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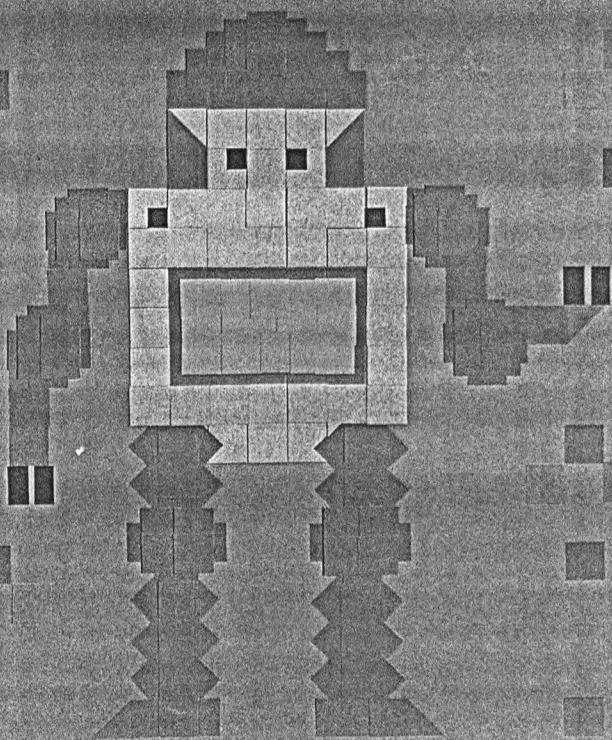
Colin Hinson

In the village of Blunham, Bedfordshire.

READING WONDERS READER

Scott, Foresman

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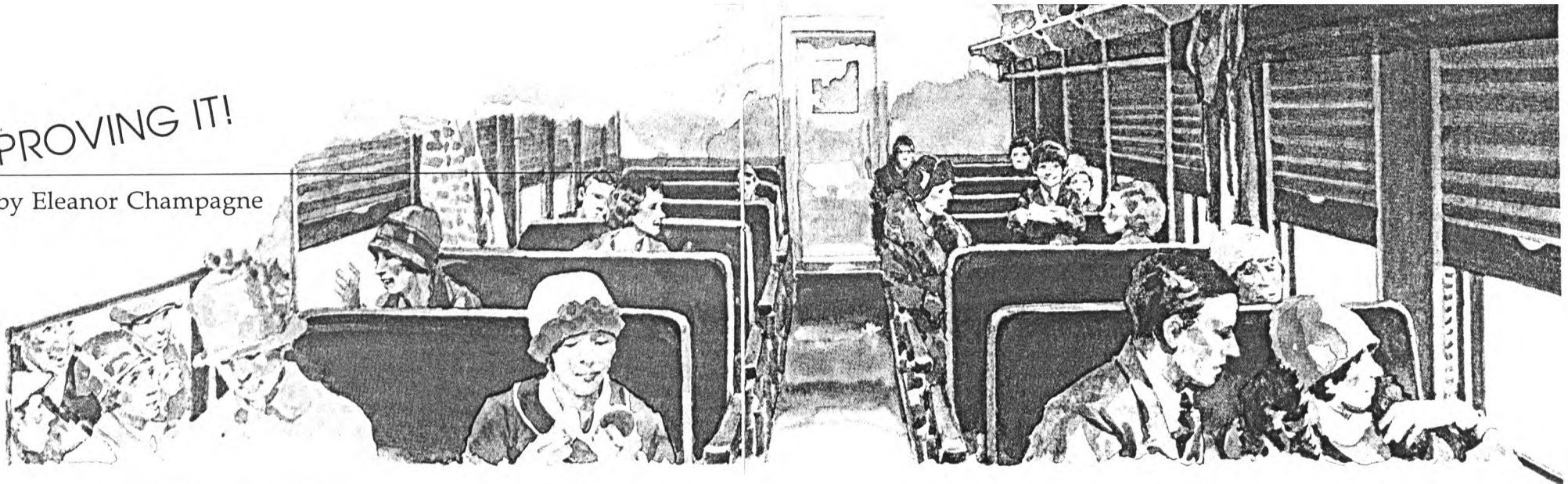
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PROVING IT!

by Eleanor Champagne



Read this historical-fiction selection to find out about Tessa and how she accomplished her goal.

This particular morning Tessa was awake before the rest of her family. She had many things to do before catching the ten o'clock train. Her excitement grew more and more as she packed her luggage. Today was very important for her. She would be traveling to New York City to study journalism. All of her life Tessa had wanted to become a journalist and write for a newspaper. In the 1920s few women, if any, were hired as newspaper reporters. However, Tessa decided not to let this stop her.

"Tess, do you need any help packing?" asked her older brother.

"Thanks, Michael, but I'm almost finished," said Tessa.

"The family is really going to miss you," said Michael. "Are you sure that you want to become a journalist?"

"Yes, I'm sure," Tessa answered confidently. "I'm determined to prove that a woman can become a good reporter."

After breakfast the entire family piled into their 1918 jalopy and headed for the train station. Everyone was silent until they reached the depot. "Good luck, Tess," said her mother.

"Please don't forget to write us," said her father.

"I'm going to miss all of you," said Tessa. She hugged her brothers and kissed her parents goodbye.

As she boarded the train, Tessa felt sad. This was the first time she would be separated from her family. She found a seat beside a window. Soon Tessa felt the train pulling out of the station. A tear dropped from her eye as she looked out the window and saw her family waving goodbye. The train began to pick up speed. As it moved farther away the members of her family began to appear smaller and smaller. She continued to peer through the window until they were no longer visible.

While in college Tessa met several women who were successful journalists. Among them was Helen Rogers Reid who was the vice-president of a well-known New York newspaper. She and other women encouraged Tessa to pursue her dream of becoming a newspaper reporter.

After graduation Tessa returned to her home in Wisconsin. She began looking for a job. Her first stop was the office of the *Walden Chronicle*. When she walked into the newsroom, all heads turned in her direction. She looked around the room. All the reporters were men. Tessa felt slightly uneasy. But she said to herself, "What have I got to lose?"

She walked up to one of the men and asked for Mr. Johnson, the editor of the paper. "What do you want to see him about?" the man asked suspiciously.

"I'm interested in a reporter's job," replied Tessa.

"You mean for your brother?" mocked the reporter.

"Please direct me to Mr. Johnson's office," Tessa said impatiently.

"Down that hall, second door on the right. But no woman has ever worked for this paper. And I doubt that a woman ever will."

Tessa thanked the man and started walking down the hall. She could feel her impatience slowly turning to anger. Her face felt warm and flushed. She had to calm herself for a moment before she knocked on Mr. Johnson's door.

During the interview Mr. Johnson seemed to be a reasonable person. After a close look at Tessa's credentials, he said, "I'll be honest with you,

Miss Collins. It is highly unusual for a woman to work as a reporter in this town. But you come well recommended. And I need another person on the staff. The thing about this business is that you don't start at the top. In order to work into a reporter's job, you have to begin at the bottom. Are you willing to do that?"

Tessa thought about it for a split second. She had heard about "starting at the bottom." Usually this meant seeing that the reporters had note paper and sharpened pencils. On the other hand, it could lead to the opportunity she had always hoped for.

"Yes," she said suddenly. "When do I start?"

"Monday, eight o'clock sharp."

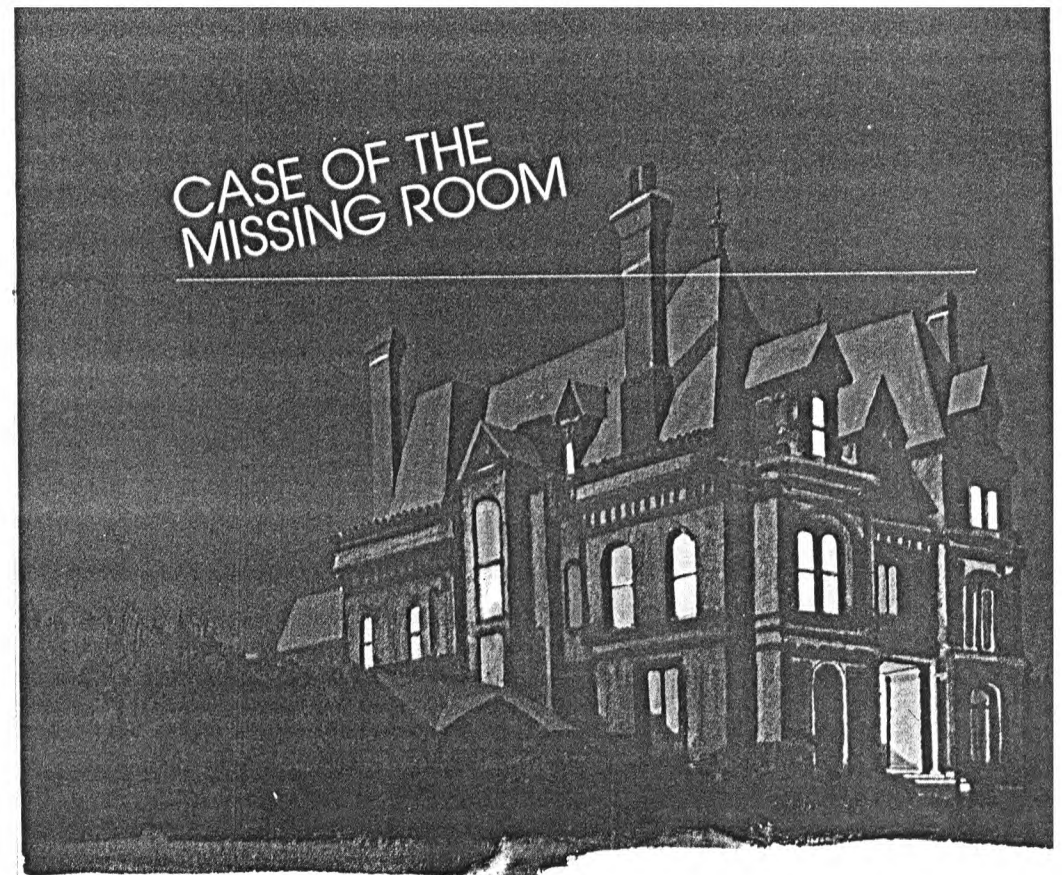




Tessa would never forget her first day at work. Seasoned newsmen, with shirtsleeves rolled up and visors on their heads, sat hunched over their work. Every once in a while, one of Tessa's new colleagues would look in her direction and scowl. Tessa knew she would have to work hard to prove herself to these veteran reporters.

The days and weeks turned into months, then into years. Tessa was more successful with each new assignment. She received more and more responsibility and eventually gained acceptance from the other reporters. Years later she became a regular writer of human interest stories. She wrote about the stock market crash in 1929, factory working conditions, and the effects of the Depression on the families in Walden.

Many people expressed surprise when they learned what her job was. "But you're a woman," they would say. Tessa would respond, "Yes, and a very competent reporter too."



by Janis Lane

Read this modern realistic fiction selection and work with the Collective Eye detectives to solve the mystery of the missing room.

A building that stands on the corner of Lake and Scott houses a very unusual group of people. Because of their interest in solving mysteries, they have formed a club called the Collective Eye. Every Wednesday the club meets, and one of the nine members presents a mystery to be solved by the others.

Mr. Finister is the president of the club and a newspaper columnist. He thinks the mansion is a perfect residence for detectives trying to improve their problem-solving skills.

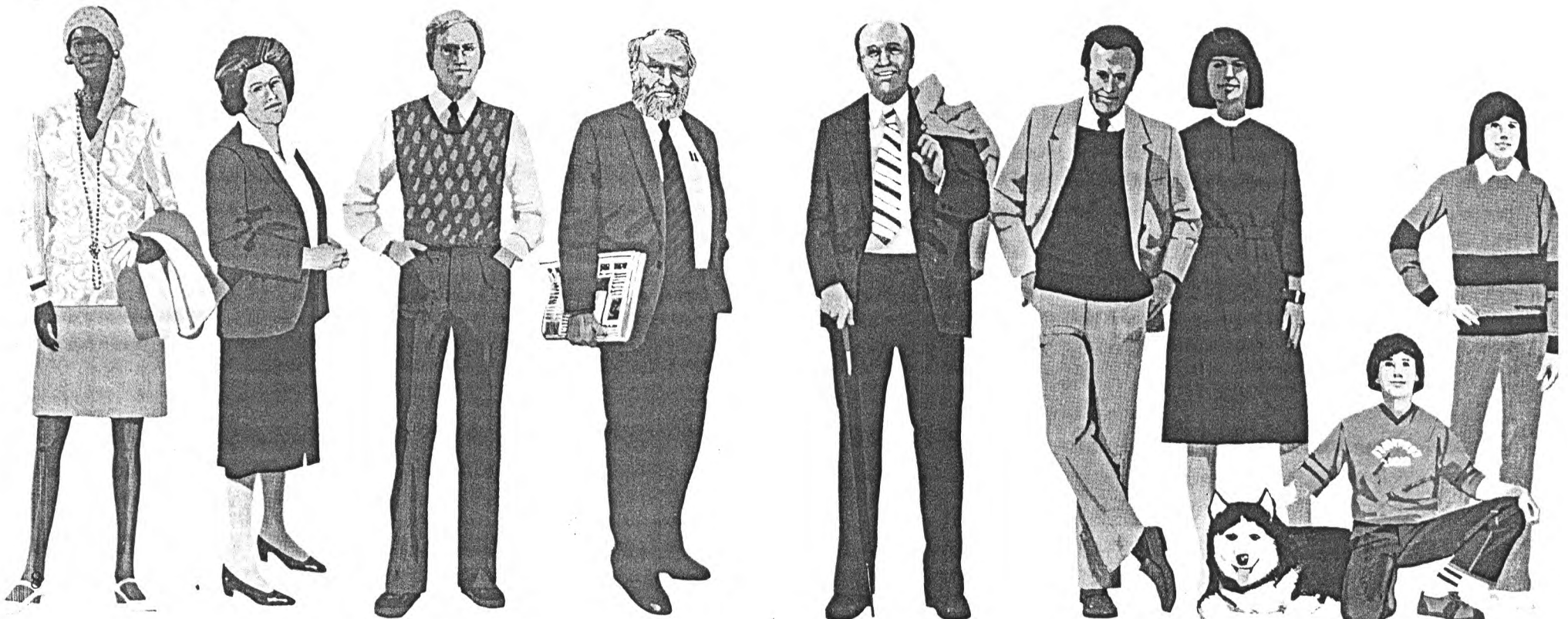
The Tolbert family lives in an apartment in the south wing of the mansion. Mr. Richard Tolbert and his wife Ann are both architects. They have two children, Mark and Susan, who often assist them in drafting blueprints.

Karon Mason, a successful playwright, enjoys writing plays set in old houses full of brass and marble. The south wing has tall marble columns. For that reason Miss Mason took an apartment in that part of the mansion.

Rene Odom, a former talent agent, is a very loyal member of the club but quite meddlesome. Because of her interfering ways, Mrs. Odom lives in the north wing by herself.

Mr. Bashur, a reporter, joined the club as a disciple of Mr. Finister. His skills as a detective have improved considerably under Mr. Finister's guidance. Mr. Bashur chose to live in the east wing of the mansion.

Mr. Delaney is a retired real estate dealer. His only reason for joining the Collective Eye was so that he could live in the old mansion. He moved into the east wing.



The west wing is completely empty, and it is there that our story takes place.



One afternoon, Mrs. Odom, feeling lonely, decided to visit Karon in the south wing. "Karon, how would you like to explore the west wing?" she asked.

"Why, Mrs. Odom, you know there is nothing to see in the west wing but cobwebs and spiders," Karon answered. "Besides, if there were something to see in that part of the building, Mr. Finister would have shown it to us when we moved in."

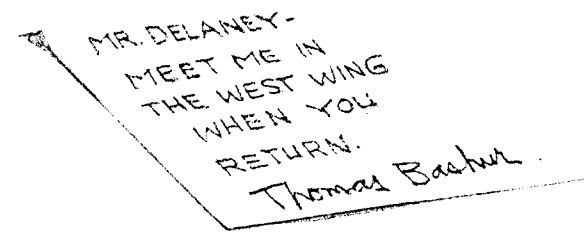
Mrs. Odom was still curious about that unoccupied part of the building. She thought to herself, "If there is nothing wrong, why hasn't Mr. Finister bothered to show us the west wing, and why doesn't anyone live there?" She returned to her room, picked up her flashlight, and headed toward the west wing.

Meanwhile, the reporter, Mr. Bashur, had made up an interesting mystery for the Collective Eye. He consulted with Mr. Finister about the idea, and they both agreed to call a meeting. Mr. Bashur said, "Let's hold the meeting in the west wing. No one has ever been in that part of the building. This meeting will present a good opportunity for all of us to look around."

"No, the west wing is too dusty and cold," shouted Mr. Finister. "Let's meet in my room at three o'clock."

Mr. Finister left Mr. Bashur completely befuddled. Mr. Bashur's skills as an amateur detective told him

that something peculiar was going on. He left a note for Mr. Delaney, who lived across the hall.



Mr. Bashur then headed for the west wing.

Karon Mason wanted to assure Mrs. Odom that there was nothing unusual about the west wing. She knew that the blueprints, which Mr. and Mrs. Tolbert had shown her, revealed nothing but four large rooms, a bathroom, and a long hallway. However, just to be sure, she went to the Tolbert's apartment and knocked on the door. Ann Tolbert answered, "Hello, Karon, are you working on a new play?"

"No," replied Karon, "but I am working on a possible mystery. Mrs. Odom has gotten me interested in the west wing. I'd like to see the blueprints."

"Sure, I'll get them from my desk," said Ann. At the desk, she flipped through a stack of blueprints. "Funny, I can't seem to find the ones for the west wing." Mrs. Tolbert continued to look. Still, the blueprints could not be found. "Karon, something is wrong," said Mrs. Tolbert, sounding very disturbed. "Richard and I were looking at those blueprints last night, because we were thinking of setting up an office in the west wing. Now they aren't here."

Ann Tolbert called her children into the drafting room. "Mark and Susan, have you seen the blueprints for the mansion's west wing?" The twins looked quizzically at each other.

"No, we haven't seen them," answered Mark.

"Then someone must have taken them," said Mrs. Tolbert. "But I wonder who and why?"

"I think we should summon the members of the Collective Eye to a meeting and find out who has the blueprints," prompted Karon.

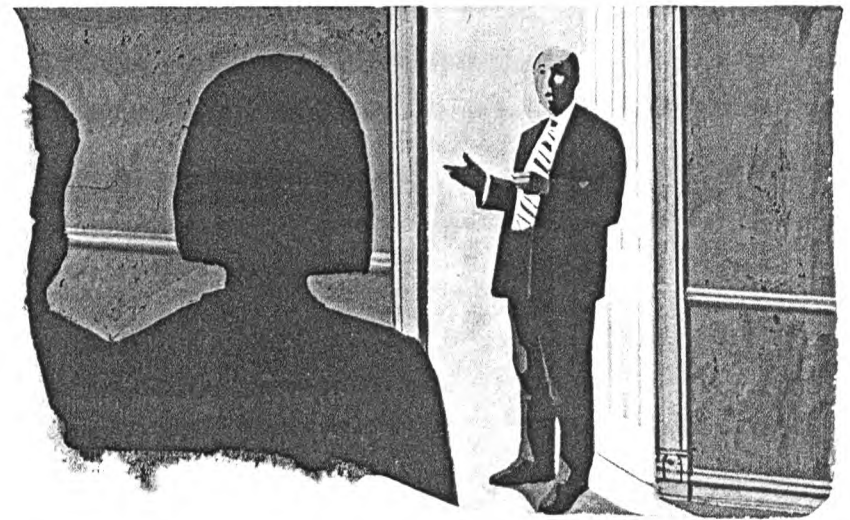
"I agree," affirmed Mrs. Tolbert.

"You get Mr. Delaney and Mr. Bashur while I get Mrs. Odom and Mr. Finister. We will meet in the hallway of the west wing in twenty minutes," said Karon.

Twenty minutes later, Karon, Mrs. Tolbert with her two children, and Mr. Delaney were standing in the hallway of the west wing. "Where is everyone else?" asked Mr. Delaney. "I received a note from Mr. Bashur stating that I was to meet him here. I waited quite awhile before looking in all four rooms. I didn't find Mr. Bashur, but I did find this flashlight. Does anyone know who it belongs to?"

"That's Mrs. Odom's. I've borrowed it before," said Karon. "She wanted me to join her for an exploration of this wing, but I said, 'No.' Surely she didn't come here alone. And if she did, where is she now?"

Suddenly, Mr. Finister emerged from one of the four rooms. He was surprised to see everyone standing in the hallway and approached them with a secretive look on his face. "What is everyone doing



here? Why the sudden interest in this part of the building?"

"That is exactly what we'd like to know," said Mr. Delaney. "Both Mrs. Odom and Mr. Bashur are missing, and they were both coming here. Have you seen them?"

"Why, no!" said Mr. Finister. "No one should be here. I've tried to keep everyone away from this area because I knew something fishy was happening. Two days ago, I was exploring, and stumbled upon a room with elaborate decorations, beautiful furniture, and elegant paintings. There was no dust or cobwebs. I wondered how it was kept so clean. I returned the next day to see the room again, but it had vanished. I told myself this couldn't be possible. I asked Mr. Tolbert to meet me in the west wing with the blueprints as soon as possible. Mr. Tolbert came immediately but we couldn't find any hint of an additional room on the blueprint. We decided not to mention this to anyone until we solved the mystery. So when Mr. Bashur mentioned the west wing, I tried to discourage him from holding a meeting here.

Unfortunately, it seems as though his curiosity got the best of him."

"Let's start to solve this mystery. We need to find Mrs. Odom and Mr. Bashur," said Mrs. Tolbert anxiously.

The amateur detectives started walking cautiously down the hall of the west wing. Before they reached the end Mr. Finister stopped suddenly and said, "Shh!"

"What's wrong, Finister?" whispered Mr. Delaney.

"Listen," said Mr. Finister. No one made a sound. A scraping noise was coming from a room on the north side of the hall.

"It sounds as though something heavy is being dragged across the floor," said Mr. Delaney.

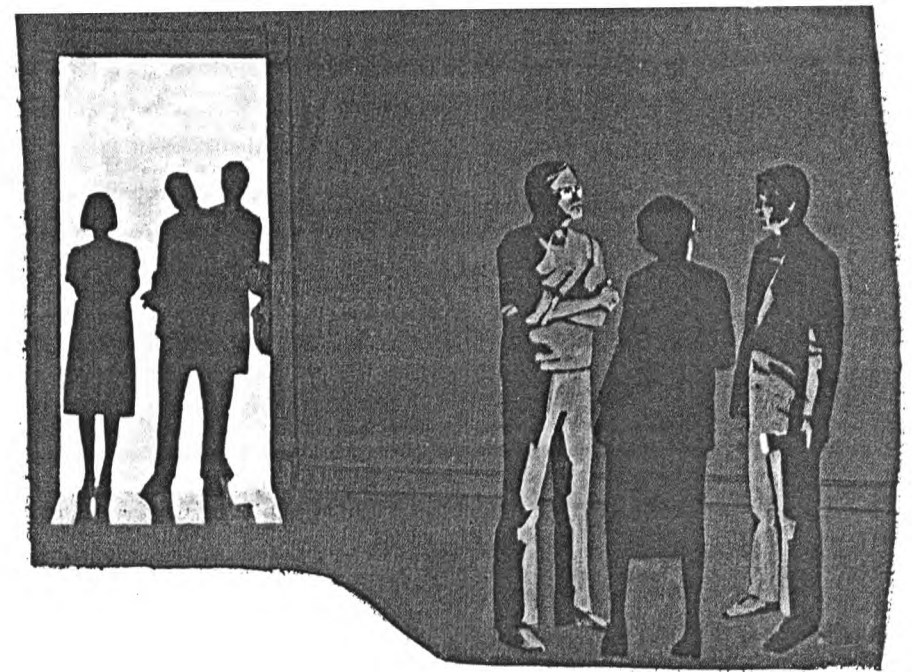
"Let's open the door," said Susan. Karon Mason immediately grabbed the knob of the door and began to turn it slowly.

"Be careful," said Mr. Finister. "We don't know who or what is on the other side." Soon the entire room was visible. To the surprise of the amateur detectives, there stood not only Mrs. Odom and Mr. Bashur but Mr. Tolbert with a flashlight in his hand. Everyone started asking questions at once.

"Wait a minute," shouted Mr. Finister. "One person at a time. We'll never find out what is going on if everyone continues to talk at the same time."

"Mr. Tolbert, what does all of this mean?" asked Karon Mason.

"Let me explain," said Richard Tolbert. "Last night Ann and I were looking at the blueprints of the



mansion to locate a good place for our office in the west wing. After she went to sleep I continued to look at the prints. I was hoping to find a clue to the missing room Finister had seen earlier in the day. It was then that I noticed a small rectangle lying between two of the rooms in the west wing. I started to wonder if this could be the missing room.

"I decided to investigate further by exploring the wing this morning. On the way, I met Mr. Bashur and Mrs. Odom. I explained to them what I had found on the prints. They were also curious and agreed to help me solve the mystery.

"We decided to search this room because it was one of the rooms next to the rectangle on the blueprints. While we were looking around, Mrs. Odom accidentally bumped the corner of the fireplace mantel. Suddenly the entire wall began sliding into the wall perpendicular to it."

“We couldn’t believe our eyes,” said Mr. Bashur. “Using Mr. Tolbert’s flashlight for illumination, we entered the room. It was exactly as Mr. Finister had described it. Come inside and see for yourselves.”

Everyone passed through the secret passageway and into the room. “Where did all of this come from?” asked Mark as he glanced at the room’s lavish decorations.



“It probably belonged to Sergus Tyson, a well-known millionaire and business tycoon, who had the mansion built during the 1950s,” said Mr. Delaney. “There are rumors that he hid his fortune somewhere inside it. But no one has ever been able to prove this.”

The amateur detectives explored the room and examined the elegant paintings and other treasures. After a while they decided to return to their regular meeting place and discuss the day’s events. “This mystery was more exciting than any we could have made up,” said Susan.

“You’re right,” said Karon. “But there are several parts that we have yet to solve.”

“That’s right!” said Mrs. Odom.

Here, dear readers, are some questions for you to ponder.

Is there someone else living in the mansion besides the members of the Collective Eye?

Who moved the secret panel earlier and exposed the missing room to Mr. Finister?

What should the Collective Eye do about the fortune they’ve uncovered?

Answer these questions and maybe you will become the next member of the Collective Eye.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

by Carol Behun

The planet Xeno has been invaded. Its residents are terrified. Read this science fiction story and try to identify the intruder.

FOR AS LONG AS THE XENOTIANS COULD REMEMBER, THEY HAD LIVED IN TERROR. THEY HAD AN EXTREME FEAR OF STRANGERS WHICH WE CALL XENOPHOBIA

XENOTIAN SCIENTISTS WERE ALWAYS SEARCHING FOR WAYS TO PROTECT XENO FROM INVADERS.

DR. XAN, WILL WE EVER FIND THE ANSWER?



DURING THE THIRD MONTH OF THE YEAR 3042, DR. XAN FOUND THE ANSWER.

THE XENOTIANS WERE FINALLY RELIEVED. THEY FELT FREE FROM WORRY UNTIL ONE DAY...

THIS SPECIAL SENSOR SYSTEM WILL LET US KNOW THE INSTANT A STRANGER ENTERS OUR AIR SPACE.

INTRUDER ALERT



DR. XAN! DR. XAN! THE SENSOR INDICATES INTRUDERS AT THE THREE MILE LIMIT!

OUR ROBOTS ARE NOW SEARCHING THE AREA!


MINUTES, HOURS, AND DAYS PASSED THE XENOTIANS STILL COULD NOT FIND ANY TRACES OF ALIEN LIFE.

FINALLY...

BARTOK MY ALERT SYSTEM IS AT FAULT. THERE'S A FLAW IN THE DETECTOR PANEL.

DR. XAN, DR. BARTOK, AND THEIR ASSISTANTS WORKED AND WORKED ON THE SYSTEM. THEY COULD NOT DISCOVER WHY IT HAD SIGNALLED AN INTRUDER ALERT.

XAN, WHAT IF YOUR SYSTEM WAS CORRECT?

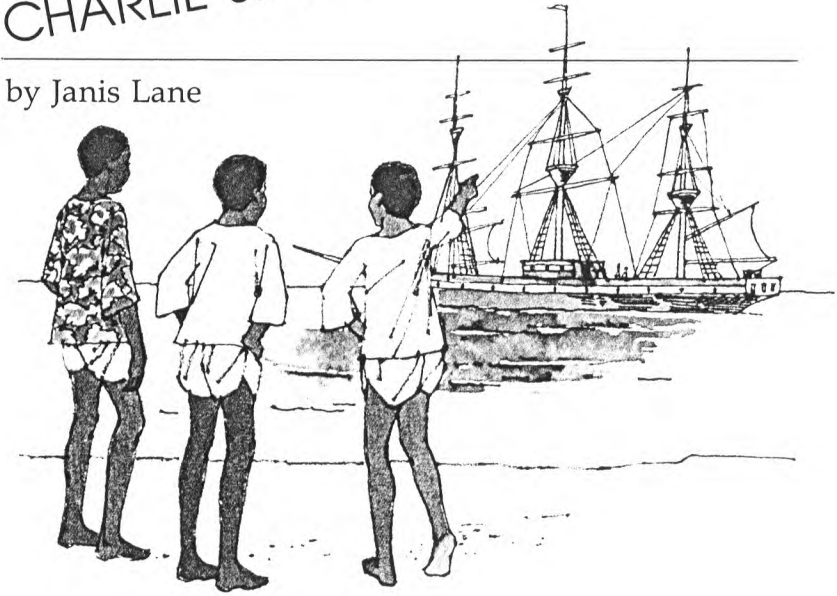







THE STORY OF CHARLIE SMITH

by Janis Lane



What can a person do in 137 years of life? To find out, read this biographical sketch about Charlie Smith, believed to be one of the oldest Americans who ever lived.

Our story begins in Liberia, a country in West Africa. It is the year 1854.

A twelve-year-old boy, Mitchell Watkins, walked down to the shore to watch the huge ships. Mitchell often went to the docks because he was fascinated by the ships' immense size. On this particular day, he and several other Liberians had been invited aboard an American schooner. The sailors explained to Mitchell and the others that the schooner carried wonderful things that they had never seen before.

Mitchell and his friends went aboard the schooner and were taken on a tour of the lower deck. Returning to the upper deck, Mitchell was surprised. The ship was already fifteen miles out to sea. Mitchell and his friends were never to see their homeland again. They had been kidnapped and were being shipped to New Orleans for a slave auction.

When Mitchell arrived in the United States, he became the property of Mr. Charles Smith, a Texas rancher. Mr. Smith renamed Mitchell Watkins after himself. From then on Mitchell was known as Charlie Smith. Mr. Smith even gave Charlie a new birthdate, July 4.

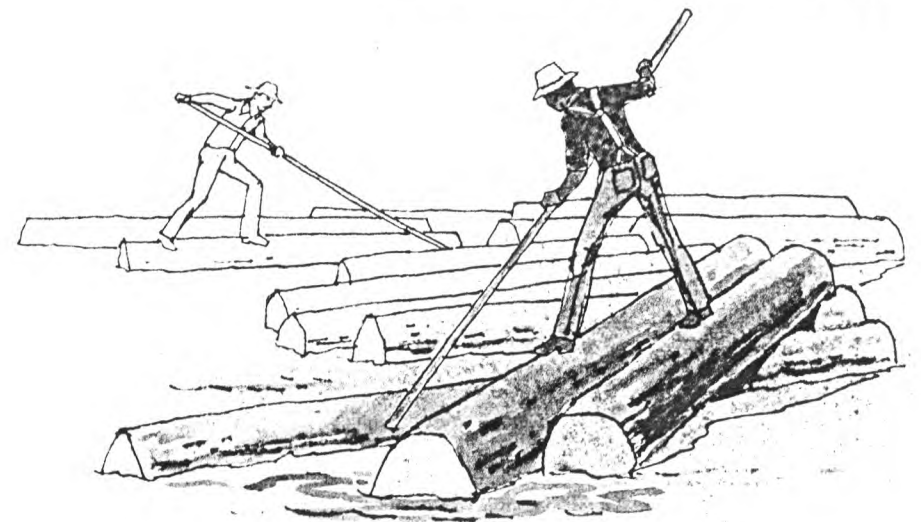
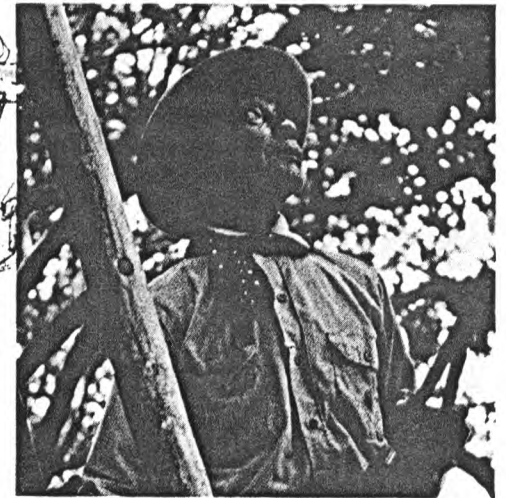
In a 1963 interview, Charlie recalled his life as a slave. "I told Charles Smith my age and where I was born. He recorded this information in the family Bible. I wasn't his only slave. He had others who worked in the fields. But I only saw them sometimes when I went out. Charles Smith reared me in the house. I took care of his children. The family called me 'CH' because this was the first part of Charlie, and because Charles Smith's name was Charlie too."

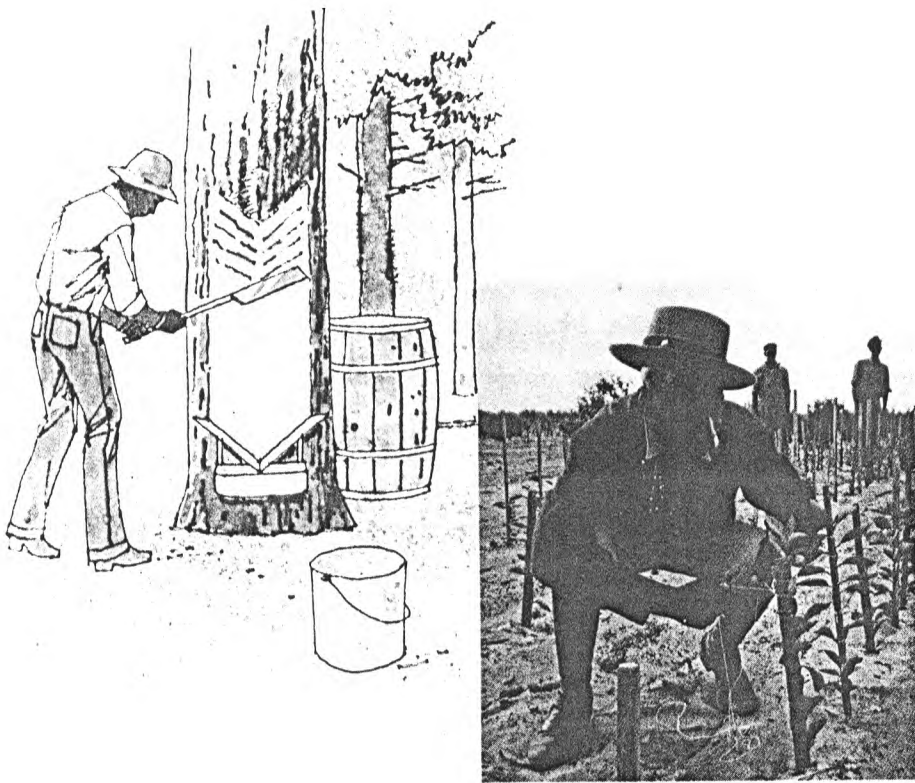
After being freed in 1863, Charlie remained with the Smith family until 1867, when the family began to separate.

From 1867 to 1926, Charlie Smith drifted throughout the United States. It was during this time that he became a cowboy. He explored the Wild West and later said in an interview that he had ridden with the Jesse James gang. It was also reported that Charlie had gone with Billy the Kid to capture the

man who had assassinated President Garfield.

During this period, Charlie had many other adventures. He was a bounty hunter, a rancher, a logger, a road builder, a horse breeder, a storekeeper.





Charlie Smith was believed to be 86 years old when he finally settled in Bartow, Florida. Even at that age, Charlie continued to work. He had a job as a laborer in the Florida turpentine camps. Later, around the age of 95, he operated his own small turpentine farm near Homeland, Florida.

After he was 112 years of age, Charlie Smith got his first Social Security card. Most people thought Charlie would stop working after this, but he didn't. At 113 and still quite nimble, Charlie was seen with pruning shears in the treetops of Florida.

Charlie had one of his most memorable moments when he received a letter from the Social Security Commission. The letter came in July, 1971, and congratulated Charlie on reaching his 129th birthday.

It was not until his death on October 7, 1979, that anyone disputed Charlie's age. He was known to be 137 years old by his son, his Florida friends, and the Social Security Commission. A short biography about Charlie was to be entered into a world record book, but its editor disputed Charlie's age. The editor had discovered a marriage certificate that required a revised computation of Charlie's age. The editor said that Charlie Smith could only have lived to be 104.

This evidence does not agree with other documents, such as the Smiths' family Bible, or with documents verified by Social Security officials. Documents were also produced that proved Charlie was sold into slavery in 1854, at the age of 12.

Despite this disagreement over Charlie's age, he was certainly one of the few African Americans who survived kidnapping, nine years of slavery, an earthquake, and a cattle stampede.



WHO IS IT?

by Sharon Daluga

Decide which famous person goes with each biographical sketch.



Gertrude Ederle

I ate only rice, fruit, and water. I also slept on bare floors. The people of India called me Great Soul and honored me as the father of their nation.

I based my life on three ideals: courage, nonviolence, and truth. My philosophy of nonviolence enabled me to help free my country from British rule. It has also influenced the actions of many world leaders.

Coated with olive oil, lanolin, lard, and petroleum jelly, I began a journey that was to make me the first American woman to swim across the English Channel. This strenuous trip took me fourteen hours and thirty-one minutes. I set a world's record.

This feat, however, caused me to lose my hearing. Later in my life I worked with deaf children and received many honors and awards for my work.



Charles Schulz

Mahatma Gandhi

Rachel Carson

During my childhood, I became interested in nature and in becoming a writer. At the age of ten I had my first story published in a magazine.

When I entered college, I became fascinated with marine biology. Because of my interest in writing, I decided to work both as a scientist and as a writer.

I have written several books about the environment. My famous book, *Silent Spring*, has influenced many people. It was because of this book that the environmental movement began.

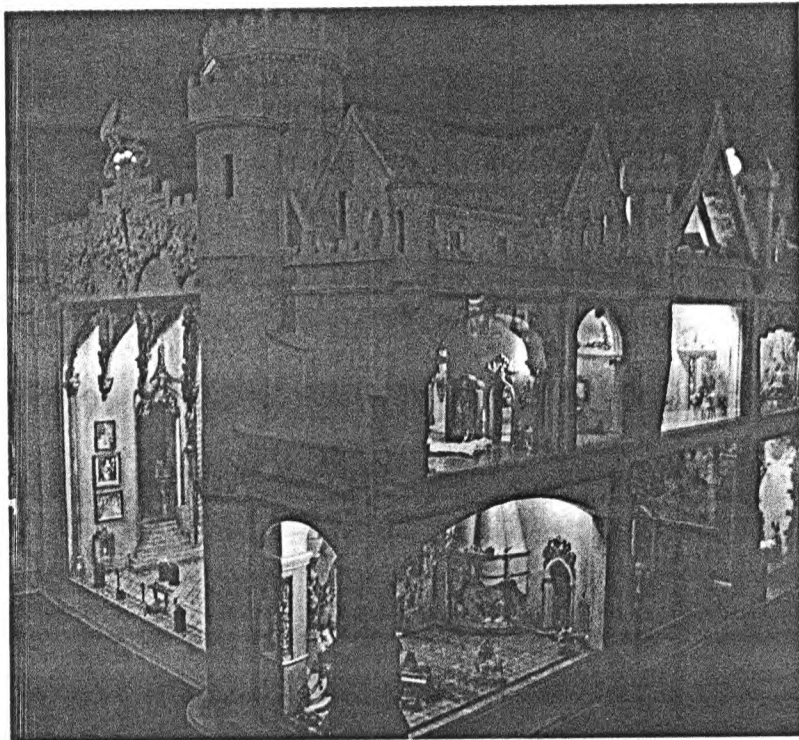
I am a cartoonist. My comic strip, *Peanuts*, has been making people laugh for over thirty years. I have received numerous awards for it.

My most famous cartoon character is Charlie Brown. This character shows how I saw myself as a child. Snoopy, Pig Pen, Woodstock, and Lucy are just a few more of my cartoon friends.

A DREAM COME TRUE

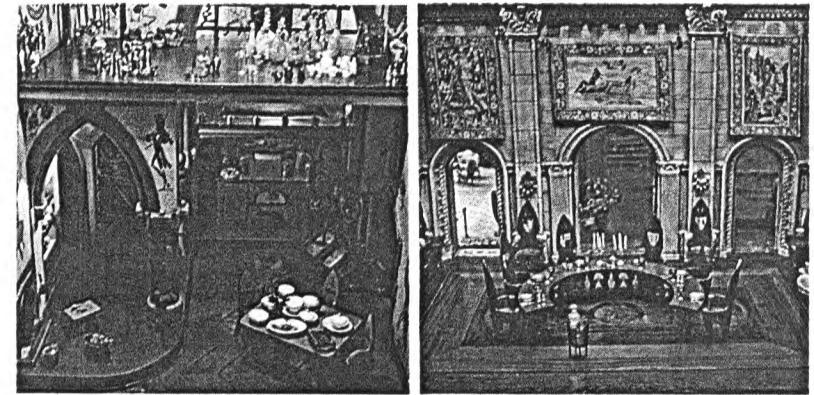
by Grace Matthews

Read this informational article to find out how one woman made her childhood dream a reality.



Colleen Moore, a great silent film star, became interested in dollhouses at the age of two. Over the years, relatives and friends gave her miniatures which she used to furnish several dollhouses. In 1920, Ms. Moore decided to build a replica of a castle in which to house her collection of furniture.

The eleven-room castle, with its own electrical and plumbing systems, took over seven years to construct. It required the skill of seven hundred artists and craftsmen. The cost was over one-half million dollars.



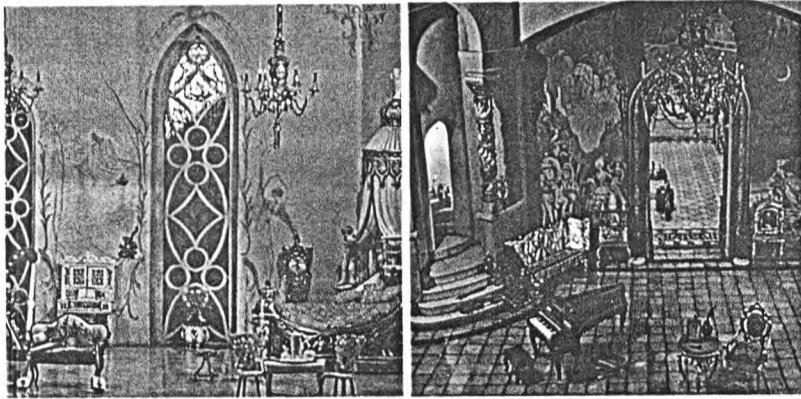
In the kitchen there is an earthenware table set with china. Also on the table are many foods cooked from a spoon-sized cookbook. This cookbook contains recipes from famous chefs.

King Arthur's Round Table occupies the center of the dining room and is surrounded by walnut chairs. The table is set with gold knives and forks, crystal goblets, lace napkins, and a gold dining service that is one hundred years old.

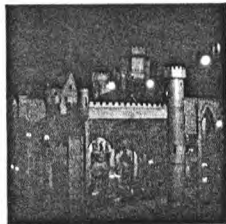
The library has a wooden floor with zodiac signs inlaid with gold. All the books are hand-printed first editions written by famous American and British authors. The smallest dictionary in the world is also found here.

The bedrooms are located upstairs. One has two tiny chairs made from Ms. Moore's diamond and emerald clips. A swan-shaped bed made from mother-of-pearl sits on the floor.

A tiny rosewood piano with ivory keys is found in the drawing room. The handwritten scores of music were done by several famous composers. The gold chandelier encrusted with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds, casts a soft glow over the silver grandfather's clock.



Ms. Moore's castle can be viewed at the Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago. It has been on permanent display there since 1949.



Comprehension Questions



Proving It

1. You read that "Proving It" is historical fiction. If you were not told this, what clues in the story would help you determine the type of fiction it is?
2. What type of character is Tessa Collins?

Case of the Missing Room

There were still several mysteries unsolved at the end of the "Case of the Missing Room." Use the questions posed on page 17 to help you create your own ending to the story.



Mistaken Identity

1. What would you have done if you were in Dr. Xan's position when the alert sounded?
2. Was the planet Xeno invaded? If so, by whom?

The Story of Charlie Smith

1. Write a brief biographical sketch about a person who interests you.
2. Compare Charlie Smith with Tessa Collins. Tell how they are alike and different.

A Dream Come True

1. What makes "A Dream Come True" an informational article?
2. In what types of printed materials are you most likely to find informational articles?

Answers

Proving It

1. Some of the clues are references to dates: 1924, 1920s, and the "Roaring Twenties." Another clue is the difficulty Tessa had as a woman in the 1920s in obtaining a job as a newspaper reporter.
2. Answers will vary, but may include ambitious, courageous, and strong-willed.

Case of the Missing Room

Answers will vary, but the ending to the story should be created around the questions on page 17.

Mistaken Identity

1. Answers will vary but should show some understanding of the problems faced by Dr. Xan.
2. Yes, Dr. Zyloc was the invader.

The Story of Charlie Smith

1. The biographical sketch should contain some interesting facts about a real person's life.
2. Answers will vary but could include the following comparisons:
 - a. Charlie Smith was a real person while Tessa Collins was a fictional character.
 - b. Both Charlie Smith and Tessa Collins had strong personalities that helped them to overcome many hardships.

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1. It gives factual information.
2. Answers will vary but may include textbooks, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, and encyclopedias.

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