

Spring 2012 English 102

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Office Number: 211-T
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Course Theme: "I wish I knew"

⇒ Please check the ANGEL online course calendar regularly for calendar changes.

REQUIRED TEXTS:

My Course Packet sold in our bookstore
A reliable Internet connection
Other texts may be assigned throughout the quarter

MANDATORY PREREQUISITES

Please read the following list carefully. If your answer is "no" to any of these six "musts," please find an alternative course immediately.

- ✓ Completion of English 101 or equivalent with a grade of 2.0 or better.
 - ✓ Willingness and ability devote an average of **at least** 10 hours per week to the course. Time spent in class is considered part of this total.
 - ✓ Willingness to share your writing with others and constructively critique others' writing.
 - ✓ Willingness to participate actively in class discussions.
 - ✓ Regular attendance or contact beginning with the first three days of the quarter.
 - ✓ Completion of a satisfactory diagnostic essay **written within the first three days of the quarter**, one that meets entry standards for Advanced English Composition 102.
- ➔ **(If your beginning-of-the-quarter diagnostic essay does not meet the minimum entry requirements of the course, you will have to find an alternative writing course to upgrade your skills.)**

ACTIVITIES LIST—a sampling of what we will read, study, watch, do, and write about

- Various exercises and activities in the Course Packet
- Selected essays by various authors
- Selected short stories by various authors

- Selected poems by various authors
- Film(s)—to be announced later
- A variety of essays accessed through our SCC Library databases.
- An interview with a very senior citizen
- An original college-level research paper that conforms to either MLA or APA guidelines.

Course Overview

This section of English 102 is a blended (hybrid) expository writing course providing both in-class and online opportunities to learn. A typical week will include one day (Monday) for conferences, written activities, and individual help; three days for class activities (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday); and one day that serves as the Online Credit (Friday). Writing assignments will include short in-class writing experiences (ICWE's), in and out-of-class essays, journal writing and a college-level research paper. Our course goal is to become better prepared for the demands of upper-division college and professional writing.

Catalog Description

This course teaches students research skills by emphasizing the development of critical reading habits, investigative proficiency, and the writing of expository and persuasive prose including documented research essays. Students work to understand academic audiences, increase their clarity and objectivity, and adhere to standard formats. Prerequisite: English 101 with a 2.0 or better.

Course Website and ANGEL

My [website](http://ol.scc.spokane.edu/jroth) < <http://ol.scc.spokane.edu/jroth> > and ANGEL have a variety of useful handouts, links, and information, but **most particularly ANGEL has an updated calendar**. You are responsible for knowing what the class plans are, regardless of attendance, **so please consult the ANGEL calendar often**, as it is updated regularly. There is also a link in ANGEL where you can check your grades in the class.

Portfolio Folder

Please keep all returned assignments in your portfolio folder. Being able to produce a returned, graded assignment is the **ONLY WAY** to verify that you have completed the assignment if my records indicate otherwise.

First Three Days Attendance Requirement

In order to be eligible to receive a course grade of .7 or higher, a student must have attended regularly the first three days of the quarter or have make arrangements with the instructor in advance. Students who do not meet the first-three-days attendance requirement will be withdrawn from the course.

Classroom Admission Tickets "You've got a ticket to write."

Occasionally you will need to show a "ticket" at the door to attend class that day. A required "ticket" might be a printout of an essay we'll be discussing that day, a completed free-writing assignment, an annotated piece of literature, or a completed rough draft ready for peer review. These "tickets" work

like any other: if you do not have the appropriate ticket, you cannot gain admission to the class that day. You will know what tickets you need by checking the ANGEL calendar often.

My Attendance Policy

I do not take attendance because I believe that at the college level, attendance is the student's responsibility. Unlike earlier required school participation, enrolling in college is a choice you freely, so it is up to you whether to take advantage of it or not. However, a student who misses too many classes may become ineligible to pass the course because excessive absence brings into question whether the student attempted the course.

Classroom Conduct and Behavior

No student has the right to interfere with another student's opportunity to learn. To this end, I expect all of my students to act as responsible, socially-skilled adults or they will be asked to leave the class and/or drop the course. In addition, please turn off all electronics, including cell phones. If you wish to make a call or text a friend, please do so outside of class. In addition, the SCC Arts and Sciences Division requires all of its students to read the [Division Dean's letter](#) explaining faculty and student responsibilities, as well as the Division's position regarding Academic Integrity and plagiarism. Your first assignment is to read the [Dean's letter](#) before the end of the first week.

Making Up Late Assignments

There are no make-ups unless you make arrangements in advance. However, to allow for the unexpected, you may make up one Web assignment or out-of-class assignment without penalty as long as you make it up within one calendar week of its due date. **These make-up guidelines do NOT apply to any in-class writing assignments, pop quizzes, or the research paper. In-class writing assignments, pop quizzes, and the research paper cannot be made up for any reason.**

Please note: Any assignment submitted through ANGEL that has a time and date stamp later than the due date is a late assignment **no matter what the reason. This includes technical problems with the Internet and/or your computer.** That's why it's a good idea to begin assignments early.

Plagiarism

Plagiarism is the intentional or unintentional representation of someone else's words and ideas as your own. It is academic theft and will not be tolerated. **Any act of plagiarism, intentional or not, will mean failure of the assignment. More than one instance of plagiarism will mean failure of the course. Please consult the SCC Student Handbook, the SCC Student Code of Conduct, and the Arts and Sciences Division policies for more information.**

Course Grade

Course points can be earned in a variety of ways including in-class writing and activities (30%, out-of-class writing and activities, and the research paper. These categories have the following weights:

- In-class writing and activities 20% of the grade
- Out-of-class writing and activities 25% of the grade

- Research writing and activities 30% of the grade
- Quizzes and Tests 15% of the grade
- The Journal Assignment 10% of the grade

Your Final Grade

SCC uses the decimal grading system. ANGEL will calculate your grade using the category weights, expressing your running grade in percentage format. I will then convert your percentage grade to a decimal grade using the chart below. The decimal value will appear on your grade sheet and transcript.

Transfer-level Course Grade Scale—J. Roth

% to Decimal	Letter						
100—4.0	A	89—3.4	B+	79—2.6	C+	69—1.7	D+
99—4.0	A	88—3.4	B+	78—2.5	C+	68—1.7	D+
98—4.0	A	87—3.3	B+	77—2.4	C+	67—1.6	D
97—4.0	A	86—3.3	B	76—2.3	C+	66—1.6	D
96—4.0	A	85—3.2	B	75—2.2	C	65—1.5	D
95—4.0	A	84—3.1	B	74—2.1	C	64—1.4	D
94—3.9	A	83—3.0	B	73—2.0	C	63—1.3	D
93—3.8	A-	82—2.9	B	72—1.9	C-	62—1.2	D
92—3.7	A-	81—2.8	B-	71—1.9	C-	61—1.1	D-
91—3.6	A-	80—2.7	B-	70—1.8	C-	60—1.0	D-
90—3.5	A-					0.7—less	F

This page is intentionally blank. It is reserved for the course calendar. Please see our ANGEL calendar.

Revised

JOURNAL ASSIGNMENT

To write better, one must write often--*there is no other way*. Therefore, dedicating yourself to this assignment can do more to help your writing than anything I or any book can do. With this in mind, let us embrace the following assignment:

First, the journal assignment requires a special time set aside to write original sentences and paragraphs.

The goal is to write as many sentences and paragraphs as possible within the time limit (though I encourage everyone to spend even more time at this pursuit).

Simply writing lots of words, sentences, and paragraphs can lead to great improvement in your writing. The more words, the better.

And those words don't have to be read by anyone else to help your writing skill grow. To understand how this works, compare writing in a journal to practicing the piano between piano lessons:

The piano teacher does not have to listen to each practice session in order for the student to improve; in the same way, someone else (an instructor) does not have to read the words written in the journal for the writer to improve. **But in each case the student will improve in proportion to the practice time that he or she invests.**

When you write in your journal, write about anything you want--but let the words flow quickly. Write about your day, what makes you angry, happy, write about your most embarrassing moments. Start a novel, write pretend letters to people in your life--the possibilities are endless.

Also, do not be too concerned about checking spelling and punctuation during your journal writing time. Better to keep going with an idea and write the truth from it than to pause and check the dictionary.

Remember that I will not collect nor read in detail any of your entries, so you can be absolutely honest with yourself. You need not worry about correcting spelling/readability/sentencing errors nor be concerned that someone else will read what you have written. (After you have finished an entry, you can always go over it and clean it up for your own instruction, but that is up to you.)

As a side note, not only will journal writing improve one's written English, but it can also improve one's mood and emotional health. Studies have shown that regularly "venting" in a journal is **as effective as taking antidepressants.**

That's right—regular journal writing works every bit as well as popping Prozac.

SPECIFICS

- A minimum of fifteen minutes minimum per day—at least five days a week—beginning the second week of the course. A minimum of 45 separate entries by the end of the quarter.
- Please be sure to accurately number and date each journal entry.
- Keep all pages together in a notebook or on a USB thumb drive—I will ask you to show me your journal in progress at various times throughout the quarter.
- Please bring journal writing materials with you to each class. Often we'll write a journal entry together.
- **Note:** Your journal must demonstrate that you have made an honest attempt to meet the requirements of this assignment. Journals that appear "fabricated" at the last minute will not be accepted.
- Write without too much concern for spelling or punctuation; the goal is to produce a large quantity of words. Stopping often to check spelling and punctuation blocks the flow of ideas onto the page.
- Write about anything you want. Write about events, ideas, people who are important to you. Write about that which really affects you emotionally.
- At first, expect to sit with pen in hand waiting for the ideas to come. If you are patient, in time your mind will begin to generate content that your pen can record. A fifteen-minute writing session can yield from half a page to several pages of writing depending upon your mood and perseverance.
- Stuck for an idea? Please visit the [Scrapjazz](#) website for lots of journal writing ideas and activities. (Scroll down to find the prompts.)
- **No one but you will read the actual sentences you write—only the quantity you write will be checked.**
- Above all, be kind to yourself, be positive, and be patient.

More on the Journal assignment

This week you begin your English 101 journal assignment which asks you to free-write at least 15 minutes a day, 5 days a week through the rest of the quarter. Though some journal entry topics are specified, most will be open (your choice). With these, you can write about anything you like, change topics in mid-journal anytime you want. The goal is to write words, lots of words, without concern that someone will read them. As mentioned in the assignment, I will not read the content; only check the number of entries at our end-of-the-quarter meeting. If you're stuck and in need of an idea, the journal assignment holds a link to the [Scrapjazz](#) website which offers hundreds of topic suggestions. Finally, you may keep your journal entries in a physical notebook or in a single MS Word file; just be sure to number and date each entry.

What follows is a message to those of us who are motivated to do assignments only when we receive course points for them or when the instructor will check them carefully.

The journal assignment is pass/fail, rather than worth a certain number of points. One reason is that I want you to feel free to write however you want about whatever you want--your thoughts and feelings are your business and nobody else's. A second reason, perhaps the more important, is that the assignment has an impact that is more elegant and fairer than a points award: those who do it will likely see substantial improvement in their writing (and their mood); those who don't, won't.

If you have any questions, please be sure to ask.

ESSAY PLANNING SHEET FORM

Directions:

Before you submit an essay, please fill in the following form by putting your essay's thesis sentence and your body paragraphs' topic sentences in the appropriate blanks.

When done, please copy-and-paste the completed form to the top of your final copy before submitting it.

In addition, I recommend you complete this form before you begin your first rough draft.

Please see [the example](#) for a demonstration.

Your Name: _____

Essay #2 **Thesis Sentence:** _____

Topic (Point) of First Body Paragraph: _____

Topic (Point) of Second Body Paragraph: _____

Topic (Point) of Third Body Paragraph: _____

Topic (Point) of Fourth Body Paragraph: _____

Topic (Point) of Fifth Body Paragraph: _____

ESSAY CHECK SHEET

Essay # _____

STRUCTURE	Y E S	N O
Does the essay conform to the assignment?		
Does the essay attempt to make a point?		
Is the thesis sentence easy to locate? (Hopefully, it's the final sentence of paragraph #1.)		
Is the thesis sentence written properly? (announcement?)		
Does each body paragraph contain a clear topic sentence?		
Are the body paragraphs logically related and sequenced?		
Are there structural problems with any of the body paragraphs? Unity? (details that don't belong) Coherence? (details out of order) Faulty logic? (fallacies and sophistries) Are there transitions and are they effective?		

CONTENT	YES	NO
Do the body paragraphs fully develop the essay's thesis? (overall completeness)		
Is each body paragraph sufficiently developed? (paragraph completeness) (Does each body paragraph provide adequate quality and quantity of details?) If not, which ones need more attention?		
Is the thought in the essay easy to follow? (Does the essay use effective transitions to move from point to point?)		
Is the introductory paragraph engaging? Would it make a reader want to read on?		
Does the final paragraph contain a comfortable and appropriate conclusion?		

DELIVERY	YES	NO
Does the essay reflect thorough revision and editing?		
Does the essay conform to MLA/APA guidelines for margins, line-spacing, citations, etc?		
As the reader, do you feel comfortable in the essay writer's care?		
<p>Are there distracting mechanical errors?</p> <p>If so, which?</p> <p>Sentence fragments?</p> <p>Comma splices?</p> <p>Run-on sentences?</p> <p>Words commonly confused (Homonyms) errors?</p> <p>Subject-verb agreement errors? Singular/plural errors?</p> <p>Pronoun confusion (unclear antecedent?)</p> <p>Shift in person ("it" or "they" to "you")</p> <p>Diction (Wording) problems?</p> <p>Wordiness?</p> <p>Clichés?</p> <p>Punctuation?</p> <p>Spelling?</p> <p>Other?</p>		
If the essay contains other people's property—their words, ideas, illustrations, and the like), are documentation (MLA or APA) guidelines correctly followed?		
If applicable, does the essay have a Works Cited (MLA) or References (APA) page(s)?		

ADDITIONAL COMMENTS:

Editing—Find-and-Fix

English 99/101/102

- Seasoned writers do not use the words “you” and “your” without reason because doing so can inadvertently identify their readers with the situation discussed in the their essay.

For example, let’s say I write the following for the college newspaper:

*“Hard economic times can drive **an instructor** to risk harassment by begging in front of the Lair. This is unfair because it is really the economy that’s to blame. If **you** feel that **you** are being harassed, **you** should notify **your**”*

Noticed how the above switches from **third person** (**an instructor**) to **second person** (**you, your**)? In switching to **second person** (**you, your**), I have inadvertently called all of my readers “begging instructors.” This error is called “unnecessary shift in person,” and it is nagging how easy it is to do without noticing.

If you’re a little rusty on what “person” means, please double-read the following:

↓ Persons (or voices)	↓ Singular number (only one)	↓ Plural number (two or more)
1 st person →	I, me, my, mine	We, us, our, ours
2 nd person →	You, your, yours	You, your, yours
3 rd person →	She, he, it, her, him, hers, his	They, them, their, theirs

☞ **The rule to remember** is *unless the meaning of a sentence clearly requires a change, stay in the same “person” throughout the sentence and the paragraph.*

So let’s fix it:

*“Hard economic times can drive **an instructor** to risk harassment by begging in front of the Lair. This is unfair because it is really the economy that’s to blame. An instructor who feels*

that **he or she** is being harassed should notify the supervisor. . . .”

Now there is no “unnecessary shift in person” because all of the words (*instructor, he, and she*) are members of the “third person.”

2. Let’s take a look at another common problem. See if you can discover what’s wrong now (Hint: check for agreement of singulars and plurals):
“Hard economic times can drive **an instructor** to risk harassment by begging in front of the Lair. This is unfair because it is really the economy that’s to blame. If an instructor feels like **they** are being harassed, **they** should convince **themselves** to notify **their** supervisor so that **they** can find a solution to **their** problem”

That’s right: The problem now is an error called “shift in number” because words and their replacements need to agree in “number”--in other words, singular words need to be replaced with singular pronouns and plural words need to be replaced with plural pronouns. So when we begin with a third person *singular* subject such as **an instructor** and replace it with *plurals* such as **they, their, themselves** and **them**, we commit this error because plurals (**they, their, themselves**, and **them**) do not *agree in number*, and therefore, cannot replace or stand in for singular words such as **instructor**.

I’ve tossed and turned many sleepless nights trying to figure out why writers do this, and all I’ve come up with is that they probably switch from singular to plural to avoid the “he or she” or “him or her” mess. For an example of this mess, please see the following which actually agrees in person and number:

“Hard economic times can drive **an instructor** to risk harassment by begging in front of the Lair. This is unfair because it is really the economy that’s to blame. If an instructor feels like **he or she** is being harassed, **he or she** should convince **himself or herself** to notify **his or her** supervisor so that **he or she** can find a solution to **his or her** problem”

Clumsy and awkward, is it not? So here’s what to do:

Whenever possible, begin with a third person plural subject so that you can use **they, their, themselves**, and **them** as replacements. In other words, **try to avoid beginning sentences and paragraphs with singular words such an instructor, a student, a parent**; instead, begin with their plural counterparts-- **instructors, students, parents**. This change solves the problem, as in

“Hard economic times can drive **instructors** to risk harassment by begging in front of the Lair. This is unfair because it is really the economy that’s to blame. If **instructors** feel like **they** are being harassed, **they** should convince **themselves** to notify **their** supervisor so that **they** can find a solution to **their** problem”

Now not only are the words all in the same *person* but also the same *number*.

3. One last problem to solve—the dreaded *sweeping generalization*. Here's what it looks like:

“It is unfortunate that instructors hate criticism. If they would just listen to their colleagues and their students, they would not only become better instructors but”

No problem with person or number here; now we have a sloppy thinking problem affectionately known as a *sweeping generalization*. Here's why: by not qualifying the word *instructors*, the writer is claiming that **all** instructors hate criticism. You might argue that the writer really didn't mean “all” instructors; nevertheless a good critical reader assumes that if the writer wrote “all,” the writer meant “all”; and if there exists even one instructor who doesn't hate criticism, this claim is untrue.

Here's how to fix it: unless you **absolutely mean it**, avoid using unqualified plurals such as *instructors*, *students*, *parents*. To go along with this, also avoid *zero* and *one-hundred-percent* words such as *all*, *none*, *everyone*, *no one*, *always*, *never*. Remember, unqualified plurals mean **everyone** in the group.

The good news is that we can easily fix a *sweeping generalization* by qualifying the plural with mid-range words such as *many*, *some*, *most*, *few*, *often*, *seldom*. Let's apply this:

“It is unfortunate that *many* (or *some* or *a few*) **instructors** hate criticism. If these instructors would just listen to their colleagues and their students, they would not only become better instructors but”

Here's what to do now:

Take the rough draft of your essays--and all of your writing from now on--through a special revision where you . . .

Find and fix *unnecessary shifts in person*, particularly sentences that switch to **you**;

Find and fix sentences that begin with singular words and, instead, begin them with plurals so that you can avoid the “he or she,” “him or her” mess; and

Find and replace *zero* and *one-hundred-percent* words such as *all*, *none*, and *everyone* with mid-range qualifiers *such as many* and *some*.

AN OVERVIEW OF RHETORICAL STRATEGIES

A rhetorical strategy is simply a way of organizing your essay. Remember that the thesis sentence sets the essay's overall structure, but once the thesis is established, writers use a blend of the following strategies to develop the essay. For example, a writer might contrast two jobs by narrating an on-the-job experience for each, or persuade the reader to adopt a position on a controversial issue by first defining key terms.

TYPES OF STRATEGIES

NARRATION

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Entertainment, Instructive</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To tell a story</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Chronological</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when event, location, time, speaker changes.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>Use dialog sparingly; spend words on the key event in the sequence; use past tense.</i>

DESCRIPTION

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Objective, Subjective</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To paint a word picture for the reader.</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Spatial</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when location, part, or position changes.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>Spatial logic includes left to right, right to left, top to bottom, bottom to top, etc.</i>

DEFINITION

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Various</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To explain the meaning(s) of a term.</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Usually emphatic—most important last</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when quality/attribute changes or when switching from description of quality/attribute to example.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>Remember: First classify the term. Next determine what makes it unique from other members of its class (the differentiation). Then focus the essay on the term's unique qualities (its differentiation).</i>

CLASSIFICATION/DIVISION

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Individual members into sub-groups (classification); a single unit into component parts (division).</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To show diversity of large group; to show by inference similarities and differences among sub-groups; to show how component parts relate to each other to form the whole object.</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Inclusivity, Exclusivity,</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when sub-groups or parts change.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>Be sure to apply both logic tests (inclusivity and exclusivity) to your outline before beginning the draft.</i>

PROCESS ANALYSIS

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Informational, Directional</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To tell how something happens or works; To give step-by step directions to the reader.</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Chronological</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when steps in the process change.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>The tendency is to assume the reader knows more about the process you're describing than he/she really does.</i>

COMPARISON/CONTRAST

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Comparison, contrast, combination of the two.</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To clearly show specific similarities and/or differences between subjects.</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Divided by subject ("block"), Alternating (point-by-point)</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when subject or point of C/C changes. A similarity between subjects often can be covered in a single paragraph or section.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>If subjects are basically alike, work with differences. If subjects are basically different, work with likenesses. Limit your outline to two or three points of comparison/contrast.</i>

CAUSE-EFFECT or CAUSAL (not casual) ANALYSIS

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Causes or effects of an event, casual chain.</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To tell what caused an event or situation to occur (causes). To present possible outcomes of an event or situation (effects). To show a progression of events (a causal chain—like dominos).</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Most often emphatic</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when events change.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>DO NOT confuse this with process. Process tells HOW; Cause-Effect tells WHY. If you feel you might write a process essay by mistake, do not present your causes/effects in chronological order.</i>
	<i>The three types of causes are CONTRIBUTORY, NECESSARY, and SUFFICIENT. Avoid assigning too much importance to a particular cause by confusing these.</i>
	<i>Avoid the POST HOC error.</i>

PERSUASION (ARGUMENTATION)

<i>Types:</i>	<i>Develop your reasons; Refute your opponent's.</i>
<i>General Purpose:</i>	<i>To lead the reader to adopt your position on a controversial issue.</i>
<i>Organization:</i>	<i>Emphatic; refute then develop.</i>
<i>Paragraphing Advice:</i>	<i>Change paragraphs when points of evidence or argument change.</i>
<i>General Hints:</i>	<i>Argumentation often is considered more formal and less emotional, relying more heavily on research, statistics, and expert corroboration. Persuasion tends to be less formal and more emotional, relying on common sense reasoning.</i>

CRITICAL THINKING

If we want to find solutions we can trust, we need to apply *Critical Thinking* skills to the problem.

Steven Schafersman offers a worthwhile definition of *Critical Thinking*:

Critical thinking means correct thinking in the pursuit of relevant and reliable knowledge about the world. Another way to describe it is reasonable, reflective, responsible, and skillful thinking that is focused on deciding what to believe or do. A person who thinks critically can ask appropriate questions, gather relevant information, efficiently and creatively sort through this information, reason logically from this information, and come to reliable and trustworthy conclusions about the world that enable one to live and act successfully in it.

Schafersman, Steven. "Introduction to Critical Thinking." 1991. 07 Apr. 2006. Web.

Critical Thinking is a **process** or a *series of steps*, so let's use the following ***Holes in the Hedge*** example to see the process clearly:

The Holes in the Hedge Analogy

Imagine that not too far from our house is a huge two-block enclosure surrounded by a high, thick, green hedge. Because of the hedge's size, we cannot see what's inside the two-block enclosure, though we have heard all sorts of rumors.

One morning our curiosity gets the best of us. We head out to our garage, grab our pruning shears, and make our way to the mystery enclosure.

Once we arrive, we find we only have time to cut one hole in the hedge, just wide enough to see through.

After a few minutes of clipping, we have our viewing hole.

Because of the thickness of the hedge walls, we can see straight ahead through the hole but not to either side.

We take a look and see only a lawn mower and a rake lying against a shed wall in the distance.

If we walk away at this point convinced that the entire enclosure is full of only gardening tools, we have failed as critical thinkers.

Fortunately for us, we continue to be curious, so the next morning we repeat the process, this time cutting a hole a little farther along the hedge.

Through this new viewing hole, we are able to see the side of a swimming pool and crystal-clear water under a diving board.

If we walk away after this second view convinced that the entire enclosure contains only gardening tools and a swimming pool, we have again failed as critical thinkers because a great deal of the enclosure is still hidden from us.

To move our example along, let's assume we continue each morning to cut more viewing holes in the hedge until we can view the *entire* enclosure through the holes we have cut. Only then will we have a trustworthy sense of what lies within the enclosure.

Any assumption of what the enclosure holds before we have looked through all the necessary holes would deny the complexity of the enclosure and reflect thinking that is superficial, incomplete, and untrustworthy (NON-critical).

Now let's apply our Holes in the Hedge Analogy to critical thinking:

We put an issue inside the hedge and then cut as many viewing holes or perspectives as we need to see it completely. In this case, viewing holes are *perspectives* or *points of view*.

Here's an example:

Let's take the following issue and put it in the enclosure: **Should we legalize cloning ourselves to grow spare replacement parts for our organs?**

Some viewing holes or perspectives we would cut would be the *financial* implications of legalization, the *ethical/moral* implications, the *social* implications, the *physical/health* implications, *the history, motivations for, motivations against, effects on the medical community, psychological/behavioral* effects, *law enforcement* issues, and so on.

Each of these perspectives or points of view would yield different information about the issue leading to a greater understanding of its complexity.

After evaluating this information, we could form a well-reasoned critical opinion of the issue.

As educated people, we are obligated to use good critical thinking skills when examining an issue, and good critical thinking skills obligate us to view an issue through as many perspectives as necessary to understand its complexity **before** we make assumptions or voice opinions.

CRITICAL THINKING IDEA GENERATORS

POINTS OF VIEW/PERSPECTIVES/ APPROACHES (Holes in the hedge):

- Religious
- Legal
- Social
- Psychological/emotional
- Ethical/moral
- Financial
- Physical/biological/health

SIX GOOD FRIENDS:

WHO? WHAT? WHEN?, WHERE?, WHY?, HOW?

RHETORICAL STRUCTURE QUESTIONS:

Cause--effect:

- What caused it?
- What does it cause?
- What could it cause?
- Who does it affect?

Process analysis:

- How does it work?
- How do I do it?

Persuasion:

- Why should I support it?
- Why should I oppose it?

Description:

- What does it look like?

Classification:

- To what group does it belong?
- What qualities does it share with other members of its group?
- How does it differ from other members of its group?
- What sub-groups make it up?

Comparison--contrast:

- What other thing(s) is it like?
- What other thing(s) is its opposite?

Definition:

- What is its definition?
- What terms must be understood to understand it?

Exemplification:

- What are examples of it?

Evaluation:

- Is it worth my time? Why or why not?

LOGIC and CRITICAL THINKING HELP FALLACIES AND SOPHISTRIES

Mastery of the critical thinking process is indispensable to one's well-being and success, not only in college but throughout life. One skill that critical thinkers find valuable is the ability to distinguish between reasoned evidence to support a point and evidence that is flawed and misleading. And so we plunge into a brief primer on informal logic, a world of fallacies and sophistries to be detected and avoided.

We'll begin with a few definitions and move on to some tricks to be wary of and some errors to avoid.

Critical Thinking is the process of correctly understanding and then evaluating an idea.

Reasoning is a logical progression through an idea.

Logic is a mathematical (testable) approach to reasoning.

A **fallacy** is an error in reasoning.

A **sophistry** is a planned attempt to mislead.

Evidence or **proof** is any support for a point (idea, opinion).

An **assertion** is an idea that is claimed to be true.

An **appeal** is a faulty type of evidence.

An **argument** is a systematic presentation of an idea.

Validity: a logical progression of an argument—not necessarily the truth.

To present or evaluate an idea, follow these steps:

- Define terms,
- Locate or state the main point,
- Outline or present the argument,
- Check the support.

Syllogisms Made Simple

A **syllogism** is a three-step argument. Here's an example:

Major Premise:	<i>All humans will die.</i>
Minor Premise:	<i>Ralph is a human.</i>

Conclusion: *Ralph will die.*

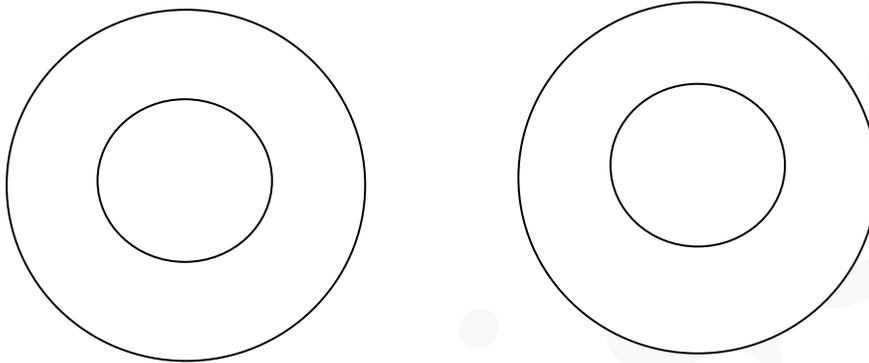
Sounds logical, huh? Try this one:

Major Premise: *All ducks have feathers.*

Minor Premise: *This creature has feathers.*

Conclusion: *This creature is a duck.*

Humm, something is wrong with that one. We can use *Venn Diagrams* to test individual syllogisms.



A faulty conclusion such as the second one above is often referred to as a *non sequitur*, which is Latin for “doesn’t follow.”

So we can see that a way exists to test the validity of an argument. Aristotle believed that most any idea could be broken into a series of syllogisms and then tested for validity. This is time-consuming work, however, because converting a multi-layered idea expressed in language to a series of mathematical (geometric) steps is not an easy process.

Fortunately, there are simpler ways to determine an idea’s validity—and that is to examine the quality of proof or evidence. Let’s take a quick look at some examples of faulty evidence or proof.

FALLACIES AND SOPHISTRIES

FALLACIES OF IRRELEVANCE

- ✓ Appeal to Ignorance
- ✓ Appeal to Authority

- ✓ Appeal to Pity
- ✓ Appeal to Force
- ✓ Appeal to Popular Attitudes (to the Masses) (“The Bandwagon”)
- ✓ Fallacy of Stress

FALLACIES OF EVIDENCE

- ✓ Post hoc (false cause)
- ✓ Begging the Question
- ✓ Loaded Phrases and Questions
- ✓ Hasty Generalization
- ✓ Faulty Generalization
- ✓ Either/Or

SOPHISTRIES

- ✓ Ad Hominem
- ✓ Tu Quoque
- ✓ Straw Man
- ✓ Red Herring
- ✓ Trivial Objections
- ✓ False Analogy
- ✓ Poisoning the Well
- ✓ Circumstantial Attack
- ✓ Ignoring (Shifting) the Burden of Proof

The first set is a group of **Fallacies** called **Appeals**. Remember, appeals have flaws—they do not represent trustworthy evidence.

APPEAL TO IGNORANCE: Reasoning that since there exists no evidence that an idea or claim is false, it therefore must be true.

Example: The Better Business Bureau has never received a complaint about Bob’s Radiator Repair Service; therefore, his business does reliable work.

Advice: This conclusion cannot be drawn simply because no evidence can be found to disprove it. Lack of evidence against an idea is not support for an idea.

APPEAL TO AUTHORITY: Reasoning that an authority or prominent personality in one field is also an expert in another field.

Example: Celebrity endorsements of products. These folks may be expert actors and athletes, but they are not necessarily experts at evaluating razor blades, cars, cell phone companies, burgers, soft drinks, shoes or candidates. Advertisers hope, however, that we will transfer the star's authority or popularity to the product being sold.

Advice: Authorities are credible *only* in their own fields; check their credentials before accepting their claims.

APPEAL TO PITY: Evoking sorrow, sympathy, or pity to win a point or support an idea.

Example: A student says to an instructor: "Oh, please, I've just got to pass this course or my student loan will be cancelled and I'll have to return to the orphanage and those horrible things will be done to me again! All I need's a 2.0 to save me from that cruel fate!"

Advice: Acting out of pity is not necessarily a valid reason for action. See *Malthusian Theory or Malthusian Catastrophe*

APPEAL TO FORCE: Using physical intimidation and threats to win a point. Any attempt to coerce someone to comply. *Drink the Kool-Aid*

Examples: Boss to employee: "You know I'm right, so if you keep disputing my opinion, I'll just have to get someone else to do your job."

Parent to child: Johnny, clean your room immediately or ELSE!

Advice: Though perhaps effective, force and intimidation are not reasoned support for one's position.

APPEAL TO POPULAR ATTITUDES: Sometimes called *Appeal to the Masses*, this is an attempt to win a point by appealing to popular attitudes and prejudices, rather than by providing adequate support. Also in this group is something called the *Bandwagon Appeal*, which asks us to accept that something is true because many or all people believe it.

Examples: Since 88% of the people polled believed in UFOs, they must exist.
Since most Americans believe that the war in Iraq was a good idea, the war in Iraq was a good idea.
This truck is the #1 selling truck in America, therefore, it's the best one to buy.
Since most seniors endorse increasing retirement benefits by 60%, increasing retirement benefits by 60% is a good idea.

Common popular attitudes that are used as manipulators:

- Sex sells
- Patriotism (love of country)
- Dislike of the unusual, unfamiliar
- Offering easy answers and clearly drawn sides to complex issues (professional wrestling, biased news channels).

Advice: Cultures (and their values), religions, governments, and peer groups, and majorities can be incredibly strong forces shaping our behaviors and choices. Certainly, too, their message is that theirs is the RIGHT way, not simply one of many options. No matter what their claim to authority, these entities can mislead and be misled. Keep in mind that “our truth” is simply that—“*our* truth,” not necessarily anyone else’s truth. The vast majority of humans on this planet hold much different “truths” from ours and establish very successful cultures in which they lead very successful lives.

FALLACY OF STRESS: Often referred to as *quoting out of context*, this is stressing a word or phrase to unfairly alter its meaning.

Example: Consider the imperative “EAT YOUR SOUP.” Sound innocent enough, but say this sentence three times, each time stressing a different word. Note that each change projects a very different meaning. Try it: “EAT your soup,” “eat YOUR soup,” “eat your SOUP.” See the difference?

Example: How about this statement arguing against equal rights for all citizens: “*The Declaration of Independence* states that ‘all MEN are created equal.’ If our Founding Fathers had meant for this to include women, this document would have mentioned women as well.”

Say it aloud and stress the word "men." Do you feel the change in meaning?

When candidates claim that they were "quoted out of context," this is what they mean--that, when quoted by another, their words were given a stress that was unintended or absent in the original. Quoting out of context can also mean leaving out words from the original to change its meaning.

Example: Original comment from a famous historian named Dr. Jones: I encourage you

to vote for candidate Griswald if you want to send the worst possible candidate to Washington, D.C.!

Candidate Griswald's use of this: Concerning my campaign, even Dr. Jones, a noted historian, said, "I encourage you to vote for Griswald"

Advice: Use a quotation only in context even though it may be very tempting to stress only the part you want.

POST HOC (ERGO PROPTER HOC): Translation: *After the fact, therefore because of the fact.* Assuming or claiming that Event A caused Event B simply because Event A happened just before Event B.

Example: The farmer and his wife on the train (told in class).

Or how about this excerpt from an opinion essay concerning the rise in juvenile crime rates:

Juvenile crime rose right after women began leaving the home and entering the workforce; therefore, it's obvious that mothers going to work were responsible for this increase.

Maybe, maybe not, but a **time** relationship between events (one happening just before the other) **is not enough proof** of a cause-effect relationship. There are such things as coincidences.

How about this one: The number of teenage pregnancies in America began to rise shortly after the terrorist attacks of 9/11. Isn't it therefore obvious that acts of terrorism make teenagers horny?

Ice cream causes polio.

Advice: Be cautious when assigning causes to events. Assume a coincidence unless the cause-effect relationship can be logically established.

BEGGING THE QUESTION: (*Circular Reasoning*)

The person advancing the argument asks you to grant as true an assumption that has not been proven (supported by evidence).

- In other words, the one advancing the argument "begs" that you accept the premise without offering proof.
- Or the arguer assumes to be true what he or she is trying to prove.
- Or a leap from an assumption to a fact without adequate proof.
- Also, using a source to support itself. (Defining a term by using the term itself.)

Example: See if you can spot the problem in the following: *People who want to spend millions on improving the slums believe that if we clean up the slums, slum dwellers will suddenly become responsible, productive citizens. This is obviously false: if slum dwellers were responsible and productive, they wouldn't be living in slums in the first place.*

Try a quotation from the TV show *Finding Bigfoot*: "The fact that you heard but did not see the Bigfoot is strong proof that one was in the area because Bigfoots are very careful not to be seen."

It is difficult to spot the error in the above statement, but we can probably sense that something just doesn't feel right. Here's why: In simplified words, it's arguing that *slums are caused by shiftless people because shiftless people cause slums*. But outside support for this assumption is not provided, so the argument goes around in circles. It "begs" us to grant that slum dwellers are irresponsible and unproductive without supporting this fundamental premise.

Example: *Candidate Smith was once affiliated with an organization that occasionally posted racist comments on its website. I don't think it's very wise to support a racist for office.*

See the fallacy? The first sentence offers no defensible evidence to support the premise that Candidate Smith is a racist (being "affiliated" is not necessarily the same as supporting). However, the second sentence jumps to the conclusion that he or she is. In other words, we are being "begged" to accept as true a premise for which no legitimate support has been provided.

Advice: *Begging the Question* or *Circular Reasoning* is probably the most difficult fallacy to spot easily. Unfortunately, it is also one of the most widespread critical thinking errors. To simplify a defense against this error, remember and insist upon two things:

- Allow no argument to support itself; the proof of an idea can never be the initial premise. Defining a term by using one of its forms as in *to define a word means to give its definition*.
- Always demand (and provide) legitimate support for any assumption. Never accept any assumption true without examining the evidence.

HASTY GENERALIZATION: Any generalization drawn from **too small a sample**.

Example: Pretend we overhear this in the hallway: *Of the thirty students in my math class, twelve are men, ten of whom failed the last exam while all of the women passed. This indicates that, on average, women are better math students than men.*

Advice: Too small a sample to make that determination. Generalize only with great care.

FAULTY GENERALIZATION: Any generalization drawn from a **biased sample**.

Example: Our survey of the nation's Lexus SUV owners indicates that most of these owners drive their SUV's to go sight-seeing between 3 and 5 p.m. on Sundays. This indicates that most Americans enjoy a leisurely drive on Sunday afternoons.

If you look at the above claim closely, you will notice that, though only the nation's Lexus SUV owners have been surveyed (quite a large sampling), the generalization is made concerning the entire country. It well might be that only those who own a Lexus SUV enjoy or can afford to take a Sunday sight-seeing drive. See the unintended bias?

Example: Research the 1948 United States presidential election pitting Truman (who won) against Dewey. Check out what the pre-election polls indicated (these polls taken by calling random names in telephone books--what were then called "City Directories")--then check out the result. Look for the famous [photo](#) that Truman is holding the morning after the election.

Advice: If the sample is biased, the generalization may be faulty. Generalize only with great care.

EITHER/OR REASONING: Ignoring possible alternatives by attempting to simplify an idea or choice.

Example: Let's say we hear this from an instructor: *Dirk's grades are very low this quarter; either he lacks the ability to do college work or he is lazy.*

Or Either you support candidate Smith on this issue or you are not a true American.

Do you see the either/or dead-end? Other explanations exist: Perhaps Dirk was having family problems, had to get a job, did not meet a prerequisite, etc.

Advice: Consider **all valid options** before making a decision or judgment.

AND NOW THE REALLY NASTY ONES--IF USED INTENTIONALLY, these are SOPHISTRIES

AD HOMINEM (*against the person*): Attacking an opponent rather than an opponent's position on an issue.

We all have many personal examples of this.

Example: Overheard in a legislative meeting: No, I will not support the legislative bill. It's being supported by Senator Griswald, and there is not a more dishonest person in Congress. If he supports it, I oppose it!

See the attack against the person, rather than his/her side of the issue?

Advice: Though incredibly tempting at times (see *parenting*), hesitate to use this attack to win. If it is used on you, request that your opponent **STICK TO THE ISSUE**.

TU QUOQUE (*you're one, too!*): Attempting to support or justify actions or beliefs because something else or someone else is just as bad.

Example: Heard in a debate about legalizing marijuana: America should legalize marijuana. After all, alcohol is legal, and it's responsible for many more deaths than marijuana. If alcohol is legal, marijuana should be, too.

See the Tu Quoque? The argument is that alcohol is at least as bad as marijuana; therefore, marijuana should be legalized since alcohol is legalized.

Advice: insist that your opponent **STICK TO THE ISSUE**.

STRAW MAN: Introducing a weaker, look-alike argument, disproving it, and then hoping the opposition and the audience will believe that the real issue was disproved.

Example: Imagine you are at a debate concerning the theory of evolution. The anti-evolution speaker says:

When considering the theory of evolution, we must remember that Darwin, its proponent, studied over 150 years ago when scientific equipment was very basic. In addition, Darwin generalized to the entire world by studying only one small, isolated island. Added to this, Darwin had very little formal education and absolutely no access to computers. Therefore, we can see that Darwin's theory of evolution must remain suspect.

The *Straw Man* is this: When Darwin lived, what scientific equipment he used, where he studied, his lack of formal education, and his not having access to computers are not the issue in question? The issue is his theory of evolution.

Example: Imagine we hear: When examining Senator Smith's new economic proposal, we must examine her voting record in the Congress. Senator Smith has never hesitated to vote for increased-spending initiatives. This should certainly weigh heavily on whether we support her economic proposal.

Again, is the issue Senator Smith's previous voting record or is the issue her new economic proposal? Her voting record is a Straw Man.

Advice: When you feel a *straw man* being employed, insist that those involved **stick to the issue**.

TRIVIAL OBJECTIONS: obscuring an issue by raising unimportant, petty objections.

Example: Let's say that someone invents a new light switch, one that will reduce electricity by a whopping 75%, but that the new switch will require a little larger hole be cut in the wall to install it. A *trivial objection* might be to complain about the inconvenience of having to cut the present hole a little larger. That is *trivial* compared to the economic and environmental benefit of saving 75%.

FALSE ANALOGY: An analogy occurs when two objects or events (A and B) are shown to be similar. Once this analogy is introduced, the premise is that since A has a certain property, B must have the same property. Take for example the parables of Jesus. Jesus compared God to an earthy father and then proposed that just as an earthy father would care for his children, so, too, would God care for humans.

An analogy becomes “false” when A and B are in fact different in a way that really matters. This screams for an example. A really goofy one is that since the air we breathe and water we drink share the same quality of being colorless, they must, therefore, both quench our thirst. Wikipedia has this one: Since the sun and a banana are the same color, they must, therefore, be the same size.

Examples:

The Web site OneGoodMove.org offers this one: *Employees are like nails. Just as nails must be hit in the head in order to make them work, so must employees.*

Advice: Before accepting that the two situations (A and B) are alike in the way that is being proposed, be sure that the two are analogous in a way that supports that comparison. So instead of accepting the new comparison and, therefore, risk being sidetracked by discussing it, first be sure that the two (A and B) are in fact the same in a way that really applies.

RED HERRING: Attempting to trick an opponent into arguing a weaker side issue rather than the real issue. One who is losing a debate but needs to buy some time often uses this.

Example: We are listening to a debate about whether women deserve equal pay for equal work. We hear: In a discussion of whether women should receive the same pay for the same work as men (equal pay for equal work), we must ask

ourselves if it is fair that women demand the same pay as men while still expecting men to open doors for them, help them with their coats, heavy objects, etc. It seems that women want not only equal but preferred treatment.

See the trick? The speaker knows his position on the issue (that women do not deserve equal pay for equal work) is weak, so he is attempting to mislead--misdirect--his opponent toward a discussion of men and women in social settings. His hope is that his opponent will chase the scent of the Red Herring--the social issue--and spend valuable time discussing that.

Advice: Insist that your opponent **stick to the issue**.

As a comeback, the other person in the debate might say, *As much as I would enjoy discussing the social expectations women may have for men, I am here to discuss the issue of equal pay for equal work. Could we please return to that? OUCH!*

POISONING THE WELL: This takes several faces, but in general it's an attempt to "poison the water in the well" so that the audience's openness to the opponent or the opponent's position is "poisoned." To continue the metaphor, when it's the opponent's turn, the audience won't listen critically to ("drink") the opponent's words because they believe the well water is poisoned.

Example: How's this for introducing an opponent: These are my views, and now my opponent who, by the way, was a member of the liberal Southern Democrats for America, will give you his.

The above is an attempt to "poison the well water" of the debate before an opponent's turn to speak. The goal is to prejudice the audience against an opponent's message before he or she gets a chance to deliver it. An example reply might be *my past and I are not the issue we are here to discuss. Let's return to the issue at hand.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL ATTACK: Relying only on past circumstances to predict future behavior. Try this:

Example: Heard from a candidate for election: If my opponent Ms. Burke is elected, she surely will support the big corporations; after all, she worked for Boeing and General Electric Corporation in the late 1990's.

Perhaps, but it also might be that Ms. Burke's earlier experiences with big corporations disillusioned her. If this is the case, she may well vote against big corporations' interests in the future.

Advice: Insist that your opponent **stick to the issue**.

IGNORING THE BURDEN OF PROOF: Making a claim and then asking an opponent to disprove it. A popular saying in ancient Greece was *(S)he who asserts, must prove.*

Example: This country is going down the toilet, and if you don't think it is, then prove me wrong!

Advice: *(S)he who asserts, must prove* means that the burden of proof lies with the asserter and no one else. If you assert something (claim something is true), you are obligated to back it up. It is not up to your opponent to disprove it. The concept of "Innocent until proven guilty" is a good example of this rule put into practice.

Let's play NAME THAT FALLACY!

Directions: Using the *Logical and Critical Thinking—Fallacies and Sophistries* chapter in our course packet along with your common sense, identify the errors in the following examples. Many of these examples may represent more than one error, so answers will vary. Just be sure you have a rationale for the error you chose.

1. A TV Commercial: *"I'm not a doctor, but I play one on the hit TV series. You can take it from me that when you need a fast acting, effective and safe pain killer there is nothing better than PainAway 2002. That is my considered medical opinion."*

Type of Error? _____

2. *My dad used to suffer from terrible headaches. When he got one, he would "starve it out" by not eating. Sure enough, seven to eight hours after he stopped eating, his headache would be gone.*

Type of Error? _____

3. *Smith, who is from England, decides to attend graduate school at Ohio State University. He has never been to the US before. The day after he arrives, he is walking back from an orientation session and sees two white (albino) squirrels chasing each other around a tree. In his next letter home, he tells his family that American squirrels are white.*

Type of Error? _____

4. Applicant to employer: *"I'm positive that my work will meet your requirements. But more important, I really need the job since my grandmother is sick."*

Type of Error? _____

5. Betha thinks, *"My last two boyfriends were totally sexist pigs. I guess all men are like that! I'm gonna swear off men forever!"*

Type of Error? _____

6. Heard on a campus: *"Yeah, I know some people say that cheating on tests is wrong. But we all know that everyone does it, so it's okay."*

Type of Error? _____

7. From a student: *"You know, Professor Jones, I really need to get an A in this class. I'd like to stop by during your office hours later to discuss my grade. I'll be in your building anyways, visiting my father. He's your wife's supervisor, by the way. I'll see you later."*

Type of Error? _____

8. Interviewer: *"Your resume looks impressive but I need another reference."*
Bill: *"Jill can give me a good reference."*
Interviewer: *"Good. But how do I know that Jill is trustworthy?"*
Bill: *"Well, because I can vouch for her."*

Type of Error? _____

9. At a meeting: *"Of course the Senator from Maine opposes a reduction in naval spending. After all, Nautical Ironworks, which produces warships, is in Maine."*

Type of Error? _____

10. At a debate: *"That claim cannot be true. Dave believes it, and we know how morally repulsive he is."*

Type of Error? _____

11. *When will you stop beating your spouse?*

Type of Error? _____

12. On TV: *Either you support the war in Iraq or you are not a patriot!*

Type of Error? _____

13. At a debate: *"This theory about a potential cure for cancer has been introduced by a doctor who is a known lesbian feminist. I don't see why we should extend an invitation for her to speak at the World Conference on Cancer. After all, what would she know about it?"*

Type of Error? _____

14. *Jane gets a rather large wart on her finger. Based on a story her father told her, she cuts a potato in half, rubs it on the wart, and then buries the potato under the light of a full moon. Over the next month, her wart shrinks and eventually vanishes. Jane writes her father to tell him how right he was about the cure.*

Type of Error? _____

15. Beth and Tony are talking:

Beth: "I'll be able to buy that car I always wanted soon."

Tony: "Why, did you get a raise?"

Beth: "No. But you know how I've been playing the lottery all these years?"

Tony: "Yes, you buy a ticket for every drawing, without fail."

Beth: "And I've lost every time."

Tony: "So why do you think you will win this time?"

Beth: "Well, after all those losses I'm due for a win."

Type of Error? _____

16. On TV: *"Despite thousands of so called 'sightings,' no hard evidence for UFO's has ever been produced. Therefore UFO's don't exist."*

Type of Error? _____

17. *Likewise, every member of the Republican Party must choose between supporting my economic policies--or losing campaign funds in the next election.*

Type of Error? _____

18. *We can communicate easily with distant machines that explore the Moon and Mars. Why can't we communicate with one another on Earth and live in peace?*

Type of Error? _____

19. *The health department could not prove that the committee was responsible for the outbreak of salmonella poisoning at the Apple Festival. Therefore, the committee is not responsible for the outbreak of salmonella poisoning at the Apple Festival.*

Type of Error? _____

20. The famous film critic Jackson Sawyer writes the following after seeing the new film *Twisted Passions on Saturn*:

“Whatever you do, don’t miss the new film Twisted Passions on Saturn if you want to get two hours of sleep in a dark room.”

The next week, in a newspaper advertisement for the film we read:

“Whatever you do, don’t miss the new film Twisted Passions on Saturn ---Jackson Sawyer

Type of Error? _____

21. *Undemocratic societies kill the human spirit. The reason is clear: unless the people have the power in their society, the human spirit withers.*

Type of Error? _____

22. *Laboratory rats get to smoke all of the marijuana they want. We humans should certainly have more rights than rats, so why can’t we smoke all of the marijuana we want?*

Type of Error? _____

23. *“When we die, we will either go to heaven or hell.”*

Type of Error? _____

24. *“Anyone who teaches English is an obnoxious freak, so that obnoxious freak over there must be an English teacher.” (Hint: try a Venn Diagram on this one.)*

Type of Error? _____

25. *People with high-speed Internet connections overwhelmingly prefer to shop on-line. This indicates that Americans are losing their desire to shop at malls, stores, and local retailers.*

Type of Error? _____

26. Heard at a presentation:

Evolution is false! How could a mouse evolve into an elephant? There would have to be billions of changes for that to occur, and nobody has ever seen speciation anyway! So it's silly . . . who has ever seen a mouse evolve into an elephant? Nobody!! Therefore, evolution must be false!

Type of Error? _____

27. Heard at a debate:

Certainly our country’s Declaration of Independence states that all men are born equal. But this

does not necessarily apply to women. It is perfectly acceptable to consider that a woman's equality can be brought into question.

Type of Error? _____

28. Heard on the floor of Congress:

Senator Jones says that we should not fund the new attack submarine program. I disagree entirely. I can't understand why he wants to leave us defenseless like that.

Type of Error? _____

29. Heard at a political meeting:

We admit that this proposed spending measure is popular. However, we also urge you to note that there are so many bond issues on this ballot that the whole thing is getting ridiculous.

Type of Error? _____

30. At the end of a presentation on why it is morally wrong to use animals for food and clothing:

Bob concludes, Based on the arguments I have presented, it is evident that it is morally wrong to use animals for food or clothing.

Ruth replies, but you are wearing a leather jacket and you have a roast beef sandwich in your hand! How can you say that using animals for food and clothing is wrong!

Type of Error? _____

31. Heard at a debate:

Certainly our country's Declaration of Independence states that all men are born equal. But this does not necessarily apply to people after they are born. It is perfectly acceptable to consider that after a person's birth, his or her equality can be brought into question.

Type of Error? _____

32. Heard at a presentation:

Eastern medicine is far more effective than Western medicine. Eastern medicine relies on thousands of years of experimentation with natural substances and herbs. Western medicine, in contrast, claims to be effective because of all of its instruments, high-tech machines, and manufactured chemicals.

What many do not consider is that several cases of quackery and fraud by doctors in the West have been uncovered over time. These doctors in question steal money from the government by filing false Medicare claims and the like or claiming that they have treated patients when they really haven't, thus making their patients pay for treatment they did not receive. When considering the effectiveness of Western medicine, we must first discuss this problem of fraud and quackery.

Type of Error? _____

33. Heard outside the Lair.

Well, I guess that smoking can't be that bad. After all, Sally and John smoke.

Type of Error? _____

34. Heard outside the Lair:

Oh yeah? Well, if you really think I am wrong then prove it!

Type of Error? _____

35. Heard at a debate on Global Warming:

Your solution to Global Warming does not appeal to me. If we follow your suggestion, we certainly might stop Global Warming in its tracks, but what will we do without thermal-plastics used in automobile tire manufacturing?

Type of Error? _____

36. Ralph and Edna are arguing about the morality of abortion. Let's listen in:

Ralph: "I believe that abortion is morally acceptable. After all, a woman should have a right to her own body."

Edna: "I disagree completely. Dr. Robert Sinclair says that abortion is always morally wrong, regardless of the situation. He has to be right, after all, he is a respected expert in his field."

Ralph: "I've never heard of Dr. Robert Sinclair. Who is he?"

Edna: "He's the guy that won the Nobel Prize in physics for his work on cold fusion."

Ralph: "I see. Does he have any expertise in morality or ethics?"

Edna: "I don't know. But he's a world famous expert, so I believe him."

Type of Error? _____

A Collection of Poetry

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer (5)
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake. (10)
The only other sounds the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep, (15)
And miles to go before I sleep.

(1923)

Two Look at Two by Robert Frost

Love and forgetting might have carried them
A little further up the mountain side
With night so near, but not much further up.
They must have halted soon in any case
With thoughts of a path back, how rough it was (5)
With rock and washout, and unsafe in darkness;
When they were halted by a tumbled wall
With barbed-wire binding. They stood facing this,
Spending what onward impulse they still had
In One last look the way they must not go, (10)
On up the failing path, where, if a stone

Or earthslide moved at night, it moved itself;
No footstep moved it. 'This is all,' they sighed,
Good-night to woods.'

But not so; there was more. (15)

A doe from round a spruce stood looking at them
Across the wall, as near the wall as they.
She saw them in their field, they her in hers.
The difficulty of seeing what stood still,
Like some up-ended boulder split in two, (20)
Was in her clouded eyes; they saw no fear there.
She seemed to think that two thus they were safe.
Then, as if they were something that, though strange,
She could not trouble her mind with too long,
She sighed and passed unscared along the wall. (25)
'This, then, is all. What more is there to ask?'

But no, not yet. A snort to bid them wait.
A buck from round the spruce stood looking at them
Across the wall as near the wall as they.
This was an antlered buck of lusty nostril, (30)
Not the same doe come back into her place.
He viewed them quizzically with jerks of head,
As if to ask, 'Why don't you make some motion?
Or give some sign of life? Because you can't.
I doubt if you're as living as you look.' (35)
Thus till he had them almost feeling dared
To stretch a proffering hand -- and a spell-breaking.
Then he too passed unscared along the wall.
Two had seen two, whichever side you spoke from.

'This must be all.' It was all. Still they stood, (40)
A great wave from it going over them,
As if the earth in one unlooked-for favour
Had made them certain earth returned their love. (1923)

Mending Wall by Robert Frost

Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That sends the frozen-ground-swell under it,
And spills the upper boulders in the sun,
And makes gaps even two can pass abreast.
The work of hunters is another thing: (5)
I have come after them and made repair

Where they have left not one stone on a stone,
But they would have the rabbit out of hiding,
To please the yelping dogs. The gaps I mean,
No one has seen them made or heard them made, (10)
But at spring mending-time we find them there.
I let my neighbor know beyond the hill;
And on a day we meet to walk the line
And set the wall between us once again.
We keep the wall between us as we go. (15)
To each the boulders that have fallen to each.
And some are loaves and some so nearly balls
We have to use a spell to make them balance:
'Stay where you are until our backs are turned!'
We wear our fingers rough with handling them. (20)
Oh, just another kind of out-door game,
One on a side. It comes to little more:
There where it is we do not need the wall:
He is all pine and I am apple orchard.
My apple trees will never get across (25)
And eat the cones under his pines, I tell him.
He only says, 'Good fences make good neighbors'.
Spring is the mischief in me, and I wonder
If I could put a notion in his head:
'Why do they make good neighbors? Isn't it (30)
Where there are cows? But here there are no cows.
Before I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offence
Something there is that doesn't love a wall, . (35)
That wants it down.' I could say 'Elves' to him,
But it's not elves exactly, and I'd rather
He said it for himself. I see him there
Bringing a stone grasped firmly by the top
In each hand, like an old-stone savage armed. (40)
He moves in darkness as it seems to me~
Not of woods only and the shade of trees.
He will not go behind his father's saying,
And he likes having thought of it so well
He says again, "Good fences make good neighbors." (45)

(1914)

The Road Not Taken by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth; (5)

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same, (10)

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back. (15)

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference. (20)

(1915,

1916)

The Wood-Pile by Robert Frost

Out walking in the frozen swamp one gray day,
I paused and said, "I will turn back from here.
No, I will go on farther—and we shall see."
The hard snow held me, save where now and then
One foot went through. The view was all in lines (5)
Straight up and down of tall slim trees

Too much alike to mark or name a place by
So as to say for certain I was here
Or somewhere else: I was just far from home.
A small bird flew before me. He was careful (10)
To put a tree between us when he lighted,
And say no word to tell me who he was
Who was so foolish as to think what he thought.
He thought that I was after him for a feather—
The white one in his tail; like one who takes (15)
Everything said as personal to himself.
One flight out sideways would have undeceived him.
And then there was a pile of wood for which
I forgot him and let his little fear
Carry him off the way I might have gone, (20)
Without so much as wishing him good-night.
He went behind it to make his last stand.
It was a cord of maple, cut and split
And piled—and measured, four by four by eight.
And not another like it could I see. (25)
No runner tracks in this year's snow looped near it.
And it was older sure than this year's cutting,
Or even last year's or the year's before.
The wood was gray and the bark warping off it
And the pile somewhat sunken. Clematis (30)
Had wound strings round and round it like a bundle.
What held it, though, on one side was a tree
Still growing, and on one side a stake for a prop,
These latter about to fall. I thought that only
Someone who lived in turning to fresh tasks (35)
Could so forget his handiwork on which
He spent himself, the labor of his ax,
And leave it there far from a useful fireplace
To warm the frozen swamp as best it could
With the slow smokeless burning of decay. (40)

(1914)

I Cannot Live with You by Emily Dickinson (punctuation modified)

I cannot live with you,
It would be life,
And life is over there
Behind the shelf

The sexton keeps the key to
Putting up
Our life, his porcelain,
Like a cup

Discarded of the housewife,
Quaint or broken;
A newer Sevres pleases,
Old ones crack.

I could not die with you,
For one must wait
To shut the other's gaze down,
You could not.

And I, could I stand by
And see you freeze,
Without my right of frost,
Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise with you,
Because your face
Would put out Jesus'.
That new grace

Glow plain and foreign
On my homesick eye,
Except that you, than he
Shone closer by.

(1890)

Much Madness Is Divinest Sense by Emily Dickinson

Much Madness is divinest Sense --
To a discerning Eye --
Much Sense -- the starkest Madness --
'Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail --
Assent -- and you are sane --
Demur -- you're straightway dangerous --
And handled with a Chain -- (1890)

That Time Of Year Thou Mayst In Me Behold by William Shakespeare

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang. (4)
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest. (8)
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by. (12)
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing by Walt Whitman

I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from the branches,
Without any companion it stood there uttering joyous leaves of dark green,
And its look, rude, unbending, lusty, made me think of myself, (5)
But I wondered how it could utter joyous leaves standing alone there
without its friend near, for I knew I could not,
And I broke off a twig with a certain number of leaves upon it,
and twined around it a little moss,
And brought it away, and I have placed it in sight in my room,
It is not needed to remind me as of my own dear friends, (10)

(For I believe lately I think of little else than of them,)
Yet it remains to me a curious token, it makes me think of manly love;
For all that, and though the live-oak glistens there in Louisiana
solitary in a wide flat space,
Uttering joyous leaves all its life without a friend or lover near,
I know very well I could not. (15)

(1860, 1867)

A Noiseless Patient Spider by Walt Whitman

A NOISELESS, patient spider,
I mark'd, where, on a little promontory, it stood, isolated;
Mark'd how, to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them. (5) 5

And you, O my Soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing,—seeking the spheres, to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need, be form'd—till the ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my Soul. (10)

(1900)

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer by Walt Whitman

WHEN I heard the learn'd astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them;
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-
room,
How soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

5

(1900)

The Farmer's Wife by Anne Sexton

From the hodge porridge
of their country lust,
their local life in Illinois,
where all their acres look
like a sprouting broom factory, (5)
they name just ten years now
that she has been his habit;
as again tonight he'll say
honey bunch let's go
and she will not say how there (10)
must be more to living
than this brief bright bridge
of the raucous bed or even
the slow braille touch of him
like a heavy god grown light, (20)
that old pantomime of love
that she wants although
it leaves her still alone,
built back again at last,
mind's apart from him, living (25)
her own self in her own words
and hating the sweat of the house
they keep when they finally lie
each in separate dreams
and then how she watches him, (30)
still strong in the blowzy bag
of his usual sleep while
her young years bungle past
their same marriage bed
and she wishes him cripple, or poet, (35)
or even lonely, or sometimes,
better, my lover, dead.

A Decade by Amy Lowell (1960)

When you came, you were like red wine and honey,
And the taste of you burnt my mouth with its sweetness.
Now you are like morning bread,
Smooth and pleasant.
I hardly taste you at all for I know your savour,
But I am completely nourished.

Living in Sin by Adrienne Rich

She had thought the studio would keep itself;
no dust upon the furniture of love.
Half heresy, to wish the taps less vocal,
the panes relieved of grime. A plate of pears,
a piano with a Persian shawl, a cat (5)
stalking the picturesque amusing mouse
had risen at his urging.
Not that at five each separate stair would writhe
under the milkman's tramp; that morning light (10)
so coldly would delineate the scraps
of last night's cheese and three sepulchral bottles;
that on the kitchen shelf among the saucers
a pair of beetle-eyes would fix her own---
envoy from some village in the moldings . . .
Meanwhile, he, with a yawn, (15)
sounded a dozen notes upon the keyboard,
declared it out of tune, shrugged at the mirror,
rubbed at his beard, went out for cigarettes;
while she, jeered by the minor demons,
pulled back the sheets and made the bed and found (20)
a towel to dust the table-top,
and let the coffee-pot boil over on the stove.
By evening she was back in love again,
though not so wholly but throughout the night
she woke sometimes to feel the daylight coming (25)
like a relentless milkman up the stairs.

My Last Duchess by Robert Browning (1812-1889)

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive. I call
That piece a wonder, now: Frà Pandolf's hands
Worked busily a day, and there she stands. (5)
Will 't please you sit and look at her? I said
'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by (10)
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,

How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 't was not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps (15)
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say, 'Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat:' such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough (20)
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart -- how shall I say? -- too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
 Sir, 't was all one! My favour at her breast, (25)
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace -- all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, (30)
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men, -- good! but thanked
 Somehow -- I know not how -- as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame (35)
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech -- (which I have not) -- to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, 'Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark' -- and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set (40)
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 -- E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
 Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; (45)
 Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will 't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below then. I repeat,
 The Count your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense (50)
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity, (55)
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock by T.S. Eliot (1955)

S'io credessi che mia risposta fosse
a persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
questa fiamma staria senza pi scosse.
Ma per ci che giammai di questo fondo
non torn vivo alcun, s'i'odo il vero,
senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.¹

[¹ Before reading the poem, please read the explanation and translation at the end of this poem.]

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherised upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question.
Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.
And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street
Rubbing its back upon the window-panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands

That lift and drop a question on your plate,
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, "Do I dare?" and, "Do I dare?"
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair--
(They will say: "How his hair is growing thin!")
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin--
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them all already, known them all--
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.
So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all--
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase,
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?
And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all--
Arms that are braceleted and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows?

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas...

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep ... tired ... or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in
upon a platter,
I am no prophet-and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while,
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it towards some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"--
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
Should say: "That is not what I meant at all.
That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail along
the floor--
And this, and so much more?--
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a
screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,

And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince; no doubt, an easy tool
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous--
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trousers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.

I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

(1917)

- (1) The opening passage, written in Italian, is from Dante's masterpiece, the *Inferno* (Canto 27, lines 61-66). These words are spoken by a character named Guido da Montefeltro in response to a question Dante asks him. Guido, encased in a flame which vibrates when he speaks, incorrectly assumes that Dante is dead since he (Dante) is in Hell. Guido's reply is, "If I thought that that I was replying to someone who would ever return to the world, this flame would cease to flicker. But since no one ever returns from these depths alive, if what I've heard is true, I will answer you without fear of infamy."

In other words, Guido says he will tell the truth only because he believes that no one on earth (the outside world) will ever know his thoughts.

The Cask of Amontillado by Edgar Allan Poe

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could, but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. At length I would be avenged; this was a point definitively settled -- but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good will. I continued as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile NOW was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point -- this Fortunato -- although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity to practice imposture upon the British and Austrian Millionaires. In painting and gemmery, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack, but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially; I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him, that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him -- "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met. How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he, "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible? And in the middle of the carnival?"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If anyone has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me" --

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good nature. I perceive you have an engagement Luchesi" --

"I have no engagement; come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted . The vaults are insufferably damp. They are encrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon; and as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance , one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaux, and giving one to Fortunato bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white webwork which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication .

"Nitre?" he asked, at length

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough!"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh! -- ugh! ugh! ugh! -- ugh! ugh! ugh! -- ugh! ugh! ugh! -- ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi" --

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True -- true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily -- but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"Nemo me impune lacessit."

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc.

We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said: see it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough" --

"It is nothing" he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grave. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement -- a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said "yes! yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaux rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth

the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use in itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depths of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi" --

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is VERY damp. Once more let me IMPLORE you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of my masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was NOT the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated -- I trembled. Unsheathing

my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reechoed -- I aided -- I surpassed them in volume and in strength. I did this, and the clamorers grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said --

"Ha! ha! ha! -- he! he! -- a very good joke indeed -- an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo -- he! he! he! -- over our wine -- he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he! -- he! he! he! -- yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo, the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said "let us be gone."

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, MONTRESOR!"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud --

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again --

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick -- on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them.

In pace requiescat!

The Chrysanthemums by John Steinbeck

The high gray-flannel fog of winter closed off the Salinas Valley from the sky and from all the rest of the world. On every side it sat like a lid on the mountains and made of the great valley a closed pot. On the broad, level land floor the gang plows bit deep and left the black earth shining like metal where the shares had cut. On the foothill ranches across the Salinas river, the yellow stubble fields seemed to be bathed in pale cold sunshine, but there was no sunshine in the valley now in December. The thick willow scrub along the river flamed with sharp and positive yellow leaves.

It was a time of quiet and of waiting. The air was cold and tender. A light wind blew up from the southwest so that the farmers were mildly hopeful of a good rain before long; but fog and rain did not go together.

Across the river, on Henry Allen's foothill ranch there was little work to be done, for the hay was cut and stored and the orchards were plowed up to receive the rain deeply when it should come. The cattle on the higher slopes were becoming shaggy and rough-coated.

Elisa Allen, working in her flower garden, looked down across the yard and saw Henry, her husband, talking to two men in business suits. The three of them stood by the tractor shed, each man with one foot on the side of the little Fordson. They smoked cigarettes and studied the machine as they talked.

Elisa watched them for a moment and then went back to her work. She was thirty-five. Her face was lean and strong and her eyes were as clear as water. Her figure looked blocked and heavy in her gardening costume, a man's black hat pulled low down over her eyes, clod-hopper shoes, a figured print dress almost completely covered by a big corduroy apron with four big pockets to hold the snips, the trowel and scratcher, the seeds and the knife she worked with. She wore heavy leather gloves to protect her hands while she worked.

She was cutting down the old year's chrysanthemum stalks with a pair of short and powerful scissors. She looked down toward the men by the tractor shed now and then. Her face was eager and mature and handsome; even her work with the scissors was over-eager, over-powerful. The chrysanthemum stems seemed too small and easy for her energy.

She brushed a cloud of hair out of her eyes with the back of her glove, and left a smudge of earth on her cheek in doing it. Behind her stood the neat white farm

house with red geraniums close-banked around it as high as the windows. It was a hard-swept looking little house, with hard-polished windows, and a clean mud-mat on the front steps.

Elisa cast another glance toward the tractor shed. The strangers were getting into their Ford coupe. She took off a glove and put her strong fingers down into the forest of new green chrysanthemum sprouts that were growing around the old roots. She spread the leaves and looked down among the close-growing stems. No aphids were there, no sow bugs or snails or cutworms. Her terrier fingers destroyed such pests before they could get started.

Elisa started at the sound of her husband's voice. He had come near quietly, and he leaned over the wire fence that protected her flower garden from cattle and dogs and chickens.

"At it again," he said. "You've got a strong new crop coming.

Elisa straightened her back and pulled on the gardening glove again. "Yes. They'll be strong this coming year." In her tone and on her face there was a little smugness.

You've got a gift with things," Henry observed. "Some of those yellow chrysanthemums you had this year were ten inches across. I wish you'd work out in the orchard and raise some apples that big."

Her eyes sharpened. "Maybe I could do it, too. I've a gift with things, all right. My mother had it. She could stick anything in the ground and make it grow. She said it was having planters' hands that knew how to do it."

"Well, it sure works with flowers," he said. "Henry, who were those men you were talking to?"

"Why, sure, that's what I came to tell you. They were from the Western Meat Company. I sold those thirty head of three-year-old steers. Got nearly my own price, too."

"Good," she said. "Good for you.

"And I thought," he continued, "I thought how it's Saturday afternoon, and we might go into Salinas for dinner at a restaurant, and then to a picture show--to

celebrate, you see."

"Good," she repeated. "Oh, yes. That will be good."

Henry put on his joking tone. "There's fights tonight. How'd you like to go to the fights?"

"Oh, no," she said breathlessly. "No, I wouldn't like fights."

"Just fooling, Elisa. We'll go to a movie. Let's see. It's two now. I'm going to take Scotty and bring down those steers from the hill. It'll take us maybe two hours. We'll go in town about five and have dinner at the Cominos Hotel. Like that?"

"Of course I'll like it. It's good to eat away from home."

"All right, then. I'll go get up a couple of horses."

She said, "I'll have plenty of time to transplant some of these sets, I guess."

She heard her husband calling Scotty down by the barn. And a little later she saw the two men ride up the pale yellow hillside in search of the steers.

There was a little square sandy bed kept for rooting the chrysanthemums. With her trowel she turned the soil over and over, and smoothed it and patted it firm. Then she dug ten parallel trenches to receive the sets. Back at the chrysanthemum bed she pulled out the little crisp shoots, trimmed off the leaves of each one with her scissors and laid it on a small orderly pile.

A squeak of wheels and plod of hoofs came from the road. Elisa looked up. The country road ran along the dense bank of willows and cotton-woods that bordered the river, and up this road came a curious vehicle, curiously drawn. It was an old spring-wagon, with a round canvas top on it like the cover of a prairie schooner. It was drawn by an old bay horse and a little grey-and-white burro. A big stubble-bearded man sat between the cover flaps and drove the crawling team. Underneath the wagon, between the hind wheels, a lean and rangy mongrel dog walked sedately. Words were painted on the canvas in clumsy, crooked letters. "Pots, pans, knives, sisors, lawn mores, Fixed." Two rows of articles, and the triumphantly definitive "Fixed" below. The black paint had run down in little sharp points beneath each letter.

Elisa, squatting on the ground, watched to see the crazy, loose-jointed wagon pass by. But it didn't pass. It turned into the farm road in front of her house, crooked old wheels skirling and squeaking. The rangy dog darted from between the wheels and ran ahead. Instantly the two ranch shepherds flew out at him. Then all three stopped, and with stiff and quivering tails, with taut straight legs, with ambassadorial dignity, they slowly circled, sniffing daintily. The caravan pulled up to Elisa's wire fence and stopped. Now the newcomer dog, feeling outnumbered, lowered his tail and retired under the wagon with raised hackles and bared teeth.

The man on the wagon seat called out, "That's a bad dog in a fight when he gets started."

Elisa laughed. I see he is. How soon does he generally get started?"

The man caught up her laughter and echoed it heartily. "Sometimes not for weeks and weeks," he said. He climbed stiffly down, over the wheel. The horse and the donkey drooped like unwatered flowers.

Elisa saw that he was a very big man. Although his hair and beard were graying, he did not look old. His worn black suit was wrinkled and spotted with grease. The laughter had disappeared from his face and eyes the moment his laughing voice ceased. His eyes were dark, and they were full of the brooding that gets in the eyes of teamsters and of sailors. The calloused hands he rested on the wire fence were cracked, and every crack was a black line. He took off his battered hat.

"I'm off my general road, ma'am," he said. "Does this dirt road cut over across the river to the Los Angeles highway?"

Elisa stood up and shoved the thick scissors in her apron pocket. "Well, yes, it does, but it winds around and then fords the river. I don't think your team could pull through the sand."

He replied with some asperity, "It might surprise you what them beasts can pull through."

"When they get started?" she asked.

He smiled for a second. "Yes. When they get started."

"Well," said Elisa, "I think you'll save time if you go back to the Salinas road and pick up the highway there."

He drew a big finger down the chicken wire and made it sing. "I ain't in any hurry, ma'am. I go from Seattle to San Diego and back every year. Takes all my time. About six months each way. I aim to follow nice weather."

Elisa took off her gloves and stuffed them in the apron pocket with the scissors. She touched the under edge of her man's hat, searching for fugitive hairs. "That sounds like a nice kind of a way to live," she said.

He leaned confidentially over the fence. "Maybe you noticed the writing on my wagon. I mend pots and sharpen knives and scissors. You got any of them things to do?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "Nothing like that." Her eyes hardened with resistance.

"Scissors is the worst thing," he explained. "Most people just ruin scissors trying to sharpen 'em, but I know how. I got a special tool. It's a little bobbit kind of thing, and patented. But it sure does the trick."

"No. My scissors are all sharp."

"All right, then. Take a pot," he continued earnestly, "a bent pot, or a pot with a hole. I can make it like new so you don't have to buy no new ones. That's a saving for you.

"No," she said shortly. "I tell you I have nothing like that for you to do."

His face fell to an exaggerated sadness. His voice took on a whining undertone. "I ain't had a thing to do today. Maybe I won't have no supper tonight. You see I'm off my regular road. I know folks on the highway clear from Seattle to San Diego. They save their things for me to sharpen up because they know I do it so good and save them money.

"I'm sorry," Elisa said irritably. "I haven't anything for you to do."

His eyes left her face and fell to searching the ground. They roamed about until they came to the chrysanthemum bed where she had been working. "What's them plants, ma'am?"

The irritation and resistance melted from Elisa's face. "Oh, those are chrysanthemums, giant whites and yellows. I raise them every year, bigger than anybody around here."

"Kind of a long-stemmed flower? Looks like a quick puff of colored smoke?" he asked.

"That's it. What a nice way to describe them."

"They smell kind of nasty till you get used to them," he said.

"It's a good bitter smell," she retorted, "not nasty at all."

He changed his tone quickly. "I like the smell myself."

"I had ten-inch blooms this year," she said.

The man leaned farther over the fence. "Look. I know a lady down the road a piece, has got the nicest garden you ever seen. Got nearly every kind of flower but no chrysanthemums. Last time I was mending a copper-bottom washtub for her (that's a hard job but I do it good), she said to me, 'If you ever run acrost some nice chrysanthemums I wish you'd try to get me a few seeds.' That's what she told me."

Elisa's eyes grew alert and eager. "She couldn't have known much about chrysanthemums. You can raise them from seed, but it's much easier to root the little sprouts you see there."

"Oh," he said. "I s'pose I can't take none to her, then."

"Why yes you can," Elisa cried. "I can put some in damp sand, and you can carry them right along with you. They'll take root in the pot if you keep them damp. And then she can transplant them."

"She'd sure like to have some, ma'am. You say they're nice ones?"

"Beautiful," she said. "Oh, beautiful." Her eyes shone. She tore off the battered hat and shook out her dark pretty hair. "I'll put them in a flower pot, and you can take them right with you. Come into the yard."

While the man came through the picket fence Elisa ran excitedly along the geranium-bordered path to the back of the house. And she returned carrying a big red flower pot. The gloves were forgotten now. She kneeled on the ground by the starting bed and dug up the sandy soil with her fingers and scooped it into the bright new flower pot. Then she picked up the little pile of shoots she had prepared. With her strong fingers she pressed them into the sand and tamped around them with her knuckles. The man stood over her. "I'll tell you what to do," she said. "You remember so you can tell the lady."

"Yes, I'll try to remember."

"Well, look. These will take root in about a month. Then she must set them out, about a foot apart in good rich earth like this, see?" She lifted a handful of dark soil for him to look at. "They'll grow fast and tall. Now remember this. In July tell her to cut them down, about eight inches from the ground."

"Before they bloom?" he asked.

"Yes, before they bloom." Her face was tight with eagerness. "They'll grow right up again. About the last of September the buds will start."

She stopped and seemed perplexed. "It's the budding that takes the most care," she said hesitantly. "I don't know how to tell you." She looked deep into his eyes, searchingly. Her mouth opened a little, and she seemed to be listening. "I'll try to tell you," she said. "Did you ever hear of planting hands?"

"Can't say I have, ma am.

"Well, I can only tell you what it feels like. It's when you're picking off the buds you don't want. Everything goes right down into your fingertips. You watch your fingers work. They do it themselves. You can feel how it is. They pick and pick the buds. They never make a mistake. They're with the plant. Do you see? Your fingers and the plant. You can feel that, right up your arm. They know. They never make a mistake. You can feel it. When you're like that you can't do anything wrong. Do you see that? Can you understand that?"

She was kneeling on the ground looking up at him. Her breast swelled passionately.

The man's eyes narrowed. He looked away self-consciously. "Maybe I know," he said. "Sometimes in the night in the wagon there--"

Elisa's voice grew husky. She broke in on him. "I've never lived as you do, but I know what you mean. When the night is dark--why, the stars are sharp-pointed, and there's quiet. Why, you rise up and up! Every pointed star gets driven into your body. It's like that. Hot and sharp and--lovely."

Kneeling there, her hand went out toward his legs in the greasy black trousers. Her hesitant fingers almost touched the cloth. Then her hand dropped to the ground. She crouched low like a fawning dog.

He said, "It's nice, just like you say. Only when you don't have no dinner, it ain't."

She stood up then, very straight, and her face was ashamed. She held the flower pot out to him and placed it gently in his arms. "Here. Put it in your wagon, on the seat, where you can watch it. Maybe I can find something for you to do."

At the back of the house she dug in the can pile and found two old and battered aluminum saucepans. She carried them back and gave them to him. "Here, maybe you can fix these."

His manner changed. He became professional. "Good as new I can fix them." At the back of his wagon he set a little anvil, and out of an oily tool box dug a small machine hammer. Elisa came through the gate to watch him while he pounded out the dents in the kettles. His mouth grew sure and knowing. At a difficult part of the work he sucked his under-lip.

"You sleep right in the wagon?" Elisa asked.

"Right in the wagon, ma'am. Rain or shine I'm dry as a cow in there."

It must be nice," she said. "It must be very nice. I wish women could do such things."

"It ain't the right kind of a life for a woman."

Her upper lip raised a little, showing her teeth. "How do you know? How can you tell?" she said.

"I don't know, ma'am," he protested. "Of course I don't know. Now here's your kettles, done. You don't have to buy no new ones.

"How much?"

"Oh, fifty cents'll do. I keep my prices down and my work good. That's why I have all them satisfied customers up and down the highway."

Elisa brought him a fifty-cent piece from the house and dropped it in his hand. "You might be surprised to have a rival some time. I can sharpen scissors, too. And I can beat the dents out of little pots. I could show you what a woman might do."

He put his hammer back in the oily box and shoved the little anvil out of sight. "It would be a lonely life for a woman, ma'am, and a scary life, too, with animals creeping under the wagon all night." He climbed over the singletree, steadying himself with a hand on the burro's white rump. He settled himself in the seat, picked up the lines. "Thank you kindly, ma'am," he said. "I'll do like you told me; I'll go back and catch the Salinas road."

"Mind," she called, "if you're long in getting there, keep the sand damp."

"Sand, ma'am? .. Sand? Oh, sure. You mean around the chrysanthemums. Sure I will." He clucked his tongue. The beasts leaned luxuriously into their collars. The mongrel dog took his place between the back wheels. The wagon turned and crawled out the entrance road and back the way it had come, along the river.

Elisa stood in front of her wire fence watching the slow progress of the caravan. Her shoulders were straight, her head thrown back, her eyes half-closed, so that the scene came vaguely into them. Her lips moved silently, forming the words "Good-bye--good-bye." Then she whispered, "That's a bright direction. There's a glowing there." The sound of her whisper startled her. She shook herself free and looked about to see whether anyone had been listening. Only the dogs had heard. They lifted their heads toward her from their sleeping in the dust, and then stretched out their chins and settled asleep again. Elisa turned

and ran hurriedly into the house.

In the kitchen she reached behind the stove and felt the water tank. It was full of hot water from the noonday cooking. In the bathroom she tore off her soiled clothes and flung them into the corner. And then she scrubbed herself with a little block of pumice, legs and thighs, loins and chest and arms, until her skin was scratched and red. When she had dried herself she stood in front of a mirror in her bedroom and looked at her body. She tightened her stomach and threw out her chest. She turned and looked over her shoulder at her back.

After a while she began to dress, slowly. She put on her newest underclothing and her nicest stockings and the dress which was the symbol of her prettiness. She worked carefully on her hair, penciled her eyebrows and rouged her lips.

Before she was finished she heard the little thunder of hoofs and the shouts of Henry and his helper as they drove the red steers into the corral. She heard the gate bang shut and set herself for Henry's arrival.

His step sounded on the porch. He entered the house calling, "Elisa, where are you?"

"In my room, dressing. I'm not ready. There's hot water for your bath. Hurry up. It's getting late."

When she heard him splashing in the tub, Elisa laid his dark suit on the bed, and shirt and socks and tie beside it. She stood his polished shoes on the floor beside the bed. Then she went to the porch and sat primly and stiffly down. She looked toward the river road where the willow-line was still yellow with frosted leaves so that under the high grey fog they seemed a thin band of sunshine. This was the only color in the grey afternoon. She sat unmoving for a long time. Her eyes blinked rarely.

Henry came banging out of the door, shoving his tie inside his vest as he came. Elisa stiffened and her face grew tight. Henry stopped short and looked at her. "Why--why, Elisa. You look so nice!"

"Nice? You think I look nice? What do you mean by 'nice'?"

Henry blundered on. "I don't know. I mean you look different, strong and happy."

"I am strong? Yes, strong. What do you mean 'strong'?"

He looked bewildered. "You're playing some kind of a game," he said helplessly. "It's a kind of a play. You look strong enough to break a calf over your knee, happy enough to eat it like a watermelon."

For a second she lost her rigidity. "Henry! Don't talk like that. You didn't know what you said." She grew complete again. "I'm strong," she boasted. "I never knew before how strong."

Henry looked down toward the tractor shed, and when he brought his eyes back to her, they were his own again. "I'll get out the car. You can put on your coat while I'm starting."

Elisa went into the house. She heard him drive to the gate and idle down his motor, and then she took a long time to put on her hat. She pulled it here and pressed it there. When Henry turned the motor off she slipped into her coat and went out.

The little roadster bounced along on the dirt road by the river, raising the birds and driving the rabbits into the brush. Two cranes flapped heavily over the willow-line and dropped into the river-bed.

Far ahead on the road Elisa saw a dark speck. She knew.

She tried not to look as they passed it, but her eyes would not obey. She whispered to herself sadly, "He might have thrown them off the road. That wouldn't have been much trouble, not very much. But he kept the pot," she explained. "He had to keep the pot. That's why he couldn't get them off the road."

The roadster turned a bend and she saw the caravan ahead. She swung full around toward her husband so she could not see the little covered wagon and the mismatched team as the car passed them.

In a moment it was over. The thing was done. She did not look back. She said loudly, to be heard above the motor, "It will be good, tonight, a good dinner."

"Now you're changed again," Henry complained. He took one hand from the wheel and patted her knee. "I ought to take you in to dinner oftener. It would be

good for both of us. We get so heavy out on the ranch."

"Henry," she asked, "could we have wine at dinner?"

"Sure we could. Say! That will be fine."

She was silent for a while; then she said, "Henry, at those prize fights, do the men hurt each other very much?"

"Sometimes a little, not often. Why?"

"Well, I've read how they break noses, and blood runs down their chests. I've read how the fighting gloves get heavy and soggy with blood."

He looked around at her. "What's the matter, Elisa? I didn't know you read things like that." He brought the car to a stop, then turned to the right over the Salinas River bridge.

"Do any women ever go to the fights?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, some. What's the matter, Elisa? Do you want to go? I don't think you'd like it, but I'll take you if you really want to go."

She relaxed limply in the seat. "Oh, no. No. I don't want to go. I'm sure I don't." Her face was turned away from him. "It will be enough if we can have wine. It will be plenty." She turned up her coat collar so he could not see that she was crying weakly--like an old woman.

1938

Working with Words from a Source—[MLA Style](#)

(click here for [APA Style](#))

To begin, always keep in mind that other writers' words are **their property**, so it is critical to learn how to use these borrowed words accurately and legally in your writing.

When should you use another writer's words?

- When *something is aptly said*. (The writer really “nailed it.”)
- OR
- When *your ideas need authoritative support*. You sense that your reader might need corroboration.

Otherwise, use your own words and ideas in your essays.

NOTE: Typically only 10% of an essay is someone else's words or ideas. The rest of the words and ideas come from you.

Please note: Always try to keep quotations as short as possible. We'll work on ways to shorten long quotations later.

The Basics (MLA style)

Let's assume we want to work with the following article:

The article's title is “Diplomacy in the 21st Century,” written by Susan Barrett.

Let's also assume that we found this essay in the January 27, 2012 issue of the magazine Modern Diplomacy and that Barrett's article appeared on pages 40 through 46 of the magazine.

The first thing to do is to create a proper MLA works cited entry so we can include this source on the Works Cited page at the end of our essay.

According to MLA guidelines, the proper MLA works cited page entry would be

Barrett, Susan. “Diplomacy in the 21st Century.” Modern Diplomacy. 27 Jan. 2012: 40-46.

Please note: Works Cited page entries are double-spaced and, if longer than one line of type, the second and subsequent lines are indented five spaces.

Now let's assume that we want to include the following sentence written by Barrett in our essay. Let's also assume this sentence appeared on page 43 of the magazine.

Here's the sentence:

"In order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to follow very different rules from the past."

The best way to blend these words with our own is to write a **lead-in or signal phrase**. The reason we need one is if we place the other writer's words directly into our essay with no introduction or lead-in, our reader may wonder why words in quotation marks have suddenly appeared. Please note that I have written a three or four word lead-in for each example:

Example#1:

I will use the words "**According to one expert**" as a signal phrase:

According to one expert, "in order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to follow very different rules from the past" (Barrett 43).

Please note that in Example #1 above, I must include both the author's last name and page number in the parentheses so that my reader will know which source to look for on my Works Cited page.

Also please note that MLA format does **NOT** use 'p' or 'pp' to denote page numbers, just the number by itself. Also, if you need to give the author's last name along with the page number (example #1), only a space separates the author's name and the page number.

Example#2

Now my signal phrase will be “**Barrett claims that.**”

Barrett claims that “in order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to follow very different rules from the past” (43).

Example#3

Next I will add the signal phrase at the end. My words are “**writes Susan Barrett, a noted expert in the field.**”

“In order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to follow very different rules from the past,” writes Susan Barrett, a noted expert in the field (43).

Please note in examples 2 and 3, I needed to include only the page number because it was clear to my readers who the owner of those words was.

Example#4

I can also put the signal phrase within the quotation: In the example below, my words are “**according to Barrett.**”

“In order for diplomacy to be successful,” according to Barrett, “it will have to follow very different rules from the past” (43).

Example #5

I can write a half-and-half sentence using a quotation. In the sentence below, the words “**Successful diplomacy must**” are mine:

Successful diplomacy must “follow very different rules from the past” (Barrett 43).

Review: If it is clear to your reader who the author of the information is, you need include only the new page number in parentheses.

Important: After giving your reader the author’s full name, subsequent references to the author should be last name only. This may

seem rude, but it is the convention we use.

Important: MLA format does NOT use 'p' or 'pp' when giving page numbers. Further, only a single space separates the author's last name and page number.

Correct: (Barrett 42) INCORRECT in MLA: (Barrett, p. 42) or (Barrett, 42).

Punctuation Note: The period and comma are always placed before the closing quotation mark.

Correct: "I really thought the soap was food." Bob said, "please find my zebra," and then he left.

Using an ellipsis

Knowing how to use an ellipsis is very useful (and very cool). First, an ellipsis, also called an "ellipsis mark," is a series of three spaced periods: . . . To create one, hit the period key, then the spacebar, then the period key again, then the spacebar again, and then the period key one last time. If you use an ellipsis at the end of a sentence, all you need to do is add another space and period to end the sentence

Before we see how an ellipsis is used, let's refer again to the first "**Please note.**"

Please note: Always try to keep quotations as short as possible.

That's right: an ellipsis is most often used to shorten quotations, and I can shorten any quotation as long as the words I leave out do not change the quotation's meaning.

As an example, let's assume we want to work a bit more with Barrett's words. On page 43 of the magazine, we read . . .

"In order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to follow very different rules

from the past. We can no longer rely on our traditional friends and historical enemies to lend us diplomatic structure. The world today is fluid, not fixed as it was from the end of World War I to the fall of communism, so our diplomatic strategies must be far more responsive than before. Because of this new paradigm, we will need to create diplomatic structures that are elastic so they can be adjusted quickly when needed.”

This quotation is way too long to plop into my essay, so here’s how to shorten it. Notice I have spliced together words from the first sentence and the last sentence:

“In order for diplomacy to be successful . . . we will need to create diplomatic structures that are elastic so they can be adjusted quickly when needed” (Barrett 43).

In this next example, I omit the center of one of Barrett’s sentences to make it leaner:

Barrett advises that “the world today is fluid . . . so our diplomatic strategies must be far more responsive than before” (43).

I can also end a sentence with an ellipsis:

“The world today is fluid, not fixed as it was from the end of World War I to the fall of communism . . .” (Barrett 43).

And, yes, I can begin a sentence with an ellipsis:

Barrett claims that “. . . we will need to create diplomatic structures that are elastic so they can be adjusted quickly when needed” (43).

The use of [sic]

“Sic” means “thus.” Use it when a grammatical/spelling mistake exists in the source’s words you want to quote. (That’s right—since the source’s words are someone else’s property, you do not have the right to correct even spelling!)

Let’s assume we read the following in a book or periodical:

“Was it not obvious then that it ws the nature of the earth to be flat and the sky to be curved?”

(Note that the word “was” is missing the letter “a.”) Here is how we would be obligated to quote it:

“Was it not obvious then that it ws [sic] the nature of the earth to be flat and the sky to be curved?”

Let’s now assume that the incorrect word “than” was used in place of the correct word “then” in this sentence. Here is how our quote would look:

“Was it not obvious than [sic] that it was the nature of the earth to be flat and the sky to be curved?” (Allen 47).

The use of [Brackets]—not parentheses

Brackets are used to add clarity to a quotation. Here’s an example. Let’s say that President Obama and President Bush are having a discussion.

Attending is a reporter who writes, “He then made a very strong case for overhauling the economics system.”

The problem is if you use this quotation in your essay, your reader will not know to whom the “he” refers. This is where you can use brackets to add clarity:

Attending is a reporter who writes, “He [Obama] then made a very strong case for overhauling the economics system.”

Please remember that what is enclosed in brackets within a quotation is yours. Also, remember to use brackets, because if your reader sees parentheses with in a quotation, the assumption is that the parentheses were a part of the original quotation.

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Now my signal phrase will be “**Barrett claims that.**”

Barrett (2010) claims that “in order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to

follow very different rules from the past” (p. 43).

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Next I will add the signal phrase at the end. My words are “**writes Susan Barrett, a noted expert in the field.**”

“In order for diplomacy to be successful, it will have to follow very different rules from the past,” writes Susan Barrett (2010, p. 43), a noted expert in the field.

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I can also put the signal phrase within the quotation: In the example below, my words are “**according to Barrett.**”

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Revised

(Note: At the end of the first paragraph, you will find two options for thesis sentences—either is correct. In addition, I have underlined each body paragraph's topic sentence for quick reference.)

The “Milkshake Essay” Example

Do you ever wonder how to complete that perfect gourmet meal? Many gourmet food fanciers can create delicious appetizers followed by mouth-watering main courses, only to disappoint their dinner guests by serving one of the overused gourmet desserts such as Baked Alaska, Chocolate Mousse, or Crepes Suzette. The next time you prepare a gourmet meal for your friends and family, why not try something different? Surprise your guests with a common dessert elevated to gourmet stature--the milkshake. **The perfect gourmet milkshake requires Dryer's ice cream, goat's milk, and Brazilian Syrups.** (*Analytical thesis sentence*) **OR The perfect gourmet milkshake requires special ingredients.** (*Inferential thesis sentence*)

The first ingredient is ice cream, but not just any ice cream will do. More than any other ingredient, the ice cream carries the milkshake's "message" to your dinner guests. Therefore, gourmet milkshake ice cream must have a satin-smooth flush to it. It must be creamy, yet not too heavy or rich. It must easily blend with the other ingredients, but not lose its personality. It must have a hint of impertinence without being overpowering. Fortunately Dryer's ice cream admirably fulfills these requirements. If this will be your first gourmet milkshake creation, use Dryer's Satiny Vanilla. Later you can experiment with other Dryer's flavors to more finely tune your creations.

The second ingredient is goat's milk. Most over-the-counter milkshakes, even those made at finer creameries, are loaded with cow's milk. Though cow's milk provides a good

thinning agent for a common milkshake, only goat's milk has the richness and texture to elevate a milkshake to gourmet status. Goat's milk has an elegant aroma that captivates the senses. In addition, goat's milk settles into layers of creaminess, making each new taste different from the last. Thus, as your guests are enjoying this dessert, it will radiate unique levels of flavor. Fortunately, goat's milk is readily available at finer markets. Be sure to check the freshness label since goat's milk will not have the preservatives that pasteurized cow's milk has.

The final ingredient is the flavoring syrup. Though many American specialty food companies make flavorings suitable for common milkshakes, these domestic syrups fall far short of providing the quality a gourmet milkshake deserves. Most domestic syrups are produced through an "extract" process with the flavoring typically in concentrated form. As this concentrate mixes with the base, not all flavor crystals are absorbed. This unabsorbed residue can destroy the syrup's flavor consistency, rendering most domestic flavoring syrups unreliable. Brazilian syrups, however, are made with whole flavorings rather than extracts. Once these whole flavorings are blended with their respective bases, they do not separate. This ensures the continuity of taste a gourmet milkshake deserves. Though Brazilian flavorings are more expensive and not as readily available as are their American counterparts, they are well worth the extra expense and effort.

So the next time you spend countless hours planning and preparing that perfect gourmet meal for your guests, do not disappoint them by serving one of the "expected" desserts; instead, serve something different--the gourmet milkshake. Your guests will not be disappointed.

Student Example--Living History Interview Example #1

Please Note: This is an actual student example used by permission. I have changed the names to respect privacy.

4 May 2009

Floyd Lewis

Floyd Lewis believes that you can tell a lot about a man by his handshake. And for a 93 year old, he can still give a pretty good squeeze. I was happy to find out that my grip measured up to his standards. Today Floyd is retired from McCall Oil, a company that employed him for over 30 years. He seems to have a good sense of humor, and appears to be in great health. He lives with his wife of many years, and their overweight cat, Maggie. He has lived a long and fulfilling life.

Floyd was born in 1916 in The Dalles, Oregon. Floyd had one sibling, an older brother named Arthur. Arthur was three years older than Floyd, but they were inseparable. Their family did not have a lot of money, but their childhood was filled with fun and games. The two brothers spent most of their days playing baseball with the other kids from the neighborhood. Floyd and Arthur both had dreams of becoming the next Babe Ruth. These dreams of glory came to a crashing halt when their father came home from work one day and announced that he was leaving. He and Mrs. Bailey, a woman from down the street, were in love.

Floyd and Arthur were devastated by their father's decision to leave the family. Floyd said, "Back in those days, people didn't get divorced like they do now." This left the two boys with their mother, and some pretty poor circumstances. Floyd's mother was deaf, as a result of a bad case of rheumatic fever, and back then people did not know sign language. She managed to

survive by reading lips, but it really limited her chances for employment. Life was difficult for the boys and their mother. There were many times when the family of three would only eat one meal per day. Floyd's mother worked as a cleaning lady mostly, but she also did a variety of odd jobs around town. She would do anything to get her boys through school. She wanted her boys to have the opportunities that she did not.

Floyd graduated from high school in 1934. His mother died 6 months later. Floyd was 18 years old, and he was on his own. The economy was not doing well at this time, and Floyd was having trouble finding work. The Dalles was a small town that did not offer many possibilities. Floyd decided to follow his brother Arthur, and move west to Portland, Oregon. Times were tough everywhere, but the city offered a new start and a variety of jobs.

Floyd and Arthur moved to Portland in 1935, and they both had trouble finding work. After months of searching, Floyd was hired at a service station. That job turned out to be one of the best things that ever happened to him. Floyd had been working at the service station for about a year when he met the girl of his dreams. When she pulled in to the service station, he made it clear to the other guys that he would be the only one to service her car. Floyd explained, "Back then we couldn't just ask a woman out on a date. We had to talk with them a few times first."

A couple of months passed before Floyd finally asked her out, but she agreed. They had a lovely evening of dinner and dancing. Her name was Nadine, and she was the most interesting woman he had ever met. She grew up on a farm in Montana, and she definitely understood what hard work was all about, but she was beautiful and refined at the same time. Two years later, they were married. They did not have enough money to afford a big wedding, so the ceremony

was held at a friend's house. Nadine wore a borrowed dress, and Floyd wore the only suit he owned. They were perfect for each other.

The wages at the service station were not enough for Floyd and Nadine to buy a house, so he started looking for a better job. At this point, the economy was beginning to recover, but jobs were still scarce. Floyd, and one of his buddies, decided to join the Air Force. He spent his first year in the U.S., but was then sent to Italy. He spent two and a half years overseas, and served in three different countries. While he was away, he and Nadine wrote at least one letter per week. When he finally returned home, they purchased their first house in which they lived for the next forty-eight years.

After his service in the Air Force, Floyd worked for McCall Oil. He drove an oil truck that delivered heating oil to the residents of Portland. It was a difficult job that required a lot of physical labor. Floyd actually gives credit to the physical labor for his good health. He said, "Hallin' that damn hose around all those years is probably why I'm still here." He worked for McCall Oil until he retired at the age of 68.

Floyd Lewis has lived an incredible life. He has survived many hardships, but he has always kept a positive outlook. I was fortunate enough to meet with him at The Fountain Retirement Community, where he now lives with his wife, Nadine. They recently celebrated their sixty-first wedding anniversary. They have two daughters, four grandchildren, and two great grandchildren. At 93, Floyd has outlived many of his friends, but he tries not to think about the ones that he has lost. He and Nadine have learned to live one day at a time, and to appreciate all that life has given them. Floyd was a real character, and it was a pleasure to learn about his life.

Student Example--Living History Interview Example #2

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May 4, 2009

Doris Norton

The day on which Doris Norton and I met was a gray, windy Sunday. We sat in the tiny church office where, once a month, she types up prayer requests to be sent out to church members. Upstairs, Sunday school classes were in session, and all was quiet. She was a cheerful little lady, almost a foot shorter than me, who, although she was troubled by arthritis and walked with a cane, was still spry at heart.

Doris was born in Spokane in the year 1930, and she grew up by the Spokane River with her mother, father, and three sisters. Her mother, she said, was outgoing and her father was very much a family man. "Whenever we would go to the movies we would *all* go," she said and added that they also spent lots of time outdoors camping and hiking.

When Doris was twenty, she attended college at Eastern Washington University. She spent her freshman year studying general courses and foreign languages, particularly Spanish and French. Doris was also part of the college band. In the winter of 1950, the band set forth for Seattle and adventure, riding a Greyhound Bus across the state. Going across the pass, the bus was caught in the record-setting snowfall which cascaded from the sky that year. Doris recalled how the boys had to climb from the bus to help push the cars that were stalled ahead of them.

She laughed as she told me that when they finally reached Seattle and called home to reassure their families, no one had been worrying about them at all.

Doris was still just twenty when she married. Soon afterwards, another big part of her life came along—her kids. Her first child—a son who was named Michael—was born only one year after her marriage. The boy's father was overseas in Japan at the time, and Doris had to be driven to the hospital by her dad. Fifteen months later, when the couple was living in Cheney, their first daughter, Melanie, was born. Two years after that, a second daughter came along. At this time, Doris' husband was working evenings, and she actually picked *him* up to go to the hospital for the delivery. After their third baby, the Nortons moved to California, where their fourth child, a girl named Jeanie, was born.

Doris would have loved to be able to focus entirely on taking care of her children, but she had to continue working. For some time, she worked as a licensed babysitter and had a daycare in her home. She took care of a few children besides her own—including one little boy who had trouble parting with his blanket. Following that, she worked at a peach cannery. She remarked that she was glad that she worked in the office doing bookkeeping, because the workers who actually managed the peaches would get motion sickness from watching all of the moving parts of the assembly line and would leave work looking, as she described it, "pretty green." Doris worked at several other jobs in California. For a while she held the position of a legal secretary, but she finally ended up as a substitute school teacher. This led to the next step of her life.

Doris and her husband had experienced growing tension in their marriage. Among other things, he was upset that she was only working part time and could spend more time at home with the kids than he was able to. She had attempted leaving her husband once before and had

been persuaded to stay; but, finally, things got bad enough that the pair filed for a divorce. At the time, her husband had gone on a trip to visit his sister, taking with him the couple's youngest daughter, Jeanie. Doris told me that she moved most of her things back to Spokane, keeping only the essentials with her in California while waiting for the two to return from their trip. On the day of their return, she packed her Volkswagen bus until it was full "up to the gills" with her things. Stuffed in among the boxes they had a cat which they kept in a cage and a dog which they had to tranquilize so that he wouldn't make a fuss. Doris and her kids squeezed into the vehicle, drove to the airport, and waited. When the father and daughter finally climbed off the plane, the waiting family members snatched Jeanie away and sped off toward northern California. With mixed laughter and regret, she told me that her son had pulled the distributor cap on her husband's car so that he couldn't follow them.

The family moved back to Spokane where Doris still lives today in an apartment built for her, adjoining her son's home. She volunteers as a tutor at Barton school, an all-adult school at the First Presbyterian Church, where immigrants are taught English as a second language. She seems to enjoy her work, and is kept extra busy by her ten grandchildren (with an eleventh due soon, for whom she is sewing a quilt).

Despite the troubles she has faced, Doris still shows an irrepressible joy in life. Her continued exuberance turns her fairly ordinary story into something special.