority of their favorite over all the others. However, as successful as most of them have proven to be, there still remains a large number of students who reach secondary school without having mastered the ability to read.

These boys and girls are not physically handicapped nor mentally retarded. On the contrary, in most cases they are healthy children with average, or above average, intelligence. Nevertheless, their progress through the early grades was marked by a series of failures. As a result, long before reaching the secondary school, these students with impaired reading skills were questioning their own mental ability to learn, disliked school intensely, and may have developed severe personality problems. At the same time, their reading level may be
four or five grade levels below that expected for their age. This situation can quite accurately foretell such students' failure in a secondary school, where there is an increasing emphasis on proficient reading.

Since every human needs to be successful and to appear well in the eyes of others, the student who fails in school suffers from the daily reinforcement of his own shortcomings. The first problem, then, is to select an approach to the teaching of secondary remedial reading that will offer the disabled reader hope for rapid advancement toward his own potential.

An important contributing factor in any program for disabled readers is the availability of reading material suitable to the competency of the students. Not only must such material coincide with reading grade levels, but it should also be appropriate to the students' interest levels, as well. Although publishers are gradually producing more and more of such reading matter, there is still an acute shortage. A second problem, therefore, is to provide an adequate supply of books and articles which are compatible to low reading levels and high interest levels.

**Purpose of the Study**

As positive reports were received regarding the use of i.t.a. in the teaching of young children, educators began to explore the possibilities in the initial teaching alphabet for secondary or adult students who were disabled readers. In a number of instances where i.t.a. was employed as a method of teaching students who were beyond the elementary grades, it was noted that there were promising occurrences of
Research has shown that the initial teaching alphabet offers hope to those who have not been able to master the reading skills in the traditional orthography. However, such students find that the remedial reading class, with its materials geared to their limited ability, does not prepare them to participate in the regular classes throughout the remainder of the school day. Therefore, classes in all subject areas should utilize i.t.a. materials. One purpose of this study is to provide a rationale for the use of i.t.a. in a comprehensive secondary school reading program.

Such a program would require transliterations into i.t.a. of texts, literature, and any other reading material normally used in the subject classrooms. However, transliterations are in extremely short supply. A second purpose of this study is to provide the complete transliteration of a book which is relevant to comprehensive remedial reading: *The Fallen Angel and Other Stories*, published by Scholastic Book Services, New York.

**Significance of the Study**

The important consequences of this study include its use as a basis for further research in the use of i.t.a. in secondary school reading classes. The transliteration will contribute to the fund of appropriate materials already available for use in secondary schools.

**Definition of Terms**

*Initial teaching alphabet (i.t.a.)*—an alphabet of forty-four symbols, each of which represents one of the forty-four basic sound units in the English language.
Traditional orthography (t.o.)--the traditional use of the standard twenty-six-letter English alphabet.

Transliteration--the representation of the sound or sounds by the use of the characters of another alphabet in the spelling of words.

Disabled reader--one who has not mastered the basic reading skills.
CHAPTER II

REVIEW OF RELATED LITERATURE

Since the initial teaching alphabet was designed for beginning readers, the major emphasis in studies and experimentation has been in the early primary grades. Therefore, any research into the use of i.t.a. in the secondary schools is, of necessity, very limited. However, those studies which have been made give strong support to the utilization of i.t.a. in teaching reading to the older disabled reader. At the same time, much of the information gained in research projects with young beginning readers in i.t.a., may be applied to secondary or adult students whose reading ability has remained at the elementary level.

Discussion of Research Studies

Moorehead (1971) states that the initial teaching alphabet is slowly gaining acceptance and is proving successful in teaching remedial reading to adults and secondary school students. First of all, she mentions that in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, there was a drop of seventy-five percent in remedial reading cases in the secondary schools during 1968, when i.t.a. was used.

A second example of success with i.t.a., cited by Moorehead, involved soldiers in the British army who were disabled readers and were given an eleven-week course in i.t.a. It was found that 134 men advanced twenty-six months in reading age. At the same time, a control
group, using the traditional orthography, progressed only six months.

In conclusion, Moorehead reports that there are two disadvantages in using i.t.a. First, the lack of appropriate material on a secondary or adult level is a very real handicap. A second disadvantage of teaching i.t.a. in the secondary school is that it segregates the disabled readers' group from the rest of the students who are using t.o. Students in the reading class must work for part of the time with i.t.a. while continuing in other classes in t.o.

Dapper (1971), who has studied the long range effects of i.t.a., professes that fears about the transition from i.t.a. to t.o. are ungrounded since readers are faced with t.o. at home, in stores, and on TV. Furthermore, she believes that ability in creative writing increases because the student is able to write whatever he is able to say and that his reading vocabulary is equal to his speaking vocabulary.

Regarding the suitability of using i.t.a. in teaching the older student, Dapper goes on to say that i.t.a. may be used for students of all ages with equal success. As an example, she cites the case of an adult class of illiterates in Nutley, New Jersey, who had experienced failure in reading in t.o. After a course in i.t.a., many of these students were overjoyed with their newfound ability to read.

Mazurkiewicz (1965) advocates the use of i.t.a. and points out that approximately thirty-five percent of all secondary school students are lacking in their ability to read. He continues by suggesting that remedial reading classes should begin in the early primary grades and that they be carried on "through high school and college and university."

In a later study Mazurkiewicz (1966) reports that i.t.a. leads the
student to more rapid progress and fewer difficulties in reading. He
further states that problems in reading t.o. may be "retroactive" as
the student attempts to reconcile the different pronunciations of pho-
nemes that have identical spellings.

Experiments in sixteen London schools in which teaching reading
with i.t.a. or t.o. was studied by Cartwright and Jones (1972), brought
forth the conclusion "that, on the whole, children learning to read
i.t.a. make better progress than children learning to read t.o." How-
ever, they claim that any advantage an i.t.a. student may have gained
while using i.t.a. material will disappear during the period of trans-
ition to t.o.

In a study of first grade students in the Bethlehem Area Schools
after two years of reading instruction using i.t.a., Stewart (1965)
states that the pupils scored consistently higher than their t.o. coun-
terparts in all areas. Motivation toward extensive reading for plea-
sure was noticeable, while the teachers of art, science, and social
studies observed that i.t.a. students were further advanced, both aca-
demically and in maturity.

Trione and Larson (1967) report the results of an experiment which
was conducted in order to determine the feasibility of using i.t.a.
throughout their area schools. Three groups of children, one using
i.t.a., and the other two being controls, participated in the study.
Tests given after a year's instruction showed that there was no sig-


ificant difference in reading vocabulary among the three groups. How-
ever, in the area of reading comprehension, the i.t.a. group showed
definite gains over the controls. The decision reached was to incor-
porate i.t.a. instruction into the area's school curriculum.
On the other hand, Wapner (1967) describes an i.t.a. reading program in the Lompoc Unified School District which was not experimental. After receiving permission from their parents, fifty-one percent of all the first grade students were placed in i.t.a. classes. The teachers were given special training in i.t.a. before the year's instruction began. At the end of the year, it was noted that in all cases i.t.a. children tended to perform better than the t.o. classes.

In a negative opinion, Gillooly (1966) claims that, because all i.t.a. research studies did not meet suggested control conditions, many of the experiments were invalid. His conclusions also express his belief that i.t.a. children and t.o. children show no appreciable difference in reading skills. At the same time, Gillooly declares that "t.o.-trained children are significantly better spellers (in t.o.) than the i.t.a.-trained."

Key (1969), in her discussion on spelling, states that the inconsistencies of the English spelling system are detrimental to creative writing and that i.t.a. frees the student of that concern. A result is an upsurge in creative writing ability on the part of i.t.a. students. Key further states that many educators are overly-sensitive regarding pupils' spelling errors, and that it may be well to place more emphasis on ideas rather than the mechanics of expressing them. She is convinced that i.t.a. supports this approach.

Fry (1967), in an examination of research data, cites, as an example, the experiment conducted by the U. S. Office of Education in the First Grade Project, the results of which found no significant difference between the i.t.a. and t.o. groups. However, since progress tests used t.o., and not all the i.t.a. children had made the transition, it
was thought that this fact might have had some bearing on the test scores.

To continue, Fry reports that later studies delayed testing until all i.t.a. children had made the transition to t.o. Nevertheless, scores on the California Reading Test again showed "very little difference in reading achievement between the two groups."

Downing and Jones (1966), of the Reading Research Unit, describe an experiment in which the purpose was to discover whether or not t.o. is detrimental to learning to read. Test scores at the end of the study brought forth two conclusions. The first was that the i.t.a. pupils scored higher than the t.o. students on the Neale Analysis of Reading Ability. The second determined "that t.o. represents a serious initial handicap to teachers and pupils engaged in the business of developing the basic skills of reading and writing . . . ."

In an attempt to explain why i.t.a. has made slow progress in its acceptance in American schools, Downing (1971) claims that the basic reason is in the form of a variation in approach. English schools use the same teaching materials and methods for all reading students, with the only difference being in the alphabet: either i.t.a. or t.o. Americans, on the other hand, view i.t.a. as a complete method compared to the "basal reader method," or the "language experience approach."

Downing goes on to say that two other difficulties have prevented the ready acceptance of i.t.a. in America. The first of these has been the mistaken assumption that publishing material in i.t.a. might infringe on copyright restrictions regarding its use. He points out that since such restrictions do not exist, publishers need not refrain from the utilization of the initial teaching alphabet.
A second difficulty mentioned by Downing lies in the various methods of promoting i.t.a. in America. He takes exception to the fact that too often it has been presented as a "teaching gimmick" instead of a useful and legitimate tool in the teaching of reading.

Summary of Related Literature

As a relatively new approach to the teaching of reading, the initial teaching alphabet has been subjected to considerable controversy. Depending on the points of view of support or non-support, it is possible to find a great deal of evidence to either uphold or attack the merits of i.t.a.

It will be noted, however, that a greater number of the studies reviewed appear to uphold the use of i.t.a. in the teaching of beginning reading. At the same time, those who advocate i.t.a. in secondary remedial reading instruction are too few in number to offer a firm basis for opinion. Any further study in this area would prove to be of the greatest value.

The lack of suitable materials transliterated into i.t.a. was also brought out. Therefore, any additions to the number of existing transliterations would be of the utmost importance.
CHAPTER III

PROCEDURES

Introduction

The book chosen by this writer for transliteration is the Fallen Angel and other stories by Mel Cebulash and the editors of Scholastic Scope Magazine. It is published by Scholastic Book Services of New York and presents a collection of short stories which are suitable for young people in the secondary school age level.

In actual classes which were developed for secondary disabled readers and that were taught by the author, the above selection has proven its high interest appeal. Students in all levels of reading ability have been eager to read it for either assigned lessons or for free reading time.

Development of the Project

The process of transliteration was begun by becoming familiar with the initial teaching alphabet itself. In addition, words which would illustrate the sounds of the forty-four letters or symbols were selected by the author in order to reinforce personal understanding.

Representation of the long vowels:

\begin{align*}
\ae & - \text{ate} \\
\oe & - \text{bik} \\
\ou & - \text{un} \\
\end{align*}
Symbols or ligatures:

- \( \text{th} \) - then  \( \omega \) - soon  \( a \) - are
- \( s \) - busy  \( r \) - girl  \( \text{wh} \) - where
- \( n \) - sing  \( \text{ch} \) - chew  \( \text{ou} \) - out
- \( sh \) - show  \( \text{au} \) - tall  \( \text{oi} \) - boil
- \( \omega \) - look  \( \text{th} \) - thing  \( z \) - television

Letters in t.o. which remain the same in i.t.a.:

- \( a \) - at  \( g \) - go  \( m \) - men  \( t \) - tap
- \( b \) - bat  \( h \) - hit  \( n \) - not  \( u \) - up
- \( c \) - cap  \( i \) - it  \( o \) - on  \( v \) - vase
- \( d \) - dim  \( j \) - jet  \( p \) - pin  \( w \) - will
- \( e \) - get  \( k \) - kit  \( r \) - rat  \( y \) - yet
- \( f \) - fit  \( l \) - let  \( s \) - sit  \( z \) - haze

A purchase was made of Breakthrough, An i/t/a Reading and Language Program for Adults, developed by Fink and Clavering, and published by Initial Teaching Alphabet Publications, Inc., New York. This material consists of Phase I: worksheets and flash cards for the development of basic skills; and Phase II: worksheets and selected readings for the extension of the basic skills.

During the review of the above material by the author, it was deemed advisable to compile a simple dictionary of those words which would represent the theory of spelling in i.t.a. However, once the patterns of spelling began to emerge, it was possible to proceed with the transliteration before the dictionary reached completion.

As can be seen after a brief examination, the transliterated Fallen Angel may be read with confidence by those who have had no previous experience with i.t.a. Many of the words are duplicates of their
counterparts in t.o. spelling, while many others consist of one or more syllables which retain their familiar appearances.
the fallen angel
and
other stories
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but Not jeff
bka Elizabeth Ieker

Jeff waukt down the street. He felt sick. Hee had noe reason for that, hee nue. But still it wos his first daet. And things miet not goe off auull riet. Then it woud bee his last daet—with Barbee.


Uther bois wer siiks feet taull or had a car. But not jeff. Hee woud hav too taek Barbee too the dans on a city bus. Cуд a girl goe with a boi liek that? Befor hee coud thigh ov an anser, hee trippt and got his shoes dirty.

When jeff saw Barbee, hee felt better. Shee wos pretty. Still Jeff's hands and feet felt vaery larj, as hee and Barbee waukt alon togehter. Wos shee lookin at his hands? Whot shoud hee doo with them?

Then jeff toeld Barbee, "He hav noe car. He thaut that you woud not miend riedig too the dans on a bus."

"He allways goe too danses bie bus," Barbee anserd.

Wos shee laffing at him? Or wos that trou? Yco never nue whot girls had in miend.


Hee felt his faes groe wet agen. Hee waukt on too the bus stop. Hee wisht that hee nue the riet things too sae and doo.

Thae sat on the bus. Barbee smielt at him. Then jeff saw too peeppl up front, lafirg. Thae ar lafirg at mee, hee thaut. Hee felt bad.
Jeff and Barbee got off the bus. Then they went into the hallway. It was full of people.

"I will be right back," Barbee said.

Jeff saw Met Rivers. He did not like Met, but he had to take two sumwun.

"Now ar you?" Met said. "Are you alone?"

Jeff said, "No, mie daet went two the ladees' room. She will be right back."

"That is what you think," Met said laugh. "She must be on her way out the back door now."

Jeff tried to look at Met's words. But he was afraid. Sometimes girls did leave bois that wae. Maebee Barbee was tierd ov him even before their first dans.

Then Met waukt over two sum ov the uther bois. Soon Jeff herd them lafiog.

"Jeff!" Barbee cauld. "I thaut he woud never fiend you. He lookt aull oever, and then he thaut..."

"What did you think?" Jeff askt. Then the muesic began, and she just smield.

Jeff held her as if she was glass. Now nie she was two bee dansing with. Then hee misst a step. Hee felt his fees groe wet agen.

Uther bois dans with Barbee. Mae seemd tw liek her. Then when the muesic stoppt, Jeff twk Barbee two the refreshment taebi.

"Two soedas, plees," hee sed.

Two girls lookt at Jeff. Then thee started two laf.

What was it? did hee look funny? Hee twk the cups, trippt on sumwun's feet, and spilld sum soeda on his hand. Then hee passd wun ov the cups two Barbee.

As thee dragk thae soedas, Jeff tried two wiep the soeda from his hand.

Then Jeff lookt at Barbee. Her ies wer briet. Shee lookt liek a girl havin a good tiem.

"Jeff," shee sed, "Maebee you will not beleev this. He wos afraid that this daet woud not bee fun."

Jeff's ies droppt. Hee shud hav noen that noe
girl cwo d liek sumwun liek him. but barbee wos nies. shee wos kiend enuf not tw laf at him. 
"yw cwo d noe hou le feel," barbee sed. 
"le gess le cwo d," jeff sed. 
"well," shee went on, "sum peep noe just the riet things tw sae and daw." 
"le noe," jeff sed, feelin sad. 
"that is whot le wos afraed ov twniet," barbee sed. "this wos mie first daet. but it did not matte, jeff. every tiem le did not noe whot tw daw nekst, yew did." 
"what?" jeff sed, not believin his ears. 
"le nue yew wawd not noe hou le felt. but it has ben a great daet, jeff. le shoud not bee telling yew that, but le just wonted tw." 
ds jeff powld barbee tw him for the nekst dans, hee thaut that thar wawd bee noe need tw tell her that it wos his first daet, tw. then hee smield—his first reel smiel ov the niet.
the big deal
by Vaera Henry

luck found the bilding and waukt up too Room 210. In
the room, a big man sat with his feet on and oeld chaer.
luck sed, "I caem about the wark for after scowl."
"Wull riet," the man sed. "Wee ar maeign a TV survae.
you get thirty dollars a week. You work for two seven
every dae. If you ar gud, you get two run a group ov
bois. How dus that sound?"
luck wos very happy. If this thing got big enuf, hee
could leev scowl.
At home, luck maed his new job sound gud.
but all his father sed wos: "What is the cash?
gud jobs do not goe two bois how hav not finisht
scowl.

Nekst dae after scowl, Room 210 wos tcul ov bois
about luck's aj. Thee wer put into groups ov siks.
Each boi wos given a pack ov cards that sed:
What TV shoes do you liik best?
What kiend ov TV do you see?
When did you bie your TV?
Naem:
Address:
Foon:

The man sed, "You hav two get ten cards filld out
every our.
"What if we do not get ten cards?" a boi askt.
"Sum men woud fier you," the man sed. "But I
want two giv yous a chans. If you do not get ten,
you will get fiiv sents a card insted ov thirty
dollars a week."
The bois went out. Thee dae wos coeld and wet.
but luck smiield as hee went two the first hous.
The door was closed in Luék's face. That hurt, but he made himself go to the next house.

After that, some people were nice. Many were not, but Luék got better at getting people to listen to him. And he got all his cards filled in.

He went to see Angelo, the boy who was working the other side of the street. Angelo was cool. He had only three cards filled in. "If he does not keep this job, my old man will throw me out," he told Luék. "He left school. This is all the work he can get."

Luék helped Angelo get more cards. By the time he got home, he was tiered. For the first time, he wondered how his father felt as he worked all night cleaning stores.

Neer the end of the week, Luék found out that this was not a real TV survey. His man's brother ended a TV store. He used the cards to get people to buy from him. But Luék kept working. He was always the first on his group to finish. Then he would help Angelo.

The last day of the week, Luék was given his own street to work—the street where he lived. The people knew him there. Allmost all of them, even his mother, filled in a card.

On Sunday, the man told Luék, "I have been meaning to have a talk with the boys—and you must ov all!"

"What did he do?" Luék asked.

The man said, "Some of you have been making up names."

"Mie cards ar all riet," Luék said.

"Mie ar not!" the man said, picking up some cards.

Luék could not believe it. He was the only wun in his group how had dun all his cards. Wun or two peeple mae hav poot down roj naems, but not that meny.

The man held out a card. "His wuman sex noe wun caem neer her dor."
luck looked at the card. "That is mie oen hoem. He wurkt that street yesterdae."
"Well, He mae not hav the riet card," the man sed. "But yow get the point. Nou aull ov yow get out and waet outsied."
Outsied, luck caulld his mother on a pae foen. "Yow noe that card yow filld out?" hee sed.
"Yes, now He noe how that man got mie naem," hee sed. "Hee tried too sell mee a TV."
luck pout down the foen and turnd too Anjeloe. "The man is a crook. Mie cards ar aull riet. Hee just dus not want too pae us."
"He hav wurkt for men liek him befor," Anjeloe sed.
"Well, ar yow goeing too taek this?" luck sed.
"It is better than nuthing," Anjeloe sed. "Yow can leev. Yow hav a family too help yow throw scowl."
luck went back up too see the man. "He am leevin', hee sed. "He want mie muny."
The man got up. Hee wos verry big. "Yow ar fierd! And yow will get yoor muny when He am good and redy!"
"Yow giv mee mie thirty dollars," luck sed.
The man handed luck sum bills.
"He maed mor than that," luck sed.
The man's faes wos meen. "Take yoor muny and get out! Or He will thrue yow out! He dw not need boiz liek yow!"
luck pought the ten dollars into his coet and left.
Die the tiem hee got hoem, hee felt better. Twermore hee woud tauck too his teecher. Hee woud fiend out what yow can do wi men lier that. Scowl did not look soe bad nou. Wun thing wos shuer—hee never wanted too hav too taek another job like that.
Everybody Cries
Sumtiems
bie jaered jansen

Mrs. penn was wurred. her sun bill needed sum
nue cloes. And her pae was not enuf tw keep up
with all the bills. Shee woud caull tom, shee thaut.
Bill wos his sun, tw.
"Helloe," shee sed into the foen. "Is toh thae?..." 
Maeved? did hee sae whaer hee wos goeing?... Noe.
"Thank you."
Shee put dow the foen. Whot cuwd shee dow nou?
Bill caem out ov his room, hoelding a boks ov candy
under his arm. Hee heded for the front dor.
"Whaer ar yoo goeing?" Mrs. Penn askt.
"Out," Bill anserd.
"Whot is that under yoor arm?" his muthur askt.
"It is just a boks ov candy," hee sed.
"Ar yoo goeing out with that girl agen?" Mrs. penn
sed. "I do not want yoo sseeing soe much ov that girl.
How meny tiemz doo I hav tw tell yoo that?"
"Thaer is nothing rong with her," bill sed.
"I am not sseeing that," his muthur sed. "I am just
sseeing that yoo ar not goeing out with her twoniet—or
eny uther niel."
Bill loekt at his muthur. Whie wos shee aulwaes
pickig on him? hee wos 17. Hee had a riet tw dow
whot hee wanted.
"And that candy," shee went on, "Is that whot yoo
doo with the muny I giv yoo? dow yoo think I
twerk liek a dog every dae soe yoo can wast the muny
on a girl?"
"I will pae it back," bill sed. As soon as he ftiend
sum wurk after scowl, hee thaut.
"fien," his mother sed. "Now caull that girl and
tell her yew ar not goeing taw see her."
"Iwuk," bill sed, "I am goeing taw see her. I am not
a baeby eny mor. I am 17."
"Yew ar just liek yow father," Mrs. Penn sed.
"If yew leev heer now, yew can goe and liv with him.
That is if yew can fiend him. I hav ben tring taw
bring yew up soe yew woud not bee liek him. But Ie
can see it is noe ues."

Bill thaut ov his father. Allmoest a yer had
passt sins his father had left hoem. Hee had waukt out
without a wurd. Bill misst his father. But hee gesst that his oeld man did not miss him. Bill
wunderd if hee woud turn out taw bee liek his oeld man—the kiend ov man how woud just waukt out on
his family and never cum back.

But bill sed, "I am goeing out. I amaulsoe goeing taw hav mie cen kee maed for the dor."
Hee went oever taw his mother's pocketbook and
took out her kee. Hee put it in his pocket. Then hee waukt taw the dor.
"If yew goe, doe not cum back!" his mother caulld after him.

Bill wos on the street when hee rememberd the
candy. Hee had put it down when hee had taeken the kee. Hee had taw goe back.
"I caem for the candy," bill sed, as hee waukt into the hous. "But I am not staeig."
His mother did not anser. Shee wos sitting on a
teer crieig. Bill got the candy and started taw leev.
"I did not meen whot Ie sed," his mother sed.
"Yew can cum hoem after yew see the girl."
Bill left without ansering. His mother wos still
crieig when hee cloesd the front dor. Then hee
began taw thinig about whot shee had sed. Shee
wanted him taw cum hoem. With all her yelliig,
shee wanted him. That wos the first tiem hee had
seen her crie sins befor his father left. It was
good for her too crie. Wimen needed too crie sum-
tiems. Everybody needed too crie sumtiems, hee
thaunt. Hee rubbd his ies. Hen hee hurred down
the street.
that Strænj Mr. læk
bie Maerilyyn pergersun

In the beginning, he did not liek Mr. læk much better
than thoes wimen teechers from pæj Sity. twice
weekly, thae caem too help us reed better.
Mr. Mill, our principal, sed that he had ben pickt
for help because he had a hed that had not ben uesd.
He gess hee woz riet. It had not ben uesd much for
reeding.
Thoes wimen teechers never did teech mee much.
Tæck Mrs. Bagk. Shee did not want too teech anything.
Shee just wanted too feel good about herself. She
terd ov that soon enuf. Then caem Mrs. Yun; Shee
wos noe better. Shee toeld Mr. Mill that he did not
want too lern.
He did. He wist a thousand tiems he coud reed
better. But then Mr. Mill sed hee had found mee
another teecher. He sed he miet as well drop it. Hee
sed, "Noe, giv it another trie."
That is how he got Mr. læk. He thaut wee wer
boeth wæsting tiem. But Mr. læk wos strænj man. Hee
cæm in and sed, "Whær doo wees start?" Then hee
lookt at the book and sed, "Ar wee suppoesd too reed
this?" He just wocht.
After a whiel, hee sed, "Can you tauk?"
"Whær is nuthing too tauk about," he sed.
"If askt you a kwestion," hee sed. "Soe he lied too
bee anserd." Then hee oepend the book and sat down.
"Suppoes he reed too you too dae," hee sed. Then hee
started reeding.
It wos a story about a girl winning a scoel spelling
gæm. Hee askt mee what he thaut ov the story. He
sed he thaut it wos a baeb story. Hee smield and
Nest time he braut this book about submareens. Sum dæs he red in it, and sumtiems he maed mee reed.

Then wun dæ, he braut a fue car magazeens. "Tø taek hoem and reed," hee toeld mee.

"Thees?" le askt.

"Huer," hee sed. "That is reeding, tw."

"I dø not thing that is whot Mr. Mill had in miend," le sed. He wanted the magazeens. But he was trieig tw ø thik ov a plaæ tw pøut them. He livd in the same room with mie brøthers, and he did not want them tw taek the magazeens.

Then he sed, "For hou log?"

"UUntil you finish," hee sed.

"And then what ar you goeig tw dø with them?" le askt.

"Tøak them back tw dan, le gess."

"How is dan?" le sed.

"Mie sun."

"I dø not noe whie le sed what le did then, le thaut about dan with his magazeens. And le geest hee had a room ov his oen and aull. Soe le sed, "Tell him tw keep his øeld magazeens."

"Yow keep them if yow want. them," Mr. læk sed. Le sed, "Hwo wants an øeld magazeen?"

Nee pickt up the book and started reeding.

Nee finisht the submareen book the nest week.

Nee sed, "Well, jorj, the book is yowrs."

"What for?" le askt.

"Yow red it," hee sed. "Soe it is yowrs."

He rememberd the magazeens and geest hee was trieig tw mæk up tw mee. Soe le sed, "Keep it!"

His leæ æøpend wied, and hee sed, "What is the mat-ter with yow, jorj?"

He coud feel mie faes gettig hot. "Dus it mæk yow feel big, giving mee a book?" le sed. "Dus it mæk yow feel better than mee?"
"I am better than you!" hee sed. "And iE will
tell yoo why. He was a green man befor iE lernd tWo
reed much. But iE nue enuf tWo see what iE was
missing. Soe iE got down tWo wurk and lernd tWo reed.
Soe iE maE bee better than yoo."

With that, hee pickt up his hat and left.

iE nue iE did not meen whot iE had sed tWo Mr. laek.
Still iE did not look for him tWo cum back. But the
foollowig week, hee wos thaer. iE did mie readig better
than ever befor. iE did not want him tWo wauk out
on mee this tiem.

things went alog reel nies after that. At the end ov
scow, Mr. Mill maed a big thing oever how well iE was
readig.

And Mr. laek? Hee just smield and sed, "Well, jorj,
iE gess yoo ar as good as iE am nou." iE cud not hied
mie smiel, soe iE gess hee nue how iE wos feelig.

That fauli, iE lernd sumthing about Mr. laek. It
wos when scow oepend and Mr. Mill caulld mee tWo
his offis. iE cud feel that sumthing wos rong.
"Jorj," hee sed, "Mr. laek will not bee back."

"Whie?" iE askt.

"Hee had cancser, jorj," hee sed softly. "Hee nue
it aull alog. Hee died the dae befor yesterdae."

iE sat thaer. iE cud not sue enything. But iE wos
thinking that a felloe wuad hav tWo goe a loong wae tWo
bee as good as Mr. laek.
the fallen Angel
by Evan Hunter

Hee first caem in wun morning whil he wos countin up
the pae for the peep in mie smaull sircus. Mæbe thars
is whil he didn't heer the dor oepen. When he lught up,
this taull, thin fellee wos standing thaar.
"Mr. Mullins?" hee askt.
"I'm bisy," he sed.
"I don't want much tiem," hee sed. "I'm Sam
Anjelli, a trapeez star."
"Well, wee hav three trapeez stars," he tæld him.
"Thaar ar not Sam Anjelli," hee sed, stickin out his
chest.
"That is riet," he sed. "Thaar ar Sue Ellen Bradlee,
Edward the great, and Arthur Farings."
"I'm better," hee sed, without een smielen.
"I've never met a trapeez star høw wosn't better
than eny oother trapeez star in the wurrld," he sed.
"In mie caes, that is riet," hee sed.
He smielden and went back tow mie wurk. When he lught
up agen, hee wos still standing thaar.
"Look, Mr. Anjelli," he sed. "Thaar is noe oepening for
you."
Hee smielden. "Whire not woc'h a littl?"
He lught at him agen. Hee had a wæ ov acting that
maed mee think that he shød giv him a chancs. "Aull
riet," he sed, "but wee ar væstig oeach oother's tiem."
Wee waukt over tow the big tent. It wosn't being used
soe Anjelli and he went insied. Hee lught up at the
trapeez. Thenn he sed, "I'es that hie enuf for you?"
"I'gess soe," hee sed. "I've ben hieer, thoe, much
hieer."
Thenn he saw that the net had ben tæken up. "Well,
This is too bad," he sed, "but thaeer is noe net."
"He don’t need a net," hee sed. "Just sit down
and woch."
He sat down. It wos his neck and not mien. But he
koopt that our sircus doctor wos around. Then
Anjelli started climing up too the trapez. "Ar yow
ready?" hee askt.
"I’m redy," he sed.
Then he lookt up. Hee wos sittig on wun trapez,
hooling the bar ov the uther trapez.
Hee wos a good hundred feet in the aer. Then hee
caulld down, "He’ll set the second trapez swingig,
and he’ll start swingig with the wun he’m on. Then
he’ll jump from wun trapez too the uther wun. Is
that clear?"
"It’s clear," he caulld back. It wos an eesey moyv that
eyy trapeez star cood doo.
Hee poust out the second trapez. It went out and
back. Hee poust it out agen, and it went hieer this
tiem. Then hee poust himself out on his oen trapez.
Booth trapeezes went swingig up theer, out and back
agen, hieer and hieer. Hee stood up on the bar and
wocht the second trapez. Then hee caulld down, "Too
mæk this better, he’ll turn oever in the aer."
"Goe on," he sed.
"Heer hee goe," hee sed.
His trapeez went out, and the second trapeez started
in. Then hee jumpt. His body started too turn oever
in the aer. When hee finisht turnig oever, hee reecht
out for the second trapeez. But the bar wos not neer
him. His figgers cloesd on aer. He wocht, as hee
started a faull for the ground.
Then he jumpt too mie feet. Thaer wos noe net under
him. Hee fell liek a stoen, soe hee cloesd mie ies and waet-
ed for the big nois. It caem! Then he oepend mie ies.
Sam Anjelli got up. "How did yow liek it?" he askt.
He cood not beleev mie eers, until hee sed the saem
thing aye. "I'll get the doctor," he answered.

"No need for a doctor," Anjelli said, wauking oever too mee. "How did you liek the fall?"

"The fall?" he sed. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you don't think I tried too cash that bar, doo you?" hee sed. "That wood hav ben easy."

"You wanted too fall?" he sed.

"No," hee sed. "You no white peopl liek too woch trapeez acts? Thae liek too woch becauhs thae ar evil. Thae think that the fool up thaeer is goeing too fall and braek his neck, and thae want too bee around when hee doo it. Soe I figuured it aull out."

"You did?" he sed, wundering what Anjelli was goeing too see.

"Yes, I ernd how too fall," Anjelli sed. "First I fell out ov bed. Then I fell from a firststory window. Then I took a reely big faull... But I doen't want too waest yoor tiem. Thae point is, I can faull from eny place now."

"Just then, the doctor caem into the tent. "Is thaeer enything rong?" hee askt.

"Noe," he sed, "but whiel yoo'r heer, I want yoo too meet Sam Anjelli, our nue trapeez star."
big Noix on Sprig Street
bie Mel Sebuelash

The dæ that the taull boi mævd tw Sprig Street, wee saw him.

"Wee shoud geoe oever thær riet nou and ask him if hee plæs basketbaull," loo sed. "If hee dus, the Sprig Street Bois shoud hav the best teem in the sity this year."

"Wee plæ heer every dæ after scowl," loo sed. "If hee plæs, hee will fiend us."

tw dæs læter, the taull boi stæd on Sprig Street lookin at the basket that wee had put on a bilding wall. Hee wotcht a whiel, and then hee sed, "Doo yoo oenly plæ in the street around heer?"

"Næ," loo sed. "Wee hav a teem—the Sprig Street Bois. Wee plæ agenst uther street teems in the hie scowl at niæt. He am the captan."

"Well, he am the Kig," hee sed. "Jim Kig is mie hoel naem. But the Kig is the riet naem for mee. He am græt in basketbaull."

"Wee will see," loo sed, throwir him the bawl.


When wee wer redy too goe hoam, hee sed, "He gess yoo will plæ with our teem, jim."

"He gess soe," hee sed. "But I wish yoo felløes wæd caull mee the Kig. That is the riet naem for mee."

"Shuer, Kig," loo sed. "That is aull riet with us."

That niæt, loo caem oever too mie hous and sed, "Moest ov the felløes doo not liek Kig. Hee has a big mouth."

"Nee will bee aull riet," loo sed. "Nee is oenly trieig too
act big, because he just moved here."

Well, King played with our team. He played great basketball. We won a game after a game. But he taught about himself so much that we won ever wanted to walk with him two the games. Then after won game, King said, "I should get more for playing on this team. I am the whole team."

I walked two mee and said, "Either he is off the team, or he am."

Then another fellow said the same thing. Then two more said it. I turned and looked at King.

He smiled and said, "This was my last game. If you need me, you need who the King lives."

Then he walked off. No one cared. No one wanted two call him back. "I guess that is the end of the big noise on Spring Street," I said, and the other fellows left.

It looked as if it was the end of our team, too. We lost our next three games. Our chances for being the best team in the city look poor. But now on the fellows wanted King. No one even said a word about him.

Then we went to the street getting ready to leave for a game. King came running out of his house and said, "I said he heard you lost a few games. See he gess that the King will have two place for you too next." "No thanks," I said.

We started for the high school, leaving King standing alone on the street. No one seemed real happy. But no one wanted two win a game and then have too listen two King.

Just before we went into the high school, we heard King calling us. We turned and saw him running down the street. "Wait for me," he said.

When he expected us, I said, "We do not need you, big mouth."

"Just a minute," King said. "The king is dead. But a
felloe naemd jim woud liek tw plae on yr teem. Now about it?"
He woz surprised. Sae wer the uthr felloes. Then wee smield. Iw took the baull out ov mie hands and passt it tw king. "Wee can aulwaes ues a taull boi," Iw sed.
Læter, the Sprig Street bois wer naemd as the best teem in the sity. The best man on our teem wos a taull, kwieet boi naemd jim king.
The girl  
in lavender  
bie C. B. Coelby

Wun eevening, tow yung men wer drievin down a roed. 
Mae saw a pretty girl in a lavender dress. Shee wæved 
at the yung men, soe thae stoppt tow ask her if shee 
wanted a lift. 
Shee sed that shee wos goeing tow a dans a fue miels 
doen't you ried along with us?"

The girl cliedm intow the car. Then the three ov 
them ræst off tow the dans. The girl wos væry 
kweet dureing the ried.

At the dans hauwil, meny yung men askt the girl 
tow dans. Shee wos buetiful. But shee seemd tow 
want tow keep herself and her lief sumthing ov a 
secrete. When askt her naem, shee lafft and sed, 
"Caull mee lavender."

It wos væry læt when the yung men towk her hoem. 
He niet ær had groen coel, and wun ov the yung men 
gæv her his coet tow vær. Shee toeld the yung men 
the wæ tow her hoem. It wos a væry oeld wun-story 
hous. The yung men wotcht her goe intow it. Then 
thee started the driev for hoem.

On the wæ, wun ov the yung men rememberd his 
coet. It had not ben returnd. "It is læt," the 
uther yung man sed. "Wee can goe back for it tow- 
morroe afternoon."

At the girl's hoem the nekst dæ, an oeld wuoman 
anserd the dor. Shee nuæ noe "lavender." Then the 
yung men toeld her what the girl had luikt liek. 
A surprized look caem on the wuoman's faes. "You 
must bee looking for lily," shee sed. "But lily has
ben ded for meny yeers. She is in the semetaery down the roed.”

The yug men thagt the oeld wooman and got back into the car. The oeld wooman had seemd nies. Yet thae could not beleev her. When thae reecht the semetaery, thae stoppt too luuk around. After a whiel, thae found a smawll stoen with the naem “lily” on it. And besied the stoen, thae found the missing coet.
prison Bræk
bie fillis de wgann

Hevy raens beet on the roof ov the hous. The oeld man was glad to bee getting hoem. Hee luukt down the roed and sau the prison liets going on and off. Then hee oepend his front dor.

Stepping into the hous, hee lisend to the sound ov his wet shoes on the flor. Sumthin wos roq. Hee caud feel that hee wos not aloen. Hee turnd on a smaull waull liet.

Then his ies met the ies ov a yung man seeted in his chaer and pointin a gun at him.

"Tæk a seet," the yung man sed. "I wunt your muny and your car kees. Pass them oever, and do not trie enything els."

"Did ywu braek out ov prison?" the oeld man askt, handin oever his kees and muny.

"Yes, I did," the yung man sed. "And I'm going tw need sum drie cloes, too."

The yung man folloed the oeld man to another room. Then the oeld man sed, "Thær thær ar. Tæk whot ywu want. I supposes ywu ar tierd ov wæring grae. I servd thirty yeers thær mysell."

The yung man smield and sed, "Sæv ywu storees, oeld man. Noe wun is going tw get heer tw help ywu."

"Thær tell mee that the nue bilding is as nies as hoem," the oeld man sed, smielin. "How did ywu get out? I wunt just wunderin. I can reed it in the paper twomorroe, tho."

"Ywu must bee æel tw reed it twomorroe," the yung man sed. "And ywu miet not."

"Did ywu ever heer that ywu cannot win?" the oeld
"Ye can win whot ye am after—ye think," the yung man sed, whiel hee slippt into a dark blaw coet. Wyr you reely in that plæs?"

"Thirty yeers," the man toeld him agen. "And heer ye am now living riert neer the plæs."

"He will tell yow how he am," the yung man sed. "Ye am the boi how went to prison for another felloe. Then he fiend out that the uther felloe is goeing to marry mie sister. That is true. But he do not ekspect yow to be believ it."

"He believ yow," the oeld man sed.

"Well, he can puut up with prison," the yung man sed. "But he'm not goeing to let that felloe marry mie sister. See he'll win, even if he am back in prison tomorroe. As log as he see mie sister, he will be happy."

Men thae saw a car puulling up in front ov the hous. "Lisen," the yung man sed, "he deo not want to fier at yow. He deo not want to hav to fier this thing at all. Later, he miet even giv yow your gun back. But if you sée wun rog wurd now, he will fier. He promis yow that!"

"Thær is noe need to bee afraed," the oeld man sed. "He noe how yow feel."

The yung man stuw behiend a dor, whiel the oeld man oepend the front dor.

Men hee saw a poleesman standing in the ræn.

"He will not cum in, sir," the poleesman sed. "He am toow wet. The cheef sends his best toow yow. But hee will not bee ædl toow cum œver this eevening. A man is missig from the prison."

"That is toow bad," the oeld man sed. "It is not a nies niet for the cheef toow hav toow bee out."

"Him and mee, to," the poleesman sed. "Well, good niet, Waurden."

"Goud niet, Peeters," the oeld man sed, cloesig the
Surprise covered the young man's face, as he stepped from the door that hidden him.

"He was warden for thirty years," the old man said. "So he gess he noe sumthing about men. Yow get goeing, yung man. He will drop in to see yow when yow get back to prison. But befor yow goe, put back mie gun. It is noe ues to yow or mee. It has not wurkt in twenty years."
two Men Naemd Collins
bie daemon Runyon

Uther soelidiers taak about mee when thae think he am not around. Thae ar afraid ov mee, becaus he killd a man.

He did not meen too kill that man. His naam was just the saem as mien—Charls Collins. But the felloes caulld him pretty Collins. Hee woz pretty, too, and hee had ben too a lot ov good scools.

Pretty and he wer just plain soelidiers. But when pretty passt bie, uther soelidiers stood taull. He gess that wos becaus hee waukt soe staet and his cloes fit soe well.

He suppoes that he never liekt Collins. He gess it woz becaus he thaut hee woz better than he woz in a lot ov waez. He thaut that untill wee went too wor. Then he sau that hee woz afraid.

The first tiem that wee wer fierd at, he sau that pretty woz afraid. Hee woz riet nekst too mee, and his fæs turnd whit. Noe wun els sau it. Pretty nue that he nue, tho. Hee sau mee smielig at him.

Well, he did reel well in the wor. Thae eeven gave mee a pees ov pæper sæing that he, Charls Collins, woz a vaery braev man. Die then, he woz not with pretty, and he did not see him ajen until wee sæld for hoem.

Wee had a nies trip back. He did not see much ov pretty, becaus hee kep awaæ from mee.

He never sed much about mie pees ov pæper too eny felloes. But he woz reel glad too hav it. It maed mee feel liek sumthig. He kept it insied mie shirt aull the tiem.

Well, about a munth laeter, pretty woz missing
from camp. Thae cauuld his naem at roell cauull every
morning for ten daes after that. Sum felloes felt
bad that hee wos missig. Thae nue hee wuod bee
sent tow prison when hee wos found. He wos glad,
beacaus he still did not liek him.
Thae found pretty and put him in prison a fee
weeks later. Then wun dae, he had tow watch Collins
and sum uther men from the prison hoo wer wurk-
ing outsied.
After a whiel, Collins started tow run awae. He coud
not beleev it, soe he stood derer wotching him. Then
he cauuld tow him tow stop. Three tiems he cauuld tow
him. Hee did not stop, soe he fierd at him. Hee fell
tow the ground.
Later, he herd that Collins wos ded. Then the
chef toeld mee that hee wos sending mee tow another
camp. He had dun the riet thing, but sum men niet
not see it that wae. Soe it wuod bee better for mee
tow bee in another camp.
That niet, hee started getting mie cloes towgether,
and he herd sum felloes taunking about pretty.
"His father and mother ar cumig bie traen," wun
felloe sed. "Thae will taek him hoem."
Well, the nekst morning he wos at the staeshon with
mie bags. Then hee saw sum felloes from camp. Thae
wer puting a long boks on the traen. Tow oeld peep1
stood neer the boks. He gesst that Collins miet bee
in it, soe he moved neer the felloe tauking tow the
oeld peep1.
Nuthing hee sed wos true. Hee mad it sound as if
Collins had ben a good soeldier, and hee did not tell
them that Collins had ben in prison. Then hee got on
the traen, and soe did the oeld peep1.
He mad up mie miend tow goe in and tell shoes peep1
what happened. Whie shuod thae thingk hee wos a braev
man? Soe he went tow the plaes whaer the oeld peep1
wer sitting. The wumman wos crying, and the oeld man
wos hoelding her hands. Hée luukt tierd. Then thée luukt up at mee.

"wos in thée waur with him," he sed, pointing at thée boks.

"Wos hee a good soeldier?" the oëld man askt.

eé cuod not taark. Then thée wooman sed, "Thée did not giv us enything for remembering him—eksept his body."

Then é felt that pees ov paeper insied mie shirkt. 

eé put mie hand in and took out that paeper. It sed that a man naemd Charles Collins wos a braev soel-
dier.

"Heer," he sed, hanging thée paeper too thée wooman. 

"Thée sent mee too giv yoe thís."

Then é got out ov thée car, becaus é auïmoest felt liek crieig.
harts and hands
bie O. Henry

two men got on the train at Denver. Wun dress'd
well and looked young. The other had a sad face and
looked as if he meant to be a cowboy. The two were hand-
cuffed together.

She took seats, staring a pretty young woman. At
first, the woman took a quick look at the men. Then
she looked again and smiled.

"Well, Mr. EEston, I suppose I must speak first,"
she said. "Don't you need friends when you meet
them in the West?"

The young man seemed too nosey. He looked at her,
trying too think ov sumthing too see. Then he smiled
and took hold ov her figgers with his left hand.

"It is good too see you, Miss faerchjeld," she said,
looking down at his other hand. "I wud use mie
other hand. But as yu can see, it is busy riet now."

The glad look in the young woman's eyes changed. Her
lips parted, as if she was about too speak again.
but no words came.

"I hope yu ar not miend mie speekig, miss,"
the man with the sad face said. "But I see that yu
noe the marshal heer. I wunder if yu wud ask him
too see a wurd for mee when wee get too leven wurt
prison. It miet maek things better for mee thaar. I
am goeing thaar for seven yeers."

"Soe that is what yu ar doeing out heer," the young
woman said. "A martial!"

"Miss faerchjeld, I had too do sumthing," EEston
said. "Muny just seemd too goe riet throo mie figgers.
Soe I saw this opening in the West and took it.
Doeing a marshal is not kwiet as hie as that felloe hoo"
"Hee has not caulld in a long tiem," the yug wuoman sed. "He never eeven wanted him too caull. Yew shoud noe that. All ov us misset yew. And now yew ried and shout and taek chances with yewr lif. Ar yew afraed?"

Hee sed that hee wos not afraed, as the yug wuoman's ies movd back down too the too hands tied togethewt.

"Doo not thigk about them, miss," the uther man sed, laffing. "Mr. EEston shuer noes how too handcuff a man. He doo not hav a chance ov gettin awae."

"Will wee see yew aqen soon, Mr. EEston?" the yug wuoman askt.

"He thigk not," hee anserd. "Mie daes ov gwod tiems and noe wurk ar oever, ie beleev."

"Well, ie luv the West," the yug wuoman sed, loow-ing out ov the car windoe. "Muther and ie wer in Denver all summer. Shee went home a week agoe. Ee cud liv and bee happy in the West. Muny isn't everythin. Ee cud lern...."

"Sae, Mr. Marshal," the man with the sad faes sed. "His is not kwiet faer. Ie hav not had a smook aull dae. Cud yew taek mee in the smooekin car now?"

"Ie shoud let the poor felloe smook," EEston sed, standing and causig the uther man too stand with him. "Ie hoep ie see yew aqen sumtiem, Miss faer-hield."

"It is too bad that yew ar not goeing EEst," shee sed, taekig his hand. "But yew must goe on too levenwurth, ie gess."

"Yes," sed EEston. "Ie must goe on too levenwurth."

The too men waukt awae, whiel the girl wohtch with a sad loek on her faes.

two men in a seet neer her had herd moest ov what had ben sed. Wun ov them sed, "that Mar-shal wos a nies felloe. Sum ov thees Western felloes ar aull riet."
"hee' wos a very yug marshal, wosn't hee?" askt the uther.
"Yug!" sed the first man. "Sae, didn't yoo catch on? If yoo had wotcht them goeing tow the smoeking car, yoo woud hav seen that the oeld wun with the sad faes wos waring the guns."
"What ar yee doin', Albee?" the boi standin' on the feeld asked.


At 12, Albee wos sullmost as big as his mather and father. See hee had littl hoep ov beeing verry big. But hee wos afraed that hee woud not eeven groe two fiev feet. His family wos afraed, too. Hae twuk him tw a fue doctors. But the doctors cawd daw nuthig.

Then wun dae, Albee's father red about a doctor how helpt smawill children tow groe. Hee twuk Albee tow see the doctor.

The doctor wurkt with Albee for tow yeers. And at the end ov that tiem, Albee wos fiev feet tow. Hee still wos littl. But hee wos big enuf tow get his chans on the baull field.

Albee soon shoed the bois hoo laft at him. Hee plaed for his hie scowl's track, footbaull, and baesbaull teems. And hee becaem a star in eech sport.

Then his scowl ended. Albee thaut hee wos good enuf tow plae baesbaull for muny. But noe wun seemd tow want him. See wuns agen, Albee had tow shoed that hee wos not tow smawil.

"Put mee on a teem," Albee toeld a man from a big leeg teem. "I am redy."

The man wos not redy tow beleev Albee, but hee wanted tow giv the littl felloe a chans. Hee toeld
Albee that hee was giving him a chans with a team in the California leeg.

Albee went to plae and the hed ov the team was surprised. The felloe wos too littl for baesbaull. The suet that fit him belonged to the bat boi. A big "O" was put on the back ov Albee's suet. The team hed thaut that peepl wud cum towo the geams tosee the littl felloe with the big "O" on his suet. Hae wud get a laf from it.

Albee did not like the suet or the number. Hae nute that the suet wos the oenly wun that fit him. But hee aualso nute that the number wos too giv peepl a laf. Still, hee twok it aull without a wurd. Hae had cum too plae.

And plae hee did! Wun teem after another lost tow Albee's team, becaus ov hits maed bie the littl felloe. Nee wun laft at him. Die the end ov the season, Albee had a spot on the leeg aull-star team.

Fier yeers lafter, Albee wos sent tow the Washing-
ton Senators. Hoo hae wud get a chans at the big leegs. Bie this tiem, Albee wos closes towo 5-feet-5 and 140 pounds. Nee uther plaeeer in the big leegs wos that small.

The Senators gaev Albee his big chans. And wuns agen, hoo got the oenly suet that fit him—the wun that belonged tow that bat boi. Then the season started, and meny plaeeers on Washington and uther teems laft when thae sau littl Albee.

Albee had noe tiem too think about the peepl hoo left, thoe thae hurt him. ECh dae, hee plaed and ran hard. Hae hit the baesbaull too aull fields. Wuns hee got on baes, hee wos fast enuf two steel second. Soe bie the end ov the season, every man in the leeg nute that the littl felloe had cum too plae.

The baesbaull rieters naemd Albee Peerson "Rookie ov the Year for 1958." Hae batted .275 and led the Sen-
ators in sigglz, dublz, and stoelen baeses. Albee shoed
that when the miend and hart and will ar big, the body is never too small.
"You are the man too, do it, Jack," the man said. "If you kill Bill, you will see a big man around these parts."

Jack McCaull listened. He liked the thought of being a big man. In his mind, he saw people smiling at him and boys and girls pointing him out to their friends. He also liked the free drinks that the men were giving him.

"Deadwood is a good town. We do not need Bill around here," another man told McCaull. "You will not only see a big man. You will also see a rich man. He will give you 300 dollars if you get him. What do you see too that, Jack?"

"I see money," McCaull answered, hoisting out his glass for another drink. "I am not afraid of him."

After many more drinks, McCaull felt brave enough to go to the Deadwood bar. He took the bill and bade farewell to his friends.

McCaull went in and saw Bill with his back to the door. So McCaull pulled a gun and fired twice, the bullets hitting Bill's head. Bill never had a chance. His dead body fell to the floor.

A short time passed, and McCaull went to Cheyenne. There he thought about how he had killed Bill. But people did not think his act was brave, and so he was in jail. After that, he was hard for the killing.

Today, few people remember Jack McCaull. His dream of being a big man never came true. But few people can forget the man he killed—"Wield" Bill Hickok, whom they believed the best laumen in the old West.
Jenny had gon too the stor too bie shows, As she waukt thrw the stor, shee lookout at all the nies things that shee coud not bie. All the nies things Renée Wotson coud bie.

Renée.... Burt Houland woz tæki Renée too the dans tour-niet. But noe wun had askt Jenny the dans.

Then Jenny sau a sien that sed: dæt Catchers. A-round the sien wer haer ribbons ov every color. The sien sed, "Pick the color that is riet for you."

Jenny stoppt thair for a minut with her hed down. Shee woz afraed too waer such a briet ribbon.

Then shee started thinkiing. Renée woudn't bee afraed too waer a dæt catcher. "This woud bee a nies wun for you," a sæslaedy sed too Jenny.

"Noe, I am afraed he coud not waer enything liek that, Jenny ansered, hoelding the red ribbon in her hand.

"With your luvly black haer and pretty ies?" the sæslaedy sed. "While you coud waer enything."

Mæbees the laedy did not mean it. But Jenny tried on the ribbon.

"Move it up a littil," the sæslaedy sed, "soe it will not slip out. You hav too remember, dear, if you ar goeing too waer enything liek this, waer it liek noe wun had a better riet than yow. In this wurld, you shoud hoeld your hed up. That is better. While you look wunderful!"

Jenny liekt the waer the red ribbon lookt, soe shee baut it. Shee left it in haer. Shee woud waer it hoem.

Then the sæslaedy sed, "You coud alsolee get this goed wun if you wer goeing too a dans...."

Jenny did not want too talk about that. Shee started too leav soe fast that shee waukt riet into a
big wman and aulmost fell down.

Peeking the dor, Jenny saw that a man warin a green hat was lookig at her and smilin. It must bee her nue ribbon—her daet catcher. Mee felt good.

But then the man started two follow her. Could the daet catcher? ... But that wos awful. Mee herd him caull, "Miss! Waet a minut, Miss!" Mee ran down the street.

Then shee wos in front ov Carson's drug stor. Shee nue, as every girl in town did, that this wos whaer burt Howland wos on Saturdaé afternoons. Mee went in.

Mee saw burt sitting aloe, not drigkig his soeda, just lookig ahef. Mee thaut when shee saw him that Renae must hav turnd him down for the dans.

Jenny sat neer him and orderd a soeda. Mee croud feel that hee wos lookig at her. Mee sat up streaet, hoeldig her hed hie, thigkig about her red daet catcher.

Then hee started talkig two her. Before shee woud hav ben afraed, but now shee had her daet catcher. Shee wanted two tuck it two help her feel braev, but shee did not.

Shee laft, and a minut laeter shee wos sitting nekt two her, as if shee just saw her for the first tiem.

"Your haer is different, isn't it?" hee askt. Then hee sed, "Noe, I gess that it is just the way you are hoeldig your hed up. Allmost like you wanted mee two see sumthing. I like to see you hoeld your hed up like that."

About ten minuts laeter, hee askt her two the dans. Shee wos very happy. Her daet catcher reelly wurkt.

Shee left the drug stor, and hee wanted two wauk hoem with her. But then shee thaut ov the othar daet catcher, the wun shee coud wær two a dans. Mee needed that goeld wun for a dans. Soe ceeven shee wanted two wauk with burt, shee toeld him that shee wosn't goeing hoem.

Soon shee wos back in the stor at the places whaer shee had found the ribbons. Shee loekt for the goeld daet catcher. It wos gon!
Then the sælslædy sed too her, "He hoopt that you wood cum back. He hav ben sæving this for you." But the daet catcher shee braut out was not the goeld wun.

"This is like the wun he just baut," Jenny sed.

"It is the saem wun," the sælslædy sed.

Jenny's mouth fell ope. Whie, when shee had waukt into the big wwoman, her daet catcher must hav faul- len off. The sælslædy told her that a man in a green hat had braut the red daet catcher back.

Nœig that, Jenny thaunt a lot ov things. Shee smield and thangt the sælslædy. Then shee lifted her hed and waukt off.
As far as a Man
possibly Can
bie daemon Runyon

Ie never sau Mæriff dan Coel smiel. Soe, wun dae, ie
askt mie father whie oeld dan Coel never smiels.
“Wee uesd too caull him Smielig dan about twenty
years agoe,” mie father sed. “Ie suppoes moest peepl re-
member those daes. That wos when dan first got too
bee Mæriff.”

Then mie father toeld mee the wheel story, and ie
coud see whie dan Coel stoppt smielig. Ie coud aulsse see
whie noe wun els in town ever runs for Mæriff.
It seems that Mæriff Coel had a sun namd Jorj. Jorj
wos sumthing ov a wield yug man. But moest peepl in
toun liekt him. Hee wos good lookig and aulwaes had a
smiel on his faes. His smiel maed peepl thinck ov his
father.
Jorje’s muther wos ded, soe dan Coel had too wurk
and brig up his sun. Hee did the best hee coud. But
Jorj wos his oenly chield, soe, at tiems, dan wos eesey
with him.
Well, wun niet doc Willoeby and frangkee fernandez
got into a fiet. Moest peepl did not liek doc, becaus
hee did not wurk and wos aulwaes lookig for eesey waes
too maek muny. On the uther hand, frangkee wurkt
at the tivolee hoetel and had meny frends.
Well, frangkee wos winning the fiet. But then doc
poulld out a gun and killd frangkee on the spot.
Mæriff Coel took doc off too jael. But the nues ov
the killig got around town reel fast. Peepl wanted doc
too get whot hee had cuming too him.
Soon Jorj Coel and sum oother men from town went
too the jael. Mae did not liek whot had happend too
frankee, and thae wanted too hary doc that niet.

When thae got too the front steps ov the jael, thae saw
Maeriff Coel standig thae. Hee had a gun in eech
hand, but hee was smielig.

"Good evenying, felloes," hee sed. "What can ie do
for yee?"

"Dad," yug jorj sed, "thees felloes and ie hav cum,
too get doc for killing our frend, frankee fernandez."

"Well," dan Coel sed, still smielig, "yee will hav too goe
awae. And if yee goe real fast, the better it will bee for
yee. Ie am the maeriff heer. Soe doc is goeing too get a
faer chans too tell his sied ov the story. That is wun ov
the reezons whie peep! pee mee too bee meaeriff."

"Yee get out ov the wae dad," yug jorj sed. "Yee noe
that wee ar going too get doc. Cum on, bois!"

Still smielig, Maeriff dan Coel sed, "Now look heer,
Jorj, ie will hav too kill the first man how taeks an-
other step this wae. Goe on back too waer yee caem
from and hav a dringk on mee."

"Goe on," the uther felloes toeld jorj. "Hee will not
fier at yee."

"Bois, ie meen what ie sae," dan sed. "Jorj, yee noe
mees well enuf too noe that ie will do whot ie sae.
If yee loo yer oold father, yee will goe back whaer yee
started fro."  

Jorj gesst his father wos saeig that becaus hee
woud not fier. Soe jorj maed a moov for the maeriff.
Riet then Maeriff dan Coel stoppt smielig. The gun in
his riht hand fierd. Jorj Coel fell doon ded.

Then dan fierd three mor tiems, and three uther
men fell ded.

The rest ov the felloes turnd and ran. Then Maeriff
dan Coel pickt up his sun's body and waukt back into
the jael. Maer hee sat bie yug jorj aull niet long, crie-
ing pretty hard.

Well, dan Coel never smiell agen. Sum peep! still
sae that hee went too far in his wurrk that niet. But
noe wun ever runs agenst him for shæriff. It gess that is becaus noe wun reelly noes how far a man shud gœ in his wurk. But the hoel town noes that oeld dan Coel goes about as far as a man possibly can.
a gwał jujor fæses
bie Mel Sebuelash

"Je wos wundering if you'd liek tw goe tw the dans with mee nekst week, Sally?... OE, yow don't think soe. Well, thangks enywae... It'll be seein yow around scwool."

ted pwt doun the foen. Then hee went intow the bathroom and lookt at his fæs in the mirror. After the runnig water becaem vaery hot, hee waught his fæs.

dgen, hee lookt at his fæs in the mirror. Hat wos whie Sally didn't want tw goe tw the dans with him. Hee waught the foods hee et, and hee went without sweets. Hee even waught his fæs fiev and siks tiems a dae, but it wos aull a waest ov tiem. Sally didn't want tw goe tw the dans with him. Hee gesst hee wanted tw waet for sum gie with cleer skin tw ask her.

ted left his hous and waukt oever tw the feeld behind the scwool. From nou on, hee woud pla footbaull every dae and reed footbaull books every niat. Noe dasæs or girls tw wurry about. Just pla and reed, until hee wos the best plaer in the contry. Then the girls wouf run after him. Hee wouf bee graet, and hee wouf et eny foods that hee wanted tw et.

When ted reech the feeld, hee found several bois waeting for him. Hae kwickly pickt teems and started plaing. Ted plaed vaery well, becaus hee wos fast and couf catch a footbaull better than the uthor bois. After about thirty minuts ov hard pla, heetstoppt tw rest.

"Yow ar gettig tw gwał for mee," Miek toeld ted.

"Not gwał enuf yet," Ted sed, "but I'm going tw pla every dae and reed about footbaull every niat from nou on."
Miek smield and sed, "Ar yw kidding mee?"
"Well, if yw want taw bee good at sumthing, yw hav taw plæ and lern aull that yw can about it," Ted sed.
"He supposes yw'r riet," Miek sed, "but eeven the greatest plæers daw othar things."
Ted did not anser, because his miend was filld with thauts ov Sally. After a whiel, Sally wood heer hee was gread. Hen shee wood want taw goe taw danses with him, but hee wood laf and sae, "Sally, yw ar much taw pretty taw goe out with a boi hoo dus not hav cleer skin, even if hee is a gread footbaull plæer."
"He heep yw aren't goeing taw bee reeding about footbaull on the niet ov the dans," Miek sed, braeking in on Ted's thauts.
"He gess soe," Ted anserd. "He wood rather daw that than just stand around at a dans."
"He thaut wee cud boeth ask girs and goe tawgether," Miek sed sadly.
Ted sed, "did yw ask a girl, Miek?"
"yes," Miek anserd,"but he've been thinkig about ask-ing sum othar girl in scowl."
Ted smield and sed, "Well, hoo vos the girl yw askt?"
"Sally barks," Miek sed. "Yw must noe her."
Sally, Ted thaut, looking at Miek's faes and smielig, hee vos huer Sally wasn't goeing with Miek becaus ov his faes, and hee wunderd if hee shwood tell his frend. Noe, Miek cud fiend out for himself.
"Mee gæv mee sum bad nues," Miek sed. "Mee is goeing taw the dans with sum gie from hoemroom 22."
"Hoo is hee?" Ted askt.
"He doesn't noe his næm," Miek sed. "Hoo is væry taull and thin."
"Dus hee hav black haer and a lot ov pimpls on his faes?" Ted askt.
Miek shook his hed up and down, and Ted laft out loud at himself.
"What ar yoo lafin at?" Miek askt.
"Ie wos just thin'kig that yoo shoud forget about Sally," Ted anserd. "Maer ar plenty ov uth'or pret-ty girls in scowl, and wee can get girls and goe tw the dans togeth'er."
"A few minutes agoe, yoo sed yoo wer goeing to bee reeding every niet," Miek sed, "and nou yoo want to goe tw the dans. Whot is rong with yoo?"
"Well, ie haenjd mie miend," Ted sed, smilin'. "Hat gie goeing with Sally helpt mee haenjd mie miend."
"Yoo doen't eeven noe him," Miek sed.
"Well, ie suppoes ie hav seen him around," Ted sed, thin'king ov his oen faes in the mirror. "Amd ie'm a good judj ov faeses."
Heer ie goe agen
bie Kathleen R. Smith

did you ever see a bird run with funny little steps? A lot ov girls run liek that. He found that out the year after he lost Cærol. Each tiem he saw a girl run liek that, mie hart staud still, but nun ov them wos Cærol.
At hoem mie muthur wʊd stop what shee wʊs doin and stær at mee.
Mee wʊd sæ, "Paul?"
"I'm awl rieth," he wʊd sæ.
And he wʊs awl rieth. He wʊs cever it, oenly sum-th-ing had happend to two tiem, becaus a week seemed liek a year.
Sum ov mie frends sæ, "Mee's not wurth it, Paul." but thee didn't noe that insied sum-th-ing still caulld to two Cærol.
Mæer wʊs a girl naemd dee, and shee askt mee two a dans—the kiend whaer the girls ask the bois. He went, and it wasn't bad, becaus dee didn't tauk much.
He took her plaeses after that, becaus he didn't hav too th-ing about her. But he wʊs surpriesed when he herd a gie sæ that he wʊs "going with dee." Dat tick-ld mee. He wʊs with dee becaus he caud bee with her and still bee a-loen. Thae sæd dee wʊs pretty, and that surpriesd mee, tw. He'd never reelly loukt at her, soe the nekst tiem he sau her, he loukt at her. Shee wʊs pretty.
He took her too mie hous, but it didn't meen eny-th-ing becaus he awlwaes took frends hoem. When he took dee hoem, thoe, mie muthur took her bie the shoelder and loukt at her.
"Cut it out, Ma," he sæd.
But Dee didn't mind, because she just looked back
then mae muther let her goe, as if shee had found
out sumthing shee wanted two noe.

Wee wodd watch TV and listen too music on the rae-
diao. Dee liek tV the wae a liltl kid dus, and when
things got sad, shee wodd cry as if it wer for reel. He
never nued how meny sad parts tHeer wer on TV till
He sau aull the tims Dee cried.

Shee didn't cry otheer tims. Shee wos a cheerful
girl. He even got uesd too looking for Dee's smiel,
and it maed mee feel good too see it.

Sumtims shee went out with others, but that
wos aull riet. Dee nued that shee and He weren't in luv
or enything liek that. Tiem wodd pass, and He wodd for-
get how log it wos sins He had seen her. Then shee
wodd cum up two mee and sae, "Paul, He haven't seen
you for a fue weeks."

He wodd sae, "That log?" Then He wodd ask her out.

Wuns wee wocht an oed moovee on TV, and leena
horn sary a sog. He liek t leena horn, and soo did
dee. THe sog went "Heer He goe agen."

dee smield at mee and askt, "Yoo liek tHat sog, Paul?" Shee askt it as if shee wer trieing two tell
mee sumthing, but He didn't get it.

As tiem went bie, He didn't see Dee, and eeven He
felt it had ben a log tiem.

"Hav yoo seen Dee?" mae muther askt.
"Not for a whiel," He sed.

"Otheer peopl hav feelings, too," Shee sed. Did shee
moen Dee? He wos goeing two look her up, but He didn't.
Then He sau her wun roeny dae. Shee sau mee too, but
shee didn't bother too waet for mee. Shee just wauukt
faster.
"Dee!"

Shee started too run—awaev from mee. Shee slippt
on the wet siedwaek, and He reeht her as shee stood up.
"You hurt, Dee?"
She was smiling a wied, pretty smile, but tears were running down her face.

"You're hurt," he said.

She just stood there, as big tears slid past her smiling mouth.

Then he knew that other people had feelings, too, just as mine mother had said. He looked at Dee for a long time before he said, "Dee?"

"Yes, Paul?"

"How did that song go?" he said, "the wun that Leena Horn sang?"

The tears fell quicker than ever. "You see it, Paul," Dee said softly.

"Heer he goe agen, Dee," he said. "Heer he goe agen."

"Mee too, Paul," she said.
last Unfaer fiet

At "bummy" dævis lernd tw fiet æs a boi in brook-lin. Then hee began tw think hee could mæk a living fietig for muny, soe hee left scowl.

Bummy fault in the rig æs hee had in the street. Fans sed that hee didn't fiet faer. Mæ sed that hee didn't fiet cleen, but still thae caem tw see him. Mæ wanted tw see him beaten. And when hee did see, the fans wer happy.

At 26, Bummy had mæd a lot ov muny, but it had gaun fast. When hee waukt thro the streets ov brooklin, bois ran after him, askig about his fietig. Hee baut them basebaulls, gluvz, and uther things—things hee hadn't had æs a boi. Hee wanted tw kwit fietig and get away from the fans how didn't liek him. But hee aulwaes needed mor muny.

Men wun niet, Bummy wos sitting in the back ov a bar. Hee lookt out front and saw for men hoeldig up the plaes. Mæ had guns, but Bummy ran at them and nockt out wun man. Then a boulet hit Bum-my in the neck. The three men kwickly pickt up thae frend and ran for a car.

Sumwun pou a napkin into the hoel in Bummy's neck. Hee shoud hav stæd whaer hee wos, but fietig wos aull that Bummy nu, soe hee got up and ran after the men. Mor boulets hit him. Hee fell agen, and his blod ran in the street.

The nekt morning, fiet fans red hou Bummy had ben killd. Meny ov them caem tw his funereral. Mæ had gow things tw see about him. Now noe wun sed that hee did not fiet faer.
The Man and the Sneak

bie Ambroes Beers

adapted bie Alberta C. Thornton

Mr. Braeton sat in the easy chair near his bed, reading. At last he put down his book. "What a book," he thought. "How can any wun believe a book that sez a man how looks into the eyes of a sneak will bee drawn to it and will die ov sneak biet?"

As Mr. Braeton sat thinking about what he had just read, he saw something under his bed. It looked like two bright spots about an inch apart.

The liet must bee shinning on sumthing briet," hee thought, and began reading again. A minute later, he felt as if he just had two look at those two small bright spots agen. Thae wer still thaaer, but it seemd to him as if hee lookt at them agen that thae had moved. Thae seemd brieter and neerer tow him.

Still, Mr. Braeton pickt up his book agen and sat reading. As hee turnd a paej, the book slippt from his hand and fell tow the flor. When Mr. Braeton reecht for the book, hee agen saw the briet spots. Thae now seemd tow bee littl red spots.

Then hee lookt mor caerfully tow see what made the littl spots ov liet, and hee saw a larj sneak under his bed! Tha spots ov liet wer its ies! And thae wer look-ing riet into Mr. Braeton's ies.

Mr. Braeton nwe that in the rooms beloe livd a man how kept sneeks in cæjes. His first thaut was tow caull the man, but hee didn't want the man tow thigk hee was afraid. Soe hee kept looking at the sneak. Hee saw that its body wos as larj around as his arm, but hee couldn't tell how long it wos, or what kiend ov sneak it
All this time, the snake looked straight into Mr. Braeton's eyes. Then Mr. Braeton stood up and started two back away from the snake. He turned his head back over in the room and closed his bedroom door.

He lifted one foot and started to put it behind his other foot. Instead, he put it one inch in front! How did that happen? Now his hands held on the back of the chair. He was afraid.

Again he tried to walk out of the room, and again his foot went the wrong way. The snake didn't move a micro, but its eyes seemed to be full of lier. Mr. Braeton could not turn his eyes away from the snake.

His foot moved the wrong way again, and the chair fell over. Something seemed too have taught Mr. Braeton's face. He fell to the floor and blood ran from his broken nose and cut lip. For a moment, he lay with closed eyes. Then he felt better. He guessed that now, if he didn't look at the snake again, he would be able to get up and leave the room. But he was so afraid that the snake might spring at him that he just had to look at it.

The snake still had not moved, but wuns again Mr. Braeton could not look any other way.

At this time, the man how kept snakes was sitting in the room below talking with his wife. All at wuns, she heard a loud crie! She heard it again and jumped to her feet. She ran up the stairs and rushed into Mr. Braeton's room.

Heer lae Mr. Braeton face down on the floor with his arm under the bed. The man pulled Mr. Braeton away from the bed, turned him over and touched his heart. "He's dead!" the man said. Then as he looked at the dead man's face, he saw something under the bed.

"Look! How did this thing get in here?" he said, reaching under the bed and pulling out the snake.

Then he pulled the snake into the center of the room.
His wife looked at its thick body. It was a stuffed snake and its eyes were two bright buttons!
letters from Viet Naum
bie kathleen r. smith

the first letter came in November. it was sent
two mee in caer ov Adams hie Scowl and caem from
a soeldier naemd prievat donald p. jonson. the
letter red:
"dear Maery kae West,
"you done't noe mee, but ie went tw Adams hie
for moest ov last yer. Mie muther and ie mowd
around a lot soe, in aull, ie went tw for hie scwols.
Adams wos the best. ie am rieting tw yow for tw
reasons:
"first, aull the felloes heer in Viet Naum ar rieting
letters. Sins Mom died ie done't hav a person tw
riet tw, soe ie thaut ie woud riet tw yow. Maebee
yow cud send mee the scowl paeper. ie woud liek tw
keep up on sports and what is going on at scwol. ie woud
riet tw get the paeper, tw, because ie never get eny
mael.
"ie gess yow ar wundering wyle ie pickt yow tw riet
two. Well, last sprin ie saw yow in yow class shoe. yo
sag 'danny boi.' a fue daes after that, wun ov mie
frendz told mee yow naem, but ie wos tw frietend
two taak tw yow. Well, wey hav had sigers cum out
heer tw sig for us, but nun ov them sag as well as
yow. yow wer the best.
"Well, this has ben a long letter, has't it?
  best wishex,
  donaud p. jonson"

ie cudn't fiend enybody in scwol hwo remberd
donaud jonson, but ie sent him a short letter and
the scwol paeper.
He nekst letter caem:

"Deer Maey,

"He was out in the woods for three daes, and when he caem back the paaper and your letter wer waeting.

"You'll never noe how happy he was too get your letter. Wee had a bad tiem in the woods. A gie he caem heer with got killd. See you see, he reelly needed sum-thig too maek mee feel better, and he got it.

"Thank a lot, Maery, don".

Soon he was rieting about wuns a week, tellig don all the littl things that happened eech dae. Then hee askt for mie picdwer, and hee sent him wun. Hee sent his picdwer with his nekst letter.

Wuns hee askt if hee wanted others at scowl too riet too him, too.

"Noe," hee answerd, "as long as your not tierd ov rieting too mee, he am happy just heering from you. Things aren't easi heer, but he hav this feelig that nothing will happen too mee, because he want too see you agen. And you hav too see mee for the first tiem..."

He wanted too see him, too, and he told him that in mie nekst letter. Don didn't anser it, tho. Instead, a letter caem from an army, hospital neer mie hoem.

"Deer Miss West," it red, "I am in the nekst bed too don jonson. Hee is all bandaged up, even his ies. Hee has a lot ov oeld letters from you, and hee has mee read them too him oever and oever agen. Hee doesn't want you too noe his heer, because hee doesn't want you too see him this wae. I thigk you should cum, tho.

Jim Scott, a frend"

He jumpt in mie car and went too the hospital. At first thae weren't going too let mee see don, but he toeld them that he was his girl. Then thae let mee see him.
Hee had bandaje aull oever, soe aull i he coud see wos his mouth and sum ov his hæk. It wos brown.

"don," he sed, "it's Maery. Can yow heer mee?"

Wun ov his hands wos not bandajd, soe he held it.

"Yes," hee sed, "but i he cant see yow. Hoo dow yow look?"

"Ie look buetifoul," he sed. "Ie'm waering a nue yel-

loedress."

"Ie wish i he coud see yow," hee sed.

"Ie'm heer," he sed. "Ie'm heer."

Ie thaut hee hæd faullen asleep, but then hee mowvd his hand and sed, "if i he hadn't herd yow singin that
song, wee never wuuld hav noen eech uther. Sing it now, Maery."

Ie didn't sing it vaerly well, becaus it's hard tew sing when yw'r filld with teers.

When i he stoppt, don sed, "buetifoul! Sing it agen,
plees, aull the wæ throw."

Hee didn't liv tew heer it aull the wæ throw.
It's strænj. Hee never got tew see his faes, but for a
tiem wee shoerd a wuorld tewgether.
The test
bie fil Aponte

He wos nue in the naeborhood. Wee had just mowed, and he didn't liek it. He had to start all over aenga making nue frends. Das pass, and still he had noe frends.

Then wun niet a gie tauk tw mee. His naem wos Ron, and hee wos about a yer ahead ov mee in scool.
"Wee hav a lilti gagg around heer," hee sed, "and if you'r not afraed, wee miet let you in."
He sed, "What do you meen?"
"Dee heer tomorrow nie," hee sed, "and you'll fiend out."

Ron and three wther gies found mee on the street the nekst niet. He wosn't scaerd, but he thaut maebee he had maed a mistaek. He had never ben in trubl. Now he didn't liek Ron's looks, and he didn't liek the looks ov the wther three gies, eether.

Then Ron sed, "Well, fil, ar you redy for your test?"
"Oekae, Ron," he sed, "but he don't want to get intow eny trubl."
"Don't worry," hee sed. "The poeles won't bother us."

Wee waukt untill wee got to an empty bidjing across the street from whaer he livd. "Let's goe up, fil," hee sed, pushin open the front dor.
He lookt into the dark haufl and sed, "Whaer ar wee goeing?"
"Toe the roof," hee sed, "if you'r not chicken."

Ron, anuther gie, and he went up the staers—first, second, third, top flor, and then out on the roof.
"Want a minut," hee sed. He saw that the nekst bidjing wos about seven feet awae, and that toe ov the bois wer
oever the a on the roof, he waukt tow the edj, loukt oever, and kept back! The street was a long way down, and the air was nothing between the two buildings.

He said, "You aren't getting worried or you, fil?"

"Noo," he said, trying too sound brave. "Yes, let's get on with this test."

Ron smiled, and wea wotcht the bois on the uther roof lift a thick iern piep that seemed too bee oever seven feet long. When thea laed the piep from roof to roof, he turnd too Ron and askt, "What's that for?"

"Yew're goeing tow swing on a bar and move us how strong you are," hee sed.

He loukt and sah that the dor tow the roof was still open. Well, it's tiem for me tow leev Ron and his friends, he thaut.

Then Ron sed, "Yew hav tow taek the test, fil. If you trie tow run aaw, yew miet slip and faul oevers, or yew miet run into tow wun ov us and get pownt oevers."

He grabbd the end ov the bar. The tow gies on the uther roof wer hoeldin the uther end. He push out a foot and loekt down. Then hee grabbd for deer lief and push out mie uther foot. He was on mie wae, hand oevers hand. Mie feet kickt out into spae. He had a littl mor tow goe, but mie hands wer sweting, and mie arms wer startig tow hurt. Then he maed it! He push mie foot up onto the roof, and wun ov the bois pownt it off. "Sorry," hee sed, "you're not welcum on this sied."

He tried wuns mor tow cliem up, and ajen hee pownt mie foot off. He started back, and about half the air was the, he cwoan't goe on. He cwoan't feel mie hands eny mor.

"plees let me goe," he sed. He wasn't wun over them, and he gess he had noen it from the begining.

The bois left and Ron sed, "We'll see you around, fil." Then hee and the uther started tow leev.
"Noe, Ron!" he caulld. "if yow goe, 'e'll never get awae from heer!"

"lwk, fil, if yow get out ov this, yow'r wun ov the boiz," hee sed, "and if yow doen't, well, yow can bee shteer we'll bee at yow'r fuenerall." Then hee and the uthers left. Noe did not eeven lwk back.

for a long tiem, he didn't moo. the bar miet cum off the two roofs, because thaer wos noe wun to hold it nou.

Agen he inght up tow the bildig, and the bar started slippin. He reecht for the edj ov the bildig, and grabbd it. Then the bar fell! Mie arms wer hie oever mie hed, and mie body wos cloes agenst the bildig. He lifted mieself, sloely swingin wun fwt on-tow the bildig. With wun last pwal, he roelld onto the roof. He lae thaer, mie ies cloesd. Mie arms and legs wer ded tow the wurld.

After a whiel, he got up and went hoem.
Mie muther askt, "Whaer hav yow ben?"
"Out on the street," he sed, wundering if shee nue about the test.
"Wee'r movin out ov this naeborhwd towmorroe," shee sed.

He didn't see a wurd, and he gess that shockt her.
"Doesn't yow want tow noe whaer tow?"
"Noe," he sed, "but he'm glad tow heer that wee'r movin."
CHAPTER IV

SUMMARY, CONCLUSIONS, AND RECOMMENDATIONS

Summary

Many normal, intelligent young people reach secondary school without having mastered the ability to read. Regardless of the teaching method used, the students were unable to attain basic reading skills during the elementary grades.

A comparatively new approach, the initial teaching alphabet, or i.t.a., is based on the concept that the English language is made up of forty-four separate sounds which are represented by a like number of letters and symbols. Materials printed in i.t.a. remove the confusion caused by the many possible pronunciations of identical phonemes.

Students in a special reading class may be successful in that setting, while finding themselves in serious difficulties during the remainder of the school day. One purpose of this study was to provide a rationale for the use of i.t.a. in a comprehensive secondary school reading program. Since such a program would require i.t.a. material, a second purpose of this study was to present a transliteration of a work representative of suitable material for a comprehensive reading program.

Conclusions

Research, although limited on the secondary level, has indicated that the initial teaching alphabet can be used with success in the
teaching of reading to students of all ages. One point of fact shared
by most of the studies was the rapid advancement in reading skills by
students in i.t.a. It was also brought out that disabled readers need
assistance in reading the material in the classes of other subject
areas. Therefore, it is concluded that a comprehensive program would
aid the disabled reader in all classes, while, at the same time, help-
ing him in reaching his potential as quickly as possible.

A second conclusion, supported by the research studies, was that
there are too few transliterations of appropriate i.t.a. material on
a secondary level. Much of the available i.t.a. reading matter is
designed for the elementary grades, and secondary students, as might
be expected, would be embarrassed if asked to read it. A comprehensive
program for secondary disabled readers, therefore, would require trans-
literations of books on the secondary interest level.

Further conclusions regarding the transliteration include, first
of all, that it is not as difficult to accomplish as one might be led
to expect from first appearances. Nevertheless, work on the trans-
literation did not progress very far before a second discovery was
made which involved the inconsistencies in spelling in i.t.a.

Advocates of the initial teaching alphabet have made the claim,
supported by charts and lists, that the ratio of one phoneme to one
i.t.a. symbol is consistent. However, in an attempt to bring about a
compromise between spelling in i.t.a. and t.o., certain inconsistencies
have been allowed to remain and soon become apparent in actual practice.

Several of the inconsistencies which became evident during the
process of transliteration are as follows:

1. The phoneme k may be represented by c, k, cc, kk, or ck.
2. Double consonants which appear in t.o. are retained in i.t.a.: tt, ll, rr, dd, etc.

3. Words spelled with er, ir, ur, in t.o., and which have the same pronunciation, retain the original vowels in i.t.a.: er, ir, ur.

At the same time the or in world is spelled ur in i.t.a.

4. The phoneme ch may be written ʃ, ʧ, ʈ (question), or t (picture).

5. The a in father and the o in mop, which are pronounced the same, are represented by a and o respectively in i.t.a.

6. Therefore, the claim that i.t.a. is consistent in its ratio of one phoneme to one i.t.a. symbol is not supported by the evidence.

Recommendations

As a consequence of this study, the following recommendations have been designated:

1. That further research be conducted into the use of i.t.a. in secondary programs for disabled readers.

2. That research studies be conducted into the use of i.t.a. in comprehensive programs for secondary disabled readers.

3. That transliterations be made of books and other reading materials appropriate to the secondary interest level.

4. That a study be made into the theory of spelling in i.t.a. before such transliterations are made.
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