

*New Reading*

*Skill Builder*

循序渐进美国英语

BOOK SIX, PART TWO

# CONTENTS

The Huslia Hustler <i>James Huntington</i> .....	4
Trained — To Be Free <i>Jean George</i> .....	12
An Island Is Born <i>Sigurdur Thorarinsson</i> .....	27
My Battle with the Burros <i>Arch Oboler</i> .....	27
Steinmetz: Electrical Genius <i>Floyd Miller</i> .....	34
The Wackiest Orchestra on Earth <i>Jean George</i> .....	43
The Glory of the Olympic Games <i>Robert Littell</i> .....	50
“Tell Us About Fichtenhorst” <i>Hans Hardt</i> .....	59
Sammy, the Sociable Seal <i>Nina Warner Hooke</i> .....	67
The Little Professor of Piney Woods <i>Bath Day</i> .....	76
Laser — The Light Fantastic <i>Thomas Meloy</i> .....	86
I Killed “Moby Dick” <i>Amos Smalley</i> .....	93
“One Last Time, Amigo” <i>William J. Buchanan</i> .....	102
Confessions of a Mummy Ski Bunny <i>Betty Hannah Hoffman</i> .....	111
A Pelican Called Peter <i>Gordon Gaskill</i> .....	116
A Day in the Life of a Bushman <i>J. D. Ratcliff</i> .....	124
Saburo’s Native Land <i>Cordelia Baird Gross</i> .....	132
Flight into the Unknown <i>James Stewart-Gordon</i> .....	136

*New Reading*

*Skill Builder*

循序渐进美国英语

BOOK SIX, PART TWO

# CONTENTS

The Huslia Hustler <i>James Huntington</i> .....	4
Trained — To Be Free <i>Jean George</i> .....	12
An Island Is Born <i>Sigurdur Thorarinsson</i> .....	27
My Battle with the Burros <i>Arch Oboler</i> .....	27
Steinmetz: Electrical Genius <i>Floyd Miller</i> .....	34
The Wackiest Orchestra on Earth <i>Jean George</i> .....	43
The Glory of the Olympic Games <i>Robert Littell</i> .....	50
“Tell Us About Fichtenhorst” <i>Hans Hardt</i> .....	59
Sammy, the Sociable Seal <i>Nina Warner Hooke</i> .....	67
The Little Professor of Piney Woods <i>Bath Day</i> .....	76
Laser — The Light Fantastic <i>Thomas Meloy</i> .....	86
I Killed “Moby Dick” <i>Amos Smalley</i> .....	93
“One Last Time, Amigo” <i>William J. Buchanan</i> .....	102
Confessions of a Mummy Ski Bunny <i>Betty Hannah Hoffman</i> .....	111
A Pelican Called Peter <i>Gordon Gaskill</i> .....	116
A Day in the Life of a Bushman <i>J. D. Ratcliff</i> .....	124
Saburo’s Native Land <i>Cordelia Baird Gross</i> .....	132
Flight into the Unknown <i>James Stewart-Gordon</i> .....	136

## 目录

胡斯利亚的忙人	詹姆斯·亨迁顿讲述,劳伦斯·埃利奥特整理	145
为自由飞翔而训练	琼·乔治	147
一个岛屿的诞生	根据西格杜尔·托拉林松所著一书	150
我同驴子的斗争	阿奇·奥博勒	152
施泰因梅茨:电气天才	弗洛伊德·米勒	155
地球上最疯癫的交响乐队	琼·乔治	158
奥林匹克运动会的光辉	罗伯特·利特尔	160
对我们讲讲菲希坦霍尔斯特村的情况吧	汉斯·哈特	163
萨米,友善的海豹	尼纳·沃纳·胡克	166
松林乡的小教授	贝思·戴	169
激光——奇妙的光线	托马斯·梅洛伊	173
我杀死了“莫比·狄克”	阿·斯莫利讲述,马·伊斯门整理	175
“最后的一次,朋友”	威廉·J·布坎南	178
一位滑雪妈妈的自白	贝蒂·汉纳·霍夫曼	181
一只名叫彼得的鹈鹕	戈登·加斯基尔	183
布什曼人生活中的一天	J·D·拉特克利夫	186
三郎的祖国	科迪莉亚·贝尔德·格罗斯	188
飞向未知的领域	詹姆斯·斯图尔特·戈登	190





A true adventure story from the heart of Alaska

## The HUSLIA HUSTLER

James Huntington, as told to Lawrence Elliott

---

*Life is hard in the wild land near the Arctic Circle. Jim Huntington, half Indian, calls it "the edge of nowhere." Here for years he has fought the weather, wild animals and bad luck to earn a living. As our story opens, his dream is to open a trading post in Huslia, the village he helped build. But it takes money to set up a store!*

---

**W**HY NOT TRY the dogsled races again, Jim?" my friends suggested. "We'll help you with the expenses."

Two big races were coming

up. The All-Alaska Championship in Anchorage offered a first prize of \$2500. And the North American Dogsled Derby in Fairbanks offered the same sum.

I didn't know what to say. Dogsled racing is a tough sport. The races often cover nearly 100 miles of trail. Most of the time you run alongside the sled, though sometimes you can stand on the runners and catch a ride.

The rules say that if you start out with 12 dogs you have to come back with 12. So you have to pack any lame huskies home on the sled. And once a driver leaves the starting line, he alone is allowed to lay a hand on his team. He might be chased up a tree by bears, and his dogs scattered to the four winds. But all he ever gets is a wave of the hand as the next team goes by.

I remembered a big race in Fairbanks, when I had only ten

dogs pulling and the other two riding the sled. It was a strain. I was closing in on the fourth-place team. But on the main street, not ten blocks from the finish line, I was still behind.

Then all of a sudden the dogs ahead of mine took a shine to the bright-red pump at a gasoline station. They galloped up to the pump, circled it once, twice, three times. And they were still hopelessly tangled as I ran by.

When I ran in that race I was a young man. Now I was 40—15 years past the best age for the sport. However, after thinking it over, I decided to give it a try.

I started training right away. The races are run in three heats,



Two big races were coming.



or courses, one a day. I set up my training runs the same way. I worked out 25 miles a day for two days, 40 miles the third day. Then I allowed the dogs to rest for two days.

But there was no rest for me. Every morning I ran three miles before breakfast. I did the same in the afternoon, this time pushing the sled. In a month I was a bone-hard 147 pounds.

There was one problem with the team. Monkey, my lead dog, was getting old. He could no longer set a pace fast enough for a major race. I put him at the rear of the team and trained a new lead dog.

In February I took the team

to Fairbanks on the mail plane. Then I bought a used pickup truck on credit and drove the 535 miles to Anchorage. There I discovered that 32 dogsledders had entered the race, the largest number ever.

I drew the 31st starting position, so the trail was all chewed up by the time I got out. But those dogs really made me proud. We passed 17 teams on the first day and won the heat by more than ten minutes. And in the second heat we squeaked out a win.

The third and final day dawned warm and rainy, the worst kind of weather for dog racing. But my dogs pulled their best. At the halfway point some-



one held up a sign saying I was running second to the team just ahead. Soon I could see the driver, holding his lead as he crossed the ice of a small lake.

On the rough trail beyond, however, my training began to pay off. Running every step of the way, I closed on him yard by yard. Finally I passed him. I was a full minute in the lead when I crossed the finish line—the oldest man ever to win the All-Alaska Championship.

In Fairbanks, there was again a field of over 30 teams. I won the first heat by one second. But the next day, with the finish line in sight, my new lead dog dropped in his traces. He was too lame even to walk. By the time I got him out of the harness and packed him in the sled, I'd lost my lead. I finished two and a half minutes behind Eddie Gallahorn, a hard-running young Eskimo.

Now I was second in total time. And I was only 30 seconds ahead of Clarence Charlie, a young Indian.

In the final heat the next day,

the course was the longest yet—30 miles. The weather was uncomfortably warm. I felt every day of my age. My body ached from the 115 miles I'd run in the past two weeks. Moreover, I had to use my weary old Monkey in the lead. I went up and squatted by him. "Just one more time, old dog," I pleaded. "Then they can put us out to pasture."

The gun went off. We made a slow start, but I forced myself not to push. We had a long way to go. If we didn't save something for the end, those last ten miles would kill us.

It was a brutally hard race. The heat took a lot out of dogs and men, and team after team dropped out. At the 20-mile point, Gallahorn was more than two minutes ahead. I had to make up nearly five minutes in those last ten miles! Now there was no sense holding anything back. I began to yell and push the sled up the hills, and the dogs really moved out.

And then—disaster! Off in the deep snow a pair of moose moved toward the spruce trees. My dogs tore after them, run-

ning as if their tails were on fire. I hollered and pulled on the towline, but they dragged me through the snow like a plow. By the time I did stop them we were 50 yards off the trail. And Clarence Charlie had passed me—going like a shot.

When I got the dogs straightened out and back on the trail, we were seven or eight minutes behind the leader. "Now come on, run!" I hollered. "We're going to finish this race if it kills all 13 of us!"

Old Monkey dug in and pounded down that trail for all he was worth. I yelled encouragement from behind, shoving that sled right up on the two rear dogs. Five miles from the finish I closed very fast on the team ahead. As I flashed by, I could see it wasn't the Indian

—but young Eddie Gallahorn!

I don't know where I got the strength, but I kept shoving that sled so the dogs didn't have to pull a pound. Soon I saw the buildings of the town in the distance. Beneath them I spotted a hazy black line on the white snow fields. I moved ahead. Now the black line was 12 dogs, a sled and a man.

I passed Clarence Charlie just before we reached the finish line. The crowd gave a terrific roar. Then someone grabbed me while others began to unhook the dogs.

The next thing I knew there was a big hush, and I heard the announcer call out: "Winner of the final heat by 28 seconds . . . North American champion . . . and the third man ever to win Alaska's two major dogsled races—Jim Huntington, the Huslia Hustler!"

I paid for the pickup truck and figured what I owed my backers. There was still enough prize money left. I could set up my trading post on the edge of nowhere!



---

NUMBER OF WORDS: 1320 ÷ ..... MINUTES READING TIME = RATE .....

---

### I. GET OFF TO A GOOD START

1. Do you think the title of the story is a good one? Give proof from the story that Jim Huntington was a "hustler."
2. Why do you think Jim was able to win the championship races? What difficulties did he have to overcome?

### II. DOGSLED RACES: CAN YOU QUALIFY?

*Put a check before each of ten statements that are true according to the story. Be ready to explain why the others are not.*

- ..... 1. Dogsled races are run in three heats.
- ..... 2. One day's course may cover 30 miles of trail.
- ..... 3. Clear, cold weather is best for dogsled racing.
- ..... 4. The oldest driver gets the first starting position.
- ..... 5. Every team is supposed to follow the same trail.
- ..... 6. The lead dog sets the pace for the other dogs in the team.
- ..... 7. Only the driver may lay a hand on the dogs.
- ..... 8. Drivers are allowed to push the sleds for extra speed
- ..... 9. Along the course, the driver may be signaled his position.
- ..... 10. A team is disqualified if the dogs leave the trail.
- ..... 11. A driver must return with all the dogs he started with.
- ..... 12. Winners of the three heats run a final race for prizes.
- ..... 13. Drivers race for money prizes.

**5 points for each correct answer**

**My score: . . . . .**

**III. CHOOSE TITLES THAT SUM UP JIM'S STORY**

*Jim tells his story in five parts. Skim each part. Then read the three titles given for it below. Underline the two titles that best summarize the part.*

1. A Tough Sport      Treed by Bears      I Decide to Race
2. Monkey      Getting in Shape      Training Routine
3. Training Pays Off      The Old Man Wins      Second Heat
4. "Just One More Time!"      Moose!      North American Champion
5. Huslia Hustler      Final Figuring      Payoff

**5 points for each correct answer**

**My score: . . . . .**

**PERFECT TOTAL SCORE: 100**

**MY TOTAL SCORE: . . . . .**

**IV. ONE WORD—TWO MEANINGS**

*Write a word from the story that can have both meanings (a) and (b) below. The first letter of each word is given to help you.*

1. (a) race, contest    (b) stiff felt hat                      d \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
2. (a) dog of the arctic regions    (b) sturdy                      h \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
3. (a) part of a race    (b) warmth                      h \_ \_ \_ \_ \_
4. (a) strap of a harness    (b) sign, evidence                      t \_ \_ \_ \_ \_

**V. MAKE NEW TRAILS**

1. Report on interesting facts you find about (1) dogsled racing, (2) the cities where Jim Huntington raced, (3) the people of Alaska. Use reference books and magazines.
2. Write or tell about a race or contest you entered. How did you prepare for it? How did you feel about the result?

A girl and a wild bird  
meet the challenge  
of life together.



## Trained- To Be Free

Jean George

**I** WAS ALONE in the attic. My children were off to school. The sweep of my broom was checked by an object behind the trunk: the old wooden box that held my girlhood diaries. Amused, I lifted a diary, opened it and began to read: "Tonight I told my beloved falcon that if there is a way to balance our wings on the sky we shall go that way together."

Now, these many years later, I realized that we *had* balanced our wings together. I had turned the wild bird into a disciplined

hunter during the period when I myself was being trained for womanhood.

I was 13 when my twin brothers gave me the young sparrow hawk. He was in the bottom of a bushel basket in our kitchen. Eyes flashing, he threatened me with his open talons.

"He's wonderful!" I exclaimed, as my hand circled his steely-blue body. In rage, he cried, "killie, killie, killie," as he dug his needle talons into my hand. Weeping and laughing, I pried the talons out of my flesh and pressed the hot woodsy-smelling creature against my cheek. "You are only four weeks old and have a lot to learn," I whispered.

My brothers were three years my senior and already falconers with hawks of their own.

"The sparrow hawk is one of the smallest of the true falcons, or noble birds of prey," said my brother John.

"And the training," my brother Frank added solemnly, "must begin immediately. Feed the falcon nothing—and I mean nothing—unless he takes it from

your hand. Use this whistle"—he gave three notes—"then feed him from your hand."

I tried to make the bird sit on my hand. He bit a finger. I stroked him. He flew at my face. There and then I named him "Bad Boy."

All afternoon I tried to win him with grasshoppers. He looked at them and screamed in hunger, but he would not take them from my hand. I cried. Then came a fear: the little falcon would die of starvation right before my eyes! In desperation I threw him a grasshopper. Bad Boy stared in anger. Then a yellow foot shot out and snagged the morsel. The bird wolfed it.

I reached out to take him. But he snapped at me and ran under the radiator. From there he fought my hand until it bled. John and Frank found me there, crying, and brought the fighter out with gauntlets. Then I confessed what I had done.

"Now you mustn't feed him anything until tomorrow," John told me sternly. "When he is hungry enough he *will* eat from your hand."

I turned a page of the diary. It reported that I got up at 5 a.m. When Bad Boy saw me he again bristled for a fight. But when I whistled the call that was to mean, "Come, food," and held out a grasshopper, he nibbled at it—then began to eat! I slipped my finger under his feet and lifted him out of the basket. Trembling, I fed him two, three, four grasshoppers. He was still perched on my hand.

One day, my brothers noted that Bad Boy's wings had filled out to their full span. They said: "It is time to put leg straps on him—falconers call them jesses—for now that he can fly you must have control of him."

On the kitchen table we cut the jesses, two slender strips of soft deer hide. A falconer's knot held the straps to the legs. Frank put the jesses on Bad Boy, and I flipped him to my wrist, holding the straps. Bad Boy tried to fly, fell forward, tried to fly again and sat still. We snapped a leash to the jesses by a swivel designed to keep the leash from twisting or binding the bird. Then we took him out to the

perch waiting for him and tied the leash to a circle of wire at the base of the pole.

Bad Boy hopped to his perch and immediately tried to fly away. Apparently surprised when he was pulled back, he flopped and screamed at the end of the cord. Then presently he flew back to his perch and sat there quietly.

That night my first social-dancing lesson began. Over our loud protest, the neighborhood mothers had hired an instructor





to teach their boys and girls. The frightened group gathered in our living room. As my first partner put his arm self-consciously around my waist, I suddenly remembered that I had not checked Bad Boy. I ran!

When I returned I could hear the teacher droning on and on, “step-together-step.” I can still see that roomful of young people — step-together-step, step-together-step.

The next morning, when I forced Bad Boy to come halfway across the yard for food, the words passed my lips: “step-together-step.” The reluctant bird circled on his perch and “killied” for 15 minutes—but in the end he, too, accepted the strange new rules.

Every summer our family vacationed in my father’s old home in the Pennsylvania mountains. There I was trained in the female arts — cooking, sewing, housekeeping. And there Bad Boy became a falcon—a hunter.

A few weeks after arriving, my brothers informed me that Bad Boy was trained well

enough to fly free, which meant I should take his leash off when I whistled him to my hand. “Don’t feed him for a day,” Frank told me. “Then try him.”

To comfort the hungry Bad Boy, I kept him company that afternoon, reading under the maple tree near his perch. But he kept begging me for food. At last I fed him some crickets.

The next morning I dared not confess to my brothers what I had done, so we prepared for the flight. John unsnapped the leash. I stood at the end of the long yard with the lure—a wooden block on a string, covered with feathers to look like a bird, on which food is tied. I whistled and waved the lure. The falcon sped down the yard, missed the lure and headed for the open sky. His wings folded, spread, clipped the winds. He rode them—and then he was gone.

All day John, Frank and I took turns searching. Night came. The perch under the maple tree was still vacant. I cried all night.

At dawn I heard the familiar “killie, killie, killie.” I dashed down the steps and there, on his