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Round Robin

Dorothy E. Smith

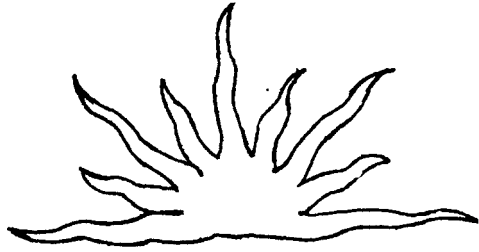
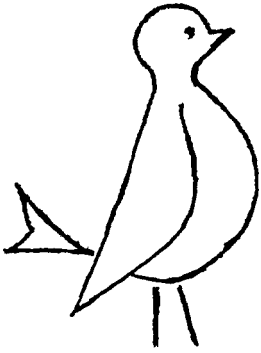
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ROUND ROBIN

Dorothy E. Smith, Editor

Dear Readers:

Brad, a thirteen-year-old boy, wrote the following account of his diagnostic examination at a Reading Clinic. It is being published in this journal with the hopes that Brad will read it and will understand that his efforts to achieve are appreciated by his many friends.

MY VISIT TO A READING CLINIC

Brad Chapman

My Mom made an appointment for me at a reading clinic. I got out of a whole day of school. The principal was going to meet us at the clinic. We went in and a lady met me at the end of the hall. She took me into a small room and brought out a wooden puzzle. She had me put it together. She asked me if I would mind going into a room with 20 college students. I said no, I wouldn't mind. We went in the room and she started asking questions like who was the president of the United States and the governor of Michigan. When we were in the other room she asked me a lot of things about myself. Then I went and took some reading tests. Then I went into a room with a man. His name was Terry. He started asking questions about myself and what I do for entertainment. I went and took some more reading tests and finally I left. My teacher asked me if I wanted to go to my sixth hour class since it was typing. I didn't care to go so I went home. Several months later, I returned to the clinic. I had improved in my reading by two grades.