

UNIVERSITI SAINS MALAYSIA

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HEK 202 Kemahiran Lanjutan Dalam Pembacaan
dan Penulisan Bahasa Inggeris

Masa: [3 jam]

THIS EXAMINATION PAPER CONTAINS FOUR [4] QUESTIONS IN FIFTEEN [15] PAGES.

Answer ALL questions.

QUESTION 1

Editing a discourse takes specialised skills. (See Appendix).

- [a] What are the factors to be taken into consideration when editing a text. [5 marks]
- [b] Edit the following discourse by writing what you intend to do in the right-hand margin. (Hand this together with your answer scripts). [10 marks]
- [c] Write the edited version. [10 marks]

QUESTION 2

Based on your readings in class, interpret the following story. Choose either passage A or passage B.

[20 marks]

.../2

PASSAGE A

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF LONG-DISTANCE MARRIAGES

Kaity Tong, 32, and Bob Long, 37, a couple for eight years and a married couple for four, have never lived together in the same town or house. She is a newscaster at WABC-TV in New York City. He is an independent TV producer-director in Los Angeles.... Kaity is on call seven days a week, so Bob flies in to spend two weeks with her every month. The rest of the marriage is conducted by telephone. They talk six or seven times a day, and last month their phone bill was \$800. "I tuck her in at night and wake her up in the morning," says Bob, who stays accessible to Kaity at all times through various paging and answering services. "There is nothing good about separation, but we refuse to let it be an obstacle," he says....

Such indomitability helps. There are at least 700,000 commuter couples, according to some estimates.... The requirements are simple enough: jobs in two different cities, each too good to turn down, a full-time sense of humor, the ability to memorize airline schedules, plus a tolerance for the earaches that come from hours on the telephone....

According to the researchers, about half of the conjugal commuters are in the academic world, where work schedules are flexible and jobs too scarce to turn down. But the numbers are increasing in business, politics, show biz, and journalism. The education level is high--about 90 percent have done some graduate work. Family income tends to average \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year. Often the commuting comes about because the wife has reached a level at which further advancement means moving, and the husband solidly supports the move.

Doris Etelson, 51, the first woman vice-president of Howard Johnson Co., the restaurant chain, has been married for 32 years and commuting for five. When she was offered the job in Boston, her husband Robert, 54, who owns an air-freight trucking company in Newark, responded with enthusiasm. "She supported me for years," he says. "and now she is entitled to whatever success she can get." One person who opposed the commuting was her boss, Howard B. Johnson. Says Doris, "He was concerned that it would either jeopardize my marriage or disrupt my business efficiency. He was wrong on both counts."...

.../3

Many new commuters report on the shock, sometimes comic, of working out new support systems--from how to balance the family checkbook, to finding a new doctor or dentist, to simply lugging the family silver back and forth to have it on hand for dinner parties in both cities....

Combining long-distance marriage with childrearing is the hardest part of commuting. One two-year-old child of a commuter marriage, who lives with his father in Yarmouth Port, Massachusetts, has been to the airport so often that he calls all airplanes "Mommy." Some toddlers, like the 18-month-old daughter of Susan Davis, vice-president of a Chicago bank, manage to veto commuting entirely. "She was really very angry that her father had disappeared," says Susan. "He would kiss her and she would turn her head away." So Susan's husband gave up a high-level job in Milwaukee and is now back in Chicago....

Some couples are so starved for small talk that reunions begin with a rush of compulsive jabbering.... "Psychologically, it is tiring," says sociologist Marvin Sussman. "You just cannot pick up where you left off."

One way of coping is to turn the reunion into a new courtship. Says Sarah Cohn, a clinical psychologist who runs workshops for two-career couples in Newton, Massachusetts: "This person who shows up on Friday night is not the old familiar person whose dirty old socks have been hanging around for a week. There's a newness comparable to going out on a first date."...

Like many commuters, Robin and Marvin Whaley, a young couple juggling a St. Louis-Atlanta marriage, report that separation reduces the trivial day-to-day fussing of marriage. Robin, 26, works in ad sales at a CBS-TV-owned station in St. Louis, and Marvin has a similar job at an Atlanta radio station. When they are together, says Marvin, "It's all prime time."...

Though husbands and wives living far apart seem to be a recipe for extramarital sex, researchers insist that commuters do not have any more affairs than stay-at-home couples. The reason seems to be that so much concentration is poured into work and marriage that little time, or energy, is left over. The commuters, say researchers, await the day when they can become ordinary one-city folk again. "They are functioning on deferred gratification," says sociologist Sussman. They are, in other words, the new troops of the Protestant ethic, enduring hardship now for the sake of better days ahead.

PASSAGE B

OBITUARY FOR A HOUSEWIFE

[1] Some feminists shout for equal pay for equal work, others want abortion on demand. All I am asking is that women be treated like men on the obituary page.

[2] When a man fades away, he gets a write-up about all the things he has achieved and all the places he has been. When a housewife dies, if she gets even a line or two, the obituary is still about all the things her husband has achieved and all the places he has been.

[3] As a suggestion I would like to present the following obituary for a housewife that is patterned after the hundreds of eulogies I have read for prominent men. This is an obituary for a prominent housewife:

[4] Mrs. Ima Martar died following a brief illness of botulism poisoning contracted after eating some of her own home canning.

[5] Those who knew her will recall that during the past twenty-five years, Mrs. Martar cooked three meals a day, plus snacks. Her laundry was always sun-shine bright, and she will be remembered as an innovator since she was the first on her street to add a fabric softener to her wash. Never in her entire life did she scorch a garment while she ironed. No one excelled her when it came to mopping floors.

[6] Before her death, Mrs. Martar was a national holder of the award that goes to the woman who for seven years never missed a single episode of **As the World Turns**. Mrs. Martar often remarked how thrilled she was the time she was approached to do a free testimonial for a detergent company.

[7] Mrs. Martar's most admirable qualities were that she took a leading vitamin regularly so that her husband "would keep her," and she chose the brand of coffee that would repel her nosy neighbor, Mrs. Olsen. Thanks to hair coloring, there was not a single gray hair in Mrs. Martar's head, and one of the most welcome breaks in her day was when the traveling cosmetic woman came around.

[8] Mrs. Martar is survived by two sons, both of whom are grown with wives of their own. They will barely notice that she is no longer here except when vacation time rolls around and they realize there is no free place to leave the kids.

[9] She will be sorely missed by her husband until a respectable time has passed so that he can marry one of his former secretaries whom he has been supporting for years.

[10] Mrs. Martar's final words, whispered into the ears of a nearby nurse, were that in lieu of flowers would her friends, **please**, send donations to a local state, or national Women's Liberation group.

(Mildred Kavanaugh)

QUESTION 3

[a] Summarise the following essay in **500 words**.

[20 marks]

[b] Briefly explain the criteria for doing a summary.

[5 marks]

THE DARE

Roger Hoffmann

The secret to diving under a moving freight train and rolling out the other side with all your parts attached lies in picking the right spot between the tracks to hit with your back. Ideally, you want soft dirt or pea gravel, clear of glass shards and railroad spikes that could cause you instinctively, and fatally, to sit up. Today, at thirty-eight, I couldn't be threatened or baited enough to attempt that dive. But as a seventh grader struggling to make the cut in a tough Atlanta grammar school, all it took was a dare.

1

I coasted through my first years of school as a fussed-over smart kid, the teacher's pet who finished his work first and then strutted around the room tutoring other students. By the seventh grade, I had O.T., made it clear I'd never be one of the guys in junior high if I didn't dirty up my act. They challenged me to break the rules, and I did. The I-dare-you's escalated: shoplifting, sugaring teachers' gas tanks, dropping lighted matches into public mailboxes. each guerrilla act won me the approval I never got for just being smart.

2

Walking home by the railroad tracks after school, we started playing chicken with oncoming trains. O.T., who was failing that year, always won. One afternoon he charged a boxcar from the side, stopping just short of throwing himself between the wheels. I was stunned. After the train disappeared, we debated whether someone could dive under a moving car, stay put for a 10-count, then scramble out the other side. I thought it could be done and said so. O.T. immediately stepped in front of me and smiled. Not by me, I added quickly, I certainly didn't mean that I could do it. "A smart guy like you," he said, his smile evaporating, "you could figure it out easy." And then, squeezing each word for effect, "I...DARE...you." I'd just turned twelve. The monkey clawing my back was Teacher's Pet. And I'd been dared.

3

As an adult, I've been on both ends of life's implicit business and social I-dare-you's, although adults don't use those words. We provoke with body language, tone of voice, ambiguous phrases. I dare you to: argue with the boss, tell Fred what you think of him, send the wine back. Only rarely are the risks physical. How we respond to dares when we are young may have something to do with which of the truly hazardous male inner dares--attacking mountains, tempting bulls at Pamplona--we embrace or ignore as men.

4

For two weeks, I scouted trains and tracks. I studied moving box-cars close up, memorizing how they squatted on their axles, never getting used to the squeal or the way the air felt hot from the sides. I created an imaginary, friendly train and ran next to it. I mastered a shallow, head-first dive with a simple half-twist. I'd land on my back, count to ten, imagine wheels and, locking both hands on the rail to my left, heave myself over and out. Even under pure sky, though, I had to fight to keep my eyes open and my shoulders between the rails.

5

.../7

The next Saturday, O.T., Dwayne and three eighth graders met me below the hill that backed up to the lumberyard. The track followed a slow bend there and opened to a straight, slightly uphill climb for a solid third of a mile. My run started two hundred yards after the bend. The train would have its tongue hanging out.

6

The other boys huddled off to one side, a circle on another planet and watched quietly as I double-knotted my shoelaces. My hands trembled. O.T. broke the circle and came over to me. He kept his hands hidden in the pockets of his jacket. We looked at each other. BB's of sweat appeared beneath his nose. I stuffed by wallet in one of his pockets, rubbing it against his knuckles on the way in, and slid my house key, wired to a red-and-white fishing bobber, into the other. We backed away from each other, and he turned and ran to join the four already climbing up the hill.

7

I watched them all the way to the top. They clustered together as if I were taking their picture. Their silhouette resembled a round shouldered tombstone. They waved down to me, and I dropped them from my mind and sat down on the rail. Immediately, I humped back. The steel was vibrating.

8

The train sounded like a cow going short of breath. I pulled my shirttail out and looked down at my spot, then up the incline of track ahead of me. Suddenly the air went hot, and the engine was by me. I hadn't pictured it moving that fast. A man's bare head leaned out and stared at me. I waved to him with my left hand and turned into the train, burying my face into the incredible noise. When I looked up, the head was gone.

9

I started running alongside the boxcars. Quickly, I found their pace, held it, and then eased off, concentrating on each thick wheel that cut past me. I slowed another notch. Over my shoulder, I picked my car as it came off the bend, locking in the image of the white mountain goat painted on its side. I waited, leaning forward like the anchor in a 440-relay, wishing the baton up the track behind me. Then the big goat fired by me, and I was flying and then then tucking my shoulder as I dipped under the train.

10

A heavy blanket of red dust settled over me. I felt bolted to the earth. Sheet-metal bellies thundered and shook above my face. Count to ten, a voice said, watch the axles and look to your left for daylight. But I couldn't count, and I couldn't find left if my life

11

depended on it, which it did. The colors overhead went from brown to red to black to red again. Finally, I ripped by hands free, forced them to the rail, and in one convulsive jerk, threw myself into the blue light.

I lay there face down until there was no more noise, and I could feel the sun against the back of my neck. I sat up. The last ribbon of train was slipping away in the distance. Across the tracks, O.T. was leading a cavalry charge down the hill, five very small, galloping boys, their fists whirling above them. I pulled my knees to my chest. My corduroy pants puckered wet across my thighs. I didn't care.

12

QUESTION 4

[a] Synthesise the following articles.

[25 marks]

[b] Before writing your synthesis, develop an organisation plan.

[5 marks]

A VERY BASIC DECISION

Mary Mebane

North Carolina College at Durham (it used to carry the words "for Negroes" in its official title--it said so on the sign right on the lawn) is located in the southern part of the town. Its immaculately groomed lawns and neat, squarish, redbrick classroom buildings and dormitories mark it as an oasis of privilege and ease. Looking at the postcard scenes through the low-hanging branches of the surrounding trees, one would not have believed that this was six minutes away from some of the worst slums in the South. The college hadn't forgotten their existence; it simply never acknowledged that they were there. The black dispossessed murmured against the "big dogs," and bided their time. I often thought that if and when "the revolution" came and the black masses in America awakened from their long sleep, their first target was going to be the black professional class and it would be a horrendous bloodbath....

1

.../9

During my first week of classes as a freshman, I was stopped one day in the hall by the chairman's wife, who was indistinguishable in color from a white woman. She wanted to see me, she said.

2

This woman had no official position on the faculty, except that she was an instructor in English; nevertheless, her summons had to be obeyed. In the segregated world there were (and remain) gross abuses of authority because those at the pinnacle, and even their spouses, felt that the people "under" them had no recourse except to submit--and they were right, except that sometimes a black who got sick and tired of it would go to the whites and complain. This course of action was severely condemned by the blacks, but an interesting thing happened--such action always got positive results. Power was thought of in negative terms: I can deny someone something, I can strike at someone who can't strike back, I can ride someone down; that proves I am powerful. The concept of power as a force for good, for affirmative response to people or situations, was not in evidence.

3

When I went to her office, she greeted me with a big smile. "You know," she said, "you made the highest mark on the verbal part of the examination." She was referring to the examination that the entire freshman class took upon entering the college. I looked at her but I didn't feel warmth, for in spite of her smile her eyes and tone of voice were saying. "How could this black-skinned girl score higher on the verbal than some of the students who've had more advantages than she? It must be some sort of fluke. Let me talk to her." I felt it, but I managed to smile my thanks and back off. For here at North Carolina College at Durham, as it had been since the beginning, social class and color were the primary criteria used in determining status on the campus.

4

First came the children of doctors, lawyers, and college teachers. Next came the children of public-school teachers, businessmen, and anybody else who had access to more money than the poor black working class. After that came the bulk of the student population, the children of the working class, most of whom were the first in their families to go beyond high school. The attitude toward them was: You're here because we need the numbers, but in all other things defer to your betters.

5

The faculty assumed that light-skinned students were more intelligent, and they were always a bit nonplussed when a dark-skinned student did well, especially if she was a girl. They had reason to be appalled when they discovered that I planned to do not only well but better than my light-skinned peers....

6

When the grades for that first quarter came out, I had the highest average in the freshman class. The chairman's wife called me into her office again. We did a replay of the same scene we had played during the first week of the term. She complimented me on my grades, but her eyes and voice were telling me something different. She asked me to sit down; then she reached into a drawer and pulled out a copy of the freshman English final examination. She asked me to take the exam over again.

7

At first I couldn't believe what she was saying. I had taken the course under another teacher, and it was so incredible to her that I should have made the highest score in the class that she was trying to test me again personally. For a few moments I knew rage so intense that I wanted to take my fists and start punching her. I have seldom hated anyone so deeply. I handed the examination back to her and walked out.

8

She had felt quite safe in doing that to me. After all, she was the chairman's wife, and so didn't that give her the right to treat the black farm girl as she chose? (Life is strange. When in the mid 1960s the department started hiring native-born whites, it was she who most bitterly resented their presence.)

9

It was that incident which caused me to make a very basic decision. I was in the world alone; no one bolstered my ambitions, fed my dreams, I could not quit now, for if I did I would have no future.... If I was going to get through college, I would have to be bland, non-committal. I would simply hang on. I needed a degree and I would stay until I go it.

10

.../11

I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS

Maya Angelou

[1] "What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay..."

I hadn't so much forgot as I couldn't bring myself to remember. Other things were more important.

"What you looking at me for?
I didn't come to stay..."

Whether I could remember the rest of the poem or not was immaterial. The truth of the statement was like a wadded-up handkerchief, sopping wet in my fists, and the sooner they accepted it the quicker I could let my hands open and the air would cool my palms.

"What you looking at me for....?"

[2] The children's section of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church of Stamps, Arkansas, was wiggling and giggling over my well-known forgetfulness.

[3] The dress I wore was lavender taffeta, and each time I breathed it rustled, and now that I was sucking in air to breathe out shame it sounded like crepe paper on the back of hearses.

[4] As I'd watched Momma put ruffles on the hem and cute little tucks around the waist, I knew that once I put in on I'd look like a movie star. (It was silk and that made up for the awful color.) I was going to look like one of the sweet little white girls who were everybody's dream of what was right with the world. Hanging softly over the black Singer sewing machine, it looked like magic, and when people saw me wearing it they were going to run up to me and say, "Marguerite [sometimes it was 'dear Marguerite'], forgive us, please, we didn't know who you were," and I would answer generously, "No, you couldn't have known. Of course I forgive you."

[5] Just thinking about it made me go around with angel's dust sprinkled over my face for days. But Easter's early morning sun had shown the dress to be a plain ugly cut-down from a white woman's once-was-purple throw away. It was old-lady-long too, but it didn't hide my skinny legs, which

with the Arkansas red clay. The age-faded color made my skin look dirty like mud, and everyone in church was looking at my skinny legs.

[6] Wouldn't they be surprised when one day I woke out of my bkack ugly dream, and my real hair, which was long and blonde, would take the place of the kinky mass that Momma wouldn't let me straighten? My light-blue eyes were going to hypnotize them, after all the things they said about "my daddy must of been a Chinaman" (I thought they meant made out of china, like a cup) because my eyes were so small and squinty. Then they would understand why I had never picked up a Southern accent, or spoken the common slang, and why I had to be forced to eat pigs' tails and snouts. Because I was really white and because a cruel fairy stepmother, who was understandably jealous of my beauty, had turned me into a too-big Negro girl, with nappy black hair, broad feet, and a space between her teeth that would hold a number-two pencil.

[7] "What you looking ..." The minister's wife leaned toward me, her long yellow face full of sorry. She whispered, "I just come to tell you, it's Easter Day." I repeated, jamming the words together, "Ijustcometotellyouit's EasterDay," as low as possible. (The giggles hung in the air like melting clouds that were waiting to rain on me. I held up two fingers, close to my chest, which meant that I had to go to the toilet, and tiptoed toward the rear of the church. Dimly, somewhere over my head, I heard ladies saying, "Lord bless the child" and, "Praise God." My head was up and my eyes were open, but I didn't see anything. Halfway down the aisle, the church exploded with, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" and I tripped over a foot stuck out from the children's pew. I stumbled and started to say something, or maybe to scream, but a green persimmon, or it could have been a lemon, caught me between the legs and squeezed. I tasted the sour on my tongue and felt it in the back of my mouth. Then before I reached the door, the sting was burning down my legs and into my Sunday socks, I tried to hold, to squeeze it back, to keep it from speeding, but when I reached the church porch I knew I'd have to let it go, or it would probably run right back up to my head and my poor head would burst like a dropped watermelon, and all the brains and spit and tongue and eyes would roll all over the place. So I ran down into the yard and let it go, I ran, peeing and crying, not toward the toilet out back but to our house. I'd get a whipping for it to be sure, and the nasty children would have something new to tease me about. I laughed anyway, partially for the sweet release; still, the greater joy came not from being liberated from the silly church but from the knowledge that I wouldn't die from a busted head.

.../13

[8] If growing up is painful for the Southern Black girl, being aware of her displacement is the rust on the razor that threatens the throat. It is an unnecessary insult.

.../APPENDIX

.../14

APPENDIX

Good morning ladies and gentlemen.

I am standing here, to say that "Safe Driving Saves Lives." Yes, believe me, you can save many lives by driving safely. This is because a lot of accidents occurring nowadays are due to carelessness of the drivers. And such accidents could have been prevented if the drivers were practicing "safe driving". Please listen to this story which happened in my family: 'My uncle, who was a lorry driver, used to drive when he is drunk. One day because of this bad habit, he met with an accident with a school bus. In that tragedy my uncle lost his both legs and also his sight. And 23 innocent school children were killed and the rest badly injured. Therefore his wife who was a housewife had to work as a servant to support her five children and also her helpless husband.'

Now after listening this short story, what do you feel? See, how many lives are killed because of one person's mistake and

carelessness. Don't you think that this accident could have been prevented if my uncle didn't take alcohol before driving? So that is the reason why I said that "Safe Driving Saves Lives". Be awake and follow my talk because I am going to give very beneficial informations for your knowledge.

-oooOOoooo-