



普通高等教育“十一五”国家级规划教材



21世纪英语专业系列教材

上册



Advanced English Intensive Reading

肖肃 / 主编

英语综合高级教程



北京大学出版社
PEKING UNIVERSITY PRESS

21世纪英语专业系列教材

英语综合高级教程

(上册)

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总序

北京大学出版社自2005年以来已出版《语言与应用语言学知识系列读本》多种,为了配合第十一个五年计划,现又策划陆续出版《21世纪英语专业系列教材》。这个重大举措势必受到英语专业广大教师和学生的欢迎。

作为英语教师,最让人揪心的莫过于听人说英语不是一个专业,只是一个工具。说这些话的领导和教师的用心是好的,为英语专业的毕业生将来找工作着想,因此要为英语专业的学生多多开设诸如新闻、法律、国际商务、经济、旅游等其他专业的课程。但事与愿违,英语专业的教师们很快发现,学生投入英语学习的时间少了,掌握英语专业课程知识甚微,即使对四个技能的掌握也并不比大学英语学生高明多少,而那个所谓的第二专业在有关专家的眼中只是学到些皮毛而已。

英语专业的路在何方?有没有其他路可走?这是需要我们英语专业教师思索的问题。中央领导关于创新是一个民族的灵魂和要培养创新人才等的指示精神,让我们在层层迷雾中找到了航向。显然,培养学生具有自主学习能力和能进行创造性思维是我们更为重要的战略目标,使英语专业的人才更能适应21世纪的需要,迎接21世纪的挑战。

如今,北京大学出版社外语部的领导和编辑同志们,也从教材出版的视角探索英语专业的教材问题,从而为贯彻英语专业教学大纲做些有益的工作,为教师们开设大纲中所规定的必修、选修课程提供各种教材。《21世纪英语专业系列教材》是普通高等教育“十一五”国家级规划教材和国家“十一五”重点出版规划项目《面向新世纪的立体化网络化英语学科建设丛书》的重要组成部分。这套系列教材要体现新世纪英语教学的自主化、协作化、模块化和超文本化,结合外语教材的具体情况,既要解决语言、教学内容、教学方法和教育技术的时代化,也要坚持弘扬以爱国主义为核心的民族精神。因此,今天北京大学出版社在大力提倡专业英语教学改革的基础上,编辑出版各种英语专业技能、英语专业知识和相关专业知识的教材,以培养具有创新性思维的和具有实际工作能力学生,充分体现了时代精神。

北京大学出版社的远见卓识,也反映了英语专业广大师生盼望已久的心愿。由北京大学等全国几十所院校具体组织力量,积极编写相关教材。这就是说,这套教材是由一些高等院校有水平有经验的第一线教师们制定编写大纲,反复讨论,特别是考虑

到在不同层次、不同背景学校之间取得平衡,避免了先前的教材或偏难或偏易的弊病。与此同时,一批知名专家教授参与策划和教材审定工作,保证了教材质量。

当然,这套系列教材出版只是初步实现了出版社和编者们的预期目标。为了获得更大效果,希望使用本系列教材的教师和同学不吝指教,及时将意见反馈给我们,使教材更加完善。

航道已经开通,我们有决心乘风破浪,奋勇前进!

胡壮麟

北京大学蓝旗营

前言

《英语综合高级教程》以《高等学校英语专业英语教学大纲》和《高校英语专业八级考试大纲》为准绳,以英语专业高年级的培养目标和教学原则为指导,充分体现了外语教学始终要“夯实基础、拓宽视野、提升思考、强化表达”这一理念。

英语专业高年级的综合英语学习要继续夯实基础。低年级阶段完成了语音、语法、修辞和基本词汇积累等学习工作,而高年级阶段则需进一步积累语言和吸收知识,把低年级阶段所学内容加以巩固和整合,通过广涉政治、经济、社会、语言、文学、教育、哲学、科技等方面的作品,拓宽学生视野,完善知识结构,提升学生对社会与人生的理解和思考能力,培养学生语篇鉴赏和语篇灵活运用能力,提高学生分析问题、解决问题的逻辑思维和独立思考的能力,力求达到“自由表达”的外语学习境界。因此,学生“高级英语”的“高级”之处应该体现在这几个方面:其一,常用词汇的灵活化;其二,语法结构的牢固化;其三,概念知识的体系化;其四,语篇鉴赏的能力化;其五,思想见解的独立化;最后,达到准确精要的自由表达。本教程正是针对这些特点而进行编写,核心目标就是帮助学生提升独立思考和自由表达的能力。

本教程所选文章具有以下特点:

- 真实性:全部材料均用原汁原味的英语资料,少数作了节选或改编。
- 多元化:涉及科技、教育、文学、社会、语言、政治演讲、情感、人与自然,经济、外交、军事、哲学、历史、国学等内容广泛的题材和体裁。
- 时代性:经典与前沿信息结合。
- 趣味性:学生喜闻乐见。
- 深刻性:内容深刻富有启迪,有利于培养学生独立的思想见解。

本教程的编排,既与《英语综合教程》前四册编排原则上基本一致,又具有自身的特点:

1. 主题式编排内容。本教程有上、下两册,按主题分为十四个单元。每一单元分两个小节,每一小节由两篇课文构成,这两个小节在语体上独立,在主题上相互联系,有利于学生系统学习语言。
2. 课文的构成。Text One 和 Text Two 的关系,Text One 为示范性话语材料,供教师学生分析讨论之用。Text Two 主要为学生独立学习之用。题材、体裁、难易程度基本一致,这便于学生模仿学习,建构相应话语,形成相应图式。

Text One 由焦点关注(Focal Consideration)、研究问题(Research Questions)、课文正文(text)、预习助手(Preview Assistant)、参考要点(Referential Points)、巩固练习(Consolidation Work)、短文写作(write a composition)和拓展延伸(Further Development)五个部分构成。

- 焦点关注(Focal Consideration):结合“语言能力、认知能力、自主学习能力、创新能力”四位一体的教学培养目标,设计本小节重点、难点,帮助学生理解和实现学习目标。焦点关注注重引导学生养成语篇鉴赏以及批判性思维能力。
- 调研问题(Research Questions):依据课文内容为学生设计课前研究问题,或以任务的形

式采用小组研究,撰写研究报告,以利于学生理解课文内涵,文章体裁,主题思想,同时也培养学生搜集、归纳信息的能力、表达思想的能力以及团队协作精神。

- **预习助手(Preview Assistant):**注重词汇短语学习。紧扣大纲要求,对重点词汇及短语进行集中注解,同时对一些极为重要的简单词汇进行复现式列出,以提醒学生注意这些词汇的灵活运用。
- **巩固练习(Consolidation Work):**注重灵活运用。该项练习注重词汇短语填空练习、派生词汇练习、释义练习、修辞手段识别等,同时也关照 TEM-8 考试特点,设置有人文知识练习和校对练习。
- **短文写作(Write a Composition):**注重学生自由表达。这一练习主要结合课文主题,让学生进行相应思考,把思考所得整理成文。短文写作既是学生“读”的总结,又是学生进行深度“说”的最好准备。
- **拓展延伸(Further Development):**在课文内容的基础上拓展相关学科信息。可以问题或任务的形式通过学生交流,教师点评等形式进行讨论分析,拓展学生心智,或采用小组研究,撰写报告等形式延伸课堂内容。

Text Two 主要为学生独立学习之用。题材、体裁、难易程度与 Text One 基本一致,便于学生模仿学习,建构相应话语,形成相应图式。其构成包括:课文正文(text)、自学助手(Independent Study Assistant)、参考要点(Referential Points)、自测练习(Self-test)等。

本教程为英语专业本科高年级阶段的精读教材,也可作为非英语专业学生、英语爱好者达到四级、六级水平后,进一步提高英语语言能力、发展言语能力的精读教材。

本教程的编写并非一朝一夕之事,而是多所高校高年级英语教师队伍长期智慧的结晶。本教程从四川外语学院国家精品课程的实践中来,经过了相当一段时间的考验。本教程的编写者正值中年或“后中年”,他们长期工作在英语专业高级英语教学的第一线,比较了解学生的需要。《英语综合高级教程》(上)的编写者:第一单元,刘玉梅;第二单元,谢琳;第三单元,阚哲华;第四单元,黄四宏;第五单元,肖肃;第六单元,钟毅;第七单元,杨志亭。《英语综合高级教程》(下)的编写者:第八单元,杜世洪;第九单元,王奇;第十单元,何武;第十一单元,陈喜荣;第十二单元,詹宏伟;第十三单元,肖燕;第十四单元,姜孟。由肖肃对全书进行统一审稿和加工整理。

本教程在编写过程中,参考了不少来自国内外包括杂志、书籍、互联网等的相关资料,在此向作者表示衷心的感谢。

同时,我们还要感谢总主编胡壮麟先生给予的悉心指导,感谢北京大学出版社外语编辑部,特别是张冰主任和李颖编辑,为此书的出版所做的大量的辛勤的工作。

当然,由于一些暂时无法克服的困难以及编者水平有限,本教程仍然存在不少问题。为此,全体编者诚恳希望使用本书的教师和学生多提宝贵意见,以便我们进一步修正、完善。

《英语综合高级教程》编写组

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Unit 1

Emotion

Section A

Text One The Woman in the Kitchen

Focal Consideration

This article is of the familiar style with the purpose to reflect on the details of everyday life, a reflection shaped and tailored to provide insights into larger truths of the world that the writer sees and understands. In this section, concentration is required for the following discussions:

1. the features of the familiar style;
2. what transitions the author uses to hook up the story of the three stoves, what revelations each tale of the three stoves brings out and what characters are revealed about the mother in each tale;
3. in what ways the author describes her mother as “blessed for us to call her daughter, sister, wife and mother (in Paragraph 1)” and in what ways the stove “stands for simplicity, courage, grace and service (in Paragraph 50)” and “the woman in the kitchen.”

Research Questions

Think about the following questions and discuss them with your group members.

1. Who is Dorothea Lange? How is she related to the woman in the kitchen?
2. What is indicated in the title “The Woman in the Kitchen”? What is the purpose of putting the author’s realization of his mother at the beginning of the essay?
3. What is true love and how is it found? Which quality of true love is most important to you? State your reasons.
4. What would probably influence your decisions in choosing a life partner? In what ways do your parents contribute to your ideal image?
5. When in a dilemma of love and career, which will you probably give up? State your reasons.

The Woman in the Kitchen

By Gary Allen Sledge

- 1 My mother looked like a photograph by Dorothea Lange, one of those Depression-era children pinned against a backdrop of bare boards and a denuded landscape. She was fragile boned, with eyes deep and dark as if bruised by sorrow. Yet I realize today, ten years after her death, what uncommon courage she possessed. What pioneer strength she had to transform a life that others would call ordinary into something wonderful for those of us blessed to call her daughter, sister, wife and mother.
- 2 She never let us look down. Though her own life was filled with harsh circumstances, she believed that the future would be better as soundly as she believed in God. She showed us this conviction daily, and yet the earliest tale I heard her tell about herself was of a little girl who had to give up what she loved best. This is the first story in my mother's "Tale of Three Stoves."
- 3 "Joanna," her mother said in Hungarian. "You must choose. You can take only one toy with you. There is no room."
- 4 The girl is eight, maybe nine, and thin as a waif. She is deliberating with great seriousness. "Yes, Mama."
- 5 Her brother and older sister, running in and out of the plain-clapboard cabin, are ecstatic because tomorrow the train will take them away from these West Virginia hills forever.
- 6 Her brother, John, comes into the kitchen carrying Father's shotgun. He puts it behind the front door so he won't forget it. "Hurry up, little goose," he tells Joanna, who is studying a rag doll and a black cast-iron toy stove.
- 7 They are her only real toys, and she loves them dearly. They were bought by her father, one each for the last two Christmases. Now she is allowed only one, because the family is carrying everything they own to California, and will be charged by the weight.
- 8 The year is 1929, and the town they are leaving is Monclo. There, a village of Hungarians work in the coal mines at the end of a railroad line, where the train cannot turn around and has to back up to leave.
- 9 It is a world I can barely imagine. It is not merely that there was no TV or telephones. Hers was a world of singular things. One pair of shoes, one kind of cereal, one pencil, one schoolbook, one winter coat. It was a world where alternatives were few, choices crucial, and loss a fearful possibility. "Which one did you choose, Mommy?" I used to ask, even after I knew the story.
- 10 "The doll."
- 11 "Because you loved it best?"
- 12 "No, because the stove was heavier and I was afraid there wouldn't be room for things my mother needed to take. I loved the stove best."

13 "What did you do with it?"

14 "The night before we left, we stayed with neighbors, the Demjens. Mary was just my age and my best friend. We used to play together, baking mud pies on my stove. I thought she would take good care of it. So I gave it to her." Mother held out both hands, reenacting the mythic transfer.

15 "And Uncle John left the shotgun behind the door and got a spanking, right?"

16 "Right."

17 She told me these and other stories to teach me the survival skills of self-denial, so I would never fear want. But she also fed me Cream of Wheat, cabbage rolls and a wondrous banquet of books and the Bible, so I would never feel empty. Her Biblical hero was Joseph, who rose from the pit to the pinnacle because he learned how to serve.

18 For three years, while my father was fighting in the Pacific, she raised me alone. It was during this long isolation that she wrote down the story of the stove for her old friend Mary, and as a family keepsake. She wrote with a No.2 pencil on brown grocery bags because paper was scarce during the war.

19 When my father returned, he and a couple of other ambitious young men borrowed money to buy a small stand of timber on a range of hills above the Russian River on the northern California coast. Together, they went into logging.

20 My mother and I went along. It was an ideal situation for a boy of six. We slept in Army-surplus tents and used a two-holer dug behind a thicket of pine. On the opposite side of the camp was a shed where blasting caps and dynamite were stored. I was forever warned to stay away...but forever tantalized by the danger. I played under the six-foot circular saw blade, and heard the whack of the ax into the thick hide of redwood, the dying thunder crack of great trees, and the roar of the diesel tractor belching black smoke. But while I climbed trees and played in the rushing stream, my mother cooked for half a dozen lumberjacks on a Coleman stove, carried water up 57 steep steps from the stream for drinking and washing, and pressed work shirts with flatirons heated in wood-fire coals.

21 I can still see her, a lock of hair loosed from a red kerchief, scrubbing a blackened pot with sand. Or baking potatoes among the pulsing embers in the open pit. Once, my father was paid for an order of redwood with cases of Army-surplus Spam, and for months my mother turned it into breakfast, lunch and dinner in a hundred disguises.

22 For the four years that they struggled on that ridge, my mother created a magic realm for a child. In the evenings she and I would walk out to the knoll and watch the does bring their fawns to drink at our stream. She supplied the commentary to our lives. "Remember the night the mountain lion jumped over the tent?" "Remember how it rained for a week and the cots sank in the mud?" "Remember when you got tick fever?"

23 My father had the right idea. California was throwing up tract houses by the thousands. But the larger mills in the area used threats and extortion to run the little ones out of business. It was a plan that was born to fail, I suppose. And with it, to a certain extent, my parents' youthful expectations failed. My father went to work in the postwar factories that grew up along the San Joaquin River. It was an important sacrifice for both

of them. It meant the displacement of their dreams to assure a future for me and my newly born brother, Robert. It never occurred to them to duck this responsibility. They did what they had to do. Which brings me to the story of my mother's second stove.

24 One morning Mother was cooking outdoors on the Coleman, which sat on a plank table under a tree. The gas tank must have been pumped up too high, because the flames shot several feet in the air. A low-hanging tree limb caught fire. Gasoline must have leaked; the table ignited. A burning branch fell in the dry grass, and the fire spread.

25 "Get back! Run for help!" she called to me. But I couldn't move. What if the fire reached the dynamite shed? I stood there with a cup of water and toothbrush in my hand, feeling cowardly and useless. Mother was 95 pounds dripping wet, but she heaved shovelful after shovelful of dirt on the growing wall of flames. I was afraid the gasoline would explode and she would disappear in a ball of fire. But she kept throwing dirt on the table and stove, and finally the fire went out.

26 Afterward she came to kiss me on the cheek, marked by dried toothpaste. Only then did her fear and relief express themselves. It was the only time I saw her cry.

27 When I was old enough to go to school, she and I moved to Antioch while my father stayed on the mountain. She rented two rooms in a tumbledown, century-old house by the river for \$10 a month.

28 There was 50 feet between us and the water, and the Southern Pacific railroad cut right through them. In the late afternoons, we'd take a walk along the tracks. My mother had an abiding love for perspectives. Tops of hills, ocean shores and riverbanks were her natural habitat. We'd sit on the huge stones of the levee and she'd tell me stories about the freighters churning upriver to Sacramento. Sometimes a crewman would come to the rail and wave. "That man probably breathed the air of China or walked the shores of the Philippines," she'd say, "where there are palm tree jungles and butterflies big as kites."

29 Some Sundays we visited my grandmother who lived on the outskirts of town, where the ancient sea-bottom hills rolled up to the flanks of Mount Diablo, one of the highest peaks in the Coast Range. Mother and I would climb the first ridge and look over the town and the San Joaquin Delta.

30 There was something in her demeanor at such times that said: One day this will be all yours. Since she had little to give me, she gave me the world. It was about that time I began to view her as a forlorn creature, one of those maidens imprisoned in some dark tower, or toiling unobserved in the kitchens and ignoring patriarch.

31 I remember her now at a church dinner, with the third stove that marks her story. I was a teenager, already making my own way, self-satisfied with my prospects for which she and my father had sacrificed so much. Suddenly I caught one of those glimpses of adult reality that come to the young as a special revelation.

32 It was a "Church Luau," and the menu was pineapple this and coconut that and egg foo yong. I was a youth representative at the head table, sitting with the pastor and the church leaders. I went into the kitchen to get more to eat. It was jammed with jostling, sweating ladies, and there, working at the hot six-burner stove, was my mother, face

steamed and flush, turning a mess of eggs in a long cake pan. Somehow, with that callow reaction known primarily to teen-agers, it embarrassed me to see her toiling away there. I tiptoed back outside.

33 After dinner, the men and women at the head table had their places cleared, and the minister began his announcements. "First, let's bring out those ladies who made all this possible."

34 There was a round of applause. A hesitant line of women came out. Mother, last of all, was the tiniest one, standing closest to the door. Again it shocked me to realize that my mother—who was everything in my eyes—was not one of those who sat up front on the dais, but was one who served in the kitchen.

35 Why was she never rightly rewarded or recognized? I felt a curious mixture of resentment for the leaders and yet a new appreciation for this woman who, all her life, had given herself away. Counting herself not worthy to sit at the head, she served. The minister was more right than he knew: she was, for me, "one of those ladies who made everything possible."

36 She never had the opportunity to turn her dreams into something entirely her own. Her story was written out on paper bags with a No. 2 pencil, and never saw print. But because of the wealth of imagination she poured into us, my brother and I had the benefit of love, security and the rewards that she and my father squeezed from their livelihood.

37 I went to college, married and moved to New York. In a very short while, Mother got sick. It was an auto-immune disease. Her liver was rebelling against itself.

38 A few years before she died, she planned a trip to New York to see us. Then she began to dream. Maybe she could make a bigger trip of it. Go back to West Virginia. It would be the first time in nearly 50 years she would see her native hills. A quick exchange of letters with her old childhood friend Mary Demjen arranged everything.

39 The reunion completed a circle for my mother. There was cake and coffee, white linen and old silver, and table talk about people and places gone by. The two women lingered, like playmates reluctant to give up their enjoyments in the late-afternoon sun.

40 As they were about to part, Mary pretended to remember something. She went into the other room and brought out a small box wrapped in white paper.

41 My mother made small protests, expecting some local memento of this wonderful occasion. But as she unfolded the paper, her hands began to tremble. A shape out of memory revealed itself. A small black stove. It still had the little burner lids and a skillet to cook mud pies.

42 Her eyes filled with tears, but her face was radiant. "Mary, you didn't forget," she said softly. "It's just as I remembered it. What I always wanted."

43 "My mother kept it all these years," Mary said graciously. "You know how mothers are."

44 The two grown women cried in one another's arms.

45 It's difficult to know what counts in this world. Most of us count credits, honors, dollars. But at the bulging center of midlife, I am beginning to see that the things that

really matter take place not in the board rooms, but in the kitchens of the world. Memory, imagination, love are some of those things. Service to God and the ones we love is another.

46 I once asked my mother, "If you could have anything you ever wanted, what would you ask for?"

47 "Nothing," she said, touching my head in that teasing sort of common benediction mothers give to inquisitive children. "I have you, Rob, Dad. I have everything."

48 At the time, I didn't believe her. Now I have two children of my own, and I finally know.

49 I have a mental snapshot: my mother in her last months sitting outside in the sun, her swollen legs propped up on a pillow. Her chair is sinking into the wet grass. Her head, covered with a floppy red hat, is nodding down. But nearby, almost within reach, on the concrete walk which sparkles in the afternoon sun, is a small black stove with little burner lids, and a skillet for cooking mud pies.

50 My brother, Robert, has it now. It sits in a place of honor, on a shelf in the sun porch of his home in Oakland. It stands for simplicity, courage, grace and service. It stands for the woman in the kitchen.

Preview Assistance

1. **pin** *v.* to fasten, join, or secure with a pin; to hold fast or immobile; to attach or hang
2. **backdrop** *n.* backcloth, a large painted cloth hung across the rear of a stage; background
3. **denude** *v.* to strip of all covering; to make bare or naked; to lay bare by erosion
4. **transform into** to change in character or condition into; to convert; to change radically in composition or structure into
5. **waif** *n.* a stray helpless person or animal; homeless child
6. **deliberate** *v.* to think about carefully
7. **clapboard** *n.* a wooden board
8. **shotgun** *n.* a gun fired from the shoulder, usually having two barrels and firing shot especially to kill birds
9. **reenact** *v.* to act or perform again; to repeat or reconstruct the actions of (an earlier event or incident)
10. **pinnacle** *n.* peak; highest point; summit; top
11. **keepsake** *n.* souvenir; gift, usually small and often not very costly, that is kept in memory of the giver or previous owner
12. **logging** *n.* work of cutting down forest trees for timber
13. **thicket** *n.* bushes; shrubs; mass of trees; undergrowth
14. **dynamite** *n.* powerful explosive used in blasting and mining
15. **tantalize** *v.* to tease or torment (a person or an animal) by the sight of sth that is desired but cannot be reached
16. **belch** *v.* to send out gas from an opening or a funnel; to gush sth
17. **lumberjack** *n.* esp. in the US and Canada a person who cuts down trees for wood
18. **flatiron** *n.* iron that can be heated to smooth clothes, etc.
19. **ember** *n.* ash; small piece of burning or glowing wood or coal in a dying fire
20. **fawn** *n.* young deer less than a year old

- 21. **cot** *n.* a small bed for a child, usually with movable sides so that the child cannot fall out
- 22. **extortion** *n.* obtaining money or something by force or threats
- 23. **habitat** *n.* the natural home of a plant or animal
- 24. **levee** *n.* (US) embankment built to protect land from a river in flood
- 25. **demeanor** *n.* way of behaving; conduct
- 26. **forlorn** *adj.* lonely and unhappy; uncared for; wretched, eg. forlorn hope
- 27. **patriarch** *n.* male head of a family or tribe
- 28. **jostle** *v.* to push roughly against (sb) usually in a crowd
- 29. **callow** *adj.* inexperienced; unfledged
- 30. **bulging** *adj.* swelling outward
- 31. **inquisitive** *adj.* fond of inquiring into other people's affairs
- 32. **benediction** *n.* blessing
- 33. **snapshot** *n.* photograph (usually one taken quickly with a hand-held camera)
- 34. **floppy** *adj.* soft and falling loosely
- 35. **ignite** *v.* to (cause sth to) catch fire

Referential Points

Dorothea Lange (1895—1965) US journalist and portrait photographer, who documented the change on the homefront, especially among ethnic groups and workers uprooted by the war.

the Depression-era refers to the Great Depression which took place from 1929 to 1933. It followed the collapse of the Stock Market in the US in 1929. Many banks closed down and many shops shut down too. In 1933, 17 million people lost their jobs. Agriculture got worse for the products found no market. Plenty of “extra” products were destroyed.

Army-surplus also called military surplus which are goods, usually material that are sold at public auction when no longer needed by the military. Entrepreneurs often buy these goods and resell them at surplus stores. Military surplus rarely includes weapons or munitions, though they are occasionally found in such stores. Usually the goods sold by the military are clothing, equipment, and tools of a generally useful nature. The largest seller of military surplus in the world is Liquidity Services, Inc., which operates two subsidiaries, Government Liquidation, LLC and Liquidity Services Ltd., which sell military surplus under contracts with the U.S. Department of Defense and the UK Ministry of Defense respectively.

Spam a brand name for chopped or minced ham, spiced, cooked, sold tinned in the form of a loaf, and usually eaten cold.

West Virginia bordered by Ohio, Pennsylvania and Maryland on the north and by Virginia on the south. On the east, the state borders Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, and on the west it is bordered by Ohio and Kentucky. It is the only state in the nation located entirely within the Appalachian Mountain range. The state's nickname is the Mountain State, and West Virginia features some of the most rugged land with heavily forested mountains which hide caverns and underground streams in the United States.

Bible The word Bible is derived from the Greek *biblia*, meaning “books,” and refers to the sacred writings of Judaism and Christianity. The Bible consists of two parts. The first part, called the Old Testament by Christians, consists of the sacred writings of the Jewish people and was written originally in Hebrew, except for some portions in Aramaic. The second part, called the New Testament, was composed in Greek and records the story of Jesus and the beginnings of Christianity. Translated in whole or in part into more than 1,500 languages, the Bible is the most