

FIRST READING SELECTION

from BARRIO BOY

By
Ernesto Galarza

Vocabulary Words for "Barrio Boy".

1. Mazatlan (n)-
2. Formidable (adj)-
3. Maneuver (v)-
4. Mobilize(d) (v)-
5. Idiocy (ies) (n)-
6. Obnoxious (adj)-
7. Recitation(s) (n)-
8. Phonetic (adj)-
9. Ado (n)-
10. Runty (adj)-
11. Withering (adj)-
12. Radiant (adj)-
13. Anchor (age) (n)-

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At Lincoln, making us into Americans did not mean scrubbing away what made us originally foreign.

The two of us [the narrator, Ernesto, and his mother] walked south on Fifth Street one morning to the corner of Q Street and turned right. Half of the block was occupied by the Lincoln School. It was a three-story wooden building, with two wings that gave it the shape of a double T connected by a central hall. It was a new building, painted yellow, with a shingled roof that was not like the red tile of the school in Mazatlán. I noticed other differences, none of them very reassuring.

We walked up the wide staircase hand in hand and through the door, which closed by itself. A mechanical contraption screwed to the top shut it behind us quietly.

Up to this point the adventure of enrolling me in the school had been carefully rehearsed. Mrs. Dodson had told us how to find it and we had circled it several times on our walks. Friends in the barrio explained that the director was called a principal, and that it was a lady and not a man. They assured us that there was always a person at the school who could speak Spanish.

Exactly as we had been told, there was a sign on the door in both Spanish and English: "Principal". We crossed the hall and entered the office of Miss Nettie Hopley.

Miss Hopley was at a roll-top desk to one side, sitting in a swivel chair that moved on wheels. There was a sofa against the opposite wall, flanked by two windows and a door that opened on a small balcony. Chairs were set around a table, and framed pictures hung on the walls of a man with long white hair and another with a sad face and a black beard.

The principal half turned in the swivel chair to look at us over the pinch glasses crossed on the ridge of her nose. To do this, she had to duck her head slightly, as if she were about to step through a low doorway.

What Miss Hopley said to us we did not know, but we saw in her eyes a warm welcome, and when she took off her glasses and straightened up, she smiled wholeheartedly, like Mrs. Dodson. We were, of course, saying nothing, only catching the friendliness of her voice and the sparkle in her eyes while she said words we did not understand. She signaled us to the table. Almost tiptoeing across the office, I maneuvered myself to keep my mother between me and the gringo lady. In a matter of seconds I had to decide whether she was a possible friend or a menace. We sat down.

Then Miss Hopley did a formidable thing. She stood up. Had she been standing when we entered, she would have seemed tall. But rising from her chair, she soared. And what she carried up and up with her was a buxom super structure, firm shoulders, a straight sharp nose, full cheeks slightly molded by a curved line along the nostrils, thin lips that moved like steel springs, and a high forehead topped by hair gathered in a bun. Miss Hopley was not a giant in

body, but when she mobilized it to a standing position she seemed a match for giants. I decided I liked her.

She strode to a door in the far corner of the office, opened it, and called a name. A boy of about ten years appeared in the doorway. He sat down at one end of the table. He was brown like us, a plump kid with shiny black hair combed strait back, neat, cool, and faintly obnoxious.

Miss Hopley joined us with a large book and some papers in her hand. She, too, sat down and the questions and answers began by way of our interpreter. My name was Ernesto. My mother's name was Henriqueta. My birth certificate was in San Blas. Here was my last report card from the Escuela Municipal Numero 3 Para Varones of Mazatlán, and so forth. Miss Hopley put things down in the book and my mother signed a card.

As long as the questions continued, Doña Henriqueta could stay and I was secure. Now that they were over, Miss Hopley saw her to the door, dismissed our interpreter, and without further ado took me by the hand and strode down the hall to Miss Ryan's first grade.

Miss Ryan took me to a seat at the front of the room, into which I shrank-the better to survey her. She was too skinny, somewhat runty and of a withering height when she patrolled the class. And when I least expected it, there she was, crouching by my desk, her blond, radiant face level with mine, her voice patiently maneuvering me over the awful idiocies of the English language.

During the next few weeks Miss Ryan overcame my fears of tall, energetic teachers as she bent over my desk to help me with a word in the pre-primer. Step by step, she loosened me and my classmates from the safe anchorage of the desks for recitations at the blackboard and consultations at her desk. Frequently she burst into happy announcements to the whole class. "Ito can read a sentence," and small Japanese Ito, squint-eyed and shy, slowly read aloud while the class listened in wonder: "Come, Skipper, come. Come and run." The Korean, Portuguese, Italian, and Polish first-graders had similar moments of glory, no less shining than mine the day I conquered "butterfly," which I had been persistently pronouncing in standard Spanish as boo-ter-flee. "Children," Miss Ryan called for attention. "Ernesto has learned how to pronounce *butterfly*!" And I proved it with a perfect imitation of Miss Ryan. From that celebrated success. I was soon able to match Ito's progress as a sentence reader with "Come, butterfly, come fly with me."

Like Ito and several other first-graders who did not know English, I received private lessons from Miss Ryan in the closet, a narrow hall off the classroom with a door at each end. Next to one of these doors Miss Ryan placed a large chair for herself and a small one for me. Keeping an eye on the class through the open door, she read with me about sheep in the meadow and a frightened chicken going to see the king, coaching me out of my phonetic ruts in words like *pasture*, *bow-wow-wow*, *bay*, and *pretty*, which to my Mexican ear and eye had so many unnecessary sounds and letters. She made me watch her lips and then close my eyes as she repeated the words I found hard to read. When we came to know each other better, I tried interrupting to tell Miss Ryan how we said it in Spanish. It didn't work. She only said "oh" and went on with *pasture*, *bow-wow-wow*, and *pretty*. It was as if in that closet we were both discovering together the secrets of the English language and grieving together over the tragedies of Bo Peep. The main reason I was graduated with honors from the first grade was that I had

fallen in love with Miss Ryan. Her radiant, no-nonsense character made us either afraid not to love her or love her so we would not be afraid. I am not sure which. It was not only that we sensed she was with it, but also that she was with us.

Like the first grade, the rest of the Lincoln School was a sampling of the lower part of town, where many races made their home. My pals in the second grade were Kazushi, whose parents spoke only Japanese; Matti, a skinny Italian boy; and Manuel, a fat Portuguese who would never get into a fight but wrestled you to the ground and just sat on you. Our assortment of nationalities included Koreans, Yugoslavs, Poles, Irish, and home-grown Americans.

Miss Hopley and her teachers never let us forget why we were at Lincoln: for those who were alien, to become good Americans; for those who were so born, to accept the rest of us. Off the school grounds we traded the same insults we heard from our elders. On the playground we were sure to be marched up to the principal's office for calling someone a wop, a chink, a dago, or a greaser. The school was not so much a melting pot as a griddle where Miss Hopley and her helpers warmed knowledge into us and roasted racial hatreds out of us.

At Lincoln, making us into Americans did not mean scrubbing away what made us originally foreign. The teachers called us as our parents did, or as close as they could pronounce our names in Spanish or Japanese. No one was ever scolded or punished for speaking in his native tongue on the playground. Matti told the class about his mother's down quilt, which she had made in Italy with the fine feathers of a thousand geese. Encarnación acted out how boys learned to fish in the Philippines. I astounded the third grade with the story of my travels on a stagecoach, which nobody else in the class had seen except in the museum at Sutter's Fort. After a visit to the Crocker Art Gallery and its collection of heroic paintings of the golden age of California, someone showed a silk scroll with a Chinese painting. Miss Hopley herself had a way of expressing wonder over these matters before a class, her eyes wide open until they popped slightly. It was easy for me to feel that becoming a proud American, as she said we should, did not mean feeling ashamed of being a Mexican.

FIRST READING SELECTION

DIRECTIONS:

Mark only the **BEST** answer for each multiple-choice question. You may look back at *Barrio Boy* at any time.

1. Another good title for this selection would be
 - A. *The Boy from Lincoln School*
 - B. *The Americanization of Ernesto*
 - C. *The Spanish Boy*
 - D. *Proud to be Spanish and American*

2. Miss Ryan can **BEST** be described as
 - A. tolerant and compassionate.
 - B. supportive and intimidating.
 - C. concerned and shrewd.
 - D. condescending and spirited.

3. How does the makeup of Ernesto's class reflect his neighborhood?
 - A. His neighborhood is also culturally diverse.
 - B. The school is located in the center of the neighborhood.
 - C. His neighborhood is solely Mexican.
 - D. It is a typical American school.

4. According to Miss Hopley, the most important lessons the students are taught is
 - A. to speak and read in English.
 - B. to be good Americans and be tolerant of others.
 - C. to accept American culture and traditions.
 - D. to become fluent in Spanish.

5. What is the message of this selection?
 - A. America is a "melting pot" of cultures.
 - B. Everyone wants to be "Americanized".
 - C. Our diverse backgrounds should be accepted and celebrated.
 - D. We are all products of our cultural environments.

6. What triumphs at Lincoln School?
- A. The respect for cultural differences.
 - B. “Americanized” students.
 - C. Bilingual education.
 - D. Spanish traditions.
7. Ernesto’s experience shows us that
- A. coming to America means losing your personal identity.
 - B. it is important to understand ourselves.
 - C. we need to be proud of who we are and celebrate the cultures of others.
 - D. the intentions of others should be suspect.
8. Miss Ryan helped students maintain their individual cultures in all of the following ways **EXCEPT**
- A. by allowing students to speak in their native languages on the playground.
 - B. by calling them by their birth names.
 - C. by allowing the sharing of individuals’ possessions and experiences.
 - D. by learning the native language of all her students.
9. Ernesto can **BEST** be described as
- A. obstinate and resilient.
 - B. experienced and confused.
 - C. persistent and accepting.
 - D. carefree and intimidated.
10. The sentence: “*The school was not so much a melting pot as a griddle where Miss Hopley and her helpers warmed knowledge into us and roasted racial hatreds out of us.*” means:
- A. the students learned academics as well as tolerance.
 - B. the school represented many cultures and taught many subjects.
 - C. the school melted different cultures into one.
 - D. Miss Hopley, as the principal, made sure everyone was respected.