



世界见闻



天津人民出版社



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——英语阅读文选(英汉对照)

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T. A BOY AND HIS FATHER BECOME PARTNERS

by Ralph Moody

I like all kinds of chocolate. Best of all, though, I like bitter baking chocolate. Mother had bought a bar of it, and somehow I couldn't stop thinking about it.

I was helping Father on the winnower. It was right then I got the idea. I could whack a chunk off the end of that bar of chocolate. Mother would be sure to miss it, but before she had any idea who had done it, I could confess I'd taken it. Probably I would not even get a spanking.

I waited until Mother ~~was out~~ feeding the chickens. Then I told Father I ~~thought I'd~~ go in for a drink of water. I got the bar down, but I heard Mother coming just when I had the knife ready to whack. So I slipped the chocolate into the front of my shirt and left quickly. Before I went back to help Father, I went to the barn and hid the chocolate there.

All the rest of the afternoon, I didn't like to

look at Father. Every time he spoke it made me jump. My hands began shaking so much that he asked me what was the matter. I told him it was just that my hands were cold. I knew he didn't believe me, and every time he looked my way my heart started pounding. I didn't want the chocolate anymore. I just wanted a chance to put it back without being caught.

On the way out for the cows, I calmed down a little and could think better. I told myself that I hadn't really stolen the whole bar of chocolate, because I meant to take only a little piece. That's as much as I would have taken, too, if Mother hadn't come along when she did. If I put back the whole bar, I wouldn't have done anything wrong at all.

I nearly decided to put it all back. But just thinking so much about chocolate made my tongue almost taste the smooth bitterness of it. I got thinking that if I sliced about half an inch off the end with a sharp knife, Mother might never notice it.

I was nearly out to where the cows were when I remembered what Father had said once—some of the family money was mine because I had helped to earn it. Why wouldn't it be all right to figure the bar of chocolate had been bought with my own money? That

seemed to fix everything.

But by the time I had the cows headed home, I had begun to worry again. We were nearly to the railroad tracks when I decided to leave the whole matter to the Lord. I picked up a dried soapweed stalk with seedpods on it and decided I would throw it up into the air and take my orders from the way it landed. If it pointed west, I'd take the whole bar back. If it pointed south, I'd take half an inch off the end. If it pointed east, I'd bought the bar with my own money and it wouldn't be stealing to keep it.

I swung the pod stalk as high as I could. When it came down, it pointed mostly west — but a little south.

That night I couldn't sleep. I kept trying to remember how much that stalk had really been pointing to the south. At last I got up, slipped out into the yard, and took the ax from the chopping block. Then I went into the barn and got the chocolate. I took it outside and laid it on the lower rail of the corral fence. The moon gave enough light for me to see what I was doing.

Just as I was starting to cut, Father said: "Son!"

I couldn't think of a thing to say. I grabbed up

the bar of chocolate and hid it next to my chest before I turned around. Father picked me up by the shoulder straps of my overalls and took me over to the woodpile. I didn't know anybody could spank as hard as he did!

Then he stood me on my feet and asked if I thought I had deserved it. He said it wasn't so much that I'd taken the chocolate, but that I'd tried to hide it from him.

"Son," he said, "I know you help to earn the family money. We might say the chocolate was yours in the first place. You could have had it if you'd asked for it, but I won't have you being sneaky about things. Now, do you want to keep your money separate from mine — or are we partners?"

I never knew till then how much I wanted my money to go in with Father's. When I went to sleep my hand was still hurting — from where he squeezed it when we shook hands.

2. Traveling in the Jungle

by Armstrong Sperry

Jungle country is not friendly to man, but it is possible to survive there. You must have the right

equipment and you must know a few important things about woodcraft. Then your chances of staying alive are very good.

No one should go into the jungle without the right equipment. You need lightweight clothing, a good sheath knife or machete, and a compass. Fish-hooks and a line, a rifle and ammunition, matches in a waterproof container, and a poncho are necessary too. So is a mosquito net to protect the head.

In the jungle you can get hopelessly lost within five minutes after leaving a known landmark. That is why you should always carry a compass. In open country, during the day, you can tell which way to go by studying the sun. At night the stars are sure guides to direction. But in most places the jungle rooftop is so thick that it is impossible to see the sun or the stars. Again and again you must check your position by the compass.

Keep alert. Watch the ground in front of you carefully. Stop and listen now and again. Avoid haste, and rest often. In a place that is hot and humid, the person who sets a fast pace will soon become tired. A steady, even pace is wisest in the long run.

If you lose your way, don't panic. Try to decide how long it has been since you were sure of your

position. Mark the spot where you are with blazes on a tree. Put them on four sides of the tree, so that you will be able to see them from any direction.

Then you can begin retracing your steps, knowing that you can always find the spot from which you started. Except in an emergency, never try to travel through the jungle at night.

Whenever possible, it is wise to follow streams and rivers that are going in your general direction. This may cause you many extra miles of travel. But in the end it will save time and energy. Nothing is more exhausting than hacking a trail cross-country through unbroken jungle.

If a river is broad and deep and has no rapids, rafting is the best means of travel. Bamboo grows along the banks of many jungle streams. Since it is hollow and extremely strong, it makes a perfect raft.

If possible, stay away from high ridges when you are traveling through jungle country. They are often covered with rattans. Rattans are climbing palms. They have sharp thorns that rip and tear at your clothing. Even with a sharp machete, it is almost impossible to hack a path through rattans without getting completely entangled in them.

Mosquitoes, ticks, and leeches will be with you

all the time. The only defense against them is to wear the right kind of clothing. You should never wear shorts in the jungle. Your trousers must be lightweight and long. The cuffs should be tucked into your boot tops.

Finding water that is safe to drink can be a problem. Many streams and rivers carry germs that can be deadly to man. Streams found near native villages are always dangerous, even if they are clear and fresh-looking. Such water must always be boiled before you drink it.

Luckily, the jungle has many kinds of plants and vines that give water. The big rough-barked vines called lianas are one of the best sources of water. A section several feet long should give you more than a pint of clear water. Water from almost all plants is pure enough to drink. But stay away from vines that have bitter or milky sap.

Many jungle plants also provide food. Before you go into the jungle, learn to recognize the varieties of plants that can be eaten. If you haven't had a chance to do this, watch what kinds of fruits and nuts the birds and monkeys choose. Such food is almost always safe for a man to eat.

When you are seeking meat, rivers and streams

are the best places to hunt. You do not need to be familiar with the many different kinds of birds and mammals. You can eat any of them.

Animals that do not eat plants eat each other. When you see an animal in the jungle, you can be sure that its source of food is somewhere close by. That source may mean for you the difference between going to sleep well fed or hungry.

Surviving in the jungle is a science. The jungle peoples have become perfect in this science, and you can too. Learn as much as you can about what to expect in the jungle. Make sure you have the right equipment. Then no part of the jungle will seem completely unfriendly or frightening. In fact, you will be able to "live off" it for a long time.

3. Pesos in the Sea

**A TREASURE THAT
WAS THROWN AWAY**

by Robert Silverberg

The early days of 1942 were dark ones. American troops were bravely trying to hold the Philippine Islands. But island after island fell to the Japanese.

The Americans were driven back until all they held was the peninsula of Bataan and the small island of Corregidor. On Corregidor was the Philippine government's gold and silver. Millions upon millions of pesos piled up there. And each peso was worth fifty American cents.

It soon was clear that Corregidor, too, was going to fall. The money could not be left there for the enemy! Hastily the gold and some of the silver were loaded on a small submarine. It made a safe escape to America. Then a strange job was begun: \$120,000, 000 worth of paper money was burned.

Nearly sixteen million silver pesos were left. Now it was early April. Bataan had fallen. Defeat was only days away. There was no way to get the silver to the United States. And so it was decided to dump it into the ocean.

Captain James Murray of the mine layer *Harrison* was given the job. He told his crew that they were going to dump "something" overboard.

One night in the third week of April, the *Harrison* slipped out to sea. It headed for a deep spot in the South Channel between Corregidor and Caballo Island. The men dropped anchor there and set up a small marker buoy. Then the dumping began.

The ship made trip after trip back to the dock to pick up the silver. There were a thousand fat, heavy silver pesos to the bag. There were six bags to the box, and hundreds of boxes. The men dumped them as close as possible to the buoy.

But some nights the buoy could not be seen. Other nights Japanese guns forced the sailors to dump the silver before they reached the buoy. On the last night of the dumping, Japanese fire cut the buoy loose. Now there was no marker for the graveyard of silver.

Only three men knew the exact spot where the buoy had been. One was killed two weeks later. The second man forgot the exact figures. the third man had jotted down the information, but he lost it. The silver was scattered over more than a mile of ocean bottom, and no one knew just where it was.

In 1944 the U.S. armed forces decided to find the silver. Lieutenant Byron Hollett and his ship were assigned to the job. On June 16 the U. S. S. *Teak* set out. The crew knew *about* where the silver was supposed to be. All the rest would have to be guesswork and luck.

Divers went over the side at the spot where most

of the silver was thought to be. They found no pesos. For two days they covered the bottom inch by inch. Nothing.

The next day a diver found a waterlogged box. It broke open when he touched it. Inside were some three hundred silver pesos.

During the next few days several more boxes came up. They held twelve thousand pesos. But this was only twelve thousand out of sixteen million.

"At this speed," Lieutenant Hollett observed "it'll take twelve years to bring up the lot."

Now came a hint. A group of men had gone on an illegal treasure hunt of their own. They had found some five thousand pesos. The Filipino who had led the group was caught. He showed the *Teak* where he had found silver. But nothing was found there. For six days he led the men on a wild-goose chase. Then the rains came for several days.

On July 8 the *Teak* began to search again. This time the men picked out a fresh spot, completely by guess, and dropped a scoop. It came up full of pesos!

A diver went down. "We've really struck it this time!" he phoned up. "I've five boxes right here-and about twenty more over there and a few more in

back of me”

A ten-quart pail was sent down to him. He filled it with pesos as fast as he could and brought it up. As he came up, another diver would go down.

The search went on day after day for ten months. By then the pesos were getting too hard to find. The Army and Navy decided they had done well enough. One third of the total had been recovered.

In 1946 the new Philippine government gave licenses to anyone who wanted to search for the missing pesos. Some treasure hunters brought up only a few hundred pesos. Others found as many as three hundred thousand.

Now 1,678,000 pesos are still in the channel mud. The search is probably going on right at this moment. But, as one of the divers of the *Teak* said, “They’ll likely be diving for those pesos for a hundred years to come.”

4. California's GIANTS

by Irving Robert Melbo

Sequoia National Park in California is the home of the oldest and biggest living things. They are the famous “big trees,” the giant sequoias.

At first, reports of these trees were thought to be tall tales. Imagine trees thirty feet thick at the bottom and three hundred feet high! And three thousand years old, maybe more. It was unbelievable.

In all, there are about seventy groves of giant sequoias. Thirty-two different groves stand within Sequoia National Park. The largest, the Giant Forest, contains the big trees in every stage of growth, from tiny seedlings to sky-piercing giants.

The giant sequoia produces seeds every year. It blooms during winter, when the ground is covered with snow. The flowers give way to bright green cones containing tiny seeds. Millions of these seeds fall to the ground during autumn. If they fall on a grass- or trash-covered forest floor, they cannot sprout. But if they fall on freshly turned soil, they will begin to grow the next spring. Many birds and animals like to eat the tender green sprouts, so that only a few of the sequoia seedlings manage to live through the first year.

As the sequoia grows, the lower branches drop off. Finally the nearest branch may be more than a hundred feet above the ground. The sequoia makes its most rapid growth before it is five hundred years old. After that the growth is very slow. When the