英汉对照



语教学与研究出版 泽民等 译

晚间新闻

THE EVENING NEWS (下)

作者阿瑟·黑利译者郭泽民王守仁吴亦东吴克明

外语教学与研究出版社

(京)新登字 155 号

京权图字: 01-96-1261

图书在版编目(CIP)数据

晚间新闻/(加拿大)黑利(Hailey, A.)著;郭泽民等译.-北京:外语教学与研究出版社,1997.8 ISBN 7-5600-1282-5

I.晚··· Ⅱ.①黑··· ②郭··· Ⅲ.英语-小说-语言读物 Ⅳ.H319.4: I

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(97)第 14541 号

晚间新闻(上、下) THE EVENING NEWS

阿瑟·黑利 著 郭泽民 等译

外语教学与研究出版社出版发行 (北京西三环北路 19 号) 北京师范大学印刷厂印刷 新华书店总店北京发行所经销 开本 736×965 1/32 44.25 印张 899 千字 1998 年 2 月第 1 版 1998 年 2 月第 1 次印刷

> ISBN 7 - 5600 - 1282 - 5 H•722

印数: 1-10000套

定价(全二册): 39.90元

PART THREE

1

Within CBA News, Arthur Nalesworth—urbane, dignified and nowadays known to everyone as Uncle Arthur—had, in his younger years, been a very big wheel. During three decades at the network he worked his way to a series of top appointments, among them vice president of world news coverage, executive producer of the National Evening News, and executive vice president of the entire News Division. Then his luck changed and, like many before and since, he was shunted to the sidelines at age fifty-six, informed that his days of big responsibility were over and given the choice of early retirement or a minor, makework post.

Most people faced with those alternatives chose retirement out of pride. Arthur Nalesworth, not consumed by self-importance but with a great deal of eclectic philosophy, chose to keep a job—any job. The network, not having expected that decision, then had to find him something to do. First they made it known he would have the title of vice president.

As Uncle Arthur himself was apt to tell it later, "Around here we have three kinds of vice presidents—working veeps who do honest, productive jobs and earn their keep; headquarters-bureaucrat vice

此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbc

presidents who are nonproducing but positioned to take the blame for those above them if anything goes wrong; and 'has-been' vice presidents, now in charge of paper clips, and I am one of those."

Then, if encouraged, he would confide still further, "One thing those of us who achieve some success in this business should all prepare for, but most don't, is the day we cease to be important. Near the top of the greasy pole we ought to remind ourselves that sooner than we think we'll be discarded, quickly forgotten, replaced by someone younger and probably better. Of course"... and here Uncle Arthur liked to quote Tennyson's Ulysses ... "Death closes all: but something ere the end, Some work of noble note, may yet be done"."

Unexpectedly, after his high-flying days ended, and surprising both the network and himself, Uncle Arthur found his own "work of noble note."

It involved young people, candidates for jobs.

TV executives found it a nuisance and sometimes a dilemma when asked an almost identical question by a succession of people—friends, relatives, business contacts, politicos, doctors, dentists, optometrists, stockbrokers, guests at parties, a list ad infinitum. The question was: "Will you help my son/daughter/nephew/niece/godchild/pupil/protégé get a job in television news?"

There were days, especially at college graduation time, when it seemed to those already in the business that an entire generation of young people was attempting to batter down the gates and enter.

As to their would-be sponsors, some could be brushed off easily by the TV executives so approached, but by no means all. Among the non-brushables were important advertisers or their agencies, members of CBA's board of directors, Washingtonians having clout at the White House or no Capitol Hill, Other politicians whom it would be foolish to offend, important news sources, and many more.

In BUA days—the initials signifying "Before Uncle Arthur" — CBA executives would spend more time than they should making phone calls to one another about vacancies, then attempting to placate those whose sons/daughters, et al., simply could not be accommodated.

But not anymore. Arthur Nalesworth's assignment, created partly out of desperation by CBA News management, saved his colleagues all of that trouble.

Now, when confronted by a job applicant's sponsor, a CBA big shot could say, "Certainly I'll help. We have a special vice president to deal with bright young people. Tell your candidate to call this number, mention my name, and he (or she) will be given an appointment for an interview."

The interview was always given, because Arthur Nalesworth, in the tiny, windowless office he had been assigned, interviewed everybody. There had never been so many job applicant interviews before and all were lengthy, lasting an hour, sometimes more. During the interview wide-ranging questions were asked and answered, confidences exchanged. At the end, the interviewee left feeling good about CBA even if no job resulted—as was mostly the case—and Nalesworth was left with a perceptive insight into the personality and potential of the young person he had faced across his desk.

At first the number of interviews and the time they took became a news department joke, with sardonic references to "time filling" and "empire building." Also, because of Nalesworth's sympathetic encouragement of every applicant, promising or not, the description "Uncle Arthur" was coined and stuck.

But gradually a grudging respect replaced the skepticism. It evolved still further when Uncle Arthur strongly urged employing certain young people who, when hired, moved quickly and successfully into the news department's mainstream. In time it became a source of pride, like possessing a diploma, to have been an Uncle Arthur choice.

Now, with Uncle Arthur in his sixty-fifth year and normal retirement only five months away, there was talk among the News Division brass of pleading with him not to go. Suddenly, to everyone's surprise, Arthur Nalesworth was important once again.

Thus, on a Sunday morning in the third week of September, Uncle Arthur arrived at CBA News headquarters to play his part in the search for Jessica, Nicholas and Angus Sloane. As instructed by Les Chippingham on the telephone the night before, he came to the special task force conference room where Partridge, Rita and Teddy Cooper were on hand to greet him.

The man they met was broad-shouldered and stocky, of medium height, with a cherubic face and a full head of carefully brushed and parted silver hair. He had an assured, easy manner. Acknowledging that it was not a regular working day, instead of his usual dark suit Uncle Arthur wore a brown Harris tweed jacket, light gray slacks with a knife-edge crease, a bolo tie and highly polished brogues.

When Uncle Arthur spoke it was with a sonorous almost-Churchillian delivery. A former colleague once remarked that any opinion Arthur Nalesworth expressed was as if engraved on tablets of stone.

After shaking hands with Partridge and Rita and being introduced to Cooper, Uncle Arthur said, "I understand you need sixty of my brightest and best—if I can assemble that many at short notice. First, though, I suggest you tell me what's in the wind."

"Teddy will do that," Partridge said. He motioned to Cooper to begin.

Uncle Arthur listened while the British researcher described the attempts to identify the kidnappers and the apparent dead end now reached. Cooper then outlined his idea of searching through newspaper real estate advertising in and attempt to locate the headquarters the kidnappers might have used, based on his theory of their renting space within a twenty-five-mile radius of the crime scene.

Partridge added, "We know it's a long shot, Arthur, but at the moment it's the best we have."

"My own experience," Uncle Arthur replied, "is that when you have nothing whatever to proceed on, long shots are the way to go."

"I'm glad you think so, sir," Cooper said.

Uncle Arthur nodded, "A thing about long shots is that while you seldom find exactly what you're looking for, you're likely to stumble over something else that will help you in a different way." He added, speaking to Cooper directly, "You'll also find, young man, that among the young people I'm about to call, some are dynamos, very much like yourself."

Cooper accompanied Uncle Arthur to his small office where the older man spread files and index cards around until they covered the surface of his desk. He then began telephoning—a steady processsion of calls having a common pattern though each sounding personal and as if a familiar friend were on the line.

"... Well, Ian, you said you wanted an opportunity to get into this business, no matter how modest, and one has just come up." ... "No, Bernard, I cannot guarantee that two weeks' work will lead to something permanent, but why not take a chance?"... "Quite so, Pamela, I agree this temporary job isn't much for a journalism major. Remember, though, that some of broadcasting's biggest names began as gofers."... "Yes, Howard, you're right in saying five dollars fifty cents an hour is not a bountiful wage. But if

money's your main concern, forget a news career and head for Wall Street." ... "Felix, I do understand the timing may not be convenient; it seldom is. If you wish to be a TV news person you'll have to walk out, if necessary, on your wife's birthday party." ... "Don't lose sight of the fact, Erskine, that you'll be able to put on your résumé you did a special job for CBA."

At the end of an hour Uncle Arthur had made twelve calls resulting in seven "sures" who would report for work the following day, plus one probable. He continued to work patiently through his lists.

One call made outside his lists by Uncle Arthur was to his longtime friend Professor Kenneth K. Goldstein, associate dean of the Columbia School of Journalism. When the CBA network problem was explained, the educator was instantly sympathetic and helpful.

While both men knew that heavy scholastic pressures made the involvement of undergraduate students impossible, some graduate students working on master's degrees in journalism would likely be interested and available. So might other recent graduates who had not yet found employment.

"What we'll do here," the associate dean said, "is rate this an emergency. I'll do my best to come up with a dozen or so names and will be back to you later."

"Columbia forever!" Uncle Arthur affirmed, then continued with other phoning.

Teddy Cooper, meanwhile, returned to the conference room to prepare a task plan for the temporary workers who would arrive the next day. His two assistant researchers had come in to help and together they pored over *Editor and Publisher International Year Book*, local maps and phone directories, selecting libraries and newspaper offices to be visited and routes and schedules to be followed.

At the same time Cooper drew up specifications to guide the

young recruits who would sift through three months of classified advertising in some one hundred and sixty newspapers. What would they look for?

As well as the proviso of being within twenty-five miles of Larchmont, Cooper envisaged:

- A relatively lonely location with little other activity around. The
 people being sought would want privacy, also the ability to come
 and go without arousing curiosity. Any house or premises in a busy
 or densely populated location should be discounted.
- The premises would probably be a small abandoned factory or warehouse, or a large house. If a house, most likely old, run-down and therefore not much sought after. The house probably with outbuildings having space to garage several vehicles and contain a vehicle paint shop. An untenanted farm a strong possibility. Other types of accommodation matching the general concept to be looked for and imagination utilized.
- Living accommodation for at least four or five people and possibly other housing space. However, the occupants would be capable of "roughing it," so living quarters might not be evident in any advertised description. (In "Other housing" Cooper mentally included imprisonment of the kidnap victims, but would not mention that specifically.)
- The location and premises might be undesirable to someone seeking normal business space or somewhere to live. Therefore special attention should be paid to any advertisement appearing for an extended time, then abruptly stopping. That sequence might indicate no takers, followed by a sudden renting or sale for an unusual purpose.
- · The cost of renting, leasing or even ownership should not be a fac-

此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbo

tor in the advertising search. The people being pursued almost certainly had ample funds.

That was sufficient, Cooper decided. While he wanted to convey a broad general idea, he didn't wish to be too limiting or discourage initiative. He also intended to talk to Uncle Arthur's recruits when they arrived early the next day and had asked Rita to arrange a suitable place.

Shortly after noon, Cooper joined Uncle Arthur for lunch in the CBA News cafeteria. Uncle Arthur chose a tuna sandwich and milk, Cooper a rectangle of meat covered by glutinous gravy, a canary-yellow pie and—with a look of resignation—a cup of warm water and a tea bag.

"Unfortunately," Uncle Arthur said apologetically, "'21' is closed today. Perhaps some other time."

Because it was Sunday, with fewer people than usual in the building, they had a table to themselves. Soon after settling down Cooper began, "I'd like to ask you, sir . . ."

Uncle Arthur stopped him with a gesture. "Your British respect is refreshing. But you are now in the land of great leveling where commoners address kings as 'Joe' or 'Hey you!' and a decreasing number of people use 'Mr.' on an envelope. Here I'm known to all and sundry by my first name."

"Well, Arthur," Cooper said, a shade awkwardly, "I was only wondering how you feel about TV news right now compared with when . . ."

"Compared with the olden days when I counted for something? Well, my answer may surprise you. It's much better all around. The people who do reporting and producing are an improvement over those in my time, including myself. But that's because coverage of the

news is always getting better. It always has."

Cooper raised his eyebrows. "Lotsa people feel the other way."

"That's because, my dear Teddy, there are those who suffer from nostalgia constipation. What those people need is a mental enema. One way to get it is to visit the Museum of Broadcasting here in New York and watch—as I did recently—some of the old news broadcasts, from the sixties for example. Measured by the standards of today, most seem weak, even amateurish, and I speak not just of technical quality but the depth of journalistic probing."

"Some who don't like us say nowadays we probe too much."

"A criticism coming usually from those with something to hide."

As Cooper chuckled, Uncle Arthur continued expansively, "One measure of our improving journalism is that fewer things which ought to be exposed stay hidden. Abuses of the public trust are dragged into the open. Of course, even the good people in public life pay penalties for that. Their loss of privacy is one. But in the end society is better served."

"So you don't think the old-time reporters were better than those today?"

"Not only were they not better, but most didn't have the ruthlessness, the indifference to authority, the willingness to go for the jugular that a first-rate newsperson requires today. Of course, the old reporters were good by the standards of their times and a few were exceptional. But even those, if around today, would be embarrassed by the sainthood now conferred on them."

Cooper wrinkled his eyes in curiosity. "Sainthood?"

"Oh, yes. Didn't you know we dedicated news people regard our calling as a religion? We use buzz words like news being a 'sacred trust.' We pontificate about a 'golden age of television'—in the past, naturally—and then we canonize our journalistic stars. Over at

CBS they've created Saint Ed Murrow—who was outstanding, no doubt about it. But Ed had his worldly weaknesses, though legend prefers to overlood them. Eventually CBS will create Saint Cronkite, though Walter, I'm afraid, will have to die first. A living person can't sustain such eminence. And that's just CBS, the senior news establishment. The other, younger networks will create their saints in time—ABC inevitably will have Saint Arledge. After all, Roone, more than any other single person, shaped network news into its modern form."

Uncle Arthur rose. "Listening to your views, my dear Teddy, has been most enlightening. But I must now return to that ubiquitous master of our lives, the telephone."

By the end of the day Uncle Arthur made known that fifty-eight of his "brightest and best" would be reporting for duty Monday morning.

2

Early on Sunday the Learjet 55LR entered airspace over San Martín Province in the sparsely populated Selva, or jungle, region of Peru. Aboard the jet Jessica, Nicholas and Angus Sloane were still in caskets and sedated.

After a five-and-a-quarter-hour flight from Opa Locka, Florida,

the Lear was nearing its destination—Sion airstrip in the Andes foothills. The local time was 4:15 A.M.

On the dimly lighted flight deck both pilots craned forward, their eyes searching the darkness ahead. The airplane's altitude was 3,500 feet above sea level, though only 1,000 feet above the jungle floor below. Not far ahead were high mountain ranges.

Eighteen minutes earlier they had left a regular airway with its dependable radio beacons and, to locate the airstrip, had switched to a GNS-500 VLF navigation system, a device so precise that pilots sometimes described it as "able to find a pimple on a fly's ass." However, when they were near or over the airstrip, there should be a visual signal from the ground.

They had reduced airspeed substantially, but were still cruising at more than 300 knots.

The copilot, Faulkner, was first to see the white light of the ground beacon. It flashed three times, then went out, but not before Faulkner, who was at the controls, had put the aircraft into a turn and settled on a compass heading to where the light had been.

Captain Underhill, who had seen the light a moment after Faulkner, was now busy with a radio, using a special frequency and a message in code. "Atención, amigos de Huallaga. Éste es el avión 'La Dorada.' Les traemos el embarque Pizarro."

The prearranged call sign had been given to Underhill when the charter was negotiated. It worked, and a reply shot back, "Somos sus amigos de la tierra. Les estamos esperando. 'La Dorada,' se puede aterrizar. No hay viento."

The permission to land was welcome, but the news of no ground wind to help slow the heavy 55LR was not. However, as Underhill transmitted an acknowledgment, the same beacon light came on again and continued flashing intermittently. Moments later, beyond it,

three flares sprang into view along the hard-dirt strip. Underhill, who had been here twice before, was sure the radio that had just been used was hand-held field equipment and probably carried on the same truck as a portable searchlight. The sophisticated gear did not surprise him. Drug traffickers frequently landed here, and when it came to equipment the drug cartels spent freely.

"I'll take us in," Underhill said, and the copilot surrendered the controls.

Staying a thousand feet above the ground, the pilot made a pass over the area, sizing up what little could be seen of the airstrip and gauging his approach. He knew they would need every foot of ground available, knew too there were trees and heavy foliage on both sides of the landing strip, so for all reasons, touchdown would have to be perfectly placed. Satisfied, he began an approach pattern, swinging onto a downwind leg, flying parallel with the strip and losing height.

Beside him, Faulkner was performing a pre-landing check. At "gear down," the rumble of descending wheels began. As they turned left onto a base leg, the landing gear's three green lights winked on.

On final approach their two bright landing lights sliced the darkness ahead and Underhill let the speed fall back to 120 knots. He found himself wishing this landing could have been in daylight, but they had too little fuel to stooge around until sunrise at six o'clock. As the strip became nearer, Underhill realized they were too high. He reduced power. Now the threshold was barely fifty feet distant. Throttles right back, power off, trimmed at nearly full nose-up. This was it! They touched the rough, uneven ground with a bump. Hard rudder to stay straight, those trees a blur of shadows in the landing lights. Reverse thrust ... brakes! Now they had passed the middle flare and were slowing. Was it slow enough? The end of the strip was

disconcertingly close, but speed was almost off. They were going to make it and they did—with nothing to spare.

"Nice," Faulkner said. He didn't like Underhill much; his superior was selfish, inconsiderate and usually aloof. Just the same he was a superb pilot.

As Underhill swung the Lear around and taxied back toward the approach end of the airstrip, they caught glimpses of a truck and several moving figures. Beyond the truck and off to one side was a small, roughly constructed hut, beside it a dozen or so metal drums.

"There's our fuel," Underhill said, pointing. "Those guys will help you pump it in, and do it fast because I want us the hell out of here at first light." Bogotá, Colombia, was their next destination and the culmination of this charter. Once airborne, it would be a short and easy flight.

Something else Underhill knew was that this area of jungle was a no-man's-land, regularly fought over by Sendero Luminoso, the Peruvian Army, and sometimes the government's anti-terrorism police. With all three groups noted for extreme brutality, it was not a place to linger. But the Learjet's passengers would be disembarking here, so Underhill motioned to Faulkner who reached behind him and opened the door between the flight deck and the main cabin.

Miguel, Socorro, Rafael and Baudelio were relieved to be on the ground after the descent through darkness. But with relief came an awareness that a new part of their enterprise was beginning. In particular, Baudelio, who had been monitoring the caskets with external instruments, began to diminish the sedation, knowing that very soon the caskets would be opened and his patients—as he continued to think of them—removed.

Moments later the Learjet stopped, the engines fell silent and

此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbo