

《英语学习》读物丛书

HOTEL

旅馆



外语教学与研究出版社

《英语学习》读物丛书

HOTEL

旅馆

by Arthur Hailey

Abridged and simplified by

Norman Lymmer

北京人民教育出版社

外语教学与研究出版社

旅 馆

杨光慈 注释

外语教学与研究出版社出版

(北京外国语学院 23 号信箱)

金冶工业出版社印刷厂 · 印刷

新华书店北京发行所发行

全国各地新华书店经售

开本 787×1092 1/32 7.375 印张 151 千字

1982 年 3 月第 1 版 1986 年 4 月北京第三次印刷

印数 41,001—91,000

书号: 9215·82 定价: 1.20 元

《英语学习》读物丛书

出版说明

英语是世界上广泛使用的语言，在联合国和其他重要国际场合它是主要工作语言之一。我们在社会主义新长征中，需要学习外国的先进经验，以便加速实现四个现代化。在这方面，英语能起相当大的作用。目前，随着我国对外关系、科技交流、旅行游览活动蓬勃开展，对英语的需要越来越紧迫。通过广播英语和电视英语的教学，英语学习已经普及到了祖国各地，学习人数空前增多。这种形势要求我们出版更多更好的英语读物。

学习外语，在有了一定的语音、语法和词汇知识的基础上，尽可能多读一些书会大有助于迅速提高外语水平。对于自学者来说，阅读尤为重要。坚持阅读可以逐渐学会通过外语这个工具来学知识、学专业，为四化建设多作贡献。

为了帮助广大读者学习和提高英语水平，同时也为了弥补《英语学习》杂志目前篇幅之不足，我们特编辑出版《英语学习》读物丛书。这套丛书以初中和中级水平的读者为对象，可供自学或课堂教学使用。读物体裁多样，包括小说（中篇和短篇）、传记、历史、地理、戏剧、童话、回忆录、电影脚本、民间故事、科普作品、幽默小品和描写英美等国风土人情的作品。

为了便利读者，丛书各册均配有汉语注释，解释语言难

点，提供背景知识；对作家和作品本身也作了简要介绍。对于人名、地点和较难读的词语，一律用国际音标注明读音。

由于我们水平有限，又缺少经验，错误不当之处，欢迎读者批评指正，使这套丛书能更好地为读者服务。

编 者
一九八〇年元月

《旅馆》简介

本书是当代加拿大著名作家阿瑟·海雷的同名小说的简写本。小说描写美国一个旅馆四天内发生的事情，故事情节紧凑紧张，引人入胜。

圣·格雷戈里旅馆是新奥尔良市最大的旅馆。每天，这里旅客熙来攘往，其中有来自世界各国的国王、皇后、总统、企业界的巨头、工程师、医生……也有强盗、小偷。

这几天，旅馆的总统套房中住着一位英国公爵和他的夫人及随行人员。公爵是一个生活放荡、酗酒成性的人。一天晚上，他开车撞死了两个人——一位妇女和她的孩子。为了帮助丈夫逃脱罪责，公爵夫人制造了许多假象，企图消灭罪证。她买通了旅馆侦探长，让他将出事的汽车开走，并通过她兄弟的活动，促使英政府任命公爵为驻美大使。但是，新奥尔良市警察局经过一系列周密的侦察，终于破了案。公爵万般无奈，只好到警察局自首。就在他下楼的时候，电梯出了事故。电梯中乘客从九层楼坠入升降井井底，伤亡惨重。公爵还未走出旅馆，即已一命呜呼。而公爵夫人在公爵离开房间之后，发现她的钱包和手饰盒被盗一空。原来，小偷在她不知不觉的时候登门拜访了。

这个小偷是个混名叫做“Keycase”的惯偷。他在一只垃圾箱里拣到两把圣·格雷戈里旅馆房门钥匙，化名住进了旅馆。最后一天，他携带大量赃物往外逃，和公爵同乘一部电梯。电梯失事中，他却安然无恙，之后，在混乱中逃之夭

天。

在这四天中，圣·格雷戈里旅馆本身还经历了一场风波。由于经营不善，旅馆亏本，债台高筑。眼看偿清债务的日期只剩二天了，旅馆老板沃伦·特伦特四处借钱，到处碰壁。美国旅馆业巨头奥·基夫闻讯前来，想乘机买进圣·格雷戈里旅馆。奥·基夫老于世故，早已派人调查了这个旅馆的情况，对负借款数、经营的弊端、雇员中营私舞弊等了若指掌。奥·基夫的傲慢态度激怒了沃伦·特伦特。这位老板暗下决心，除非万不得已，决不把旅馆卖给奥·基夫。与此同时，旅馆中住着一位加拿大百万富翁。他喜欢圣·格雷戈里旅馆所具有的古老传统，不想让奥·基夫把旅馆买去后把它变得和别的旅馆一样单调划一。这位富翁出了合理的价钱买下了这座旅馆，并任命原老板、沃伦·特伦特为旅馆董事会的董事长。这位加拿大富翁既助了沃伦·特伦特一臂之力，又成全了旅馆副经理和一位女雇员的婚姻，一举几得，皆大欢喜。年轻有为的副经理被任命为经理。他雄心勃勃，决心大刀阔斧进行改革，重振企业。

本书文字通俗易懂，语言平易活泼，是一本很好的英语简易读物。

人 物 表

(按字母顺序排列)

Aarons ['æərəns] 艾伦斯 (圣格雷戈里旅馆医生)

Albert Wells ['ælbət'welz] 艾伯特·韦尔斯 (加拿大企业家, 圣格雷戈里旅馆的常客, 后来成为该旅馆的老板)

Aloysius Royce [æ'lɔɪʃɪə 'rɔɪs] 埃洛伊夏·罗伊斯 (圣格雷戈里旅馆侍者)

Benett ['benɪt] 贝内特

Booker Graham ['bukə'greɪəm] 布克·格雷厄姆 (圣格雷戈里旅馆焚毁废纸的锅炉工)

Byron Meader ['baɪərən 'mi:də] 拜伦·米德 (朱利叶斯·“基开斯”·米尔恩的化名)

Christine Francis ['kristi:n 'frɑ:nsɪs] 克里斯婷·弗朗西斯 (圣格雷戈里旅馆老板特伦特的私人秘书)

Croydon ('krɔɪdn) 克劳顿 (英国公爵)

Curtis O'Keefe ['kə:tɪs əu'ki:f] 柯蒂斯·奥基夫 (旅馆业一巨头)

Dempster ['dempstə] 丹普斯特 (艾伯特·韦尔斯的商务代理人)

Doc Vickery ['dɒk 'vɪkəri] 道克·维克里 (圣格雷戈里旅馆总工程师)

Dorothy Lash ['dɒrəθi 'læʃ] 多萝西·蓝什 (奥基夫的情人)

妇)

Emilie Dumaire ['emili 'du:mərei] 埃米丽·杜玛雷 (新奥尔良市一银行行长)

Finegan ['faingən] 法肯 (圣格雷戈里旅馆侦探长的助手)

Flora ['flɔ:rə] 弗洛拉 (圣格雷戈里旅馆副经理 彼得的秘书)

Geoffrey ['dʒefri] 杰弗里 (克劳顿公爵夫人之弟)

Gladwin ['glædwin] 格莱德温 (狄克逊之友)

Herbie Chandler ['hə:biə 'tʃɑ:ndlə] 赫比·昌得拉 (圣格雷戈里旅馆搬运工领班)

Hymic ['haimiə] 海米厄 (艾伯特·韦尔斯之友)

Jimmy Duckworth ['dʒimi 'dʌkwə:θ] 吉米·达克华兹 (圣格雷戈里旅馆搬运工)

Julius "Keycase" Milne ['dʒu:ljəs 'ki:keis 'miln] 朱利叶斯·“基开斯”·米尔恩 (一惯偷)

Kulgmer ['ku:lgmə] 库格曼 (圣格雷戈里旅馆汽车库工人)

Lyle Dumaire [laɪl 'du:mə rei] 莱尔·杜玛雷 (一纨绔子弟)

Mark Preyscott [mɑ:k 'preskət] 马克·普雷斯科特 (新奥尔良市一巨商)

Marsha Preyscott ['mɑ:ʃə 'preskət] 玛莎·普雷斯科特 (马克·普雷斯科特之女)

Ogden Bailey ['ɔ:gdən 'beili] 奥格登·贝利 (奥基夫旅馆联号中一经理)

Peter McDermott ['pi:tə mək'də:mɒt] 彼得·麦克德墨特 (圣格雷戈里旅馆的副经理)

Theodore Ogilvie [ˈθiədə: ˈəʊɡlvi] 西奥多·奥格维 (圣格雷戈里旅馆侦探长)

Quesnay [keˈnei] 凯内 (圣格雷戈里旅馆女侍)

Royall Edwards [ˈrɔɪəl ˈedwədz] 罗亚尔·爱德华兹 (圣格雷戈里旅馆财务主任)

Sean Hall [ˈʃɔ:n ˈhɔ:l] 肖恩·霍尔 (奥格登·贝利的助手)

Selwyn [ˈselwin] 塞尔温

Simon [ˈsaɪmən] 西蒙 (克劳顿公爵的名字)

Sol Natchez [ˈsɒl ˈnætʃɪz] 索尔·那彻兹 (圣格雷戈里旅馆侍者)

Stanley Dixon [ˈstænlɪ ˈdɪksn] 斯坦利·狄克逊 (一纨绔子弟)

Stanley Kilbrick [ˈstænlɪ ˈkɪlbrɪk] 斯坦利·基布利克 (圣格雷戈里旅馆一旅客)

Tom Earlshore [ˈtɒm ˈɔ:lʃɔ:] 汤姆·欧尔肖 (圣格雷戈里旅馆饮料部侍者)

Uxbridge [ˈʌksbrɪdʒ] 厄克斯布里奇 (医生, 圣格雷戈里旅馆一旅客)

Warren Trent [ˈwɔrɪn ˈtrent] 沃伦·特伦特 (圣格雷戈里旅馆老板)

Yolles [ˈjəʊɪz] 尤尔斯 (新奥尔良市警察局侦察长)

CONTENTS 目 录

《旅馆》简介	1
人物表	3
Chapter 1 Monday Evening	1
Chapter 2 Tuesday	30
Chapter 3 Wednesday	70
Chapter 4 Thursday	111
Chapter 5 Friday	168
注释	197

Chapter 1

Monday Evening

"If I had my wish," Peter McDermott thought. "I would get rid of the chief detective at once."¹ Again, the fat former policeman was missing when he was needed.²

McDermott struck the desk with his hand. "Fifteen things happen at the same time, and nobody can find the man," he told the girl who was standing by the window of his office.

Christine Francis looked at her watch and saw that the time was eleven o'clock. "He's probably drinking somewhere," she said.

Christine had left her own office in the St Gregory Hotel³ a few minutes earlier. She had been working late and she had dropped in to see the assistant manager⁴ before she went home. "Mr Ogilvie makes his own rules," Christine said. "Warren Trent has always given him complete freedom."

Peter McDermott spoke quickly into the telephone and waited. "You're right," he said. "I tried to reorganise our inefficient detective force, and W.T. was very angry with me."

Christine said quietly, "I didn't know that." She

was surprised. Christine was private secretary to Warren Trent, the proud owner of New Orleans's largest hotel, and usually she knew everything that happened. She knew, for example, that Peter was almost running the busy hotel alone. His salary was small and his powers were limited. Christine knew the reasons, they concerned Peter's private life.⁶

"What's the trouble?" Christine asked.

McDermott gave a cheerful smile. "Someone has complained about a disturbance on the eleventh floor.⁷ The Duchess of Croydon says that a waiter insulted the Duke. And it is reported that somebody is making strange noises in Room 1439. Probably some man is having a bad dream!"

"Do you know the name of the man in that room?" Christine asked.

Peter shook his head. "I'll find out." He spoke into the telephone, wrote down a name and hung up the receiver.⁸ "The man is Albert Wells—a Canadian from Montreal,"⁹ he told Christine.

"I know him," she said. "He's a nice little man. He stays here every year. If you wish, I'll go and see him."

McDermott hesitated and turned his eyes to Christine's neat figure.

The telephone rang and he answered it.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the man on the telephone exchange.¹⁰ "We can't find Mr Ogilvie."

"Never mind! Put me on to the head porter,"¹¹ said McDermott.

"Head porter," said the flat voice of Herbie Chandler. Like Ogilvie, Chandler had worked at the St Gregory for a long time and was very independent—a rude and deceitful man.

McDermott explained the troubles and asked Chandler to inquire into¹² the cause of the disturbance on the eleventh floor.

Chandler objected. "That's not my job, Mr Mac."

"Don't argue. Deal with¹³ the complaint," McDermott ordered Chandler. "And send a porter with a key of Room 1439 to meet Miss Francis at the lift."¹⁴ He hung up¹⁵ before there could be any more argument.

"Let's go." Peter's hand lightly touched Christine's shoulders. "Take the porter with you and go and see your friend. Tell him to put the bedclothes over his head when he dreams!"¹⁶

Herbie Chandler stood by his desk in the busy entrance hall and thought. Peter McDermott's telephone call worried him. McDermott had told him to look into¹⁷ the disturbance on the eleventh floor. But Herbie

Chandler did not need to make inquiries. He knew what was happening.

Earlier in the evening two youths—two sons of wealthy citizens—had made a special request. "Listen. Herbie," one of them, Lyle Dumaire, said, "we're coming to the dance at the hotel tonight. We don't want to dance. Give us a room where we can take some girls and have some fun."

"It's too risky," Herbie thought. "Sorry, gentlemen," he said.

"Oh, don't talk nonsense!" said the second youth, whose name was Dixon.

"If you let us have a room, we'll pay you, Herbie."

The head porter, always greedy for money, hesitated.

Dixon said quickly: "How much money do you want?"

Herbie looked at the youths and remembered their rich fathers. "A hundred dollars."

"Right. We'll make a deal."¹⁸

"Give me the money, then, gentlemen." Herbie wet his lips with his tongue. "Be very quiet," he said. "If you make a noise, there may be trouble."

The youths had promised to make no noise.

Herbie had forgotten about the matter until McDer-

mott reported the disturbance. He now cursed his own foolishness. He wondered whether he should go upstairs, but decided to stay away from the room.

Peter McDermott rode in the lift¹⁹ with Christine and the porter. At the ninth floor, he left Christine. She was going up to the fourteenth floor. Peter gave her a little smile. "Send for me if there's any trouble,"²⁰ he said.

"I'll shout for help," Christine replied with a laugh. As the sliding doors of the lift were shutting, her eyes met Peter's.

McDermott walked quickly along to the Presidential Suite.²¹ In these rooms—reserved for presidents, royalty and other distinguished guests²²—the Duke and Duchess of Croydon were living with a male secretary, a maid and five dogs.

Outside the double doors of the suite, Peter McDermott pushed a button. As soon as the bell rang, there was a mad noise of excited dogs. While McDermott was waiting, he thought about the Croydons.

The Duke was descended from an ancient family, and the Duchess had some royal blood.²³ The Duke had held various important political posts but his future was in doubt²⁴ because he was now drinking heavily. Some people were saying that the Duke was not likely to get

another post. Others said that the Duchess was using her influence and the Duke might soon be appointed British Ambassador to Washington.²⁵

A voice behind Peter said, "Excuse me, Mr McDermott, Can I have a word with you?"²⁶

McDermott turned round and saw Sol Natchez, one of the room-service waiters. "What's the matter, Sol?" he asked.

The waiter rubbed his hands. "I expect you've come to see about the complaint—the complaint about me," he said.

McDermott looked quickly at the double doors. "What happened?" he asked.

The waiter was an old man and he was afraid that he might lose his job. He was trembling with anxiety. "I always try to give good service,²⁷ sir, but the Duke and Duchess are hard to please," he said. "They ordered a late dinner and I took it to their rooms. When I was serving the soup,²⁸ the Duchess suddenly got up from the table. As she stepped back, she hit my arm. I think she did so on purpose."²⁹

"Oh nonsense!"

"Well, I don't know, sir. Anyhow," the waiter went on, "a small spot of soup dropped on to the Duke's clothes. The Duchess cursed me and lost her temper. You'd think that I had murdered the Duke."³⁰ I apolo-