

英 语

上 册

(高等学校英语专业四年級第一学期用)



徐 燕 謀 主 編

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前 言

“大学四年级英语课本”是教育部委托各高等学校编写的文科教材之一，由复旦大学主编，上海外国语学院和华东师范大学参加编辑。我们接受任务之后，初步总结了三年来教育革命的经验，在各院校现有教材的基础上，加以充实提高，力求切合实用。本教材分上、下两册，每册包括课文、注释、练习三部分。为了使用便利起见，将各部分的内容和要求简略说明如下：

I. 课文：

1. 选文以具有社会主义、民主主义倾向和揭露资本主义社会黑暗的作品为主，同时酌收少数政治上无害、语言上有益的作品。

2. 选文的语言力求规范化；但为了提高同学阅读英美文学作品的能力，也适当选入若干有俚语和俗语的作品。

3. 每册课文十八篇，题材与体裁力求多样化。文学作品约占 60%，其它各种文体的作品（如政论、报导、演说、历史、游记等）约占 40%。

4. 选文以二十世纪英美原著为主，同时也包括一部分译文和十八、十九世纪的英美作品。

5. 为了适应各院校英语专业不同的要求，教材中所选篇目较多，难易的幅度较大，教师可根据实际情况和要求选择应用。

6. 课文的排列主要根据由浅入深的原则，同时也照顾到题材和体裁的分类。每篇课文限制在 2000 字左右。教师可根据具体情况，灵活掌握讲授每篇课文的时间。

II. 注释：

每篇课文之后附有作家、作品简介和注释。

1. 简介提供有关作家、作品和时代背景的必要材料,帮助同学深入理解课文内容,教师可根据实际需要进行适当的讲解和补充。

2. 注释提供理解课文的必要材料,帮助同学加深已有的语言知识,掌握新的语言现象。注释包括下列几个方面:(a)历史背景知识,(b)需要掌握的语言现象,(c)基本修辞知识,(d)俚语、土语、古语等,(e)其它在语言和内容方面需要说明的地方。

III. 练习:

练习以加深对课文的掌握、培养熟巧为原则。教师可根据实际需要对本教材的练习进行删减或补充。

1. 每篇课文后附有常用词和短语表,要求同学通过预习和教师的必要讲解,更熟练地掌握其中过去已学过的常用词和短语,并且扩大它们的应用范围,同时也适当地掌握一些新的常用词和短语。

2. 为了帮助同学巩固课文中所学到的语言材料,每课之后有填空、改写、条件翻译、造句、句型模仿等笔头练习,同时也安排了一定数量的口头练习。

3. 为了提高同学活用英语的能力,在教材中布置了若干综合练习,如段落翻译、课文摘要、人物描写等。

4. 每课之后附有启发性的讨论题,借以加深同学对课文的理解,培养同学独立思考和用英语进行自由讨论的能力。

由于编辑时间匆促和编者水平的限制,本教材在选文、注释、练习设计等方面,都难免有很多缺点,我们热诚地希望采用本教材的教师和读者给以批评指正。

在编辑过程中,承兄弟院校提供材料和意见,谨此志谢。

编者 王 天 德 等

1961年8月10日

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LESSON I

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

By *Julius Fuchik*

In five minutes the clock will strike ten. A beautiful, warm spring evening, April 24, 1942.

I am hurrying as fast as I can while pretending to be an elderly man with a limp—hurrying to reach the Jelineks' before the building is closed at curfew, at ten. There my "adjutant" Mirek is waiting. I know that he has nothing important to tell me this time, nor I to tell him. But to miss an appointed meeting might cause panic, and I should hate to cause extra worry for those two fine souls, my hosts.

They greet me with a cup of tea. Mirek is there—and the Fried couple, also. That is an unnecessary risk. "I like to see you, comrades, but not together this way. So many in one room at once is the best way to jail, to death. You will either have to stick to the rules of conspiracy, or quit working with us, for you are endangering yourselves and others. Do you understand?"

"We understand."

"And what have you brought me?"

"Copy for the May first number of *Red Rights*."

"Excellent. And You, Mirek?"

"There's nothing new. The work is going well. . ."

"That's all. See you after the first of May. I'll send a message. So long."

"Another cup of tea, chief."

"No, no, Mrs. Jelinek. There are too many of us here."

"At least one cup, please."

Steam rises from the fresh-poured tea.

Someone rings at the door.

At this time of night? Who can it be?

The visitors are impatient. They bang on the door.

"Open up! The police!"

Quick through the window. Escape. I have a pistol; I'll hold them back. Too late. Gestapo men under the windows, aiming pistols into the room. Detectives have forced the door, rush into the room through the kitchen. One, two, three—nine of them. They do not see me because I am behind the door through which they came. I could easily shoot them in the back. But their nine pistols point at the two women and three unarmed men. If I fire, my five friends will fall before I do. If I shoot myself, there will be shooting anyway, and those five will die. If I don't shoot, they will sit in jail six months or a year, and the revolution will set them free, alive. Only Mirek and I will not come out alive; they will torture us. They won't get anything out of me, but out of Mirek? A man who fought in Spain, a man who lived through two years of concentration camp in France, who came from France back to Prague illegally in the midst of war—no, he will never tell. I have two seconds to decide. Or is it three seconds?

If I shoot, I don't save anyone, except myself from torture—but I sacrifice the lives of five comrades. Is that true?

Yes. So it is decided. I step out of the corner.

"Ah, one more!"

The first blow in my face. Hard enough to knock a man out.

"Hands up."

Another punch, and another.

This is just as I imagined it would be.

The orderly apartment is now a pile of furniture and broken things.

More blows and kicks.

"March."

They drag me into an automobile. Pistols always pointing at me. They start on me in the car.

"Who are you?"

"Professor Horak."

"You lie."

I shrug my shoulders.

"Sit still or we shoot!"

"Well, shoot."

Instead, they punch me.

We pass a streetcar. It looks to me as though it were draped with white. A wedding car—at night? I must be feverish.

The Petchek building, Gestapo headquarters. I never thought I should enter here alive. They make me run up to the fourth floor. Aha, the famous II-A section, anti-Communist investigation. I seem to be almost curious.

A tall thin commissar in charge of the arrest unit puts a revolver in his pocket and takes me into his office. He lights my cigarette.

"Who are you?"

"Professor Horak."

"You lie."

The watch on his wrist shows eleven o'clock.

"Search him."

They strip me and search.

"He has an identity card."

"The name?"

"Professor Horak."

"Check up on that."

They telephone.

"Of course, he is not registered. The card is forged."

"Who gave it to you?"

"Police headquarters."

Then the first blow with a stick. The second, third . . . shall I count them? No, my boy, there is nowhere to report such statistics.

"Your name? Speak. Your address? Speak. With whom did you have contact? Speak. Their addresses? Talk! Talk! Talk, or we'll beat you."

How many blows can a man stand?

The radio squeaks midnight. The cafes must be closing, the last guests going home. Lovers stand before house doors unable to take leave of each other. The tall thin commissar comes into the room with a cheerful smile.

"Everything in order, Mr. Editor?"

Who told them that? The Jelineks? The Frieds? Why, they don't even know my name.

"You see, we know everything. Talk! Be reasonable."

In their special dictionary to be reasonable means to betray.

I won't be reasonable.

"Tie him up and give him some more."

One o'clock. The last streetcars are pulling in, streets are empty, the radio says good night to its last faithful listeners.

"Who else is a member of the Central Committee? Where are your transmitters? Where is your printing shop? Talk! Talk! Talk!"

By now I can count the blows again. The only pain I feel is in the lips I have been biting.

"Off with his boots."

That is true, my feet have not yet been beaten numb. I feel that. Five, six, seven—as though that stick shot up to my brain each time.

Two o'clock. Prague is asleep. Somewhere a child will whimper, a man will pat his wife on the hips.

"Talk! Talk!"

My tongue feels along my bleeding gums and tries to count how many teeth have been knocked out. I can't keep count. Twelve, fifteen, seventeen? No, that is the number of commissars conducting my "hearing." Some of them are visibly tired. But death still does not come.

Three o'clock. Early morning moves in from the suburbs. Truck-gardeners drive toward their markets, street-sweepers go out to work. Perhaps I shall live to see one more day break.

They bring in my wife.

"Do you know him?"

I swallow the blood from around my mouth so that she will not see . . . but that is foolish because blood oozes from every inch of my face and from my finger tips.

"Do you know him?"

"No, I don't."

She said it without betraying her terror by even a glance. Pure gold. She kept our pledge never to recognize me, although it is almost unnecessary now. Who was it gave them my name?

They led her away. I said farewell with the most cheerful glance I could summon. Perhaps it wasn't cheerful. I don't know.

Four o'clock. Is dawn breaking or not? The darkened windows give no answer. And death is slow in coming. Shall I go to meet it? How?

I strike back at someone and fall to the floor. They kick me. Stamp on me with their boots. That's it, now the end will come quickly. The black commissar pulls me up by the beard and shows me a handful of torn out whiskers with a devilish laugh. It really is comical, and I don't feel pain any longer.

Five o'clock—six—seven—ten. Then it is noon, the

workmen are at their benches, children are in school. People buy and sell in the shops, at home they are getting lunch. Perhaps mother is thinking of me this moment, perhaps my comrades know that I was arrested and have taken precautions against being caught themselves... what if I should talk... no, I never will, you can count on me, truly. Anyway the end can't be far off now. This is all a nightmare, a horrible feverish nightmare. Blows all over me, then they throw water on me to bring me back. Then more blows, and shouts. "Talk! Talk! Talk!" But I still can't die. Mother, Dad, why did you make me so strong as to stand this?

Afternoon. Five o'clock. They are all tired out by this time. Their blows come slower, at long intervals, kept up out of inertia. Suddenly from a distance, from an immeasurable distance, comes a calm quiet voice, as kind as a pat:

"He has had enough."

Some time after that I was sitting at a table, which kept falling away and then coming back to me. Some one came in and gave me water. Somebody offered me a cigarette, which I couldn't lift. Now someone tries to put on my slippers, but says he can't. Then they half lead and half carry me downstairs into an auto. As we drive someone covers me with his pistol, which seems laughable, in my condition. We pass a streetcar, garlanded with white flowers, a wedding car—but maybe that is just a dream. Either a dream or fever, or dying—or death itself. But dying is hard, and

this is easy—or it isn't either hard or easy. This is light as down—if you take a breath you will blow it all away.

All away? No, not yet. Now I am standing again, really standing alone, without any support. Just before my face is a dirty yellow wall, splashed... with what? With blood, it looks like.... Yes, it is blood. I raise a finger and smear it ... yes, it is fresh ... it is my blood...

Someone behind hits me on the head and orders me to raise my arms and bend my knees to a squat. Down—up—down. The third time I fall over...

A tall SS-man stands over me, kicking me to get up. It is quite useless to kick. Someone else washes my face, I am sitting at a table. A woman gives me some sort of medicine and asks where it hurts worst. I say all the pain seems to be in my heart.

"You have no heart," says the tall SS-man.

"Oh, I certainly have," I say, and am suddenly proud that I have strength left to stand up for my heart.

Again everything vanishes—the wall, the woman with the medicine and the tall SS.

When I come to, the door of a cell opens before me. A fat SS-man drags me inside, pulls off the shreds of my shirt, lays me on the straw mattress. He feels my swollen body over and orders compresses.

"Just look," he says to the second man and wags his head. "Look what a thorough job they do."

Again from a distance, an immeasurable distance, I hear that calm quiet voice, as kind as a pat:

"He can't last till morning."

In five minutes it will strike ten. On a beautiful warm spring evening, April 25, 1942.

I. Introductory Remarks

Julius Fuchik (1903—1943) wrote *Notes from the Gallows* under the shadow of the Nazi hangmen's noose. The very form of the manuscript testifies to the invincible courage and resourcefulness of the author. It consists of pencilled slips of paper smuggled one by one, with the aid of a sympathetic Czech guard, from the Gestapo prison at Pankrats, Prague. Being a man scornful of self-deception, he knew he would not live to complete his precarious writing. But he was confident that the "happy ending" would soon be written by millions of his own countrymen and by anti-fascists in other lands.

This confidence in the people and in their future is the root theme of the book. He was no mere victim of fascism; he was its accuser, judge and moral conqueror. To him may be aptly applied the words he chose to describe a comrade of his—"always pointing others into the future when his own future pointed straight towards death."

Fuchik was killed by the Gestapo, but the future to which he points in this book has been a living reality in his native land. He is now celebrated as one of the great national heroes of Czechoslovakia.

Journalist, literary critic and communist leader, Julius Fuchik was born on February 23, 1903, in Prague. His father was a steel maker and an amateur actor and singer. He began his activities in the working class movement and in the cultural world of Czechoslovakia in his teens. As a student at the University of Prague he studied literature, music and art. He joined the Communist Party in 1921, wrote for the socialist reviews and became a leading figure in the Communist Students Organization. Later he was editor-in-chief of an influential political review and editor of *Rude Pravo* (*Red Rights*), organ of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia.

Fuchik paid two visits to the Soviet Union (1930, 1934) about which he wrote with admiration and love. He was several times persecuted and arrested by the Czech reactionaries. With the Nazi occupation, he went into hiding and organized underground headquarters for the Party. He was arrested by the Gestapo, tortured and murdered. But in these pages so magnificently unlaboured, so shrewd in observation, so rich in the love of life, Fuchik has left an enduring work of literature—an enduring lesson. Let us remember his last words: "Be on guard!" "In real life," he wrote, "there are no spectators; you all participate in life."

II. Notes

1. Ellipsis: Note that ellipsis is frequently employed in this selection. Ellipsis is the omission from a sentence

of words needed to complete construction. The missing parts may be understood from the context, or by means of intonation.

A. Ellipsis in Principal Clauses:

Subject:

Open up!

See you after the first of May.

Predicate or part of the predicate:

Gestapo men under the windows aiming pistols into the room.

What if I should talk... no, I never will.

The cafés must be closing, the last guests going home.

Predicative:

Are you ready? Yes, I am.

Object:

"You have no heart," says the tall SS-man.

"Oh, I certainly have," I say.

Sometimes several parts of the sentence are omitted:

Is that true? Yes.

The first blow in my face. Hard enough to knock a man out.

Too late.

A beautiful, warm spring evening, April 24, 1942.

B. Ellipsis in subordinate clauses:

Who was it gave them my name?