

Corrections for *Skills for Rhetoric*

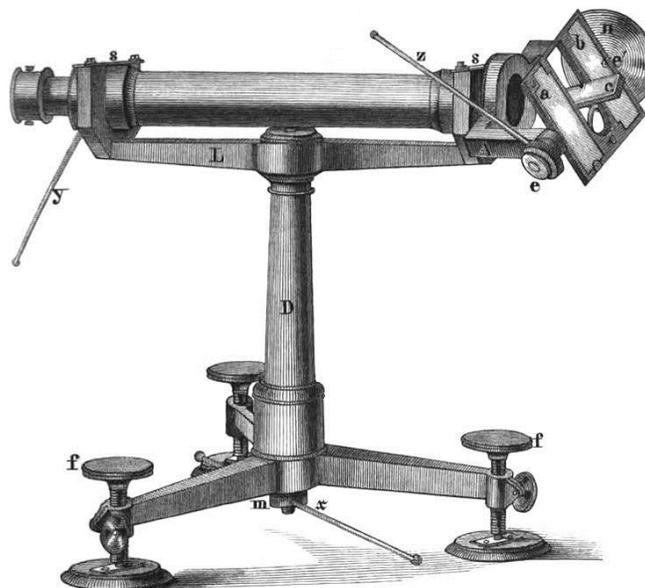
While we strive for excellence in our books, we are at times made aware of errors or information that needs clarification. This is regrettable, and we deeply apologize for any inconvenience. The following information will be added to the next reprinting of this vital resource:

Vocabulary Concerns:

While there is no list of vocabulary words provided for students, each week students are expected to “review their vocabulary words daily.” With this guidance, students are simply asked to note words that they do not recognize and to develop a means to expand their vocabularies. This can be as easy as writing out words and their dictionary meanings on 3 x 5 cards. When students meet a strange word for the first time, they should do their best to figure out the word in context, then look up the word in the dictionary.

Chapter 5 Test (image was missing):

In a one-page essay, describe the following strange invention and speculate upon its use(s).



The following is a revision of the “Look Ahead” for chapter 13:

Write a literary analysis of a favorite short story or novel, from rough draft, to revised draft, to final copy, with five new (circled) vocabulary words. Pay particular attention to style (focus, content, organization). Give a copy to instructor/parent to evaluate.

Chapter 13 Test (text was missing):

Using appropriate "language of analysis," write a one-page literary analysis of the following excerpt from "The Cask of Amontillado" by Edgar Allan Poe.

"The Cask of Amontillado"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

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

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

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

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

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

"I have no engagement — come."

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

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And

as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado.”

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo. There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

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

“The pipe,” said he.

“It is farther on,” said I; “but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls.”

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

“Nitre?” he asked, at length.

“Nitre,” I replied. “How long have you had that cough?”

“Ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh! ugh! — ugh! ugh!”

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

“It is nothing,” he said, at last.

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

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

“True — true,” I replied; “and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily — but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damp.” Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

“Drink,” I said, presenting him the wine. He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

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

“And I to your long life.”

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

“These vaults,” he said, “are extensive.”

“The Montresors,” I replied, “were a great and numerous family.”

“I forget your arms.”

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

“And the motto?”

“Nemo me impune lacessit .”

“Good!” he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

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

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

I broke and reached him a flaçon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a

fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

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

“You do not comprehend?” he said.

“Not I,” I replied.

“Then you are not of the brotherhood.”

“How?”

“You are not of the masons.”

“Yes, yes,” I said, “yes, yes.”

“You? Impossible! A mason?”

“A mason,” I replied.

“A sign,” he said.

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

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

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

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use in itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

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

“Proceed,” I said; “herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi —”

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

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

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

“True,” I replied; “the Amontillado.”

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

I had scarcely laid the first tier of my masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was not the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my

labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaux over the mason-work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

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

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

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in. I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognising as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said, “Ha! ha! ha! — he! he! — a very good joke indeed — an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo — he! he! he! — over our wine — he! he! he!”

“The Amontillado!” I said.

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

“Yes,” I said, “let us be gone.”

“For the love of God, Montressor!”

“Yes,” I said, “for the love of God!”

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud “Fortunato!”

No answer. I called again “Fortunato!”

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick — on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I re-erected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat!*¹

Comment: In Skills for Rhetoric, week 21, Concept Builder 21-D appears to be missing a necessary text. It states, “The following is a secondary source historical profile of Helen Stobaugh. What new facts emerge from this account?” It then provides three lines on which to write the three facts. There is no profile.

Concept Builder 21-D (text was missing):

The following is a secondary source historical profile of Helen Stobaugh. What new facts emerge from this account?

My grandparents wanted to build their mansion too close to what my community called “Colored Town.” At least my grandmother Helen wanted to built it there; my grandfather most assuredly did not. He wanted to build his house in the new Wolf Project where all sensible, prosperous, blue-blooded white southerners lived. But he lacked imagination and he knew it, so he dutifully submitted the decision to Helen. Not that he could do anything else. No one ever denied Helen anything that she really wanted. Helen was no Civil Rights activist nor did she pretend that she had any high moral standards.

¹ www.classicreader.com/read.php/sid.6/bookid.454/.

Helen was no hypocrite. She was a cold realist and she cared for no one more than herself. Her egotism was unalloyed with any idealism. She loved us, her family, dearly but she loved herself more. She knew a propitious place to build a house and was not going to let the absence of money or the pretension of Southern society stop her.

Old man John John Parker at the bank at first denied her request. But Helen walked into his business, the Fitzgerald County stock exchange, sat on his lap, kissed him on the mouth (not the cheek!), and asked in her most polished and sophisticated Southern accent, "Please, Mr. John John, will you loan me the money to build my house?" Whether from warm enticement of pecan pies, or from cold fear that she would do something else to embarrass him, Old Man Parker loaned her the money at no interest. The deal was sealed when Helen promised to bake him a Christmas pecan pie for the rest of his life. And she did. Parker ate pecan pie every Christmas until he died (in fact it may have killed him — when he died he weighed a whopping 330 pounds). Only once did Helen fail to live up to her bargain — one season the pecan crop was abysmally bad and she had to substitute Vermont walnuts. Old Man Parker hardly noticed because Helen compensated the loss with her 100 proof rum cakes! Helen did not like to cook — nor did she have to cook — she always had servants. But when she did anything, cooking, building a house, playing hide and seek with her grandchildren, she played and cooked to win.

Married when she was 15 and divorced when she was 16, Helen was truly an iconoclast. She was the first unrepentant divorced woman my small Southern railroad town had ever known. Her first husband abused her once and she nearly killed him. In fact, she would have killed him but the shotgun with which she shot him was loaded with number eight shot and only blistered his backside. She merely walked away from the marriage and the man. It was beneath her to file for divorce — but Judge Johnstown knew what she wanted, everyone did, so he filed and granted divorce within the week. Her first husband never remarried and suffered in ebullient regret for the rest of his life. For penance, he became a United Pentecostal pastor. As far as I know, Helen never spoke or thought of the man again.

Helen is an enigma that greatly bothered our arcane Southern society. Again, Helen was an iconoclast. She cared nothing about what others thought — except to irritate potential critics. For instance, Helen, a fourth-generation Methodist, loved to visit the Presbyterian Church because the pastor's wife wore stylist dresses. Helen wore scandalously short dresses and, while she refused to inhale, she nonetheless carried a lit cigarette in her right hand to pique scurrilous busybodies.

She had to be punished. Banished from the Country Club, most felt that she was sufficiently castigated. But Helen was not penitent. In fact, when she married my grandfather — the wealthiest and most eligible bachelor in town — the town was only too happy to invite my grandmother back into the country club. She refused and all her offspring and generations following grew up as pariahs — without the benefit of Southern country club amenities. Helen never again set a foot in the Fitzgerald County Country Club — although she loved to have garden parties and social events in The House.

Helen had three sons. My dad was the youngest. Uncle Sammie was one of the most prosperous landowners in the area. Uncle Robby went to Harvard and later became a Harvard Business School professor. My dad, who loved The House and Helen and black-eyed peas on New Year's Day, stayed home.

Concept Builder 27-A (replace text from student):

The Great Depression

President Herbert Hoover had been in office only seven months when the stock market crashed. This great crash ended the Roaring 20s. The Great Depression followed. The American dream seemed to have gone sour. Most Americans blamed themselves for the Depression. Americans believed that if they worked hard enough they would prosper. This was no longer possible for millions of Americans. The

Great Depression destroyed America's confidence in the future. There had been recessions and depressions in American history but nothing close to what Americans experience in the 1930s. In spite of President Hoover's innovative efforts, the Great Depression only worsened. When Franklin D. Roosevelt became president in 1932, Americans were ready for a change. The Great Depression lasted from 1929 to the beginning of America's involvement in World War II (1941). Roosevelt attacked the Great Depression forcefully and with innovative tactics. His politics of intervention can be divided into two phases. He promised a "new deal" for the American people. The first was from 1933 to 1935 and focused mainly on helping the poor and unemployed. Roosevelt authorized, with Congressional support, massive spending to employ millions of people. These projects included the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) and the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). While Roosevelt did not implement socialism, he did superimpose a welfare state on a capitalistic society with controversial results. The so-called second new deal occurred from 1935 to 1937. During this period, Roosevelt emphasized social reform and social justice. To accomplish his goals, he established the Works Progress Administration (WPA), which helped many poor people and built massive projects (like the Blue Ridge Parkway in Virginia). Next, he enacted the Social Security Act, which provided a safety net and retirement income for workers. Finally, in 1937-1938, Roosevelt implemented a third new deal. He did this primarily to help homeless farmers and agricultural workers. The New Deal failed to stop the Great Depression. Only World War II could end the Depression. However, the New Deal convinced most Americans that their government had a moral and legal right to intervene in public and private affairs if the general good of the public demanded it. America, for better or for worse, was never to be the same.