The 1960s: Times of Change
How to use this book


2. Read the memoirs for enjoyment. (Leveled texts)

3. Reread the memoirs and answer the questions on pages 16–17 and 28–29. (Shared reading)

4. Reread the last memoir. Pay attention to the comments in the margins. See how an author writes a memoir. (Leveled text)

5. Follow the steps on pages 30–31 to write your own memoir. (Shared reading)

6. Complete the activity on the inside back cover. Answer the follow-up questions. (Shared reading)
What is a memoir?
A memoir (MEM-war) is writing that covers a short period of time in the life of the person writing it. Memoirs focus on the events, thoughts, and feelings of that person. They are often about a specific time or place or a moment in history that is important to the writer. Memoirs communicate the conflict and drama of events as they unfold but with a strong, personal point of view.

What is the purpose of a memoir?
The purpose of a memoir is to describe events as the writer remembers them. These writers want to share their experiences with the rest of the world. Some writers may have lived through important times or contributed to world-changing events. They want readers to know what they did and to share what they felt. Writers may also use the memoir as a journey of self-discovery. Writing about the past can help people better understand themselves and how they came to be who they are.

How do you read a memoir?
When you read a memoir, you are reading a first-person narrative: one person’s memory of an event or time. Enter into the moment with the writer. Try to picture yourself there. Think about what is important and why the writer chose to write about the event. Look for insight into why it was important to the writer. The writer remembered the moment in great detail. Will you?

Who writes memoirs?
In the past, people who took part in world-changing events, like explorations or scientific discoveries, wrote memoirs. The writers wanted to give an eyewitness account of the event. But memoirs are not always about major or public events. You don’t have to be famous to write a memoir! People today often write memoirs because a period of time in their lives was important to them. Memoirs can be about everyday events. They are interesting to readers because of the way the writer remembers and explains the events.
Tools for Readers and Writers

Direct Quotes
Writers of memoirs want their readers to feel as if they were there when the events took place. To do this, memoirists often include direct quotes. The quotes may be from the memoirist or from other people involved in the events. Direct quotes provide firsthand information about the memoirist and his or her story. Including quotes helps readers to get a sense of the people involved in the events and to make inferences and draw conclusions about the events.

Emotion Words
Authors use certain types of words called emotion words to express feelings. Emotion words are especially useful when writing memoirs because they convey strong feelings and beliefs, revealing a lot about the memoirist’s personality and the personalities of others involved in the events.

Text Structure and Organization
Authors put words together in several ways called text structures, or organizational patterns. These text structures include cause and effect, compare and contrast, problem and solution, steps in a process or sequence of events, and descriptions. In many cases, authors use key words and phrases to help readers determine the text structure being used. Other times readers have to think about the text’s structure on their own. An author usually uses multiple text structures in one text. However, for certain texts like memoirs, sequence of events and descriptions are used to present most of the information. Remember, knowing how the author puts words together can help readers better understand and remember what they’ve read.

About the 1960s:

Years of Change

During the 1960s, the United States experienced an almost dizzying number of groundbreaking events and changes, ranging from assassinations of political figures to putting a man on the moon. Two Civil Rights Acts were among the most significant pieces of legislation of the decade. They outlawed discrimination against African Americans and other minorities in all public places, encouraged desegregation of schools, and prohibited discrimination in housing.


. . . and his assassination in November 1963.
Young people in particular became quite vocal about changing society. The women’s movement grew in strength and numbers during this decade, too, taking inspiration from the civil rights movement.

Hundreds of thousands of people participated in the “March on Washington for Freedom and Jobs” in August 1963 . . .

. . . and heard Martin Luther King Jr. give his “I Have a Dream” speech.

Demonstrators from the National Women’s Liberation Movement picketed the Miss America Pageant in September 1968.

The Vietnam War was escalating by spring 1967 . . .

. . . and led to antiwar protests, such as this five-mile peace march in San Francisco.

The United States also entered the Vietnam War during the 1960s, fighting on the side of South Vietnam against Communist North Vietnam. By 1968 close to 500,000 U.S. soldiers were involved in what was then considered America’s most difficult conflict. The country was divided by the ongoing war with its rising casualties. Though many Americans supported the war effort, many people opposed it, marching in peace protests.

Imagine what it must have been like to grow up in such a time of change!
If I tell you why I marched for civil rights, why I think discrimination and prejudice are wrong, and why I’ve made friends from different cultures, then I have to tell you about my Grandpa David. He was my hero, my mentor, and my favorite person in the world. I can still picture him in his tan business suit with matching overcoat and hat, crisp white shirt, silk tie, handkerchief in his breast pocket, and the watch fob on the shiny gold chain. Grandpa David had sparse, gray-white hair and wore silver-rimmed glasses. Mostly I see his clean-shaven face with warm sparkling eyes and I hear him saying, “Kush mine bak” in his Yiddish accent. This must mean “Kiss my cheek,” because that’s what I always did when I heard it.

Grandpa David Greenspan was living with my mother and father in the Bronx, a section of New York City, when I was born in 1944. A homespun philosopher and “peacenik,” he had left his Polish homeland as a young man in 1910 rather than fight in the army. Though steeped in Jewish tradition and culture, with an extensive library of religious books, he did not practice any religion. A tailor by trade, he dressed impeccably. To me, a young girl, he looked regal.

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I see your face
All the time in my heart.
An old face,
rich in beauty and love—
Clear, unlined—so regal.
Such splendor in your style,
Such grace in your walk;
Oh, that soft, sweet face.
You dreamed of peace
in a world
Filled with hate.
Grandpa was a very accepting, open-minded, 
embracing 
person. A stranger was simply a friend he hadn’t met yet. Once 
he returned to our little apartment on Bolton Street in the Pelham 
Parkway section with a homeless man who had been sleeping 
on a bench. This man, whom we called Uncle Sam, became part 
of our family. Uncle Sam would come over every Tuesday night 
for dinner. He would even babysit for me! It was through my 
Grandpa’s actions, his decency and uncompromising 
humanity 
that I saw, firsthand, the right way to treat people.

With Grandpa as my role model, I made friends with people 
from other races and cultures. Two of my closest friends in sixth 
grade were Stokely Carmichael, a future 
leader of the activist organization 
Student Nonviolent Coordinating 
Committee (SNCC), and his sister 
Lynnette. We used to play a handball 
game called “slug” in the schoolyard at 
P.S. 105.

By the time we were in high school 
in the late 1950s, the civil rights 
movement was sweeping across the 
American landscape. A few years 
earlier, the Supreme Court had declared that separating people 
on the basis of race was illegal, but segregation and inequality 
still existed in many places. Stokely was a young man with 
convictions. He began participating in demonstrations around 
New York City. One day he announced that he was going to join 
the Freedom Riders in Alabama. The Freedom Riders were a 
group that protested segregation on buses and in bus terminals.

I was also, in my own way, becoming an activist. I joined the 
National Conference of Christians and Jews, an organization 
dedicated to promoting peace and tolerance in a world of 
diversity. As the civil rights movement gained momentum, I 
wanted to get more involved. I knew it was wrong to treat people 
differently because of their race, religion, nationality, or skin 
color.

Despite what the law said, many industries still discriminated 
by not offering equal hiring opportunities. Early one Saturday 
morning when I was thirteen, I headed for the front door of 
our house.
“Where are you going?” my mother asked.
“I’m going to picket at Macy’s. They won’t hire Negroes.”
I took a bus down to Herald Square in Manhattan. A crowd of people from different backgrounds carried picket signs that said “Jobs Now!” and “Full Employment!” We marched and sang protest songs like “We Shall Not Be Moved.” The tune plays in my head as I write down the lyrics now, and I feel some of the energy and vitality that moved me to action fifty years ago.

Music was an integral part of the civil rights movement. Singer-songwriters such as Pete Seeger, Joan Baez, and Bob Dylan drew heavily from traditional folk music and popularized protest songs that reminded us what we were fighting for. These songs gave us hope and encouragement; they told us that it was possible to make America a better place. And they were right! In 1964 President Lyndon Johnson passed the Civil Rights Act, an executive order making it illegal to discriminate against anyone on the basis of race, color, religion, sex, or national origin.
Music was also an integral part of my life. I started listening to rock and roll when I was about eleven. I had a huge portable radio in my room and played it constantly. I loved the Chantels, a black-girl group that had nationwide success. I would sing along and hit the high notes in “He’s Gone.”

My friends Gail and Doris and I formed a singing group when we were in our teens. Our manager, Mickey Baker, introduced us to different kinds of music and musicians of all nationalities. He named us the Angels. We sang three-part harmony on songs like “Blanche” and “Da Doo Ron Ron.” We wrote some songs and cut a demo record. What a blast! I miss those times, but smile about them; it’s better to at least have the memories.

The sum of a person is more than her parts. But if I was an equation, it might look like this: Grandpa David + Civil Rights + Music = Me. Because of these powerful influences, I have dedicated my life to working for social justice, for equality, for animal welfare, and for peace. I know that when we join forces—young and old, black and white—we shall not be moved until we make the world a better place.

Sandra Sturtz Hauss is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Hunter College. She earned her master’s degree at the College of New Rochelle in teaching the gifted and talented. She was an elementary school teacher in the Yonkers public school system for 28 years, 17 of those in a program for the gifted. She also performed as a singer and actress in community theater for several years. Ms. Hauss enjoys attending theater and classical concerts and writing, and she remains actively involved in social justice, animal welfare, and supporting the community. A published poet, Ms. Hauss belongs to the Poetry Caravan, a volunteer group that gives readings in hospitals, assisted-living facilities, rehabilitation centers, and a prison. She lives with her husband, George, and their two cherished cats.
Reread the Memoir

Analyze the Memoir

- Whom is the memoir about?
- What is the memoir about?
- What other people are involved in the memoir?
- The memoir includes thoughts the author had while events were taking place. Identify two.
- The memoir includes thoughts the author has right now about what happened in the past. Identify two.
- What does the author learn from writing her memoir?
- How does the memoir end?

Focus on Comprehension: Text Structure and Organization

- What words does Sandra Hauss use to describe her grandfather? Why is her description of her grandfather so important to her memoir?
- Ms. Hauss uses sequence words to explain what happened in the last few years of the 1950s. What sequence words does she use?
- The author uses cause-and-effect text structure in her memoir. Locate two examples.

Tips for Interpreting Text Structure

- Words signaling cause and effect or problem and solution include because, so, as a result, therefore, and consequently.
- Words signaling comparison and contrast include however, but, too, on the other hand, and instead.
- Words signaling sequence of events or steps in a process might include specific dates, first, after, then, finally, now, later, and not long after.
- Words signaling description include also, in fact, for instance, as well as details and sense words.

Analyze the Tools Writers Use: Direct Quotes

- On page 8, Sandra Hauss quotes her grandfather. She says, “I hear him saying ‘Kush mine bak’ in his Yiddish accent. This must mean ‘Kiss my cheek,’ because that’s what I always did when I heard it.” What purpose does this direct quote serve?
- On page 12, Ms. Hauss writes the following:
  “Where are you going?” my mother asked.
  “I’m going to picket at Macy’s. They won’t hire Negroes.”
Ms. Hauss uses no other quotes in this memoir. Why was this quote so important to include?

Focus on Words: Emotion Words

Make a chart like the one below. Locate each word in the memoir. Read sentences around the word and determine a possible definition using context clues and the dictionary. Finally, ask yourself, What word is the emotion word describing?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Word</th>
<th>Dictionary Definition</th>
<th>What It Is Describing</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>embracing</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>humanity</td>
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<td>10</td>
<td>convictions</td>
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<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>vitality</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>dedicated</td>
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</table>
There are all kinds of ways a parachute jump can go wrong:

- You can land on top of some other guy’s chute in the air. It feels solid, but if you don’t run right off his chute, yours can collapse because his chute is stealing your air.
- You can go through somebody’s stringers.
- You can get dragged by your chute.
- If you land in the water but don’t get your chute off the right way, it can collapse on top of you and you’ll drown.
- A lot of people get hurt jumping at night. A blacktop road with the moon shimmering on it can look like water. Make that mistake and you can break your legs.

Yes, lots of things can happen when you jump out of an airplane. . . . They are all playing in my mind that August day in 1968. I’m in Jump School at Fort Benning, Georgia, 15,000 feet in the air. I go to the door of a Flying Boxcar, a C-119 twin reciprocating-engine airplane from World War II. I’m ready to make my first jump. I look out the front of the aircraft. All I can see is fire coming out of the front engine, smoke out of the back. The jump officer is yelling, “Go! Go! Go!” I must be crazy, I think. How did I get here? ***
I'm seven years old on my first airplane ride. The plane is a TWA Constellation, a beautiful airship with four engines and a triple-tail design. My father has been in New York City for six months looking for an apartment, making sure everything is squared away before telling my mother, my sister Margarita, my brother David, and me to get on a plane in Puerto Rico and join him. It's 1956 and that ride takes seven and a half hours.

We move to a nice working-class area in the South Bronx with Jewish, Italian, and Latino families. I attend second grade at P.S. 62. Within eight months of starting school, my English is up to grade level, even though there's no bilingual education.

My parents work in factories and are gone by the time we get up. My brother, sister, and I feed ourselves, lock up, go to school. We come home, let ourselves in, have a snack, do our homework. We have no problems. The elementary school is just down the block, so it's easy to get back and forth.

I'm indifferent about school, but I love flying. I build model airplanes, starting with the plastic ones that I can paint. Then I build planes out of balsa wood, 049s and 35s—the kind I can put engines on and fly. When it's time for high school, I go to Aviation High School in the Queens section of New York City.

Half of my school day is learning about aircraft—propellers, reciprocating engines, welding, anything that has to do with machines that fly. Upon graduating, I take the Federal Aviation Administration license exam.

At that time, 1967, U.S. combat units are being sent over to Vietnam in great numbers. Eighty percent of Aviation High graduates enlist, including me. The military also promises me something I really want: advanced aviation training. I figure that if I'm sent to Vietnam, I will get to work on helicopters.
I enlist in the army on June 5, 1967. I sign up for delayed enlistment, which means the army will let me stay home for the summer and report for duty in September. My high school graduation is set for June 10. That is also the day somebody tries to kill me.

The neighborhood in the South Bronx has changed a lot since we first moved there, for the worse: gangs, drugs, crime. It’s about three in the afternoon. I’m leaning against a bicycle and this guy from the neighborhood—I don’t really know him—wants to talk to me. This guy is incoherent. I don’t know what he’s saying, and we stand about two feet from each other. He pulls out a .22 and shoots me. Two bullets go right into my stomach and as I turn away from him, two more shots go into my arm. That ticks me off. I go after him and he runs. Meanwhile, my friend’s father, George, who owns the grocery store across the street, sees me all covered with blood. The next thing I know I’m in the back of a car speeding along to Lincoln Hospital. They never catch the guy who shot me.

At the hospital, a priest comes over to give me the last rites. But I’m young, healthy, and determined, and I recover. After seven days I go home. Now, however, instead of going into the military service in the fall, I have to wait until February 1968. Of course, I am deeply disappointed and quite upset. I was shot for no reason. Why me? But it made me realize that I was tougher than I thought. Joining the army was the right choice.

The military gives me a fifteen-cent subway token to use to go down to Whitehall Street in Manhattan to take my entrance exams and oath. Everyone there is going into the service. Guys from all over the city and from the suburbs, too. In the late afternoon, they take us to Penn Station and put us on a train for basic training in Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

The civil rights movement has been overheating, and racial tensions are high. I have never been in the South. This is the first time I see water fountains labeled for blacks and whites. I wasn’t a black. I wasn’t a white. I was totally confused. What was I supposed to do? There was no “Latino” fountain.
After eight weeks of basic training I go to helicopter school in Fort Eustis, Virginia. I learn everything to do with rotor aircraft. The final test is on the electrical system, and it’s hard. Lots of people don’t complete the training because they can’t pass the test. The instructor hands out the exam. Twenty minutes later I hand mine back in.

“Hernandez, you finished already?” he asks.

“Yes, sir,” I say. I want to tell him that this test is nothing compared with my studies at Aviation High School.

A Special Forces officer comes onto the base, recruiting. He’s wearing these really nice boots, a sharp uniform, and, best of all, a pair of silver wings. “Come join me and jump out of planes and we’ll give you $55 more a month,” he says.

I’m making $78 a month, so that almost doubles my salary. “I’ll go!” I tell him.

During the first two weeks of paratrooper training I learn how to deal with emergencies. I learn PLFs—parachute landing falls. I put on my parachute harness, get on a step, and practice falling sideways. Next, I practice from a thirty-foot tower. I climb it, jump off, pull my reserve chute, and count “one-one thousand, two-one thousand” as the instructors watch and grade me. Last is the 250-foot tower, which is like a 25-story building, as tall as some of the apartment buildings near where I grew up.

I stand there, looking down at the instructor holding a bullhorn to his lips. “Pull on your right risers!” he yells.

I pull down and then he calls up, “Ready? Go!”

I go.

During the third week, I have to make five jumps out of a plane, the final test to get my wings. So I’m standing in the door of the C-119 looking at the fire and the smoke. The jump officer is yelling, “Go! Go! Go!” He gives me a kick and out I go.

“Yahoo!” I yell. Then, as I’m looking down, it’s beautiful, majestic even. If I close my eyes, I can picture that first jump, still. It’s more than a thrill, more than a rush. It’s bliss.

A memoir focuses on events the way the author remembers them.

A memoir includes thoughts and feelings about the events that explain why they are important to the author. Efrain’s first jump was an incredible experience that created a strong memory.
But jumping out of planes is serious business, requiring sharp focus and timing. I'm holding onto the reserve parachute in front of me. I count, pull the D ring, then feel the jerk of the chute coming out of the pack. It's no more than a tug. I look up to make sure there's no malfunction.

A fully opened parachute is a marvel and a thing of beauty. I'm sailing through the air. I can hear everything: the wind, guys jumping behind me, people talking on the ground. It's like I'm an angel looking down on everyone. Suddenly, the wind starts to push me sideways and I'm headed right for the top of a vehicle on the ground. I pull the risers and end up landing in a ditch, spraining my ankle.

My other four jumps go smoothly and I get my wings. I'm assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division in Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where I attend helicopter school for the rest of 1968.

By 1969, my brother David is a medic in Vietnam. I want to see him. “I'll go!” I say when the commander asks for volunteers. I board a crowded Pan Am flight to Saigon. I've become a member of the 101st Airborne, the “Screaming Eagles,” and though I don't know what to expect when I step off the plane, I know this: I'm on my way to war.
Reread the Memoir

Analyze the Memoir

- Whom is the memoir about?
- What is the memoir about?
- What other people are involved in this memoir?
- This memoir includes thoughts the author had while events were taking place. Identify two.
- This memoir includes thoughts the author has right now about what happened in the past. Identify two.
- What does the author learn from writing his memoir?
- How does the memoir end?

Focus on Comprehension: Text Structure and Organization

- What text structure does Efrain Hernandez use to explain his first two weeks of paratrooper training?
- Mr. Hernandez uses dates throughout his memoir to provide a timeline. Identify dates.
- The author uses cause-and-effect text structure in his memoir. Locate two examples.

Focus on Catchy Titles

Authors often include strong leads, or hooks, in nonfiction writing. But titles are just as important, maybe even more so, because they catch the reader’s eye before the opening sentences. Reread the titles of these memoirs. What caught your eye? What did you think the memoirs were going to be about? Were you right?

Focus on Words: Emotion Words

Make a chart like the one below. Locate each word in the memoir. Read sentences around the word and determine a possible definition using context clues and the dictionary. Finally, ask yourself, What word is the emotion word describing?

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<th>Dictionary Definition</th>
<th>What It Is Describing</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>indifferent</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>disappointed</td>
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<td>23</td>
<td>upset</td>
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<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>bliss</td>
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<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>marvel</td>
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</table>

Analyze the Tools Writers Use: Direct Quotes

- Twice in Efrain Hernandez’s memoir he says, “I’ll go”: once when he is asked to jump out of planes for $55 more a month and again when paratroopers were volunteering to go to Vietnam. What does this duplicated response suggest about Mr. Hernandez?
- On pages 19 and 25, Mr. Hernandez remembers his jump officer saying, “Go! Go! Go!” What is the significance of including this quote?
How does an author write a Memoir?

Reread “What Comes Before Wings” and think about what Efrain Hernandez did to write this memoir. How does he show how important these events were in his life? How does he make you feel as if you were there?

1 **Decide on an Important Event or Period in Your Life**

Remember that a memoir is an actual retelling of something you have experienced. It allows you to relive that time and reflect upon the emotions you feel now as a type of “self-discovery.” In “What Comes Before Wings,” the author shares memories of how he always loved airplanes, which became the focus of his education and led to his enlisting in the army and becoming a paratrooper during the Vietnam War era. He expresses how he reacted to this life-changing event at the time and how he feels about it today.

2 **Decide Who Else Should Be in Your Memoir**

Other people often play a large part in the important events of your life. Ask yourself:
- Who was with me?
- Which people had the most impact on my experience?
- How will I describe these people?
- How did these people feel about the event?
- Did these people add to the conflict or help overcome it?

### Person Impact on Author’s Experience

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Person</th>
<th>Impact on Author’s Experience</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>parents</td>
<td>moved family to New York City from Puerto Rico; gave him some independence as a child</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>classmates</td>
<td>most of his peers at Aviation High enlisted, so he did too</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Special Forces officer</td>
<td>offered him more money to become a paratrooper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jump officer</td>
<td>trained him to jump; gave him incentive (and a push) to make his first jump</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brother David</td>
<td>gave him a reason to join the 101st Airborne in Vietnam</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

3 **Recall Setting and Events**

Jot down notes about what happened and where it happened. Ask yourself:
- Where did the events take place? How will I describe these places?
- What was the situation or problem I experienced? Was the experience happy, scary, sad, or surprising?
- What parts do I remember most? Why are these incidents memorable?
- How did my experience turn out?
- What questions might my readers have that I could answer in my memoir?
- What did I learn about myself from this experience? What more did I learn by writing about it?

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Element of Memoir</th>
<th>Details</th>
<th>Effect on Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Settings</strong></td>
<td>first airplane ride; Bronx apartment; Aviation High School; Fort Jackson; Fort Eustis; Fort Benning; Fort Bragg; Vietnam</td>
<td>An airplane ride at age 7 in a propeller plane described as “a beautiful airship” leads to a lifelong love of airplanes, from building models to studying aircraft in high school to joining the army to learning about helicopters and becoming a paratrooper.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Situation or Problem</strong></td>
<td>Main events in his life that led to him becoming a paratrooper in the Vietnam War</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Events</strong></td>
<td>1. The author is at Jump School, poised to make his first jump. 2. He flashes back to how he got to the point of his first jump, beginning with his first plane ride. 3. He enlists in the army after high school. 4. He volunteers to be a paratrooper and makes that first jump in Jump School. 5. He volunteers for Vietnam.</td>
<td>He is momentarily scared by what he’s about to do and flashes back to how he got there. He remembers falling in love with flying and planes at age 7 and learning everything he can about flying machines before and while attending Aviation High School. He is happy to enlist because he is promised more aviation training. He discovers he loves the thrill of jumping out of a plane with a parachute. He is uncertain about what will happen to him in Vietnam but is excited to be part of the war effort.</td>
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</table>

| How My Experience Turned Out | He serves a 15-month tour of duty in Vietnam. | Later he is inspired to become a member of the New York Army National Guard, where he serves for 37 years. |
Glossary

bliss (BLIS) deep joy; complete happiness (page 25)

convictions (kun-VIK-shunz) strong beliefs (page 10)

dedicated (DEH-dih-kay-ted) committed to a way of life or goal; devoted (page 15)

disappointed (dis-uh-POIN-ted) defeated in expectation or hope (page 23)

embracing (im-BRAY-sing) welcoming gladly (page 10)

humanity (hyoo-MA-nih-tee) sense of sympathy and compassion for all people (page 10)

indifferent (in-DIH-frent) lacking interest in or feeling for something; neutral (page 21)

marvel (MAR-vel) something that causes wonder and amazement (page 26)

upset (up-SET) disturbed; distraught (page 23)

vitality (vy-TA-lih-tee) a strong physical or mental liveliness; vigor (page 12)

Make Connections Across Texts

Complete a graphic organizer like the one below.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>We Shall Not Be Moved</th>
<th>What Comes Before Wings</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Time</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Situation</td>
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<tr>
<td>Challenges</td>
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<tr>
<td>Author’s Purpose</td>
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Analyze the Memoirs

Use your graphic organizer to help you answer these questions.

• What connections can you make to the people in the memoirs?
• What connections can you make to the challenges each person faced?
• What is one impression that each writer wants you to have about his or her story?
• How are the memoir endings alike? How are they different?
• What could readers learn from these memoirs?
• Each memoir focuses on the writer’s relationship with an important time in his or her life. What are two times in your life that are significant to you? Describe each.
Two Memoirs About the 1960s

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Sandra Sturtz Hauss taught elementary school for twenty-eight years. A published poet, she remains actively involved in writing, social justice, and bringing poetry to the community.

Efrain Hernandez is the recipient of many awards for service in the New York Army National Guard. He retired from the telecommunications industry in 2009.