

Extensive Reading

大学基础阶段

英语泛读课本

曾肯千 陈道芳
胡斐佩 王炳炎
合编

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中国人民解放军外语学院

前 言

本书是受湘、鄂、豫英语教学研究会委托，为大专院校英语专业基础阶段编写的泛读教材，也可供英语基础较好的其它专业学生或具有高中毕业程度以上自学者使用。

本书分八册，即每学期二册。前四册共25万字左右（不含注释和练习），后四册共30万字左右，在阅读数量上可基本满足基础阶段两年泛读课堂教学（不包括快速阅读训练）的需要。阅读速度与单元划分，由任课教师根据课时安排与学生实际能力自行规定。要求学完第八册以后，学生能基本看懂英语国家出版的中等难度文学原著（如 *The Moon Is Down*）、报刊文章和史地、科技等其他读物。为了培养学生良好阅读习惯和准确理解能力，并便于在阅读过程中吸收语言知识、全面打好语言基础，我们对前四册，特别是第一、二册的难度作了适当控制。

在选材方面，本书一律采用浅易或中等难度原文，除注意保留了一些多年实践证明教学效果较好的材料以外，力求做到题材与体裁的多样化，确保思想内容健康、语言现代化、规范化。第一至四册以反映一般生活的故事、小说为主，知识性材料为辅，第五册至第八册增加了国际政治、文化科技知识等材料的比例。

本书的注解，是以交代背景知识为主，包括人名、地名的注音和标准译名以及少量难句翻译。常用单词短语一般不注，由学生查阅字典，培养其独立工作能力。多数语言难点留给教师课堂讲解。

练习的目的是为了检查学生对所学内容的理解情况。练习形式有两种：即检查对课文大意、基本观点与基本事实理解情况的综合问答题 (Global questions) 和检查对课文中某个具体事实、具体论点以及语言含义理解情况的局部性问答题 (Local questions)，后者分别采用正误题 (True / false questions) 或多项选择题 (Multiple-choice questions) 的形式。

本书的编写，受到了中国英语教学研究会秘书长丁往道教授、湘、鄂、豫英语教学研究会负责人武汉大学潘耀璋教授、洛阳外国语学院朱树颢教授和湖南师范大学周定之教授的热情支持和鼓励，谨致谢意。

编 者

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1. *IACocca
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

condensed from the book by

LEE IACocca
with
WILLIAM NOVAK

I began life as the son of immigrants, and I ~~worked my~~
~~way up~~ to the presidency of the *Ford Motor Company. When
I finally got there, I was *on top of the world. But then fate
said to me: "Wait. We're not finished with you. Now you're
going to find out what it feels like to get kicked off Mount
Everest!"

On July 13, 1978, I was fired. I had been president of
Ford for eight years and a Ford employee for 32. I had never
worked anywhere else. And now, suddenly, I was out of a job.

Iacocca, An Autobiography 艾柯卡自传, 1984年 底
出版, 畅销至今。

Iacocca ['aiəko:kə] 美国汽车工业巨子, 美国家喻户晓
的传奇人物, 被誉为“美国梦的化身”。此书由 Lee
Iacocca 本人口述, William Novak 整理。

the Ford Motor Company 福特汽车公司
on top of the world, feeling pleased and happy,
feeling successful

It was *gut-wrenching.

On October 15, my final day at the office, my driver took me to *Ford World Headquarters in Dearborn, *Mich., for the last time. Before I left the house, I kissed my wife, Mary, and my two Jaughters, Kathi and Lia. My family had suffered tremendously during my final, turbulent months at Ford, and that filled me with rage. Perhaps I was responsible for my own fate. But what about Mary and the girls? Even today, their pain is what stays with me.

Under the terms of my "resignation," I was given the use of an office until I found a new job. It turned out to be in an obscure warehouse — little more than a cubicle with a small desk and a telephone. My secretary, Dorothy Carr, was already there, with tears in her eyes. Without saying a word, she pointed to the cracked linoleum floor and the two plastic coffee cups on the desk. For me, this was *Siberia.

Only yesterday, she and I had been working in the lap of luxury. The office of the president was the size of a grand-hotel suite. I had my own bathroom. I even had my own living quarters. I was served by whitecoated waiters who were on call all day.

As you go through life, there are thousands of little forks

gut-wrenching 心痛如绞

Ford World Headquarters 福特公司全球总部

Mich. (美国) Michigan州的缩写

Siberia 西伯利亚, 沙俄时代放逐犯人的荒凉之地

in the road, and there are a few really big forks — moments of reckoning, moments of truth. This was mine. Should I pack it all in and retire? I was 54 years old. I had already accomplished a great deal. I was financially secure. I could play golf for the rest of my life; but that just didn't feel right. I knew I had to pick up the pieces and carry on.

The private pain I could have endured. But the deliberate public humiliation was too much for me. I was full of anger, and I had a simple choice: I could turn that anger against myself, with disastrous results. Or I could take some of that energy and try to do something productive.

That morning at the warehouse pushed me to take on *the presidency of Chrysler only a couple of weeks later. As it turned out, I went from the frying pan into the fire. But today I'm a hero. With determination, with luck, and with help from lots of good people, I was able *to rise from the ashes.

Now let me tell you my story.

“The Sun's Gonna Out”

Nicola Iacocca, my father, arrived in America in 1902 at the age of 12 — poor, alone and seared. He used to say the only thing he was sure of when he got here was that the world was round. And that was only because of another Italian boy

the presidency of Chrysler 莱克斯勒汽车公司总裁的职位。Chrysler ['kraislə] 是美国第三大汽车公司 to rise from the ashes 埃及神话中的凤凰,每五百年积木焚身,从灰烬中获得新生。此处意为东山再起。

named Christopher Columbus who had preceded him by 410 years. As the boat sailed into New York Harbor, he looked out and saw the Statue of Liberty, that great symbol of hope for millions of immigrants. For Nicola, America was the land of freedom — the freedom to become anything you wanted to be, if you wanted it bad enough and were willing to work for it.

This was the single lesson my father gave to his family. I hope I have done as well with my own.

When I was growing up in Allentown, *Pa., our family was so close it sometimes felt as if we were one person with four parts. My parents always made my sister, Delma, and me feel important and special. My father might have been busy with a dozen other things, but he always had time for us. My mother, Antoinette, went out of her way to cook the foods we loved.

Like many native Italians, my parents were open with their feelings and their love — not only at home, but also in public. Most of my friends would never hug their fathers. I guess they were afraid of not appearing strong and independent. But I hugged and kissed my dad at every opportunity — nothing could have felt more natural.

My father is probably responsible for my instinct for marketing. At one time he owned a couple of movie houses. Old-timers in Allentown have told me my father was such a

Pa. (美国) Pennsylvania 州的缩写

great promoter that the kids who came down to the Saturday matinées used to get more excited over his special offers than over the movies. People still talk about the day he announced that the ten kids with the dirtiest faces would be admitted free.

Economically, our family had its ups and downs. Like many Americans, we did well during the 1920s. For a few years we were actually wealthy. But then came the *Depression. No one who lived through it can ever forget. My father lost all his money, and we almost lost our house. I remember asking my sister, who was a couple of years older whether we'd have to move out and how we'd find somewhere else to live. I was only six or seven at the time, but the anxiety I felt about the future is still vivid in my mind.

During those difficult years, my mother was very resourceful. She was a real immigrant mother, the backbone of the family. A nickel soup bone went a long way in our house, and we always had enough to eat. As the Depression grew worse, she went to work in a silk mill, sewing shirts. Whatever it took to keep going, she did it gladly.

Our strong belief in God sustained us. I had to go to *mass every Sunday and take *Holy Communion every week or two.

My father's favorite ~~theme~~ was that life has its ups and

the Depression 指 1929—1933 年 遍及资本主义各国的
世界性经济危机, 经济大萧条时期
mass (天主教) 弥撒
Holy Communion (天主教) 圣餐(礼)

downs and that each person has to come to terms with his own share of misery. "You've got to accept a little sorrow in life," he'd tell me when I was upset about some disappointment. "You'll never really know what happiness is unless you have something to compare it to." At the same time, he hated to see us unhappy. "Just wait," he'd tell me whenever things looked bleak. "The sun's gonna come out. It always does."

He was really a **bird* about performing up to your potential—no matter what you did. If we went out to a restaurant and the waitress was rude, he'd call her over at the end of the meal and give her his standard little speech: "I'm going to give you a *real tip*," he'd say. "Why are you so unhappy in this job? Is anyone forcing you to be a waitress? When you act surly, you're telling everybody that you don't like what you're doing. We're out for a nice time and you're *wrecking* it. If you really want to be a waitress, then you should work at being the best damn waitress in the world. Otherwise find yourself another *line of work*."

I was 11 before I learned we were Italian. Until then, I knew we came from a real country but I didn't know what it was called—or even where it was. I remember actually looking on a map of Europe for places named Dago and Wop.

bird (俚) 家伙, 伙伴, (尤指) 有点古怪的人
tip: a (helpful) piece of advice; 还常用作 (给服务人员的) 小费
line (of work): trade or profession

In those days, especially if you lived in a small town, being Italian was something you tried to hide. Allentown was mostly Pennsylvania Dutch, and as a kid I took a lot of abuse for being different.

I wasn't the only victim of bigotry in my class. There were also two Jewish kids; I was friendly with both of them. Dorothy Warsaw was always first in the class and I was usually second. The other Jewish kid, Benamie Sussman, was the son of an *Orthodox Jew who wore a black hat and a beard. In Allentown, the Sussmans were treated like outcasts.

Being exposed to bigotry as a kid left its mark. Unfortunately I witnessed a lot of prejudice even after I left Allentown. This time it came not from schoolchildren but from men in positions of great power and prestige in the auto industry. In 1981, when I named Gerald Greenwald vice-chairman of Chrysler, I learned that his appointment was unprecedented. Until then, no Jew had ever reached the top ranks of the Big Three automakers. I find it a little hard to believe that none of them was qualified.

In every other respect, however, school was a very happy place for me. The most important thing I learned there was how to communicate. Miss Raber, our ninth-grade teacher,

Orthodox, strictly observing the rites and traditions of Judaism

had us ~~turn in a~~ *theme of 500 words every Monday morning. In class she would quiz us on the Word Power game from Reader's Digest. Without any advance warning she'd rip it out of the magazine and make us take the vocabulary test. It became a powerful habit with me—to this day I still look for the list of words in every issue of The Digest.

On the Way Up

In August 1946, *after taking engineering degrees at Lehigh and Princeton, I began working at Ford as a *student engineer. Our program was known as a loop training course because the trainees made a complete circuit of every stage of manufacturing a car. I even spent four weeks on the final assembly line. My mother and father came to visit one day, and when my dad saw me in overalls, he smiled and said, "Seventeen years you went to school. See what happens to dummies who don't finish first in their class?"

I was nine months into the program when I decided that engineering no longer interested me. I was eager to be where the action was—marketing or sales. I liked working with people more than with machines. So I left the program and took a

theme; short essay (esp.) by student

after taking engineering degrees at Lehigh and

Princeton 在利哈伊大学和普林斯顿大学, 获得工科学士、硕士学位后

student engineer 见习工程师

job in *sales in Chester, Pa. I was bashful and awkward in those days, and I used to *get the jitters every time I picked up the phone.

Some people think that good salesmen are born and not made. But I had no natural talent. Most of my colleagues were a lot more relaxed and outgoing than I was. For the first year or two I was theoretical and stilted. Learning the skills of salesmanship takes time and effort. Not all young people understand that. They look at a successful businessman and they don't stop to think about all the mistakes he might have made when he was younger. Mistakes are a part of life; you can't avoid them. All you can hope is that they won't be too expensive and that you don't make the same mistake twice.

Working in Chester, I came under the influence of a remarkable man, who would have more impact on my life than any person other than my father. Charlie Beacham, a warm and brilliant Southerner, was Ford's regional manager for the entire East Coast. Like me, he was trained as an engineer but later switched into sales and marketing. He was the closest thing I ever had to a *mentor.

He accepted mistakes, provided you took responsibility

sales 经销部门

get the jitters: [口] get extremely nervous

the jitters=a very uneasy nervous feeling

mentor 良师益友 (出自希腊史诗《奥德塞》,

Mentor是奥德修斯的忠诚朋友,也是其子的良师)

for them. "Always remember," he would say, "that everybody makes mistakes. The trouble is that most people won't own up to them. When a guy *screws up, he will never admit it was his fault. He will try to blame it on his wife, his mistress, his kids, his dog, the weather — but never himself. So if you screw up, don't give me any excuses — go look at yourself in the mirror. Then come see me."

As part of my job, I had to make a lot of long-distance calls. In those days, there was no direct dialing, so that you always had to go through operators. They'd ask for my name, and I'd say "Iacocca." Of course, they had no idea how to spell it, so that was always a struggle to get that right. Then they'd ask for my first name and when I said "Lido," they'd break out laughing. Finally I said to myself: "Who needs it?" and I started calling myself Lee.

Once, before my first trip to the South, Charlie called me into his office. "Lee," he said, "you're going down to my part of the country, and I want to give you a couple of tips. First, you talk much too fast for these guys—so slow it down. Second, they won't like your name. So here's what I want you to do. Tell them you have a funny first name —Iacocca—and that your family name is Lee. They ought to like that in the South."

I started every meeting with that line, and they'd go wild.

screw up: make an error

They'd forget that I was an Italian Yankee. Suddenly I was accepted as a good *ole boy.

By 1953 I had worked my way up to assistant manager of the Philadelphia district. Then in 1956 Ford decided to promote auto safety rather than *performance and horsepower.

The safety campaign was a bust. Sales were poor, and our district was the weakest in the entire country. I decided that any customer who bought a new 1956 Ford should be able to do so for a modest down payment of 20 percent, followed by three years of monthly payments of \$56. This was payment schedule that almost anyone could afford, and I hoped that it would stimulate sales in our district. I called my idea *"56 for '56".

At that time, financing for new cars was just coming into its own. "56 for '56" took off like a rocket. Within a period of only three months, my district moved from last place in the country all the way to first. In Dearborn, Robert S. McNamara, vice president in charge of the Ford Division — he would become Secretary of Defense in the Kennedy Administration — admired the plan so much that he made it part of the company's national marketing strategy. He later estimated it was responsible for selling 75,000 extra cars.

And so, after ten years of preparation, I became an over-

ole (古) = old, 用于口语中

performance and horsepower (多) 功能与高功率

56 for '56 "56—56" 计划: 每个买56年福特车的人只付车价的20%, 在以后的三年中, 每月付56美元。

night success. Suddenly I was known and even talked about in national headquarters. As a reward, I was promoted to district manager of Washington, D.C.

I also got married. Mary McCleary had been a receptionist in the Ford assembly plant in Chester. We had first met eight years earlier, and dated on and off for several years. But I was constantly traveling, which made for an extended courtship. Finally, on September 29, 1956, we were married in Chester at St. Robert's Catholic Church.

Mary and I spent several months looking for a house in Washington, but no sooner had we bought one than Charlie Beacham called me in and said, "You're getting moved." He had been promoted to head of car and truck sales for the Ford Division, and he brought me to Dearborn as his national truck-marketing manager. Within a year I was head of car marketing, and in March 1960 I took over both functions.

Robert McNamara, my new boss, was a good businessman, but he had *the mentality of a consumerist*. He believed strongly in the idea of a utilitarian car, which would meet people's basic needs. He looked upon most luxury models and options as frivolous and accepted them only because of the higher profit margins they commanded. But McNamara was so skillful a manager and so valuable to the company that he continued to rise in the system despite his ideological indepen-

the mentality of a consumerist 用户第一思想