

**21**世纪英语专业系列教程

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# 高级英语阅读教程 ①

Advanced English

上海交通大学出版社

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(上)

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## 内 容 提 要

《高级英语阅读教程》分上中下三册,共精选短文 96 篇,内容涉及中西文化、语言、教育、生活、媒介、历史、妇女问题、科技、人性、哲学、文学等,每册按主题分为 16 个单元,每个单元配有与学习内容相关的阅读理解、词义辨析、句子释义以及修辞等练习和思考题。该教程为英语专业高年级学生设计,也可用作大学英语研究生和本科生选修课教材或散文爱好者的读物。

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## 编者说明

为了满足英语专业高年级教学的需要,我们根据教育部颁发的《英语专业教学大纲》编写了《高级英语阅读教程》。

本教程包括 96 篇课文,其中多数为英美各时期有代表性的短文,内容涉及中西文化、语言、教育、生活、媒介、历史、妇女问题、科技、人性、哲学、文学等。本教程不以英美散文的源流为主线,重在通过内容广泛的散文介绍英美社会文化的精神财富,旨在使学生从中获得美的享受和智的开拓,因此贯穿全教程的主线是英美文明的成长与变迁。

本教程分上中下三册,每册分 16 个单元,每一单元由主题大致相同的两篇课文组成,力图向学生展示思维的多视角和多维性,以便学生通过比较、对照、分析、讨论,培养开阔的视野、独立的见解和批判的精神。每篇课文均配有起导读作用的引言、作者介绍及有关文化背景的注释。Text A 后配有阅读理解、词义辨析、句子释义以及修辞等练习,以利于学生掌握课文内容,巩固并扩大词汇量,提高阅读和写作技巧。思考题的编写旨在启发学生对由课文所引申的问题进行横向和纵向的比较、思考,即进行古今、中西文化对比、评述,从而为毕业论文工作奠定基础。Text B 后配有阅读理解和讨论题,目的是使学生对不同的见解提出自己的看法。

对本教程的使用可根据课文的侧重点,展开课堂讨论,在讨论中注重对课文中的重点和难点的理解,以培养学生分析问题和解决问题的能力。对于同一个句子,同一个观点,鼓励不同的阐释,但必须有理有据。在讨论的基础上,可适量布置写作练习,以进一步提高学生的逻辑思维能力 and 写作能力。

编者

2004 年 1 月

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# Unit One

## Text A

### Roger and Molly

Elizabeth Gaskell<sup>1</sup>

The story, an extract from the author's masterpiece *Wives and Daughters*, gives a detailed and graphic description of delicate changes of affections between Roger and Molly because of misunderstanding. Reading between the lines, readers will appreciate the gentle reserved way of love between the British young lovers in the 19th century and the author's exquisite writing technique as well.

1 It so happened that on Molly's last morning at the Hall, she received her first letter from Cynthia<sup>2</sup>— Mrs. Henderson. It was just before breakfast-time; Roger was out of doors, Aimée<sup>3</sup> had not as yet come down; Molly was alone in the dining-room, where the table was already laid. She had just finished reading her letter when the squire<sup>4</sup> came in, and she immediately and joyfully told him what the morning had brought to her. But when she saw the squire's face she could have bitten her tongue out for having named Cynthia's name to him. He looked vexed and depressed.

2 "I wish I might never hear of her again. I do. She's been the bane of my Roger, that's what she has. I have not slept half the night, and it's all her fault. Why, there's my boy saying now that he has no heart for ever marrying, poor lad! I wish it had been you, Molly, my lads had taken a fancy for. I told Roger so t'other day, and I said that for all you were beneath what I ever thought to see them marry,— well — it's of no use — it's too late, now, as he said. Only never let me hear that baggage's name again, that's all. And no offence to you, either, lassie. I know you love the wench; but if you'll take an old man's word, you're worth a score of her. I wish young men would think so too," he muttered as he went to the side-table to carve the ham, while Molly poured out the tea — her heart very hot all the time, and effectually silenced for a space. It was with the greatest difficulty that she could keep tears of mortification from falling. She felt altogether in a wrong position in that house, which had been like a home to her until this last visit. What with Mrs. Goodenough's remarks, and now this speech of the squire's, implying — at least to her susceptible imagination — that his father had proposed her as a wife to Roger, and that she had been rejected, she was more glad than she could express, or even think, that she was going home this very morning. Roger came in from his walk while she was in this state of feeling. He saw in an instant that something had distressed Molly; and he longed to have the old friendly right of asking her what it was. But she had effectually kept him

at too great a distance during the last few days for him to feel at liberty to speak to her in the old straightforward brotherly way; especially now, when he perceived her efforts to conceal her feelings, and the way in which she drank her tea in feverish haste, and accepted bread only to crumble it about her plate, untouched. It was all that he could do to make talk under these circumstances; but he backed up her efforts as well as he could until Aimée came down, grave and anxious; her boy had not had a good night, and did not seem well; he had fallen into a feverish sleep now, or she could not have left him. Immediately the whole table was in a ferment. The squire pushed away his plate, and could eat no more; Roger was trying to extract a detail or a fact out of Aimée, who began to give way to tears, Molly quickly proposed that the carriage, which had been ordered to take her home at eleven, should come round immediately — she had everything ready packed up, she said, — and bring back her father at once. By leaving directly, she said it was probable they might catch him after he had returned from his morning visits in the town, and before he had set off on his more distant round. Her proposal was agreed to, and she went upstairs to put on her things. She came down all ready into the drawing-room, expecting to find Aimée and the squire there; but during her absence word had been brought to the anxious mother and grandfather that the child had wakened up in a panic, and both had rushed up to their darling. But Roger was in the drawing-room awaiting Molly, with a large bunch of the choicest flowers.

3 “Look, Molly!” said he, as she was on the point of leaving the room again, on finding him there alone. “I gathered these flowers for you before breakfast.” He came to meet her reluctant advance.

4 “Thank you!” said she. “You are very kind. I am very much obliged to you.”

5 “Then you must do something for me,” said he, determined not to notice the restraint of her manner, and making the rearrangement of the flowers which she held a sort of link between them, so that she could not follow her impulse, and leave the room. — “Tell me, — honestly as I know you will if you speak at all, — have not I done something to vex you since we were so happy at the Towers together?”

6 His voice was so kind and true, — his manner so winning yet wistful, that Molly would have been thankful to tell him all; she believed that he could have helped her more than any one to understand how she ought to behave rightly; he would have disentangled her fancies, — if only he himself had not lain at the very core and centre of all her perplexity and dismay. How could she tell him of Mrs. Goodenough’s words troubling her maiden modesty? How could she ever repeat what his father had said that morning, and assure him that she, no more than he, wished that their old friendliness should be troubled by the thought of a nearer relationship?

7 “No, you never vexed me in my whole life, Roger,” said she, looking straight at him for the first time for many days.

8 “I believe you, because you say so. I have no right to ask further. Molly, will



you give me back one of those flowers, as a pledge of what you have said?"

9 "Take whichever you like," said she, eagerly offering him the whole bunch to choose from.

10 "No, you must choose, and you must give it to me."

11 Just then the squire came in. Roger would have been glad if Molly had not gone on so eagerly to ransack the bunch for the choicest flower in his father's presence; but she exclaimed —

12 "Oh, please, Mr. Hamley, do you know which is Roger's favourite flower?"

13 "No. A rose, I dare say. The carriage is at the door, and, Molly my dear, I don't want to hurry you, but —"

14 "I know. Here, Roger, — here is a rose!"

(And red as a rose was she.)

15 "I will find papa as soon as ever I get home. How is the little boy?"

16 "I'm afraid he's beginning of some kind of a fever."

17 And the squire took her to the carriage, talking all the way of the little boy; Roger following, and hardly heeding what he was doing in the answer to the question he kept asking himself: "Too late — or not? Can she ever forget that my first foolish love was given to one so different?"

18 While she, as the carriage rolled away, kept saying to herself, — "we are friends again. I don't believe he will remember what the dear squire took it into his head to suggest, for many days. It is so pleasant to be on the old terms again; and what lovely flowers!"

19 Roger had a great deal to think of as he turned away from looking after the carriage as long as it could be seen. The day before, he had believed that Molly had come to view all the symptoms of his growing love for her, — symptoms which he thought had been so patent, — as disgusting inconstancy to the inconstant Cynthia; that she had felt that an attachment which could be so soon transferred to another was not worth having; and that she had desired to mark all this by her changed treatment of him, and so to nip it in the bud. But this morning her old sweet, frank manner had returned — in their last interview, at any rate. He puzzled himself hard to find out what could have distressed her at breakfast-time. He even went so far as to ask Robinson whether Miss Gibson had received any letters that morning; and when he heard that she had had one, he tried to believe that the letter was in some way the cause of her sorrow. So far so good. They were friends again after their unspoken difference; but that was not enough for Roger. He felt every day more and more certain that she, and she alone, could make him happy. He had felt this, and had partly given up all hope, while his father had been urging upon him the very course he most desired to take. 'No need for "trying" to love her, he said to himself, — that was already done. And yet he was very jealous on her behalf. Was that love worthy of her which had once been given to Cynthia? Was not this affair too much a mocking mimicry

of the last? Again just on the point of leaving England for a considerable time! If he followed her now to her own home, — in the very drawing-room where he had once offered to Cynthia! And then by a strong resolve he determined on this course. They were friends now, and he kissed the rose that was the pledge of friendship. If he went to Africa, he ran some deadly chances; he knew better what they were now than he had done when he went before. Until his return he would not even attempt to win more of her love than he already had. But once safe home again, no weak fancies as to what might or might not be her answer should prevent his running all chances to gain the woman who was to him the one who excelled all. His was not the poor vanity that thinks more of the possible mortification of a refusal than of the precious jewel of a bride that may be won. Somehow or another, please God to send him back safe, he would put his fate to the touch. And till then he would be patient. He was no longer a boy to rush at the coveted object; he was a man capable of judging and abiding.

## Notes

1. **About the author:** Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell (1810-1865) is an English novelist who is best known for *Mary Barton* (1848), *Cranford* (1853), *North and South* (1855), and *Wives and Daughters* (1866), from which the story *Roger and Molly* is excerpted. She also wrote a biography (1857) of her friend Charlotte Brontë.
2. **Cynthia:** Molly's step-mother's daughter (She is pretty but frivolous. Roger loved her at first and she did not love Roger but she accepted his love and married him. Later she left Roger and married Henderson.)
3. **Aimée:** Roger's sister or sister-in-law
4. **squire:** country gentleman, esp the chief landowner in a country district (Here it refers to Roger's father, Mr. Hamley.)

## Questions for Comprehension

1. Why did the squire look vexed and depressed when Molly mentioned Cynthia?
2. What was the squire's wish?
3. What was Molly's response to the squire's remarks? Why?
4. What was Roger eager to do on seeing that something had distressed Molly?
5. What did Roger do for Molly before she left his house?

## Vocabulary and Structure Exercises

### I. Complete the following sentences with words or phrases from this lesson.

1. She \_\_\_\_\_ a \_\_\_\_\_ for traveling. (Para. 2)
2. You are \_\_\_\_\_ to leave at any time during the meeting. (Para. 2)
3. I am quite at liberty to act on their \_\_\_\_\_. (Para. 19)
4. Mary looked at her father in \_\_\_\_\_. (Para. 2)
5. We are not going to give \_\_\_\_\_ black-mail. (Para. 2)
6. I am very \_\_\_\_\_ you for your timely help. (Para. 4)

7. Let's nip this problem \_\_\_\_\_ the \_\_\_\_\_ before it gets out of hand. (Para. 19)
8. This phenomenon is very \_\_\_\_\_ our attention. (Para. 19)
9. The whole city was in a state of \_\_\_\_\_. (Para. 2)
10. The lectures are to be \_\_\_\_\_ by a heavy programme of field work. (Para. 2)

**II. Explain the difference in the meaning or use of the italicized words in the pairs or groups of sentences.**

1. a. The *baggage* was brought from the attic for packing.  
b. Smooth writing depends much upon freedom from purist grammar and from other linguistic *baggage*.  
c. Only never let me hear that *baggage*'s name again. She is the bane of my poor son, Roger.  
d. Tom's younger sister is a saucy blonde *baggage*.
2. a. They were arrested for drug *offences*.  
b. His calmly rational voice robbed his words of all *offence*.  
c. The best defence is *offence*.  
d. He takes *offence* at the slightest criticism.
3. a. He read me a few *extracts* from the book.  
b. The soft drink will taste much better if you put some lemon *extract* into it.  
c. The scientists have *extracted* a principle from a collection of facts.  
d. They managed to *extract* a promise from the local government.
4. a. Dresses may make you either look slim or *round*.  
b. I'll return a *round* sum of one thousand pounds, leaving the remainder to the next account.  
c. In his satires, Horace is quick, *round* and pleasant.  
d. The doctor has been doing his *rounds* by bike.
5. a. Please accept the ring as a *pledge* of love.  
b. Let's drink a *pledge* to their success.  
c. The new programme *pledged* the university to accept all graduates of high schools regardless of their entrance exam scores.  
d. You have to *pledge* the house for a loan.
6. a. After their announcement the academic community was thrown into *ferment*.  
b. They experienced the great period of creative *ferment* in literature.  
c. Oppressive poverty *fermented* violent discontent.  
d. His mind was *fermenting* with plans for the vacation.
7. a. There are many books written in *tongues* that I could not read.  
b. I just can't get my *tongue* round the name of this city.  
c. The carpenter *tongued* flooring together.  
d. With *tongues* in their cheeks they say they will abide by the rule.
8. a. He could not even bring a *mutter* from his dry mouth.  
b. Now, we can hear the *mutter* of surf.  
c. A voice was heard to *mutter* that I was trying to ruin the meeting.

d. Please don't *mutter* against them. They have already done their best.

### III. Paraphrase the italicized parts in the following sentences.

1. But when she saw the squire's face *she could have bitten her tongue out for having named Cynthia's name to him.* (Para. 1)
2. *What with Mrs. Goodenough's remarks, and now this speech of the squire's, implying — at least to her susceptible imagination — that his father had proposed her as a wife to Roger, and that she had been rejected...* (Para. 2)
3. *It was all that he could do to make talk under these circumstances; but he backed up her efforts as well as he could until Aimée came down, grave and anxious;* (Para. 2)
4. *...she believed that he could have helped her more than any one to understand how she ought to behave rightly; he would have disentangled her fancies,— if only he himself had not lain at the very core and center of all her perplexity and dismay.* (Para. 6)
5. *..., and assure him that she, no more than he, wished that their old friendliness should be troubled by the thought of a nearer relationship?* (Para. 6)

### Rhetorical Exercise

1. Both metaphor and rhetorical question are used in this story. Read the following examples from the story. Then read the story carefully, locate all the metaphors and rhetorical questions and try to recognize their "secret power".

Metaphor

- 1) She's been the *bane* of my Roger, that's what she has. (Para. 2)
- 2) ... and that she had desired to mark all this by her changed treatment of him, and so to nip it in the *bud*. (Para. 19)

Rhetorical question

- 1) How could she tell him of Mrs. Goodenough's words troubling her maiden modesty? (Para. 6)
- 2) How could she ever repeat what his father had said that morning, ...? (Para. 6)
2. Based on the metaphors and rhetorical questions in this story, write 5 metaphors and 5 rhetorical questions of your own.

### Questions for Discussion

1. What do you think would Roger do after his safe return from Africa?
2. Judging by the relationship between Roger and Molly, do you think their friendship would lead to their marriage if nothing accidental happened? Why?

## Text B

### My Antonia

Willa Cather<sup>1</sup>

The story, excerpted from *My Antonia*, the author's masterwork, describes the

scene of a happy reunion between the narrator and Antonia who, cheated by a man, had their illegitimate daughter. Antonia's plain and vivid language embodies her optimistic character and reflects their sincere and profound friendship.

1 The next afternoon I<sup>2</sup> walked over to the Shimerdas<sup>3</sup>. Yulka<sup>4</sup> showed me the baby and told me that Antonia was shocking wheat on the southwest quarter. I went down across the fields, and Tony<sup>5</sup> saw me from a long way off. She stood still by her shocks, leaning on her pitchfork, watching me as I came. We met like the people in the old song, in silence, if not in tears. Her warm hand clasped mine.

2 "I thought you'd come, Jim. I heard you were at Mrs. Steavens's last night. I've been looking for you all day."

3 She was thinner than I had ever seen her, and looked as Mrs. Steavens said, "worked down," but there was a new kind of strength in the gravity of her face, and her colour still gave her that look of deepseated health and ardour. Still? Why, it flashed across me that though so much had happened in her life and in mine, she was barely twenty-four years old.

4 Antonia stuck her fork in the ground, and instinctively we walked toward that unploughed patch at the crossing of the roads as the fittest place to talk to each other. We sat down outside the sagging wire fence that shut Mr. Shimerda's plot<sup>6</sup> off from the rest of the world. The tall red grass had never been cut there. It had died down in winter and come up again in the spring until it was as thick and shrubby as some tropical garden-grass. I found myself telling her everything: why I had decided to study law and to go into the law office of one of my mother's relatives in New York City; about Gaston Cleric's<sup>7</sup> death from pneumonia last winter, and the difference it had made in my life. She wanted to know about my friends, and my way of living, and my dearest hopes.

5 "Of course it means you are going away from us for good," she said with a sigh. "But that don't mean I'll lose you. Look at my papa here; he's been dead all these years, any yet he is more real to me than almost anybody else. He never goes out of my life. I talk to him and consult him all the time. The older I grow, the better I know him and the more I understand him."

6 She asked me whether I had learned to like big cities. "I'd always be miserable in a city. I'd die of lonesomeness. I like to be where I know every stack and tree, and where all the ground is friendly. I want to live and die here. Father Kelly says everybody's put into this world for something, and I know what I've got to do. I'm going to see that my little girl has a better chance than ever I had. I'm going to take care of that girl, Jim."

7 I told her I knew she would. "Do you know, Antonia, since I've been away, I think of you more often than of anyone else in this part of the world. I'd have liked to have you for a sweetheart, or a wife, or my mother or my sister — anything that a

woman can be to a man. The idea of you is a part of my mind; you influence my likes and dislikes, all my tastes, hundreds of times when I don't realize it. You really are a part of me."

8 She turned her bright, believing eyes to me, and the tears came up in them slowly, "How can it be like that, when you know so many people, and when I've disappointed you so<sup>6</sup>? Ain't it wonderful, Jim, how much people can mean to each other? I'm so glad we had each other when we were little. I can't wait till my little girl's old enough to tell her about all the things we used to do. You'll always remember me when you think about old times, won't you? And I guess everybody thinks about old times, even the happier people."

9 As we walked homeward across the fields, the sun dropped and lay like a great golden globe in the low west. While it hung there, the moon rose in the east, as big as a cart-wheel, pale silver and streaked with rose colour, thin as a bubble or a ghost-moon. For five, perhaps ten minutes, the two luminaries confronted each other across the level land, resting on opposite edges of the world.

10 In that singular light every little tree and shock of wheat, every sunflower stalk and chump of snow-on-the-mountain, drew itself up high and pointed; the very clods and furrows in the fields seemed to stand up sharply. I felt the old pull of the earth, the solemn magic that comes out of those fields at nightfall. I wished I could be a little boy again, and that my way could end there.

11 We reached the edge of the field, where our ways parted. I took her hands and held them against my breast, feeling once more how strong and warm and good they were, those brown hands, and remembering how many kind things they had done for me. I held them now a long while, over my heart. About us it was growing darker and darker, and I had to look hard to see her face, Which I meant always to carry with me; the closest, realest face, under all the shadows of women's faces, at the very bottom of my memory.

12 "I'll come back," I said earnestly, through the soft, intrusive darkness.

13 "Perhaps you will,"— I felt rather than saw her smile. "But even if you don't, you're here, like my father. So I won't be lonesome."

14 As I went back alone over that familiar road, I could almost believe that a boy and a girl ran along beside me, as our shadows used to do, laughing and whispering to each other in the grass.

## Notes

1. **About the author:** Willa Cather (1873-1947) is a well-known American novelist and short story writer. Her home state of Nebraska provides the setting for some of her best writing. Her best known novels are *O Pioneers!* (1913), *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (1927) and *My Antonia* (1918), from which this story is excerpted.
2. I: the narrator of the story, whose name is Jim Burden, the neighbour of Antonia

3. **Shimerda**: Antonia's father
4. **Yulka**: Antonia's younger sister
5. **Tony**: the short form of Antonia
6. **Mr. Shimerda's plot**: Mr. Shimerda's graveyard
7. **Gaston Cleric**: the narrator's university teacher who had a great influence on him
8. . . . , and when I've disappointed you so?: . . . , and after I've been cheated by the man and have had his baby daughter, which has made you so disappointed?

### Study Questions

1. What do you think of Antonia, the heroine of the story?
2. How do you understand the last sentence of paragraph 10 —“I wish I could be a little boy again, and that my way could end there.”?
3. The story is brief and concise but the author uses two long paragraphs (paragraphs 9-10) to describe the scenery, especially the sun and the moon, the two luminaries confronting each other across the level land, resting on opposite edges of the world. Do you think it is irrelevant to the topic? Why?

# Unit Two

## Text A

### The Roots of My Ambition

Russell Baker<sup>1</sup>

Russell's great success in career was due in part to his self-discipline, iron will and diligence. What young people need most is the tough spirit both in work and life, they can amount to something.

1 My mother, dead now to this world but still roaming free in my mind, wakes me some mornings before daybreak. "If there's one thing I can't stand, it's a quitter."

2 I have heard her say that all my life. Now, lying in bed, coming awake in the dark, I feel the fury of her energy fighting the good-for-nothing idler within me who wants to go back to sleep instead of tackling the brave new day.

3 Silently I protest; I am not a child anymore. I have made something of myself. I am entitled to sleep late.

4 "Russell, you've got no more gumption than a bump on a log."<sup>2</sup>

5 She has hounded me with these battle cries since I was a boy in short pants.

6 "Make something of yourself!"

7 "Don't be a quitter!"

8 "Have a little ambition, Buddy."

9 The civilized man of the world within me scoffs at materialism and strives after success. He has read the philosophers and social critics. He thinks it is vulgar and unworthy to spend one's life pursuing money, power, fame, and —<sup>3</sup>

10 "Sometimes you act like you're not worth the powder and shot<sup>4</sup> it would take to blow you up with."

11 Life had been hard for my mother ever since her father died, leaving nothing but debts. The family house was lost, the children scattered. My mother's mother, fatally ill with tubercular infection, fell into a suicidal depression and was institutionalized. My mother, who had just started college, had to quit and look for work.

12 Then, after five years of marriage and three babies, her husband died in 1930, leaving my mother so poor that she had to give up her baby Audrey for adoption. Maybe the bravest thing she did was give up Audrey, only ten months old, to my Uncle Tom and Aunt Goldie. Uncle Tom, one of my father's brothers, had a good job with the railroad and could give Audrey a comfortable life.

13 My mother headed off to New Jersey with my other sister and me to take



shelter with her brother Alen, poor relatives dependent on his goodness. She eventually found work patching grocers's smocks at ten dollars a week in a laundry.

14 Mother would have liked it better if I could have grown up to be President or a rich businessman, but much as she loved me, she did not deceive herself. Before I was out of grade school, she could see I lacked the gifts for either making millions or winning the love of crowds. After that she began nudging me toward working with words.

15 Words ran in her family. There seemed to be a word gene that passed down from her maternal grandfather. He was a schoolteacher, his daughter Lulie wrote poetry, and his son Charlie became New York correspondent for the *Baltimore Herald*. In the turn-of-the-century South, still impoverished by the Civil War, words were a way out.

16 The most spectacular proof was my mother's first cousin Edwin. He was managing editor of the *New York Times*. He had traveled all over Europe, proving that words could take you to places so glorious and so far from the Virginia sticks<sup>5</sup> that your own kin could only gape in wonder and envy. My mother often used Edwin as an example of how far a man could go without much talent.

17 "Edwin James was no smarter than anybody else, and look where he is today," my mother said, and said, and said again, so that I finally grew up thinking Edwin James was a dullclod who had a lucky break. Maybe she felt that way about him, but she was saying something deeper. She was telling me I didn't have to be brilliant to get where Edwin had got to, that the way to get to the top was to work, work, work.

18 When my mother saw that I might have the word gift, she started trying to make it grow. Though desperately poor, she signed up for a deal that supplied one volume of "World's Greatest Literature" every month at 39 cents a book.

19 I respected those great writers, but what I read with joy were newspapers. I lapped up every word about monstrous crimes, dreadful accidents and hideous butcheries committed in faraway wars. Accounts of murderers dying in the electric chair fascinated me, and I kept close track of fast meals ordered by condemned men.

20 In 1947 I graduated from Johns Hopkins and learned that the *Baltimore Sun* needed a police reporter. Two or three classmates at Hopkins also applied for the job. Why I was picked was a mystery. It paid \$30 a week. When I complained that was insulting for a college man, my mother refused to sympathize.

21 "If you work hard at this job," she said, "maybe you can make something of it. Then they'll have to give you a raise."

22 Seven years later I was assigned by *the Sun* to cover the White House. For most reporters, being White House correspondent was as close to heaven as you could get. I was 29 years old and puffed up with pride. I went to see my mother's delight while telling her about it. I should have known better.

23 "Well, Russ,"<sup>6</sup> she said, "if you work hard at this White House job, you might