МІНІСТЕРСТВО ОСВІТИ І НАУКИ УКРАЇНИ
КИЇВСЬКИЙ НАЦІОНАЛЬНИЙ ЛІНГВІСТИЧНИЙ УНІВЕРСИТЕТ

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ЛАСКАВО ПРОСИМО У СВІТ АМЕРИКАНСЬКОЇ ЛІТЕРАТУРИ

Навчально-методичний посібник з домашнього читання
для студентів II – III курсів за творами О. Генрі,
Ф. С. Фіцджеральда та Дж. Д. Селінджера

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Welcome to the World of American Literature (Ласкаво просимо у світ американської літератури) : навчально-методичний посібник з домашнього читання для студентів II – III курсів за творами О. Генрі, Ф. С. Фіцджеральда та Дж. Д. Селінджера / Уклад.: О. Г. Бідна, І. М. Таран, О. П. Яремко. Київ : Видавничий центр КНЛУ, 2020. 156 с.

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ПЕРЕДМОВА

Посібник призначено для занять з домашнього читання студентів II-III курсів вищих мовних навчальних закладів.

Основною метою посібника є досягнення глибокого розуміння різних аспектів твору та реалізація цього розуміння у мовній діяльності студентів.

Розділи посібника мають визначену структуру, основними компонентами якої є текст літературного твору, післятекстові завдання, що націлюють читача на проблематику твору і розвивають прогностичні навички, рекомендована для активного засвоєння лексика, блоки лексичних вправ, завдань і текстів для розуміння прочитаного та обговорення змісту, проблематики, персонажів та літературних особливостей твору.

Розроблені вправи і тексти націлені на творче використання студентами мовного потенціалу тексту.

Основними типами лексичних вправ є завдання на коментування, вибір лексичної одиниці, синонімію, словотворення, переклад.

Виконання лексичних вправ готує студентів до адекватних у лексичному відношенні висловлювань з питань і проблематики, що пропонуються для обговорення.

Автори сподіваються, що студенти зустрінуть у посібнику багато для себе корисного, та будуть вдячні за відгуки та пропозиції щодо його змісту та ефективності.

Посібник може використовуватись як для аудиторної, так і для самостійної роботи студентів.

PREFACE

Dear readers!

The authors of this workbook would like to welcome you to the enchanting world of the best samples of works by great American writers.

American literature has its clichés – J.D. Salinger's hyped-to-death Catcher in the Rye, O'Henry's "muscular" prose, perennial reading-list mainstays like novels and stories by F.S. Fitzgerald – but at its best, it is an expression of national identity. It is by turns rugged, itinerant, haunted and even holy. The included in the workbook samples have in common that the entirety of American history exists between their lines and their readers recognize that from their peculiarly American cadence comes a universality that has made them classics. While a full list of superb US novels and stories would be never-ending, these three are a sample of the country at its most iconoclastic.

The authors express hope that the workbook shall come in handy for those eager to more deeply comprehend both American literary history and present day.

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O'HENRY'S BIOGRAPHY: SOME FACTS FROM LIFE AND LITERARY ACTIVITY

Famous short-story writer O. Henry was born William Sydney Porter on Sept. 11, 1862 in Greensboro, N.C. His father, Algernon Sidney Porter, was a physician. His mother, Mrs. Algernon Sidney Porter (Mary Virginia Swaim), died from consumption when O. Henry was just three years old, so he was raised by his paternal grandmother and his aunt.

O. Henry attended the private elementary school of his aunt, Evelina Porter ("Miss Lina"), starting in 1867.

He then went to Linsey Street High School in Greensboro, but he left school at the age of 15 to work as a bookkeeper for his uncle at W. C. Porter and Company Drug Store. As a result, O. Henry was largely self-taught. Being an avid reader helped.

In pursuit of improving his health condition due to a persistent cough, in March 1882, he travelled to Texas along with Dr. James K. Hall and stayed at Hall's son, Richard's sheep ranch in La Salle County. There he read classic literature, worked as a baby-sitter, shepherd and cook and learned bits of German and Spanish from the culturally diverse helping hands of the ranch.

In 1884 he travelled to Austin along with Richard and stayed in the latter's friends house. In Austin he became involved with a group of young men who formed the 'Hill City Quartet'. O. Henry, a good singer and musician himself started singing with the group in gatherings.

In 1887, with the help of Richard, who by then became the 'Texas Land Commissioner', he joined the 'Texas General Land Office' ('GLO') as draftsman drawing a monthly salary of $100. At the same time he wrote for newspapers and magazines.

Characters and plots of many of his stories like ‘Buried Treasure’ and ‘Georgia’s Ruling’ were woven in the ‘GLO’ building. Resemblance of the building was also found in few of his stories like the 1894 published ‘Bexar Scrip No. 2692’.

When Richard Hall lost to Jim Hogg in the 1890 election for governor, O. Henry resigned in early 1891.

Later in 1891, he joined the ‘First National Bank’ in Austin as bookkeeper and teller. In 1894 he was charged with embezzlement of funds by the bank and though not prosecuted, he lost his job.

While serving the ‘First National Bank’, he founded ‘The Rolling Stone’, a humorous weekly, and after losing his bank job, he devoted full time in the weekly that published his sketches, short stories apart from satirical and political works.

Even after a high circulation of 1500 copies of ‘The Rolling Stone’, the venture failed in April 1895 due to inadequate income.

He relocated to Houston with his family in 1895 and began working as a columnist, reporter and cartoonist at the ‘Houston Post’ drawing a monthly salary of $25, which gradually increased with his popularity.

Following an audit of the ‘First National Bank’ in Austin by the federal auditors, he was formally accused and arrested for embezzlement in 1896.

He took an impetuous step and escaped on July 6, 1896, a day before his trial, while he was being taken to the courthouse. He first went to New Orleans and then to Honduras.

Thereafter he stayed in a hotel in Trujillo, Peru, for several months. Here he wrote ‘Cabbages and Kings’ (published in 1904), one of his notable works that included a string of tales displaying facets of life in a crippled town of Central America. The term ‘banana republic’ coined by him and used in the book eventually became widely used to depict an unstable country of Latin America.

He later surrendered in February 1897 after the news of serious illness of his wife reached him and after trial he was sentenced to five years imprisonment in February next year.

On March 25, 1898 he was confined at 'Ohio Penitentiary' in Columbus, Ohio. A licensed pharmacist, he served as night druggist at the prison hospital. He wrote several stories while in incarceration, of which fourteen were published with different pseudonyms.

'O. Henry' eventually became most renowned among his other pseudonyms. 'Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking', published in 'McClure's Magazine' in its December 1899 issue was the first story where he used this pseudonym.

His good behaviour fetched him an early release from prison on July 24, 1901after which he joined his daughter Margaret, who was at that time 11-year- old and living with her maternal grandparents in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Margaret was unaware of her father's imprisonment and knew that he was away on business.

In 1902 he relocated to New York and became a prolific writer penning around 381 short stories. For over a year he submitted one story every week to the 'New York World Sunday Magazine'.

His remarkable compilation of short stories are 'Cabbages and Kings' (1904), 'The Four Million' (1906), 'The Gentle Grafter' (1908), 'Roads of Destiny' (1909) and 'Whirligigs' (1910).

His most famous short stories are 'The Gift of the Magi', 'The Ransom of Red Chief', 'The Caballero's Way' and 'The Duplicity of Hargraves' among others.

Personal Life & Legacy

On July 1, 1887, he eloped and married Athol Estes, then a seventeen year old girl of a wealthy family. After long suffering from tuberculosis, Athol died on July 25, 1897. They had a daughter Margaret Worth Porter, born in September 1889.

In 1907, he married Sarah Lindsey Coleman, a writer and his childhood sweetheart, but she left him in 1909

O. Henry died a poor man on June 5, 1910. Alcoholism and ill health are believed to have been factors in his death. The cause of his death is listed as cirrhosis of the liver.

Funeral services were held at a church in New York City, and he was buried in Ashville. His last words are said to have been: "Turn up the lights — I don't want to go home in the dark."

THE ROMANCE OF A BUSY BROKER

Pitcher, confidential clerk in the office of Harvey Maxwell, broker, allowed a look of mild interest and surprise to visit his usually expressionless countenance when his employer briskly entered at half past nine in company with his young lady stenographer. With a snappy "Good-morning, Pitcher," Maxwell dashed at his desk as though he were intending to leap over it, and then plunged into the great heap of letters and telegrams waiting there for him.

The young lady had been Maxwell's stenographer for a year. She was beautiful in a way that was decidedly unstenographic. She forewent the pomp of the alluring pompadour. She wore no chains, bracelets or lockets. She had not the air of being about to accept an invitation to luncheon. Her dress was grey and plain, but it fitted her figure with fidelity and discretion. In her neat black turban hat was the gold-green wing of a macaw. On this morning she was softly and shyly radiant. Her eyes were dreamily bright, her cheeks genuine peachblow, her expression a happy one, tinged with reminiscence.

Pitcher, still mildly curious, noticed a difference in her ways this morning. Instead of going straight into the adjoining room, where her desk was, she lingered, slightly irresolute, in the outer office. Once she moved over by Maxwell's desk, near enough for him to be aware of her presence.

The machine sitting at that desk was no longer a man; it was a busy New York broker, moved by buzzing wheels and uncoiling springs.

"Well--what is it? Anything?" asked Maxwell sharply. His opened mail lay like a bank of stage snow on his crowded desk. His keen grey eye, impersonal and brusque, flashed upon her half impatiently.

"Nothing," answered the stenographer, moving away with a little smile.

"Mr. Pitcher," she said to the confidential clerk, did Mr. Maxwell say anything yesterday about engaging another stenographer?"

"He did," answered Pitcher. "He told me to get another one. I notified the agency yesterday afternoon to send over a few samples this morning. It's 9.45 o'clock, and not a single picture hat or piece of pineapple chewing gum has showed up yet."

"I will do the work as usual, then," said the young lady, "until some one comes to fill the place." And she went to her desk at once and hung the black turban hat with the gold-green macaw wing in its accustomed place.

He who has been denied the spectacle of a busy Manhattan broker during a rush of business is handicapped for the profession of anthropology. The poet sings of the "crowded hour of glorious life." The broker's hour is not only crowded, but the minutes and seconds are hanging to all the straps and packing both front and rear platforms.

And this day was Harvey Maxwell's busy day. The ticker began to reel out jerkily its fitful coils of tape, the desk telephone had a chronic attack of buzzing. Men began to throng into the office and call at him over the railing, jovially, sharply, viciously, excitedly. Messenger boys ran in and out with messages and telegrams. The clerks in the office jumped about like sailors during a storm. Even Pitcher's face relaxed into something resembling animation.

On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes, and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices. Maxwell shoved his chair against the wall and transacted business after the manner of a toe dancer. He jumped from ticker to 'phone, from desk to door with the trained agility of a harlequin.

In the midst of this growing and important stress the broker became suddenly aware of a high-rolled fringe of golden hair under a nodding canopy of velvet and ostrich tips, an imitation sealskin sacque and a string of beads as large as hickory nuts, ending near the floor with a silver heart. There was a self-possessed young lady connected with these accessories; and Pitcher was there to construe her.

"Lady from the Stenographer's Agency to see about the position," said Pitcher.

Maxwell turned half around, with his hands full of papers and ticker tape.

"What position?" he asked, with a frown.

"Position of stenographer," said Pitcher. "You told me yesterday to call them up and have one sent over this morning."

"You are losing your mind, Pitcher," said Maxwell. "Why should I have given you any such instructions? Miss Leslie has given perfect satisfaction during the year she has been here. The place is hers as long as she chooses to retain it. There's no place open here, madam. Countermand that order with the agency, Pitcher, and don't bring any more of 'em in here."

The silver heart left the office, swinging and banging itself independently against the office furniture as it indignantly departed. Pitcher seized a moment to remark to the bookkeeper that the "old man" seemed to get more absent-minded and forgetful every day of the world.

The rush and pace of business grew fiercer and faster. On the floor they were pounding half a dozen stocks in which Maxwell's customers were heavy investors. Orders to buy and sell were coming and going as swift as the flight of swallows. Some of his own holdings were imperilled, and the man was working like some high-geared, delicate, strong machine--strung to full tension, going at full speed, accurate, never hesitating, with the proper word and decision and act ready and prompt as clockwork. Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities--here was a world of finance, and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature.

When the luncheon hour drew near there came a slight lull in the uproar.

Maxwell stood by his desk with his hands full of telegrams and memoranda, with a fountain pen over his right ear and his hair hanging in disorderly strings over his forehead. His window was open, for the beloved janitress Spring had turned on a little warmth through the waking registers of the earth.

And through the window came a wandering--perhaps a lost--odour--a delicate, sweet odour of lilac that fixed the broker for a moment immovable. For this odour belonged to Miss Leslie; it was her own, and hers only.

The odour brought her vividly, almost tangibly before him. The world of finance dwindled suddenly to a speck. And she was in the next room--twenty steps away.

"By George, I'll do it now," said Maxwell, half aloud. "I'll ask her now. I wonder I didn't do it long ago."

He dashed into the inner office with the haste of a short trying to cover. He charged upon the desk of the stenographer.

She looked up at him with a smile. A soft pink crept over her cheek, and her eyes were kind and frank. Maxwell leaned one elbow on her desk. He still clutched fluttering papers with both hands and the pen was above his ear.

"Miss Leslie," he began hurriedly, "I have but a moment to spare. I want to say something in that moment. Will you he my wife? I haven't had time to make love to you in the ordinary way, but I really do love you. Talk quick, please--those fellows are clubbing the stuffing out of Union Pacific."

"Oh, what are you talking about?" exclaimed the young lady. She rose to her feet and gazed upon him, round-eyed.

"Don't you understand?" said Maxwell, restively. "I want you to marry me. I love you, Miss Leslie. I wanted to tell you, and I snatched a minute when things had slackened up a bit. They're calling me for the 'phone now. Tell 'em to wait a minute, Pitcher. Won't you, Miss Leslie?"

The stenographer acted very queerly. At first she seemed overcome with amazement; then tears flowed from her wondering eyes; and then she smiled sunnily through them, and one of her arms slid tenderly about the broker's neck.

"I know now," she said, softly. "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time. I was frightened at first. Don't you remember, Harvey? We were married last evening at 8 o'clock in the Little Church Around the Corner."

ACTIVE VOCABULARY

Words:

to construe, to dash, discretion, to dwindle, brusque, to forego/forgo, to flutter, to gaze, holding(s), to handicap, to intend, to linger, lull, to resemble, to retain, to slacken, to shove.

Word Combination:

to be aware, to have the air of, to accept the invitation, to lose one's mind, no longer.

TRAINING EXERCISES

Task I. Study the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

1. Memorize the sentences in which they are used.
2. Recall the episodes from the story using these sentences.

Task II. Fill in the blanks in the sentences with the words or word combinations under study in the correct form.

1. She slipped away without him…. it.
2. Membership of the club has… from 70 to 20.
3. No one was prepared…their lunch hour to attend the meeting.
4. This is one of the most important private… in Indian art.
5. He… along the platform and jumped on the train.
6. We finished later than…
7. She… for a few minutes to talk to me.
8. It's difficult to keep up with the rapid… of chandes.
9. Her words could hardly… as an apology.
10. I'll leave it up to you to use your…
11. The doctor spoke in…tone.
12. She…her pace a little.
13. He… lives here.
14. The door wouldn't open no matter how hard she…

Task III. Paraphrase the underlined words making use of the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary. Make use of the prompts:

holdings, to dash, to gaze, lull, to flutter, to resemble, to be aware, to retain, to construe.

1. He sat for hours just looking steadily into space.
2. Just before an attack everything would go quiet but we knew it was just a quiet period before the storm.
3. Her eyelids moved lightly and quickly but didn't open.
4. The plant looks like grass in appearance.
5. He struggled to continue to have control of the situation.
6. A don't think people realize how much it costs.
7. He considered how the remark was to be understood.
8. She went off very quickly to keep an appointment.
9. She has a 40% number of shares in this company.

Task IV. Make up your own sentences using the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

Task V. Give synonyms to the following:

- trusted with private or secret information;
- to cancel an order that has been given;
- ability to move quickly and easily;
- to be next to;
- the quality of being faithful;
- endanger;
- acting without delay;
- showing great happiness, love;
- clever or amuzing and short;
- in a wicked, spiteful way.

Task VI. Give English equivalents to the following

Сніговий замет (театральний), стрімкий рух, натиск у бізнесі, приділяти час; скористатися хвилиною; шум, гам.

Task VII. Make up the dialogue of your own using as many words and word combinations under study as possible.

Task VIII. Study the following phrasal verbs

a). Match the phrasal verbs with the definition.

1. to plunge into	a)	to arrive where you have arranged to meet smb or do smth
2. to fit smb/smth with	b)	to make a telephone call to smb
3. to move over	c)	to change position or direction so as to face the other way to make smb/sth do this
4. to show up	d)	to start doing smth in an enthusiastic way
5. to call smb up	e)	to change your position in order to make room for smb
6. to look up (from smth)	f)	to supply smb/smth with smth
7. to drive smth out	g)	to raise your eyes when you are looking dawn
8. to turn around	h)	to make smth disappear or stop doing smth

b) Fill in the gaps with the appropriate phrasal verb from the list above.

1. It was getting late when she finally…
2. New fashions…old ones.
3. She was about… her story when the phone rang.
4. … and let me look at your back.
5. The room has been… a stove and a sink.
6. There is room for another one, if you… a bit.
7. He used to… them… twice a week.
8. She… from her book as I entered the room.

Task IX. Make up your dialogue using the phrasal verbs under study.

SPEECH EXERCISES

Task I. Cite the passages from the text to characterize:

- Harvey Maxwell;
- Miss Leslie.

Task II. State whose utterances these are. Recount the circumstances under which they are used.

1. "He told me to get another one".
2. "I will do the work as usual, then".
3. "You are losing your mind, Pitcher".
4. "By George, I'll do it now".
5. "Oh, what are you talking about?".

Task III. Work in pairs asking each other fact-finding questions stimulating the usage of the Active Vocabulary.

Task IV. Divide the story into logical parts and entitle them.

Task V. Points for discussion.

1. Describe your impression of Harvey Maxwell.
2. How does the detailed description of Miss Leslia help to understand her characfer.
3. Dwell on Maxwell's attitude towards his business.
4. What is in your opinion the general slant of the story?

Task VI. Retell the story on behalf of

- Pitcher, confidential clerk;
- Miss Leslie;
- Harvey Maxwell.

Task VII. Dramatize the dialogue between Miss Leslie and Harvey Maxvell (start with: "Miss Leslie, I have but a moment to spare"… up to the end of the story).

Task VIII. Comment on the following.

- "On the Exchange there were hurricanes and landslides and snowstorms and glaciers and volcanoes and those elemental disturbances were reproduced in miniature in the broker's offices".
- "Stocks and bonds, loans and mortgages, margins and securities – here was a world of finance and there was no room in it for the human world or the world of nature".
- "It's this old business that has driven everything else out of your head for the time".

Task IX. Write a summary of the story.

THE ROADS WE TAKE

TWENTY miles West of Tucson, the "Sunset Express" stopped at a tank to take on water. Besides the aqueous, addition the engine of that famous flyer acquired some other things that were not good for it.

While the fireman was lowering the feeding hose, Bob Tidball, "Shark" Dodson and a quarter-bred Creek Indian called John Big Dog climbed on the engine and showed the engineer three round orifices in pieces of ordnance that the carried. These orifices so impressed the engineer with their possibilities that he raised both hands in a gesture such as accompanies the ejaculation "Do tell!"

At the crisp command of Shark Dodson, who was leader of the attacking force the engineer descended to the ground and uncoupled the engine and tender. Then John Big Dog, perched upon the coal, sportively held two guns upon the engine driver and the fireman, and suggested that they run the engine fifty yards away and there await further orders.

Shark Dodson and Bob Tidball, scorning to put such low-grade ore as the passengers through the mill, struck out for the rich pocket of the express car. They found the messenger serene in the belief that the "Sunset Express" was taking on nothing more stimulating and dangerous than aqua pura. While Bob was knocking this idea out of his head with the butt-end of his six-shooter Shark Dodson was already dosing the express-car safe with dynamite.

The safe exploded to the tune of $30,000, all gold and currency. The passengers thrust their heads casually out of the windows to look for the thunder-cloud. The conductor jerked at the bell-rope, which sagged down loose and unresisting, at his tug. Shark Dodson and Bob Tidball, with their booty in a stout canvas bag, tumbled out of the express car and ran awkwardly in their high-heeled boots to the engine.

The engineer, sullenly angry but wise, ran the engine, according to orders, rapidly away from the inert train. But before this was accomplished the express messenger, recovered from Bob Tidball's persuader to neutrality, jumped out of his car with a Winchester rifle and took a trick in the game. Mr. John Big Dog, sitting on the coal tender, unwittingly made a wrong lead by giving an imitation of a target, and the messenger trumped him. With a ball exactly between his shoulder blades the Creek chevalier of industry rolled off to the ground, thus increasing the share of his comrades in the loot by one-sixth each.

Two miles from the tank the engineer was ordered to stop.

The robbers waved a defiant adieu and plunged down the steep slope into the thick woods that lined the track. Five minutes of crashing through a thicket of chapparal brought them to open woods, where three horses were tied to low-hanging branches. One was waiting for John Big Dog, who would never ride by night or day again. This animal the robbers divested of saddle and bridle and set free. They mounted the other two with the bag across one pommel, and rode fast and with discretion through the forest and up a primeval, lonely gorge. Here the animal that bore Bob Tidball slipped on a mossy boulder and broke a foreleg. They shot him through the head at once and sat down to hold a council of flight. Made secure for the present by the tortuous trail they- had travelled, the question of time was no longer so big. Many miles and hours lay between them and the spryest posse that could follow. Shark Dodson's horse, with trailing rope and dropped bridle, panted and cropped thankfully of the grass along the stream in the gorge. Bob Tidball opened the sack, drew out double handfuls of the neat packages of currency and the one sack of gold and chuckled with the glee of a child.

"Say, you old double-decked pirate," he called joyfully to Dodson, "you said we could do it -- you got a head for financing that knocks the horns off of anything in Arizona."

"What are we going to do about a hoss for you, Bob? We ain't got long to wait here. They'll be on our trail before daylight in the mornin'."

"Oh, I guess that cayuse of yourn'll carry double for a while," answered the sanguine Bob. "We'll annex the first animal we come across. By jingoes, we made a haul, didn't we? Accordin' to the marks on this money there's $30,000 -- $15,000 apiece!"

"It's short of what I expected," said Shark Dodson, kicking softly at the packages with the toe of his boot and then he looked pensively at the wet sides of his tired horse.

"Old Bolivar's mighty nigh played out," he said, slowly. "I wish that sorrel of yours hadn't got hurt."

"So do I," said Bob, heartily, "but it can't be helped. Bolivar's got plenty of bottom -- he'll get us both far enough to get fresh mounts. Dang it, Shark, I can't belp thinkin' how funny it is that an Easterner like you can come out here and give us Western fellows cards and spades in the desperado business. What part of the East was you from, anyway?"

"New York State," said Shark Dodson, sitting down on a boulder and chewing a twig. "I was born on a farm in Ulster County. I ran away from home when I was seventeen. It was an accident my coming West. I was walkin' along the road with my clothes in a bundle, makin' for New York City. I had an idea of goin' there and makin' lots of money. I always felt like I could do it. I came to a place one evenin' where the road forked and I didn't know which fork to take. I studied about it for half an hour, and then I took the left- hand. That night I run into the camp of a Wild West show that was travellin' among the little towns, and I went West with it. I've often wondered if I wouldn't have turned out different if I'd took the other road."

"Oh, I reckon you'd have ended up about the same," said Bob Tidball, cheerfully philosophical. "It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out the way we do."

Shark Dodson got up and leaned against a tree.

"I'd a good deal rather that sorrel of yourn hadn't hurt himself, Bob," he said again, almost pathetically.

"Same here," agreed Bob; "he was sure a first-rate kind of a crowbait. But Bolivar, he'll pull us through all right. Reckon we'd better be movin' on, hadn't we, Shark? I'll bag this boodle ag'in and we'll hit the trail for higher timber."

Bob Tidball replaced the spoil in the bag and tied the mouth of it tightly with a cord. When he looked up the most prominent object that he saw was the muzzle of Shark Dodson's .45 held upon him without a waver.

"Stop your funnin'," said Bob, with a grin. "We got to be hittin' the breeze."

"Set still," said Shark. "You ain't goin' to hit no breeze, Bob. I hate to tell you, but there ain't any chance for but one of us. Bolivar, he's plenty tired, and he can't carry double."

"We been pards, me and you, Shark Dodson, for three year," Bob said quietly. "We've risked our lives together time and again. I've always give you a square deal, and I thought you was a man. I've heard some queer stories about you shootin' one or two men in a peculiar way, but I never believed 'em. Now if you're just havin' a little fun with me, Shark, put your gun up, and we'll get on Bolivar and vamose. If you mean to shoot -- shoot, you blackhearted son of a tarantula!"

Shark Dodson's face bore a deeply sorrowful look. "You don't know how bad I feel," he sighed, "about that sorrel of yourn breakin' his leg, Bob."

The expression on Dodson's face changed in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity. The soul of the man showed itself for a moment like an evil face in the window of a reputable house.

Truly Bob Tidball was never to "hit the breeze" again. The deadly .45 of the false friend cracked and filled the gorge with a roar that the walls hurled back with indignant echoes. And Bolivar, unconscious accomplice, swiftly bore away the last of the holders-up of the "Sunset Express," not put to the stress of "carrying double."

But as "Shark" Dodson galloped away the woods seemed to fade from his view; the revolver in his right hand turned to the curved arm of a mahogany chair; his saddle was strangely upholstered, and he opened his eyes and saw his feet, not in stirrups, but resting quietly on the edge of a quartered-oak desk.

I am telling you that Dodson, of the firm of Dodson & Decker, Wall Street brokers, opened his eyes. Peabody, the confidential clerk, was standing by his chair, hesitating to speak. There was a confused hum of wheels below, and the sedative buzz of an electric fan.

"Ahem! Peabody," said Dodson, blinking. "I must have fallen asleep. I had a most remarkable dream. What is it, Peabody?"

"Mr. Williams, sir, of Tracy & Williams, is outside. He has come to settle his deal in X. Y. Z. The market caught him short, sir, if you remember."

"Yes, I remember. What is X. Y. Z. quoted at to-day, Peabody?"

"One eighty-five, sir."

"Then that's his price."

"Excuse me," said Peabody, rather nervously "for speaking of it, but I've been talking to Williams. He's an old friend of yours, Mr. Dodson, and you practically have a corner in X. Y. Z. I thought you might -- that is, I thought you might not remember that he sold you the stock at 98. If he settles at the market price it will take every cent he has in the world and his home too to deliver the shares."

The expression on Dodson's face changed in an instant to one of cold ferocity mingled with inexorable cupidity. The soul of the man showed itself for a moment like an evil face in the window of a reputable house.

"He will settle at one eighty-five," said Dodson. "Bolivar cannot carry double."

ACTIVE VOCABULARY

Words:

scorn, to strike (out), to accomplish, to trump, share, defiant, to plunge, to divest, glee, to fork, afork, to reckon, waver, sorrowful, to fade, to settle, to spoil.

Word combinations:

to be on trail, to hit the trail, in an instant, square deal.

TRAINING EXERCISES

Task I. Study the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

1. Memories the sentences in which these lexical units are used.
2. Recall the episodes from the text making use of these sentences.

Task II. Fill in the gaps in the sentences with the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

1. The first part of a plan has been safely…
2. People who own… receive part of the company's profit.
3. He rubbed his hands in… as he thought of all the money he would make.
4. She would have… to stoop to such tactics.
5. The terrorists sent a… message to the government.
6. After her illness she was… of much of her responsibilities.
7. The earthquake… entire towns over the edge of the cliffs.
8. The path… at the bottom of the hill.
9. I… that I'm going to get this job.
10. They were… by another firm that made a lower bid.
11. The robbers divided up the…
12. All colour had… from the sky.

Task III. Make up your own sentences using the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

Task IV. Give the synonyms to the following words:

- to pull sharply;
- narrow opening between hills;
- thought fully;
- vigorous and active;
- to breathe fast;

– fierceness;
– angrily, dismally;
– fair.

Task V. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations:

здобич, награбоване майно; неодноразово, раз у раз; первісний; на мить; мати частину (пайку); не може бути.

Task VI. Paraphrase the underlined words and word combinations making of the prompts given below:

to settle, to fork, time and again, share, ferocity, waver, accomplish, to pant.

1. I don't feel I've carried out much today.
2. Next year we hope to have a bigger part in the market.
3. She finished the race breathing heavily.
4. Shortly before dusk they reached the place where the road devided and took the left-hand track
5. The strength of his arguments convinced people who hesitated.
6. You'll get a perfect result on many occasions if you follow these instructions.
7. The police were shocked by violence of the attack.
8. He had to arrange his affairs in Paris before he could return home.

Task VII. Match the adjectives with the correct nouns.

a)

1. sorrowful	a) buzz
2. square	b) echoes
3. cold	c) dream
4. inexorable	d) trail
5. indignant	e) look
6. confused	f) deal

7. remarkable	d) cupidity
8. tortuous	h) ferocity
9. sedative	i) hum

b) Find the sentences in the story in which these words are used. Read and translate the sentence.

Task VIII. Make up the dialogue of your own using as many words and word combinations under study as possible.

SPEECH EXERCISES

Task I. Name the characters introduced by the author and say a few words about them.

Task II. State whose utterances these are what preceded and followed them? Recount the circumstances they are used in the story.

1. "They'll be on our trail before daylight in the morning".
2. "What part of the East was you from, anyway?"
3. "I've often wondered if I wouldn't have turned out different if I'd took the other road".
4. "I've always given you a square deal, and I thought you was a man".
5. "I had a most remarkable dream".
6. "The market caught him short, sir if you remember".
7. "Bolivar cannot carry double".

Task III. Work in pairs asking each other fact-finding questions. Make use of the Active Vocabulary.

Task IV. Make the list of the events in the order of their occurance and be ready to discuss them.

Task V. Divide the story into logical parts and entitle them.

Task VI. Answer the following questions.

1. What traits of Shark Dodson's character can be discerhed through his actions?
2. What human ideas does the author touch upon in his story?
3. O'Henry's ethical views revealed in the story.
4. Expand on the message of the story. What is the role of the title in disclosing the contents of the story? Motivate your answer.
5. What is your personal reaction to story?
6. What does the final sentence of the story mean?

Task VII. Comment on the following proverbs. Apply these proverbs to the plot of the story.

1. You cannot get blood out of a stone.
2. He that does not repent, sins again.

Task VIII. Imagine that you are the author of the story. Give you variant of how the event would develop. Write a short passage (10-12 sentences).

Task IX. Confirm or disprove the following quotation. Cite examples to support your arguments.

"It ain't the roads we take; it's what's inside of us that makes us turn out the way we do".

THE LAST LEAF

In a little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One Street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill for paints, paper and canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent having been paid on account!

So, to quaint old Greenwich Village the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows and eighteenth-century gables and Dutch attics and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing dish or two from Sixth Avenue, and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty, three-story brick Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the table d'hôte of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's," and found their tastes in art, chicory salad and bishop sleeves so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

That was in May. In November a cold, unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony, touching one here and there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman with blood thinned by California zephyrs was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay, scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch window-panes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway with a shaggy, grey eyebrow.

"She has one chance in – let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way people have of lining-u on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopoeia look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She – she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day." said Sue.

"Paint? – bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking twice – a man for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth – but, no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in her funeral procession I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one in ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to Art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to Literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horseshow riding trousers and a monocle of the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bedside.

Johnsy's eyes were open wide. She was looking out the window and counting – counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight" and "seven", almost together.

Sue look solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old, old ivy vine, gnarled and decayed at the roots, climbed half way up the brick wall. The cold breath of autumn had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hundred. It made my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls I must go, too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were – let's see exactly what he said – he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any more wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want any broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise me to keep your eyes closed, and not look out the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by to-morrow. I need the light, or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Beside, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of thinking. I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor, tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move 'til I come back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michael Angelo's Moses beard curling down from the head of a satyr along with the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his Mistress's robe. He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked of his coming masterpiece. For the rest he was a fierce little old man, who scoffed terribly at softness in any one, and who regarded himself as especial mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of the masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy, and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away, when her slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in de world mit der foolishness to die because leafs dey drop off from a confounded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow dot silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor leetle Miss Yohnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not care to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old – old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman!" yelled Behrman. "Who said I will not bose? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour I haf peen trying to say dot I am ready to bose. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy shall lie sick. Some day I vill baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill, and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night, there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, with its serrated edges tinted with the yellow of dissolution and decay, it hung bravely from the branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow, "think of me, if you won't think of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from the low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it. And then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring a me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port in it, and – no; bring me a hand-mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

And hour later she said:

"Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win." And now I must see another case I have downstairs. Behrman, his name is – some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too. He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him; but he goes to the hospital to-day to be made more comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You won. Nutrition and care now - that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a very blue and very useless woollen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia to-day in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him the morning of the first day in his room downstairs helpless with pain. His shoes and clothing were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder that had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette with green and yellow colours mixed on it, and - look out the window, dear, at the last ivy leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece – he painted it there the night that the last leaf fell."

ACTIVE VOCABULARY

Words:

canvas, travers, prowl, smite, duffer, failure, daub, scoff, easel, derision, masterpiece, nutrition, acute, pallet.

Word Combinations:

to be worth doing smth, to keep(on) doing smth, to pave one's way, to turn loose on hold, to be wet through.

TRAINING EXERCISES

Task I. Study the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

1. Memorise the sentences in which the words and word combinations are used.
2. Recall the episode from the story using these sentences.

Task II. Fill in the blanks in the sentences with the words or word combinations under study in the correct form.

1. There was the sale of the artist's early…
2. The region is… by several roads.
3. The tiger… through the undergrowth.
4. In one corner was a blank canvas on an…
5. My shirt…
6. The whole thing was a complete…
7. She was a bit of a… at school.
8. I have never seen such…
9. He… at our amateurish attempts.
10. Suddenly my conscience…
11. I wish you wouldn't … interrupting me.
12. This museum… certainly … visiting.
13. There is an… shortage of water.
14. The museum houses several of his Cubist…

Task III. Make up your own sentences using the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

Task IV. Give Synonyms to the following:

- picturesque, oddly;
- bravely, confidently;
- very many;
- healing;
- to hold, to use/to control (power);
- a person who lives alone and refuses to see other people;
- to combine one thing with another, to mix;
- to make quick , light sounds, to hit.

Task V. Give English equivalents to the following words and word combinations:

Спустошувач, увійти з поважним виглядом, бовдур, порив вітру, пофарбований, сумовитий, одинак.

Task VI. Study the idioms you have come across reading story.

a) Match the idioms with their definitions

1. here and there	a) to be thinking of smth
2. to have smth in one's mind	b) occasionally, from time to time
3. now and then	c) in various places

b) Recall the episodes in which they are used.

c) Fill in the gaps with the correct idiom:

1. The country is barren, with… a firtile spot.
2. Watching TV all evening wasn't exactly what I…
3. Every… she checked to see if he was still asleep.

Task VII. Paraphrase the underlined words and word combinations making use of the prompts given below:

peered, trod, scattered, lonesome, dragged, here and there, swaggered, mingled, derision.

1. Papers were <u>thrown in various places</u> on the floor.
2. He <u>walked in a proud way</u> into the room looking very pleased with himself.
3. He became an object of universal <u>mockery</u>.
4. We <u>looked closely</u> into the shadows.
5. She felt so <u>unhappy and alone</u> after they left.
6. The sounds of laughter and singing <u>combined</u> in the evening air.
7. I <u>pulled</u> the chair over the window with <u>difficulty</u>.
8. Careful! You <u>trampled</u> on my toe.

Task VIII. Make up two dialogues with the following words and word combinations.

a) acute, to swagger, to mingle, duffer, here and there, to pave one's way, quaint, boldly, to be worth doing, nutrition, to be wet through;

b) canvas, masterpiece, daub, failure, curative, wield, scores, to have smth in one's mind, now and then, to keep(on) doing smth.

SPEECH EXERCISES

Task I. Name the characters introduced by the author. Say a few words about them.

Task II. State whose utterances these are. Recount the circumstances under which they are used.

1. "She has one chance in-let us say, ten".
2. "She wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day".
3. "They're falling faster now. It made my head ache to count them".
4. "Besides, I don't want you to keep looking at those silly ivy leaves".
5. "I want to turn loose my hold on everything, and go sailing dawn, just like one of those poor, tired leaves".
6. "No, I will not pose as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead".
7. "Some day I will paint a masterpiece".
8. "It is the last one".
9. "Nutrition and care now-that's all".
10. "Ah, darling, its Behrman's masterpiece – he painted it there the night that last leaf fell".

Task III. Work in pairs asking each other fact-finding questions. Make use of the Active Vocabulary.

Task IV. Divide the story into logical parts and entitle them. Account for your choice.

Task V. Answer the following question.

1. What is your main impression of the story?
2. What are the moral problems raised in the story?
3. What traits of Sue's and Johnsy's characters can be discerned through their actions?
4. What traits of Behrman's character can be discerned through his actions?
5. What does the final sentence of the story mean?
6. What do you think is the key sentence or episode in the story?

Task VI. Retell the story on behalf of any character.

Task VII. Apply the following proverbs to the plot of the story. What other proverbs may be related to the story.

1. There's no effect without a cause.
2. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Task VIII. Comment on the following:

The lonesomest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey.

FITZGERALD'S BIOGRAPHY: SOME FACTS FROM LIFE AND LITERARY ACTIVITY

Francis Scott Fitzgerald was born on September 24, 1896, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Fitzgerald's namesake (and second cousin three times removed on his father's side) was Francis Scott Key, who wrote the lyrics to the "Star-Spangled Banner."

F. Scott Fitzgerald's mother, Mary McQuillan, was from an Irish-Catholic family that made a small fortune in Minnesota as wholesale grocers. His father, Edward Fitzgerald, had opened a wicker furniture business in St. Paul, and, when it failed, took a job as a salesman for Procter & Gamble. During the first decade of Fitzgerald's life, his father's job took the family back and forth between Buffalo and Syracuse in upstate New York. When F. Scott Fitzgerald was 12, Edward Fitzgerald lost his job with Procter & Gamble, and the family moved back to St. Paul in 1908 to live off of his mother's inheritance.

Fitzgerald was a bright, handsome and ambitious boy, the pride and joy of his parents and especially his mother. He attended the St. Paul Academy. When he was 13, he saw his first piece of writing appear in print: a detective story published in the school newspaper. In 1911, when Fitzgerald was 15 years old, his parents sent him to the Newman School, a prestigious Catholic preparatory school in New Jersey. There, he met Father Sigourney Fay, who noticed his incipient talent with the written word and encouraged him to pursue his literary ambitions.

After graduating from the Newman School in 1913, Fitzgerald decided to stay in New Jersey to continue his artistic development at Princeton University. At Princeton, he firmly dedicated himself to honing his craft as a writer, writing scripts for Princeton's famous Triangle Club musicals as well as frequent articles for the Princeton Tiger humor magazine and stories for the Nassau Literary Magazine.

However, Fitzgerald's writing came at the expense of his coursework. He was placed on academic probation, and, in 1917, he dropped out of school to join the U.S. Army. Afraid that he might die in World War I with his literary dreams unfulfilled, in the weeks before reporting to duty, Fitzgerald hastily wrote a novel called The Romantic Egotist. Though the publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, rejected the novel, the reviewer noted its originality and encouraged Fitzgerald to submit more work in the future.

Fitzgerald was commissioned a second lieutenant in the infantry and assigned to Camp Sheridan outside of Montgomery, Alabama. The war ended in November 1918, before Fitzgerald was ever deployed. Upon his discharge, he moved to New York City hoping to launch a career in advertising lucrative enough to convince his girlfriend, Zelda, to marry him. He quit his job after only a few months, however, and returned to St. Paul to rewrite his novel.

F. Scott Fitzgerald married Zelda Sayre on April 3, 1920, in New York City. Zelda was Fitzgerald’s muse, and her likeness is prominently featured in his works including This Side of Paradise, The Beautiful and the Damned, The Great Gatsby and Tender Is the Night. Fitzgerald met 18-year-old Zelda, the daughter of an Alabama Supreme Court judge, during his time in the infantry. One week after the publication of Fitzgerald’s first novel, This Side of Paradise, the couple married. They had one child, a daughter named Frances "Scottie" Fitzgerald, born in 1921.

Beginning in the late 1920s, Zelda suffered from mental health issues, and the couple moved back and forth between Delaware and France. In 1930, Zelda suffered a breakdown. She was diagnosed with schizophrenia and treated at the Sheppard Pratt Hospital in Towson, Maryland. That same year was admitted to a mental health clinic in Switzerland. Two years later she was treated at the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. She spent the remaining years before her death in 1948 in and out of various mental health clinics.

After completing his masterpiece, The Great Gatsby, Fitzgerald's life began to unravel. Always a heavy drinker, he progressed steadily into alcoholism and suffered prolonged bouts of writer's block. After two years lost to alcohol and depression, in 1937 Fitzgerald attempted to revive his career as a screenwriter and freelance storywriter in Hollywood, and he achieved modest financial, if not critical, success for his efforts before his death in 1940.

BABYLON REVISITED

"And where's Mr. Campbell?" Charlie asked.

"Gone to Switzerland. Mr. Campbell's a pretty sick man, Mr. Wales."

"I'm sorry to hear that. And George Hardt?" Charlie inquired.

"Back in America, gone to work."

"And where is the Snow Bird?"

"He was in here last week. Anyway, his friend, Mr. Schaeffer, is in Paris."

Two familiar names from the long list of a year and a half ago. Charlie scribbled an address in his notebook and tore out the page.

"If you see Mr. Schaeffer, give him this," he said. "It's my brother-in-law's address. I haven't settled on a hotel yet."

He was not really disappointed to find Paris was so empty. But the stillness in the Ritz bar was strange and portentous. It was not an American bar any more – he felt polite in it, and not as if he owned it. It had gone back into France. He felt the stillness from the moment he got out of the taxi and saw the doorman, usually in a frenzy of activity at this hour, gossiping with a *chasseur* by the servants' entrance.

Passing through the corridor, he heard only a single, bored voice in the once-clamorous women's room. When he turned into the bar he travelled the twenty feet of green carpet with his eyes fixed straight ahead by old habit; and then, with his foot firmly on the rail, he turned and surveyed the room, encountering only a single pair of eyes that fluttered up from a newspaper in the corner. Charlie asked for the head barman, Paul, who in the latter days of the bull market had come to work in his own custom-built car – disembarking, however, with due nicety at the nearest corner. But Paul was at his country house today and Alix giving him information.

"No, no more," Charlie said, "I'm going slow these days."

Alix congratulated him: "You were going pretty strong a couple of years ago."

"I'll stick to it all right," Charlie assured him. "I've stuck to it for over a year and a half now."

"How do you find conditions in America?"

"I haven't been to America for months. I'm in business in Prague, representing
a couple of concerns there. They don't know about me down there."

Alix smiled.

"Remember the night of George Hardt's bachelor dinner here?" said Charlie. "By the way, what's become of Claude Fessenden?"

Alix lowered his voice confidentially: "He's in Paris, but he doesn't come here any more. Paul doesn't allow it. He ran up a bill of thirty thousand francs, charging all his drinks and his lunches, and usually his dinner, for more than a year. And when Paul finally told him he had to pay, he gave him a bad check."

Alix shook his head sadly.

"I don't understand it, such a dandy fellow. Now he's all bloated up –" He made a plump apple of his hands.

Charlie watched a group of strident queens installing themselves in a corner.

"Nothing affects them," he thought. "Stocks rise and fall, people loaf or work, but they go on forever." The place oppressed him. He called for the dice and shook with Alix for the drink.

"Here for long, Mr. Wales?"

"I'm here for four or five days to see my little girl."

"Oh-h! You have a little girl?"

Outside, the fire-red, gas-blue, ghost-green signs shone smokily through the tranquil rain. It was late afternoon and the streets were in movement; the *bistros* gleamed. At the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines he took a taxi. The Place de la Concorde moved by in pink majesty; they crossed the logical Seine, and Charlie felt the sudden provincial quality of the Left Bank.

Charlie directed his taxi to the Avenue de l'Opera, which was out of his way. But he wanted to see the blue hour spread over the magnificent façade, and imagine that the cab horns, playing endlessly the first few bars of *La Plus que Lent*, were the trumpets of the Second Empire. They were closing the iron grill in front of Brentano's Book-store, and people were already at dinner behind the trim little bourgeois hedge of Duval's. He had never eaten at a really cheap restaurant in Paris. Five-course dinner, four francs fifty, eighteen cents, wine included. For some odd reason he wished that he had.

As they rolled on to the Left Bank and he felt its sudden provincialism, he thought, "I spoiled this city for myself. I didn't realize it, but the days came along one after another, and then two years were gone, and everything was gone, and I was gone."

He was thirty-five, and good to look at. The Irish mobility of his face was sobered by a deep wrinkle between his eyes. As he rang his brother-in-law's bell in the Rue Palatine, the wrinkle deepened till it pulled down his brows; he felt a cramping sensation in his belly. From behind the maid who opened the door darted a lovely little girl of nine who shrieked "Daddy!" and flew up, struggling like a fish, into his arms. She pulled his head around by one ear and set her cheek against his.

"My old pie," he said.

"Oh, daddy, daddy, daddy, daddy, dads, dads, dads!"

She drew him into the salon, where the family waited, a boy and girl his daughter's age, his sister-in-law and her husband. He greeted Marion with his voice pitched carefully to avoid either feigned enthusiasm or dislike, but her response was more frankly tepid, though she minimized her expression of unalterable distrust by directing her regard toward his child. The two men clasped hands in a friendly way and Lincoln Peters rested his for a moment on Charlie's shoulder.

The room was warm and comfortably American. The three children moved intimately about, playing through the yellow oblongs that led to other rooms; the cheer of six o'clock spoke in the eager smacks of the fire and the sounds of French activity in the kitchen. But Charlie did not relax; his

heart sat up rigidly in his body and he drew confidence from his daughter, who from time to time came close to him, holding in her arms the doll he had brought.

"Really extremely well," he declared in answer to Lincoln's question. "There's a lot of business there that isn't moving at all, but we're doing even better than ever. In fact, damn well. I'm bringing my sister over from America next month to keep house for me. My income last year was bigger than it was when I had money. You see, the Czechs –"

His boasting was for a specific purpose; but after a moment, seeing a faint restiveness in Lincoln's eye, he changed the subject:

"Those are fine children of yours, well brought up, good manners."

"We think Honoria's a great little girl too."

Marion Peters came back from the kitchen. She was a tall woman with worried eyes, who had once possessed a fresh American loveliness. Charlie had never been sensitive to it and was always surprised when people spoke of how pretty she had been. From the first there had been an instinctive antipathy between them.

"Well, how do you find Honoria?" she asked.

"Wonderful. I was astonished how much she's grown in ten months. All the children are looking well."

"We haven't had a doctor for a year. How do you like being back in Paris?"

"It seems very funny to see so few Americans around."

"I'm delighted," Marion said vehemently. "Now at least you can go into a store without their assuming you're a millionaire. We've suffered like everybody, but on the whole it's a good deal pleasanter."

"But it was nice while it lasted," Charlie said. "We were a sort of royalty, almost infallible, with a sort of magic around us. In the bar this afternoon" – he stumbled, seeing his mistake –"there wasn't a man I knew."

She looked at him keenly. "I should think you'd have had enough of bars."

"I only stayed a minute. I take one drink every afternoon, and no more."

"Don't you want a cocktail before dinner?" Lincoln asked.

"I take only one drink every afternoon, and I've had that."

"I hope you keep to it," said Marion.

Her dislike was evident in the coldness with which she spoke, but Charlie only smiled; he had larger plans. Her very aggressiveness gave him an advantage, and he knew enough to wait. He wanted them to initiate the discussion of what they knew had brought him to Paris.

At dinner he couldn't decide whether Honoria was most like him or her mother. Fortunate if she didn't combine the traits of both that had brought them to disaster.A great wave of protectiveness went over him. He thought he knew what to do for her. He believed in character; he wanted to jump back a whole generation and trust in character again as the eternally valuable element. Everything wore out.

He left soon after dinner, but not to go home. He was curious to see Paris by night with clearer and more judicious eyes than those of other days. He bought a *strapontin* for the Casino and watched Josephine Baker go through her chocolate arabesques.

After an hour he left and strolled toward Montmartre, up the Rue Pigalle into the Place Blanche. The rain had stopped and there were a few people in evening clothes disembarking from taxis in front of cabarets, and *cocottes* prowling singly or in pairs, and many Negroes. He passed a lighted door from which issued music, and stopped with the sense of familiarity; it was Bricktop's, where he had parted with so many hours and so much money. A few doors farther on he found another ancient rendezvous and incautiously put his head inside. Immediately an eager orchestra burst into sound, a pair of professional dancers leaped to their feet and a maître d'hôtel swooped toward him, crying, "Crowd just arriving, sir!" But he withdrew quickly.

"You have to be damn drunk," he thought.

Zelli's was closed, the bleak and sinister cheap hotels surrounding it were dark; up in the Rue Blanche there was more light and a local, colloquial French crowd. The Poet's Cave had disappeared, but the two great mouths of the Café of Heaven and the Café of Hell still yawned – even devoured, as he watched, the meager contents of a tourist bus – a German, a Japanese, and an American couple who glanced at him with frightened eyes.

So much for the effort and ingenuity of Montmartre. All the catering to vice and waste was on an utterly childish scale, and he suddenly realized the meaning of the word "dissipate" – to dissipate into thin air; to make nothing out of something. In the little hours of the night every move from place to place was an enormous human jump, an increase of paying for the privilege of slower and slower motion.

He remembered thousand-franc notes given to an orchestra for playing a single number, hundred-franc notes tossed to a doorman for calling a cab.

But it hadn’t been given for nothing.

It had been given, even the most wildly squandered sum, as an offering to destiny that he might not remember the things most worth remembering, the things that now he would always remember – his child taken from his control, his wife escaped to a grave in Vermont.

In the glare of a *brasserie* a woman spoke to him. He bought her some eggs and coffee, and then, eluding her encouraging stare, gave her a twenty-franc note and took a taxi to his hotel.

He woke upon a fine fall day – football weather. The depression of yesterday was gone and he liked the people on the streets. At noon he sat opposite Honoria at Le Grand Vatel, the only restaurant he could think of not reminiscent of champagne dinners and long luncheons that began at two and ended in a blurred and vague twilight.

"Now, how about vegetables? Oughtn’t you to have some vegetables?"

"Well, yes."

"Here’s *épinards* and *chou-fleur* and carrots and *haricots*."

"I’d like *chou-fleur*."

"Wouldn’t you like to have two vegetables?"

"I usually only have one at lunch."

The waiter was pretending to be inordinately fond of children. *"Qu’elle est mignonne la petite? Elle parle exactement comme une Française."*

"How about dessert? Shall we wait and see?"

The waiter disappeared. Honoria looked at her father expectantly.

"What are we going to do?"

"First, we're going to that toy store in the Rue Saint-Honoré and buy you anything you like. And then we're going to the vaudeville at the Empire."

She hesitated. "I like it about the vaudeville, but not the toy store."

"Why not?"

"Well, you brought me this doll." She had it with her. "And I've got lots of things. And we're not rich any more, are we?"

"We never were. But today you are to have anything you want."

"All right," she agreed resignedly.

When there had been her mother and a French nurse he had been inclined to be strict; now he extended himself, reached out for a new tolerance; he must be both parents to her and not shut any of her out of communication.

"I want to get to know you," he said gravely. "First let me introduce myself. My name is Charles J. Wales, of Prague."

"Oh, daddy!" her voice cracked with laughter.

"And who are you, please?" he persisted, and she accepted a role immediately: "Honoria Wales, Rue Palatine, Paris."

"Married or single?"

"No, not married. Single."

He indicated the doll. "But I see you have a child, madame."

Unwilling to disinherit it, she took it to her heart and thought quickly: "Yes, I've been married, but I'm not married now. My husband is dead."

He went on quickly, "And the child's name?"

"Simone. That's after my best friend at school."

"I'm very pleased that you're doing so well at school."

"I'm third this month," she boasted. "Elsie" – that was her cousin – "is only about eighteenth, and Richard is about at the bottom."

"You like Richard and Elsie, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. I like Richard quite well and I like her all right."

Cautiously and casually he asked: "And Aunt Marion and Uncle Lincoln – which do you like best?"

"Oh, Uncle Lincoln, I guess."

He was increasingly aware of her presence. As they came in, a murmur of ". . . adorable" followed them, and now the people at the next table bent all their silences upon her, staring as if she were something no more conscious than a flower.

"Why don't I live with you?" she asked suddenly. "Because mamma's dead?"

"You must stay here and learn more French. It would have been hard for daddy to take care of you so well."

"I don't really need much taking care of any more. I do everything for myself."

Going out of the restaurant, a man and a woman unexpectedly hailed him.

"Well, the old Wales!"

"Hello there, Lorraine. . . . Dunc."

Sudden ghosts out of the past: Duncan Schaeffer, a friend from college. Lorraine Quarrles, a lovely, pale blonde of thirty; one of a crowd who had helped them make months into days in the lavish times of three years ago.

"My husband couldn't come this year," she said, in answer to his question. "We're poor as hell. So he gave me two hundred a month and told me I could do my worst on that. . . . This your little girl?"

"What about coming back and sitting down?" Duncan asked.

"Can't do it." He was glad for an excuse. As always, he felt Lorraine's passionate, provocative attraction, but his own rhythm was different now.

"Well, how about dinner?" she asked.

"I'm not free. Give me your address and let me call you."

"Charlie, I believe you're sober," she said judicially. "I honestly believe he's sober, Dunc. Pinch him and see if he's sober."

Charlie indicated Honoria with his head. They both laughed.

"What's your address?" said Duncan sceptically.

He hesitated, unwilling to give the name of his hotel.

"I'm not settled yet. I'd better call you. We're going to see the vaudeville at the Empire."

"There! That's what I want to do," Lorraine said. "I want to see some clowns and acrobats and jugglers. That's just what we'll do, Dunc."

"We've got to do an errand first," said Charlie. "Perhaps we'll see you there."

"All right, you snob. . . . Good-by, beautiful little girl."

"Good-by."

Honoria bobbed politely.

Somehow, an unwelcome encounter. They liked him because he was functioning, because he was serious; they wanted to see him, because he was stronger than they were now, because they wanted to draw a certain sustenance from his strength.

At the Empire, Honoria proudly refused to sit upon her father's folded coat. She was already an individual with a code of her own, and Charlie was more and more absorbed by the desire of putting a little of himself into her before she crystallized utterly. It was hopeless to try to know her in so short a time.

Between the acts they came upon Duncan and Lorraine in the lobby where the band was playing.

"Have a drink?"

"All right, but not up at the bar. We'll take a table."

"The perfect father."

Listening abstractedly to Lorraine, Charlie watched Honoria's eyes leave their table, and he followed them wistfully about the room, wondering what they saw. He met her glance and she smiled.

"I liked that lemonade," she said.

What had she said? What had he expected? Going home in a taxi afterward, he pulled her over until her head rested against his chest.

"Darling, do you ever think about your mother?"

"Yes, sometimes," she answered vaguely.

"I don't want you to forget her. Have you got a picture of her?"

"Yes, I think so. Anyhow, Aunt Marion has. Why don't you want me to forget her?"

"She loved you very much."

"I loved her too."

They were silent for a moment.

"Daddy, I want to come and live with you," she said suddenly.

His heart leaped; he had wanted it to come like this.

"Aren't you perfectly happy?"

"Yes, but I love you better than anybody. And you love me better than anybody, don't you, now that mummy's dead?"

"Of course I do. But you won't always like me best, honey. You'll grow up and meet somebody your own age and go marry him and forget you ever had a daddy."

"Yes, that's true," she agreed tranquilly.

He didn't go in. He was coming back at nine o'clock and he wanted to keep himself fresh and new for the thing he must say then.

"When you're safe inside, just show yourself in that window."

"All right. Good-by, dads, dads, dads, dads."

He waited in the dark street until she appeared, all warm and glowing, in the window above and kissed her fingers out into the night.

They were waiting. Marion sat behind the coffee service in a dignified black dinner dress that just faintly suggested mourning. Lincoln was walking up and down with the animation of one who had already been talking. They were as anxious as he was to get into the question. He opened it almost immediately:

"I suppose you know what I want to see you about — why I really came to Paris."

Marion played with the black stars on her necklace and frowned.

"I'm awfully anxious to have a home," he continued. "And I'm awfully anxious to have Honoria in it. I appreciate your taking in Honoria for her mother's sake, but things have changed now" – he hesitated and then continued more forcibly – "changed radically with me, and I want to ask you to reconsider the matter. It would be silly for me to deny that about three years ago I was acting badly –"

Marion looked up at him with hard eyes.

"– but all that’s over. As I told you, I haven’t had more than a drink a day for over a year, and I take that drink deliberately, so that the idea of alcohol won’t get too big in my imagination. You see the idea?"

"No," said Marion succinctly.

"It’s a sort of stunt I set myself. It keeps the matter in proportion."

"I get you," said Lincoln. "You don’t want to admit it’s got any attraction for you."

"Something like that. Sometimes I forget and don’t take it. But I try to take it. Anyhow, I couldn’t afford to drink in my position. The people I represent are more than satisfied with what I’ve done, and I’m bringing my sister over from Burlington to keep house for me, and I want awfully to have Honoria too. You know that even when her mother and I weren’t getting along well we never let anything that happened touch Honoria. I know she’s fond of me and I know I’m able to take care of her and – well, there you are. How do you feel about it?"

He knew that now he would have to take a beating. It would last an hour or two hours, and it would be difficult, but if he modulated his inevitable resentment to the chastened attitude of the reformed sinner, he might win his point in the end.

Keep your temper, he told himself. You don’t want to be justified. You want Honoria.

Lincoln spoke first: "We’ve been talking it over ever since we got your letter last month. We’re happy to have Honoria here. She’s a dear little thing, and we’re glad to be able to help her, but of course that isn’t the question –"

Marion interrupted suddenly. "How long are you going to stay sober, Charlie?" she asked.

"Permanently, I hope."

"How can anybody count on that?"

"You know I never did drink heavily until I gave up business and came over here with nothing to do. Then Helen and I began to run around with –"

"Please leave Helen out of it. I can’t bear to hear you talk about her like that."

He stared at her grimly; he had never been certain how fond of each other the sisters were in life.

"My drinking only lasted about a year and a half – from the time we came over until I – collapsed."

"It was time enough."

"It was time enough," he agreed.

"My duty is entirely to Helen," she said. "I try to think what she would have wanted me to do. Frankly, from the night you did that terrible thing you haven't really existed for me. I can't help that. She was my sister."

"Yes."

"When she was dying she asked me to look out for Honoria. If you hadn't been in a sanitarium then, it might have helped matters."

He had no answer.

"I'll never in my life be able to forget the morning when Helen knocked at my door, soaked to the skin and shivering, and said you'd locked her out."

Charlie gripped the sides of the chair. This was more difficult than he expected; he wanted to launch out into a long expostulation and explanation, but he only said: "The night I locked her out –" and she interrupted, "I don't feel up to going over that again."

After a moment's silence Lincoln said: "We're getting off the subject. You want Marion to set aside her legal guardianship and give you Honoria. I think the main point for her is whether she has confidence in you or not."

"I don't blame Marion," Charlie said slowly, "but I think she can have entire confidence in me. I had a good record up to three years ago. Of course, it's within human possibilities I might go wrong any time. But if we wait much longer I'll lose Honoria's childhood and my chance for a home." He shook his head, "I'll simply lose her, don't you see?"

"Yes, I see," said Lincoln.

"Why didn't you think of all this before?" Marion asked.

"I suppose I did, from time to time, but Helen and I were getting along badly. When I consented to the guardianship, I was flat on my back in a sanitarium and the market had cleaned me out. I knew I'd acted badly,

and I thought if it would bring any peace to Helen, I'd agree to anything. But now it's different. I'm functioning, I'm behaving damn well, so far as –"

"Please don't swear at me," Marion said.

He looked at her, startled. With each remark the force of her dislike became more and more apparent. She had built up all her fear of life into one wall and faced it toward him. This trivial reproof was possibly the result of some trouble with the cook several hours before. Charlie became increasingly alarmed at leaving Honoria in this atmosphere of hostility against himself; sooner or later it would come out, in a word here, a shake of the head there, and some of that distrust would be irrevocably implanted in Honoria. But he pulled his temper down out of his face and shut it up inside him; he had won a point, for Lincoln realized the absurdity of Marion's remark and asked her lightly since when she had objected to the word "damn."

"Another thing," Charlie said: "I'm able to give her certain advantages now. I'm going to take a French governess to Prague with me. I've got a lease on a new apartment –"

He stopped, realizing that he was blundering. They couldn't be expected to accept with equanimity the fact that his income was again twice as large as their own.

"I suppose you can give her more luxuries than we can," said Marion. "When you were throwing away money we were living along watching every ten francs. . . . I suppose you'll start doing it again."

"Oh, no," he said. "I've learned. I worked hard for ten years, you know – until I got lucky in the market, like so many people. Terribly lucky. It didn't seem any use working any more, so I quit. It won't happen again."

There was a long silence. All of them felt their nerves straining, and for the first time in a year Charlie wanted a drink. He was sure now that Lincoln Peters wanted him to have his child.

Marion shuddered suddenly; part of her saw that Charlie's feet were planted on the earth now, and her own maternal feeling recognized the naturalness of his desire; but she had lived for a long time with a prejudice – a prejudice founded on a curious disbelief in her sister's happiness, and

which, in the shock of one terrible night, had turned to hatred for him. It had all happened at a point in her life where the discouragement of ill health and adverse circumstances made it necessary for her to believe in tangible villainy and a tangible villain.

"I can't help what I think!" she cried out suddenly. "How much you were responsible for Helen's death, I don't know. It's something you'll have to square with your own conscience."

An electric current of agony surged through him; for a moment he was almost on his feet, an unuttered sound echoing in his throat. He hung on to himself for a moment, another moment.

"Hold on there," said Lincoln uncomfortably. "I never thought you were responsible for that."

"Helen died of heart trouble," Charlie said dully.

"Yes, heart trouble." Marion spoke as if the phrase had another meaning for her.

Then, in the flatness that followed her outburst, she saw him plainly and she knew he had somehow arrived at control over the situation. Glancing at her husband, she found no help from him, and as abruptly as if it were a matter of no importance, she threw up the sponge.

"Do what you like!" she cried, springing up from her chair. "She's your child. I'm not the person to stand in your way. I think if it were my child I'd rather see her –" She managed to check herself. "You two decide it. I can't stand this. I'm sick. I'm going to bed."

She hurried from the room; after a moment Lincoln said:

"This has been a hard day for her. You know how strongly she feels –" His voice was almost apologetic: "When a woman gets an idea in her head."

"Of course."

"It's going to be all right. I think she sees now that you – can provide for the child, and so we can't very well stand in your way or Honoria's way."

"Thank you, Lincoln."

"I'd better go along and see how she is."

"I'm going."

He was still trembling when he reached the street, but a walk down the Rue Bonaparte to the quais set him up, and as he crossed the Seine, fresh and new by the quai lamps, he felt exultant. But back in his room he couldn’t sleep. The image of Helen haunted him. Helen whom he had loved so until they had senselessly begun to abuse each other’s love, tear it into shreds. On that terrible February night that Marion remembered so vividly, a slow quarrel had gone on for hours. There was a scene at the Florida, and then he attempted to take her home, and then she kissed young Webb at a table; after that there was what she had hysterically said. When he arrived home alone he turned the key in the lock in wild anger. How could he know she would arrive an hour later alone, that there would be a snowstorm in which she wandered about in slippers, too confused to find a taxi? Then the aftermath, her escaping pneumonia by a miracle, and all the attendant horror. They were "reconciled," but that was the beginning of the end, and Marion, who had seen with her own eyes and who imagined it to be one of many scenes from her sister’s martyrdom, never forgot.

Going over it again brought Helen nearer, and in the white, soft light that steals upon half sleep near morning he found himself talking to her again. She said that he was perfectly right about Honoria and that she wanted Honoria to be with him. She said she was glad he was being good and doing better. She said a lot of other things – very friendly things – but she was in a swing in a white dress, and swinging faster and faster all the time, so that at the end he could not hear clearly all that she said.

He woke up feeling happy. The door of the world was open again. He made plans, vistas, futures for Honoria and himself, but suddenly he grew sad, remembering all the plans he and Helen had made. She had not planned to die. The present was the thing – work to do and someone to love. But not to love too much, for he knew the injury that a father can do to a daughter or a mother to a son by attaching them too closely: afterward, out in the world, the child would seek in the marriage partner the same blind tenderness and, failing probably to find it, turn against love and life.

It was another bright, crisp day. He called Lincoln Peters at the bank where he worked and asked if he could count on taking Honoria when he left

for Prague. Lincoln agreed that there was no reason for delay. One thing – the legal guardianship. Marion wanted to retain that a while longer. She was upset by the whole matter, and it would oil things if she felt that the situation was still in her control for another year. Charlie agreed, wanting only the tangible, visible child.

Then the question of a governess. Charlie sat in a gloomy agency and talked to a cross Béarnaise and to a buxom Breton peasant, neither of whom he could have endured. There were others whom he would see tomorrow.

He lunched with Lincoln Peters at Griffons, trying to keep down his exultation.

"There's nothing quite like your own child," Lincoln said. "But you understand how Marion feels too."

"She's forgotten how hard I worked for seven years there," Charlie said. "She just remembers one night."

"There's another thing." Lincoln hesitated. "While you and Helen were tearing around Europe throwing money away, we were just getting along. I didn't touch any of the prosperity because I never got ahead enough to carry anything but my insurance. I think Marion felt there was some kind of injustice in it – you not even working toward the end, and getting richer and richer."

"It went just as quick as it came," said Charlie.

"Yes, a lot of it stayed in the hands of *chasseurs* and saxophone players and maîtres d'hôtel – well, the big party's over now. I just said that to explain Marion's feeling about those crazy years. If you drop in about six o'clock tonight before Marion's too tired, we'll settle the details on the spot."

Back at his hotel, Charlie found a *pneumatique* that had been redirected from the Ritz bar where Charlie had left his address for the purpose of finding a certain man.

DEAR CHARLIE: You were so strange when we saw you the other day that I wondered if I did something to offend you. If so, I'm not conscious of it. In fact, I have thought about you too much for the last year, and it's

always been in the back of my mind that I might see you if I came over here. We *did* have such good times that crazy spring, like the night you and I stole the butcher's tricycle, and the time we tried to call on the president and you had the old derby rim and the wire cane. Everybody seems so old lately, but I don't feel old a bit. Couldn't we get together some time today for old time's sake? I've got a vile hang-over for the moment, but will be feeling better this afternoon and will look for you about five in the sweat-shop at the Ritz.

Always Devotedly,

LORRAINE.

His first feeling was one of awe that he had actually, in his mature years, stolen a tricycle and pedalled Lorraine all over the Étoile between the small hours and dawn. In retrospect it was a nightmare. Locking out Helen didn't fit in with any other act of his life, but the tricycle incident did – it was one of many. How many weeks or months of dissipation to arrive at that condition of utter irresponsibility?

He tried to picture how Lorraine had appeared to him then – very attractive; Helen was unhappy about it, though she said nothing. Yesterday, in the restaurant, Lorraine had seemed trite, blurred, worn away. He emphatically did not want to see her, and he was glad Alix had not given away his hotel address. It was a relief to think, instead, of Honoria, to think of Sundays spent with her and of saying good morning to her and of knowing she was there in his house at night, drawing her breath in the darkness.

At five he took a taxi and bought presents for all the Peters – a piquant cloth doll, a box of Roman soldiers, flowers for Marion, big linen handkerchiefs for Lincoln.

He saw, when he arrived in the apartment, that Marion had accepted the inevitable. She greeted him now as though he were a recalcitrant member of the family, rather than a menacing outsider. Honoria had been told she was going; Charlie was glad to see that her tact made her conceal her excessive happiness. Only on his lap did she whisper her delight and the question "When?" before she slipped away with the other children.

He and Marion were alone for a minute in the room, and on an impulse he spoke out boldly:

"Family quarrels are bitter things. They don't go according to any rules. They're not like aches or wounds; they're more like splits in the skin that won't heal because there's not enough material. I wish you and I could be on better terms."

"Some things are hard to forget," she answered. "It's a question of confidence." There was no answer to this and presently she asked, "When do you propose to take her?"

"As soon as I can get a governess. I hoped the day after tomorrow."

"That's impossible. I've got to get her things in shape. Not before Saturday."

He yielded. Coming back into the room, Lincoln offered him a drink.

"I'll take my daily whisky," he said.

It was warm here, it was a home, people together by a fire. The children felt very safe and important; the mother and father were serious, watchful. They had things to do for the children more important than his visit here. A spoonful of medicine was, after all, more important than the strained relations between Marion and himself. They were not dull people, but they were very much in the grip of life and circumstances. He wondered if he couldn't do something to get Lincoln out of his rut at the bank.

A long peal at the door-bell; the *bonne à tout faire* passed through and went down the corridor. The door opened upon another long ring, and then voices, and the three in the salon looked up expectantly; Lincoln moved to bring the corridor within his range of vision, and Marion rose. Then the maid came back along the corridor, closely followed by the voices, which developed under the light into Duncan Schaeffer and Lorraine Quarrles.

They were gay, they were hilarious, they were roaring with laughter. For a moment Charlie was astounded; unable to understand how they ferreted out the Peters' address.

"Ah-h-h!" Duncan wagged his finger roguishly at Charlie. "Ah-h-h!"

They both slid down another cascade of laughter. Anxious and at a loss, Charlie shook hands with them quickly and presented them to Lincoln and

Marion. Marion nodded, scarcely speaking. She had drawn back a step toward the fire; her little girl stood beside her, and Marion put an arm about her shoulder.

With growing annoyance at the intrusion, Charlie waited for them to explain themselves. After some concentration Duncan said:

"We came to invite you out to dinner. Lorraine and I insist that all this shishi, cagy business ‘bout your address got to stop."

Charlie came closer to them, as if to force them backward down the corridor.

"Sorry, but I can’t. Tell me where you’ll be and I’ll phone you in half an hour."

This made no impression. Lorraine sat down suddenly on the side of a chair, and focussing her eyes on Richard, cried, "Oh, what a nice little boy! Come here, little boy." Richard glanced at his mother, but did not move. With a perceptible shrug of her shoulders, Lorraine turned back to Charlie:

"Come and dine. Sure your cousins won’ mine. See you so sel’om. Or solemn."

"I can’t," said Charlie sharply. "You two have dinner and I’ll phone you."

Her voice became suddenly unpleasant. "All right, we’ll go. But I remember once when you hammered on my door at four A.M. I was enough of a good sport to give you a drink. Come on, Dunc."

Still in slow motion, with blurred, angry faces, with uncertain feet, they retired along the corridor.

"Good night," Charlie said.

"Good night!" responded Lorraine emphatically.

When he went back into the salon Marion had not moved, only now her son was standing in the circle of her other arm. Lincoln was still swinging Honoria back and forth like a pendulum from side to side.

"What an outrage!" Charlie broke out. "What an absolute outrage!" Neither of them answered. Charlie dropped into an armchair, picked up his drink, set it down again and said:

"People I haven’t seen for two years having the colossal nerve –"

He broke off. Marion had made the sound "Oh!" in one swift, furious breath, turned her body from him with a jerk and left the room.

Lincoln set down Honoria carefully.

"You children go in and start your soup," he said, and when they obeyed, he said to Charlie:

"Marion's not well and she can't stand shocks. That kind of people make her really physically sick."

"I didn't tell them to come here. They wormed your name out of somebody. They deliberately —"

"Well, it's too bad. It doesn't help matters. Excuse me a minute."

Left alone, Charlie sat tense in his chair. In the next room he could hear the children eating, talking in monosyllables, already oblivious to the scene between their elders. He heard a murmur of conversation from a farther room and then the ticking bell of a telephone receiver picked up, and in a panic he moved to the other side of the room and out of earshot.

In a minute Lincoln came back. "Look here, Charlie. I think we'd better call off dinner for tonight. Marion's in bad shape."

"Is she angry with me?"

"Sort of," he said, almost roughly. "She's not strong and –"

"You mean she's changed her mind about Honoria?"

"She's pretty bitter right now. I don't know. You phone me at the bank tomorrow."

"I wish you'd explain to her I never dreamed these people would come here. I'm just as sore as you are."

"I couldn't explain anything to her now."

Charlie got up. He took his coat and hat and started down the corridor. Then he opened the door of the dining room and said in a strange voice, "Good night, children."

Honoria rose and ran around the table to hug him.

"Good night, sweetheart," he said vaguely, and then trying to make his voice more tender, trying to conciliate something, "Good night, dear children."

Charlie went directly to the Ritz bar with the furious idea of finding Lorraine and Duncan, but they were not there, and he realized that in any case there was nothing he could do. He had not touched his drink at the Peters', and now he ordered a whisky-and-soda. Paul came over to say hello.

"It's a great change," he said sadly. "We do about half the business we did. So many fellows I hear about back in the States lost everything, maybe not in the first crash, but then in the second. Your friend George Hardt lost every cent, I hear. Are you back in the States?"

"No, I'm in business in Prague."

"I heard that you lost a lot in the crash."

"I did," and he added grimly, "but I lost everything I wanted in the boom."

"Selling short."

"Something like that."

Again the memory of those days swept over him like a nightmare – the people they had met travelling; then people who couldn't add a row of figures or speak a coherent sentence. The little man Helen had consented to dance with at the ship's party, who had insulted her ten feet from the table; the women and girls carried screaming with drink or drugs out of public places –

– The men who locked their wives out in the snow, because the snow of twenty-nine wasn't real snow. If you didn't want it to be snow, you just paid some money.

He went to the phone and called the Peters' apartment; Lincoln answered.

"I called up because this thing is on my mind. Has Marion said anything definite?"

"Marion's sick," Lincoln answered shortly. "I know this thing isn't altogether your fault, but I can't have her go to pieces about it. I'm afraid we'll have to let it slide for six months; I can't take the chance of working her up to this state again."

"I see."

"I'm sorry, Charlie."

He went back to his table. His whisky glass was empty, but he shook his head when Alix looked at it questioningly. There wasn't much he could do now except send Honoria some things; he would send her a lot of things tomorrow. He thought rather angrily that this was just money – he had given so many people money. . . .

"No, no more," he said to another waiter. "What do I owe you?"

He would come back some day; they couldn't make him pay forever. But he wanted his child, and nothing was much good now, beside that fact. He wasn't young any more, with a lot of nice thoughts and dreams to have by himself. He was absolutely sure Helen wouldn't have wanted him to be so alone.

ACTIVE VOCABULARY

Words:

portentous, frenzy, clamorous, feined, bleak, vehemently, meager, elude, apparent, strident, ingenuity, squander, lavish;

Word Combinations:

to count on smb, smth; to get off the subject; to square with one's conscience; to throw up the sponge; to go to pieces; to provide for the child; to draw confidence from smb. or smth; to do smth incautiously; to be increasingly aware of smth; to reconsider the matter; to keep one's temper; to stick to smth; cautiously and casually; smb's feet to be planted on the earth;

TRAINING EXERCISES

Task I. Study the words and word combinations and recall the situations in which they are used.

Task II. Make up your own sentence using the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

Task III. Guess the word used in the text with the help its definition or its synonym:

I

1. to write hastily or carelessly;
2. amazing, ominous, sinister;
3. noisy, vehemently expressed;
4. to take a general view, inspect, scan, examine;
5. to idle away one's time;
6. presented fictitiously, falsely or deceptively;
7. to speak in a hesitating way;
8. to go, walk or travel without fixed purpose;
9. without hope or encouragement; depressing, dreary;
10. deficient in quality or quantity; poor or scanty;
11. cleverness or skillfulness;
12. to scatter in various directions; to spread wastefully;
13. to avoid or escape by speed; to slip away from;
14. to spend, to use money wastefully.

II

1. obscure, indistinct;
2. the light when the sun is below the horizon from sunset to nightfall;
3. manifesting or characterized by alertness, care, prudence;
4. using or giving in great amounts, without limits;
5. means of livelihood;
6. manifestation of sorrow (for a person's death);
7. to grasp, seize, hold firmly;
8. the act of reasoning earnestly with a person against his intentions;
9. the words of disapproval;

10. open to view, visible, plain or clear;
11. mental or emotional stability, calmness;
12. outrageous wickedness;
13. to visit habitually, frequently (as a ghost), regularly;
14. angry, annoyed, ill-humored;
15. overwhelming feeling of fear, dread;
16. cheerfull, merry, funny.

Task IV. Give English equivalents to the following Ukrainian ones. Make up sentences of your own using them.

ніколи дихнути (дуже зайнятий), черпати впевненість в чомусь, знайоме відчуття, бути вартим чогось, ніби між іншим, знаходити підтримку, нещирий, послати повітряний поцілунок, розтринькувати гроші, переглянути справу, ладнати із своєю совістю, програти (лежати на обох лопатках), перебувати в лещатах життя і обставин, розраховувати на щось.

Task V. a) Match the synonyms

1. portentous	a) suspicion, disbelieve
2. frenzy	b) fake, unreal, simulated
3. clamorous	c) scanty, little, poor
4. survey	d) unimportant, petty
5. plump	e) threatening, menacing
6. loaf	f) idle, inactive, waste
7. odd	g) agitation, turmoil, passion
8. shriek	h) highly emotionally, emphatically
9. feined	i) fat, fleshy, stout
10. distrust	j) noisy, loud, thundering
11. vehemently	k) avoid, escape
12. bleak	l) scream, cry, wail, yell
13. meager	m) effectively, energetically
14. elude	n) strange, unusual, queer, weird

15. tranquilly	o) to examine, to scan, to observe
16. forcibly	p) obvious, plain, clear, dictict
17. trivial	q) calmly, quietly
18. apparent	r) gloomy, joyless

b) What words from the text may imply the same meaning?

vague, malevolent, careless, gloomy, insubstantial, lavish, alarmed, unimportant, blame (criticism), excessive, grief, briefly, etiquette (rules).

Task VI. Find the nouns matching the following adjectives in the text. Give your own variants.

Model: portentous – stillness in the bar, atmosphere, smile ect.

1. bored	6. valuable	11. blurred
2. clamorous	7. judicious	12. lavish
3. plump	8. bleak	13. hard
4. feined	9. meager	14. inevitable
5. infallible	10. encouraging	15. apparent

Task VII. Point out the contextual meaning of the following lexical units. Make up sentences of your own using them.

- to be infallible;
- to feel a cramping sensation in one's belly;
- to draw confidence from smth;
- to dissipate one's life;
- to take care of smb;
- feined enthusiasm;
- to keep one's temper;
- to have a good (bad) record;
- to be flat on one's back;
- to square with one's conscience;
- to be at control over the situation;

- to throw up the sponge;
- to have the nerve;
- to be justified;
- to be in wild anger;
- to do smth incautiously;
- as an offering of destiny;
- to loaf or work;
- to be in a frenzy of activity;
- to lower one's voice confidentially;
- to draw a certain sustenance from smb's strength;
- to kiss one's fingers out into the night.

Task VIII. Study the following phrasal verbs and "to be" constructions. Give their contextual meaning. Make up sentences of your own using them.

to tear out (a page); to settle on (a hotel); to move about; to stick to; to count on; to get aside smth; to pull down (one's temper); to throw away (money); to tear around (Europe); to tear about; to worm out.

to be infallible, to be awfully anxious, to be justified, to be in wild anger, to be worth smth, to be in a frenzy of activity, to be flat on one's back, to be in the grip of life.

SPEECH EXERCISES

Task I. Name the characters of the story. Say a few words about them.

Task II. Divide the text into logical parts and entitle them.

Task III. State whose utterances these are. Recount the circumstances under which they are used.

- "You were going pretty strong a couple of years ago".

- "But it was nice while it lasted. We were a sort of royalty, almost infallible, with a sort of magic around us".
- "I don't really need much taking care of any more. A do everything for myself".
- "I appreciate your taking in Honoria for her mother's sake, but things have changed now".
- "I'll never in my life be able to forget the morning when Helen knocked at my door, soaked to the skin and shivering and said you'd locked her out".
- "While you and Helen were tearing around Europe throwing money away, we were just getting alone".
- "I know this thing isn't altogether your fault, but I can't have her go to pieces about it. I'm afraid we'll have to let it side for six months; I can't take the chance of working her up to this state again".

Task IV. Give situations in which you would say the following:

1. "I'll stick to it all right…"
2. "But it was nice while it lasted".
3. "I don't really need much taking care of any more. I do everything for myself".
4. "The things have changed radically with me".
5. "It's a sort of stunt I set myself".
6. "Keep your temper…"
7. "It went just as quick as it came".
8. "I'm just as sore as you are".
9. "I can't have her go to pieces about it".
10. "I'm afraid we'll have to let it side"

Task V. Support or challenge the following statements:

1. Revisiting the well-known places in Paris Charlie Wales met many of his American friends.

2. Honoria having met her father showed not the slightest interest in him and his life.
3. Marion was glad to let Honoria go to live with her father, as she had own children to take care of and her hands were always full.
4. Lincoln Peters understood Charlie in his desire to take his child.
5. Charlie believed he was right trying to take his daughter to live with him.

Task VI. Give your opinion of:

1. Charlie Wales;
2. Marion Peters;
3. Lincoln Peters;
4. Lorraine and Duncan.

Task VII. Work in pairs asking each other fact-finding questions. Make use of the Active Vocabulary.

Task VIII. Give a summary of the story outlining its main narrative events.

Task IX. Points to be discussed:

1. Marion Peters didn't have entire confidence in Charlie. Was she right?
2. Charlie Wales and his impressions of Paris. His plans for future.
3. Former friend's visit affected Charlie's position.
4. Do you think the end of the story being pessimistic or optimistic? Give your reasons.

Task X. Apply the following proverbs to the situations of the story:

1. Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
2. Adam's ale is the best brew.
3. After a storm comes a calm.

4. As you make your bed, so you must lie on it. (As you sow, so shall you reep).
5. Every family has a skeleton in the cupboard.
6. Every why has a wherefore.
7. It’s never too late to mend (to turn over a new leaf, to reform).
8. The leopard cannot change his spots.
9. Little by little and bit by bit. (Little strokes fell great oaks).
10. While there is life there is hope.
11. Nothing is impossible to a willing heart.

THE BRIDAL PARTY

There was the usual insincere little note saying: "I wanted you to be the first to know." It was a double shock to Michael, announcing, as it did, both the engagement and the imminent marriage; which, moreover, was to be held, not in New York, decently and far away, but here in Paris under his very nose, if that could be said to extend over the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity, Avenue George-Cinq. The date was two weeks off, early in June.

At first Michael was afraid and his stomach felt hollow. When he left the hotel that morning, the *femme de chambre*, who was in love with his fine, sharp profile and his pleasant buoyancy, scented the hard abstraction that had settled over him. He walked in a daze to his bank, he bought a detective story at Smith's on the Rue de Rivoli, he sympathetically stared for a while at a faded panorama of the battlefields in a tourist-office window and cursed a Greek tout who followed him with a half-displayed packet of innocuous post cards warranted to be very dirty indeed.

But the fear stayed with him, and after a while he recognized it as the fear that now he would never be happy. He had met Caroline Dandy when she was seventeen, possessed her young heart all through her first season in New York, and then lost her, slowly, tragically, uselessly, because he had no money and could make no money; because, with all the energy and good will in the world, he could not find himself; because, loving him still, Caroline had lost faith and begun to see him as something pathetic, futile and shabby, outside the great, shining stream of life toward which she was inevitably drawn.

Since his only support was that she loved him, he leaned weakly on that; the support broke, but still he held on to it and was carried out to sea and washed up on the French coast with its broken pieces still in his hands. He carried them around with him in the form of photographs and packets of correspondence and a liking for a maudlin popular song called "Among

My Souvenirs." He kept clear of other girls, as if Caroline would somehow know it and reciprocate with a faithful heart. Her note informed him that he had lost her forever.

It was a fine morning. In front of the shops in the Rue de Castiglione, proprietors and patrons were on the sidewalk gazing upward, for the Graf Zeppelin, shining and glorious, symbol of escape and destruction – of escape, if necessary, through destruction – glided in the Paris sky. He heard a woman say in French that it would not her astonish if that commenced to let fall the bombs. Then he heard another voice, full of husky laughter, and the void in his stomach froze. Jerking about, he was face to face with Caroline Dandy and her fiancé.

"Why, Michael! Why, we were wondering where you were. I asked at the Guaranty Trust, and Morgan and Company, and finally sent a note to the National City – "

Why didn't they back away? Why didn't they back right up, walking backward down the Rue de Castiglione, across the Rue de Rivoli, through the Tuileries Gardens, still walking backward as fast as they could till they grew vague and faded out across the river?

"This is Hamilton Rutherford, my fiancé."

"We've met before."

"At Pat's, wasn't it?"

"And last spring in the Ritz Bar."

"Michael, where have you been keeping yourself?"

"Around here." This agony. Previews of Hamilton Rutherford flashed before his eyes – a quick series of pictures, sentences. He remembered hearing that he had bought a seat in 1920 for a hundred and twenty-five thousand of borrowed money, and just before the break sold it for more than half a million. Not handsome like Michael, but vitally attractive, confident, authoritative, just the right height over Caroline there – Michael had always been too short for Caroline when they danced.

Rutherford was saying: "No, I'd like it very much if you'd come to the bachelor dinner. I'm taking the Ritz Bar from nine o'clock on. Then right after the wedding there'll be a reception and breakfast at the Hotel George-Cinq."

"And, Michael, George Packman is giving a party day after tomorrow at Chez Victor, and I want you to be sure and come. And also to tea Friday at Jebby West's; she'd want to have you if she knew where you were. What's your hotel, so we can send you an invitation? You see, the reason we decided to have it over here is because mother has been sick in a nursing home here and the whole clan is in Paris. Then Hamilton's mother's being here too –"

The entire clan; they had always hated him, except her mother; always discouraged his courtship. What a little counter he was in this game of families and money! Under his hat his brow sweated with the humiliation of the fact that for all his misery he was worth just exactly so many invitations. Frantically he began to mumble something about going away.

Then it happened – Caroline saw deep into him, and Michael knew that she saw. She saw through to his profound woundedness, and something quivered inside her, died out along the curve of her mouth and in her eyes. He had moved her. All the unforgettable impulses of first love had surged up once more; their hearts had in some way touched across two feet of Paris sunlight. She took her fiancé's arm suddenly, as if to steady herself with the feel of it.

They parted. Michael walked quickly for a minute; then he stopped, pretending to look in a window, and saw them farther up the street, walking fast into the Place Vendôme, people with much to do.

He had things to do also – he had to get his laundry.

"Nothing will ever be the same again," he said to himself. "She will never be happy in her marriage and I will never be happy at all any more."

The two vivid years of his love for Caroline moved back around him like years in Einstein's physics. Intolerable memories arose – of rides in the Long Island moonlight; of a happy time at Lake Placid with her cheeks so cold there, but warm just underneath the surface; of a despairing afternoon in a little café on Forty-eighth Street in the last sad months when their marriage had come to seem impossible.

"Come in," he said aloud.

The concierge with a telegram; brusque because Mr. Curly's clothes were a little shabby. Mr. Curly gave few tips; Mr. Curly was obviously a *petit client.*

Michael read the telegram.

"An answer?" the concierge asked.

"No," said Michael, and then, on an impulse: "Look."

"Too bad — too bad," said the concierge. "Your grandfather is dead."

"Not too bad," said Michael. "It means that I come into a quarter of a million dollars."

Too late by a single month; after the first flush of the news his misery was deeper than ever. Lying awake in bed that night, he listened endlessly to the long caravan of a circus moving through the street from one Paris fair to another.

When the last van had rumbled out of hearing and the corners of the furniture were pastel blue with the dawn, he was still thinking of the look in Caroline's eyes that morning – the look that seemed to say: "Oh, why couldn't you have done something about it? Why couldn't you have been stronger, made me marry you? Don't you see how sad I am?"

Michael's fists clenched.

"Well, I won't give up till the last moment," he whispered. "I've had all the bad luck so far, and maybe it's turned at last. One takes what one can get, up to the limit of one's strength, and if I can't have her, at least she'll go into this marriage with some of me in her heart."

Accordingly he went to the party at Chez Victor two days later, upstairs and into the little salon off the bar where the party was to assemble for cocktails. He was early; the only other occupant was a tall lean man of fifty. They spoke.

"You waiting for George Packman's party?"

"Yes. My name's Michael Curly."

"My name's – "

Michael failed to catch the name. They ordered a drink, and Michael supposed that the bride and groom were having a gay time.

"Too much so," the other agreed, frowning. "I don’t see how they stand it. We all crossed on the boat together; five days of that crazy life and then two weeks of Paris. You" – he hesitated, smiling faintly – "you’ll excuse me for saying that your generation drinks too much."

"Not Caroline."

"No, not Caroline. She seems to take only a cocktail and a glass of champagne, and then she’s had enough, thank God. But Hamilton drinks too much and all this crowd of young people drink too much. Do you live in Paris?"

"For the moment," said Michael.

"I don’t like Paris. My wife – that is to say, my ex-wife, Hamilton’s mother – lives in Paris."

"You’re Hamilton Rutherford’s father?"

"I have that honor. And I’m not denying that I’m proud of what he’s done; it was just a general comment."

"Of course."

Michael glanced up nervously as four people came in. He felt suddenly that his dinner coat was old and shiny; he had ordered a new one that morning. The people who had come in were rich and at home in their richness with one another – a dark, lovely girl with a hysterical little laugh whom he had met before; two confident men whose jokes referred invariably to last night’s scandal and tonight’s potentialities, as if they had important rôles in a play that extended indefinitely into the past and the future. When Caroline arrived, Michael had scarcely a moment of her, but it was enough to note that, like all the others, she was strained and tired. She was pale beneath her rouge; there were shadows under her eyes. With a mixture of relief and wounded vanity, he found himself placed far from her and at another table; he needed a moment to adjust himself to his surroundings. This was not like the immature set in which he and Caroline had moved; the men were more than thirty and had an air of sharing the best of this world’s good. Next to him was Jebby West, whom he knew; and, on the other side, a jovial man who immediately began to talk to Michael about a stunt for the bachelor dinner: They were going to hire a French girl

to appear with an actual baby in her arms, crying: "Hamilton, you can't desert me now!" The idea seemed stale and unamusing to Michael, but its originator shook with anticipatory laughter.

Farther up the table there was talk of the market – another drop today, the most appreciable since the crash; people were kidding Rutherford about it: "Too bad, old man. You better not get married, after all."

Michael asked the man on his left, "Has he lost a lot?"

"Nobody knows. He's heavily involved, but he's one of the smartest young men in Wall Street. Anyhow, nobody ever tells you the truth."

It was a champagne dinner from the start, and toward the end it reached a pleasant level of conviviality, but Michael saw that all these people were too weary to be exhilarated by any ordinary stimulant; for weeks they had drunk cocktails before meals like Americans, wines and brandies like Frenchmen, beer like Germans, whisky-and-soda like the English, and as they were no longer in the twenties, this preposterous *mélange*, that was like some gigantic cocktail in a nightmare, served only to make them temporarily less conscious of the mistakes of the night before. Which is to say that it was not really a gay party; what gayety existed was displayed in the few who drank nothing at all.

But Michael was not tired, and the champagne stimulated him and made his misery less acute. He had been away from New York for more than eight months and most of the dance music was unfamiliar to him, but at the first bars of the "Painted Doll," to which he and Caroline had moved through so much happiness and despair the previous summer, he crossed to Caroline's table and asked her to dance.

She was lovely in a dress of thin ethereal blue, and the proximity of her crackly yellow hair, of her cool and tender gray eyes, turned his body clumsy and rigid; he stumbled with their first step on the floor. For a moment it seemed that there was nothing to say; he wanted to tell her about his inheritance, but the idea seemed abrupt, unprepared for.

"Michael, it's so nice to be dancing with you again."

He smiled grimly.

"I’m so happy you came," she continued. "I was afraid maybe you’d be silly and stay away. Now we can be just good friends and natural together. Michael, I want you and Hamilton to like each other."

The engagement was making her stupid; he had never heard her make such a series of obvious remarks before.

"I could kill him without a qualm," he said pleasantly, "but he looks like a good man. He’s fine. What I want to know is, what happens to people like me who aren’t able to forget?"

As he said this he could not prevent his mouth from dropping suddenly, and glancing up, Caroline saw, and her heart quivered violently, as it had the other morning.

"Do you mind so much, Michael?"

"Yes."

For a second as he said this, in a voice that seemed to have come up from his shoes, they were not dancing; they were simply clinging together. Then she leaned away from him and twisted her mouth into a lovely smile.

"I didn’t know what to do at first, Michael. I told Hamilton about you – that I’d cared for you an awful lot – but it didn’t worry him, and he was right. Because I’m over you now – yes, I am. And you’ll wake up some sunny morning and be over me just like that."

He shook his head stubbornly.

"Oh, yes. We weren’t for each other. I’m pretty flighty, and I need somebody like Hamilton to decide things. It was that more than the question of – of – "

"Of money." Again he was on the point of telling her what had happened, but again something told him it was not the time.

"Then how do you account for what happened when we met the other day," he demanded helplessly – "what happened just now? When we just pour toward each other like we used to – as if we were one person, as if the same blood was flowing through both of us?"

"Oh, don’t," she begged him. "You mustn’t talk like that; everything’s decided now. I love Hamilton with all my heart. It’s just that I remember certain things in the past and I feel sorry for you – for us – for the way we were."

Over her shoulder, Michael saw a man come toward them to cut in. In a panic he danced her away, but inevitably the man came on.

"I've got to see you alone, if only for a minute," Michael said quickly. "When can I?"

"I'll be at Jebby West's tea tomorrow," she whispered as a hand fell politely upon Michael's shoulder.

But he did not talk to her at Jebby West's tea. Rutherford stood next to her, and each brought the other into all conversations. They left early. The next morning the wedding cards arrived in the first mail.

Then Michael, grown desperate with pacing up and down his room, determined on a bold stroke; he wrote to Hamilton Rutherford, asking him for a rendezvous the following afternoon. In a short telephone communication Rutherford agreed, but for a day later than Michael had asked. And the wedding was only six days away.

They were to meet in the bar of the Hotel Jena. Michael knew what he would say: "See here, Rutherford, do you realize the responsibility you're taking in going through with this marriage? Do you realize the harvest of trouble and regret you're sowing in persuading a girl into something contrary to the instincts of her heart?" He would explain that the barrier between Caroline and himself had been an artificial one and was now removed, and demand that the matter be put up to Caroline frankly before it was too late.

Rutherford would be angry, conceivably there would be a scene, but Michael felt that he was fighting for his life now.

He found Rutherford in conversation with an older man, whom Michael had met at several of the wedding parties.

"I saw what happened to most of my friends," Rutherford was saying, "and I decided it wasn't going to happen to me. It isn't so difficult; if you take a girl with common sense, and tell her what's what, and do your stuff damn well, and play decently square with her, it's a marriage. If you stand for any nonsense at the beginning, it's one of these arrangements – within five years the man gets out, or else the girl gobbles him up and you have the usual mess."

"Right!" agreed his companion enthusiastically. "Hamilton, boy, you're right."

Michael's blood boiled slowly.

"Doesn't it strike you," he inquired coldly, "that your attitude went out of fashion about a hundred years ago?"

"No, it didn't," said Rutherford pleasantly, but impatiently. "I'm as modern as anybody. I'd get married in an aeroplane next Saturday if it'd please my girl."

"I don't mean that way of being modern. You can't take a sensitive woman – "

"Sensitive? Women aren't so darn sensitive. It's fellows like you who are sensitive; it's fellows like you they exploit – all your devotion and kindness and all that. They read a couple of books and see a few pictures because they haven't got anything else to do, and then they say they're finer in grain than you are, and to prove it they take the bit in their teeth and tear off for a fare-you-well – just about as sensitive as a fire horse."

"Caroline happens to be sensitive," said Michael in a clipped voice.

At this point the other man got up to go; when the dispute about the check had been settled and they were alone, Rutherford leaned back to Michael as if a question had been asked him.

"Caroline's more than sensitive," he said. "She's got sense."

His combative eyes, meeting Michael's, flickered with a gray light. "This all sounds pretty crude to you, Mr. Curly, but it seems to me that the average man nowadays just asks to be made a monkey of by some woman who doesn't even get any fun out of reducing him to that level. There are darn few men who possess their wives any more, but I am going to be one of them."

To Michael it seemed time to bring the talk back to the actual situation: "Do you realize the responsibility you're taking?"

"I certainly do," interrupted Rutherford. "I'm not afraid of responsibility. I'll make the decisions – fairly, I hope, but anyhow they'll be final."

"What if you didn't start right?" said Michael impetuously. "What if your marriage isn't founded on mutual love?"

"I think I see what you mean," Rutherford said, still pleasant. "And since you've brought it up, let me say that if you and Caroline had married, it wouldn't have lasted three years. Do you know what your affair was founded on? On sorrow. You got sorry for each other. Sorrow's a lot of fun for most women and for some men, but it seems to me that a marriage ought to be based on hope." He looked at his watch and stood up.

"I've got to meet Caroline. Remember, you're coming to the bachelor dinner day after tomorrow."

Michael felt the moment slipping away. "Then Caroline's personal feelings don't count with you?" he demanded fiercely.

"Caroline's tired and upset. But she has what she wants, and that's the main thing."

"Are you referring to yourself?" demanded Michael incredulously.

"Yes."

"May I ask how long she's wanted you?"

"About two years." Before Michael could answer, he was gone.

During the next two days Michael floated in an abyss of helplessness. The idea haunted him that he had left something undone that would sever this knot drawn tighter under his eyes. He phoned Caroline, but she insisted that it was physically impossible for her to see him until the day before the wedding, for which day she granted him a tentative rendezvous. Then he went to the bachelor dinner, partly in fear of an evening alone at his hotel, partly from a feeling that by his presence at that function he was somehow nearer to Caroline, keeping her in sight.

The Ritz Bar had been prepared for the occasion by French and American banners and by a great canvas covering one wall, against which the guests were invited to concentrate their proclivities in breaking glasses.

At the first cocktail, taken at the bar, there were many slight spillings from many trembling hands, but later, with the champagne, there was a rising tide of laughter and occasional bursts of song.

Michael was surprised to find what a difference his new dinner coat, his new silk hat, his new, proud linen made in his estimate of himself; he felt less resentment toward all these people for being so rich and assured.

For the first time since he had left college he felt rich and assured himself; he felt that he was part of all this, and even entered into the scheme of Johnson, the practical joker, for the appearance of the woman betrayed, now waiting tranquilly in the room across the hall.

"We don’t want to go too heavy," Johnson said, "because I imagine Ham’s had a pretty anxious day already. Did you see Fullman Oil’s sixteen points off this morning?"

"Will that matter to him?" Michael asked, trying to keep the interest out of his voice.

"Naturally. He’s in heavily; he’s always in everything heavily. So far he’s had luck; anyhow, up to a month ago."

The glasses were filled and emptied faster now, and men were shouting at one another across the narrow table. Against the bar a group of ushers was being photographed, and the flash light surged through the room in a stifling cloud.

"Now’s the time," Johnson said. "You’re to stand by the door, remember, and we’re both to try and keep her from coming in – just till we get everybody’s attention."

He went on out into the corridor, and Michael waited obediently by the door. Several minutes passed. Then Johnson reappeared with a curious expression on his face.

"There’s something funny about this."

"Isn’t the girl there?"

"She’s there all right, but there’s another woman there, too; and it’s nobody we engaged either. She wants to see Hamilton Rutherford, and she looks as if she had something on her mind."

They went out into the hall. Planted firmly in a chair near the door sat an American girl a little the worse for liquor, but with a determined expression on her face. She looked up at them with a jerk of her head.

"Well, j’tell him?" she demanded. "The name is Marjorie Collins, and he’ll know it. I’ve come a long way, and I want to see him now and quick, or there’s going to be more trouble than you ever saw." She rose unsteadily to her feet.

"You go in and tell Ham," whispered Johnson to Michael. "Maybe he'd better get out. I'll keep her here."

Back at the table, Michael leaned close to Rutherford's ear and, with a certain grimness, whispered:

"A girl outside named Marjorie Collins says she wants to see you. She looks as if she wanted to make trouble."

Hamilton Rutherford blinked and his mouth fell ajar; then slowly the lips came together in a straight line and he said in a crisp voice:

"Please keep her there. And send the head barman to me right away."

Michael spoke to the barman, and then, without returning to the table, asked quietly for his coat and hat. Out in the hall again, he passed Johnson and the girl without speaking and went out into the Rue Cambon. Calling a cab, he gave the address of Caroline's hotel.

His place was beside her now. Not to bring bad news, but simply to be with her when her house of cards came falling around her head.

Rutherford had implied that he was soft – well, he was hard enough not to give up the girl he loved without taking advantage of every chance within the pale of honor. Should she turn away from Rutherford, she would find him there.

She was in; she was surprised when he called, but she was still dressed and would be down immediately. Presently she appeared in a dinner gown, holding two blue telegrams in her hand. They sat down in armchairs in the deserted lobby.

"But, Michael, is the dinner over?"

"I wanted to see you, so I came away."

"I'm glad." Her voice was friendly, but matter-of-fact. "Because I'd just phoned your hotel that I had fittings and rehearsals all day tomorrow. Now we can have our talk after all."

"You're tired," he guessed. "Perhaps I shouldn't have come."

"No. I was waiting up for Hamilton. Telegrams that may be important. He said he might go on somewhere, and that may mean any hour, so I'm glad I have someone to talk to."

Michael winced at the impersonality in the last phrase.

"Don’t you care when he gets home?"

"Naturally," she said, laughing, "but I haven’t got much say about it, have I?"

"Why not?”

"I couldn’t start by telling him what he could and couldn’t do."

"Why not?"

"He wouldn’t stand for it."

"He seems to want merely a housekeeper," said Michael ironically.

"Tell me about your plans, Michael," she asked quickly.

"My plans? I can’t see any future after the day after tomorrow. The only real plan I ever had was to love you."

Their eyes brushed past each other’s, and the look he knew so well was staring out at him from hers. Words flowed quickly from his heart:

"Let me tell you just once more how well I’ve loved you, never wavering for a moment, never thinking of another girl. And now when I think of all the years ahead without you, without any hope, I don’t want to live, Caroline darling. I used to dream about our home, our children, about holding you in my arms and touching your face and hands and hair that used to belong to me, and now I just can’t wake up."

Caroline was crying softly. "Poor Michael – poor Michael." Her hand reached out and her fingers brushed the lapel of his dinner coat. "I was so sorry for you the other night. You looked so thin, and as if you needed a new suit and somebody to take care of you." She sniffled and looked more closely at his coat. "Why, you’ve got a new suit! And a new silk hat! Why, Michael, how swell!" She laughed, suddenly cheerful through her tears. "You must have come into money, Michael; I never saw you so well turned out."

For a moment, at her reaction, he hated his new clothes.

"I have come into money," he said. "My grandfather left me about a quarter of a million dollars."

"Why, Michael," she cried, "how perfectly swell! I can’t tell you how glad I am. I’ve always thought you were the sort of person who ought to have money."

"Yes, just too late to make a difference."

The revolving door from the street groaned around and Hamilton Rutherford came into the lobby. His face was flushed, his eyes were restless and impatient.

"Hello, darling; hello, Mr. Curly." He bent and kissed Caroline. "I broke away for a minute to find out if I had any telegrams. I see you've got them there." Taking them from her, he remarked to Curly, "That was an odd business there in the bar, wasn't it? Especially as I understand some of you had a joke fixed up in the same line." He opened one of the telegrams, closed it and turned to Caroline with the divided expression of a man carrying two things in his head at once.

"A girl I haven't seen for two years turned up," he said. "It seemed to be some clumsy form of blackmail, for I haven't and never have had any sort of obligation toward her whatever."

"What happened?"

"The head barman had a Sûreté Générale man there in ten minutes and it was settled in the hall. The French blackmail laws make ours look like a sweet wish, and I gather they threw a scare into her that she'll remember. But it seems wiser to tell you."

"Are you implying that I mentioned the matter?" said Michael stiffly.

"No," Rutherford said slowly. "No, you were just going to be on hand. And since you're here, I'll tell you some news that will interest you even more."

He handed Michael one telegram and opened the other.

"This is in code," Michael said.

"So is this. But I've got to know all the words pretty well this last week. The two of them together mean that I'm due to start life all over."

Michael saw Caroline's face grow a shade paler, but she sat quiet as a mouse.

"It was a mistake and I stuck to it too long," continued Rutherford. "So you see I don't have all the luck, Mr. Curly. By the way, they tell me you've come into money."

"Yes," said Michael.

"There we are, then." Rutherford turned to Caroline. "You understand, darling, that I'm not joking or exaggerating. I've lost almost every cent I had and I'm starting life over."

Two pairs of eyes were regarding her – Rutherford's noncommittal and unrequiring, Michael's hungry, tragic, pleading. In a minute she had raised herself from the chair and with a little cry thrown herself into Hamilton Rutherford's arms.

"Oh, darling," she cried, "what does it matter! It's better; I like it better, honestly I do! I want to start that way; I want to! Oh, please don't worry or be sad even for a minute!"

"All right, baby," said Rutherford. His hand stroked her hair gently for a moment; then he took his arm from around her.

"I promised to join the party for an hour," he said. "So I'll say good night, and I want you to go to bed soon and get a good sleep. Good night, Mr. Curly. I'm sorry to have let you in for all these financial matters."

But Michael had already picked up his hat and cane. "I'll go along with you," he said.

It was such a fine morning. Michael's cutaway hadn't been delivered, so he felt rather uncomfortable passing before the cameras and moving-picture machines in front of the little church on the Avenue George-Cinq.

It was such a clean, new church that it seemed unforgivable not to be dressed properly, and Michael, white and shaky after a sleepless night, decided to stand in the rear. From there he looked at the back of Hamilton Rutherford, and the lacy, filmy back of Caroline, and the fat back of George Packman, which looked unsteady, as if it wanted to lean against the bride and groom.

The ceremony went on for a long time under the gay flags and pennons overhead, under the thick beams of June sunlight slanting down through the tall windows upon the well-dressed people.

As the procession, headed by the bride and groom, started down the aisle, Michael realized with alarm he was just where everyone would dispense with their parade stiffness, become informal and speak to him.

So it turned out. Rutherford and Caroline spoke first to him; Rutherford grim with the strain of being married, and Caroline lovelier than he had ever seen her, floating all softly down through the friends and relatives of her youth, down through the past and forward to the future by the sunlit door.

Michael managed to murmur, "Beautiful, simply beautiful," and then other people passed and spoke to him – old Mrs. Dandy, straight from her sickbed and looking remarkably well, or carrying it off like the very fine old lady she was; and Rutherford's father and mother, ten years divorced, but walking side by side and looking made for each other and proud. Then all Caroline's sisters and their husbands and her little nephews in Eton suits, and then a long parade, all speaking to Michael because he was still standing paralyzed just at that point where the procession broke.

He wondered what would happen now. Cards had been issued for a reception at the George-Cinq; an expensive enough place, heaven knew. Would Rutherford try to go through with that on top of those disastrous telegrams? Evidently, for the procession outside was streaming up there through the June morning, three by three and four by four. On the corner the long dresses of girls, five abreast, fluttered many-colored in the wind. Girls had become gossamer again, perambulatory flora; such lovely fluttering dresses in the bright noon wind.

Michael needed a drink; he couldn't face that reception line without a drink. Diving into a side doorway of the hotel, he asked for the bar, whither a *chasseur* led him through half a kilometer of new American-looking passages.

But – how did it happen? – the bar was full. There were ten – fifteen men and two – four girls, all from the wedding, all needing a drink. There were cocktails and champagne in the bar; Rutherford's cocktails and champagne, as it turned out, for he had engaged the whole bar and the ballroom and the two great reception rooms and all the stairways leading up and down, and windows looking out over the whole square block of Paris. By and by Michael went and joined the long, slow drift of the receiving line. Through a flowery mist of "Such a lovely wedding," "My dear, you

were simply lovely," "You're a lucky man, Rutherford" he passed down the line. When Michael came to Caroline, she took a single step forward and kissed him on the lips, but he felt no contact in the kiss; it was unreal and he floated on away from it. Old Mrs. Dandy, who had always liked him, held his hand for a minute and thanked him for the flowers he had sent when he heard she was ill.

"I'm so sorry not to have written; you know, we old ladies are grateful for – " The flowers, the fact that she had not written, the wedding – Michael saw that they all had the same relative importance to her now; she had married off five other children and seen two of the marriages go to pieces, and this scene, so poignant, so confusing to Michael, appeared to her simply a familiar charade in which she had played her part before.

A buffet luncheon with champagne was already being served at small tables and there was an orchestra playing in the empty ballroom. Michael sat down with Jebby West; he was still a little embarrassed at not wearing a morning coat, but he perceived now that he was not alone in the omission and felt better. "Wasn't Caroline divine?" Jebby West said. "So entirely self-possessed. I asked her this morning if she wasn't a little nervous at stepping off like this. And she said, 'Why should I be? I've been after him for two years, and now I'm just happy, that's all.'"

"It must be true," said Michael gloomily.

"What?"

"What you just said."

He had been stabbed, but, rather to his distress, he did not feel the wound.

He asked Jebby to dance. Out on the floor, Rutherford's father and mother were dancing together.

"It makes me a little sad, that," she said. "Those two hadn't met for years; both of them were married again and she divorced again. She went to the station to meet him when he came over for Caroline's wedding, and invited him to stay at her house in the Avenue du Bois with a whole lot of other people, perfectly proper, but he was afraid his wife would hear about it and not like it, so he went to a hotel. Don't you think that's sort of sad?"

An hour or so later Michael realized suddenly that it was afternoon. In one corner of the ballroom an arrangement of screens like a moving-picture stage had been set up and photographers were taking official pictures of the bridal party. The bridal party, still as death and pale as wax under the bright lights, appeared, to the dancers circling the modulated semidarkness of the ballroom, like those jovial or sinister groups that one comes upon in The Old Mill at an amusement park.

After the bridal party had been photographed, there was a group of the ushers; then the bridesmaids, the families, the children. Later, Caroline, active and excited, having long since abandoned the repose implicit in her flowing dress and great bouquet, came and plucked Michael off the floor.

"Now we'll have them take one of just old friends." Her voice implied that this was best, most intimate of all. "Come here, Jebby, George – not you, Hamilton; this is just my friends – Sally – "

A little after that, what remained of formality disappeared and the hours flowed easily down the profuse stream of champagne. In the modern fashion, Hamilton Rutherford sat at the table with his arm about an old girl of his and assured his guests, which included not a few bewildered but enthusiastic Europeans, that the party was not nearly at an end; it was to reassemble at Zelli's after midnight. Michael saw Mrs. Dandy, not quite over her illness, rise to go and become caught in polite group after group, and he spoke of it to one of her daughters, who thereupon forcibly abducted her mother and called her car. Michael felt very considerate and proud of himself after having done this, and drank much more champagne.

"It's amazing," George Packman was telling him enthusiastically. "This show will cost Ham about five thousand dollars, and I understand they'll be just about his last. But did he countermand a bottle of champagne or a flower? Not he! He happens to have it – that young man. Do you know that T. G. Vance offered him a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year ten minutes before the wedding this morning? In another year he'll be back with the millionaires."

The conversation was interrupted by a plan to carry Rutherford out on communal shoulders – a plan which six of them put into effect, and then

stood in the four-o'clock sunshine waving good-by to the bride and groom. But there must have been a mistake somewhere, for five minutes later Michael saw both bride and groom descending the stairway to the reception, each with a glass of champagne held defiantly on high.

"This is our way of doing things," he thought. "Generous and fresh and free; a sort of Virginia-plantation hospitality, but at a different pace now, nervous as a ticker tape."

Standing unself-consciously in the middle of the room to see which was the American ambassador, he realized with a start that he hadn't really thought of Caroline for hours. He looked about him with a sort of alarm, and then he saw her across the room, very bright and young, and radiantly happy. He saw Rutherford near her, looking at her as if he could never look long enough, and as Michael watched them they seemed to recede as he had wished them to do that day in the Rue de Castiglione – recede and fade off into joys and griefs of their own, into the years that would take the toll of Rutherford's fine pride and Caroline's young, moving beauty; fade far away, so that now he could scarcely see them, as if they were shrouded in something as misty as her white, billowing dress.

Michael was cured. The ceremonial function, with its pomp and its revelry, had stood for a sort of initiation into a life where even his regret could not follow them. All the bitterness melted out of him suddenly and the world reconstituted itself out of the youth and happiness that was all around him, profligate as the spring sunshine. He was trying to remember which one of the bridesmaids he had made a date to dine with tonight as he walked forward to bid Hamilton and Caroline Rutherford good-by.

ACTIVE VOCABULARY

Words:

imminent, buoyancy, innocuous, shabby, abstraction, reciprocate, mumble, quivere, conviviality, conceivably, fierce, poignant, omission, implicit, profuse.

Word Combinations:

to feel hollow; in a daze; to grow vague and faded; to be worth smth; to come into money; to adjust oneself to one's surroundings; to seem stale; to kill without a qualm; to be pretty flighty; to be on the point of telling; to account for smth; to determine on a bold stroke; to play decently square with smb; to float in an abyss of helplessness; the idea haunted him; to keep smb from doing snth; to take advantage of smth; to do smth within the pale of honor; to throw a scare into smb; still as death and pale as wax; to make a date with smb.

TRAINING EXERCISES

Task I. Study the words and word combinations and situations in which they are used.

Task II. Make up your own sentences using the words and word combinations of the Active Vocabulary.

Task III. Guess the word with the help of its definition.

1. to give, feel in return;
2. likely to occur at any moment;
3. showing the signs of wear or neglect;
4. not likely to irritate or give offense;
5. completelycontrary to reason or common sense;
6. something left out, not done or neglected;
7. spending or giving large amount;
8. to carry off or lead away (aperson) illegally and in secret by force;
9. to make cheerful or merry;
10. tearfully or weakly emotional, sentimental;
11. incapable of producing any result;
12. absent – mindedness, mental absorption;
13. abrupt in manner, rough;

14. menacingly wild, violent in force;
15. to strike the foot against something, as in walking or running.

Task IV. Give English equivalents to the following Ukrainian ones. Make up sentences of your own using them.

розбагатіти, бути вартим чогось, пристосовуватись до обставин, залякувати когось, поводитись чесно, пояснювати щось,зробити щось не вагаючись, поринути в безодню безпорадності, втримати когось від чогось, зробити щось в рамках порядності, скористатись перевагою, бути достатньо легковажним, поринути у відчай, розрубати вузол, мати певні зобов'язання перед кимось, обходитись без чогось, призначити побачення.

Task V. Match the synonyms:

a)

1.	impolite, abrupt	a)	shabby
2.	idle, fruitless	b)	intolerable
3.	close, approaching	c)	brusque
4.	impulsive	d)	maudlin
5.	faded, dirty, worn	e)	futile
6.	exact, true	f)	husky
7.	doubtful, suspicious	g)	flighty
8.	tearful, emotional	h)	square
9.	harsh, hoarse, throaty	i)	imminent
10.	unbearable, impossible	j)	incredulous
11.	cheerful, happy, joyful	k)	innocuous
12.	harmless, innocent, safe	l)	implicit
13.	cruel, sinister, horrible	m)	buoyant
14.	implied, unspoken	n)	grim

b) What words from the text may imply the same meaning:

sentimental; lively; confusion; dishonour; bend; adhere; walk; gobble; plentiful; rebelliously; decrease; harmless; incredible.

Task VI. Find the nouns matching the following adjectives in the text. Give your own variants.

Model: imminent – marriage, meeting, engagement, etc.

1. innocuous
2. shabby
3. futile
4. maudlin
5. husky
6. brusque
7. preposterous
8. rigid
9. fierce
10. flamy
11. profligate
12. flighty
13. poignant

Task VII. Point out the contextual meaning of the following lexical units. Make up sentences of your own using them.

- to be on the point of doingsmth;
- to come into money;
- to adjust oneself to smth;
- to account for smth;
- to play square with smb;
- to float in an abyss of helplessness;
- to be pretty flighty;
- to determine on a bold stroke;
- to do smth within the pale of honor;
- to have some obligations toward smb;
- to throw a scare into smb;
- to dispense with smth;
- to do smth without a qualm.

SPEECH EXERCISES

Task I. Name the characters of the story. Say a few words about them.

Task II. Divide the text into logical parts and entitle them.

Task III. State whose utterances these are. Recount the circumstances under which they are used.

– She'll never be happy in her marriage and I will never be happy at all any more.

– Not too bad. It means that I come into a quarter of a million dollars.

– One takes what one can get, up to the limit of one's strength and if I can't have her at least she'll go into this marriage with some of me in her heart.

– I'm so happy you came. I was afraid maybe you'd be silly and stay away. Now we can be just good friends and natural together.

– I saw what happened to most of my friends and I decided it was not going to happen to me. It isn't so difficult if you take a girl with common sense and tell her what's what, and do your stuff damn well and play decently square with her, it's a marriage.

– I'm not afraid of responsibility. I'll make the decisions – fairly, I hope, but anyhow they'll be final.

– My plans? I can't see any future after the day after tomorrow. The only real plan I ever had was to love you.

Task IV. Give situations in which you would say the following:

– "Nothing will ever be the same again".
– "I'm not afraid of responsibility".
– "Well, I won't give up till the last moment".
– "I'm not denying that I'm proud of what he's done".
– "Now we can be just good friends and natural together".
– "I could kill him without a qualm".
– "I'm pretty flighty and I need somebody to decide things".
– "It was a mistake and I stuck to it too long".

Task V. Comment on the following:

1. "The entire clan; they had always hated him, except her mother; always discouraged his courtship. What a little counter he was in this game of families and money!"

2. "Well, I won't give up till the last moment", he whispered. "I've had all the bad luck so far, and may be it's turned at last…"
3. "Michael was surprised to find what a difference his new dinner coat, his new, proud linen made in his estimate of himself; he felt less resentment toward all these people for being so rich and assured".
4. "Michael was cured. The ceremonial function, with its pomp and its revelry, had stood for a sort of initiation into a life where even his regret could not follow them. All the bitterness melted out of him suddenly and the world reconstituted itself out of the youth and happiness that was all around him, profligate as the spring sunshine".

Task VI. Support or challenge the following statements:

1. Having got the little note Michael was in the seventh heaven. His dream has come true at last.
2. Hamilton Rutherford was a puny little man with a face that only a mother could love.
3. The telegram Michael received brought him to distress. Most probably he wouldn't get over this blow.
4. Caroline was not distressed with the news of Rutherford's buncruptcy.
5. Michael had been stabbed, but rather to his distress, he didn't feel the wound. Suddenly he was cured and all the bitterness melted out of him.

Task VII. Give your opinion of:

1. Michael Curly.
2. Caroline Dandy.
3. Hamilton Rutherford.

Task VIII. Work in pairs asking each other fact-finding questions. Make use of the Active Vocabulary.

Task IX. Give a summary of the story outlining its main narrative events.

Task X. Points to be discussed:

1. Having got the note "I wanted you to be the first to know" Michael turned afraid and later his fear stayed with him. How can youaccount for it?
2. Michael was surprised to find what a difference his new position made in his estimate of himself.
3. Do you think that the ending of the story is justifiable? Does it spring naturally from the facts of the story, or is it "forced"?

Task XI. Apply the following proverbs and quotations to the situations of the story:

– Ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation.

– When it is gone, you'll know what a gift love was. You'll suffer like this. So go back and fight to keep it.

– You'll get over it. You'll be happy again, never fear. But you will not forget. Every time you fall in love it will be because something in the man reminds you of him.

– This is a good – bye, this is a thank you. Thank you for coming into my life and giving me joy. Thank you for loving me and receiving my love in return. Thank you for the memories I will cherish forever.

– When the sun has set, no candle can replace it.

– When you loved someone and had to let them go, there will always be that small part of yourself that whispers "What was it that you wanted and why didn't you fight for it"?

– I thought when love for you died I should die. It's dead. Alone, most strangely, I live on.

– When love is lost, do not bow your head in sadness; instead keep your head up high and gaze into heaven for that is where your broken heart has been sent to heal.

– Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and purify the heart.

– What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose.

– It’s better to have loved and lost then never to have loved at all.

– When you lose somebody you love, you never get over it, you get used to it.

– The heart never speaks, but you have to listen to it to understand.

– Love cannot be begged for, it must be deserved.

J.D. SALINGER BIOGRAPHY

Jerome David (J.D.) Salinger, whose nickname as a child was "Sonny," was born on New Year's Day 1919, in New York, New York, the second and last child of Sol and Marie (Miriam) Jillich Salinger. He had a sister, Doris, eight years older. Salinger's father, a successful importer of meats and cheeses, was Jewish, his mother Scotch-Irish. Like most of Salinger's central characters, the family lived in the relative comfort of the upper-middle class.

Young Salinger's early ambition was in dramatics; he was voted "most popular actor" at Camp Wigwam in Harrison, Maine, in the summer of 1930. An average student in public school on the Upper West Side in Manhattan, he was reported to be a quiet, polite, somewhat solitary child. His parents enrolled him in McBurney School in Manhattan in 1932, but he did not adjust well to the private school and struggled with grades. Concerned about their son's academic performance, his parents sent him to Valley Forge Military Academy in Pennsylvania when he was 15 years old. There, he was active in drama and singing clubs. He sometimes wrote fiction by flashlight under his blankets at night and contributed to the school's literary magazine. As editor of the academy's yearbook, *Crossed Sabres*, he published a poem in it that became the lyrics to the school's anthem. He graduated from Valley Forge Military Academy in June of 1936.

Salinger's collegiate experience was brief but significant. He attended New York University following prep school but withdrew to try performing as an entertainer on a Caribbean cruise ship. His father tried, in vain, to interest Salinger in the import business during a trip to Europe in 1937. Returning to school at Ursinus College in Collegetown, Pennsylvania, in 1938, Salinger wrote a column of humor, satire, and film reviews, called "Skipped Diploma," for the college newspaper.

At the age of 20, in 1939, Salinger enrolled in a short-story writing course at Columbia University taught by Whit Burnett, a writer and

important editor; Salinger sold his first story to Burnett's *Story*magazine for twenty-five dollars the next year. Salinger published a grateful tribute to Burnett in *Fiction Writers' Hand-book* in 1975.

Early Work

Despite receiving a number of rejection slips, Salinger continued to write and submit stories. He sold his first Holden Caulfield story (eventually revised and titled "Slight Rebellion Off Madison") to the prestigious *New Yorker* magazine in 1941, but it was not published until 1946.

During the war, Salinger served as an enlisted man, reaching the rank of sergeant, and continued writing. He received counterintelligence training and landed on Utah Beach, Normandy, on D-day (June 6, 1944). Sergeant Salinger participated in five campaigns in Europe, witnessing some of the heaviest fighting in the war. He carried a portable typewriter in his jeep, serving his apprenticeship through commercially successful (if mostly forgettable) stories published in popular magazines such as *Cosmopolitan*, *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Esquire*. "I'm Crazy," appearing in *Collier's* magazine in 1945, included material later used in *The Catcher in the Rye*. But for the most part, Salinger tried to dissuade any republishing of these works. As he said in a rare interview with the *New York Times* in 1974, he preferred that such inferior efforts "die a perfectly natural death." A two-volume pirated edition of uncollected pieces did appear in 1974 despite the best efforts of Salinger and his attorney.

In 1946, a ninety-page novella (a short novel) about Holden Caulfield was nearly published, but Salinger withdrew from the agreement. Another five years passed before he introduced the classic in novel form.

In September of 1945, while still in Europe immediately following the war, Salinger apparently married a French professional, perhaps a physician, named Sylvia (whose maiden name is unknown). A divorce was granted in 1947. He married Claire Douglas on February 17, 1955. The couple had a daughter, Margaret Ann, and a son, Matthew, but divorced in 1967.

Career Highlights

Salinger published seven stories in the *New Yorker* between 1946 and 1951, developing a*first rejection rights*association (meaning the magazine

had the first chance at publishing, or rejecting, his work) with the premiere magazine for serious writers. In 1948, "A Perfect Day for Bananafish" introduced Seymour Glass, perhaps the core character of the Glass stories and a figure whom some consider to be nearly as important as Holden in Salinger's work. Esteemed Salinger critic Warren French considers the story to be one of the more significant in American fiction World War II.

The Success of The Catcher in the Rye

After a gestation period of ten years, *The Catcher in the Rye* was published on July 16, 1951, changing American fiction and J.D. Salinger's life. As French points out, Salinger was "unprepared for the kind of cult success" brought by the novel. The author progressively became one of the most famous of literary recluses, moving to Cornish, New Hampshire, in 1953 and rarely granting interviews or making public appearances. He found fame abhorrent and literary criticism distasteful.

When Ian Hamilton attempted an unauthorized biography of J.D. Salinger in the 1980s, Salinger successfully protested the use of letters that he had written to friends and editors between 1939 and 1961. He claimed infringement of copyright and invasion of privacy even though the letters had been donated to libraries and were available for study. A Federal Appeals Court denied use of even short quotations or paraphrases from the letters. Salinger was granted legal injunctions against publication of Hamilton's book; these were upheld when the United States Supreme Court refused to review the verdicts of two lower federal courts that held in favor of Salinger. The decision was considered extraordinary. According to David Margolic, legal affairs writer for the *New York Times*, this was "the first time in American memory that a book had been enjoined prior to publication, and it sent shock waves throughout the academic and publishing communities" (November 1, 1987).

Short Stories

For a time, Salinger continued to publish. His short story "Franny" appeared in the January 29, 1955, issue of the *New Yorker*. Franny is the youngest of the Glass daughters. She is confused by her desire for a spiritual relationship and her physical, sexual involvement with a crude boyfriend.

The May 4, 1957, *New Yorker* carried a companion piece, "Zooey," in which Franny's older brother guides her while discovering his own spiritual awareness. "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" (1955) is Buddy Glass's recollection of Seymour's scheduled wedding and the reactions of the guests when the groom failed to attend. "Seymour: An Introduction" (1959) offers Buddy's attempt to explain Seymour to the general reader.

"Hapworth 16, 1924" (in the *New Yorker* on June 19, 1965) was Salinger's last publication for many years. In early 1997, however, Salinger's representatives announced that Orchises Press in Alexandria, Virginia, would publish this novella in book form. The story consists of a long letter from Seymour Glass to his family, concerning his experiences at summer camp at the age of seven.

In 1998, Joyce Maynard published a memoir (*At Home in the World*) recalling her 1972 affair, at the age of 18, with J.D. Salinger. Along with numerous bizarre details, she reports that the author had two completed, unpublished novels kept in a vault.

Published Works

In addition to *The Catcher in the Rye* (1951), Salinger has published, in book form, a well-received collection, *Nine Stories* (1953); *Franny and Zooey* (1961) as companion pieces; and two related Glass stories, *Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters*, and *Seymour: An Introduction* (1963). An unauthorized edition, *The Complete Uncollected Short Stories of J.D. Salinger*, appeared in two volumes between 1967 and 1974.

In 1950, Samuel Goldwyn Studio released a motion picture, *My Foolish Heart*, based on "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut" (published in the *New Yorker* in 1948). Although the film received generally favorable reviews, Salinger reportedly was so upset by the distortion of his theme that he vowed never to allow Hollywood to get hold of another piece of his works.

Starting in 1953, Salinger resided in Cornish, New Hampshire, and claimed that he continued to write. As details about Salinger were notoriously vague because of his reclusiveness, he became the subject of much speculation. He refused to give interviews or to deal with the press. Personal information about Salinger was therefore limited but in great

demand. Letters written by Salinger to a young woman with whom he had had an affair gained a $156,000 auction price at Sotheby's. In these letters, written in 1972, Salinger writes to Joyce Maynard, then an eighteen-year-old student at Yale, who later left college to live with Salinger for nine months. These letters trace his growing attachment to Maynard and deal with the necessity of guarding and protecting the writer's source of creativity from the glare of the outside world. Maynard later became a published writer herself, publishing the comic novel *To Die For* and, in a controversial move, publishing a memoir concerning her relationship with Salinger. In her memoir, Maynard implied that Salinger's demand for privacy stemmed from his awareness that his private activities, including several relationships with young women like Maynard, would ultimately mar his reputation.

J.D. Salinger passed away on January 27th, 2010.

THE CATCHER IN THE RYE

TO MY MOTHER

1

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, an what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth. In the first place, that stuff bores me, and in the second place, my parents would have about two hemorrhages apiece if I told anything pretty personal about them. They're quite touchy about anything like that, especially my father. They're nice and all – I'm not saying that –but they're also touchy as hell. Besides, I'm not going to tell you my whole goddam autobiography or anything. I'll just tell you about this madman stuff that happened to me around last Christmas just before I got pretty run-down and had to come out here and take it easy. I mean that's all I told D.B. about, and he's my brother and all. He's in Hollywood. That isn't too far from this crumby place, and he comes over and visits me practically every week end. He's going to drive me home when I go home next month maybe. He just got a Jaguar. One of those little English jobs that can do around two hundred miles an hour. It cost him damn near four thousand bucks. He's got a lot of dough, now. He didn't use to. He used to be just a regular writer, when he was home. He wrote this terrific book of short stories, The Secret Goldfish, in case you never heard of him. The best one in it was "The Secret Goldfish.' It was about this little kid that wouldn't let anybody look at his goldfish because he'd bought it with his own money. It killed me. Now he's out in Hollywood, D.B., being a prostitute. If there's one thing I hate, it's the movies. Don't even mention them to me.

Where I want to start telling is the day I left Pencey Prep. Pencey Prep is this school that's in Agerstown, Pennsylvania. You probably heard of it. You've probably seen the ads, anyway. They advertise in about a thousand magazines, always showing some hotshot guy on a horse jumping over a fence. Like as if all you ever did at Pencey was play polo all the time. I never even once saw a horse anywhere near the place. And underneath the guy on the horse's picture, it always says: "Since 1888 we have been molding boys into splendid, clear-thinking young men." Strictly for the birds. They don't do any damn more molding at Pencey than they do at any other school. And I didn't know anybody there that was splendid and clear-thinking and all. Maybe two guys. If that many. And they probably came to Pencey that way.

Anyway, it was the Saturday of the football game with Saxon Hall. The game with Saxon Hall was supposed to be a very big deal around Pencey. It was the last game of the year, and you were supposed to commit suicide or something if old Pencey didn't win. I remember around three o'clock that afternoon I was standing way the hell up on top of Thomsen Hill, right next to this crazy cannon that was in the Revolutionary War and all. You could see the whole field from there, and you could see the two teams bashing each other all over the place. You couldn't see the grandstand too hot, but you could hear them all yelling, deep and terrific on the Pencey side, because practically the whole school except me was there, and scrawny and faggy on the Saxon Hall side, because the visiting team hardly ever brought many people with them.

There were never many girls at all at the football games. Only seniors were allowed to bring girls with them. It was a terrible school, no matter how you looked at it. I like to be somewhere at least where you can see a few girls around once in a while, even if they're only scratching their arms or blowing their noses or even just giggling or something. Old Selma Thurmer – she was the headmaster's daughter –showed up at the games quite often, but she wasn't exactly the type that drove you mad with desire. She was a pretty nice girl, though. I sat next to her once in the bus from Agerstown and we sort of struck up a conversation. I liked her. She had

a big nose and her nails were all bitten down and bleedy-looking and she had on those damn falsies that point all over the place, but you felt sort of sorry for her. What I liked about her, she didn't give you a lot of horse manure about what a great guy her father was. She probably knew what a phony slob he was.

The reason I was standing way up on Thomsen Hill, instead of down at the game, was because I'd just got back from New York with the fencing team. I was the goddam manager of the fencing team. Very big deal. We'd gone in to New York that morning for this fencing meet with McBurney School. Only, we didn't have the meet. I left all the foils and equipment and stuff on the goddam subway. It wasn't all my fault. I had to keep getting up to look at this map, so we'd know where to get off. So we got back to Pencey around two-thirty instead of around dinnertime. The whole team ostracized me the whole way back on the train. It was pretty funny, in a way.

The other reason I wasn't down at the game was because I was on my way to say good-by to old Spencer, my history teacher. He had the grippe, and I figured I probably wouldn't see him again till Christmas vacation started. He wrote me this note saying he wanted to see me before I went home. He knew I wasn't coming back to Pencey.

I forgot to tell you about that. They kicked me out. I wasn't supposed to come back after Christmas vacation on account of I was flunking four subjects and not applying myself and all. They gave me frequent warning to start applying myself –especially around midterms, when my parents came up for a conference with old Thurmer – but I didn't do it. So I got the ax. They give guys the ax quite frequently at Pencey. It has a very good academic rating, Pencey. It really does.

Anyway, it was December and all, and it was cold as a witch's teat, especially on top of that stupid hill. I only had on my reversible and no gloves or anything. The week before that, somebody'd stolen my camel's-hair coat right out of my room, with my fur-lined gloves right in the pocket and all. Pencey was full of crooks. Quite a few guys came from these very wealthy families, but it was full of crooks anyway. The more expensive a school is, the more crooks it has – I'm not kidding. Anyway, I kept

standing next to that crazy cannon, looking down at the game and freezing my ass off. Only, I wasn't watching the game too much. What I was really hanging around for, I was trying to feel some kind of a good-by. I mean I've left schools and places I didn't even know I was leaving them. I hate that. I don't care if it's a sad good-by or a bad goodbye, but when I leave a place I like to know I'm leaving it. If you don't, you feel even worse.

I was lucky. All of a sudden I thought of something that helped make me know I was getting the hell out. I suddenly remembered this time, in around October, that I and Robert Tichener and Paul Campbell were chucking a football around, in front of the academic building. They were nice guys, especially Tichener. It was just before dinner and it was getting pretty dark out, but we kept chucking the ball around anyway. It kept getting darker and darker, and we could hardly see the ball any more, but we didn't want to stop doing what we were doing. Finally we had to. This teacher that taught biology, Mr. Zambesi, stuck his head out of this window in the academic building and told us to go back to the dorm and get ready for dinner. If I get a chance to remember that kind of stuff, I can get a good-by when I need one – at least, most of the time I can. As soon as I got it, I turned around and started running down the other side of the hill, toward old Spencer's house. He didn't live on the campus. He lived on Anthony Wayne Avenue.

I ran all the way to the main gate, and then I waited a second till I got my breath. I have no wind, if you want to know the truth. I'm quite a heavy smoker, for one thing – that is, I used to be. They made me cut it out. Another thing, I grew six and a half inches last year. That's also how I practically got t.b. and came out here for all these goddam checkups and stuff. I'm pretty healthy, though.

Anyway, as soon as I got my breath back I ran across Route 204. It was icy as hell and I damn near fell down. I don't even know what I was running for – I guess I just felt like it. After I got across the road, I felt like I was sort of disappearing. It was that kind of a crazy afternoon, terrifically cold, and no sun out or anything, and you felt like you were disappearing every time you crossed a road.

Boy, I rang that doorbell fast when I got to old Spencer’s house. I was really frozen. My ears were hurting and I could hardly move my fingers at all. "C’mon, c’mon," I said right out loud, almost, "somebody open the door." Finally old Mrs. Spencer opened. it. They didn’t have a maid or anything, and they always opened the door themselves. They didn’t have too much dough.

"Holden!" Mrs. Spencer said. "How lovely to see you! Come in, dear! Are you frozen to death?" I think she was glad to see me. She liked me. At least, I think she did.

Boy, did I get in that house fast. "How are you, Mrs. Spencer?" I said. "How’s Mr. Spencer?"

"Let me take your coat, dear," she said. She didn’t hear me ask her how Mr. Spencer was. She was sort of deaf.

She hung up my coat in the hall closet, and I sort of brushed my hair back with my hand. I wear a crew cut quite frequently and I never have to comb it much. "How’ve you been, Mrs. Spencer?" I said again, only louder, so she’d hear me.

"I’ve been just fine, Holden." She closed the closet door. "How have you been?" The way she asked me, I knew right away old Spencer’d told her I’d been kicked out.

"Fine," I said. "How’s Mr. Spencer? He over his grippe yet?"

"Over it! Holden, he’s behaving like a perfect – I don’t know what… He’s in his room, dear. Go right in."

2

They each had their own room and all. They were both around seventy years old, or even more than that. They got a bang out of things, though – in a haif-assed way, of course. I know that sounds mean to say, but I don’t mean it mean. I just mean that I used to think about old Spencer quite a lot, and if you thought about him too much, you wondered what the heck he was still living for. I mean he was all stooped over, and he had very terrible posture, and in class, whenever he dropped a piece of chalk at the

blackboard, some guy in the first row always had to get up and pick it up and hand it to him. That's awful, in my opinion. But if you thought about him just enough and not too much, you could figure it out that he wasn't doing too bad for himself. For instance, one Sunday when some other guys and I were over there for hot chocolate, he showed us this old beat-up Navajo blanket that he and Mrs. Spencer'd bought off some Indian in Yellowstone Park. You could tell old Spencer'd got a big bang out of buying it. That's what I mean. You take somebody old as hell, like old Spencer, and they can get a big bang out of buying a blanket.

His door was open, but I sort of knocked on it anyway, just to be polite and all. I could see where he was sitting. He was sitting in a big leather chair, all wrapped up in that blanket I just told you about. He looked over at me when I knocked. "Who's that?" he yelled. "Caulfield? Come in, boy." He was always yelling, outside class. It got on your nerves sometimes.

The minute I went in, I was sort of sorry I'd come. He was reading the Atlantic Monthly, and there were pills and medicine all over the place, and everything smelled like Vicks Nose Drops. It was pretty depressing. I'm not too crazy about sick people, anyway. What made it even more depressing, old Spencer had on this very sad, ratty old bathrobe that he was probably born in or something. I don't much like to see old guys in their pajamas and bathrobes anyway. Their bumpy old chests are always showing. And their legs. Old guys' legs, at beaches and places, always look so white and unhairy. "Hello, sir," I said. "I got your note. Thanks a lot." He'd written me this note asking me to stop by and say good-by before vacation started, on account of I wasn't coming back. "You didn't have to do all that. I'd have come over to say good-by anyway."

"Have a seat there, boy," old Spencer said. He meant the bed.

I sat down on it. "How's your grippe, sir?"

"M'boy, if I felt any better I'd have to send for the doctor," old Spencer said. That knocked him out. He started chuckling like a madman. Then he finally straightened himself out and said, "Why aren't you down at the game? I thought this was the day of the big game."

"It is. I was. Only, I just got back from New York with the fencing team," I said. Boy, his bed was like a rock.

He started getting serious as hell. I knew he would. "So you're leaving us, eh?" he said.

"Yes, sir. I guess I am."

He started going into this nodding routine. You never saw anybody nod as much in your life as old Spencer did. You never knew if he was nodding a lot because he was thinking and all, or just because he was a nice old guy that didn't know his ass from his elbow.

"What did Dr. Thurmer say to you, boy? I understand you had quite a little chat."

"Yes, we did. We really did. I was in his office for around two hours, I guess."

"What'd he say to you?"

"Oh… well, about Life being a game and all. And how you should play it according to the rules. He was pretty nice about it. I mean he didn't hit the ceiling or anything. He just kept talking about Life being a game and all. You know."

"Life is a game, boy. Life is a game that one plays according to the rules."

"Yes, sir. I know it is. I know it."

Game, my ass. Some game. If you get on the side where all the hot-shots are, then it's a game, all right – I'll admit that. But if you get on the other side, where there aren't any hot-shots, then what's a game about it? Nothing. No game. "Has Dr. Thurmer written to your parents yet?" old Spencer asked me.

"He said he was going to write them Monday."

"Have you yourself communicated with them?"

"No, sir, I haven't communicated with them, because I'll probably see them Wednesday night when I get home."

"And how do you think they'll take the news?"

"Well… they'll be pretty irritated about it," I said. "They really will. This is about the fourth school I've gone to." I shook my head. I shake my

head quite a lot. "Boy!" I said. I also say "Boy!" quite a lot. Partly because I have a lousy vocabulary and partly because I act quite young for my age sometimes. I was sixteen then, and I'm seventeen now, and sometimes I act like I'm about thirteen. It's really ironical, because I'm six foot two and a half and I have gray hair. I really do. The one side of my head – the right side – is full of millions of gray hairs. I've had them ever since I was a kid. And yet I still act sometimes like I was only about twelve. Everybody says that, especially my father. It's partly true, too, but it isn't all true. People always think something's all true. I don't give a damn, except that I get bored sometimes when people tell me to act my age. Sometimes I act a lot older than I am – I really do – but people never notice it. People never notice anything.

Old Spencer started nodding again. He also started picking his nose. He made out like he was only pinching it, but he was really getting the old thumb right in there. I guess he thought it was all right to do because it was only me that was in the room. I didn't care, except that it's pretty disgusting to watch somebody pick their nose.

Then he said, "I had the privilege of meeting your mother and dad when they had their little chat with Dr. Thurmer some weeks ago. They're grand people."

"Yes, they are. They're very nice."

Grand. There's a word I really hate. It's a phony. I could puke every time I hear it.

Then all of a sudden old Spencer looked like he had something very good, something sharp as a tack, to say to me. He sat up more in his chair and sort of moved around. It was a false alarm, though. All he did was lift the Atlantic Monthly off his lap and try to chuck it on the bed, next to me. He missed. It was only about two inches away, but he missed anyway. I got up and picked it up and put it down on the bed. All of a sudden then, I wanted to get the hell out of the room. I could feel a terrific lecture coming on. I didn't mind the idea so much, but I didn't feel like being lectured to and smell Vicks Nose Drops and look at old Spencer in his pajamas and bathrobe all at the same time. I really didn't.

It started, all right. "What's the matter with you, boy?" old Spencer said. He said it pretty tough, too, for him. "How many subjects did you carry this term?"

"Five, sir."

"Five. And how many are you failing in?"

"Four." I moved my ass a little bit on the bed. It was the hardest bed I ever sat on. "I passed English all right," I said, "because I had all that Beowulf and Lord Randal My Son stuff when I was at the Whooton School. I mean I didn't have to do any work in English at all hardly, except write compositions once in a while."

He wasn't even listening. He hardly ever listened to you when you said something.

"I flunked you in history because you knew absolutely nothing."

"I know that, sir. Boy, I know it. You couldn't help it."

"Absolutely nothing," he said over again. That's something that drives me crazy. When people say something twice that way, after you admit it the first time. Then he said it three times. "But absolutely nothing. I doubt very much if you opened your textbook even once the whole term. Did you? Tell the truth, boy."

"Well, I sort of glanced through it a couple of times," I told him. I didn't want to hurt his feelings. He was mad about history.

"You glanced through it, eh?" he said – very sarcastic. "Your, ah, exam paper is over there on top of my chiffonier. On top of the pile. Bring it here, please."

It was a very dirty trick, but I went over and brought it over to him – I didn't have any alternative or anything. Then I sat down on his cement bed again. Boy, you can't imagine how sorry I was getting that I'd stopped by to say good-by to him.

He started handling my exam paper like it was a turd or something. "We studied the Egyptians from November 4th to December 2nd," he said. "You chose to write about them for the optional essay question. Would you care to hear what you had to say?"

"No, sir, not very much," I said.

He read it anyway, though. You can’t stop a teacher when they want to do something. They just do it.

The Egyptians were an ancient race of Caucasians residing in one of the northern sections of Africa. The latter as we all know is the largest continent in the Eastern Hemisphere. I had to sit there and listen to that crap. It certainly was a dirty trick. The Egyptians are extremely interesting to us today for various reasons. Modern science would still like to know what the secret ingredients were that the Egyptians used when they wrapped up dead people so that their faces would not rot for innumerable centuries. This interesting riddle is still quite a challenge to modern science in the twentieth century.

He stopped reading and put my paper down. I was beginning to sort of hate him. "Your essay, shall we say, ends there," he said in this very sarcastic voice. You wouldn’t think such an old guy would be so sarcastic and all. "However, you dropped me a little note, at the bottom of the page," he said.

"I know I did," I said. I said it very fast because I wanted to stop him before he started reading that out loud. But you couldn’t stop him. He was hot as a firecracker.

DEAR MR. SPENCER [he read out loud]. That is all I know about the Egyptians. I can’t seem to get very interested in them although your lectures are very interesting. It is all right with me if you flunk me though as I am flunking everything else except English anyway.

Respectfully yours, HOLDEN CAULFIELD.

He put my goddam paper down then and looked at me like he’d just beaten hell out of me in ping-pong or something. I don’t think I’ll ever forgive him for reading me that crap out loud. I wouldn’t’ve read it out loud to him if he’d written it – I really wouldn’t. In the first place, I’d only written that damn note so that he wouldn’t feel too bad about flunking me.

"Do you blame me for flunking you, boy?" he said.

"No, sir! I certainly don’t," I said. I wished to hell he’d stop calling me "boy" all the time.

He tried chucking my exam paper on the bed when he was through with it. Only, he missed again, naturally. I had to get up again and pick it up and put it on top of the Atlantic Monthly. It’s boring to do that every two minutes.

"What would you have done in my place?" he said. "Tell the truth, boy."

Well, you could see he really felt pretty lousy about flunking me. So I shot the bull for a while. I told him I was a real moron, and all that stuff. I told him how I would’ve done exactly the same thing if I’d been in his place, and how most people didn’t appreciate how tough it is being a teacher. That kind of stuff. The old bull.

The funny thing is, though, I was sort of thinking of something else while I shot the bull. I live in New York, and I was thinking about the lagoon in Central Park, down near Central Park South. I was wondering if it would be frozen over when I got home, and if it was, where did the ducks go. I was wondering where the ducks went when the lagoon got all icy and frozen over. I wondered if some guy came in a truck and took them away to a zoo or something. Or if they just flew away.

I’m lucky, though. I mean I could shoot the old bull to old Spencer and think about those ducks at the same time. It’s funny. You don’t have to think too hard when you talk to a teacher. All of a sudden, though, he interrupted me while I was shooting the bull. He was always interrupting you.

"How do you feel about all this, boy? I’d be very interested to know. Very interested."

"You mean about my flunking out of Pencey and all?" I said. I sort of wished he’d cover up his bumpy chest. It wasn’t such a beautiful view.

"If I’m not mistaken, I believe you also had some difficulty at the Whooton School and at Elkton Hills." He didn’t say it just sarcastic, but sort of nasty, too.

"I didn’t have too much difficulty at Elkton Hills," I told him. "I didn’t exactly flunk out or anything. I just quit, sort of."

"Why, may I ask?"

"Why? Oh, well it's a long story, sir. I mean it's pretty complicated." I didn't feel like going into the whole thing with him. He wouldn't have understood it anyway. It wasn't up his alley at all. One of the biggest reasons I left Elkton Hills was because I was surrounded by phonies. That's all. They were coming in the goddam window. For instance, they had this headmaster, Mr. Haas, that was the phoniest bastard I ever met in my life. Ten times worse than old Thurmer. On Sundays, for instance, old Haas went around shaking hands with everybody's parents when they drove up to school. He'd be charming as hell and all. Except if some boy had little old funny-looking parents. You should've seen the way he did with my roommate's parents. I mean if a boy's mother was sort of fat or corny-looking or something, and if somebody's father was one of those guys that wear those suits with very big shoulders and corny black-and-white shoes, then old Hans would just shake hands with them and give them a phony smile and then he'd go talk, for maybe a half an hour, with somebody else's parents. I can't stand that stuff. It drives me crazy. It makes me so depressed I go crazy. I hated that goddam Elkton Hills.

Old Spencer asked me something then, but I didn't hear him. I was thinking about old Haas. "What, sir?" I said.

"Do you have any particular qualms about leaving Pencey?"

"Oh, I have a few qualms, all right. Sure… but not too many. Not yet, anyway.

I guess it hasn't really hit me yet. It takes things a while to hit me. All I'm doing right now is thinking about going home Wednesday. I'm a moron."

"Do you feel absolutely no concern for your future, boy?"

"Oh, I feel some concern for my future, all right. Sure. Sure, I do." I thought about it for a minute. "But not too much, I guess. Not too much, I guess."

"You will," old Spencer said. "You will, boy. You will when it's too late."

I didn't like hearing him say that. It made me sound dead or something. It was very depressing. "I guess I will," I said.

"I'd like to put some sense in that head of yours, boy. I'm trying to help you. I'm trying to help you, if I can."

He really was, too. You could see that. But it was just that we were too much on opposite sides ot the pole, that's all. "I know you are, sir," I said. "Thanks a lot. No kidding. I appreciate it. I really do." I got up from the bed then. Boy, I couldn't've sat there another ten minutes to save my life. "The thing is, though, I have to get going now. I have quite a bit of equipment at the gym I have to get to take home with me. I really do." He looked up at me and started nodding again, with this very serious look on his face. I felt sorry as hell for him, all of a sudden. But I just couldn't hang around there any longer, the way we were on opposite sides of the pole, and the way he kept missing the bed whenever he chucked something at it, and his sad old bathrobe with his chest showing, and that grippy smell of Vicks Nose Drops all over the place. "Look, sir. Don't worry about me," I said. "I mean it. I'll be all right. I'm just going through a phase right now. Everybody goes through phases and all, don't they?"

"I don't know, boy. I don't know."

I hate it when somebody answers that way. "Sure. Sure, they do," I said. "I mean it, sir. Please don't worry about me." I sort of put my hand on his shoulder. "Okay?" I said.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of hot chocolate before you go? Mrs. Spencer would be –"

"I would, I really would, but the thing is, I have to get going. I have to go right to the gym. Thanks, though. Thanks a lot, sir."

Then we shook hands. And all that crap. It made me feel sad as hell, though.

"I'll drop you a line, sir. Take care of your grippe, now."

"Good-by, boy."

After I shut the door and started back to the living room, he yelled something at me, but I couldn't exactly hear him. I'm pretty sure he yelled "Good luck!" at me, I hope to hell not. I'd never yell "Good luck!" at anybody. It sounds terrible, when you think about it.

Chapter 1

Summary

As the novel opens, the narrator, Holden Caulfield, speaks directly to us from a mental hospital or sanitarium in southern California. He says that he will tell us (the readers) of events occurring around Christmastime of the previous year. First, however, he mentions his older brother, D.B., a writer who now works in nearby Hollywood and visits Holden nearly every weekend.

Holden's story, in the form of a long flashback, begins around 3 p.m. on a Saturday in December, the day of the traditional season-ending football match between his old school, Pencey Prep (in Agerstown, Pennsylvania) and rival Saxon Hall. Holden, a junior at Pencey, can see the field from where he stands, high atop Thomsen Hill. He has been expelled and is on his way to say good-bye to Mr. Spencer, his history instructor. At the end of the chapter, Holden arrives at Mr. Spencer's house and is let in by his teacher's wife.

Glossary

David Copperfield the first-person narrator of *The Personal History of David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens, published serially 1849-50 and in book form 1850.

Hemorrhage the escape of large quantities of blood from a blood vessel; heavy bleeding.

Prostitute to sell (oneself, one's artistic or moral integrity, etc.) for low or unworthy purposes; here, one who compromises principle for money.

faggy fatigued; wearied.

Falsies devices, as pads or breast-shaped forms, worn inside a brassiere to make the breasts look fuller.

Ostracized banished, barred, excluded, etc. by general consent, as from a group or from acceptance by society.

grippe influenza; the flu.

t.b. tuberculosis (an infectious disease characterized by the formation of abnormal hard swellings in tissues of the body, especially in the lungs).

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be touchy
2. to strike up a conversation
3. to apply oneself
4. to have a bad (good) academic rating
5. to wear a crew cut

Consider and Memorize

1.	dough	money
2.	hot-shot	one who acts as if he were important, daring
3.	a big deal	an important issue, event
4.	slob	a slovenly person
5.	to kick smb. out	to expel
6.	to get the ax	to be fired from one's job
7.	to flunk a subject	to fail
8.	to cut smth. out	to stop doing smth. or talking about smth.

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text

1) Why was Holden reluctant to describe his childhood?
2) What information about D.B. does this chapter offer?
3) Describe Pencey Preparatory School. Comment on the following quotation: "the more expensive a school is, the mote crooks it has"
4) Why wasn't Holden present at the game?
5) What helped Holden feel some kind of good-by for Pencey?

II. Analyze some stylistic patterns used in the above chapter

1) Discuss the symbolic meaning of D.B's story The Secret Goldfish.
2) How would you explain Holden's habit of saying "and all" after almost every sentence?

… and he is my brother and all

… with my fur-lined gloves right in the pocket and all

3) Point out a paragraph showing the author's ironic attitude to Pencey Preparatory School.
4) Comment on the following:

"You were supposed to commit a suicide or something if old Pencey didn't win"

5) What stylistic pattern does Salinger use to achieve a humorous effect while describing Pencey's academic rating?

III. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1) Translate sentences containing the expressions under study.
2) Make up a dialogue between Holden and one of his friends.

Imagine what Holden might say about his expulsion from Pencey.

Use the following expressions: to be a big deal, to flunk a subject, to apply

oneself, to give smb. frequent warning, to have a bad academic rating

3) Point out some grammar rules violations in Holden's speech. Correct them.

Chapter 2

Summary

Spencer's farewell turns into a lecture on discipline, and Holden's mind drifts. He wonders about the ducks down at the lagoon near Central Park South in New York City. Where do they go when the lagoon freezes in the winter? Does someone take them to a zoo? Do they fly away? He reflects on Mr. Haas, the phony headmaster at Elkton Hills, one of Holden's previous schools. Haas was very charming to successful-looking parents, but if a boy's mother were fat or his father poorly dressed, the headmaster snubbed them cruelly.

Holden finally manages to escape from Mr. Spencer's lecture, claiming he needs to get to the gym to retrieve his equipment. He has second thoughts

about leaving "old Spencer" but mainly wants out. Politely turning down a cup of Mrs. Spencer's renowned hot chocolate and promising to write, he gladly leaves.

Glossary

Navajo North American Indian people who live in Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah.

Yellowstone Park national park mostly in northwestern Wyoming, but including narrow strips of southern Montana and eastern Idaho; it contains geysers, boilings springs, etc.

ratty shabby or run-down.

Beowulf hero of the Old English folk epic of that name, an Anglian poem probably composed during the first half of the 8th century, A.D.

Lord Randal My Son refers to an anonymous medieval ballad of northern England or Scotland.

chiffonier a narrow, high bureau or chest of drawers, often with a mirror.

Central Park popular, expansive public park in Manhattan, New York City.

qualms sudden feelings of uneasiness or doubt; misgivings; twinges of conscience.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be wrapped up in smth
2. to have the privilege of doing smth.
3. to have an (no) alternative
4. an optional essay
5. to have some (no) qualms about smth.

Consider and Memorize

1. to get a bang out of smth. to enjoy smth.

2. to knock smb. out	to astonish smb. greatly
3. phoney	fake, insincere
4. moron	idiot
5. corny	trite, dated, melodramatic

Quiz

1. Why does Holden call his brother D.B. a prostitute?

Because he works as a male escort
Because he became an actor and lives in Hollywood
Because he writes best sellers
Because he lives in Hollywood, writing for the movie industry

2. What happened to the fencing equipment in New York?

Holden sold it at a pawn shop in New York.
Holden left it all on the subway.
It was stolen.
The team left it in a taxi.

3. Why has Holden been kicked out of Pencey Prep?

For torturing a boy named James Castle with a bunch of other bullies
For destroying school property
For flunking too many classes
For selling the fencing equipment at a pawn shop in New York

4. Why is everyone at the football game that Holden watches from the top of the hill?

It's the popular first game of the season against a school rival.
There is mandatory attendance.
There is a particularly good half time show.
It's the popular last game of the season against a school rival.

5. What does Mr. Spencer tell Holden?

He tells him not to worry so much and that everything will be fine.
He counsels him in trusting his instincts.
He lectures him about failing in school and life by not applying himself.
He tells him stories of when he was a kid and went to Pencey.

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text

1) What sort of man was Mr. Spencer?
2) Prove that Mr. Spencer and Holden were on the opposite sides of the pole.
3) What features of Holden's character are revealed in his history composition? Would you read the composition out loud to Holden if you were Mr. Spencer? If yes (no) then why?
4) Why did Holden start thinking about the ducks in Central Park while speaking with Mr. Spencer?
5) Why did Holden consider the headmaster of Elkton Hill to be the phoniest person he had ever seen in his life?
6) Why did Holden want to quit Mr. Spencer as quickly as possible?

II. Analyze some stylistic patterns used in the above chapter

1) Find some epithets which help characterize Mr. Spencer.
2) Explain the meaning of the following similies:
   a. His bed was <u>like a rock</u>… and he is my brother and all
   b. Old Spencer looked like he had something very good, something <u>sharp as a tack</u> to say to me
3) Point out a paragraph showing the author's ironic attitude to Pencey Preparatory School.
4) Comment on the following:

"You were supposed to commit a suicide or something if old Pencey didn't win"

5) What stylistic pattern does Salinger use to achieve a humorous effect while describing Pencey's academic rating?

III. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1) Translate sentences containing the expressions under study.
2) Make up a dialogue between Holden and one of his friends. Imagine what Holden might say about his expulsion from Pencey. Use the following expressions: to be a big deal, to flunk a subject, to apply oneself, to give smb. frequent warning, to have a bad academic rating
3) Point out some grammar rules violations in Holden's speech. Correct them.

Chapter 3

Summary

Holden returns to Pencey where he lives in the Ossenburger Memorial Wing of the new dorms, reserved for juniors and seniors. Ossenburger is an alumnus who has made a fortune in the undertaking business. Pencey named a wing of the new dormitories after him in thanks for a large donation. Ossenburger attended the first home football game earlier in the fall and bored the students, especially Holden, with a long-winded, corny, cliché-filled oration at chapel the next morning. A flatulent student named Edgar Marsalla finally countered with his own loud breaking of wind, much to Holden's delight.

The dorm room is empty and cozy. Holden tries on a red hunting cap, with a long bill, which he bought for a dollar in New York that morning. He relaxes with a good book, Isak Denisen's *Out of Africa*, until he is interrupted by Robert Ackley who rooms next door and enters through a shower that the two rooms share. Ackley is a nuisance and ruins the mood.

Ward Stradlater, Holden's roommate, comes in from the football game and asks to borrow Holden's hound's-tooth jacket as he prepares to go out for the evening.

Glossary

sadist one who gets pleasure from inflicting physical or psychological pain on another or others.

wooden press here, a frame that holds a wooden tennis racket to prevent warping.

falsetto an artificial way of speaking, in which the voice is placed in a register much higher than that of the natural voice.

prince a fine, generous, helpful fellow.

hound's-tooth jacket a jacket featuring a pattern of irregular broken checks

Chapter 4

Summary

Although the dorms have showers separating rooms, the toilets and sinks are down the hall. Having nothing better to do, Holden accompanies his roommate, Stradlater, as he prepares for a Saturday night date. Holden is first shocked and then concerned when he learns that his roommate's date that night is Jane Gallagher, a friend of his from the summer before his sophomore year. Holden repeatedly says he should go downstairs to say hello to Jane, but he never does.

Stradlater talks Holden into writing an English theme paper for him. Holden returns to his room and is joined by Ackley, whose company Holden doesn't mind, because listening to Ackley distracts him from thinking about Jane.

Glossary

can a toilet; here, the large room in the dorm that houses the toilets and sinks.

Ziegfeld Follies a lavish Broadway variety show, produced by American Florenz Ziegfeld (1869-1932).

Doberman pinscher any of a breed of large dog with erect ears, a docked tail, and a short, smooth, usually dark coat with tan markings.

caddy a person who attends a golfer, carrying the clubs, finding the balls, etc.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be liable to do smth.
2. to be peculiar
3. to tap dance
4. to be in one's light
5. to take one's mind off smth.

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. buck	dollar
2. buddy	friend
3. stiff	corpse
4. cute	attractive
5. to barge in	to intrude
6. to horse around	to joke (to fool around)
7. to be up the creek	to have no way out

Quiz

1. Why is Holden so worried about Stradlater's date with Jane?

He doesn't want Stradlater to mention that he knows him.
He's worried Stradlater will make a fool of himself.
He's worried he won't get a chance to say goodbye to Stradlater.
He likes Jane and doesn't want Stradlater coming on to her.

2. What does Stradlater ask Holden to do for him while he's out on his date?

Write a composition for him describing a room
Do his laundry
Write a composition about a personal memory
Do his math homework

3. What is the new hat that Holden is so excited about?

A baseball cap of his favorite team
A red hunting cap with ear flaps
A woolen cap with tassels
A top hat

4. Why does Ackley annoy Holden?

He's really smart and always showing off how good his grades are.
He has really bad personal hygiene, asks aggravating questions, and messes with Holden's things. He's always snapping people with his towel after he gets out of the shower.
He has a really high, screechy voice and always spills whatever he's drinking on Holden's bed.

5. How does Holden know Stradlater's date, Jane?

Jane is his sister.
They played checkers together one summer.
The were next door neighbors growing up.
He dated her when he was at his old school.

III. Vocabulary and speech exercises.

1. Which of the characters introduced in these chapters can be characterized by the following word combinations: *very peculiar, with mossy teeth, very nosy, conceited but generous in something, a secret slob, a Year Book kind of handsome guy.*
2. Find English equivalents for the following word combinations. Illustrate them in situations of your own: *похоронне бюро, вмикати першу швидкість, жити у сусідній кімнаті, робити на зло, викинути із голови.*

3. Reproduce the dialogue between Holden and Stradlater using the following expressions: *to do smb. a big favour to stick commas, to be through with smth, to be right in one's light, to play checkers with smb.*
4. Think it over: *"You wish the author that wrote it was a terrible friend of yours and you could call him up on the phone whenever you felt like it".*

Chapter 5

Summary

After a lackluster trip to town with Ackley and another student, Holden settles in to compose the descriptive theme paper for Stradlater. He decides to write about his brother Allie's left-handed baseball glove. Allie died of leukemia on July 18, 1946, while the family was vacationing in Maine. Holden was 13 years old at the time, Allie two years younger. Holden finishes the essay around 10:30 p.m.

Glossary

racket any dishonest scheme or practice.

Brown Betty a baked apple pudding made with butter, spices, sugar, and bread crumbs.

galoshes overshoes, especially high, warmly lined overshoes of rubber and fabric.

bridge any of various card games, for two pairs of players, that developed from whist.

boardwalk a walk, often made of wood and elevated, placed along a beach or seafront.

sinus any of the air cavities in the skull opening into the nasal cavities.

halitosis bad-smelling breath.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to pack a snowball
2. to have a date
3. to have a hunch
4. once in a while
5. to make a fist

Consider and Memorize

Slang	**Standard**
1. racket	swindle
2. a bridge fiend	an enthusiastic bridge player

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Why was a Saturday night meal considered to be so important at Pencey Preparatory School?
2. How did Holden spend this Saturday night?
3. Why didn't Holden throw a snowball he'd packed at anything?
4. Why was Allie's baseball mitt a very descriptive subject in Holden's opinion?
5. What do we learn about Allie from this chapter?
6. Why did Holden break the windows in the garage when his brother died?

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Speak on Allie using the following expressions: *to be left-handed, to get leukemia, to be intelligent, to get mad at smb., to have red hair, to be a nice kid.*
2. Compare the meaning of the verb "start" in the following sentences:

a) I started to throw it.

b) It wasn't snowing out any more but every once in a while you could hear a car somewhere not being able to get started.

Chapters 6-7

Summary

The events of the rest of the evening are a little blurred in Holden's memory. Stradlater returns around 11:00 or so and reads the theme paper Holden has written, while unbuttoning his shirt and stroking his chest. Stradlater is in love with himself. Of course, he doesn't understand Holden's choice of a baseball glove for a descriptive essay and condemns it. Holden grabs the paper and tears it up.

Holden becomes increasingly agitated about Stradlater's date with Jane. Although he can't know exactly what happened, his roommate's glib comments enrage him. Stradlater taunts him, and Holden misses with a wild punch. Stradlater holds him down but lets him up. Holden calls Stradlater a moron and gets a bloody nose for his trouble. Stradlater leaves. Holden decides to spend the night in Ackley's room, can't sleep, thinks of visiting Mal Brossard but changes his mind, and decides to "get the hell out of Pencey," instead of waiting until Wednesday to leave. He plans to rent an inexpensive hotel room in New York City and stay there until Wednesday, when he can go home.

Glossary

backasswards similar to the slang term *ass-backwards*, meaning, done in a way that is particularly contrary to the usual way, confusing, etc.

socks hard hits with the fist.

shadow punches sparring with an imaginary opponent, especially in training as a boxer.

give her the time here, engage in sexual activity with the girl.

pacifist one who is opposed to the use of force under any circumstances; specifically, one who refuses for reasons of conscience to participate in war or any military action.

Canasta a card game, a variation of rummy, usually for two or four players, using a double deck of cards and four jokers.

Mass the Roman Catholic Eucharistic (communion) rite consisting of prayers and ceremonies centered on the consecration of bread and wine.

aces first-rate; expert. Here, Holden uses the term sarcastically to Ackley.

Gladstones light hand luggage with two hinged compartments.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be unscrupulous
2. to drive smb. crazy
3. to stick together
4. to be a bore
5. to abuse one's hospitality
6. to make cracks about smth.
7. to be lavish with smth.

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. spooky	eerie, unnatural
2. to have a tiff	to have a fit of irritation or a petty quarrel
3. to holler	to shout
4. to feel rotten	to feel upset
5. to snow smb. in	to talk much in order to impress (with flattery)
6. to be loaded	to have much money
7. dopy	silly, stupid

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. What are the reasons for Holden's fight with Stradlater?
2. Who came off a poor second in this fight in your opinion?
3. How was Holden met by Ackley?

4. What thoughts tortured Holden driving sleep away from him?
5. Why did Holden feel so lonesome that he almost wished he was dead?
6. What words did Holden yell at the top of his voice while leaving Pencey Prep?

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Find English equivalents for the following word combinations: *професійна тайна, розбити голову, приватне життя, по-перше, процедура вступу, вештатись без діла, нерви розхитались.*
2. Finish the following sentences and recall the situations where they are used:
   a) Old Stradlater was one of Ed Banky's pets because…
   b) I told Stradlater he didn't care if…
   c) So what I decided to do, I decided…
   d) She bought me the wrong size of skates…
3. Reproduce Holden's dialogue with Ackley as close to the text as possible. Use the expressions under study.

Think it over.

That's the way you can always tell a moron.

They never went to discuss anything intelligent.

Chapters 8-9

Summary

It is too late to get a taxi in Agerstown so Holden walks to the train station. He lowers the earflaps on his hunting cap to protect against the cold. En route to New York City, he is joined at Trenton by an attractive woman who turns out to be the mother of a classmate, Ernest Morrow. Holden introduces himself as Rudolf Schmidt, actually the name of the custodian at his dorm, and invents several flattering stories about the woman's son, "Old Ernie." When Mrs. Morrow asks why he's leaving

school before the end of the semester, he tells her that he has to return home because he has a brain tumor and that he must have surgery.

When he arrives at New York's Penn Station, Holden considers telephoning several people but ends up calling no one. He takes a cab to the Edmont Hotel where he observes unusual happenings from the window of his shabby room. His phone call to Miss Faith Cavendish, a young lady whose sexual reputation precedes her, ends without any plans to meet.

Glossary

earlap earflap; either of a pair of cloth or fur flaps on a cap, turned down to protect the ears from cold.

lousy with rocks here, wearing a good deal of jewelry, possibly diamonds.

cocktail any of various alcoholic drinks made of a distilled liquor mixed with a wine, fruit juice, etc., and usually iced.

incognito with true identity unrevealed or disguised; under an assumed name, rank, etc.

bellboy a person employed by a hotel, club, etc. to carry luggage and do errands.

highballs tall glasses of liquor, usually whiskey or brandy, mixed with water, soda water, ginger ale, etc. and served with ice.

suave smoothly gracious or polite; polished; blandly ingratiating; urbane.

Princeton a prestigious university in Princeton, New Jersey; part of the Ivy League, a group of colleges in the northeastern United States forming a league for intercollegiate sports and other activities.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be conscientious
2. to wolf the smoke down

3. to get an original personality
4. to have smb. in a trance
5. to do smth. out of habit
6. to take turns
7. to toy with the idea
8. to get in touch with smb.
9. to run the name over in one's mind

Consider and Memorize

Slang	**Standard**
1. to lay one on smb.	to hit smb.
2. to be in the sack	to be in bed
3. to be lousy with rocks	to have many jewels
4. to be snotty	to think too high of oneself
5. to give smb. a buzz	to phone
6. to shack up	to live or stay at a place
7. to foul smth. up	to ruin, to spoil

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Why did Holden like riding on trains, especially at night?
2. What was Mrs. Morrow? Why did Holden lie to her?
3. What was Mrs. Morrow's reaction to Holden's stories?
4. Why wouldn't Holden visit Ernie Morrow for all the money in the world?
5. What do you think Holden's interest to ducks in Central Park signify?

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Describe Mrs. Morrow using the following expressions: *to be around forty or forty five, to be very good looking, to have a nice smile, to have a lot of charm, to have a lot of sex appeal.*
2. Reproduce Holden's conversations with Mrs. Morrow and the driver using the expressions under study.

3. Render the following into English:

– *Вона поставила свою сумку на середину проходу, так що кондуктор або хто-небудь інший міг об неї спіткнутись.*
– *Я б розповів їй, що трапилось насправді, та це б зайняло забагато часу.*
– *Можливо, він сприймає все набагато серйозніше, ніж це варто було б у його віці.*
– *Я б все рівно не поїхав би до цього покидька Мороу, якби навіть і був у дуже скрутному становищі.*

4. Recount Holden's conversation with Faith Cavendish using the following expressions: *to get in touch with smb., to get friendly, to sound in the young side, to make engagement*

Chapter 10

Summary

Holden claims that it is still early, but it is actually quite late. However, the Lavender Room, a lounge off the lobby of the Edmont Hotel, is still open. After providing a detailed recollection of his younger sister, Phoebe, Holden visits the Lavender Room and meets three women, tourists from Seattle.

Glossary

pimpy-looking resembling a man who is an agent for a prostitute or prostitutes and lives off their earnings.

from hunger here, unattractive, unfashionable.

grool here, an unattractive person.

Peter Lorre (1904-1964) Hungarian by birth, he was a recognizable character actor and movie star in several countries, including the United States.

Stork Club or El Morocco fashionable New York City nightclubs, where one was more likely to spot celebrities.

Tom Collins an iced drink made with gin, mixed with soda water, lime or lemon juice, and sugar; typically a summer drink.

Radio City Music Hall a Manhattan theater featuring films and stage shows, including a lavish Christmas pageant.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to ham and haw
2. to be a bad/good conversationalist
3. over one's head
4. in person
5. to catch a glimpse of smb/smth
6. to have a sterling sense of humour

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. to give smb. the old eye/the once over	to make eyes at smb.
2. to give smb. the freeze	to snub smb.
3. grool	monster, witch

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Speak on Phoebe.

a) Describe her using the following adjectives: *pretty, smart, roller-skate skinny, emotional*

b) What features in Phoebe's character do you considerappealing?

c) Comment on the following quotation:

– *She's ten now and not such a tiny little kid any more, but she still kills everybody – everybody with any sense anyway.*

2. Recount Holden's meeting with those three girls from Seattle, Washington.

a) Why did Holden start a conversation with them?

b) Describe Holden's dancing with these girls using the following tips:

– The blonde was some dancer

– Old Marty was like dragging the Statue of Liberty around the floor

c) Discuss the most conspicuous features of these girls, with an eye on the following:

– Old Marty talked more than the other two

– And she kept saying these very corny, boring things

– Laverne had a sterling sense of humour

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Find in the text the equivalents for: *ви б на неї подивилис; я, на жаль, неповнолітній; гра була варта свічок; не виражайтесь; ви відмінна співбесідниця; їх і силою неможливо було змусити розмовлят; я його бачила лише мигцем.*

Chapter 11

Summary

This short chapter is devoted almost exclusively to Holden's recollections of Jane Gallagher. Sitting in a "vomity-looking" chair in the lobby of the Edmont Hotel, he remembers how they met and what they did the summer before his sophomore year. He thinks he knows her "like a book." Despite the late hour, Holden still is not tired. He decides to visit Ernie's Nightclub in Greenwich Village.

Glossary

glider a porch seat suspended in a frame so that it can glide or swing back and forth.

get wise with her here, to approach her sexually.

necking kissing, hugging, and caressing passionately.

Chapter 12

Summary

On the way to Ernie's, Holden discusses ducks, fish, and winter with the cab driver. At the club, Holden expresses his opinions concerning the aesthetics of performance, Ernie, the crowd in general, and a nearby couple in particular. Lillian Simmons, a former girlfriend of D.B., pops by his table with her date, a Navy officer. Holden declines her invitation to join them, saying he was just leaving.

Glossary

flitty here, Holden uses the term to refer to male homosexuals.

Tattersall having a checkered pattern of dark lines on a light background.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to snub smb., syn. to ignore smb.
2. to get smb. on/off the brain
3. to hold hands with smb.
4. to be sore about smth.
5. to block up the aisle

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. to make a stink about smth.	to make a great fuss about smth.
2. to neck	to kiss and caress
3. to get wise with smb.	to be provocatively insolent
4. to get to first base	to make a first step toward one’s objective
5. to stink smth. up	to spoil
6. to get in good with smb.	to get the favor of smb.

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. What circumstances did Holden and Jane meet under? Prove that Jane and Holden had different from their parents priorities.
2. Speak on Jane: her appearance; unhappy childhood; relations with Holden.

   Comment on the following: *Jane was the only one, outside my family, that I ever showed Allie's baseball mitt to, with all the poems written on it.*
3. How did Horwitz react to Holden's question about the ducks in Central park? Stress the difference in his reply from the one Holden heard from the driverearlier.
4. Speak on Ernie, the incarnation of the phoney of the arts. Use the following:

   a) "I think it's because sometimes when he plays he sounds like the kind of a guy that won't talk to you unless you are a big shot"

   b) "I don't even think he knows any more when he is playing right or not"
5. Describe the people present at Ernie's. Comment on the following: *They were exactly the same morons that laugh like hyenas in the movies at stuff that isn't funny.*

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Retell Holden's conversation with Horwitz. Try to preserve its colloquial style, abridged forms of the verbs and the loose structure of sentences.
2. Speak on Ernie's playing the piano using the following expressions: *to be jam-packed, nobody's that good, tricky stuff, to clap for smb., to be a terrific snob.*

Chapter 13

Summary

Holden is tired of taxis and walks the forty-one blocks back to the hotel, wearing his red hunting cap with the earflaps down, missing his pilfered gloves, and bemoaning his cowardice. The elevator man, Maurice, doubles as a pimp and offers to provide Holden with female companionship for "five bucks a throw" or fifteen dollars for the night. Holden agrees to go for "a throw" in his room, 1222, but almost immediately regrets it. The hooker calls herself Sunny; Holden tells her his name is Jim Steele. Although they do little more than talk, because Holden is more depressed than ready to have sex, Sunny says that her fee is ten dollars. Holden pays her only five, and she leaves, calling him a "crumb-bum."

Glossary

yellow cowardly.

rake an immoral , corrupt, depraved man.

polo coat a loose-fitting overcoat made of camel's hair or some such fabric.

nonchalant showing cool lack of concern; casually indifferent.

Chapter 14

Summary

It is dawn on Sunday by the time that Sunny exits. Holden smokes a couple of cigarettes and reflects on his relationship with his deceased brother, Allie, as well as his feelings about religion. He is summoned by a knock on the door. Sunny has returned with Maurice and demands the rest of the ten dollars. Holden resists and is roughed up by the pimp.

Glossary

Quaker a member of the Society of Friends, a Christian denomination founded in England (circa 1650) by George Fox; the Friends have no formal creed, rites, liturgy, or priesthood, and reject violence in human relations, including war. The term "Quaker" was originally derisive, aimed at the Friends because of Fox's admonition to "quake" at the word of the Lord.

Judas Judas Iscariot, the disciple who betrayed Jesus (Matthew 26:14, 48).

chisel to take advantage of by cheating.

rubbernecks people who stretch their necks or turn their heads

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be nonchalant
2. to be against one’s principles
3. to be sophisticated
4. to feel peculiar
5. to be premature in one’s speculations
6. to do smth. at random
7. to do all the talking
8. to steady one’s nerves

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. to swipe	to steal, to filch
2. to sneak	to do smth. secretly
3. to chisel	to cheat or swindle
4. to rough smb. up	to treat smb. with physical violence
5. to plug	to shoot or hit with a fist
6. rubberneck	a gawking tourist or sightseer

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. What features of Holden's character does the author try to lead you up to describing his "funny kind of yellowness". Do you think him a coward?
2. What sort of people were Funny and Maurice? Why did Holden call Sunny "a pretty spooky kid"?
3. Why was Holden reluctant to pay Maurice five extra dollars?
4. Why did Holden slip into a movie role after being beaten by Maurice?

– Comment on the following quotation: *The function of Hollywood is to glamorize and distort and, in consequence, to disparage private suffering for an entranced national audience.*

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Find several phrases to describe a person's mood.
2. Recall the situations in which you come across the following:

– When you are feeling very depressed you can't even think

– Allie heard us talking about it, and he wanted to go, and I wouldn't let him.

– What I really felt like, though, was committing a suicide.

3. Holden says of himself: "*I am quite illiterate, but I read a lot*". Find several words and expressions to prove that Holden is an educated and well-read fellow with a rather rich vocabulary.

Chapter 15

Summary

Holden awakes around 10:00 Sunday morning. He phones an old girlfriend, Sally Hayes, and makes a date to meet her at 2:00 p.m. to catch a theater matinee. Holden checks out of the hotel and leaves his bags at a lock box in Grand Central Station. While eating a large breakfast (orange juice, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee) at a sandwich bar, he meets two nuns

who are schoolteachers from Chicago, newly assigned to a convent "way the hell uptown," apparently near Washington Heights. They discuss *Romeo and Juliet,* and Holden gives them a donation of ten dollars.

Glossary

necked kissed, hugged, and caressed passionately.

matinee a reception or performance, as of a play, held in the afternoon.

West Point military reservation in southeastern New York state; site of the U.S. Military Academy.

Grand Central Station a famous, expansive train station in New York City.

bourgeois of or characteristic of a person whose beliefs, attitudes, and practices are conventionally middle-class.

Chapter 16

Summary

When Holden finishes his conversation with the two nuns, it is almost noon. He has two hours until he is to meet Sally at the Biltmore Hotel so he goes for a walk toward Broadway. He wants to buy a recording, for Phoebe, of an old song called "Little Shirley Beans." Along the way, Holden notices an apparently underprivileged family walking home from church. The young son is walking in the street and singing.

Fortunately, the first music store that he visits has a copy of the record. Holden tries to telephone Jane, but her mother answers so he hangs up. Still burdened with the responsibility of procuring theater tickets, he chooses a play, *I Know My Love,* that he thinks Sally will like because it stars the Lunts. He decides to visit Central Park in hopes of finding Phoebe who often skates there on Sundays. He almost visits the Museum of Natural History but decides not to go in. Although he doesn't feel like going through with the date, he catches a cab to meet Sally at the Biltmore Hotel as planned.

Glossary

Broadway street running north and south through New York City, known as the center of the city's main theater and entertainment section.

the Lunts Alfred Lunt (1893-1977) and Lynn Fontanne (1887-1983), husband and wife, were revered stage actors of the day, often performing together.

Flys Up a baseball or softball playground game in which the fielder who catches a fly ball is allowed to bat next.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to give smb. a hand
2. to make a contribution
3. to room with smb.
4. to ruin a conversation
5. to be charitable
6. a benefit performance
7. goose flesh
8. to mutiny

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. flop	an utter failure
2. swanky	imposingly fashionable or elegant
3. to nave about	to speak widely, irritationally or incoherently
4. screwed up	messed, unfortunate, ill-fated
5. mushy	excessively sentimental

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Discuss the following quotations:

– You think if they are intelligent and all, the other person, and have a good sense of humour, that they don't give a damn whose suitcasesare better, but they do.

– The thing is, it drives me crazy if somebody gets killed – especially somebody very smart and entertaining and all – and it's somebody else's fault.

– That's why I was glad those two nuns didn't ask me if I was a Catholic. It wouldn't have spoiled the conversation if they had, but it would've been different, probably.

– Certain things, they should stay the way they are. You ought to be able to stick them in one of those big glass cases and just leave them alone.

2. Choose several sentences to characterize the American society of those times:
   – hypocrisy of the rich;
   – vulgarity of tastes and narrow-mindedness of interests.

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Draw up a list of words and word combinations dealing with a visit to a museum.
2. Paraphrase the following sentences:
   – I swung the conversation around the general topics.
   – But we had to read outside books for extra credit.
   – She probably wanted to get off the subject of Romeo and Juliet.
   – He was the witch doctor. He gave me the creeps, but I liked him anyway.
3. Find English equivalents for the following word combinations. Use them in humorous dialogues: *зголодніти, мало їсти, додавати у вазі, пропускати повз вуха, зіпсувати розмову, бути занадто щедрим, бути худим.*

Chapter 17

Summary

Sally is ten minutes late but looks terrific in her black coat and matching beret. She is thrilled that they will get to see the Lunts and is impressed by the performance. Holden is less than thrilled, first by the performance on stage and then by Sally's performance in the lobby. He dislikes the way she talks with an Andover student named George. After the show, they go ice skating at Radio City. Holden tries to talk with Sally about things of real importance to Holden. He asks her to run off to Massachusetts and Vermont with him. The date ends badly, and he walks out.

Glossary

bunk talk that is empty, insincere, or merely for effect.

rubbering short for *rubbernecking*, meaning to look at things or gaze about in curiosity.

cliques small, exclusive circles of people; snobbish or narrow circles of friends who share a common interest or background.

fantastic here, existing in the imagination; imaginary; unreal.

Chapters 18-19

Summary

It is late afternoon or very early evening on Sunday. Holdentelephones Carl Luce, whom he knew during his days at the Whooton School. Carl is three years older and was his student adviser. They agree to meet for a drink at the Wicker Bar in the Seton Hotel at 10:00 p.m. With time to kill, and since he is there already, he attends a stage show and movie at Radio City Music Hall. He sees the Rockettes, the Christmas pageant, and a war film. At the bar, Holden manages to get served, this time, even

though he is underage. When Luce arrives, he reveals that he is dating an older woman, a Chinese sculptress in her late thirties who lives in Greenwich Village. He leaves for a date after having drinks with Holden.

Glossary

Lastex trademarked term for a fine, round, rubber thread wound with cotton, rayon, silk, etc., and woven or knitted into fabric.

half gainer a fancy dive in which the diver springs from the board facing forward and does a back flip in the air so as to enter the water headfirst, facing the board.

inferiority complex any feeling of inferiority, inadequacy, etc.; originally a psychiatric term.

Rockettes dancers at New York City's Radio City Music Hall, known for their chorus-line precision.

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) English novelist.

Great Dane any of a breed of very large, muscular dog with pointed, erect ears, a square muzzle, and a short, thick, smooth coat.

furlough a leave of absence granted to military enlisted personnel for a specified period.

Ring Lardner (1885-1933) U.S. sports reporter and humorist.

louse a person regarded as mean, contemptible, etc.

snowing deceiving, misleading, or winning over by glib talk, flattery, etc.

goose to prod suddenly and playfully in the backside so as to startle.

Chapter 20

Summary

Holden stays at the bar and gets quite drunk. He decides to telephone Jane Gallagher but calls Sally Hayes instead. She tells him to go home and go to bed. Holden strikes up a conversation with the piano player. He tells Holden to go home and go to bed. Holden asks the hatcheck girl for a date. She tells him to go home and go to bed. Ignoring the unanimous advice, Holden heads for Central Park to look for the ducks. The search is in vain, and he manages to break Phoebe's record in the process. Holden reflects on Allie's funeral, which he could not attend because he was in the hospital with his broken hand (and possibly for emotional evaluation). His memory of Allie's grave at the cemetery depresses him. Finally, he decides to sneak home and visit Phoebe in case he dies, too.

Glossary

halitosis bad-smelling breath.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to show off
2. to trim a fir tree
3. to make believe
4. inferiority complex
5. to be available
6. to volunteer for
7. to major in
8. be in one’s late thirties
9. the patterns of one’s mind
10. to adjust oneself to smth.
11. to be highly probable

Consider and Memorize

Slang	Standard
1. to be fed up up with smth.	to be out of patience, to be disgusted
2. oodles	a lot of, plenty
3. hot stuff	good, impressive
4. a sport	a person who leads a joyful, extravagant life
5. to get smth. straight	to make clear
6. to tear off	to leave quickly

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Prove that Holden was capable of acute aesthetic judgments. What did he think of the Christmas performance at Radio city?
2. Why is Holden so bitterly critical of American schools?
3. Why did Holden quarrel with Sally?
4. What was Holden's attitude to the American army?
5. What sort of place was the Wicker bar?
6. Speak on Luce, Holden's former student advisor.
7. Why did Holden feel so depressed and lonesome after parting with Luce? Was Holden really immature?
8. Why did Holden stop visiting his brother's grave?

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Given below is a list selected expressions. Analyze them pointing out their being standard, colloquial or slangy English: *to have an alternative, that's bunk, to be seductive, to show off, to puke, rubbernecks, to make believe, dough, hot stuff, inferiority complex, to give smb. a buzz, to booze, a sacrilegious atheist, oodles of time, gorgeous, to smoke one's ears off.*
2. Recite the dialogue between Holden and Sally using the following: *to be a terrific bore, to be crazy about smth., to be the only reason why, to make believe, to stick together, to be in bad shape, a couple of weeks.*

3. Reproduce the dialogue between Holden and Luce. Contrast Holden’s sincere, sometimes naïve questions to Luce’s dry, sophisticated answers.
4. Render the following sentences into English. Check them up with the original.

– Було видно, що він не бажає розмовляти зі мною на серйозні теми. Біда з цими інтелектуалами. Вони ніколи не хочуть поговорити з людиною серйозно, якщо не в настрої. Мені нічого не залишалось, як завести розмову на загальні теми.

– Зрештою, я примостився на лавці, де було так страшенно темно. Дрижав як пес, і хоча на мені була мисливська шапка, все ж волосся на потилиці перетворилось у бурульки. Адже можна було схопити запалення легень та вмерти.

Chapter 21

Summary

Holden wants to visit Phoebe at the family apartment, in the middle of the night, without his parents' knowledge. Fortunately, there is a new elevator operator on duty who does not recognize him. Holden pretends to be visiting the Dicksteins who have an apartment on the same floor as his parents. Using his key to enter, Holden sneaks to Phoebe's room only to realize that she now is sleeping in D.B.'s room because he is away in Hollywood; she likes the huge desk and bed. Holden peruses items on her desk, by lamplight, until he wakens Phoebe. She reveals that their parents are out for the evening and will return very late. The maid is in the apartment to care for the girl. As they talk, Phoebe guesses that Holden has been expelled and concludes that their father will kill him. Upset, she hides her head under a pillow. Holden goes to the living room for cigarettes.

Glossary

foyer an entrance hall of a house or apartment.

sagitarius Phoebe, whose best subject is spelling, has misspelled "Sagittarius," the ninth sign of the zodiac, entered by the sun about November 21.

taurus Taurus (capital "T") is the second sign of the zodiac, entered by the sun about April 21.

Benedict Arnold (1741-1801) notorious American Revolutionary War general, who became a traitor and attempted to surrender West Point to the British.

Annapolis the capital of Maryland and location of the United States Naval Academy.

windbreaker a warm jacket of leather, wool, etc., having a closefitting elastic waistband and cuffs.

Chapter 22

Summary

Phoebe continues to be terribly upset over Holden's dismissal from Pencey Prep. She is sure that their father will be very upset with her brother. Holden says he'll merely be sent to a military school, *if* he is still around; he plans to head for Colorado to work on a ranch. Holden tries to explain to Phoebe what a terrible place Pencey is. He doesn't like anything there. But she concludes that he doesn't like anything *anywhere* and challenges him to name one thing that he likes. Holden tries to focus on the issue, but his mind drifts. Phoebe interrupts and repeats the challenge to think of one thing that Holden likes. He says he likes Allie, but Phoebe counters that Allie is dead and doesn't count. He says he likes talking with *her*, but Phoebe answers, "That isn't anything *real*ly." Phoebe changes the topic and asks Holden to name something he would like to *be*. After some consideration, he says he would like to be the catcher in the rye and explains to her what that means to him.

Glossary

ostracizing banishing, barring, excluding, etc., from a group or from acceptance by society.

fraternity a group of male students joined together by common interests, for fellowship, etc.

cockeyed tilted to one side; crooked, awry.

Robert Burns (1759-1796) Scottish poet.

rye a hardy cereal grass, widely grown for its grain and straw.

Chapter 23

Summary

On the telephone, Mr. Antolini tells Holden to come right over if he wants. Holden returns toD.B.'s room, now inhabited by Phoebe. She has the radio on, and they dance. Holden lights a cigarette, and Phoebe explains how she can fake a fever.

Suddenly, they hear their parents entering the apartment. Holden turns out the lamp, jams out the cigarette, and hides in the closet. His mother checks on Phoebe and, smelling the cigarette, scolds her for smoking. After the mother leaves, Phoebe loans Holden her Christmas money, which makes Holden cry. He gives her his treasured red hunting cap and exits down the building's back stairs.

Glossary

dough money.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be wide awake
2. life imprisonment

3. fraternity
4. a roll call
5. to appeal to smb.
6. to keep in touch with

Consider and Memorize

Slang	**Standard**
1. to have a break	to be lucky
2. to be plastered	to be dead drunk
3. cockeyed	crooked, askew; foolish, absurd
4. to make it snappy	to do smth. quickly

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Discuss the features of Phoebe's character revealed in the following:

– She's very neat for a child. I mean she doesn't just throw her stuff around, like some kids. She's no slob.

– She's very affectionate. I mean she's quite affectionate for a child.

– She always listens when you tell her something, and the funny part she knows, half the time, what the hell you are talking about. She really does.

– When she can't think of anything to say, she doesn't say a goddam word.

– She is a very good dancer. I mean I just tayght her a few things. She learned it mostly by herself. You can't teach somebody how to really dance.

2. Why did Holden feel good (swell) in Phoebe's presence?
3. Speak on Pency Preparatory School and Elkton Hills, breeders of ignorance and corruption as they were. Use the outline below:
   – Teachers, phoneys and ignoramuses.
   – Morals and manners of the pupils.

– "Glorious " graduates.

4. What type of people did Holden like?
5. How would you interpret Holden's desire to become a catcher in the rye to save children from falling off "some crazy cliff"?
6. Why did Holden cry when parting with Phoebe?

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Find English equivalents for the following word combinations and sentences. Illustrate them in the situations of your own. – *Він був дурнуватий; велика перерва; призначати побачення; вбивця з милосердя; липкий пластир; не твоя справа; день випускників; задихатися; вони за нього взялися; впасти замертво; помийне відро.*
2. Render the dialogue between Holden and Phoebe in indirect speech. Use the expressions under study.
3. Explain the meaning of the underlined words:
   – You can't even reason with her sometimes.
   – He'd (the headmaster) start interrupting what old Spencer was saying to crack a lot of corny jokes.
   – So they started in on him.

Chapter 24

Summary

It is very late when Holden arrives at the Antolinis' "swanky" apartment on Sutton Place. The couple hosted a party earlier in the evening, and Mr. Antoliniis still drinking heavily. Mrs. Antolini (Lillian) makes coffee and goes to bed. Holden feels dizzy and has a headache. The coffee does not help Holden. Mr. Antolini ignores his coffee and fixes himself another highball. Holden discusses an Oral Expression course, taught by Mr. Vinson at Pencey, which Holden failed. Antolini defends the instructor.

Mr. Antolini is about the same age as Holden's brother, D.B., and usually seems like a great guy. Tonight he wants to discuss pedagogy more than Holden cares to. He also offers long-winded theories concerning Holden that the boy could do without. Holden is very tired. He has slept only two or three hours since Saturday morning, two days ago. It has been an exhausting weekend. He and Antolini make up the couch, and Holden falls asleep.

Suddenly, Holden is awakened. He is shocked to find Antolini sitting on the floor by the couch, patting Holden's head. Holden becomes very upset and insists on leaving. He decides that Mr. Antolini is a pervert.

Glossary

swanky ostentatiously stylish; expensive and showy.

lousy with dough here, oversupplied with money.

asthma a generally chronic disorder characterized by wheezing, coughing, difficulty in breathing, and a suffocating feeling, caused by an allergy to inhaled substances, stress, etc.

oiled up here, drunk, intoxicated.

sack bed.

digression a wandering from the main subject in talking or writing.

pedagogical of or characteristic of teachers or of teaching.

"It's a secret between he and I." Mr. Antolini surely knows that this example of poor grammar is one that Holden frequently slips into, using the subjective form of the pronouns instead of the objective. The correct form would be to say, "It's a secret between him and me."

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to get along well
2. to do smth. in short order

3. to digress, digression
4. once in a while
5. to word smth.
6. to be reciprocal
7. a conversationalist

Consider and Memorize

Slang	**Standard**
1. to stick to one's guts	to hold fast to an opinion or course of action

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Discuss Mr. Antolini using the following expressions: *to be more witty than intellectual, to be sophisticated, to be a pretty heavy drinker*
2. How did Holden explain his having flunked Oral Expression?
3. What kind of terrible fall did Mr. Antolini predict for Holden?
4. How do you understand Wilhelm Stekel's words:

– "The mark of the immature man is that he wants to die nobly for a cause, while the mark of the mature man is that he wants to live humbly for one"

5. How did Mr. Antolini try to convince Holden of the importance of an academic education?
6. Why did Holden quit Mr. Antolini so quickly and unexpectedly?
7. Mr. Antolini called Holden "a very, very strange boy". Who was strange, indeed – Holden or the society?

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Imagine that you are present at a student meeting. See if you can deliver a speech on whatever subject you prefer using the following expressions: *to be spontaneous, to digress, to stick to the point, a provocative subject, to select smth. as one's subject, to unify and simplify smth., to interest smb. most.*

2. Comment on the meaning of the following words:
   – Holden, don't even peak at me. I'm a mess.
   – We don't have too much in common any more.
   – Don't be ridiculous, Holden. Get back in that bed. I'm going to bed myself. The money will be there safe and sound in the morning.

Chapters 25-26

Summary

It is dawn on Monday as Holden leaves the Antolinis' apartment. He sleeps on a bench at the waiting room in Grand Central Station until about 9 a.m. Having second thoughts about Mr. Antolini's intentions, he wonders if he should have returned and stayed there. Walking up on Fifth Avenue, searching for an inexpensive restaurant in which to eat breakfast, he suddenly feels very anxious. Every time he steps down off the curb to cross a street, he thinks he may just keep falling and disappear. He asks his dead brother, Allie, to help him. Holden is physically and emotionally exhausted, sweating profusely despite the cold. He is near collapse.

In a final, awkward attempt to save himself, Holden decides to go "way out West" and live as a deaf-mute so he won't have to talk with people. Before leaving, he arranges to say good-bye to Phoebe. While he is with her, he decides to stop running and return home. In a brief final chapter, Holden concludes the story, telling us that he doesn't know what he thinks about everything that has happened, except that he misses the people he has told us about.

Glossary

strong box a heavily made box or safe for storing valuables.
scraggy-looking lean; bony; skinny.

Salvation Army an international organization on semi-military lines, founded in England by William Booth in 1865 for religious and philanthropic purposes among the very poor.

Bloomingdale's a popular, Manhattan-based department store.

storm shoes all-weather boots.

Holland Tunnel a passageway connecting lower Manhattan with Jersey City, New Jersey, beneath the Hudson River.

double-decker bus a bus with an upper deck or floor.

carrousel a merry-go-round with various wooden or metal animals, especially ponies, serving as seats that go up and down.

affected behaving in an artificial way to impress people.

Word Combinations to Be Remembered

1. to be in good/bad shape
2. deaf-mute
3. to hitchhike
4. to be positive/negative about smth.

Consider and Memorize

Slang	**Standard**
1. to bum a ride	to hitchhike
2. to bawl	to cry out loudly and vehemently

I. Suggested questions and tasks for a comprehensive approach to the text.

1. Dwell on Holden's meditations on Mr. Antolini's behavior.
   Comment on the following statement: *The more I thought about it, though, the more depressed and screwed up about it I was.*
2. Where did Holden want to escape? How did he imagine his future life? Discuss the following: *I'd have this rule that nobody could do anything phoney when they visited me.*
3. try to explain the lasttwo sentences of the book: *Don't ever tell anybody anything. If you do, you start missing everybody.*

II. Vocabulary and speech exercises

1. Find English equivalents for the following: *обробляти хімікатами, я впевнений в цьому, повернутись спиною до кого-небудь, пропускати заняття, робити вигляд, пошарпаний, схопити, проливний дощ.*
2. Compare the meaning of the word *to stick* in the following sentences:

– It wasn't too bad for a while because there weren't many people around and I could stick my feet up.

– He had one of those wooden passes sticking out of his hip pocket.

– I think, even if I ever die, and they stick me in a cemetery…

– I just picked it up and stuck it in my coat pocket.

3. Reproduce Holden's dialogue with Phoebe. Try to preserve its emotional implication.

THEMES FOR DISCUSSION

1. Holden Caulfield – bitter nonconformist with an acid, lashing tongue and a wailing heart.
2. American schools: breeders of ignorance and corruption.
3. Hollywood – the supreme incarnation of Phoney, its impact on the American minds.
4. Phoebe and other small personages: purity, sincerity and innocence.
5. Linguistic peculiarities found in "The Catcher in the Rye".

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