

新编大学英语

NEW COLLEGE ENGLISH

自主综合训练

阎俊宇 主编

4



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前 言

《新编大学英语》是一套按照“以学生为中心的主题教学模式”编写的教材，它侧重于提高学生的英语语言应用能力，培养学生听、说、读、写、译等方面的综合能力，具有很强的时代性，充分体现了新教学大纲的要求，同时又兼顾到大学英语教学的目的和特点。《新编大学英语自主综合训练》共分4册，分别与《新编大学英语》1—4册配套，旨在帮助使用本教材的学生和其他英语学习者更好地巩固课文中的语言知识，扩大知识面，提高语言应用能力。

本书为第四册，由12个单元组成，分别按《新编大学英语》第四册课文顺序编写，每单元由Reading Comprehension、Translation、Vocabulary、Structure、Cloze和Situational Conversation 6部分组成。

本书的内容与特色如下：

(1) 每单元的Reading Comprehension围绕课文主题进行选材，并适当增加有关内容。为增强学生的笔头能力，在形式上采取选择、翻译、简答等多种题型，充分体现了培养学生实际应用语言能力的宗旨。同时增大了阅读量，使学生在大量阅读中提高自身的英语水平。

(2) Translation部分旨在提高学生的翻译能力。

(3) Vocabulary和Structure两部分是根据课文中的重点词汇和句型编写的练习，是课文知识的延伸和补充，可使学生在课后进一步巩固课文所学的语言知识。

(4) Cloze部分是检查学生英语综合应用能力的训练，所选的短文具有很强的知识性、趣味性和可读性。

(5) Situational Conversation部分是训练学生在特定的语言环境中运用语言的能力。

本书附有参考答案，学习者可根据自身的需要，在学完每课后进行自我测试。

本书的不足之处，请读者批评指正。

编者

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Unit 1 Happiness

Part I Reading Comprehension

Section A

Directions: *There are two passages in this section. Each passage is followed by a number of comprehension questions. Read the passages and answer the questions.*

Passage 1

On an airliner recently, I found myself sitting beside an affable stranger. He told me he was on his way to his daughter's wedding.

"Congratulations," I said. "That's wonderful."

He gave a wry laugh. "Yes, a bit monotonous, though. This is her third. She's a bright girl. She has a good job. But here she is at twenty-four trying matrimony for the third time. It's a funny feeling to be going to your daughter's wedding and saying to yourself, 'Maybe it'll work and maybe it won't.'"

"Maybe," I said, "the trouble lies in that word maybe."

And it does, you know. In the past two or three decades, that word has crept into our concept of marriage.

Maybe I've made a mistake. Maybe I've married a bit beneath me. Maybe I'm still growing and my partner has stopped growing. Maybe our sex life isn't what it ought to be. Maybe I'd be happier married to someone else. Maybe I'd be happier not married.

Every one of those maybes is a form of negative thinking. They leave an escape hatch open. And the more they are dwelt upon, the more likely the escape hatch will be used.

A young woman once came to me saying that her husband, a medical student, was neglecting her. He studied day and night. He never took her out. Finally, she said, "I don't know why I married Tom. Another man wanted to marry me, but I turned him down. Maybe I made a mistake."

"Stop," I said. "The only maybe to use is, 'Maybe I can think of a new way to be loving and supportive of Tom today.'"

She went away looking pensive; and evidently some of the words got through to her. I also suggested to Tom that he take her out once in a while. Today, they are a happily married couple.

I receive a great deal of mail from older people struggling with marital difficulties, and a remarkably high percentage is about what I refer to as the Walkaway Husband Problem.

Bewildered, heartbroken women report that after 15 or 20 years of marriage their partners have suddenly walked out. Sometimes another woman is involved, sometimes not. Sometimes the husbands give an explanation, sometimes they don't.

But it seems plain to me that behind this state of affairs lies a faulty image of marriage. To the walkaway husband, his marriage has become the symbol of drudgery, monotony and unrequited

sacrifice. "All these years," he tells himself, "I've been pulling this load. Ninety-five per cent of my earnings has gone to support my family. But what about me?"

Maybe, he thinks, another woman will be more stimulating. Anyway, he says, "I've done my duty. I'm getting out."

What is the remedy?

The main thing is to try to recapture the image of marriage as a triumphant, rewarding, lifelong partnership where the pluses outweigh the minuses. Couples have to stop focusing on the worst aspects of their lives together and reach out for the best.

Some years ago, a couple I had married wrote to me saying that they were on the verge of divorce. I urged them to visualize in vivid detail what their lives would be like after the divorce. The effect on the children. The loneliness. The guilt. The sense of loss and broken dreams. The financial strains and dislocations.

Then I urged them to recall some of their happiest, most loving times. The memory of past happiness can point the unconscious mind towards similar happiness in the future. With a clear image of the kind of marriage that was possible, this couple were able to work things out.

A successful marriage must be constantly monitored, adjusted and nourished. Following are six steps that my wife, Ruth, and I recommend.

1. Develop a mature concept of love. For too many, love is a breathless romantic glow in which they expect to have emotional needs gratified. Some people are little more than receiving stations for this kind of supportive attention.

But this is dependency, not love. It's a feeling that can change as moods change — and if the feeling vanishes, even temporarily, it's easy to decide that love has ended. In mature love, the beloved's welfare and happiness become more important than your own; as someone said, real love is the accurate estimate and supply of another's needs.

A young woman told me, "I don't love my husband any more. I don't feel anything towards him." I told her, "Act as though you love your husband, whether you think you do or not. The important thing is how you act, not how you feel. If you treat your husband with kindness and consideration, you may be able to salvage your marriage."

This is not deception. It is the dramatization of a hoped-for image of things to come. In this case, the woman is still trying, and the marriage is still alive.

2. Work on communication constantly. Set aside a specific time, perhaps early in the morning, perhaps before going to bed, to talk about plans and problems, grievances or misunderstandings, any aspect of living together. That way, difficulties can be dealt with while they are still molehills, not mountains. Once the habit of sharing things verbally is established, the marriage becomes much more resistant to stresses and strains.

3. Learn how to defer gratification. This is a combination of self-control and patience. Both marriage partners have to be willing to forgo immediate pleasures in order to obtain greater benefits in the future.

I've seen the failure to do this wreck many marriages. Some people cannot bring themselves to save money or make long-range plans. They're too interested in having their pleasure or their recreation right now.

If quarrelling couples would defer gratification for a few weeks or months, they might learn that difficulties can trigger growth. They might realize that escaping out the back door of marriage is not likely to change their basic problems. Those problems will probably go along with them into a new relationship.

4. Take responsibility. Marriage is going to be what you and one other person make it. Face up to the fact that in any disagreement you are not going to change your partner very much. The only person you can really change is yourself.

5. Learn to compromise. Compromise means you recognize that there are two (or more) sides to every issue. If the husband will go to church instead of playing golf, the wife will stop smoking. If he will stop leaving the ice trays unfilled, she will stop squeezing the toothpaste tube in the middle.

When Ruth and I bought a place in the country over 35 years ago, I was bothered by the fact that a huge barn across the road cut off part of our view. It bothered me for 21 years. Then another house became available nearby where there was nothing to obstruct the view. Ruth was devoted to the house we had. But she felt that she had had her choice for 21 years; now it was time for me to have mine. And so, gracefully, she agreed to move. Compromise — lubricating oil in the machinery of marriage. Footnote: Ruth now loves the house we moved to.

6. Practice the art of appreciation. Everybody cherishes a word of praise. Why not master the art of the casual compliment, the little unforeseen gesture that says, "I think you're wonderful just the way you are?" An unexpected bouquet of flowers. A love note left in a pocket or under a pillow.

The novelist Arnold Bennett, I believe, remarked that it seemed to him marriage nearly always resulted in the death of politeness between husband and wife. That doesn't have to be the case. Try complimenting your mate just once a day. The resulting rush of affection will surprise you.

I once heard a counselor compare marriage to the base camp that mountain climbers establish when they plan the conquest of some mighty peak. The mountain represents life itself. Climbers try different routes to the summit, but the base camp is where communication takes place, where plans and decisions are made, and where the climbers can retreat to find food and warmth and shelter to renew their strength for another attempt.

If you are married, or if you intend to be, hold in your mind the image of a base camp well chosen, equipped with love and companionship warmed by loyalty and faith and trust. Then venture forth with confidence to climb life's highest peaks.

(约 1,430 词, 选自 *Reader's Digest*, Jan., 1982)

1. On a plane, the author met a stranger who was on his way to his daughter's _____ wedding.
A. first B. second C. third D. fourth
2. What's the author's occupation, according to the passage?
A. psychologist B. lawyer C. judge D. minister
3. Which of the following statements is true about the stranger on the plane?
A. He was polite and friendly.
B. He got very excited to be going to her daughter's wedding.
C. He thought it wonderful and interesting to be going to her daughter's wedding.
D. He was much confident of her daughter's wedding.

4. Which is NOT the secret the author recommend for a successful marriage?
- A. deception B. communication
- C. compromise D. appreciation
5. What is the main idea of the passage?
- A. the walkaway husband problem
- B. the responsibility in a successful marriage
- C. the art of appreciation in a successful marriage
- D. the steps for a happier marriage

Passage 2

Living in a foreign country can be extremely enriching. To be sure, spending time abroad gives a person a chance to experience another culture firsthand. Perhaps as importantly, though, time overseas provides a person with a valuable perspective in thinking about his own country. Indeed, during my four fascinating years in this ancient land, I believe I have learned as much about the United States as I have about China. During this period, I have come to recognize not only differences between the two countries I hadn't expected, but important commonalities which I had previously overlooked. At the same time, I've identified a number of aspects of Chinese culture and society which I admire — and which I think Americans would do well to note.

Most Americans would agree, one of the United States' most pressing social problems is the breakdown of the two-parent family. Today, millions of American children grow up without fathers, often in poverty. Too often, these children lack the love and guidance they desperately need — and which they would ordinarily receive from two responsible parents. Traditionally, American parents have placed the needs of their children above their own, often delaying their own gratification or sacrificing material comforts in the interests of their children's future. At present, however, nearly one half of all new marriages end in divorce, with often troubling consequences for the children involved. Worse, every year, thousands of teenage, unmarried Americans become mothers outside the context of wedlock altogether, with generally disastrous results for the mothers and children alike and for American society more generally. In refreshing contrast, Chinese continue to value intact marriages. This is not to say that Chinese marriages are all perfect — they certainly are not, judging from increasing rates of divorce and extramarital affairs — but the willingness of Chinese to set aside their own needs and stay together for the sake of the children is admirable and worthy of study.

Families, in whatever form they may take, are important to Americans. If one were to ask a group of Americans what is dearest to them, the overwhelming majority would say “family”. And yet, so many Americans spend much more time at work — that is, beyond the formal forty-hour work-week — than they do with their own families. Obviously, the American economy is one of the most vibrant and powerful in the world, owing in large measure to a strong American work ethic and high efficiency. But frequently, a strong work ethic and high efficiency become “workaholism”. It seems to me that Chinese generally find a better balance between work and family needs than many Americans do. I don’t see the number of workaholics in China that I do in the United States (or American organizations in China). Instead, average Chinese tend to head home right after work (in

the office or field), have meals together, and spend time with their spouses and children. In addition, Chinese tend to make more time for grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins (at least when they live in relative proximity) than many Americans; in many cases, multigenerational families live together. Of course, like many facets of Chinese society, this is all changing; increasing numbers of “New Chinese” are working longer hours and spending less time with their families than ever before. Still, while Americans do genuinely value their loved ones, I think we have something to learn from the Chinese about finding the proper balance between work and family.

Both the strengths and weaknesses of the American educational system are well-known to many and they are the source of vigorous debate in the United States. A product of American public education myself, I wouldn’t trade the American system for any other I have encountered. Even so, I have been very impressed with the industry and discipline of the Chinese students I have met. Most invest a great deal of time and effort in their studies and many even speak English fairly well by the time they graduate from high school. Many American students devote much less attention to their schoolwork, with predictable and troubling results. I am certain that the emphasis in the United States on the well-roundedness of the student is a major strength of the American system, but it must be coupled with the student’s commitment to — and parental support for — academic excellence. I think Americans can learn from the Chinese in terms of seriousness of purpose in the classroom.

More broadly, I have always enjoyed the relative safety of Chinese cities. Since the 1960s, violent crime has been a tragic fact of American life. The majority of violent crime in the United States involves handguns. In the 1980s, in particular, gun related violence soared to all time highs in major cities across the United States: from Washington D. C. in the east to Detroit in the north; from Houston in the south to Los Angeles in the west, gunfire became a familiar sound to millions who lived in America’s most crime-ridden neighborhoods. Like most foreign residents of China, I have never worried about violent crime in this country; it’s very rare, relative to the United States. One of the reasons this is so is the absence of handguns. Though the U. S. Constitution guarantees Americans the right to own guns — own a rifle, myself — I think Americans should study China’s policy of “zero-tolerance” for violent crime and strict control of guns.

With regard to personal health, I believe Americans have much to learn from Chinese, Americans, myself included, generally have poor eating habits. Many skip breakfast on a daily basis; frequently miss other meals or eat at very odd hours in order to accommodate busy work or social schedules; eat a lot of unhealthy fast-food and even worse, junk food, such as potato chips, candy bars and soft drinks; and fail to exercise regularly, preferring instead to sit in front of a television. As a result, Americans simply aren’t in the health they should be. Chinese, however, tend to have breakfast daily; eat other meats regularly, regardless of how busy they may be on a particular day; avoid excessive amounts of fast-food — though, with the rise of McDonald’s and other chains, this is changing dramatically — and junk-food; and maintain a naturally active lifestyle (to date, at least, the majority of Chinese ride their bicycles everyday, for example). Chinese medicine, especially preventive medicine, also plays an important role in keeping Chinese healthy, I have always admired the Chinese people for their fitness and health. That’s why I think Americans have a lot to learn from the Chinese people regarding their approach to diet, exercise and medicine. In the meantime, one can only hope that Chinese won’t pick up all of the bad habits of Americans in these areas. With China

developing the way it is, though, it appears to be a losing cause.

China has reached a critical stage in its development. Through its Four Modernizations, China has brought itself to the very brink of modernity. In the process, China has gained much from the experiences of the United States. But so too should Americans continue to study the Chinese experience. There is much to learn. In this age of constant change, we can be sure of one thing: the next century will be a time of unlimited promise for all peoples. We must continue to learn from one another in a spirit of mutual respect and friendship as, together, we embrace the challenges which lie ahead.

(约 1,250 词, 选自《英语世界》, 1997 年第 5 期)

6. Which of the following benefits of living in a foreign country is NOT mentioned by the author?
 - A. It can be extremely enriching.
 - B. It can give a person an opportunity to learn a foreign language.
 - C. It can give a person a chance to experience another culture firsthand.
 - D. It can provide a person with a valuable perspective in thinking about his own country.
7. According to the author American should learn from Chinese in the following aspects except _____.
 - A. Chinese proper balance between work and family
 - B. Chinese strong work ethic and high efficiency.
 - C. Chinese seriousness of purpose in the classroom.
 - D. China's policy of "zero-tolerance" for crime and strict control of guns.
8. Which of the following statements about American is NOT true, according to the author?
 - A. Nearly one half of all new marriages end in divorce.
 - B. Thousands of teenage, unmarried Americans become mothers every year.
 - C. To most Americans, families are not the dearest to them any more.
 - D. Many Americans spend more time at work than they do with their own families.
9. What is the major strength of the American educational system?
 - A. the emphasis on the industry and discipline of the students
 - B. a great deal of time and effort the students invest in their studies
 - C. the emphasis on the well-groundedness of the students
 - D. the seriousness of purpose in the classroom
10. Which one can NOT be considered to be the poor eating habits of Americans'?
 - A. Many people skip breakfast on a daily basis.
 - B. Many people frequently miss other meals or eat at very odd hours.
 - C. Many people eat a lot of unhealthy fast-food and junk food.
 - D. Many people prefer to sit in front of a television and fail to exercise regularly.

Section B

Directions: *There are two short passages in this section. Each passage is followed by questions or incomplete statements. Read the passages carefully. Then answer the questions or*

Passage 3

My father, Winston Churchill, began his love affair with painting in his 40s, amid disastrous circumstances. As First Lord of the Admiralty in 1915, he was deeply involved in a campaign in the Dardanelles that could have shortened the course of a bloody world war. But when the mission failed, with great loss of life, Churchill paid the price, both publicly and privately. He was removed from the admiralty and effectively sidelined.

Overwhelmed by the catastrophe — “I thought he would die of grief,” said his wife, Clementine — he retired with his family to Hoe Farm, a country retreat in Surrey. There, as Churchill later recalled, “The muse of painting came to my rescue!”

Wandering in the garden one day, he chanced upon his sister-in-law sketching with watercolors. He watched her for a few minutes, then borrowed her brush and tried his hand. The muse had cast her spell!

Churchill soon decided to experiment with oils. Delighted with this distraction from his dark broodings, Clementine rushed off to buy whatever paints she could find.

For Churchill, however, the next step seemed difficult as he contemplated with unaccustomed nervousness the blameless whiteness of a new canvas. He started with the sky and later described how “very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint on the palette, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a bean upon the affronted snow-white shield. At that moment the sound of a motor car was heard in the drive. From this chariot stepped the gifted wife of Sir John Lavery.

“‘Painting!’ she declared. ‘But what are you hesitating about? Let me have the brush — the big one.’ Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish on the palette, and then several fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. Anyone could see it could not hit back. The spell was broken. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.”

At that time, John Lavery — a Churchill neighbor and celebrated painter — was tutoring Churchill in his art. Later, Lavery said of his unusual pupil: “Had he chosen painting instead of statesmanship, I believe he would have been a great master with the brush.”

In painting, Churchill had discovered a companion with whom he was to walk for the greater part of the years that remained to him. After the war, painting would offer deep solace when, in 1921 the death of his mother was followed two months later by the loss of his and Clementine’s beloved three-year-old daughter, Marigold. Battered by grief, Winston took refuge at the home of friends in Scotland, finding comfort in his painting. He wrote to Clementine: “I went out and painted a beautiful river in the afternoon light with crimson and golden hills in the background. Many tender thoughts my darling one of you and your sweet kittens. Also I keep feeling the hurt of the Duckadilly (Marigold’s pet name).”

Life and love and hope slowly revived, and in September 1922 I was born. This was also the year that Winston bought Chartwell, the beloved home he was to paint in all its different aspects for the next 40 years.

My father must have felt a glow of gratification when in the mid-1920s he won first prize in a prestigious amateur art exhibition held in London. Entries were anonymous, and some of the judges insisted that Winston's picture — one of his first of Chartwell — as the work of a professional, not an amateur, and should be disqualified. In the end, they agreed to rely on the artist's honesty and were delighted when they learned that the picture had been painted by Churchill.

Historians have called the decade after 1929, when the Conservative government fell and Winston was out of office, his wilderness years. Politically he may have been wandering in barren places, a lonely fighter trying to awaken Britain to the menace of Hitler, but artistically that wilderness bore abundant fruit. During these years he often painted in the South of France. Of the 500-odd canvases extant, roughly 250 date from 1930 to 1939. One, "The Loup River, Alpes Maritimes" is owned by the Tate Gallery in London.

In 1953, during his second prime ministry, my father had a stroke, and I went with him to the South of France where he convalesced. After five days I wrote sadly in my diary: "Papa is wretched. His paints have been untouched."

Once more the muse, and the magical light of the Riviera, came to his rescue. The next day Winston sent a telegram to Clementine: "Have at last plunged into a daub."

Painting remained a joy to Churchill to the end of his life. "Happy are the painters," he had written in his book *Painting as a Pastime*, "for they shall not be lonely. Light and color, peace and hope, will keep them company to the end, or almost to the end, of the day." And so it was for my father.

(约 850 词, 选自《英语世界》, 1998 年第 3 期)

11. At what age and under what conditions did Churchill fall in love with painting?

12. Why was Churchill removed from the admiralty?

13. Who helped Churchill overcome the fear of a canvas?

14. Why did Winston take refuge at his friends' home in Scotland in 1921?

15. What kind of prize did Winston win for his painting in the mid-1920s?

Passage 4

On a bright February morning my telephone rang. "Marjorie Holmes?" a rich male voice announced. "You saved my life. I love you!"

Some nut. I thought — but I didn't hang up. As a writer you learn to listen. His name, he said, was George Schmieler, and he was a doctor from Pittsburgh. He'd lost his wife eight months before. On New Year's Eve, wild with grief and on the verge of suicide, he'd found my book *I've Got to Talk to Somebody, God*.

"It was among her things," he said. "I read it that night, and it made me realize how precious life is."

He was calling from his son's home in Silver Spring, Md. "I knew you lived in the Washington area. I found out your married name, and began to dial." Finally, he had reached a man who said, "Why, yes, her husband was my cousin, who died a year ago. Her number's right here."

"If you are still free," George said, "may I see you?"

I was pleased and touched. But unfortunately, I told him, I was about to leave on a two-week speaking trip.

"I'll wait!" he said. "Just promise you'll call as soon as you get back." His voice was cheery but urgent. "We haven't got that much time."

When I returned, my mailbox was stuffed with envelopes postmarked Silver Spring. They contained romantic notes, jokes, poems and items marked simply "interesting".

I called him, as promised, and suggested meeting somewhere for dinner. But he insisted on coming to get me.

It was my first date in a very long time. I felt expectant, curious.

I thought about what I'd been doing on New Year's Eve, when George had found my book. Watching couples on television dancing, I was lonely. "You need to get out," my daughter Melanie chided me. Her tone was teasing, but her eyes were sweet with caring. "Much as we all loved Daddy, we know things were very hard for you. He was sick so long, and..." She hesitated. "You deserve to be happy!"

George arrived an hour early that evening. While Melanie and her husband, Haris, entertained him, I rushed to do my makeup, trying not to panic. Finally, I took a deep breath and joined them.

A tall, handsome man leaped to his feet, clutching an armful of roses. He had curly gray hair, a mustache, and the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. Beaming like a schoolboy, he handed me the flowers.

"You're so little!" George exclaimed, but he sounded delighted. "I could put you in my pocket."

"And you're so tall!"

"Never mind, we'll match."

He held out his arms, and suddenly we were hugging.

We ate at a restaurant near my home. He was gallant, poised and charming — and also very funny. Never had I felt more comfortable with anyone. As we walked to the car after dinner, he began to sing songs that we both remembered, in the sweetest male voice I had ever heard.

Later, while I made coffee, he opened his worn doctor's bag to show me his family pictures. His wife, Carolyn — slim, fair and serene. Two attractive sons and a lovely daughter. George and Carolyn on Florida beaches where they vacationed every winter, and on cruises to Bermuda. "We always put our marriage first," George explained. "But we also spent plenty of time with the children at our Lake Erie cottage every summer."

"My goodness, when did you practice medicine?" I asked.

"Between vacations," he said with a laugh. "And I worked hard. Work and play, love and pray. These are words I've always tried to live by: Love is the most important — to love your wife and children next to God."

"If I didn't love God first," he said, "I couldn't love other people so much." George paused, his voice unsteady. "The way I loved Carolyn. Or the way I love you now." To my surprise, he kissed me.

I was thrilled but bewildered. Unsure of myself, I couldn't think what to say except, "That's beautiful. And your wife must have shared the same philosophy."

"Oh, she was wonderful." He went on to describe their marriage.

Carolyn had been not only his sweetheart and companion, he told me, but also his secretary and nurse. When she died suddenly at their summer cottage, he went into shock for months.

Then he found my book. "It told me you, too, had suffered," he said, "that a lot of people suffer, but with God's help we can and must go on."

Gone was his former aplomb. "Would you consider marrying me?" he asked, with pleading eyes.

I shook my head, "No, George. You're still in love with your wife. And I could never be the kind of wife she was to you."

"But the past is gone," he said with emotion. "Something happened the minute I heard your voice. It was like waking from a long nightmare. And when I actually saw you tonight! It's not your book, it's you, the wonderful time we've had just in these past few hours. We need each other. Please, at least make an effort to know me."

I explained how difficult that would be. He was practicing in Pittsburgh. I was busy with a new book.

"When will I see you again?"

"Not for a while. I'm leaving tomorrow for a booksellers' convention. Not long after that, I'll be flying to Israel for two weeks."

"Let me go with you!"

"Oh, no," I protested. I steered him firmly but kindly toward the door and kissed him good-night.

Watching his car disappear, I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. What a remarkable man. What had I thrown away? Well, so be it, I thought. I'll probably never see him again.

Although George could tell from my book that I had suffered, few suspected the secret agonies of my marriage, and I was too proud to show it. My husband, Lynn, and I lived "lives of quiet desperation" behind the façade of supposed success.

The truth was he could not show me the affection I craved. He was a fine man, highly respected, a model father, a manager of his firm. But the pressures of work were enormous, and as the years passed, he slipped into alcoholism. There is no loneliness like that of living with an alcoholic. Finally, in despair, I called our son Mark, who persuaded his father to go to Alcoholics Anonymous.

That blessed organization saved what was left of our marriage and probably Lynn's life. From then on, he had something to live for, and he was generous and giving. Fifteen years later, in 1979, he died.

It was April. George and I had been in constant touch by phone. I was thoroughly infatuated