

高中英文選  
ENGLISH SELECTIONS  
FOR SENIOR MIDDLE SCHOOLS—III

第三冊

葛傳槩 ● 桂紹盱

上海競文書局印行

**ENGLISH SELECTIONS**  
**FOR SENIOR MIDDLE SCHOOLS—III**

*Edited with Notes*

*by*

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**THE CHING WEN BOOK COMPANY**  
796 PEKING ROAD (WESTERN) - - - SHANGHAI

# 高中英文選 (第三冊)

中華民國三十七年七月初版

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發行者： 桂 紹 町

上海 (9) 北京西路 796 號

發行所： 競 文 書 局

電話： 三四九九一

定價 十一元

## 編輯大意

- 一：本書共三冊，供高中三學年應用。每冊五十課，半年讀二十五課，一學年讀完一冊。
- 一：本書選材，精審實用，易教易讀，都適合高中學生的生活，思想，和趣味。新舊名家的作品，報章和雜誌文字，兼收並蓄。論說，故事，戲劇，小說，傳記，日記，書信，演說，童話，詩歌，等文件都有。
- 一：第二次大戰時代和大戰以後的文字，本書也有收入；材料是新穎的，文字是淺顯的，趣味是濃厚的。
- 一：本書文字，都經過編者的詳細校訂，使它正確。要精通英文，除了讀熟以外，還得明瞭文字的真意，字和辭的慣用法，詳細研究。所以每冊後面的注解，不獨精詳正確，而且發揮蘊義，學生可能感到的一切困難，都不厭求詳，仔細解釋，供給教師的參考和學生的研究。
- 一：本書注音用萬國音標；根據 Daniel Jones 所編 *An English Pronouncing Dictionary* 的一九四七年版。

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## 1. THE LIBERATION OF PARIS

### I

I had thought that for me there could never again be any elation in war. But I had reckoned without the liberation of Paris—I had reckoned without remembering that I might be a part of that richly historic day. We were in Paris on the first day—one of the great days of all time. Our approach to the city was hectic. We had waited for three days in a nearby town while hourly our reports on what was going on in Paris changed and contradicted themselves. Of a morning it would look as though we were about to break through the German ring around Paris and come to the aid of the brave French Forces of the Interior who were holding parts of the city. By afternoon it would seem the enemy had reinforced until another Stalingrad was developing. We could not bear to think of the destruction of Paris, and yet at times it seemed desperately inevitable.

That was the situation on the morning when we left Rambouillet and decided to feel our way timidly towards the very outskirts of Paris. And then, when we were within about eight miles, rumours began to circulate that the French Second Armoured Division was in the city. We argued for half an hour at a crossroads with a French captain who was holding us up, and finally he freed us and waved us on. Then for fifteen minutes we drove through a flat, garden-like country under a magnificent bright sun and amidst greenery, with distant banks of smoke pillaring the

horizon ahead and to our left. Gradually we entered the suburbs, and soon into the midst of Paris itself and a pandemonium of surely the greatest mass joy that has ever happened.

The streets were lined as they are by Fourth of July parade crowds at home, only this crowd was almost hysterical. The streets of Paris are very wide, and they were packed on each side. The women were all brightly dressed in white or red blouses and colourful peasant skirts, with flowers in their hair and big, flashy ear-rings. Everybody was throwing flowers, and even serpentine.

As our jeep eased through the crowds, thousands of people crowded up, leaving only a narrow corridor, and frantic men, women, and children grabbed us and kissed us and shook our hands and beat on our shoulders and slapped our backs and shouted their joy as we passed. I was in a jeep with Henry Gorrell of the United Press, Capt. Carl Pergler of Washington, D. C., and Corp. Alexander Belon, of Amherst, Mass. We all got kissed until we were literally red in the face, and I must say we enjoyed it.

Once the jeep was simply swamped in human traffic and had to stop; instantly we were swarmed over and hugged and kissed and torn at. Everybody, even beautiful girls, insisted on kissing you on both cheeks. Somehow I got started kissing babies that were held up by their parents, and for a while I looked like a baby-kissing politician going down the street. The fact that I hadn't shaved for days, and was grey-bearded as well as bald-headed, made no difference. Finally some Frenchman told us



there were still snipers shooting, so we put our steel helmets back on.

We had entered Paris via Rue Aristide Briand and Rue d'Orleans. We were slightly apprehensive, but decided it was all right to keep going as long as there were crowds. But finally we were stymied by the people in the streets, and then above the din we heard some not-too-distant explosions—the Germans trying to destroy bridges across the Seine. And then the rattling of machine-guns up the street, and that old battlefield whine of high-velocity shells just overhead. Some of us veterans ducked, but the Parisians just laughed and continued to carry on.

The farthest we got in our first hour in Paris was near the Senate building, where some Germans were holed up and firing desperately. So we took a hotel room nearby and decided to write while the others fought. The Germans were still battling in the heart of the city, along the Seine, but they were doomed. There was a full French armoured division in the city, plus American troops entering constantly.

The other correspondents wrote thoroughly and well about the fantastic eruption of mass joy when Paris was liberated. I could not add much to what they reported in those first days. Actually the thing floored most of us. I felt totally incapable of reporting it. It was so big I felt inadequate to touch it. I didn't know where to start or what to say. The words you put down about it sounded feeble to the point of asininity. I was not alone in this feeling, for I heard a dozen other correspondents say the same thing. A good many of us feel we have failed

to present adequately what was the loveliest, brightest story of our time. It may be that this was because we have been so unused, for so long, to anything bright.

At any rate, from two in the afternoon until darkness around ten, we few Americans in Paris on that first day were kissed and hauled and mauled by friendly mobs until we hardly knew where we were. Everybody kissed us—little children, old women, grown-up men, beautiful girls. They jumped and squealed and pushed in a literal frenzy. They pinned bright little flags and badges all over you. Amateur cameramen took pictures. They tossed flowers and friendly tomatoes into your jeep. One little girl even threw a bottle of cider into ours.

As we drove along, gigantic masses of waving and screaming humanity clapped their hands as though applauding a performance in a theatre. We in the jeeps smiled back until we had set grins on our faces. We waved until our arms gave out, and then we just waggled our fingers. We shook hands until our hands were bruised and scratched. If the jeep stopped we were swamped instantly. Those who couldn't reach us threw kisses at us, and we threw kisses back.

They sang songs. They sang wonderful French songs we had never heard. And they sang "Tipperary" and "Madelon" and "Over There" and the "Marseillaise". French policemen saluted formally but smilingly as we passed. The French tanks that went in ahead of us pulled over to the side-walks and were immediately swarmed over.

And then some weird cell in the inscrutable human makeup caused people to start wanting autographs. It began the first evening, and by the next day had grown to unbelievable proportions. Everybody wanted every soldier's autograph. They shoved note-books and papers at us to sign. It was just like Hollywood. One woman, on the second day, had a stack of neat little white slips, at least three hundred of them, for people to sign.

The weather was marvellous for liberation day, and for the next day too. For two days previously it had been gloomy and raining. But on the big day the sky was pure blue, the sun was bright and warm—a perfect day for a perfect occasion.

That first afternoon only the main streets into the city were open and used, and they were packed with humanity. The side streets were roped off and deserted, because the Germans had feeble fortifications and some snipers there.

## THE LIBERATION OF PARIS

### II

Paris seemed to have all the beautiful girls we always heard it had. The women have an art of getting themselves up fascinatingly. Their hair is done crazily, their clothes are worn imaginatively. They dress in riotous colours in this lovely warm season, and when the flag-draped holiday streets are packed with Parisians the colour makes everything else in the world seem grey. As one soldier remarked, the biggest thrill in getting to Paris is to

see people in bright summer clothes again.

Like any city, Paris has its quota of dirty and ugly people. But dirty and ugly people have emotions too, and Hank Gorrell got roundly kissed by one of the dirtiest and ugliest women I have ever seen. I must add that since he's a handsome creature he also got more than his share of embraces from the beautiful young things.

There was one funny little old woman, so short she couldn't reach up to kiss men in military vehicles, who appeared on the second day carrying a step-ladder. Whenever a car stopped she would climb her step-ladder and let the boys have it with hugs, laughs, and kisses.

The second day was a little different from the first. You could sense that during those first few hours of liberation the people were almost animal-like in their panic of joy and relief and gratitude. They were actually crying as they kissed you and screamed "Thank you, oh, thank you, for coming!"

But on the second day it was a deliberate holiday. It was a festival prepared for and gone into on purpose. You could tell that the women had prettied up especially. The old men had on their old medals, and the children were scrubbed and Sunday-dressed until they hurt. And then everybody came downtown. By two in the afternoon the kissing and shouting and autographing and applauding were almost overwhelming. The pandemonium of a free and lovable Paris reigned again. It was wonderful to be there.

As we had driven towards Paris from the south

we had seen hundreds of Parisians—refugees and returning vacationists—riding homeward on bicycles amidst the tanks and big guns.

Some Frenchmen have the faculty for making all of us Nervous Nellies look ridiculous. There should be a nonchalant Frenchman in every war movie. He would be a sort of French Charlie Chaplin. You would have tense soldiers crouching in ditches and firing from behind low walls. And in the middle of it you would have this Frenchman, in faded blue overalls and beret and with a nearly burnt-up cigarette in his mouth, come striding down the middle of the road past the soldiers. I saw that very thing happen about four times after D-day, and I never could see it without laughing.

Well, the crowds were out in Paris like that while the shooting was still going on. People on bicycles would stop with one foot on the pavement to watch the firing that was going on right in that block.

As the French Second Armoured Division rolled into the city at dangerous speed, I noticed one tank commander, with goggles, smoking a cigar, and another soldier in a truck playing a flute for his own amusement. There also were a good many pet dogs riding into the battle on top of tanks and trucks.

Amidst this fantastic Paris-ward battle traffic were people pushing baby carriages full of belongings, walking with suit-cases, and riding bicycles so heavily loaded with gear that if they were to lay them down they had to have help to lift them upright.

And in the midst of it all was a tandem bicycle

ridden by a man and a beautiful woman, both in bright blue shorts, just as though they were holidaying, which undoubtedly they were.

For twenty-four hours tanks were parked on the side-walks all over downtown Paris. They were all manned by French soldiers, and each tank immediately became a sort of social centre. Kids were all over the tanks like flies. Women in white dresses climbed up to kiss men with grimy faces. And early the second morning we saw a girl climbing sleepily out of a tank turret.

French soldiers of the armoured division were all in American uniforms and they had American equipment. Consequently most people at first thought we few Americans were French. Then, puzzled, they would say "English?" and we would say "No, American". And then we would get a little scream and a couple more kisses.

Every place we stopped somebody in the crowd could speak English. They apologized for not inviting us to their homes for a drink, saying they didn't have any. Time and again they would say: "We've waited so long for you!" It almost got to be a refrain.

One elderly gentleman said that although we were long in reaching France we had come swiftly since then. He said the people hadn't expected us to be in Paris for six months after invasion day.

We correspondents left Paris after a few days and went on again with the armies in the field. In Paris we had slept in beds and walked on carpeted floors for the first time in three months. It was a

beautiful experience, and yet for some perverse reason a great inner feeling of calm and relief came over us when we once again set up our cots in a tent, with apple-trees for our draperies and only the green grass for a rug.

Hank Gorrell of the United Press was with me, and he said:

“This is ironic, that we should have to go back with the armies to get some peace”.

The gaiety and charm and big-cityness of Paris somehow had got a little on our nerves after so much of the opposite. I guess it indicates that all of us will have to make our return to normal life gradually and in small doses.

As usual, those Americans most deserving of seeing Paris will be the last ones to see it, if they ever do. By that I mean the fighting soldiers. Only one infantry regiment and one reconnaissance outfit of Americans actually came into Paris, and they passed on through the city quickly and went on with their war.

The first ones in the city to stay were such non-fighters as the psychological-warfare and civil-affairs people, public-relations men and correspondents. I heard more than one rear-echelon soldier say he felt a little ashamed to be getting all the grateful cheers and kisses for the liberation of Paris when the guys who broke the German army and opened the way for Paris to be free were still out there fighting without benefit of kisses and applause.

But that's the way things are in this world.

### 3. THE BEAUTIFUL SEA

Mr Day, the pastor, always believed that if only Mrs Moggs could be persuaded to leave her little shop, that was also the village post-office, upon a Sunday or any holiday, and go down and look at the sea, her soul's salvation would be sure to follow such a visit.

"Her soul must feel sorrowful" Mr Day would remark "amongst all this starch and boot polish; it must long to get away, at least for an hour or two, from so many balls of string and penwipers".

Whenever Mr Day went to the Dodderdown shop, stepping carefully upon the stone path in winter, so as to avoid the puddles that lay here and there where the stones were broken, he would say very earnestly, after paying for his stamps: "You ought to go and look at the beautiful sea, Mrs Moggs". "Oh, it's quite enough for me" Mrs Moggs would reply "to hear the waves roar, so I have no wish to go and look at them".

Sometimes Mr Day would describe the sea. "It's as beautiful as the blue sky," he would say "and its colours are heavenly and are exactly like" — and Mr Day would look excitedly around him — "those pretty sweets on your top shelf".

"But it's a long way to the sea?"

"Only half a mile" Mr Day would reply.

Mrs Moggs was tidiness itself, nothing was ever out of place in her shop, and she always knew exactly where to lay her hands upon anything that was wanted. Her round face was pleasant and



friendly, and two grey curls hung down on each side of her head like pretty bells.

Whenever Mrs Moggs shook her head these bells would shake, too, and Betty Pring used to say, when Mrs Moggs told her that there were no more sweets in the bottle, that “she’s bells were a-ringing”.

One spring day the pastor brought to Mrs Moggs a present of two white mice. “I thought you might like to play with them,” he said “when you feel lonely, though they’re nowhere near as beautiful as the sea”.

“Oh, I’m sure the sea’s nothing like so lovely,” said Mrs Moggs, and put the mice into a drawer where they could be happy. “They’ll do nicely there,” she said “and they can’t hurt the postal orders, because I never put them into that drawer”.

Everyone in Dodderdown admired the white mice that Mr Day had given to Mrs Moggs, who said they were more beautiful than the sea.

Although nearly every day Mrs Moggs’ round kindly face glowed with content, sometimes a day would come when she looked timid and care-worn, and this always happened, when the postmaster from the town rudely pushed open the shop door and came in with his questions.

His questions were always about the money, and he would look hard at Mrs Moggs as he questioned her, as though he was sure that she had done something with the stamps or the orders that she shouldn’t have done.

“If you ever allow anyone to owe you for a stamp you’ll get yourself into trouble” Mr. Hunt,