Evaluation of Text Complexity
New York State English Language Arts
Common Core Test

Released Passages from 2016 Third Grade Exam

Anthony Cardinale
Third Grade Teacher
Carmel, New York
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Dear Educators and Parents,

The New York State Common Core Exams have been in place since the spring of 2013. I first became concerned with the developmental appropriateness of these assessments once the New York State Education Department listed The Grey Hare by Leo Tolstoy as a sample text for third graders on the EngageNY website. An analysis of this text using the Fry Readability Graph shows that it is written at a sixth grade level.

Educators have used the Fry Readability Graph to determine text complexity for over 40 years. In my 14 years as an elementary teacher, I have found its results to be accurate and consistent with widely used book-leveling systems such as the Fountas & Pinnell Guided Reading Levels and the Developmental Reading Assessment levels.

Using the Fry Readability Graph to evaluate the released passages from the 2016 Common Core English Language Arts exam, I have determined the following:

- One passage was written at a second grade level
- Two passages were written at a fourth grade level
- One passage was written on the border of a fourth/fifth grade level
- Two passages were written at a fifth grade level
- One passage was written at a sixth grade level
- One passage was written at a seventh grade level

In my professional opinion as an educator, texts chosen for the purpose of evaluating the reading proficiency of elementary students should range from one grade level below to one grade level above the students being assessed. This range allows both struggling and accelerated readers the opportunity to demonstrate the skills they have learned throughout the year. When students are tasked with reading literature too far above developmentally appropriate levels, their answers to even the most carefully worded questions become unreliable. Educators have no way of knowing if their students misunderstood the passage or if they could not successfully execute the skills required to answer a given question.

It is my hope that the results shared in this document will continue to spark a conversation across New York that will lead to adjustments being made in our state's student testing program.

Sincerely,

Anthony Cardinale
Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 1 through 6.

The Private I's and the Case of the Big Stink
by Wendi Silvano

Inez brushed some brown hairs from her bedspread. Ivy fluffed up the pink pillow on her bed. Then she picked up the green pillow.

"Ack!" said Ivy. "This pillow smells!"

Inez took a whiff. "You're right!"

Izzy came into the bedroom. "Hey," she said, "who rolled my slippers in garbage?"

Ivy and Inez laughed.

"I'm not joking," said Izzy. "Smell them!"

Ivy smelled the slippers. "Yuck! That smells just like my pillow."

"What's going on?" said Inez.

"Something smelly is going on," said Izzy.

"But what would make my pillow and your slippers stink?" said Ivy.
"This must be a case for the Private I's," said Izzy.

"I'll get my notebook," said Inez.

She wrote: The Case of the Big Stink.

"Any ideas?" she asked.

"Let's see if anything else smells the same," said Ivy.

"Great idea!" said Izzy.

Inez wrote: Plan 1: Sniff out the stink.

The Private I's went to the kitchen. They sniffed the counter. They sniffed the table. They sniffed the garbage can.

"The garbage can stinks," said Ivy, "but not in the way my pillow does."

"Let's try the living room," said Izzy.

They sniffed the curtains. They sniffed the lamps. They sniffed the sofa.

"Yuck!" said Ivy. "That's the stink, all right."

Inez wrote: The sofa has the big stink.

"What do Ivy's pillow, my slippers, and the sofa have in common?" said Izzy.

"They all stink," said Ivy.

"Ha, ha," said Izzy.

"Hey! Wait a minute," said Inez. "All of those things are soft and cushy."

"That's an important clue," said Izzy.

Inez wrote: Everything with the big stink is soft and cushy.

"My pillow is the cushiest," said Ivy. "That's why I like to lie on it."

"Hmm," said Izzy. "The pillow and the sofa are things people lie on."

"What about the slippers?" said Inez. "People don't lie on slippers."

"But Baxter does," said Ivy. "He sleeps on anything soft."

"And look—brown hairs on my slippers!" said Izzy. "I suspect Baxter rolled in something stinky."

"How can we check?" said Inez. "He's gone with Mom."

"Let's smell his bed," said Ivy.

"Brilliant!" said Izzy.

They all went to sniff Baxter's bed.
"Yuck!"
Inez wrote: Baxter is spreading the big stink.
"But what is he rolling in?" asked Izzy.
"Let's follow the smell," said Ivy.
"Great idea," said Izzy.
So Izzy, Inez, and Ivy went outside. They walked around the yard, sniffing.
"Check out the area behind these bushes," said Izzy.
"That's Baxter's favorite napping spot," said Inez. "The ground there is covered with soft moss."
She took a whiff. "It's got the stink, all right."
Ivy peeked under the bushes. "There are two rotting eggs under here. They must be leftovers from our Easter-egg hunt. They're all crushed from Baxter rolling in them."
Just then, Mom came home with Baxter.
"Someone has to give this dog a bath!" said Mom. "He stinks."
Izzy, Inez, and Ivy laughed.
"Come on, Baxter," said Izzy. "Let's get you un-stinked."
Inez wrote: The Case of the Big Stink: Solved.
The Private Is' and the Case of the Big Stink
Reading Level = 2nd Grade
Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 13 through 18.

Mary Jane and
Her Recycled Sticks
by Marcia K. Wason

1 Mary Jane woke up excited. She had barely slept the night before. Today when
she got to school, she would turn in her art project. Mary Jane went downstairs,
walked into the kitchen, and noticed the kitchen table had been cleaned off. The
ice pop sticks and tissue paper she had left everywhere the night before were gone.

2 "Good morning, Mom," Mary Jane said. "Thanks for cleaning up my mess! I
was going to do it this morning."

3 "Good morning, Mary Jane," Mom said, smiling. "I didn't clean up anything.
I thought you put your supplies away after you finished your art project. Better
grab some eggs and bacon. Dad and Josh will be down any minute."

4 Mary Jane sat down with her breakfast as her dad and older brother came
into the kitchen.

5 "Dad, Josh, did either of you clean up the mess I left on the kitchen table last
night?" Mary Jane asked.

6 "It wasn't me," Dad said.

7 "It wasn't me either," Josh added with a shrug.

8 "Well someone cleaned up the leftover tissue paper and broken ice pop
sticks," Mary Jane said. "I didn't, and Mom said it wasn't her. I wonder what
happened to them."

9 Suddenly Smokey, the family cat, jumped up on the table. He tried to steal a
piece of bacon from Josh's plate.

10 "Hey!" Josh yelled. "That's mine, Smokey! Get down!"

11 Smokey meowed and jumped to the floor without the bite of bacon.

12 "Poor Smokey," Mary Jane sighed.

13 "Remember when Smokey would steal my toys when I was little?" Josh asked.
“I remember,” Mom said.

“Me too,” Dad agreed, nodding. “He drove you nuts. You would leave your jacks on the floor after playing with them, and Smokey would take several and hide them. You would have to find the missing jacks when you wanted to play again.”

“Maybe Smokey took my leftover art project scraps,” Mary Jane said. “Josh, what did he do with your toys when he took them?”

“He would hide them behind the big, ugly brown chair in the living room, Josh said.

“That chair is not ugly!” Mom scolded.

“OK, Mom,” Mary Jane groaned. “I’m going to see if my scraps are behind it.” She hopped out of her seat and ran into the next room. With a grunt, she slowly pulled out the heavy chair. “My stuff is here!” she gasped. “And here are some hair ribbons I thought I had lost along with a wash cloth I remember dropping the other day.”

Josh poked his head into the living room. “Look, Josh,” Mary Jane continued, “Smokey made a bed with the pieces of tissue paper and the wash cloth. The leftover ice pop sticks and my missing ribbons are on the floor around the bed. He probably plays with those.” She laughed. “It’s sort of funny when you think about it.”

“What’s funny?” Josh asked.

“My assignment was to reuse or recycle everyday objects and make an art project out of them. I recycled and painted the ice pop sticks and I reused the colored tissue paper to make a stained glass window. The ice pop sticks are the borders and the colored tissue paper is the glass.”

“I still don’t see why that’s funny,” Josh said.

“Smokey recycled and reused my leftovers!” Mary Jane explained. “He recycled the tissue paper and sticks that I was going to throw away! He reused the wash cloth as bedding. I never thought about animals recycling and reusing.”

“That is funny,” Dad called from the kitchen. “Now move the chair back and let’s finish breakfast.”

Mary Jane pushed the chair back in place and sat back down at the table. Smokey walked over and sat next to Mary Jane’s chair and looked up at her. She leaned over and patted his head. “Thanks, Smokey,” she said. “This will be a funny story to tell my teacher. And it’s a great idea for another class project—what does your pet recycle and reuse?”
Mary Jane and Her Recycled Sticks
Reading Level = 4th Grade
Start Your Engines!

by Ari Mahler

An empty highway stretches for miles ahead of you. The engine hums. The car hugs the road. What a sweet ride.

Now imagine a world without cars. It's hard! The invention of cars changed how and where we live. Take a drive back through time to see how.

The Need for Speed

Before cars, people used their own feet or animals for transportation. People walked. They rode horses, camels, even elephants. Or they drove wagons, carriages, or sleds. Animals provided the power. Travel was slow and difficult. People rarely went far. They couldn't carry many goods with them.

Inventors began to dream. What could go faster? What could haul heavier loads? Could they build a vehicle with its own source of power?

Full Steam Ahead

In 1769, an inventor named Nicolas Joseph Cugnot found an answer. He was a soldier in the French army. He watched horses slowly move weapons to the battlefield, one cannon at a time.

Cugnot had a better idea. He built a carriage. It rolled on three wooden wheels. On the front, he put a big metal boiler. It looked like a giant, black teakettle attached to a tricycle. The boiler heated water. That made steam. Pressure from the steam forced the front wheel to roll.

Cugnot had built the first automobile, or car. Auto means "self." Mobile means "moving." Cugnot's invention could move all by itself.

Cugnot's car was stronger than any horse. It was powerful enough to pull a few cannons at once. But it wasn't perfect.

Its top speed was about 4 kilometers (2.5 miles) per hour. It had to stop every 20 minutes to build up new steam. Steam engines also were heavy and noisy. They had a strong odor, too. And people worried the boiler might explode.
Battery Power

Other car inventors had a different idea for power. Would electric batteries work? The first electric car was invented in the 1830s in Scotland. By 1900, electric cars were the most popular kind of car in the U.S. They were quiet. They didn't smell as much.

Yet they had drawbacks, too. Most could only go about 30 to 60 kilometers (20 to 40 miles). Then the battery died. Places to plug in and recharge the battery were scarce.

Electric cars didn't have enough power to push through muddy roads. And most were slow. The New York City police used bicycles to catch “speeding” motorists!

Hitting the Gas

In the 1880s, two German inventors had an idea. It changed cars forever. Working separately, they each built a car powered by a gasoline engine. Gas-powered cars could go faster. Plus, the cars had fuel tanks to store extra gasoline. Cars could now travel longer distances.

The first gas-powered cars cost up to $2,000. That was a lot of money in 1900. It took a typical person in the U.S. four years to earn that much. Only the richest people could afford these cars.

Henry Ford changed that. He built a car that sold for $260. He sold cars so cheaply because he had a faster way to make them.

Inside his factory, each worker installed a different car part. The workers stood along an assembly line. The car moved through the factory on a conveyor belt. It got a part from each worker. Within one hour, workers could put together all 700 parts of Ford's Model T car.

Now many middle-class families could afford to buy a car. By 1927, more than 15 million Model Ts had rolled off the assembly line and chugged their way onto America’s roads.
GRAPH FOR ESTIMATING READABILITY-EXTENDED

BY EDWARD FRY, PROFESSOR EMERITUS, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

Start Your Engines!
Reading Level = 5th Grade
Directions
Read this passage. Then answer questions 32 and 33.

Excerpt from How To Convince Your Parents You Can . . .
Care For A Kitten
by Stephanie Bearce

1. Would you like a furry pet that likes to jump, play, cuddle, and purr? If so, a kitten could be the perfect pet for you. Baby cats are called kittens, and they like to be with people. They enjoy playing games, chasing string, and batting balls with their paws. Kittens love sitting on a person’s lap and being petted. They are small and like to live inside with people. Kittens make great pets.

2. Have your parents said that a pet would be too messy in the house? Kittens are neat and tidy animals. They do not often need a bath because they use their tongues and paws to clean their fur. Kittens are also tidy about their bathroom habits and quickly learn to use a litter box.

3. Do your parents say that a pet needs lots of room? Are they worried about exercising a pet? You can tell them that kittens do not need a lot of space. They are happy living in small apartments and are good pets for people who live in towns and cities. Kittens do not need to go to the park for exercise, and they do not need to be walked on a leash. They exercise by jumping and running around the house. Because they are so active, it is important to keep their play space clean and free from objects that could hurt them. Kittens must be supervised to ensure they don’t tear up things they shouldn’t—like furniture, carpets, or curtains.

4. Do your parents think it costs too much for a pet? You can tell them that kittens are not too expensive. You can adopt kittens from animal shelters, or you can look in the newspaper to find people who are giving away kittens for free. Kittens do not need lots of expensive food. Most kittens like to eat dry cat food. They only need about a cup of food a day. Kittens do need regular visits to the veterinarian. Every year your kitten will need shots to keep him or her healthy. This can cost over $100. Sometimes kittens can become ill, and they may need medicine from a veterinarian. This is another cost of having a kitten for a pet.
When kittens are happy they will purr. Purring is a deep rumbling sound in
the kitten's chest. It is fun to pet a kitten and make it purr.

Petting a kitten can also make you feel better when you have had a bad day.
Doctors have found that when people sit quietly and pet a kitten, their hearts beat
slower. That makes their blood pressure lower, and low blood pressure is a good
thing. You can tell your family that having a kitten will be good for their health.

Kittens are fun to watch. They are great athletes. This is because they have a
good sense of balance. If they jump or fall, they usually land on their feet. They
have special muscles that help them twist their bodies in the air. Kittens have
strong leg muscles. They learn to climb and jump when they are very young.

Kittens are smart and love to learn. Sometimes people think that you cannot
teach a kitten tricks. That is because kittens are independent. They like to explore
on their own and do what they want. But kittens can learn rules and how to obey.
You can teach your kitten to come and sit, to lie down, and maybe even how to
ring doorbells and flush toilets.

Today, kittens are some of the most popular pets in the world. You can find
them in apartments in New York City. You can see them in Paris, France, or on
farms in Missouri. Almost anywhere there are people, you will find kittens.
Excerpt from How to Convince Your Parents...
Reading Level = 4th/5th Grade
Excerpt from *Leaving Emma*

*by Nancy Steele Brokaw*

It took Tem and me two weeks to finish with North Dakota. We had to research the official state things like the bird, flower, and song, as well as the state history and what important people came from North Dakota. I drew a page-size version of the state flag that we used as a report cover.

We got out a ruler and measured. The distance from Fargo, N.D., to Grand Forks, N.D., was seventy-five miles. That was the same as the distance from my house in Champaign to Tem's new house, which they hadn't even bought yet, in Kankakee. We'd driven through North Dakota before, to visit my grandma. It was like driving across the moon.

The leaves were really falling, since it was the end of October. It was snowing in colors. Dad and I had always raked the leaves together. Now Mom said cleaning up the leaves was my job.

"Hey, Mom," I said, "since you want me to do the leaves, I was wondering if you'd mind typing our North Dakota paper? It's worth extra credit."

Mom was always up for typing. Before I was born, she worked as a secretary at Caterpillar, which I thought was a goofy name for a big factory.

"Sure," said Mom.

"Want to try it on the computer?" I asked.

"I wish I knew how," she said. "I'd love to be able to move words around and add graphs and pictures. One of these days I'll learn."

"You should," I said. "Anyway, I'll do the leaves and you do the typing."

"That's a deal," said Mom.
I got Tem to help me. We raked the leaves into little piles, and then we raked
the little piles into bigger piles and finally into one big pile that we jumped in.

Sometimes when we raked, I could see my dad raking alongside us. Not the
way you see people in real life or on TV, but in a different way, sort of inside my
head. I needed to remember to tell Dad about this when he called.

That night I found a half-empty notebook and glued a piece of white paper on
the cover. I drew a border of pens, pencils and markers. In the center, in cursive,
I wrote Day by Day. At first I was going to call it Emma’s Journal, but I thought
“Day by Day” sounded a lot better. I didn’t want to write a bunch of words, so that
night I wrote just one: leaves. If I read that one word, I’d remember the rest and be
able to tell Dad.

I wrote down soccer, too, because I had sort of, almost, scored a goal, and I
figured Dad would want to know. Dad liked soccer a lot more than I did.

After my bath I shut the door and climbed up on my bed. I held Dad’s pocket
watch in my hand. It felt smooth and solid and the right amount of heavy, like a
good rock. I heard the seconds ticking out the time. Time was falling away, like
leaves blowing to the ground. When I wound the watch, I thought about how I
wanted time to speed up to bring Dad home, and I wanted time to slow down so
Tem could be my best friend longer.

It was five in the morning in Turkey. Dad would still be sleeping. I wrapped
the watch in a bandanna and set it on my nightstand. I heard it ticking. I heard
the wind blowing. Winter was coming, my last winter with Tem.
GRAPH FOR ESTIMATING READABILITY-EXTENDED
BY EDWARD FRY, PROFESSOR EMERITUS, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

Excerpt from Leaving Emma
Reading Level = 6th Grade
Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 35 and 36.

A Stinky Plant Hike
by Anne Esenther

2. Mary was hiking with her friend, Roger. Mary liked hiking with Roger because he knew about plants.
3. It was early spring. They walked along a narrow trail through wet, swampy land. A slow-moving stream wound beside the path. On the bank, Mary saw purplish-brown, leaf-like hoods poking up from the soil. Each one wrapped around a yellow, pulpy blob. To Mary, they seemed like aliens from another planet. She was curious and inched closer.
4. “You’ll be sorry,” said Roger.
5. Mary leaned down. She poked one with a stick. A foul odor met her nose. “These smell like skunk,” she said.
6. “Congratulations,” said Roger. “You’ve discovered skunk cabbage. The purple part is called the spathe. The yellow is the flower.”
11. Mary gazed at the strange-looking plants. Upon careful examination, she noticed flies, butterflies, bees, and beetles.
12. “To attract insects!” she said triumphantly.
14. Mary crinkled her eyebrows and frowned slightly while she pondered his question. Slowly, a smile crept across her face. “I know,” she said, “pollen.”
“Right,” Roger said. “Some insects eat rotting things. They are attracted to stinky smells because to them it means there’s food nearby. While they crawl around looking for food, they collect pollen. When they fly or crawl away, they bring the pollen to other plants.”

“So, the stinky smell of skunk cabbage fools them,” said Mary.

“Right again,” said Roger. “Let’s see what else we can find.”

They continued hiking. Soon, Mary and Roger came to an open, grassy field with sandy soil. As they walked along, they noticed tall, grass-like plants dotting the landscape.

“E-e-e-w, what stinks?” Mary asked again. Her shoe accidentally crushed a plant. The smell made tears come to her eyes.

“This smells like garlic,” she said.

“It is wild garlic,” said Roger. “How is it different from skunk cabbage?”

“It smells different,” said Mary.

“Good, what else?” Roger asked.

“The leaves are different,” Mary said.

“What else?” Roger asked again.

Mary wiped her eyes and peered at the plant. She looked and looked but couldn’t think of anything.

“No insects,” said Roger.

“Why?” Mary asked.

“The leaves of wild garlic contain sulfur-like compounds. They are released when the leaf is crushed. They are what make you cry. They also protect the plant by keeping insects from chewing on the leaves,” Roger explained.

Then, Roger grinned. “Let’s go home and have some garlic bread,” he said.


On the way back, Mary reviewed what she learned on their stinky plant hike. Plants stink for different, sometimes opposite reasons. Certain plants, like skunk cabbage, stink to attract insects. Other plants, like wild garlic, stink to keep them away.
A Stinky Plant Hike
Reading Level = 4th Grade
Directions
Read this story. Then answer questions 37 and 38.

Julia and her father are cleaning the dinner dishes when Julia’s classmate, Patrick, knocks on the door.

Excerpt from Project Mulberry
by Linda Sue Park

1 We were almost done when Patrick knocked at the door and came in. He wasn't a member of the family, so he knocked, but he was almost a member of the family, so he came in without waiting for anyone to answer. He yelled hi as he went up to my room to get his backpack, then came down again.
2 “Can I help?” he asked.
3 “It’s okay, Patrick, we’re almost finished,” my dad said.
4 Patrick sat at the table and opened his backpack. Just then my mom came into the room.
5 “I thought of a project you might be able to do,” she said quietly.
6 “Really?” I said at the same time that Patrick said, “What is it?” I stopped scraping the plate I was holding.
7 My mom’s eyes twinkled at me.
8 “Worms,” she said.
9 I stared at her for a second. “Worms?” I said.
10 My mom nodded.
11 “We’d raise worms?” I said. “You mean, like, for fishermen to use as bait?”
12 Right away a whole bunch of thoughts started jostling around in my mind. I turned to Patrick. “Maybe we could have them in an aquarium, but filled with dirt instead of water, and that way you could see them through the glass.”
13 Patrick looked doubtful. “Worms,” he said slowly. “I don’t know...”
14 Then he started talking faster. “I read a book a while ago. There was this part where the people released bags and bags full of ladybugs on a farm because they were good for the plants. Or something like that. Somebody had to raise those ladybugs to get so many bagfuls, didn’t they? Maybe we could raise ladybugs—”

GO ON
My mom laughed and held up her hand. "Slow down, you two, I wasn't thinking of earthworms. Or ladybugs."

"Well, what other kind of worms... Oh, like caterpillars, you mean? 'The Life Cycle of the Monarch Butterfly' or something?"

I didn't mean to sound impatient—I knew my mom was only trying to help. But raising caterpillars was more like a science-fair project, not a Wiggle project.

"Sort of. No, not exactly." My mom took the plate out of my hand and gave it to my dad. "I was thinking you could do a silkworm project."

I stared at her with my mouth half-open.

"My grandmother raised silkworms in Korea," my mom said. "I used to help her. It's really quite interesting, and it's not like butterflies. I mean, it is in some ways, but it's more than that. Because at the end you get an actual product—the silk."

"It's sort of like sheep," Patrick said. "Only instead of sheep and wool, it's caterpillars and silk..."

I was pretty sure I'd already known that silk came from silkworms. But I'd never really thought about it before.

"Exactly," my mom said. "It would be on a small scale, of course—you wouldn't end up with enough silk to make fabric. But you might get enough for some thread."

"Thread?" Patrick opened his eyes wide. He took a deep breath, swallowed, and sort of shook himself. Then he stood up and started pacing around the kitchen. "Jules, we can raise the—the caterpillars, and get thread from them, and then you can sew something with the thread, and we can enter the project in two categories—Animal Husbandry and Domestic Arts!"

He looked at me, his face all business. "I'll get started on the Internet—oh, wait," he said, and frowned at his watch. "It's not even seven-thirty. I can't do it yet."

Patrick knew our family's evening routine. Kenny got the computer until eight o'clock, and I got it after that.

"Homework comes first anyway, you two," my mom said.

I went to get my backpack, wondering when Patrick would notice that I was not one bit excited about doing a silkworm project.
GRAPH FOR ESTIMATING READABILITY-EXTENDED
BY EDWARD FRY, PROFESSOR EMERITUS, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

Excerpt from Project Mulberry
Reading Level = 5th Grade
Directions
Read this passage. Then answer questions 39 and 40.

In 1939, Oscar Chapman learned that a young African-American woman named Marian Anderson was not allowed to sing at Constitution Hall in Washington, D.C., because of the color of her skin. He and his friend Walter White worked together to give her the opportunity to have a concert at the Lincoln Memorial instead.

Excerpt from Sweet Land of Liberty
by Deborah Hopkinson

The Lincoln Memorial had never been used for a public gathering. But Oscar wasn't about to let that stop him. Oscar went to see his boss, Harold Ickes, who agreed to talk to his boss: President Franklin Roosevelt.

Oscar stood by anxiously as Ickes called President Roosevelt to ask his permission.

"Tell Oscar to let Marian Anderson sing at the top of the Washington Monument if she wants to," President Roosevelt said. "It's a wonderful idea."

Oscar had a big job ahead of him. He wanted to make sure people in the government showed their support for Marian. He knew some wouldn't want to come. Like the school board members back in Oscar's hometown, they didn't believe in equal rights.

Oscar decided to put them on the spot. He sent invitations by telegram to every important government official, senator, and representative. Not only that, he asked the messenger to bring back a signed receipt for each one. No one would be able to claim he didn't get an invitation!

"One man wadded up the telegram and threw it down," the messenger told Oscar. "He said, 'That squirt Oscar Chapman is stirring up trouble.'"

Oscar laughed. Stirring things up was exactly what he aimed to do.

On Easter Sunday, April 9, 1939, people gathered early near the Lincoln Memorial. Thousands came in buses from Philadelphia, Marian Anderson's hometown.

sent - 8.3, syllables - 146
sent - 8.2, syllables - 146
sent - 7.5, syllables - 146

AVG sent - 8, syllables - 146
At first the day was cold and cloudy. But soon the sky cleared. By five o'clock, when the concert was set to begin, the crowd stretched from the Lincoln Memorial to the Washington Monument.

Constitution Hall, where Marian Anderson had hoped to sing, could seat 4,000 people. But now 75,000 people of all ages and races would hear her.

When Marian stepped forward, she looked out on a vast sea of faces. She could feel a great wave of good will pouring out from everyone. She took a deep breath, and sang from her heart.

Marian chose to begin by singing not just about, but to the country she loved, changing the words of a beloved old song. A hush came over the crowd as her powerful voice rang forth.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring!

As the concert ended, Walter White caught sight of a young girl in the crowd. He saw her stretch out her hands toward the great singer. Tears streamed down her face and hope gleamed in her eyes. Walter remembered that girl for the rest of his life.

Thousands of people heard Marian Anderson sing that day. It was the largest concert crowd the capital had ever seen, and the first major gathering at the feet of Abraham Lincoln for the cause of civil rights.

But not the last. Twenty-four years later, Martin Luther King Jr., made his most famous speech in the same place.

And Oscar Chapman?

Well, he set about opening parks and swimming pools in Washington, D.C., to everybody, whatever the color of his or her skin.

Oscar Chapman was a man who liked to keep stirring things up. After all, sometimes that's the only way to get things to change.
GRAPH FOR ESTIMATING READABILITY-EXTENDED
BY EDWARD FRY, PROFESSOR EMERITUS, RUTGERS UNIVERSITY

Excerpt from Sweet Land of Liberty
Reading Level = 7th Grade