

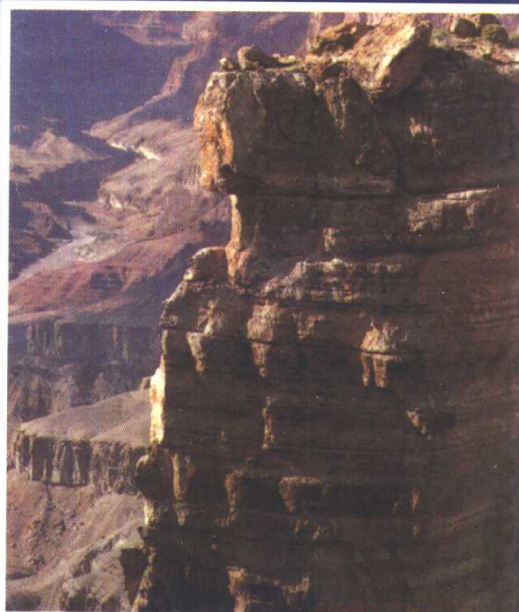
Scenes of the United States



美国 风光 揽胜

俞耀生 郁明亮 主编 张小玲 编译

汉 对 照 美 国 风 情 丛 书



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英汉对照美国风情丛书

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内 容 提 要

本书是《美国风情系列丛书》中的一种,采用英汉对照形式编译而成。全书对美国的自然风光作了广泛生动的介绍,从中可以了解新英格兰变幻莫测的天气、得克萨斯的宝岛,气象万千的俄勒冈,犹他州的袖珍“撒哈拉”,还可以领略到众多观光游览胜地的迷人景象,如:尼亚拉加瀑布、落基山、大峡谷、黄石公园、科德角、奥林匹克雨林等。让人陶醉于大自然博大胸怀的同时,对“人与自然”这一现代社会的重大主题作一番回顾和畅想。本书是了解美国地理风光的理想读物,也可作学习英语的辅助读物。

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英 语 原 文

1. The Unpredictable Weather in New England

New England—the birthplace of independence from England in America—is much closer to the tradition of England than any other place in the U. S. Its weather is no exception.

In England, one can experience four seasons in the course of a single day. In New England, weather changes as fast. 'If you don't like it,' say New Englanders, 'wait a minute.' And it is true that following a sharp thunderstorm, the mercury sometimes drops as much as forty degrees, and that you can go to bed in a solid freeze and wake up to a balmy spring morning. In short, the region has a hodgepodge climate. It is often possible to pick roses at Christmas on Cape Cod and to ski on Mount Washington on the Fourth of July.

The climate, due to many factors, is just so unpredictable. The paths of storms change unaccountably as they approach New England; cold fronts that should have stayed in Canada creep south. Great banks of fog steal silently in from the ocean,

blotting out everything. Blizzards howl down from the north, deep snow blankets the country, and the mercury plunges to well below zero; or a heat wave sweeps in from the Midwest, and the thermometer registers over ninety for days and nights on end. Hurricanes roar destructively up the Atlantic into New England; a three-day north easter brings a drenching rain; or a dry west wind prevails for weeks, parching the land. But between times come days when the weather is absolutely perfect, blue and diamond clear, cool as a young leaf in the shade, warm as new milk in the sun.

It is not easy to explain the contradictory weather in New England. Lying halfway between the equator and the North Pole, the region should have a typical north-temperate climate. Moreover, New England is bordered on the south and east by the Atlantic Ocean, which ought—one would suppose—to exert the modifying effect on climate. One would also suppose that the wall of mountains to the north and west would divert storms and provide shelter for the area.

None of these things works the way it should, however. While some storms are diverted to the sea by the mountains along the valleys of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, others unaccountably soar over the wall. Instead of stabilizing the cli-

mate, the Atlantic compounds confusion. The warm Gulf Stream sweeping north and the frigid Labrador Current flowing south meet just off the New England coast. The place where the confluence of waters of very different temperatures takes place becomes the 'fog factory'.

Not surprisingly, the weather preoccupies the thoughts of New Englanders, especially in the country.

A city visitor to rural Maine had an interesting conversation with a local farmer after World War II. He had been to Maine regularly for a long time until Pearl Harbor. Then wartime pressures forced him to skip his annual vacation for several years. Finally, the hostilities having ended, he was able to return. He found his farming friend busy in the hayfield and, thinking of the beaches of Normandy and food rationing and the atom bomb and the surrender of Japan, he said, "Vell, a lot has happened since I last saw you."

"I guess so!" the man of the soil told him with feeling. "There was the hurricane and then that Thanksgiving blizzard two years ago, and the big floods the following spring, and the drought this past summer. Plenty has happened since you were here last!"

The man from the city found this amusing.

But only those who have never been close to the land are apt to find it amusing. Wars and rumors of war, political upheavals and scientific revolutions are important, of course, but they are rather superficial, too. The weather is man's original, implacable enemy; the one he cannot defeat but can outwit. Concern about the weather legitimately comes before other concerns.

In New England, one can listen to the weather broadcast not to find out about future weather where you are, but to check up on present weather in places in which one has lived. You know that though you are basking in the warm autumn sun on Cape Cod, there are snow flurries in the mountains and the summit of Mount Washington reported a depth of four inches of snow at dawn. You will know that the crimson and gold of maple and birch are powdered with white, and the peak to the south glimmers ghostly against a gray sky. You will know, too, what it is like down east today. A slow surf is breaking on the reefs and islands, sending up fountains of spray, and the frost-touched grass on the heath is bronze in the sun. The lobster boats are all out, skirting the patches of fog or plunging boldly through them; and everybody in the village is brisk and busy, happy that it's a good hauling day.

All these sound romantic and poetic. You listen to the weather reports and you seem to have been transported all over New England. This romance, this poetry, they are both brought about by the unpredictable weather in New England.

2. The Great Stone Face and Notch

Franconia Notch State Park, New Hampshire, has two outstanding features, the Great Stone Face and the Big Notch.

The Great Stone Face

Wherever the forces of nature have sculptured rock shapes, people have exulted in finding likenesses. A bishop's miter, and oldfashioned sugarloaf, an Indian with feathered headdress, a baby's shoe, and so on. Occasionally a similarity is seen by many people and agreed upon, but more often it is not so. Of all the rocks that have been so imitative, one is prominent. It is the nationally and internationally known Great Stone Face in Franconia Notch State Park, otherwise known as the Old Man of the Mountain. Everyone who has seen it agrees upon this resemblance to a human face. From the time it was first seen by white men, probably somewhere between 1800 and 1810, when a road through the notch was being cleared, up to the pre-

sent moment when a cloud of visitors are gazing at it, it has been unquestionably a face. As to whose face—that's something else. A legend has it that one of the discoverers nudged his companion and exclaimed, 'Look! There's Jefferson!' Another early viewer thought it was the very image of Benjamin Franklin.

The profile is made of three jutting masses of rock, one piece making the forehead, the second piece making the nose and upper lip and the third one the chin.

Periodically, crews of workmen ascend to Cannon Mountain in the hope of keeping the Old Man from disintegrating. About 1915 a climbing parson found the danger of a rockfall that would destroy the face, so the state anchored the projections of the ledge. But erosion, coupled with the pull of gravity, constantly threatens the granite blocks. An impassioned legislator once stated that the face must be preserved at the cost of \$1 million. The legislator was right, for the Old Man is an intrinsic part of the state. It is the inheritance of every child born to the cultural and spiritual resources of New Hampshire.

It is rather amusing to note that a geologist, who studied the Stone Face carefully in 1870, wrote: 'The pieces are likely to fall at any mo-

ment. . . . I would advise any persons who are anxious to see the profile to hasten to the spot, for fear of being disappointed. ' One might grin at this prediction, made a hundred year ago. The chances are that the Old Man with the stony visage will be with us a long time; yet... well, one never knows... perhaps you should get to Franconia Notch and see him soon.

Franconia Notch

Franconia Notch is a deep defile that lies between the Kinsman Range on one side and the Franconians on the other. Rugged as the surroundings are, nothing could be more lovely than the view from the Old Man observation point. There the towering mountain, rising a sharp 1 200 feet, is mirrored in Profile Lake at its foot. Echo Lake, a little farther on, is another bit of limpid perfection of still another silver blue sheet of water, nestling in the side of the mountain itself, is 'a mirror for the sky and the clouds and the sailing hawks'.

As widely known as the Great Stone Face is the Flume, reputedly discovered by a ninety-three-year-old woman looking for a place to fish. Along the flank of Mount Liberty for 800 feet the visitor may make his way in the mother rock, by means of a boardwalk, with vertical walls rising seventy feet