高等学校教材

英语泛读教程

4

上海外语教育出版社

高等学校通用教材

大学基础阶段

英语泛读教程

第四册

曾肯干　陈道芳
胡斐佩　王炳炎　编

上海外语教育出版社

(沪)新登字 203 号

高等学校通用教材

大学基础阶段

英语泛读教程

第四册

曾肯干　陈道芳

胡斐佩　王炳炎　编

上海外语教育出版社出版

（上海外国语学院内）

上海竟成印刷厂印刷

新华书店上海发行所发行

开本 787×1092　1/32　25.25 印张　559 千字

1990 年 12 月第 1 版　1993 年 11 月第 5 次印刷

印数：28,001—46,000 册

ISBN 7—81009—584—6/H·330

定价：7.30 元

出 版 说 明

《英语泛读教程》是为我国高等院校英语专业基础阶段编写的一套泛读课教材。全书分四册，即每学期一册。本书的编写指导思想、教学要求和选材标准力求体现《高等学校英语专业基础阶段教学大纲》的基础本精神和有关规定，经过试用，教学效果良好。国家教委高等学校外语专业教材编审委员会于1987年组织了审查。

审稿会由上海外国语学院何兆熊教授主持，参加本书审稿会议的有上海外国语学院、天津外国语学院、北京师范大学、四川外国语学院和南开大学等高等院校的代表。参加审稿会议的代表对这套教材提出了宝贵的意见和建议，并认为本书是根据《高等学校英语专业基础阶段教学大纲》要求选编的比较完整的教材，一致推荐作为全国高等学校英语专业通用教材，现经国家教委教材编审委员会批准出版。

编者的话

（一）本教程是高等学校英语专业基础阶段的课内阅读教材，它的编写指导思想是：通过课内大量阅读实践，提高学生英语阅读理解能力；培养学生细致观察语言、分析归纳、假设判断、推理论证等逻辑思维能力；训练阅读技巧，提高阅读速度；扩大学生认知词汇量，增加学生文化背景知识。本书不包括快速阅读材料及有关速读技巧的训练。

（二）本教程分四册，近100万字，供英语专业基础阶段第一至第四级使用，即每学期一册。每册分为20个单元，每周一个单元，略有余裕，由教师根据实际授课时间自由取舍。

（三）本教程的选材原则是：(1)由浅入深、从易到难，最后达到《高等学校英语专业基础阶段教学大纲》所规定的阶段终点阅读要求。鉴于各地区、各院校新生入学水平不一，第一、二册对难度作了适当控制，选用了较多的浅易材料，并以反映一般生活的故事、小说题材为主，非故事性题材为辅，以便于培养学生阅读兴趣和通过口、笔头活动配合其他各项语言技能的发展。从第三册开始，逐步提高难度，扩大题材范围，以适应阅读理解能力发展的需要。为便于教学双方掌握有关阅读水平的要求，本书选用了《大纲》所开列的阅读难度标准篇目，如第二级结束时的"The Story of My Life"和第四级结束时的"The Moon Is Down"。(2)坚持思想标准、语言标准和文化标准的统一。本书所选材料既要求思想内容健康，引人向上，又力求语言文字规范、题材广泛、内容新颖，以便于

学生在思想上获得教益的同时，尽量扩大语言接触面，并增加对所学语言国家社会文化背景的了解。为此，本教程除保留了一些多年实践证明教学效果较好的传统篇目（如 The £ 1,000,000 Bank-note, An Inspector Calls 等）外，还选用了一些反映 80 年代美英国家社会情况的材料（如 Iacocca, One against the Plague 等）。

（四）为便于组织课堂教学，本教程在编写体例上每单元由课文、注释、理解点（Comprehension Points）和练习四个部分组成。

课文：每单元长度为 7000—8000 字，通常由一篇完整的材料组成，最多不超过三篇；长篇连用，一般不超过三单元。学生对课文应阅读两遍，第一遍用快速进行预读（preview），要求对所读材料的主题及文章结构具有概略了解；第二遍用正常速度（average reading speed）逐句阅读，进一步了解所读材料的中心大意、抓住主要情节或论点，并根据所读材料进行推理分析，领会作者真实意图，同时完成一定量的笔头作业。

注释：注释包括少量单词、短语和部分难句的注释以及有关背景知识和重要作者的介绍。第一、二册的注释以中文为主，第三册以后增加英文注释比例。少数生词和语言难点未加注释，是为了培养学生查阅工具书的习惯和独立解决问题的能力，也是为了便于教师课堂检查和讲解。

理解点：每单元根据具体内容列出了数量不等的理解点。这些理解点包括了语言和内容两个方面的理解问题，其目的在于培养学生细致观察语言的能力和引导学生分析判断、深入理解作者意图。它既可作为学生独立阅读时的阅读指导提纲（Guide to Reading），也可作为教师课堂检查的依据，教师可根据学生理解上的共同问题，讲解有关阅读技巧。

每题括号中的数字分别表示页码和行数。

练习：练习的形式有三种，即正误判断题、多项选择题和综合性问答题。练习的内容包括检查学生对课文大意、中心思想、基本观点、基本事实、具体论点以及语言的含蓄意义等方面的理解情况。从第三册开始，通过多项选择题的形式增加了一些词汇理解练习，以期引导学生扩大词汇知识。上述各项练习，既可由教师在课堂上进行口头检查，也可指定为学生阅读过程中的笔头作业。

本书的编写得到了中国英语教学研究会中南地区分会和中国人民解放军外国语学院的大力支持以及试用单位的热情鼓励，谨此致谢。

编者　1988 年 2 月

于中国人民解放军外国语学院

CONTENTS

Unit One

IACOCCA[1]

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (I)

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[2]. When I finally got there, I was on top of the world[3]. 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. It was gut-wrenching[4].

On October 15, my final day at the office, my driver took me to Ford World Headquarters[5] in Dearborn, Mich., for the last time. Before I left the house, I kissed my wife, Mary, and my two daughters, 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[6].

Only yesterday, she and I had been working in the lap of luxury. The office of the president was the size of a grandhotel 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 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[7] 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[8].

Now let me tell you my story.

"The Sun's Gonna[9] Out"

Nicola Iacocca, my father, arrived in America in 1902 at the age of 12—poor, alone and scared. 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 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[10] 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., [11] 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 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[12]. 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 re-

sourceful. She was a real immigrant mother, the backbone of the family. A nickel soup bone[13]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[14]every Sunday and take Holy Communion[15]every week or two.

My father's favorite theme was that life has its ups and 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[16]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[17]," 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[18].

In those days, especially if you lived in a small town, being Italian was something you tried to hide. Allentown was mostly Pennsylvania Dutch[19], 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, Benamis Sussman, was the son of an Orthodox[20] 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, had us turn in a theme[21] 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[22], I began working at Ford as a student engineer[23]. Our program was known as a loop training course[24] 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 job in sales[25] in Chester, Pa. I was bashful and awkward in those days, and I used to get the jitters[26] 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[27].

He accepted mistakes, provided you took responsibility 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[28], 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[29], 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. They'd forget that I was an Italian Yankee. Suddenly I was accepted as a good ole[30]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[31].

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