



中国科学技术大学商学院 MPA 系列教材

MPA & MBA

研究生英语教程

AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR MPA & MBA STUDENTS

陶伟 编著



中国科学技术大学出版社

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2005·合肥

内 容 简 介

本书是以国务院学位委员会关于 MPA/MBA 专业学位培养目标和基本要求为主要依据而编写的。本教材充分考虑了 MPA/MBA 研究生的知识结构、能力结构及英语实际水平和学习特点,突出语言实用性,强调语言运用能力的培养,同时注重语言基本技能的训练和巩固。

全书包括 10 个学习单元和 2 个复习单元。每个学习单元由课文部分和练习部分组成。课文部分包括导入问题、课文、文化背景注释或作者介绍以及词汇表;练习部分包括课文理解、词汇、改错、英汉互译、写作和快速阅读。每 5 个学习单元后有一个复习单元,以测试形式对学生所学的语言知识有侧重地加以复习,以达到巩固和提高的目的。

本教材还适用于工程类硕士研究生以及各类研究生课程进修班学员。

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

MPA & MBA 研究生英语教程 / 陶伟编著. —合肥: 中国科学技术大学出版社, 2005.3
ISBN 7-312-01767-3

I. M… II. 陶… III. 英语—阅读教学—研究生—教材 IV. H319.4

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字 (2005) 第 010862 号

出版发行 中国科学技术大学出版社

(安徽省合肥市金寨路 96 号, 邮政编码: 230026)

网 址 <http://press.ustc.edu.cn>

电 话 发行科 0551-3602905 编辑部 0551-3607080

印 刷 中国科学技术大学印刷厂

经 销 全国新华书店

开 本 787×960/16

印 张 15

字 数 336 千

版 次 2005 年 3 月第 1 版 2005 年 3 月第 1 次印刷

印 数 1~3000

定 价 29.00 元

前 言

随着我国研究生教育规模的不断扩大,公共管理硕士/工商管理硕士(MPA/MBA)研究生的培养已成为高学位教育的一个重要组成部分。为此,国务院学位委员会特制定了《公共管理硕士专业学位培养方案》和《工商管理硕士专业学位培养方案》,旨在培养掌握公共管理/工商管理专业知识和技能、具有较宽知识面的高层次应用型专门人才,以适应新世纪高素质人才培养和社会主义市场经济发展的需要。

《MPA & MBA 研究生英语教程》是以国务院学位委员会关于 MPA/MBA 专业学位培养目标和基本要求为主要依据而编写的。本教材充分考虑了 MPA/MBA 研究生的知识结构、能力结构及英语实际水平和学习特点,突出语言实用性,强调语言运用能力的培养,同时注重语言基本技能的训练和巩固。

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1. 选材新颖、题材广泛。所选材料均源于英美报刊书籍,既重视语言的规范性和时代感,又尽可能将文章主题与 MPA/MBA 学生特有的知识结构和人生感悟联系起来,从而使课文具有较强的可读性和思考性。
2. 注重语言综合运用能力的培养,同时兼顾语言基本技能的训练。练习形式多样,力求涵盖语言学习各方面的知识和技能,使学生在巩固语言基本知识和技能的同时语言综合运用能力也得到相应的提高。此外,每个学习单元编排了 2 篇速读材料,以培养学生快速阅读能力,进一步扩大阅读量。

3. 加强复习和巩固环节。每 5 个学习单元后有一个复习单元，以测试形式对学生所学的语言知识有侧重地加以复习，以达到巩固和提高的目的。

本教材还适用于工程类硕士研究生以及各类研究生课程进修班学员。

本书在编写过程中得到了中国科技大学商学院 MBA/MPA 中心的热情支持和鼓励，在此表示感谢。

由于编者水平有限，错误和疏漏之处在所难免，热忱欢迎同行和广大读者批评指正。

编 者

2005 年 2 月于中国科技大学

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Unit One

Thank You

Alex Haley¹

... that there were people to thank, people who had done so much for me that I could never possibly repay them. The embarrassing truth was I'd always just accepted what they'd done, taken all of it for granted. Not one time had I ever bothered to express to any of them so much as a simple, sincere "Thank you."

Pre-reading questions:

1. What would you like to do most when you are far away from home during the Spring Festival?
And why?
2. Why should people learn to be thankful?

Text

1 It was 1943, during World War II, and I was a young U.S. coastguardsman,
serial number 212-548, a number we never seem to forget. My ship, the U.S.
Murzim, had been under way for several days. Most of her holds contained
thousands of cartons of canned or dried foods. The other holds were loaded with
5 five-hundred-pound bombs packed delicately in padded racks. Our destination
was a big base on the island of Tulagi in the South Pacific.

I was one of the *Murzim*'s several cooks and, quite the same as for folk
ashore, this Thanksgiving² morning had seen us busily preparing a traditional
dinner featuring roast turkey.

10 Well, as any cook knows, it's a lot of hard work to cook and serve a big
meal, and clean up and put everything away. But finally, around sundown, with
our whole galley crew just bushed, we finished at last and were free to go into
our bunks in the fo'c'sle.

But I decided first to go out on the *Murzim*'s afterdeck for a breath of open
15 air. I made my way out there, breathing in great, deep draughts while walking
slowly about, still wearing my white cook's hat and the long apron, my feet
sensing the big ship's vibrations from the deep-set, turbine diesels and my ears
hearing that slightly hissing sound the sea makes in resisting the skin of a ship.

I got to thinking about Thanksgiving. In reflex, my thoughts registered the
20 historic imagery of the Pilgrims³, Indians, wild turkeys, pumpkins, corn on the
cob and the rest.

Yet my mind seemed to be questing for something else—some way that I
could personally apply to the waning Thanksgiving. It must have taken me a half
hour to sense that maybe some key to an answer could result from reversing the
25 word "Thanksgiving"—at least that suggested a verbal direction, "Giving
thanks."

Giving thanks—as in praying, thanking God, I thought. Yes, of course.
Certainly.

Yet my mind continued nagging me. Fine. But something else.

30 After awhile, like a dawn's brightening, a further answer did come—that there were people to thank, people who had done so much for me that I could never possibly repay them. The embarrassing truth was I'd always just accepted what they'd done, taken all of it for granted. Not one time had I ever bothered to express to any of them so much as a simple, sincere "Thank you."

35 At least seven people had been particularly and indelibly helpful to me. I realized, with a gulp, that about half of them had since died—so they were forever beyond any possible expression of gratitude from me. The more I thought about it, the more ashamed I became. Then I pictured the three who were still alive and, within minutes, I was down in the fo'c'sle.

40 Sitting at a mess table with writing paper and memories of things each had done, I tried composing genuine statements of heartfelt appreciation and gratitude to my dad, Simon A. Haley, a professor at the old AMNC (Agricultural Mechanical Normal College) in Pine Bluff, Ark., now a branch of the University of Arkansas; to my grandma, Cynthia Palmer, back in our little hometown of
45 Henning, Tenn.; and to the Rev. Lonual Nelson, my grammar school principal, retired and living in Ripley, six miles north of Henning.

I couldn't even be certain if they would recall some of their acts of years past, acts that I vividly remembered and saw now as having given me vital training, or inspiration, or directions, if not all of these desirables rolled into one.

50 The texts of my letters began something like, "Here, this Thanksgiving at sea, I find my thoughts upon how much you have done for me, but I have never stopped and said to you how much I feel the need to thank you—" And briefly I recalled for each of them specific acts performed in my behalf.

For instance, something uppermost about my father was how he had
55 impressed upon me from boyhood to love books and reading. In fact, this graduated into a family habit of after-dinner quizzes at the table about books read most recently and new words learned. My love of books never diminished and later led me toward writing books myself. So many times I have felt a sadness when exposed to modern children so immersed in the electronic media that they
60 have little to no awareness of the wonderful world to be discovered in books.

I reminded the Reverend⁴ Nelson how each morning he would open our little country town's grammar school with a prayer over his assembled students. I told him that whatever positive things I had done since had been influenced at least in part by his morning school prayers.

65 In the letter to my grandmother, I remember her of a dozen ways she used to teach me how to tell the truth, to be thrifty, to share, and to be forgiving and considerate of others. I thanked her for the years of eating her good cooking, the equal of which I had not found since. (By now, though, I've reflected that those peerless dishes are most gloriously flavored with a pinch of nostalgia.) Finally, I
70 thanked her simply for having sprinkled my life with stardust.

Before I slept, my three letters went into our ship's office mail sack. They got mailed when we reached Tulagi Island.

We unloaded cargo, reloaded with something else, then again we put to sea in the routine familiar to us, and as the days became weeks, my little personal
75 experience receded. Sometimes, when we were at sea, a mail ship would rendezvous and bring us mail from home, which, of course, we accorded topmost priority.

Every time the ship's loudspeaker rasped, "Attention! Mail call!" two-hundred-odd shipmates came pounding up on deck and clustered about the
80 raised hatch atop which two yeomen, standing by those precious bulging gray sacks, were alternately pulling out fistfuls of letters and barking successive names of sailors who were, in turn, hollering "Here! Here!" amid the jostling.

One "mail call" brought me responses from Grandma, Dad and the Reverend Nelson—and my reading of their letters left me not only astounded, but
85 more humbled than before.

Rather than saying they would forgive that I hadn't previously thanked them, instead, they were thanking me—for having remembered, for having considered they had done anything so exceptional.

Always the college professor, my dad had carefully avoided anything he
90 considered too sentimental, so I knew how moved he was to write me that, after having helped educate many young people, he now felt that his best results

included his own son.

The Reverend Nelson wrote that his decades as a “simple, old-fashioned principal” had ended with grammar schools undergoing such swift changes that
95 he had retired in self-doubt. “I heard more of what I had done wrong than what I did right,” he said, adding that my letter had brought him welcome reassurance that his career had been appreciated.

A glance at Grandma’s familiar handwriting brought back in a flash memories of standing alongside her white wicker rocking chair, watching her
100 “setting down” some letter to relatives. Frequently touching her pencil’s tip to pursed lips, character by character, each between a short, soft grunt, Grandma would slowly accomplish one word, then the next, so that a finished page would consume hours. I wept over the page representing my Grandma’s recent hours invested in expressing her loving gratefulness to me—whom she used to diaper!

105 Much later, retired from the Coast Guard and trying to make a living as a writer, I never forgot how those three “thank you” letters gave me an insight into something mystical in human beings, most of whom go about yearning in secret for more of their fellows to express appreciation for their efforts.

I discovered in time that, even in the business world, probably no two words
110 are more valued than “thank you,” especially among people at stores, airlines, utilities and others that directly serve the public.

Late one night, I was one of a half-dozen passengers who struggled weary and grumbling off a plane that had been forced to land at the huge Dallas/Fort Worth Airport. Suddenly, a buoyant, cheerful, red-jacketed airline man waved us
115 away from the regular waiting room seats, saying, “You sure look bushed. I know a big empty office where you can stretch out while you wait.” And we surely did. When the weather improved enough for us to leave, “Gene Erickson” was in my notebook and, back home, I wrote the president of that airline describing his sensitivity and courtesy. And I received a thank you!

120 I travel a great deal on lecture tours and I urge students especially to tell their parents, grandparents, and other living elders simply “thank you” for all they have done to make possible the lives they now enjoy. Many students have

told me they found themselves moved by the response. It is not really surprising, if one only reflects how it must feel to be thanked after you have given for years.

Now, approaching Thanksgiving of 1982, I have asked myself what I will
125 wish for all who are reading this, for our nation, indeed for our whole world—since, quoting a good and wise friend of mine, “In the end we are mightily and merely people, each with similar needs.” First I wish for us, of course, the simple common sense to achieve world peace, that being paramount for the very survival of our kind.

130 And there is something else I wish—so strongly that I have had this line printed across the bottom of all my stationery: “Find the good—and praise it.”

Notes on the Text

1. **Alex Haley (1921-1992):** author of *Roots*, served in the Coast Guard during World War II. On an especially lonely day at sea—Thanksgiving—he began to give serious thought to a holiday that has become, for most of us, a day of overeating and watching endless games of football. Haley decided to celebrate the true meaning of Thanksgiving, not by remembering the Pilgrims and their turkey dinner, but by writing three very special letters.
2. **Thanksgiving Day:** legal holiday observed annually in the United States on the fourth Thursday of November. In Canada, Thanksgiving falls on the second Monday in October. Most people celebrate Thanksgiving by gathering with family or friends for a holiday feast. Thanksgiving was first celebrated by Pilgrims and Native Americans in colonial New England in the early 17th century. Its actual origin, however, probably traces to harvest festivals that have been traditional in many parts of the world since ancient times. Today Thanksgiving is mainly a celebration of domestic life, centered on the home and family.
3. **Pilgrims:** early English settlers who founded Plymouth Colony, the first permanent settlement in New England. They were originally known as the Forefathers or Founders.
4. **the Reverend:** (abbrs 缩写 Rev, Revd) used as the title of a clergyman (用作神职人员的尊称)

New Words

hold / həʊld / *n.*

carton / 'kɑ:tɒn / *n.*

galley / 'gæli / *n.*

bushed / buʃd / *a.*

bunk / bʌŋk / *n.*

fo'c'sle / 'fəʊksl / *n.*

draught / dra:ft / *n.*

vibration / vai'breɪʃn / *n.*

hiss / his / *v.*

register / 'redʒɪstə / *v.*

wane / weɪn / *v.*

nag / næg / *v.*

indelibly / in'deləbli / *adv.*

gulp / ɡʌlp / *n.*

uppermost / 'ʌpəməʊst / *a.*

graduate / 'ɡrædʒueɪt / *v.*

immerse / i'mə:s / *v.*

peerless / 'piəlis / *a.*

nostalgia / nɒ'stældʒə / *n.*

stardust / 'stɑ:dʌst / *n.*

hollow part of a ship below the deck, where cargo is stored

light cardboard or plastic box for holding goods

kitchen in a ship or an aircraft

very tired

narrow bed built into a wall like a shelf, eg on a ship

part of the front of certain ships where the crew live and sleep

current of air in a room or some other enclosed space

shake

make a sound like that of a long 's'

(of a person, his face, his actions, etc) show (emotion, etc)

gradually lose power or importance; become smaller or weaker or less impressive

worry or hurt (sb) persistently

(of marks, stains, ink, etc) that cannot be rubbed out or removed

the act of choking or gasping, as in swallowing

highest in place or position or importance

make progress; move on (from sth easy or basic) to sth more difficult or important

involve oneself deeply (in sth)

superior to all others; without equal

sentimental longing for things that are past

(imaginary twinkling dust-like substance causing a) dreamy, romantic or magic feeling

rendezvous / 'rɒndɪv / <i>v.</i>	meet (sb) at a chosen place
recede / ri'si:d / <i>v.</i>	(seem to) move back from a previous position or away from an observer
accord / ə'kɔ:d / <i>v.</i>	give or grant
topmost / 'tɒp ,məʊst / <i>a.</i>	highest
rasp / ra:sp / <i>v.</i>	make an unpleasant harsh sound
odd / ɔd / <i>a.</i>	(after numbers) with rather more
hatch / hætf / <i>n.</i>	opening in a ship's deck through which cargo is lowered or raised
yeoman / 'jəʊmən / <i>n.</i>	servant in a royal or noble household
bulge / bʌldʒ / <i>v.</i>	swell outwards
fistful / 'fɪstfʊl / <i>n.</i>	number or quantity that can be held in a fist
bark / bɑ:k / <i>v.</i>	say (sth) in a sharp harsh voice
holler / 'hɒlə(r) / <i>v.</i>	shout (sth); yell
jostle / 'dʒɔsl / <i>v.</i>	push roughly against (sb), usu in a crowd
astound / ə'staʊnd / <i>v.</i>	[usu passive] overcome (sb) with surprise or shock; amaze
humble / 'hʌmbəl / <i>v.</i>	lower the rank or self-importance of
wicker / 'wɪkə(r) / <i>n.</i>	twigs or canes woven together, esp to make baskets or furniture
sentimental / ,senti'menti / <i>a.</i>	of or concerning the emotions, rather than the reason
purse / pɜ:s / <i>v.</i>	draw together or pucker (one's lips) in wrinkles esp as a sign of disapproval or displeasure
grunt / grʌnt / <i>n.</i>	low rough sound made by an animal or a person
diaper / 'daɪəpə(r) / <i>v.</i>	put a piece of toweling cloth or similar soft padding folded round a baby's bottom and between its legs to absorb or hold urine and excreta
mystical / 'mɪstɪkl / <i>a.</i>	of hidden meaning or spiritual power, esp in religion
weary / 'wiəri / <i>a.</i>	very tired, esp as a result of effort or endurance; exhausted
grumble / 'grʌmbəl / <i>v.</i>	complain or protest in a bad-tempered way

buoyant / 'bɔɪənt / <i>a.</i>	able to return quickly to high spirits after being in low spirits or a setback
courtesy / 'kə:təsi / <i>n.</i>	polite behavior; good manners
mightily / 'maɪtɪli / <i>adv.</i>	powerfully, forcefully; very
paramount / 'pærəmaʊnt / <i>a.</i>	having the greatest importance or significance
stationery / 'steɪʃənri / <i>n.</i>	writing materials (eg paper, pens, envelopes, etc)

Phrases and Expressions

take sb/sth for granted	be so familiar with sb/sth that one no longer appreciates his/its full value
in sb's behalf (<i>Brit on sb's behalf</i>)	as the representative of or spokesman for sb; in the interest of sb
pound up	move in the direction specified with heavy rapid steps
rather than	instead of
set sth down	note or record sth on paper; write sth down
bring sth back	call sth to mind
in a /like a flash	very quickly; at once; immediately
go about (doing) sth	continue to do sth; keep busy with sth
yearn for sb/sth	desire strongly or with compassion or tenderness for sb/sth; be filled with longing for sb/sth

Exercises

I. Comprehension Questions

1. What is the main idea of this text?
-

2. Who do you think was most influential in Haley's decision to become a writer? Why do you think so?

3. What qualities did Haley's grandma have that made him so thankful?

4. What responses did Haley receive from Grandma, Dad and the Reverend Nelson after he had sent three thank-you letters?

5. Haley quotes a friend who says, "In the end we are mightily and merely people, each with similar needs? What are two needs Haley says we all share?

6. Does Haley simply want to tell us about a lesson he has learned, or is he trying to persuade us to do something? How can you tell?

II. Vocabulary

- A. Choose the word or phrase that best keeps the meaning of the sentence if it is substituted for the underlined word or phrase.
1. Rulers are not necessarily harsh or cruel. They may be considerate, and they may even put the welfare of the people above their own wishes.

- 11 •