

# THE McGraw-Hill GUIDE

*Writing for College, Writing for Life*

SECOND EDITION

Duane Roen

*Arizona State University*

Gregory R. Glau

*Northern Arizona University*

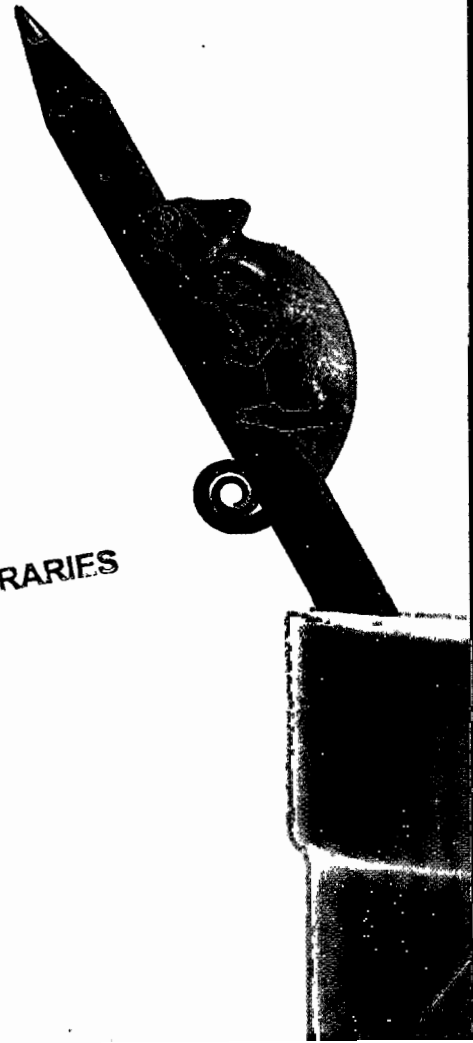
Barry M. Maid

*Arizona State University*

ORFEL UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES



Connect  
Learn  
Succeed™



PE  
1408  
.R643  
2010

The McGraw-Hill Companies



Published by McGraw-Hill, an imprint of The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020. Copyright © 2011, 2010, 2009. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or distributed in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written consent of The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., including, but not limited to, in any network or other electronic storage or transmission, or broadcast for distance learning.

This book is printed on acid-free paper.

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0 DOC/DOC 1 5 4 3 2 1 0

ISBN: 978-0-07-338397-2

MHID: 0-07-338397-X

Vice President, Editorial: *Michael Ryan*

Publisher: *David S. Patterson*

Sponsoring Editor: *Christopher Bennem*

Marketing Manager: *Allison Jones*

Director of Development: *Dawn*

*Groundwater*

Developmental Editors: *Judith Kromm &*

*Cara Labell*

Production Editor: *Regina Ernst*

Manuscript Editor: *Thomas Briggs*

Design Manager: *Allister Fein*

Text Designer: *Elise Lansdon*

Cover Designer: *Allister Fein*

Art Editor: *Ayelet Arbel*

Photo Research: *Jennifer Blankenship*

Production Supervisor: *Tandra Jorgensen*

Composition: 9.5/12 ITC Stone Serif by  
*Thompson Type*

Printing: 45# New Era Thin, R. R. Donnelley  
& Sons

Cover: © Alex Cao/Getty Images, © Corey Hochachka/Design Pics/Corbis; Front inside cover: © Darwin Wiggett/Canopy Photography/Veer; Back cover: © James Balog/Getty Images

Credits: The credits section for this book begins on page 634 and is considered an extension of the copyright page.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Roen, Duane H.

The McGraw-Hill guide : writing for college, writing for life / Duane Roen, Gregory Glau, Barry Maid.—2nd ed.

p. cm.

Includes bibliographical references and index.

ISBN-13: 978-0-07-338397-2 (alk. paper)

ISBN-10: 0-07-338397-X (alk. paper)

1. English language—Rhetoric. 2. Report writing. I. Glau, Gregory R. II. Maid, Barry M. III. Title. IV. Title: Guide to writing.

PE1408.R643 2009

808'.042071173—dc22

2009037452

The Internet addresses listed in the text were accurate at the time of publication. The inclusion of a Web site does not indicate an endorsement by the authors or McGraw-Hill, and McGraw-Hill does not guarantee the accuracy of the information presented at these sites.

www.mhhe.com

## RUSSELL BAKER

## LITERACY NARRATIVE



Born in Virginia in 1925, Russell Baker began his professional writing career with the *Baltimore Sun* in 1947, after attending Johns Hopkins University. In 1973 he won a Pulitzer for commentary for his nationally syndicated column, "Observer," which he wrote for the *New York Times* from 1962 to 1998. Baker is the author of a Pulitzer Prize-winning memoir *Growing Up* (1982) and *Looking Back: Heroes, Rascals, and Other Icons of the American Imagination* (2002) and has edited numerous books. Baker's writing regularly appears in the *New York Times Magazine*, *Sports Illustrated*, and *McCalls*. The following selection is excerpted from *Growing Up*. Russell Baker's literacy narrative focuses on his dream of becoming a writer. As you read his piece, think about your own dreams. How can college help you achieve those dreams?

## On Becoming a Writer

The only thing that truly interested me was writing, and I knew that sixteen-year-olds did not come out of high school and become writers. I thought of writing as something to be done only by the rich. It was so obviously not real work, not a job at which you could earn a living. Still, I had begun to think of myself as a writer. It was the only thing for which I seemed to have the smallest talent, and, silly though it sounded when I told people I'd like to be a writer, it gave me a way of thinking about myself which satisfied my need to have an identity.

The notion of becoming a writer had flickered off and on in my head since the Belleville days, but it wasn't until my third year in high school that the possibility took hold. Until then I'd been bored by everything associated with English courses. I found English grammar dull and baffling. I hated the assignments to turn out "compositions," and went at them like heavy labor, turning out leaden, lackluster paragraphs that were agonies for teachers to read and for me to write. The classics thrust on me to read seemed as deadening as chloroform.

When our class was assigned to Mr. Fleagle for third-year English I anticipated another grim year in that dreariest of subjects. Mr. Fleagle was notorious among City students for dullness and inability to inspire. He was said to be stuffy, dull, and hopelessly out of date. To me he looked to be sixty or seventy and prim to a fault. He wore primly severe eyeglasses, his wavy hair was primly cut and primly combed. He wore primly vested suits with neckties blocked primly against the collar buttons of his primly starched white shirts. He had a primly pointed jaw, a primly straight nose, and a prim manner of speaking that was so correct, so gentlemanly, that he seemed a comic antique.

I anticipated a listless, unfruitful year with Mr. Fleagle and for a long time was not disappointed. We read *Macbeth*. Mr. Fleagle loved *Macbeth* and

wanted us to love it too, but he lacked the gift of infecting others with his own passion. He tried to convey the murderous ferocity of Lady Macbeth one day by reading aloud the passage that concludes

... I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums. . .

The idea of prim Mr. Fleagle plucking his nipple from boneless gums was too much for the class. We burst into gasps of irrepressible snickering. Mr. Fleagle stopped.

"There is nothing funny, boys, about giving suck to a babe. It is the— 5  
the very essence of motherhood, don't you see."

He constantly sprinkled his sentences with "don't you see." It wasn't 6  
a question but an exclamation of mild surprise at our ignorance. "Your pronoun needs an antecedent, don't you see," he would say, very primly. "The purpose of the Porter's scene, boys, is to provide comic relief from the horror, don't you see."

Late in the year we tackled the informal essay. "The essay, don't you 7  
see, is the . . ." My mind went numb. Of all forms of writing, none seemed so boring as the essay. Naturally we would have to write informal essays. Mr. Fleagle distributed a homework sheet offering us a choice of topics. None was quite so simple-minded as "What I Did on My Summer Vacation," but most seemed to be almost as dull. I took the list home and dawdled until the night before the essay was due. Sprawled on the sofa, I finally faced up to the grim task, took the list out of my notebook, and scanned it. The topic on which my eye stopped was "The Art of Eating Spaghetti."

This title produced an extraordinary sequence of mental images. Surg- 8  
ing up out of the depths of memory came a vivid recollection of a night in Belleville when all of us were seated around the supper table—Uncle Allen, my mother, Uncle Charlie, Doris, Uncle Hal—and Aunt Pat served spaghetti for supper. Spaghetti was an exotic treat in those days. Neither Doris nor I had ever eaten spaghetti, and none of the adults had enough experience to be good at it. All the good humor of Uncle Allen's house reawoke in my mind as I recalled the laughing arguments we had that night about the socially respectable method for moving spaghetti from plate to mouth.

Suddenly I wanted to write about that, about the warmth and good feel- 9  
ing of it, but I wanted to put it down simply for my own joy, not for Mr. Fleagle. It was a moment I wanted to recapture and hold for myself. I wanted to relive the pleasure of an evening at New Street. To write it as I wanted, however, would violate all the rules of formal composition I'd learned in school, and Mr. Fleagle would surely give it a failing grade. Never mind. I

Because this piece of dialogue includes the title of his essay, Baker uses both double and single quotation marks.

By sharing his emotions, Baker helps readers understand the impact the event had on him. With the clause "I had discovered a calling," he indicates the formation of a lifelong commitment to writing.

would write something else for Mr. Fleagle after I had written this thing for myself.

When I finished it the night was half gone and there was no time left to compose a proper, respectable essay for Mr. Fleagle. There was no choice next morning but to turn in my private reminiscence of Belleville. Two days passed before Mr. Fleagle returned the graded papers, and he returned everyone's but mine. I was bracing myself for a command to report to Mr. Fleagle immediately after school for discipline when I saw him lift my paper from his desk and rap for the class's attention.

"Now, boys," he said, "I want to read you an essay. This is titled 'The Art of Eating Spaghetti!'"

And he started to read. My words! He was reading my words out loud to the entire class. What's more, the entire class was listening. Listening attentively. Then somebody laughed, then the entire class was laughing, and not in contempt and ridicule, but with openhearted enjoyment. Even Mr. Fleagle stopped two or three times to repress a small prim smile.

I did my best to avoid showing pleasure, but what I was feeling was pure ecstasy at this startling demonstration that my words had the power to make people laugh. In the eleventh grade, at the eleventh hour as it were, I had discovered a calling. It was the happiest moment of my entire school career. When Mr. Fleagle finished he put the final seal on my happiness by saying, "Now that, boys, is an essay, don't you see. It's—don't you see—it's of the very essence of the essay, don't you see. Congratulations, Mr. Baker."

For the first time, light shone on a possibility. It wasn't a very heartening possibility, to be sure. Writing couldn't lead to a job after high school, and it was hardly honest work, but Mr. Fleagle had opened a door for me. After that I ranked Mr. Fleagle among the finest teachers in the school.