Word mastery in oral reading: telling versus sounding of unknown words, in grade three.

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Thesis

WORD MASTERY IN ORAL READING: TELLING VERSUS SOUNDING
OF UNKNOWN WORDS, IN GRADE THREE

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Further, we wish to thank sincerely Mrs. Verne Blackwell, Mrs. Leland Hiltz, Miss Elizabeth Cassidy, and Miss Mary McAuliffe, who took an active part in presenting the actual material of this study to the children in their classrooms.
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Since oral reading is of vital concern in the primary grades, it is essential to discover effective methods of utilizing the time devoted to the teaching of this subject. Most of the reading at the primary grade level is presented through basal reading systems. It is important to evaluate the procedures suggested in the various manuals. This study is an attempt to determine whether children retain formally presented vocabulary better when they must "sound it out" in oral reading, or when they are "told" each time they miss it in oral reading.

It is one part of a group project at all elementary levels. The research chapter will be found in the volume by Jennings, Virginia, et al, 1959.

PLAN OF STUDY

The Problem:

The problem involved in this study is a means of determining whether children retain formally presented vocabulary better when they must "sound it out" every word each time one is missed in oral reading, or whether they retain it better when they are told an unknown word immediately in oral reading. To this end, it is necessary to present material in which the vocabulary words to be tested are new to each child,
and is presented in a new situation. In this way, it would be possible to control the presentation, the oral reading, and the testing of these words in a situation where only the methods of attacking unknown words in oral reading would be the variable factor.

With a group of six persons working on this problem at the third grade level, each person made an effort to accumulate a list of twenty words which they felt would be new and beyond the reading and speaking vocabulary of all third grade children to be used in the study. These words, phonetic and non-phonetic, were selected from such sources as the Grade VI Basal Reader, Row Peterson Series, the Grade VI Basal Reader of the Scott-Foresman Series, and the Grade II Basal Reader of the Ginn and Company Series. These words were checked against a list of the spontaneous speaking vocabulary of children in the primary grades to be sure they were not on this list.

The lists were discussed by the group and the value of each on the basis of its respective merits. The final list included varied parts of speech, colorful and abstract words as well as some phonetic and non-phonetic. An effort was made to get a variety of words which could be combined together in some way in a story theme. This list follows:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Expedition</th>
<th>Radiator</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Martian</td>
<td>Shrink</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canyon</td>
<td>Tambourine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sombrero</td>
<td>Cord</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coyotes</td>
<td>Devote</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pneumonia</td>
<td>Faucet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exaggerated</td>
<td>Jealous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Designer</td>
<td>Muscle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Competition</td>
<td>Moustache</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circular</td>
<td>Ornament</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Equipment</td>
<td>Taffeta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extremely</td>
<td>Fascinate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruin</td>
<td>Hesitate</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saucer</td>
<td>Phantom</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Farewell</td>
<td>Cinder</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sphere</td>
<td>Wretched</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanza</td>
<td>Heavenly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tender</td>
<td>Hubbub</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vagabond</td>
<td>Tragic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depleted</td>
<td>Barometer</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
As an informal test of these words, they were presented to a boy in the third grade who is an above average student. As a result of this, only ten of the original words were found to be beyond his vocabulary. With this in mind, another list was compiled, tested, and found to be above the child's level. This was an acceptable basis of judgment, since the child was a very superior student. These forty words were the final vocabulary selected for presentation. This list is as follows:

Stagecoach  Gobblestone 
Pheasants  Exaggerate  
Mercury  Vagabond  
Legend  Logical  
Extraordinary  Century  
Depleted  Disaster  
Pedestrians  Obstacles  
Spectacles  Colliding  
Graceful  Ballerina  
Lynx  Magnificent  
Tumult  Tambourine  
Expedition  Martian  
Promenade  Speculation  
Bologna  Ukelele  
Unique  Versatile  
Canyon  Stranded  
Carnival  Ruin  
Retrieve  Anticipate  
Spaghetti  Percipitous  
Silhouette  Limp  

The forty words were divided into groups of "two's" which seemed to be easily combined. For example, "canyon" and "stranded" seemed to lend themselves to a certain type of theme. Since twenty stories were necessary, lots were drawn to decide which members of the group would be called upon to
write three stories, and which members would write four. This decided, each selected their groups of words and wrote stories of about 500 words using two of these words in each story.

The stories to be written were to contain words that would be known to the children with the exception of the two to be taught. In this way, the "load" of two words per day would be far below the accepted norm for the third grade, and therefore would not be a burden to even the slow learner. When they were completed, they were brought together, discussed and criticized on the basis of their vocabulary, length, and content. This having been checked, they were then mimeographed, and placed in groups of five stories in an order allowing for variety and interest in each group of five. They were then put together in booklet form, five stories for each week. The two brads were used to fasten the booklets which were covered with either oaktag or construction paper for facility in handling. A copy of the stories may be found in the appendix.

Two charts were constructed to schedule the stories on a rotating pattern, and to list the words presented in each story. In choosing the rotation pattern, for the four week period, thought was given to the variability of teaching in each group exposed to the study. To counteract this, each group became a "check upon itself", since one week's stories
were presented to the unknown words being told, while the next week's stories were presented to the same group and they were expected to "sound" each unknown word. The following chart shows the actual rotation of the stories:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>First Week</th>
<th>Third Week</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. The Lost Home</td>
<td>1. The Restless Tambourine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Driver Jack</td>
<td>2. The Mouse In The Moon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Pheasants In The Yard</td>
<td>3. Patty's Promenade</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Mercury</td>
<td>4. The Bologna Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Flying Saucer</td>
<td>5. The Animal Fair</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Second Week</th>
<th>Fourth Week</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. Susan's Surprise</td>
<td>1. Pico Pete</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Golden Arrow</td>
<td>2. The Carnival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. The Turnpike</td>
<td>4. The King's Spaghetti Dinner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. A Hunting Adventure</td>
<td>5. The Wanderers</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Since the schedule was established, it was necessary to decide upon a method of presentation which would be suitable in each classroom. It was decided that since it should be kept as much as possible like the classroom's usual routine, each teacher would present the two unknown words in the manner in which vocabulary was generally presented in her own classroom. The only restriction would be that added practice outside the actual reading of the stories would not be given. In this way, although the presentation of the vocabulary might well vary, the practice given in each case would remain constant.

Another factor to be considered was the amount of
time allowed for the actual reading of each story. A time limit of ten minutes was set up on each story since the variance in length of each was insignificant. With this time limit in mind, it was essential to determine a time limit for the opportunity given for a child to sound a word. It was recognized that it was entirely possible that if one child were allowed to struggle through a section, he could conceivably use the entire ten minutes. It was decided, therefore, to limit the time allowed for the sounding of unknown words to ten seconds per word. The teacher would provide as much help in this procedure as was customary, relying upon phonetic concepts with the child’s knowledge. Should the group fail to complete the story in the ten minutes as a result of time spent "sounding", the teacher would then have the children close the booklets and would complete the story herself so that it would not be a frustrating experience even for the slower learners. Further decisions involved included the acceptance of a plan to allow a review of the words taught on the previous day. There was to be no review on Friday preceding the weekly quiz.

On Friday, using the chart constructed for the recording of recognition of the words, the teacher was to use flash cards to check the recognition. Each child was to be tested individually, to determine knowledge and recognition of the words taught for the week. Shown the flash card, the
child was given five seconds to pronounce the word correctly. If at the end of the five seconds this could not be done successfully, the child was told the word, but not given a check on the chart for recognition of the word. As a result of these charts, kept carefully each week telling the words and whether the "sound" or "tell" method was used in oral reading, an accurate record was available showing which words the child missed, when he was absent, and whether the words had been practiced under the "sound" or "tell" method. A copy may be found on the next page.

It was necessary, however, to construct some means of testing the child's retention of these words after a period of time had passed. To fit this, a test was constructed designed to test the child's ability to respond to meaning. In each case, the child was told the meaning of the word, as it had been presented, and was asked to circle it in a group of four. In this way, the response to meaning and the ability to recognize the word would be tested with little "guessing" possible since there were four choices. For example, the teacher would say, "Circle the word in row one which is a kind of meat." The child would be expected to circle the word "bologna". The complete test is available in the appendix.

It was decided that this was to be given on the Friday following the final week of actual presentation. In
# SCHEDULE

## PRESENTATION OF MATERIAL

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WEEK NUMBER</th>
<th>1</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>3</th>
<th>4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>M. L. Hood</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>1-5 sound</td>
<td>6-10 tell</td>
<td>11-15 sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II</td>
<td>1-5 tell</td>
<td>6-10 sound</td>
<td>11-15 tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. O'Neil</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>6-10 sound</td>
<td>1-5 tell</td>
<td>16-20 sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II</td>
<td>6-10 tell</td>
<td>1-5 sound</td>
<td>16-20 tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Dee</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>11-15 sound</td>
<td>16-20 sound</td>
<td>1-5 sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II</td>
<td>11-15 tell</td>
<td>16-20 tell</td>
<td>1-5 tell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. Rand</td>
<td>I</td>
<td>D16-20 sound</td>
<td>D11-15 tell</td>
<td>D6-10 sound</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>II</td>
<td>R16-20 tell</td>
<td>R11-15 sound</td>
<td>R6-10 tell</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

- Total presentation time per story: 10 minutes
- Total time allowed on each word: 10 seconds
- Individual test - end of each week
- Final test Friday after last presentation
| WORDS PRACTICED | spectacles | colliding | stagecoach | cobblestone | Mercury | Vagabond | Pheasant | Exaggerate | Logical | Legend |
|-----------------|------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|---------|---------|----------|------------|---------|
| Allen           |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Goldstein       |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Hyler           |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Kelly           |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Lang            |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Parker          |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Silver          |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Swartz          |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
| Wayne           |            |           |             |             |         |         |          |            |         |        |
this way, time would have elapsed and a delayed test would show actual learning of the words. When this was completed, it would be possible to determine by the number of correct responses whether the child benefitted more from the "sound" or the "tell" procedure since this would be the only variable. It would make no difference which actual words were missed since it was the procedure to be evaluated and not the individual words.

Having completed this, and compiled the scores of the individual weeks, results could be observed, and possibly some trend indicated.

POPULATION

In the final analysis, there were eight classrooms either wholly or partially involved in this study. These eight classes were located in four cities and towns in eastern Massachusetts, representing a cross-section of environmental factors, intelligence, and achievement. One city involved is an immediate suburb of Boston, in a poorer socio-economic district of an otherwise well-to-do city. Two others are towns on the fringe of the suburban area, of moderate income, and providing children of fairly standard environmental factors. The last is an industrial city in southeastern Massachusetts where the children come to the school with a bi-lingual background and socio-economic back-
grounds which are below average. Six of these eight classes are instructed in reading in the common manner in which the teacher of the class instructs all the groups in reading within her own classroom. Two classes involved function under a system of homogeneous grouping in reading. As a total, there are 178 children involved in this study.

Within this group, the chronological age covers a range of over four years, with the older children involved being "repeaters" at the third grade level, and with the youngest child being one who did not pass through the second grade. A chart of a breakdown of this number into chronological age groups is found directly below. These ages are given as of October 1, 1958.

**TABLE I**

**CHART OF CHRONOLOGICAL AGE**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Months</th>
<th>Number of Children</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>88-92</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>93-97</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>98-102</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>103-107</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>108-112</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>113-117</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>118-122</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>123-127</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>128-132</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| Total    | 178                |
Although there appears to be an indication that I.Q. is not the most important factor in success in reading, it is necessary to determine the span and the breakdown of this group according to their I.Q. These I.Q.'s listed are results of scores obtained from group intelligence tests - Kuhlman-Finch, Pintner Durost, California, and Otis Mental Quick Scoring. The breakdown of these are listed directly below.

**TABLE II**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>I.Q. Range</th>
<th>Count</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>150-159</td>
<td>(3)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>140-149</td>
<td>(7)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>130-139</td>
<td>(11)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>120-129</td>
<td>(27)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>110-119</td>
<td>(42)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100-109</td>
<td>(42)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90-99</td>
<td>(26)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80-89</td>
<td>(16)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>70-79</td>
<td>(4)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Since the teaching done and the practice given was done according to groups, it is necessary also to indicate the division of the population into reading groups. Although divided into three groups, it must be kept in mind that the level of achievement for each group naturally varies with
each class and each system involved. The breakdown, however, is listed directly below.

TABLE III

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Group I</th>
<th>Group II</th>
<th>Group III</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Very Good-Excellent</td>
<td>Average-Good</td>
<td>Poor-Fair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>72</td>
<td>54</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These breakdowns would appear to be sufficient description of the population, since these are the factors which may effect the variable being observed and tested.

The tests results were analyzed and the results are presented in the following chapter.
CHAPTER II
ANALYSIS OF DATA

In the breakdown of this data, it was necessary to analyze the scores of the entire group on the basis of the weekly and final tests. Also, it was necessary to analyze findings in regard to reading groups, since these were the units in which the words were taught. The following Tables indicate these results and their relationships to one another.

Table IV shows the results of the weekly scores of the "sound" and "tell" words as recorded from the entire population tested.
### TABLE IV

RESULTS OF WEEKLY SCORES OF SOUND AND TELL WORDS AT THE THIRD GRADE LEVEL AS RECORDED FROM FOUR GROUPS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th><strong>SOUND</strong></th>
<th></th>
<th><strong>TELL</strong></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Number of Words Correct</td>
<td>Number of Children Receiving Score</td>
<td>Number of Words Correct</td>
<td>Number of Children Receiving Score</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>47</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>21</td>
<td>19</td>
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<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>178</strong></td>
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<td><strong>178</strong></td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MEAN**: 15.73  
**MEAN**: 16.07

**S.D.**: 4.64  
**S.D.**: 4.37  
**S.D.**<sub>M</sub>: .39  
**S.D.**<sub>M</sub>: .32  
**DIFF.**: .34  
**SE<sub>D</sub>**: .51  
**C.R.**: .66

There were 178 children in the entire population from the four different communities. As a result of recording their weekly scores on both "sound" and "tell" method of practice, the means of these two scores may be compared. The mean score for the "sound words" correct was 15.73, and
for the "tell" words 16.07. The critical ratio of .66 shows the difference is not statistically significant.
Table V indicates the scores received by the entire population on the delayed test of the "sound" and "tell" words.

**TABLE V**

RESULTS OF DELAYED TEST SCORES OF SOUND AND TELL WORDS AT THE THIRD GRADE LEVEL AS RECORDED FROM FOUR GROUPS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOUND</th>
<th>TELL</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>Number of Words</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Correct</td>
<td>Correct</td>
</tr>
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<td>20</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<tr>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

MEAN: 16.55  
S.D. 4.62  
S.D. 4.51  
DIFF. .16

Sixty-four of the 178 children involved received perfect scores on the "sound" words and 59 children received perfect scores on the "tell" words. The mean score for the
"sound" was 16.55, compared with 16.39 for "tell". Since the difference between these two score results is only .16, and the critical ratio is .33, no significant difference can be noted.
Table VI shows the results of the weekly scores of the children in the Group I reading groups in the four communities on the "sound" and "tell" words correct.

**TABLE VI**

RESULTS OF WEEKLY SCORES OF SOUND AND TELL WORDS AT THE GROUP I LEVEL OF THIRD GRADES AS RECORDED FROM FOUR GROUPS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sound</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>20</td>
<td>37</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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</tr>
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</table>

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Tell</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
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<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>72</td>
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</table>

**MEAN: 18.60**  **MEAN: 18.57**

**S.D. 2.51**  **S.D. 1.80**  **DIFF. 0.03**

**S.D. M. 30**  **S.D. M. 21**  **S.D. M. 21**

**SE. 0.35**  **C.R. 0.09**

Of the 72 children in the top reading groups of these communities, 37 received perfect scores on the "sound" words, while 36 received perfect scores on the "tell" words. The mean for the "sound" was 18.60, for the "tell" 18.57. The critical ratio of .06 indicates that there is no diff-
ference, statistically significant, between the score results.
Table VII indicates the scores received by the children in the Group I reading groups of the four communities on the delayed test of the "sound" and "tell" words.

Table VII

RESULTS OF DELAYED TEST SCORES OF SOUND AND TELL WORDS AT THE GROUP I LEVEL OF THE THIRD GRADES AS RECORDED FROM FOUR GROUPS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SOUND</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
<th>TELL</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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</tbody>
</table>

MEAN: 18.61
S.D. 2.71  S.D. M 32

MEAN: 18.81
S.D. 2.15  S.D. M 25

Of the 72 children in this selected group, 39 received perfect scores on the "sound" words on the delayed test, while 37 received perfect scores on the "tell" words. The mean of these two series of scores was equally close, 18.61
for the "sound" and 18.81 for the "tell". With a difference of only .20 between these two it is obvious that the critical ratio of .50 is not statistically significant.
Table VIII is the tabulation of the scores received by the children in the Reading Group II on the weekly "sound" and "tell" tests of the forty words.

<table>
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<th>SOUND</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
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<th>TELL</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
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**MEAN:** 15.41  
**MEAN:** 15.94  
**S.D.** 4.24  
**S.D.** 3.61  
**S.D. M** .58  
**S.D. M** .49  
**DIFF.** .53  
**SE** .75  
**C.R.** .71

With 54 of the total 178 children falling into this "good" reading group, the mean of this group in "sound" words was 15.41. Their mean for "tell" words was 15.94. The critical ratio of .71 as a result of these close means shows the difference between the scores is not statistically significant.
Table IX is a tabulation of the scores received by the children in the second reading groups in the four communities on the delayed testing of the "sound" and "tell" words.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Sound</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
<th>Tell</th>
<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
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</table>

Mean: 17.06 Mean: 16.83
S.D. 3.51 S.D. M 0.48
S.D. 3.43 S.D. M 0.47
Diff. 23

The mean of the scores of the delayed test of the "sound" words was 17.06, while for the "tell" it was 16.83. Again, since the difference was only .23, the critical ratio of .34 is not statistically significant.
Table X shows the results of the weekly scores of "sound" and "tell" words at the Group III level.

<table>
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<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MEAN:** 12.19  
**MEAN:** 12.43  
**S.D.: 4.90**  
**S.D.: 5.02**  
**S.D.M.: 0.68**  
**S.D.M.: 0.70**  
**DIFF.: 0.24**  
**C.R.: 0.25**  

Although these children were considered to be the "poor" to "fair" readers their mean score on the weekly "sound" was 12.19, and for the "tell" was 12.43. The difference indicated by the critical ratio of .25 is not statistically significant.
Table XI shows the results of the delayed test scores of the "sound" and "tell" words at the Group II level.

### TABLE XI

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<th>Number of Words Correct</th>
<th>Number of Children Receiving Score</th>
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</thead>
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**MEAN:** 13.17  
**MEAN:** 12.58  
**S.D.** 5.38  
**S.D.** 5.60  
**S.D. M** 74  
**S.D. M** 78  
**DIFF.** .59  
**SE <sub>D</sub>** 1.01  
**C.R.** .42

Of the 52 children which fall in the Group III category, 11 had perfect scores on the delayed "sound" test, and 8 had perfect scores on the "tell" delayed test. The mean for the "sound" was 13.17, while it was 12.58 on the "tell" test.
critical ratio is not statistically significant.
Table XII is a listing of words by percentage of correct responses as recorded by weekly tests.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WORD</th>
<th>% GIVING CORRECT RESPONSES WHEN HAVING SOUNDED OUT THE WORDS</th>
<th>% GIVING CORRECT RESPONSES WHEN HAVING BEEN TOLD THE WORDS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. ballerina</td>
<td>96</td>
<td>90</td>
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<td>2. gracefully</td>
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<td>3. extraordinary</td>
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<td>78</td>
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<td>4. century</td>
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<td>72</td>
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<td>5. depleted</td>
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<td>6. disaster</td>
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<td>78</td>
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<td>7. pedestrian</td>
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<td>62</td>
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<td>8. obstacles</td>
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<td>89</td>
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<td>9. magnificent</td>
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<td>10. lynx</td>
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<td>11. stranded</td>
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<td>12. canyon</td>
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<td>16. anticipate</td>
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<td>17. precipitous</td>
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<td>18. spaghetti</td>
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<td>19. limp</td>
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<td>20. silhouette</td>
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<td>21. spectacles</td>
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<td>22. colliding</td>
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<td>23. stagecoach</td>
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<td>24. cobblestone</td>
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<td>25. pheasant</td>
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<td>26. exaggerate</td>
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<td>34. ukelele</td>
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<td>35. promenade</td>
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<td>37. Martian</td>
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<td>38. expedition</td>
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<td>39. tumult</td>
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<td>40. tambourine</td>
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As a result of a tabulation of the correct responses to each word the following facts were noted:

1. 22 words were learned by a high percentage by "sounding", and 16 words were learned by a higher percentage by "telling". Two words received the same percentage both ways.

2. The higher percentages of correct responses was found for the "sounding" method for bologna, 99%; 97% learning it by "tell".

3. In five cases the difference was more than 15%. Three of these were in favor of "sound", and two in favor of "tell".

4. The word receiving the lowest percentage of correct responses was periculous which received only 42% of correct responses "sounding". It received 54% of correct responses "telling".
CHAPTER III
SUMMARY AND CONCLUSIONS

The purpose of this study was to determine the effect upon retention of formally presented vocabulary when the child "sounded" every unknown word, and when he was told an unknown word immediately in oral reading. To obtain such information, a group of 178 third grade children in four communities varying in size, locale, and socio-economic background took part in a four week program designed to present forty vocabulary words in the following manner:

A. In a rotating pattern, twenty words were presented in ten stories in which the child "sounded" every unknown word ten seconds before being told the word. Since the vocabulary was based upon vocabulary already learned with the exception of the two new words per story, these were technically the only unknown words.

B. Fitting into this rotating pattern on the alternate weeks, twenty words were presented in ten stories in which the child was told unknown words immediately without being asked to "sound it out."

C. Oral recognition tests were given at the
end of each week (five stories, ten words per week) for retention of the ten words taught that week. Scores of these tests were recorded.

D. Delayed tests were given one week after the final series of ten words had been presented on the entire forty words in which the child was to respond to the meaning of the word by circling the printed word.

**CONCLUSIONS**

From this study, the following conclusions may be drawn:

1. There appears to be little difference in the number of words learned by either method.
   
   A. The mean for the entire population for the weekly "sound" was 15.73, compared with 16.07 words for "tell".
   
   B. The mean for the "sound" on the delayed for the entire population was 16.55 words compared with 16.39 for "tell".

2. The differences between reading groups were greater than the differences between the methods.
   
   A. The mean for the "sound" weekly for
Group I was 18.60 words as compared with 18.57 words on the "tell". The delayed test for this group indicated a mean of 18.61 words on the "sound", and 18.81 words on the "tell."

B. The "sound" mean for Group II was 15.41 words on the weekly as compared to 15.94 words on the "tell." On the delayed test, the mean for "sound" was 17.06 words, and the mean for "tell" was 16.83.

C. In Group III, the mean for the weekly "sound" was 12.19 words as compared with 12.43 for the "tell." On the delayed test, the mean for "sound" was 13.17; 12.58 words for the "tell".

3. There was not a consistent pattern between the scores on the weekly test and those on the delayed test, although the differences were not statistically significant.

4. The "sound" words appeared to receive a greater percentage of correct responses than the "tell" words. Only five words had a difference in percentage of fifteen. Canyon, Ruin, and Century favor "sound" by over this fifteen percent.
SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

The following are suggestions for further study in this problem area:

1. A group of testers should use this material at the same level on a larger population and compare results.

2. The time given for the oral reading of each selection should be determined according to the reading level of the individual group.

3. The material should be adjusted to the learning rate of each group rather than set for the entire population.
APPENDIX
THE KING'S SPAGHETTI DINNER

The king was in his royal throne room. He was cross. Forgetful Cook had forgotten something again. The king called the cook. Today he had forgotten to put apples in the pie. Yesterday, he had forgotten to put meat in the sandwiches.

The king's cook was a good cook, but forgetful. A forgetful cook would never do for a king's palace.

"You will have one last chance," roared the king. "Tonight I want a spaghetti dinner fit for my palace."

"Yes, Your Majesty," squealed the cook. "Oh Dear, oh Dear," Forgetful Cook said to his helpers. They felt sorry for the cook. He was a forgetful cook, but a good and kind cook. Everyone did love him.

Quickly they set to work. Big tall kettles were filled with water on the stove.

"We must have a delicious sauce.
That is the important thing for a spaghetti dinner," said cook.

The best meat was cooked, the best tomatoes, sugar and spices were mixed to make the sauce. Soon a delicious sauce smell filled the kitchen. The cook and his helpers took turns stirring the sauce carefully. It was almost time for dinner.

No one heard the whispering on the top shelf of the cupboard. Everyone was too busy.

"What about us?" squealed many little voices. The pieces of spaghetti were jumping around in excitement. "If he forgets us the king will have his head," said the longest and largest piece. We must do something."

"We must put ourselves into the water," said another. "How," cried a little voice. "We are on the top shelf. The boiling water is way down below on the stove."

"We would have to jump three shelves." "That is much too far," said another.

"Yes," they all said, "That would be a very perilous jump. We would be broken into
small pieces.

After whispering and talking, this is what happened. The canned peas, on the third shelf stepped out toward the edge of their shelf. The canned fruits on the second shelf did the same. The boxes of breakfast food on the first shelf did the same. This made steps from the fourth shelf down to the boiling water.

One by one the pieces of spaghetti jumped from shelf to can to box and into the water. This way the jumps were short.

All was ready to serve the king. The spaghetti was cooked and the sauce was hot.

The king was so pleased with the meal that he told the cook he could stay in the palace as long as he wanted.

This made everyone happy. The king, the cook, not even the cook's helpers ever knew who were the real helpers on the day of the king's spaghetti dinner. You do.
PHEASANTS IN THE YARD

Bobby Harper was eight years old and, until a little while ago, had lived all his life in the city. Now, he, his mother and father, and his little sister Judy were living in a new house in the country.

Judy and Bobby liked their new home. They had nice neighbors and plenty of room for playing.

One morning, they awoke to find it had snowed during the night. Quickly, Bobby ran to the window to see if there was enough snow for sliding. He noticed animal tracks in the backyard.

The tracks belonged to a beautiful cock pheasant who had come looking for food. The storm had covered the seeds he usually found on the ground. But, in Bobby's yard there was a bush that still had many berries left on it. That's where the pheasant was eating those berries.
Bobby called to his sister, "Come to the window, Judy, and see what we have in our own backyard."

"Why, it's just like the pheasants we saw at the City Zoo," said Judy. "Isn't he beautiful?"

Just then, another one came walking toward the bush from around the corner of the house. Now, there were two birds eating berries.

A few days later, Mrs. Harper had to go to the city to do some shopping. She took the children with her so that they could visit with their old friends Jack and Sally.

Bobby could hardly wait to tell his friends about the pheasants. He told about the tracks in the yard and the berries on the bush. Then, because Bobby liked to exaggerate, he said, "There must have been about ten of them!" He liked to watch the faces of his friends who had never seen live pheasants except at the zoo.

But then he looked at his sister. He didn't feel very proud when he watched her face. She knew there had been only two birds in the yard.
The next morning, Bobby waited for the pheasants again. Sure enough, the two were back at the bush eating. However, the berries were almost gone.

"Why don't you throw some small pieces of bread on the ground and see if they like it," said Mrs. Harper.

Bobby thought that was a good idea. But, as soon as he opened the door the pheasants scampered away. They returned, though, when he went into the house and things were quiet again.

The next morning there were four birds waiting to be fed. A week later there were seven.

Mrs. Harper bought a big bag of wild bird seed and each morning Judy and Bobby put feed in the yard. Each morning there were more birds waiting to be fed.

Soon, the children and Mrs. Harper will be visiting the city again. This time Bobby won't have to exaggerate when he says, "There are about nineteen pheasants that come into our yard each morning." It will be much more fun to tell the truth.
SPOT GOES ON A HUNT

Dr. Wolf's Dog Farm was very noisy this Saturday morning. Today was the day of the big hunt. People from far away were coming to Dr. Wolf's. They would be dressed in fine hunting clothes and would ride beautiful horses.

Everyone was happy except Spot. Spot was a small brown and white dog who lived in Dr. Wolf's house. Spot was the only dog who was not a retriever.

Spot had reason to be sad. Today the retrievers would be able to run in the woods all day long. When they came back to the farm they would have a big delicious dinner.

Spot would have to sit by the farm gate and wait. Poor Spot. A big dog farm was a lonely place when you were the only dog there.

Soon Spot lay down in the sun to rest. Oh, how he did wish he were a retriever. Spot had anticipated going on this hunt for a year. He had thought about it so much that he almost
believed he was going to go. All the anticipating in the world did not do any good. Only retrievers went on hunts and Spot was not a retriever.

"Perhaps another time," said Spot sadly. "Sniff, sniff, what is that strange smell?" Spot went slowly to the back of the large dog house. There to his surprise was the enemy of all the dogs. TOM CAT.

Tom Cat was a wild cat from the nearby forest. Tom Cat was more like a tiger than a cat. He was big and fierce. Once when he got into the dogs' home he scratched the dogs' eyes, ate their food and even tore down their beds. All the dogs were afraid of Tom Cat.

What was poor frightened Spot to do? Spot watched quietly as Tom Cat picked at the door. Slowly it swung open. Tom Cat crept in. Then he went to work. He scratched at the walls and was just about to finish the dog food when Spot started barking. Spot barked and barked. He barked so long and so loud that Tom Cat became frightened. All Spot knew was that he had
to scare Tom Cat away.

"If I do not, Tom Cat will spoil the dog house," thought Spot. Spot chased Tom Cat round and round, and finally out the door. Just then Mrs. Wolf came with her old broom. "Scat, Scat," she scolded as she chased Tom Cat away.

"Here Spot, here good dog," called Mrs. Wolf

"What a wonderful dog you are," she exclaimed. "Come into the house and have some delicious meat." Spot had never been treated like this before.

When Mr. Wolf returned home his wife told him all that had happened. Mr. Wolf was pleased with Spot.

"Well Spot," he said, "you certainly are a wonderful dog. You were so good at chasing an enemy I think you would be good at chasing the animal in our next hunt." Mr. Wolf continued, "You may not be able to retrieve the animal, but you can lead the retrievers to her."

Spot could hardly believe his ears. He was really going to go on a hunt.
PICO PETE

Pico Pete was a cowboy who lived in the West. He lived on King Ranch in Lost Canyon in Wyoming. He had a horse named Tom and a white pony named Stallion. He lived with his grandfather. His father and mother had died when he was eight years old. They were killed in a train wreck in Wyoming.

One day Pico Pete got a good supply of food and loaded Tom. He put his knapsack and gun on the saddle, too. He started out along the Black Trail. He wanted to observe his grandfather's cattle in the gully below. Sometimes rustlers would try to steal them.

Pico Pete thought about the ranch life as he rode along. He remembered that his grandfather said there might be trouble soon, for the water was getting low in the gully. They must decide what to do about this problem, as well as be ready for rustlers.
Sometimes Pico Pete thought he would like to visit a city in the East and see what a city boy does and walk on the sidewalks. But Pico Pete knew he would miss his horse and pony, as it would be impossible to ride them in a city. So he rode along quite happily.

"Hi-yi!" yelled another cowboy, pulling up out of a cloud of dust beside him.

Sam Jones rode by, galloping fast.

"Hi-yi!" returned Pico Pete. "Is the water rising?"

"No!" said Sam. "Follow me! I'm looking for a new water hole for my cattle!"

So Pico Pete joined Sam. He and Sam had grown up together in Lost Canyon. Sam could lasso any bronco easily. He was only ten but a strong young cowboy.

They galloped. A canyon loomed up in front of them.

"Let's look down there!" said Sam, pointing to a stream shining down below the canyon.

Pico Pete led his horse over the rocky narrow trail carefully.
Tom stumbled but then continued on the ledge, waiting for Pete’s directions.

Suddenly Sam shouted, "There’s no water there at all!"

Pico Pete said, "What? No water? Let’s turn back and head for home!"

Sam looked up at the sky. Dark clouds were gathering. He looked at Pico Pete and said, "We are stranded here, Pico Pete. Those clouds may mean a tornado."

Pico Pete said, "We will be safer here than up on the ledge."

"Right you are!" said Sam.

The two young cowboys tied their horses to a scrub tree in the canyon. They patted their horses. The horses whinnied. They pawed the ground. They knew something was wrong.

Suddenly a gust of wind swirled all around them. It was full of brown and yellow smoke.

"A tornado!" said the cowboys.

"It’s going around us," said Sam.

"Let’s ride back before a new one
comes!" said Pete.

They jumped on their horses and started back on the Black Trail toward their ranches in the valley. They galloped and galloped and galloped. Then they stopped to let the horses rest for a few minutes. However, it wasn't long for both cowboys were anxious to get home.

Soon they saw King Ranch in the distance. Pico Pete saw figures moving. He wondered if his grandfather had captured some rustlers.

Now they reached the rise in the land and were nearly home. Surely enough, there was Pico Pete's grandfather, his shot gun at his side, holding six rustlers. There was the sheriff, too.

"Did you boys find water?" he asked.

"No," they replied.

"Never mind as long as you were not stranded in the gully and escaped the winds," said the grandfather. He was glad to see his grandson safely home.

After the sheriff took the rustlers to the town jail, Sam had a supper of hot Mexican food and corncakes with Pico Pete and his grand-
father before an open fire. They were ready for
new adventure. When would it come again?
The afternoon was dark and dreary. The branches from the trees were trembling from the fierce wind.

Bang, a bolt of lightning flashed across the sky. Pitter, patter, pitter, patter came the rain. Boom, bang, boom, bang went the thunder and lightning.

Bob and James snuggled closer and closer together. They were cold and frightened.

Their eyes busily searched the walls around them. All kinds of shadows and forms seemed to be moving and crawling about the walls of the cave.

Their own silhouettes could be seen on the wall opposite them. Their shadows appeared as ghosts to them.

Water was dripping on them from up above. The puddles were growing under their feet. There weren't any dry spots anywhere. Pebbles were falling from the cracks, too.
The boys dared not utter a word. Their bodies became limp. They looked like drooping puppets without their masters.

On the ground below them were flashlights, canteens, knives and an axe. They certainly were of no use to these two boys. Bob and James were lost.

The boys were thinking. Imagine, just that afternoon they had enjoyed themselves on a hiking trip. As soon as the Cub Scouts had reached their destination, they began to gather logs for camp fires.

Before long, the fires were ready for cooking. Each boy cooked his own frankfort and toasted his roll at the end of a long stick. Mustard and relish were passed around for added flavor. Mmmmm, how delicious they tasted.

For dessert the boys toasted marshmallows and ate apples. How tasty they were.

When everyone was finished, each Cub Scout joined his circle. Each group selected its song. Later everyone sang together. What fun!
At the present time, everything was dreary. Boom, bang, boom, bang, the roaring sounds got louder and closer.

All of a sudden, a tree fell and blocked the entrance of the cave. The cave grew darker and the boys grew colder.

"We must remove that tree, Bob."

Both boys walked toward the entrance. The tree was very heavy. They tried and tried but they couldn't budge it. Everything looked hopeless.

"James, I have an idea, the axe."

"That was quick thinking, Bob."

Each boy took a turn chopping the tree. Finally it was split in two. Tom and James were now able to push away the tree.

During this time they had not noticed that the rain and thunder had stopped because they were so busy.

The branches didn't tremble anymore. Everything was peaceful and quiet once again. The sun came out of her hiding place behind the clouds. The boys were very happy.
The sun's bright rays cast lights. It wasn't dark and dreary. How warm the sun felt!

Bob and James began to jump up and down with joy. They could see hidden paths in the deep forest.

When the unexpected storm had come, everything became very strange to them. Luckily, James spotted the cave. The rain and wind had blinded them. Now the cave made a good shelter for them.

The boys started on their merry way. This time their destination was home. The paths were familiar to them now. Before long they approached a fork in the road.

"Which road, James?"

James ran to the road on the right and looked carefully at one of the trees.

"This is the road. Remember the tree that had three holes bored on the left side of the tree trunk?" questioned James.

"Yes, I remember. It was one of the landmarks our Cub Leader pointed out."
They turned right and walked at a faster pace.

"What time is it, Bob?"

"It's six o'clock," answered Bob.

"We'd better hurry. That half hour we spent in the cave seemed like years!" exclaimed James.

"It certainly did," replied Bob. "From now on, James, I'm obeying orders."

"I agree, Bob. I'll never wander on my own again after Mr. Brown dismisses us."

The boys began to run. They only hoped that their parents would understand.
THE RESTLESS TAMBOURINE

Tommy Tambourine played in a very good band. They often played for the boys and girls at school and at the ball games. Everyone in town liked the band very much. Tommy Tambourine played in the last row beside the big drum. The big drum was his very best friend. When the man who led the band waved his stick, the band would begin to play.

The horns played and the drums played and the tambourines played very well and very loudly. They made such a tumult that the women would come to their windows and tap their feet to the song. Tommy was happy in the band, but he was very mischievous.

He did not always watch when the man waved his stick for the band to play. He was often late to start the song. Since he was late in starting, he was often late in finishing the song. The man's face who led the band would get very red.

He would say in a loud whisper, "Tommy
Tambourine, stop that tumult. Stop it right now."

Tommy thought this was very funny because the man had a very round and fat face. When he whispered, he filled his cheeks with air and looked even fatter. Tommy's mother always told him to be more careful. Tommy always said he would, but he always forgot.

One day the band was asked to play at a very big fair. They played their songs over and over so that they could play them well. Tommy did not bother because he thought he knew them all. He did not even play the new song or listen when the band played it. The big drum talked to Tommy about it, but he just laughed.

"I know how to play that song. It is easy."

"It's not so easy," said the friend. "Here, look at it."

"I can't right now," said Tommy. "I must go and get washed. I told mother that I would wash very well so that I will look bright for the fair tomorrow."
The big drum scratched his head with the big drum stick.

"You had better learn to play the song sometime, Tommy," he said.

"Oh, no," said Tommy. "I know it is easy. I don't need to learn it." He rolled off making loud noises to get washed for the big day.

At last it arrived. All the band was very excited. The man who waved the stick had on his very best clothes and his big red face was shining like a big red apple. At least that is what it looked like to Tommy.

The band rolled down the street playing a song that Tommy knew well. He played very loudly in the right places and the man smiled happily at him. Tommy Tambourine's mother was happy too. She was sure Tommy must know all the songs. When they got to the fair, they sat right in the middle of the people and everyone stopped to listen.

The man picked up his stick to start the music. Tommy watched and played the first lines very well. But all at once he came to a new kind
of note. He had never seen it before. It looked like this:

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\[ \text{music notation image} \]
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Oh well, thought Tommy, it must mean to play good and loud and he did. He played ten notes good and loud. Then he thought something was funny. No drums, no horns, and no other tambourines were playing. The big drum had its sticks over its ears. Tommy's mother was hiding behind one of the horns. The man who waved the stick looked redder than Tommy had ever seen.

"Stop it. Stop that tumult, Tommy Tambourine. Stop that tumult right now." He didn't have to ask again. Tommy stopped and looked around. Everyone was laughing at the band. Tommy felt very badly. He rolled over to the tree and stood behind it.

When it was over, he told the man how sorry he was and asked what kind of notes the new ones were.

"Those aren't notes," said the man. "Those are rests. Big long rests."

Tommy learned his lesson and was never a restless tambourine again.
THE LEGEND OF THE FIRST FLYING SAUCER

A legend is a story of a long time ago. It may, or may not be logical. When you finish reading about Sammy, you had better believe it. He might well visit you someday.

Sammy Saucer lived with his father, the dinner plate, and his mother, the soup dish in the biggest cupboard in the king's kitchen. The king's cook was as ugly and as lazy as ever a cook could be. To make things worse, the cook was the laziest when she had dishes to wash. Every dish enjoys a nice warm bath after working hard. Every dish likes to be dry before going to the cupboard or he will catch cold. But this cook would never get them clean or wipe them dry. Some poor plate was always catching cold from being left wet all night.

"Something certainly must be done about that terrible cook," said the teapot. He was blowing his nose for the third time that minute.
"This is the fifth time I have had a cold since the tea parties began last month. I have thought of telling the queen, but I am always so busy pouring."

"You're very right," said Sammy's father. "When she does wash us she is always scratching us. She is so careless. If I had not held on to the towel myself, I would have fallen many times."

Sammy listened. Being a saucer, he never got very dirty. Sometimes the cook would not wash him at all. He tried hard to think of a way to teach that lazy cook a lesson.

As the legend goes, Sammy had been working on a plan for some time. Sammy decided that he would learn to fly. Now he had read that to fly you must have an engine or be lighter than air. Well, who ever heard of a saucer that had an engine? That was silly. A saucer lighter than air? Well, maybe that was more logical. Sammy rolled over to the cookbook who sat on the same shelf.
"Mr. Cookbook," said Sammy, knocking on his cover. "May I come in?"

"Roll right in," said the cookbook.

"Mr. Cookbook," said Sammy, "I want to teach that old cook a lesson she will not forget. Will you help me?"

"I certainly will," said the cookbook.

"Yesterday she left a spoon on my cake page. Now my cakes are all stuck to my pies. I feel terrible."

He flapped his pages and soon Sammy heard a very light voice saying, "I'd be glad to."

In a moment Sammy saw to whom the cookbook was speaking. That was logical of course, the lighter than air pancake. Sammy quickly rolled in between the pages and began to learn to fly. When the lessons were over, Sammy was pleased. He soon could make landings in the dishwater and fly with no light. It certainly was a sight to see all those dishes flying around once Sammy taught them to fly.

Their plan was set for the day of the
king's biggest party. When the cook came to get the dishes, they all flew away from her. Sammy led the parade around her head.

"Stop it," screamed the cook. "Stop going around my head."

"Why?" asked Sammy. "When the king hears you have not brought the dishes you will have no head."

"You will have no head," sang the other plates.

Now the cook knew this was true.

"What do you want?" cried the cook. "I will do anything."

"Will you wipe me more carefully?" asked the teapot jumping around her ear. "I want no more colds this tea party month. I must be at my best you know."

"Will you stop scratching us?" asked Sammy's father spinning around her head.

"Will you wash the saucers every day?" asked Sammy as he splashed.

"I promise," cried the cook.

"Then back to the cupboard," shouted
the dishes. And they all went back except Sammy.
Where is Sammy? Well, the legend says that he flies around helping other dishes who work for lazy people.

Are you a careless dish wiper? If you are, you may meet Sammy, the flying saucer, sooner than you think.
THE ANIMAL FAIR

The chickens were crowing more than usual. The rooster was cawing more than usual. The cows were moo-ing more than usual. The horses were hee-hawing more than usual. There certainly was noise and confusion in Farmer Brown's farmyard. Everything and everyone was acting in a unique way. Nothing was as it should be. The animals should have been asleep in their beds at this hour of the day.

Jack heard the noise early in the morning before anyone was awake. He crept quietly and carefully toward the barn yard. He was a little bit afraid, but he just had to find out what the noise was about.

"What is this?" asked Jack. There before his eyes he saw all the animals dancing about.

"How unique," Jack thought. "Why it is not even time to milk the cows." Jack spoke to his pet rooster Good-Morning Bird.

Good-Morning Bird looked at Jack in
surprise. "Why didn't you know, today is the
day of the animal fair," caimed the rooster.

"Animal Fair?" cried Jack. "I never
heard of it."

"Stay and watch. You will see the
animals do their tricks." Jack did just that.
He stayed and watched. He had never seen the
animals acting in this unique way.

"What game is this?" asked Jack.

"This is a Versatile Contest," said
the rooster. "All the animals do their tricks.
The ones that they think are their best. The
one who can do the best and most tricks, is
the winner. He is crowned King of the Animal
Yard because he is the most versatile."

As Good-Morning Bird told Jack this,
he flew away to join his friends.

Jack watched with surprise. After
all the animals did their tricks, Spotted Cow
named the winner.

It was Black Sheep. Farmer Brown
had bought Black Sheep just last week from
Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith was the farmer down the
ro
road. He and his family were moving away next week. That was why Mr. Smith had sold Black Sheep to Farmer Brown.

Black Sheep certainly was the most versatile. He could roll over three times without stopping. Black Sheep could jump and stand on his hind legs. Black Sheep could sing the tune of a song with his "Baa, Baa, Baa".

"Yes," thought Jack, "Black Sheep is the most versatile animal on my father's farm."

"We will now have our final march in a circle," called Spotted Cow. All the animals rushed to find their partners. Two by two, arm in arm the animals marched around.

"Well," said Spotted Cow, after a few minutes of marching. "It is time for us to return to our homes. Farmer Brown will be coming soon to start his work day. He must find us in our homes, not here in the barnyard." The animals returned to their beds.

What had happened? Was the Animal Fair real? Jack did not know. Perhaps it was just a dream. Yes, Jack was sure it had happened when he told his friends about it in school the next day.

What do you think? Was Jack Dreaming?
MR. GRAY

The third graders were going to see a film strip at ten o'clock in the morning. They had been learning about the habits of animals in nature study.

The bell finally rang and the children filed to the auditorium. Everyone took his seat quietly and waited for Mr. Day to run the film strip.

"The title of the picture is "Mr. Gray." Let's see how many new facts we can find out," said Mr. Day.

The children had no difficulty reading the words under the pictures.

"One cool morning Mr. Gray popped his head out of doors to check the temperature. The red line in the thermometer was falling rapidly. He stuck his head in quickly.

The cold weather really didn't disturb him because his new coat was almost fully grown and ready to wear for winter."
He was lucky. Every year he got a new one. How handsome and proud Mr. Gray was with his gray soft coat trimmed with white underneath. His exquisite gray bushy tail was sprinkled with white at the very tip.

He was especially thankful for his tail. Without it, there would be disaster. Mr. Gray wouldn't be able to defend or protect himself from his enemies, the owl, the weasel, and the hawk. That was his weapon for escape. It enabled him to climb and balance himself easily.

His home at this time was situated on one of the highest branches of a tree. It looked like a bushel basket. Mr. Gray did the construction himself. His building materials were twigs and leaves. The walls were very thick. In one he made an entrance.

Now that winter was just around the corner many preparations had to be made. New homes had to be selected and food had to be gathered.

The following day he began to hunt for
winter homes. He inspected each tree stump carefully. After much consideration he made his choice. There were four. These hollow trees where he made his winter homes were called dens."

"Why do you suppose he needs so many?" questioned Mr. Day. "Let's read on and find out."

The children read on and soon found the answer.

"Being an intelligent animal, Mr. Gray knew that in order to live he had to have food, clothing and a home.

Gathering food during the winter would be a difficult task because there was usually a great deal of snow on the ground.

He realized that food at one home couldn't last forever. There had to be other homes when his supply at one was depleted.

The next day he was very, very busy gathering nuts and acorns. It took a long time because he could only carry one nut or acorn at a time. Can you imagine how many trips he had to make?"
Many days passed. Soon Mr. Gray was able to rest because he had supplied his dens with plenty of food.

One morning as he sat on his hind legs nibbling a nut between his front paws he thought.

"One more job and I'm finished."

He began his search for food once more.

"What do you suppose he did with this food? Read on," said Mr. Day.

Mr. Gray began pounding nuts into the ground with his front teeth. These were to be secret places. So that other animals wouldn't find and steal his food, the squirrel scattered leaves around his burying places. How clever he was!

Night soon fell, Mr. Gray slowly climbed the tree. He was well satisfied and pleased. His work was finished. He could welcome Winter without a worry.
Brave Boy was a little Indian boy. His very best friend was Kelo. Kelo and Brave Boy liked to dream of the time when they would go hunting like the young braves of the tribe. It was the hunting season and the boys were dreaming big dreams. At last Kelo said, "Let's go hunting, Brave Boy!"

"Our bows are not very strong, Kelo," replied Brave Boy.

"Oh, I don't mean to shoot buffalo and bears, Brave Boy, just small animals like squirrels and rabbits," said Kelo.

"Perhaps we might even shoot a wild turkey, Kelo. What fun it would be!" said Brave Boy. "Let's go!"

So off they went.

These little Indian boys lived in the forest where there were plenty of game animals. But today there were no small animals around. Deeper and deeper they kept going into
the forest.

"I wonder where the rabbits and squirrels are," said Kelo.

"Perhaps they heard the hunters and are hiding," suggested Brave Boy.

As they hurried on through the forest, Kelo anxiously said, "We're quite far from our homes, Brave Boy. Do you think we should go home?"

"Let's go a little farther, Kelo," said his friend. "There are surely some rabbits or something we can hunt."

On and on they went until they came to the foot of the mountain. Higher up they saw a patch of yellow fur.

"See the patch of yellow fur, Kelo!" said Brave Boy. "Maybe it's a young fox."

Eagerly they climbed up the side of the mountain. My, this was a long, hard climb! But they were getting closer and closer to that patch of yellow fur they had seen. Kelo stopped. How frightened he looked!

"What is the matter, Kelo?" asked
Brave Boy.

Kelo answered in a whisper, "It's a lynx, Brave Boy! My father said that only a very strong young brave could overcome a lynx."

Brave Boy looked up at the lynx. It was a magnificent animal and strong-looking, too. Just then the lynx saw the boys. It crouched on the ledge above them. The boys didn't feel like very brave hunters then. How could they ever overcome this magnificent beast? The lynx looked as if it were going to spring at them. The animal kept looking at the boys.

Just then Kelo who had been quietly edging away from the lynx, stumbled and fell. The sudden move upset the lynx. He sprang. Then something strange happened. While the Lynx was in mid-air, he roared painfully. His magnificent body landed with a thud close to the boys. An arrow passed through his heart, killing the beast.

Out from the trees stepped Brave Boy's father. He had been looking for the boys. He had arrived just in time to save them. Brave Boy and Kelo were very happy to see Great Hunter,
Brave Boy's father.

The two boys decided that hunting was indeed the job of the braves. Hereafter they would be satisfied to play the games that would help them grow and teach them to become strong and brave young men.
PATTY'S PROMENADE

Patty lived many years ago when our country was just beginning. Her brother, Jack, her mother, and her father built a little farmhouse. It was near a little town not far from where you are living now. They worked very hard to grow food to eat. They made their own clothes. Nearly everyone made what they wore.

Patty was very happy on the farm. She loved to ride the horse across the fields and down by the river. Not many exciting things happened in the little town. But there was one thing that happened every year. It was more exciting than anything else. Everyone looked forward to it with great joy. It was the dance held once a year at the town hall.

This year it was to be more exciting than ever. George Washington was coming. He had led the men when they had fought to make our country free. He was asked to come because the town had bought one of the new flags. They wanted
him to be there when they raised it.

The dance was to be after that. The most exciting part for Patty was to happen at the dance. The girl who made the prettiest dress was to lead the promenade with George Washington. All the girls wondered with great speculation who it would be. Everyone worked hard trying to make the best dress.

How Patty wanted to win. She thought often of the promenade. She could see herself leading it with Mr. Washington. She thought and thought but could not think of a way to make the prettiest dress. She talked to her horse about it as she rode across the field.

"I hope I can think of something," said Patty. She slid off her horse and began to pick berries. She was thinking so hard that she did not see that the red berries were making her white dress all red.

"Oh dear, I have spoiled my best dress. Now I will never get to the dance." All at once Patty looked again at her dress. It made her think of a plan. She quickly turned the horse
for home and ran to tell her mother of her plan.

In the next weeks Patty worked hard picking berries and cutting and sewing. She would not show her father or brother what she was doing.

"Wait until the day of the dance," said Patty. "Then you will see."

It seemed as though the day would never come. They had looked forward to it with such speculation that the days seemed longer. Patty worked very hard and finished her dress on the day of the coming of George Washington. How she wanted to lead the promenade.

She carried her dress in a box to put it on at her aunt's house who lived in town. Nothing must happen to it. George Washington was in town when they got there. He was tall and smiled at all the children. When the time came to put on the dresses for the promenade, Patty was so excited that her mother had to button her dress. It did look beautiful.

When she got in line with the other girls, everyone looked at her.
"Beautiful," they were saying.
"Just right," said some others.
Washington looked at all the girls carefully. Everyone waited with speculation.
Finally he came and stood beside Patty.

"I choose this girl," he said. "She has chosen the colors of our new flag for her dress. They are red, white and blue."

It was true. Patty had used the berries to color part of her white dress red. She had sewed a piece of blue cloth mother had given her around the bottom. She did look like the new flag. Everyone agreed that she had won. They all clapped.

George Washington took her hand and went into the town hall. How proud Patty was of her dress. But she was even prouder of her country's flag. It still waves over the little town where Patty's great-grandchildren live today.
"Let's play at the old fort," shouted Billy as he raced out of his house to greet his friends Jack and Sandy.

Arm and arm they started out for adventure. Many extraordinary sights were seen by the boys at the fort. Things that people never believed, but Jack, Billy and Sandy believed.

Just last night Billy had heard something new that once had happened.

"More than a century ago, when there were soldiers in the fort," started Billy, "and the Indians had almost captured them, a golden arrow landed atop the fort. A brilliant light that shone from it amazed the frightened Indians. With a mighty whoop from the chieftain they fled and the soldiers were saved. No one has found that arrow yet, granddad said."

"Then how do you know the story is true?" questioned Jack. "Sounds sort of extraordinary, not like the things we've been seeing."
"Granddad never fibs. Remember the time we saw the old pieces of silver in one rusty old chest? When we touched them they disappeared?"

"Yes, we do," replied the boys.

"Well," exclaimed Billy, "if you believe that, why don't you believe there was a golden arrow that saved the soldiers."

"Because we never saw it and it's never been found."

"Say, boys," Billy suggested with delight in his voice. "Let's find that golden arrow and prove this story once and for all?"

"Let's go," they all agreed.

The boys ran helter skelter through the woods and across the stream. Racing up the hill, they landed at the log doors of the fort. They stopped for a moment and leaned against the door to catch their breath. The rusty hinges squeaked and the boys jumped back startled.

"Aw, that was only the hinges," said Billy. "Come on, let's all split up and meet again at the north end of the fort."

"But what if only one of us finds the
arrow and it disappears before the three of us have seen it?" asked Sandy.

"We better stick together," said Jack.

For more than an hour the boys searched the decaying fort. They looked in old storage crates, under rickety stairs, even in the old well. That one supplied the water for the soldiers.

Dusty and tired they sat in a circle on the cool ground.

"Well, when you find it fellas," started Sandy, "Tell me all about it. I'm going home."

"Let's look a little longer. You know what granddad always says. If you really truly believe in something with all your heart it's bound to come true for you."

"What's that strange noise?" questioned Sandy.

The boys still sat. They were frozen in their places. The whirr r r r they had heard got louder and louder. Suddenly, zing g g g.
There it was, quivering in the ground where it had stuck fast, right in the middle of the circle. It glowed with a strange and brilliant light that almost blinded the boys.

"Let's take it home," suggested Billy, as he leaned forward to grab it.

"Don't touch it Billy. Too late, it's disappeared."

The vision faded and the boys were looking at the bare ground before them.

"Now, no one will ever believe us," said Sandy.

"Why'd you have to grab it, Bill?"

"We couldn't sit here forever just looking at it. The arrow probably would have disappeared, as soon as we moved."

"Do you know what I think?" said Jack. "We saw this so we believe it. Your granddad was right, Billy. If you really believe something is true, it will come true for you."

"Let's keep this for our own secret," said Sandy.
THE LOST HOME

"What am I to do? What am I to do? What will become of me?" cried a weak little voice.

Jane jumped in surprise. "Who is it?" she asked. Jane ran quickly, but oh so quickly around the room. She looked under the bed. She looked behind the door. She looked in the closet. She saw no one.

Jane continued playing with her new bride doll, until, again she heard a crying little voice say, "Where can I go? Where will I rest?"

Jane thought, "I see no one, where is the voice coming from?" Could it be. Yes, it was. The spectacles on Jane's twin brother Charlie's desk were jumping round and round.

"I can't believe my eyes," said Jane. Yet it was true. There were the spectacles that the Eye Doctor had given Careless Charlie. They were jumping this way and that way all over the
"Ouch," said Sammy Spectacles, as he bumped against the ink bottle. "Ouch," he said again as he slipped over the crayon box.

Sammy was colliding into everything on the desk. He collided into books. He collided into the vase of flowers. There was nothing on the desk that Sammy did not bump into. Sammy's colliding and jumping was certainly making Careless Charlie's desk untidy.

Jane felt very sorry for Sammy Spectacles. She asked, "What is wrong, Sammy?"

Weakly Sammy told how Jane's brother, Careless Charlie, had lost his eyeglass case. Poor Sammy had been dropped, pushed and banged ever since.

"Why even one of my edges is loose now," said Sammy. Sammy Spectacles was so upset that he could hold back the tears no longer. Jane wiped the tears from the glass and Sammy felt better.

"You rest right here on this blotter while I look for the eyeglass case. Please do
stop colliding into things or you will get hurt," said Jane.

Quickly, but oh so quickly, Jane looked through Careless Charlie's things. She looked inside the desk and found only scraps of paper. She looked in his drawer. She looked in his closet and finally she looked in Careless Charlie's toybox.

There between the toy train tracks was the bright red eyeglass case.

"Here you are," said Jane as she skipped merrily over to Sammy. "I have found it."

How happy Sammy Spectacles was. Jane had found his lost home. He would not collide into anymore things on Charlie's desk now. Sammy Spectacles would always be safe with his bright red eyeglass case to rest in.

"Thank You, thank you," cried Sammy as he settled down quietly on Charlie's desk.

"You are welcome," Jane called back as she skipped out of the room and down the stairs.
Now you may wonder about Careless Charlie. Did he ever lose the eyeglass case again? The answer to that question is no. This is why.

That night Sammy Spectacles played a trick on Careless Charlie. He hid under a big stack of papers. Charlie could not find him. He looked everywhere. Careless Charlie was very worried. His Mother, Father, his Doctor would all be cross if he lost his spectacles. Careless Charlie looked and looked.

Finally when he found the spectacles and their case he was so happy he promised never, never to lose either the spectacles or the bright red rose case again.
SUSAN'S SURPRISE

Yesterday during our "Telling Period", Susan told us about her birthday surprise. Her birthday was Saturday. She was eight years old. For a week Aunt Jane had been telling her she was to have a big surprise. Susan could hardly wait for her birthday. She couldn't guess what the surprise was.

After waiting and waiting her birthday came at last. Susan got up early Saturday. This was the day for Aunt Jane's surprise. Aunt Jane came for Susan at ten o'clock that morning.

"Get dressed in your very best clothes," Aunt Jane said to Susan.

It didn't take Susan long to get ready. Soon they were on the bus that was going to Boston. Saturday is a very busy day in Boston. People were hurrying here and there. Aunt Jane and Susan were hurrying right along with the other people.

Susan and Aunt Jane went to Schrafft's
for lunch. They had soup, a sandwich, and a glass of milk. Just because it was Susan's birthday, they finished lunch having a marshmallow fudge sundae. After lunch Aunt Jane took Susan by the hand and said, "We must hurry, Susan, or we'll be late for your surprise.

With all the hustle and bustle Susan had almost forgotten about the surprise. There were so many interesting things to see in Boston! Aunt Jane's magic word "surprise" made Susan hurry. She walked as fast as she could. She and Aunt Jane walked across broad streets. They walked down streets and turned corners. At last they came to a theater.

When they stopped at the theater, Susan said, "Why, Aunt Jane, have you forgotten the surprise?"

"No, Susan," said her Aunt Jane. "This is a special kind of show. This is a ballet!"

"Oh," said Susan. Just then she saw the pictures of the beautiful ballerina. "Oh, isn't she beautiful, Aunt Jane? You think of the most wonderful surprises!" exclaimed Susan.
"Well, last year when I saw you do your ballet in your dancing school recital, I knew you'd enjoy seeing a real ballet, Susan," said Aunt Jane.

Susan hardly heard her aunt. She said excitedly, "Let's hurry. We might be late."

Just as they walked in, the lights lowered, the music began to play, and the curtain went up. Susan's heart beat a little faster. Soon the dancers were on the stage. They danced in a circle. They criss-crossed in front of each other. Then the line of dancers moved back toward the curtain. Half of them were on one side of the stage, half were on the other side of the stage. They made way for the ballerina who came on.

How gracefully she danced! Round and round she swiftly spun. Susan felt she was whirling gracefully around on the stage with that beautiful ballerina. Oh, how gracefully she danced and swayed! She was the head ballerina. Others came out and danced gracefully about. Yet, Susan could think only about being the beautiful ballerina and twirling so gracefully.
All too soon the show was over. It was time for Susan to go home. Susan would always remember this birthday surprise. It was the most wonderful she would ever receive.
THE CARNIVAL

Once upon a time there was a gay, happy carnival. It traveled by day and night to many small towns. It went to cities, too.

There were many people in this carnival. Each one had a job to do.

There were barkers, trapeze artists, bareback riders, tamers of lions and tigers.

They all lived in trailers and tents whenever they stopped in a town.

One evening Tony, the lion tamer, was taking an evening walk after the show was over.

He heard a crackle. "Fire!! Fire!! We must send out an alarm!" he yelled. "The carnival will be ruined by the fire."

Tony saw the trapeze men coming to help. "We will have to get the horses out," said the men.

The flames leaped high into the night sky. All of a sudden when Tony looked again, he saw a little monkey running in circles. He
was badly frightened. Tony called to him.

"Jocko! Come here! And I will take care of you!"

The monkey heard Tony. He ran and jumped up on Tony's shoulder.

"To the horses!" said Tony to the trapeze men.

"Over here!" said Jim, the head trapeze man.

The men hurried to the corral.

"Whee-e-e-e!" the horses whinnied.

"You take Tom," Tony yelled to Jim. Tom was the leader of the horses. He led the bareback riders in the ring. They could not afford to lose him.

The trapeze men poured buckets of water on the fire everywhere. They went to see the cages of the lions and tigers and took the animals out. They kept them on their leashes.

All the circus people who had gone to bed were awake now. They were worried about their gay carnival. They were worried about their tents and trailers.
Most of all, however, they wanted to save their friends and each other.

Now the fire engines were arriving from Pleasantville. Pleasantville liked the carnival and the carnival people. The Mayor was riding on the front seat of the fire truck.

"Where is Tony, the lion tamer?" he called to the trapeze men.

"Is he safe? Are all the families out of danger?"

Jim came up to the Mayor and said, "All are safe! Everyone is out. You have helped us save our carnival!"

All the children who had mothers and fathers in the carnival were happy.

Jim's twins, Betty and Sammy, were not worried any more about the tigers being loose or escaping.

The animals were happy. The little monkeys danced and danced.

Tony said to all the people, "Let's have a celebration! Our carnival has been saved! We thank the Mayor and the Fire Depart-
ment of Pleasantville for coming to our rescue."

The Mayor was pleased. He liked the
way the trapeze artists and bareback riders and
tamers of lions and tigers had been brave men.
He liked the way the carnival women had helped.
They had been brave, too. They had helped their
babies to safety.

All the carnival tents were gone. But
the flames did not reach the trailers.

At last all the fire engines had re-
turned to the town. The Mayor had said good night
and promised to have a celebration for the carnival
people soon.

Tony and Jim were so happy, and all
their carnival friends.

The next day they would buy new tents.
They would get ready to continue on their travels
by day and night. But first they would be sur-
prised. They did not know that the Mayor was
planning to give each man a medal for courage
during the fire.

The carnival would always be a gay,
happy carnival because the people were brave and
Saturday afternoon finally came. Jane and Bob had been waiting eagerly for this day. Their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Green, had promised to take the twins for a ride on the new turnpike and to camp over night.

Jane and Bob had studied the plans of the highway in the newspaper. They learned that there were picnic grounds, places to buy food and gasoline and places to sleep on this super road.

Their father had told them that a great deal of time was saved because towns and cities were bypassed. People could travel at a faster rate of speed because there wouldn't be any obstacles on the road. Cars wouldn't have to be stopping for lights, heavy traffic and pedestrians.

"All aboard," cried Mr. Green.

The twins opened the doors and each took a seat by a window. They didn't want to
miss anything. Mother placed boxes of food in back of their station wagon. Father helped with the camping equipment.

"We're off," sang the twins. They didn't have to travel very far before they reached an exit to the turnpike.

"Turnpike straight ahead, North, first right, South, second right," the twins read aloud.

Soon they approached the toll gate. Men in uniform were passing out tickets and collecting money.

"One, two, three - there are six lanes. Three on each side divided by an island of grass," Bob shouted.

The twins were thrilled by the interesting and scenic sights.

"What beautiful trees! Look how colorful they are. The green leaves are changing to red, orange and yellow," exclaimed Jane.

"It's Autumn," replied Bob. "The season between summer and winter."
The children decided to have an animal contest. They were passing many farms. Bob and Jane named all the animals they could see. There were horses, cows, rabbits, goats and chickens. Mother was score keeper. Bob won.

Swish sh sh, Whiz z z. Jane and Bob soon discovered these strange noises were coming from the huge trailer trucks and buses passing them by. These sounds made their car vibrate. The twins held on tightly to their seats.

"This is like riding an amusement at the fair. What fun!" they shouted.

Shiny new tall buildings could be seen in both directions.

"I shall be working in that round shaped building straight ahead next month," said Dad. "Many places of business have moved here from the busy cities."

Mother noticed the time.

"We better stop at the next picnic area for dinner."

All agreed.
Mr. Green went from second lane to first. As soon as they approached the picnic grounds they pulled over to the side of the road. Everyone got out and stretched.

While Mrs. Green was setting the picnic table the twins noticed the different colored number plates on back of the automobiles.

"Each state has a different color," Dad stated.

He helped the twins read some of the states.

"People are traveling from everywhere," the twins commented.

"Dinner is ready."

As they ate, Bob and Jane saw that other families were enjoying themselves close by.

Soon the Green family were off.

Before long, they came to a camping site.

"We're here," shouted the twins with glee.

Everyone helped Dad with the camping equipment. Before long the tent was pitched and their sleeping bags were made ready.
At a distance the lights from the oncoming cars and trucks looked like racing stars.

No matter where the twins gazed, the stars seemed to twinkle about. These bright lights made them drowsy.

"Goodnight Mother and Dad. We really enjoyed ourselves. Thank you."

The twins crawled into their sleeping bags and fell fast asleep. Their eyes were weary. They had been busy all day exploring the turnpike.
THE MOUSE IN THE MOON

Just about everyone has heard of the Man in the Moon. But, if you haven't heard of the Mouse in the Moon, it's because he was there for only a short time.

It all began one morning when Jimmy, a curious little mouse who liked to eat, happened to see a crowd of people gathered around a big silver and blue rocket ship.

"Why is everyone so excited?" he wondered.

He soon found out that there was to be an expedition to the moon.

"An expedition to the moon!" he thought, "Oh! What a wonderful place for a mouse to live." You see, he had heard that the moon was made of green cheese. And, you know how mice like cheese.

Quickly but very quietly, Jimmy crawled past all the people and right through the door of the big rocket ship. Now, he was part of the expedition. His mouth began to water.
as he thought of all that green cheese.

There was a great deal of excitement as the Captain and his two men boarded the ship. There was even more excitement when they heard the count down: TEN. NINE. EIGHT. SEVEN. SIX. FIVE. FOUR. THREE. TWO. ONE. BLAST OFF!

Jimmy was on his way to the moon.

It seemed as though the trip was taking longer than it should. However, one day, Jimmy could tell by the way the Captain was giving orders that they were ready to land.

The door of the silver and blue rocket ship flew open and they all went out to look around. Jimmy saw that there was no cheese here. All he could see was a sign that said, "THIS WAY TO THE MARTIAN HOTEL". That's when the Captain said, "We're not on the moon. We've landed on Mars."

Soon there were Martians appearing from everywhere. They wanted to get a look at this strange thing that had landed on their planet.

The captain of the expedition explained to the mayor of the town that they had lost their
way to the moon.

While the men were talking, Jimmy was busy looking things over. He noticed that there were no cats on Mars. But as nice as that may seem to a mouse he also noticed that there were no Martian mice. "It wouldn't be much fun living here," he said to himself. He wanted to get back on the ship and head for that cheese.

The Martians were very helpful people. They gave the Captain directions that would surely get them to the moon.

"You can't miss it," the Mayor shouted as the door to the big rocket ship was closing.

And, they didn't miss it. The Martians had given them very good directions.

They planned to stay on the moon for one month. That meant Jimmy had a little more than four weeks to fill up on cheese. And, the best part was that he had it all to himself.

It tasted so good on the first day, he thought he might never go back to Earth. What a wonderful place! There was no one to bother him
and he didn't have to hunt for food. But, after
green cheese for breakfast, dinner, and supper
every day for 31 days, Jimmy was in such a hurry
to get back home he was the first on board the
day they were to return.

He didn't know if the three men ever
planned to go back to the moon again but he did
know that he wanted to stay where the food was
different each day, even if he had to hunt for it,
and where there were lots of friends to share it.
DRIVER JACK

Just before school closed for summer vacation, Jack received a letter from his uncle, Uncle Fred had a large ranch. He invited Jack to spend the summer at the ranch. Jack was thrilled to be invited to the ranch. After he read the letter, he ran to his mother. Jack was very excited.

He eagerly asked, "Mother, may I please go to Uncle Fred's ranch this summer? He asked me in his letter. Here, Mother, read it!"

"Yes, Jack, you may go to Uncle Fred's this summer," said Mother smiling.

"Do you think Dad will let me go?" he asked anxiously.

"I'm quite sure Dad will let you go, too," replied his mother. "But I think you should write to Uncle Fred to thank him for the invitation."

Jack wrote to Uncle Fred. He thanked
him for the invitation. He also told Uncle Fred when he would take the train and when he would arrive at the ranch.

The Tuesday after school closed, Jack and his mother were on the train. It was a long way to the ranch. Jack was very quiet on the trip. He was thinking about all the things he would do at the ranch. He would feed the animals. He would go to the post office for the mail. He would ride one of the cowponies. Perhaps he might even help round up the cattle.

As Jack rode along, he passed many billboards. One of the billboards caught his eye. It said, "Stagecoach Inn, Dine in real western style."

The steady motion of the train and the long trip made Jack very sleepy. Soon he dozed off to sleep. While he slept, he dreamed. What a dream he had!

It was back in the days of the Old West. Jack was the driver of the stagecoach. How thrilling it was to hear the stagecoach roll over the bumpy cobblestone road! He bumped and
bounced as he rode over the cobblestones. The baggage shook and rattled from the bumpy cobblestone road.

The stagecoach swayed from side to side as Jack left the town. No longer was the stagecoach on the cobblestone road. Down the winding dirt road it went with its baggage and its passengers out into the wilderness. This was wild country. Danger was on all sides. The country was full of Indians and bandits. Why just the other day the most feared bandit in the west tried to hold up Jack's stagecoach! But because of Jack's plan with the sheriff, the bandit was captured. So perhaps nothing would happen today.

Hardly had this thought crossed his mind when Indians raced down the hills from all sides. What was Jack to do? His passengers hadn't a chance against this great number of Indians. Closer and closer they came with wild war whoops. They were just about to attack when Jack was awakened from his dream.

Mother called, "Come, Jack! Here we are! There's Uncle Fred waiting for us!"
A long time ago there was a little boy named Tony who lived in a village by the sea. He was quite a smart boy. Even though he was young, he had learned to play the ukulele. He liked to make up songs as he strummed on the strings. One of his favorite songs was,

"My first name is Tony
And I like to ride my pony."

One day, as he sat by the water watching the waves splash against the rocks, he noticed a boat sailing toward the dock. In it was a man he had never seen before. He knew all the men from the village. But, the most mysterious part about it all was the package the stranger was carrying under his arm. Never had Tony seen such a long thin package.

Quickly he picked up his ukulele and ran toward the dock.

The stranger didn't seem to mind when Tony said, "Excuse me, Sir, but what are you carrying in such a long bag?"
"It's my lunch, Boy. My lunch," said the man.

"Your lunch in a package three feet long?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the man. "It's bologna. It's bologna."

Tony looked puzzled and said, "What's that?"

"You know. You cut off a piece and put it between two slices of bread. And then you eat it. You eat it."

It was easy to see Tony had never heard of such a thing. So, the stranger made a sandwich for him, right then and there.

"My goodness!" he thought, "That certainly is good. It's about the best thing I've ever tasted."

He picked up his ukelele and sang.

"My first name is Tony
And I like to eat bologna."

Then the man left the village as mysteriously as he had come.

After several years, Tony grew up to be a fine young man. He still played and sang his
songs but none seemed to be as bright and gay as the song about the bologna.

The time had come for Tony to go out into the world and make his own living. Since there was not much to do in his village, he set out in search of work in a far away city. As he walked through the streets of that city, he was surprised to meet an old friend. It was the stranger who landed on the dock in his little village, long ago.

The man was quite old, by now, and when he found that Tony was looking for a job, he said, "I have just the thing for you, Boy. Just the thing."

When Tony found out what it was, he wished he had his ukulele with him. He could make up a fine song for this good news. You see, the stranger, who really wasn't a stranger any more, had told Tony he needed someone to run his factory for him. He wanted someone who would really enjoy the work. He was sure Tony would. You see, in his factory he made bologna.
MERCURY

Mercury was a beautiful soft black cat. He was a lovable, mischievous cat. He liked his master, who was a boy named Bob. Bob was nine years old. He liked Bob's friends, too.

Bob's friends were Bill and Sue Pingree. They were twins, and they lived on Apple Street.

Mercury liked best of all to lie in the warm sun.

One day, as he was asleep and purring gently, he began to dream.

He became a wandering vagabond. He joined Popsie, the poodle next door, who belonged to Bill and Sue.

Mercury and Popsie found a new friend, named Butter, who was a soft brown and yellow hamster.

Butter enjoyed travel, too, and seeing the rest of the world. Butter belonged to a
girl named Polly.

Mercury and Popsie and Butter walked and walked. They were far away from Apple Street now.

It was getting dark. The raindrops started to spatter on the sidewalk. They looked for a spot to dry their fur, which got wet very fast.

Mercury wondered if Bob were missing him.

Popsie wondered if Bill and Sue were missing him.

Butter wondered if Polly were missing him.

"Do you like being a vagabond?" Mercury asked Popsie and Butter.

"Yes, we do!"

"All right! Let's keep going then," said Mercury.

The clouds were darker. The lightning made zigzag lines across the sky!

C-R-A-C-K! went the thunder.

Suddenly the rain came down.

A big truck went by. It almost hit
the vagabonds. The driver swerved in time. He splashed them and went on. He did not stop to see that the poor animals were wet and shivering.

Mercury and Popsie and Butter began to feel a little afraid. Just then a friendly driver in a big yellow taxi came by.

He tooted, "Honk! Honk!" so that he would not run over the three vagabonds.

He looked at their faces. They looked sad. The driver was a kind man. He stopped his taxi, which said on the outside in big letters "Yellow Checker Cab", and said to the vagabonds, "Would you three travelers like a ride back to town?"

"Yes!" said the travelers.

"All right! Climb in!" said the man. He was kind and jolly. He let the vagabonds sit beside him. They sat up on the front seat, with their tails under them.

The cab driver was named Pete. He read each collar carefully. "Home you all go!" he said with a smile.
"Hurry! We have been vagabonds long enough," said Mercury.

On Apple Street the sun became hot. Mercury stirred. He waked up and stretched lazily. He looked about him. He was sure he had been traveling. He felt happy. He stayed in the sun, waiting for Bob to call him.

He had had such a wonderful dream!
VOCABULARY TEST

1. A kind of meat
   bologna

2. A musical instrument
   ukelele

3. Man from Mars
   Martian

4. An exploring trip
   expedition

5. A dancer
   ballerina

6. Moving with ease
   gracefully

7. Something you shake to make music
   tambourine

8. A lot of noise
   tumult

9. Can do many things well
   versatile

10. Only one like it
    unique

11. To look forward to
    anticipate

12. A kind of dog
    retriever

13. A kind of dance
    promenade

14. Guess about something
    speculation

15. Someone who walks
    pedestrian

16. Eyeglasses
    spectacles

17. Things that are in the way
    obstacles

18. To destroy
    ruin

19. Something like a circus
    carnival

20. A wildcat
    lynx

21. Grand or handsome
    magnificent

22. Very steep
    precipitous

23. Food
    spaghetti

24. A narrow valley with high steep sides
    canyon
25. Lost
26. Make greater than it is
27. Bird
28. One hundred years
29. Bumping into
30. A kind of road
31. A way to travel long ago
32. Used up
33. Great trouble
34. Name of a cat
35. A wanderer who does not work
36. To make sense
37. A tale or story
38. Figure outline
39. Lifeless
40. Most unusual

stranded
exaggerate
pheasant
century
colliding
cobblestone
stagecoach
depleted
disaster
Mercury
vagabond
logical
legend
silhouette
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