

## SLIP OR TRIP

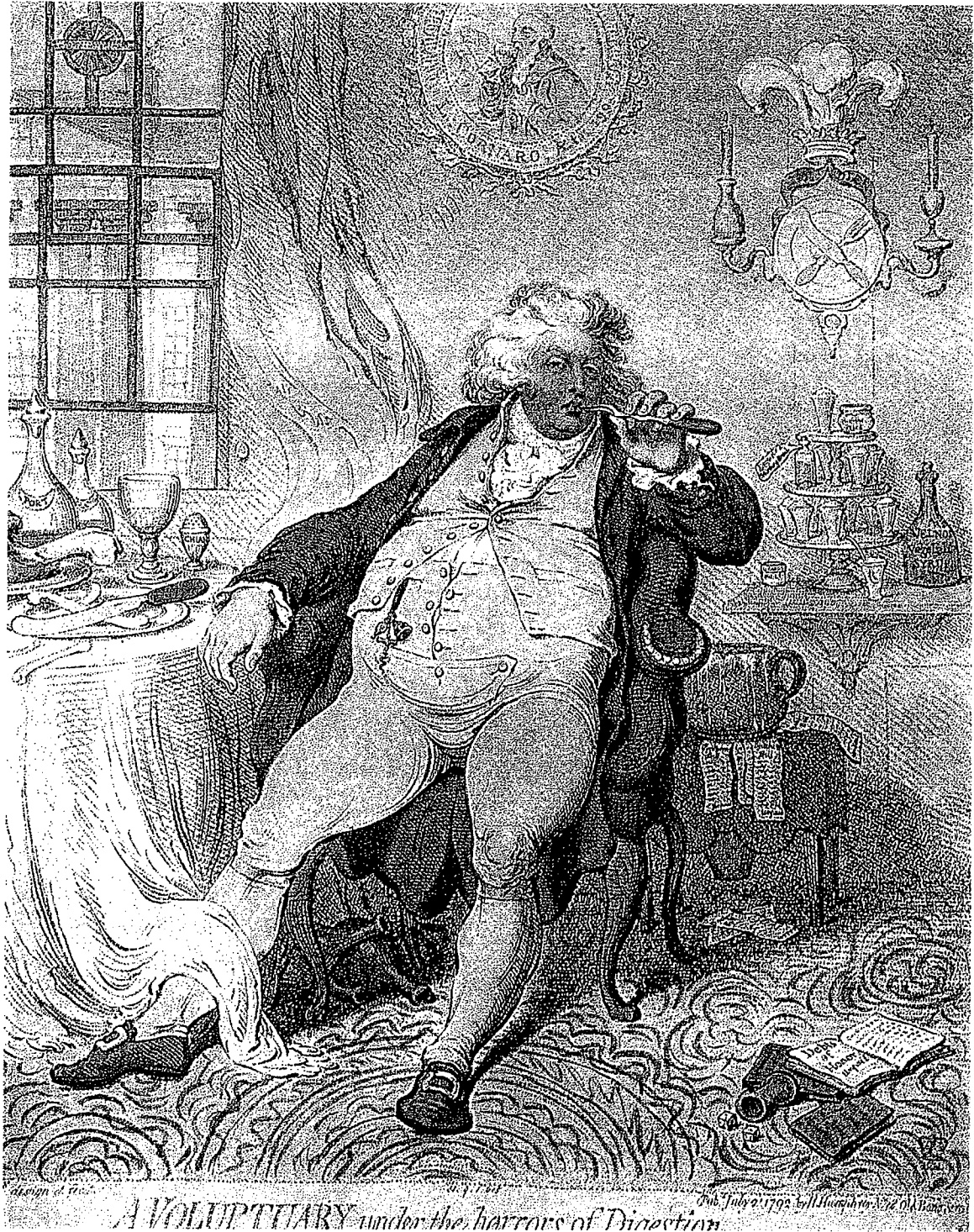
At five-feet-six, and a hundred and ten pounds, Queenie Volupides was a sight to behold, and to clasp. And when she tore out of the house after a tiff with her husband, Arthur, she went to the country club where there was a party going on.

She left the club shortly before one in the morning and invited a few friends to follow her home and have one more drink. They got to the Volupides' house about ten minutes after Queenie, who met them at the door and said, "Something terrible happened-Arthur slipped and fell on the stairs. He was coming down for another drink---he still had the glass in his hand--and I think he's dead. Oh, my God--what shall I do?"

The autopsy concluded that Arthur had died from, a wound on the head, and confirmed the fact that he'd been drunk. Do you think Queenie is telling the truth?

Assume that you are a member of the investigative team. Your team must determine what may have happened. Find evidence that indicates whether Queenie is telling the truth and what may have happened. If you and other members of your team disagree, find evidence that will convince them. Be prepared to explain why your evidence makes your case. Eventually you will write a report to convince the others in the class that your analysis makes the most sense.

\*adapted from Lawrence Treat. Crime and Puzzlement 2.  
Boston: David R. Godine, Publisher, 1982.



*A VOLUPTUARY under the horrors of Digestion*

*Pub. July 21 1792 by M. Goussier No. 12 of the Rue de la Harpe*

## Stephen Crane: A Mystery of Heroism

### A Detail of an American Battle

The dark uniforms of the men were so coated with dust from the incessant wrestling of the two armies that the regiment almost seemed a part of the clay bank which shielded them from the shells. On the top of the hill a battery was arguing in tremendous roars with some other guns and to the eye of the infantry, the artillerymen, the guns, the caissons, the horses, were distinctly outlined upon the blue sky. When a piece was fired a red streak as round as a log flashed low in the heavens, like a monstrous bolt of lightning. The men of the battery wore white duck trousers, which somehow emphasized their legs, and when they ran and crowded in little groups at the bidding of the shouting officers, it was more impressive than usual to the infantry.

Fred Collins of A Company was saying: "Thunder, I wisht I had a drink. Ain't there any water round here?" Then somebody yelled: "There goes th' bugler!"

As the eyes of half of the regiment swept in one machine-like movement there was an instant's picture of a horse in a great convulsive leap of a death wound and a rider leaning back with a crooked arm and spread fingers before his face. On the ground was the crimson terror of an exploding shell, with fibres of flame that seemed like lances. A glittering bugle swung clear of the rider's back as fell headlong the horse and the man. In the air was an odor as from a conflagration.

Sometimes they of the infantry looked down at a fair little meadow which spread at their feet. Its long, green grass was rippling gently in a breeze. Beyond it was the grey form of a house half torn to pieces by shells and by the busy axes of soldiers who had pursued firewood. The line of an old fence was now dimly marked by long weeds and by an occasional post. A shell had blown the well-house to fragments. Little lines of grey smoke ribboning upward from some embers indicated the place where had stood the barn.

From beyond a curtain of green woods there came the sound of some stupendous scuffle as if two animals of the size of islands were fighting. At a distance there were occasional appearances of swift-moving men, horses, batteries, flags, and, with the crashing of infantry volleys were heard, often, wild and frenzied cheers. In the midst of it all, Smith and Ferguson, two privates of A Company, were engaged in a heated discussion, which involved the greatest questions of the national existence.

The battery on the hill presently engaged in a frightful duel. The white legs of the gunners scampered this way and that way and the officers redoubled their shouts. The guns, with their demeanors of stolidity and courage, were typical of something infinitely self-possessed in this clamor of death that swirled around the hill.

One of the "swing" team was suddenly smitten quivering to the ground and maddened brethren dragged his torn body in their struggle to escape from this turmoil and danger. A young soldier astride one of the leaders swore and fumed in saddle and furiously jerked at the bridle. An officer screamed out an order so furiously that his voice broke and ended the sentence in a falsetto shriek.

The leading company of the infantry regiment was somewhat exposed and the colonel ordered it moved more fully under the shelter of the hill. There was the clank of steel against steel. A lieutenant of the battery rode down and passed them, holding his right arm carefully in his left hand. And it was as if this arm was not at all a part of him, but belonged to another man. His sober and reflective charger went slowly. The officer's face was grimy and perspiring and his uniform was tousled as if he had been in direct grapple with an enemy. He smiled grimly when the men stared at him. He turned his horse toward the meadow.

Collins of A Company said, "I wisht I had a drink. I bet there's water in that there ol' well yonder! "

"Yes; but how you goin' to git it?"

For the little meadow which intervened was now suffering a terrible onslaught of shells.

Its green and beautiful calm had vanished utterly. Brown earth was being flung in monstrous handfuls. And there was a massacre of the young blades of grass. They were being torn, burned, obliterated. Some curious fortune of the battle had made this gentle little meadow the object of the red hate of the shells and each one as it exploded seemed like an imprecation in the face of a maiden.

The wounded officer who was riding across this expanse said to himself: "Why, they couldn't shoot any harder if the whole army was massed here!"

A shell struck the grey ruins of the house and as, after the roar, the shattered wall fell in fragments, there was a noise which resembled the flapping of shutters during a wild gale of winter. Indeed the infantry paused in the shelter of the bank, appeared as men standing upon a shore contemplating a madness of the sea. The angel of calamity had under its glance the battery upon the hill. Fewer white-legged men labored about the guns. A shell had smitten one of the pieces and after the flare, the smoke, the dust, the wrath of this blow was gone, it was possible to see white legs stretched horizontally upon the ground. And at that interval to the rear, where it is the business of battery horses to stand with their noses to the fight awaiting the command to drag their guns out of the destruction or into it or wheresoever these incomprehensible humans demanded with whip and spur--in this line of passive and dumb spectators, whose fluttering hearts yet would not let them forget the iron laws of man's control of them--in this rank of brute-soldiers there had been relentless and hideous carnage. From the ruck of bleeding and prostrate horses, the men of the infantry could see one animal raising its stricken body with its fore-legs and turning its nose with mystic and profound eloquence toward the sky.

Some comrades joked Collins' about his thirst. "Well, if yeh want a drink so bad, why don't yeh go git it?"

"Well, I will in a minnet if yeh don't shut up."

A lieutenant of artillery floundered his horse straight down the hill with as great concern as if it were level ground. As he galloped past the colonel of the infantry, he threw up his hand in swift salute. "We've got to get out of that," he roared angrily. He was a black-bearded officer, and his eyes, which resembled beads, sparkled like those of an insane man. His jumping horse sped along the column of infantry.

The fat major standing carelessly with his sword held horizontally behind him and with his legs far apart, looked after the receding horseman and laughed. "He wants to get back with orders pretty quick or there'll be no batt'ry left," he observed.

The wise young captain of the second company hazarded to the lieutenant colonel that the enemy's infantry would probably soon attack the hill, and the lieutenant colonel snubbed him.

A private in one of the rear companies looked out over the meadow and then turned to a companion and said: "Look there, Jim;" It was the wounded officer from the battery, who some time before had started to ride across the meadow, supporting his right arm carefully with his left hand. This man had encountered a shell apparently at a time when no one perceived him and he could now be seen lying face downward with a stirruped foot stretched across the body of his dead horse. A leg of the charger extended slantingly upward precisely as stiff as a stake. Around this motionless pair the shells still howled.

There was a quarrel in A Company. Collins was shaking his fist in the faces of some laughing comrades. "Dem yeh! I ain't afraid t'go. If yeh say much, I will go!"

"Of course, yeh will! Yeh'll run through that there medder, won't yeh?" Collins said, in a terrible voice: "You see, now!" At this ominous threat his comrades broke into renewed jeers.

Collins gave them a dark scowl and went to find his captain. The latter was conversing

with the colonel of the regiment.

"Captain," said Collins, saluting and standing at attention. In those days all trousers bagged at the knees. "Captain, I want t' git permission to go git some water from that there well over yonder!"

The colonel and the captain swung about simultaneously and stared across the meadow. The captain laughed. "You must be pretty thirsty, Collins?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Well--ah," said the captain. After a moment he asked: "Can't you wait?" "No, sir."

The colonel was watching Collins's face. "Look here, my lad," he said, in a pious sort of a voice. "Look here, my lad." Collins was not a lad. "Don't you think that's taking pretty big risks for a little drink of water?"

"I dunno," said Collins, uncomfortably. Some of the resentment toward his companions, which perhaps had forced him into this affair, was beginning to fade. "I dunno wether 'tis."

The colonel and the captain contemplated him for a time.

"Well," said the captain finally.

"Well," said the colonel, "if you want to go, why go."

Collins saluted. "Much obliged t' yeh."

As he moved away the colonel called after him. "Take some of the other boys' canteens with you an' hurry back now."

"Yes sir, I will."

The colonel and the captain looked at each other then, for it had suddenly occurred that they could not for the life of them tell whether Collins wanted to go or whether he did not.

They turned to regard Collins and as they perceived him surrounded by gesticulating comrades the colonel said: "Well, by thunder! I guess he's going."

Collins appeared as a man dreaming. In the midst of the questions, the advice, the warnings, all the excited talk of his company mates, he maintained a curious silence.

They were very busy in preparing him for his ordeal. When they inspected him carefully it was somewhat like the examination that grooms give a horse before a race; and they were amazed, staggered by the whole affair. Their astonishment found vent in strange repetitions.

"Are yeh sure a-goin'?" they demanded again and again. "Certainly I am," cried Collins, at last furiously.

He strode sullenly away from them. He was swinging five or six canteens by their cords. It seemed that his cap would not remain firmly on his head, and often he reached and pulled it down over his brow.

There was a general movement in the compact column. The long animal-like thing moved slightly. Its four hundred eyes were turned upon the figure of Collins.

"Well, sir, if that ain't th' derndest thing. I never thought Fred Collins had the blood in him for that kind of business."

"What's he goin' to do anyhow?"

"He's goin' to that well there after water."

"We ain't dyin' of thirst, are we? That's foolishness."

"Well, somebody put him up to it an' he's doin' it."

"Say, he must be a desperate cuss."

When Collins faced the meadow and walked away from the regiment he was vaguely conscious that a chasm, the deep valley of all prides, was suddenly between him and his comrades. It was provisional, but the provision was that he return as a victor. He had blindly been led by quaint emotions and laid himself under an obligation to walk squarely up to the

face of death.

But he was not sure that he wished to make a retraction even if he could do so without shame. As a matter of truth he was sure of very little. He was mainly surprised.

It seemed to him supernaturally strange that he had allowed his mind to maneuver his body into such a situation. He understood that it might be called dramatically great.

However, he had no full appreciation of anything excepting that he was actually conscious of being dazed; He could feel his dulled mind groping after the form and color of this incident.

Too, he wondered why he did not feel some keen agony of fear cutting his sense like a knife. He wondered at this because human expression had said loudly for centuries that men should feel afraid of certain things and that all men who did not feel this fear were phenomena, heroes.

He was then a hero. He suffered that disappointment which we would all have if we discovered that we were ourselves capable of those deeds which we most admire in history and legend. This, then, was a hero. After all, heroes were not much.

No, it could not be true. He was not a hero. Heroes had no shames in their lives and, as for him, he remembered borrowing fifteen dollars from a friend and promising to pay it back the next day, and then avoiding that friend for ten months. When at home his mother had aroused him for the early labor of his life on the farm, it had often been his fashion to be irritable, childish, diabolical, and his mother had died since he had come to the war.

He saw that in this matter of the well, the canteens, the shells, he was an intruder in the land of fine deeds.

He was now about thirty paces from his comrades. The regiment had just turned its many faces toward him.

From the forest of terrific noises there suddenly emerged a little uneven line of men. They fired fiercely and rapidly at distant foliage on which appeared little puffs of white smoke. The spatter of skirmish firing was added to the thunder of the guns on the hill. The little line of men ran forward. A color-sergeant fell flat with his flag, as if he had slipped on ice. There was hoarse cheering from this distant field.

Collins suddenly felt that two demon fingers were pressed into his ears. He could see nothing but flying arrows, flaming red. He lurched from the shock of this explosion, but he made a mad rush for the house, which he viewed as a man submerged to the neck in a boiling surf might view the shore. In the air, little pieces of shell howled and the earthquake explosions drove him insane with the menace of their roar. As he ran the canteens knocked together with a rhythmical tinkling.

As he neared the house each detail of the scene became vivid to him. He was aware of some bricks of the vanished chimney lying on the sod. There was a door which hung by one hinge.

Rifle bullets called forth by the insistent skirmishers came from the far-off bank of foliage. They mingled with the shells and the pieces of shells until the air was tom in all directions by hootings, yells, howls. The sky was full of fiends who directed all their wild rage at his head.

When he came to the well he flung himself face downward and peered into its darkness. There were furtive silver glintings some feet from the surface. He grabbed one of the canteens and, unfastening its cap, swung it down by the cord. The water flowed slowly in with an indolent gurgle.

And now as he lay with his face turned away, he was suddenly smitten with the terror. It came upon his heart like the grasp of claws. All the power faded from his muscles. For an

instant he was no more than a dead man.

The canteen filled with a maddening slowness in the manner of all bottles. Presently he recovered his strength and addressed a screaming oath to it. He leaned over until it seemed as if he intended to try to push water into it with his hands. His eyes as he gazed down into the well shone like two pieces of metal and in their expression was a great appeal and a great curse. The stupid water derided him.

There was the blaring thunder of a shell. Crimson light shone through the swift boiling smoke and made a pink reflection on part of the wall of the well. Collins jerked out his arm and canteen with the same motion that a man would use in withdrawing his head from a furnace.

He scrambled erect and glared and hesitated. On the ground near him lay the old well bucket, with a length of rusty chain. He lowered it swiftly into the well. The bucket struck the water and then turning lazily over, sank. When, with hand reaching tremblingly over hand, he hauled it out, it knocked often against the walls of the well and spilled some of its contents.

In running with a filled bucket, a man can adopt but one kind of gait. So through this terrible field over which screamed practical angels of death Collins ran in the manner of a farmer chased out of a dairy by a bull.

His face went staring white with anticipation--anticipation of a blow that would whirl him around and down. He would fall as he had seen other men fall, the life knocked out of them so suddenly that their knees were no more quick to touch the ground than their heads. He saw the long blue line of the regiment, but his comrades were standing looking at him from the edge of an impossible star. He was aware of some deep wheel ruts and hoof prints in the sod beneath his feet.

The artillery officer who had fallen in this meadow had been making groans in the teeth of the tempest of sound. These futile cries, wrenched from him by his agony, were heard only by shells, bullets. When wild-eyed Collins came running, this officer raised himself. His face contorted and blanched from pain; he was about to utter some great beseeching cry. But suddenly his face straightened and he called: "Say, young man, give me a drink of water, will you?"

Collins had no room amid his emotions for surprise. He was mad from the threats of destruction.

"I can't," he screamed, and in this reply was a full description of his quaking apprehension. His cap was gone and his hair was riotous. His clothes made it appear that he had been dragged over the ground by the heels. He ran on.

The officer's head sank down and one elbow crooked. His foot in its brassbound stirrup still stretched over the body of his horse and the other leg was under the steed.

But Collins turned. He came dashing back. His face had now turned grey and in his eyes was all terror. "Here it is! Here it is! "

The officer was as a man gone in drink. His arm bended like a twig. His head drooped as if his neck was of willow. He was sinking to the ground, to lie face downward.

Collins grabbed him by the shoulder. "Here it is. Here's your drink. Turn' over! Turn over, man, for God's sake!"

With Collins hauling at his shoulder the officer twisted his body and fell with his face turned toward that region where lived the unspeakable noises of the swirling missiles. There was the faintest shadow of a smile on his lips as he looked at Collins. He gave a sigh, a little primitive breath like that from a child.

Collins tried to hold the bucket steadily, but his shaking hands caused the water to splash all over the face of the dying man. Then he jerked it away and ran on.

The regiment gave him a welcoming roar. The grimed faces were wrinkled in laughter.

His captain waved the bucket away. "Give it to the men!"

The two genial, sky-larking young lieutenants were the first to gain possession of it. They played over it in their fashion.

When one tried to drink the other teasingly knocked his elbow. "Don't, Billie! You'll make me spill it," said the one. The other laughed.

Suddenly there was an oath, the thud of wood on the ground, and a swift murmur of astonishment from the ranks. The two lieutenants glared at each other. The bucket lay on the ground empty.



**Courage Scenarios, Form A**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ GRADE \_\_\_\_\_

**Opinionnaire: What is courage?**

**Directions:**

When people decide that some thing or idea belongs in a certain category, they often make use of a set of rules that guide their thinking. For example, if a prosecutor wishes to convict a person of first degree murder, the prosecutor must produce evidence that the accused planned the crime beforehand. The rule (or criterion) governing that distinction might be stated as follows: *A charge of first degree murder must be supported by evidence of planning the crime in advance.*

Read each of the following paragraphs and circle either Yes or No in answer to the question which ends the paragraph. On the lines below each paragraph, write the rule by which you decided whether the action is or is not courageous.

1. Ravi, a snake charmer, entertains his audience of poor children with his ability to make dangerous cobras dance to the music of his flute. Although the bite of the snakes is very poisonous, Ravi is an expert and has trained the snakes since they were young and has hypnotized them often with music. Is Ravi's charming of the snakes for the children courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule:

---

---

---

---

---

---

2. While visiting a state park on a hot summer day, John Franklin and his friends find an old quarry. Because of dangerous rocks and extremely deep water, a sign states DANGER! No Swimming. John and his friends jump into the water, however. Is their action of going swimming courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule:

---

---

---

---

1-end

---

---

3. A woman had been beaten by her husband several times over a period of years and had become very fearful of him. Finally, during one beating, when it seems to her that his anger will result in her death, she panics and runs to the kitchen for a knife. When the husband catches her arm, she turns and begins stabbing him with the knife. Are the woman's actions with the knife courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_

---

---

---

---

---

4. The construction of modern skyscrapers requires that some workers put together steel beams several hundred feet above the ground. Jack is one of the workers. He must walk along the beams eight to twelve inches wide, carrying heavy tools. He works on the beams in high winds and even icy conditions. One wrong step could lead to his death. However, Jack has ten years of experience working on high steel. He has never had an accident and has excellent balance. When he climbs up into the high steel on any given day, is he courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_

---

---

---

---

---

5. Prescott is trapped by fire on the tenth floor of a burning hotel. Firemen yell at him to jump out the window of his room and onto the roof of the building six feet away. When the fire bursts through the door, he realizes that he must jump to the other building to save his life. Is Prescott's jump courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_

---

---

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

6. Captain Smith comes to a battle zone which is new to him. The enemy holds an important village. Soldiers who have been there before the Captain warn him that several approaches to the village are heavily mined and that the village contains hidden machine gun nests on the hill approaching the village. Captain Smith, however, says that the village must be captured immediately. He ignores the warnings and sets out to take the village by direct, frontal attack with three squads of men. Is the Captain courageous in ordering and leading the charge?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

7. Maria was driving a group of students home from a party. As they reached the bottom of a steep mountain, Maria saw a bus, coming directly at them. The bus appeared out of control. Maria decided that the only way to save her passengers was to swerve so that the bus could strike only her side of the car. She chose to do this. Is Maria's action courageous?

YES  NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

8. When Officer Kelly received a call that the burglar alarm at O'Hara Jewelry Store had sounded, he was more annoyed than nervous. He had answered four alarms at the store in the past week, and all had been false alarms. When the officer entered the

store, however, he surprised a man in the act of emptying the safe. Turning to flee, the thief tripped and fell. He offered no resistance as Kelly put him in handcuffs. Is Kelly's capture of the thief courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

9. Leo decides to rob a bank in a building which is carefully guarded by heavily armed men and excellent alarm systems. He knows about the dangers but enters anyway to steal a fortune in diamonds. Is his attempt to steal the diamonds courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

10. The members of two rival gangs, the Archangels and the Killer Bees, meet on the street. Zip, a young man in the process of joining the Killer Bees, is told to confront Big Mike, leader of the Archangels. He knows that if he does not, his own gang members will make fun of him, probably beat him, and certainly throw him out of the gang. He does not want that to happen. Therefore, Zip approaches Big Mike and begins to call him names. Are Zip's actions courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

11. On the street ahead of her Melissa sees several people bending over a bleeding woman. She also sees a young boy running toward her with what must be the woman's purse. As the boy nears her, he looks at Melissa, and she recognizes him as the boy who beat her brother up a few weeks ago. Moments later the police arrive and ask for information about the crime. Melissa remains silent. Is Melissa's refusal to

identify the boy courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

12. Nelson is the accountant for a chain of expensive clothing stores. He is very bright and works out a way of transferring company funds to his own secret accounts. He knows full well that his actions are very dangerous and that the company has special checks to guard against just such actions. Is Nelson's theft from company accounts courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

13. When the Park Service calls for volunteers to fight brush fires and to work on preventing possible large-scale forest fires during the summer, Nancy volunteers. When she arrives at her work station, she finds that the situation is quite dangerous because large-scale fires are already underway. Was Nancy's decision to volunteer courageous?

YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_

Rule: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

## A Proper Mascot: A Writing Activity for Fifth Grade (Simple Argument)

by Tom McCann,  
Assistant Superintendent for Curriculum and Instruction  
Elmhurst Public Schools, Elmhurst IL

As a result of engagement in the activities in this lesson, all students will

- develop a model for informal reasoning;
- use a model for informal reasoning to analyze data and draw logical conclusions;
- apply a model for informal reasoning in writing an analysis of a problem that requires the application of criteria in judging the relative merits of a set of proposed school mascots.

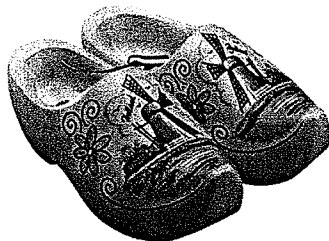
Materials: Transparencies with examples of conventional and unconventional mascots: Banana Slugs, Pretzels, Wooden Shoes, Alices, Bullets, etc.; printed submissions for a proposed mascot for an elementary school.



The University of  
California at Santa Cruz  
*Banana Slugs*



Freeport High School,  
Freeport, Illinois  
*The Pretzels*



Teutopolis High School  
Teutopolis, Illinois  
*Wooden Shoes*



Vincennes Lincoln H.S.  
Vincennes, Indiana  
*The Alices*

*Whittier*

Episode 1:

The teacher notes that school mascots often serve to identify and distinguish a school and a community. Students, staff, and graduates frequently take pride in the association with the school mascot.

At this point, the teacher asks the students to share their impressions, feelings, and associations about their own school mascot. These questions might prompt discussion:

- What is the mascot?
- How was the mascot selected?
- Do you like the mascot? Why?
- If you were to select a different mascot, what would it be? Why would you select it?

The students are likely to express an evaluation of the mascot, and perhaps note any change that they would prefer.

Episode 2:

Using the overhead projector, the teacher displays four mascots: banana slug, pretzels, wooden shoes, and Alices ("Big A"). The teacher asks the students to evaluate the merits of each mascot:

- Do you think it mascot is a good one?
- If you like it, what makes it a good mascot?
- If you don't like it, what makes it a bad mascot?

Initially, students will dismiss the mascots as "stupid" or "dumb." When pressed about what makes a mascot "dumb," the students are likely to express "rules" for what a mascot is supposed to be. For example, a student might observe that the pretzels are not something that one would take pride in, or would not suggest a fierce opponent for competitive events.

Episode 3:

After the students have expressed their assessments in a large group format, the teacher organizes the class into groups of three or four. ***The task for each group is to propose a set (3 to 5) of rules that could guide the selection of a mascot for a school that has no mascot.*** Initially students will have some difficulty finding the language to express the evaluation criteria that they know about selecting a mascot. The teacher moves from group to group to check the progress on the discussion and offers some paraphrases to suggest language for their ideas. Here are some possibilities:

- Mascots have to be strong or tough or fierce (e.g., lions, wildcats, badgers, etc.).
- Mascots should have some connection to the school or community (e.g., Joliet Ironmen, Wyoming Cowboys, Glenbard West Hilltoppers, Green Bay Packers, etc.).
- Mascots should be something that someone would be proud to be (e.g., huskies, dukes, admirals, etc.)
- Mascots should have names that fit well (sound good) with the school name (i.e., Elmhurst Eagles, Leo Lions, Hinsdale South Hornets; not Elmhurst Wagon Wheels, or Hinsdale Green Wave).

#### Episode 4:

The teacher calls on representatives from each group to report their “rules.” Through the process of paraphrasing, clarification, and evaluating the “rules,” the class derives a common set of criteria for judging a good mascot. The teacher records the criteria on the overhead projector and asks all the students to copy the final version.

#### Episode 5:

The teacher asks the students to imagine that there is a new school called John L. Lewis Elementary School, which has opened but has not selected a mascot. The school leaders are running a contest to select the new mascot for the school. The image of the mascot will appear on the gym floor, on school stationery, on school spirit wear, and on publications. Four drawings have been selected for final consideration, and you are being asked to serve as a judge. **Select one of the drawings, and write an explanation of why it would serve as a good mascot, based on the evaluation criteria.** In making a judgment, keep the evaluation criteria in mind, remember the profile of the school and community, and study the details and attributes of the proposed mascots. *Note: Before the students set forth in writing their paragraphs, the class should discuss the attributes associated with each of the proposed mascots (Episode 6); and the teacher should use the students’ school’s mascot to model the process of composing a paragraph (Episode 7).*

Background Note: John L. Lewis Elementary School opened in 2005 in Floodrock, Illinois. Floodrock is located in Saline County in the very southern region of the state. The current enrollment at John L. Lewis is 315.

John L. Lewis Elementary is situated in an area that has two major interests for business: farming and coal mining. The area has long been rich in coal mines, and many families in Saline County have had some connection to the coal mines. Since fewer homes and business depend on coal as an energy source these days, the activities in the mines have slowed; and the coal companies employ few residents. At the same time, the town of Floodrock and the rest of Saline County associate themselves with the coal industry. That is why the citizens named the school after John L. Lewis, who was the president of the United Mine Workers of America for 40 years.



Episode 6:

The teacher calls on students to identify the attributes associated with each mascot: What features or attributes do you associate with a *gorilla*? What features or attributes do you associate with a *manatee*? How do these attributes match the “rules” the class expressed for selecting a good mascot?

Episode 7:

The teacher tells the class that although each student is writing one paragraph, she or he must write a thorough and logical paragraph. The teacher then reports that he/she would like to show how a writer would think about the composing process. Using the overhead projector, the teacher composes and labels a paragraph like the following example:

The Bobcat is a good example of a \_\_\_\_\_ → Why?  
mascot for Edison School. A bobcat is a ←  
very smart animal and is a strong defender → So what?  
of its home and family. A student at Edison ←  
can take pride in being represented by an  
animal that is a smart and strong protector  
of its family. Although the bobcat can be → How about  
an aggressive fighter, it attacks to survive ← this?  
and to protect its young, and not to be  
mean.

In the process of composing, the teacher can “think out loud” to reveal the questions and considerations that guide the writing.

After showing how to write the paragraph, the teacher directs the students to write their own paragraphs and answers questions they might have about the assignment.

manatees



LOWLAND  
gorillas

miners

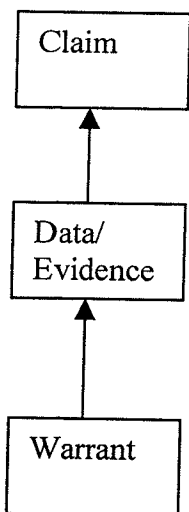


LEMURS

## Student Writing on Proper mascot

The miners are a good mascot for John L. Lewis elementary school. Everyone in the school can take pride in their past because their town was a mining town. Another thing miners have to be strong to get what ever they are mining. These cariseristics are important because kids should be proud about their mascot, and their past.

Hannah, Grade 5



The miners are a good mascot for John L. Lewis elementary school. Everyone in the school can take pride in their past because their town was a mining town. Another thing miners have to be strong to get what ever they are mining. These cariseristics are important because kids should be proud about their mascot, and their past.

Why?

So what?

## Mascot Discussion

### *What makes a proper mascot?*

One Small Group Discussion, Fifth Grade (about 5 minutes)

- Jacqui: What about big?
- Mary Jane: Maybe like slugs- could be funny?
- Carl: Sure!
- Mary Jane: Needs to be unusual; stands out.
- Jimmy: Interesting.
- Carl: It could also be unique
- Mary Jane: Well, that's the same as stands out.
- Jacqui: Maybe stands out is too hard.
- Jimmy: Intimidating.
- Carl: Yea- that's a good one.
- Jacqui: Has to... (starts writing a statement).
- Jimmy: Proud.
- Mary Jane: Has to have something to do with the school.
- Carl: Representing it!
- Jacqui: Large instead of tiny.
- Mary Jane: NO! Think about the slugs: they aren't big.
- Jacqui: Think about the Dukes.
- Carl: We all like the Dukes!
- Jacqui: Strong. We like that!
- Jimmy: Powerful.
- Mary Ann: That's like strong.
- Jacqui: What's our school color?
- Jimmy: Blue and grey.
- Jacqui: Okay, has something to do with the color . . .  
(makes a note).

## Writing about *Slip or Trip*

**Audience:** Who would the investigative team write a report to? What would we need to explain to that audience? (District attorney)

When we arrived.

What we found.

What Queenie said.

Does the evidence accord with what Queenie said?

Our conclusion and recommendation

Begin to write each section on overhead.

The scene: brief description of the position of Arthur=s body. e.g., We found Arthur lying on the floor face up, his feet on the third step still holding a glass in the finger tips of his left hand. Nothing on the wall beside the stairs is disturbed.

What Queenie said (use of quotation marks): Queenie said, "Arthur slipped and fell on the stairs. He was coming down for another drink. "

**Claim:** The evidence does not accord with what Queenie said.

**Evidence and warrant** or rule: First, Arthur is lying on his back, face up. If people fall down the stairs, they are likely to end up face down not on their backs as Arthur is. Second, had he fallen down the stairs, he would have dropped the glass as most people do to protect themselves by breaking the fall with their hands. (Show students how to use transition words to indicate that something else is coming: in addition, also, finally, further.)

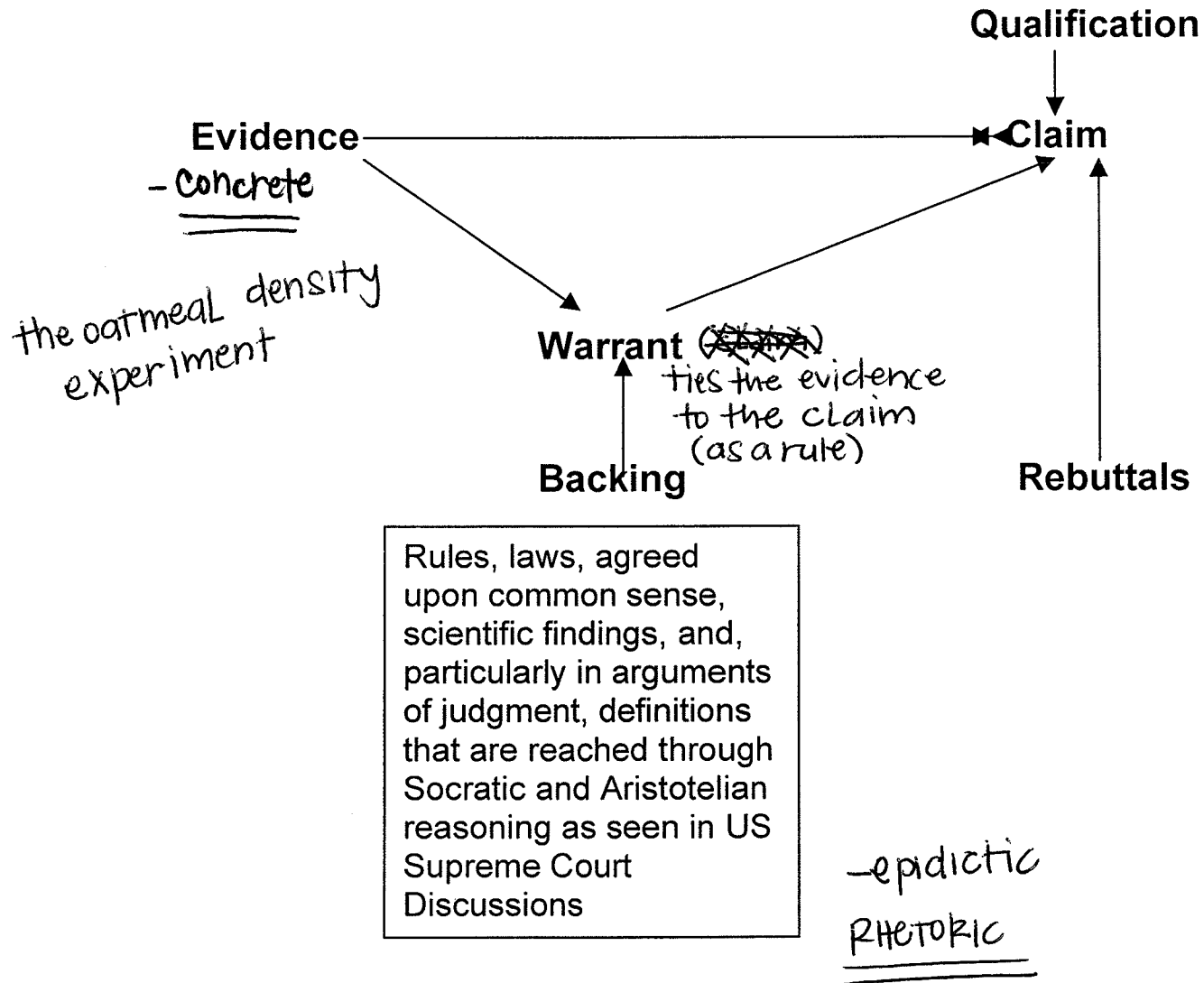
**Major claim:** Therefore, it seems clear that Queenie is lying about what happened. (Note that this statement is qualified with the word *seems*.)

**Recommendation:** We believe that Queenie should be brought to the police station for questioning.

**Speculations:** My students like to speculate on what really happened. In fact, sometime is hard to keep them from it. But I insist that we cover the evidence that is interpretable f The food on the stove leads to all kinds of speculation, none of which can be rigorously supported. Usually the kids want to argue that Queenie whacked Arthur on the head with the frying pan, killed him, and then put the pan on the stove to burn off the evidence.

Figure 1

A Schematic Representation  
Of Toulmin's Theory of Argument



Importance of

Vanessa Herrera 

The Case of Slip or Trip

Claim: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Evidence

Rules

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.

What Queenie claims: \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

Conclusion: \_\_\_\_\_