

當代大學英語 泛讀教程

BOOK IV

CONTEMPORARY

COLLEGE ENGLISH

EXTENSIVE READING

主編：李玉麟 周忠俠

主審：翟象俊



当代大学英语泛读教程

Book IV

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前 言

《当代大学英语泛读教程》是根据国家教委审定批准的《大学英语教学大纲》编写的一套泛读教材,共四册,总阅读量为十二余万词(课文部分),符合大纲规定的泛阅读量。

泛读的目的在于陶冶学生的阅读情趣,使之养成良好的阅读习惯,强化阅读技能训练,提高阅读理解能力,巩固已学会的词汇,扩大总词汇量,以达到大纲规定的词汇方面的要求。泛读不仅为学生提供了应用学过的知识和阅读技能获得信息的实践机会,也是扩大学生知识面的一种有效手段。

本套泛读教材选自当代英语原版教材,内容新颖,语言规范,题材多样,融教育性、科学性、趣味性、知识性于一体。词汇逐级递进,文章长短适中。每篇文章之后均配有阅读理解测试题,不仅能使学生了解自己的理解能力,也能使教师掌握学生理解能力的提高指数,以便调整教学环节。每篇文章之后还配有一定量的词汇练习,使学生不必花太多时间就能复习和巩固教材中出现的大纲所规定的词汇。每篇材料后列出生词及词组,并配有注释,使学生不需多查词典及其它参考资料就能较好地顺利地读懂文章,提高阅读速度,达到泛读的目的。本套教材由华东地区省(市)属师范大学大学外语协作组编写,山东师范大学李玉麟副教授统稿,复旦大学程象俊教授主审。第四册由李玉麟、周忠杰主编。

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菱菱同志和山东师范大学孙梅同志打校了大量稿件。

由于编写时间仓促,编者水平和经验有限,教材中不妥之处在所难免。敬请广大读者批评指正。

华东地区省(市)属师范大学
大学外语协作组

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答案

词汇表

Unit 1

1. THE BEST ADVICE I EVER HAD

We were standing at the top of a church tower. My father had brought me to this spot in a small Italian town not far from our home in Rome. I wondered why.

"Look down, Elsa," Father said. I gathered all my courage and looked down. I saw the square in the center of the village. And I saw the crisscross of twisting, turning streets leading to the square.

"See, my dear," Father said gently. "There is more than one way to the square. Life is like that. If you can't get to the place where you want to go by one road, try another."

Now I understood why I was there. Earlier that day I had begged my mother to do something about the awful lunches that were served at school. But she refused because she could not believe the lunches were as bad as I said.

When I turned to Father for help, he would not interfere. Instead, he brought me to this high tower to give me a lesson—the value of an open, searching mind. By the time we reached home, I had a plan.

At school the next day, I secretly poured my luncheon soup into a bottle and brought it home. Then I talked the cook into serving it to Mother at dinner. The plan worked perfectly. She swallowed one spoonful and sputtered, "The cook must have gone mad!" Quickly I told what I had done, and Mother stated firmly that she would take up the matter of lunches at school the next day!

In the years that followed I often remembered the lesson Father taught me. I knew where I wanted to go in life. I wanted to be a fashion designer. And on the way to my first small success I found the road blocked. What could I do? Accept the roadblock and fail. Or use imagination and wits to find another road to my goal.

I had come to Paris, the center of the world of fashion, with my sketches. But none of the famous fashion designers seemed interested in buying them. Then one day I met a friend who was wearing a very beautiful sweater. It was plain in color, but it had a lovely and unusual stitch.

"Did you knit that sweater?" I asked her.

"No," she answered. "It was done by a woman here in Paris."

"What an interesting stitch!" I continued.

My friend had an explanation. "The woman——her name is Mrs. Vidian——told me she learned the stitch in Armenia, her native country. "

Suddenly I pictured a daring design knitted into such a sweater. Then an even more daring idea came to me. Why not open my own house of fashion? Why not design, make and sell clothes——from the house of Schiaparelli! I would do it, and I would begin with a sweater.

I drew a bold black and white butterfly pattern and took it to Mrs. Vidian. She knitted it into a sweater. The result, I thought, was wonderful. Then came the test. I wore the sweater to a luncheon which people in the fashion business would attend. To my great pleasure, the sweater was noticed. In fact, the representative of a large New York store wanted 40 sweaters to be ready in two weeks. I accepted the order and walked out on a cloud of happiness.

My cloud disappeared suddenly, however, when I stood in front of Mrs. Vidian. "But it took me almost a week to knit that one sweater," She said. "Forty sweaters in two weeks? It is not possible!"

I was crushed——to be so close to success and then to be blocked! Sadly I walked away. All at once I stopped short. There must be other Armenian women in Paris who knew how to do it.

I went back to Mrs. Vidian and explained my plan. She really didn't think it would work, but she agreed to help.

We were like detectives, Mrs. Vidian and I. We put ourselves on the trail of any Armenians who lived in Paris. One friend led us to another. At last we tracked down 20 women, each of whom could knit the special stitch. Two weeks later the sweaters were finished. And the first shipment from the new house of Schiaparelli was on its way to the United States!

From that day a steady stream of clothes and perfumes flowed from the house of Schiaparelli. I found the world of fashion gay and exciting, full of challenge and adventure.

I shall never forget one showing which was really a challenge. Once again Father's advice helped me. I was busy getting ready to show my winter fashions. Then——just 13 days before the presentation——the sewing girls were called out on strike. I found myself left with one tailor and the woman who was in charge of the sewing room! I was as gloomy as my models and salesgirls. "We'll never make it," one of them cried.

Here, I thought, is the test of all tests for Father's advice. Where is the way out this

time? I wondered and worried. I was certain we would have to call off the presentation—or else show the clothes unfinished. Then it dawned on me. Why not show the clothes unfinished?

We worked at fever pitch. And, exactly 13 days later, right on time, the Schiaparelli showing took place.

What a showing it was! Some coats had no sleeves; others had only one. Many of our clothes were still in an early stage. They were only patterns made of heavy cotton cloth. But on these we pinned sketches and pieces of material. In this way we were able to show what colors and textures the clothes would have when they were finished.

All in all, the showing was different. It was so different that it was a great success. Our unusual showing caught the attention of the public, and orders for the clothes poured in.

Father's wise words had guided me once again. There is more than one way to the square—always.

approximately 1030 words

New Words

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------|
| crisscross /'kriskrɒs/ n. | 交叉, 交错 |
| twisting /'twistiŋ/ a. | 弯弯曲曲的 |
| interfere /,intə'fiə/ vi. | 干涉, 干预 |
| sputter /'spʌtə/ vt. | 气急败坏地说 |
| sweater /'swetə/ n. | 针织套衫, 羊毛套衫 |
| stitch /stɪtʃ/ n. | 针脚; 编结法 |
| Armenia /ɑː'miːnjə/ n. | 亚美尼亚 |
| representative /,repri'zentətɪv/ n. | 代理商; 代表 |
| crush /krʌʃ/ vt. | 使哑口无言; 压垮 |
| trail /treɪl/ n. | 痕迹, 足迹 |
| gloomy /'gluːmi/ a. | 阴沉的, 阴暗的, 忧郁的 |
| texture /'tekstʃə/ n. | (织物的) 质地, 结构; 织物 |
| dawn /dɔːn/ vi. | 被理解; 被领悟; 被想到 |
| fever pitch | 极度兴奋; 狂热; 高度活跃 |

Notes

1. This text is based on the Best Advice I Ever Had by Elsa Schiaparelli.
2. Then I talked the cook into serving it to Mother at dinner.
然后,我说服厨师在用晚餐时把它(汤)端给妈妈。
talk sb. into doing sth. 说服某人去做某事
3. She would take up the matter of lunches at school the next day. 第二天她就去交涉学校午餐这件事。
take up 着手处理,向……提出
4. the house of Schisaparelli /skja:pa:'relli:/ 斯基亚帕雷利时装商店
Schiaparelli 是本文作者的姓。她用自己的姓命名了自己开办的时装商店。
5. I accepted the order and walked out on a cloud of happiness. 我接受了订货,欣喜若狂地走了出去。
on a cloud (美俚)高兴得象上了云天
6. All at once I stopped short. 突然间我急速止步。本句有两层意思,一是猛然停下脚;二是突然想起一件事情。

Exercises

I. Comprehension Check: Multiple Choice

1. Another way of stating the advice Elsa's father gave her is _____.
A. beauty is only skin deep
B. there's more than one way to kill a wolf
C. a stitch in time saves nine
D. accept the roadblock and use imagination
2. Elsa got her mother to do something about the school lunches by _____.
A. persuading the cook to prepare awful soup
B. refusing to go to school until her mother took action
C. getting her father to speak with her mother about it
D. tricking her mother into tasting the luncheon soup
3. Elsa first caught the fashion world's attention by wearing a sweater _____.
A. from the house of Schiaparelli
B. with a butterfly pattern

- C. designed by an Armenian woman
 - D. ordered from a large New York store
4. Elsa managed to fill her first order on time by _____.
 - A. buying the ordered items in Armenia
 - B. asking 20 women to learn the Armenian stitch
 - C. finding women who could do a certain stitch
 - D. asking advice from successful designers
 5. Which of the following statements is NOT true?
 - A. Else's mother was angry with the cook.
 - B. Else's father knew how to face the roadblock.
 - C. Else was once a detective.
 - D. Else once lived in Rome.
 6. The first business Elsa made was sweaters _____.
 - A. knitted in Armenia
 - B. with perfumes from Paris
 - C. ordered by a New York store
 - D. made by Mrs. Vidian
 7. Elsa got around the roadblock of the sewing girls' strike by _____.
 - A. showing the clothes unfinished
 - B. calling off the showing
 - C. turning once more to her father for advice
 - D. finishing the clothes herself
 8. The advice that Elsa's father gave her is good advice for _____.
 - A. fashion designers
 - B. children but not adults
 - C. people in trouble
 - D. everybody

II. Vocabulary: Choose the one that best completes the sentence.

1. The path _____ in and out among the rocks.

| | | | |
|-----------|---------|----------|---------|
| A. twists | B. goes | C. makes | D. gets |
|-----------|---------|----------|---------|
2. The dogs followed the _____ of the fox.

| | | | |
|----------|---------|----------|----------|
| A. steps | B. path | C. track | D. trail |
|----------|---------|----------|----------|
3. There are one or two points that should be _____ before we move on.

| | | | |
|---------------|-------------|----------------|---------------|
| A. turned out | B. taken up | C. talked into | D. told about |
|---------------|-------------|----------------|---------------|

4. To build the bridge in three months was really a/an _____.
A. force B. action C. challenge D. quarrel
5. _____ the lights blacked out without warning.
A. All in all B. All at once C. Once for all D. Once upon a time
6. His car was _____ to pieces.
A. beaten B. knocked C. pressed D. crushed
7. She will come on Tuesday afternoon if nothing _____.
A. stops B. occurs C. interferes D. involves
8. The bad weather has made her _____.
A. dense B. gloomy C. damp D. gray

2. LUCKY PENN.

We had come in the spring sunshine to plant hyacinths at my grandfather's grave. My grandmother trimmed the grass with clippers to make sure the name on the stone could be seen, and she spoke softly to him in Hungarian, then whispered a prayer.

I helped her weed and asked if she minded that I sat on the gravestone. She said, I should make myself comfortable; it was Grandpa's home. Someday, she said, it would be her home too. Her name——Pearl——was already carved in the granite. My grandmother was a religious woman, and she was tired; she was ready, she said, to meet her Maker.

We lived with my grandmother after my parents divorced, and on summer nights she would sit in a rocking chair on the front porch and listen to the crickets. She would crochet handkerchiefs and entertain my sister and me with stories about what the crickets were saying.

Before we went inside to sleep, we would recite the Lord's Prayer together in Hungarian, and she would patiently repeat the words I could not pronounce. She was a sturdy woman, but gentle, with a quick smile and a contagious laugh. She already had problems walking and used a cane. She moved slowly, always careful to watch her step.

I was six years old that spring day we visited the cemetery. We had come after church, so I was wearing my Sunday clothes——a polka-dot dress tied in the back with a bow, white ankle socks with shiny black patent-leather shoes. I deliberately scuffed the shoes, hitting the heels together as I darted between the low, gray headstones.

"Watch where you walk," she would caution me. I needed the warnings because I was always running ahead, oblivious to the obstacles in my path. Inevitably I would stumble and fall; the mercurchrome stains on my knees and elbows were evidence of my heedless ways.

She meant her warnings literally, but she said those words so often that they took on a deeper meaning, as though they were intended to be words to live by. I interpreted the warnings as attempts by the adult world to rein me in, so I'd ignore them and run ahead. Usually I returned to her side, as I did that day.

Maybe it was the way she walked that made my grandmother so extraordinary at spotting pennies.

On this particular Sunday, the penny was in the freshly mowed grass in front of one of the graves. It was tarnished and blended in with the earth and the grass. I would have

walked right by it if not for my grandmother. She stopped and tapped it with her cane. "Look at that," she said as if we had stumbled upon a pearl. "It's a lucky penny. Pick it up."

I was young and I believed in the magic. I picked it up.

That was the day I learned about lucky pennies. They were lucky because you found them while other people had never noticed. It was as if they were little gifts. Pennies from heaven, my grandmother called them. When you picked one up, you were supposed to say a special rhyme, "Penny, penny, bring me luck. Because I'm the one who picked you up."

As we whispered the words, her voice was soft and melodious—the same gentle voice that used to sing me to sleep as I lay curled in her arms. Listening to her simple instructions, I felt as though she were sharing one of the great secrets of the universe.

"Make a wish," she said as I stooped for the penny. And she told me to keep the wish a secret—just like the ones you make when you blow out your birthday candles or wish upon a star. "Put the penny in a safe place, and someday your wish will come true."

I looked at the magic in my hand as I repeated the incantation. And my mind raced to all the things I could wish for. I wanted to learn to ride a two-wheel bicycle. I wanted to tear up the polka-dot dresses that hung in my closet. I wanted to wear sneakers on Sunday instead of patent-leather shoes. My grandmother smiled, as if she could read my mind. "Make sure it's something you really want," she said.

In the spring sunshine, in the middle of a cemetery, I silently wished that my grandmother would live forever.

"Keep your lucky penny always," my grandmother said, "because some wishes take a very long time to come true." Even then I knew there was truth in her words. I slipped the penny into my shoe so I wouldn't risk losing it. When I got home, I put it under my pillow. I still have the penny.

My grandmother died that September. The night it happened, there was a lot of commotion in the house, and I knew something was wrong with her. I crawled out of the bed to get the penny we had found together. I had kept it in a special hiding place. I held it tight in my hand. I knew the wish I had made on it would not come true. I knew that from then on, when I went to the cemetery on Sundays, it would be to visit my grandmother too.

On the day of the funeral, I found a second penny. How could I find luck on such a day? I wondered. I thought about not picking it up. But then I remembered the day in the cemetery when my grandmother tapped a penny with her cane. I remembered the sunshine on my face and the smell of the freshly mowed grass and the hyacinths on a grave that

was now my grandmother's home.

I picked up the penny and slipped it into my black patent-leather shoe. I kept it there all day. When we got home from the burial, I took my grandmother's teacup from the kitchen cabinet, placed the penny in the cup and put the cup on my night table.

I still have that penny, as well. In fact, I now have thousands of lucky pennies. I inherited my grandmother's sixth sense for finding them. They fill flower pots and jewelry boxes and plastic bags and pocketbooks. They fill jelly jars and cookie tins and coffee cans and china cups.

I even go on penny walks—usually when I am troubled or have an important decision to make. The pennies signal the little miracles I wish for. They make me believe that the things I feel powerless to achieve may be possible after all.

Pennies from heaven, she called them; pennies from grandma, I call them. It's as if she were watching my life unfold, as if she were telling me, "It's okay, Irenke," saying my name in Hungarian. "You can make it through this."

Perhaps my very first wish on a lucky penny really did come true—that my grandmother didn't die. Every time I pick up a penny, I think of her. I see her leaning on her cane, walking slowly, watching every step. I hear the voice that sang me to sleep and whispered Hungarian prayers in the silent night.

"Penny, penny, bring me luck. Because I'm the one who pick you up."

approximately 1130 words

New Words

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|
| hyacinth /'haɪəsɪnθ/ n. | 风信子(植物) |
| trim /trim/ vt. | 修剪 |
| clipper /'klɪpə/ n. | (常作~s)大剪刀 |
| weed /wi:d/ vi. | 除草 |
| cricket /'krikit/ n. | 蟋蟀 |
| crochet /'krəʊʃei/ vt. | 用钩针编织 |
| contagious /kən'teɪdʒəs/ a. | 传染性的, 感染性 |
| cemetery /'semitri/ n. | 墓地 |
| polka-dot /'pɒlkdɒt/ a. | 有圆点花纹的 |
| bow /bəʊ/ n. | 蝴蝶结 |
| patent leather | 漆皮(通常为黑色, 有光泽) |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| scuff /skʌf/ vt. | 磨擦; 磨损 |
| mercurochrome /mə: 'kjuərəkrəʊm/ n. | 红汞 |
| heedless /'hi:dlis/ a. | 不加注意的 |
| rein in | 驾驭; 控制 |
| mow /məʊ/ vt. | 刹(草坪等上的)草 |
| tarnish /'ta:nɪʃ/ vt. | 使失去光泽 |
| melodious /mi'ləʊdjəs/ a. | 悦耳的 |
| incantation /'ɪnkæn'teɪʃən/ n. | 咒语 |
| sneaker /'sni:kə/ n. | 软底鞋 |
| commotion /kə'məʊʃən/ n. | 骚动 |

Notes

1. This article is adapted from Newsday by I. Virage.
2. to meet one's Maker 去见上帝,死
3. The Lord's Prayer 主祷文(为基督教最常用的一篇祈祷文)
4. I deliberately scuffed the shoes, hitting the heels together as I darted between the low gray headstones; 我故意磨损着鞋,一边在低矮的灰色墓碑之间飞奔,一边击打着鞋后跟
5. ...as though they were intended to be words to live by.
仿佛是希望这些成为我一生要遵循的话。

Exercises

I. Comprehension Check: Multiple Choice

1. From the passage we know that the author's ancestors were _____.
- A. Americans B. Hungarians
- C. American-Hungarians D. Hungarian-Americans
- 2 . "She moved slowly, always careful to watch her step." This sentence means; _____.
- A. While walking, she liked to watch her foot
- B. She walked slowly so that she could watch her step
- C. She had a strange habit of watching her step while walking
- D. She was careful to avoid falling down because of her old age