

主编：唐乾义

大学英语④

阅读教程

In 1913, my father took a buzz saw to the family tree¹. At the age of 19, he left England and never looked back. He'd tell us how he left—on the RMS Lusitania² with \$25 in his pocket—but he wouldn't tell us who or what he left, or why. All my mother and I ever got from him was that he was born in a town called Widnes and that he had "a lot of sisters". Case closed. And so it would have stayed if my father hadn't, at the age of 65, sired a bearded daughter with a late-blooming curiosity. While in London on business, I bought a train ticket to Widnes, three hours away. I didn't expect to discover much. My father, at the time, would have been 100, so it seemed unlikely he'd have brothers and sisters still alive. I figured I'd lift a pint or two at the local pub, check the phone book, call some Roaches, get nowhere and

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大学英语教育丛书

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前 言

本套教材是由西南师大外语部和渝州大学公外教研室、西南农业大学外语系等学校的部分教师根据国家教委提出的大学英语教学再上一个新台阶的要求,结合 1995 年国家教委制订的大学英语通用大纲词汇表和 1996 年四级统考出现的新题型而共同设制的阅读教程。这套教材课文选自原文材料,有些略有删改。课文力求内容新颖,题材广泛,注重语言能力的培养 and 准确的翻译理解,集知识性,趣味性,科学性,可读性于一体,适合大学非英语专业学生使用。

本书为《大学英语阅读教程》第 4 册,供大学英语四级学生和教师使用。

本册共十二个单元,每单元包括三篇文章。第一篇:泛读,旨在提高学生的阅读能力、语言能力和翻译能力;第二篇:快速阅读,重点培养学生的阅读速度和语感,要求学生在课堂上 8 分钟内读完;第三篇:深层次理解,重点培养学生的推理判断能力和综合归纳能力,要求学生在课外阅读,教师在课堂内讲解。

学生用书未附上泛读参考译文、语言背景知识和答案。

本套教材的总编委负责教材的总体设计,各册间的协调平衡、协助主编选材、修改和审订全套教材,本册由唐乾义具体负责审订和统稿工作。本套教材附录里的词汇表由尹明祥和潘康明选编。

编 者

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Unit 1

Part A Extensive Reading

My Father's Lively Little Mystery

In 1913, my father took a buzz saw to the family tree.¹ At the age of 19, he left England and never looked back. He'd tell us how he left—on the RMS Lusitania² with \$25 in his pocket—but he wouldn't tell us who or what he left, or why. All my mother and I ever got from him was that he was born in a town called Widnes and
5 that he had "a lot of sisters". Case closed.³

And so it would have stayed if my father hadn't, at the age of 65, sired a bull-headed daughter with a late-blooming curiosity.⁴

While in London on business, I bought a train ticket to Widnes, three hours away. I didn't expect to discover much. My father, at the time, would have been
10 100, so it seemed unlikely he'd have brothers and sisters still alive. I figured I'd lift a pint or two at the local pub,⁵ check the phone book, call some Roaches, get nowhere and return to London.

For 20 years, I'd let myself believe that Widnes was one of those quaint, rural English hamlets, all thatched roofs and trellises and lowing Guernseys. The sort of
15 place where the pub sells homemade shepherd's pie and groceries are delivered by local boys in tweed caps.

But on the nearly empty train, I passed the time chatting with a sprightly old woman in a lavender coat, and the conversation changed abruptly when I asked if she lived in Widnes. She looked at me as though I'd just spat in the aisle.

20 "Widnes!" She actually shuddered. "Horrible place." She spoke of the town's chemical-processing plant, how a pall of yellow smoke from it hung above Widnes on hot summer days. "They say the grass hardly grows. Spend an hour in Widnes and you've been too long."

"I have family there."

25 "Oh, I see." She smiled sweetly. "I understand they've redone some of the shop fronts of late."

I arrived at noon. The Widnes train station was quiet, but not in a quaint, rural way. More of a deserted, derelict way. A group of teen-agers stood around the parking lot, holding brown paper bags—but not the kind that contain groceries. My ho-

30 tel in downtown Widnes was upstairs from a pub, which did not have shepherd's pie.

I disappeared to my room with a pint of something dark and the hotel's phone book. There were 12 Roaches in Widnes, not counting the two by my sink.⁶ The last name on the list reached out and grabbed me by the aorta; W. Roach, Sandringham Road. This was the name and address of the witness who'd signed my grandfather's
35 death certificate in 1949. (I'd tracked it down at the General Register Office in London.) The witness was identified as my grandfather's son. My uncle. Here he was, 46 years later, still alive and still at the same address. I dialed the number.

"Hello? Is this the W. Roach who had a brother named Walter who went to America in 1913 and never came back?"

40 There was a long pause. "This is William Roach, yes." He sounded exactly like my father.

"Well, I'm your niece. I'm here in Widnes."

In guarded tones my uncle asked if my father was still alive. It was only then that I began to consider what my father's disappearance had meant for his family.
45 What was to me a lively little mystery was for them, more likely than not,⁷ a source of frustration and hurt. For 50 years, my father had ignored them. He hadn't bothered to send a wedding announcement or a photograph of his children. They probably hated him.

Whatever he may have felt, my uncle did the English thing.⁸ He invited me over.
50 In the car, Uncle Bill filled me in on my father's departure. It was no more dramatic than this: My father was a dreamer and there were no dreams in Widnes. There was manual labor, there was church, there was the pub. He'd wanted something more.

Uncle Bill, 83 now, was an infant when my father left. Of my father's five
55 brothers and sisters, the only one old enough to have known him was Carrie, a 97-year-old spinster, toward whose nursing home we were headed.

Unfortunately, Auntie Carrie harbored no fond memories of my father.⁹ "Why didn't he write?" she asked, grabbing my sleeve. "All those years we thought he was dead."

60 It seemed I could tell her everything about her brother's life except what she wanted to know. Why had he cut himself off from them? I learned that he had kept in touch for 15 years. Then he joined a traveling theater troupe—later in life he would teach speech and drama—and was never heard from again. As far as anyone could surmise, he had no reason for not getting back in touch. No doubt it was the same
65 reason I lost touch with my best friend from high school: Laziness begets sheepishness begets guilt.¹⁰ The guilt gets bigger and uglier until one day you can't stand to have it around anymore. You dig a hole in the back of your mind and throw it in and forget about it.

Hoping to mine some long-buried vein of sisterly love,¹¹ I asked Carrie what my

70 father had been like as a boy. "I never thought he was friendly. He spent all his time with the Rooney boys." She stared at me crossly, as though I, too, had spent all my time with the Rooney boys.

"Is there anything you can remember that——"

"He was very aloof."

75 "But did he——"

"Very superior."

I began to understand why my father's memories were of "a lot of sisters." In reality, there were only two, but Carrie by herself was a lot of sister.

80 Word of my arrival spread quickly. By the time we got to Uncle Bill's house, cousins were pouring in. I liked them all instantly. They were warm and welcoming, smart and funny.

I was lucky. Unearthing family is a risky proposition. It's like opening the phone book and pointing to a dozen names at random and forever after owing them Christmas cards. I was warned about this by the proprietress at my hotel. "A lot of folks
85 come round doing what you're doing," she said darkly. "And they don't always like what they find."

Phooey on her.¹² My relatives are grand. They came bearing photo-albums and old letters from my father. For the first time, I saw photographs of my grandmother, the Irish rose from Wexford, and of her father, circa 1890, in the door of his
90 thatched-roof cottage. I heard stories about my grandfather, with his quart bottles of stout and his strongman's chest ("Forty-eight inches, unexpanded," he liked to say.)

Uncle John brought a picture of my father, age 21, fishing on the banks of the Mississippi and another of him in his World War I uniform. I never knew my father liked fishing. I never even knew he'd enlisted. In three hours in Widnes, I learned
95 more about my father's past than I had in 20 years of being his daughter.

Then a strange thing happened. My father began to fade from the conversation. It was as though, having brought us together, he could step away now, like some ghostly matchmaker. All along, I'd been thinking of these people as my father's family. Suddenly, they were mine.

100 And just as suddenly, I was leaving them. Early the next morning my cousin Clare drove me to the station. She hugged me twice and waved until the train disappeared.

For all the things I learned about my father's life, in some ways it's more puzzling to me now. I can imagine wanting to leave Widnes. But I can't imagine not
105 wanting to go back.

Condensed from *AMERICAN WAY*, by MARY ROACH

New Words and Expressions

sire ['saɪə] <i>vt.</i> 生养, (尤指马) 生殖	frustration [frʌs'treɪʃən] <i>n.</i> 挫折
bullheaded [bul'hedɪd] <i>adj.</i> 倔强的, 顽固的	fill sb. in (on) 给某人提供(关于某方面的)情况
quaint [kweɪnt] <i>adj.</i> 古怪的, 奇趣的	surmise [sə'maɪz] <i>vi. vt.</i> 臆测, 猜度
hamlet ['hæmlɪt] <i>n.</i> 小村	beget [bi'get] <i>vt.</i> 产生, 引起
thatch [θætʃ] <i>vt.</i> 以茅草盖(屋顶)	sheepishness ['ʃi:pɪʃnɪs] <i>n.</i> 腼腆, 羞怯
trellis ['treɪlɪs] <i>n.</i> 棚架	aloof [ə'lu:f] <i>adj.</i> 冷漠的
lowing Guernsey ['gə:nzi] <i>n.</i> “哞哞”地叫的乳牛	unearth [ˈʌn'ə:θ] <i>vt.</i> 发掘, 挖掘
tweed [twɪd] <i>n.</i> 花呢	proposition [ˌprɒpə'zɪʃən] <i>n.</i> 主张, 提议
sprightly ['sprɪtli] <i>adj.</i> 活泼的, 愉快的	at random 随意地
lavender ['lævɪndə] <i>adj.</i> 淡紫色的	circa ['sə:kə] <i>adv.</i> 大约
pall [pɔ:l] <i>n.</i> 帷幕, ; 罩	phooey ['fu:i] <i>interj.</i> (<i>informal</i>) (美) 呸! 呸! (表示讨厌或不服)
of late 最近, 近来	stout [staut] <i>n.</i> 一种烈性黑啤酒
derelict ['derɪlɪkt] <i>adj.</i> 被弃的	
aorta [eɪ'ɔ:tə] <i>n.</i> (<i>pl. -tas, -tae</i>) 主动脉	

Notes

- took a buzz saw to the family tree; cut oneself away from the family and ceased to be one member of it
buzz saw: a circular saw
- RMS Lusitania; An English Ship
RMS: Royal Mail Steamer
- Case closed. ; That was all we could know. The matter ended up.
- late-blooming curiosity; a curiosity occurred late, after one has grown up. Usually, curiosity occurs during childhood.
- I figured I'd lift a pint or two at the local pub, . . . ; I considered I would take some drink at the local pub. . .
- There were 12 roaches in Widnes, not counting the two by my sink. ; Besides the two Roaches working downstairs in the kitchen of the hotel, there were 12 people whose family name was Roach.
- more likely than not; most probably
- My uncle did the English thing. ; My Uncle behaved very sensibly and courteously, as an English gentleman should do.
- Auntie Carrie harbored no fond memory of my father. ; In Aunt Carrie's memory, she had never kept any tender feeling for my father.
- Laziness begets sheepishness begets guilt. ; Because of laziness, one feels a little ashamed, hence a feeling of guilt.

11. Hoping to mine some long-buried vein of sisterly love, . . . : expecting to find out some mood of love a sister bears towards her brother, which might have been buried deep in heart long before. . . Here "vein" means mood, a state of mind.
12. Phooey on her. : I don't believe her words.

Questions for Discussion

1. What is the father's "lively little mystery"?
2. In reality, the father had only two sisters. Yet he said he had "a lot of sisters". How do you understand it?
3. What do you suppose was the reason for the father's not getting back in touch with his kinsfolk in England?
4. Do you think it's worthwhile to take much pain to "unearth family"?
5. Describe the narrator's feeling after she visited her father's native place.

Translation through Reading

1. (Lines 17-19)

But on the early empty train, I passed the time chatting with a sprightly old woman in a lavender coat, and the conversation changed abruptly when I asked if she lived in Widnes.

2. (Lines 32-34)

The last name on the list reached out and grabbed me by the aorta: W. Roach, Sandringham Road.

3. (Lines 45-46)

What was to me a lively little mystery was for them, more likely than not, a source of frustration and hurt.

4. (Lines 82-84)

It's like opening the phone book and pointing to a dozen names at random and forever after owing them Christmas cards.

5. (Lines 97-98)

It was as though, having brought us together, he could step away now, like some ghostly matchmaker.

Part B Fast Reading

Auctions are public sales of goods, conducted by an officially approved auctioneer. He asks the crowd assembled in the auction-room to make offers, or "bids", for the various items on sale. He encourages buyers to bid higher figures, and finally names the highest bidder as the buyer of the goods. This is called "knocking down" the goods, for the bidding ends when the auctioneer bangs a small hammer on a table at which he stands. This is often set on a raised platform called a rostrum.

The ancient Romans probably invented sales by auction, and the English word comes from the Latin "auctio", meaning "increase". The Romans usually sold in this way the spoils taken in war; these sales were called sub hasta, meaning "under the spear", a spear being stuck in the ground as a signal for a crowd to gather. In England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries goods were often sold "by the candle": a short candle was lit by the auctioneer, and bids could be made while it stayed alight.

Practically all goods whose qualities vary are sold by auction. Among these are coffee, hides, skins, wool, tea, cocoa, furs, spices, fruit and vegetables and wines. Auction sales are also usual for land and property, antique furniture, pictures, rare books, old china and similar works of art. The auction-rooms at Christie's and Sotheby's in London and New York are world-famous.

An auction is usually advertised beforehand with full particulars of the articles to be sold and where and when they can be viewed by prospective buyers. If the advertisement cannot give full details, catalogues are printed, and each group of goods to be sold together, called a "lot", is usually given a number. The auctioneer need not begin with Lot 1 and continue in numerical order; he may wait until he registers the fact that certain dealers are in the room and then produce the lots they are likely to be interested in. The auctioneer's services are paid for in the form of a percentage of the

price the goods are sold for. The auctioneer therefore has a direct interest in pushing up the bidding as high as possible.

The auctioneer must know fairly accurately the current market values of the goods he is selling, and he should be acquainted with regular buyers of such goods.

- 30 He will not waste time by starting the bidding too low. He will also play on the rivalries among his buyers and succeed in getting a high price by encouraging two business competitors to bid against each other. It is largely on his advice that a seller will fix a "reserve" price, that is, a price below which the goods cannot be sold. Even the best auctioneers, however, find it difficult to stop a "knock-out", whereby dealers illegally
- 35 ly arrange beforehand not to bid against each other, but nominate one of themselves as the only bidder, in the hope of buying goods at extremely low prices. If such a "knock-out" comes off, the real auction sale takes place privately afterwards among the dealers.

Questions Based on the Passage

1. Auctioned goods are sold _____.
 - A. for the highest price offered
 - B. only at fixed prices
 - C. at a price less than their true value
 - D. very cheaply
2. The Romans used to sell by auction _____.
 - A. spoilt goods
 - B. old worn-out weapons
 - C. property taken from the enemy
 - D. spears
3. An auction catalogue gives prospective buyers _____.
 - A. the current market values of the goods
 - B. details of the goods to be sold
 - C. the order in which goods must be sold
 - D. free admission to the auction sale
4. An auctioneer likes to get high prices for the goods he sells because _____.
 - A. the dealers are pleased
 - B. then he earns more himself
 - C. the auction-rooms become world-famous
 - D. it keeps the customers interested
5. A "knock-out" is arranged _____.
 - A. to keep the price in the auction-room low
 - B. to allow one dealer only to make a profit
 - C. to increase the auctioneer's profit

D. to help the auctioneer

Part C Reading for Deeper Understanding

More people than ever before are now going to dentists' offices, but fully one half of the United States population will not see a dentist. The reason is quite simple, believe most dentists, they are scared. And, really, what experience is worse than seeing a traditional dentist? You wait in silence, thumbing through old magazines, in a
5 sterile white waiting room, this one filled with machinery to frighten you still further.

At the Medical College of Georgia, dentists are taught principles of behavior and techniques of office design that should help reduce the patient's anxiety and tension. Assistants and receptionists are taught to smile and speak to the patient. This helps
10 create an atmosphere of trust. Dentists themselves are being taught to communicate more fully with the patient. A phrase such as "you're doing fine" tells the patient that the dentist is appreciative of the patient's predicament. These phrases also help by rewarding the tolerance of pain.

Dentists' offices are being repainted in "earth tones", brown, green, tan, and
15 other soothing colors. A startling color such as red should be avoided at all costs, red brings to mind blood and pain. Paintings and other distractions are strategically located; music is piped in to help the patient ignore his or her pain. Until recently, dentists had ignored the fact that most patients never see much more than the ceiling of the practice room. Most of the time, patients are lying flat on their backs with little
20 to busy their minds other than their pains. Now dentists are not only building ceilings with fancy patterns, but also distracting their patients with ceiling TV sets, computer games and mazes, and mobile sculptures. One quick technique involves placing mirrors so patients can distract themselves by watching fish in a tank located near the ceiling.

25 Less drastic changes include redoing the practice rooms to include less of the sterile color white and redesigning the machinery a dentist must use to make it appear less frightening. Uniforms are also being made in pastel and earth colors, no longer in white. Some dentists go much further. They take an active role in teaching their patients to relax. Some are teaching their patients deep muscle relaxation and breathing control. Some use advanced techniques, such as hypnosis and biofeedback to help their patients relax in the chair. Drugs and painkillers may still be used to ease physical pain, but all these techniques of relaxation help the patient relax and avoid anxiety over their pain.

Comprehension Exercises

1. The main idea of this passage is that _____.
 - A. physical surroundings affects people's emotional reactions
 - B. decoration is the primary factor in relieving patient's fears
 - C. earth tones are soothing colors
 - D. most people are anxious about physical pain
2. Some dentists distract their patients with _____.
 - A. mobile sculptures
 - B. television sets
 - C. computer games
 - D. all of the above
3. We can conclude from the passage that _____.
 - A. relaxation blocks out all pain
 - B. patients feel more pain if they think the dentist is concerned with their feelings
 - C. being anxious increase the pain a patient feels
 - D. being anxious and tense cause the pain a patient feels
4. The passage suggests that _____.
 - A. dentists' offices are usually painted white because they must be kept sterile
 - B. warm colors ease physical pain
 - C. most pain associated with dentistry is caused by unprofessional dentists
 - D. some of the pain felt by patients may be psychological
5. The passage suggests that dentists should _____.
 - A. learn to communicate with their patients
 - B. use hypnosis on most patients
 - C. constantly console their patients
 - D. also be psychiatrists

Unit 2

Part A Extensive Reading

Shame

I have learned hate at home, or shame. I had to go to school for that. I was about seven years old when I got my first big lesson. I was in love with a little girl named Helene Tucker, a light-complexioned little girl with pigtails and nice manners. She was always clean and she was smart in school. I think I went to school then mostly to look at her. I brushed my hair and even got me a little old handkerchief. It was a lady's handkerchief, but I didn't want Helene to see me wipe my nose on my hand. The pipes were frozen again, there was no water in the house, but I washed my socks and shirt every night. I'd get a pot, and go over to Mister Ben's grocery store, and stick my pot down into his soda machine. Scoop out some chopped ice. By evening the ice melted to water for washing. I got sick a lot that winter because the fire would go out at night before the clothes were dry. In the morning I'd put them on, wet or dry, because they were the only clothes I had.

Everybody's got a Helene Tucker, a symbol of everything you want. I loved her for her goodness, her cleanness, her popularity. She'd walk down my street and my brothers and sisters would yell, "Here comes Helene," and I'd rub my tennis sneakers on the back of my pants and wish my hair wasn't so nappy and the white folks' shirt fit me better. I'd run out on the street. If I knew my place and didn't come too close, she'd wink at me and say hello. That was a good feeling. Sometimes I'd follow her all the way home, and shovel the snow off her walk and try to make friends with her Momma and her aunts. I'd drop money on her stoop late at night on my way back from shining shoes in the taverns. And she had a Daddy, and he had a good job. He was a paper hanger¹.

I guess I would have gotten over Helene by summertime, but something happened in that classroom that made her face hang in front of me for the next twenty-two years. When I played the drums in high school it was for Helene and when I broke track records in college it was for Helene and when I started standing behind microphones and heard applause I wished Helene could hear it, too. It wasn't until I was twenty-nine years old and married and making money that I finally got her out of my system². Helene was sitting in that classroom when I learned to be ashamed of

my- self.

It was on a Thursday. I was sitting in the back of the room, in a seat with a
30 chalk circle drawn around it. The idiot's seat, the troublemaker's seat.

The teacher thought I was stupid. Couldn't spell, couldn't read, couldn't do arithmetic. Just stupid. Teachers were never interested in finding out that you couldn't concentrate because you were so hungry, because you hadn't had any breakfast. All you could think about was noontime, would it ever come? Maybe you could
35 sneak into the cloakroom and steal a bite of some kid's lunch out of a coat pocket. A bite of something. Paste. You can really make a meal of paste, or put it on bread for a sandwich, but sometimes I'd scoop a few spoonfuls out of the paste jar in the back of the room. Pregnant people get strange tastes. I was pregnant with poverty. Pregnant with dirt and pregnant with smells that made people turn away, pregnant with
40 cold and pregnant with shoes that were never bought for me, pregnant with five other people in my bed and no Daddy in the next room, and pregnant with hunger³. Paste doesn't taste too bad when you're hungry.

The teacher thought I was a troublemaker. All she saw from the front of the room was a little black boy who squirmed in his idiot's seat and make noises and
45 poked the kids around him. I guess she couldn't see a kid who made noises because he wanted someone to know he was there.

It was on a Thursday, the day before the Negro payday. The eagle always flew on Friday. The teacher was asking each student how much his father would give to the Community Chest. On Friday night, each kid would get the money from his father, and on Monday he would bring it to the school. I decided I was going to buy me
50 a Daddy right then. I had money in my pocket from shining shoes and selling papers, and whatever Helene Tucker pledged for her Daddy I was going to top it. And I'd hand the money right in. I wasn't going to wait until Monday to buy me a Daddy.

I was shaking, scared to death. The teacher opened her book and started calling
55 out names alphabetically.

"Helene Tucker?"

"My daddy said he'd give two dollars and fifty cents."

"That's very nice, Helene. Very, very nice indeed."

That made me feel pretty good. I wouldn't take too much to top that. I had al-
60 most three dollars in dimes and quarters in my pocket. I stuck my hand in my pocket and held onto the money, waiting for her to call my name. But the teacher closed her book after she called everybody else in the class.

I stood up and raised my hand.

"What is it now?"

65 "You forget me."

She turned toward the blackboard. "I don't have time to be playing with you, Richard."

"My Daddy said he'd ..."

70 "Sit down, Richard, you're disturbing the class."

"My Daddy said he'd give ... fifteen dollars."

She turned around and looked mad. "We are collecting this money for you and your kind, Richard Gregory. If your Daddy can give fifteen dollars you have no business being on relief."

75 "I got it right now, I got it right now, my Daddy gave it to me to turn in today, my Daddy said ..."

"And furthermore," she said, looking right at me, her nostrils getting big and her lips getting thin and her eyes opening wide, "we know you don't have a Daddy."

Helene Tucker turned around, her eyes full of tears. She felt sorry for me. Then
80 I couldn't see her too well because I was crying, too.

"Sit down, Richard."

And I always thought the teacher kind of liked me. She always picked me to wash the blackboard on Friday, after school. That was a big thrill, it made me feel important. If I didn't wash it, come Monday the school might not function right.

85 "Where are you going, Richard?"

I walked out of school that day, and for a long time I didn't go back very often. There was shame there.

Now there was shame everywhere. It seemed like the whole world had been inside that classroom, everyone had heard what the teacher had said, everyone had
90 turned around and felt sorry for me. There was shame in going to the Worthy Boys Annual Christmas Dinner⁴ for you and your kind, because everybody knew what a worthy hoy was. Why couldn't they just call it the Boys Annual Dinner; why'd they have to give it a name? There was shame in wearing the brown and orange and white plaid mackinaw the welfare gave to three thousand boys. Why'd it have to be the same
95 for everybody so when you walked down the street the people could see you were on relief? It was a nice warm mackinaw and it had a hood⁵, and my Momma beat me and called me a little rat when she found out I stuffed it in the bottom of a pail full of garbage way over on Cottage Street. There was shame in running over to Mister Ben's at the end of the day and asking for his rotten peaches, there was shame in asking
100 Mrs. Simmons for a spoonful of sugar, there was shame in running out to meet the relief truck. I hated that truck, full of food for you and your kind. I ran into the house and hid when it came. And then I started to sneak through alleys, to take the long way home so the people going into White's Eat Shop wouldn't see me. Yeah, the whole world heard the teacher that day, we all know you don't have a Daddy.

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