

高等学校试用教材

大 学 英 语

(文理科本科用)

泛 读

第 二 册

张砚秋 主编

上海外语教育出版社

高等学校试用教材
大 学 英 语
(文理科本科用)
泛读 第二册
(修订本)

张砚秋 主编

上海外语教育出版社出版

(上海外国语学院内)

上海新华印刷厂印刷

787×1092 毫米 1/16 16.5 印张 396 千字

1988 年 2 月第 2 版 1988 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

ISBN 7-81009-283-9

H · 174

定价: 2.75 元

(内部交流)

前 言

《大学英语（文理科本科用）试用教材是根据国家教育委员会审定批准的《大学英语教学大纲（文理科本科用）》编写的一套系列教材，分精读、泛读、听力、快速阅读、语法与练习五种教程。

本教材重视英语语言基础教学，从各方面保证文、理科的通用性，适用于综合大学、师范院校和文科院校。

本教材的精读、泛读、快速阅读和听力教程各按分级教学的要求编写六册，每级一册；语法与练习编写四册，供1—4级使用。精读与听力教程均配有教师用书和录音磁带。

上述五种教程根据各自的课型特点自成体系，但又相互配合，形成整体，以贯彻大纲所提出的三个层次的要求：“培养学生具有较强的阅读能力、一定的听的能力、初步的写和说的能力。”全套教材由复旦大学、北京大学、华东师范大学和中国人民大学合作编写，复旦大学董亚芬教授审订，同时还聘请两名专职外籍专家参加编写和文字审定工作。

《大学英语（文理科本科用）》泛读教程由北京大学英语系公共英语教研室负责编写。张砚秋副教授担任主编，王岷源教授担任主审。

本书为泛读教程第二册，由解又明、吕钰凡、焦英、朱荔、周学艺等同志参加编写，供大学英语二级学生使用。

由于时间仓促，编者水平与经验有限，教材中不妥之处在所难免。希望广大读者批评指正。

编 者

一九八六年七月

使用说明

本教程按以下指导思想编写:

1. 通过一定量的阅读增强学生的语感, 提高学生的阅读速度, 使之掌握阅读技巧, 学会以英语为工具获取所需信息的能力。
2. 在编写多项选择和思考题时, 注意逐步培养学生在阅读过程中的分析、归纳、综合和推断的能力, 以配合精读教程在阅读技能方面的教学。
3. 选材较浅于相应的精读课文, 并加必要的注释, 以便于学生顺利阅读。
4. 为保证语言文字的规范化, 课文全部选自原著, 但有少量删改。
5. 选材力求内容新颖、题材广泛、体裁多样、知识性与趣味性并重。
6. 考虑到学生阅读能力上的差异, 每册的阅读量大略高于大纲所规定的指标。

本教程目前只有学生用书。每册选编短文三十课, 每课编有少量注释, 配有若干多项选择题和思考题。以测试学生对文章的理解能力。为了配合精读教程, 每册按十个单元编写, 三课为一个单元。每单元的前两课为必读部分, 第三课可视具体情况灵活掌握。

编 者

一九八六年七月

CONTENTS

Unit 1

- 1. The Great American Garage Sale 1
- 2. The American Visitor 5
- 3. Ruthless 11

Unit 2

- 4. Don't Wait to Give Daddy a Hug 15
- 5. Better Known as Mark Twain 20
- 6. A Bad Scene 26

Unit 3

- 7. I Never Forget a Face 30
- 8. The Youngest Painter in the World 36
- 9. Putting the Sun to Work 42

Unit 4

- 10. The Shop Window 47
- 11. Do You Dream? 54
- 12. With the Photographer 60

Unit 5

- 13. A Story of the West 66
- 14. Nature's Clocks and Compasses 72
- 15. Looking Ahead 77

Unit 6

- 16. On the Road 82
- 17. Looking for Clues 88
- 18. Washington, D.C. 94

Unit 7

- 19. To Live Without Working 99
- 20. The Story of Jazz 105
- 21. One Million Dollars for a Wife 110

Unit 8

- 22. Leisure 119
- 23. After Twenty Years 124
- 24. A Double-Dyed Deceiver 129

Unit 9

25. Charles	135
26. Creative Justice	142
27. The Midnight Visitor	148

Unit 10

28. Here They Come (1)	153
29. Here They Come (2)	158
30. Here They Come (3)	163

Glossary	169
----------------	-----

Supplementary Exercises	220
-------------------------------	-----

Key to Comprehension Exercises	250
--------------------------------------	-----

1. THE GREAT AMERICAN GARAGE SALE

Not long ago, Charles Erickson and his family decided to do some spring housecleaning. Sorting through¹ their possessions, they came up with² some 1,500 old, unwanted or outgrown items--a baby crib, worn rug, lamps, tennis racket, life preserver³ and all sorts of other odds and ends⁴ they wanted to dispose of⁵. The Ericksons decided to do what a lot of other Americans are doing these days--have a "garage sale." They posted homemade signs throughout the neighborhood, ran an advertisement in the local newspaper, then set out the collection of unwanted objects on the front yard of their suburban home in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan,⁶ and waited to see if anyone would come. The Ericksons needn't have worried. Eager buyers grabbed up all but 50 of the items in one weekend, leaving the family \$442 richer.

Garage sale, yard sale, basement sale, patio sale, porch sale--whatever they're called and wherever they're held, Americans are having them in ever-increasing numbers.

The variety of things put up for sale is astonishing--dishes, books, used clothing, tools, tires, old wigs, empty bottles, bicycles, kitchen gadgets, furniture. A man in Atlanta⁷, Georgia⁸, even sold a full-size replica of a 1931 Ford automobile⁹.

"You wouldn't believe the stuff people will buy," says Mrs. Jerry McNeely of Houston¹⁰, Texas¹¹, who has held two garage sales with friends. "On the other hand, you wouldn't believe some of the things people will put out to sell."

Why would Americans want to shop by rummaging among someone else's castoffs?

Rising living costs are mentioned by almost everyone as a reason both for holding sales and for attending them. The seller makes a little extra money and the buyer saves quite a lot, since garage-sale items usually are priced at a frac-

tion of¹² their original cost.

But beyond that, they're fun. Garage sales have become suburban social events, drawing people of all ages. Neighbors enjoy chatting and meeting new people, and some families even serve refreshments¹³. One psychologist suggests that the garage sale is the modern descendant of the ancient street bazaar. "People are fed up¹⁴ with the computerization of their lives--they may be searching for their roots," he says. Many of the younger salegoers¹⁵ say they are turned off¹⁶ by the shoddiness¹⁷ of modern merchandise and are looking for remnants of a sturdier era, when things were built to last.

Some people have made garage-sale shopping into a hobby; they spend their weekends going from sale to sale, hoping to run across a real treasure. Says one long-time weekend bargain hunter¹⁸, "In the back of your mind you have the hope of finding some fabulous painting tucked away¹⁹ somewhere or something else of great value for a bargain price."

Diana McLellan, a reporter for the Washington Star-News²⁰ and a self-described "incurable garage sale shopper," wrote: "The garage sale is like the quality of mercy--it blesseth him that gives and him that takes²¹. It separates old lawnmowers, driftwood lamps, stray teacups, portable dishwashers, hideous glass swans and rusty but fireproof barbecue grills from their reluctant owners and places them in loving new homes."

How long will all this enthusiasm continue? Says one recent seller, "Some day the people who are buying are bound to be faced with the same problem we had--getting rid of this junk."

Approximately 600 words

Notes

1. sort through: to put (things) in order; to place according to kind, rank, etc.
2. come up with: to find
3. life preserver: a life-saving apparatus (such as a life belt or life jacket)
4. odds and ends: small articles without much value that do not belong to the same group
5. dispose of: to get rid of; to throw away
6. Michigan /'miʃiɡən/: a state of N United States
7. Atlanta /æ'tlæntə/: capital of Georgia
8. Georgia /'dʒɔːdʒjə/: a state of SE United States
9. a full-size replica of a 1931 Ford automobile:
Ford: a car brand; Ford automobiles are produced in the Ford Motor Company, Detroit, the United States.
Paraphrase: a close copy of a 1931 Ford automobile of the same size as a real one, meaning an old automobile big and clumsy
10. Houston /'hjuːstən/: a city of SE Texas
11. Texas /'teksəs/: a state of south central U.S.
12. a fraction of: a very small part or amount of
13. refreshments: (pl.) food or drink
14. fed up: unhappy, tired, especially about something dull one has had too much of
15. salegoer: one who often goes to garage sales (cf. incurable garage sale shopper)
16. turn off: (sl.) to bore or to discourage
17. shoddiness: n. cheap material of poor quality
shoddy: adj. made or done badly, usually to look like something better
18. one long-time weekend bargain hunter:
bargain: something sold cheap, e.g. a bargain hunter--one hunting for things bought cheap; a bargain price--a low price
Paraphrase: a person looking at weekend sales for a long

- time for something that can be bought at a low price
19. tuck away: to hide
20. Washington Star-News: 美国《华盛顿明星新闻报》
21. the quality of mercy--it blesseth...that takes:
taken from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, IV, i, 182:
The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
It dropeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest:
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
blesseth: old form for blesses
bless: bestow (give) good of any kind upon

Questions

1. How do Americans start a garage sale?
2. What other sales like the garage sale do you know?
3. Why do Americans like to hold and attend sales?
4. Why do you think the modern garage sale is compared to the ancient street bazaar?
5. Why does the garage sale satisfy one who sells and one who buys?
6. What does the writer mean by his last quotation in the article?

2. THE AMERICAN VISITOR

The big red American car was much too wide for an English country road. When Paul Carson saw it coming towards him he stopped his own car at the side, to make room for it to pass¹.

The big car went slowly past, so close that Paul could see its driver's face quite clearly. It was not a pretty face. The mouth was too large, and the ears were too small. The black hair was cut very short, and the eyes were hidden behind dark glasses.

"Where have I seen that face before?" Paul wondered. "Wait a minute. I remember now. It was in the newspaper." He turned to his sister. "Have you still got yesterday's paper, Nora? Or did you light the fire with it this morning? You usually do when I need it."

"No, I didn't," laughed Nora. "But it's rather dirty. I put the fish in it just now as they had no paper in the fish shop. It's on the floor at the back of the car. I'll get it if you like."

She opened the back door and took the fish out of the paper. Paul turned quickly to the middle page and showed her the picture. It was partly covered with wet fish's blood, but the face was clear enough. It was not a pretty face. It had a large mouth and small ears, and its eyes were hidden behind dark glasses.

"'Wanted by the police²,'" read Paul, "'for paying bills with useless cheques at hotels and shops in Margate, Brighton and other large sea-side towns. The City Bank will pay fifty pounds to anyone who helps the police to catch this man.'"

"Does it say anything about an American car?"

"No. But listen to this. 'He is English, but he usually talks and dresses like an American visitor.'"

Perhaps it's a stolen car. Men like him use a different car every week."

"That's true. What are you going to do, Paul? Call the police?"

"No. I want to make sure first." He turned the car and began to drive back the same way. "Let's follow him and watch for a few minutes. What's his car number? Where is he staying? To get our fifty pounds, we must be able to tell the police as much as possible."

Soon they saw the red car in front of them. It seemed to be going very slowly.

"Don't go too near, Paul. If he sees us, we'll never catch him. Oh, be careful, he's stopping!"

Paul stopped his own car behind an old farm-cart at the roadside, so that the man could not see him. The door of the red car opened, and its driver got out and looked round. Then he started walking towards an old white house, which was half-hidden by trees a little way from the road.

"That's Seldon Manor, the Lightfoots' house!" said Paul. "They're away in Greece this summer, staying with her family. Dick Lightfoot married a Greek girl, you remember? The gardener is taking care of the place, but there's no one living there at present." He looked once more at the picture in the newspaper, then he got out of the car.

"Listen, Nora. You must stay here with the car. I'm going across the field to the side of the house. He won't see me, but I'll be able to watch him. If you hear me call, drive up to the house as quickly as you can."

He left her and ran across the field. The man was coming away³ from the front door and walking round the side of the house. The door of the garden-room was open, and he went inside.

Paul Carson did not stop to think or to ask questions. He ran across the garden and shut the door. Then he fixed it so that it could only be opened from outside. There was

no other door or window. The man was caught.

Paul did not wait to talk. He ran back to the car as fast as he could. Behind him he could hear the angry man trying to break the door open. But it was a strong door; he would soon get tired of hitting it.

When they reached the police station, Paul went in and quickly told the police officer all about the man with the small ears.

The officer looked at him with surprise. "That man was caught in Bognor this morning, Mr. Carson. He tried to buy a diamond ring with one of his useless cheques. . . You've caught someone else, I'm afraid."

"Oh! What will my sister say? She wanted those fifty pounds very much. She was spending them--in her mind⁴, you know--all the way into town. A week in Paris. Three new hats. All that kind of thing."

"I know, sir. Just like my wife," said the officer, laughing. "But we're wasting time. We must go back and set free your man⁵ in the garden-room."

"Perhaps he's wanted by the police too," said Paul hopefully.

"Perhaps, sir. But if he isn't, he may try to make trouble. He could say that you wrongfully shut him up."

"But what was he doing at Seldon Manor? Mr. Lightfoot's a school-friend of mine. I couldn't let the man go in and steal things."

Outside the police station Nora was talking to a newspaper man. Paul got into the police car, leaving her to follow. The newspaper man followed too.

When they reached the white house, they found the gardener standing in the road. He was pleased to see them.

"There's a man in my garden-room, Mr. Carson. Who shut him in, I wonder? I was afraid to open the door, because I don't like the sound of him. But if he stays there any longer, he'll eat my dinner."

They walked quietly to the door, and the policeman opened it. The light was on inside, and a big man was sitting on a garden chair, looking at a book. He jumped to his feet⁶ when he saw a policeman.

"What kind of country is this?" he cried angrily. "I came to this house to ask for some water for my car. Nobody answered the front door. I looked in here, because the door was open, and somebody shut me in. Some small boy, I suppose." His face was getting redder every second⁷. "If I catch him, he'll be sorry. Yes, sir! That boy's bottom will hurt him before I've finished⁸, or my name isn't Howard L. King of New York City."

The newspaper man was busy writing in his notebook. This was his best story of the week.

Later that evening Paul and Nora were sitting by the fire, talking unhappily about the man with the red car.

"What will the newspapers say tomorrow? 'American banker shut in a dark room'--'He looked like a thief, says music-teacher Carson'--'I was going to spend those fifty pounds in Paris, says pretty dark-haired sister'. Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut⁹? Everyone will laugh at us now."

"I'm sorry, Paul. You were so sure about it, and that young newspaper man had a nice face. I answered his questions without thinking."

"A nice face? My dear girl! If you can't--Listen! There's someone at the front door. I'll go and see."

Outside the door stood a boy from the Green Springs Hotel.

"Mr. Carson? A letter for you from Mr. King, who is staying at our hotel. Will you sign for it, please. Thank you, sir. Good night."

Paul took it into the sitting-room and looked at his sister. "A letter from that American, Nora. This means trouble, I'm afraid. I had to sign for it. Now we shall have to pay some lawyer to help us."

"What does it say? You haven't even opened it yet."

Paul opened it, threw the envelope into the fire, and

began to read the letter to her:

Green Springs Hotel,
15th August 1964.

Dear Mr. Carson,

I have to thank you for shutting me up today. I said a lot of unkind things to you, and I'm sorry.

My family went to America a hundred years ago. This summer I came to England to look for the old family home. I couldn't find it, but you have found it for me.

This afternoon in the garden-room I asked for your name and address. You wrote it on a piece of paper that fell out of an old book. When I got to my hotel, I looked at that paper. It was a letter, written in 1867, from my house in New York to Sir David Lightfoot of Seldon Manor. Mr. Carson, you shut me up in my old family home!

I want you and your sister to come to dinner with me tomorrow. And I want you to spend this cheque as quickly as you can.

Yours very truly,
Howard Lightfoot King.

"A cheque!" cried Nora. "Oh, Paul, it was in the envelope, and you've burnt it!"

Before her brother could reply, the sound of the telephone came from the next room, and he went to answer it. He knew the voice.

"Mr. Carson. This is Howard King here. You got my letter? I'm sorry, I never put in that cheque for fifty pounds. I'll give it to you when you come to dinner tomorrow. And listen, Mr. Carson. I may have small ears like your man in the newspaper, but my cheques are good. Good night."

Approximately 1700 words

Notes

1. make room for it to pass: to move aside to let it pass
2. Wanted by the police: The police is hunting for him.
3. come away: to leave (a place)
4. She was spending them--in her mind: She was thinking and planning how to spend the fifty pounds.
5. set free your man: to give freedom to the man you shut in
6. jump to one's feet: to stand up quickly
7. His face was getting redder every second: His face was getting redder as he talked.
8. That boy's bottom will hurt him before I've finished:
I'll give him a good spanking.
9. keep one's mouth shut: to keep silent

Questions

1. Where and when did the story start?
2. Why did Paul still keep arguing after the police officer told him that they had caught the thief that morning?
3. How did Paul feel about the whole event when he was back at home that evening?
4. What kind of girl was Nora?
5. Why was the American grateful to Paul?

3. RUTHLESS

W. de Mille

Judson Webb was an American business man. He had a comfortable flat in New York but in summer he used to leave the dusty city and go to the country. There he had a cottage which consisted of three rooms, a bathroom and a kitchen. In one of the rooms there was a big closet. He liked his cottage very much, especially his closet where he kept his guns, fishing-rods, wine and other things. It was his own closet and even his wife was not allowed to have a key, for Judson Webb loved his personal possessions and got very angry when anybody else touched them.

It was autumn now and Judson was packing his things for the winter. In a few minutes he would be driving back to civilization¹--to New York.

As he looked at the shelf on which the whiskey stood his face was serious. All the bottles were unopened except one. It was placed invitingly in front² with a whiskey-glass by its side. The bottle was less than half full. As he took it from the shelf, Helen, his wife, spoke from the next room:

"I've packed everything. Hasn't Alec come to run the water off³ and get the keys?"

Alec lived near-by and acted as caretaker.

"He's at the lake taking the boats out of the water. He said he'd be back in half an hour!"

Helen came into the room carrying her suit-case. She stopped and looked in surprise as she saw the bottle in her husband's hand.

"Judson," she exclaimed, "you're not taking a drink at ten in the morning, are you?"

"No, my dear. I'm not taking anything out of this bottle. I am just putting something into it." He took two small white tablets out of his pocket and put them on the table. Then he opened the bottle.