

BOOK SEVEN

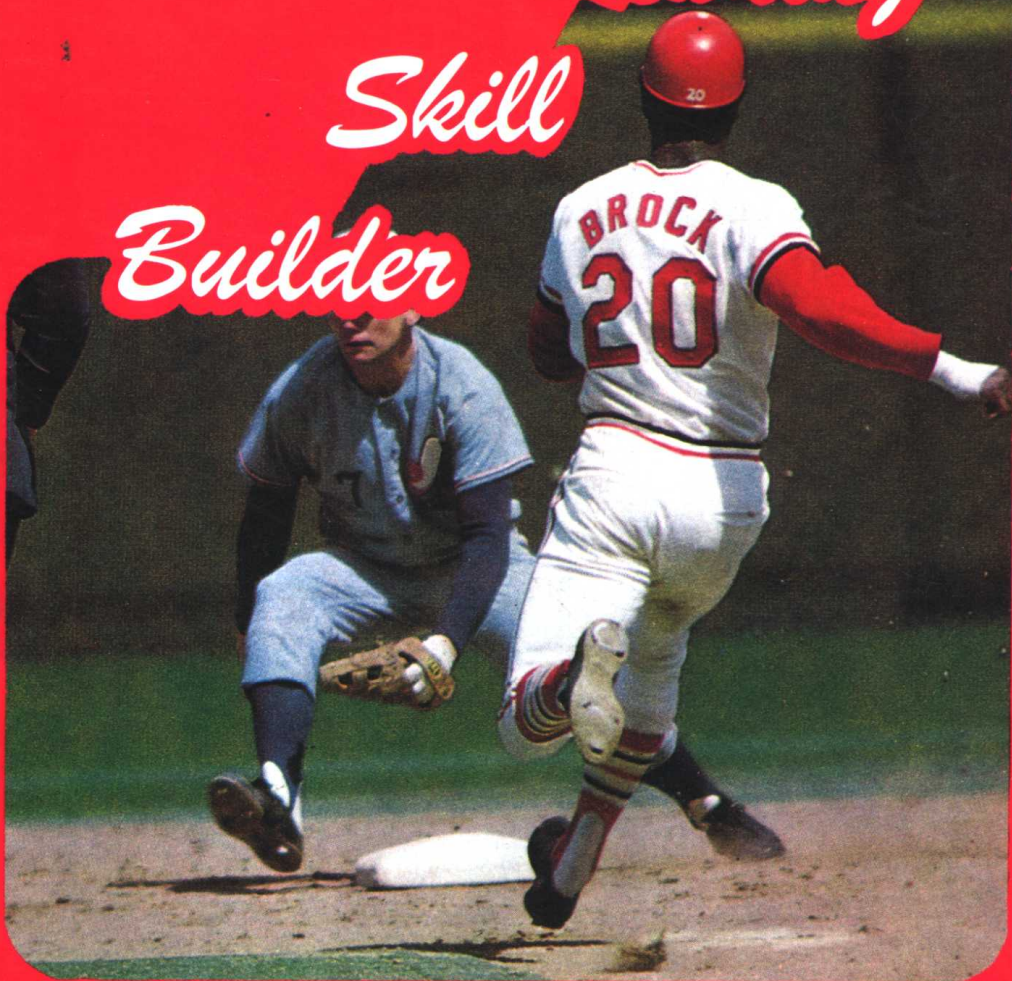
第七级

New

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新编循序渐进美国英语

FOREIGN LANGUAGE TEACHING
AND RESEARCH PRESS

外语教学与研究出版社

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循序渐进美国英语

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第七级

李朋义、茅润龙、夏飞、吴景堂译注

夏祖奎 审校

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许国璋教授

概括本丛书有七个特色
美妙的故事，
流畅的语言，
生动的图片，
详细的注解，
精美的印刷，
练习适量，毫不枯燥，
从浅到深地读，下七册功夫！

前言

过去两年中;我们通过各种方式;向英语教师、学者专家和书店经理进行了广泛的意见调查。调查围绕这样一个中心题目:什么样的书最能帮助我们的青少年学生扎实而顺利地学到有用的英语?

调查的结论是:八十、九十年代的青少年学生,是新一代的读者,他们需要的英语教材和读物,至少要满足以下四项要求:

内容新颖 新读者不再满足于古老的寓言神话,传奇故事之类的传统篇子,他们要求富于现代生活气息的东西。

知识充实 新读者希望外语能和本族语一样成为获得新知识的工具,帮助他们认识世界,开阔视野。

饶有趣味 有趣味才能长久保持克服学习困难的劲头。现实性和知识性是引起兴趣的关键,但同时还要讲求表现形式的生动活泼,曲折有致,幽默风趣。

循序渐进 由浅入深,从易到难,才能把学习困难减少到最低限度,也可以保证学得扎实,一步一个脚印。

根据上述要求,我们选定美国读者文摘社出版的《新编循序渐进英语读本》(New Reading Skill Builder)作为蓝本,编译成这一套《循序渐进美国英语》,奉献给我国的广大青少年读者。

全套书按内容和语言的深浅共分为七级:

第一级又分为四个部分,第二到第七级每级各有三个部分。

大致上第一到第三级,第四到第六级,第七级分别相当于初级、中级、高级三个阶段。

各级课文篇数如下:

第一级 36 篇	第四级 51 篇	第七级 61 篇
第二级 52 篇	第五级 58 篇	
第三级 48 篇	第六级 55 篇	

总计 361 篇。课文的平均长度和深度逐级递增。同级各部分的难度大体相近,可以通读各部分,也可以选读一、二部分。

所有课文都是选自美国《读者文摘》(Reader's Digest)杂志历年发表过的文章,经过改写或改编而成的,就连第一、第二两级的最浅近的课文,也是根据该刊文章的故事或思想编写的。

《读者文摘》是世界上很有影响的文摘刊物,所发表的文章都是从大量美国书刊中筛选出来的。作品取舍的标准强调现实性、知识性、趣味性。《新编循序渐进英语读本》编者又根据教学要求作了进一步的筛选和改编,并按照由浅入深的原则进行编排,再配上练习和录音,使其适合学习英语,特别

是培养阅读技能的需要。

为了便利我国英语学习者使用,我们在每课之后加上课文的词汇注释和参考译文。这些注释和译文是供参考和备检查的,学生应当把主要力量和注意力投放在课文上面。

绝大部分课文后面都附有练习,其中有读音、拼法、词汇、语法练习,也有检查领会、启发思考、训练表述等性质的练习。除了要求自由发挥的题目之外,都加上了答案,供读者核对自检。从第4级起,在要求正确领会内容之外,还要求阅读达到一定的速度。课文之末标出全文词数,以便读者看时间计算自己的阅读速度。

这套书的一个重要特色是书中印有大量生动传神和说明问题的插图,有照片、图画,也有图解、地图等,对形象而真切地领会课文大有帮助。

但是这套书的中心材料,是经过精心编选的课文,现代性、知识性、趣味性、渐进性主要体现在课文上。

课文的语言自然、地道、生动,是学习现代美国英语的绝好材料。这种语言又是用来表现有用、有益、有趣的内容的。

各级课文题材之广泛,超过一般英语教本,有奇观胜景、珍禽异兽、民情风俗、名人事迹、劳动生产、饮食起居、体育游艺、科技知识、幽默小品等,可以说是面面俱到。反映的主要是美国的人、地、事、物,但也涉及五大洲其它地方的风土人情。讲述的主要是当代的新鲜事物,但也穿插少许一二百年,甚至一二千年前的历史故事。

不论什么地域,什么时代,所讲的事情都是青少年读者所喜闻乐见的。讲到动物,不论野生家养,不像寓言中能作人言的禽兽,而是活灵活现的生物,习性奇特有趣,有的仿佛能解人意,通人性;虽然不提什么寓意教训,却总含点哲理,引人深思。讲到遇险人员英勇自救,或是救援人员奋力抢救,不仅情节紧张,扣人心弦,他们所表现的无畏和智慧,尤其能深深打动读者的心。书中介绍的体坛明星和艺林高手,不仅技艺超绝令人赞叹,他们刻苦训练修养的精神和急公好义的美德也是值得钦佩的。

有许多课文写探险冒险和发现发明的故事,对于青少年读者无疑具有极大的吸引力。读了不仅可以满足他们求知的欲望,还可以培养积极进取的精神,锻炼坚定沉着的性格,激发发明创造的冲动。

科学技术知识在书中占有很大的比重。各级都介绍了许多科学常识和现代技术的新发展,例如天气预报,太阳的奥秘,味觉和听力,色盲者的体验,电视机的诞生,火山爆发,海底世界,新式农业机械,各种飞行器,宇宙航行,红外照相,激光技术,建筑新法,等等。大多写得深入浅出,引人入胜。有一篇关于天外来客的科幻故事,对地球环境污染作了辛辣的讽刺和严肃的警告。

虽然不少课文带有神奇色彩,但绝少讲到神仙鬼怪。有一些讲奇遇巧合,虽然出乎意料之外,仍在情理之中;尽管查无实据,却也事出有因。例如《尼斯湖怪》,《坟场小路》之类便是。只有一篇《旅店白衣少女》,叙述一个痴心女子的悲剧,是真正讲鬼的,但也讲得凄惋动人。

头一二级的课文,尽管受词汇、语法的限制,也都清新可读,富有情趣。例如第一级里的《鲨鱼》一文,短短二百多个词,写人鲨之间的一场恶斗,紧张惊险,使读者捏一把汗。随着语言程度的提高,以后各册的课文,内容越来越有深度。那怕讲的是身边琐事,日常细节,也总有一些深意,值得玩味。

不用说,课文的内容都是代表美国人的观点,他们看待事物跟我们常常有所不同。但是学习美国英语,不论从过程讲,还是从目的讲,都要了解美国人是怎样看待这个世界的。通过书中的课文,可以约略窥见美国人的生活方式、思想感情、价值观念,以及美国的社会现状和问题。

总之,认真学习这套书,不仅可以学到现代美国英语,同时还可以学到现代科学技术和社会文化知识,收到既学得语言又增长知识的良效。唯有这样,才能做到听读则“耳聪目明”,“心领神会”,说写则“言之有物”,“意到笔随”。我们希望这套《循序渐进美国英语》能带领读者步入广阔的英语世界,神游奇妙的现代知识世界。

本册书是全套书(共七级)的第七级。本级分为三个部分,第一部分的译注者为茅润龙和李朋义,第二部分的译注者为夏飞,第三部分的译注者为吴景堂,均由夏祖奎教授审校。

本级第二和第三部分中各有一课因内容方面的原因未收入,故第七册实有课文 59 篇,第三部分无第 24 到 34 页,特此说明。

New Reading

Skill Builder

循序渐进美国英语

BOOK SEVEN, PART ONE

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BACK FROM DRUGS.

The Triumph of Johnny Cash

Floyd Miller

He stood on a peak of the Ozarks at sunset, a tall man, feet planted wide, hands clenched at his sides. He had grown up in and around these mountains, hunted the woods, fished the streams. Now he found the familiar place threatening; his nerve endings felt raw and exposed. A chipmunk turned a twig—the sound seemed like thunder. A gentle breeze drove needles into his bare arms. His heart beat fast with fear. The tall man was deep in amphetamine psychosis.

He had started taking amphetamine pills five years before, when his career seemed to demand more energy than he could produce. He didn't worry at the time. They were "just pep pills," he told himself. And he didn't plan to use them often. But soon it was every day. Then he found he had to

counter their effects with barbiturates (sleeping pills) to get a few troubled hours of sleep each night. Gradually the dosage increased until now he was taking close to 100 pills a day.

This trip to the mountaintop had been made in the hope that the wilderness would somehow heal him. He was one-quarter Cherokee Indian. Perhaps up here he would find within himself some echo of the wisdom of his ancestors. But the mountaintop was not powerful enough to counteract the drugs, the fears.

Darkness settled in. He swallowed two more pills, climbed into his jeep and waited. As the amphetamines seeped into his already drugged mind, some new power seemed freed within him. He stopped being an ordinary man and became godlike. Nothing could hurt him!

He put his car into gear and started down the narrow road carved out of the mountainside.

Suddenly, he shifted into neutral and stood up, steering only with his fingertips. The car gathered speed. As it approached each sharp turn, the headlights shone into the black pit that dropped away hundreds

of feet. Each time, he spun the wheel, the tires screamed—and the road reappeared. He courted death, defied it. Twice the right front tire spun in space, but each time the left one held, enough to bring the hurtling car back onto the road. Neither time did he make any move to brake the car—nor would he. He had pledged himself to this test to prove that he could not be hurt, even by death.

At last the car rolled onto the flat at the foot of the mountain. Soaked with perspiration, trembling, he shut his eyes and rested his forehead on the steering wheel. He had proved nothing. Now paranoia crept into his fevered brain, and statements made by friends and business partners suddenly took on dark meaning. They were plotting against him, out to destroy his career. He felt sick at his stomach. He swallowed two more pills.

As he approached the town, he saw posters carrying his name in large letters: JOHNNY CASH. This was the spring of 1967, and he was fast becoming a popular country and western singer. He was booked into the

town auditorium this evening; already he was 30 minutes late. The place was sold out. It gave him savage pleasure to think how his partners would sweat if he didn't show up!

For the next hour he drove aimlessly through the town's back streets, keeping watch for a police car. Surely they'd alert the cops that he was missing. Oh, there'd be hell to pay! Finally, the pleasure of laying up trouble for himself drained away. He drove to his motel, swallowed sleeping pills and went to bed.

Some time later he awakened to stare up dully at several worried faces. Everyone spoke at the same time.

"What happened to you, Johnny?"

"The crowd almost took the place apart—4000 people!"

"They're gonna sue us."

"We had to refund all the money."

He gave them a long, bleak look, then said, "I was sick." He turned his face to the wall.

Something Fierce and Moving

Born in 1932, Johnny Cash grew up in a family that didn't

know it was poor. Their 40 acres of cotton in Dyess, Arkansas, required the sunup to sundown labor of father, mother, four sons and three daughters. Yet there was no feeling of want. Rather, there was that strength and sense of well-being that comes from hard labor (even as a boy, Johnny could pick 350 pounds of cotton in a day), simple joys and deeply held religious beliefs.

After high school, Johnny went to Detroit to take a job in an auto plant, but could not endure the routine and confinement. He enlisted in the Air Force and spent three years in Europe. Discharged in 1954, he tried to settle down on a farm in Arkansas. But he was not the same man who had left home—he had discovered music.

In the barracks in Germany he had learned enough chords on the guitar to accompany himself while he sang, in his rough voice, the songs he had heard in the Arkansas jukeboxes—about salvation, about railroads, cowboys, loneliness, whiskey, about home and mother and love. These were old songs, but this man brought something

new to them—something fierce and moving that welled up out of his own personality.

So Johnny Cash began to sing for a living. His voice rang with truth, and his popularity quickly spread. But with public attention came new pressures for which he was not prepared. He had to deal with people whether he liked them or not. No matter how he felt, he had to sing every day for weeks at a time. He was occupied with rehearsals, performances, recording dates, travel schedules, all tying him down. There was even less freedom than he'd had working in a Detroit factory. Soon the need to be alone became so great that he could endure it only by taking pills—a few at first, then more and more. Often, drugged, he acted strangely. People began to avoid him; his promising career began to fall apart.

Fear of the Cage

On a summer night in 1967, Johnny Cash was driving wildly around Lookout Mountain in Georgia when his jeep flipped over, throwing him clear. As he regained consciousness, he be-



gan wandering, totally lost. Time and again he fell. The underbrush tore his clothes and whipped and cut his face and arms. At last he saw the lighted window of a cottage. He stumbled toward it.

A woman opened the door. When she saw this strange, ragged, bloodstained man, she was frightened. She screamed, slammed the door and ran to the telephone. Soon a car with flashing red roof-light arrived, and a solid man got out, his belt heavy with gun and bullets. The hysterical woman talked of a rapist lurking close by. At this moment, a figure staggered into the beam of the headlights. The woman gasped and pointed. The sheriff ordered the man to turn, spread his legs and lean his hands against the car.

After frisking him and finding no weapon, the sheriff asked, "What happened to you?"

"My jeep turned over."

"Where?"

"I don't know," Johnny said.

The sheriff put him in the car, and they began a silent trip to town. Johnny's mouth was dry; his hands trembled; sweat ran down his back and chest. The thought of confinement was pushing him to the edge of panic. He had been jailed before—once for three days in El Paso for trying to smuggle amphetamines across the Mexican border, and by the end of that time he had been almost climbing the walls.

At the sheriff's office he sat in a straight chair across a desk from the officer. "I know who you are," the sheriff said. "You're too good a man to be destroying yourself. You've got influence on the kids around here. That's a pretty rare thing, for kids to listen to an adult. So what are you going to tell them? That life is so pointless and cheap they might as well throw it away?"

Shamed and angry, Cash stared at his clenched hands.

He desperately needed some pills, but he dared not reach for the emergency supply he had hidden on him.

"I could lock you up," the sheriff continued, "but I'm not going to. I'm going to take a chance on you, for the kids' sake. I'm betting you're not going to let them down."

Moments later, Johnny was outdoors. He took a long, shuddering breath of relief and reached for the pills. To hell with the kids. To hell with the sheriff. He swallowed the pills to banish them all.

But they refused to be banished. That night, in spite of sleeping pills and pep pills, they haunted him.

"I'll Make It"

Late one night several weeks later, Johnny called an old friend, a well-known Nashville doctor. "I need help," he said.

The doctor had received several such calls from Cash over the years. Each time he had arranged for hospital admission; each time the terrors of confinement had driven Johnny to disappear.

At Johnny's house, the doc-

tor found his friend almost out of his mind. In a shaking voice, Cash kept repeating, "I've lost control of my life."

"For the moment, yes."

"For five years!" Cash flared at him. "For five years I've been doing crazy things, as if I was somebody else. I can't sleep, I can't work, I can't face the kids who come to hear me sing and ask me for autographs. I can't even stop taking the pills that are driving me crazy." Then, in an agonized whisper, "Do you know what it's like to despise yourself?"

"What are you going to do about it?" the doctor asked.

Cash shut his eyes. "I'm going to quit," he said. "Starting now." His meaning was clear—no hospital confinement. Either he would do it on his own or not at all.

In a distant voice, Johnny asked, "What's it going to be like?"

"Pure hell," the doctor replied.

The flicker of a smile crossed Johnny's face. "I'm familiar with the place."

The doctor summoned Cash's family and a few close friends.

Johnny was not to be left alone at any time, day or night. These volunteer "nurses" could hardly be prepared for Johnny's agony. He paced the floor in torment. He could not sleep, or keep food down. Sweat soaked his clothes. His mouth was so dry that he had to sip water constantly to keep his lips from sticking to his teeth. He trembled, not only from chills and fever but because his nerves, tissues and muscles, suddenly freed of drug controls, were on a rampage.

"Johnny," the doctor said after a week, "you belong in the hospital."

Cash slowly shook his head. His eyes were glazed with suffering, but through cracked lips he whispered, "I'll make it."

He made it. He went through hell and survived.

Fused by Fire

That was in 1967. Since then, Johnny Cash's career has soared. He sells more records, draws bigger crowds at personal appearances than any other performer in his field. His income is well over a million dollars a year. Freed from drugs, he now



TOP LEFT: Bob Dylan and Johnny Cash at taping of Cash's first TV show. BOTTOM LEFT: Cash recording his album "Johnny Cash at Folsom Prison" in 1968. ABOVE: Cash singing on his TV show.

knows who he is and what he truly and clearly thinks about life. His opinions may be unpopular in some quarters, but he speaks them loud and clear.

Cash has a special affection for men in jail, and he speaks out against the brutalities they endure. He fights for justice for the American Indian. His feelings about the nation's youth are expressed in a hit song he wrote, "What Is Truth?"

*Young man of 17 in school
being taught the Golden Rule;
by the time another year goes
by, it'll be his turn to go and
die. Can you blame the voice of
youth for asking, "What is
truth?" . . . **

Johnny Cash is his own man. He has been through the fire, and has come out stronger.

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