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Social Studies Websites:

[http://www.constitution.org/cs\\_found.htm](http://www.constitution.org/cs_found.htm) Founding Documents

<http://etext.virginia.edu/jefferson/quotations/> Jefferson on Politics and Government

<http://flag.blackened.net/daver/anarchism/anarchism.html> The Anarchist Library

<http://www.ratifiersfordemocracy.org/> Ratifiers for Democracy

Videos:

Hope Floats

With Honors

CD-ROM:

Tracks CD: Available from AIT [www.ait.net](http://www.ait.net) or 800-457-4509

Dazzle Video Capture:

[http://www.pinnaclesys.com/VideoEditing.asp?Family=24&Langue\\_ID=7](http://www.pinnaclesys.com/VideoEditing.asp?Family=24&Langue_ID=7)

Total Recorder Audio Capture: <http://www.highcriteria.com/>

GoldWave Digital Audio Editor: <http://www.goldwave.com/>

WebWhacker: <http://www.bluesquirrel.com/>

## **Ally McBeal Activity**

You are a member of the Martin family. There are seven in your family (Granddad, Dad, Mom, Three Girls and One Boy). Your family is not wealthy. You have one television and no VCR and no family or close friends in the neighborhood. It's Monday night and there is a problem. Monday Night Football and a two hour special of Alley McBeal are on at the same time. Melissa and Chuck have already argued over who gets control of the television tonight.

Dad has called a family meeting to discuss the problem. Introduce your self by name and age and then play your role in the family as described below.

### ***George Martin Age 86 -- Granddad***

Blue collar, you ruled your house with an iron hand. What you decided is what was done and you didn't need to call a family meeting to discuss things. Your wife of 50 years died 5 years ago.

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### ***Billy Martin Age 49 -- Dad***

A chip off the old block...Blue collar like your dad,, You run your family but you do tend to listen to other family members. You will decide how the family decides.

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### ***Mary Martin Age 46 – Mom***

When you married you promised to love, honor, and obey... and you do. But you realize times are changing and you encourage all your children but especially your daughters to stand-up for themselves and their beliefs.

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### ***Melissa Martin Age 19 – Oldest Daughter***

You attend community college but live at home to limit expenses. At college you have come under the influence of radical feminists and you believe strongly that all family issues should be voted on. You and dad rarely agree.

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### ***Patty Sue Martin Age 17 – Daughter***

Senior in high school you look up to your older sister Melissa and support her on most issues but you tend to be more diplomatic with dad.

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### ***Chuck Martin Age 15 – Son***

You are a Sophomore football player and you think Alley McBeal is the pits

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### ***Felicity Martin Age 6 – Youngest Daughter***

You're an accident but don't know it and you agree with mom on everything.

In the past legislative action at both the federal and state levels have made it illegal to sell tobacco products to minors. More recently the Courts (judicial branch), State Attorneys' General (executive branch) and the tobacco industry came to an agreement concerning the marketing and distribution of tobacco products including the payment of billions of dollars to states to offset medical expenses spent on tobacco related illnesses.

**Should the government have the right to regulate the sale of tobacco products to minors?**

**Should the government have the right to regulate the sale of tobacco products to adults?**

**How much power should the government have to regulate individual choices?**

**Which of the following should the government be able to regulate (restrict):**

The sale of soft drinks? (Coke, Pepsi, etc.)

The sale of addictive substances? (Drugs)

The sale of alcohol? (Beer, wine, etc.)

The sale of candy?

The fat content of foods served in restaurants?

The fat content of foods served at home?

The use of seat belts in cars?

The use of helmets? (motorcycle, bikes, roller-blades, skateboards)

The sale of Nintendo and other video games?

The sale of computer games?

Access to Internet sites?

Which movies you can watch?

Which music you can listen to?

**Should Medicare or other medical polices pay for illness related to the following:**

The use of tobacco products?

The consumption of drugs?

The consumption of alcohol?

Obesity caused by the over consumption of fatty or sugary foods?

Injuries caused by the failure to use seat belts or helmets?

**What is the philosophical basis for allowing the government to regulate individual choices?**

**Who should decide how much power the government should have to regulate individual choices?**

# The Hangman

by Maurice Ogden

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-1-

Into our town the Hangman came  
Smelling of gold and blood and flame  
And he paced our bricks with a diffident air  
And he built his frame on the courthouse square.  
The scaffold stood by the courthouse side,  
Only as wide as the door was wide,  
A frame as tall, or little more,  
Than the capping sill of the courthouse door.  
And we wondered, whenever we had the time,  
Who the criminal, what the crime,  
The Hangman judged with the yellow twist  
Of knotted hemp in his busy fist.  
And innocent though we were, with dread  
We passed those eyes of buckshot lead;  
Till one cried, "Hangman, who is he  
For whom you raised the gallows-tree?"  
And a twinkle grew in the buckshot eye,  
And he gave us a riddle instead of reply;  
"He who serves me best," said he,  
"Shall earn the rope of the gallows-tree."  
And he stepped down, and laid his hand  
On a man who came from another land  
And we breathed again, for another's grief,  
At the Hangman's hand, was our relief.  
And the gallows frame on the courthouse lawn  
By tomorrow's sun would be struck and gone.  
So we gave him way, and no one spoke,  
Out of respect for his hangman's cloak.

The next day's sun looked down  
On the roof and street in our quiet town  
And, stark and black in the morning air,  
The gallows-tree on the courthouse square.  
And the Hangman stood at his usual stand  
With the yellow hemp in his busy hand;  
With his buckshot eye and his jaw like a pike  
And his air so knowing and businesslike.  
And we cried: "Hangman, have you not done,  
Yesterday with the alien one?"  
Then we fell silent, and stood amazed;  
"Oh, not for him was the gallows raised..."  
He laughed as he looked at us;  
"...Did you think I'd gone to all this fuss  
To hang one man? That's a thing I do  
To stretch the rope when the rope is new."  
Then one cried "Murderer!" One cried "Shame!"  
And into our midst the Hangman came  
To that man's place. "Do you hold," said he,  
"With him that was meat for the gallows tree?"  
And he laid his hand on that one's arm,  
And we shrank back in quick alarm  
And we gave him way, and no one spoke,  
Out of fear of his hangman's cloak.  
That night we saw with dread surprise  
The Hangman's scaffold had grown in size.  
Fed by the blood beneath the chute  
The gallows-tree had taken root.  
Now as wide or a little more,  
Than the steps that led to the courthouse door,  
As tall as the writing, or nearly as tall,  
Halfway up the courthouse wall.

The third he took - - we had all heard tell - -  
Was a user and infidel,

And: "What," said the Hangman, "have you to do  
With the gallows-bound, and he a Jew?"

And we cried out: "Is this the one he  
Who has served you well and faithfully?"

The Hangman smiled: "It's a clever scheme  
To try the strength of the gallows-beam."

The fourth man's dark, accusing song  
Had scratched our comfort hard and long;

And: "What concern", he gave us back,  
"Have you for the doomed - - the doomed and Black?"

The fifth. the sixth. And we cried again:

"Hangman, Hangman, is this the man?"

"It's a trick," he said, "that we hangmen know  
For easing the trap when the trap swings slow."

And so we ceased and asked no more,  
As the Hangman tallied his bloody score;  
And by sun by sun, and night by night,  
The gallows grew to monstrous height.

The wings of the scaffold  
Till they covered the square from side to side ;  
And the monster cross-beam, looking down,  
Cast it's shadow accross the town.

Then through the town the Hangman came  
And he called in the empty streets MY NAME - -  
And I looked at the gallows soaring tall  
And thought: "There is no one left at all,  
For hanging, and so he calls to me  
To help pull down the gallows-tree."  
And I went out with right good hope  
To the Hangman's tree and the Hangman's rope.  
He smiled at me as I came down  
To the courthouse square through the silent town,  
And supple and stretched in his busy hand  
Was the yellow twist of the hempen strand.  
And he whistled his tune as he tried the trap  
And it sprang down with a ready snap - -  
And then with a smile of awful command  
He laid his hand upon my hand.  
"You tricked me Hangman!" I shouted then,  
"That your scaffold was built for other men . . .  
And I no henchman of yours", I cried.  
"You lied to me, Hangman, foully lied!"  
Then a twinkle grew in his buckshot eye:  
"Lied to you?" "Tricked you?" he said, "Not I.  
For I answered straight and I told you true:  
The scaffold was raised for none but you."  
For who has served more faithfully  
Than you with your cowards hope?" said he,  
"And where are the others who might have stood  
Side by side in the common good?"  
"Dead," I whispered: and amiably  
"Murdered," the Hangman corrected me:  
"First the alien, then the Jew . . .  
I did no more than you let me do."  
Beneath the beam that blocked the sky,  
None stood so alone as I - -  
And the Hangman strapped me and no voice there  
Cried "STAY!" for me in the empty square.

# Yertle the Turtle by Dr. Seuss

On the far-away island of Sala-ma-Sond,  
Yertle the Turtle was king of the pond.  
A nice little pond. It was clean. It was neat.  
The water was warm. There was plenty to eat.  
The turtles had everything turtles might need.  
And they were all happy. Quite happy indeed.

They were... until Yertle, the king of them all,  
Decided the kingdom he ruled was too small.  
"I'm ruler", said Yertle, "of all that I see.  
But I don't see enough. That's the trouble with me.  
With this stone for a throne, I look down on my pond  
But I cannot look down on the places beyond.  
This throne that I sit on is too, too low down.  
It ought to be higher!" he said with a frown.  
"If I could sit high, how much greater I'd be!  
What a king! I'd be ruler of all that I see!"

So Yertle, the Turtle King, lifted his hand  
And Yertle, the Turtle King, gave a command.  
He ordered nine turtles to swim to his stone  
And, using these turtles, he built a new throne.  
He made each turtle stand on another one's back  
And he piled them all up in a nine-turtle stack.  
And then Yertle climbed up. He sat down on the pile.  
What a wonderful view! He could see 'most a mile!

"All mine!" Yertle cried. "Oh, the things I now rule!  
I'm the king of a cow! And I'm the king of a mule!  
I'm the king of a house! And, what's more, beyond that  
I'm the king of a blueberry bush and a cat!  
I'm Yertle the Turtle! Oh, marvelous me!  
For I am the ruler of all that I see!"

And all through the morning, he sat up there high  
Saying over and over, "A grat king am I!"  
Until 'long about noon. Then he heard a faint sigh.  
"What's that?" snapped the king, and he looked down the stack.  
And he saw, at the bottom, a turtle named Mack.  
Just a part of his throne. And this plain little turtle  
Looked up and he said, "Beg your pardon, King Yertle.  
I've pains in my back and my shoulders and knees.  
How long must we stand here, Your Majesty, please?"

"SILENCE!" the King of the Turtles barked back.  
"I'm king, and you're only a turtle named Mack."

"You stay in your place while I sit here and rule.  
I'm the king of a cow! And I'm the king of a mule!  
I'm the king of a house! And a bush! And a cat!  
But that isn't all. I'll do better than that!  
My throne shall be higher!" his royal voice thundered,  
"So pile up more turtles! I want 'bout two hundred!"

"Turtles! More turtles!" he bellowed and brayed.  
And the turtles 'way down in the pond were afraid.  
They trembled. They shook. But they came. They obeyed.  
From all over the pond, they came swimming by dozens.  
Whole families of turtles, with uncles and cousins.  
And all of them stepped on the head of poor Mack.  
One after another, they climbed up the stack.

Then Yertle the Turtle was perched up so high,  
He could see forty miles from his throne in the sky!  
"Hooray!" shouted Yertle. "I'm the king of the trees!  
I'm king of the birds! And I'm king of the bees!  
I'm king of the butterflies! King of the air!  
Ah, me! What a throne! What a wonderful chair!  
I'm Yertle the Turtle! Oh, marvelous me!  
For I am the ruler of all that I see!"

Then again, from below, in the great heavy stack,  
Came a groan from that plain little turtle named Mack.  
"Your Majesty, please... I don't like to complain,  
But down here below, we are feeling great pain.  
I know, up on top you are seeing great sights,  
But down here at the bottom we, too, should have rights.  
We turtles can't stand it. Our shells will all crack!  
Besides, we need food. We are starving!" groaned Mack.

"You hush up your mouth!" howled the mighty King Yertle.  
"You've no right to talk to the world's highest turtle.  
I rule from the clouds! Over land! Over sea!  
There's nothing, no, NOTHING, that's higher than me!"

But, while he was shouting, he saw with surprise  
That the moon of the evening was starting to rise  
Up over his head in the darkening skies.  
"What's THAT?" snorted Yertle. "Say, what IS that thing  
That dares to be higher than Yertle the King?  
I shall not allow it! I'll go higher still!  
I'll build my throne higher! I can and I will!  
I'll call some more turtles. I'll stack 'em to heaven!  
I need 'bout five thousand, six hundred and seven!"

But, as Yertle, the Turtle King, lifted his hand  
And started to order and give the command,  
That plain little turtle below in the stack,  
That plain little turtle whose name was just Mack,  
Decided he'd taken enough. And he had.  
And that plain little lad got a bit mad.  
And that plain little Mack did a plain little thing.  
He burped!  
And his burp shook the throne of the king!

And Yertle the Turtle, the king of the trees,  
The king of the air and the birds and the bees,

The king of a house and a cow and a mule...  
Well, that was the end of the Turtle King's rule!  
For Yertle, the King of all Sala-ma-Sond,  
Fell off his high throne and fell Plunk! in the pond!

And today the great Yertle, that Marvelous he,  
Is King of the Mud. That is all he can see.  
And the turtles, of course... all the turtles are free  
As turtles and, maybe, all creatures should be.