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Пособие состоит из 10 рассказов, каждому из которого предшествует биографический очерк об авторе, что способствует лучшему пониманию рассказа.

Пособие предназначено для студентов II-III курсов и может использоваться как в аудитории, так и для самостоятельной работы студентов.

ПРЕДИСЛОВИЕ.

Данное пособие состоит из 10 разных историй, чтобы показать разнообразие и богатство американской жизни. Пособие построено таким образом, чтобы дать читателю чёткое представление о географическом, этническом и культурном развитии страны. Короткое введение перед каждой историей даёт возможность лучше понять содержание рассказа, а в конце каждого из них представлены заметки по культуре Америки.

Для лёгкости использования в аудитории, каждому рассказу предшествует краткий биографический очерк об авторе, предтекстовые вопросы, чтобы помочь читателю понять суть рассказа, ключевые слова и выражения, которые могут помочь читателю предсказать, о чём данная история.

Чтобы способствовать обсуждению рассказа, сначала идут вопросы для проверки общего понимания прочитанного, а потом – детальное понимание всего рассказа, объяснение событий различного рода, интерпретация точки зрения автора.

Рассказы предназначены для студентов II-III курсов, которые уже имеют достаточно высокий уровень владения языком, чтобы читать самостоятельно оригинальную литературу с помощью словаря. Таким образом, изучение слов, представленное в пособии, не является словарём незнакомых слов, а лишь упражнением, чтобы помочь студентам расширить их словарный запас.

Пособие также содержит короткий грамматический справочник, который подчёркивает некоторые нюансы по грамматике.

Последний вид работы - это вопросы и упражнения, целью которых является развитие свободного говорения студентов, развитие их творческой активности.

Рассказы предназначены как для самостоятельной работы студентов, так и для чтения и обсуждения во время аудиторных занятий.

THE SOUTH

The history and traditions of the South have created a sense of strong regional loyalty in Americans from the Southern states. For almost a century following the Civil War, which divided North and South over the issue of slavery, the region was economically depressed. Today, although agriculture—the plantation crops of tobacco, sugar cane and cotton—is still very important, an industrial boom has made the "New South" one of the fastest growing regions of the United States.

The first permanent settlement was the Jamestown Colony in Virginia in 1607. By 1733, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and Georgia had been established as English settlements. The South continued to expand in the 19th and 20th centuries, but not at the same pace as the Northeast, and there are fewer areas of high population density. Besides those mentioned, the Southern States include Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas. The port cities of Baltimore on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland and New Orleans at the mouth of the Mississippi River in Louisiana are two of the largest cities in the South.

There are two main groups of Southerners: those descended from white English, Irish and Scottish colonists and immigrants, and those descended from the vast numbers of black Africans who were brought in as slaves to work on the plantations. The exploitation of slave labor created a Southern life style for the white owners that left a tradition of "graciousness," a glimpse of which can be seen in Kate Chopin's story set in Louisiana. Another aspect of life in the South is revealed in the other two stories, one about the plight of a backward Southern mountain girl, the other about the struggles of a poor black tenant farmer.

A RESPECTABLE WOMAN

Kate Chopin (1851-1904)

Kate Chopin was born in St. Louis, Missouri. Of French extraction on her mother's side, she was brought up in the "high society" of her mother's circle. In 1870 she married a Louisiana Creole, Oscar Chopin, and in 1880 settled with him and their children on a cotton plantation near

New Orleans.

After her husband's death, she began writing, turning out a number of charming short stories based on her recollections of life in Louisiana and a novel, *The Awakening*, (1899), that caused a storm of critical protest because of its theme of mixed marriage and adultery.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. How are houseguests received in your country? What are some of the ways in which you may entertain visitors?
2. What is "magnetic attraction"? Have you ever been inexplicably drawn to a stranger? How should one behave in such circumstances?

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **respectable** adj., proper; appropriate to good behavior or conventional conduct.
2. **hospitality** n., friendly and generous entertainment of guests; the act of welcoming guests with warmth and openness (adj., hospitable).
3. **piqued** [pi:kt] pp. and adj., resentful; offended; displeased because one's pride has been hurt.
4. **reserve** n., the practice of keeping one's thoughts and feelings to oneself; reticence.
5. **a philosophic acquiescence to the existing order** n. phrase, giving in unpro-testingly and calmly to the way things are; quiet compliance with the structure of society as it exists.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

A RESPECTABLE WOMAN

KATE CHOPIN

Mrs. Baroda was a little provoked to learn that her husband expected his friend, Gou-vernail, up to spend a week or two on the plantation.¹

They had entertained a good deal during the winter; much of the time had also been passed in New Orleans² in various forms of mild dissipation. She was looking forward to a period of unbroken rest, now, and undisturbed tete-a-tete with her husband, when he informed her that Gouvernail was coming up to stay a week or two.

This was a man she had heard much of but never seen. He had been her husband's college friend; was now a journalist, and in no sense a society man or "a man about town," which were, perhaps, some of the reasons she had never met him. But she had unconsciously formed an image of him in her mind. She pictured him tall, slim, cynical; with eye-glasses, and his hands in his pockets; and she did not like him. Gouvernail was slim enough, but he wasn't very tall nor very cynical; neither did he wear eye glasses nor carry his hands in his pockets. And she rather liked him when he first presented himself.

But why she liked him she could not explain satisfactorily to herself when she partly attempted to do so. She could discover in him none of those brilliant and promising traits which Gaston, her husband, had often assured her that he possessed. On the contrary, he sat rather mute and receptive before her chatty eagerness to make him feel at home and in face of Gaston's frank and wordy hospitality. His manner was as courteous toward her as the most exacting woman could require; but he made no direct appeal to her approval or even esteem.

Once settled at the plantation he seemed to like to sit upon the wide portico in the shade of one of the big Corinthian pillars, smoking his cigar lazily and listening attentively to Gaston's experience as a sugar planter.

"This is what I call living," he would utter with deep satisfaction, as the air that swept across the sugar field caressed him with its warm and scented velvety touch. It pleased him also to get on familiar terms with the big dogs that came about him, rubbing themselves sociably against his legs. He did not care to fish, and displayed no eagerness to go out and kill grosbeaks when Gaston proposed doing so.

Gouvernail's personality puzzled Mrs. Baroda, but she liked him. Indeed, he was a lovable, inoffensive fellow. After a few days, when she could understand him no better than at first, she gave over being puzzled and remained piqued. In this mood she left her husband and her guest, for the most part, alone together. Then finding that Gouvernail took no manner of exception to her action, she imposed her society upon him, accompanying him in his idle strolls to the mill and walks along the batture. She persistently sought to penetrate the reserve in which he had unconsciously enveloped himself.

"When is he going—your friend?" she one day asked her husband. "For my part, he tires me frightfully."

"Not for a week yet, dear. I can't understand; he gives you no trouble."

"No. I should like him better if he did; if he were more like others, and I had to plan somewhat for his comfort and enjoyment."

Gaston took his wife's pretty face between his hands and looked tenderly and laughingly into her troubled eyes. They were making a bit of toilet sociably together in Mrs. Baroda's dressing-room.

"You are full of surprises, ma belle," he said to her. "Even I can never count upon how you are going to act under given conditions." He kissed her and turned to fasten his cravat before the mirror.

"Here you are," he went on, "taking poor Gouvernail seriously and making a commotion over him, the last thing he would desire or expect."

"Commotion!" she hotly resented. "Nonsense! How can you say such a thing? Commotion, indeed! But, you know, you said he was clever."

"So he is. But the poor fellow is run down by overwork now. That's why I asked him here to take a rest."

"You used to say he was a man of ideas," she retorted, unconciliated. "I expected him to be interesting, at least. I'm going to the city in the morning to have my spring gowns fitted. Let me know when Mr. Gouvernail is gone; I shall be at my Aunt Octavie's."

That night she went and sat alone upon a bench that stood beneath a live oak tree at the edge of the gravel walk.

She had never known her thoughts or her intentions to be so confused. She could gather nothing from them but the feeling of a distinct necessity to quit her home in the morning.

Mrs. Baroda heard footsteps crunching the gravel; but could discern in the darkness only the approaching red point of a lighted cigar. She knew it was Gouvernail, for her husband did not smoke. She hoped to remain unnoticed, but her white gown revealed her to him. He threw away his cigar and seated himself upon the bench beside her; without a suspicion that she might object to his presence.

"Your husband told me to bring this to you, Mrs. Baroda," he said, handing her a filmy, white scarf with which she sometimes enveloped her head and shoulders. She accepted the scarf from him with a murmur of thanks, and let it lie in her lap.

He made some commonplace observation upon the baneful effect of the night air at that season. Then as his gaze reached out into the darkness, he murmured, half to himself:

" 'Night of south winds—night of the
large few stars!

Still nodding night—' "

She made no reply to this apostrophe to the night,³ which indeed, was not addressed to her.

Gouvernail was in no sense a diffident man, for he was not a self-conscious one. His periods of reserve were not constitutional, but the result of moods. Sitting there beside Mrs. Baroda, his silence melted for the time.

He talked freely and intimately in a low, hesitating drawl that was not unpleasant to hear. He talked of the old college days when he and Gaston had been a good deal to each other; of the days of keen and blind ambitions and large intentions. Now

there was left with him, at least, a philosophic acquiescence to the existing order—only a desire to be permitted to exist, with now and then a little whiff of genuine life, such as he was breathing now.

Her mind only vaguely grasped what he was saying. Her physical being was for the moment predominant. She was not thinking of his words, only drinking in the tones of his voice. She wanted to reach out her hand in the darkness and touch him with the sensitive tips of her fingers upon the face or the lips. She wanted to draw close to him and whisper against his cheek—she did not care what—as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman.

The stronger the impulse grew to bring herself near him, the further, in fact, did she draw away from him. As soon as she could do so without an appearance of too great rudeness, she rose and left him there alone.

Before she reached the house, Gouvernail had lighted a fresh cigar and ended his apostrophe to the night.

Mrs. Baroda was greatly tempted that night to tell her husband—who was also her friend—of this folly that had seized her. But she did not yield to the temptation. Besides being a respectable woman she was a very sensible one; and she knew there are some battles in life which a human being must fight alone.

When Gaston arose in the morning, his wife had already departed. She had taken an early morning train to the city. She did not return till Gouvernail was gone from under her roof.

There was some talk of having him back during the summer that followed. That is, Gaston greatly desired it; but this desire yielded to his wife's strenuous opposition.

However, before the year ended, she proposed, wholly from herself, to have Gouvernail visit them again. Her husband was surprised and delighted with the suggestion coming from her.

"I am glad, chere amie, to know that you have finally overcome your dislike for him; truly he did not deserve it."

"Oh," she told him, laughingly, after pressing a long, tender kiss upon his lips, "I have overcome everything! you will see. This time I shall be very nice to him."

CULTURAL NOTES

1. **Plantation:** The large agricultural estates in the South that were cultivated by workers living on them (slave labor was used in the period before the Civil War) are called plantations. Sugar, cotton, peanuts, and rice are the major crops, depending on the region. The owner and his family lived in the big "main house," often a large, white mansion distinguished by a neo-classical style of architecture that has come to be called "Southern Colonial" or "Southern Plantation." The house would feature a broad porch or portico with a roof supported by columns (the Corinthian pillars referred to in the story). Plantation living was noted for its tradition of graciousness and hospitality. The plantation as a way of life has largely disappeared from the "New South."
2. **New Orleans:** The city of New Orleans is located on the Mississippi River just over 100 miles from the mouth of the river in the Gulf of Mexico. Established as the capital of the French colony of Louisiana in the New World in 1722, New Orleans is now one of the largest cities in the south and a major U.S. port of entry. It is called the "Queen City of the Mississippi." The tone of the city's life was dominated by Creole culture (see word study) until the beginning of the 20th century. French influence is still strong today. New Orleans has a reputation for elegance, charm, and good living. Jazz originated there in the late 19th century and its annual Mardi Gras festival attracts many visitors.
3. Gouvernail's **apostrophe** or discourse to the night is from Song of Myself, Sec. 21, by Walt Whitman. The fuller text is

Press close, bare-bosom'd night—press close, magnetic
nourishing night!

Night of South winds—night of the large few stars!

Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Walt Whitman (1819-1892) is one of America's most famous poets. After schooling in New York State and a short time spent as a country schoolteacher, he began to work as a newspaperman. During his career as a journalist he accepted a position on the staff of a paper in New Orleans, and traveled to that city in 1848. It was a long and difficult trip by train, stagecoach, and steamboat. Whitman stayed in New

Orleans only a few months, but biographers have speculated that he developed there a lifelong sympathy for the South. This did not prevent him, however, from being ardently opposed to slavery. During the Civil War he volunteered his services to help the wounded of the Northern Army in military hospitals. *Song of Myself* is the longest poem in Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. It was first published in 1855 and underwent several revisions until the final edition in 1881. Critics agree now that the original version was the best.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. Who is Gouvernail?
2. How did Mrs. Baroda first react to her guest?
3. What were the traits of Gouvernail's personality that puzzled Mrs. Baroda?
4. What impulse did Mrs. Baroda feel when Gouvernail finally broke his silence?
5. What did Mrs. Baroda do about that impulse?

B. Delving Deeper

1. What is Mrs. Baroda's relationship with her husband, Gaston?
2. Why do you think Gouvernail's behavior begins to upset Mrs. Baroda? What is the real source of her confusion?
3. How does Gouvernail feel toward Mrs. Baroda?
4. What is the "battle in life" that Mrs. Baroda feels she must fight alone?
5. Why do you think she proposes to have Gouvernail visit them again after having opposed it for a year?

WORD STUDY

There are two related kinds of French dialect still spoken in Louisiana: Cajun and Creole.

The word Cajun is a corruption of Acadian. It refers both to certain natives of Louisiana and to the form of French dialect they use which is descended from that spoken by the French exiles who came to Louisiana from Acadia, a former French colony in eastern Canada, after they were expelled by the British in 1755. See the narrative poem, *Evangeline*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow for an

account of their sufferings as they moved from Canada to Louisiana.

Creole refers to persons descended from or culturally related to the original French settlers of Louisiana who came directly from France and to the patois spoken by them. Early Creole society was well-to-do as a class and aristocratic in culture and manners. Its members prided themselves on the purity of the French they used.

The Barodas and Gouvernail in the story would belong to Creole society. Gaston Baroda uses French expressions of endearment when he addresses his wife, and the author employs other words borrowed from French that have become part of the English vocabulary.

From the context in which they appear, guess the words that best translate the meaning of the French expressions below.

1. **tete-a-tete** a. freedom b. privacy c. relaxation
2. **grosbec** a. a type of bird b. a type of fish c. a type of animal
3. **batture** a. forest trail b. edge of the woods c. path along the river
4. **ma belle** a. my girl b. my friend c. my lovely
5. **cravat** a. Shirt b. necktie c. trousers
6. **chereamie** a. dearest one b. little girl c. old friend

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE:

Past Unreal Conditional Statements

"She wanted to draw close to him...as she might have done if she had not been a respectable woman."

A past unreal conditional statement in English (sometimes referred to as the third type of conditional statement) consists of two clauses: one containing a verb in the past perfect tense and one containing a verb in the modal perfect. The unreal meaning is made absolute by the past reference.

The condition that is predicated is usually introduced by *if* or *only*. The situation described in the clause is felt to be absolutely contrary to fact or reality:

"...if she had not been a respectable woman..." (but she was)

The result clause, which may precede or follow the condition, expresses the hypothetical conclusion. Would, could, or might with have plus the past participle in this clause indicates that the context of the situation is purely theoretical:

"...as she might have done..." (but she didn't)

Exercise:

Write an appropriate clause of condition or result clause to complete the past unreal conditional statements below. Base your clauses on information given in the story.

1. Mrs. Baroda would have had time to rest with her husband

2. If the Barodas had not entertained a good deal during the winter, _____
3. Gaston might not have invited Gouvernail to the plantation

4. If Gouvernail had been as Mrs. Baroda pictured him, _____
5. If Gouvernail had not seemed so reserved to Mrs. Baroda, _____
6. If Mrs. Baroda had not worn a white gown one evening, _____
7. Gaston could not have talked freely with Mrs. Baroda

8. If she had obeyed the impulse to draw close to him, _____
9. 9. Mrs. Baroda might not have taken the early morning train

10. Gaston would have invited Gouvernail back the following summer

FOR FURTHER WORK

1. What do you think Mrs. Baroda looked like? Remember that this story was written at the end of the 19th century and is set in the "Deep South" of this period. Write a descriptive paragraph in which you paint a word picture of her.
2. Imagine Gouvernail's return visit that is foretold at the end of the story. What do you think will happen? What do you think Mrs. Baroda means when she says that this time she will be very

nice to him? Write some of the things that they might say to each other.

THE SOMEBODY

Danny Santiago (1911-1988)

Danny Santiago was the pseudonym of Daniel James. For many years Danny Santiago was a mysterious writer who refused to give biographical information. It was assumed that he was a young Mexican-American, or "Chicano," from East Los Angeles. His true identity became known in 1984 when it was revealed that he was a 73-year old former screen writer who was barred from Hollywood for political

reasons in the 1950's. For 25 years he had worked as a volunteer social worker in Eastside, the Los Angeles "barrio" or neighborhood that is home to more than one and a half million Mexican-Americans. He began to write under the name of Danny Santiago, which is Daniel James translated into Spanish, drawing on his experiences and feelings for the Mexican-Americans among whom he worked.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. Is it important in your culture for people to establish a sense of individual identity, purpose, and personal value? What are some of the ways in which this may be done.
2. What does it mean to "be somebody?" Read and discuss this poem by Emily Dickinson:

I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody, too?
Then there's a pair of us—don't tell!
They'd banish us, you know.

How dreary to be somebody! How public, like a frog
To tell your name the livelong day

To an admiring bog!

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **quit** v., colloq., to give up, stop, or discontinue, as work or school.
2. **dump** n., slang, a place that is dirty, unpleasant, ugly, uncomfortable etc.
3. **gang** n., a group of people associated together in some way, especially as here, a group of youths from the same neighborhood banded together for social reasons.
4. **cruise** v., to move about without a set destination.
5. **cop** n., slang, a policeman.
6. **spray can** n., a container that shoots out a cloud or mist of liquid, as paint or insecticide, under pressure.
7. **pay calls on** v. phrase, fig., to visit, in this case probably with the intention of stirring up trouble.
8. **run out of gas** v. phrase, fig., lose momentum; come to an end.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

THE SOMEBODY

DANNY SANTIAGO

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This is Chato talking, Chato de Sham rock, from Eastside in old L.A. ¹, and I want you to know this is a big day in my life be cause today I quit school and went to work as a writer. I write on fences or buildings or anything that comes along. I write my name, not the name I got from my father. I want no part of him. I write my gang name, Chato, which means Catface, because I have a flat nose like a cat. It's a Mexican word because that's what I am, a Mexican, and I'm not ashamed of it. I like that lan guage, too. It's way better than English to say what you mean. But German is the best. It's got a real rugged sound, and I'm going to learn to talk it someday.

After Chato I write "de Shamrock." That's the street where I live, and it's the name of the gang I belong to, but the others are all gone

now. Their families had to move away, except Gorilla is in jail and Blackie joined the navy because he liked swimming. But I still have our old arsenal. It's buried under the chickens, and I dig it up when I get bored. There's tire irons and chains and pick handles with spikes and two zip guns we made but they don't shoot very straight. In the good old days nobody cared to tangle with us. But now I'm the only one left.

Well, today started off like any other day. The toilet roars like a hot rod² taking off. My father coughs and spits about nineteen times and hollers, "It's six-thirty." So I hol ler back, "I'm quitting school." Things hit me like that—sudden.

"Don't you want to be a lawyer no more," he says in Spanish, "and defend the Mexi can people?"

My father thinks he is very funny, and next time I get an idea what I'm going to do in the world, he's sure not going to hear about it.

"Don't you want to be a doctor," he says, "and cut off my leg for nothing when I ask you? How will you support me," he says, "when I retire? Or will you marry a rich old woman that owns a pool hall?"

"I'm leaving this dump! You'll never see me again!"

I hollered it at him, but he was already in the kitchen making a big noise in his coffee. I could be dead and he wouldn't take me serious. So I laid there and waited for him to go off to work. When I woke up again, it was way past eleven. I can sleep forever these days. So I got out of bed and put on my khakis³ and my horsehide jacket and combed myself very careful because al ready I had a feeling this was going to be a big day for me.

I had to wait for breakfast because the baby was sick and throwing up milk on everything. There is always a baby vomiting in my house. When they're born, everybody comes over and says, "Que cute!"⁴ but no body passes any comments on the dirty way babies act.

When my mother finally served me, I had to hold my breath, she smelled so bad of babies. I don't like to look at her anymore. Her legs got those dark blue rivers running all over them. I kept waiting for her to bawl me out for not going to school, but I guess she forgot or something. So I cut out.

Every time I go out my front door I have to cry for what they've done to Old Shamrock Street. It used to be so fine, man, with solid homes on both sides. Then the S. P. Railroad bought up the whole street, every house except my father's. He is a real stubborn, to give

him credit. But what good did it do? The wreckers came rolling in with their trucks and bulldozer. You could hear the houses scream when they ripped apart. So now Shamrock Street is just front walks that lead to a hole in the ground. And Pelon's house and Blackie's are just stacks of old boards waiting to get hauled away. I hope that never happens to your street, man.

My first stop was the front gate and there was that sign again, a big S wrapped around a cross like a snake, which is the mark of the Sierra Street gang, as everybody knows. I rubbed it off, but tonight they'll put it back again. In the old days they wouldn't dare to pay any calls on Shamrock Street, but without your gang you are nobody. And one of these days they are going to catch up with me in person and that will be the end of Chanto de Shamrock.

So I cruised down to Main Street like a ghost in the graveyard. Just to prove I'm alive, I wrote my name on the parking lot fence at the corner. A lot of names you see in public places are written very sloppy. Not me. I take my time. Like my fifth-grade teacher used to say, "If others are going to see your work, you owe it to yourself to do it right." Mrs. Cully was her name and she was real nice, for an Anglo. My other teachers were cops, all of them but one time Mrs. Cully drove me home when some guys were after me. I think she wanted to adopt me, too, but she never said anything about it. I owe a lot to that lady, and especially my handwriting. You should see it, man, it's real smooth and mellow, and curvy like a girl in a bathing suit. Everybody says so. Except one time they had me in Juvenile by mistake and some doctor looked at my writing. He said it proved I had something wrong with me. The doctor was crazy, because I made him show me his writing and it was very ugly, like a barbed-wire fence with little chickens stuck on the points and all flopping their wings.

So anyway, I signed myself very clean and neat on that corner. And then I thought, Why not go look for a job someplace? But I was more in the mood to write my name, so I slid into the dime store⁸ and helped my self to two boxes of crayons and plenty of chalk. Some people lately have taken to writing their name with spray cans, but they'll get over it. A spray can has no heart. The letters come out very dead. Give me good old chalk any day. And so I cruised down Main, writing as I went, till a sudden question hit me. I wondered should I write more than my name. Should I write, "Chato is a fine guy," or "Chato is wanted by the police"? Things like that. But I decided no. Better to keep them guessing.

So I cut over to Forney Playground. It used to be Shamrock territory, but now the Sierra have taken over there like everyplace else. Just to show

them, I wrote on the ten nis court and the swimming pool and the gym. I left a fine little trail of Chato de Shamrock in eight colors. Some places I used chalk, which works better on brick or plaster. But crayons are the thing for ce ment or anything smooth.

I'm telling you, I was pretty famous at the Forney by the time I cut out, and from there I continued my travels till a new idea hit me. You know how you put your name on some thing and that proves it belongs to you? Things like schoolbooks or gym shoes? So I thought, How about that now? And I put my name on the Triple A Market and on Morrie's Liquor Store and on the Zocalo, which is a beer joint. And then I cruised on up Broadway, getting rich. I took over a barber shop and a furniture store and the Plymouth agency. And the firehouse for laughs, and the phone company so I could call all my girlfriends and keep my dimes. And then there I was at Webster and Garcia's Funeral Home with the big white columns. At first I thought that might be bad luck, but then I said, Oh, well, we all got to die sometime. So I signed myself, and now I can eat good and live in style and have a big time all my life, and then kiss you all good-by and give myself the best funeral in L.A. for free.

And speaking of funerals, along came the Sierra guys right then, eight or twelve of them cruising down the street with that stupid walk which is their trademark. I ducked behind the hearse. Not that I'm a coward. Getting beat up doesn't bother me. What I hate is those blades. They're like a piece of ice cutting into your belly. But the Sierra didn't see me and went on by. I couldn't hear what they were saying but I knew they had me on their mind. So I ducked into the Boys' Club, where they don't let anybody get you, no matter who you are. To pass the time I shot some baskets and played a little pool and watched the television, but the story was boring, so it came to me, Why not write my name on the tube? Which I did with one of those squeaky pens. The cowboys sure looked fine with Chato de Shamrock pasted all over them. Everybody got a kick out of it. But of course up comes Mr. Calderon and makes me wipe it off. They're always spying on you up there. And he takes me into his office and closes the door.

"Well," he says, "and how is the last of the dinosaurs?"

"What's that?" I ask him. He shows me their picture in a book, giant lizards and real ugly, worse than octo pus, but they're all dead now, and he ex plains he called me that because of the Shamrocks. Then he goes into that voice with the church music in it and I look out the window.

"I know it's hard to lose your gang, Chato," he says, "but this is your chance to make new friends and straighten yourself out. Why don't you start coming to Boys' Club more?"

"It's too boring," I tell him.

"What about school?"

"I can't go," I said. "They'll get me."

"The Sierra's forgotten you're alive," he tells me.

"Then how come they put their mark on my house every night?" "Do they?"

He stares at me very hard. I hate those eyes of his. He thinks he knows everything. And what is he? Just a Mexican like every body else.

"Maybe you put that mark there your self," he says. "To make yourself big. Just like you wrote on the television."

"That was my name! I like to write my name!"

"So do dogs," he says. "On every lamp post they come to."

"You're a dog yourself," I told him, but I don't think he heard me. He just went on talking. Brother, how they love to talk up there! But I didn't bother to listen, and when he ran out of gas I left. From now on I'm scratching that Boys' Club off my list.

Out on the street it was beginning to get dark, but I could still follow my trail back to ward Broadway. It felt good to see myself written everyplace, but at the Zocalo I stopped dead. Around my name there was this big red heart in lipstick and somebody's initials. To tell the truth, I didn't know how to feel. In one way I was mad to see my name molested, especially if by some guy for laughs. But if it was a girl, that could be more or less interesting. And who ever heard of a guy carrying lipstick?

A girl is what it turned out to be. I caught up with her at the telephone building. There she is, standing in the shadows and drawing her heart around my name. She has a very pretty shape on her, too. I sneak up very quiet, thinking all kinds of crazy things. And my blood shoots around so fast it shakes me up and down all over. And then she turns around and it's only Crusader Rabbit. That's what we called her since third grade, from the television show be cause of her big teeth in front.

When she sees me, she takes off down the alley, but in twenty feet I catch her. I grab for the lipstick, but she whips it behind her. I reach around and try to pull her fingers open, but her hand is sweaty and so is mine. And then she loses her balance and falls against some garbage cans, so I get the lip stick away from her very easy.

"What right you got to my name?" I tell her. "I never gave you permission." "You sign yourself real fine," she says. I knew that already. "Let's go writing together," she says. "The Sierra's after me." "I don't care," she says. "Come on, Chato—you and me can have a lot of fun." She came up close and giggled. She put her hand on my hand that had the lipstick in it. And you know what? I'm ashamed to say I almost told her yes. It would be a change to go writing with a girl. We could talk there in the dark. We could decide on the best places. And her handwriting wasn't too bad either. But then I remembered my reputation. Somebody would be sure to see us, and then they'd be laughing at me all over Eastside. So I pulled my hand away and told her off.

"Run along, Crusader," I told her. "I don't want no partners and especially you." "Who

you calling Crusader?" she yelled. "You ugly squash-nose punk!"

She called me everything. And spit in my face but missed. I didn't argue. I just cut out. And when I got to the first sewer, I threw away her lipstick. Then I drifted over to Broadway, which is a good street for writing because a lot of people pass by there. I don't mind crowds. The way I write, no body notices till I'm finished, and I can smell a cop for half a mile.

You know me, I hate to brag but my work on Broadway was the best I've ever done in all my life. Under the street lamp my name shone out like solid gold. I stood to one side and checked the people as they walked past and inspected it. With some you can't tell just how they feel, but with others it rings out like a cash register. There was one man. He got out of a brand new Cadillac to buy a paper and when he saw my name he smiled. He was the age to be my father. I bet he'd give me a job if I asked him. I bet he'd take me to his home and to his office in the morning. Pretty soon I'd be sitting at my own desk and signing my name on letters and checks and things. But I would never buy a Cadillac. They burn too much gas.

Later a girl came by. She was around eighteen, I think, with green eyes. Her face was so pretty I didn't dare to look at her shape. Do you want me to go crazy? That girl stopped and really studied my name like she fell in love with it. She wanted to know me, I could tell. She wanted to take my hand and we'd go off together just holding hands and nothing dirty. We'd go to Beverly Hills⁹ and nobody would look at us the wrong way. I almost said "Hello" to that girl, and "How do you like my writing?" but not quite.

So here I am, standing on the corner of Broadway and Bailey with my chalk all gone and just one crayon left and it's an ugly brown. My fingers are too cold to write, but that's nothing, man, nothing, because I just had a vision. I saw the Sincere Truth in flashing lights. I don't need to be a movie star or lightweight boxing king. All I need is plenty of chalk and I'll be famous wherever there's a wall to write on. The Sierra will try to stop me, and the cops and everybody, but I'll be like a ghost, mysterious, and all they'll ever know of me is just my name, signed the way I always sign it, **CHATO DE SHAM ROCK**, with rays shooting out like from the Holy Cross.

CULTURAL NOTES

1.L.A.: Popular name for Los Angeles, a large city on the southwestern coast of California. It is now the second largest city in the USA (after New York). Founded by Spanish missionaries in

1781, the full name of the city is La Ciudad de Nuestra Senora, la Reina de Los Angeles—the City of Our Lady, the Queen of the Angels. Los Angeles has a large ethnic group of Mexican-Americans, who make up about 21 percent of the city's population.

2. hot rod: slang for an automobile whose motor has been supercharged for high speed. Hot rods are popular vehicles among teenagers who often take an old vehicle and work on its engine until it is finely tuned and responsive.

3. khakis: trousers made of the strong brownish cotton twill cloth used in making military uniforms. Because they are comfortable and sturdy, khakis are, like blue jeans, favored by teenagers.

4. "Que cute!": "Spanglish," a combining of Spanish and English, common among Hispanic-Americans. The exclamation would translate as "How cute!" or "What a cute baby!" Hispanic-Americans have settled in the United States in large numbers, especially in California, the Southwest, and Florida. The Spanish they speak has changed considerably in contact with English.

5. The S.P. Railroad: The United States has about 500 railroad companies all owned and operated by private investors or corporations. The Southern Pacific Transportation Company is one of the five largest companies that own the main rail lines in the nation. Railroads in the United States are not nationalized, so these private companies control their own tracks, rolling stock and equipment. Railroad companies cooperate with each other in many ways, however, and the Federal Government regulates some of their economic activities through the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

6. Anglo: a combining form meaning English. By itself, it has come to mean an American of English ancestry, and by extension, any white American of European descent whose mother tongue is English.

7. Juvenile: Juvenile court, a special court for youthful offenders. In the United States cases involving children under a fixed age (usually 16) must be tried in a separate law court from that used for adults.

8. dime store: a variety store where a wide assortment of low-priced articles is sold. In the days before inflation, many of these items would be priced at five or ten cents, and the store was frequently also called the "five and dime" or the "five and ten cents store."

9. Beverly Hills: a wealthy suburb of Los Angeles, known for being the home of many motion picture stars. It is located just west of the Hollywood district where the first motion-picture studio was built in 1911.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. What does Chato mean when he says he "went to work as a writer"?
2. How had Chato established his identity up to the point where the story begins? What has happened to make him feel that now he is nobody?
3. Why did Mr. Calderon call Chato "the last of the dinosaurs"?
4. Who is the girl that Chato finds drawing a heart around his name?
5. What happens when she proposes that they join forces?

B. Delving Deeper

1. What do you think Chato's relationship with his family is? What does the story reveal about his attitude toward his mother and father?
2. What sorts of dreams and aspirations does Chato have? Do you find them reasonable?
3. What might have happened in Chato's life if he had had more teachers like Mrs. Cully?
4. Is Chato lonely? Why or why not?
5. What do you think of the way Chato chooses to assert his individuality? How do you think he would react to Emily Dickinson's poem?

WORD STUDY: Phrasal Verbs.

Phrasal verbs are verb + particle combinations (see the section on Understanding Structure for a discussion of their grammar) that are extremely common in colloquial English.

When a verb combines with a preposition or adverb, it can form an entirely new vocabulary item. Students need to concentrate on learning the meanings of multiple-word verbs and on using them in appropriate contexts.

Study the meaning of these phrasal verbs from the story. Decide whether they are separable or inseparable, and use each one in a sentence.

1. **tangle with**—become unpleasantly involved with.
In the good old days nobody cared to tangle with us.
2. **holler at**—shout at; speak loudly and crossly to.
I hollered at him but he was in the kitchen...
3. **bawl out**—scold; reprimand loudly.
I kept waiting for her to bawl me out for not going to school.
4. **cut out**—leave. So I cut out.
5. **cut over to**—take a shorter course by going in a diagonal direction. So I cut over to Fomey Playground.
6. **cruise on up/down**—walk along aimlessly in a given direction.
And then I cruised on up Broadway, getting rich.
7. **take over**—assume charge; be in control of.
I took over a barber shop and a furniture store...
8. **spy on**—watch closely and secretly
They're always spying on you up there.
9. **run out of**—exhaust; use up a supply of. When he ran out of gas, I left.
10. **tell off**—rebuke severely; express sharp disapproval.
So I pulled my hand away and told her off.

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE: Phrasal Verbs.

English is extremely flexible in its ability to create new verbs by combining verbs with little words called particles. Particles can be either prepositions or adverbs. The combination of verb + particle forms vocabulary units that frequently have new meaning beyond that of the sum of their parts.

The grammatical properties of phrasal verbs can be confusing. One problem is that it may be difficult to tell whether the construction is a verb + a prepositional phrase or a true two-word verb.

If it is a prepositional phrase, the preposition always goes before its object. The whole prepositional phrase can be moved before the verb. The sentence cannot be transformed to the passive voice. The questions where, when, or how can be asked about the prepositional phrase. An adverb, if used, can come between the verb and the preposition. Try these operations on the following example:

I write on fences or buildings or any thing that comes along.

If it is a true two-word verb, the prepositional or adverbial particle cannot move to the front with its object because the object is the direct object of the entire phrasal verb. The questions what or who can be asked about the object. The sentence can be transformed to the passive. An adverb can-

not be inserted between the verb and the particle. Try these operations on the following example:

The S.P. Railroad bought up the whole street.

If the phrasal verb takes a direct object, it is called transitive. Sometimes the particles of these verbs are separable and some times they are inseparable. They are separable if the noun object can come between the verb and the particle. A personal pronoun object must come between the verb and the particle. Here is an example from the story.

I still have our old arsenal.... I dig it up when I get bored.
(Chato digs up the arsenal; he digs the arsenal up.)

They are inseparable if both the noun object and the pronoun object always follow the particle. Here are examples from the story.

...some doctor looked at my writing.
(...he too read at it.) Why not go look for a job someplace?
(...look for one...)

If the phrasal verb does not take a direct object, it is called intransitive. These verbs are always inseparable.

Example: Their families had to move away...

There is often a one-word synonym possible for intransitive phrasal verbs.

Example:

get up = rise come back = return let up = stop

Three-word (or multiple-word) verbs occur when a second particle is joined to a two-word verb. The second particle is always a preposition, and is followed by an object. These combinations are non-separable.

Example: So I got out of bed and put on my khakis...

FOR FURTHER WORK:

1. Find instances of ungrammatical or non-standard English in the story. Why does the author use them deliberately?
2. Picturesqueness in language: What do you understand Chato to mean by these descriptions?

(speaking of his mother) "Her legs got those dark blue rivers running all over them."

(speaking of Mr. Calderon) "Then he goes into that voice with the church music in it and I look out the window."

3. Dramatize the scene between Chato and the girl he calls Crusader Rabbit.

APPALACHIA

The Appalachian Mountains were formed nearly 230 million years ago and are the oldest mountains in North America. The chain extends from Canada to central Alabama. Where it runs through Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee, although geographically part of the South, it also forms a distinct region of its own: Appalachia. Here the mountains are separated by ridges into valleys and sections called "gaps" or "hollows." Mining and lumbering are important economic activities of the area. Agriculture in the mountains is largely subsistence farming: small crops for home consumption and sale. The great scenic beauty of the mountains attracts many tourists to recreational areas and national parks.

The people are as rugged as the mountains. The southern Appalachians were settled by Scottish and English immigrants from Virginia in the 18th century. While the rest of the settlers pushed westward, the highlanders stayed put in their mountain hollows, preserving a unique cultural heritage and distinct folk traditions. The songs, dances, crafts, even the speech forms of the people from Appalachia can be traced directly to those brought across the Atlantic by their colonial ancestors.

Jesse Stuart, one of the authors represented in this section, wrote that these people—his people—remain among the holdouts against an American mass culture.

GOOD MORNING

Mark Hager

Mark Hager was born in Williamson, West Virginia, a small town in the West Virginia hills. He writes stories based on his boyhood experiences when he had to walk miles to a small country school.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. What do you know about the disease called "rabies?" How is it transmitted?
2. Have you ever had a pet that had to be destroyed? If so, why? How did you feel?
3. How would you expect a person to feel about accepting money for performing a job or service that was thought necessary but that would cause others sorrow? Why?

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **mad** *adj.*, affected by rabies; rabid.
2. **pen up** *v.*, to enclose in a pen; to confine in a fenced enclosure.
3. **danger period** *n.*, an interval of time during which something potentially harmful or dangerous could occur.
4. **fire** *v.*, to shoot; to discharge a firearm.
5. **nasty** *adj.*, disgusting; morally offensive; dirty.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

GOOD MORNING

MARK HAGER

When I was a boy, I walked through two miles of woods to get to our schoolhouse,' and I would take my father's twenty-two rifle² with me and hide it in a hollow tree before I got to the schoolhouse, and get it as I came home in the evening

One evening, coming from school, I ran into a community uprising at Mr. Epperly's house. Mr. Epperly's cow had gone mad and was bawling lonesome bawls and twist ing the young apple trees out of the ground with her horns, and the whole community was demanding that Mr. Epperly's dog, Old Ranger, be shot as Old Ranger had fought and killed the mad dog that bit the cow.

Mr. Epperly wanted to know if it wouldn't be safe to put Old Ranger in the stable or someplace and keep him penned up until the danger period was over, but the neighbors said no; that Mr. Epperly's chil dren might slip and feed him through the cracks and get bit.

Mr. Epperly said he could not do it him self, and wanted to know who would volun teer to do it, but none of the men would.

Mr. Epperly came to me, and said, "Joe, why can't you take him with you through the woods on your way home and do it?"

I told Mr. Epperly I did not want to shoot Old Ranger. I saw Mr. Epperly's three kids were already keeping close to the old dog.

Mr. Epperly then pulled a one-dollar bill from his pocket.

"I will give you this dollar bill if you'll do it," he said.

I considered. I had never yet had a one dollar bill all my own and while the idea of shooting Old Ranger did not appeal to me, it did seem like a thing that was demanded by the whole community, and they all put at me to do it, trying to make me feel like a kind of hero, and pointed to the danger to Mr. Epperly's children. Then Mr. Epperly put a piece of clothesline around Old Rang er's neck and I started with him. The Epperly kids began to cry.

As I walked through the woods by the lit tle path, I started looking for a place suit able to shoot a dog and leave him lay. I saw a heavy clump of wild grapevines, and I led him down under there and then got back up in the path. Old Ranger looked at me and whined and wagged his tail. He wanted to come to me. I recollected always seeing him wherever there was a splash of sun shine in Mr. Epperly's yard when I would pass there and Mr. Epperly's kids would join me for school.

I went down and untied Old Ranger and walked on. I came to a place where there was a hickory grove³ in a little flat where the underbrush was thin. I recollected how Old Ranger liked to go to the hickory groves and tree squirrels. I led Old Ranger down and tied him close to the trunk of a big hickory tree.

I started to take aim, but Old Ranger started prancing and looking up the tree. I remembered then hearing Mr. Epperly tell how Old Ranger would do that when he'd tree a squirrel and Mr. Epperly would raise the gun to shoot, and I could not fool Old Ranger like that.

Besides, there was too much light and Old Ranger could see me take aim. I de cided to wait for the gloom. Soon as the sun dropped a few more feet behind the Wilson Ridge, there would be gloom, and maybe Old Ranger would not see so plainly how I pointed the gun.

While I waited for the gloom, the burn ing started in my pocket. I took the one-dollar bill out. I had a feeling there was something nasty about it.

While I thought of that, Old Ranger reared and barked and surged at the cord leash, and when I looked back out the path I saw Mr. Epperly's three kids, but they were running away. They had turned to run when Old Ranger barked. I guessed they had slipped off from their house and fol lowed just to see where I left Old Ranger.

The thought struck me that they would run back to their house and tell I

had not shot Old Ranger yet, and that would set the folks to worrying again, and I took aim. I thought I had better fire in their hearing. I took aim at Old Ranger, but I could not touch the trigger the way he looked at me and tried to speak, so I fired in the air so the Epperly kids could say they heard the shot.

I stuck the dollar back in my pocket, went down and hugged Old Ranger around the neck. I knew I would never shoot Old Ranger. I took him and walked on. I got to the edge of our field. I climbed on the gate and sat a long time and considered. I tried to think up how I could explain to my mother why I had brought Old Ranger home with me so that she would not be scared. I could not decide how I could ever explain with a good face that I had a one-dollar bill in my pocket I had been given to shoot Old Ranger.

I remembered where I had seen an empty castor-oil bottle⁴ at the edge of the path. It was still there, and I got it, and stuck the one-dollar bill in it, and buried the bottle in some soft dirt under the corner of the fence. My mother decided that since I had fired the shot, she would let me keep Old Ranger for a month, with the community thinking he was dead, but it was the hardest month I ever spent.

The Epperly kids would not walk with me to school. They would pucker up to cry when they saw me, and the other kids down at the schoolhouse, they would say with a sneer, "What did you buy with your dollar bill?"

I could not answer. I could not tell them about the castor-oil bottle under the fence corner or Old Ranger in our stable; the Epperly kids searched the woods on both sides of the path to our house, hunting for the body of Old Ranger, but they would not ask me where I had left him, and other neighbors spoke of how Old Ranger's great booming voice was missed.

Mrs. Epperly was kind to me. I met her in the road one day, and she told me how she had scolded the kids for treating me like that, "But," she added, "if it was to do over, I would not allow it done. The children...Mr. Epperly, too, they're half crazy."

Then came the happy morning. "You can take Old Ranger home now, Joe," my mother said. "Been over a month. No danger now."

I went to the stable, got Old Ranger, and he reared and licked my face. I shouldered my book strap, and led Old Ranger down the path. I stopped at the fence corner and got the castor-oil bottle with the one-dollar bill in it. I had a time trying to hold Old Ranger's mouth shut so I could get in sight of the Epperly house before he barked.

At the right place where they could see us when they came running to the front porch, I let Old Ranger have his voice. Old Ranger let go with a great howl that rolled and rocked across the ridges, and the Epperlys came bounding. Mr. and Mrs. Epperly and the three kids. They alternated between my neck and Old Ranger's, and I don't know to this day which of us got the most hugging.

I handed Mr. Epperly the castor-oil bottle.

"Why did you do that?" he said.

"It felt nasty in my pocket," I said.

He tried to make me keep it and when I wouldn't, he just pitched it toward me and his three kids, and we started for the school-house, feeling rich, with a whole dollar to spend.

CULTURAL NOTES

1. schoolhouse: In rural communities the school was frequently a one-room structure in which all grades were taught by a single teacher. The older children helped with the younger ones. The schoolhouse was often painted red. Older Americans may refer nostalgically to their education in the "little red schoolhouse" that has come today to stand as a symbol of the free public school system in the United States.

2. twenty-two rifle: a firearm with a grooved barrel and a caliber of .22 millimeters. It appears that the word *rifle* was first used among the German gunsmiths in Pennsylvania who made such firearms in the eighteenth century. In the hills of Appalachia it would not be unusual for a schoolboy to have a .22 rifle for hunting squirrels and other small game.

3. hickory grove: The hickory is a North American deciduous tree. It produces hard, smooth nuts with a small edible kernel. The name is a shortened form of the seventeenth century *pohickery*, a term the early Virginia settlers applied to the native American Indian food *powcohicora* made from crushed nuts of the tree. When the first colonists came to the New World, they encountered many unfamiliar trees, plants, animals, birds and other wildlife. The words we use for these things today often reflect the colonists' attempts to reproduce the sound of their Indian names.

4. castor oil bottle: Castor oil is a thick yellowish oil extracted from the seed of the castor bean plant. The oil, used as a laxative and lubricant, has an unpleasant taste. In popular folk medicine, a dose of castor oil would be administered as both a purge and a punishment. If a child complained of a stomach ache or seemed cranky and unruly, Mother would reach for the castor oil bottle and force a spoonful down his protesting throat.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. What happened to Mr. Epperly's cow?
2. Why did everyone want Joe to shoot Old Ranger?
3. How did Joe make people think he had shot the dog?

4. What did Joe do with Old Ranger?
5. When did Joe return the dog to the Epperlys? What was their reaction?

B. Delving Deeper

1. Why did the neighbors think it would be unsafe for the Epperlys to keep Old Ranger penned up?
2. What made Joe reluctant to shoot the dog?
3. Why did Joe have to hide the fact that the dog was still alive?
4. How did the children treat Joe at school?
5. What do you think Joe meant when he said that the dollar bill felt nasty in his pocket?

Word study

A. Functional Shift.

English is rich in words that can function as both nouns and verbs without changing form. You can increase your word power by learning how these words are used in both functions.

Here are some words from the story that display functional shift.

volunteer tree fire face howl aim shoulder hug

In the following sentences, fill in the blanks with a word from the list above, choosing the one word that completes each pair of sentences. The first use of the word will be a verb, the second a noun.

1. Joe could not...the rifle with the dog looking at him. The dog's sad eyes upset his....
2. Joe remembered how Old Ranger liked to...squirrels. He tied him then to a big....
3. Joe found it hard to...the children. He could not explain with a good...what he had done.
4. Mr. Epperly wanted to know who would...to shoot Old Ranger. He asked for a...to do it.
5. As soon as they saw Old Ranger, the Epperly children began to...both Joe and the dog. Joe remembers each...to this day.
6. Joe decided to...into the air to make people think he had shot the dog. The children heard the sound of the...and thought Old Ranger was dead.
- 7.. Old Ranger began to...when he saw the Epperly house. When they heard the... the whole family came running.

8. It was a happy morning when at last Joe could...his bookstrap and lead Old Ranger down the path. Joe always carried his books to school by a strap over his....

B. Cloze Exercise.

Complete the paragraph, filling in the blanks with the appropriate words from the list below. You may have to alter the form of some of the words to fit the context.

When none of the...would...to shoot Old Ranger, Mr. Epperly offered Joe a dollar...to do it. Joe took the dog and started looking for a...place. When he came to a...of trees, he tied Old Ranger to the...of one of the trees and started to.... But when he pointed his...at Old Ranger, the dog...and looked at him, and Joe decided he could not do it. Instead, he kept Old Ranger...for a month, and when the...period was over, he took the dog back to the Epperly family.

rifle / bill / trunk / aim / neighbor / pen up / grove / whine / volunteer / suitable / danger / children / bawl / nasty.

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE:

The Subjunctive in Noun Clauses

"...the whole community was demanding that Mr. Epperly's dog, Old Ranger, be shot..."

A subjunctive noun clause may serve as the direct object of certain verbs. When the verb in the main clause is one that expresses demanding, requesting, advising, recommending, commanding, insisting, etc., the so-called *mandative* subjunctive required in the subordinate *that*-clause. This means that the verb phrase will contain a verb in its base form. In English the *mandative* subjunctive verb is not inflected for person, number, or tense.

Exercise 1

Choose a verb from column 1 for the clause and a verb from column 2 for the subjunctive clause. Write ten sentences using different pairs of verbs.

Examples: The doctor advised that the patient get more rest. She's insisting that we call her tomorrow.

Column 1

Column 2

Advise	find
Ask	elect
Beg	be
Command	come
Demand	leave
desire	open
direct	take
forbid	bring
insist	make
order	buy
prefer	go
propose	call
recommend	wait
request	meet
require	have
suggest	build
urge	get

This use of the subjunctive is relatively formal. A less formal alternative for a *that* + subjunctive clause is an infinitive phrase. The verbs that are starred may be followed by infinitive constructions.

Examples: The doctor advised the patient
to get more rest. She's urging us to call her tomorrow.

Exercise 2

Where possible, change all the *that*-clauses in the sentences you have written to infinitive phrases. Note, however, that with the verbs DEMAND, INSIST, PROPOSE, RECOMMEND, and SUGGEST, an infinitive phrase is not possible and a *that*-clause must be used.

FOR FURTHER WORK

Prepare a dramatization of the story and perform it in class. There should be at least

three scenes:

1. the scene at Mr. Epperly's house when Joe is asked to shoot Old Ranger.
2. the scene in the woods when Joe decides not to shoot the dog and to take him home.
3. the scene when Joe returns Old Ranger to the Epperly family.

You will need the following characters:

Joe

Mr. Epperly Mrs. Epperly The Epperly Kids The Neighbors Old Ranger Joe's Mother

Base as much of the dialogue in the dramatization as possible on the actual words of the story, changing indirect style and reported speech to direct speech.

If the class is large, each scene can be prepared by a different group, or several versions may be written.

HOW THE DEVIL CAME DOWN DIVISION STREET

Nelson Algren (1909-1981)

Chicago's West Side and its urban slums are the setting for many of Nelson Algren's novels and short stories. Born in Detroit, Michigan, he grew up in poverty and insecurity in Chicago. During the Depression he worked at a variety of jobs throughout the South and Southwest that eventually led to the writing of his first published story, *Somebody in Boots* (1935).

Algren made his reputation as a writer of social protest and as a harsh realist. His best known work is the novel, *The Man with the Golden Arm* (1949), which portrays the sordid life and world of a gambler and drug addict. In the story that follows, he writes in a gentler, more humorous vein, but there is still a strong undercurrent of social comment.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. What is the supernatural? Do you believe in miracles? Tell of some unusual occurrence that you might have heard of or experienced.
2. What are some of the reasons why a person might turn to drink? Are they ever justified in your opinion?...

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **drunk** n., an intoxicated person; a drunkard; one who has taken too much alcoholic liquor.
2. **a sign of good omen** n. phrase, something foretelling a future good event; an indication that something good will happen.
3. **haunted** adj., visited often by ghosts.

4. **miracle** n., a remarkable event attributed to supernatural causes or an act of God.
5. **devil** n , the chief evil spirit; Satan.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

HOW THE DEVIL CAME DOWN DIVISION STREET

NELSON ALGREN

Last Saturday evening there was a great argument in the Polonia Bar. All the biggest drunks on Division¹ were there, trying to decide who the biggest drunk of them was. Symanski said he was, and Olijec said he was, and Koncel said he was, and Czechow-ski² said he was.

Then Roman Orlov came in and the argument was decided. For Poor Roman has been drunk so long, night and day, that when we remember living men we almost forget Poor Roman, as though he were no longer really among the living at all.

The devil lives in a double-shot,' Roman explains himself obscurely. 'I got a great worm inside. Gnaws and gnaws. Every day I drown him and every day he gnaws. Help me drown the worm, fellas.'

So I bought Poor Roman a double-shot and asked him frankly how, before he was thirty, he had become the biggest drunk on Division.

It took a long time, and many double-shots, for him to tell. But tell it he did, between

curses and sobs, and T tell it now as closely to what he told as I can. Without the sobs, of course. And of course without any cursing.

When Roman was thirteen, it seems, the Orlovs moved into three stove-heated rooms in the rear of a lopsided tenement³ on Noble Street. Mama O. cooked in a Division Street restaurant by day and cooked in her own home by night.

Papa O. played an accordion for pennies in Division Street taverns⁴ by night and slept alone in the room by day.

There were two beds in the tiny flat, so nobody encouraged Papa O. to come home at all. Because he was the oldest, Roman slept between the twins, on the bed set up in the front room, to keep the pair from fighting during the night as they did during the day. Every day, Teresa, who was eleven and could not learn her lessons as well as some of her classmates, slept with Mama O. in the windowless back bedroom; under a bleeding heart in a gilded oval frame.

If Papa O. got in before light, as happened occasionally early in the week, he crawled uncomplaining under Roman's bed until Roman rose and got the twins, who were seven, up with him in time for Mass.

If Udo, who was something between a collie and a St. Bernard and as big as both, was already curled up beneath the front-room bed, Papa O. slugged him with the accordion in friendly reproach—and went on into the back bedroom to crawl under Mama O.'s bed. In such an event he slept under a bed all day. For he never crawled, even with daylight, into Mama O.'s bed. Empty or not. As though he did not feel himself worthy to sleep there even when she was gone.

It was as though, having given himself all night to his accordion, he must remain true to it during the day.

For all manner of strange things went on in Papa O.'s head, as even the twins had become aware. Things so strange that Teresa was made ashamed of them by her school mates, whenever they wanted someone to tease.

This, too, was why no one, not even the twins, paid Papa O. any heed when the family returned from Mass one Sunday forenoon and he told them someone had been knocking while they were away.

'Somebody was by door,' he insisted. 'I say "Hallo." Was nobody.' He looked slyly about him at the children. 'Who plays tricks by Papa?' he asked.

'Maybe was the Zolewitzes,' Mama O. suggested indifferently. 'Mama Z. comes per haps to borrow.'

That Sunday night it was cold in all the corners. Papa O. was gone to play for pennies and drinks, Mama O. was frying pierogi,⁵ the twins were in bed and Teresa was studying her catechism across the table from Roman, when someone knocked lightly twice.

To Roman it sounded like someone at the clothes-closet door; but that was foolish to think, since the twins were in bed. Yet, when he opened the hall door, only a

cold wind came into the room from the long gaslit passage.

Roman, being only thirteen, did not dare look behind the door. Far less to speak of the clothes-closet.

All that night a light snow fell, while Roman O. lay wakeful, fancying he saw it falling on darkened streets all over the mysterious earth, on the pointing rooftops of old world cities, on mountain-high waves of the mid-Atlantic, and in the leaning eaves of Noble Street. He was just falling off to sleep when the knocking came again. Three times, like a measured warning. The boy stiffened under the covers, listening with his fear. Heard the hall door squeak softly, as though Papa O. were sneaking in. But Papa O. never knocked, and Papa O. never sneaked. Papa O. came with the accordion banging against buildings all down Noble Street, jingling his pennies proudly, singing off-key bravely, mumbling and laughing and stumbling. Papa O. never knocked. He kicked the door in happily and shouted cheerfully, 'What you say, all peoples? How's t'ings, ever-body?' Papa O. pulled people out of bed and rattled pans and laughed at nothing and argued with unseen bartenders until somebody gave him sausage and eggs and coffee and bread and hung the accordion safely away.

Roman crept, barefooted, in the long underwear Mama O. had sewed on him in the early fall, to the hallway door.

The whole house slept. The windows were frosted and a thin line of ice had edged up under the front window and along the pane. The family slept. Roman shoved the door open gently. The tene ment slept. Down the hall the single gas jet flickered feebly. No one. Nothing. The people slept.

Roman looked behind the door, shivering now with more than cold.

No one. Nothing. All night long.

He returned to bed and prayed quietly, until he heard Mama O. rise; waited till he knew she had the fire going in the big kitchen stove. Then, dressing with his back to the heat, he told Mama O. what he had heard. Mama O. said nothing.

Two mornings later, Papa O. came home without the accordion. It did not matter then to Mama O. whether he had sold it or lost it or loaned it: she knew it at last for a sign, she had felt the change coming, she said, in her blood. For she had dreamed a dream, all night, of a stranger waiting in the hall: a young man, drunken, leaning against the gaslit wall for support, with blood down the front of his shirt and on his hands. She knew, as all the Orlovs knew, that the unhappy dead return to warn or comfort, to plead or repent, to gain peace or to avenge.

That day, standing over steaming kettles, Mama O. went back in her mind to all those dear to her of earth who had died: the cousin drowned at sea, the brother returned from the war to die, the mother and father gone from their fields before she had married.

That night she knocked on Mama Zole-witz's door. Mama Z. sat silently, as though she had been expecting Mama O. for many evenings.

'Landlord doesn't like we should tell new tenants too soon,'

Mama Z. explained even before being told of the knocking, 'so you shouldn't say it, I told. It was a young man lived in this place, in your very rooms. A strong young man, and good to look at. But sick, sick in the head from the drink. A sinner certainly. For here he lived with his lady without being wed, and she worked and he did not. That he did not work had little to do with what happened, and the drink had little to do. For it was being unwed that brought it on, at night, on the New Year. He returned from the taverns that night and beat her till her screams were a whimpering. Till her whimpering became nothing. A strong young man, like a bull, made violent by the drink. When the whimpering ceased, there was no sound at all. No sound until noon, when the police came with shouting.

'What was there to shout about? I could have told them before they came. The young man had hanged himself in the bed room closet. Thus, it is that one sin leads to another and both were buried together. In unsanctified ground, with no priest near.' Mama O. grew pale. Her very clothes-closet.

'It is nothing to worry,' Mama Z. told her neighbor sagely, 'He does not knock to do harm. He conies only to gain a little peace that good Christian prayer for him may give. Pray for the young man, Mama O. He wishes peace.'

That night auci supper the Orlovs gathered in prayer about the front-room stove, and Papa O. prayed also. For now that the accordion was gone, the taverns must do without him. When the prayer was done, he went to bed with Mama O. like a good husband, and the knocking did not come again.

Each night the Orlovs prayed for the poor young man. And each night Papa O. went to bed with Mama O. for lack of his accordion.

Mama O. knew then that the knocking had been a sign of good omen, and told the priest, and the priest blessed her for a Christian. He said it was the will of God that the Orlovs should redeem the young man by prayer and that Papa O. should have no accordion.

Papa O. stayed at home until, for lack of music, he became the best janitor in the 800 block of Noble Street. Mama Z. went to the priest and told of her part in the miracle of the poor young man, and the priest blessed Mama Z. also.

When the landlord learned that his house was no longer haunted, he brought the Orlovs gifts; and when the rent was late, he said nothing. So the priest blessed him equally, and in time the Orlovs paid no rent at all, but prayed for the landlord instead.

Teresa became the most important per son in her class, for it became known that a miracle had been done in the Orlov home. Sister Mary Ursula said the child looked more like a little saint every day. And no other child in the room ever had her lessons as well as Teresa thereafter.

The twins sensed the miracle, and grew up to be fast friends, doing all things to gether, even to wearing the same clothes and reading the same

catechism. Udo, too, knew that the home was blessed. For he received no more blows from the accordion.

Only one sad aspect shadowed this great and happy change: Poor Roman was left bedless. For with Papa O. home every night like a good husband, Teresa must sleep between the twins.

Thus it came about that the nights of Roman Orlov became fitful and restless, first under the front-room bed and then under the back-room bed. With the springs overhead squeaking half the night as likely as not. The nights of Roman's boyhood were thereafter passed beneath one bed or the other, with no bed of his own at all. Until, reaching his young manhood and his seventeenth year, he took at last to sleeping during the day in order to have no need for sleep at night.

And at night, as everyone knows, there is no place to go but the taverns.

So it was, being abroad with no place to go and the whole night to kill, that Roman took his father's place. He had no accordion for excuse—only lack of a bed. He came to think of the dawn, when the taverns closed and he must go home, as the bitterest hour of the day.

This is why he still calls the dawn the bitterest hour: he must go home though he has no home. Nor wife, nor family, nor hope, nor joy.

Is this a drunkard's tale or sober truth? I can only say he told it like the truth, drinking double-shots all the while. I only know that no one argues about who the biggest drunk on Division is if Roman O. is around, I only know what Mama O. now tells, after many years and Papa O. in his grave and the twins scattered: that the young man who knocked was in truth the devil. For did she not give, without knowing what she did, a son in return for a husband?

'I'm drownin' the worm 't'night,' Poor Roman explains, talking to his double-shot 'Help me drown the worm 't'night fellas.' Does the devil live in a double-shot? Or he the one who gnaws, all night, within?

CULTURAL NOTES

1. Division Street: a street on the West Side of Chicago in one of the old ethnic areas. Chicago was rebuilt after the disastrous fire of 1871 in a grid pattern, with streets laid out running either east-west or north-south. This is a pattern common to most American towns and cities. The city of Chicago, the third largest in the United States, has evolved out of a blockhouse and stockade called Fort Dearborn that was constructed on the shore of Lake Michigan in 1804. Chicago is a center for the manufacture of iron and steel, an immense distributing point for the Middle West, and an important seaport, with ocean-going vessels coming in via the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence Seaway.

2. Symanski, Olijec, Koncel, Czechow-ski, Orlov, Zolewitz: Slavic names of Polish and

Russian origin. In the late 19th and early 20th century, there was a large influx of immigration from eastern Europe. In the period 1890 through 1917, some three and a half million people arrived from eastern Europe on this wave of "new immigration." At this time the United States was at the peak of its great industrial development and these immigrant groups, composed chiefly of unskilled laborers, contributed much to the rapid expansion of the country as well as to its swelling population. The bulk of these later European arrivals settled in the cities, usually forming distinct ethnic neighborhoods. Although they brought a rich diversity of culture and talent, they tended to cling to native languages and customs and assimilation was difficult in the first generation.

3. tenement: a building divided into low-rental apartments or a rooming house whose facilities and maintenance barely meet minimum standards. Tenements are found in the poorer sections of a city and are characteristically run down, overcrowded, and dirty. The poorest of the recent immigrants to the United States frequently settled together in slum tenements to create lively ethnic communities. Tenement was originally a word that was merely synonymous with apartment, and a tenement house was a multifamily dwelling. The first tenement house was built in New York City in 1833. It was four stories high, with living arrangements for one family on each floor.

4. tavern: a type of saloon or bar, a place where alcoholic beverages are sold to be drunk on the premises. In American usage, a tavern in the strict sense of the word dispenses only food and drink, while an inn is a small house or hostel, usually in a rural setting, where lodging for transients may be provided as well. In large cities, neighborhood taverns were gathering places where the men could relax after a hard day's work. Their rough and tumble atmosphere was not considered proper for women.

5. pierogi or pirogi: the plural of pirog, probably from the Russian word *pir* meaning feast or party. Pierogi are large pastries made of dough stuffed with various fillings—meat, fish, rice, eggs, vegetables. These pastries are popular snacks and may also serve as the main meal. When immigrants from eastern Europe settled in America, they brought with them their favorite recipes for food from their native countries, adding to the rich ethnic cuisine from all parts of the world that is available in most large cities.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. Who is Roman Orlov?
2. Where did the Orlovs live when Roman was a child?
3. What did Papa Orlov do in the evenings?
4. What was Mama Orlov's dream?
5. What did the Orlovs do to quiet the ghost?

B. Delving Deeper

1. How did Mama Zolewitz explain the phenomenon of the knocking and Mama Orlov's dream?
2. How did the Orlovs' prayers for the young man change their lives?
3. What eventually turned Roman to the taverns?
4. Why did Mama Orlov decide finally that the ghost who knocked was the devil?
5. What is the worm that Roman seeks to drown in drink?

WORD STUDY

Listed below each of the ten words are three alternatives. Choose the one that defines the word as it is used in the text. Then complete the sentences that follow. Fill in the blanks with the appropriate word. You may have to modify the stems of verbs in some way to fit the context.

A. 1. **gnaw**(v.)

- a. to bite b. to chew c. to crawl

2. **lopsided** (adj.)

- a. crooked b. unpainted c. broken

3. **slug** colloq. (v.)

- a. to push b. to pat c. to strike

4. **eaves** (n. pl.)

- a. edges of the roof b. walls c. window frames

5. **sneak** (v.)

- a. to stamp loudly b. to move stealthily c. to walk unevenly

6. **avenge** (v.)

- a. to exact punishment for b. to atone for c. to erase

7. **unsanctified** (adj.) a. not protected b. not clean

- c. not blessed
- 8. **wed** [slightly archaic] (adj.) a. single b. divorced c. married
- 9. **redeem** (v.)
 - a. to sacrifice b. to save c. to pardon
- 10. **sober** (adj.)
 - a. solemn b. unhappy c. bitter

B.

1. She herself by performing good deeds and praying faithfully.
2. The rain dripped steadily from the all day.
3. The rat managed to through the cage and escape.
4. All night we heard him about overhead.
5. The house looked a little but was quite sturdy.
6. Angrily the son tried to wrong done to his father.
7. His look was his story.
8. The couple was so happy to at last.
9. It was Papa Orlov's habit when he came home to the dog with his accordion.
10. The little grave was not be cause a priest had refused to come.

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE: Nonstandard Speech Forms

In rendering the colorful speech of this Polish immigrant family, Nelson Algren uses structures that are nonstandard. Standard word order is altered. Verb forms and prepositions are ungrammatical. Articles and pronouns are omitted.

Rewrite the following sentences from the text in standard English.

Example: Somebody was by door.— Somebody was at the door.

1. I say "Hallo." Was nobody.
2. Who plays tricks by Papa?
3. How's t'ings, ever-body?
4. Maybe was the Zolewitzes.
5. Mama Z. comes perhaps to borrow.

6. What you say, all peoples?
7. Landlord doesn't like we should tell new tenants too soon.
8. You shouldn't say it, I told.
9. It was a young man lived in this place.
10. It is nothing to worry.

FOR FURTHER WORK

1. Mama Z. tells the Orlovs a horrifying account of murder and suicide. Develop the tragedy of the young man and his lady and write it as a little story.
2. Imagine that you are Roman at age 13. Write a first-person recollection of the night you heard the knocking. For example, you could begin your paragraph, "I was sitting at the table across from Teresa one Sunday night when..."

I CAME FROM YONDER MOUNTAIN

Evan S. Connell, Jr. (b. 1924)

Evan S. Connell was born in Kansas City, Missouri. He studied at Dartmouth College and received his B.A. from the University of Kansas in 1947.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. What characteristics are sometimes associated with people who live in isolated mountain communities?
2. How does vacant, unresponsive behavior on the part of someone make you feel? How would it affect your opinion of the person?

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **yonder** *adv.*, at or in that (relatively distant or specified) place; over there, *adj.*, at some distance, but still visible.
2. **upcountry** *n.*, the interior of a country; inland regions.
3. **wound** [waund] **down the trail** *v. past + prep, phrase*, descended a narrow path or track, usually associated with mountains and forests.
4. **give** (someone) **the creeps** *v. phrase, colloq.*, inspire a feeling of fear, repugnance, etc., as if insects were crawling on one's skin.
5. **those hills** *n.pl.*, the mountains, used in the story somewhat contemptuously. Persons coming from the mountains or backwoods, especially of the South, are sometimes referred to as "hillbillies."

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

I CAME FROM YONDER MOUNTAIN

EVAN S. CONNELL, JR.

Beyond the upcountry of the Carolinas,' farther back in the hills where the clay looks blue and the wild carrot and yellow lily cover the scars of crumbled saw mills, where thunder has the high rattling sound of pebbles in a wood bucket, there the ridges are laden with scented air in the heart of the afternoon, and there if you wander into a hollow sometimes you'll catch a far-off smell of sweet bay or see the pen dent bells of a honey cup swinging in the wind. There the red spruce and the paintbrush grow, bordering trails that spiral down the mountains, and if the long silver clouds that look like snakes arise in the west soon there will fall drops of rain big around as acorns.

It was on such a day that a girl wound down the trail to a town called Keating, which was a town shaped like an oak leaf with a railroad track for a stem. The girl's name was Laurel Wyatt and she carried under one arm, wrapped in a crazy-patch quilt, her baby which did not very often move. She did not look at the baby, but once in a while she spoke to it as though it were a person.

" 'Tis a piece," she said in that fashion, looking mildly ahead.

A breeze shook the sides of her raisin-colored sweater and twisted those strands of her hair not bound by the ribbon behind her neck. Her hips were narrow and her legs short, and were it not for her abrupt breasts she would have looked like a man. At her mouth corners, beneath the sockets of her cheeks, glistened shreds of fried pork.

Cinnamon squirrels sailed across the tree limbs considering her through quick eyes, while in the woods flickers called and blood-heads knocked with sudden impatience, and were answered by thunder sounding far in the west. Overhead the sun filtered through the mountain pines: in its light flickered insects with wings as thin as tissue.

A raindrop thumped the crazy-patch quilt. Another pounded into the trail, thereby causing a dust umbrella to open beside the girl's foot.

"Powerful day," she said.

Across log bridges where excited water popped and slipped on rocks, past raccoons who stopped their dark and slender hands to watch her, softly on a pad of brown pine needles Laurel moved down on the town of Keating. The streams as

she passed over them were marbled in white and green, and moss tails which were stuck to the bottom swayed in the current; once one pulled free and wriggled quickly downstream as though it were alive. Once, as she crossed a log bridge, her footsteps jarred loose a fat beetle which floated gravely away. Water spiders skated in a hidden pool behind the rocks, ignoring twigs and a dried pine cone that revolved in the center.

She came to a cold stream where on the far side a baby hog bear sliced the water again and again and each time looked in wonder at its empty paw. Laurel stood by a charred stump until at last the bear sat up, and, seeing her, trundled off into the woods.

Thunder rattled as she moved over a bald. Stones in her path were speckled with mica, and by them copper thorns which overhung the trail grabbed at her ankles, but her skin was stiff as parchment so each thorn skidded by. In the woods again she laid her baby on a rock while she fastened the little buttons of her sweater. Then on she went, and down.

When she came to the clearing of a cabin she stopped at the cistern and with a porcelaine dipper took water from the bucket. A column of brown smoke rose a few feet above the cabin and then expanded like a toadstool. A long, tired man in cocoa overalls who sat in the cabin doorway raised one hand to her but she did not see him. She hung the dipper on its nail, walked across the clearing and on down the trail.

A flare hawk coasted over with beak hooked bitterly and talons doubled; on the ground small patterings stopped. Wandering electric clouds crackled, shot quick forks at one another which sometimes bent down to test the strength of the red spruce trees, and once as Laurel Wyatt crossed a charred tract there floated silently from one cloud a ball of green fire.

"The heart of Judas," she said. And scarce looked at it though the fire followed her to the trees.

Beyond another bald a shower swept by; her sweater sagged with water. On she walked, across ridges where the false loblolly grew and down the tangled hollows, by a preacher's counsel painted on a tablet of stone, on until at last she came to the door-stoops of Keating whereon lay bent rakes and barrel hoops and dozing hounds with wet mange. Through the town she went to the railroad platform, and there she laid the baby beside her on a bench, crossed her thighs, and sat looking straight ahead.

A candle-shaped man stood at one corner of the platform; beside him sat a woman with a body like a gourd and face blistered by the sun.

"Oh, stop clowning," this woman said when the man began to imitate Laurel Wyatt.

He stalked back and forth, his lips pressed together.

"Must you eternally, eternally pace?" she asked.

"Here comes the train! It can't get up the hill."

"Something funny every minute of the day," she said. Her voice was exhausted.

The train squawked and chuggled over the hill, feathers of steam spurting from its engine wheels. The number on its hood was 7. The steam feathers vanished and emerged again as the train prepared to stop. When this had been done all that moved was the iron bell atop the cab which swung drunkenly back and forth emptying itself over the platform. From the pistons drops of water fell hissing into the cinders. Suddenly a coach door clanked and the conductor jumped down, a tiny man with hook-and-lace shoes and a nose like an orange rind.

The man picked up two alligator suit cases; the woman quickly wedged a parcel and a raincoat under his arms.

"Sweetheart, you're tired?" he asked. She climbed the steps while he followed, staring at the back of her head. "You're tired, maybe?" he asked, disappearing into the coach.

The conductor's eyebrows were as white and crisp as scrolls of birch bark. He smelled of stout tobacco. He walked across the fly blown boards of the platform dragging one foot and rubbing his arms while the iron bell on the cab clanged and rolled north, clanged and rolled south.

"What you going to wear for a wedding coat?" "caroled the conductor in a sharp voice. He limped to the end of the platform where he spit across the tracks and stood looking at the mountains which were dim in the haze. Sparks and ashes settled on his collar. He turned around and limped back along the platform, still rubbing his arms. " 'Old chin whiskers of a billy goat,' " he sang. He stood at the other end of the platform, then, considering a bulging gold watch, he came back and jumped aboard the train.

Laurel Wyatt sat on the bench gazing straight ahead. The conductor looked suspiciously at her knees which the polka-dotted dress was too short to cover. He banged the coach door and at this noise Laurel's eyes focused.

"I am locally," she said.

"Too late! Too late!" he called with laughter in his voice.

"I have come to train travel," she said.

The conductor slowly opened the door; Laurel Wyatt went into a coach and sat down, dropping the baby onto the seat beside her. She sat as on the bench, with hands folded tranquilly in her lap.

The couplings rattled, clanked, the coach jumped backward, then forward, and began to move.

The toes of the baby curled but it made no sound. About its wrist was tied a string with seven knots.²

" 'For I'm a-going—I'm a-going away—' " In came the conductor, the black leather of his hook-and-lace shoes squirk-ing. "Whereabouts you folks headed?"

"Out of these queer hills!" exclaimed the man. "They give me the creeps." And

look ing toward Laurel Wyatt he said, "That girl's cracked. She gives me the creeps."

"Dearie, everything gives you the creeps."

"You're tired, sweetheart? You're not feeling so good again? You've got the cramps again?"

"They're like that. Yes, sir. They are. I seen them time and again, time and again do it. They think the train waits specially for them. But it don't. No, sir!" The conductor went along the aisle patting the top of each seat. "For to stay—a little while—"

He stopped beside Laurel. "Them folks inform me you been sitting there nearabouts an hour waiting on this train. You deaf? What's the matter with you? We set by that station there eight entire minutes, you didn't get on. I expect you be a deaf one. Hey? This train come up the hills, set by eight entire minutes, you don't fleck a mus cle. Only got a number of minutes in Keat-ing. They's a storm fixing to swamp us. Peo ple think trains set by all day long waiting for them specially, they don't, don't do nothing specially. Not for nobody. I expect you know that. Hey? Don't you? Don't that appeal to you? Eight minutes is all. You be deaf? Ain't you? What's the trouble with you?"

"I presume I forgot it," Laurel said, but she did not look at the conductor.

"You do! You do! Ahahah!" The conduc tor pinched the end of his nose in rage. "Give me your money. Whereabouts you headed? Tipton? You people always go to Tipton. I don't know why. That's where you be headed. Tipton costs you a dollar and ten cents more."

Laurel cautiously folded her hands.

"Whereabouts you headed? Tipton. That's where."

But she did not answer.

"You be headed for Tipton. Hey?"

"I came from yonder mountain."

The conductor bent his knees and sank down a little to peer out the window. "That mountain there resembles an eagle's beak. Now give me your money."

"I have that money," Laurel said, reach ing into the pocket of her sweater. "And here. 'Tis the money for a train travel to Tipton town." She added: "I have quite a considerable of this money." And then she sucked in her lips and looked at the floor of the coach.

The conductor put the money in his coat pocket and moved along, dragging one foot. " 'But I'm a-coming back—if I go ten thousand mile—if I go ten thousand mile.' " Laurel rested her hands in her lap and quietly swung her crossed leg. She did not move, but sat mile after mile in that same fashion while the train clicked along with the rhythm of a galloping horse's hoofs, and all that showed she was not a stone girl was when the train screeched around a curve and the late afternoon sun

brushed the pale hairs of her cheek.

As the train descended, moving south, the clay cutbacks became stippled with gravel and changed in color; they became almost white, then pink, and when the train clacketed over a bare patch the clay broke suddenly through the topsoil in a scarlet web. The train rolled between two wooden sheds on which were nailed crusty tin signs for medicine and baking soda and snuff, and crossed a street where bells were ring ing and a man swung a red lantern. Then the coach was dark, for clay banks rose be side the windows, and when these banks un folded to admit the sun there was no town.

Laurel Wyatt stood up. The coach swayed and she fell on the baby. She stood again and thrust her fingers up through the baggage mesh above the seat.

"Tipton town?" she asked very low.

Her body swayed with the train and as she dangled by her fingers the pale, dotted dress lifted above her knees. Her legs were thick, with ankles tan and stiff. But higher they became soft and white, like twin birch logs.

"Oh, my Lord!" she said.

As the train sped around a curve her hips bumped the window and then swung into the aisle. She looked over her shoulder to ward the corridor at the rear where the con ductor had disappeared. Then she gazed ahead.

" 'Twas Carleton," she said, and unhook ing her fingers from the mesh she dropped into the seat.

It was as she sat down that there came tapping gently upon her window the long, thin fingers of rain, and the sky which had been vacant was carefully braided with clouds. Fields that had lain flat beside the wheels humped into ridges and became the sides of a trough wherein the ashes of the train collected, and the coach tipped for ward with squealing wheels while orange sparks flicked by. Through the trough with windows rattling, couplings banging, went the train. Then onto plowed fields it rushed. And there was Tipton.

The iron bell rang and turned west and rang and turned east.

" 'What'll the wedding supper be?' " the conductor sang. Laurel's sweater caught on the door handle and he pulled it free for her to step down, singing, "Dogwood soup and catnip tea.' "

Far in the distance rose the eagle-beak mountain. Turning until it overhung her left shoulder, Laurel Wyatt entered the city of Tipton, cheeks sucked in, dropping each foot as though into a deep hole. A hedge grew before her; she pushed through it while people paused to watch. Then on through patterns of flowers bound to stakes, past the stoppered mouth of a can non, by a red iron tablet of poetry, and un der the broken sword of a stone horseman riding north.³

Across lines of yellow paint she moved, and in the street she stopped, looked over her shoulder for the eagle's beak, and went on until a building blocked the way. She stopped, struck once at the door, and stood waiting.

There came through the shutters above a woman's irked voice: "Yes?" "I am here."

"What do you want?" When there was no answer the woman's voice called again: "His office is closed! Come back tomorrow."

The day darkened and filled with the scent of rain, and later there was a sound at the shuttered window and the voice called out again: "I told you to go! I said tomorrow!"

Laurel looked at the door. "Oh, all right! I'll tell him, I'll tell him." A window slammed. And in time by the landing window a candle was carried, a lamp turned on.

In the doorway the doctor buttoned his vest. "Well, girl?" He peeled off his glasses, twirled them by the white rubber ear pieces, glanced at the baby. "You know that child is dead. You know that."

To the door came a nurse dressed in a robe. Her throat was like the stem of a mushroom and her mouth was tight. She looked carelessly at the baby. "I should think it is dead."

"Blister plasters,"⁴ muttered the doctor. "If it wasn't dead before you'd have murdered it with those plasters. You know that, don't you?"

"I doubt if she does," said the nurse.

"Somebody ought to go back in those hills and teach you people. Everybody knows I'm too busy, but somebody ought to."

"I told her. I said, 'Come back tomorrow.'"

Though Laurel spoke, her words could scarcely be heard: "'Tis dead."

They watched her.

"Why didn't your husband come along with you, girl?"

The nurse laughed like a mare. "If she got one he's likely drunk."

"Where are you from, girl?"

"She doesn't know/"

"You're a long way out of those hills, my girl. A long way. You got enough money to get back? You do, don't you?"

"She hasn't got any money. Look at her. She hasn't got anything."

"You take that child back, hear? You give it a fine burial."

"She's not listening."

"Nobody ever listens to what I say. No body ever does. What's the use? All right, girl. Give it here to me. I'll see it's done."

"She'd drop it in a ditch."

The lamp in the hall darkened the sockets of Laurel's cheeks, caught a glisten like flakes of mica in her eyes. Slowly, slanting into the doorway, rain began to fall. A drop slid down her temple, rolled over her cheekbone and came to rest on her jaw. Water streamed down her arms and curved through her empty palms, dripped steadily from her fingertips. The dress with its thousand dots grew wet as moss and wrapped around her powerful legs.

She turned away from the silent doctor and nurse. Through the rain she walked, past the sloshing window ledges, through boundaries of sticks and paint, beyond the settling cannon, beyond awnings and wires whereon the bulbs of Tipton weakly flickered, upon the black and silent cinders until they had sunk in clay, and on, with the rhythm of a slow pulse beat, into the edge of a forest, and there among trunks of spruce the sound of her footsteps dissolved in the rain.

CULTURAL NOTES

1. the Carolinas: an inclusive term for the two states of North and South Carolina. These two Southern states on the east coast were originally settled by English colonists and the land was named the Province of Carolina (the land of Charles) for the English king, Charles I, in 1629. Both states have three main land regions: the Atlantic Coastal Plain, the Piedmont, and the Blue Ridge. The Blue Ridge is the mountain region from which Laurel in the story comes. Tobacco is the chief crop in both states, with North Carolina leading the nation in tobacco production and manufacture.

2. a string with seven knots: a fetish or talisman to cure sickness or ward off danger. The knot has long been a thing of significance and power throughout the world in rituals, magic, and folk medicine. Knots have been used in both the causing and curing of diseases. Seven knots and twice seven knots are considered especially strong by those who hold to this superstition.

3. the stoppered mouth of a cannon...a red iron tablet of poetry, and...the broken sword of a stone horseman riding north: throughout the South, in dozens of little towns and villages the main square features such monuments and memorials to the Civil War—the tragic fratricidal war between the North and the South that occurred from 1861 to 1865. When the Southern states broke with the North over the issue of slavery, seceded from the Union, and declared themselves a separate and independent confederation, Abraham Lincoln and his Secretary of State, William Seward, determined to preserve the Union at the cost of war. Open hostilities broke out when Southern batteries fired on Union-held Fort Sumter off the coast of South Carolina on April 12, 1861. Four bitter years later and at the cost of thousands of lives lost on both sides, the South capitulated. The heroes of the Confederacy were honored in their home states with statues, inscriptions, and other monuments set up in parks and squares where they remain in sad testimony today.

4. blister plaster: a home remedy consisting of a paste of mustard applied to the chest and covered with cloth. It has the effect of creating heat and burning the skin which was thought to draw off the "poisons" of a disease, especially one of the chest, or to relieve pain and coughing. Modern science has confirmed that many popular remedies based on herbs and plants were actually quite effective.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. Where did Laurel Wyatt come from?

2. How did she travel to Keating?
3. What was wrapped in the quilt she was carrying?
4. What was Laurel's final destination? Who was she going to see there?
5. Why did the doctor send Laurel away?

B. Delving Deeper

1. Why were the people at the station made uneasy by Laurel's presence?
2. What was the train conductor's attitude toward her?
3. When did the baby die? Why did it die?
4. What do you think is the attitude of the doctor and nurse toward people from "those hills" in general?
5. What does the ending suggest happens to Laurel?

WORD STUDY:

Categorization

This story is full of words that refer to the plants, birds, animals, and natural features of the South (see the opening paragraphs describing Laurel's descent from the mountain). It is not necessary to know the exact definition of each term, but in order to appreciate the descriptive passages of the story, it would be helpful to identify each general category.

On a piece of paper, set up six columns with these headings: a) land features, b) trees, c) plants, d) animals, e) birds, f) insects. From the context of the story, try to guess the category under which each of the following terms falls and list it in the proper column. The words are given below in the order in which they are found in the story.

1. clay
2. wild carrot
3. yellow lily
4. a hollow
5. sweet bay
6. honey cup
7. red spruce
8. paintbrush
9. oak
10. cinnamon squirrel
11. flicker
12. bloodhead
13. pine

14. raccoon
15. moss tail
16. beetle
17. water spider
18. hog bear
19. a bald
20. mica
21. thorn
22. a clearing
23. toadstool
24. flare hawk

25. a charred tract

26. false loblolly

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE:

Archaic Usage and Rural Speech

A. In the Southern mountains lives a sturdy people of Anglo-Saxon origin, descended directly from the early English and Scottish colonists and settlers. Their speech often reflects usage that has become obsolete. Some linguists claim that the people speak a form of English that is still closely related to that of their Elizabethan ancestors—that they retain traces of the language of Shakespeare.

Laurel's expressions show this inheritance. Study the following lines from the story. How would these ideas be expressed in modern American English?

1. 'Tis a piece.
2. Powerful day.
3. I am locally.
4. I have come to train travel.
5. I came from yonder mountain.
6. 'Tis the money for a train travel to Tipton town.
7. I have quite a considerable of this money.
8. 'Twas Carleton.
9. I presume I forgot it.

B. The train conductor's speech also reflects Southern colloquial usage that is not standard.

Example: "Them folks inform me you been sitting there nearabouts an hour wait ing on this train." = Those people tell me that you have been sitting there almost an hour waiting for this train.

them folks — demonstrative

you been sitting — present perfect

tense without auxiliary *have* waiting on — preposition

What other structural characteristics of the conductor's speech can you identify that are not standard usage?

FOR FURTHER WORK

Questions for discussion or composition.

1. What was the purpose of Laurel's journey?
2. Do you think she understood what was going on around her? What was her state of mind?
3. Describe the community you think Laurel came from in "those hills."
4. How does the image of rain contribute to the mood of the story?
5. What is the effect of the long descriptive beginning recounting Laurel's descent from the mountain.

THE MAN WHO SAW THE FLOOD

Richard Wright (1908-1960)

Richard Wright was born on a plantation near Natchez, Mississippi. He had an unhappy and unstable childhood caused by a broken home, and managed to complete only the ninth grade before being forced to seek work. He migrated to Chicago at the age of 19, working at various jobs before moving to New York in 1937. The last fourteen years of his life were spent as an expatriate American in Paris.

Richard Wright's biggest success was the novel, *Native Son* (1940), a naturalistic tragedy of a Negro boy raised in the Chicago slums. It became a bestseller and was produced in a successful stage version. However, *Black Boy* (1945), a searing autobiography of Wright's childhood and youth, is considered his real masterpiece.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. List all of the natural disasters that you can think of. Which are the most devastating? Why?
2. Share in class any experiences you may have had with some of the terrible forces of nature.

3. Why do people who have lived through such disasters most often try to go back and put their lives together again in the same place? What does this say about the human spirit?

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **flood** *n.*, an excessive overflowing of water on land that is normally dry; inundation.
2. **bewildered** *adj.*, very confused; puzzled.
3. **a first-day strangeness** *n. phrase, fig.*, a sense of something unusual or inexplicable, as might have been felt on the first day of creation.
4. **down and out** *adj., idiom.*, destitute; lacking resources or in the state of having no money.
5. **start from scratch** *v. phrase, idiom.*, begin over from the beginning; commence something from a base of nothing.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

THE MAN WHO SAW THE FLOOD

RICHARD WRIGHT

At last the flood waters had receded. A black father, a black mother, and a black child tramped through muddy fields, leading a tired cow by a thin bit of rope. They stopped on a hilltop and shifted the bundles on their shoulders. As far as they could see the ground was covered with flood silt. The little girl lifted a skinny finger and pointed to a mudcaked cabin.¹

"Look, Pa! Ain't that our home?"

The man, round-shouldered, clad in blue, ragged overalls, looked with bewildered eyes. Without moving a muscle, scarcely moving his lips, he said:

"Yeah."

For five minutes they did not speak or move. The flood waters had been more than eight feet high here. Every tree, blade of grass, and stray stick had its flood mark; caky, yellow mud. It clung to the ground, cracking thinly here and there in spider web fashion. Over the stark fields came a gusty spring wind. The sky was high, blue, full of white clouds and sunshine. Over all hung a first-day strangeness.

"The henhouse is gone," sighed the woman.

"N the pigpen," sighed the man.

They spoke without bitterness.

"Ah reckon² them chickens is all done drowned."

"Yeah."

"Miz Flora's house is gone, too," said the little girl.

They looked at a clump of trees where their neighbor's house had stood.

"Lawd!"

"Yuh reckon anybody knows where they is?"

"Hard t tell."

The man walked down the slope and stood uncertainly.

"There wuz a road erlong here some-where," he said.

But there was no road now. Just a wide sweep of yellow, scalloped silt.

"Look, Tom!" called the woman. "Here's a piece of our gate!"

The gatepost was half buried in the ground. A rusty hinge stood stiff, like a lonely finger. Tom pried it loose and caught it firmly in his hand. There was nothing particular he wanted to do with it; he just stood holding it firmly. Finally he dropped it, looked up, and said:

"C mon. Les go down n see whut we kin do."

Because it sat in a slight depression, the ground about the cabin was soft and slimy.

"Gimme tha bag o lime, May," he said.

With his shoes sucking in mud, he went slowly around the cabin, spreading the white lime with thick fingers. When he reached the front again he had a little left; he shook the bag out on the porch. The fine grains of floating lime flickered in the sun light.

"Tha oughta hep some," he said.

"Now, yuh be careful, Sal!" said May. "Don yuh go n fall down in all this mud, yuh hear?"

"Yessum."

The steps were gone. Tom lifted May and Sally to the porch. They stood a moment looking at the half-opened door. He had shut it when he left, but somehow it seemed natural that he should find it open. The planks in the porch floor were swollen and warped. The cabin had two colors; near the bottom it was a solid

yellow; at the top it was the familiar gray. It looked weird, as though its ghost were standing beside it.

The cow lowed.

"Tie Pat t the pos on the en of the porch, May."

May tied the rope slowly, listlessly. When they attempted to open the front door, it would not budge. It was not until Tom placed his shoulder against it and gave it a stout shove that it scraped back jerkily. The front room was dark and silent. The damp smell of flood silt came fresh and sharp to their nostrils. Only one-half of the upper window was clear, and through it fell a rectangle of dingy light. The floors swam in ooze. Like a mute warning, a wavering flood mark went high around the walls of the room. A dresser sat eater-cornered, its drawers and sides bulging like a bloated corpse. The bed, with the mattress still on it, was like a giant casket forged of mud. Two smashed chairs lay in a corner, as though huddled together for protection.

"Let see the kitchen," said Tom.

The stovepipe was gone. But the stove stood in the same place.

"The stove's still good. We kin clean it."

"Yeah."

"But where's the table?"

"Lawd knows."

"It must've washed erway wid the rest of the stuff, Ah reckon,"

They opened the back door and looked out. They missed the barn, the henhouse, and the pigpen.

"Tom, yuh bettah try tha ol pump n see ef any watah's there."

The pump was stiff. Tom threw his weight on the handle and carried it up and down and no water came. He pumped on. There was a dry hollow cough. Then yellow water trickled. He caught his breath and kept pumping. The water flowed white.

"Thank Gawd! We's got some watah."

"Yuh bettah boil it fo yuh use it," he said.

"Ye ah. Ah know."

"Look, Pa! Here's yo ax," called Sally.

Tom took the ax from her. "Yeah. Ah'll need this."

"N here's somethin else," called Sally, digging spoons out of the mud.

"Waal, Ahma git a bucket n start cleanin," said May. "Ain no use in waitin, cause we's gotta sleep on them floors tonight."

When she was filling the bucket from the pump, Tom called from around the cabin. "May, look! Ah done foun mah plow!" Proudly he dragged the silt-caked plow to the pump. "Ah'll wash it n it'll be awright."

"Ahm hongry," said Sally.

"Now, yuh jus wait! Yuh et this mawnin," said May. She turned to Tom. "Now, whutcha gonna do, Tom?"

He stood looking at the mud-filled fields.

"Yuh goin back t Burgess?"

"Ah reckon Ah have to."

"Whut else kin yuh do?"

"Nothin," he said. "Lawd, but Ah sho hate t start all over wid tha white man. Ah'd leave here ef Ah could. Ah owes im nigh eight hundred dollahs. N we needs a boss, grub, seed, n a lot mo other things. Ef we keeps on like this tha white man'll own us body n soul."

"But, Tom, there ain nothin else t do," she said.

"Ef we try t run erway they'll put us in jail."

"It coulda been worse," she said.

Sally came running from the kitchen. "Pa!"

"Hunh?"

"There* a shelf in the kitchen the flood didn git!"

"Where?"

"Right up over the stove."

"But, chile, ain nothin up there," said May.

"But there's somethin on it," said Sally.

"C mon. Les see."

High and dry, untouched by the flood-water, was a box of matches. And beside it a half-full sack of Bull Durham tobacco.³ He took a match from the box and scratched it on his overalls. It burned to his fingers before he dropped it.

"May!"

"Hunh?"

"Look! Here's ma bacco n some matches!"

She stared unbelievably. "Lawd!" she breathed.

Tom rolled a cigarette clumsily.

May washed the stove, gathered some sticks, and after some difficulty, made a fire. The kitchen stove smoked, and their eyes smarted. May put water on to heat and went into the front room. It was getting dark. From the bundles they took a kero sene lamp and lit it. Outside Pat lowed long ingly into the thickening gloam and tinkled her cowbell.

"Tha old cow's hongry," said May.

"Ah reckon Ah'll have t be gittin erlong t Burgess."

They stood on the front porch.

"Yuh bettah git on, Tom, fo it gits too dark."

"Yeah."

The wind had stopped blowing. In the east a cluster of stars hung.

"Yuh goin, Tom?"

"Ah reckon A have t."

"Ma, Ah'm hongry," said Sally.

"Wait erwhile, honey. Ma knows yuh's hongry."

Tom threw his cigarette away and sighed.

"Look! Here comes somebody!"

"Thas Mistah Burgess now!"

A mud-caked buggy⁴ rolled up. The shaggy horse was splattered all over. Bur gess leaned his white face out of the buggy and spat.

"Well, I see you're back."

"Yessuh."

"How things look?"

"They don look so good, Mistah."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"Waal. Ah ain got no hoss, no grub, nothin. The only thing Ah got is tha ol cow there..."

"You owe eight hundred dollahs down at the store, Tom."

"Yessuh, Ah know. But, Mistah Burgess.

can't yuh knock somethin off tha, seein as how Ahm down n out now?"

"You ate that grub, and I got to pay for it, Tom."

"Yessuh, Ah know."

"It's going to be a little tough, Tom. But you got to go through with it. Two of the boys tried to run away this morning and dodge their debts, and I had to have the sheriff⁵ pick em up. I wasn't looking for no trouble out of you, Tom.... The rest of the families are going back."

Leaning out of the buggy, Burgess wait ed. In the surrounding stillness the cowbell tinkled again. Tom stood with his back against the post.

"Yuh got t go on, Tom. We ain't got nothin here," said May.

Tom looked at Burgess.

"Mistah Burgess, Ah don wanna make no trouble. But this is jus *too* hard. Ahm worse off now than befo. Ah got to start from scratch."

"Get in the buggy and come with me. I'll stake you with grub. We can talk over how you can pay it back." Tom said nothing. He rested his back against the post and looked at the mud-filled fields.

"Well," asked Burgess. "You coming?" Tom said nothing. He got slowly to the ground and pulled himself into the buggy. May watched them drive off.

"Hurry back, Tom!"

"Awright."

"Ma, tell Pa t bring me some 'lasses,⁶" begged Sally.

"Oh, Tom!"

Tom's head came out of the side of the buggy.

"Hunh?"

"Bring some 'lasses!"

"Hunh?"

"Bring some 'lasses for Sal!"

"Awright!"

She watched the buggy disappear over the crest of the muddy hill. Then she sighed, caught Sally's hand, and turned back into the cabin.

CULTURAL NOTES

1. cabin: a small, roughly built house. In the rural South tenant farmers and share croppers may live in these structures and work on the great plantations or farms for very little wages. They exchange their labor for a piece of land or a share of the crop they work. When times are hard or when disaster strikes, as in this story, the tenant may find himself very deeply in debt, unable to attain his dream of owning his own land.

2. reckon: a "Southernism" meaning to guess or to suppose. Southern speech spread from Virginia and the Carolinas to Georgia and the cotton lands of the Gulf States during the nineteenth century, and is now one of the major regional variations in American English that linguists have correlated with geographical location and settlement history. Southern speech is generally considered "softer" and slower than Northern speech, and it contains a number of distinctive words as well as certain forms of usage that are found only in the South. The assemblage of differences that characterize this variation are often referred to collectively as a Southern "drawl."

3. Bull Durham tobacco: a brand of rough cut pipe tobacco. The tobacco plant is native to the New World. The name comes from the Carib Indian word for the pipe in which it was smoked. The majority of North American Indian tribes knew and used tobacco for smoking, chewing, snuffing, or as an offering. Tobacco was unknown to Europeans until the first cultivation and exportation was undertaken at Jamestown Colony, Virginia, in 1612 by the English settler, John Rolfe, whose wife was the Indian princess, Pocahontas.

4. buggy, see Cultural Notes (no. 5) to *The Bedquilt* by Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

5. sheriff: chief law officer of a county. The county sheriff is charged with keeping the peace and with carrying out court orders. The figure of the sheriff as a lone, brave figure upholding law and order in a ruthless

frontier town has been romanticized in many Hollywood films. A less well-known stereotype is the small town Southern sheriff, often portrayed as ignorant, crude, and racially biased.

6. 'lasses: shortened form of *molasses*, a thick dark syrup that results as a by-product of sugar refining. Molasses may be used as a sweetener by people who are too poor to buy refined sugar, but it is also prized in itself for its strong flavor. It is used in making cakes and candy. A favorite social gathering of young people in earlier times in America was a *candy pulling*, when molasses taffy candy was made. Molasses is known as *treacle* in England. The word probably came into American English via French *melasse* or Spanish *melassa*, from the Latin word for honey.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY A.

General Comprehension

1. What has happened to the people in the story before it begins?
2. Describe the inside of the cabin as Tom, May, and Sally find it.
3. What does Tom find that cheers him up a little?
4. Who is Mister Burgess?
5. Where does Tom go at the end of the story?

B. Delving Deeper

1. What losses have Tom and May suffered on their little farm?
2. Why does Tom spread white lime around before they enter the cabin?
3. What can you guess about Tom's relationship with Mr. Burgess before the flood?
4. Why is Tom reluctant to go with Mr. Burgess at the end of the story?
5. Why did May want him to go and what do you think she feels as she watches him drive off in the buggy?

WORD STUDY

The characters in the story speak a dialect that is called Black English, although many Southern whites share this same variety of language. There are certain regularities of word formation and consistencies of use that make the words quite intelligible once their adaptation in spelling has been recognized to represent the way they sound when spoken.

Here are some general rules of Southern Black English pronunciation:

1. final consonants are omitted
2. final -er is pronounced *iq!*
3. consonant clusters are reduced to one sound
4. diphthong /ai/ is pronounced as mono-thong /a/
5. unstressed syllables are pronounced with reduced vowel sounds [i] or [e]

In trying to render the way the spoken language sounds, Richard Wright alters the conventional spelling of many words. Based on the rules of pronunciation, what are the Standard English forms of the following words from the story? Read them in context before you write them down in conventional spelling. The words are listed in the order in which they occur in the story.

1. tha
2. n
3. Lawd

4. les
5. gimme
6. hep
7. yuh
8. don
9. pos
10. en
11. kin
12. bettah
13. ol
14. watah
15. fo
16. ah
17. yo
18. foun
19. mah, ma
20. awright
21. jus
22. mawnin
23. hoss
24. mo
25. git
26. chile
27. mistah
28. dollahs
29. wanna
30. befo

Find some other words in the story that are examples of dialect. What are their Standard English equivalents?

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE:

Black English

In representing his characters' speech, Richard Wright also employs forms that represent the grammatical peculiarities of Black English as well as its distinctive pronunciation.

A. Read the following pairs of sentences. What structure do the two sentences of each pair have in common? Formulate a generalization that would describe this usage.

1. a. ...them chickens is all done drowned, b. Ah done foun mah plow.
2. a. We's got some watah.

- b. We's gotta sleep on them floors tonight.
- 3. a. I wasn't looking for no trouble.
- b. Ah don wanna make no trouble.

B. What conclusion can you draw about the use of the demonstrative from sentence 1 a, "them chickens" and sentence 2b, "them floors"?

C. Rapid colloquial speech in both Black and Standard English is characterized by a running together of weak sounds and a collapsing of unstressed structural forms. The author has tried to render these structures by writing them the way they sound. There are no conventional spellings for spoken dialect, and dialect forms are used in writing only to reproduce speech as authentically as possible.

Say these two sentences aloud quickly, being sure to put the stress only on the syllables that are marked:

Ahma get a BUCKet. WHUTcha gonna DO?

Both sentences are very simple and uncomplicated English. Try not to think about how these structures are rendered in writing but about the words and the forms the sounds represent. The native speaker "understands" or feels the presence of the *full* structure.

1. How many words are understood in the first sentence?
a. 4 b. 5 c. 6 d. 7.
2. How many words are there actually understood in the second sentence?
a. 3 b. 4 c. 5 d. 6.
3. What is understood to be the third word in the first sentence? a. am b. going
c. to d. get
4. What is understood to be the second word in the second sentence? a. are b. you
c. going d. to
5. Write out each sentence in its full Standard English form.

FOR FURTHER WORK

1. Read this poem, part of a larger poem entitled *Lenox Avenue Mural*, by Langston Hughes (1902-1967), a Black American poet. How does it relate to the story, *The Man Who Saw the Flood*?

What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun? Or fester like a sore— And then run? Does it stink like rotten meat? Or crust and sugar over— like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

2. What will happen to Tom, May, and Sally now? Write a paragraph telling what you think will occur in their lives.

SOPHISTICATION

Sherwood Anderson (1876-1941)

Sherwood Anderson was born in Camden, Ohio, one of seven children. He never completed college and was obliged to work at a number of menial jobs. He eventually turned to writing copy for advertising. The urge to write was, in fact, so strong with him that one day he simply walked away from both job and family to devote his life to writing.

Anderson is more than just a regionalist. He was among the first American authors to become interested in psychological motivation and the unconscious, with the themes of loneliness and alienation constantly recurring. His first collection of short stories, *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), is considered his best and most important work.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. Have you ever felt lonely in a crowd of people? Think about your mood and try to describe it.
2. In the story the author writes, "There is a time in the life of every boy when he for the first time takes the backward view of life." What do you think is meant by "the backward view of life"?
3. Are you sure of your future? What is the effect of uncertainty upon people?

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **sophistication** *n.*, the state of being worldly-wise, refined, not naive or simple.
2. **maturity** *n.*, the state or quality of being fully grown, fully developed.

2. **maturity** *n.*, the state or quality of being fully grown, fully developed.

3. **the long march of humanity** *n. phrase, fig.*, the progression in time of the human race.

4. **to muse** *v.*, to think deeply; ponder or meditate.

5. **this other** *n.*, this person who is different from me (the concept implies a relationship of some emotional importance).

Do these words tell you anything about the probable theme of the story?

SOPHISTICATION

SHERWOOD ANDERSON

It was early evening of a day in the late fall and the Winesburg County Fair¹ had brought crowds of country people into town. The day had been clear and the night came on warm and pleasant. On the Trunion Pike,² where the road after it left town stretched away between berry fields now covered with dry brown leaves, the dust from passing wagons arose in clouds. Children, curled into little balls, slept on the straw scattered on wagon beds. Their hair was full of dust and their fingers black and sticky. The dust rolled away over the fields and the departing sun set it ablaze with colors.

In the main street of Winesburg crowds filled the stores and the sidewalks. Night came on, horses whinnied, the clerks in the stores ran madly about, children became lost and cried lustily, an American town worked terribly at the task of amusing itself.

Pushing his way through the crowds in Main Street,³ young George Willard concealed himself in the stairway leading to Doctor Reefy's office and looked at the people. With feverish eyes he watched the faces drifting past under the store

lights. Thoughts kept coming into his head and he did not want to think. He stamped impatiently on the wooden steps and looked sharply about. "Well, is she going to stay with him all day? Have I done all this waiting for nothing?" he muttered.

George Willard, the Ohio village boy, was fast growing into manhood and new thoughts had been coming into his mind. All that day, amid the jam of people at the Fair, he had gone about feeling lonely. He was about to leave Winesburg to go away to some city where he hoped to get work on a city newspaper and he felt grown up. The mood that had taken possession of him was a thing known to men and unknown to boys. He felt old and a little tired. Memories awoke in him. To his mind his new sense of maturity set him apart, made of him a half-tragic figure. He wanted someone to understand the feeling that had taken possession of him after his mother's death.

There is a time in the life of every boy when he for the first time takes the backward view of life. Perhaps that is the moment when he crosses the line into manhood. The boy is walking through the street of his town. He is thinking of the future and of the figure he will cut in the world. Ambitions and regrets awake within him. Suddenly something happens; he stops under a tree and waits as for a voice calling his name. Ghosts of old things creep into his consciousness; the voices outside of himself whisper a message concerning the limitations of life. From being quite sure of himself and his future he becomes not at all sure. If he be an imaginative boy a door is torn open and for the first time he looks out upon the world, seeing, as though they marched in procession before him, the countless figures of men who before his time have come out of nothingness into the world, lived their lives and again disappeared into nothingness. The sadness of sophistication has come to the boy. With a little gasp he sees himself as merely a leaf blown by the wind through the streets of his village. He knows that in spite of all the stout talk of his fellows he must live and die in uncertainty, a thing blown by the winds, a thing destined like corn to wilt in the sun. He shivers and looks eagerly about. The eighteen years he has lived seem but a moment, a breathing space in the long march of humanity. Already he hears death calling. With all his heart he wants to come close to some other human, touch someone with his hands, be touched by the hand of another. If he prefers that the other be a woman, that is because he believes that a woman will be gentle, that she will understand. He wants, most of all, understanding.

When the moment of sophistication came to George Willard his mind turned to Helen White, the Winesburg banker's daughter. Always he had been conscious of the girl growing into womanhood as he grew into manhood. Once on a summer night when he was eighteen, he had walked with her on a country road and in her presence had given way to an impulse to **boast**, to make himself appear big and significant in her eyes. Now he wanted to see her for another purpose. He wanted to tell her of the new impulses that had come to him. He had tried to make her think of him as a man

when he knew nothing of manhood and now he wanted to be with her and to try to make her feel the change he believed had taken place in his nature.

As for Helen White, she also had come to a period of change. What George felt, she in her young woman's way felt also. She was no longer a girl and hungered to reach into the grace and beauty of womanhood. She had come home from Cleveland,⁴ where she was attending college, to spend a day at the Fair. She also had begun to have memories. During the day she sat in the grand stand with a young man, one of the instructors from the college, who was a guest of her mother's. The young man was of a **pedantic** turn of mind and she felt at once he would not do for her purpose. At the Fair she was glad to be seen in his company as he was well dressed and a stranger. She knew that the fact of his presence would create an impression. During the day she was happy, but when night came on she began to grow restless. She wanted to drive the instructor away, to get out of his presence. While they sat together in the grand-stand and while the eyes of former schoolmates were upon them, she paid so much attention to her escort that he grew interested. "A scholar needs money. I should marry a woman with money," he mused.

Helen White was thinking of George Willard even as he wandered gloomily through the crowds thinking of her. She remembered the summer evening when they had walked together and wanted to walk with him again. She thought that the months she had spent in the city, the going to theatres and the seeing of great crowds wandering in lighted thoroughfares, had changed her profoundly. She wanted him to feel and be conscious of the change in her nature.

The summer evening together that had left its mark on the memory of both the young man and woman had, when looked at quite sensibly, been rather stupidly spent. They had walked out of town along a country road. Then they had stopped by a fence near a field of young corn and George had taken off his coat and let it hang on his arm. "Well, I've stayed here in Winesburg—yes—I've not yet gone away but I'm growing up," he had said. "I've been reading books and I've been thinking. I'm going to try to amount to something in life."

"Well," he explained, "that isn't the point. Perhaps I'd better quit talking." The confused boy put his hand on the girl's arm. His voice trembled. The two started to walk back along the road toward town. In his desperation George boasted, "I'm going to be a big man, the biggest that ever lived here in Winesburg," he declared. "I want you to do something, I don't know what. Perhaps it is none of my business. I want you to try to be different from other women. You see the point. It's none of my business I tell you. I want you to be a beautiful woman. You see what I want."

The boy's voice failed and in silence the two came back into town and went along the street to Helen White's house. At the gate he tried to say something impressive. Speeches he had thought out came into his head, but they seemed utterly pointless. "I thought—I used to think—I had it in my mind you would marry Seth Richmond. Now I know you won't," was all he could find to say as

she went through the gate and toward the door of her house.

On the warm fall evening as he stood in the stairway and looked at the crowd drifting through Main Street, George thought of the talk beside the field of young corn and was ashamed of the figure he had made of himself. In the street the people surged up and down like cattle confined in a pen. Buggies and wagons almost filled the narrow thoroughfare. A band played and small boys raced along the sidewalk, diving between the legs of men. Young men with shining red faces walked awkwardly about with girls on their arms. In a room above one of the stores, where a dance was to be held, the **fiddlers** turned their instruments. The broken sounds floated down through an open window and out across the murmur of voices and the loud blare of the horns of the band. The **medley** of sounds got on young Willard's nerves. Everywhere, on all sides, the sense of crowding, moving life closed in about him. He wanted to run away by himself and think. "If she wants to stay with that fellow she may. Why should I care? What difference does it make to me?" he growled and went along Main Street and through Hern's grocery into a side street.

George felt so utterly lonely and dejected that he wanted to weep but pride made him walk rapidly along, swinging his arms. He came to Westley Moyer's **livery barn** and stopped in the shadows to listen to a group of men who talked of a race Westley's stallion, Tony Tip, had won at the Fair during the afternoon. A crowd had gathered in front of the barn and before the crowd walked Westley, prancing up and down and boasting. He held a whip in his hand and kept tapping the ground. Little puffs of dust arose in the lamplight. "Hell, quit your talking," Westley exclaimed. "I wasn't afraid, I knew I had 'em beat all the time. I wasn't afraid."

Ordinarily George Willard would have been intensely interested in the boasting of Moyer, the horseman. Now it made him angry. He turned and hurried away along the street. "Old windbag," he sputtered. "Why does he want to be bragging? Why don't he shut up?"

George went into a vacant lot and as he hurried along, fell over a pile of rubbish. A nail protruding from an empty barrel tore his trousers. He sat down on the ground and swore. With a pin he mended the torn place and then arose and went on. "I'll go to Helen White's house, that's what I'll do. I'll walk right in. I'll say that I want to see her. I'll walk right in and sit down, that's what I'll do," he declared, climbing over a fence and beginning to run.

On the **veranda** of Banker White's house Helen was restless and distraught. The instructor sat between the mother and daughter. His talk wearied the girl. Although he had also been raised in an Ohio town, the instructor began to put on the airs of the city. He wanted to appear cosmopolitan. "I like the chance you have given me to study the background out of which most of our girls come," he declared. "It was good of you, Mrs. White, to have me down for the day." He turned to Helen and laughed. "Your life is still bound up with the life of this town?" he asked.

"There are people here in whom you are interested?" To the girl his voice sounded **pompous** and heavy.

Helen arose and went into the house. At the door leading to a garden at the back she stopped and stood listening. Her mother began to talk. "There is no one here fit to associate with a girl of Helen's breeding," she said.

Helen ran down a flight of stairs at the back of the house and into the garden. In the darkness she stopped and stood trembling. It seemed to her that the world was full of meaningless people saying words. A fire with eagerness she ran through a garden gate and turning a corner by the banker's barn, went into a little side street. "George! Where are you, George?" she cried, filled with nervous excitement. She stopped running, and leaned against a tree to laugh hysterically. Along the dark little street came George Willard, still saying words. "I'm going to walk right into her house. I'll go right in and sit down," he declared as he came up to her. He stopped and stared stupidly. "Come on," he said and took hold of her hand. With hanging heads they walked away along the street under the trees. Dry leaves rustled under foot. Now that he had found her George wondered what he had better do and say.

At the upper end of the fair ground, in Winesburg, there is a half decayed old grand-stand.⁵ It has never been painted and the boards are all warped out of shape. The fair ground stands on top of a low hill rising out of the valley of Wine Creek and from the grand-stand one can see at night, over a cornfield, the lights of the town reflected against the sky.

George and Helen climbed the hill to the fair ground, coming by the path past Waterworks Pond. The feeling of loneliness and isolation that had come to the young man in the crowded streets of his town was both broken and intensified by the presence of Helen. What he felt was reflected in her.

In youth there are always two forces fighting in people. The warm unthinking little animal struggles against the thing that effects and remembers, and the older, the more sophisticated thing had possession of George Willard. Sensing his mood, Helen walked beside him filled with respect. When they got to the grand-stand they climbed up under the roof and sat down on one of the long bench-like seats.

There is something memorable in the experience to be had by going into a fair ground that stands at the edge of a Middle Western town on a night after the annual fair has been held. The sensation is one never to be forgotten. On all sides are ghosts, not of the dead, but of living people. Here, during the day just passed, have come the people pouring in from the town and the country around. Farmers with their wives and children and all the people from the hundreds of little frame houses have gathered within these board walls. Young girls have laughed and men with beards have talked of the affairs of their lives. The place has been filled to overflowing with life. It has itched and **squirmed** with life and now it is night and the life has all gone away. The silence is almost terrifying. One

conceals oneself standing silently beside the trunk of a tree and what there is of a reflective tendency in his nature is intensified. One **shudders** at the thought of the meaningless of life while at the same instant, and if the people of the town are his people, one loves life so intensely that tears come into the eyes.

In the darkness under the roof of the grand-stand, George Willard sat beside Helen White and felt very keenly his own insignificance in the scheme of existence. Now that he had come out of town where the presence of the people stirring about, busy with a multitude of affairs, had been so irritating the irritation was all gone. The presence of Helen renewed and refreshed him. It was as though her woman's hand was assisting him to make some minute readjustment of the machinery of his life. He began to think of the people in the town where he had always lived with something like reverence. He had reverence for Helen. He wanted to love and to be loved by her, but he did not at the moment want to be confused by her womanhood. In the darkness he took hold of her hand and when she crept close put a hand on her shoulder. A wind began to blow and he shivered. With all his strength he tried to hold and to understand the mood that had come upon him. In that high place in the darkness the two oddly sensitive human atoms held each other tightly and waited. In the mind of each was the same thought. "I have come to this lonely place and here is this other," was the substance of the thing felt.

In Winesburg the crowded day had run itself out into the long night of the late fall. Farm horses jogged away along lonely country roads, pulling their portion of weary people. Clerks began to bring samples of goods in off the sidewalks and lock the doors of stores. In the Opera House a crowd had gathered to see a show and further down Main Street the fiddlers, their instruments tuned, sweated and worked to keep the feet of youth flying over a dance floor.

In the darkness in the grand-stand Helen White and George Willard remained silent. Now and then the spell that held them was broken and they turned and tried in the dim light to see into each other's eyes. They kissed but that impulse did not last. At the upper end of the fair ground a half dozen men worked over horses that had raced during the afternoon. The men had built a fire and were heating kettles of water. Only their legs could be seen as they passed back and forth in the light. When the wind blew the little flames of the fire danced crazily about.

George and Helen arose and walked away into the darkness. They went along a path past a field of corn that had not yet been cut. The wind whispered among the dry corn blades. For a moment during the walk back into town the spell that held them was broken. When they had come to the crest of Waterworks Hill they stopped by a tree and George again put his hands on the girl's shoulders. She embraced him eagerly and then again they drew quickly back from that impulse. They stopped kissing and stood a little apart. Mutual respect grew big in them. They were both embarrassed and to relieve their embarrassment dropped into the animalism of youth. They laughed and began to pull and haul at each other. In some way chastened and

purified by the mood they had been in they became, not man and woman, not boy and girl, but excited little animals.

It was so they went down the hill. In the darkness they played like two splendid young things in a young world. Once, running swiftly forward, Helen tripped George and he fell. He squirmed and shouted. Shaking with laughter, he rolled down the hill. Helen ran after him. For just a moment she stopped in the darkness. There is no way of knowing what woman's thoughts went through her mind but, when the bottom of the hill was reached and she came up to the boy, she took his arm and walked beside him in dignified silence. For some reason they could not have explained they had both got from their silent evening together the thing needed. Man or boy, woman or girl, they had for a moment taken hold of the thing that makes the mature life of men and women in the modern world possible.

CULTURAL NOTES

1. The Winesburg County Fair: Winesburg is an imaginary town created by Sherwood Anderson, but the fair he describes is still typical of county fairs across America to day. See note 3 of Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *The Bedquilt* for a further description.

2. Trunion Pike: Pike is a shortened form of "turnpike," originally a barrier or place on the road where money was paid for use of the road. Now the term is applied to the toll road itself, and may also be loosely used to refer to any major highway. In the eastern United States, the term is used as part of the proper name of some major cross-state toll highways: the New Jersey Turnpike, the Pennsylvania Turnpike, the Massachusetts Turnpike. In earlier times before the large interstate highway system was built, pikes linked towns with one another. Thus we may assume that the pike in the story ran between Winesburg and a neighboring town called Trunion.

3. Main Street: The principal street in many American towns and cities is quite literally called "Main Street." In the grid pattern that is common to these towns it is the main thoroughfare where shops and businesses and professional offices are located. The reputed lack of culture and provincial nature of many small towns is sometimes also implicit in the term when it is used figuratively. This figurative sense is derived from Sinclair Lewis's novel, *Main Street* (1920), about the unhappiness of a young married woman who feels trapped in a small Midwestern town. There are thousands of Main Streets throughout the United States.

4. Cleveland: With a population close to 600,000, Cleveland is the largest city in the state of Ohio and the eighteenth largest in the United States. Located on the shore of Lake Erie (one of the Great Lakes), Cleveland is called the Gateway City to the Middle West. The site of the present city was established in 1796 and the first permanent settlement was made by pioneers in 1799. The city today is an important lake port and industrial center.

5. grand-stand (also written as one word, **grandstand**): the seating area for spectators at sports events, races, etc. The stands are usually open benches or long

planks set lengthwise in rising tiers or rows. Sometimes the stands are covered with a roof and enclosed, but if they are roofless and outdoors, they are also popularly known as "bleachers" in reference to the effects of exposure to the sun. In colloquial slang, the word "grandstand" has entered American English as a verb. To grandstand or to play to the grandstand means to show off or display oneself so as to gain the attention and approval of an audience. By extension, a "grandstander" is a person who likes to show off in this manner.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. What sort of mood was George Willard in?
2. Who had George been thinking about all day?
3. What were both George and Helen remembering?
4. Where did George and Helen go to be together?
5. Did they express their feelings for each other?

B. Delving Deeper

1. Why was George feeling lonely?
2. What does Anderson mean by "the sadness of sophistication"?
3. How did Helen's mood shift during the day? Why?
4. What decision do you think George and Helen came to about their lives?
5. What is "the thing that makes the mature life of men and women in the modern world possible" (last line of the story)?

WORD STUDY

stout (adj.) boast (verb) pedantic (adj.) fiddler (noun) medley (noun) livery barn (noun) veranda (noun) pompous (adj.) squirm (verb) shudder (verb)

Find these words in the story and then match the words with the definitions given below.

1. A person who is...displays his learning in a very forward and showy way.
2. A...is an open porch built around the outside of a house.
3. An assortment or mixture of various elements is called a medley.
4. To tremble or shake with fear, cold, disgust, excitement, etc. is to... squirm.
5. Someone who behaves in a very self-important and exaggerated manner is... pompous.
6. Horses and carriages for hire are kept in a... livery barn.
7. To...means to brag or to talk about oneself and one's abilities too much. boast.
8. A...person is rather heavy or fat, but talk that is...is strong and bold. stout.

9. When we..., we twist and turn our bodies somewhat like snakes.
10. A...is a colloquial word for someone who plays the violin.

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE:

If Clauses

Study this passage from the text. What seems strange about the italicized segment?
"From being quite sure of himself and his future he becomes not at all sure. *If he be an imaginative boy a door is torn open* and for the first time he looks out upon the world, seeing, as though they marched in procession before him, the countless figures of men who before his time have come out of nothingness into the world, lived their lives and again disappeared into nothingness."

If-clauses always imply some degree of uncertainty. When the condition is "real," the fulfillment of the result dependent upon the if-clause is, however, at least expected. The usual sequence of tenses is present indicative in the if-clause and future in the result clause:

If it rains, we'll stay home. I'll see him if he comes.

When the result expressed by the main clause is accepted as being always (or usually) true every time the condition is present, then the present tense is used in *both* clauses:

If he gambles, he (always) loses.
She (usually) gets a headache if she
doesn't eat breakfast.

The use of the present subjunctive to express a hypothetical real condition with an expected result is rare and slightly archaic. It has been generally replaced by the present indicative, but it still occurs infrequently with verbs like BE, HAVE and DO. The present subjunctive is simply the base form without TO. Here are some examples from Shakespeare:

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff.
Hamlet, Act III, Scene 4

If there be, or ever were, one such, It's past the size of dreaming.
Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Scene 2

If music be the food of life, play on; Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting The appetite may sicken, and so die.

Twelfth Night, Act I, Scene 1

What is the effect of BE in the sentence in the text? Does it make the condition more or less uncertain? Replace BE with IS. How does the sentence sound to you now? What effect would replacing BE with IS have on the quotations from Shakespeare's plays?

FOR FURTHER WORK

1. What did Helen's mother mean when she said, "There's no one here fit to associate with a girl of Helen's breeding"? Do you think she approved of George? Write the conversation between the college instructor and Helen's mother that continued this opening remark.
2. There is very little direct speech in this story, but what there is reveals something about the characters. Describe George Willard and the college instructor as you imagine them. Compare their use of English. How do you feel about each young man? Why?

George: He turned and hurried away along the street. "Old windbag," he sputtered. "Why does he want to be bragging? Why don't he shut up?"...'Til go to Helen White's house, that's what I'll do. I'll walk right in. I'll say that I want to see her. I'll walk right in and sit down, that's what I'll do."

College Instructor: He wanted to appear cosmopolitan. "I like the chance you have given me to study the background out of which most of our girls come," he declared. "It was good of you, Mrs. White, to have me down for the day." He turned to Helen and laughed. "Your life is still bound up with the life of this town?" he asked. "There are people here in whom you are interested?"

THE MIDWEST

The Interior Plains region stretches from the Appalachians in the east to the Rocky Mountains in the west and forms a great central basin that is the Midwest. From east to west, this central part of the United States includes Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. It is a vast area with large stretches of fertile farmland and open prairies. Enormous quantities of grain are raised in the prairie region, the "breadbasket" of the nation. The region is also important for dairy farming and livestock raising. The large industrial cities of Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and Cleveland are located in the Midwest.

The five Great Lakes in the northeastern part of the region between the United States and Canada were formed thousands of years ago by glaciers. This is the largest group of freshwater lakes in the world. Along with the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers, the lakes provide a vital inland water transportation route.

Pioneers in the westward movement of the 19th century had pushed through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois and across the Mississippi into the Great Plains by the 1830's. One of the tragedies of this westward expansion was the expulsion of local Indian tribes from their ancestral lands. As pioneers took over their land, eastern Indians were forced further and further west. The Plains Indians rose against the white settlers and fought to keep their territories. But by the end of the 19th century they had been almost entirely subdued in a series of battles between the Indians and the United States Army. The stories in this section show a gentler side of the Midwest in the 20th century. The farms and towns were established by descendants of pioneer settlers from Germany, Great Britain, the Scandinavian countries, eastern and southern Europe. Black Americans in large numbers began to leave the South at the time of the First World War. Many of them migrated to the Midwest where they hoped to find better jobs and an escape from the injustices of racial discrimination. This region today forms the heartland of the nation.

A DAY'S PLEASURE

Hamlin Garland (1860-1940)

(Hannibal) Hamlin Garland was born in a pioneer log cabin in Wisconsin. In 1869 his family moved to Iowa where he grew up as a true son of the "Middle Border," the prairie region of the United States. After schooling and college in Iowa, he went east to Boston to begin his career as a writer. He subsequently lived in Chicago, New York City, and Los Angeles.

Garland was one of the first of the cultural regionalists to portray the Midwest. He wrote

with realism, protesting the forces that contributed to the hardships of rural life. His best known works are the autobiographical *A Son of the Middle Border* (1917) and its sequel, *A Daughter of the Middle Border* (1922), which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. A novelist, short story writer, essayist, and memoirist, Garland served during his life as one of the directors of the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. Read the quotation at the beginning of the story. The second word, "it," has no expressed antecedent. What do you think the reference is? Why do you think the author used this quotation? How does it prepare you to read the story? What can you anticipate about it?
2. Now look at the *last* sentence in the story. Think about this sentence and the story's title, "A Day's Pleasure." How could they be related to the introductory quotation?
3. Has anyone ever done you an unexpected kindness? Tell what it was and how you felt as a result.

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **toil** *n.*, hard and exhausting work.
2. **fatigue** *n.*, extreme tiredness; weariness caused by hard work.
3. **the sickening sameness of her life** *n. phrase*, monotony, lack of variety or change in life that causes her to feel ill.
4. **forlorn** *ad/.*, hopeless; in a pitiful state.
5. **weary** [w/.'r/j] *adj.*, tired; fatigued.
6. **sympathy** *n.*, understanding; compassion.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

A DAY'S PLEASURE

HAMLIN GARLAND

"Mainly it is long and wearyful, and has a home of toil at one end and a dull little town at the other"

When Markham came in from shovelling his last wagonload of corn into the crib he found that his wife had put the children to bed, and was kneading a batch of dough with the dogged action of a tired and sullen woman.

He slipped his soggy boots off his feet, and having laid a piece of wood on top of the stove, put his heels on it comfortably. His chair squeaked as he leaned back on its hinder legs, but he paid no attention; he was used to it, exactly as he was used to his wife's lameness and ceaseless toil.

"That closes up my corn," he said after a silence. "I guess I'll go to town to-morrow to git my horses shod."

"I guess I'll git ready and go along," said his wife, in a sorry attempt to be firm and confident of tone.

"What do you want to go to town fer?" he grumbled.

"What does anybody want to go to town fer?" she burst out, facing him. "I ain't been out o' this house fer six months, while you go an' go!"

"Oh, it ain't six months. You went down that day I got the mower."

"When was that? The tenth of July, and you know it."

"Well, mebbe 'twas. I didn't think it was so long ago. I ain't no objection to your goin', only I'm goin' to take a load of wheat."

"Well, jest leave off a sack, an' that'll bal ance me an' the baby," she said spiritedly.

"All right," he replied good-naturedly, seeing she was roused. "Only that wheat ought to be put up to-night if you're goin'. You won't have any time to hold sacks for me in the morning with them young ones to get off to school."

"Well, let's go do it then," she said, sullenly resolute.

"I hate to go out agin; but I s'pose we'd better."

He yawned dismally and began pulling his boots on again, stamping his

swollen feet into them with grunts of pain. She put on his coat and one of the boy's caps, and they went out to the granary. The night was cold and clear.

"Don't look so much like snow as it did last night," said Sam. "It may turn warm."

Laying out the sacks in the light of the lantern, they sorted out those which were whole, and Sam climbed into the bin with a tin pail in his hand, and the work began.

He was a sturdy fellow, and he worked desperately fast; the shining tin pail dived deep into the cold wheat and dragged heavily on the woman's tired hands as it came to the mouth of the sack, and she trembled with fatigue, but held on and dragged the sacks away when filled, and brought others, till at last Sam climbed out, puffing and wheezing, to tie them up.

"I guess I'll load 'em in the morning," he said. "You needn't wait for me. I'll tie 'em up alone."

"Oh, I don't mind," she replied, feeling a little touched by his unexpectedly easy acquiescence to her request. When they went back to the house the moon had risen.

It had scarcely set when they were wakened by the crowing roosters. The man rolled stiffly out of bed and began rattling the stove in the dark, cold kitchen. His wife arose lazier and stiffer than usual, and began twisting her thin hair into a knot.

Sam did not stop to wash, but went out to the barn. The woman, however, hastily soused her face into the hard limestone water¹ at the sink, and put the kettle on. Then she called the children. She knew it was early, and they would need several callings. She pushed breakfast forward, running over in her mind the things she must have: two spools of thread, six yards of cotton flannel, a can of coffee, and mittens for Kitty. These she must have—there were oceans of things she needed.

The children soon came scudding down out of the darkness of the upstairs to dress tumultuously at the kitchen stove. They humped and shivered, holding up their bare feet from the cold floor, like chickens in new fallen snow. They were irritable, and snarled and snapped and struck like cats and dogs. Mrs. Markham stood it for a while with mere commands to "hush up," but at last her patience gave out, and she charged down on the struggling mob and cuffed them right and left.

They ate their breakfast by lamplight, and when Sam went back to his work around the barnyard it was scarcely dawn. The children, left alone with their mother, began to tease her to let them go to town also.

"No sir—nobody goes but baby. Your father's goin' to take a load of wheat."

She was weak with the worry of it all when she had sent the older children

away to school and the kitchen work was finished. She went into the cold bedroom off the little sitting room and put on her best dress. It had never been a good fit, and now she was getting so thin it hung in wrinkled folds everywhere about the shoulders and waist. She lay down on the bed a moment to ease that dull pain in her back. She had a moment's distaste for going out at all. The thought of sleep was more alluring. Then the thought of the long, long day, and the sickening sameness of her life, swept over her again, and she rose and prepared the baby for the journey.

It was but little after sunrise when Sam drove out into the road and started for Belleplain.² His wife sat perched upon the wheat-sacks behind him, holding the baby in her lap, a cotton quilt under her, and a cotton horse-blanket over her knees.

Sam was disposed to be very good-natured, and he talked back at her occasionally, though she could only understand him when he turned his face toward her. The baby stared out at the passing fence-posts, and wiggled his hands out of his mittens at every opportunity. He was merry at least.

It grew warmer as they went on, and a strong south wind arose. The dust settled upon the woman's shawl and hat. Her hair loosened and blew unkemptly about her face. The road which led across the high, level prairie was quite smooth and dry, but still it jolted her, and the pain in her back increased. She had nothing to lean against, and the weight of the child grew greater, till she was forced to place him on the sacks beside her, though she could not loose her hold for a moment.

The town drew in sight—a cluster of small frame houses and stores on the dry prairie beside a railway station. There were no trees yet which could be called shade trees. The pitilessly severe light of the sun flooded everything. A few teams were hitched about, and in the lee of the stores a few men could be seen seated comfortably, their broad hat-rims flopping up and down, their faces brown as leather.

Markham put his wife out at one of the grocery-stores, and drove off down toward the elevators³ to sell his wheat.

The grocer greeted Mrs. Markham in a perfunctorily kind manner, and offered her a chair, which she took gratefully. She sat for a quarter of an hour almost without moving, leaning against the back of the high chair. At last the child began to get restless and troublesome, and she spent half an hour helping him amuse himself around the nail-kegs.

At length she rose and went out on the walk, carrying the baby. She went into the dry-goods store⁴ and took a seat on one of the little revolving stools. A woman was buying some woollen goods for a dress. It was worth twenty-seven cents a yard, the clerk said, but he would knock off two cents if she took ten yards. It looked warm, and Mrs. Markham wished she could afford it

for Mary.

A pretty young girl came in and laughed and chatted with the clerk, and bought a pair of gloves. She was the daughter of the grocer. Her happiness made the wife and mother sad. When Sam came back she asked him for some money.

"What do you want to do with it?" he asked.

"I want to spend it," she said.

She was not to be trifled with, so he gave her a dollar.

"I need a dollar more."

"Well, I've got to go take up that note at the bank."

"Well, the children's got to have some new underclo'es," she said.

He handed her a two-dollar bill and then went out to pay his note.

She bought her cotton flannel and mit tens and thread, and then sat leaning against the counter. It was noon, and she was hungry. She went out to the wagon, got the lunch she had brought, and took it into the grocery to eat it—where she could get a drink of water.

The grocer gave the baby a stick of candy and handed the mother an apple.

"It'll kind o' go down with your dough nuts," he said.

After eating her lunch she got up and went out. She felt ashamed to sit there any longer. She entered another dry-goods store, but when the clerk came toward her saying, "Anything to-day, Mrs.—?" she answered, "No, I guess not," and turned away with foolish face. She walked up and down the street, deso lately homeless. She did not know what to do with herself. She knew no one except the grocer. She grew bitter as she saw a couple of ladies pass, holding their demi-trains in the latest city fashion. Another woman went by pushing a baby carriage, in which sat a child just about as big as her own. It was bouncing itself up and down on the long slender springs, and laughing and shouting. Its clean round face glowed from its pretty fringed hood. She looked down at the dusty clothes and grimy face of her own little one, and walked on savagely.

She went into the drug store where the soda fountain⁵ was, but it made her thirsty to sit there and she went out on the street again. She heard Sam laugh, and saw him in a group of men over by the blacksmith shop. He was having a good time and had forgotten her.

Her back ached so intolerably that she concluded to go in and rest once more in the grocer's chair. The baby was growing cross and fretful. She bought five cents' worth of candy to take home to the children, and gave baby a little piece to keep him quiet. She wished Sam would come. It must be getting late. The grocer said it was not much after one. Time seemed terribly long. She felt that she ought to do some thing while she was in town. She ran over her purchases—yes, that was all she had planned to buy. She fell to

figuring on the things she needed. It was terrible. It ran away up into twenty or thirty dollars at the least. Sam, as well as she, needed under wear for the cold winter, but they would have to wear the old ones, even if they were thin and ragged. She would not need a dress, she thought bitterly, because she never went anywhere. She rose and went out on the street once more, and wandered up and down, looking at everything in the hope of enjoying something. A man from Boon Creek backed a load of apples up to the sidewalk, and as he stood waiting for the grocer he noticed Mrs. Markham and the baby, and gave the baby an apple. This was a pleasure. He had such a hearty way about him. He on his part saw an ordinary farmer's wife with dusty dress, unkempt hair, and tired face. He did not know exactly why she appealed to him, but he tried to cheer her up.

The grocer was familiar with these bedraggled and weary wives. He was accustomed to see them sit for hours in his big wooden chair, and nurse tired and fretful children. Their forlorn, aimless, pathetic wandering up and down the street was a daily occurrence, and had never possessed any special meaning to him.

In a cottage around the corner from the grocery store two men and a woman were finishing a dainty luncheon. The woman was dressed in cool, white garments, and she seemed to make the day one of perfect comfort.

The home of the Honorable Mr. Hall was by no means the costliest in the town, but his wife made it the most attractive. He was one of the leading lawyers of the county, and a man of culture and progressive views. He was entertaining a friend who had lectured the night before in the Congregational church.⁶

They were by no means in serious discussion. The talk was rather frivolous. Hall had the ability to caricature men with a few gestures and attitudes, and was giving to his Eastern friend some descriptions of the old-fashioned Western lawyers he had met in his practice. He was very amusing, and his guest laughed heartily for a time.

But suddenly Hall became aware that Otis was not listening. Then he perceived that he was peering out of the window at some one, and that on his face a look of bitter sadness was falling.

Hall stopped, "What do you see, Otis?"

Otis replied, "I see a forlorn, weary woman."

Mrs. Hall rose and went to the window. Mrs. Markham was walking by the house, her baby in her arms. Savage anger and weeping were in her eyes and on her lips, and there was hopeless tragedy in her shambling walk and weak back.

In the silence Otis went on: "I saw the poor, dejected creature twice this morning. I couldn't forget her."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Hall, very softly.

"Her name is Markham; she's Sam Mark-ham's wife," said Hall.

The young wife led the way into the sitting room, and the men took seats and lit their cigars. Hall was meditating a diversion when Otis resumed suddenly:

"That woman came to town to-day to get a change, to have a little play-spell, and she's wandering around like a starved and weary cat. I wonder if there is a woman in this town with sympathy enough and courage enough to go out and help that woman? The saloon-keepers, the politicians, and the grocers make it pleasant for the man—so pleasant that he forgets his wife. But the wife is left without a word."

Mrs. Hall's work dropped, and on her pretty face was a look of pain. The man's harsh words had wounded her—and wakened her. She took up her hat and hurried out on the walk. The men looked at each other, and then the husband said:

"It's going to be a little sultry for the men around these diggings. Suppose we go out for a walk."

Delia felt a hand on her arm as she stood at the corner.

"You look tired, Mrs. Markham; won't you come in a little while? I'm Mrs. Hall."

Mrs. Markham turned with a scowl on her face and a biting word on her tongue, but something in the sweet, round little face of the other woman silenced her, and her brow smoothed out.

"Thank you kindly, but it's most time to go home. I'm looking for Mr. Markham now."

"Oh, come in a little while, the baby is cross and tired out; please do."

Mrs. Markham yielded to the friendly voice, and together the two women reached the gate just as two men hurriedly turned the other corner.

"Let me relieve you," said Mrs. Hall.

The mother hesitated. "He's so dusty."

"Oh, that won't matter. Oh, what a big fellow he is! I haven't any of my own," said Mrs. Hall, and a look passed like an electric spark between the two women, and Delia was her willing guest from that moment.

They went into the little sitting room, so dainty and lovely to the farmer's wife, and as she sank into an easy-chair she was faint and drowsy with the pleasure of it. She submitted to being brushed. She gave the baby into the hands of the Swedish girl, who washed its face and hands and sang it to sleep, while its mother sipped some tea. Through it all she lay back in her easy-chair, not speaking a word, while the ache passed out of her back, and her hot, swollen head ceased to throb.

But she saw everything—the piano, the pictures, the curtains, the wall-paper, the little tea-stand. They were almost as grateful to her as the

food and fragrant tea. Such housekeeping as this she had never seen. Her mother had worn her kitchen floor as thin as brown paper in keeping a speckless house, and she had been in houses that were larger and costlier, but something of the charm of her hostess was in the arrangement of vases, chairs, or pictures. It was tasteful.

Mrs. Hall did not ask about her affairs. She talked to her about the sturdy little baby, and about the things upon which Delia's eyes dwelt. If she seemed interested in a vase she was told what it was and where it was made. She was shown all the pictures and books. Mrs. Hall seemed to read her visitor's mind. She kept as far from the farm and her guest's affairs as possible, and at last she opened the piano and sang to her—not slow-moving hymns, but catchy love-songs full of sentiment, and then played some simple melodies, knowing that Mrs. Markham's eyes were studying her hands, her rings, and the flash of her fingers on the keys—seeing more than she heard—and through it all Mrs. Hall conveyed the impression that she, too, was having a good time.

The rattle of the wagon outside roused them both. Sam was at the gate for her. Mrs. Markham rose hastily. "Oh, it's almost sun down!" she gasped in astonishment as she looked out of the window.

"Oh, that won't kill anybody," replied her hostess. "Don't hurry. Carrie, take the baby out to the wagon for Mrs. Markham while I help her with her things."

"Oh, I've had such a good time," Mrs. Markham said as they went down the little walk.

"So have I," replied Mrs. Hall. She took the baby a moment as her guest climbed in. "Oh, you big fat fellow!" she cried as she gave him a squeeze. "You must bring your wife in oftener, Mr. Markham," she said, as she handed the baby up.

Sam was staring with amazement.

"Thank you, I will," he finally managed to say.

"Good-night," said Mrs. Markham.

"Good-night, dear," called Mrs. Hall, and the wagon began to rattle off.

The tenderness and sympathy in her voice brought the tears to Delia's eyes—not hot nor bitter tears, but tears that cooled her eyes and cleared her mind.

The wind had gone down, and the red sunlight fell mistily over the world of corn and stubble. The crickets were still chirping and the feeding cattle were drifting toward the farmyards. The day had been made beautiful by human sympathy.

CULTURAL NOTES

1.hard limestone water: Water is said to be "hard" when it has a high mineral content that affects the use of soap. Calcium carbonate, which is found in limestone rock, is a cause of hardness in areas of the country that have large limestone deposits. But limestone and other minerals in the soil, along with the effects of glaciation, also created the rich mixture that makes the soil of the central plains so fertile.

2.Belleplaine: "a cluster of small frame houses and stores on the dry prairie beside a railway station..." This description of Hamlin Garland's fictitious town fits dozens of small midwestern towns even today. In 1891, when this story was written, these towns were the essential links with civilization for the farm families of such states as Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Minnesota—the Plains States. During the 19th century, the westward push of development spread slowly over the great prairie. Farmers soon turned it into the nation's richest agricultural region, but their farm homes were usually isolated amid the fields. Farming at the end of the 19th century was a hard and lonely life. A woman who had not been to town in six months, as was the case with Delia, would surely yearn for some more human contact and even a drab little town would seem inviting.

3. elevator: a large warehouse in the form of a cylinder for the storage of grain. Throughout the midwest, grain elevators rise beside the wheatfields and at the rail roads in towns, and may be seen at long distances across the flat fields and plains. When their grain is harvested, farmers bring it to the elevators and store it until it can be sold. Elevators are sometimes cooperatively owned by the farmers of a region.

4. dry-goods store: a shop where cloth, cloth products, sewing thread, buttons, etc., are sold; *grocery store:* a shop that sells food and household supplies; *drugstore:* a pharmacy or shop where medical prescriptions are filled and medical supplies are sold. In the United States most drugstores also sell cosmetics, tobacco, ice cream and other food items, books, magazines, news papers, and many other things. Such small stores were essential in rural towns but have largely been replaced by the supermarket and the shopping mall.

5. soda fountain: a counter, usually found in a drugstore, where soft drinks, ice cream, sandwiches, coffee, etc., may be prepared, served and eaten. The soda fountain is fitted with high stools where the customers sit while they eat what they have ordered. A slang term for a person who works behind the counter is "soda jerk." As an American institution, the soda fountain has a history going back to the 19th century. The first one was produced in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1858. Soda water—water with carbonation—was produced originally for medicinal purposes. The combination of soda water with ice cream and flavorings in 1874 led to the popularization of the soda fountain.

6. Congregational church: a church of the Protestant denomination that practices Congregationalism. Congregationalism emphasizes a form of church organization in which each member church and congregation is self-governing. Congregationalism originated in England and has its roots in "Separatism," a movement

that sought independence from the established Church of England. Some of the early Separatists who left England to escape persecution settled first in Holland and then sailed to America in the "Mayflower" in 1620 to establish Plymouth Colony in New England. These "Pilgrims," as we call them today, joined with the later Puritans of Massachusetts Bay Colony to establish a unique form of civil and church government. The community was particularly interested in education from the outset, founding the first college in America, Harvard, in 1639. In the 19th century Congregationalists took an active part in the westward expansion of the nation.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. What was Sam Markham's purpose in going to town?
2. Why did his wife want to go along?
3. How did Mrs. Markham pass the time while her husband saw to his business?
4. Who came to Mrs. Markham's aid?
5. What was it that made Mrs. Markham's day beautiful?

B. Delving Deeper

1. Why was Delia Markham so tired?
2. What sort of town was Belleplain?
3. What were Mrs. Markham's feelings as she walked around the town?
4. Why did Mrs. Hall invite Mrs. Markham into her house?
5. Do you think Mrs. Markham will ever go back to visit Mrs. Hall? Explain.

WORD STUDY

Guess the meaning: Can you tell from the context the meaning of the word in bold face?

1. He slipped his **soggy** boots off his feet, and having laid a piece of wood on top of the stove, put his heels on it comfortably.
a. leather b. dirty c. very wet d. heavy
2. The woman, however, hastily **soused** her face in the hard limestone water at the sink.
a. wetted b. dipped c. scrubbed d. soaped
3. The children soon came **scudding** down out of the darkness of the upstairs to

- dress at the kitchen stove.
- moving slowly
 - running quickly
 - falling
 - jumping
4. At last her patience gave out, and she charged down on the struggling mob and **cuffed** them right and left.
- pushed
 - shoved
 - slapped
 - moved
5. His wife sat **perched on** the wheat sacks behind him.
- hidden behind
 - bent over
 - stretched out on
 - seated on top of
6. They were by no means in serious discussion. The talk was **rather frivolous**.
- important
 - light-hearted
 - sensible
 - casual
7. There was hopeless tragedy in her **shambling** walk and weak back.
- unsteady
 - tired
 - easy
 - graceful
8. The ache passed out of her back, and her hot, swollen head ceased **to throb**.
- burn
 - hurt
 - pound
 - perspire
9. As she sank into an easy-chair she was faint and **drowsy** with the pleasure of it.
- sleepy
 - nervous
 - ill
 - happy
10. Her mother had worn her kitchen floor as thin as brown paper in keeping a **speckless** house.
- untidy
 - very clean
 - comfortable
 - shabby
11. She talked to her about the **sturdy** little baby and about the things upon which Delia's eyes dwelt.
- strong
 - weak
 - sickly
 - pretty
12. She took the baby a moment as her guest climbed in. "Oh, you big, fat fellow!" she cried as she gave him a **squeeze**.
- kiss
 - cookie
 - toy
 - hug

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE:

Adverbs of Manner

Adverbs function as distinct sentence parts. When they are integrated within the structure of a clause, they are called *adjuncts* because they add a modifying

word. Manner adjuncts are commonly formed by adding *-ly* to a descriptive adjective. Adverbs of manner answer the question *how* or in what way something is done. They define a process and they usually follow the verb whose action they describe. They may also premodify an adjective. Look at these examples from the text:

"All right," he replied *good-naturedly*.

He yawned *dismally*.

Her hair loosened and blew *unkemptly* about her face.

She walked up and down the street, *desolately* homeless.

How many other examples can you find?

Adverbs of manner can often be paraphrased by a prepositional phrase of manner: "in a _____ manner," "in a _____ way," "with _____," using a matching adjective or abstract noun. The manner adverb has the advantage of being shorter and less formal sounding.

Example: spiritedly—in a spirited way

with spirit

heavily—in a heavy way with heaviness

Exercises:

A. Restate the following adverbs using a manner phrase.

1. desperately
2. stiffly
3. hastily
4. comfortably
5. gratefully
6. savagely
7. bitterly
8. hurriedly

B. Restate the following phrases with a manner adverb.

1. with weariness
2. in a sullen way
3. in a weak manner
4. with tumult
5. with pain
6. in an unexpected way

7. with disgust
8. in a perfunctory manner
9. with deliberation

FOR FURTHER WORK

1. Compare Delia Markham with Aunt Mehetabel in Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *The Bedquilt*. How are the two women alike? Do you think they would understand each other? Write a conversation between them in which each tells the other about the special day she has just experienced.
2. What kind of a man is Sam Markham? Do you think he cares for his wife? Write a paragraph describing Sam—a word portrait or character sketch—based on what you know of him from the story.

THE CLEARING

Jesse Stuart (1907-1984)

Jesse Stuart was born in Kentucky. He lived until his death in W-Hollow on the land where he was born. After college at Lincoln Memorial University and graduate studies at Vanderbilt University and Peabody College, he began a lifelong career as a teacher and a writer, including a year spent abroad at the American University of Cairo, Egypt. He traveled and lectured in many countries, especially in the Middle East and Asia. He was writer in residence at Eastern Kentucky University.

Jesse Stuart was made poet laureate of Kentucky in 1954. Classified as a local colorist, he has been called one of America's finest regional writers. His work includes numerous collections of stories and verse, a number of children's books, and novels, one of which, *Taps for Private Tussle* (1943), won the Thomas Jefferson memorial award and was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. What are the characteristics of neighborliness? Name some of the things that you think make a good neighbor.
2. How do you get to know people who are new to a neighborhood? How do *they* get to know you?
3. Do you think a shared crisis or dangerous situation draws people together? How or how not? Tell about any such experience you may have had.

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **clearing** n., a plot of land cleared of trees, underbush and other obstructions.
2. **get to know** v., have the opportunity to become acquainted with; succeed

in making friends with.

3. meet up with *v.*, to encounter, come into contact with in opposition.

4. brush *n.*, low bushes, shrubs, roots and branches; a *brush pile* is brush heaped together when land is cleared.

5. pay back *v.*, to return a favor or an injury; to do something, either good or bad, in return.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

JESSE STUART

THE CLEARING

Finn and I were pruning the plum trees around our garden when a rock came cracking among the branches of the tree I was pruning.

"Where did that come from?" I asked Finn, who was on the ground below piling the branches.

"I don't know," he said. Then we heard the Hinton boys laughing on the other side of the valley. I went back to pruning. In less than a minute, a rock hit the limb above my head, and another rock hit at Finn's feet. Then I came down from the tree. Finn and I started throwing rocks. In a few minutes, rocks were falling like hailstones around them and around us. The land was rocky on both sides of the valley, and there were plenty of rocks to throw. One of their rocks hit Finn on the foot, and one of our rocks hit the largest Hinton.

"Think of it," Finn said. "We fight before we know each other's names! What will it be as time goes on?"

We fought all afternoon with rocks. At sunset the Hinton boys took off up the path and over the hill. We went home. When Pa asked why we hadn't finished pruning the trees, we told him.

"I told you," he said to Mom. "You'll see whether we can live apart!" wait until we get to know each other,"

"But how are we ever going to know people like them?" Pa asked. "Oh, something will happen," she replied calmly. "You'll see."

The next day, Mort Hinton was with his. They climbed higher on the hill, cutting the briars and brush and tree branches and stacking them neatly into piles. Finn and I pruned our trees.

"I'll say one thing for the Hinton," Mom said. "They're good workers."

"When they don't throw rocks," Finn said.

On the fourth day, my guineas² flew across the valley where the Hintons were clearing land.

"Get these guineas back on your side of the valley," Mort Hinton yelled. "Get 'em back where they belong."

I didn't want to put my guineas in the hen house. But I had to. I knew Mort Hinton would kill them. I wanted to tell him that they would help his land. They'd get rid of insects that might destroy his crop. But I was afraid to tell him anything.

A week had passed before my guineas got out and flew across the valley.

"If you don't keep your guineas on your side of the valley," Mort Hinton hollered to me, "I'll wring their necks."

That night I put my guineas in again. I fixed the hen house so they couldn't get out and roam the hills as they had always done. While Finn, Pa, and I cleared land on one side of the valley, the Hintons cleared on the other side.

Though we'd never been close enough to the Hintons to talk with them, and we didn't want to get that close, we found ourselves trying to do more work than the four of them. Each day, that early March, rain or sunshine, four Hintons worked on their side of the valley, and Pa, Finn, and I worked on our side. One day a Hinton boy hollered at us, "You can't clear as much land as we can."

"Don't answer him," Pa said.

When April came and the Hintons had finished clearing the hill and had burned the brush, Mort Hinton brought a skinny mule hitched to a plow and started plowing the new ground. He plowed slowly the first day. The second day my guineas got out again and flew across the valley to the plowed ground. Mort Hinton caught two of them. The others flew back home when he tried to catch them. Then he yelled across to where we were plowing our new ground and told us what he had done.

"I feel like taking a shotgun and sprin kling him," I said.

"Your guineas were on his land," Mom said. "He told you to keep them off his land."

Mort Hinton plowed his new ground by working from daylight until dusk, while the boys carried armloads of roots from the field and stacked them in great heaps. By the first of May, they had made this ground soil like a garden. Then came a rainy season in early May, and they carried baskets of tobacco plants³ and set them in the newly plowed rows.

"They're workers, all right," Pa said.

On a dark night about a week later, I watched a moving light from my upstairs window. It came from the direction of the Hintons', over the hill and down into the valley below our house. In a few minutes, I heard foot-steps on the porch. Then there was a loud knock on our door. I heard Pa get out of bed and open the door.

"I'm Mort Hinton," a voice said. "My wife sent for your wife."

I heard Mom getting out of bed.

"I'll be ready in a minute," she called out.

Neither Pa nor Mort said another word.

"I'll be back when everything is all right," Mom said as she hurried off.

I watched the lantern fade from sight as Mort Hinton and Mom went down the path into the deep valley below the house. In two minutes or more, it flashed into sight, when they reached Hintons' tobacco field. The light moved swiftly up and over the hill.

The next morning, Pa cooked for us. He muttered about the heat as he stood near the hot stove frying em.

"They are friendly enough when I need something over there," Pa said.

We were ready to sit down to breakfast, when Mom came home.

"Dollie Hinton's got a healthy girl baby." were Mom's first words as she sat down for a cup of coffee.

"What did they name the baby?" Glem asked.

"They've not named her yet," Mom said. "I think they plan to call her Ethel. They're tickled to death. Three boys and now a girl!"

"What kind of people are they, anyway?" Pa asked.

"Like other people," Mom said. "They don't have much furniture in their house. They're working hard to pay for the farm."

"Will they be any better neighbors?" asked.

"I think so," Mom said. "That hill over there is not a fence between us any longer."

"There's more than a hill between us," said. "What about my guineas Mort Hinton caught? Did he say anything about 'em last night?"

"And what about the Hinton boy that hit me on the foot with a rock?" Finn said. "I like to meet up with him sometime."

By the time we had finished our breakfast, Mort Hinton was plowing the young tobacco. His three sons were hoeing the tender plants with long-handled hoes.

"You'd think Mr. Hinton would be sleepy," Mom said. "He didn't

go to bed 1 night. And the boys slept on the hay in t barn loft." Pa, Finn, and I didn't have too much sympathy for the Hintons. Through the dining room window, we could look across the valley and watch Mort keep the plow moving steadily. We watched his boys dig with their hoes, never looking up from the ground.

"This will be a dry, sunny day," Pa said. "We'll burn the brush piles on the rest of our clearing."

We gathered our pitchforks, hoes, and rakes⁴ and went to the hill where we had cleared ground all spring. There were hundreds of brush piles on our twenty acres⁵ of cleared ground. The wind was still. The sun had dried the dew from the leaves that carpeted the ground between the brush piles.

"It's the right time to burn," Pa said. "I can't feel any wind. The brush has aged in these piles until it is as dry as powder."

Pa struck a match to the brush pile at the bottom of the clearing. The fire started with little leaps over the leaf-carpeted ground. Finn, Pa, and I set fire to the bottom of the clearing until we had a continuous line of fire going up the slope. Then a wind sprang up from nowhere. And when flames leaped from brush pile to brush pile, Pa looked at me.

"This is out of control," Pa said. "Grab a hoe and start raking a ring."

"I'm afraid we can't stop it," Finn said. "We'll have to work fast to save the orchards."

"Run to the house and get Sal and Glenna," Pa yelled.

"Look, Pa," Finn said, pointing down the hill.

Mort Hinton was in front. He was run ning up the hill. His three sons were run ning behind him, each with a hoe across his shoulder.

"It's out of control," Pa shouted to Mort before he reached us.

"We've come to help," Mort said.

"Can we keep it from the orchards?" Pa asked.

"Let's run to the top of the hill and fire against it," Mort said. "I've burnt hundreds of acres of clearings on hillsides, and I al ways fire the top first and let it burn down! I fire the bottom last. Maybe we'll not be too late to save the orchards!"

Mort ran up the hill and we followed. Finn and I didn't speak to his boys, and they didn't speak to us. But when we started raking a ring side by side, we started talking to the Hintons. We forgot about the rock fight. Now wasn't the time to remember it, when flames down under the hill were shooting twenty to thirty feet high. In no time, we raked the ring across the top of the clearing. And the fire Mort Hinton set along the ring burned fiercely down

the hill and made the ring wider and wider. Only once did fire blow across the ring, and Pa stopped it then.

As soon as we had this spot under control, we raked a ring down the west side near the peach orchard. Mort set a line of fire along this ring and let it burn toward the middle of the clearing. Then we raked a ring on the east side and fired against the fire that was approaching our plum trees and our house. Soon the leaping flames met in the clearing. We had the fire under control. Our clearing was burned clean as a whistle.

"How much do I owe you?" Pa asked Mort Hinton.

"You don't owe me anything," Mort said. "We're just paying you back for the help your wife gave us."

"Then let's go to the house for dinner," Pa said.

"Some other time," Mort said. "We must go home and see about Dollie and the baby."

As we went down the hill, Finn and I talked with the Hinton boys about fishing and wild-bee trees, while Pa and Mort laughed and talked about weather and crops.

CULTURAL NOTES

1. the valley: Appalachia (see geographical introduction to this section) is characterized by low mountains, hills, and deep valleys. The nature of the topography determines the way people live and the location of their homes. Individual farms on hillsides can be quite close "as the crow flies" but cut off from each other across a narrow valley. Sometimes people live up in the valleys, called "hollows," and the nearest neighbor is over the crest of the hill. Access to these farms and homes can be difficult, over poor roads or mountain trails, so that Appalachian families tend to be large, independent, and self-sufficient, relying on each other for help only in times of crisis and need.

2. guineas [gln-iz]: Guinea fowl. The guinea is a domestic bird about the size of a chicken. It has a rounded body and dark, white spotted feathers. Guineas are raised both for their meat and their eggs. The name is from the region along the western coast of Africa from which they were first imported in the 16th century. Guineas are hard to raise because they easily revert to a half-wild state. In America these alert and noisy birds are often kept around farms to serve as "watchdogs," as they squawk loudly whenever they are disturbed.

3. tobacco plants: Tobacco is a major cash crop for many independent farmers. The plants may be grown successfully under a wide range of climatic and soil conditions and will often grow where the soil

is too poor to grow anything else. In Appala-chia it is customary to burn the fields before planting in order to clear the land, destroy weeds, and sterilize the soil. The young plants are placed in hills and require constant cultivation. Farmers in the United States harvest about 715,000 metric tons of tobacco annually. The leading tobacco-producing states are North Carolina, Kentucky, South Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee.

4. pitchforks, hoes, and rakes: These farm tools, or versions of them, are probably familiar in most of the world where hand agriculture is practiced. The pitchfork is a long handled fork used for lifting large amounts of hay and cut grass; the hoe has a thin blade set across a long handle and is used for weeding and turning the soil; the rake, also long-handled, has teeth or prongs at one end for gathering loose grass, leaves, brush, etc. American agriculture has become so mechanized that these tools are now used only in small home gardens or on back country, rural farms where large farm equipment cannot operate.

5. twenty acres: An acre is a measure of land 43,560 square feet or 4,047 square me

ters. The measure, still used in the United States, is based on an old English unit equal approximately to the amount of land that could be plowed by a team of oxen in a day.

One of the expectations of the Negro slaves emancipated during the Civil War, based on

a promise made by the northern general William T. Sherman, was that they would be

given "forty acres and a mule" with which to set up their own farms.

Unfortunately, Gen-

eral Sherman was speaking for himself and not for the federal government, and the promise was never realized.

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A General Comprehension

1. How did the Hinton boys first make their presence known?
2. Why was Mort Hinton angry?
3. Why did Mort Hinton's wife send for Mom one night?
4. How did the fire start?
5. Who saved the orchards?

B. Delving Deeper

1. Why do you think the boys threw rocks at each other?

2. How did the Hintons behave after the rock-throwing incident?
3. When do you think things began to change between the two families?
4. Why did the fire get out of control?
5. What finally brought the two families together?

WORD STUDY

A. Match the words in column A with the definitions in column B. Column A

1. prune
2. limb
3. hailstone
4. brier
5. crop
6. wring
7. mule
8. lantern
9. loft
10. grab

Column B

- a. thorny bush
- b. space below the roof
- c. cut away branches
- d. cross between horse and donkey
- e. seize quickly
- f. large branch of a tree
- g. twist hard
- h. agricultural product
- i. small rounded piece of ice
- j. portable light

B. Idiomatic Expressions

1. "tickled to death" — extremely pleased and delighted, to *death* is a phrase meaning to the limit, to the greatest degree possible. It is used for emphasis with certain verbs of emotion: scare, bore, frighten, please,

tickle.

Use the phrase with the appropriate verb in the following sentences:

- a. We sat through his long lecture al though we were almost ...
- b. Aunt Sally looked...when she opened your lovely gift on her birthday.
- c. John said he was...when he had to spend the night alone in the woods.
- d. The poor girl seemed...as she auditioned for a part in the play.
- e. Joan was...with the news of her husband's promotion.

2. "clean as a whistle" — as absolutely clean as possible. *Similes* are figures of speech in which one thing is explicitly compared or likened to another. Many of these are so common as to become *cliches*, or trite overworked expressions.

The following are common similes in American English. Match the term in column A with the correct comparison in column B.

Column A

- 1. neat
- 2. bright
- 3. hungry
- 4. strong
- 5. fat
- 6. dry
- 7. brave

Column B

- a. as a lion
- b. as a wolf
- c. as a pig
- d. as a pin
- e. as a bone
- f. as an ox
- g. as a dollar

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE: Negation

They've not named her yet. Maybe we'll not be too late to save the orchards.

English has a rule of postverbal negation. To make a finite clause negative, *not* is used immediately after the first auxiliary verb of a verb phrase. In speech and informal writing *not* is usually contracted to *n't*.

In formal negation only full forms are used.

As well as the contracted negative, English has certain contracted

verb forms that can be tagged on to the subject, usually in its pronoun form. There are thus two forms of informal negation possible: one with a contracted negative and one with a contracted verb. The contracted verb is the less common. Note, however, that with *am not* ONLY

Rewrite the sentences below with both forms, contracted verb and contracted negative.

1. She has not found a job yet.
2. They will not go unless we go too.
3. I think he is not coming until tomorrow.
4. He says that we are not being fair to him.
5. You have not got much time left to do it.
6. There will not be another train until tomorrow.
7. She had not been gone long when he phoned.
8. It is not surprising that you were alarmed.
9. I have not heard from them for a long time.
10. You will not be pleased when you hear the news.

JESSE STUART

FOR FURTHER WORK	dnarge	(3)
	veylal	(3)
The Guinea Game — Keep the guinea netuss on yourside ofthe valley.	proc	(0)
	elarc	(2)
This game should be played with a thosnug partner. The following are chrop "scrambled"		(5)
words fromthe story. Workingas fastas you flied		(0)
can, say and write each word in imarf		(1)

correct

form, one at a time. Each word is woi lowp (D

so

many guineas. The first person scrae (3)

produce

the word correctly takes that number o hrubs (2)

guineas from the other player's h drachor (5)

house.

The player with the largest number o erif (1)

guineas at the end "wins." You may u kaer (1)

the

story to help you find the words.

THE NORTHEAST

The Northeast includes the states of New England and the Middle Atlantic region, the nation's most densely populated areas. From the north, the states are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Together with Virginia in the South, they comprise the oldest settlement areas in the United States. Historic sites dating back to colonial times dot the region. Farming and fishing are significant, but industry, manufacturing and commerce are the most important economic activities.

With its high population density concentrated mainly in cities near the coast like Boston, New York and Philadelphia, much of the Northeast remains rural. Small towns and picturesque villages are spread throughout the region. The large areas of unspoiled nature—mountains, lakes and forests—remind the visitor that it was largely all wilderness only a little over two centuries ago.

The Northeast is one of the most historic areas of the country. The roots of democracy in the United States stretch back to the Mayflower Compact, an agreement drawn up in 1620 by colonists from England. Called "Pilgrims," they founded Plymouth Colony in Massachusetts. Under the provisions of the Compact they decreed "just and equal laws" for all. The Declaration of Independence, enacted in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1776, proclaimed that "all men are created equal," and signaled the break of the American colonies from British rule. The Constitution, with its later Bill of Rights, was adopted in Philadelphia in 1787 and has served as the basic law of the United States ever since.

The tradition of American ingenuity and resourcefulness first developed in this

section of the country where people from different cultures and backgrounds came together to establish a new nation. The simple side of life in the Northeast—hard work and small pleasures—is reflected in the stories in this section.

THE FAMILY MEADOW

John Updike (b. 1932)

John Updike was born in a small town in Pennsylvania. He was educated at Harvard University where he received his B A degree, n 1954. A prolific writer, first began working for The New Yorker, a weekly maga zine, and published his first novel Poor-touseFair,in1959. Updike is acknowledged as a distinguished stylist and he takes his inspiration from the American Protestant small-town eastern middle class, treating themes on what he calls "the despair of the daily." He is the author of many collections of short stories and of several major novels, includ ing Rabbit, Run (1960), Rabbit Redux (1971), and Rabbit is Rich (1982).

FOCUS

A. Preview Questions

1. What is a family in your culture? Discuss the kinds of relationships that make up a family unit.
2. What effect do you think modern life is having on the extended family unit? Explain.
3. Do groups of people who share a common ancestor have any kind of annual get-together or meeting in your country? If so, what do they do? Who organizes it? When and where do they meet?

B. Key Words and Expressions

1. **reconvene** v., gather together again; assemble once more in a meeting.
2. **generation** n., a single stage or degree in the succession of natural descent; the period of time of that stage or degree (about 25-30 years).
3. **reunion** n., a gathering of persons after separation, as members of a school class or of a family.
4. **album** n., a book with blank pages for mounting pictures, clippings, etc.—things one wishes to keep and remember.
5. **clan** n., a form of social group composed of several families claiming descent from a common ancestor bearing the same family name.
6. **a tapestry of the family fortunes** n. phrase, fig., a depiction, as in a tapestry, of what has happened in the individual lives of a particular family.

Do these words suggest anything about the theme of the story?

THE FAMILY MEADOW

JOHN UPDIKE

The family always reconvenes in the meadow. For generations it has been traditional, this particular New Jersey meadow, with its great walnut tree making shade for the tables and its slow little creek where the children can push themselves about in a rowboat and nibble watercress and pretend to fish. Early this morning, Uncle Jesse came down from the stone house that his father's brother had built and drove the stakes, with their carefully tied rag flags, that would tell the cars where to park. The air was still, inert with the post-dawn laziness that foretells the effort of a hot day, and between

blows of his hammer Jesse heard the breakfast dishes clinking beneath the kitchen window and the younger collie barking behind the house. A mild man, Jesse moved scrupulously, mildly through the wet grass that he had scythed yesterday. The legs of his gray workman's pants slowly grew soaked with dew and milkweed spittle. When the stakes were planted, he walked out the lane with the reunion signs, past the houses. He avoided looking at the houses, as if glancing into their wide dead windows would wake them.

By nine o'clock Henry has come up from Camden with a earful—Eva, Mary, Fritz, Fred, the twins, and, incredibly, Aunt Eula. It is incredible she is still alive, after seven strokes. Her shrivelled head munches irritably and her arms twitch, trying to shake off assistance, as if she intends to dance. They settle her in an aluminum chair beneath the walnut tree. She faces the creek, and the helpless waggle of her old skull seems to establish itself in sympathy with the oscillating shimmer of the sunlight on the slow water. The men, working in silent pairs whose unison is as profound as blood, carry down the tables from the barn, where they are stacked from one year to the next. In truth, it has been three summers since the last reunion, and it was feared that there might never be another. Aunt Jocelyn, her gray hair done up in braids, comes out of her kitchen to say hello on the dirt drive. Behind her lingers her granddaughter, Karen, in white Levis' and bare feet, with something shadowy and doubtful about her dark eyes, as if she had been intensely watching television. The girl's father—not here; he is working in Philadelphia—is Italian, and as she matures an alien beauty estranges her, so that during her annual visits to her grandparents' place, which when she was a child had seemed to her a green island, it is now she herself, at thirteen, who seems the island. She feels surrounded by the past, cut off from the images—a luncheonette, a civic swimming pool, an auditorium festooned with crepe paper—that represent life to her, the present, her youth. The air around her feels brown, as in old photographs. These men greeting her seem to have stepped from an album. The men, remembering their original prejudice against her mother's marrying a Catholic, are especially cordial to her, so jovially attentive that Jocelyn suddenly puts her arm around the girl, expressing a strange multitude of things; that she loves her, that she is one of them, that she needs to be shielded, suddenly, from the pronged kidding of men.

By ten-thirty Horace's crowd has come down from Trenton, and the Oranges² clan is arriving, in several cars. The first car says it dropped Cousin Claude in downtown Burlington because he was sure that the

second car, which had faded out of sight behind them, needed to be told the way. The second car, with a whoop of hilarity, says it took the bypass and never saw him. He arrives in a third car, driven by Jimmy and Ethel Thompson from Morristown, who saw they saw this forlorn figure standing along Route 130 trying to thumb a ride and as they were passing him Ethel cried, “Why, I think that’s Claude!” Zealous and reckless, a true believer in good deeds, Claude is always getting into scrapes like this, and enjoying it. He stands surrounded by laughing women, a typical man of this family, tall, with a tribal boyishness, a stubborn refusal to look his age, to lose his hair. Though his face is pitted and gouged by melancholy, Claude looks closer to forty than the sixty he is, and, though he works in Newark, he still speaks with the rural softness and slide of middle New Jersey. He has the gift—the privilege—of making these women laugh; the women uniformly run to fat and their laughter has a sameness, a quality both naive and merciless, as if laughter meant too much to them. Jimmy and Ethel Thompson, whose name is not the family name, stand off to one side, in the unscythed grass, a fragile elderly couple whose links to the family have all died away but who have come because they received a mimeographed postcard inviting them. They are like those isolated corners of interjections and foreign syllables in a poorly planned crossword puzzle.

The twins bring down from the barn the horseshoes and the quoits. Uncle Jesse drives the stakes and pegs in the places that, after three summers, still show as spots of depressed sparseness in the grass. The sun, reaching toward noon, domineers over the meadow; the shade of the walnut tree grows smaller and more noticeably cool. By noon, all have arrived, including the Dodge station wagon from central Pennsylvania, the young pregnant Wilmington cousin who married an airline pilot, and the White Plains people, who climb from their car looking like clowns, wearing red-striped shorts and rhinestone-studded sunglasses. Handshakes are exchanged that feel to one man like a knobbed woodcarving and to the other like a cow’s slippery, unresisting teat. Women kiss, kiss stickily, with little over lapping patches of adhesive cheek and clicking conflicts of spectacle rims, under the white unslanting sun. The very insects shrink toward the shade. The eating begins. Clams steam, corn steams, salad wilts, butter runs, hot dogs turn, torn chicken shines in the savage light. Iced tea, brewed in forty-quart milk cans, chuckles when sloshed. Paper plates buckle on broad laps. Plastic butter knives, asked to cut cold ham, refuse. Children underfoot in the pleased frenzy eat only potato chips. Somehow, as the first wave of appetite subsides, the long tables turn musical, and a murmur rises to the blank sky, a cackle rendered

harmo nious by a remote singleness of ancestor; a kind of fabric is woven and hung, a tapestry of the family fortunes, the threads of which include milkmen, ministers, mailmen, bankruptcy, death by war, death by auto mobile, insanity—a strangely prevalent thread, the thread of insanity. Never far from a farm or the memory of a farm, the family has hovered in honorable obscurity, between poverty and wealth, between jail and high office. Real-estate dealers, school-teachers, veterinarians are its noblemen; butchers, electricians, door-to-door sales men its yeomen. Protestant, teetotalling, and undaring, ironically virtuous and mild ly proud, it has added to America's statistics without altering their meaning. Whence, then, this strange joy?

Watermelons smelling of childhood cellars are produced and massively sliced. The sun passes noon and the shadows relax in the intimate grass of this antique meadow. To the music of reminiscence is added the rhythmic chunking of thrown quoits. They are held curiously, between a straight thumb and four fingers curled as a unit, close to the chest, and thrown with a soft constrained motion that implies realms of unused strength. The twins and the children, as if superstitiously, have yielded the game to the older men, Fritz and Ed, Fred and Jesse, who, in pairs, after due esti mation and measurement of the fall, pick up their four quoits, clink them together to clean them, and alternately send them back through the air on a high arc, floating with a spin-held slant like that of gyroscopes. The other pair measures, decides, and stoops. When they tap their quoits together, de cades fall away. Even their competitive crowing has something measured about it, something patient, like the studied way their shirtsleeves are rolled up above their elbows. The backs of their shirts are ageless. Generations have sweated in just this style, under the arms, across the shoulder blades, and wherever the suspenders rub. The younger men and the teen-age girls play a softball game along the base paths that Jesse has scythed. The children discover the rowboat and, using the oars as poles, bump from bank to bank. When they dip their hands into the calm brown water, where no fish lives, a mother watching from beneath the walnut tree shrieks, "Keep your hands inside the boat! Uncle Jesse says the creek's polluted!"

And there is a stagnant fragrance the lengthening afternoon strains from the happy meadow. Aunt Eula nods herself asleep, and her false teeth slip down, so her face seems mummified and the children giggle in terror. Flies, an exploding popula tion, discover the remains of the picnic and skate giddily on its odors. The softball game grows boring, except to the airline pilot, a rather fancy

gloveman excited by the admiration of Cousin Karen in her tight white Levis. The Pennsylvania and New York people begin to pack their car. The time has come for the photograph. Their history is kept by these photographs of timeless people in changing costumes standing linked and flushed in a moment of midsummer heat. All line up, from resurrected Aunt Eula, twitching and snapping like a mud turtle, to the unborn baby in the belly of the Delaware cousin. To get them all in, Jesse has to squat, but in doing so he brings the houses into his viewfinder. He does not want them in the picture, he does not want them there at all. They surround his meadow on three sides, raw ranch shacks built from one bastard design but painted in a patchwork of pastel shades. Their back yards, each nurturing an aluminum clothes tree, come right to the far bank of the creek, polluting it, and though a tall link fence holds back the children who have gathered in these yards to watch the picnic as if it were a circus or a zoo, the stare of the houses—mismatched kitchen windows squinting above the gaping cement mouth of a garage—cannot be held back. Not only do they stare, they speak, so that Jesse can hear them even at night. Sell, they say. Sell.

CULTURE NOTES

1. Levis: overalls or jeans, named after Levi Strauss who first made these sturdy, reinforced, canvas cloth work pants. Levi Strauss came to the United States from Germany. In 1853 he opened a store in San Francisco to provide clothing for the gold miners who had rushed to California following the gold strike of 1849.

2. Camden, Trenton, the Oranges, Burlington, Morristown, Newark: towns and cities in the State of New Jersey. One of the thirteen original colonies, New Jersey is today a populous state with seven and a half million inhabitants. It is a combination of industrialized urban areas in the north and agricultural farm lands in the central and southern parts. Its long Atlantic coast is famous for sandy beaches and popular summer resort areas. About 89 percent of the population lives in busy manufacturing centers like Camden, Trenton and Newark.

3. the bypass: a part of the highway that avoids or is auxiliary to the main way. In the United States, almost all large and medium-sized cities are bypassed by a route that avoids the center of town and thus reduces unnecessary vehicular congestion on the city streets. In many cases, in fact, if you wish to visit the city, it is necessary to drive off the main route and take an auxiliary access road into town.

4. horseshoes and quoits: games in which players throw metal, rope, or hard rubber rings at a peg or stake driven in the ground. The object is to encircle the

peg or come as close to it as possible. The horse shoe is a flat, U-shaped metal plate used to protect a horse's hoof. On farms, men tossed these shoes as a form of recreation, and the game was born.

5. station wagon: a large automobile with folding or removable rear seats and a back end that opens for easy loading. These vehicles are frequently used in the country and in the suburbs, and are especially popular with large families because of their capacity. Dodge is the trade name of a particular make of automobile.

6. softball: a kind of baseball played on a smaller diamond and with a larger and softer ball than a regulation baseball. Baseball and softball are both played by two opposing teams of nine players each. The field, called a diamond because of its shape, has four bases forming its circuit. The runner uses a wooden bat to hit the ball, and then must complete the circuit of bases without being put "out" in order to score a "run." The game may derive from the English games of cricket or rounders, but it has evolved since its reputed invention in 1839 by Abner Doubleday into a typically American game, and is sometimes called "the great national pastime."

UNDERSTANDING THE STORY

A. General Comprehension

1. Where is the story set?
2. Who are the people in the story? Where have they come from?
3. What are they doing? List some of their activities.
4. What is the last thing they do before separating?
5. What is the significance of the houses that surround the family meadow on three sides?

B. Delving Deeper

1. What signs does Updike give us that the modern world is intruding on the old tradition that has held the family together?
2. Who is Karen? Why do you think she feels out of place?
3. What kind of people do you think these are? Would you like to know them? Why or why not?
4. What does Updike mean when he says about the family, "Protestant, teetotaling, and undaring, ironically virtuous and mildly proud, it has added to America's statistics without altering their meaning"?
5. Why do the houses that overlook the meadow seem to be saying to Jesse, "sell, sell"?

WORD STUDY

Find the words below in the text. Only one of the definitions given is correct. Determine the meaning from context.

1. **scrupulously**

- a. slowly b. carefully c. sadly d. freely

2. **scythed**

- a. mowed b. planted c. watered d. gathered

3. **oscillating**

- a. Shining b. jumping c. flickering d. swinging to and fro

4. **festooned**

- a. draped b. built c. covered d. filled

5. **jovially**

- a. rudely b. cruelly c. gaily d. belligerently

6. **slashed**

- a. filled b. shaken c. poured d. stirred

7. **domineers over**

- a. rises above b. rules over c. shines on d. warms up

8. **yeomen**

- a. slaves b. leaders c. soldiers d. workers

9. **teetotaling**

- a. hard working b. deeply religious c. narrow minded d. drinking
no alcohol

10. **suspenders**

- a. supports for stockings b. wrist protectors c. supports for trousers d.
head protectors

UNDERSTANDING STRUCTURE

The Simple Present Tense

Updike makes frequent use of the simple present tense in his works. It is a characteristic of his style that the reader is immediately aware of. It brings the reader literally into the story and holds him there as a witness to the things that are happening and to the people and events that are being described. All of this is going on, occurring and unfolding as we read, and yet it seems to be standing still, as if frozen in time. There seem to be no terminal points to the action, but only a timelessness that holds the characters in activities that begin to take on the force of general truths or universal statements, as when the simple present is used to express such occurrences as

The earth rotates on its axis.
...or Trees shed their leaves in the fall.

What would be the effect of the story if it were in the past tense? We would normally expect the past when the narrative is relating something that is over. Take a paragraph from the story and change the verbs to past tense forms. What is the effect? Does the story seem more or less vivid?

FOR FURTHER WORK

1. Speaking of the family photograph, Updike says, "Their history is kept by these photographs of timeless people in changing costumes standing linked and flushed in a moment of midsummer heat." What does he mean?
2. Do you think there will be another picnic in the family meadow. Tell or write about what you think will happen in the lives of some of these people in the future.
3. If you have any old family photographs, how would you describe the people in them and what they were doing before the picture was taken? Write a brief paragraph.

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