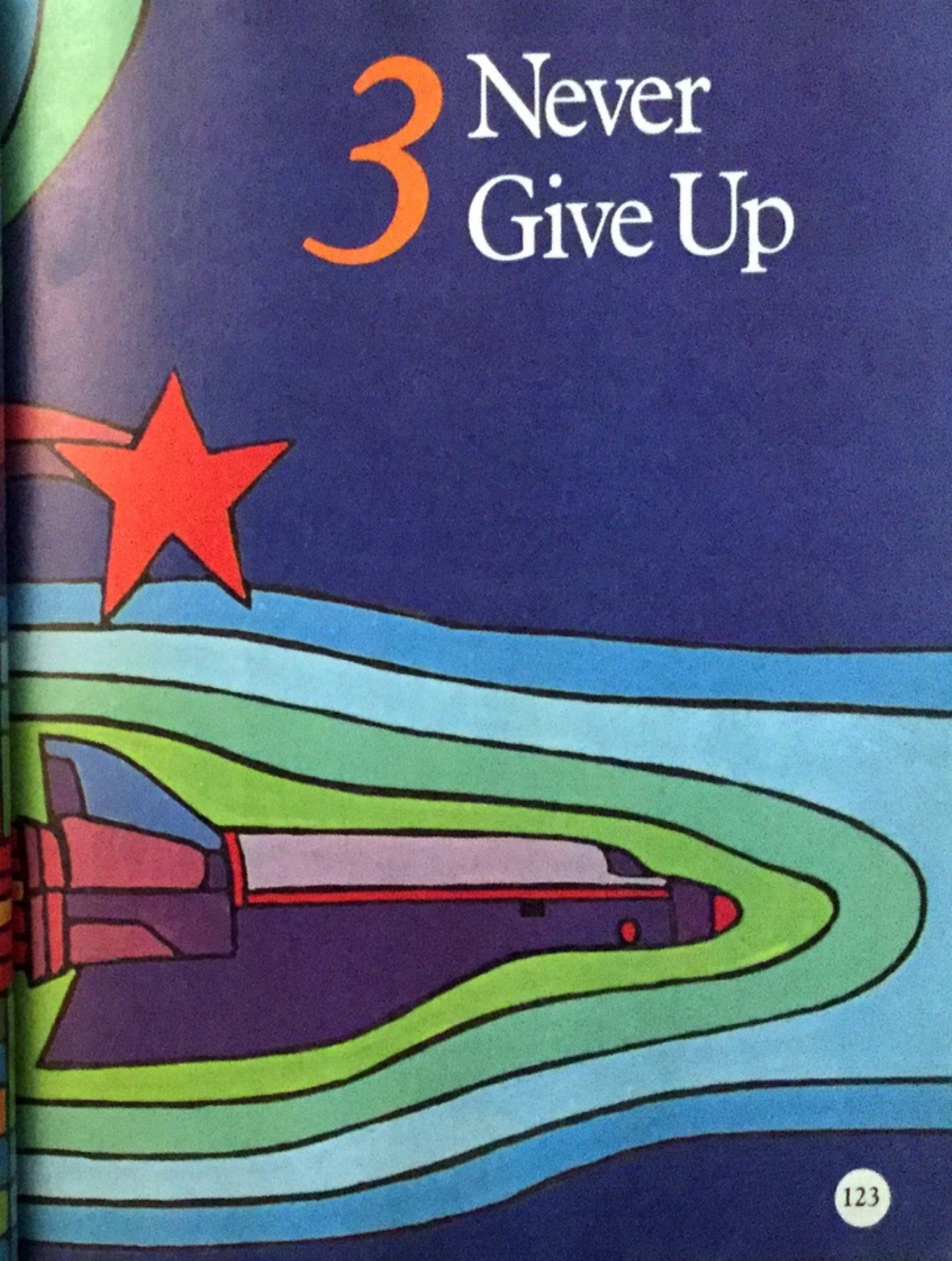


3 Never Give Up



TALKING ABOUT THE THEME

Look at the picture on pages 122–123. Read the title.

1. What do the man, the bird, and the plane all have in common?
2. Why do you think people dreamed of flying?
3. Why is it important to follow your dreams?
4. Can you name someone who refused to give up?
5. How do you think the selections in this unit will be alike?

Other Books About Not Giving Up

The Brooklyn Bridge: They Said It Couldn't Be Built by Judith St. George. G. P. Putnam's, 1982. The tremendous courage and determination required to build the Brooklyn Bridge are chronicled here.

Jump Ship to Freedom by James L. Collier and Christopher Collier. Delacorte, 1981. A slave named Daniel Arabus steals away to Philadelphia to try to obtain the freedom his father had purchased for him and his mother.

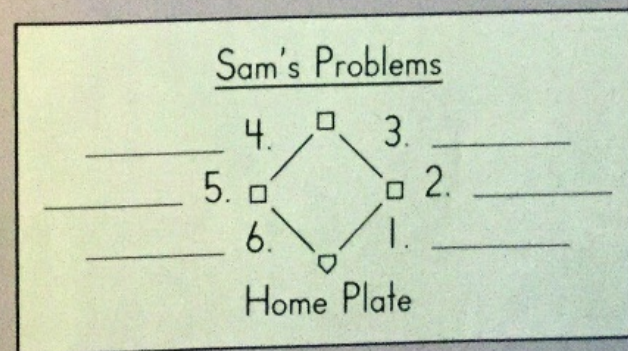
Mrs. Frisby and the Rats of Nimh by Robert C. O'Brien. Atheneum, 1971. When her home and her children are threatened, Mrs. Frisby goes to the Rats of Nimh, a superior breed of intelligent rats, for help.

D'Aulaires' Book of Greek Myths by Ingri d'Aulaire and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday, 1962. Both gods and humans show their determination as they strive to reach their goals.

Focusing on "Something for Davy"

Think and Read

- ▶ From your own experience, what do you think builds good friendships? Ask your classmates about their experiences with close friends.
- ▶ Read the title and look at the picture on page 126. Think about your discussion of friendship as you read the introduction to the story.
 - Who are Sam and Davy in the picture? Why do you think so?
 - What differences between the two characters are shown in the picture?
 - What might "Something for Davy" be about?
- ▶ Get ready to read a story about a boy named Sam. As you read, think about the problems Sam must overcome to do something thoughtful for his friend. Think about what you would add to this drawing.



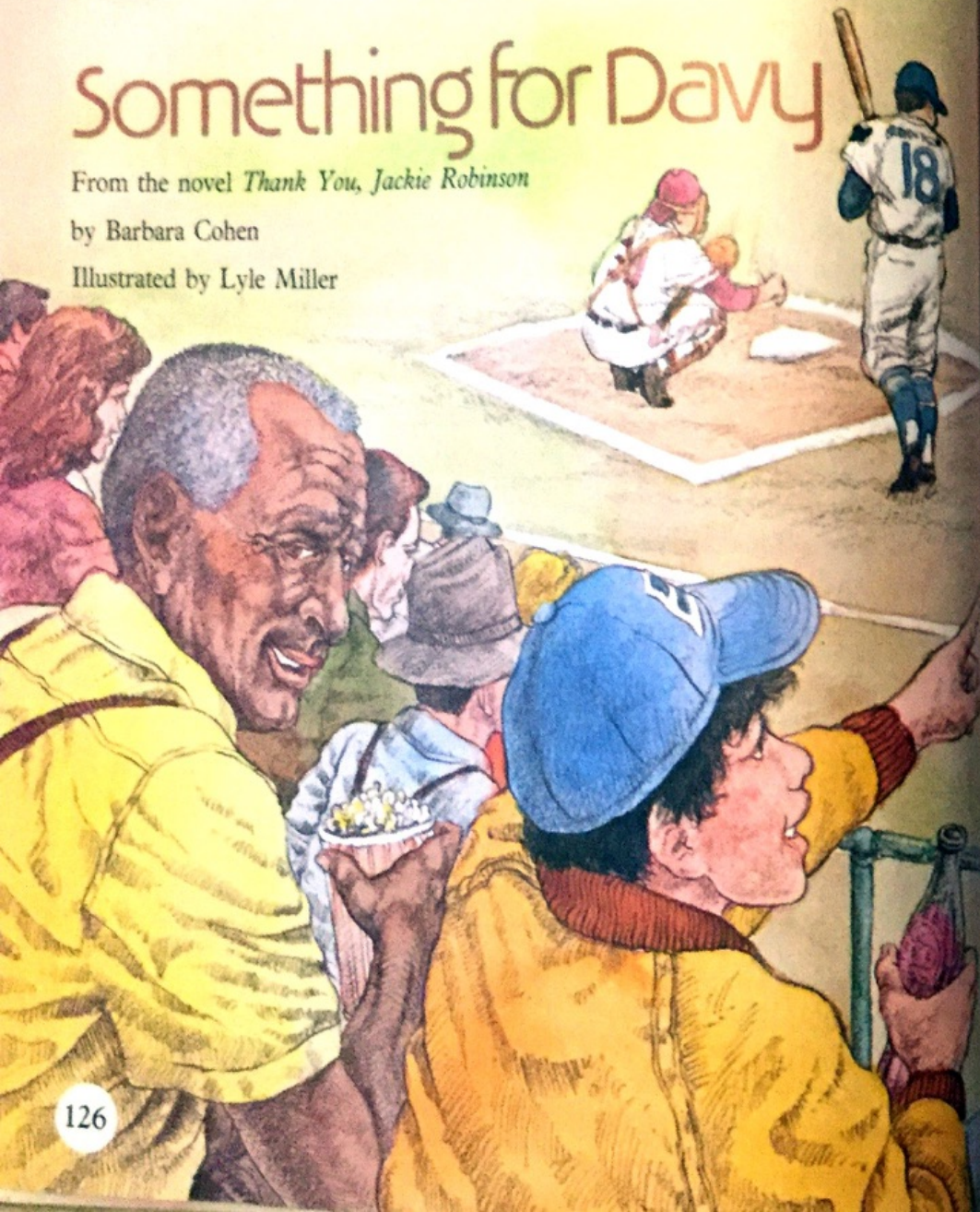
Now turn the page and read "Something for Davy." Then you will talk about showing appreciation.

Something for Davy

From the novel *Thank You, Jackie Robinson*

by Barbara Cohen

Illustrated by Lyle Miller



After his father died, Sam Greene was lonely. With his mother busy running the family's New Jersey inn and his sisters busy with their own interests, Sam spent long hours alone with his radio, listening to what he loved most—major league baseball games.

Then Davy came to be the new cook at the inn, and Sam and Davy discovered they loved the same things—baseball, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Jackie Robinson, the Dodgers' star player in that year of 1947. Though Sam and Davy were fifty years apart in age, they became great friends, talking endlessly of baseball and going to the Dodgers' games together.

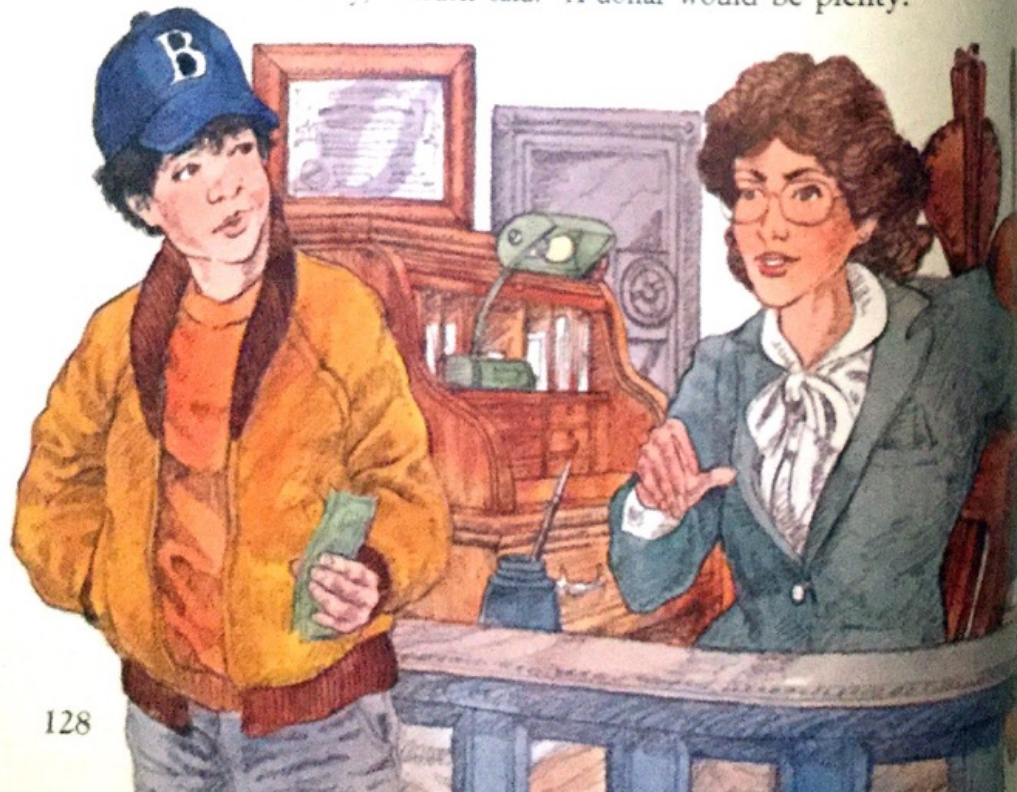
Davy's heart attack two years later was a terrible shock for Sam. Not only was his best friend in the hospital, but—because he wasn't a family member—Sam wasn't even allowed to visit Davy. When he heard that Davy was asking to see him, Sam made a decision. If he couldn't see Davy in person, at least he could do something to help Davy get well. As Sam tells the story, "I'd had it. I was going to do something spectacular. I was going to make him better all by myself. It would be like magic."



That afternoon I got on my bike and rode downtown. I went into Muldoon's Sporting Goods and bought a brand new Spalding regulation baseball. It cost one sixty-five. I couldn't count on catching one at the ball park. In all the time Davy and I had gone to the games that had never happened to us. It probably never would, if we went to a thousand million games. I had to take matters into my own hands, and then rough the ball up a little bit and persuade the players to autograph it, even if I hadn't caught it.

The day after that was Friday. I collected my allowance and got my mother to give me my three dollars and fifty cents that was in the safe.

"I think that's too much to spend on a present for Davy," Mother said. "A dollar would be plenty."



"Mother!" I exclaimed. I was shocked. "If I had a thousand dollars it wouldn't be too much to spend."

"Davy wouldn't want you to spend all your money on him. You know that."

"I want to spend all my money on Davy," I said. "Davy never has to know."

"It's your money, but I think you're crazy. You don't need to spend money to show love."

"It's the only way," I said. "The hospital won't let me in to see him."

"It's your money," she repeated, shaking her head, but then she gave it to me.

The next day, Saturday, was of course the busiest day of the week at the inn. Even during July and August, the slow months, Saturday was sometimes busy. I was lucky. On this particular Saturday there was a wedding reception. What with Davy sick and the new cook not quite up to preparing a whole banquet, my mother had to be in six places at once. She really didn't have time to worry about us. It was one of those days when she just wanted us to disappear somewhere and not bother her until it was time for my sister Sara and me to help dish out the meal. I obliged. I told her I was going over to my friend Mickey's house and that I would stay there for dinner, but I'd come home before dark. If she had time to think about it, she might have wondered why I spent so much time at Mickey's lately, but she didn't have time to think about it.

I suppose I could have told my mother where I was going. She might have been perfectly willing to let me go. She might have given me money for it.

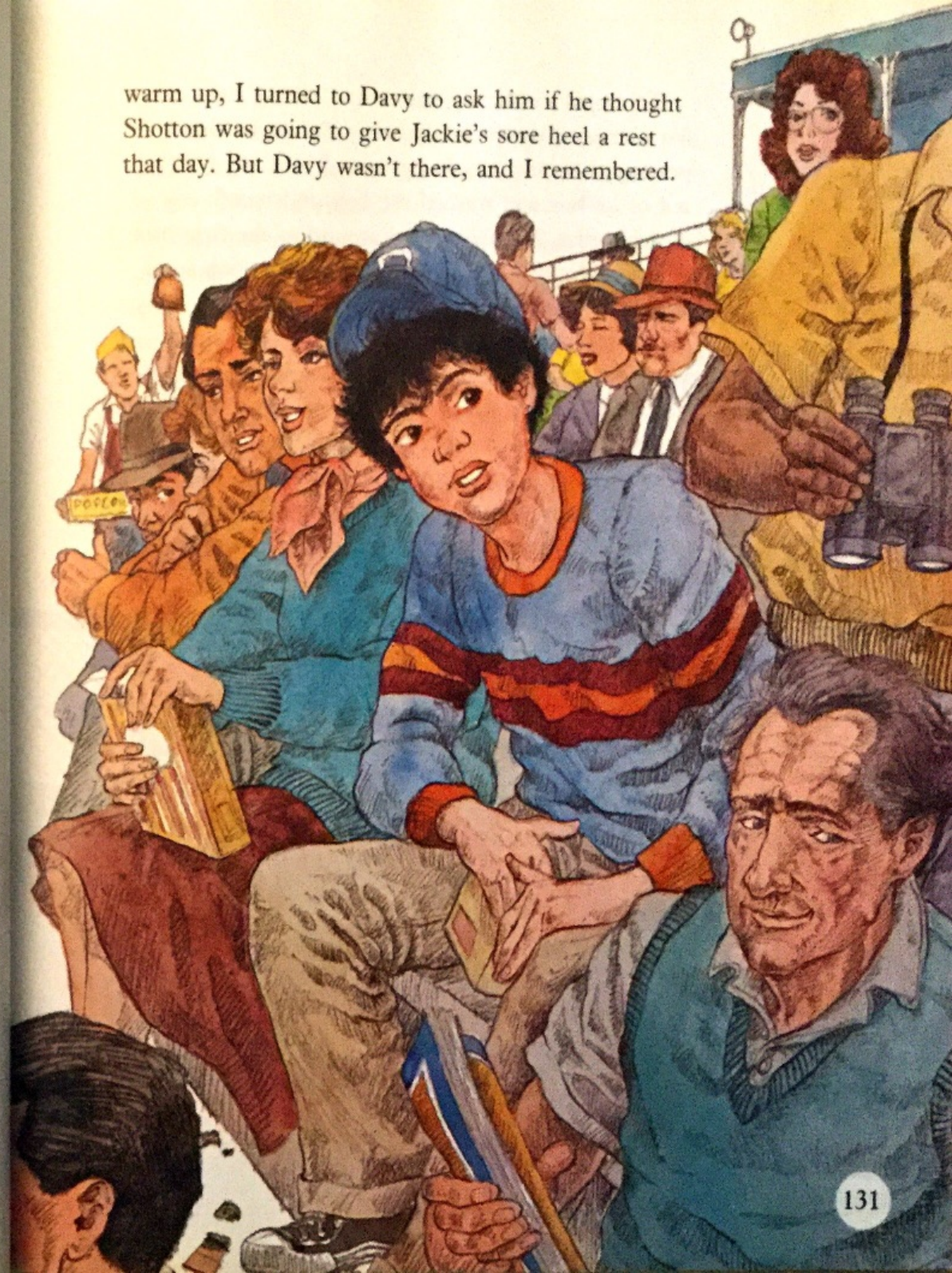
But I couldn't be sure. A mother who worried so much about our crossing the highway after sunset might not want us to go all the way to Ebbets Field by ourselves. I couldn't risk her telling me not to go. So I just went.

I had gone into the kitchen real early in the morning, before anyone else was up, and made myself a couple of egg-salad sandwiches. I had them and my money and the baseball in its little cardboard box. I walked the mile and a half to the bus station because there'd be no place to leave my bike if I rode there. I took the bus into New York City and I took a subway to Ebbets Field. I didn't have to ask anyone anything, except the bus driver for a ticket to New York City and the man in the subway booth for change of a quarter.

There was one thing I'd learned from Sara, and that was that if you know how to read you can do anything. Right in the middle of the subway was this big map of the subway system and Ebbets Field was marked right on it in large black letters. BMT, Brighton Local, downtown, get off at the station near Ebbets Field. I didn't even have to change trains.

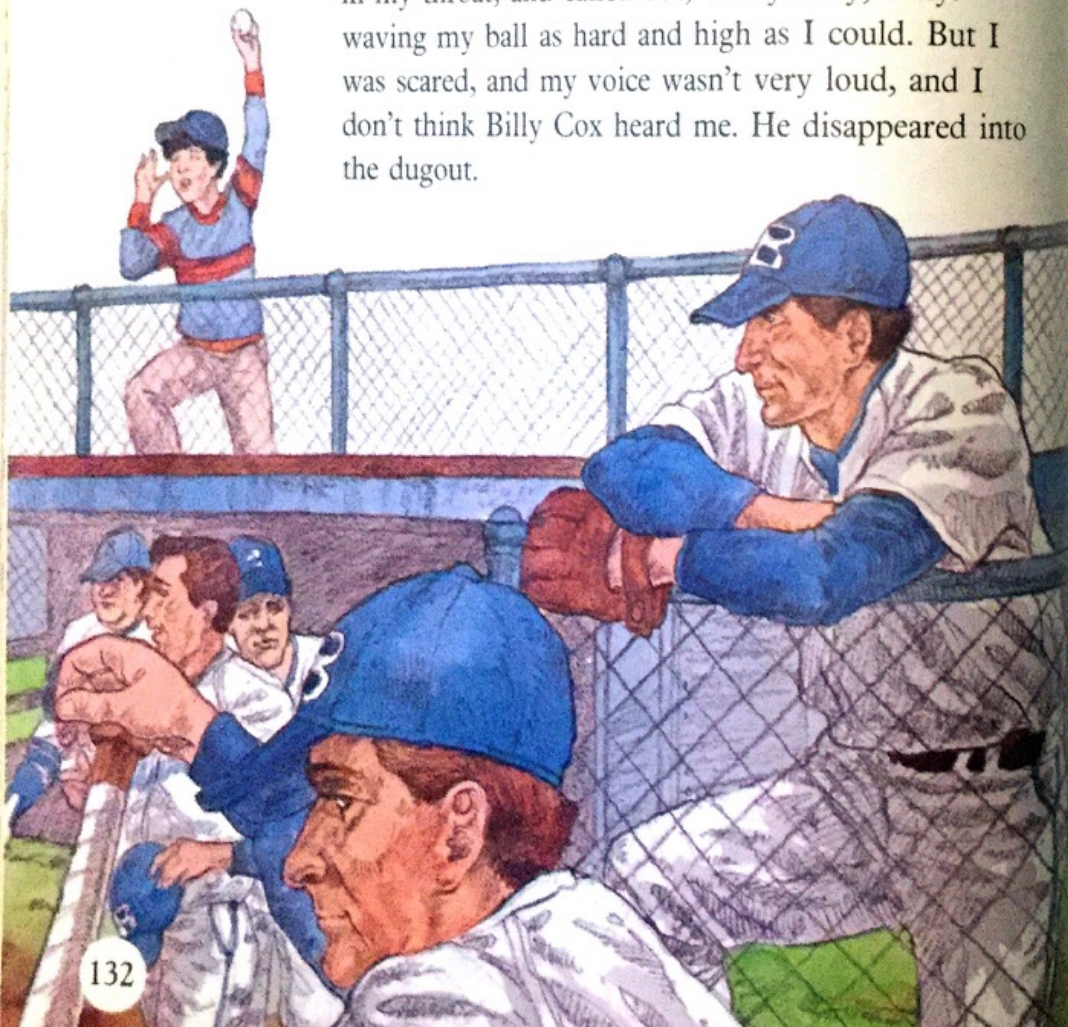
You could see flags flying above the ball park when you climbed up out of the subway station. You had to walk three blocks and there you were. Inside it was as it always had been, as bright and green as ever, remote from the sooty streets that surrounded it, remote from all the world. In the excitement of being there, I almost forgot about Davy for a moment. I almost forgot why I had come. But then, when the Cubs' pitcher, Warren Hacker, began to

warm up, I turned to Davy to ask him if he thought Shotton was going to give Jackie's sore heel a rest that day. But Davy wasn't there, and I remembered.



I thought maybe I'd better start trying right away. My chances were probably better during batting practice than they would be later. I took my ball out of its box and stashed the box underneath my bleacher seat. Then I walked around to the first-base side and climbed all the way down to the box seats right behind the dugout. I leaned over the rail. Billy Cox was trotting back to the dugout from home plate, where Erskine had been throwing to him.

I swallowed my heart, which seemed to be beating in my throat, and called out, "Billy! Hey, Billy!" waving my ball as hard and high as I could. But I was scared, and my voice wasn't very loud, and I don't think Billy Cox heard me. He disappeared into the dugout.



Marv Rackley came out of the dugout and then Carl Furillo. I called to them too, but they didn't seem to hear me either.

This method was getting me nowhere. I had to try something else before the game began and I'd really lost my chance. I looked around to see if there were any ushers nearby, but none was in sight. It was kind of early and the place hadn't really started to fill up yet. I guess the ushers were loafing around the refreshment stands.

I climbed up on the railing and then hoisted myself onto the roof of the dugout. That was something you could not do at many places besides Ebbets Field. That was one of the few advantages of such a small ball park. Of course, you know, you couldn't go see Ebbets Field now if you wanted to. They tore it down and put an apartment building there.

I could have stood up and walked across the dugout roof to the edge, but I figured if I did that an usher surely would see me. I sneaked across the roof on my belly until I came to the edge and then I leaned over.

It was really very nice in the dugout. I had always kind of pictured it as being literally dug out of the dirt, like a trench in a war. But it had regular walls and a floor and benches and a water cooler. Only trouble was, there were just a couple of guys in there—Eddie Miksis, and Billy Cox whom I'd seen out on the field a few minutes before.

I was disappointed. I had certainly hoped for Campy's signature, and Gil Hodges', and Pee Wee

Reese's, and of course Jackie Robinson's. But I figured Davy would be thrilled with Miksis and Billy Cox, since their names on a ball would be more than he'd ever expected. And anyway a few more guys might come meandering in before I was through.

But no matter how hard I swallowed, my heart was still stuck in my throat. "Eddie!" I called. "Eddie! Billy!" Hardly any sound came out of my mouth at all.

And then all of a sudden I heard a voice calling real loud. Whoever it was didn't have any trouble getting the sound out of *his* mouth. "Hey you, kid, get down off that roof," the voice said. "What do you think you're doing?" I sat up and turned around. An angry usher was standing at the foot of the aisle, right by the railing, screaming at me. "Get yourself off that roof," he shouted. "Right now, or I'll throw you out of the ball park."

I scrambled down fast as I could. Boy, was I a mess. My chino pants and my striped jersey were absolutely covered with dust and grime from that roof. I guess my face and arms weren't any too clean either. I looked like a bum.

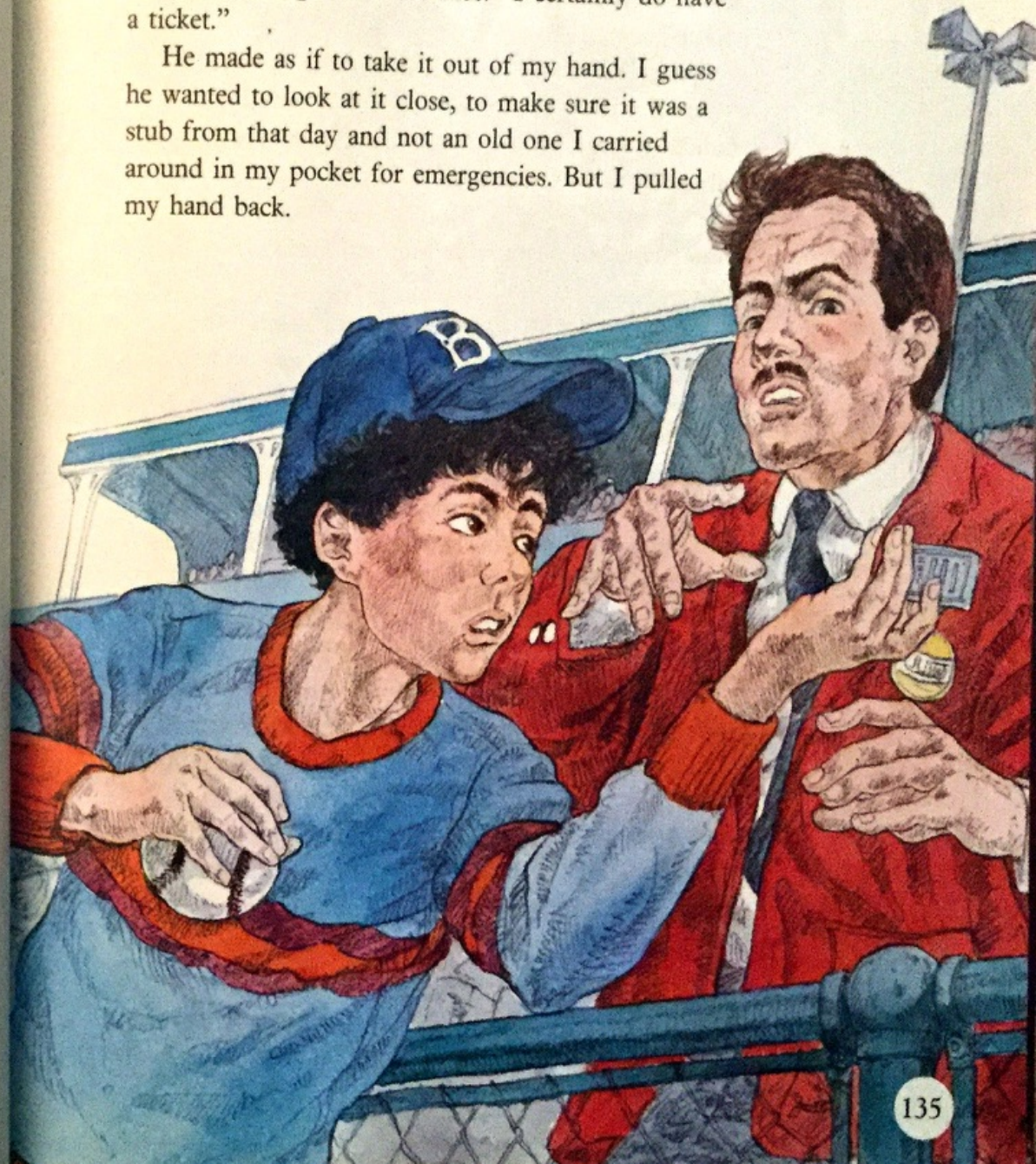
"I'm going to throw you out anyway," the usher said, "because you don't have a ticket."

I got real mad when I heard him say that. People had been throwing me out of places all week long and I was plenty sick of it. Especially since I certainly did have a ticket.

"You can't throw me out," I shouted back at him. "I've got as much right to be here as you have." I had suddenly found my voice. I was scared of the

ball players, but this usher didn't frighten me one bit. I pulled my ticket stub out of my pocket. "See?" I said, thrusting it into his face. "I certainly do have a ticket."

He made as if to take it out of my hand. I guess he wanted to look at it close, to make sure it was a stub from that day and not an old one I carried around in my pocket for emergencies. But I pulled my hand back.



"Oh, no, you don't," I said. "You can't take this ticket away from me. You won't give it back to me and then you'll throw me out because I don't have a ticket!"

"You crazy, kid?" he asked, shaking his head. "This is what I get for working in Ebbets Field. A bunch of crazy people. Next year I'm applying for a job at the Polo Grounds."

"Go ahead," I said, "you traitor. Who needs you?" I turned away from him and leaned over the rail.

"I better not see you on that roof again," the usher said. "I'll have my eye out for you—and so will all the other ushers."

"Don't worry," I said.

Then I felt his hand on my shoulder. "As a matter of fact, kid," he said, "I think I'll escort you to your seat where you belong. Up in the bleachers where you can't make any trouble."

Well, right then and there the whole enterprise would have gone up in smoke if old Jackie Robinson himself had not come trotting out onto the field from the dugout that very second. "Hey, Jackie!" I called. "Hey, Jackie!" in a voice as loud as a thunderbolt. I mean there were two airplanes flying overhead right that minute and Jackie Robinson heard me anyway.

He glanced over in the direction he could tell my voice was coming from, and I began to wave frantically, still calling "Jackie! Hey, Jackie!"

He lifted up his hand, gave one wide wave, and smiled. "Hey, kid," he called, and continued on his way to the batting cage. In another instant he'd



have been too busy with batting practice to pay any attention to me.

"Sign my ball!" I screamed. "Sign my ball!"

He seemed to hesitate briefly. I took this as a good omen. "You gotta," I went on frantically.

"Please, please, you gotta."

"He don't gotta do nothing," the usher said.

"That's Jackie Robinson and everyone knows that he don't gotta do nothing."

I went right on screaming.

"Come on, kid," the usher said, "we're getting out of here." He was a big hulking usher who must have weighed about eight hundred pounds, and he began pulling on me. Even though I gripped the cement with my sneakers and held onto the rail with my hand, he managed to pull me loose. But he couldn't shut me up.

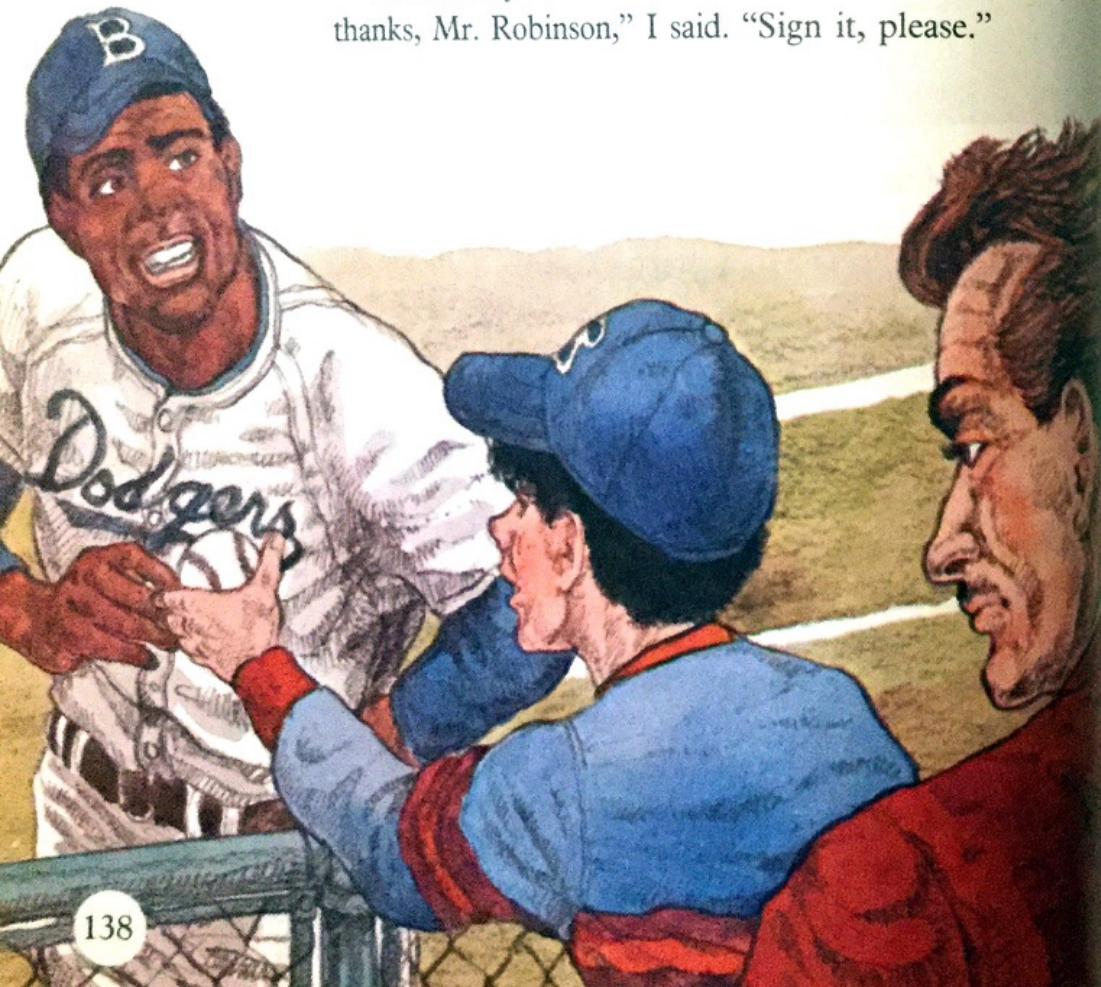
"Please, Jackie, please!" I went right on screaming. It worked. Or something worked. If not my screaming, then maybe the sight of that monster usher trying to pull me up the aisle and scrungy old me pulling against him for dear life.

"Let the kid go," Jackie Robinson said when he got to the railing. "All he wants is an autograph."

"He's a fresh kid," the usher said, but he let me go.

"Kids are supposed to be fresh," Jackie Robinson said.

I thrust my ball into Jackie Robinson's face. "Gee, thanks, Mr. Robinson," I said. "Sign it, please."



"You got a pen?" he asked.

"A pen?" I could have kicked myself. "A pen?" I'd forgotten a pen! I turned to the usher. "You got a pen?"

"If I had," the usher said triumphantly, "I certainly wouldn't lend it to you!"

"Oh, come on," Jackie Robinson said. "Don't be so vindictive. What harm did the kid do, after all?"

"Well, as it happens, I don't have one," the usher replied smugly.

"Wait here," I said. "Wait right here, Mr. Robinson. I'll go find one."

Jackie Robinson laughed. "Sorry, kid, but I've got work to do. Another time, maybe."

"Please, Mr. Robinson," I said. "It's for my friend. My friend, Davy."

"Well, let Davy come and get his own autographs," he said. "Why should you do his dirty work for him?"

"He can't come," I said. The words came rushing out of me, tumbling one on top of the other. I had to tell Jackie Robinson all about it, before he went away. "Davy can't come because he's sick. He had a heart attack."

"A heart attack?" Jackie Robinson asked. "A kid had a heart attack?"

"He's not a kid," I explained. "He's sixty years old. He's my best friend. He's always loved the Dodgers, but lately he's loved them more than ever."

"How did this Davy get to be your best friend?" Jackie Robinson asked.

So I told him. I told him everything, or as near to everything as I could tell in five minutes. I told him how Davy worked for my mother, and how I had no father, so it was Davy who took me to my first ball game. I told him how they wouldn't let me into the hospital to see Davy, and how we had always talked about catching a ball that was hit into the stands and getting it autographed.

Jackie listened silently, nodding every once in a while. When I was done at last, he said, "Well, now, kid, I'll tell you what. You keep this ball you brought with you. Keep it to play with. And borrow a pen from someone. Come back to the dugout the minute, the very second, the game is over, and I'll get you a real ball, one we played with, and I'll get all the guys to autograph it for you."

"Make sure it's one you hit," I said.

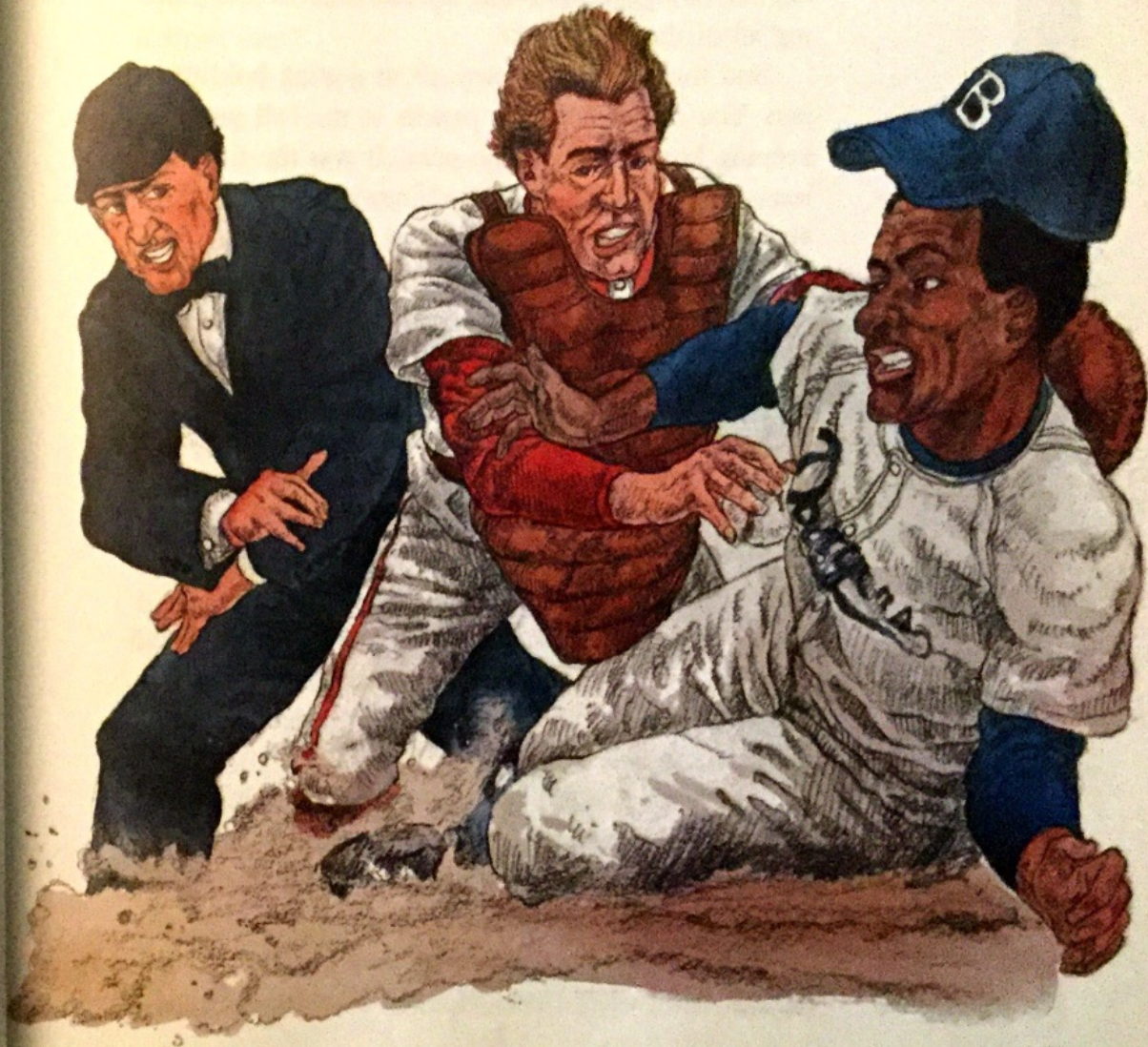
What nerve. I should have fainted dead away just because Jackie Robinson had deigned to speak to me. But here he was, making me an offer beyond my wildest dreams, and for me it wasn't enough. I had to have more. However, he didn't seem to care.

"O.K.," he said, "if I hit one." He had been in a little slump lately.

"You will," I said, "you will."

And he did. He broke the ball game wide open in the sixth inning when he hit a double to left field, scoring Rackley and Duke Snider. He scored himself when the Cubs' pitcher, Warren Hacker, tried to pick him off second base. But Hacker overthrew, and Jackie, with that incredible speed he had, ran all the way home. Besides, he worked two double plays

with Preacher Roe and Gil Hodges. On consecutive pitches, Carl Furillo and Billy Cox both hit home runs, shattering the 1930 Brooklyn home-run record of 122 for a season. The Dodgers scored six runs, and they scored them all in the sixth inning. They beat the Cubs, 6-1. They were hot, really hot, that day and that year.



But I really didn't watch the game as closely as I had all the others I'd been to see. I couldn't. My mind was on too many other things—on Jackie Robinson, on what was going to happen after the game was over, on that monster usher who I feared would yet find some way of spoiling things for me, but above all on Davy and the fact that he was missing all of the excitement.

And then I had to worry about getting hold of a pen. You could buy little pencils at the ball park for keeping box scores, but no pens. It was the first—and last—time in my life I walked into a ball park without something to write with. And I didn't see how I could borrow one from someone, since in all that mess of humanity I'd never find the person after the game to return it to him. Unless I took the guy's name and address and mailed it back to him later.

It didn't look to me like the guys in the bleachers where I was sitting had pens with them anyway. Most of them had on tee shirts, and tee shirts don't have pockets in them for pens. I decided to walk over to the seats along the first-base line to see if any of those fans looked more like pen owners. I had to go in that direction anyway to make sure I was at the dugout the second the ball game ended. I took with me my ball in its box.

On my way over I ran into this guy hawking soft drinks and I decided to buy one in order to wash down the two egg-salad sandwiches I had eaten during the third inning.

This guy had a pen in his pocket. As a matter of fact, he had two of them. "Look," I said to him, as I

paid him for my soda, "could I borrow one of those pens?"

"Sure," he said, handing it to me after he had put my money into his change machine. He stood there, waiting, like he expected me to hand it back to him after I was done with it.

"Look," I said again, "maybe I could sort of buy it from you."

"Buy it from me? You mean the pen?"

"Yeah."

"What do you want my pen for?"

"I need it because Jackie Robinson promised me that after the game he and all the other guys would autograph a ball for me." Getting involved in all these explanations was really a pain in the neck.

"You don't say," the hawker remarked. I could tell he didn't believe me.

"It's true," I said. "Anyway, are you going to sell me your pen?"

"Sure. For a dollar."

I didn't have a dollar. Not anymore. I'd have to try something else. I started to walk away.

"Oh, don't be silly, kid," he called to me. "Here, take the pen. Keep it." It was a nice pen. It was shaped like a bat, and on it, it said, "Ebbets Field, Home of the Brooklyn Dodgers."

"Hey, mister, thanks," I said. "That's real nice of you." It seemed to me I ought to do something for him, so I added, "I think I'd like another soda." He sold me another soda, and between sipping first from one and then from the other and trying to watch the game, I made very slow progress down to the dugout.



I got there just before the game ended in the top of the ninth.

The Dodgers didn't have to come up to bat at all in that final inning, and I was only afraid that they'd all have disappeared into the clubhouse by the time I got there. I should have come down at the end of the eighth. But Jackie Robinson had said the end of the game. Although my nerve had grown by about seven thousand percent that day, I still didn't have enough to interrupt Jackie Robinson during a game.

I stood at the railing near the dugout, waiting, and sure enough, Jackie Robinson appeared around the corner of the building only a minute or two after Preacher Roe pitched that final out. All around me people were getting up to leave the ball park, but a lot of them stopped when they saw Jackie Robinson come to the rail to talk to me. Roy Campanella, Pee Wee Reese, and Gil Hodges were with him.

"Hi, kid," Jackie Robinson said. He was carrying a ball. It was covered with signatures. "Pee Wee here had a pen."

"And a good thing, too," Pee Wee said, "because most of the other guys left the field already."

"But these guys wanted to meet Davy's friend," Jackie Robinson said.

By that time, Preacher Roe had joined us at the railing. Jackie handed him the ball. "Hey, Preacher," he said, "got enough strength left in that arm to sign this ball for Davy's friend here?"

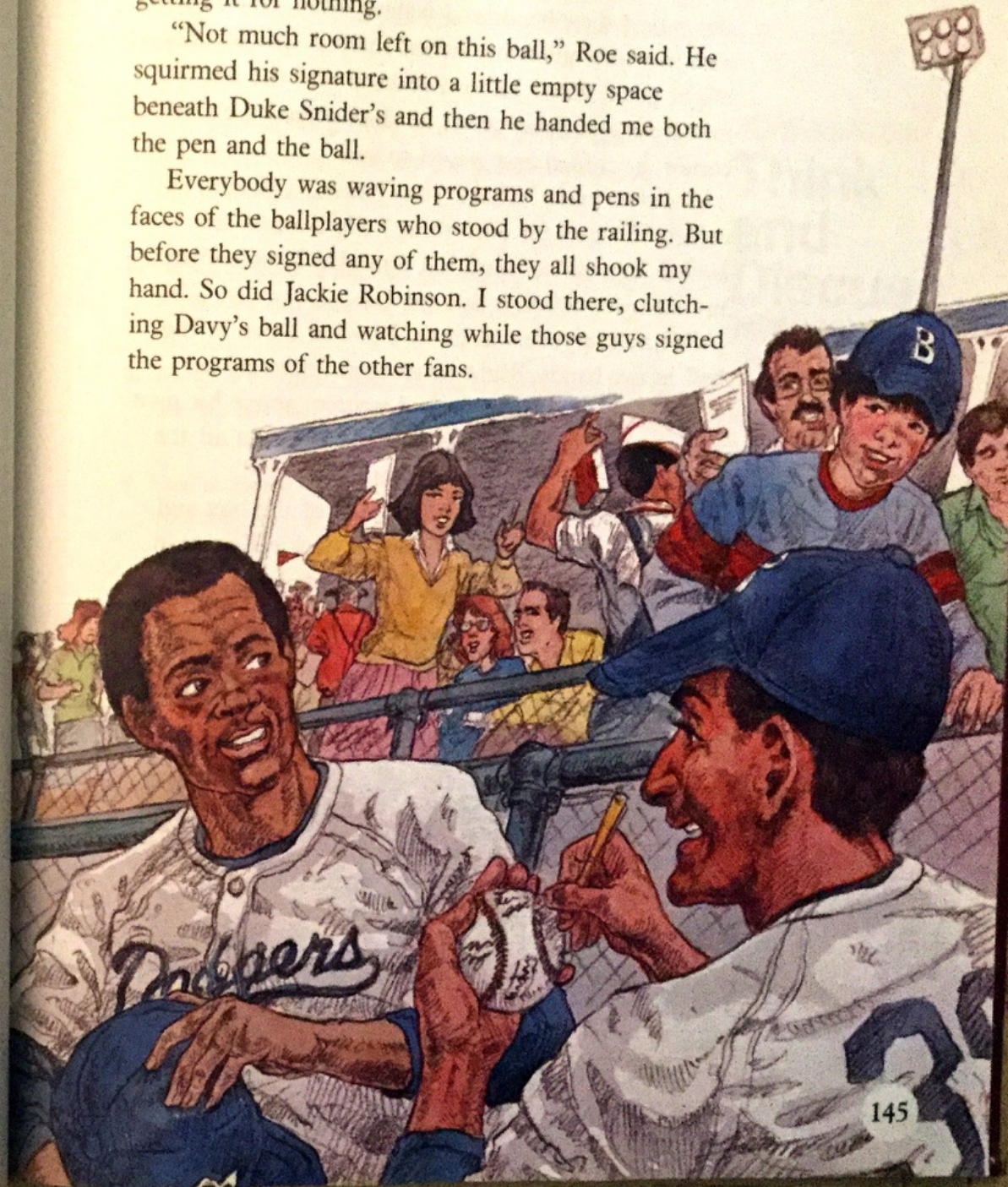
"Got a pen?" Preacher Roe asked.

I handed him the pen the hawker had given me.

I was glad I hadn't gone through all the trouble of getting it for nothing.

"Not much room left on this ball," Roe said. He squirmed his signature into a little empty space beneath Duke Snider's and then he handed me both the pen and the ball.

Everybody was waving programs and pens in the faces of the ballplayers who stood by the railing. But before they signed any of them, they all shook my hand. So did Jackie Robinson. I stood there, clutching Davy's ball and watching while those guys signed the programs of the other fans.



Finally, though, they'd had enough. They smiled and waved their hands and walked away, five big men in white uniforms, etched sharply against the bright green grass. Jackie Robinson was the last one into the dugout and before he disappeared around the corner, he turned and waved to me.

I waved back. "Thank you, Jackie Robinson," I called. "Thanks for everything." He nodded and smiled. I guess he heard me. I'm glad I remembered my manners before it was too late.

When everyone was gone, I looked down at the ball in my hands. Right between the rows of red seaming, Jackie Robinson had written, above his own signature, "For Davy. Get well soon." Then all the others had put their names around that.

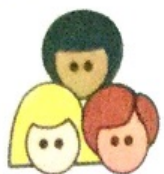
I took the ball I had bought out of the box and put it in my pocket. I put the ball Jackie Robinson had given me in the box. Then I went home.



Think about the selection. Finish the drawing on page 125 by filling in the problems that Sam faces. Then answer the questions.

1. Use your drawing. Think about the problems that Sam has to overcome. Who are the people who cause Sam's problems?
2. How does Sam's effort to get money for the game show how important the plan is to him?
3. Which is easier for Sam: to get to the ball park or to ask the ball players for a favor? Explain your answer.
4. How is Jackie Robinson's treatment of Sam different from the usher's?
5. How does the fact that the Dodgers are winning the game increase Sam's problems?
6. Why does Jackie Robinson get so many of his teammates to sign the ball?
7. It is clear how the unit theme, "Never Give Up," would apply to Sam. How might it apply to Davy? How might it apply to the Brooklyn Dodgers?
8. Pretend you are the owner of a major league baseball team. How might you arrange for fans to get your players' autographs?

Think and Discuss



WORK IN
A GROUP

Talk about the kinds of problems you have overcome for the sake of a friend. Ask questions about what your classmates say. Talk about their answers.



Focusing on "I Want That Dog"

Think and Read

- ▶ Talk about a time when you were not tall enough or strong enough to do something that you wanted to do. Ask your classmates how they felt at a time like this.
- ▶ Look at the title and the picture on pages 150 and 151. Then read the introduction to the story. Think about the obstacles that people must face to do what they want to do.
 - Which character in the picture is Sally? How do you know?
 - How might having cerebral palsy keep Sally from wanting a dog?
 - What might happen in this story?
- ▶ Get ready to read a story about a handicapped girl named Sally. As you read, think about the problems she faces. Think about what you would add to this chart.

Sally's Daily Problems

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Now turn the page and read "I Want That Dog." Then you will talk about how it might feel to have a handicap.