

# Use this to answer questions 1-5

## School Dress Codes

I work in a public school that implemented a school uniform/conservative dress code two years ago and, as both a parent (my two daughters attend there) and as a member of the faculty, I would like to share my experience.

The dress code: khaki or navy blue pants, skirts, or shorts and white, navy, light blue, or yellow shirts with collars. Pants with belt loops must be worn with a belt (I've had students cut the loops off!) and shirts must be tucked in at all times unless in gym class.

First, from the perspective of a parent: Pros—(a) clothing costs are cut almost in half no matter what the experts say. Been there; done that. My expenditures for school clothing decreased 45% to 50% the first year. Our dress policy allows any type of footwear as long as the shoe has a strap on the heel. My daughters wear athletic shoes and those big, black shoes with large heels that seem to be in style at the moment. (b) No hassles in the morning about what to wear. By limiting the choices, you limit the fashion dilemmas. Cons—none that I can think of.

From the perspective of a teacher: Pros—It's difficult to say if discipline has improved or not. This is a very small community school with generally well-

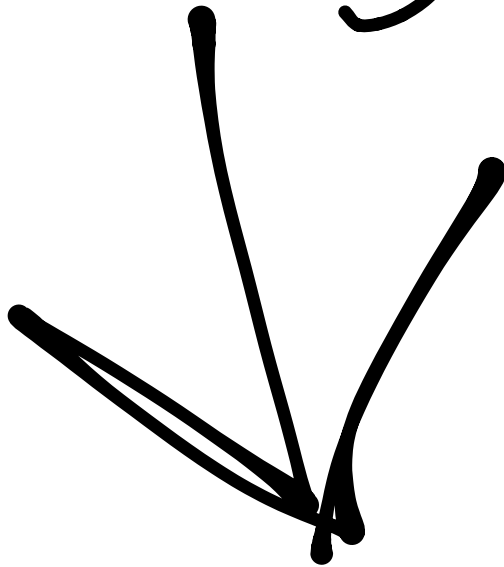
behaved students, good parent/faculty rapport, and, moreover, two years ago when the school uniform policy went into effect, we also moved into a new, state-of-the-art building. Thus, the new building may have had some effect. But, overall, I would say that behavior *has* improved and would base my answer on knowing the normal environment of the school.

Cons—(a) As a member of the faculty, you are constantly policing students about adhering to the school uniform policy. This can wear you down after a few months. The students know how to play that little game (didn't we, too) and many push the limits daily. (b) The argument about setting students on an even socioeconomic level by having them dress the same does not ring true. Although all students may wear khakis, some wear Tommy Hilfiger khakis that cost twice as much as JC Penney, etc. You can still distinguish the haves from the have-nots even if it's *less* obvious.

A last word: Proceed with caution. Involve parents in the final decisions on implementing a dress code. Spend a year "talking it up" and giving it a positive spin.

Adapted from a posting found on Middleweb's "In Case You Missed It: Insights from Internet E-mail."

Keep  
Going!



# Use this to answer questions 6-14

## The Names: A Memoir

I sometimes think of what it means that in their heyday—in 1830, say—the Kiowas owned more horses *per capita* than any other tribe on the Great Plains, that the Plains Indian culture, the last culture to evolve in North America, is also known as “the horse culture” and “the centaur culture,” that the Kiowas tell the story of a horse that died of shame after its owner committed an act of cowardice, that I am a Kiowa, that therefore there is in me an old, sacred notion of the horse. I believe that at some point in my racial life, this notion must needs be expressed in order that I may be true to my nature.

I was thirteen years old, and my parents gave me a horse. It was a small nine-year-old gelding of that rare, soft color that is called strawberry roan. This my horse and I came to be, in the course of our life together, in good understanding, of one mind, a true story and history of that large landscape in which we made the one entity of whole motion, one and the same center of an intricate, pastoral composition, ever changing. And to this my horse I gave the name Pecos.

On the back of my horse I had a different view of the world. I could see more of it, how it reached away beyond all the horizons I had ever seen; and yet it was more concentrated in its appearance, too, and more accessible to my mind, my imagination. My mind loomed upon the farthest edges of the earth, where I could

feel the full force of the planet whirling into space. There was nothing of the air and light that was not pure exhilaration, and nothing of time and eternity. Oh, Pecos, *un poquito mas*! Oh, my hunting horse! Bear me away, bear me away!

It was appropriate that I should make a long journey. Accordingly I set out one early morning, traveling light. Such a journey must begin in the nick of time, on the spur of the moment, and one must say to himself at the outset: let there be wonderful things along the way; let me hold to the way and be thoughtful in my going; let this journey be made in beauty and belief.

I sang in the sunshine and heard the birds call out on either side. Bits of down from the cottonwoods drifted across the air, and butterflies fluttered in the sage. I could feel my horse under me, rocking at my legs, the bobbing of the reins to my hand; I could feel the sun on my face and the stirring of a little wind at my hair. And through the hard hooves, the slender limbs, the supple shoulders, the fluent back of my horse I felt the earth under me. Everything was under me, buoying me up; I rode across the top of the world. My mind soared; time and again I saw the fleeting shadow of my mind moving about me as it went winding upon the sun.

Adapted from *The Names: A Memoir* by N. Scott Momaday. Copyright 1976 by N. Scott Momaday.

Use this to answer questions 15-19

### Identity

Let them be as flowers,  
always watered, fed, guarded, admired,  
but harnessed to a pot of dirt.

5 I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed,  
clinging on cliffs, like an eagle  
wind-wavering above high, jagged rocks.

To have broken through the surface of stone,  
to live, to feel exposed to the madness  
of the vast, eternal sky.  
10 To be swayed by the breezes of an ancient sea,  
carrying my soul, my seed, beyond the mountains of time  
or into the abyss of the bizarre.

I'd rather be unseen, and if  
then shunned by everyone,  
15 than to be a pleasant-smelling flower,  
growing in clusters in the fertile valley,  
where they're praised, handled, and plucked  
by greedy, human hands.

I'd rather smell of musty, green stench  
20 than of sweet, fragrant lilac.  
If I could stand alone, strong and free,  
I'd rather be a tall, ugly weed.

"Identity" by Julio Noboa Polanco, from *The Rican, Journal of Contemporary Thought*. Copyright 1973 by Julio Noboa Polanco.

# Use this to answer questions 20-24

*In this excerpt from one of his most famous speeches, Civil Rights leader Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. reflects on a stay in the hospital several years before, when he was being treated for a condition that threatened his life.*

## I've Been to the Mountaintop

If I had merely sneezed, I would have died. Well, about four days later, they allowed me to move around in the wheelchair in the hospital. They allowed  
5 me to read some of the mail that came in, and from all over the states and the world, kind letters came in. I read a few, but one of them I will never forget. It said simply,

10 "Dear Dr. King,

I am a ninth-grade student at the White Plains High School. While it should not matter, I would like to mention that I'm a white girl. I read in the paper of your  
15 misfortune, and of your suffering. And I read that if you had sneezed, you would have died. And I'm simply writing you to say that I'm so happy that you didn't sneeze."

20 And I want to say tonight that I too am happy that I didn't sneeze. Because if I had sneezed, I wouldn't have been around here in 1960, when students all over the South started sitting-in at lunch  
25 counters, standing up for the best in the American dream.

If I had sneezed, I wouldn't have been around here in 1961, when we decided to take a ride for freedom and ended  
30 segregation in inter-state travel.

If I had sneezed, I wouldn't have been around here in 1962, when Negroes in Albany, Georgia, decided to straighten their backs up. And whenever men and  
35 women straighten their backs up, they are going somewhere, because a man can't ride your back unless it is bent.

If I had sneezed—If I had sneezed I wouldn't have been here in 1963, when  
40 the black people of Birmingham, Alabama, aroused the conscience of this nation, and brought into being the Civil Rights Bill.

If I had sneezed, I wouldn't have had a chance later that year, in August, to try to  
45 tell America about a dream that I had had.

I'm so happy that I didn't sneeze.

We've got some difficult days ahead. But  
50 it really doesn't matter with me now, because I've been to the mountaintop.

And I don't mind.

Like anybody, I would like to live a long life. Longevity has its place. But I'm not  
55 concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the Promised Land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to  
60 know tonight, that we, as a people, will get to the Promised Land!

Adapted from Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.'s speech in Memphis, TN, April 3, 1968. Retrieved from  
<http://www.americanrhetoric.com/speeches/mlkivebeentothemountaintop.htm>. Copyright 2001-2006 by American Rhetoric.

The End

