DIRECTIONS

Read the two selections and the viewing and representing piece. Then answer the questions that follow.

Breakfast in Virginia

by Langston Hughes

“Breakfast in Virginia,” written by the African American author Langston Hughes, takes place in the United States during World War II, when racial segregation was both openly visible and commonly accepted. From the 1880s into the 1960s, the majority of states enforced segregation through Jim Crow laws. Many states and cities could impose legal punishments on people for associating with members of another race. The most common types of laws forbade intermarriage and ordered business owners and public institutions to keep their black and white clientele separated.

1 Two colored boys during the war. For the first time in his life one of them, on furlough from a Southern training camp, was coming North. His best buddy was a New York lad, also on furlough, who had invited him to visit Harlem. Being colored, they had to travel in the Jim Crow car until the Florida Express reached Washington.

2 The train was crowded and people were standing in WHITE day coaches and in the COLORED coach—the single Jim Crow car. Corporal Ellis and Corporal Williams had, after much insistence, shared for a part of the night the seats of other kindly passengers in the coach marked COLORED. They took turns sleeping for a few hours. The rest of the time they sat on the arm of a seat or stood smoking in the vestibule. By morning they were very tired. And they were hungry.

3 No vendors came into the Jim Crow coach with food, so Corporal Ellis suggested to his friend that they go into the diner and have breakfast. Corporal Ellis was born in New York and grew up there. He had been a star trackman with his college team, and had often eaten in diners on trips with his teammates. Corporal Williams had never eaten in a diner before, but he followed his friend. It was midmorning. The rush period was over, although the dining car was still fairly full. But, fortunately, just at the door as they entered there were three seats at a table for four persons. The sole occupant of the table was a tall, distinguished gray-haired man. A white man.

4 As the two brownskin soldiers stood at the door waiting for the steward to seat them, the white man looked up and said, “Won’t you sit here and be my guests this morning? I have a son fighting in North Africa. Come, sit down.”
“Thank you, sir,” said Corporal Ellis, “this is kind of you. I am Corporal Ellis. This is Corporal Williams.”

The elderly man rose, gave his name, shook hands with the two colored soldiers, and the three of them sat down at the table. The young men faced their host. Corporal Williams was silent, but Corporal Ellis carried on the conversation as they waited for the steward to bring the menus.

“How long have you been in the service, Corporal?” the white man was saying as the steward approached.

Corporal Ellis could not answer this question because the steward cut in brusquely, “You boys can’t sit here.”

“These men are my guests for breakfast, steward,” said the white man.

“I am sorry, sir,” said the white steward, “but Negroes cannot be served now. If there’s time, we may have a fourth sitting before luncheon for them, if they want to come back.”

“But these men are soldiers,” said the white man.

“I am sorry, sir. We will take your order, but I cannot serve them in the state of Virginia.”

The two Negro soldiers were silent. The white man rose. He looked at the steward a minute, then said, “I am embarrassed, steward, both for you and for my guests.” To the soldiers he said, “If you gentlemen will come with me to my drawing room, we will have breakfast there. Steward, I would like a waiter immediately, Room E, the third car back.”

The tall, distinguished man turned and led the way out of the diner. The two soldiers followed him. They passed through the club car, through the open Pullmans, and into a coach made up entirely of compartments. The white man led them along the blue-gray corridor, stopped at the last door, and opened it.

“Come in,” he said. He waited for the soldiers to enter.

It was a roomy compartment with a large window and two long comfortable seats facing each other. The man indicated a place for the soldiers, who sat down together. He pressed a button.
“I will have the porter bring a table,” he said. Then he went on with the conversation just as if nothing had happened. He told them of recent letters from his son overseas, and of his pride in all the men in the military services who were giving up the pleasures of civilian life to help bring an end to Hitlerism.\footnote{Hitlerism—Nazism or National Socialism—was a political belief promoting an exclusive German race and a strong and centrally governed state. The term is most often used in connection with Adolf Hitler’s dictatorship of Nazi Germany from 1933 to 1945.} Shortly the porter arrived with the table. Soon a waiter spread a cloth and took their order. In a little while the food was there.

All this time Corporal Williams from the South had said nothing. He sat, shy and bewildered, as the Virginia landscape passed outside the train window. Then he drank his orange juice with loud gulps. But when the eggs were brought, suddenly he spoke, “This here time, sir, is the first time I ever been invited to eat with a white man. I’m from Georgia.”

“I hope it won’t be the last time,” the white man replied. “Breaking bread together is the oldest symbol of human friendship.” He passed the silver tray. “Would you care for rolls or muffins, Corporal? I am sorry there is no butter this morning. I guess we’re on rations.”

“I can eat without butter,” said the corporal.

For the first time his eyes met those of his host. He smiled. Through the window of the speeding train, as it neared Washington, clear in the morning sunlight yet far off in the distance, they could see the dome of the Capitol. But the soldier from the Deep South was not looking out of the window. He was looking across the table at his fellow American.

“I thank you for this breakfast,” said Corporal Williams.
When Adolf Hitler became chancellor of Germany in January 1933, I had just celebrated my twelfth birthday. I was a student in the all-girl high school of Landau, Rhineland-Palatinate. My thoughts and hobbies were typical of any budding teenager’s, and my biggest worries were to get perfect grades and to be noticed just for a moment by one of the students of the all-male high school.

My childhood was an abundance of happy occasions: birthday parties, the annual children’s masquerade at the city theater, long walks through Landau’s beautiful parks, visits to the zoo, skating and sledding in winter, swimming, biking, and hiking in summer. I loved to climb high in the mountains, each crowned by romantic ruins, castles of kings and emperors of long ago. Life was joyous, carefree, safe.

Shortly after Hitler’s rise to power, menacing signs sprang up everywhere, at the swimming pool, the zoo, the parks, the theaters, the restaurants: “Jews forbidden.” Jewish homes were soiled with swastikas and hate slogans, Jewish stores were boycotted, Jewish men and even children were beaten in the streets. In school, Jewish students, now “non-Aryans,” were segregated from their fellow students. To have to sit in the so-called Jew corner, to have to listen to the most degrading remarks and avoid all contact with classmates who until then had been my friends, made those years agony for me. More and more of my Jewish classmates left Germany with their families.

For the longest time my parents refused to think about emigration, but in 1938 they finally made the decision to go to America. The German government no longer allowed Jews to take money out of the country, but we could take what we wanted of our household possessions as long as we paid a special tax. By November all the plans for the big move had been made. We were to set sail for America on the S.S. Washington on November 28.

During the dreary days of early November, the damp, cold mood of Mother Nature reflected our own only too well. Through the terrible years of the Nazi regime, our home, with its beautifully furnished rooms and magnificent garden, had always been a center of peace and comfort. Now my brother and I could read the sadness and fear in our parents’ eyes. They had both been born in Landau, as had my grandparents. They had both served in the military during World War I, and they were deeply involved in the social, cultural, and economic life of Landau. My father didn’t know how he would support his family in a strange land, with no knowledge of English and few resources. My mother couldn’t sleep for worrying about her aged father, who would have to be left behind because the American consulate wouldn’t issue a visa to anyone over seventy. We were all so preoccupied with the emotions of leaving our home and the preparations for the move that we hardly noticed the news item...
that was to carry such enormous consequences. In Paris, an enraged Polish Jew shot and killed an employee of the German embassy when he learned that his parents had been deported from Germany back to Poland.

At seven o’clock on the morning of November 10, one of our maids came into my bedroom and awakened me with soft, halting words: “Honey, if you want to see the temple again get up now, because it’s on fire.” Shaking all over, I dressed and ran outside, without stopping for a coat. As soon as I left the house, I could detect a burning odor in the foggy air. I stopped in front of the hotel about a block from the temple and stood there paralyzed by shock and disbelief. Flames were shooting out of the stained-glass rose window, and a second later more flames engulfed the beautiful five-domed sanctuary. How long I remained there I cannot remember.

In tears, I ran back home. My parents were sitting down to breakfast, and I was just about to tell them of the dreadful thing I had witnessed when I heard loud male voices in the hall. In my confusion, I had left the front door open. Suddenly six or eight men pushed their way in, and without so much as a word, one of them yanked the tablecloth off the table, sending the breakfast dishes crashing to the floor. Another grabbed my father by the arm and barked, “You are under arrest!” When my father asked why, he was told, “Today we get all the Jews.” We watched, stunned, as they led him away.

Moments later a dozen storm troopers burst into the room brandishing axes, crowbars, hammers, and revolvers. Like beasts of prey fallen upon their victims, they went from room to room, systematically smashing furniture and dishes, cutting up oriental rugs, tearing open feather pillows, even slashing canvases in their frames—my mother’s own paintings. As they were about to destroy a recently completed picture, my mother found the courage to say, “What do you want from us? We have served Germany faithfully both in peace and in war,” and with that she pointed to the china cabinet, where the military decorations bestowed upon her and my father lay on a black velvet pillow, along with my grandfather’s medals from the Franco-Prussian War. When the men saw these, one of them immediately gave the command to stop, but it was too late.

No sooner had they gone than one of our faithful servants arrived and broke down at the sight of the devastation. Struggling to compose herself, she told us she had heard that during the coming night all Jewish houses were to be set afire and all Jewish boys killed. She wanted to take my brother and hide him in the forest, but my mother declined her courageous offer and tearfully sent her away, not wanting to endanger her life as well.

Darkness fell early that November afternoon. My mother dressed us in extra-warm clothes, and we left our home and went through the desolate park in the direction of the Jewish cemetery. There we
spent the night, wandering around in a
daze or sitting on the tombstones of my
grandparents’ graves.

At daybreak we returned to the park,
where we had a perfect view of our home
through the leafless trees. It had not been
burned. We saw a large car pull up in front
of the house. Two SS men got out and went
inside. I was terrified and wanted to run
back to the safety of the cemetery, but my
mother thought they might have news of
my father, so we hurried across the park.
As we entered the house, the two men
were voicing their disgust at the
destruction all around them. Oddly
enough, they were the same two officers
who had inspected our belongings several
weeks before to determine the exit tax.
They assured my mother that they
themselves would see to it that the
government paid for repairs. “We would
not want you to go to America and talk
about us Germans as barbarians,” they
told her.

After they left, my mother sent my
brother and me to bed. I dreamed of the
telephone, which rang and rang and rang,
until I finally realized that this was no
dream. The phone—miraculously
undamaged—was indeed ringing. I
stumbled to the den through the debris
and picked it up. A harsh male voice said,
“Pack your bags and be at the railroad
station by noon. Be sure to take all your
money and jewelry with you.” My mother,
who had been out when the call came,
returned to this dreadful news and began
packing.Shortly before noon on
November 11, the three of us left our home
for the last time.

Lugging our heavy suitcases, we
walked past the temple, which was still
burning, and past the ransacked homes of
our friends. Worst of all, we walked past
the people of Landau, our former
neighbors, who stared at us with wordless
hostility. Some of them forced us off the
sidewalk into the busy street.

A cold drizzle was falling as we reached
the plaza in front of the station. There
about two hundred women and children
were huddled together, trembling and
scared, knowing nothing of the fate of
their husbands and fathers, or of their
own. True to her greatness, my mother
made it her business to go around and
speak to everyone encouragingly,
especially the children.

One by one, the women and children
were taken to a small room in the station,
ordered to disrobe, and examined by
members of the Nazi women’s group, who
wanted to be sure that no money or
jewelry was hidden on their bodies. All the
valuables we brought with us had already
been confiscated, except wedding bands. A
little after eight o’clock, we boarded a train
that took us to Mannheim, on the other
side of the Rhine River. That day the
Palatinate was to be made judenfrei—free
of Jews.

We were fortunate to have distant
relatives who ran a small hotel in
Mannheim. These good people sent a taxi
and umbrellas and money to the station.
By a miracle, their place had not been
touched the day before, and I could hardly
believe my eyes when we stepped into the warmly lit foyer. It was difficult to comprehend that such things as unbroken furniture still existed. The dining room table was set, awaiting us, and on it was the most beautiful sight of all: two burning Sabbath candles. It was Friday night, and the Sabbath had begun. After the events of the past two days, the radiance of their flickering light gave me an indescribable feeling of peace. Suddenly I discovered a new pride in being a Jew, and in my heart I knew that God would never forsake us.

The next day my father was released from the Dachau concentration camp. He traced us to Mannheim with the help of our former chauffeur, and we were reunited at last. The two SS men kept their word, and my mother was allowed to return to Landau to pack our repaired furniture.

Twenty-three years later, in 1961, my husband and I went back to Landau. For the first time in my life I saw bombed-out houses, whole blocks leveled by air strikes, and I was grateful—yes, grateful—for I realized that the events that drove us from home, the horrors of the Hitler years, of that Crystal Night, had spared my family the horrors of war.

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Breaking the Fast

March 10, 1968—Delano, CA—Senator Robert Kennedy (left) breaks bread with Union Leader César Chávez as Chávez ends a 23-day fast in support of nonviolence in the strike against grape growers. The strike began in 1965 when Chávez rallied his union workers to boycott grape producers in support of better working conditions. Before Chávez’s fast, farmworkers were often harassed, threatened, and beaten. The bread is the first solid food for Chávez since he began his fast. The bread breaking took place after a mass of thanksgiving officially ending the hunger strike.
Use “Breakfast in Virginia” (pp. 4–6) to answer questions 1–11.

1 What is one difference between Corporal Ellis and Corporal Williams?
   
   A Corporal Williams is black, and Corporal Ellis is white.
   B Corporal Williams is from the South, and Corporal Ellis is from the North.
   C Corporal Ellis wants to eat breakfast, but Corporal Williams is not hungry.
   D Corporal Ellis likes the elderly man, but Corporal Williams does not.

2 In paragraph 8, the word brusquely means —
   
   F harshly
   G harmlessly
   H curiously
   J loudly

3 Which of these is the best plot summary of the selection?
   
   A Corporal Williams and Corporal Ellis are traveling on a segregated train during World War II. When the two soldiers are told they cannot eat in the dining car, an elderly white man tells the steward that the men are his guests. Despite the man’s efforts, the soldiers are forbidden to sit in the car. The elderly man apologizes to the soldiers for the steward’s behavior and asks them whether they would like to dine with him in his compartment.
   B Corporal Williams and Corporal Ellis are two African American soldiers traveling aboard a train headed to Washington, D.C. The two soldiers have difficulty finding a place to dine aboard the train because of Jim Crow laws. Corporal Ellis, who is from New York, decides that they should attempt to eat in the dining car. Corporal Williams, who is from Georgia, has never eaten in a diner before but nonetheless follows his friend.
   C Corporal Williams and Corporal Ellis are aboard a train bound for Washington, D.C., during World War II. Both soldiers are African American and have no access to food in the Jim Crow coach. In the dining car an elderly white man asks them to join him, but the steward will not permit them to eat with whites. The elderly man insists that the soldiers eat with him in his private compartment, where he treats them with respect and courtesy.
   D Corporal Williams and Corporal Ellis befriend an elderly white man aboard a train during World War II. The two soldiers find themselves dining in the man’s private compartment. The man tells the soldiers of his own son, who is fighting in North Africa. During breakfast Corporal Williams says that this is the first time he has dined with a white man. He then thanks the elderly man for his kindness.
4 Read the following dictionary entry.

**service** /sərv-əs/ n 1. a meeting for worship 2. one of a nation's military forces 3. a contribution to the welfare of others 4. a building providing maintenance and repair

Which definition best matches the way the word *service* is used in paragraph 7?

F  Definition 1
G  Definition 2
H  Definition 3
J  Definition 4

5 Why is the train setting of the story important?

A  It highlights the effects of segregation.
B  It shows that transportation was difficult during the war.
C  It stresses the cruelty of the steward.
D  It emphasizes the importance of the passing landscape.

6 What is Corporal Williams's primary internal conflict?

F  He doesn't know how he will be able to get a meal.
G  He doesn't know how to respond to the elderly man's kindness.
H  He knows that once he gets off the train, he will have to go to war.
J  He worries about traveling from the South to the North.

7 Which line best demonstrates how indignant the elderly man feels?

A  The sole occupant of the table was a tall, distinguished gray-haired man.
B  “I am embarrassed, steward, both for you and for my guests.”
C  The elderly man rose, gave his name, shook hands with the two colored soldiers, and the three of them sat down at the table.
D  “I will have the porter bring a table,” he said.

8 In paragraph 21, the dome of the Capitol symbolizes —

F  the possibility of equality for all people
G  the distance the train has traveled
H  the potential victory over Hitlerism
J  the difficulty of being a soldier
9 Which of these best conveys the reality of Jim Crow laws?

A “I can eat without butter,” said the corporal.
B They took turns sleeping for a few hours.
C “You boys can’t sit here.”
D For the first time his eyes met those of his host.

10 The reader can infer that the elderly man —

F identifies with the two corporals because his son is a soldier
G believes there should be two separate types of cars on the train
H performs an act of kindness because he feels superior to the two soldiers
J is on the train because he is going to visit his son

11 The author uses sentence fragments at the beginning of paragraph 1 and at the end of paragraph 3 to —

A quicken the pace of the story for the reader
B highlight the brutality of war for everyone involved
C emphasize the ethnicity of the major characters
D show the reader that the two soldiers are very brave
Use “The Crystal Night” (pp. 7–10) to answer questions 12–22.

12 Which words from paragraph 8 best help the reader understand the meaning of the word *ransacked* in paragraph 13?
   - F smashing furniture and dishes
   - G beasts of prey
   - H military decorations
   - J my mother found the courage to say

13 What caused Landau’s temple to burn?
   - A The building was old and made mostly of wood.
   - B It was bombed during the war by the Russians and Americans.
   - C Angry Germans set fire to it after a Polish Jew killed a German in Paris.
   - D Fleeing German Jews burned the temple so the Germans could not occupy it.

14 Paragraphs 13 through 15 are mainly about —
   - F the family and other Jews fleeing their homes
   - G the family boarding the train to flee to their relatives
   - H the family’s decision to pack up their belongings
   - J the kindness of the narrator’s mother toward her neighbors

15 Why was the family’s house not destroyed?
   - A The German soldiers did not have time to raid the house.
   - B The narrator’s mother was able to put out the fire.
   - C The U.S. government instructed the Germans not to harm it.
   - D The narrator’s parents had served in the German military.

16 In paragraph 8, the author uses a simile to —
   - F describe how courageous her mother was
   - G depict the power of the soldiers’ weapons
   - H illustrate the brutality displayed by the German soldiers
   - J show that her mother and father had served Germany

17 In paragraph 16, the two burning Sabbath candles symbolize —
   - A unity
   - B fire
   - C night
   - D hope
18 Which of these best describes the primary conflict faced by the narrator and her family?

F They had to replace the belongings damaged by the German soldiers.
G They could no longer practice their religion freely.
H They were forced to separate because of the impending war.
J They had to leave their home and country to survive.

19 Paragraphs 2 and 3 are important to the selection because they —

A contrast the narrator’s life before and after Hitler’s rise to power
B provide a reason why the narrator’s family had to leave Landau
C detail the narrator’s nostalgia for her childhood
D explain that the narrator is Jewish

20 In paragraph 8, the author’s use of vivid verbs —

F shows how significant the war medals were to her mother
G expresses how afraid of the German soldiers she was
H portrays the abrupt and frenzied nature of the soldiers’ invasion
J details the family’s reaction to the soldiers’ invasion

21 How was the narrator’s visit to Landau in 1961 important?

A She fully understood how fortunate she and her family had been to escape.
B She needed to revisit Landau to remember what had happened.
C It enabled her to finally let go of her past.
D It allowed her husband to understand what she had gone through.

22 Which of these best expresses the narrator’s realization of the danger her family faced?

F *During the dreary days of early November, the damp, cold mood of Mother Nature reflected our own only too well.*
G *After they left, my mother sent my brother and me to bed.*
H *We were fortunate to have distant relatives who ran a small hotel in Mannheim.*
J *Now my brother and I could read the sadness and fear in our parents’ eyes.*
Use “Breakfast in Virginia” and “The Crystal Night” (pp. 4–10) to answer questions 23–25.

23 What historical element do the selections have in common?

A Both show how Jim Crow laws were enforced.
B Both detail the persecution of Jews.
C Both occur while Hitler was in power.
D Both highlight the separation between the South and the North.

24 What makes the persecuted characters in both selections feel better?

F Sleep
G Hospitality
H Travel
J Humor

25 Both selections end on a note of —

A sadness
B elation
C fear
D gratitude
Use the visual representation on page 11 to answer questions 26–28.

26 The *Delano Courier-Times* is —

- **F** César Chávez’s union
- **G** the newspaper publishing the photo
- **H** Robert Kennedy’s political slogan
- **J** the organization promoting a nonviolent resolution

27 The photographer chooses to capture both men looking away from the camera in order to —

- **A** focus the viewer’s attention on the act of breaking bread
- **B** show that the men have no interest in being photographed
- **C** represent a moment in which both men are unaware of the camera
- **D** indicate that the men’s physical characteristics do not matter

28 The use of the term “breaks bread” —

- **F** highlights the struggle between politicians and union leaders
- **G** emphasizes the symbolic nature of the act
- **H** mirrors the violence of the strike
- **J** foreshadows the future of the farmers
DIRECTIONS

Answer the following questions in the space provided on the answer document.

29 What is the primary conflict in “Breakfast in Virginia”? Explain your answer and support it with evidence from the selection.

30 How would you describe the German soldiers in “The Crystal Night”? Support your answer with evidence from the selection.

31 How is kindness important in both “Breakfast in Virginia” and “The Crystal Night”? Support your answer with evidence from both selections.