Address to the Commonwealth Club of California
By Cesar Chavez
1984

Cesar Chavez (1927-1993) was a Latin American civil rights activist who strongly advocated nonviolent tactics and unionism in order to make the struggles of Mexican American farmworkers a nationwide cause. Chavez, the President of United Farm Workers of America, gave this address to the non-profit, non-partisan educational organization the Commonwealth Club of California on November 9, 1984 in San Francisco. As you read, take notes on the rhetorical devices that Chavez uses to make his argument.

[1] Twenty-one years ago last September, on a lonely stretch of railroad track paralleling U.S. Highway 101 near Salinas, 32 Bracero farm workers lost their lives in a tragic accident.

The Braceros had been imported from Mexico to work on California farms. They died when their bus, which was converted from a flatbed truck, drove in front of a freight train.

Conversion of the bus had not been approved by any government agency. The driver had "tunnel" vision.

Most of the bodies lay unidentified for days. No one, including the grower who employed the workers, even knew their names.

[5] Today, thousands of farm workers live under savage conditions—beneath trees and amid garbage and human excrement—near tomato fields in San Diego County, tomato fields which use the most modern farm technology.

Vicious rats gnaw on them as they sleep. They walk miles to buy food at inflated prices. And they carry in water from irrigation pumps.

Child labor is still common in many farm areas.

As much as 30 percent of Northern California's garlic harvesters are under-aged children. Kids as young as six years old have voted in state-conducted union elections since they qualified as workers.

Some 800,000 under-aged children work with their families harvesting crops across America. Babies born to migrant workers suffer 25 percent higher infant mortality than the rest of the population.

[10] Malnutrition among migrant worker children is 10 times higher than the national rate.

1. **Savage (adjective)**: cruel or vicious; uncontrolled

"Mexican Worker in the 1930s" by Jimmy Smith is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0.
Farm workers' average life expectancy is still 49 years--compared to 73 years for the average American.

All my life, I have been driven by one dream, one goal, one vision: To overthrow a farm labor system in this nation which treats farm workers as if they were not important human beings.

Farm workers are not agricultural implements. They are not beasts of burden--to be used and discarded.

That dream was born in my youth. It was nurtured in my early days of organizing. It has flourished. It has been attacked.

I'm not very different from anyone else who has ever tried to accomplish something with his life. My motivation comes from my personal life--from watching what my mother and father went through when I was growing up; from what we experienced as migrant farm workers in California.

That dream, that vision, grew from my own experience with racism, with hope, with the desire to be treated fairly and to see my people treated as human beings and not as chattel.

It grew from anger and rage--emotions I felt 40 years ago when people of my color were denied the right to see a movie or eat at a restaurant in many parts of California.

It grew from the frustration and humiliation I felt as a boy who couldn't understand how the growers could abuse and exploit farm workers when there were so many of us and so few of them.

Later, in the '50s, I experienced a different kind of exploitation. In San Jose, in Los Angeles and in other urban communities, we--the Mexican American people--were dominated by a majority that was Anglo.

I began to realize what other minority people had discovered: That the only answer--the only hope--was in organizing. More of us had to become citizens. We had to register to vote. And people like me had to develop the skills it would take to organize, to educate, to help empower the Chicano people.

I spent many years--before we founded the union--learning how to work with people.

We experienced some successes in voter registration, in politics, in battling racial discrimination--successes in an era when Black Americans were just beginning to assert their civil rights and when political awareness among Hispanics was almost non-existent.

But deep in my heart, I knew I could never be happy unless I tried organizing the farm workers. I didn't know if I would succeed. But I had to try.

All Hispanics--urban and rural, young and old--are connected to the farm workers' experience. We had all lived through the fields--or our parents had. We shared that common humiliation.

2. Lack of proper nutrition, caused by not having enough to eat or by having a poor diet
3. Flourish (verb): to develop in a healthy way
4. Minority (noun): a smaller part; a group of people smaller in population than the majority group, especially one commonly discriminated against in a community, society, or nation, differing from others in race, religion, language, or political persuasion
How could we progress as a people, even if we lived in the cities, while the farm workers--men and women of our color--were condemned to a life without pride?

How could we progress as a people while the farm workers--who symbolized our history in this land--were denied self-respect?

How could our people believe that their children could become lawyers and doctors and judges and business people while this shame, this injustice was permitted to continue?

Those who attack our union often say, 'It's not really a union. It's something else: A social movement. A civil rights movement. It's something dangerous.'

They're half right. The United Farm Workers is first and foremost a union. A union like any other. A union that either produces for its members on the bread and butter issues or doesn't survive.

But the UFW has always been something more than a union --although it's never been dangerous if you believe in the Bill of Rights.  

The UFW was the beginning! We attacked that historical source of shame and infamy that our people in this country lived with. We attacked that injustice, not by complaining; not by seeking hand-outs; not by becoming soldiers in the War on Poverty.

We organized!

Farm workers acknowledged we had allowed ourselves to become victims in a democratic society--a society where majority rule and collective bargaining are supposed to be more than academic theories or political rhetoric. And by addressing this historical problem, we created confidence and pride and hope in an entire people's ability to create the future.

The UFW's survival--its existence--was not in doubt in my mind when the time began to come--after the union became visible--when Chicanos started entering college in greater numbers, when Hispanics began running for public office in greater numbers--when our people started asserting their rights on a broad range of issues and in many communities across the country.

The union's survival--its very existence--sent out a signal to all Hispanics that we were fighting for our dignity, that we were challenging and overcoming injustice, that we were empowering the least educated among us--the poorest among us.

The message was clear: If it could happen in the fields, it could happen anywhere--in the cities, in the courts, in the city councils, in the state legislatures.

I didn't really appreciate it at the time, but the coming of our union signaled the start of great changes among Hispanics that are only now beginning to be seen.

5. The First Amendment in the Bill of Rights secures the right to assemble and though the United States has a complicated history with unions, they are protected under that right.

6. Rhetoric (noun): the art of persuasive writing, speaking, or reading
I've travelled to every part of this nation. I have met and spoken with thousands of Hispanics from every walk of life--from every social and economic class.

One thing I hear most often from Hispanics, regardless of age or position--and from many non-Hispanics as well--is that the farm workers gave them hope that they could succeed and the inspiration to work for change.

From time to time you will hear our opponents declare that the union is weak, that the union has no support, that the union has not grown fast enough. Our obituary has been written many times.

How ironic it is that the same forces which argue so passionately that the union is not influential are the same forces that continue to fight us so hard.

The union's power in agriculture has nothing to do with the number of farm workers under union contract. It has nothing to do with the farm workers' ability to contribute to Democratic politicians. It doesn't even have much to do with our ability to conduct successful boycotts.

The very fact of our existence forces an entire industry --unionized and non-unionized--to spend millions of dollars year after year on improved wages, on improved working conditions, on benefits for workers.

If we're so weak and unsuccessful, why do the growers continue to fight us with such passion?

Because so long as we continue to exist, farm workers will benefit from our existence--even if they don't work under union contract.

It doesn't really matter whether we have 100,000 members or 500,000 members. In truth, hundreds of thousands of farm workers in California--and in other states--are better off today because of our work.

And Hispanics across California and the nation who don't work in agriculture are better off today because of what the farm workers taught people about organization, about pride and strength, about seizing control over their own lives.

Tens of thousands of the children and grandchildren of farm workers and the children and grandchildren of poor Hispanics are moving out of the fields and out of the barrios--and into the professions and into business and into politics. And that movement cannot be reversed!

Our union will forever exist as an empowering force among Chicanos in the Southwest. And that means our power and our influence will grow and not diminish.

Two major trends give us hope and encouragement.

First, our union has returned to a tried and tested weapon in the farm workers' non-violent arsenal--the boycott!

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7. A notice of death found most often in a newspaper
8. (In the US) the Spanish-speaking quarter of a town or city, especially one with a high poverty level
After the Agricultural Labor Relations Act became law in California in 1975, we dismantled our boycott to work with the law.

During the early- and mid-’70s, millions of Americans supported our boycotts. After 1975, we redirected our efforts from the boycott to organizing and winning elections under the law.

The law helped farm workers make progress in overcoming poverty and injustice. At companies where farm workers are protected by union contracts, we have made progress in overcoming child labor, in overcoming miserable wages and working conditions, in overcoming sexual harassment of women workers, in overcoming dangerous pesticides which poison our people and poison the food we all eat.

Where we have organized, these injustices soon pass into history.

But under Republican Governor George Deukmejian, the law that guarantees our right to organize no longer protects farm workers. It doesn't work anymore.

In 1982, corporate growers gave Deukmejian one million dollars to run for governor of California. Since he took office, Deukmejian has paid back his debt to the growers with the blood and sweat of California farm workers.

Instead of enforcing the law as it was written against those who break it, Deukmejian invites growers who break the law to seek relief from the governor’s appointees.

What does all this mean for farm workers?

It means that the right to vote in free elections is a sham. It means that the right to talk freely about the union among your fellow workers on the job is a cruel hoax. It means the right to be free from threats and intimidation by growers is an empty promise.

It means the right to sit down and negotiate with your employer as equals across the bargaining table--and not as peons in the field--is a fraud. It means that thousands of farm workers--who are owed millions of dollars in back pay because their employers broke the law--are still waiting for their checks.

It means that 36,000 farm workers--who voted to be represented by the United Farm Workers in free elections--are still waiting for contracts from growers who refuse to bargain in good faith.

It means that, for farm workers, child labor will continue. It means that infant mortality will continue. It means malnutrition among our children will continue. It means the short life expectancy and the inhuman living and working conditions will continue.

Are these make-believe threats? Are they exaggerations?

Ask the farm workers who are still waiting for growers to bargain in good faith and sign contracts. Ask the farm workers who've been fired from their jobs because they spoke out for the union. Ask the farm workers who've been threatened with physical violence because they support the UFW.

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9. **Hoax** *(noun)*: a deception or scam
Ask the family of Rene Lopez, the young farm worker from Fresno who was shot to death last year because he supported the union.

These tragic events forced farm workers to declare a new international boycott of California table grapes. That's why we are asking Americans once again to join the farm workers by boycotting California grapes.

The Louis Harris poll revealed that 17 million American adults boycotted grapes. We are convinced that those people and that good will have not disappeared.

That segment of the population which makes our boycotts work are the Hispanics, the Blacks, the other minorities and our allies in labor and the church. But it is also an entire generation of young Americans who matured politically and socially in the 1960s and '70s--millions of people for whom boycotting grapes and other products became a socially accepted pattern of behavior.

If you were young, Anglo and on or near campus during the late '60s and early '70s, chances are you supported farm workers.

Fifteen years later, the men and women of that generation are alive and well. They are in their mid-30s and '40s. They are pursuing professional careers. Their disposable income is relatively high. But they are still inclined to respond to an appeal from farm workers. The union's mission still has meaning for them.

Only today we must translate the importance of a union for farm workers into the language of the 1980s. Instead of talking about the right to organize, we must talk about protection against sexual harassment in the fields. We must speak about the right to quality food--and food that is safe to eat.

I can tell you that the new language is working; the 17 million are still there. They are responding--not to picket lines and leafleting alone, but to the high-tech boycott of today--a boycott that uses computers and direct mail and advertising techniques which have revolutionized business and politics in recent years.

We have achieved more success with the boycott in the first 11 months of 1984 that we achieved in the 14 years since 1970.

The other trend that gives us hope is the monumental growth of Hispanic influence in this country and what that means in increased population, increased social and economic clout, and increased political influence.

South of the Sacramento River in California, Hispanics now make up more than 25 percent of the population. That figure will top 30 percent by the year 2000.

There are 1.1 million Spanish-surnamed registered voters in California; 85 percent are Democrats; only 13 percent are Republicans.

In 1975, there were 200 Hispanic elected officials at all levels of government. In 1984, there are over 400 elected judges, city council members, mayors and legislators.
In light of these trends, it is absurd to believe or suggest that we are going to go back in time—as a union or as a people!

The growers often try to blame the union for their problems—to lay their sins off on us—sins for which they only have themselves to blame.

The growers only have themselves to blame as they begin to reap the harvest from decades of environmental damage they have brought upon the land—the pesticides, the herbicides, the soil fumigants, the fertilizers, the salt deposits from thoughtless irrigation—the ravages from years of unrestrained poisoning of our soil and water.

Thousands of acres of land in California have already been irrevocably damaged by this wanton abuse of nature. Thousands more will be lost unless growers understand that dumping more poisons on the soil won’t solve their problems—on the short term or the long term.

Health authorities in many San Joaquin Valley towns already warn young children and pregnant women not to drink the water because of nitrates from fertilizers which have contaminated the groundwater.

The growers only have themselves to blame for an increasing demand by consumers for higher quality food—food that isn’t tainted by toxics; food that doesn’t result from plant mutations or chemicals which produce red, luscious-looking tomatoes—that taste like alfalfa.

The growers are making the same mistake American automakers made in the ‘60s and ‘70s when they refused to produce small economical cars—and opened the door to increased foreign competition.

Growers only have themselves to blame for increasing attacks on their publicly-financed hand-outs and government welfare: Water subsidies; mechanization research; huge subsidies for not growing crops.

These special privileges came into being before the Supreme Court’s one-person, one-vote decision—at a time when rural lawmakers dominated the Legislature and the Congress. Soon, those hand-outs could be in jeopardy as government searches for more revenue and as urban taxpayers take a closer look at farm programs—and who they really benefit.

The growers only have themselves to blame for the humiliation they have brought upon succeeding waves of immigrant groups which have sweated and sacrificed for 100 years to make this industry rich. For generations, they have subjugated entire races of dark-skinned farm workers.

These are the sins of the growers, not the farm workers. We didn't poison the land. We didn't open the door to imported produce. We didn't covet billions of dollars in government hand-outs. We didn't abuse and exploit the people who work the land.

Today, the growers are like a punch-drunk old boxer who doesn't know he's past his prime. The times are changing. The political and social environment has changed. The chickens are coming home to roost—and the time to account for past sins is approaching.

I am told, these days, why farm workers should be discouraged and pessimistic: The Republicans control the governor's office and the White House. They say there is a conservative trend in the nation.
Yet we are filled with hope and encouragement. We have looked into the future and the future is ours!

History and inevitability are on our side. The farm workers and their children--and the Hispanics and their children--are the future in California. And corporate growers are the past!

Those politicians who ally themselves with the corporate growers and against the farm workers and the Hispanics are in for a big surprise. They want to make their careers in politics. They want to hold power 20 and 30 years from now.

But 20 and 30 years from now--in Modesto, in Salinas, in Fresno, in Bakersfield, in the Imperial Valley, and in many of the great cities of California--those communities will be dominated by farm workers and not by growers, by the children and grandchildren of farm workers and not by the children and grandchildren of growers.

These trends are part of the forces of history that cannot be stopped. No person and no organization can resist them for very long. They are inevitable.

Once social change begins, it cannot be reversed.

You cannot uneducate the person who has learned to read. You cannot humiliate the person who feels pride. You cannot oppress the people who are not afraid anymore.

Our opponents must understand that it's not just a union we have built. Unions, like other institutions, can come and go.

But we're more than an institution. For nearly 20 years, our union has been on the cutting edge of a people's cause--and you cannot do away with an entire people; you cannot stamp out a people's cause.

Regardless of what the future holds for the union, regardless of what the future holds for farm workers, our accomplishments cannot be undone. "La Causa"--our cause--doesn't have to be experienced twice.

The consciousness and pride that were raised by our union are alive and thriving inside millions of young Hispanics who will never work on a farm!

Like the other immigrant groups, the day will come when we win the economic and political rewards which are in keeping with our numbers in society. The day will come when the politicians do the right thing by our people out of political necessity and not out of charity or idealism.

That day may not come this year. That day may not come during this decade. But it will come, someday!

And when that day comes, we shall see the fulfillment of that passage from the Book of Matthew in the New Testament, "That the last shall be first and the first shall be last."

And on that day, our nation shall fulfill its creed--and that fulfillment shall enrich us all.

Thank you very much.
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best explains why Chavez includes the story of the Braceros in his speech introduction? [RI.5]
   A. Chavez mentions this story as an example of the tragic conditions for farm workers, a key topic he covers in the speech.
   B. Chavez begins with this story in order to emotionally manipulate his audience.
   C. Chavez mentions this story in order to propose safer transportation for migrant workers provided by the union.
   D. Chavez includes the Braceros in his introduction to honor their memory first before continuing with his speech.

2. PART B: Which passage from the text has the same purpose as the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
   A. Paragraphs 5-11
   B. Paragraphs 17-19
   C. Paragraphs 41-44
   D. Paragraphs 85-87

3. Summarize the relationship between the union workers and the growers. How does Chavez frame this relationship? [RI.3]

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4. PART A: One of the central ideas of this speech is that the farming industry in America - California particularly - is rife with injustices against migrant workers and the environment. What is another central idea of the text? [RI.2]
   A. Migrant workers must remain hopeful and optimistic that the age of equality will come within their lifetime.
   B. To achieve justice and equality, the people - migrant workers and their allies - must organize.
   C. Things are certainly much better for Hispanic people in the U.S. than they were in the decades before this speech.
   D. Unions are only as strong as the government allows them to be.
5. **PART B:** Which of the following passages from the speech best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
   A. Paragraphs 5-13
   B. Paragraphs 20-27
   C. Paragraphs 55-65
   D. Paragraphs 92-100

6. **PART A:** Which of the following best describes the author's purpose in this speech? [RI.6]
   A. To raise awareness about immigrant living conditions
   B. To give migrant workers the respect they deserve
   C. To combat negative stereotypes about farmers, especially Mexican-American workers
   D. To raise awareness about working conditions for migrant workers and improve the system

7. **PART B:** Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
   A. “They walk miles to buy food at inflated prices. And they carry in water from irrigation pumps.” (Paragraph 6)
   B. “All my life, I have been driven by one dream, one goal, one vision: To overthrow a farm labor system in this nation which treats farm workers as if they were not important human beings.” (Paragraph 12)
   C. “How could we progress as a people, even if we lived in the cities, while the farm workers—men and women of our color—were condemned to a life without pride?” (Paragraph 25)
   D. “If we're so weak and unsuccessful, why do the growers continue to fight us with such passion?” (Paragraph 44)

8. **PART A:** “That the last shall be first and the first shall be last.” Which of the following statements best explains the biblical quote used in paragraph 105? [RI.5] [RI.4]
   A. Chavez predicts that Hispanic people shall be the population majority in the United States within the next few decades.
   B. Chavez uses this quote to articulate the future political, legal, social, and cultural rise of Hispanic people, those who in the past were treated so poorly.
   C. Chavez uses this quote to advocate for the equality of all groups under the workers’ union.
   D. Chavez proclaims that farm workers and other laborers will be the socio-political dominant party in the future.

9. **PART B:** Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
   A. “Once social change begins, it cannot be reversed.” (Paragraph 97)
   B. “...we're more than an institution. For nearly 20 years, our union has been on the cutting edge of a people's cause... you cannot stamp out a people's cause.” (Paragraph 100)
   C. “Like the other immigrant groups, the day will come when we win the economic and political rewards which are in keeping with our numbers in society.” (Paragraph 103)
   D. “And on that day, our nation shall fulfill its creed--and that fulfillment shall enrich us all.” (Paragraph 106)
How does Chavez utilize repetition in his rhetoric to make his argument? Cite at least two examples to support your answer.
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. What does Chavez say about social revolution? In your opinion, what makes social revolution a powerful force? Explain your answer.

2. Chavez says that social change may take time. Do you find this idea discouraging? Why or why not?

3. According to Chavez, how do revolutions start? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other art, literature, or history in your answer.
From Lithuania to the Chicago Stockyards
By Antanas Kaztauskis
1904

Antanas Kaztauskis dictated this story of his immigration from Lithuania to the Americas to Ernest Poole, a reporter for the Independent. In order to pursue a better life and escape the possibility of conscription into the Russian army, Kaztauskis left his homeland to work in the Chicago Stockyards. In stark contrast to the humbler origins from whence he came, the Chicago Stockyards embodied ideas of hard work, competition and sacrifice against the backdrop of intense labor conflict. As you read, think about how America has changed over the past hundred years in regards to labor and immigration. Is it still the place of opportunity it once was?

This is not my real name, because if this story is printed it may be read back in Lithuania, and I do not want to get my father and the ugly shoemaker into trouble with the Russian Government.

It was the shoemaker who made me want to come to America. He was a traveling shoemaker, for on our farms we tan our own cowhides, and the shoemaker came to make them into boots for us. By traveling he learned all the news and he smuggled in newspapers across the frontier from Germany. We were always glad to hear him talk.

I can never forget that evening four years ago. It was a cold December. We were in a big room in our log house in Lithuania. My good, kind, thin old mother sat near the wide fireplace, working her brown spinning wheel, with which she made cloth for our shirts and coats and pants. I sat on the floor in front of her with my knee-boots off and my feet stretched out to the fire. My feet were cold, for I had been out with my young brother in the freezing sheds milking the cows and feeding the sheep and geese. I leaned my head on her dress and kept yawning and thinking about my big goose feather bed. My father sat and smoked his pipe across the fireplace. Between was a kerosene lamp on a table, and under it sat the ugly shoemaker on a stool finishing a big yellow boot. His sleeves were rolled up; his arms were thin and bony, but you could see how strong the fingers and wrist were, for when he grabbed the needle he jerked it through and the whole arm's length up. This arm kept going up and down. Every time it went up he jerked back his long mixed-up red hair and grunted. And you could just see his face—bony and shut together tight, and his narrow sharp eyes looking down. Then his head would go down again, and his hair would get all mixed up. I kept watching him. My fat, older brother, who sat behind with his fat wife, grinned and said: “Look out or your eyes will make holes in the leather.” My brother’s eyes were always dull and sleepy. Men like him stay in Lithuania.

1. **Conscription (noun):** the mandatory enlistment of people into national service, usually the military
2. **Tanning cowhide:** refers to the practice of turning cow skin into leather.
3. **Smuggle (verb):** to sneak things illegally into or out of a country
At last the boot was finished. The little shoemaker held it up and looked at it. My father stopped smoking and looked at it. “That's a good boot,” said my father. The shoemaker grunted. “That's a damn poor boot,” he replied (instead of “damn” he said “skatina”), “a rough boot like all your boots, and so when you grow old you are lame. You have only poor things, for rich Russians get our good things, and yet you will not kick up against them. Bah!”

“I don't like your talk,” said my father, and he spit into the fire, as he always did when he began to think. “I am honest. I work hard. We get along. That's all. So what good will such talk do me?”

“You!” cried the shoemaker, and he now threw the boot on the floor so that our big dog lifted up his head and looked around. “It's not you at all. It's the boy—that boy there!” and he pointed to me. “That boy must go to America!”

Now I quickly stopped yawning and I looked at him all the time after this. My mother looked frightened and she put her hand on my head. “No, no; he is only a boy,” she said. “Bah!” cried the shoemaker, pushing back his hair, and then I felt he was looking right through me. “He is eighteen and a man. You know where he must go in three years more.” We all knew he meant my five years in the army.

“Where is your oldest son? Dead. Oh, I know the Russians—the man-wolves! I served my term, I know how it is. Your son served in Turkey in the mountains. Why not here? Because they want foreign soldiers here to beat us. He had four roubles pay for three months, and with that he had to pay men like me to make his shoes and clothes. Oh, the wolves! They let him soak in rain, standing guard all night in the snow and ice he froze, the food was God’s food, the vodka was cheap and rotten! Then he died. The wolves—the man wolves! Look at this book.” He jerked a Roman Catholic prayer book from his bag on the floor. “Where would I go if they found this on me? Where is Wilhelm Birbell?”

At this my father spit hard again into the fire and puffed his pipe fast.

“Where is Wilhelm Birbell,” cried the shoemaker, and we all kept quiet. We all knew. Birbell was a rich farmer who smuggled in prayer books from Germany so that we all could pray as we liked, instead of the Russian Church way. He was caught one night and they kept him two years in the St. Petersburg jail, in a cell so narrow and short that he could not stretch out his legs, for they were very long. This made him lame for life. Then they sent him to Irkutsk, down in Siberia. There he sawed logs to get food. He escaped and now he is here in Chicago. But at that time he was in jail.

“Where is Wilhelm Birbell?” cried the shoemaker. “Oh, the wolves! And what is this?” He pulled out an old American newspaper, printed in the Lithuanian language, and I remember he tore it he was so angry. “The world's good news is all kept away. We can only read what Russian officials print in their papers. Read? No, you can't read or write your own language, because there is no Lithuanian school – only the Russian school – you can only read and write Russian. Can you? No, you can't! Because even those Russian schools make you pay to learn, and you have no money to pay. Will you never be ashamed – all you? Listen to me.”

4. **Lame (adjective):** unable to walk
5. During the late 1800s, young Lithuanian men were forced to serve 5 years in the Russian army – a practice that many Lithuanians did not support.
6. A unit of Russian money; 4 roubles are worth about
Now I looked at my mother and her face looked frightened, but the shoemaker cried still louder. Why can't you have your own Lithuanian school? Because you are like dogs – you have nothing to say – you have no town meeting or province meetings, no elections. You are slaves! And why can't you even pay to go to their Russian school? Because they get all your money. Only twelve acres you own, but you pay eight roubles taxes. You must work twelve days on your Russian roads. Your kind old wife must plow behind the oxen, for I saw her last summer, and she looked tired. You must all slave, but still your rye and wheat brings little money, because they cheat you bad. Oh, the wolves – how fat they are! And so your boy must never read or write, or think like a man should think.”

But now my mother cried out, and her voice was shaking. “Leave us alone – you leave us! We need no money – we trade our things for the things we need at the store – we have all we need – leave us alone!”

Then my fat brother grinned and said to the shoemaker, “You always stir up young men to go to America. Why don't you go yourself?”

I remember that the little shoemaker had pulled a big crooked pipe out of his bag. Now he took a splinter from the basket of splinters which hung on the wall and he lit his pipe and puffed it. His face showed me that he felt bad.

“I am too old,” he said, “to learn a new trade. These boots are no good in America. America is no place for us old rascals. My son is in Chicago in the stockyards, and he writes to me. They have hard knocks. If you are sick or old there and have no money you must die. That Chicago place has trouble, too. Do you see that light? That is kerosene. Do you remember the price went up last year? That is Rockefeller. My son writes me about him. He is another man wolf. A few men like him are grabbing all the good things, – the oil and coal and meat and everything. But against these men you can strike if you are young. You can read free papers and prayer books. In Chicago there are prayer books for every man and woman. You can have free meetings and talk out what you think. And so if you are young you can change all these troubles. But I am old. I can feel it now, this winter. So I only tell young men to go.” He looked hard at me and I looked at him. He kept talking. “I tell them to go where they can choose their own kind of God – where they can learn to read and write, and talk, and think like men – and have good things!”

He kept looking at me, but he opened the newspaper and held it up. “Some day,” he said, “I will be caught and sent to jail, but I don't care. I got this from my son, who reads all he can find at night. It had to be smuggled in. I lend it many times to many young men. My son got it from the night school and he put it in Lithuanian for me to see.” Then he bent over the paper a long time and his lips moved. At last he looked into the fire and fixed his hair, and then his voice was shaking and very low:

“We know these are true things – that all men are born free and equal – that God gives them rights which no man can take away – that among these rights are life, liberty and the getting of happiness.”

He stopped, I remember, and looked at me, and I was not breathing. He said it again. “Life, liberty and the getting of happiness: Oh, that is what you want.”

7. A rough translation of part of the U.S. Declaration of Independence: “We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.”
My mother began to cry. “He cannot go if his father commands him to stay,” she kept saying. I knew this was true, for in Lithuania a father can command his son till he dies.

“No, he must not go,” said the shoemaker, “if his father commands him to stay.” He turned and looked hard at my father. My father was looking into the fire. “If he goes,” said my father, “those Russians will never let him come back.” My mother cried harder. We all waited for him to say something else. In about five minutes the shoemaker got up and asked, “Well, what do you say, the army or America?” But my father shook his head and would not say anything. Soon my brother began yawning and took his fat wife and went to bed. The little shoemaker gathered his tools into his big bag and threw it over his shoulder. His shoulder was crooked. Then he came close to me and looked at me hard.

“I am old,” he said, “I wish I was young. And you must be old soon and that will be too late. The army – the man wolves! Bah! it is terrible.”

After he was gone my father and I kept looking at the fire. My mother stopped crying and went out. Our house was in two parts of two rooms each. Between the parts was an open shed and in this shed was a big oven, where she was baking bread that night. I could hear her pull it out to look at it and then push it back. Then she came in and sat down beside me and began spinning again. I leaned against her dress and watched the fire and thought about America. Sometimes I looked at my father, and she kept looking at him, too, but he would not say anything. At last my old mother stopped spinning and put her hand on my forehead.

“Alexandria is a fine girl,” she whispered. This gave me a quick bad feeling. Alexandria was the girl I wanted to marry. She lived about ten miles away. Her father liked my father and they seemed to be glad that I loved her. I had often been thinking at night how in a few years I would go with my uncle to her house and ask her father and mother to give her to me. I could see the wedding all ahead – how we would go to her house on Saturday night and they would have music there and many people and we would have a sociable time. Then in the morning we would go to the church and be married and come back to my father’s house and live with him. I saw it all ahead, and I was sure we would be very happy. Now I began thinking of this. I could see her fine soft eyes and I hated to go away. My old mother kept her hands moving on my forehead. “Yes, she is a nice girl; a kind, beautiful girl,” she kept whispering. We sat there till the lamp went out. Then the fire got low and the room was cold and we went to bed. But I could not sleep and kept thinking.

The next day my father told me that I could not go until the time came for the army, three years ahead.” Stay until then and then we will see,” he said. My mother was very glad and so was I, because of Alexandria. But in the coldest part of that winter my dear old mother got sick and died. The neighbors all came in and sang holy songs for two days and nights. The priest was there and my father bought fine candles. Two of the neighbors made a coffin. At last it was all over. For a long time our log house was always quiet.

That summer the shoemaker came again and talked with me. This time I was very eager to go to America, and my father told me I could go.
One morning I walked over to say good-by to Alexandria. It was ten miles and the road was dusty, so I carried my boots over my shoulder, as we always did, and I put them on when I came near her house. When I saw her I felt very bad, and so did she. I had the strongest wish I ever had to take hold of her and keep her all my life. We stayed together till it was dark and night fogs came up out of the field grass, and we could hardly see the house. Then she said good-by. For many nights I kept remembering the way she looked up at me.

The next night after supper I started. It is against the law to sell tickets to America, but my father saw the secret agent in the village and he got a ticket from Germany and found us a guide. I had bread and cheese and honey and vodka and clothes in my bag. Some of the neighbors walked a few miles and said good-by and then went back. My father and my younger brother walked on all night with the guide and me. At daylight we came to the house of a man the guide knew. We slept there and that night I left my father and young brother. My father gave me $50 besides my ticket. The next morning before light we were going through the woods and we came to the frontier. Three roads run along the frontier. On the first road there is a soldier every mile, who stands there all night. On the second road is a soldier every half mile, and on the third road is a soldier every quarter of a mile. The guide went ahead through the woods. I hid with my big bag behind a bush and whenever he raised his hand I sneaked along. I felt cold all over and sometimes hot. He told me that sometimes he took twenty immigrants together, all without passports, and then he could not pass the soldiers and so he paid a soldier he knew one dollar a head to let them by. He said the soldier was very strict and counted them to see that he was not being cheated.

So I was in Germany. Two days after that we reached Tilzit and the guide took me to the railroad man. This man had a crowd of immigrants in a room, and we started that night on the railroad – fourth class. It was bad riding sometimes. I used to think of Alexandria. We were all green and slow. The railroad man used to say to me, “You will have to be quicker than this in Chicago,” and he was right. We were very slow in the stations where we changed trains, and he used to shout at us then, and one old German man who spoke Lithuanian told me what the man was calling us. When he told me this I hurried and so did the others, and we began to learn to be quicker. It took three days to get to Hamburg. There we were put in a big house called a barracks, and we waited a week. The old German man told me that the barracks men were cheating us. He had been once to Cincinnati in America to visit his son, who kept a saloon. His old, long pipe was stolen there. He kept saying, “Dem grafters, dem grafters,” in a low voice whenever they brought food to sell, for our bags were now empty. They kept us there till our money was half spent on food. I asked the old man what kind of American men were grafters, and he said “All kinds in Cincinnati, but more in Chicago!” I knew I was going to Chicago, and I began to think quicker. I thought quicker yet on the boat. I saw men playing cards. I played and lost $1.86 in my new money, till the old man came behind me and said, “Dem grafters.” When I heard this I got scared and threw down my cards. That old man used to point up at the rich people looking down at us and say “Dem grafters.” They were the richest people I had ever seen – the boat was the biggest boat I had ever seen – the machine that made it go was very big, and so was the horn that blew in a fog. I felt everything get bigger and go quicker every day.
It was the most when we came to New York. We were driven in a thick crowd to the railroad station. The old man kept pointing and saying “Grafters, grafters,” till the guide punched him and said, “Be quick, damn you, be quick.” ... “I will be quick pretty soon,” said the old man to me, “and den I will get back dot pipe in Cincinnati. And when I will be quicker still, alreddy, I will steal some odder man's pipe. Every quick American man is a grafter.” I began to believe that this was true, but I was mixed up and could not think long at one time. Everything got quicker - worse and worse - till then at last I was in a boarding house by the stockyards in Chicago, with three Lithuanians, who knew my father’s sisters at home.

[30] That first night we sat around in the house and they asked me, “Well, why did you come?” I told them about that first night and what the ugly shoemaker said about “life, liberty and the getting of happiness.” They all leaned back and laughed. “What you need is money,” they said. “It was all right at home. You wanted nothing. You ate your own meat and your own things on the farm. You made your own clothes and had your own leather. The other things you got at the Jew man's store and paid him with sacks of rye. But here you want a hundred things. Whenever you walk out you see new things you want, and you must have money to buy everything.”

Then one man asked me, “How much have you?” and I told him $30. “You must buy clothes to look rich, even if you are not rich,” he said. “With good clothes you will have friends.”

The next morning three of these men took me to a store near the stockyards to buy a coat and pants. “Look out” said one of them. “Is he a grafter?” I asked. They all laughed. “You stand still. That is all you have to do,” they said. So the Jew man kept putting on coats and I moved my arms and back and sides when they told me. We stayed there till it was time for dinner. Then we bought a suit. I paid $5 and then I was to pay $1 a week for five weeks.

In the afternoon I went to a big store. There was a man named Elias. “He is not a grafter,” said my friends. He was nice to me and gave me good advice how to get a job. I bought two shirts, a hat, a collar, a necktie, two pairs of socks and some shoes. We kept going upstairs and downstairs. I saw one Lithuanian man buying everything for his wife and three children, who would come here the next week from Lithuania. My things cost me $8. I put these on right away and then I began to feel better.

The next night they took me for a walk down town. We would not pay to ride, so we walked so long that I wanted to take my shoes off, but I did not tell them this. When we came there I forgot my feet. We stood by one theater and watched for half an hour. Then we walked all around a store that filled one whole block and had walls of glass. Then we had a drink of whisky, and this is better than vodka. We felt happier and looked into cafes. We saw shiny carriages and automobiles. I saw men with dress suits, I saw women with such clothes that I could not think at all. Then my friends punched me and I turned around and saw one of these women, and with her was a gentleman in a fine dress suit. I began looking harder. It was the Jew man that sold me my suit. “He is a grafter,” said my friends. “See what money can do.” Then we walked home and I felt poor and my shoes got very bad.
That night I felt worse. We were tired out when we reached the stockyards, so we stopped on the bridge and looked into the river out there. It was so full of grease and dirt and sticks and boxes that it looked like a big, wide, dirty street, except in some places, where it boiled up. It made me sick to look at it. When I looked away I could see on one side some big fields full of holes, and these were the city dumps. On the other side were the stockyards, with twenty tall slaughter house chimneys. The wind blew a big smell from them to us. Then we walked on between the yards and the dumps and all the houses looked bad and poor. In our house my room was in the basement. I lay down on the floor with three other men and the air was rotten. I did not go to sleep for a long time. I knew then that money was everything I needed. My money was almost gone and I thought that I would soon die unless I got a job, for this was not like home. Here money was everything and a man without money must die.

The next morning my friends woke me up at five o’clock and said, “Now, if you want life, liberty and happiness,” they laughed, “you must push for yourself. You must get a job. Come with us.” And we went to the yards. Men and women were walking in by thousands as far as we could see. We went to the doors of one big slaughter house. There was a crowd of about 200 men waiting there for a job. They looked hungry and kept watching the door. At last a special policeman came out and began pointing to men, one by one. Each one jumped forward. Twenty-three were taken. Then they all went inside, and all the others turned their faces away and looked tired. I remember one boy sat down and cried, just next to me, on a pile of boards. Some policemen waved their clubs and we all walked on. I found some Lithuanians to talk with, who told me they had come every morning for three weeks. Soon we met other crowds coming away from other slaughter houses, and we all walked around and felt bad and tired and hungry.

That night I told my friends that I would not do this many days, but would go some place else. “Where?” they asked me, and I began to see then that I was in bad trouble, because I spoke no English. Then one man told me to give him $5 to give the special policeman. I did this and the next morning the policeman pointed me out, so I had a job. I have heard some big talk since then about my American freedom of contract, but I do not think I had much freedom in bargaining for this job with the Meat Trust. My job was in the cattle killing room. I pushed the blood along the gutter. Some people think these jobs make men bad. I do not think so. The men who do the killing are not as bad as the ladies with fine clothes who come every day to look at it, because they have to do it. The cattle do not suffer. They are knocked senseless with a big hammer and are dead before they wake up. This is done not to spare them pain, but because, if they got hot and sweating with fear and pain the meat would not be so good. I soon saw that every job in the room was done like this – so as to save everything and make money. One Lithuanian, who worked with me, said, “They get all the blood out of those cattle and all the work out of us men.” This was true, for we worked that first day from six in the morning till seven at night. The next day we worked from six in the morning till eight at night.

The next day we had no work. So we had no good, regular hours. It was hot in the room, that summer, and the hot blood made it worse.

A slaughter house is a facility where animals are butchered for meat.
I held this job six weeks and then I was turned off. I think some other man had paid for my job, or perhaps I was too slow. The foreman in that room wanted quick men to make the work rush, because he was paid more if the work was done cheaper and quicker. I saw now that every man was helping himself, always trying to get all the money he could. At that time I believed that all men in Chicago were grafters when they had to be. They only wanted to push themselves. Now, when I was idle I began to look about, and everywhere I saw sharp men beating out slow men like me. Even if we worked hard it did us no good. I had saved $13 – $5 a week for six weeks makes $30, and take off $15 for six weeks’ board and lodging and $2 for other things. I showed this to a Lithuanian, who had been here two years, and he laughed. “It will be taken from you,” he said. He had saved a hundred dollars once and had begun to buy a house on the instalment plan, but something had happened that he did not know about and his landlord put him out and kept the hundred dollars. I found that many Lithuanians had been beaten this way. At home we never made a man sign contract papers. We only had him make the sign of a cross and promise he would do what he said. But this was no good in Chicago. So these sharp men were beating us.

I saw this, too, in the newspaper. I was beginning to learn English, and at night in the boarding house the men who did not play cards used to read the paper to us. The biggest word was “Graft” in red letters on the front page. Another word was “Trust.” This paper kept putting these two words together. Then I began to see how every American man was trying to get money for himself. I wondered if the old German man in Cincinnati had found his pipe yet. I felt very bad and sorrowful in that month. I kept walking around with many other Lithuanians who had no job. Our money was going and we could find nothing do. At night we got homesick for our fine green mountains. We read all the news about home in our Lithuanian Chicago newspaper, The Katalikas. It is a good paper and gives all the news. In the same office we bought this song, which was written in Brooklyn by P. Brandukas. He, too, was homesick. It is sung all over Chicago now and you can hear it in the summer evenings through the open windows. In English it is something like this:

“Oh, Lithuania, so dear to me,
Good-by to you, my Fatherland.
Sorrowful in my heart I leave you,
I know not who will stay to guard you.
Is it enough for me to live and enjoy between my neighbors,
In the woods with the flowers and birds?
Is it enough for me to live peaceful between my friends?
No, I must go away from my old father and mother.
The sun shines bright,
The flowers smell sweet,
The birds are singing,
They make the country glad;
But I cannot sing because I must leave you.”
Those were bad days and nights. At last I had a chance to help myself. Summer was over and Election Day was coming. The Republican boss in our district, Jonidas, was a saloonkeeper. A friend took me there. Jonidas shook hands and treated me fine. He taught me to sign my name, and the next week I went with him to an office and signed some paper, and then I could vote. I voted as I was told, and then they got me back into the yards to work, because one big politician owns stock in one of those houses. Then I felt that I was getting in beside the game. I was in a combine like other sharp men. Even when work was slack I was all right, because they got me a job in the street cleaning department. I felt proud, and I went to the back room in Jonidas's saloon and got him to write a letter to Alexandria to tell her she must come soon and be my wife.

But this was just the trouble. All of us were telling our friends to come soon. Soon they came – even thousands. The employers in the yard liked this, because those sharp foremen are inventing new machines and the work is easier to learn, and so these slow Lithuanians and even green girls can learn to do it, and then the Americans and Germans and Irish are put out and the employer saves money, because the Lithuanians work cheaper. This was why the American labor unions began to organize us all just the same as they had organized the Bohemians and Poles before us.

Well, we were glad to be organized. We had learned that in Chicago every man must push himself always, and Jonidas had taught us how much better we could push ourselves by getting into a combine. Now, we saw that this union was the best combine for us, because it was the only combine that could say, “It is our business to raise your wages.”

But that Jonidas – he spoiled our first union. He was sharp. First he got us to hire the room over his saloon. He used to come in at our meetings and sit in the back seat and grin. There was an Irishman there from the union headquarters, and he was trying to teach us to run ourselves. He talked to a Lithuanian, and the Lithuanian said it to us, but we were slow to do things, and we were jealous and were always jumping up to shout and fight. So the Irishman used to wipe his hot red face and call us bad names. He told the Lithuanian not to say these names to us, but Jonidas heard them, and in his saloon, where we all went down after the meeting when the Irishman was gone, Jonidas gave us free drinks and then told us the names. I will not write them here.

One night that Irishman did not come and Jonidas saw his chance and took the chair. He talked very fine and we elected him President. We made him Treasurer, too. Down in the saloon he gave us free drinks and told us we must break away from the Irish grafters. The next week he made us strike, all by himself. We met twice a day in his saloon and spent all of our money on drinks and then the strike was over. I got out of this union after that. I had been working hard in the cattle killing room and I had a better job. I was called a cattle butcher now and I joined the Cattle Butchers' Union. This union is honest and it has done me a great deal of good.

It has raised my wages. The man who worked at my job before the union came was getting through the year an average of $9 a week. I am getting $11. In my first job I got $5 a week. The man who works there now gets $5.75.

10. An old term for a person who runs a bar; a bartender
11. Combine (noun): a group of people or organizations that work together; a union
12. Ruined
13. Strike (verb): to temporarily stop working, as to compel an employer to give in to workers’ demands or in protest against terms or conditions imposed by an employer
It has given me more time to learn to read and speak and enjoy life like an American. I never work now from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. and then be idle\textsuperscript{14} the next day. I work now from 7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., and there are not so many idle days. The work is evened up.

With more time and more money I live much better and I am very happy. So is Alexandria. She came a year ago and has learned to speak English already. Some of the women go to the big store the day they get here, when they have not enough sense to pick out the clothes that look right, but Alexandria waited three weeks till she knew, and so now she looks the finest of any woman in the district. We have four nice rooms, which she keeps very clean, and she has flowers growing in boxes in the two front windows. We do not go much to church, because the church seems to be too slow. But we belong to a Lithuanian society that gives two picnics in summer and two big balls in winter, where we have a fine time. I go one night a week to the Lithuanian Concertina Club. On Sundays we go on the trolley out into the country.

But we like to stay at home more now because we have a baby. When he grows up I will not send him to the Lithuanian Catholic school. They have only two bad rooms and two priests, who teach only in Lithuanian from prayer books. I will send him to the American school, which is very big and good. The teachers there are Americans and they belong to the Teachers’ Labor Union, which has three thousand teachers and belongs to our Chicago Federation of Labor. I am sure that such teachers will give him a good chance.

Our union sent a committee to Springfield last year and they passed a law which prevents boys and girls below sixteen from working in the stockyards.

We are trying to make the employers pay on Saturday night in cash. Now they pay in checks and the men have to get money the same night to buy things for Sunday, and the saloons cash checks by thousands. You have to take one drink to have the check cashed. It is hard to take one drink.

The union is doing another good thing. It is combining all the nationalities. The night I joined the Cattle Butchers Union I was led into the room by a negro\textsuperscript{15} member. With me were Bohemians, Germans and Poles, and Mike Donnelly, the President, is an Irishman. He spoke to us in English and then three interpreters told us what he said. We swore to be loyal to our union above everything else except the country, the city and the State – to be faithful to each other – to protect the women workers – to do our best to understand the history of the labor movement, and to do all we could to help it on. Since then I have gone there every two weeks and I help the movement by being an interpreter for the other Lithuanians who come in. That is why I have learned to speak and write good English. The others do not need me long. They soon learn English, too, and when they have done that they are quickly becoming Americans.

But the best thing the union does is to make me feel more independent. I do not have to pay to get a job and I cannot be discharged unless I am no good. For almost the whole 30,000 men and women are organized now in some one of our unions and they all are directed by our central council. No man knows what it means to be sure of his job unless he has been fired like I was once without any reason being given.

\textsuperscript{14} Idle (adjective): not busy, working, or active

\textsuperscript{15} An outdated term for black or African-American
So this is why I joined the labor union. There are many better stories than mine, for my story is very common. There are thousands of immigrants like me. Over 300,000 immigrants have been organized in the last three years by the American Federation of Labor. The immigrants are glad to be organized if the leaders are as honest as Mike Donnelly is. You must get money to live well, and to get money you must combine. I cannot bargain alone with the Meat Trust. I tried it and it does not work.

[55] My young brother came over three weeks ago, to escape being sent out to fight in Japan. I tried to have my father come, too, but he was too old. I wish that ugly little shoemaker would come. He would make a good walking delegate.¹⁶

¹⁶ A walking delegate is an official appointed by a trade union to go from place to place to investigate working conditions, to ascertain whether union contracts were being fulfilled.
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Reread paragraph 3. Which word best describes the speaker’s attitude toward his home back in Lithuania?
   A. Affectionate
   B. Ashamed
   C. Bitter
   D. Amused

2. PART B: Which TWO phrases from the passage best support your answer to Part A?
   A. "cold December"
   B. "good, kind"
   C. "freezing sheds"
   D. "thinking about my big goose feather bed"
   E. "ugly shoemaker"
   F. "mixed-up"
   G. "narrow sharp eyes looking down"

3. Who does the shoemaker consider to be “wolves”? What's the purpose of this comparison?

4. PART A: Reread the following sentence from paragraph 20: “In about five minutes the shoemaker got up and asked, ‘Well, what do you say, the army or America?’ But my father shook his head and would not say anything. Soon my brother began yawning and took his fat wife and went to bed.” What does the final sentence of this quotation reveal?
   A. Antanas' brother is jealous of the shoemaker's concern for Antanas.
   B. Antanas' brother does not care about these issues.
   C. The shoemaker has made Antanas' brother and his wife uncomfortable with his forceful advice to the family.
   D. Antanas' brother is overly tired from a day of hard work.
5. **PART B: Which of the following quotations best supports your answer to Part A?**
   A. “I had been out with my younger brother in the freezing sheds milking the cows and feeding the sheep and geese” (Paragraph 3)
   B. “Men like him stay in Lithuania” (Paragraph 3)
   C. “...that boy there! and he pointed to me. That boy must go to America!” (Paragraph 6)
   D. “Why don’t you go yourself?” (Paragraph 13)

6. **PART A: As it is used throughout the passage, the word “grafters” most nearly means:**
   A. Wealthy people
   B. Dangerous criminals
   C. People who cheat others out of money or goods
   D. People who provide services or necessities for others

7. **PART B: Which phrase provides the best support for the answer to Part A?**
   A. “the barracks men were cheating us”
   B. “brought food to sell”
   C. “the richest people I had ever seen”
   D. “will steal some other man’s pipe”

8. How does Antanas’ perception of America change throughout the text? Cite at least two pieces of evidence in your answer.

   ____________________________

   ____________________________

   ____________________________

   ____________________________

9. What is the purpose of the following sentence from paragraph 36?: “I remember one boy sat down and cried, just next to me, on a pile of boards.”
   A. It suggests that most immigrants faced serious depression upon their arrival to the U.S.
   B. It highlights how children were often forced to work during this time to help provide for their families.
   C. It reveals how difficult it was for immigrants during this time to find work.
   D. It emphasizes how discriminatory the hiring practices were.
10. What is the author’s purpose for writing this story? What is its overall theme?
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. Reread paragraphs 23-25 and discuss why the author changes his mind about going to America.

2. What difficulties did the narrator face when traveling to America? How did these things become better?

3. The text alludes to benefits to being in a union – what are they? Can you think of any others?

4. What are some big differences you noticed between the narrator’s life in Lithuania and America?

5. Discuss how imagery in this text plays a part in your understanding of this piece.

6. Think about how America has changed over time. Use what you know about current events, technology, media, art and history to inform your answer.
We are born with dreams in our hearts, looking for better days ahead. At the gates we are given new papers, our old clothes are taken and we are given overalls like mechanics wear. We are given shots and doctors ask questions. Then we gather in another room where counselors orient us to the new land we will now live in. We take tests. Some of us were craftsmen in the old world, good with our hands and proud of our work. Others were good with their heads. They used common sense like scholars use glasses and books to reach the world. But most of us didn't finish high school.

The old men who have lived here stare at us, from deep disturbed eyes, sulking, retreated. We pass them as they stand around idle, leaning on shovels and rakes or against walls. Our expectations are high: in the old world, they talked about rehabilitation, about being able to finish school, and learning an extra good trade. But right away we are sent to work as dishwashers, to work in fields for three cents an hour. The administration says this is temporary so we go about our business, blacks with blacks, poor whites with poor whites, chicanos and indians by themselves. The administration says this is right, no mixing of cultures, let them stay apart, like in the old neighborhoods we came from.
We came here to get away from false promises, from dictators in our neighborhoods, who wore blue suits and broke our doors down when they wanted, arrested us when they felt like, swinging clubs and shooting guns as they pleased. But it’s no different here. It’s all concentrated. The doctors don’t care, our bodies decay, our minds deteriorate, we learn nothing of value. Our lives don’t get better, we go down quick.

My cell is crisscrossed with laundry lines, my T-shirts, boxer shorts, socks and pants are drying. Just like it used to be in my neighborhood:

from all the tenements laundry hung window to window. Across the way Joey is sticking his hands through the bars to hand Felipé a cigarette, men are hollering back and forth cell to cell, saying their sinks don’t work, or somebody downstairs hollers angrily about a toilet overflowing, or that the heaters don’t work.

I ask Coyote next door to shoot me over a little more soap to finish my laundry.

I look down and see new immigrants coming in, mattresses rolled up and on their shoulders, new haircuts and brogan boots, looking around, each with a dream in their heart, thinking they’ll get a chance to change their lives.

But in the end, some will just sit around talking about how good the old world was. Some of the younger ones will become gangsters. Some will die and others will go on living without a soul, a future, or a reason to live.

Some will make it out of here with hate in their eyes, but so very few make it out of here as human as they came in, they leave wondering what good they are now as they look at their hands so long away from their tools, as they look at themselves, so long gone from their families, so long gone from life itself, so many things have changed.

“Immigrants in Our Own Land” by Jimmy Santiago Baca, from Immigrants in Our Own Land, copyright © 1979 by Jimmy Santiago Baca. Reprinted by permission of New Directions Publishing Corp.

4. to become worse over time
5. an apartment or similar residence
6. heavy, ankle-high boots
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which TWO sentences best describe main themes of the poem?
   A. The cruel reality that many immigrants face can gradually rob them of their humanity.
   B. Things are always changing, so people should make decisions without fear of change.
   C. As people grow older, they must evaluate — and sometimes give up — their dreams.
   D. People who wish to improve their own lives should heed the lessons of their elders.
   E. Many people mistakenly believe that life will improve if they start over in a new place.
   F. As long as they work hard, all immigrants who come to this country can enjoy success.

2. PART B: Which of the following TWO quotes best support the answer to Part A?
   A. “The old men who have lived here stare at us / from deep disturbed eyes” (Lines 16-17)
   B. “The administration says this is temporary / so we go about our business” (Lines 26-27)
   C. “The doctors don't care, our bodies decay” (Line 39)
   D. “with a dream in their heart, / thinking they'll get a chance to change their lives.” (Lines 58-59)
   E. “others will go on living / without a soul, a future, or a reason to live.” (Lines 63-64)
   F. “gone from life itself, so many things have changed.” (Line 70)

3. How does working in roles like dishwasher and field hand initially affect the speaker?
   A. The speaker is satisfied at first with these opportunities to earn money.
   B. The speaker feels disappointed but believes that things will quickly get better.
   C. The speaker wishes to complain about this poor treatment to the administration.
   D. The speaker feels upset but understands that everyone must start at the bottom.

4. What impact does the repetition of the word “some” in line 62, line 63, and line 65 have on the poem's tone?
   A. It creates a curious tone, as the speaker wonders which path the immigrants will take in their lives.
   B. It produces an informative tone, as the speaker recites a list of possible paths without displaying emotion.
   C. It creates a resigned tone, as the speaker sees little hope in the future lives of the new immigrants.
   D. It produces a cautionary tone, as the speaker warns young people of the consequences of giving up their dreams.
5. How does the speaker's point of view evolve between stanza 2 and stanza 5?
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. In the poem, the immigrants end up doing tasks such as washing dishes and working in the fields, even though they may have previously been craftspeople or scholars. What happens to these identities by the end of the poem? In your opinion, can someone’s identity be taken away? Why or why not? What might make it hard to hold on to one's identity?

2. In the last stanza of the poem, the speaker seems to suggest that the immigrants never had much of a chance to begin with. To what extent do the immigrants have control over their own lives? Thinking about your own life, in what ways do you have control over your future? In what ways do you feel that you don't necessarily have control?

3. The speaker of the poem expresses the desire to finish school. In the context of the poem, why is education important? Why might the pursuit of a better education motivate people to leave their homes? Would you ever consider going somewhere far away in order to get a better education or to attend college?
Jewish Refugees on the St. Louis
By Jessica Mc Birney
2017

As the Nazi Party came into power and anti-Semitism rose under Adolf Hitler, many Jews sought refuge in other countries. In this informational text, Jessica Mc Birney discusses one specific ship, the St. Louis, and the experiences of the Jewish refugees on it who were denied entrance to multiple countries. As you read, identify why some nations chose to accept foreign refugees and why others decided to reject them.

Refugees Flee for Safety

The world dealt with very similar concerns in the late 1930s, when the Nazi regime in Germany began systematically persecuting Jews and other minority groups. The Nazis, also called the Third Reich, were led by Adolf Hitler and believed the German race was superior to all others, and that other races and religions must be killed off. To escape direct threats against their lives, thousands of Jews began fleeing the country as refugees to find new homes.

The MS St. Louis was one ship that transported Jewish refugees to safer countries. Piloted by Captain Gustav Schroder, the St. Louis set sail from Hamburg, Germany on May 13, 1939, carrying 937 passengers. Almost all the travelers were Jews escaping from the persecution they faced under Hitler's Third Reich. The ship was bound for Cuba, and then eventually for the United States.

The journey itself was very pleasant for the passengers, with fancy meals, activities for young people and some childcare, and religious services on Friday evenings. They enjoyed the trip very much, especially after facing so much stress and hardship in Germany.

1. Controversial (adjective): giving rise or likely to give rise to public disagreement
2. Systemic (adjective): done or acting according to a fixed plan or system
An Unpleasant Welcome

What the passengers did not know about was unstableness of the political climate in Cuba. Shortly before the ship’s departure, Cuba amended its immigration policies and retroactively invalidated the refugees’ permission to come to the country. Right-wing Cuban newspapers cautioned the government against letting in the Jews, whom they believed would take away jobs from native Cubans who had been hit by the recent economic depression. Many also hated the Jews as an ethnic group — anti-Semitism was not exclusive to Nazi Germany in the 1930s.

On May 27, the St. Louis weighed anchor in Havana, Cuba, where passengers were denied permission to leave the ship and officially enter Cuba. Soon 29 people were allowed to walk free, but the remaining 908 were confined to the ship, since their visas had not been finalized and the Cuban government refused to do so.

American Hesitation

No one could convince Cuba to accept the refugees, so the St. Louis changed course and headed for the nearby United States. Even though U.S. newspapers had diligently reported the story of these passengers to the public, very few people saw any benefit in accepting the refugees. Secretary of State Cordell Hull advised President Roosevelt not to let them land.

When some of the passengers contacted President Roosevelt directly and begged him to let them enter the country, he never responded to their plea. A telegram from the U.S. State Department told them they must “await their turns on the waiting list... for immigration visas.”

The U.S. government and citizens had varying reasons for not making any special arrangements for the ship full of immigrants cruising up the coast. Immigration policy at the time set numerical quotas for how many people could come to the U.S. from various parts of the world. By mid-1939, the quota for Germany had already been met, and the waitlist extended for several years.

Additionally, U.S. citizens shared Cubans’ concerns about new immigrants. The Great Depression left many Americans jobless, and many worried immigrants would compete for the few jobs that still existed. Anti-Semitism also ran deep in the United States. Americans sympathized with the plight of refugees on the St. Louis and other refugee ships, but 83% of citizens favored the strict immigration rules already in place. President Roosevelt and his administration saw no motivation to change these rules, so they refused to admit the Jews from the St. Louis.

Eventual Relocation

Captain Schroder pressed on to find new homes for all of his passengers. Canada also declined to accept anyone from the ship. So Schroder sailed back to Europe, docking in Belgium, and worked deals with several countries on the continent. The United Kingdom, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands all welcomed hundreds of the refugees.

3. with effect from a date in the past
4. Diligently (adverb): attentive and persistent in doing something
5. Plight (noun): a dangerous, difficult, or otherwise unfortunate situation
Unfortunately, during the course of World War II, Nazi Germany invaded Belgium, France, and the Netherlands, so many of the previously safe refugees found themselves in danger all over again. Using survival statistics for Jews from these European countries during the war, scholars estimate that, ultimately, 709 of the passengers survived the war, and 227 did not.

"Jewish Refugees on the St. Louis" by Jessica McBirney. Copyright © 2017 by CommonLit, Inc. This text is licensed under CC BY-NC-SA 2.0.
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the central idea of the text? [RI.2]
   A. Cuba and the United States did not accept Jewish refugees because they simply did not have the economic means to support them.
   B. The prejudices and economic fears of several countries led to the deaths of many Jewish refugees, who tried to escape Nazi Germany.
   C. Despite not gaining entry to the United States or Cuba, the Jewish refugees found security from other countries that were wealthier.
   D. Due to the small number of refugees on the St. Louis, relatively few people were affected by Cuba's decision to deny them entry.

2. PART B: Which of the following TWO details from the text best supports the answer to Part A? [RI.1]
   A. "To escape direct threats against their lives, thousands of Jews began fleeing the country as refugees to find new homes." (Paragraph 2)
   B. "The journey itself was very pleasant for the passengers, with fancy meals, activities for young people and some childcare, and religious services on Friday evenings." (Paragraph 4)
   C. "Soon 29 people were allowed to walk free, but the remaining 908 were confined to the ship, since their visas had not been finalized and the Cuban government refused to do so." (Paragraph 6)
   D. "U.S. citizens shared Cubans' concerns about new immigrants. The Great Depression left many Americans jobless, and many worried immigrants would compete for the few jobs that still existed. Anti-Semitism also ran deep in the U.S." (Paragraph 10)
   E. "So Schroder sailed back to Europe, docking in Belgium, and worked deals with several countries on the continent. The United Kingdom, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands all welcomed hundreds of the refugees." (Paragraph 11)
   F. "Using survival statistics for Jews from these European countries during the war, scholars estimate that, ultimately, 709 of the passengers survived the war, and 227 did not." (Paragraph 12)

3. PART A: Which of the following best describe the character of Captain Schroder of the St. Louis? [RI.3]
   A. He was relentless in his search for a safe haven for Jewish refugees.
   B. He was naive in his expectations for how countries would respond to the refugees.
   C. He was understanding of other countries' hesitancy to take refugees.
   D. He was only concerned with completing the journey so he could be paid.
4. **PART B: Which quote from the text best supports the answer to Part A?**  
   
   **A.** “The journey itself was very pleasant for the passengers, with fancy meals, activities for young people and some childcare” (Paragraph 4)  
   
   **B.** “On May 27, the St. Louis weighed anchor in Havana, Cuba, where passengers were denied permission to leave the ship and officially enter Cuba.” (Paragraph 6)  
   
   **C.** “Captain Schroder pressed on to find new homes for all of his passengers.” (Paragraph 11)  
   
   **D.** “scholars estimate that, ultimately, 709 of the passengers survived the war, and 227 did not.” (Paragraph 12)  
   
5. **How do paragraphs 1-2 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?**  
   
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Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. In the context of the text, how has America changed over time? Is the United States handling the current refugee crisis differently than during WWII and the Holocaust? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

2. In the context of the text, what can we learn from tragedy? How can the events of the Holocaust inform citizens and their countries on how they should handle today’s refugee crisis? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

3. In the context of the text, how does fear drive action? How did fear contribute to the decisions of countries to turn refugees away? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.

4. In the context of the text, what are the effects of prejudice? What role did prejudice play in some countries’ immigration policies? What role does prejudice play today in immigration policies? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
Freedom fighter for North Koreans
By Anne Hannah Foong
2017

North Korea is a country located in East Asia in the northern region of the Korean Peninsula and is run by an authoritarian government. Kim Jong-un, the supreme leader of North Korea, and his government strictly control the freedoms of their citizens and violate their human rights. In search for a better life and chance of survival, some North Koreans defect from their country, or abandon it in favor of another country. One of these defectors is Jihyun Park, who was forced to leave North Korea during a famine, or food shortage.

As Jihyun Park recounts, the memory of her first family member dying of starvation is vivid. Bones stuck out sharply, making arms and legs look like sticks. Her uncle wasn't the first fatality. “The famine slowly tortured everyone. All over the city, there were families like us waking up on a bright summer morning only to face death.”

Jihyun Park carries a slight limp. It’s a reminder of the ordeals she underwent while escaping the atrocious North Korean dictatorship regime.

Since the beginning of the 1990s, North Korea has relied heavily on the Soviet’s support for their agriculture and social economies, which supplied the country's public monthly ration distributions. The demise of the Soviets in 1991 threw North Korea into economic chaos and, due to the dysfunctional distribution of food by the government and bad weather, the infamous Arduous March famine (1994 — 1998) left an unknown death toll believed to be between thousands and millions of dead. It was one of the worst famines ever recorded in history. “The stomachs of the children on our street were distended from starvation. We were forced to forage for whatever food we could find in forests and gardens. I remember digging up tree roots with my fingers to boil and eat,” says Park.

Jihyun Park was told that “the West was to be blamed for its imposed economic sanctions on our country.” Just like the rest of the population, she was brainwashed from birth to obey the state.

Park graduated from university holding a mathematics and science degree in 1996 and was training as a teacher. Her dream didn’t come to fruition.

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1. **Atrocious** (adjective): horrifyingly wicked
2. swollen or bloated
3. **Forage** (verb): to search widely for food
4. the point at which a plan is realized
Her mother left home. Her father collapsed from a hemorrhage. Her brother was being chased by military officials for dealing with gold illegally. Park was left to tend to her sick father and salvage whatever she could to sustain them. It was in these moments of desperation that her sick father secretly persuaded her to leave North Korea.

The remorse etched in Park is still visible as she thinks back to that life-changing decision.

“It was my father’s will. Not even observing my father’s death, I left. Leaving my father lying in the cold room, I left for a journey that would never bring me back home. I will never see him again and I don’t know where he is buried.”

Park and her brother crossed the border into China and were separated at the border. Once in China, she fell victim to human trafficking. “A broker told me that I would need money to save my brother, and so I was sold to a Chinese man for 5,000 yuan (approximately £500). However, I never saw my brother again and my life as a slave began,” says Park.

According to Amnesty International, the vast majority of North Korean defectors are women — nearly 80%.

In June 2009, the U.S State Department released a Trafficking Persons Report which found that the “most common cases are women being sold as brides to Chinese nationals. In other cases, North Korean women and girls are lured out of North Korea to escape poor economic, social, and political conditions by the promise of food, jobs, and freedom, only to be forced into prostitution, marriage, or exploitative labor arrangements once in China. In some cases, North Korean women are sold multiple times to different men by the same trafficker. The illegal status of North Koreans in China and other Southeast Asian countries increases their vulnerability to trafficking for purposes of forced labor and sexual exploitation.”

Park remembers: “These men saw North Korean women as products that were purchased. If they were damaged or became useless, they saw it acceptable to ‘resell’ to other people. The ‘owners’ did not want us to congregate outside for fear we would encourage each other to escape. One woman was bought by two men who combined their money to buy her. She was kept in a room and was never allowed to step foot outside.”

For six years, Park worked from dusk to dawn. She was deprived of basic necessities, suffered estrangements from the community and endured years of forced sex with her abusive alcoholic husband. Soon, she became pregnant. She hid her pregnancy, afraid that she would be forced to abort while continuing her strenuous daily work.

Park’s son, Yong, came into the world in 1999. Initially, he was to be sold but after pleading and begging Park was able to keep Yong with her in China, where he grew up stateless. When he was five, Park was reported to the Chinese authorities and forcefully separated from Yong, kicking and screaming. Park was then deported and her son remained in China.

5. no longer on friendly terms with a group or a part of it
6. not recognized as a citizen of any country
“China did not recognize us as political refugees, but as illegal migrant workers. Any North Koreans caught on Chinese soil would be forcibly repatriated back to face a long sentence to political prison camps. China’s violations of human rights are no secret, especially towards North Korean women. I know the truth because I am one of those women who experienced exploitation and violations.”

Park was sent to Tumen’s detention center in China. A week later, she was deported back to North Korea as a criminal. In North Korea, Park moved from a prison camp to a labor camp in Onsung to a provincial correction camp. She still bears the scars and memories of what it is to be caught escaping the Kim Jung Il’s regime.

“One day I needed to go to the toilet desperately and asked them (the guards) many times, but they never answered. I could not stop and use the bathroom. As a punishment, they forced me to clean the toilet with bare hands without any water.”

In Onsung labor camp, Park and the prisoners lived and worked like animals, pulling ox carts, digging the ground with their bare hands, and carrying heavy loads barefoot. After working from 4 am to 11 pm, they were only given pig’s rice. They ate raw potatoes and picked seed out of animal dung. Park lived with more than a hundred people crammed into a single room with only two buckets to use as toilets. Survival and her son, Yong, were the only thoughts that kept her going.

One day, Park woke up to find one of her legs was swollen with gangrene due to the constant beatings by guards and continually working in the sewage. Worried she would infect others in the institution, the guards authorized Park’s release with a signature from one of her family members. “The camp released me with a signature from my uncle. My uncle left me, saying he would never see me again.”

Park struggled to survive on the streets as her infected leg rotted and quickly spread to her other limbs. It was a kind-hearted herbal doctor who saved her leg. He placed some herb in the rotting bone and gave her white powder to extract the gangrene. All the while, Park was only thinking about her son.

“I needed to get back to China for my son. I had to find him, although I didn’t know if he was even still alive or if my husband had sold him. The only way to escape and to find my son was to sell myself.”

Park fled her country once again over the mountains with the help of a trafficker, desperate to find her son. Their reunion was both exhilarating and heart-breaking. She barely recognized him with his sunken cheeks and flaking filthy skin.

Her ordeal was far from over. Once she found her son, they took a dangerous route to Mongolia after an unsuccessful attempt to find help in the South Korea Embassy. “The border fence was two meters high. We cut a hole and everyone ran. I couldn’t run because of my leg. I walked, gripping my son’s hand.” She could hear sounds of car engines and her heart plunged. She thought all was lost. A man turned back and ran towards them, carried her son, holding her hand and ran, crossing the border into Mongolia. “I looked up and it’s the first time I saw hope. I did not know it was love because I’ve never experienced love.”

7. to send someone back to their own country
8. the death of tissue in a living body, due to infection resulting from blocked blood supply
The man, Kwang, who is now her husband, was also a North Korean defector. Together they stayed in the Mongolian desert for three days and, due to harsh conditions, returned to China and made a living selling Korean food. One day, she met a Korean-American pastor who introduced them to a UN officer in Beijing. The rest was history.

Jihyun Park now lives in Bury, Manchester. “I arrived in the UK with a heartwarming welcome. I got a refugee visa and I cried and cried.” Finally, her life began.

In 2013, the UK rejected 30 asylum applications from North Korean defectors. It was the first time Park had ever heard of North Korean refugees being rejected. She went to London to give her testimony about North Korean human rights violations and violence in front of the United Nations Commissions of Inquiry in North Korea.

In June 2015, the European Alliance for Human Rights in North Korea (EAHRNK) released a report entitled, “A Case for Clarification: European Asylum Policy and North Korean Refugees.” The report says a great majority of North Korean defectors who seek asylum in European countries are encountering difficulties. In 2013, all 128 applications to the Netherlands were rejected. Another 126 rejected applications in Belgium and 19 cases in France were rejected, and another five were rejected in Sweden.

Jihyun Park is now the UK’s Outreach and Project Officer at EAHRNK, which engages in research and advocacy for improving humanitarian conditions in the DPRK. Her “Phoenix” internship project is designed to support and help young North Korean refugees by providing mentoring and training as they integrate into their new countries, with the hope of “rebuilding of the North Korean state, infrastructure, and economy” in the future.

“Depriving the people of their liberty and exploiting human rights for three dictatorships in 70 years makes North Korea the worst country. At present, the dictatorship regime in North Korea is the most brutal dictatorship in the world. North Koreans living in the 21st century are completely isolated from the outside world. North Koreans live in dark tunnels with no electricity and go out to work from early morning to late evening during the cold winters to put one meal on the table on a daily basis. However, North Korea is also changing. Many North Koreans are working to be freed. They say there is a light at the end of the tunnel. Soon, the dictatorial regime of 70 years will collapse by the North Koreans aspiring to freedom.” says Jihyun Park.

Her husband, Kwang, is always there by her side to assure her.

“You have experienced the ordeals that North Korean women have to go through in China. You also have spent time at the detention and re-education centers in North Korea. It is our responsibility to make the rest of the world aware of the current suffering of these women. If by any chance somebody points finger at you or laughs at you, I will be the shield that protects you,” he said.

In the words of Jihyun Park,

“And also I thank my eldest son who showed me how much he supported my project and my two youngest who always show me so much love with their big smiles. Without their help I would not be here today; I would not have the courage to fight for the North Korean women's human rights.”
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: What is the central idea of the text?
   A. North Koreans would be better off staying in North Korea, as defectors are often trafficked or captured and sentenced to labor camps.
   B. The human rights violations that North Korean defectors experience in China is worse than what they can expect in labor camps or times of famine.
   C. Countries are accepting more North Korean refugees now than ever, as the rampant human rights violations present there are coming to light.
   D. Many defecting North Koreans struggle to attain refugee status in other countries, and are often subjected to human rights violations or sent back to North Korea.

2. PART B: Which two details from the text best supports the answer to part A?
   A. “‘The stomachs of the children on our street were distended from starvation. We were forced to forage for whatever food we could find in forests and gardens. I remember digging up tree roots with my fingers to boil and eat,’ says Park.” (Paragraph 3)
   B. “The illegal status of North Koreans in China and other Southeast Asian countries increases their vulnerability to trafficking for purposes of forced labor and sexual exploitation.” (Paragraph 11)
   C. “Together they stayed in the Mongolian desert for three days and, due to harsh conditions, returned to China and made a living selling Korean food.” (Paragraph 24)
   D. “‘I arrived in the UK with heartwarming welcome. I got a refugee visa and I cried and cried.’ Finally, her life began.” (Paragraph 25)
   E. “The report says a great majority of North Korean defectors who seek asylum in European countries are encountering difficulties. In 2013, all 128 applications to the Netherlands were rejected. Another 126 rejected applications in Belgium and 19 cases in France were rejected, another five were rejected in Sweden.” (Paragraph 27)
   F. “‘They say, there is a light at the end of the tunnel. Soon, the dictatorial regime of 70 years will collapse by the North Koreans aspiring to freedom.’” (Paragraph 29)

3. Which statement best describes how the author develops her analysis of the treatment of women who defect from North Korea?
   A. by narrating and quoting Jihyun Park’s horrible experience in North Korea and her difficult journey seeking asylum
   B. by comparing the experiences of North Korean men who sought asylum with the experience of North Korean women
   C. by sharing her own experiences as a refugee and comparing them to Jihyun Park’s experiences escaping North Korea
   D. by highlighting how North Korea’s punishment of women who defect has become more severe over the time
4. How do paragraphs 10-12 contribute to the development of ideas in the text?
   A. They emphasize how the treatment of women in North Korea is significantly worse than that of men in North Korea.
   B. They suggest that women are not as successful at escaping North Korea as men who defect are.
   C. They show how women are particularly vulnerable to being taken advantage of when they defect from North Korea.
   D. They show how women who defect from North Korea have to work harder to get refugee status.

5. What connection does the author draw between North Korea’s human rights violations and the human rights violations North Korean women suffer in China? Use details from the text to support your response.

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Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. In the text, the author discusses all that Jihyun Park has overcome. How did she find the strength to survive human trafficking in China and the labor camps in North Korea? Why do you think she decides to share her story, despite how painful it must be?

2. In the text, Jihyun Park testifies in London about North Korea's human rights violations. How do you think Park is changing the conversation about North Korean refugees? Why is it important for her to share her experiences with human rights violations in North Korea? Do you think Park can also create change within North Korea, despite no longer being in the country? Why or why not?

3. In the text, the author discusses how North Korean women are particularly vulnerable to human trafficking in China. How do you think China's government can help protect women from these abuses? Why do you think China merely sends North Korean defectors back to North Korea, rather than give them refugee status?
Letter from Mary Mallon: On Being ‘Typhoid Mary’

By Mary Mallon

1909

Mary Mallon (1869-1938) was an Irish-American immigrant who worked as a cook, and was the first person in the history of the United States to be identified as an asymptomatic carrier (someone who has contracted a disease but experiences no symptoms) of typhoid fever. She was dubbed “Typhoid Mary” and was forcibly isolated twice, eventually dying in quarantine. Over the course of her career as a cook, she was presumed to have infected 51 people, three of whom died. Mallon wrote the following letter to her lawyer, Mr. O’Neill, in 1909. At the time, she had been forced into quarantine on an island off the coast of New York for more than two years against her will, claiming that she was not infected because she never showed any symptoms of the disease, despite significant evidence that she was a carrier and had already infected dozens of people she had cooked for. As you read, take notes on Mallon’s key arguments, and consider the problem at hand: a woman’s freedom versus the health and safety of citizens.

To the Editor of The American,

George Francis O’Neill,[1]

In reply to Dr. Park[2] of the Board of Health I will state that I am not segregated with the typhoid patients. There is nobody on this island that has typhoid. There was never any effort by the Board authority to do anything for me excepting to cast me on the island and keep me a prisoner without being sick nor needing medical treatment. When I first came here they took two blood cultures, and feces went down three times per week, say Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, respectively, until the latter part of June. After that they only got the feces once a week, which was on Wednesday. Now they have given me a record[3] for nearly a year for three times a week.

When I first came here I was so nervous and almost prostrated[4] with grief and trouble. My eyes began to twitch, and the left eyelid became paralyzed and would not move. It remained in that condition for six months. There was an eye specialist visited the island three and four times a week. He was never asked to visit me. I did not even get a cover for my eye. I had to hold my hand on it whilst going about and at night tie a bandage on it.
In December when Dr. Wilson took charge, he came to me and I told him about it. He said that was news to him and that he would send me his electric battery, but he never sent it. However, my eye got better thanks to the Almighty God and no thanks in spite of the medical staff. Dr. Wilson ordered me urotropin. I got that on and off for a year. Sometimes they had it, and sometimes they did not. I took the urotropin for about three months all told during the whole year. If I should have continued, it would certainly have killed me for it was very severe. Everyone knows who is acquainted in any kind of medicine that it's used for kidney trouble.

When in January (1908) they were about to discharge me, when the resident physician came to me and asked me where was I going when I got out of here, naturally I said to N.Y., so there was a stop put to my getting out of here. Then the supervising nurse told me I was a hopeless case, and if I'd write to Dr. Darlington and tell him I'd go to my sisters in Connecticut. Now I have no sister in that state or any other in the U.S. Then in April a friend of mine went to Dr. Darlington and asked him when I was to get away. He replied “That woman is all right now, and she is a very expensive woman, but I cannot let her go myself. The Board has to sit. Come around Saturday.” When he did, Dr. Darlington told this man “I've nothing more to do with this woman. Go to Dr. Studdiford.”

He went to that doctor, and he said “I cannot let that woman go, and all the people that she gave the typhoid to and so many deaths occurred in the families she was with.” Dr. Studdiford said to this man “Go and ask Mary Mallon and enveigle her to have an operation performed to have her gallbladder removed. I'll have the best surgeon in town to do the cutting.” I said “No. No knife will be put on me. I've nothing the matter with my gallbladder.” Dr. Wilson asked me the very same question. I also told him no. Then he replied “It might not do you any good.” Also the supervising nurse asked me to have an operation performed. I also told her no, and she made the remark “Would it not be better for you to have it done than remain here?” I told her no.

There is a visiting doctor who came here in October. He did take quite an interest in me. He really thought I liked it here, that I did not care for my freedom. He asked me if I'd take some medicine if he brought it to me. I said I would, so he brought me some Anti Autotox and some pills then. Dr. Wilson had already ordered me brewer's yeast. At first I would not take it, for I'm a little afraid of the people, and I have a good right for when I came to the Department they said they were in my tract. Later another said they were in the muscles of my bowels. And latterly they thought of the gallbladder.

I have been in fact a peep show for everybody. Even the interns had to come to see me and ask about the facts already known to the whole wide world. The tuberculosis men would say “There she is, the kidnapped woman.” Dr. Park has had me illustrated in Chicago. I wonder how the said Dr. William H. Park would like to be insulted and put in the Journal and call him or his wife Typhoid William Park.

– Mary Mallon
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. Which of the following best describes the tone of Mary Mallon’s letter?
   A. resigned
   B. frustrated
   C. angry
   D. saddened

2. Which of the following best states Mallon’s purpose in writing this letter?
   A. to report on her treatment to her lawyer
   B. to inform her lawyer that she is firing him
   C. to inform her lawyer that the doctors are not running any tests on her at all
   D. to report on how cooperative she is being with the doctors and nurses

3. What does the word “enveigle” (or “inveigle”) most closely mean, as used in paragraph 7?
   A. to invite
   B. to encourage
   C. to persuade
   D. to force

4. Summarize Mary Mallon’s treatment on the island, both medically and in general. Cite evidence from the text in your answer.

   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
   _____________________________________________
5. Reread the following quote from paragraph 10: “He really thought I liked it here, that I did not care for my freedom.” How does this contribute to the development of ideas in the text?
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. Were the authorities who quarantined Mary Mallon justified at the time for their actions? Do you think Mary was at fault? Explain your answer.

2. In the context of this text which is more important: security or freedom? In what cases or to what extent should freedom and choice be sacrificed over security? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
Maps
By Yesenia Montilla
2017

Yesenia Montilla is an author and poet who was born and raised in New York City. In this poem, a speaker describes the lines on maps. As you read, take notes on how the speaker feels about the lines on maps.

For Marcelo

[1] Some maps have blue borders like the blue of your name or the tributary lacing of veins running through your father’s hands. & how the last time I saw you, you held me for so long I saw whole lifetimes flooding by me small tentacles reaching for both our faces. I wish maps would be without borders & that we belonged to no one & to everyone at once, what a world that would be. Or not a world maybe we would call it something more intrinsic like forgiving or something simplistic like river or dirt.

[5] & if I were to see you tomorrow & everyone you came from had disappeared I would weep with you & drown out any black lines that this earth allowed us to give it — because what is a map but a useless prison? We are all so lost & no naming of blank spaces can save us. & what

[10] is a map but the delusion of safety? The line drawn is always in the sand & folds on itself before we’re done making it.

[15]

1. a river or stream flowing in a larger river or lake
2. **Intrinsic** (adjective): belonging naturally; essential
3. **Delusion** (noun): a belief in something that is not true
& that line, there, south of
el rio,⁴ how it dares to cover
up the bodies, as though we
would forget who died there
& for what? As if we could
forget that if you spin a globe
& stop it with your finger
you’ll land it on top of someone
living, someone who was not
expecting to be crushed by thirst —  

⁴ likely referring to Rio Grande, a river that forms part of the Mexico-United States border
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement describes the main theme of the poem?
   A. Maps misinform people on how the world is divided and oriented.
   B. The natural features of earth, such as mountains and rivers, force people apart.
   C. The lines that divide maps and the world isolate and restrict people.
   D. Maps help people make sense of the world and how it is divided.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “or the tributary lacing of / veins running through your / father's hands.” (Lines 3-5)
   B. “I wish / maps would be without / borders & that we belonged / to no one” (Lines 10-13)
   C. “maybe we would call it / something more intrinsic / like forgiving or something” (Lines 16-18)
   D. “el rio, how it dares to cover / up the bodies, as though we / would forget who died there” (Lines 35-37)

3. How does the imagery of lines on maps in the poem contribute to the development of the theme?
   A. The author's description of lines shows how difficult it is to erase them once they've been drawn.
   B. The author's description of lines shows how important they are in our understanding of the world.
   C. The author's description of lines proves that they help shape our sense of self and relationship with others.
   D. The author's description of lines emphasizes how unnatural and ineffective they are in organizing the world.

4. What can readers infer about the speaker's relationship with the person they discuss in the poem?

__________________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________________
__________________________________________________________________________________

3
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. The speaker of the poem outlines the disadvantages of maps. Do you think that maps and borders have any positive traits, or do you agree with the speaker? If you believe that maps have positive traits, what are they?

2. In the context of the poem, how do we understand the world around us? How do maps contribute to the way we understand the world? How do you think maps are used to convey certain ideas about different places in the world?

3. In the poem, the speaker is separated from someone they care about and this is made more painful because they are separated by lines on the map. Why is it painful to be separated from someone you care about? In your opinion, do the lines on maps physically and emotionally divide us from others?
Montreal 1962
By Shauna Singh Baldwin
2012

Shauna Singh Baldwin (born 1962) is a Canadian-American novelist of Indian descent. “Montreal 1962” is from her book of short stories English Lessons and Other Stories. In this short story, a Sikh woman who has recently come to Canada with her husband describes washing his turbans. In the Sikh religion, men often wear turbans and grow their hair long.

In the dark at night you came close and your voice was a whisper though there is no one here to wake. “They said I could have the job if I take off my turban and cut my hair short.” You did not have to say it. I saw it in your face as you took off your new coat and galoshes. I heard their voices in my head as I looked at the small white envelopes I have left in the drawer, each full of one more day’s precious dollars — the last of your savings and my dowry.¹ Mentally, I converted dollars to rupees² and thought how many people in India each envelope in India could feed for a month.

This was not how they described emigrating to Canada. I still remember them saying to you, “You’re a well-qualified man. We need professional people.” And they talked about freedom and opportunity for those lucky enough to already speak English. No one said then, “You must be reborn white-skinned — and clean-shaven to show it — to survive.” Just a few months ago, they called us exotic new Canadians, new blood to build a new country.

Today I took one of my wedding saris³ to the neighborhood dry-cleaner and a woman with no eyebrows held it like a dishrag and she asked me, “Is it a bed sheet?”

“No,” I said.

“Curtains?”

“No.”

I took the silk back to our basement apartment, tied my hair in a tight bun, washed the heavy folds in the metal bathtub, and hung it, gold threads glinting, on a drip-dry hanger.

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¹ money brought by a bride to her husband when they’re married
² the basic unit of money in some Asian countries, including India
³ a garment that is elaborated draped around the body, traditionally worn by women of South Asia
When I had finished, I spread a bed sheet on the floor of the bathroom, filled my arms with the turbans you’d worn last week and knelt there surrounded by the empty soft hollows of scarlet, navy, earth brown, copper, saffron, mauve, and bright parrot green. As I waited for the bathtub to fill with warm soapy water, I unraveled each turban, each precise spiral you had wound round your head, and soon the room was full of soft streams of muslin⁴ that had protected your long black hair.

I placed each turban in turn on the bubbly surface and watched them grow dark and heavy, sinking slowly, softly into the warmth. When there were no more left beside me, I leaned close and reached in, working each one in a rhythm bone-deep, as my mother and hers must have done before me, that their men might face the world proud. I drained the tub and new colours swelled — deep red, dark black mud, rust, orange, soft purple and jade green.

I filled the enamel sink with clean water and starch and lifted them as someday I will lift children. When the milky bowl had fed them, my hands massaged them free of alien red-blue water. I placed them carefully in a basin and took them out into our grey two rooms to dry.

I placed a chair by the window and climbed on it to tie the four corners of each turban length to the heavy curtain rod. Each one in turn, I drew out three yards till it was folded completely in two. I grasped it firmly at its sides and swung my hands inward. The turban furrowed before me. I arced my hands outward and it became a canopy. Again inward, again outward, hands close, hands apart, as though I was back in Delhi on a flat roof under a hot sun or perhaps near a green field of wheat stretching far to the banks of the Beas.

As the water left the turbans, I began to see the room through muslin screens. The pallid⁵ walls, the radiator you try everyday to turn up hotter for me, the small windows, unnaturally high. When the turbans were lighter, I set the dining chairs with their halfmoon backs in a row in the middle of the well-worn carpet and I draped the turbans over their tops the way Gidda⁶ dancers wear their chunnis⁷ pinned tight in the centre parting of their hair. Then I sat on the carpet before them, willing them: dance for me — dance for us. The chairs stood as stiff and wooden as ignorant Canadians, though I know maple is softer than chinar.⁸

Soon the bands of cloth regained all their colour, filling the room with sheer lightness. Their splendor arched upwards, insisting upon notice, refusing the drabness, refusing the obscurity, wielding the curtain rod like the strut of a defending champion.

From the windows over my head came the sounds of a Montreal afternoon, and the sure step of purposeful feet on the sidewalk. Somewhere on a street named in English where the workers speak joual⁹ I imagined your turban making its way in the crowds, bringing you home to me.

Once again I climbed on a chair and let your turbans loose. One by one, I held them to me, folding in their defiance, hushing their unruly indignation, gentling them into temporary submission. Finally, I faced them as they sat before me.

---

4. a type of cotton fabric
5. Pallid (adjective): pale
6. a popular folk dance in parts of India and Pakistan
7. a long length of material worn around the shoulders and head
8. a type of tree found in Europe and Asia
9. a popular form of Canadian French, influenced by English
Then I choose my favorite, the red one you wear less and less, and I took it to the bedroom. I unfurled the gauzy scarlet on our bed and it seemed as though I’d poured a pool of the sainted blood of all the Sikh\textsuperscript{10} martyrs there. So I took a corner and tied it to the doorknob just as you do in the mornings instead of waking me to help you. I took the diagonal corner to the very far end of the room just as you do, and rolled the scarlet inward as best I could within the cramped four walls. I had to untie it from the doorknob again to roll the other half, as I used to do every day for my father, then my brother and now you. Soon the scarlet rope lay ready.

I placed it before the mirror and began to tie it as a Sardar\textsuperscript{11} would, one end clenched between my teeth to anchor it, arms raised to sweep it up to the forehead down to the nape of the neck, around again, this time higher. I wound it swiftly, deftly, till it jutted haughtily forward, adding four inches to my stature. Only when I had pinned the free end to the peak did I let the end clenched between my teeth fall. I took the saliva-darkened cord, pulled it back to where my hair bun rested low, and tucked it up over the turban, just as you do.

In the mirror I saw my father as he must have looked as a boy, my teenage brother as I remember him, you as you face Canada, myself as I need to be.

The face beneath the jaunty turban began to smile.

I raised my hands to my turban's roundness, eased it from my head and brought it before me, setting it down lightly before the mirror. It asked nothing now but that I be worthy of it.

And so, my love, I will not let you cut your strong rope of hair and go without a turban into this land of strangers. The knot my father tied between my chumni and your turban is still strong between us, and it shall not fail you now. My hands will tie a turban everyday upon your head and work so we can keep it there. One day our children will say, “My father came to this country with very little but his turban and my mother learned to work because no one would hire him.”

Then we will have taught Canadians what it takes to wear a turban.

\textit{“Montreal 1962” from English Lessons and Other Stories by Shauna Singh Baldwin. Copyright © 2012 by Shauna Singh Baldwin Associates, Inc. Used by permission of Publisher. All rights reserved.}

\textsuperscript{10} Sikh is a monotheistic religion that was established in India.

\textsuperscript{11} a person of high rank in India
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement describes the main theme of the short story?
   A. Moving to a new place creates exciting new opportunities.
   B. It is important to hold onto who you are when you are in a new place.
   C. Housework is time-consuming and keeps women from living their dreams.
   D. Moving away from your family means that you will lose your connection with them.

2. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “In the dark at night you came close and your voice was a whisper though there is no one here to wake. They said I could have the job if I take off my turban and cut my hair short.” (Paragraph 1)
   B. “I took the silk back to our basement apartment, tied my hair in a tight bun, washed the heavy folds in the metal bathtub, and hung it, gold threads glinting, on a drip-dry hanger.” (Paragraph 7)
   C. “One by one, I held them to me, folding in their defiance, hushing their unruly indignation, gentling them into temporary submission.” (Paragraph 15)
   D. “And so, my love, I will not let you cut your strong rope of hair and go without a turban into this land of strangers.” (Paragraph 21)

3. PART A: What connection does the narrator draw between the turbans and her family?
   A. Being required to wash the turbans makes the narrator angry that women in her family must do housework.
   B. Washing and folding the turbans makes the narrator realize that the memories of her family are slipping away.
   C. Going through the process of washing the turbans makes the narrator realize that it is a family tradition that she never fully understood.
   D. Washing and wearing the turban makes the narrator think about her family’s traditions and the future of her family.

4. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “You did not have to say it. I saw it in your face as you took off your new coat and galoshes.” (Paragraph 1)
   B. “Just a few months ago, they called us exotic new Canadians, new blood to build a new country.” (Paragraph 2)
   C. “I filled the enamel sink with clean water and starch and lifted them as someday I will lift children.” (Paragraph 10)
   D. “From the windows over my head came the sounds of a Montreal afternoon, and the sure step of purposeful feet on the sidewalk.” (Paragraph 14)
5. What is the narrator's realization at the end of the story, and how does washing the turbans cause her perspective to change?
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. What traditions and rituals connect you to your family? Why are they important to you? What situation would cause you to consider giving them up?

2. What does this story teach us about the challenges of moving to a new place? Consider what the narrator realizes as she washes the turbans and other stories you have read about immigrants.

3. In the context of this short story, what causes us to follow the crowd, and when do we break from it?

4. Why do you think the narrator’s husband is being asked to not wear his turban and to cut his hair for his job? Can you think of other examples in which people have been asked to change their physical appearance or presentation for work?
Puerto Rican Obituary
By Pedro Pietri
2015

Pedro Pietri (1944-2004) was a poet, playwright, and founder of the Nuyorican Movement. The Nuyorican Movement refers to the cultural and intellectual movement involving writers and artists who are Puerto Rican or of Puerto Rican descent, who live in or near New York City. This poem was first performed by the poet in 1969. As you read, take notes on the dreams of the five characters and how they differ from their reality.

[1] They worked
They were always on time
They were never late
They never spoke back

[5] when they were insulted
They worked
They never took days off
that were not on the calendar
They never went on strike

[10] without permission
They worked
ten days a week
and were only paid for five
They worked

[15] They worked
They worked
and they died
They died broke
They died owing

[20] They died never knowing
what the front entrance
of the first national city bank looks like

"Pedro Pietri" by Berobetti is licensed under CC BY-NC-ND 2.0.
Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
and will die again tomorrow

passing their bill collectors
on to the next of kin\(^1\)
All died
waiting for the garden of eden\(^2\)
to open up again

under a new management
All died
dreaming about america
waking them up in the middle of the night
screaming: Mira Mira\(^3\)
your name is on the winning lottery ticket
for one hundred thousand dollars
All died
hating the grocery stores
that sold them make-believe steak

and bullet-proof rice and beans
All died waiting dreaming and hating

Dead Puerto Ricans
Who never knew they were Puerto Ricans
Who never took a coffee break

from the ten commandments\(^4\)
to KILL KILL KILL
the landlords of their cracked skulls
and communicate with their latino souls

Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
From the nervous breakdown streets

where the mice live like millionaires
and the people do not live at all
are dead and were never alive

---

1. one's family
2. a biblical garden often associated with paradise
3. Spanish for "Look Look"
4. a set of biblical principles relating to ethics and worship
Juan
died waiting for his number to hit\textsuperscript{5}

Miguel
died waiting for the welfare\textsuperscript{6} check
to come and go and come again
Milagros
died waiting for her ten children

Milagros
to grow up and work
so she could quit working
Olga
died waiting for a five dollar raise
Manuel
died waiting for his supervisor to drop dead
so he could get a promotion

Is a long ride
from Spanish Harlem\textsuperscript{7}
to long island cemetery

where they were buried
First the train
and then the bus
and the cold cuts for lunch
and the flowers

that will be stolen
when visiting hours are over
Is very expensive
Is very expensive
But they understand

Their parents understood
Is a long non-profit ride
from Spanish Harlem
to long island cemetery

\textsuperscript{5} referring to a lottery number
\textsuperscript{6} financial support given to people in need
\textsuperscript{7} a neighborhood of Upper Manhattan, New York City
Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
and will die again tomorrow
Dreaming
Dreaming about queens
Clean-cut lily-white neighborhood
Puerto Ricanless scene
Thirty-thousand-dollar home
The first spics\(^8\) on the block
Proud to belong to a community
of gringos\(^9\) who want them lynched\(^10\)
Proud to be a long distance away
from the sacred phrase: Que Pasa\(^11\)

These dreams
These empty dreams
from the make-believe bedrooms
their parents left them
are the after-effects
of television programs
about the ideal
white american family
with black maids
and latino janitors
who are well train—
to make everyone
and their bill collectors
laugh at them
and the people they represent

Juan
died dreaming about a new car
Miguel
died dreaming about new anti-poverty programs
Milagros
died dreaming about a trip to Puerto Rico
Olga
died dreaming about real jewelry
Manuel
died dreaming about the irish sweepstakes

---
8. an offensive term for a Spanish-speaking person
9. the Spanish term for a white person
10. killed, especially by hanging, for an alleged offense with or without a legal trial
11. Spanish for “What’s up?”
They all died
like a hero sandwich dies
in the garment district\(^\text{12}\)
at twelve o'clock in the afternoon
social security number to ashes
union dues\(^\text{13}\) to dust

They knew
they were born to weep
and keep the morticians\(^\text{14}\) employed
as long as they pledge allegiance
to the flag that wants them destroyed
They saw their names listed
in the telephone directory of destruction
They were train to turn
the other cheek\(^\text{15}\) by newspapers
that mispelled mispronounced
and misunderstood their names
and celebrated when death came
and stole their final laundry ticket

\(^{12}\) an area of New York City where a large number of clothing manufacturers have their businesses
\(^{13}\) regular payments of money made by members of unions
\(^{14}\) a person whose job is to prepare dead people to be buried
\(^{15}\) “Turn the other cheek” is a phrase meaning “to not do anything to hurt someone who hurt you.”
They were born dead
and they died dead
Is time
to visit sister lopez again
the number one healer
and fortune card dealer
in Spanish Harlem
She can communicate
with your late relatives
for a reasonable fee
Good news is guaranteed
Rise Table Rise Table
death is not dumb and disable—
Those who love you want to know
the correct number to play
Let them know this right away
Rise Table Rise Table
death is not dumb and disable
Now that your problems are over
and the world is off your shoulders
help those who you left behind
find financial peace of mind
Rise Table Rise Table
death is not dumb and disable
If the right number we hit
all our problems will split
and we will visit your grave
on every legal holiday
Those who love you want to know
the correct number to play
let them know this right away
We know your spirit is able
Death is not dumb and disable
RISE TABLE RISE TABLE
Juan
Miguel
Milagros
Olga
Manuel
All died yesterday today
and will die again tomorrow
Hating fighting and stealing
broken windows from each other
Practicing a religion without a roof
The old testament
The new testament
according to the gospel
of the internal revenue
the judge and jury and executioner
protector and eternal bill collector
Secondhand s—\textsuperscript{16} for sale
learn how to say Como Esta Usted\textsuperscript{17}

\textsuperscript{16} a curse word originally appeared here for emphasis
\textsuperscript{17} Spanish for “how are you?”
and you will make a fortune
They are dead
They are dead

and will not return from the dead
until they stop neglecting
the art of their dialogue—
for broken english lessons
to impress the mister goldsteins—

who keep them employed
as lavaplatos 18
porters messenger boys
factory workers maids stock clerks
shipping clerks assistant mailroom
assistant, assistant assistant
to the assistant's assistant
assistant lavaplatos and automatic
artificial smiling doormen
for the lowest wages of the ages

and rages when you demand a raise
because is against the company policy
to promote SPICS SPICS SPICS
Juan
died hating Miguel because Miguel's
used car was in better running condition
than his used car
Miguel
died hating Milagros because Milagros
had a color television set

and he could not afford one yet
Milagros
died hating Olga because Olga
made five dollars more on the same job
Olga
died hating Manuel because Manuel
had hit the numbers more times
than she had hit the numbers
Manuel
died hating all of them
Juan
Miguel
Milagros
and Olga
because they all spoke broken english

more fluently than he did

18.  Spanish for “dishwasher”
And now they are together
in the main lobby of the void\textsuperscript{19}
Addicted to silence
Off limits to the wind
Confine to worm supremacy
in long island cemetery
This is the groovy hereafter
the protestant collection box\textsuperscript{20}
was talking so loud and proud about

Here lies Juan
Here lies Miguel
Here lies Milagros
Here lies Olga
Here lies Manuel
who died yesterday today
and will die again tomorrow
Always broke
Always owing
Never knowing

that they are beautiful people
Never knowing
the geography of their complexion

PUERTO RICO IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE
PUERTORRIQUEÑOS ARE A BEAUTIFUL RACE

If only they
had turned off the television
and tune into their own imaginations
If only they
had used the white supremacy bibles
for toilet paper purpose
and make their latino souls
the only religion of their race
If only they
had return to the definition of the sun
after the first mental snowstorm
on the summer of their senses
If only they
had kept their eyes open
at the funeral of their fellow employees
who came to this country to make a fortune
and were buried without underwears

\[\text{19. Void (noun): a completely empty space}\]
\[\text{20. a box used to collect offerings of money in a church}\]
Juan
Miguel
Milagros

[295] Olga
Manuel
will right now be doing their own thing
where beautiful people sing
and dance and work together

[300] where the wind is a stranger
to miserable weather conditions
where you do not need a dictionary
to communicate with your people
Aqui

[305] Se Habla Espanol
all the time
Aqui you salute your flag first
Aqui there are no dial soap commercials
Aqui everybody smells good

[310] Aqui tv dinners do not have a future
Aqui the men and women admire desire
and never get tired of each other
Aqui Que Pasa Power is what’s happening
Aqui to be called negrito

[315] means to be called LOVE

Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following identifies the theme of the poem?
   A. The aggressive pursuit of wealth often leads to conflict between friends.
   B. When a person is stranded from their culture, it can be so devastating that it feels like death.
   C. Pursuing the American dream can cause newcomers to work tirelessly for something they cannot achieve.
   D. Language has the power to make people feel welcomed or excluded from a community.

2. PART B: Which detail from the poem best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “All died / dreaming about america / waking them up in the middle of the night / screaming: Mira Mira / your name is on the winning lottery ticket” (Lines 36-40)
   B. “They were train to turn / the other cheek by newspapers / that mispelled mispronounced / and misunderstood their names” (Lines 149-152)
   C. “They are dead / and will not return from the dead / until they stop neglecting / the art of their dialogue—” (Lines 208-212)
   D. “Milagros / died hating Olga because Olga / made five dollars more on the same job” (Lines 236-238)

3. How does the author's use of the phrase “mental snowstorm” contribute to the poem (Line 285)?
   A. It calls attention to how cold the climate is in America.
   B. It emphasizes the destructive effect of white culture in America.
   C. It stresses how uniform the culture in America is.
   D. It portrays America's impact on the mind as dangerous.

4. PART A: What do the characters Juan, Miguel, Milagros, Olga, and Manuel symbolize in the poem?
   A. the tendency for Puerto Ricans to die too soon in America
   B. the individual experiences of Pietri’s friends in America
   C. the difficulties that all people encounter when attempting to succeed in America
   D. the struggles the Puerto Rican community experiences trying to succeed in America

5. PART B: Which section from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “All died yesterday today / and will die again tomorrow / Dreaming / Dreaming about queens / Clean-cut lily-white neighborhood” (Lines 99-103)
   B. “They all died / like a hero sandwich dies / in the garment district / at twelve o’clock in the afternoon” (Lines 136-139)
   C. “All died yesterday today / and will die again tomorrow / Hating fighting and stealing / broken windows from each other” (Lines 194-197)
   D. “And now they are together / in the main lobby of the void / Addicted to silence / Off limits to the wind” (Lines 251-254)
6. PART A: How does the first stanza contribute to the poem's portrayal of Puerto Ricans in America?
   A. It emphasizes how good they are at their jobs.
   B. It establishes how hard they work in America.
   C. It shows how difficult it is for them to find work.
   D. It introduces how often they face discrimination.

7. PART B: Which detail from the text best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “They were always on time / They were never late / They never spoke back” (Lines 2-4)
   B. “They worked / ten days a week / and were only paid for five” (Lines 11-13)
   C. “and they died / They died broke / They died owing” (Lines 17-19)
   D. “They died never knowing / what the front entrance / of the first national city bank looks like” (Lines 20-22)

8. How does the repetition in the poem contribute to its meaning?

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Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. In the context of the text, what are the effects of prejudice? How are Puerto Ricans negatively affected by the discrimination they face in America? How does it prevent them from succeeding? Has anything ever prevented you from succeeding, and if so, what?

2. In the context of the text, what is fair? How does the treatment of Puerto Ricans in America differ from white Americans? Cite evidence from this text, your own experience, and other literature, art, or history in your answer.
In the early 20th century, there was an influx of immigration to the United States. The Quota Act of 1921 and the Act of 1924 prohibited the amount of immigrants allowed into the country, the latter more restrictive than the former. In the following speech delivered to Congress on April 9, 1924, Senator Ellison DuRant Smith of South Carolina argues that in order to preserve American resources, the government should restrict immigration. Although his argument is now largely considered racist, the Act of 1924 was instated with only six dissenting votes. As you read, analyze the points Smith makes to justify his argument.

It seems to me the point as to this measure—and I have been so impressed for several years—is that the time has arrived when we should shut the door. We have been called the melting pot of the world. We had an experience just a few years ago, during the great World War, when it looked as though we had allowed influences to enter our borders that were about to melt the pot in place of us being the melting pot.

I think that we have sufficient stock in America now for us to shut the door, Americanize what we have, and save the resources of America for the natural increase of our population. We all know that one of the most prolific causes of war is the desire for increased land ownership for the overflow of a congested population. We are increasing at such a rate that in the natural course of things in a comparatively few years the landed resources, the natural resources of the country, shall be taken up by the natural increase of our population. It seems to me the part of wisdom now that we have throughout the length and breadth of continental America a population which is beginning to encroach upon the reserve and virgin resources of the country to keep it in trust for the multiplying population of the country.

1. **Encroach** (verb): to intrude on; to disturb
I do not believe that political reasons should enter into the discussion of this very vital question. It is of greater concern to us to maintain the institutions of America, to maintain the principles upon which this Government is founded, than to develop and exploit\(^2\) the underdeveloped resources of the country. There are some things that are dearer to us, fraught with more benefit to us, than the immediate development of the undeveloped resources of the country. I believe that our particular ideas, social, moral, religious, and political, have demonstrated, by virtue of the progress we have made and the character of people that we are, that we have the highest ideals of any member of the human family or any nation. We have demonstrated the fact that the human family, certainly the predominant breed in America, can govern themselves by a direct government of the people. If this Government shall fail, it shall fail by virtue of the terrible law of inherited tendency. Those who come from the nations which from time immemorial have been under the dictation of a master fall more easily by the law of inheritance and the inertia\(^3\) of habit into a condition of political servitude than the descendants of those who cleared the forests, conquered the savage, stood at arms and won their liberty from their mother country, England.

I think we now have sufficient population in our country for us to shut the door and to breed up a pure, unadulterated American citizenship. I recognize that there is a dangerous lack of distinction between people of a certain nationality and the breed of the dog. Who is an American? Is he an immigrant from Italy? Is he an immigrant from Germany? If you were to go abroad and some one were to meet you and say, “I met a typical American,” what would flash into your mind as a typical American, the typical representative of that new Nation? Would it be the son of an Italian immigrant, the son of a German immigrant, the son of any of the breeds from the Orient, the son of the denizens of Africa? We must not get our ethnological distinctions mixed up with out anthropological distinctions. It is the breed of the dog in which I am interested. I would like for the Members of the Senate to read that book just recently published by Madison Grant, The Passing of a Great Race. Thank God we have in America perhaps the largest percentage of any country in the world of the pure, unadulterated Anglo-Saxon stock; certainly the greatest of any nation in the Nordic breed. It is for the preservation of that splendid stock that has characterized us that I would make this not an asylum for the oppressed of all countries, but a country to assimilate\(^4\) and perfect that splendid type of manhood that has made America the foremost Nation in her progress and in her power, and yet the youngest of all the nations. I myself believe that the preservation of her institutions depends upon us now taking counsel with our condition and our experience during the last World War.

[5] Without offense, but with regard to the salvation of our own, let us shut the door and assimilate what we have, and let us breed pure American citizens and develop our own American resources. I am more in favor of that than I am of our quota proposition. Of course, it may not meet the approbation of the Senate that we shall shut the door—which I unqualifiedly and unreservedly believe to be our duty—and develop what we have, assimilate and digest what we have into pure Americans, with American aspirations, and thoroughly familiar with the love of American institutions, rather than the importation of any number of men from other countries. If we may not have that, then I am in favor of putting the quota down to the lowest possible point, with every selective element in it that may be.

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2. **Exploit (verb):** to make full use of; to benefit fully from
3. **Inertia (noun):** a tendency to do nothing and remain unchanged; inactivity
4. **Assimilate (verb):** to conform to the customs, attitudes, and habits of a group or nation
The great desideratum\(^5\) of modern times has been education not alone book knowledge, but that education which enables men to think right, to think logically, to think truthfully, men equipped with power to appreciate the rapidly developing conditions that are all about us, that have converted the world in the last 50 years into a brand new world and made us masters of forces that are revolutionizing production. We want men not like dumb, driven cattle from those nations where the progressive thought of the times has scarcely made a beginning and where they see men as mere machines; we want men who have an appreciation of the responsibility brought about by the manifestation of the power of that individual. We have not that in this country to-day. We have men here to-day who are selfishly utilizing the enormous forces discovered by genius, and if we are not careful as statesmen, if we are not careful in our legislation, these very masters of the tremendous forces that have been made available to us will bring us under their domination and control by virtue of the power they have in multiplying their wealth.

We are struggling to-day against the organized forces of man's brain multiplied a million times by materialized thought in the form of steam and electricity as applied in the everyday affairs of man. We have enough in this country to engage the brain of every lover of his country in solving the problems of a democratic government in the midst of the imperial power that genius is discovering and placing in the hands of man. We have population enough to-day without throwing wide our doors and jeopardizing the interests of this country by pouring into it men who willingly become the slaves of those who employ them in manipulating these forces of nature, and they few reap the enormous benefits that accrue therefrom.

We ought to Americanize not only our population but our forces. We ought to Americanize our factories and our vast material resources, so that we can make each contribute to the other and have an abundance for us under the form of the government laid down by our fathers.

The Senator from Georgia [Mr. Harris] has introduced an amendment to shut the door. It is not a question of politics. It is a question of maintaining that which has made you and me the beneficiaries of the greatest hope that ever burned in the human breast for the most splendid future that ever stood before mankind, where the boy in the gutter can look with confidence to the seat of the Presidency of the United States; where the boy in the gutter can look forward to the time when, paying the price of a proper citizen, he may fill a seat in this hall; where the boy to-day poverty-stricken, standing in the midst of all the splendid opportunities of America, should have and, please God, if we do our duty, will have an opportunity to enjoy the marvelous wealth that the genius and brain of our country is making possible for us all.

We do not want to tangle the skein\(^6\) of America's progress by those who imperfectly understand the genius of our Government and the opportunities that lie about us. Let up keep what we have, protect what we have, make what we have the realization of the dream of those who wrote the Constitution.

I am more concerned about that than I am about whether a new railroad shall be built or whether there shall be diversified farming next year or whether a certain coal mine shall be mined. I would rather see American citizenship refined to the last degree in all that makes America what we hope it will be than to develop the resources of America at the expense of the citizenship of our country. The time has come when we should shut the door and keep what we have for what we hope our own people to be.

\(^5\) something that is needed or wanted
\(^6\) a length of thread or yarn
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best describes a central idea of the text?
   A. America has not always been accepting of immigrants, due to fear of invasion.
   B. Technically, all Americans except the indigenous Native Americans are immigrants.
   C. Senator Ellison DuRant Smith, among others, believed that the one of the ways to improve American prosperity was to strictly regulate and decrease immigration.
   D. Immigration is as much an issue in the early 1900s as it is today.

2. PART B: Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “We had an experience just a few years ago, during the great World War, when it looked as though we had allowed influences to enter our borders that were about to melt the pot in place of us being the melting pot.” (Paragraph 1)
   B. “Those who come from the nations which from time immemorial have been under the dictation of a master fall more easily by the law of inheritance and the inertia of habit into a condition of political servitude than the descendants of those who cleared the forests, conquered the savage, stood at arms and won their liberty from their mother country, England.” (Paragraph 3)
   C. “The great desideratum of modern times has been education not alone book knowledge, but that education which enables men to think right, to think logically, to think truthfully....” (Paragraph 6)
   D. “I would rather see American citizenship refined to the last degree in all that makes America what we hope it will be than to develop the resources of America at the expense of the citizenship of our country. The time has come when we should shut the door and keep what we have for what we hope our own people to be.” (Paragraph 11)

3. In paragraph 2, how does the senator justify his position that undeveloped land should not be used to sustain the life of immigrants?
   A. He proposes that the undeveloped land be set aside and used by current Americans and their future generations.
   B. He proposes that this undeveloped land be set aside for Native American reservations.
   C. He proposes that this undeveloped land be set aside as reserved as it is for the betterment of the environment.
   D. He proposes that this undeveloped land be used only by the new, current immigrants.
4. PART A: Consider the senator’s word choice in reference to non-white people. What is the effect of this word choice?
   A. The senator compares non-white people to different breeds of dogs, thus degrading them to animals and the idea of breeding.
   B. The senator describes non-white people as hoards and their large populations as a threat to the economic stability of the country.
   C. The senator describes non-white people as easy to assimilate, or conform, into the larger American culture.
   D. The senator describes non-white in a few derogatory ways, notably comparing them to animals and slaves.

5. PART B: Which of the following quotes best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “We have been called the melting pot of the world.” (Paragraph 1)
   B. “We want men not like dumb, driven cattle from those nations where the progressive thought of the times has scarcely made a beginning and where they see men as mere machines....” (Paragraph 6)
   C. “We have population enough to-day without throwing wide our doors and jeopardizing the interests of this country by pouring into it men....” (Paragraph 7)
   D. “We do not want to tangle the skein of America’s progress by those who imperfectly understand the genius of our Government and the opportunities that lie about us” (Paragraph 10)
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. This bill passed with only six dissenting votes. What does this say about American prewar mentality?

2. How do you think this speech was received in the senate? Explain your answer.

3. Do you think that the passing of this bill perpetuated prejudice? Explain your answer.

4. What are the effects of prejudice? Use evidence from this text, your own experience, and other art, literature, or history in your answer.
The Journalist
By J. Patrick Lewis
2013

J. Patrick Lewis is the author of more than fifty books of poetry for children. “The Journalist” is a tribute poem to award-winning Asian American journalist, Helen Zia, which is featured in Lewis’s 2013 book When Thunder Comes: Poems for Civil Rights Leaders. In this poem, the speaker describes how she uses journalism to address social issues. As you read, take notes on the figurative language the poet uses to reveal the speaker’s perspective.

[1] I am a woman with a foreign face —
Apple-pie American (born Chinese).
Nothing I do will ever hide my race.
Nothing I am bears those parentheses.

[5] I wield\(^1\) a pen, this fine and fearless sword,
To open doors for which there are no keys.
The written word’s the law, the law’s the word.
No one I know deserves parentheses.

The newspaper I work for is the place
[10] I bring these hate-crime\(^2\) villains to their knees —
Writing the wrongs that plague the human race.
Nothing I am wears those parentheses.

Whenever foreign faces take the stand
Against injustice, fear deadens\(^3\) their pleas.

Nothing we are, chained by parentheses.

That foreign face, my countryman, is you,
Whose ancestors once settled overseas.
Congratulations, you are foreign too,
[20] Though seldom have you worn parentheses.

*The Journalist* from When Thunder Comes by J. Patrick Lewis. Copyright © 2013 by J. Patrick Lewis. Used with permission. All rights reserved.

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1. **Wield** (verb): to use a weapon or tool effectively
2. a type of crime that occurs when someone targets a victim because of prejudice against the victim's race, religion, disability, or other membership to a social group
3. **Deaden** (verb): to make less energetic or active; to weaken
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which statement best expresses a theme in the poem? [RL.2]
   A. The responsibility of a journalist is to provide solutions to social and political concerns in a society.
   B. People who are not in influential positions are afraid to challenge America and have the tendency to ask powerful people to represent them.
   C. Americans have abandoned the original principles of welcoming immigrants because they do not respect other cultures.
   D. Despite discrimination in America, immigrants are not powerless and they have the capacity to create social change.

2. PART B: Which detail from the poem best supports the answer to PART A? [RL.1]
   A. “Against injustice, fear deadens their pleas” (Line 14)
   B. “Nothing we are, chained by parentheses.” (Line 16)
   C. “That foreign face, my countryman, is you” (Line 17)
   D. “Though seldom have you worn parentheses.” (Line 20)

3. How does the phrase “Apple-pie American (born Chinese)” in stanza 1 contribute to the speaker’s tone toward her experience in America? [RL.4]
   A. It creates a confused tone by highlighting how the speaker identifies with two different cultures.
   B. It introduces the poem with a critical tone to show how Chinese people are not considered equal to Americans.
   C. It develops a regretful tone because the speaker abandoned her Chinese identity to adopt American customs.
   D. It establishes a humorous tone because the speaker is amused by the way Americans view Chinese people.

4. How does stanza 5 contribute to the meaning of the poem? [RL.5]
   A. It points out the irony that descendants of immigrants discriminate against people who migrate to America today.
   B. It suggests that Chinese immigrants are more patriotic than people born in America.
   C. It argues that people should not be judged by their race because no one can change their ancestry.
   D. It explains how the speaker chooses to handle racial prejudice in America.
5. How does the speaker’s use of repetition contribute to the overall message of the poem? Cite evidence from the poem to support your answer.
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. “The Journalist” is written from the perspective of a woman who is a Chinese American journalist, but the author of the poem is a European American man. What is the role of a writer’s identity in the work they produce? How does knowledge about an author’s background shape how you view their work, especially when they are writing about someone from a different background?

2. This poem reveals the journalist’s bias in her reporting. Is her bias justified? What is the responsibility of a journalist?

3. The last stanza of the poem addresses the irony that many Americans reject immigrants, but they are descendants of immigrants. What does it mean to be American? Why do you think this contradiction exists?

4. The poet uses parentheses as a metaphor for oppression and marginalization. When have you or someone you know felt like someone did not respect a part of your identity? How does this poem relate to that experience?
The New Colossus
By Emma Lazarus
1883

Emma Lazarus (1849-1887) was a Jewish American poet, best known for her sonnet “The New Colossus.” This poem is currently engraved on a bronze plaque and displayed on the Statue of Liberty’s pedestal. The statue stands across from the historic Ellis Island, through which millions of immigrants came into the U.S. in the late 1800s and early 1900s. As you read, take notes on how the poem describes and portrays the Statue of Liberty.

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame, with conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of Exiles.
From her beacon-hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
“Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” cries she
With silent lips.
“Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!”

1. made of brass
2. This is a reference to the Colossus of Rhodes: a statue of the Greek god Helios, god of the sun. This statue was built in Rhodes, Greece, in 280 BCE to celebrate victory in war. It was one of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World.
3. a reference to electricity
4. Exile (noun): the state of being forced to leave one’s native country; someone who leaves their native country
5. splendid display; an old term for great pride
6. Refuse (noun): something thrown away or rejected as worthless; trash
7. Tempest (noun): a violent, windy storm
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. PART A: Which of the following best describes a theme of the poem?
   A. Immigrants flock to America mainly for safety concerns.
   B. America values welcoming immigrants with open arms.
   C. Immigrants forget their old customs when they come to America.
   D. People who immigrate to new countries must work hard and have strong resilience.

2. PART B: Which of the following lines best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame, / With conquering limbs astride” (Lines 1-2)
   B. “Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand / A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame / Is the imprisoned lightning” (Lines 3-5)
   C. “her mild eyes command / The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame” (Lines 7-8)
   D. “Give me your tired, your poor, / Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, / The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.” (Lines 10-12)

3. PART A: What is the effect of calling the Statue of Liberty the “Mother of Exiles” in line 6?
   A. It emphasizes how fearsome the statue stands in the harbor, guarding America and its citizens from outside threats as a mother would protect a child.
   B. It portrays the statue as both maternal and protective of immigrants, welcoming them into the U.S. and promising to provide for them.
   C. It highlights how the majority of Americans came to the U.S. because they were exiled, or thrown out, of their previous countries.
   D. It emphasizes the statue’s meek appearance, unlike the appearances of other mightier statues.

4. PART B: Which quote from the poem best supports the answer to Part A?
   A. “Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame, / With conquering limbs astride” (Lines 1-2)
   B. “Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand / A mighty woman with a torch” (Lines 3-4)
   C. “From her beacon-hand / Glows world-wide welcome” (Lines 6-7)
   D. “her mild eyes command / The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.” (Lines 7-8)
5. Compare the lines “Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!” (Line 9) with “Give me your tired, your poor” (Line 11). How do these lines contribute to readers’ understanding of the Statue of Liberty’s character?

A. She wants to keep all wealthy immigrants from the “ancient lands” out of the U.S. because they will not work as hard as the poorer immigrants.

B. She is uninterested in receiving the old grandeur and riches of the “ancient lands” the immigrants come from and prefers to welcome those in need.

C. She does not want the new immigrants coming to the U.S. to bring their old customs with them from the “ancient lands,” as she prefers that they adapt to American culture.

D. She believes that America has enough wealth to offer immigrants, and that they do not need to bring more wealth over with them.

6. Consider the title of the poem. How do the differences between the Statue of Liberty and the Colossus “of Greek fame” (mentioned in line 1) develop the overall meaning of the poem? Cite evidence from the poem in your answer.
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. In your opinion, why did so many people immigrate to the United States?

2. Do you think that our country is as welcoming to immigrants as this poem implies? Explain your answer.

3. In the context of this poem, what makes America unique? Use evidence from this text, your own experience, and other art, literature or history in your answer.
The Rush of Immigrants
By USHistory.org
2016

This informational text discusses the tide of new immigration, from the beginning of the Gilded Age of economic growth in the 1870s to the anti-immigration policies put in place during the 1920s. While immigrants of the early 1800s often came from Western Europe, the new immigrants came from southern and eastern Europe, as well as Asia. As you read, note what separated the new immigrants from American society and culture.

Immigration is a central part of the American experience. Except for Native Americans, all United States citizens can claim some immigration experience for their ancestors, whether during prosperity or despair, brought by force or by choice. However, immigration to the United States reached its peak from 1880-1920.

The so-called “Old Immigration” up until the mid 1800s brought thousands of Irish and German people to the New World. But during the New Immigration boom, although those groups would continue to come, even greater ethnic diversity would grace America’s populace. Many would come from Southern and Eastern Europe, and some would come from as far away as Asia. New complexions, new languages, and new religions confronted the already diverse American mosaic.

The New Immigrants

Most immigrant groups that had formerly come to America by choice seemed distinct, but in fact had many similarities. Most had come from Northern and Western Europe. Most had some experience with representative democracy. With the exception of the Irish, most were Protestant. Many were literate, and some possessed a fair degree of wealth.

1. Prosperity (noun): success or wealth
2. Representative democracy is a form of government, in which the population votes for representatives to serve their interests in legislative, or law-making, branches of government.
3. Protestantism is a branch of Christianity that is distinct from Roman Catholicism and Eastern Orthodoxy. It has many subgroups.
4. Literate (adjective): able to read or write
The later groups arriving by the boatload in the Gilded Age\(^5\) were characterized by few of these traits. Their nationalities included Greek, Italian, Polish, Slovak, Serb, Russian, Croat, and others. Until cut off by federal decree, Japanese and Chinese settlers relocated to the American West Coast.\(^6\) None of these groups were predominantly Protestant.

The vast majority were Roman Catholic or Eastern Orthodox. However, due to increased persecution of Jews in Eastern Europe, many Jewish immigrants sought freedom from torment.\(^7\) Very few newcomers spoke any English, and large numbers were illiterate\(^8\) in their native tongues. None of these groups hailed from democratic regimes.\(^9\) The American form of government was as foreign as its culture.

The new American cities became the destination of many of the most destitute.\(^10\) Once the trend was established, letters from America from friends and family beckoned\(^11\) new immigrants to ethnic enclaves\(^12\) such as Chinatown, Greektown, or Little Italy. This led to an urban ethnic patchwork, with little integration.\(^13\) Most of the newcomers lived in run-down and overcrowded apartment buildings, called tenements, until they could save enough money for an upward move.

Despite the horrors of tenement housing and factory work, many agreed that the wages they could earn and the food they could eat surpassed their former realities. Still, as many as 25% of the European immigrants of this time never intended to become American citizens. These so-called “birds of passage” simply earned enough income to send to their families and returned to their former lives.

**Resistance to Immigration**

Not all Americans welcomed the new immigrants with open arms. While factory owners greeted the rush of cheap labor with zeal,\(^14\) laborers often treated their new competition with hostility.\(^15\) Many religious leaders were awestruck at the increase of non-Protestant believers. Racial purists\(^16\) feared the genetic outcome of the eventual pooling of these new bloods.

Gradually, these “nativists” lobbied successfully to restrict the flow of immigration. In 1882, Congress passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, barring this ethnic group in its entirety. Twenty-five years later, Japanese immigration was restricted by executive agreement.\(^17\) These two Asian groups were the only ethnicities to be completely excluded from America.

\(5\) The Gilded Age of American history lasted from the 1870s to 1900, and was an era marked by rapid economic growth and many social problems that were masked by the wealth of industrial and corporate leaders.

\(6\) The Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 prohibited the immigration of all Chinese laborers.

\(7\) Torment (noun): extreme physical or mental pain

\(8\) Illiterate (adjective): unable to read or write

\(9\) Regime (noun): a particular government

\(10\) Destitute (adjective): extremely poor

\(11\) Beckon (verb): to invite

\(12\) Enclave (noun): an area with people who are different in some way from the people in the areas around it

\(13\) Integration (noun): the mixing of people of different ethnicities

\(14\) Zeal (noun): enthusiasm

\(15\) Hostility (noun): hatred

\(16\) Racial purists believe that people of mixed ethnic backgrounds should not reproduce.

\(17\) An executive agreement is an international agreement made by the executive branch of government concerning foreign powers that does not require a treaty or ratification by the Senate.
Criminals, contract workers,\textsuperscript{18} the mentally ill, anarchists,\textsuperscript{19} and alcoholics were among groups to be gradually barred from entry by Congress. In 1917, Congress required the passing of a literacy test to gain admission. Finally, in 1924, the door was shut to millions by placing an absolute cap on new immigrants based on ethnicity. That cap was based on the United States population of 1890 and was therefore designed to favor the previous immigrant groups.

But millions had already come. During the age when the Statue of Liberty beckoned the world's "huddled masses yearning to breathe free," American diversity mushroomed. Each brought pieces of an old culture and made contributions to a new one. Although many former Europeans swore to their deaths to maintain their old ways of life, their children did not agree. Most enjoyed a higher standard of living than their parents, learned English easily, and sought American lifestyles. At least to that extent, America was a melting pot.

\textsuperscript{18} Contract workers are people who work with less commitment to their employer than a traditional employee, often getting paid for a certain amount of work rather than indefinite employment.

\textsuperscript{19} Anarchists are those who support anarchy, or the absence of government and absolute freedom of the individual.
Text-Dependent Questions

Directions: For the following questions, choose the best answer or respond in complete sentences.

1. Which of the following best identifies the central idea of this text? [RI.2]
   A. America became more of a melting pot as people embraced their differences from one another and celebrated their heritage.
   B. America has struggled with its identity as a melting pot due to cultural differences and anti-immigration policies.
   C. America fails to be a melting pot because people who do not learn English cannot integrate with American citizens.
   D. America is not a melting pot because many immigrants never considered themselves American, but only wanted to go to America for a time to make money.

2. What does the phrase “melting pot” in paragraph 11 imply about American culture? [RI.4]
   A. American culture is formed as white Americans steal facets from other cultures without their consideration.
   B. American culture completely destroys differences between cultures until everyone is exactly the same in their daily lifestyles.
   C. American culture fears that which is different from it.
   D. American culture requires those who are different to assimilate, or adopt the ways of American culture such as language and lifestyle.

3. PART A: Which statement best describes how Americans responded to the arrival of new immigrants, according to the text? [RI.3]
   A. Americans rejected the new immigrants because they were so poor and did not contribute to the economy.
   B. Americans accepted the new immigrants because they brought new, interesting cultural elements to American culture.
   C. Americans accepted some immigrants and rejected others often out of fear of losing jobs to their cheap labor.
   D. Americans rejected all immigrants because they felt that they were not contributing to society.

4. PART B: Which phrase from the text best supports your answer to Part A? [RI.1]
   A. "While factory owners greeted the rush of cheap labor with zeal, laborers often treated their new competition with hostility." (Paragraph 8)
   B. "Gradually, these 'nativists' lobbied successfully to restrict the flow of immigration." (Paragraph 9)
   C. "These two Asian groups were the only ethnicities to be completely excluded from America." (Paragraph 9)
   D. "Criminals, contract workers, the mentally ill, anarchists, and alcoholics were among groups to be gradually barred from entry by Congress." (Paragraph 10)
5. How does the author develop the idea that life was difficult for the new immigrants coming to live the “American Dream?” Provide evidence from the text in your answer.
Discussion Questions

Directions: Brainstorm your answers to the following questions in the space provided. Be prepared to share your original ideas in a class discussion.

1. How does the story of these immigrants relate to the varied experiences American immigrants have today? Do you think America has grown more or less accepting of immigrants today?

2. America claims that it is the great melting pot. Do you agree? How has America acted in support and in defiance of this characterization?

3. What do you believe would be the most challenging aspect of moving to a foreign country where you speak a different language, practice an uncommon religion, eat different food, have different clothes, or have little money?