

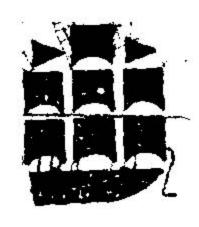
ESSENTIAL ENGLISH

Foreign Students
BOOK TWO

C. E. ECKERSLEY

revised edition 1971 by J. M. Eckersley

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and from "Punch" and "The Humorist"



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Preface

Essential English is a course for the teaching of English to foreign students. It is intended principally for adults, although it can also be used with younger learners. After working thoroughly through the four books, of which this is the second, the student should have a sound mastery of the basic structures and sentence patterns of the language, a limited but very practical vocabulary, and a familiarity both with everyday colloquial speech and with more literary forms of the language.

The grammatical material is introduced progressively and systematically and each lesson contains copious drill material and exercises. The vocabulary—about 500 words in each book—is introduced naturally as the lessons unfold, and a complete word list, together with phonetic transcriptions, will be found at the end of each book.

One reason for the success and popularity which Essential English has enjoyed for many years is surely the interest in the "characters"—Mr. Priestley, his family and his group of students. This provides the framework for the course, and almost without realising it the learner becomes absorbed in the personalities and everyday lives of Lucille, Pedro, Olaf, Jan, Frieda—and, of course Hob. Through their eyes we encounter not only the problems of learning English but also those of living in an unfamiliar country.

In spite of the "new look" of this new edition of my father's course, it remains fundamentally the same as previous editions, and I believe that teachers who have been using them will quickly feel completely at home with it. Some of the material—particularly that dealing with everyday life in Britain—urgently needed bringing

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up to date, and this has been done. I have also re-written and expanded much of the grammatical explanation, and I hope that teachers and students will find these sections clearer and more useful. A number of exercises have been revised, and in some cases re-written, and many of the illustrations have been re-drawn.

My father was always very glad to receive comments and suggestions from users of the course, and was able to make use of these when preparing revisions. I too have found such comments invaluable and shall be very glad to hear from teachers and students who have criticisms or can suggest improvements.

J.M.E.

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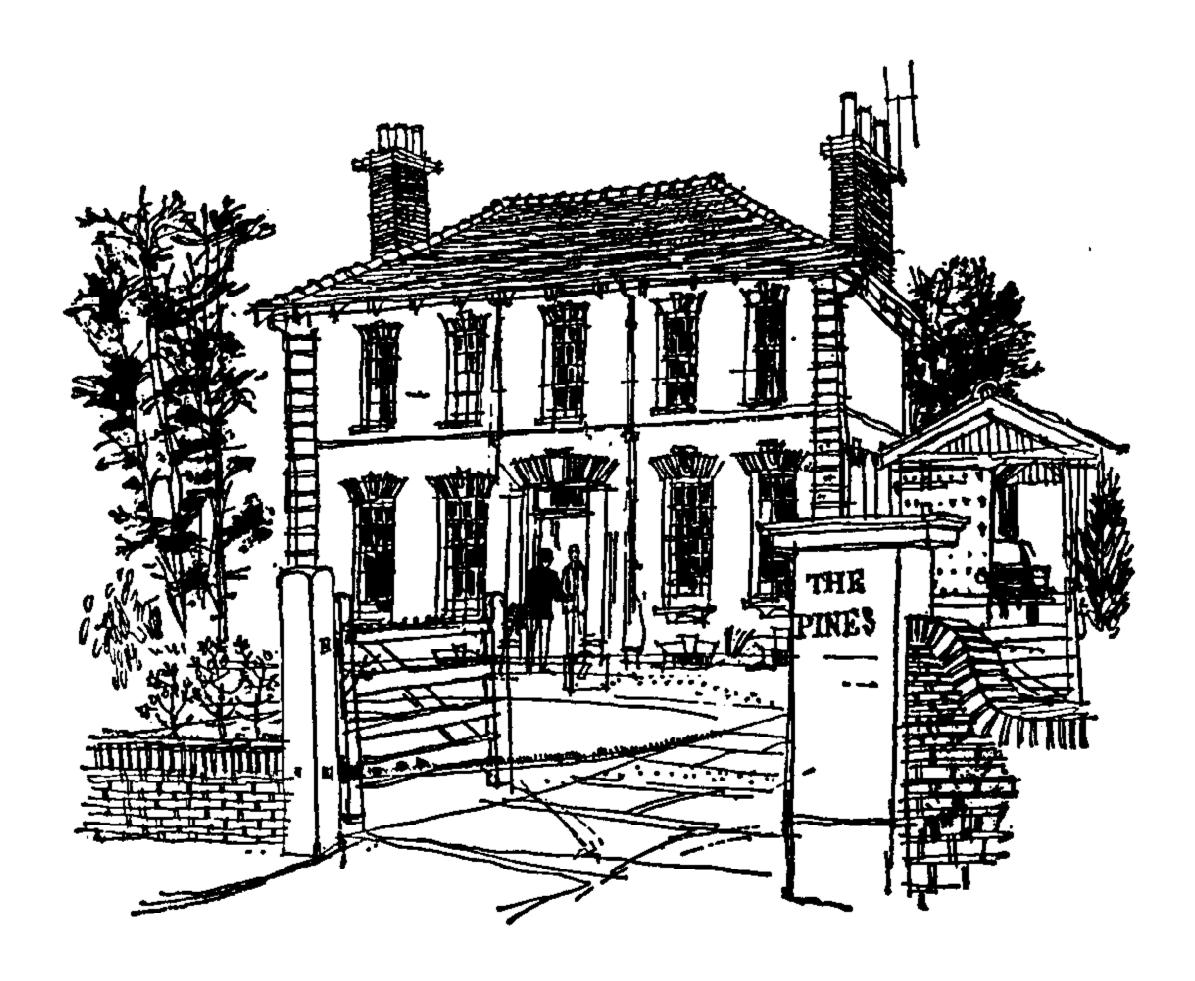
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Lesson 1

The Priestleys' House

You have heard (in Book I) about Mr. Priestley and his students. I want, now, to tell you something about his house. He is an old friend of mine, and I went to visit him about a fortnight ago and stayed at his house for the week-end.

He lives in a very nice house. It is called "The Pines" and is about ten miles from London. There is a big garden all round it, and I went in at the garden gate and walked along the path to the front door. There is a smooth lawn in front of the house

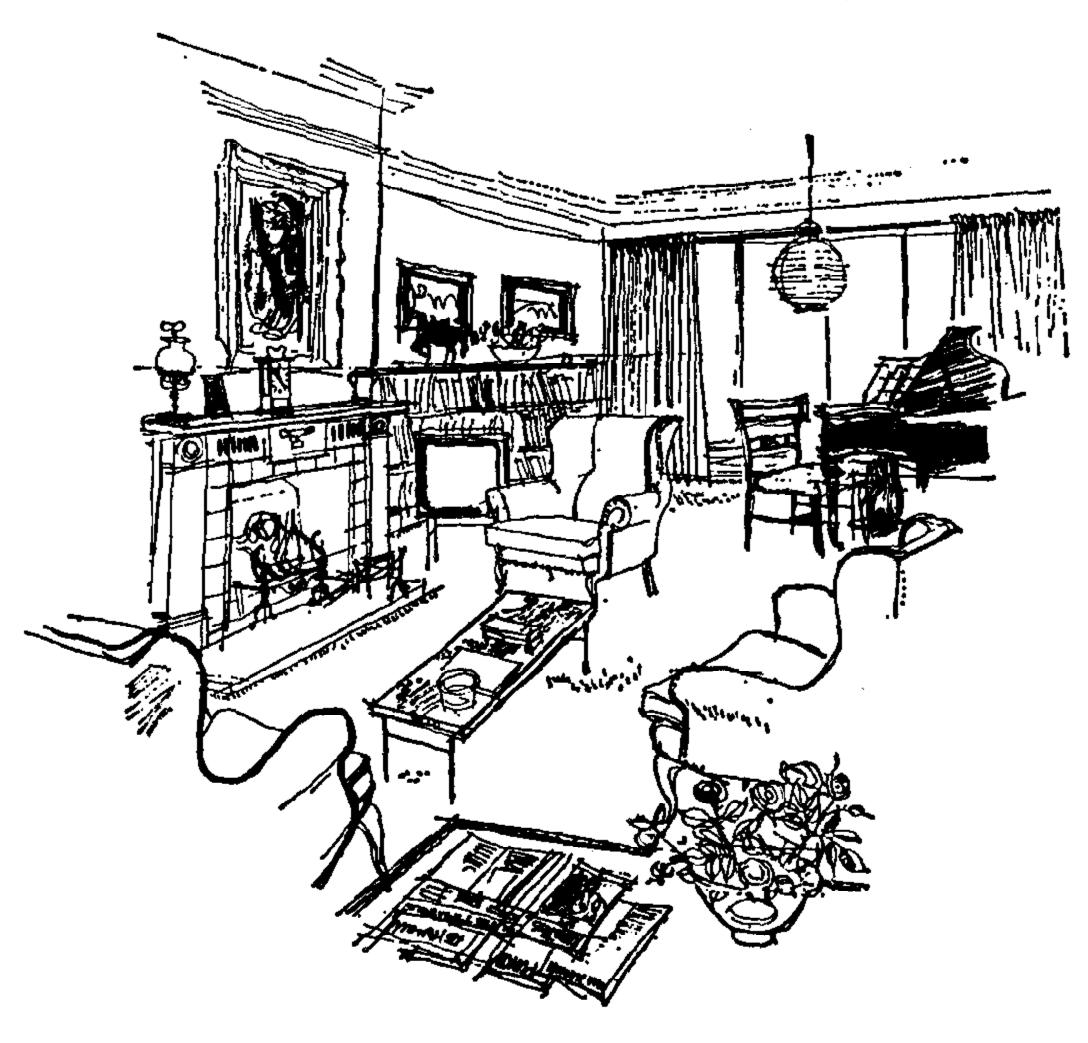


with beds of roses in it. I knocked at the front door. Mr. Priestley opened it and, with a smile and some words of welcome, shook hands with me, and we went into the hall. Then Mrs. Priestley came to greet me.

I said, "How do you do?" and gave her the flowers that I had bought for her.

She said, "Oh, thank you. What beautiful roses! How kind of you to bring them! I love roses, and ours haven't been good this year. These are lovely."

She took them away to put them in water, and Mr. Priestley and I went into the sitting-room and sat down in armchairs in front of the fire, for it was



a rather cold day and I was very pleased to see

the bright fire burning in the fireplace.

Their sitting-room is quite a big room, about 25 feet long by 15 feet wide. There was a thick carpet on the floor. One or two good water-colours hung on the walls, and there was a large and very interesting oil-painting that I hadn't seen before. There was a piano on one side of the room (both Mr. and Mrs. Priestley are fond of music, and Mrs. Priestley plays the piano beautifully). There were three or four comfortable armchairs, a radio, and three or four bookcases filled with books. On a small table near the window there were copies of The Times, Punch and some foreign newspapers and magazines. Mrs. Priestley returned with the roses in a bowl, which she put on the table, and a few minutes later Susan¹ came in with tea and a very nice cake.

I had expected to see John Priestley and Margaret. I had brought a box of chocolates for her; I knew she liked chocolates, but they told me John was up at Oxford and Margaret had gone to a birthday party at the house of a friend of hers.

After we had chatted for a little time, Mrs. Priestley said, "Will you excuse me, please? I want to see about the dinner. Did you know that Lizzie¹ had left us?"

"No, I didn't," I said.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Priestley, "she got a letter about a month ago to say that her sister-inlaw had died, and so Lizzie has gone to keep house

¹ You met Susan, the maid, and Lizzie, the cook, in Book I.

for her brother. That cake that we had at tea was hers; she sent it to me yesterday. Since she left, I have done the cooking and baked the cakes, but mine are never as good as hers."

"Nonsense, my dear; I don't think Lizzie's cakes were any better than yours," said Mr.

Priestley, loyally.

"Take no notice of Charles," said Mrs. Priestley with a smile. "They say love is blind; it seems to me he can't taste, either. My husband's ideas about grammar are, I am sure, better than mine, but when it's a question of ideas about cakes, mine are far better than his."

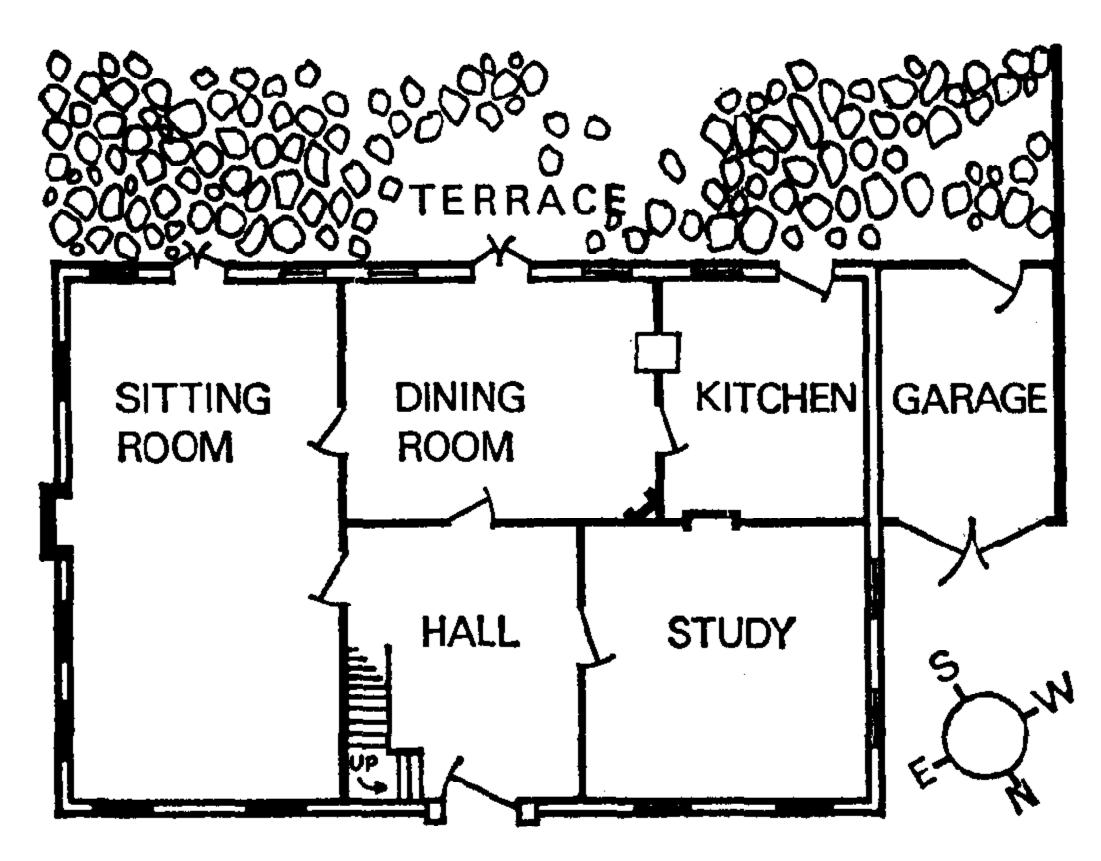
She went out, and Mr. Priestley said, "It's bad luck about Lizzie, isn't it? I'm afraid Susan will go, too, before long. A young fellow near here, Joe Marsden, has asked her to marry him. He is trying to buy a café in the High Street. The café is not his yet, but I think he'll get it, and, when it is his, I'm pretty sure Susan will marry him and go to help him to run the café. It will make things difficult for my wife. Ours is quite a big house for one woman to run, and it's almost impossible, nowadays, to get help in the house."

After a little time Mrs. Priestley joined us again and said, "Dinner is ready," so we went to the dining-room, a pleasant-looking room with a Persian carpet on the floor, a dark oak dining-table, six chairs and a sideboard. A red lampshade gave a warm colour to the room, and an electric fire kept it comfortable while we had dinner. Susan drew the brown velvet curtains across the windows

as it was now quite dark outside, and we sat down to dinner, a very English one—roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, roast potatoes, and cabbage grown in their own garden, followed by apple-pie with thick cream and sugar.

When we had finished dinner, Susan took the dishes from the dining-room to the kitchen, and Mrs. Priestley went with her to make coffee. Mr. Priestley took me to his study to show me some of his books.

After a quarter of an hour or so, Mrs. Priestley came to tell us she had made the coffee and it was in the sitting-room. So we went there to take coffee and talk together and listen to the news on



Plan of the house.

the radio. Then Mrs. Priestley played some Chopin, my favourite composer for the piano. It was now eleven o'clock and I was feeling rather tired. Mr. Priestley saw this and said, "You have had a tiring day and you look sleepy; come along upstairs to your bedroom."

Upstairs there are five bedrooms, a bathroom and a lavatory. We went to my room and he said, "Here you are. There is running water in your room and you can wash there or go to the bathroom, whichever you prefer. You will find soap in the soap-dish, and here are your towels. Put on the electric fire and warm your pyjamas before putting them on. There are sheets and three blankets on your bed, and my wife has put a hot-water bottle in it, but if you are not warm enough there is an eiderdown here. Now, do you want anything else?"

I said, "Oh, no, thank you. I shall be very comfortable." He added, "We have breakfast rather early—about a quarter past eight—but you can, of course, come down later if you like and have breakfast then."

I said, "I will come down and have breakfast with you."

"All right," he said, "I'll bring you a cup of tea at half-past seven; that will give you time to get properly awake, shave and have a bath before breakfast if you feel like it. It will be all right if you take a bath about a quarter to eight. I have mine at seven, and my wife and Margaret take theirs in the evening." "Splendid," I said; "thank you very much. Good night."

PRONUNCIATION DRILL

[i;]		[i]		[æ]
gr eet k ee p magazine sh eet	continue excuse prefer pyjamas	blanket coffee velvet carpet	reply favourite visit splendid	blanket chat lamp magazine
[a:] bath carpet path pyjamas	[ɔ] bottle copy knock nonsense	[o:] floor lawn board yours	[u] room ¹ book shook pudding	[uː] smooth continue² excuse²
	1 or fra	ıml.		

or [ru:m].
The sound here is [ju:].

[əː]	[ou]		[e]	
curtain furniture	soap bowl oak grow	afraid along awake composer	continue favourite furniture loyal	magazine nonsense nowadays pyjamas
	[ai]		[e3]	
	blind die eiderdown side	mine reply pie smile	chair theirs upstairs	

EXERCISES

I. Use in sentences of your own the following words:

1. comfortable	5. velvet	9. welcome
2. lampshade	6. lawn	10. sideboard
3. path	7. bowl	11. nowadays
4. carpet	8. pyjamas	12. followed by

2. Answer the following questions fully:

- 1. Where is Mr. Priestley's house and what is it called?
- 2. What is there in front of the house?
- 3. What did Mrs. Priestley say about the roses?
- 4. Where were (a) John, (b) Margaret Priestley?
- 5. Describe (a) the sitting-room, (b) the dining-room.
- 6. What did they have for dinner?
- 7. Why had Lizzie left the Priestleys?
- 8. Why does Mr. Priestley think Susan will leave them?
- 9. What did Mr. Priestley say about his wife's cakes?
- 10. What was her reply?

Dictation

John Priestley is a student at Oxford University. He has a pleasant room in the oldest part of his college, and he can look through his window at the smooth green lawns and old grey walls of the buildings. There is a dark red carpet on the floor, and John has hung some bright-coloured modern pictures on the walls. Near the door there is a bookcase filled with books, and there are some more books on a shelf above his bed. When John is studying he sits at the table by the window. On the table there are some books and papers and also a few university newspapers and magazines. Now John is making coffee; he is expecting a friend to come for a chat. On a plate there are some cakes that Mrs. Priestley has baked. It is getting dark, so John

Lesson one



draws the curtains and puts on the light; it has a red lampshade. Then there is a knock at the door. His friend has come.

Composition Exercises

- 1. Describe the pictures on pages 1 and 2.
- 2. Describe the furniture etc., in (a) your sitting-room, (b) your dining-room, (c) your bedroom, (d) your kitchen.
- 3. Describe the house you would like to live in.

Lesson 2

Comments on Lesson 1

Possessive Pronouns

You have had the Possessive Adjectives (my, your, his, her, its, our, their) in Book I. In the last lesson you had these examples of the Possessive Pronouns: mine, yours, his, hers, ours, theirs:

I love roses, and ours haven't been good this year.

I don't think Lizzie's cakes are any better than yours.

The cake we had at tea was one of hers; mine are never as good as hers.

His ideas about grammar are better than mine, but when it's a question of ideas about cakes, mine are better than his.

The café is not his yet; when it is his, Susan will marry him.

Ours is quite a big house.

You can take a bath at a quarter to eight; I have mine at seven, and my wife and Margaret have theirs in the evening.

As you can see, the Possessive Adjective qualifies a noun; the Possessive Pronoun stands instead of a noun:

Possessive Adjective

than your cakes (Adjective $\cdot + Noun$).

I have my bath at seven; my wife and Margaret have their baths in the evening.

When it's a question of ideas about cakes my ideas are better than his ideas.

Possessive Pronoun

Lizzie's cakes are not better Lizzie's cakes are not better than yours.

> I have mine at seven; my wife and Margaret have theirs in the evening.

> When it's a question of ideas about cakes, mine are better than his.