

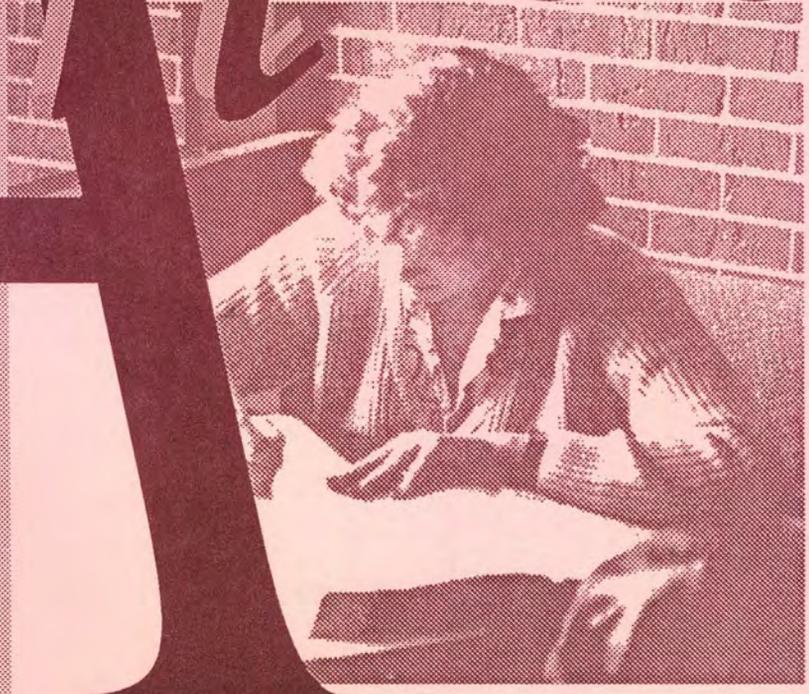
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**THE
HARPER ANTHOLOGY
OF
ACADEMIC WRITING
(Issue II)**

The English Department of William Rainey Harper College

Acknowledgements

The English Department wishes to thank Michael Knudsen for his cover design and Lisa Larsen for typing the manuscripte

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William Rainey Harper College

Foreword

The aim of this year's Harper Anthology is the same as last year's, to celebrate the academic writing of Harper College students. This second issue of the anthology represents the writing done in the courses of four departments: English, English as a Second Language, Philosophy, and Psychology. As in the past, the members of the selection committee have chosen a variety of writing: personal essays, expository essays, literary criticism, a take-home essay examination, a formal report, research writing, and a persuasive letter. Besides this finished and polished writing, this year's anthology includes a journal entry and two versions of an in-class response to reading. "Writing-to-learn," to advance the process of thinking, is as important and worthy of recognition as writing to record information, demonstrate learning, or communicate. We believe you'll find much to admire in the writing that follows. If you're a student you'll find models for your own writing. Join with us in congratulating these writers. And look forward to the third issue of the anthology in Spring 1991.

Preceding each selection is the instructor's description of the assignment. Following is the instructor's evaluation. At the end of the anthology, the judges for this issue describe the standards for good writing that influenced their choices.

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The Roar of the Changing Waves

by Marcia Albuck

(English 101--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Ms. Albuck was asked to develop an essay which focused on a changing relationship and to represent that changing relationship through a symbolic event.

When I was young, my family lived in a small, conservative town in Connecticut. Our home was on a beautiful lake that I had loved to swim in since the beginning of my memory. I had two sisters, one brother and a mother who cooked and smiled. My father never smiled, but he quietly showed me how the world worked and the little magical things in life. He protected me and seemed to accept me just the way I was.

Today we were going to the shore for the first time, so everyone was busy packing food and swim suits. I was so excited; I had only heard about playing in the waves and on the beaches. As soon as we arrived, we ran across the wide, sandy beach that was so hot it burned the bottom of my feet. My sisters and brothers continued to run right into the ocean and get happily tumbled down by the breaking waves. I sat down on the sand and watched their gleeful screaming and their bodies being tossed everywhere. I was scared.

I sat and watched the surf endlessly come in and out while listening to the terrifying crash and thunder of the waves. My dad finally came to help, offering to carry me into the water. But no; it was too much for me. Dad held my chubby hand, and we walked along the beach collecting mussel shells that were oblong with a thin shell. The outside shell was dull, rough and black but inside--inside was all smooth with a swirling rainbow of mother-of-pearl. Dad took one shell half and carefully placed in it the shallow water where it quietly rocked back and forth like a tiny boat. Before long we had lots of little, swaying fairy boats that were glittering in the strong sunlight. I had started to forget how afraid I was of the ocean.

I never went deeper than my ankles that day. Dad found a shell that I could put over my ear and hear the sound of the waves breaking forever. He told me if I saved my shell and listened when I returned to the shore I would not be afraid of the ocean anymore. He

was right.

The next summer when we went to the shore, I was much taller, and I could laugh at the throbbing waves and enjoy being twisted around by the surf. That night it was warm and clear and my dad taught me about the wonders of the stars. The night sky came alive with twinkling stories and pictures about the stars. There were so many constellations - the seven sisters, Taurus, Pegasus, the Great Dog, Orion's belt, the baby goat and the North Star. The starry night became such a busy, fun-filled place with dad telling an endless supply of stories. I thought he knew everything.

When I was thirteen, we were off to the shore for what had become a yearly ritual. I was feeling a little uncomfortable in my first two-piece bathing suit even though dad had said the suit looked nice on me but this time his reassuring words had not helped. After we set everything on the beach, dad picked up some lumpy seaweed and showed me how to squeeze the bumps and make a loud pop-hissing sound. But he had shown me before so I wandered off alone down the beach.

Later I met Jim, he had a surfboard! Jim said I looked great in my two-piece bathing suit which I now loved. Jim showed me how to ride the surfboard which was so exciting and so much fun that I did not realize it was late. My dad came looking for me. I had my arms wrapped around Jim's neck. Dad yelled at me to get back to the beach blanket. I had only been showing Jim how to put a shell up to his ear and hear the roar of the sea; after all that is how you make friends with the ocean. But dad was too angry to understand.

My father and I never seemed to be friends again. Everything I did made him miserable. He stopped sharing the fun and magical mysteries of his world with me. I probably would not have been interested anyway. I had entered that incredible, teen-age place where boys were magic and I was wiser than my father. But it was painful; there were no more rocking, little, fairy boats, twinkling drawings in the night sky or roaring waves coming from shells. Mostly father seemed to roar and growl at me until I left the house at eighteen.

The Evaluation: That the stage remains basically the same while the characters change upon it vivifies the narrator's growth, and the subtle language reveals the speaker's sensitivity.

Bullfighting: An Art

by Macedonio Aldana

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were asked to write a stipulative definition of a concrete object, an art, a procedure, an event, or a conditione

Bullfighting is an art where life and death are present in a more than conceptual way, for these poles of existence are light and shadow in the matador's creation. In addition, crudity and a certain surrealistic tone, a mixture of religious and superstitious beliefs, surround every bullfighte. It is the Gypsy heritage, the poetry of painful reality, the soul and meaning of this form of art, however weaned from its original context, appearing brutal to a society that gives more protection to animals than to unborn children. To most Americans, bullfighting is a horridly cruel sport; to us, Hispanic people, it is the poetry of a long gone life, kept only in the form of traditionse

The origins of the Fiesta Brava, or bravery feast, date from the times when offering a banquet meant choosing, isolating and sacrificing the animale. Doing it involved courage and ability, for the rough Spanish landscape turned the cattle wild and aggressivee. Eventually, the kill of the bull became a spectacle in itself, a preamble to the holiday's celebration, and the profession of the itinerant matador, a very honored and respected onee. The matadorsę or torerosę weree generally Gypsies, people with the Egyptian knowledge and magic, and holders of a strange, hybrid Christianitye. All the mysticism in bullfighting comes from these creators or legends and myths, from these poets and singers of the canto hondo, whose intonation provokes uncanny resonances in the soul's deepest nichese.

The elegance and arrogance natural in the Gypsy character soon impregnated the rather cruel Fiesta Brava, and set the proper environment to create the art's form, its duration, its rules, the passes of cape, the form of killing, and its freedom of expressione. Every bullfighter performs under those old parameters, but each bull and each bullfighter possesses a diverse temper, diverse rhythm, diverse sen-

sibilitye

Bullfighting is the mastering of the soil forces against man, the bull representing the earth. The same essence is present in a dancer mastering his body. I can recall the ballet legend, Nijinsky, and imagine his suffering on creating those endlessly suspended leaps with the amazing control of every muscle, with all his soul thrown on an instant of aesthetic ecstasy. The bullfighter masters two bodies, bull and self, to create an endless sequence of images. He comes closer to the bull every time, keeping his life only an inch away from death, his attention fixed on the wind, the sand, the piece of cloth in his hands, on his own body stretching to the impossible. He is an ethereal sculpture, ever changing, ever beautiful, ever committed to complement its dangerous companion until death parts them.

And death comes to the animal, culminating the performance. Beast and Matador stand face to face, in the stillest image of the bullfight, and a deep silence surrounds them. The wind can be heard. The bull's respiration can be heard. A whisper could be heard. The bullfighter flexes then one knee, one hand holding the cape down, the other leveling the sword's handle to the eye, a measuring instrument. One step is taken and, in its last charge, the bull is stabbed once, deep. As it bellows, blood runs and mixes with the ring's sand. I've felt sad in those last minutes of the noble animal's agony, but death is the traditional purpose of bullfighting, death cannot be avoided.

The Americans are wrong. Bullfighting is not a horridly cruel sport. It is a crudely beautiful art.

The Evaluation: This personalized, impressionistic definition of bullfighting as an act and as an art and as a tradition is creative, lyrical, forceful, compelling. The speaker knows the bullfight as event, as mystery, as symbol. He knows the bullfight as only one who has lived with it can know it.

Close That Cockpit and Keep Your Head

by Bud Babbitt

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were asked to develop an argument of about 750 words with a focused proposition to be supported by factual, authority, and/or empirical evidence

Every year, there are dozens of powerboat racing accidents which cause unnecessary injuries to drivers. Racing drivers and team owners feel there should be ways to present these often fatal incidents. Introduced to powerboat racing about five years ago, the "open safety cockpit" is an advance in safety technology (Seebold 17). It is a reinforced cockpit built into the boat for the driver to be protected. The cockpit is made of the latest high-tech materials, including carbon fiber and kevlar. The debate is simple. Should these safety cockpits be open, or enclosed? The original open design refers to the fact that the driver's head protrudes from the top of the cockpit. The new enclosed design adds added protection through the use of a canopy built over the driver's head. This adds protection for the head and neck from the water and other boats. After witnessing several fatal and near-fatal accidents, I, along with many others, have come to the conclusion that enclosed cockpits in powerboat racing should be mandatory.

The designer of the first safety cockpit, Chris Hodges, agrees with my position that an enclosed cockpit would provide better head and neck protection in the event of an accident. Chris is a seasoned veteran, and pioneer in the field of safety technology in powerboat racing (Trumper 66).

In November, 1985, Chris' partner and team driver, Bob Spalding, reinforced the arguments for mandatory

enclosed cockpitse While practicing for the Spanish Grand Prix, Spalding was involved in a bizarre accident. While turning at a very high speed, the boat caught a wave wrong and did a 360 degree rolle The boat entered the water nose first, and the incredible force of the water forced Spalding's head quickly back. This hard snap to Bob's neck caused him to lose consciousness for some thirty minutese Since Bob was strapped into his cockpit, and rendered unconscious, he inhaled a large quantity of water and nearly drowned (Trumper 62). Chris feels that an enclosed cockpit would have given Bob the added protection he needed to prevent a head injury. The attending physician at the race said, "If the water would have been diverted over his head, Spalding would have suffered no loss of consciousness, and thus would have escaped the accident unscathed" (Nimo 34)e Now, a once world champion boat racer is struggling to learn speech again due to the time he spent without oxygen under the water.

In the last five years, there have been over fifty fatal powerboat racing accidents (Nimmo 35)e Not one of these fatalities occurred in an enclosed cockpit. This proven safety technology is overwhelmed by a few simple problemse First of all, most boats on the water today are not equipped with an enclosed cockpit. The cost of adding the enclosure is far more than the average boat racer can afforde Most boat racers do not have large corporate sponsors to pay for this added cost of safety. Secondly, of the 1989 boats that will be debuted at the first race in Italy in late May, only a few are enclosed. So, that also tells us that established designers are unwilling to take the plunge into the added cost of this design.

In Lake Hamilton, Florida, Texaco Racing team member Gene Thibodeaux had a close call testing a new design Molinari boat (Berson 40). The boat was not equipped with an enclosed cockpit. While travelling at over 140 miles per hour, the boat nose divede The force of the water took Gene's helmet off of his head. Luckily, Gene didn't fasten his helmet straps in testing. The result of this accident is a broken nose and a severely lacerated forehead. Many feel Gene is lucky to be alive. Many also feel an enclosed cockpit would prevent these injuries in a nose dive type accident such as this (Berson 42)e

In 1986, Danish driver, Jorgen Askgaard raced in his first Bristol Grand Prix, the most dangerous race in the world. As Jorgen rounded a sweeping left turn, his boat hooked violently righte The momentum at travelling 120 miles per hour carried him directly into

a fourteen foot high cement wall. The grazing impact of this accident crushed his head and killed him instantly (Pike 21). Dr. Bill Ormiston, a respected doctor in the field of treating high-speed trauma feels that an enclosed safety cockpit would at least absorb the initial impact in a collision type accident such as this (Pike 23). This added protection could have saved Jorgen's life.

The opponents of the enclosed cockpit rebut the arguments for this design by saying three basic things. First of all, it is said the enclosure cuts the driver's field of vision in half. I disagree with this because all enclosed boats are equipped with mirrors. Next, I have heard talk that the ventilation into an enclosed boat on a hot day would be insufficient and would result in unnecessary driver fatigue. I argue with this point because Lifeline Safety Products in Arizona have developed what they call a "cool-suit" (Nimmo 33). This is a driving suit that has a built in cooling system using cold water. This suit is used in all types of motor racing, and so far has proven 100% effective in reducing driver fatigue. Finally, it is said that it is more difficult to escape an overturned boat with an enclosed cockpit. This brings up the most vital point of all. The enclosed cockpit is made so the driver will survive the initial accident. If someone is concerned about escaping an overturned, enclosed boat, I feel the enclosure has already served its purpose; at least the driver is able to try and get out. Open cockpits do not provide the protection demanded with today's speeds of over 170 miles per hour. In the future, I feel that enclosed cockpits will rule the sport of powerboat racing.

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Racing. London: Performance Publications:
1986.

The Evaluation: This essay presents a proposition close to the writer's experience. A direct, no nonsense style nevertheless presents a committed and caring persona. This essay is well evidenced, appropriately documented, and convincing.

Questions of Morality

by Linda Coogan

(Introduction to Philosophy--Stone)

The Assignment: Define what you think are three crucial questions about morality. For each question: (a & b) explain the ideas of any two thinkers that we have read on this question: (c) develop your own thinking on this question, and (d) show how one of these thinkers would respond to your idease

There are three questions of morality which will be discussed. These questions are important because they help define an interpretation of morality in the world culture which is emerging at this timee These three questions aree

I. What is the nature of morality?

IIe Should we reduce morality to one generic statement which applies to everyone?

IIIe If there is one generic statement for morality, does that statement apply in the same way to everyone?

Ia. Immanuel Kant believed that morality is both categorical and a priori. That is, he believed that morality is not dependent on God, or culture, or anything else, but that it stands alone, goodness in itself.e This is one way of looking at morality--that ite is unchanging, categorical, and outside of human tamperinge In other words, sin is sin, and it exists unchangingly for everyonee It is independent of any outside influence to make it valide

b.e Mill believed that morality is dependent on the consequences of action. He felt that the amount of happiness caused by any act is the measuring rod of morality. Morality stems, according to Mill only from

the perceived results of action. Therefore, to Mill, it cannot exist categorically.

c. It seems however, that for morality to exist at all it has to be categorical and it has to be a priori. Morality cannot be relevant to human behavior unless it applies to everyone. Like the laws of physics, morality has validity on its own, and it transcends any consideration of culture or time. If a UFO landed on earth tomorrow, its occupants would be bound by the same ethical laws we are. They would understand our ethical code because it exists, categorically, and they would be obligated to the same rules of conduct, just as they are bound by the same physical laws.

Morality, or "good", is necessarily unchanging. It cannot exist for some and not for others. For it to have meaning, it cannot be controlled by whim or altered by happenstance. It must be the backbone of ethical behavior everywhere, or ethical behavior cannot exist. Virtue and goodness would not exist unless there were some morality to define them.

However, there is a sense of right and wrong in every culture, and the same basic ethics evolve over and over again, regardless of theology, philosophy, or sociology. In spite of thousands of years and many cultures come and gone, murder, for instance, remains immoral in all societies. The definition of murder might be different everywhere, but nevertheless murder is wrong everywhere. Even in very simplistic societies where actual murder is unheard of, the concept is recognized as evil. The proscription against murder is a moral constant. Other constants include stealing, the abuse of another person (especially children), and appropriate sexual behavior. The fact that there are moral constants indicates strongly that morality is categorical; and the fact that it is categorical indicates that it is a priori.

d. Kant, as indicated, would agree that morality is both a priori and categorical. He says "Moral laws can be right without any commander, promulgator, obligator"², meaning that moral principles exist categorically. He would agree that there are moral constants, and that they are binding to everyone, because he takes pains to point out that "The essence of morality is that our actions are motivated by a general rule"³. He makes it clear that, in his opinion, unless an action can be universalized, it cannot be considered moral; unless it is a priori, it is not ethical.

IIa. The second question to deal with is whether morality should be reduced to one generic formula.

Mill would say that for morality to be valid there must be a formula which holds true in every situation and for all people. His definition of morality is his generic statement---"The greatest happiness principle is the greatest happiness of mankind and of all sentient creatures." To Mill, this statement is valid everywhere and to everyone.

b. Another way of looking at the question is to say that there is no one morality; every case is different because it includes different people and different ideas to what is ethical. Therefore, according to some, there can be no one statement which includes all situations. Friedrich Nietzsche felt that morality is simply a reflection of the needs and ideas of various cultures at different times. He felt that any attempt to formulate a generic statement was simply "a new means of expressing prevailing morality, consequently just a phenomenon within one definite morality."⁵

Mill's belief that there is one morality for everyone, and it should be stated generically, is easier to support in a smaller, more homogeneous society than the worldwide culture we are beginning to encounter today. Nietzsche's belief in many moralities does take into account the many ways of living in the world culture, but it dismisses too easily the categorical nature of morality.

c. As it was previously concluded that morality is categorical, it follows that there must be some formula for determining what is the ethical procedure in any given situation. Especially in a world grown smaller in the last few years, morality needs to be defined in a way that can be understood and agreed upon by many disparate groups. A blueprint for behavior is needed so that everyone everywhere is aware of what is expected.

A model of behavior, an ideal of morality, makes a statement about what is right. This puts a focus on an ideal of behavior. Without a focus, definitions of morality are too abstruse, too vague, to be useful. Once there is some generic statement---a "Golden Rule"---there is some specific guideline to point the way to ideal behavior. There is a definition of the path of living harmoniously with others in the community.

It is true, as Gilkey discovered, that in spite of the best intentions, selfishness and greed override the desire to do one's moral duty. Without a specific ideal good intentions are totally lost to human nature, and the rationalization of actions is too easy. Where

there is no ideal there can only be an attitude of indifference to morality, in spite of the realization that we must rise above human nature. If we see that morality exists, if we see that we are bound by the same morality, then it is incumbent upon us to see to the best of our ability for everyone. In this way, in spite of human failings, there is a more clear-cut path to effective moral goals.

d. Kant saw the need for a moral generic statement. He evolved his Categorical Imperative with the view in mind that he was producing a course of action that would point the way to moral behavior. He said, "although it should remain undecided whether what is called duty is not merely a vain notion, yet at least we shall be able to show what we understand by it; be able, that is, to show what the notion means." He was aware that his Categorical Imperative is an ideal, a generally unreachable goal, but knew that it was incumbent upon him to define a path to morality.

IIIa. The last question to deal with is the way in which a generic statement of morality applies to the daily life of every individual. One way of looking at this question is to assert that if a generic statement is valid, then it must apply in the same way, equally and without exception, to everyone. Kant says that morality is not a matter of feelings or interpretation. His idea is that if morality could be open to interpretation, that would detract from the universality of the morality. He felt that if there is a moral principle, it applied to each individual in the same way. There is no room for interpretation or change. The rule is the rule. Murder (or whatever) is always wrong. The problem with this theory is that it is too rigid; it makes perfection the norm, and humans can never measure up to that norm.

b. Another way of looking at the question is to say that there can be no specific rule for the application of a generic statement due to the differences in individuality and culture. Mill's statement of Utilitarianism, that morality is what creates the greatest amount of happiness (or absence of pain) for the individuals involved, is open to individual interpretation for each act. Every individual is responsible for creating the most amount of happiness he can, but beyond that there are no final, ultimate moral statements. Murder might be sometimes the right thing to do.

c. Nevertheless, since we accept that there is only one morality, and we accept that humanity needs a generic statement to point the way to virtue, we must

also accept that a true generic statement must be valid for everyone. The fact that everyone might interpret the proscriptions against needlessly harming another human in a different way does not necessarily override the basic idea that there is a moral truth in the proscriptions. In every culture it is wrong to steal--but interpretations as to exactly what constitutes stealing are almost as numerous as there are cultures (to say nothing of the degrees that mitigating circumstances, if any, are allowed). In other words, a good moral statement has to give room for cultural and personal interpretation, as well as account for moral constants.

Given a statement of morality, every individual should be able to find his or her moral truth by following the guideline. Expecting everyone in this heterogeneous world to be accept a guideline in the same way is impossible---there are too many cultural and individual nuances, and no one can say with certainty what is the "right" interpretation of any moral issue. While morality is categorical, it is also fluid, with many ways of looking at each action.

This does not mean that morality is not a priori. As stated before, morality can only exist if it applies to everyone. The question is not whether the abuse of children is wrong, but what constitutes abuse. The moral constant is categorical; the interpretation is cultural.

d. Kant would disagree with this interpretation of moral duty. As he sees it, unless an action can be universalized, it cannot be moral. He says, "The essence of morality is that our actions are motivated by a general rule. If we make it the foundation of our conduct that our actions shall be consistent with a universal rule, valid at all times and for everyone, then our actions exemplify the principle of morality." In other words, he feels that there is only one correct moral response to any situation, and everyone is bound to that response.

Kant also makes it clear that he does not feel the result of an action has anything to do with the rightness of the action. He says, "If an action is good only as a means to something else, then the imperative which commands it is hypothetical only. . ." In other words, one is compelled to be ethical in terms of a certain moral interpretation, regardless of the results of the action.

Notes

1 Borchert, Donald M. and Castelle, Alburey An Introduction to Modern Philosophy, Examining the Human Condition, p. 234.

2 Ibid., p.e235.

3 Ibid., p.e236.

4 Ibid., p.e250.

5 Ibid., p. 261.

6 Ibid., p. 236.

7 Ibid., p.e238.

The Evaluation: The student explained the ideas of the thinkers clearly and accurately; she developed her own ideas cogently, and the development of the questions and of the final section showed independent thought. Basic writing skills had been mastered.

Methods of Job/Person Matching

by Wendy L. Davis

(Psychology 145--Hinton)

The Assignment: To conduct an in-depth investigation of a current issue in the field of industrial/organizational psychology that includes a literature review, summary, conclusion and recommendation.

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Executives spend more time on managing people and making people decisions than on anything else - and they should. No other decisions or so difficult to make. And yet, by and large, executives make poor promotion and staffing decisions. By all accounts their batting average is not better than .333. At most, one-third of such decisions turn out right, one-third are initially effective and one-third are outright failures. (Peter Drucker. Harvard Business Review, July/August 1985e)

Much the same way as cautious investors review the possible investments, organizations should examine carefully the skills of job candidates for key positions. Mismatches can cause difficult career development problems for the individual, and costly turnover, poor productivity, and lack of potential management talent for the organization... (Lynn Slavenskie Training and Development Journal, August 1986.)

Statement of Investigation

The responsibility of matching individuals and jobs is enormous for businesses and organizations in the 1980's. Times are changing and personnel management must adapt to these changes. The demand is high to provide a company with employees who can work productively, and to provide employees with positions that are satisfying. We are no longer a society which views work as the sacrifice made to ensure a meal on the table. That perspective is of generations gone by. Today, workers pursue a position with a company to reach personal satisfaction and career goals.

In addition, we are no longer a society dependent solely upon its people as its primary work force. Today machines and computers comprise an overwhelming percentage of the work force; fewer people are needed to meet the work demands.

And we are no longer a society committed to our organizations, nor do we find the job security of years past. Today, corporate mergers and buyouts keep employees on edge and "looking out for number one."

This paper is an attempt to investigate the options available to accomplish a successful job/person match and thus aid personnel management as they address the changing needs before them.

Rationale

This topic was chosen because of the author's personal experience, and that of associates, participating in a bad job match. The extra effort needed to make a bad match effective is laborious and the final product is less than what is desired. Psychology has long known the value of placing people in positions that fit their personalities and interests. Business and organizations have opened their eyes to this and it is worth taking a look at their efforts.

Review of Literature

Personnel management is one of the foundation blocks of any business or organization. An agreeable match between employees and positions is a vital part of ensuring a firm foundation. There are two main categories for reaching a job/person matching: traditional and contemporary.

Traditional methods may include job description, resume, interview, reference check, and the manager's own intuition. The traditional approach frequently presents the job as "fixed," and the search is for the individual with the skill, education, and necessary experience to fill that job. It is the person that is considered the "variable" in the job match equation. Traditional methods are thought of as objective; however, the perceived objectivity fades quickly in view of the possible alternatives (i.e., contemporary methods) because there is not an analytical standardized system of evaluation, and much of the traditional approach depends on opinion and interpretation.

The contemporary methods, which will be examined individually, include surveys, profile analysis, expert systems, and assessment centers. Contemporary methods consider the job and the person as only part of the variables in the job match equation. In addition, contemporary methods are more objective than traditional methods because they provide the manager with an analytic and consistent form of evaluation.

Survey methods involve the employees answering questions on what they think their supervisors expect their behavior to be (Position Concept) and how they are inclined to behave as dictated by their personality (Personal Concept). One particular survey examined was created by the Disc System, Inc.,² and involved employees in the beverage industry. The survey focused on four distinct behavior patterns: D-dominance

(need/ability to conquer) I-influence (persuasiveness) S-steadiness (being supportive), and C-compliance (avoidance of conflict). Questions were asked to determine the extent to which each behavior pattern was needed in the position and the degree each pattern was presently displayed in the work of the employee holding that position. Each question was assigned points that correlated with the behavior patterns and a tally of these points revealed the determining prevailing patternse

A position that requires a dominant person, one who makes things happen, is a Hi-D position; a position that demands less of the dominant characteristic is a Lo-D position, etc. People, like positions, can be described in these terms as well. An individual may be a Hi or Lo D, I, S or C.³

Survey methods can be beneficial to personnel management in that they assist the manager in standardizing job/person evaluation. It may also reveal factors in determining why certain employees are less productive in their present positionse

An example, as cited in the beverage industry survey, is of top management who enjoy the dominance and influence aspects of their jobs but are not naturally inclined to the steadiness and compliance demands put on them as managerse. These managers can still do the job expected of them, but they will have to work harder at it. Likewise, a person in a high dominance position who is more inclined by his personality to steadiness can still do his job effectively. He will just do it differently from the way a Hi-D person woulde

Another example of a similar situation is found in a second text, referring to job placemente.⁴ A supervisor of plant security set his hiring requirements at a high school education and three years of plant security or police experience (a Hi-D position)e. The actual job consisted mainly of checking badges and lunch bags (a Lo-D position)e. Security personnel were hired based on the requirements set. The result was a staff of bored, apathetic and unmotivated employeese. The rate of job turnover was extremely high. After careful evaluation, applicants with little or no experience and with fourth or fifth grade educations were considered. These applicants had fewer expectations for the position and were better matched for the level of dominance required. The results were higher performance and lower turnover. It is verifiable that "the best fit between the person and the job occurs when the requirements of the job match the dominant characteristics of the person."⁵

While a survey's first focus is on the individual and then on the job, a profile analysis begins its focus on the job. Profile analysis begins by defining the position and then continues on to evaluate the person.

A position is defined by asking, "What is the goal of the position? What skills and knowledge are needed to reach the stated goal? What level of these skills and knowledge are needed?" Position defining can be done by listing the actual job functions, and by examining the job description and job objectives. The evaluator then draws a continuum for each skill/knowledge needed and graphs the level needed on the scale of zero to ten.⁶

No Knowledge/Skill	Maximum Knowledge/Skill
0-----	-----10

The second step is to investigate the person aspect of the job/person match. This evaluation considers the following: resume, application, interview, reference check, on-the-job evaluation, and peer recommendation. A continuum is drawn to indicate the individual's level of ability in each of the knowledge/skill categories. These continuums are then compared and evaluated for the best possible job/person match.

A unique benefit of a profile analysis is that its focus is on the skills and knowledge of the person and "therefore does not carry the negative personal connotations often associated with personnel evaluations."⁷ Strengths and weaknesses are viewed in relation to the job and not as a judgment on the individual's value as a person. Another benefit of a profile analysis is its cost factor; any size budget can afford paper and a pen.

Another contemporary method that evaluates an individual's skills separate from personal worth is an expert system. In fact, this system exclusively assesses a person by the facts and figures of that individual's skills and does not consider the person's personality and interest. "Expert systems are computer programs which contain knowledge about particular fields of human activity and experience which, through linkages and rules built into the system design, can help solve real problems."⁸ This method is often argued against because it does not include subjective aspects, such as interviews and job samples, that may give the manager more of a personal "feel" for the individual being evaluated. An expert system approach

may be best used in conjunction with one or more of the subjective methods which would allow managers to have a more rounded collection of information on which to base their decisionse

As used in personnel management, an expert system has as its base information on job analysis, evaluation procedures, personnel selection, organizational make-up, psychological testing, and performance appraisal. The interesting aspect of this process is the ability of the program to make evaluations and recommendations and not just to store information.

A contemporary method, which is an alternative to the "facts and figures" emphasis, is the assessment center. This method is a performance-based system that observes and evaluates an individual in job-relative situations to determine how the individual is likely to perform on the job. A person may be evaluated by the use of role-playing and in-basket exercises, as well as written tests and interviewing.

An assessment center "is a systematic approach based on the analysis of skills, knowledge, and work-orientation factors needed for the position; it emphasizes matching candidates and organizational expectations."⁹ Assessment centers consist of a series of standardized evaluation procedures that are combined with the assessments of various evaluators to examine an individual's behavior.¹⁰ These evaluators may be an outside firm specializing in assessment processes development or they may be trained managers and supervisors of the employee-seeking company.

Assessment centers carry benefits for both the company and the prospective employee. The company has the benefit of seeing the person in work related situations over a relative period of time (anywhere from 1 hr. to a couple of days) and getting a good idea of the individual's performance level and clarifying the job requirements to the individual. The prospective employee's benefits are similar in that he is given the opportunity to show the manager his abilities, and gain a clearer understanding of what the job entails, in order to know more accurately whether the job matches his skills and interests. Assessment centers speak highly of the company that chooses to invest the time and effort to ensure a good job/person match.¹¹

Summary

Matching individuals and jobs is a vital part of personnel management. It is beneficial in hiring new personnel, evaluating existing employees and positions,

and in succession planning.

There are traditional and contemporary methods of reaching a successful job/person match. Examples of traditional methods are: job descriptions, resumes, interviews, reference checks, and manager's intuition. Traditional methods are thought to be objective but are actually very subjective, and therefore do not always provide accurate information which may lead to bad matches. Additionally, the variable in the traditional approach is the person. The job remains constant and the person is the one sought after to "fit" the constant.

Contemporary methods are objective because they provide a manager with an analytical and consistent form of evaluation. Contemporary methods seek to view the job and the person as equally important variables in the pursuit of a good match. An overview of the contemporary methods discussed follows:

Surveys involve questioning employees, and prospective employees, about their perception of what behavior is expected of them and about the behavior they are apt to express based on their personality. From the questionnaire a system is established to determine the characteristics of the position and the individual. The two are compared to determine whether or not a good match exists.

Profile Analysis defines the job clearly and then a list is composed of the skills and knowledge required, and the amount of these needed for the position. These are graphed on a continuum. The same is completed on the individual being considered for the position. He is evaluated based on how well the data on his continuum matches the company's requirements (the job continuum).

Expert Systems are data-based computerized evaluations of the job and the individual. The computer does an analysis of the information and makes recommendations on the job/person match up. This system is best used in conjunction with other methods of evaluation.

Assessment Centers are performance based evaluations. An individual is considered for employment based on performance in job-related situations. These situations include role-playing and in-basket tests.

Conclusion

Initially the title of this report was "Matching Individuals To Jobs". In the midst of the research it became evident that it was more important to match an individual and the job. A person's abilities, interests and personality all combine to make up that person. Likewise, a position has needs and characteristics that make up that position. Both of these factors need to be examined thoroughly in order to get a good match. And a good match is what will provide the productivity a company demands and the satisfaction a person is looking for.

In the methods for job/person matching that have been examined, three common factors stand out. One of these factors is that of examining and defining the job before selecting an employee. It became clear that in order to know who will best fit a position, that position needs to be clarified; a manager cannot know who will meet the needs of the company if he doesn't know what those needs are.

The second factor, is the profitability of using job/person matching in three main areas: new hires (for appropriate placement), evaluations of present employees and positions (for determining if poor productivity is linked to bad job/person matching) and for succession planning.

The third factor was the mutual benefit of proper job/person matching to the company as well as the individual. The fact of having an organization or company function with the majority of, if not all, employees in appropriate job matches is a possibility if the time, effort and money is expended to make that possibility a reality.

Recommendations

Through this investigation two recommendations emerge. First, it appears more than beneficial to have a job definition for each position within a company or organization. Having this information on file will save time and effort when needs for hiring, reorganization, or future planning emerge.

Secondly, just as individuals and jobs need to be matched up for maximum benefit, a company needs to be examined and its personality discovered in order to find the best method of job/person matching within that particular organization.

Notes

1 C. Thomas Dortch, "Job-Person Match," Personnel Journal, Jn. 1989, p. 50

2 No Author Listed, "Survey Concepts Tie Personnel to Positions," Beverage World, Dec. 1983, p. 177.

3 Ibid.e

4 Paul Hersey and Ken Blanchard, Management of Organizational Behavior/Utilizing Human Resources (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1982) p. 62-63.

5 Beverage World, p. 177-180.e

6 Darreel E. Owen, "Profile Analysis: Matching Positions and Personnel," Supervisory Management, Nov. 1984, p. 15.

7 Ibid., p. 20.e

8 No Author Listed, "Matching People to Jobs: An Expert System Approach," Personnel Management, Sept. 1987, p. 42.

9 Lynn Slavenski, "Matching People to the Job," Training and Development Journal, Aug. 1986, p. 55.

10 Wayne E. Cascio, Applied Psychology in Personnel Management (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1987), p. 318.

11 Lynn Slavenski, p. 57.

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Wayne F. Cascio, Applied Psychology in Personnel Management (New Jersey: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1987).

The Evaluation: The strengths include, but are not limited to, appropriateness of subject, organization and writing style, and a relevant literature review.

Untitled

by Tom Falat

(English 101--Smith)

The Assignment: I wanted my students to have an opportunity to write an essay about values because of all the demands and possibilities such an assignment can provide. However, the conventional topics about values--abortion, the death penalty, euthanasia--have been exhausted, and are perhaps too serious, to lend themselves to fresh approaches. "My Worst Meal" is something the writer has to really think about. For instance, what are the value systems by which we judge a meal?

My mother saying, "They are supposed to be here by twelve," meant two things to me. First, that I was going to have to protect my valuables, and second, that I had until two o'clock to do it. All the Thanksgivings that I can remember were this way: the rush and preparation before their arrival to ensure a survival through their stay.

The in-laws, or "the outlaws" as my dad liked to call them, always came to our house for Thanksgiving dinner. Since my relatives are infamous for being late, this provided the needed time to try to make everything in the house "relative resistant," which was basically cleaning up and putting everything of any value away. The family started coming in at about quarter to two.

My youngest aunt and her husband entered the house arguing. They must have been getting a head start because they have a full daily itinerary to communicate through. I should have thought of them as being the comic relief of my day, although sometimes they don't have sufficient evidence to back up their points, and then that can sometimes lead to a lull in their

"entertainment value." After getting a headache, I left the room to discover that my uncle had arrived.

Uncle Stan was a playboy/disco king of the seventies who thought of himself as a devastatingly attractive ladykiller. He would drive around in his 1977 Thunderbird convertible with the top down while he was wearing a pair of shorts and no shirt in the middle of winter, then tell you he wasn't cold. He was so macho, he could walk into a room and make women gag by the dozens when they got a whiff of his attitude and his aftershave. I thought he was much too macho to live in the eighties, or anywhere else for that matter.

Earlier that day, I had put away a highly prized father/son project model boat which was under construction. I was later surprised to find that someone had taken it out and done work on it. When I asked what was going on, Stan, the complete man, informed me that he had built the front subcompartment of the boat and was presently quitting for the day to let the glue dry. He then went upstairs to give me more room so that I could clean up his mess easier. On top of this, I had to carefully scrape off the plastic cement he had used and replace it with a cement made for balsa wood.

My oldest aunt had arrived, and I momentarily stopped to talk to her. She basically had wasted her life. It was said to be due to a low level of confidence which caused her to think negatively about herself. Many people outside my family call it laziness. An ironic characteristic about this fact was that she was perfectly willing to talk about how she was powerless to do anything to control her fate in great detail, but the fact remained that she never took any type of action to improve her lifestyle. She was eligible but never applied for welfare; she must have thought that money wouldn't help her. She told me about a time she was so down that my grandma lent her a credit card to purchase necessities, like food. She ended up buying chocolate covered strawberries at Fannie May.

My aunt and I would often talk about books because she, being the only one of my aunts to attend college and, in the process, earn many degrees, had worked a relatively large allowance into her minuscule "budget" for book buying; lower down on her plan was probably food and clothing. She was very sharp and many times enlightening in her viewpoints upon certain subjects. But, no matter what the conversation was about, it would always lead to her life and different ways in which she was so poverty stricken. I briefly talked to her in the foyer of my house and, becoming even more

depressed, I decided to move on.

Another aunt arrived and brought with her her little darlinge Her daughter was in the process of going through a "spoiled rotten" phase, and it seemed to me that her parents were content to sit back and see if it would "burn itself out. The little one made my day by taking a relatively expensive balsa model and disassembling it into ten pieces then piling the pieces next to the balsa boat as if to send a threat. Then, she went to the next level of the house and broke a bishop from an expensive chess set in half and placed that by the set as if to reinforce her original message. Her parents, when informed, lightly "scolded" her, in other words, did nothing about it.

I get along well with my relatives as long as I take them in small doses. If I get any more than that, I usually have a bad reaction and get adverse side effects. The food was finally prepared and the whole family was seated around the dining room table. I did not appreciate much, even when they were subdued and in sight, eating my Thanksgiving meal while looking across the table at the outlaws

The Evaluation: The clever parallel construction in the first lines announces that this essay understands that meals are not just about food, and it spends very little time on the Thanksgiving dinner. It treats with the humor generated by time the feeling of helpless victimization of the narrator as a little kid by a collection of relatives from helle Yet, the author writes with restraint, even employing understatemente

Exhilaration

by Gerald Giba

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: The students were to write a focused single paragraph description that appeals to the senses

The sun was an emerging fire-ball in the cool early morning mist as I reached down, turned the key and 150 sleeping horses coughed to life. The smoke from the exhaust hung heavily over the water behind the sleek, metal-flake red bass boat. I put my right hand on the black throttle handle easing it forward, and the motor's raucous idle smoothed out as we slowly moved to the main river channel. When we reached the channel I slammed the throttle forward. The motor roared to full life, and the sleek red boat catapulted forward, compressing us back in our seats with the force of acceleration. We leveled out, and the cold wind in my face was exhilarating as the boat picked up speed, - 35 - 55 - 65 miles an hour - hurtling over the icy smoothness of the water's surface. When the red projectile lifted and began a gentle side to side rocking motion I knew "DAS BOAT" had reached "Final Pad." I felt a heady surge of excitement with the confirmation that we were NOW literally rocketing scant inches over the surface of the water. I turned my head and looked behind us, and once again I was awe struck with the fifteen foot rooster tail of water arcing up from the back of the boat. We hurtled along, barely skimming over the ice-like smoothness of the water's surface, the speed-chilled wind whipping our hair and coat collars around our faces. We reached our destination, and I pulled the throttle back. Seeming to be unhappy that the ride

was over, "Das Boat" shuddered slightly and then reluctantly settled back into the water

The Evaluation: This vividly concrete paragraph shows a writer who has a clear sense of persona and who has a mature control over connotatively charged and figurative language.

A Good Fisherman

by Gerald Giba

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were asked to write a stipulative definition of an abstraction or a role a person might play.

George, one of the fishermen in a club I used to belong to, taught me respect for nature and the fish I caught; for example, if I released a fish after enjoying the thrill of the capture I could come back at a later date and catch the same fish over, and over, and over again. I can still hear him. "A good fisherman doesn't kill his catch, but preserves this valuable resource by releasing his quarry alive." And once when I was about to throw a pop can into the water George stopped me and said, "Don't pollute the water by tossing your trash over the side; a good fisherman respects the environment and hauls his trash out with him." George was a good fisherman.

A good fisherman is a sportsman who, like George, has clear respect for the natural world; however, he also needs to know his techniques, be an observer and experimenter, and most important, be extremely patient. A good fisherman does not lounge in a boat with a fishing pole in one hand and a can of beer in the other while he stares at the clouds floating overhead. Rather, he listens to and observes his peers and spends long hours on the water. He learns that minnows jumping from the water are an excellent indicator that larger fish are nearby. He learns that larger fish like to hide beneath floating lily pads and that fish hide beside logs lying in the water.

In May of 1980, I went on a one week fishing trip with Pete, another member of our fishing club; until that time, I thought I was a good fisherman. Pete squelched that idea within the first hour on the water by conducting what I now laughingly call an on the water clinic. He expertly skipped his plastic worm across the water's surface to land far underneath a

boat dock. I was awed as I watched the lure bounce lightly across the water's surface. Pete, using this "skipping" technique caught several fish, and they were big. Not being one who likes to lose, I tried to emulate Pete's casting technique. The result I experienced wasn't my lure gently skipping over the water's surface, but rather my lure splashing into the water about two feet in front of me. Frustrated, I turned to Pete and asked, "Just how in the hell are you doing that?" With a smile on his face, Pete turned to me and asked, "Do you remember when you were a kid, and you skipped rocks?" I replied, "Yes." Then he said, "You take a flat power-head jig and thread a plastic worm onto the hook, and then you skip it just like you used to skip a flat rock." I mumbled, "Thank you," and began to practice this new technique. On this day, Pete taught me more than "skipping," for he taught me to experiment with new techniques and lures. Pete was a good fisherman.

Paul, another member of our fishing club, taught me to be aware of the sounds of nature around us. When I hear frogs croaking, birds singing, and squirrels chattering, the fish are more active and more inclined to strike at my lure. He taught me that a good fisherman is keenly attuned to the activity around him, and his trained eye doesn't miss the slight ripple on the water that tells him of a fish moving beneath the surface. Paul would say, "A good fisherman is always alert, and his trained powers of observation are fully aware of all the sights and sounds around him. A bad fisherman is too busy guzzling beer and tossing cigarette butts and trash over the side of the boat to be aware of anything except the next belch." Paul was a good fisherman.

A good fisherman assembles the pieces of the puzzle as a Swiss watchmaker assembles a Rolex until all the pieces fit together. A good fisherman will then land his quarry. A bad fisherman doesn't even know there is a puzzle; he just thinks he has bad luck. Perhaps the most valuable lesson a good fisherman can learn is to be patient, for not all fishing trips result in fish caught; however, with patience and hard work, fishing success will follow. I'll steadfastly work to be patient and practice the techniques of the good fishermen I have known. One day then I will be

the teacher, and a student might remark, "Giba was a good fisherman."

The Evaluation: Gerry's essay "illustrates" the power and force of concrete illustration as a minor pattern of definition. Here, also, the language and speaker participation invite our interest, and the varied sentences exhibit parallelism and economye

Hawg Heaven

by Gerald Giba

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were to combine narrative and descriptive writing as they focus on a specific place and incident

It was five-thirty A.M. the cooing of morning doves mingled with the croaking of frogs as a slight chop on the water gently lapped against the side of the boat. I turned back to Pete and asked, "Isn't this great? No water skiers and no crazy boaters, only us and the fish." Pete replied, "YEAH! I'm gonna kick your ass." Our good luck ritual out of the way, we could concentrate on fishing.

We had picked our favorite channel, floating lily pads down one side, fallen trees and brush piles on the other - "HAWG COUNTRY." Here was our little stretch of fisherman's heaven.

We began working the shoreline on the brush pile side of the channel casting our favorite lures - top water Buzz-baits - up on the shore and cranking them back into the water. Our lures gurgling and squeaking, danced merrily across the water's surface on a bed of bubbles, above the hidden dangers beneath the choppy water's surface. Next to a tree stump I spotted a telltale bulge in the water as a fish moved. I cast my lure up on the bank just past the tree stump, held my breath, and started my retrieve. The lure sprang to life as it entered the water and passed within two inches of the tree stump; however, nothing happened. I cast again. This time my lure struck the tree stump. My lure was six inches past the stump when the water bulged again, and the race was on. My lure and the fish went at it. The disturbance in the water behind my lure told me the fish was winning this battle, but she was to lose the war.

The fish rocketed up from beneath the water's surface and clamped down on my lure. Time seemed to stop

as the fish hung suspended before falling back into the water and sending fountains of liquid cascading into the air.

When the fish realized she was hooked, the war was on in earnest. I leaned back, pulling on my fishing rod as hard as I could. The fish responded by leaping into the air and pirouetting on her tail across the water's surface. Only then did I realize how big she really was, and I thought, "Holy shit, the fish of a lifetime and she's on my line." My next thoughts were, "The line could break. The lure could pull out. Any number of things could go wrong."

Then my brain chose to function independently of my body. My brain said, "HOLLER TO PETE, GET THE NET!" What really came out was "GMNUPFLANKNUTE." Pete leapt from the rear deck. He grabbed the net and started hollering instructions to me, "KEEP YOUR ROD TIP UP! GIVE HER A LITTLE DRAG! THAT'S IT; TIRE HER OUT! DON'T LOSE HER! MAN, WHAT A FISH!"

The fish jumped again, and her huge maw spread wide to expose vivid red gills. Her powerful broad tail danced on a cushion of air as she shook her massive head back and forth, spewing gigantic droplets of water. I couldn't help but marvel at how gorgeous she was, a jagged black line separating her dark blackish-green back from a pearlescent white belly. She epitomized a bass fisherman's fantasy.

The lady was tiring now, so Pete gently slipped the net under her and hoisted her into the boat. She was MINE! I did it. We gently unhooked her and slid her into the filled and aerated livewell.

High fives were exchanged and Pete congratulated me on my catch; however, something wasn't quite right. I was happy, and Pete was happy. Then it struck me, and I knew what to do.

I got out my Polaroid camera and said to Pete, "I want you to take my picture with her. Okay?" I went back, reached into the livewell, and gently picked her up. I measured her, twenty-six inches, over eight pounds of Largemouth bass. I thought to myself, "So THIS is what it's like to catch a real HAWG! THIS is great!" I held her up for a couple of pictures.

I thought Pete was going to croak when I walked to the side of the boat and gently lowered this beautiful female back into the water where she belonged. She gave a flick of her powerful tail as if to wave goodbye, then she was gone.

When I stood and turned, Pete was standing there with his hand outstretched. We shook hands, leaving unsaid what we both knew in our hearts, and turned to

go back to our fishing seats. Pete hollered back, "I'm still gonna kick your ass." Five forty-five A.M., and some things never change.

The Evaluation: This essay is fresh and engaging in topic, imagery, and sentence style. An involved and excited persona sets an easy and relaxed tone as he invites us to participate in the fishing experience.

Children's Sexuality

by Laura Halatek

(Honors English 101--Simonsen)

The Assignment: Write an argumentative essay in response to the psychologist Karen Horney's essay, "The Distrust Between the Sexes." Defend or attack one of Horney's principal ideas.

A generally well-accepted idea in psychology is that childhood patterns affect adult behavior. Karen Horney strongly advocated this theory and the introduction to her work reports that Freudians supported this idea also (328). For practical purposes this can be assumed to be true, except to draw conclusions from this observation, one must also understand the general nature of children. In her work, "The Distrust Between the Sexes," Karen Horney attempts to interpret the psychology of children without strongly supporting her basis for these conclusions.

Horney relies heavily on childhood analysis to support her views on relationships between men and women. For her ideas on adult behavior to appear plausible, the underlying analysis of children must be believable. Unfortunately, the childhood examples she provides do not appear to be accurate. A common error of behavioralists is to study their extreme cases extensively and then draw general conclusions about the whole of mankind from these observations. The majority of people, even a minority of people, are not represented by this type of summarization.

The first assumption Horney makes that is disturbing concerns the existence of sexual desires in children. She demands of the reader, "We need only recall the capacity that children possess, even in their very early years, for passionate and instinctive sexual desires similar to those of adults..." (332). "Recalled" examples of this trait in children do not come easily to mind. Children possess a natural curiosity about their bodies that is often difficult

for insecure adults to deal with openly, but this self examination does not imply sexual overtures are being initiated. Horney does not provide the proper prompts for images of passionate preschoolers to come to mind. Since she can not rely on her audience's mind to provide examples, she should support her ideas herself. But no examples are given to establish that prepubescent sexual drives exist. No biological proof is obvious, for to what end would sexual appetites benefit a child? A child's body is not yet prepared to further the perpetuation of the species. The hormones that influence sexual drive are not present until maturation, so there is no drive present to become sexually active as Horney suggests children do. If Horney is dealing with individuals who have achieved maturity with its mixed blessing of overabundant hormones, then indeed sexual desires are present. At this point, though, the individual is no longer a child and should not be classified as such. Horney's assumption about children's sexual urges should therefore either be better supported or more clearly defined if the reader is to agree with her.

The next controversial area Horney deals with is the violent fantasies of children. She tries to inform the reader that pent-up sexual frustrations take the form of "fantasies that range from taking by force and stealing to those about killing, burning, cutting to pieces, and choking" (332). If Horney's premise that sexual frustrations exist in children has been doubted, then this manifestation of that condition should not exist either. This passage must still be examined, though, for the benefit of the reader who has erroneously accepted all of Horney's ideas to this point. The strongly graphic imagery Horney uses might have been intended to further coerce the reader into agreement with her, but instead shows a startling lack of knowledge about children on the part of the author. Children do possess a certain capability of violence at a young age, but this does not ordinarily extend to the point of seriously maiming another person. Children are very much aware of the laws of natural selection from birth onward, and survival of the fittest plays a large role in their actions. A rival sibling vying for Mother's attention might be sufficient cause to try and "push" the offender out of the way. This push could be a physical shove or a more devious maneuver on the part of the child, but neither action would entail Horney's images of complete destruction. Horney is not relying on the average child for this observation, or if she is, she does not know the average child well.

The example Horney attempts to use to extricate herself from this confusion of theories begins on page 333, with: "the little girl who was badly hurt through some great disappointment by her father will transform her innate instinctual wish to receive from the man into a vindictive one of taking from him by force." First, what kind of disappointment can be so great to a little girl that she can never find forgiveness within herself? Let it be assumed that such a situation is a repeated occurrence that steadily wears down the girl's belief in her father. Continued beatings or drunken rages might produce a terrible disappointment in a youngster, but wouldn't that child develop evasive mechanisms to avoid dealing with the father's condition? The child would still be able to continue a semblance of a normal lifestyle without severely restricting her ability to interact with other people. A certain measure of distrust might surely exist within the child as she explores relationships with other people, but this does not mean she will become the black widow that Horney accuses her of developing into. Horney builds a girl's "disappointment in her father" through a series of illogical steps into a situation where "she will shift the entire responsibility for her helplessness onto the man, robbing him of the very breath of life" (334). This does not make sense unless perhaps the "disappointment" experienced was a sexual abuse, which seems to be a favorite theme of Horney's. In this case, then, a slightly stronger word than "disappointment" should have been used, for that changes the entire emphasis of the example.

Karen Horney's ideas are presented in a way that makes them very difficult to accept. This may for the most part derive from the fact that she does not generally support herself well enough to make anyone want to agree with her. Either her ideas on childhood need to be better defined, or else they must be discarded as only a collection of disjointed words that have no real meaning.

The Evaluation: Ms. Halatek methodically dissects Horney's position. Her skeptical, wry tone and forceful reasoning compel the reader to reassess Horney's arguments.

The Box

by Katrina Hartwig

(English 101--Mottla)

The Assignment: Ms. Hartwig was asked to write an autobiographical piece in which the experience led the narrator to a new awareness.

The day is one of seasonal perfection. The sun is warm, and the sky blue with large marshmallow clouds. Mom says it's a special day. We are going to visit God's house today. Everyone is up and already moving around. Mom says I can't wear my Sunday dress. I'm to wear my black and grey one. I don't like this one as much as my Sunday dress. It has no white lace on the bottom and no bright red bow in the middle.

"Mom, if we are going to church, why can't I wear my Sunday dress, like always?"

"This is a day of mourning," she replies.

"Every day has a morning, Mom."

"This is different," she says with a soft voice. She motions with her hand for me to come sit down next to her. Hesitating she says, "This is a time when people express their grief for a person who has left."

"Oh," I reply.

We enter through the tall doors of God's house. Mom and Grandma dip their fingers into the water cup and touch their foreheads. I'm too short to reach, so Mom lifts me up so I, too, can put the water on my forehead. We start walking towards the front of the church. It's such a big church. Windows everywhere. Most of them are open to let the cool breeze in. The breeze flows softly into the church. It's nice to feel it on my face. The smell of the blooming flowers in the garden is like grandma's homemade banana nut bread. The best thing about the windows is that the sun filters through the colored glass, making rainbows on the wooden benches. I know that God's house is different. Mom says you have to be quiet. No noise. No running up the aisles. No fun.

I notice all the usual things in the church. The

table, the soft sounds of the organ music, and the clean smell like that of an early morning rain. The table is set up in front of the church. It has candles on it. The candles are lit. I can see the flames bouncing up and down off the tip of the candle, like gold coins being flipped by a man's big hand. I gaze at the flames for awhile until my eyes wander. They finally stop on a large wooden box. I hadn't noticed that before. It's dark brown with carved designs on the sides and down the top. The top is open, yet I can't see inside it.

I sit down between Mom and Grandma. They sit me between them so I don't start messing around with things. No fun. I grab the book that is on the back of the wooden bench. I flip the pages, wanting to see colored pictures or funny animals, but all there is is a lot of writing. No fun. I get bored quickly, so I put the book on the bench. I decide I want to look around. I can't see a thing. Everyone is too tall. I get on my knees to boost myself up, like I do when I sit down to eat dinner. There are a lot more people here now. The front half of the church is full. I'm wondering when things are going to start.

The priest comes in through the rear door. He is wearing a dress, as usual. He walks down the middle towards the front, where the table is. He starts to talk, and I know this is the part that I don't like. The priest always talks for a century. I can never keep my mind on what he is saying. I think it's because I never quite understand what he is trying to say. Finally after about a half an hour, although it seemed like days, the priest ends his sermon with the familiar "Amen." We all are now starting to walk towards the front. Walk to where the box is. Just then Mom starts to cry. I can see the tears roll down her face.

"What's the matter?" I ask.

Mom says nothing. I know now that something is not right. I feel myself filling up with tears, yet now knowing why.

We are now at the box. Mom leans over into the box. I can't see her face anymore - I can only hear her sobs. She kisses whatever is in the box and lifts her head. She then takes me and lifts me in the air towards the opening of the box. I suddenly feel anxious and very warm. I'm going to see what is in the box.

A man. A man dressed in a black suit is lying inside the box. His hair is grey with slivers of brown running through it. His hair is nicely combed to one

side. His hands are laid on his waist, softly folded over one another. He looks so white, like the porcelain china doll at home. His eyes are closed tightly shut as if he is taking a long nap.

"Kiss him good-bye" Mom says.

"Who is he?"

"He is your grandfather."

I'm not sure what I should do. I don't remember him as being my grandfather. I stick my finger out and slowly reach into the box. My finger touches his hand. I pull my hand back so fast I think I have ripped it off. He is so cold and so hard like the ice cubes in our freezer. I have never felt anyone like this before. I worm out of Mom's arms and practically run to the door where Grandma is standing. Mom is close behind me. I'm confused. I don't understand why he is so cold or why he is in the box.

"Are you all right?" Mom asks.

"Why is grandfather so cold? Why doesn't he open his eyes and say that he is cold?"

"He has passed away."

"What do you mean?"

"He has gone to God."

"If God is so good, why has he made grandfather like this?"

"God didn't make him that way, grandfather has met death."

Death. What a horrible word. I didn't understand. I didn't know if I wanted to.

That night when Mom tucked me into bed, I asked her if death was always so cold.

"I'm not sure. Nobody really knows, but I do know that you get to meet God and go up to heaven to live. It's a nice place where you never get sick or get into trouble. I'm sure grandfather will like it there."

Mom said a few last words, kissed me good night, and turned out the light. As I lay in bed, I still wasn't sure that death was a good thing. I didn't want to be cold.

Ten years later, in the uneasiness of sleep, I dream. I dream I am in Grandma's old house, walking down the hallway towards the family room. I stop at the last door on the left. It is open. There sits a man on the old dusty chair. It is grandfather. He has crystal blue eyes. They are very bright and shiny like the moon on a clear night. His eyes see right through me. His arms are open and call me to him. I slowly walk towards him and sit on his lap. He doesn't say anything with his lips, yet I can feel him saying that everything is all right. He is saying that death is

o.k. and not to be afraid of it. His eyes are getting brighter and are burning a hole right through me. I have to look away.

I wake up in a slight sweat. I realize I am in my home, in my room, in my bed. I lie back on my pillow, remembering the dream I had. I still didn't believe that death was good. I still don't.

The Evaluation: Ms. Hartwig captures the child's perspective very well, and at the end skillfully moves her idea through time by the use of the dream sequence.

Untitled

by Tracy M. Hayes

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were asked to narrate a significant incident using concrete, descriptive language.

As I watched my father order another scotch, I simultaneously maneuvered Mr. Pac-Man around the digital game board. It was another typical weekend visit with my father, and I had reluctantly agreed to accompany him to his favorite Polish bar on the south side of Chicago.

My dad had proudly handed me ten dollars worth of change and taken his seat at the bar, alone. I stared blankly at the video machine as I wondered what the other fourteen year olds in the world were doing that night. I could bet that they were not at a bar with their fathers. The waitress smiled sheepishly at me as she put down yet another Coke in front of my other three half-full drinks, obviously ordered by my guilty father.

Hours seemed to pass in the desolate, dark bar room. My father and I sat with our backs to each other as if we were embarrassed to be seen with each other. When he had finally had his share of alcohol, I noticed that my initials were the only ones on the game screen signifying that I had become a real pro at the game in a matter of hours. He congratulated me through blood-shot eyes as we left.

As I was opening the door to his car, he asked me if I remembered where we had parked. "Right here," I whispered. Somehow we managed to drive to the expressway without getting killed. Periodically I would catch him dozing off at the wheel. At those moments, I would ramble on aimlessly about anything from his new puppy to his new girlfriend just to keep him awake. Then I began singing along with Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton on the radio. Soon I was screaming the songs.

In mid-verse, I looked up to see a huge truck had come to a complete stop directly in front of our Cadil-

lac. I felt myself screeching and sliding, occasionally feeling the weight of my father almost on top of me. We finally came to a crashing halt, and I looked up to see the hood of the car bent viciously and blocking my view of the retaining wall that divided the highway. "Are you o.k. baby, are you o.k.?" my father slurred. I felt a trickle of salty blood on my nose as I burst into tears. And as I glanced up at him with the flashing red light of the Ramada Hotel blinking on his silhouette, I realized I was as guilty as he.

The Evaluation: This moving little essay tells of a daughter's relationship with her estranged father. The voice is the honest voice of a pained and frustrated adolescent. Detail is vivid, and the essay moves easily as tension increases.

THE DREAM AND THE AWAKENING:
Allegory in William Faulkner's "Barn Burning"

by Sherri Hines

(English 102--Hickey)

The Assignment: Write a literary analysis of a short story. Substantiate your interpretation with ample reference to the primary source.

It is not possible to separate William Faulkner's words from the South, the land which gives his words voice. It is from here any of his work must be viewed, whence the author and the story are born. "Barn Burning" is no exception. In this story Faulkner addresses the inherent problems of Yoknapatawpha County, a fictional county in Mississippi, but interchangeable with nearly every county that is the South. "Barn Burning," like Faulkner's works in general, is not ribbon tied prettily into bows, needing only a gentle tug to free his meanings. It is, rather, the mariner's monkey fist, twisted and turned, up, through, behind, before. A gentle tug only tightens it further. Each strand, each nuance, must be patiently picked through, unwound, and carefully traced to its next convolution.

In the most accessible strand, Sarty, the protagonist, must make a choice either to follow his destructive father on a path of inevitable despair and ruin or to break away from his father's grasp and live according to his own values. Abner Snopes, Sarty's father, is a tenant farmer, without roots, always on the run, driven by a weakness for fire. Fire is, to Abner, the ultimate justice, and, when he feels wronged, he does not hesitate to use it. Abner has harangued Sarty repeatedly to be true to the "old fierce pull of blood," but Sarty profoundly desires a world of peace, gentility, and stability. This is the world Sarty envisions in the pillared and porticoed world of Major DeSpain, a wealthy farmer with whom Abner has contracted to work.

Abner does not share Sarty's view of this idyllic setting and proceeds with calm deliberation to track

horse manure on the rug in DeSpain's hallway. Major DeSpain insists Abner wash out the stain, but, in the process of so doing, Abner leaves the rug permanently scarred. In light of this, DeSpain charges Abner twenty bushels of corn to pay for the damage. After unsuccessfully seeking redress through the courts, Abner resolves to burn DeSpain's barn. At this point, Sarty must decide to uphold "the pull of blood" and stay silent or to assert his own values and warn DeSpain. He warns DeSpain and Abner is shot in the ensuing fracas. Now, the epiphany is complete: the death of Abner is significant only in the context of his physical absence, for Sarty departed forever from his father when he went to warn DeSpain. At this level, "Barn Burning" is an entertaining story of a boy's coming of age, but it is only at the following, subsequent levels that the story unfolds in intriguing complexity, redolent with symbol and overlapping themes.

One of the two allegorical tableaux interwoven in "Barn Burning" is a portrayal of the internal difficulties which contributed to the War between the States. Viewed from this perspective, Major DeSpain represents the landed gentry--corrupt, yet insulated from his own depravity, convinced on the correctness of his ways. Witness Faulkner's description of DeSpain's mansion as seen through Sarty's eyes:

Presently he could see the grove of oaks and cedars and the other flowering trees and shrubs where the house would be, though not the house yet. They walked beside a fence massed with honeysuckle and Cherokee roses and came to a gate swinging open between two brick pillars.

Five paragraphs later Faulkner explores Abner's vision of the mansion: "Pretty and white, ain't it? he said. That's sweat. Nigger sweat. Maybe it ain't white enough yet to suit him. Maybe he wants to mix some white sweat with it." Both descriptions are appropriate; the house is the result of slave labor, but it is an elegant, beautiful thing. The beauty of its facade disguises the depravity of its owner.

Abner Snopes represents the underclass: wretchedly poor and embittered by the inequity of the system which prevents his change in status. He is, however, like DeSpain, unaware of his own depravity and convinced of the rightness of his ways. Faulkner refers to Snopes often in his "stiff black coat," alluding to the Southern institutions and traditions that

bind him. The disparity of the landed class and the underclass culminates in its ultimate form: war. With the burning of the barn, Faulkner alludes to the war in paragraph 107:

...the tranquil early summer night sky which, even before the shape of the horse and rider vanished, stained abruptly and violently upward: a long, swirling roar incredible and soundless, blotting the stars...

This remarkable description of the barn swallowed in flame could as easily describe the torturous purgatory of cannon shell and artillery fire. After the war, a denuded land is left to become whatever it will. Sarty is this beginning.

In the final strand of allegory in this story, DeSpain is the romanticized, fictionalized vision of the South, the fanciful imaginings of both North and South of what the post-bellum South is. He is wrapped in the trappings of gentility and dignity. He cushions and pads his world with the "suave turn to the carpeted stair and a pendant glitter of chandeliers and a mute gleam of gold frames," all to deceive both those within and those without. The mansion which is his domain is portrayed as "white," implying the innate goodness which he is heir to. This vision seduces Sarty, who naively believes herein lies refuge from the terror and fear that permeate his life. Here is peace. Faulkner makes this clear in paragraph 41, with Sarty's description of the mansion. Sarty is aghast that his father would, without hesitation, sully the light rug with manure. What Sarty does not yet realize is that the dirt may be ashed from the carpet but a scar will always remain, just as the wrongs of the past may be righted but the scars will also always remain.

Abner Snopes is, in this view of the story, the embodiment of "the system," the South which by its very nature brings about its own destruction. He is the violent, destructive forces that were the real South: the cruelty, the slavery, the inequities. Abner is repeatedly described as "stiff" and made "from tin." He is the dark side of the South, its hidden shame and degradation, its rigid, tin-like mores which refuse to bend. And so, the persons of Abner Snopes and Major DeSpain make up the whole of what is the South, the post-bellum South, its true past and its painted past. Both are dangerous and both are destructive and, like a silent fungus in a cornfield, they must be burned out to leave the soil ripe for another crop. Sarty is the

phoenix rising above these ashes.

Fire is a destructive power, but it is also a cleansing force, and it has released Sarty and the South of the confines of both its imagined grace and its actual depravity. He is ultimately the product of these three: DeSpain, as the fictional South, Abner, as the actual South, and fire, as the agent of freedom. He is the new South and what it must be to succeed: aware of its past and free of delusion about its failed and fabled aristocracy. Faulkner illustrates this eloquently in his repeated reference to Sarty's drive to resist the "fierce pull of blood," referring to Sarty's and the South's need to overcome the past. Faulkner wants Sarty to grow beyond not only his father, but the seduction of the delusion of DeSpain.

A perspective on the past, a view of the future, a vision, and a warning all are present in "Barn Burning." The depravities of the past, embodied in Abner and Major DeSpain, are not only a brief visit to history, but a portent for tomorrow, if history's lessons are left unheeded. Faulkner, despite the bleak warning, leaves Sarty to the world as a note of optimism, a hope for the future. The final glimpse of Sarty in "Barn Burning" finds him in the thin, cool light of the dawn; inherent in this scene is the profound desire that the child will indeed learn from the mistakes of the fathers.

The Evaluation: Sherri's lucid analysis, complemented by her refined style, reaches a degree of sophistication unusual in an undergraduate student and worthy of William Faulkner's complexity.

Analyzing Poetry:
"Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening"

by Akemi Horimoto

(Writing for College; English as a
Second Language--Kathi Holper)

The Assignment: Write an essay analyzing Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening." Focus the interpretation on either personal experiences relevant to the poem and/or specific imagery.

On a freezing night, the woods are covered with snow, and sunk in darkness. While the speaker is appreciating the beauty of the woods with his horse, his mind is still captured by the realities in life. I feel that this poem is sad.

There are moments that my mind is completely absorbed by nature. Saturated with nature, I forget about everything. Nothing is on my mind. I like the quiet time. I think it is fair that nature gives such a great moment to everybody who watches it, regardless of riches.

So, I guess that there must be a special reason for his concern about the ownership of the woods. I imagine that the woods belonged to him before, and that he was obliged to sell his favorite woods. The more he loved the woods, the deeper his attachment to them might have remained. In modern society, trespassing on others' property is not allowed. Yet, I think that woods are nature's belongings. It is sad to watch silent nature through the glasses of social rules, because in a sense, the existence of the woods is beyond human beings' possessions.

Listening to nature's whisper in the dark woods, he is awake enough to listen to his inward voice. Urged by the voice, he thinks about what he has to do tonight. And, he realizes that he has many things to

do before his eternal sleep. Like snow flakes, the voices are falling on him repeatedly, and lie on him. It is heavy to be snowed upon by the sense of responsibility without a nice relief.

The stillness of nature consoles everybody's mind at any time. But, even if he is in nature, he doesn't let his mind return to its calmness. It seems to me that this poet rings the harness bells like a soft warning against the too strained human's mind.

The Evaluation: Akemi Horimoto has very successfully used the imagery of the poem to relate to her personal feelings about nature. Her ability to select the most appropriate vocabulary is superior for a student who is writing in a second language.

Journal #4

by Brent Hunter

(English 100-Buss)

The Assignment: Take a personal, narrative journal and rewrite it for an audience. While a journal is introspective, the essay must allow the reader to share the writer's experience.

Six of my friends and I had just finished basic training and the Advanced Individualized Training (AIT) to become medics in the army. We had all been in the army for only several months, and so far it had been challenging for all of us. There was one more challenge that lay before us: Airborne school!

It was May 22, 1987, one day before my twenty-first birthday. We were at 800 feet traveling at almost 160 knots. I was second man in the door, and the joke in the plane was "Is Brent going to live to see his twenty-first birthday?" The red light suddenly turned green, and in forty to fifty seconds I would be on the ground. The joke would be answered.

The plane had taken off in Georgia, but I would be parachuting onto Frye drop zone somewhere in Alabama. It was my last jump; all I had to do was walk away from this last jump and I would finish the United States Army Airborne School. It was hot, and I knew the hot air rising would help for a softer landing.

So far it looked like the best jump of the week. I had no one around me for a hundred feet. I was steering my control lines closer to the wood line to help keep away from the creek below me. It had rained the night before, and the mud from the creek could easily break some bones if I hit there.

The ground was coming up quickly. I was descending at almost 18 feet per second. By this time I was almost tree top level. I began to steer into the wind

to slow down my fall. With my feet and knees together I hit the ground.

I released my main chute. Then I just lay there. I felt no pain. Maybe I was dead? No, I had used my hands to release my chute. I wiggled my toes; they worked! So I stood up and looked around to make sure the rest of my friends had landed okay. They were all okay, so I gathered my chute and rucksack and met my friends at the rendezvous point.

We were all happy and laughing aloud. Out of six hundred and twenty people, three hundred and twelve made it. There would be no more joking about me seeing my twenty-first birthday. The school was over and I would be going home for two weeks to celebrate, keeping in mind that I would be jumping out of a plane for a living now. I wonder if I will be jumping out of a plane the day before my twenty-second birthday? I hope not; who needs to worry.

The Evaluation: Brent shares his experience with his readers by selecting specific details and incidents. The essay has a tight organization and moves the reader from beginning to end.

Smoking: A Hard Habit To Quit

by Anne Kaider

(English 101--Dodds)

The Assignment: Write a personal experience essay in the participant's role describing a long process of significant change. Tell your story in the "vignette style," breaking it into a series of separate yet closely related episodes.

Smoking is nonaddictive . . . or so the pro-smokers would have us believe. They would also have us believe that it doesn't cause disease, in spite of major evidence to the contrary. Being a reformed smoker, I always feel a surge of pity for anyone who actually believes this nonsense. If there is anyone who doubts what smoking is and what it does, they have obviously never had the experience of trying to quit.

My first cigarette was out behind a factory in an industrial section of our neighborhood, hidden from traffic and, most importantly, from little sisters and brothers who would tattletale without hesitation. I was with two of my best friends, already old pros, and they were going to teach me how to inhale. What is worse than thinking that you are going to die? It's hoping you will die soon to relieve the misery and knowing that you won't! And that's how my first cigarettes made me feel. The smoke felt like sand in my lungs, triggering violent, painful coughing and the unfamiliar nicotine made me nauseous very quickly. It's not easy to learn to smoke, but when you're 14 and trying very hard to be grown up it's a small price to pay. Just look at the number of people who have accomplished it.

When I first joined the ranks of smokers, I got cigarettes the only way I could. I took them from my mother's purse or I borrowed them from older kids. Sometimes I stole a dollar from my mother's purse so I could have someone buy me a whole pack. Of course, this was just one of those rebellious things that

teenagers do. I couldn't have been developing a need for cigarettes at that age. Right?

Over the years, I smoked more and more heavily, unaware of the harm I was causing myself. My body's initial warning came when I was 21. I developed bronchitis for the first time. I thought it was a cold and refused to go to the doctor and in a couple of days, I was so congested that I couldn't lie down and continue breathing. That night, I slept sitting up and my mother and boyfriend took turns sitting with me all night so that I wouldn't fall over onto my side and suffocate. The next day I gave in and agreed to get medication, but I was so breathless that I could hardly walk to the car, even with help. It took a long time to recover and it was really hard to smoke. It hurt my lungs so much I almost decided to stop until I was better.

From then on, I got bronchitis twice every year, in the winter and again in the spring. After several years of listening to my family doctor tell me that I had to quit smoking or I would permanently scar my lungs, I got tired of hearing his lecture and I decided to do the only rational thing. I started going to various clinics for antibiotics every time I got bronchitis, so my doctor wouldn't know I had it again.

When I was 28, my body tried once more. I had developed a viral infection in my eyes and once a week, for 2 months, an ophthalmologist chemically cauterized the lesions on my upper eyes and the inside surfaces of my upper lids. When that was over, I was warned to avoid anything that could cause trauma to my eyes and trigger a recurrence, such as hard contact lenses, dust or any aerosol sprays that would linger in the air. I was very careful. I made sure that when I smoked I sat where a draft would cause the smoke to drift away from me, because when it got in my eyes the lesions reappeared. Several times, it got so bad that I had to return to the doctor, but I didn't mention that I was smoking. I just promised myself that I would be more careful in the future.

Aside from health problems, some of my worst moments as a smoker were when I ran out of cigarettes and didn't have enough money to buy another pack. This didn't happen often, believe me! I usually replenished my supply when I got down to 3 packs or so. Of course, by then I was smoking 3 to 4 packs a day, so they were used quickly. I suppose everyone has heard the stories about people rummaging in ashtrays looking for butts when they run short. It's an amusing picture in your mind . . . sort of like a raccoon going through the

backyard garbage pail. In fact, I did hunt through the garbage many times and once I went so far as to bring back a bag of garbage that I had taken outside and empty in on the kitchen floor, with the hope of finding that one large butt I just KNEW was in the ashtray when I dumped it. If the worst happened, if I found myself totally without cigarettes, too late at night to wake up a neighbor to borrow, I would get dressed and drive to an all-night supermarket where I could get some. I have been known to do this at 3:00 A.M. after tearing the house apart first while searching. Sleep was impossible, mostly due to the thought of waking up in the morning with nothing to smoke. Of course, I told myself, it wasn't that I really needed a cigarette. It was just that I enjoyed them with my breakfast.

Are cigarettes enjoyable? Sure they are! The nicotine rush makes you feel relaxed and alive at the same time. They also speed up your metabolism so you can eat a lot more than you would be able to otherwise and not gain weight. They are a terrific substitute for exercise in a weight loss program. They save you from those nasty torn ligaments that can result from dangerous activities like jogging and aerobics. I never liked jogging or jumping anyway. They made me gasp for breath too much.

Every so often, I would look around at the burns on the tables and in my clothes and decide that perhaps I should quit for a while. Each time I went through the same ritual. First I checked my supply of cigarettes. If there were too many left, I put off quitting for a day or two until I could use them up. I reasoned that it would be wasteful to throw them away after spending good money on them. Of course, after a day or two, I usually lost the desire to quit anyway, and I was thankful then that I hadn't thrown away all those perfectly good cigarettes.

If there was only one pack left, I hid it where it wouldn't tempt me, but would be there if things got tough. Not that they would, but . . . just in case. Then I went without any cigarettes at all for a whole day. After that, having proved to myself that I could quit anytime I wanted, I decided that it would be just as good to cut down and only allow myself one pack a day. Soon, I was again smoking as much as ever, but at least I knew it was by choice, because I liked it and not because I couldn't stop.

Sometimes, I chose a time to quit when I had run out completely. In that case, I had to go and buy one pack for emergency use . . . just in case. And since they were so expensive by the pack, I reasoned it would

be a waste of money not to buy a carton. And then, since I couldn't possibly quit with a carton in the house, and it was wasteful to throw them away, I again postponed my plans.

Does this sound ridiculous? It is. It's also what I went through over and over again. And do you know something? It never once seemed ridiculous to me at the time.

So how did I finally quit?

Each year at Christmas, my mother and sister were in the habit of giving me a carton of cigarettes along with my other gifts. Three years ago, three days before Christmas, my mother passed away. My dad had died when I was 21, so my sister, brother and I felt this new loss very deeply. All the presents were bought, but we put everything on hold until we could face opening the gifts Mom had chosen for us. It was February before we had our Christmas. After the gifts were opened, I commented that I hadn't gotten my annual cigarettes and my sister replied, "I threw them away. I don't want to lose you too."

I replayed those words in my mind for a week. Then I took every cigarette in the house, shredded them completely into the garbage, threw away every ashtray in the house and quit. Completely. It wasn't easy, but my sister had given me the motivation I had lacked for 25 years.

One of my happiest moments was last summer when someone asked me how long it had been since I quit, and I couldn't remember exactly. Up until then, each time someone asked that question, I could answer immediately that it was 6 months and 3 days, or two years, 2 months and 12 days. So when I couldn't remember, I realized that I was no longer counting each day that I had been free of cigarettes. The fear of slipping back was no longer with me constantly. I was finally and truly a real nonsmoker!

The Evaluation: As a former fourteen-year, two-pack-a-day smoker, I enjoyed Anne Kaider's essay immensely. She made me forget I was an English teacher reading her essay--the highest praise I can give college writing. She has written vividly, humorously, and insightfully. I especially enjoyed the ironic way she captured smokers' rationalization.

"Barn Burning" - Faulkner: Sarty

by Lisa Kaufman-Lindahl

(English 102--Mottla)

The Assignment: To stimulate discussion in an evening 102 class of bright but tired working students, I almost casually assigned a character analysis of Sarty in Wm. Faulkner's "Barn Burning." I explained the reason for the assignment, then I told them to focus on a single character trait or two. I added that the following week's discussion would be based on their writings, but that the writings would not be collected or graded.

Sarty is smart. He knows and understands more than his circumstances could ever allow him to express. We see him in strong contrast to his older brother: a shadowy, tobacco chewing reflection of their father. One who never questions, doesn't think, never speaks. We compare Sarty with his sisters: two flaccid creatures who plod through the narrative; they are stolid and stupid as one.

But Sarty thinks; Sarty feels. Sarty longs for a tie that will bind him to the mysterious, terrible man who is his father. He aches for that connection and would defend it most fearsomely regardless of whether or not it truly exists.

From the moment we meet him, Sarty is trying to connect. "Our enemy," he thinks. When the father is sentenced to handing over twenty bushels of corn, Sarty's longing springs up, uncontrolled: "they won't get hit - we'll hide it." Yet each time, although he is not rebuked, his longing meets with no response, nothing, like the passionless blows his father deals with "no heat" behind them.

It is because he is smart that Sarty must forever seek to make this connection, and it because he is smart that he ultimately must break it. He cannot be

content to accept life as it happens for this family, (farm to farm, town to town), without seeking to make some sense of it. He would have some understanding and some peace if he only had that connection, if he had a bond, a deeper bond with his father. Then it would be all right; then he would have something to defend.

Sarty questions. He knows what his father does isn't right. He knows somehow too, though, that his father is compelled to do it, that he can't help it. And because Sarty is smart, he longs for something that will change his father and "keep him from what maybe he couldn't help but be."

Sarty's father doesn't change. Sarty does. He breaks the pattern, the chain of events that has been repeated many times over, even in the short course of Sarty's young life. It is because he is smart that he cannot accept, that he is compelled to action. I don't think he knows what the cost will be - or maybe he does, and sees no choice. He could have run; he chooses to stay. He stays to do what he does, to stop the madness.

I see him sitting alone on that hill and wonder what course he now chooses. Does he return to the family and face them? Or is this the moment that he takes to call his, that he takes with him to the world, young, smart and very alone.

The Evaluation: Ms. Kaufman-Lindhahl's response is an excellent sample of how intelligent, highly-motivated students think and work. Her analysis is sharply focused and extremely perceptive. First she views Sarty in relation to his family, then she moves in to probe his inner conflict. Her ending is perfectly appropriate to Faulkner's own ambiguous ending.

The Assignment and Evaluation: I was so impressed with Ms. Kaufman-Lindhahl's writing on Sarty Snopes that I asked her to pursue a few of her ideas further. In the resulting piece Ms. Kaufman-Lindhahl retains her initial sharp focus, discovers yet more of

Sarty's character and strengthens her continuity of idea. The assignment remained ungraded.

Sarty is smart. He knows and understands more than his circumstances could ever allow him to express. We see him in strong contrast to his older brother: a shadowy, tobacco chewing reflection of their father; one who never questions, doesn't think, never speaks. We compare Sarty with his sisters: two flaccid creatures who plod through the narrative; they are stolid and stupid as one.

But Sarty thinks; Sarty feels. Sarty longs for a tie that will bind him to the mysterious, terrible man who is his father. He aches for that connection and would defend it most fearsomely regardless of whether or not it truly exists.

From the moment we meet him, Sarty is trying to connect. "Our enemy," he thinks as he and his father face justice in a storefront courtroom. During another brush with the law, when Sarty's father is sentenced to handing over ten bushels of corn, Sarty's longing springs up, "they won't get hit - we'll hide it;" he cannot control his yearning, his aching for life to really be "us against them." Yet each time, although he is not rebuked, his longing meets with no response, nothing, like the passionless blows his father deals to both Sarty and the mules, blows with "no heat" behind them.

It is because he is smart that Sarty must forever seek to make this connection, and it is because he is smart that he ultimately must break it. His brother will only follow along where their father leads; his sisters will surely do the same. They do not have the strength of character to do anything more. But Sarty cannot be content to accept life as it happens for this family, (farm to farm, town to town), without seeking to make some sense of it. If only he had some connection, a bond - a deeper bond with his father, then he would have some peace. Then it would be all right because then he would have something to defend.

Sarty questions. He knows what his father does isn't right. He knows somehow too, though, that his father is compelled to do it, that he can't help it. And because Sarty is smart, he longs for something that will change his father and "keep him from what maybe he couldn't help but be."

Sarty's father doesn't change. Sarty does. He breaks the pattern, the chain of events that has been repeated many times over, even in the short course of

Sarty's young life. It is because he is smart that he cannot accept, that he is compelled to action. He is breaking from the fear, the hatred, and the shame of his life. I don't think he knows what the cost will be - or maybe he does, and sees no choice. He could have run; he chooses to stay. He stays to do what he does, to stop the madness.

I see him sitting alone on that hill and wonder what course he now chooses. Does he return to the family and face them? Or is this the moment that he takes to call him, that he takes with him to the world, young, smart and very alone.

That Is Why

by Katja Laepke

(English 101--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Ms. Laepke was asked to write about something that seemed to color her life for a long time and to develop an appropriately emphatic structure.

You ask me why I don't write you anymore? Why I don't call you anymore? You ask me why I do this to you? Why I do this to your son? Why I make it so difficult for him and your grandchild? You ask me why I am so complicated? Why I hate you? I will tell you, even though you won't listen anyway.

I am illegitimate. To you illegitimacy means a scandal. You think it has to be concealed from your family, your friends, and your neighbors. You practice social discrimination against mothers of illegitimate children and constitute an obstacle to the realization of a normal life for these mothers and their children. Words like "disdain," "shame," "contempt" and "condemnation" come to your mind. Although you seem to believe it, I did not ask to be born. I did not ask to grow up feeling like a second-rate person, and even worse, a superfluous one whose very right to be alive is in question. I did not ask to be a product of the immoral and irresponsible behavior of my mother and my biological father, as you call it.

According to the dictionary, illegitimacy is the status of a child to an unmarried woman or to a married woman if her husband is not the father. Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights provides, "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights": furthermore, Article 2 adds, "Everyone is entitled to all the rights and freedoms set forth in this Declaration, without distinction of any kind, such as race, color, sex, language, religion, political or other opinion, national or social origin, property, birth, or other status." I hope you know this. It is as simple as that.

Let me tell you what illegitimacy means to me and my family thanks to your heartless attitude and humiliating behavior.

Illegitimacy means feeling guilty. Why does my mother have to suffer and put up with you just because I am born? Had you ever tried to understand my mother, her childhood, her social background, before you called her an immoral and irresponsible prostitute? She trusted and loved my biological father, but when she told him that she was pregnant, he left her and never spoke a word to her again. Don't you think that is rather immoral and irresponsible? To my mother illegitimacy means having had to face the decision of raising me and being burdened with the responsibilities of earning money without any help of my biological father, giving me up for adoption, or aborting me. I still can hardly believe that you, who claim to be totally against abortion, would have regarded an abortion more appropriate than delivering and raising an illegitimate child. To me illegitimacy means feeling responsible for lessening my mother's chance to live a decent, successful, and accepted life.

I was so happy and proud when my mother married my father. It seemed to take the guilt off of me. My mother found someone who loved her and whom she could trust. But you made me feel even more guilty. You weren't happy and proud to have a granddaughter. Suddenly illegitimacy meant you trying to hide me from your family, your friends, and your neighbors. Illegitimacy means you not allowing me to call you Grandma and Grandpa, even though you are my father's parents. It means you ignoring me. Consequently, to your son being the father of an illegitimate child meant being torn apart between my mother and me and you, his parents, whose attitude and behavior he never understood. No matter how he reacted, what he said, or what he did, he hurt someone he loved. He had to make a decision to either follow his feelings or your wish to leave us, and that decision almost broke his heart. Illegitimacy means being forever thankful that my father accepted me as his own child.

Illegitimacy means feeling the need to prove myself worthy of being loved and constantly having to achieve something. My sister is born, and maybe now you realize that there is no such thing as an illegitimate child, but that a child is a child. Maybe now you realize that children are equal; however, you do not. Instead you love my sister unconditionally from the moment she is born, and you are happy and proud of your grandchild. You introduce her to your

family, to our friends, and to your neighbors. You do not change your attitude or behavior towards me; on the contrary, you deny me the right to be your granddaughter's sister because an illegitimate child has an immoral influence on her. I desperately try to deserve your love and attention. I write you letters, you don't answer; I call you, you don't talk to me; I draw you pictures, you throw them away; I remember your birthdays, you forget mine. But you write my sister, you call her, you hang her pictures on your wall, and you remember her birthday and give her presents. Illegitimacy means not understanding why my sister deserves your love and attention and I don't. To my sister illegitimacy means the split feeling of loving her sister and loving her grandparents who hurt her sister so much for a reason she doesn't understand.

Illegitimacy is being depressed and heartbroken. It is worrying my parents because I don't know how to go on. It is attempting suicide. It is going through many psychological treatments. It is hearing: "You have the right to be alive! You don't have to feel guilty - you are not guilty! It is not your fault to be born! Don't give yourself up! If you never get love and attention in return, you might start to hate your grandparents. Ignore them!" Do I hate you already?

Illegitimacy is realizing that my birth status changed the way I feel, think, and react forever. It is an identity crisis. Who is my biological father? Where is he? Do I look like him? Am I like him? How could he leave my pregnant mother? Is he a heedless and selfish person and wanted to escape the consequences of his relationship to my mother? Or was he suddenly overwhelmed by an adult world full of responsibilities? Doesn't he ever wonder who and where his daughter is? Illegitimacy is having to fight for the right to see my own flesh and blood. It is trying to make my mother understand why it is so important to me to see my biological father just once. I cannot share her feelings of pure hate and anger, but I experience the confusing feelings of hate, anger, and attachment at the same time. Searching for my biological father is trying to ensure my father that I will always love and regard him as my father, no matter what and in spite of it all.

Illegitimacy is being afraid of loving and trusting a partner. I never want my child to be an illegitimate child.

Illegitimacy is asking for financial help, because you are upset that your son is paying for my living and

education, even though I am not even adopted. To take off at least a little bit of the pressure on my father, I go to all these social security institutions, explain my situation over and over again, and finally fill out a request for social welfare. Illegitimacy is being ashamed of living on social welfare, but at least feeling a little less guilty.

Illegitimacy is a long painful struggle towards self-esteem.

Now, do you know why I don't write you anymore? Why I don't call you anymore? Now let me ask you: "Why don't you ever write me? Why don't you ever call me? Why do you do this to your son? Why do you make it so difficult for us? Why are you so complicated? Why do you hate me? And why don't you just ask the only question you want an answer to anyway, "Why are you alive?" Isn't that what you really want to know? Why I made your pure family look so immoral?

To you illegitimacy means having lost your son. Because after all, the woman you call an immoral and irresponsible prostitute is your son's wife and the woman he loves, and the child you deny the very right to be alive is your son's daughter and the child he loves.

The Evaluation: Effective repetition,
plenty of concrete illustration,
full development and judicious
word choice power this essay.

Critique/Response

by John Lockner

(English 101--Njus)

The Assignment: In the critique-response, a student discusses the thesis of an essay assigned for class and uses short, relevant quotations in support of this view.

What prompts Eiseley to conclude that he has seen a miracle? Explain. ("More Thoughts on Wilderness," Loren Eiseley).

Eiseley was trekking through an area he described as, "The land, if one can call it a land, is a waste as lifeless as that valley in which lie the kings of Egypt. Like the Valley of the Kings, it is a mausoleum, a place of dry bones in what once was a place of life" (page 150). The Badlands of Nebraska and South Dakota are a desolate, lifeless place, and the location of an event which Eiseley considered to be a miracle.

While standing on a large hill, Eiseley spied a flock of warblers heading towards him through the darkening air of dusk, a spectacle which most would consider commonplace, yet Eiseley had a different view: "It may not strike you as a marvel. It would not, perhaps, unless you stood in the middle of a dead world at sunset, but that was where I stood" (page 151). Nothing grows in the Badlands. The place is a graveyard fifty million years old with the history of a world long dead locked within its soil. Through Eiseley's scientific understanding and knowledge of anthropology he comes to a unique conclusion about the life that once prospered in the Badlands eons ago: "Now they were still here, or, put it as you will, the chemicals that made them were here about me in the ground" (page 151). Eiseley was awed by the strength of time and the cycle of life. The vision of the warblers coupled with the presence of beasts millions of years dead at his feet brought Eiseley clarity of mind and an apprecia-

tion for life described in paragraph seven: "I lifted up a fistful of that ground. I held it while that wild flight south-bound warblers hurtled over me into the oncoming dark. There went phosphorus, there went iron, there went carbon, there beat the calcium in those hurrying wings. Alone on a dead planet I watched that incredible miracle speeding past" (page 152). As he stood amidst the sandstone pinnacles containing the long forgotten life of ages past he identifies with the men who roamed the land at that time: "I dropped my fistful of earth. I heard it roll inanimate back into the gully at the base of the hill: iron, carbon, the chemicals of life. Like men from those wild tribes who had haunted these hills before me seeking visions. I made my sign to the great darkness. It was not a mocking sign, and I was not mocked" (page 152). Eiseley's vision of the warblers free from the ground and reveling in life as he stood among the dead bones and lifeless chemicals of beasts long forgotten brought him to an intimacy with the powers of life. This was his miracle. To see the inanimate life within the ground and watch the animate life soar above with the freedom only a bird can have gave Eiseley a vision most will never enjoy.

The Evaluation: John Lockner's critique-response uses concise language and well-chosen quotations to explicate Eiseley's thesis. In his writing, John also captures some of Eiseley's tone.

Philosophy of a Tree--The Old Question

by Eric Mann

(Poetry 105--Burwell)

The Assignment: Students were asked to explicate a poem of their choosing in about 500 words.

The Spider holds a Silver Ball
In unperceived Hands -
And dancing softly to Himself
His Yarn of Pearl - unwinds -

He plies from Nought to Nought -
In unsubstantial Trade -
Supplants our Tapestries with His -
In half the period -

An Hour to rear supreme
His Continents of Light -
Then dangle from the Housewife's Broom -
His Boundaries - forgot -

--Emily Dickinson

A common theme in poetry and therefore a topic for broader discussions is the question: what is the relationship between the world of man and the natural world? The question inevitably arises: are man's world and the world of nature close enough "in spirit" to "peacefully" coexist with one another, or must they always conflict with each other in destructive confrontations? And if they must conflict, which typically proves itself to be the stronger? One way to try to answer these questions, for ourselves, is to examine our interpretations of poems which discuss these conflicts through their central theme. "The Spider Holds a Silver Ball," by Emily Dickinson, is just such a poem. In depicting a conflict between men and the

natural, it gives its own answer to the question of which is the stronger. The poem bestows upon man the brute force necessary to "win" a "physical" confrontation, yet yields to nature the "true victory," the power of magic and beauty.

Dickinson's poem begins with the spider, who symbolizes the natural world, "simply" doing a natural thing for a spider to do, weaving a web. What isn't simple about this first stanza, however, is the wonderful image showing us the beauty of the spider's actions. He "holds a Silver Ball" and dances "softly to Himself," while unwinding his "Yarn of Pearl." Above and beyond this image we are treated to, however, the spider's possession of the "Silver Ball" and "Yarn of Pearl" has special significance. Dickinson's use of silver and pearl, I argue, gives both beauty and value to the spider's construction, due to the fact that both silver and pearls suggest values to the reader because they are expensive commodities. The second line of this stanza contains special significance also, because it suggests a gulf between nature and man: "In unperceived Hands." This hints at the fact that man is incapable of truly understanding nature, or even seeing certain facets of it. Try to imagine a human construction worker, atop a highrise, dancing softly to himself while weaving his "tapestry."

In the second stanza, we see a continuation of the difference in end products of man and those of nature. The spider "plies from Nought to Nought - In unsubstantial Trade," revealing that he seems to be working with nothing; his work is almost invisible, and perhaps even meaningless. Yet, somehow he "supplants our Tapestries with His - In half the period." Simply put - the spider beats us "hands down"; his work is more mysterious and beautiful than man's. By infusing the spider with superior majesty in his creations in relation to man's, Dickinson seems to be attempting to pay homage to all of nature's inherent beauty, which is so different from man's. Whereas man's beauty is inspired by his own mind and heart, nature's is almost awesomely powerful in its mystery.

With this idea in mind, let's examine the third stanza of Dickinson's poem. Here, we see the spider's "reward" for his work of mysterious beauty. He has "an Hour to rear supreme His Continents of Light," the world of his own creation, only to see it destroyed by brute force. This seems to be the only area where Dickinson has given man superiority over nature in their conflict. Man's only action in the poem is to destroy nature's construct with the swipe of a

"Housewife's Broom." Still, there is the last line of the poem to consider: "His boundaries - forgot." In my view, there is another interpretation of this line besides the explicit one. Explicitly we are simply being told the spider's magnificent web has been obliterated, but perhaps we can see Dickinson making an important distinction between the worlds of man and nature.

Perhaps Dickinson's final line of the poem expresses the spider's lack of concern over his web, now that it has been destroyed. Here, the spider is being held up to us so that we may see another totally different gulf between the natural and Mankind, the fact that the spider is unaware of the beauty of his creation. He is only performing one of his "destined" functions. Therefore, it is entirely possible that Dickinson is expressing the idea that, without man's existence, even though he does not understand all of nature's mysteries, there would be no creature capable of appreciating its beauty, and therefore it would be truly meaningless. Which is "stronger," the musician or his audience, and does it really matter?

The Evaluation: In his articulate essay, Mr. Mann looks closely at Dickinson's poem and discovers in its twelve lines not only a relationship of nature to man but something of the unique "natural" gift given only to humans: the ability to appreciate beauty.

A Letter to Senator Simon

by Martha Moore

(English 201--Dodds)

The Assignment: Write a persuasion in a format most likely to be read by your audience--an essay, letter, article, or editorial. Aim to persuade by using argument, emotional appeal, and the force of your personality.

Senator Paul Simon
5D 462 Dirksen Building
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator Simon:

We have entered an era in which man may be considered an endangered species. Tragic incidents occurring in Bhopal, Love Canal and Chernobyl demonstrate our inability to deal with isolated chemically caused disasters. How then can we deal with a chemical disaster affecting the entire human race, namely the effect of chlorofluorocarbons on the ozone layer? A legislator, a persuasive public voice is needed to propose and support measures designed to safeguard our habitat and its millions of inhabitants. Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee has introduced a bill in Congress requiring the United States to phase out CFCs by 1995. I urge you to join with him to support and defend this measure which is the only possible solution to the most serious issue confronting our world today, the depletion of our ozone layer.

As a student I became aware of the CFC problem while searching for a writing project. As a mother I became alarmed as my research made me aware of the grave danger posed by chlorofluorocarbons.

Chlorofluorocarbons, remarkable chemicals, have enhanced our lives beyond measure. These non-toxic, inert compounds which are extremely stable in our atmosphere are used in packaging and insulation, in

refrigeration and air conditioning, as propellants and as cleaning solvents -- and they are cheap and simple to manufacture. The problem is that CFCs in the upper stratosphere break down into their chemical components and the freed chlorine atoms attack and destroy our ozone layer. As our ozone layer is destroyed, our world is subjected to intense radiation. All human, plant and animal life suffer when exposed to excess radiation from the sun. According to the Environmental Protection Agency "destruction of the ozone layer will result in 40 million cancers and 800,000 deaths for coming generations of Americans" (Wellborn 72).

The fact of ozone depletion is indisputable. Antarctic researchers confirm that we have a "hole in the sky." In 1957, ozone concentration was 320 parts per billion. By 1987 the figure was 125ppb. More than 700,000 tons of CFC-11 and CFC-12 were released into the atmosphere in 1985 and in that same year the total amount produced but not yet released was 1,600,000 tons. Since the lifetime of CFCs is 40 to 150 years, the "hole" will continue to grow even if we ceased production, sales and use of "new" CFCs today. Every abandoned refrigerator, every air-conditioned auto consigned to the junkyard, every discarded foam container compounds the problem. Is this to be our legacy? I hope not.

Americans, reluctantly and hesitantly, sometimes by force eventually follow the correct course of action. Collectively we have a conscience which confronts us and calls us to action for causes which are righteous. An American created the chemical, an American discovered the danger. Americans are producing substitutes (and they will earn substantial American profits). It is incumbent that Americans take the lead and enact legislation, institute regulations and enforce an orderly phase out of CFCs.

The goal is a total ban on CFCs. To reach this goal we need to propose the following:

1. A total and immediate ban on CFCs for which substitutes are available.
2. A tax on CFCs yet to be sold and yet to be produced.
3. A recycling program to contain and reuse CFCs (this program to be paid for by the tax in item 2).

Since substitutes such as Bioact 7 and fiberglass

are available, we should plan an immediate and permanent ban on CFCs used in packaging, solvents and insulation. No compromise is necessary. Let's use a product which poses no threat to our environment.

Substitutes are also available for CFCs used in refrigeration and air conditioning. ICI in Great Britain and DuPont in the United States have expanded production of CFC-22, a compound which includes hydrogen, which is destroyed before reaching the troposphere, and Fluorocarbon 134A, which contains no chlorine. These substitutes cannot, at present, be used in existing machinery. Manufacturers of refrigerators and air conditioners need to redesign and retool for these new products. This should not be a formidable task. Auto makers introduce new cars with styling changes each fall. Within six years they could certainly produce a redesigned air conditioner. (In Vermont they may have to, as the Vermont legislature is considering a total ban on auto air conditioners equipped with CFC-12). In the meantime we need to impose a tax on new production of CFCs. A tax would help to eliminate the cost difference between cheap CFCs and the more expensive replacements. If old and new cost the same, what choice do we have?

Even after the ban on production and sale of CFCs is in force, we still have to concern ourselves with the CFCs currently in use. Recycling of CFCs, reusing this chemical rather than allowing it free reign in the sky, is a workable solution. Under regulation by the EPA, and using the CFC tax money, recycling is feasible. Recycling is commonplace and monetarily satisfying. Aluminum recycling has become big business now since the price of aluminum has risen to \$.50 per pound. Michigan, Oregon and Canada charge a deposit on each and every aluminum can sold in those areas. The result--less litter and successful recycling. Local communities in Illinois are now asked to bundle newspapers and separate cans and glass from "regular" garbage. As a nation we are becoming aware of the necessity of recycling.

In the past Americans have been forced to do without for the common good. Just recently we have been forced to buy new cars equipped with catalytic converters, with a corresponding increase in price. We have been forced to use unleaded gasoline in our cars with the catalytic converters. Would we have done this voluntarily, without legislation requiring the action? Probably not. Will I still buy a refrigerator or an air conditioner if there is a tax included in the price? Probably yes. Like most Americans, I enjoy

comfort and convenience -- and I will pay the price for it at the same time I'm paying the price for a cleaner environmente High taxes on liquor and cigarettes and gasoline have not discouraged drinkers, smokers or automobile-loving Americans from buying "essentials."

Environmentally I suppose that I am selectivee On the nightly news I watched while two of the most powerful nations on earth expended money and manpower to save two whales caught in the Arctic ice. I'm not anti--whale, but I do believe the money and manpower could have been spent on more "human" projectse I have listened day after day to reports of the great Alaskan oil spillè Devastation and destruction, no doubt. This is a serious issue and of course Exxon should make every effort to clean up the messè Yet this is an isolated region, affecting an ultimately small proportion of the population of the worlde The effects of the spill are transitorye In 20 or 30 years the coastline will recover as the California coastlène recovered after the Santa Barbara oil spill of 1969e Save the humans firstè Humans are infinitely more important than property, more important than money.

As John Gribbin said in his book Hole in the Sky, "The Ozone Layer is a sign of life, a planetary proclamation that Earth, out of all the planets, harbors living things" (21)e Without protection provided by the ozone layer, life as we know it would cease to existe

Senator, I hope that your concerns are the same as mine. I hope sincerely that you will become a selective environmentalist and vote for measures intended for the preservation of human health and life.

Sincerely,

Martha Moore

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The Evaluation: Martha Moore writes persuasively, first, because she has a good argument--fully supported and closely reasoned. Her self-portrait--as a student, parent, and consumer--earnseher audience's truste And she moves him toward her position with a sentence style that employs devices oe

A Visit Back

by Marielle Morran

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were asked to compose a single descriptive paragraph in which they would concretely focus on a place with special meaning.

A dusty, musty old barn may not be the most elegant or romantic of places, but as a child, I thought of my aunt's stable as my own personal playhouse of wonders. As I crept in silently through the thin, rickety, splintered doors I always felt that I was entering a private castle where no intruder could encroach to invade my solitude. The earthy smells and soft rustling sounds of various animals comforted me with familiarity and welcome. Tall bales of scratchy, dull yellow straw were stacked high to the ceiling like a ladder to the sky and concealed homes for many creatures large and small. Cats nestled there to have their kittens and many furry little bundles took their first steps under that sagging old roof. Sometimes, I would simply lie in the straw and stare upwards, watching dreamily as beams of light shone down through the cracks in the rafters. The beams would criss-cross at times like spotlights and that small shadowy world became my own private stage. I loved to watch the bright particles of dust as they gleamed and seemed to dance with a life of their own, and then vanish as the light was broken. Recently, I visited that barn again, and although I am no longer a child, when I stepped over the threshold I once again felt that magical, timeless peace. The roof still sagged and the dust still danced and the cats still cuddled in the straw. And it was nice to see that in a world of haste and hurry and progress, that old barn still stands as an oasis for

whatever travelers may chance by there to rest for a whilee

The Evaluation: This short essay bathes the senses with its appropriate and helpful concrete dictione The observer positions herself so that she can effectively spatially order her detail and offer the reader an essay tour of the barn.

"Baby That Went This Way and That"

by Mary Mueller

(English 101--Dodds)

The Assignment: Write an essay of self-discovery in the participant's role. Tell of an experience in which you gained insights to our life, past or present. Use description to dramatize your discoveries.

Here it was two days before Christmas, and I was doing what I say I won't do every year, walking up and down the aisles of Toys-R-Us looking for that one last, "best Christmas ever" item for my kids. I was not alone. Not only did I have my friend, Debbie, but a million other moms and dads were doing the same. I was walking in the doll section when I got this strange, unexplainable feeling. It was a lonely feeling, sort of sad and down in the dumps. Trying to cheer myself up, I picked up this beautiful baby doll. As I was holding the doll, I found my eyes tearing up. There was something about her that I recognized. After what seemed like hours I was sure that it was the smell of her. Debbie came over to see what the problem was, I gave her the doll, and told her to take a whiff. I was shocked when she said, "Christmas, she smells like Christmas."

We discussed our feelings about the holidays on our way home that night, and laughed about the reaction we had to the smell of the doll. We compared it to the way the smell of a new box of crayons reminded us of our school days as small children. The vinyl of the doll reminded us of Christmas. Later that night, when all was quiet at home, I reflected on our talk. I realized that Debbie had been happy and full of excitement when we talked about our past Christmas, but I was filled with the same lonely, uncomfortable feeling that I have every year. I sat for a long time in front of our own beautiful, fresh smelling Christmas tree,

thinking about my Christmas of long ago, and I guess, maybe unfolding some of the mysteries of my unavoidable sadness year after year.

It was Christmas Eve of my sixth year. My mother was home from the hospital for the holidayse She had had a heart attack and had been in the hospital for some timee My dad had worked extra hard to make this a happy timee He brought home a small tree, and we spent time decorating it. It was beautiful when he turned on the lightse My brother Bob and I were so proud. There were a few packages under the tree, and I knew Santa would bring me something speciale

Mommy had a beautiful new robe on. It was bright red and had small silver threads going through it. The light from the tree made the robe sparklee I was sitting on her lap, looking at the treee I had been afraid to sit on her lap, because I knew she was sick and Daddy had told us to be extra good and not tire her out. She put me to bed that night and we talked about Santa coming in the morning. It was a great night for me, and one I had been missing for a long time, bedtime with my mom. We said our prayers together just like old times, and when she tucked me in, I was sure thingse were back to normale

When I awoke on Christmas morning I went into the living room where Mommy was sitting in the chair in front of the tree. But the first thing I saw was the most lifelike doll I had ever seene She was big, not a baby doll, but a walking dollle She had blond curly hair, rosy cheeks, and big blue eyes. Her mouth was a little open and you could see tiny white teeth. Mommy and I held her little hands, and she took small steps. Each time she took a step, her head went from side to sidee I called her "my baby that went this way and that."

The next few days were fun for us, we had a lot of people come to visit, and my mom got to see some of her friendse

When I woke up on New Year's Day, I knew something was strangee I didn't know what, but I decided to investigatee I walked down the long hall to my parentsé bedroom, and saw a lot of activitye In her room were some firemen, our parish priest, and my dad. Then I went into the living room and saw my mother's bright red robe just lying on the chair. It was not sparkling as it had before, the lights from the tree were not on, and the room was dark and quiete

I decided the best way to find out what was going on was to take her robe in and give it to her. I stood at the door and watched her. She was gasping, and her

body was jumping around on the bed. As the firemen tried to save her, and the priest was blessing her, my dad stood by her side helplessly watching as tears rolled down his cheeks, something I had never seen before. It was strange for me. I knew this was a bad thing happening, but I didn't know why.

I was sent from the room, so I went to see Bob in his room. I lay on the bed next to him, and showed him what Mommy was doing. He was older, and wiser, so when he cried and said Mommy was dying, I knew he was right.

I heard the word "dead," but I didn't realize dead was forever.

Time moved swiftly after that. We spent three long days at the funeral home, having what I remember to be a good time, getting a lot of attention. The day of the funeral was terrible. We were riding in a limo, and that seemed exciting to me. But, I will never forget standing in the freezing cold, the rain blowing in our faces. I watched as the man put into the ground the box that my mommy was in. We saw them put the flowers and a shovel of dirt on top. I could hear people around me crying, but at six years old I had no idea that she was not coming back.

The morning after the funeral I went out to the living room, and there under the tree was my "dolly that went this way and that," all alone, and forgotten.

I don't remember when, or who decided, but my doll was put away in the attic with the Christmas decorations, only to be brought out at future Christmas. I must have been agreeable, because I remember for years after, taking her out of her box and enjoying her for the few weeks she was with me, dressing and undressing her and helping her with her special walk. Sometimes I would think about that Christmas, and as young children do, wonder why my mommy left me.

As I sat in front of the tree that night, I finally realized why I sometimes get a little blue at Christmas, and why the smell of that doll brought back joyful memories for Debbie, and sad ones for me.

The Evaluation: Mary Mueller tells her story of childhood misfortune and adult realization so vividly that I got the chills when first reading it. I am impressed by the consistent way she adopts a childhood point of view to relive her experience and by the telling details that simultaneously describe and suggest her story's meaning.

The Day The Pigs Got Loose

by Therese Ortloff

(English 101--Sternberg)

The Assignment: Ms. Ortloff was asked to write an essay about the changes that followed upon the serious illness or death of someone close to her.

The pigs are loose again, rooting in the neighbor's yard, their thick, tough snouts leaving dark furrows in the meticulously manicured lawn. I stand and watch unable to cope with this constantly occurring problem. The thought comes like a flash - get my grandfather's 22 rifle and shoot the bastards dead. Today has been no ordinary day. Today my son has died.

It didn't seem right leaving the hospital earlier without him. That constant habit of mine to count heads has not readjusted to this loss and I find myself looking for him at every turn. The realization that he will never be here again is like a punch in my gut. The whole day seems so unreal and I just don't know what to do with myself. My husband, Bob, has gone with the funeral home people back to Milwaukee to pick Rob up from the hospital, something he says he has to do, but I feel so left out, so lonely and the thought hits again - what am I supposed to do?

There were no lessons in death in my past, no role model I could emulate and I flounder around the house unable to deal with trivial everyday things, dinner for instance; I can't believe people eat after things like this. I need to feed my livestock, the chickens, rabbits, my sheep and steer and of course those damn pigs I can't let them go without, so zombie-like I do my chores. I feel so dead inside; actually it would be closer to the truth to say I did not feel at all. Bob comes home later wrapped up in the cocoon of his own grief and I am unable to reach him. I feel I am losing him too.

My grief is on hold, I cannot let it out. I do not cry. Strangers are crying at the wake and funeral and I - I am a stone woman, an ice lady. I am so

detached that I scare myself. There must be something wrong with me that I cannot feel what these others are feeling. Someone has to hold what's left of this family together and I focus on Bob who is drinking and withdrawing more than ever and Kate, my daughter, who does not cry. She imitates me in this matter of not grieving. Tanya, my eldest, does her mourning elsewhere. It seems this family is shattering, pieces falling every which way. Worrying about them keeps me from having to deal with myself.

I talk about Robbie with anyone who will listen; I need to know he was real, to remember and reminisce, to know he was a part of other people's lives and that they remember too. The ones who do not acknowledge his existence, the ones who pretend he never was, I shut out of my life as easily as I would close and lock a door.

Weeks after that day I find stuck in the back corner of the laundry closet, wrapped in the plastic bag from the hospital, the denim cut-offs he wore swimming that hot, steamy, July day, still damp and full of sand. The pain and tears that have been buried alive inside me rip out like my sheep stampede out of the barn at feeding time - crowding, crushing, trampling each other to get out first. I sob and sob endlessly. My heart feels like something is squeezing the life out of it. I feel like I will never stop this crying. I cry every day for over a month after the girls have gone to school and Bob has gone to work. In the beginning I must do this grieving alone, but the ice lady is melting, the stone woman is crumbling into sand and though it will take years, and perhaps even a lifetime, the healing has begun.

The pigs were finally caught that day by some friends. Rick, a fifteen-year-old kid who hung out at our place to avoid his stepmother, and his dad stopped by to express their sorrow. None of us knew what to say after the initial hugs so we just went about the business of repinning the escapees. In the long run it has been friends who have helped me through these difficult times, Kathy who came to clean my unkempt house before the funeral, Sue who would let me come over and mope at her house when mine felt too empty, Sybil who helped me to find a Higher Power again, all those who cried with me or better yet cried when I couldn't, who

accepted me wherever I was at emotionally, who finally just loved me.

The Evaluation: The stunning power of the first image figuratively conveys the narrator's state of mind. We watch sympathetically as anger blends into sadness then into lovee

Food for Thought

by Ben Rodatz

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were to write a focused paragraph description that appeals to the senses.

Tired and hungry I stumbled into the kitchen after another grueling day at work. Still facing me yet this evening, however, is this week's English 101 writing assignment. But before I start my studies, I have time to sit down and appreciate a plate of food which has been thoughtfully prepared for me. The steaming angel hair pasta, cooked to perfection, is blanketed in a creamy, mild alfredo sauce containing a fine blend of seafood. Swimming in the sauce are small fresh shrimp, succulent bay scallops, and tender red-flecked bits of crabmeat. Florets of broccoli, sauteed in olive oil and onions, interrupt the gentle white flow of seafood and sauce with a deep green color of ocean plant life. The flavor and texture are further enhanced by cheeses which melt invisibly into the sauce. The aroma of garlic wafts through the air, awakening my senses. My mouth begins to water in anticipation of the first mouthful. A thick, crusty slice of sourdough bread, piping hot from the oven, teeters precariously on the edge of my plate, soaking up the overflow of sauce. The crisp salad, in a chilled bowl with a colorful array of vegetables tossed amidst its leaves sits to the left of the pasta. Italian salad dressing clings to the lettuce, beads of it dripping down onto the tomatoes and cucumbers. Freshly ground black pepper speckles the lettuce, along with sharp bits of cheddar cheese and crunchy herb croutons which top off the whole ensemble. It is obvious to me that a great deal of careful preparation has gone into this entree. It seems a shame to

destroy this masterpiece, but on the other hand, it would be a shame not to.

The Evaluation: This vivid description of a meal does well at appealing to a variety of physical senses. We listen to the voice of a hungry man who appreciates a working man's meal

Diabetese A Point of View

by Barbara Sales

(English 101--Sherer)

The Assignment: Students were asked to write a stipulative definition of a concrete object, an art, a procedure, an event, or a condition.

Preface

Barbara Sales was a friend and an inspiration. I spoke with her the day before she died and through her mother arranged to obtain a few of her writings. When I spoke with her, her spirit was strong and sweet. I believe she had a gift for writing which she could never fully explore because diabetes claimed so much of her time and health. In February of 1988 she decided after a prolonged hospitalization to fight no more. She made peace with her fellow man and her Creator, dying within a few days of her decision. Thanks for touching us, Barbara.
(Tom Thompson, Coordinator, Disabled Student Services)

"You thought having diabetes meant taking your insulin and following your diet, didn't you?" inquired Dr. McKiele

I nodded while I wept. I had had diabetes for twenty-three years, and no one had told me differently. I had already lost a good portion of my vision, and now I was in renal failure - my kidneys were malfunctioning. Maybe it was time to find out just what this diabetes thing really was.

Diabetes is the body's inability to metabolize sugar efficiently and effectively. Every cell in our body requires sugar to survive, and insulin acts as the key to unlock the cell's doors to allow the sugar's entry. The pancreas is an organ which, among other things, produces insulin through its beta cells. When insulin production is insufficient to unlock these doors, the sugars reroute themselves to the bloodstream, pass from the body through the urine, and cause the cell's slow death. The results are staggering.

There are many misconceptions regarding this disease. Some diabetics maintain good consistent control and have few if any complications. Some let the disease control them and have a multitude of problems. The reverse is also true. No control - no problems. Good control - a wide variety of complications.

Despite the degree of control one might have, diabetes plunges like a thief in the night. He usually steals one prized possession at a time; and just when the violated feeling begins to dissipate, he returns for yet another precious piece. The temple guards have little defense against this monstrous intruder.

First he snatches vision. Then he attacks the heart or kidneys while he plans the demise of a limb or two. And while he draws the blueprints for the aforementioned destructions, he continuously calculates the master plan with his co-conspirators - viruses, Gangrene, the "noble" Knight Arterial Sclerosis, Frustration, Depression, Desperation and on occasion Suicide. Quite a hierarchy, I would say.

The ultimate goal of this pulverizer is demonstrated through his constant probe at the mind. He slithers and poisons therein and sits for a time with his bold army of sleaze. He conquers those who become vulnerable and hopeless. He attempts to isolate them from their family and friends by manipulating their coping mechanisms and developing a helpless terror in their hearts.

But then there are those who come to know the signs of his plot. Sometimes they succeed, confront him face to face and arise victorious over his threats and attacks. Other times, there is no choice but to succumb and retreat, lick the wounds and prepare for the next belligerent stand on the field. For those of us fortunate enough to recognize the venomous viper, we may lose a few battles, but we will NOT lose the war.

Sweet Jesus, please rescue us from this satanic binding. Amene

The Evaluation: Barbara Sales, a long sufferer from Diabetes, responded in writing to the insidious disease in a way that only she could. The speaker here is aware, pained, valiant in the struggle - pleading in the end - as she personifies diabetes, as an unfeeling savage and thief in the night. Barbara Sales knew this speaker well.

Take Home Exam: Evaluation of McFague's
Models of God

by John Seidel

(Philosophy 220--Stone)

The Assignment: Evaluate a key idea
of Sally McFague's Models of God.

4. I personally agree with Sallie McFague's model of looking at the world as God's body. The kingship-hierarchical-model has presented a perception of a God that is distant, little concerned with the world, occasionally acting on the world, and often judging the world. I am feeling and looking for a more personable and holistic approach and McFague offers an opening to a more coherent, consistent, and flowing understanding between God, man, and creation. I like and am challenged by her goal in a holistic approach that produces vulnerability, risk, responsibility, and caring not only of man but also of God so that a nurturing, loving, befriending relationship between God-man-creation is created through "radical" interdependence.

I find four points important. First, the body-God model presents a deeper understanding of a loving God. I find that Jesus Christ does speak to the model of God's body in his parable teachings, his table fellowship, his crucifixion, and his resurrection. His life spoke to and of destabilizing dualism and hierarchy and was inclusive of all men directly. Concern and gentleness for all creation is also the sense I perceive from spiritual "giants" such as Merton, Gandhi, Sister Teresa, and some Eastern philosophers. They all show and live a life of more complete and simplistic love and respect. Second, there is a need for a personal or more personal God. The body-God model presents a more caring, risking, and present God than the hierarchical model. The process and partnership that this then offers, I find most challenging and hopeful. The process of body-God's evil discussed earlier brings out mutual risk without the power struggle of black and white, win

or lose mentality, judgment, and finality. The partnership in God-man-creation is interdependent and thus not fear-based, punishment threatening, and/or law judged (at least not directly as in the hierarchial model). This opens the door to freedom, respect, and choice so that a personal relationship can be enjoyed between God-man-creation. Third, the God-body model offers God-man-creation a more mature "body love" rather than "hierarchial love". To reach this "body love" the model offers growth, responsibility, and intimacy to all--God, man, and creation. I believe this growth, responsibility, and intimacy is only possible in a positive creation philosophy as seen in Jewish and eastern philosophies that emphasize the goodness of creation. The God body model offers me such an interpretation and basis. I see no deeper growth, responsibility, and intimacy than in a risking God being in and with evil and the deeper interdependence that results. Fourth, I believe the God-body model is more important than the mother-lover-friend model. Although I agree with the basis of these models, I do not believe the body model has to rest only on the mother-lover-friend concept. I can perceive it based on an ideal or "healthy" view of kingship that would not be (as) hierarchial just as I can perceive problems when looking at a non-ideal or healthy view of parent-lover-friend model where hierarchy, non risking, controlling, and judgment can be viewed and/or expressed. I sense McFague comparing an unhealthy kingship concept to an ideal parent-lover-friend model. This is OK and is definitely needed to expand my "views" on the concepts of God's being and love. I believe whatever combination of models are used of a personal relating God that the God body model of the world and its interdependence, vulnerability, risking, and caring of God-man-creation is most important.

The Evaluation: The student showed a good understanding of McFague, logical statement of the four points, and careful thinking to work out his own ideas. Basic writing skills had been mastered.

All High School Students Should Be Required
To Learn A Foreign Language

by Demile Teshome

(Writing for College English as a
Second Language--Kathi Holper)

The Assignment: Choose a controversial
topic. Decide your position and
write an essay with adequate support
for your argument.

I do remember that I felt happy and excited when one American said, "Tena Yistelegn," to me in a foreign accent in one of the Ethiopian restaurants in Chicago. It was a greeting in Amaharic, the official language of Ethiopia, and it means, "Hello, how are you?" I felt good and suddenly became closer to this person who happened to be a professor of anthropology. He was a scientist who did research in my country. I agree all high school students should be required to learn a second language. Knowledge of another tongue other than one's own can develop friendship, is important for scientific research, and is beneficial for business reasons.

In the scientific community, some disciplines require a knowledge of a foreign language if one wants to do realistic and unbiased research about other people. So today's anthropologist or sociologist can fulfill this task by learning the language of other people. Those scientists who wanted to know more about the natives of Africa, Asia, and Latin American cannot investigate without a proper knowledge of the native's language. That is how this professor wrote very interesting books about my people and their culture. In addition to research reasons, knowledge of another language becomes important when the United Nations and other international agencies sponsor scientific conferences. Here you can exchange ideas and experiences with your colleagues.

Trade is becoming more and more international. As

a result, a knowledge of another language becomes essential. One should know the people with whom he is trading. One should understand how to negotiate with the people of different cultures and be aware of their value systems and attitudes. But people who do not see the importance of language in the field of business could be doomed to failure. That was what happened to General Motors when they produced a car called Chevrolet "NOVA" which means in Spanish a car that does not run. Then they tried to export these cars to Spanish-speaking countries. So to avoid such mistakes in the future, students should be taught to understand the importance of language in high schools.

The final reason for the importance of a second language is to develop friendship. The camaraderie of language is so enormous the aforementioned professor and I are still friends. Occasionally he comes to the cultural program of our community. Another thing I had observed was that language promotes emotional togetherness between two people. I can imagine how the Hispanic community of Texas was happy with Michael Dukakis during the 1988 presidential campaign when he addressed the crowd in Spanish. If we know each other's language, we can win friends. Through developing friendship we understand other people, their culture, their thinking and attitudes, so we can avoid misconception and prejudice about others.

It is clear that a high school student is not studying for the sake of knowledge. He has an aim in mind to pursue a career. One day he might be a businessman, a scientist, or a president. In some circumstances he might make a decision which requires him to have some degree of knowledge of a foreign language. This may help to know other people, respect them, and make a realistic moral, political or business decision. Consequently, to prepare for that challenge, is not the best place in high school?

The Evaluation: Because Demile Teshome is himself a second language learner, his position in this argumentative paper is obvious. He has organized three items of support into a meaningful essay complete with appropriate examples.

My Grandmother

by Tara Tolczyk

(English 101--Christensen)

The Assignment: Write a descriptive essay that creates a vivid image in the reader's mind. Use not only visual details but also sound, smell, taste and touch

Her blue veined, arthritic hand reaches painfully up to replace a stray lock from her forehead. She tucks back this wispy rebel which has slipped defiantly from the almost invisible hairnet that holds captive her softly-permed, silver gray hair. The platinum wedding band, worn thin over the years, glistens on her gnarled finger. It has never once been removed: not since the day it was first placed there by my grandfather. I see it, in my mind's eye, encrusted with the dough she steadily kneads and punches, kneads and punches, into shape. I can almost smell the delicious aroma that permeates her small home on baking day. My mouth begins to salivate. I can taste the warm, buttered slice of homemade bread that she offers to me. Her wavering, soft voice beckons me back to reality, "Hello dear." I look up into her pale blue eyes, once bright and sparkling, now watery and dimmed by invasive cataracts. In them I can still read strength and the wisdom of her years. She squints to bring her surroundings into sharper focus as she adjusts her wire-rimmed "granny" glasses. The corners of her thin mouth turn up in a smile as she gazes lovingly upon me.

I have never felt closer to her than I do now. She extends her tiny, fragile arm to touch me gently and affectionately, glad for my presence. I embrace her hesitantly--afraid that if I hug her too tightly, her frail shell may shatter. As I do so, I catch the scent of the fragrance that is uniquely hers, a mixture of bleach, lavender soap and the musty odor that is so

peculiar of the elderlye I gently kiss her wrinkled cheek then run my tongue across my lipse I can taste the cold cream that she uses--her ally in the constant battle that she wages against the ravages of old age.

I watch her shuffle towards her favorite chair, her slippered feet whispering across the floor. She lifts each foot gingerly, one in front of the other Easing her body slowly and methodically into her seat, she wriggles deeper into the cushionse Unable to find a comfortable position, she sighs resignedly. Each movement seems an exhausting efforte

I ask her about her day, and she begins to tell me of the things that she has seen in her surveillance at the front room window: the little girl next door, the young couple down the street with their new baby, the postman, always cheery. Her thoughts drifting, she reaches back in time and begins to speak of her girlhood--those memories fresher than the presente Her mind playing tricks on her, she confuses me with her sistere "Do you remember when we used to drive the cows back from the pasture in the evening?" "Remember how you hurt your leg when you tumbled down the hill behind our old house?" "Remember how we used to stroll, hand in hand, down Main Street showing off our pretty dresses?" Pondering, lost deep in her past, she forgets that I am there and begins to doze contentedly, her head nodding jerkily over her breast.

Above the mantle, behind her chair, hangs her wedding picturee There, in mocking contrast, I see a young, blushing bride, her beautiful face framed by dark, thick lustrous hair. A white veil forms a halo around her head. Long, curly lashes outline her clear blue eyes. Her ivory skin is smooth and flawless, her mouth full and sensuouse Beside her, straight and proud, stands my grandfather, beaminge She was a prize; she still is.

Once again I gaze upon her still dozing forme I glimpse my future in her wrinkled countenancee I see myself sitting in the same rocking chair in the presence of my own granddaughter.

The room grows dark as the day slips away and she still dozese The shadows falling across her face, reminiscent of things to come, make me shudder. It seems to me that she is like an autumn rose, fading before my very eyese The fresh peach blush of youth has been replaced by the tired, gray fabric of age. I

want to hold her close to me and protect her from our mutual enemy, time.

The Evaluation: Tara's essay is beautifully written in the descriptive mode and creates a strong dominant impression of love. Her use of the language is impressive and creates intense emotion in her reader. Her vivid use of detail makes the aging process a reality for all.

In a State of Unconscienceness

by Ed Wallace

(English 101--Njus)e

The Assignment: In the Definition Essay, by describing and narrating experiences, a student illustrates a personal definition of an abstract concepte

THESISe A conscience is a terrible thing to be burdened with.

Most people are of the general opinion that having a conscience is a great thinge Many would probably say it is the greatest attribute, besides a large bank account, that a person could possibly have. They are wrong. Having a conscience relegates a person to a life of ruined friendships, not making quite as much money as the other guy, and, worst of all, having to study. Believe what I am telling you, because I've been living that life.e

One of the first specific examples I can recall occurred while I was in the fourth grade. My second-best buddy, Bobby, I and some other friends were at the local Jewel on the way home from schoole

"Come on, Eddie; everybody else is going to do it. What are you, a wimp?"

Here I was, being called a wimp by my second-best buddy in the whole world, just because my conscience wouldn't let me steal a stupid pack of Grape Hubba-Bubbae

"Forget ite mane no wimps can hang out with use Wimps can't be in the pilotsé club, either," said Frankiee Frankie was referring to the treehouse that was serving us as an airplane right now. Now my conscience had not only cost me my friends, but I had lost my pilot's license as well! I left Jewel quietly, hoping they would get caught. They didn't.e

A conscience not only cost me friends but money as well

"Here's an extra twenty for ya! Just make sure customs doesn't check the brown suitcase okay skycap?" said the burly guy who had just come off of the KLM flight from Amsterdam.

I refused, instead getting another skycap, Houston, to help the man. I watched as Houston slid the brown suitcase by the customs inspector without his seeing it. I was waiting for justice to strike, for my conscience to be vindicated. Nothing happened; once again my conscience had cost me. Today it had cost me twenty dollars; throughout the whole summer, who knows?

Worst of all, it was because of my conscience that I was home studying calculus while most of my friends were at Mary's house, throwing a Thursday night party to warm them up for the Friday night one. The reason I was studying that night and my friends weren't is simple. I have a conscience.

"Ed, Jeff got a copy of the calc test; now we'll all ace that test without even studying a minute!" squealed my friend, Debbie. My conscience turned down the offer to look at the test; instead I went home and studied. This was the worse! Not only was my conscience forcing me to stay home and study, but I was missing a bash also. How long would my conscience continue to burden my life?

Actually, as my life has gone on I've slowly come to realize something. All the people who didn't listen to or have a conscience somehow also got hurt. Bobby, my second-best buddy back in the fourth grade, is now serving time at the Cook County Correctional Center for breaking and entering. Houston, the skycap who took bribes, was caught the next week and fired. He was also charged with conspiring to import illegal goods, though the charges were dropped. The calc test? I got an "A." So did all my friends who looked at the stolen test, but on the next test, which was based on things we were supposed to know for this test, most of them did terribly. When I open my eyes and see the whole picture I realize a conscience isn't such a terrible creature after all. It's gotten me through life with no criminal records, a good job record, and I've

learned some calculus along the way. Besides, I heard the party was a bore.

The Evaluation: Ed Wallace's essay defines "conscience" by using three personal narratives. Originally, in his view, a conscience only punished, but I asked him whether a conscience couldn't also reward. With nice humor, Ed's final definition balances these two perspectives.

What Makes Writing Good?

The Anthology Judges Give Their Standards

Rex Burwell

I look for clear, precise, economical prose that develops important topics in logical and artistic way. For me, writing is good which "understands" the reader and seeks to serve, report to, affect, and persuade him. If that writing also suggests the mystery, complexity, and contradiction of humankind, it approaches Art.

Carrie Dobbs

I like writing that uses syntax, vocabulary, and rhetorical structure to effect any of the following: Teach me something I didn't know, let me see a new or old experience through someone else's eyes, amuse me, or show me another way of looking at something. I also like a well-reasoned argument--whether I agree with it or not.

Jack Dodds

Whenever I read I look for details, details, details appropriate to the writer's purpose or the occasion: descriptive details, fresh facts or figures, supporting instances, insightful observation or explanation. Good writing is dense with information. Good writing is also alive with voices: the writer's voice (persona), dialogue, quotation, and allusion. Good writing always talks to me.

Barbara Njus

In an authentic VOICE, using effective and figurative language, to an established purpose and audience, from a clearly organized THESIS, GOOD WRITERS DEVELOP IDEAS in a coherent, concise, unified essay using SPECIFIC evidence from readings and from personal experience to analyze opposing positions about topics having STRONG SIGNIFICANCE for that writer, that may involve the writer in taking RISKS and that the writer will resolve and evaluate from a CONSISTENT point of view.

Peter Sherer

Writing that focuses and boldly goes where it promises to go alerts and engages me. I like writing that is intelligent, consistent in its logic, and concrete in its details. I like examples and I want to hear an honest voice which speaks to me in sentences which are fresh, crafted, varied, economical, and musical.

Joseph Sternberg

I like writing that lets me touch the writer--the real writer or the created personae. I want to feel a person--a person through his words. I like writing that fills me with details; I'm a glutton for them. And I like writing whose sentences make my tongue and throat and lips move: strong, powerful sentences; graceful, shapely sentences.

Gilbert Tierney

A good student essay has a clear focus: clear, effective organization; concrete, specific development; correct, clear language; and a writer who is involved in the paper.

A superior essay goes beyond these and has an authentic voice; an effective title, lead, and end; telling facts and details; and graceful, fresh language; it has a power that comes from the writer taking risks, tackling significant topics, and seeing oppositions and tensions and resolving them.



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