

90年代英语系列丛书  
世界畅销书系列

Hotel

# 大饭店

外语教学与研究出版社

Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press

九 十 年 代  
英语系列丛书

杨光慈 注释

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Arthur Hailey 原著

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名著系列

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F427/16

(京)新登字 155 号

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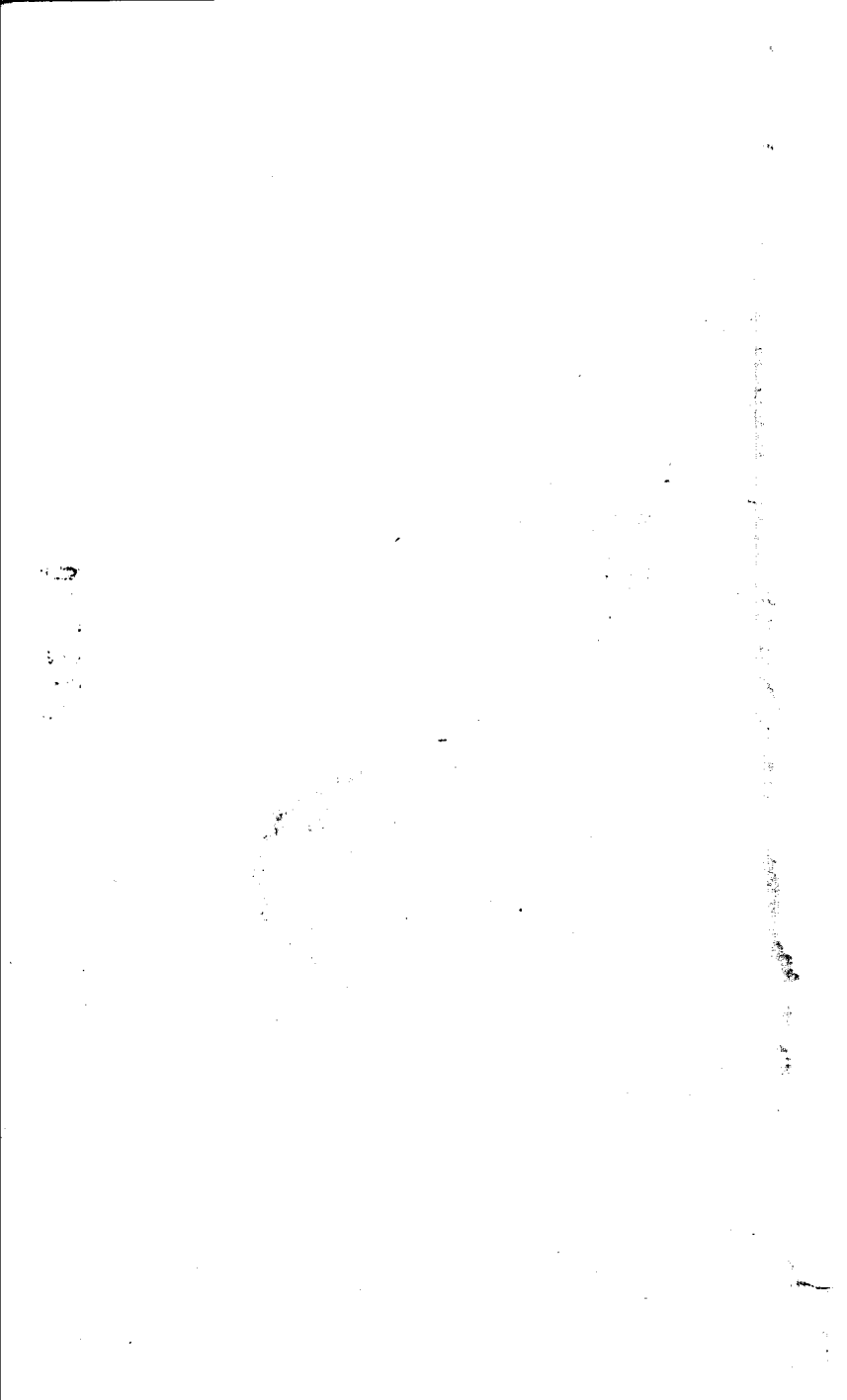
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# “九十年代英语系列丛书”

## 出版前言

送您一轮风车，朋友！不是为了怀旧——

九十年代，跨入下世纪的最后一级台阶，新世纪的风迎面吹来。这轮风车——新世纪风的信使，将在您手中变幻成一轮轮多彩的旋律，为您的征程增添情趣；它乘风飞旋——热烈，执着，顽强，或许能为您的跋涉增添鼓舞和力量。

是故，我们这套系列丛书以风车为标记。

在国内英语界名家指导下，经过全面调查，深入研究以确定书目，由北京外国语学院等院校一批中青年专家学者进行编撰或译注，采用全新的编排设计、全新的风格，力求内容的实用和装潢的精美。我们把这套大型英语丛书作为跨世纪的礼物奉献给读者。

近代学者王国维先生说，作学问要经过三种境界。学好外语也不能例外。也许您时下正有一种“望尽天涯路”的迷惘与焦灼，也许您“衣带渐宽”，“为伊消得人憔悴”，……我们的目的是要设计一个多彩多姿的英语天地，通过大量阅读和实践，帮助您发展兴趣，开拓视野，改进方法，提高信心，比较顺利地渡入学习的第三种境界。我们相信，这套丛书是您感受英语、学习英语、提高英语、实践英语的新世界。

本丛书首批出版六大系列：

**第一辑：世界文学名著系列（原版注释本）**

选入这一辑的都是世界上享有盛誉的英美文学名著（已选入我社出版的“学生英语文库”者除外），并

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附有汉语注释，初步确定为 30 种。以后还计划适当选入一些最有声望的世界文学名著（如：法国文学和俄罗斯文学中）的英译本。

### **第二辑：世界畅销书系列（原版注释本）**

我们从当代风靡世界的英语文学著作中选拔其佼佼者，并附有详细的注释。使读者在学习和熟悉当代英语的同时了解欧美的社会、风习、生活、事业、爱情等。

### **第三辑：实用英语系列（英汉对照本）**

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### **第五辑：中学英语读物系列（英汉对照本）**

本系列面向英语初学者，尤其是广大中学生和自学者；题材多样，语言简明、规范，循序渐进。它包括小说、散文、童话、寓言、冒险故事等，其中不乏广为传诵的世界文学宝库中的名篇。我们希望它成为有志于掌握英语的初学者的良师益友。

### **第六辑：简易世界文学名著系列（英汉对照本）**

选入本辑的都是世界文学名著的英语简写本，计划出版 30 种。为了满足初级和中级学习者的需要，我们用英汉对照的形式出版。

我们还将陆续推出第七辑、第八辑……

这套丛书希望能得到读者的喜爱，并诚恳希望读者提出宝贵意见。

**《九十年代英语系列丛书》**

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## 内 容 介 绍

本书是当代加拿大著名作家阿瑟·海雷的同名小说的简写本。小说描写美国一个饭店四天发生的事情，故事情节紧凑紧张，引人入胜。

圣格雷戈里饭店是新奥尔良市最大的饭店。每天，这里旅客熙来攘往，其中有来自世界各国的国王、皇后、总统、企业界的巨头、工程师、医生……也有强盗、小偷。

这几天，饭店的总统套房中住着一位英国公爵和他的夫人及随行人员。公爵是一个生活放荡、酗酒成性的人。一天晚上，他开车撞死了两个人——一位妇女和她的孩子。为了帮助丈夫逃脱罪责，公爵夫人制造了许多假象，企图消灭罪证。她买通了饭店侦探长，让他将出事的汽车开走，并通过她兄弟的活动，促使英政府任命公爵为驻美大使。但是，新奥尔良市警察局经过一系列周密的侦察，终于破了案。公爵万般无奈，只好到警察局自首。就在他下楼的时候，电梯出了事故。电梯中乘客从九层楼坠入升降井井底，伤亡惨重。公爵还未走出饭店，即已一命呜呼。而公爵夫人在公爵离开房间之后，发现她的钱包和手饰盒被盗一空。原来，小偷在她不知不觉的时候登门拜访了。

这个小偷是个混名叫做“Keycase”的惯偷。他在一只垃圾箱里拣到两把圣格雷戈里饭店房门钥匙，化

走进了饭店。最后一天，他携带大量赃物往外逃，和同乘一部电梯。电梯失事中，他却安然无恙，之后，在混乱中逃之夭夭。

在这四天中，圣格雷戈里饭店本身还经历了一场风波。由于经营不善，饭店亏本，债台高筑。眼看清偿债务的日期只剩二天了，饭店老板沃伦·特伦特四处借钱，到处碰壁。美国饭店业巨头奥·基夫闻讯前来，想乘机买进圣格雷戈里饭店。奥·基夫老于世故，早已派人调查了这个饭店的情况，对负借款数、经营的弊端、雇员中营私舞弊等了若指掌。奥·基夫的傲慢态度激怒了沃伦·特伦特。这位老板暗下决心，除非万不得已，决不把饭店卖给奥·基夫。与此同时，饭店中住着一位加拿大百万富翁。他喜欢圣格雷戈里饭店所具有的古老传统，不想让奥·基夫把饭店买去后把它变得和别的饭店一样单调划一。这位富翁出了合理的价钱买下了这座饭店，并任命原老板、沃伦·特伦特为饭店董事会的董事长。这位加拿大富翁既助了沃伦·特伦特一臂之力，又成全了饭店副经理和一位女雇员的婚姻，一举几得，皆大欢喜。年轻有为的副经理被任命为经理。他雄心勃勃，决心大刀阔斧进行改革，重振企业。

本书文字通俗易懂，语言平易活泼，是一本很好的英语简易读物。

## Chapter 1

### Monday Evening

"If I had my wish," Peter McDermott thought. "I would get rid of the chief detective at once."<sup>1</sup> Again, the fat former policeman was missing when he was needed.<sup>2</sup>

McDermott <sup>打</sup>struck the desk with his hand. "Fifteen things happen at the same time' and nobody can find the man," he told the girl who was standing by the window of his office.

Christine Francis looked at her watch and saw that the time was eleven o'clock. "He's probably drinking somewhere," she said.

Christine had left her own office in the St Gregory Hotel<sup>3</sup> a few minutes earlier. She had been working late and she had <sup>过场</sup>dropped in to see the assistant manager<sup>4</sup> before she went home. "Mr Ogilvie makes his own rules," Christine said. "Warren Trent has always given him complete freedom."<sup>5</sup>

Peter McDermott spoke quickly into the telephone and waited. "You're right," he said. "I tried to reorganise our inefficient detective force, and W.T. was very angry with me."

Christine said quietly: "I didn't know that." She was surprised. Christine was private secretary to Warren Trent, the proud owner of New Orleans's largest hotel, and usually she knew everything that happened. She knew, for example, that Peter was almost running the busy hotel alone. His salary was small and his powers were limited. Christine knew the reasons: they concerned Peter's private life.<sup>6</sup>

"What's the trouble?" Christine asked.

McDermott gave a cheerful smile. "Someone has complained about a disturbance on the eleventh floor." The Duchess of Croydon says that a waiter insulted the Duke. And it is reported that somebody is making strange noises in Room 1439. Probably some man is having a bad dream!"

"Do you know the name of the man in that room?" Christine asked.

Peter shook his head. "I'll find out." He spoke into the telephone, wrote down a name and hung up the receiver.<sup>8</sup> "The man is Albert Wells—a Canadian from Montreal,"<sup>9</sup> he told Christine.

"I know him," she said. "He's a nice little man. He stays here every year. If you wish, I'll go and see him."

McDermott hesitated and turned his eyes to Christine's neat figure.

The telephone rang and he answered it.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the man on the telephone exchange.<sup>10</sup> "We can't find Mr Ogilvie."

"Never mind! Put me on to the head porter,"<sup>11</sup> said McDermott.

"Head porter," said the flat voice of Herbie Chandler. Like Ogilvie, Chandler had worked at the St Gregory for a long time and was very independent—a rude and deceitful man.

McDermott explained the troubles and asked Chandler to inquire into<sup>12</sup> the cause of the disturbance on the eleventh floor.

Chandler objected. "That's not my job, Mr Mac."

"Don't argue. Deal with<sup>13</sup> the complaint," McDermott ordered Chandler. "And send a porter with a key of Room 1439 to meet Miss Francis at the lift."<sup>14</sup> He hung up<sup>15</sup> before there could be any more argument.

"Let's go." Peter's hand lightly touched Christine's shoulders. "Take the porter with you and go and see your friend. Tell him to put the bedclothes over his head when he dreams!"<sup>16</sup>

Herbie Chandler stood by his desk in the busy entrance hall and thought. Peter McDermott's telephone call worried him. McDermott had told

him to look into<sup>17</sup> the disturbance on the eleventh floor. But Herbie Chandler did not need to make inquiries. He knew what was happening.

Earlier in the evening two youths—two sons of wealthy citizens—had made a special request. "Listen. Herbie," one of them, Lyle Dumaire, said, "we're coming to the dance at the hotel tonight. We don't want to dance. Give us a room where we can take some girls and have some fun."

"It's too risky," Herbie thought. "Sorry, gentlemen," he said.

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" said the second youth, whose name was Dixon.

"If you let us have a room, we'll pay you, Herbie."

The head porter, always greedy for money, hesitated.

Dixon said quickly: "How much money do you want?"

Herbie looked at the youths and remembered their rich fathers. "A hundred dollars."

"Right. We'll make a deal."<sup>18</sup>

"Give me the money, then, gentlemen." Herbie wet his lips with his tongue. "Be very quiet," he said. "If you make a noise, there may be trouble."

The youths had promised to make no noise.

Herbie had forgotten about the matter until McDermott reported the disturbance. He now <sup>又</sup> cursed his own foolishness. He wondered whether he should go upstairs, but decided to stay away from the room.

Peter McDermott rode in the lift<sup>19</sup> with Christine and the porter. At the ninth floor, he left Christine. She was going up to the fourteenth floor. Peter gave her a little smile. "Send for me if there's any trouble,"<sup>20</sup> he said.

"I'll shout for help," Christine replied with a laugh. As the sliding doors of the lift were <sup>关上</sup> shutting, her eyes met Peter's.

McDermott walked quickly along to the Presidential Suite.<sup>21</sup> In these rooms—reserved for presidents, <sup>王位</sup> royalty and other distinguished guests<sup>22</sup>—the Duke and Duchess of Croydon were living with a male <sup>男侍</sup> secretary, a maid and five dogs.

Outside the double <sup>双门</sup> doors of the suite, Peter McDermott pushed a button. As soon as the bell rang, there was a mad noise of excited dogs. While McDermott was waiting, he thought about the Croydons.

The Duke was descended from an ancient family, and the Duchess had some royal blood.<sup>23</sup> The Duke had held various important political

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posts but his future was in doubt<sup>24</sup> because he was now drinking heavily. Some people were saying that the Duke was not likely to get another post. Others said that the Duchess was using her influence and the Duke might soon be appointed British Ambassador to Washington.<sup>25</sup>

A voice behind Peter said: "Excuse me, Mr McDermott. Can I have a word with you?"<sup>26</sup>

McDermott turned round and saw Sol Natchez, one of the room-service waiters. "What's the matter, Sol?" he asked.

The waiter rubbed his hands. "I expect you've come to see about the complaint-the complaint about me," he said.

McDermott looked quickly at the double doors. "What happened?" he asked.

The waiter was an old man and he was afraid that he might lose his job. He was trembling with anxiety. *20m* "I always try to give good service,"<sup>27</sup> sir, but the Duke and Duchess are hard to please," he said. "They ordered a late dinner and I took it to their rooms. When I was serving the soup,<sup>28</sup> the Duchess suddenly got up from the table. As she stepped back, she hit my arm. I think she did so on purpose."<sup>29</sup>

"Oh nonsense!"

"Well, I don't know, sir. Anyhow," the