

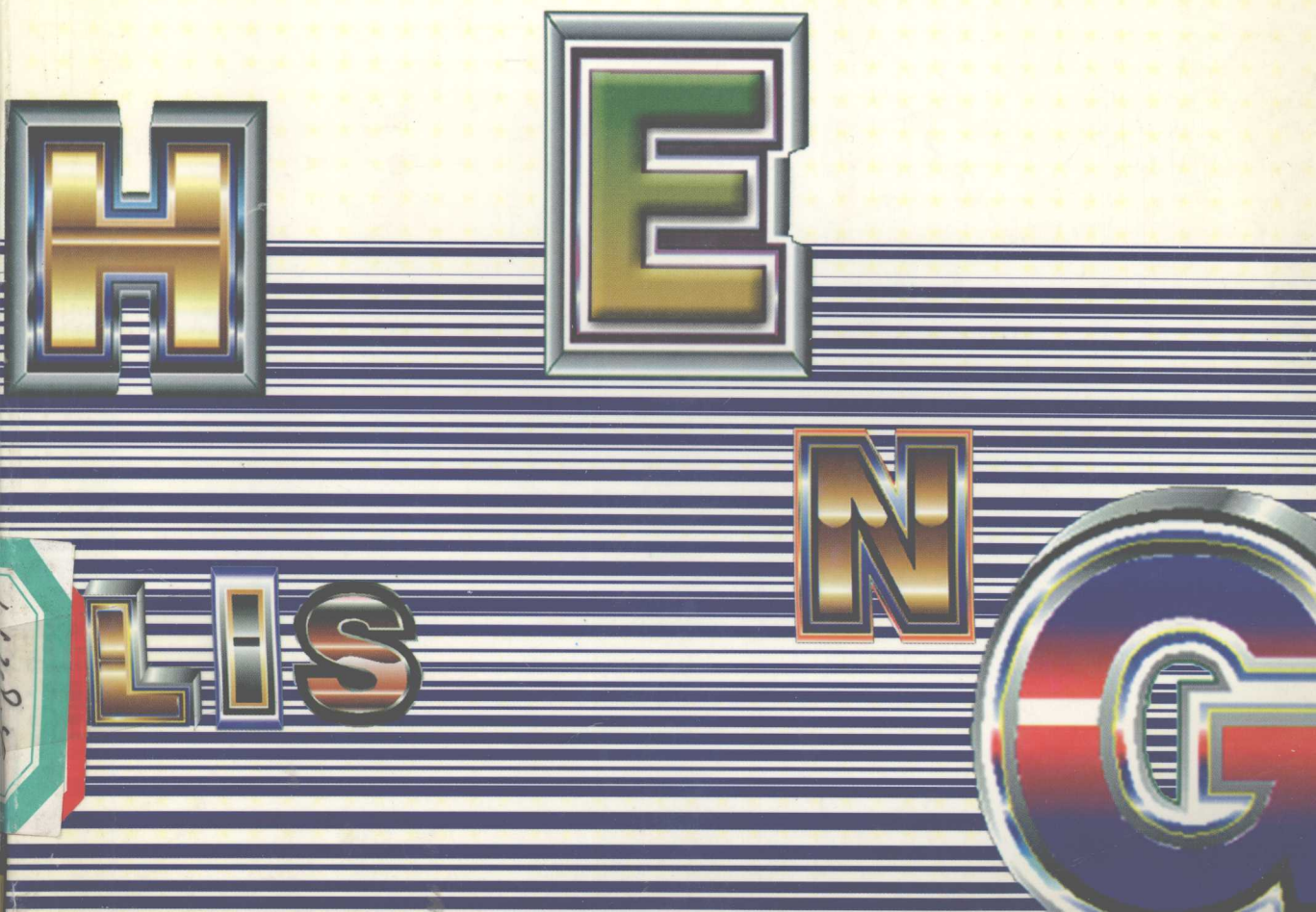
高等院校英语专业试用

泛读教程

■ 第四册 ■

● 丛书主编 毛卓亮 潘炳信 容新芳

● 河北大学出版社



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- 高等院校英语专业试用
- 执行主编：郑月莉 杨丽华 张瑞民
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编者说明

本书的出版融入了四面八方的关怀与帮助。在教材的编写过程中,我们一直受到省教育厅、省高校外语教学研究会、河北大学外国语学院、河北师范大学外国语学院、燕山大学外语系等众多省内高校外语系的鼎力支持。北京外国语大学副校长、博士生导师何其莘教授,北京外国语大学博士生导师张中载教授为本教材写了评介意见。河北大学外国语学院1999级英语语言文学专业的全体研究生做了大量具体的工作。河北大学出版社为了本书的早日付梓,付出了巨大的劳动。在此一并表示感谢。

应当指出的是,本教材的内容均选自原著,受文化传统、思维习惯等因素的影响,作者的思想、观点可能与我们的不同,甚至有很大的差异,希望教师与学生在使用时加以注意。同时,由于诸种原因,我们未能与书中所选文章的原作者一一取得联系。希望原作者见到本书后,能主动与我们联系,以便按《著作权法》支付相关报酬。

由于水平所限,加之时间仓促,书中难免有不当和错漏之处,望读者不吝指正。

序

本书是受河北省高校外语教学研究会委托,根据《高等学校英语专业教学大纲》,为大专院校英语专业编写的泛读教材。本书的编写目的是使学生通过大量的阅读实践、阅读技能的培养和词汇知识的扩展,逐步提高理解能力和阅读速度,以便在增加语感的基础上提高实际运用语言的能力。因此,本书在内容的取舍和练习的选择方面都是围绕着提高学生阅读能力和速度进行设计编排的。根据教学需要,课文选材力求体现科学性、知识性、趣味性相结合及循序渐进的原则。

在 21 世纪知识激增的信息时代,每天都有大量的科技文献、文史资料、报刊、书籍出版。若想在知识的海洋中更多地获取所需要的信息,读者必须具有快速阅读能力和高度理解能力。增强理解力,增加文化背景知识,扩大词汇量,成为阅读之必需。现代的阅读就是要求读者在精神高度集中的情况下,用有效的手段,以最快的速度,通读有关的文章,获取所需要的全部信息。实质上,阅读理解是对读者的英语词汇、语法、文化背景知识及分析问题能力等进行的综合检验。

由毛卓亮、潘炳信、容新芳三位教授任主编的这套教材以此为宗旨,力求做到题材多样,内容广泛,语言地道生动,程度由浅入深,博采众家之长。这套教材不仅可供大专院校英语专业本科与专科一、二年级学生使用,也可供高等院校其他专业、职工大学、业余大学、电视大学英语泛读课选用。

胡荫桐

(河北省高校外语教学研究会会长)

2001 年 6 月

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Unit 1

Text A Staying Alive at 20 Below

by Robert S. Semniuk

Answer the following questions after the first reading of the passage.

1. *Where did they go?*
2. *What happened to the narrator's sled?*
3. *Why did they go to that place?*
4. *How many hours did they spend in building their igloo?*

Turning the hood of my caribou-skin parka to deflect the biting arctic wind, I skim across the snow as the lights of Igloolik, Nunavut, a small community 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle, disappear on the barren horizon. Above, a galaxy of stars bursts out of the black December sky.

It's 10 p. m. and my immediate challenge is simply to hang on to the sled. I'm being towed behind the snowmobile of my friend Andy Attagutlukutuk, an Inuit hunter.

The sled hits a bump, becomes airborne for a second, then crashes down, jolting the wind out of me. Gasping for breath, I cling to the taut rope that anchors five day's provisions in place. It's like riding a bucking bull on a fastmoving conveyor belt—and falling off onto the rocks and ice speeding by is not an option.

I bury my face in my mitts, bracing myself against the blast of ice and snow raging up behind the snowmobile and into my face like a storm of broken glass. Thankfully, Andy soon notices my problem, stops his machine and uncoils extra towrope to lengthen the distance between us.

The temperature is minus 20 degrees F., the wind about 30 miles an hour, and Andy is zipping along at top speed—40 to 50 miles an hour, sometimes faster. With every turn, I adjust my position to protect myself against the wind, especially my face, which could freeze solid in minutes. As I check my face for telltale solid spots, a gap opens between my mitts and parka, and searing cold bites a ring around my wrist. The rest of me is covered with parka, pants and *kamiks* (Inuit boots).

Andy and I are on our way to the Melville Peninsula to hunt caribou and polar bear.

Andy was already a good hunter when I first went out with him and his father 20 years ago. His father, who grew up when living meant hunting, died a few years ago, one of the last

traditional Inuit hunters. Now 43, Andy is married with three children. He works as an oil-heater technician for the Igloolik housing association, and his wife, Rebecca, is a translator and teaching assistant at the elementary school. Unlike his father, Andy hunts only on weekends and holidays, but he learned well: hunting is in his blood. And I have come back to join him again.

About two hours have passed when I hear grinding and rattling from the snowmobile's engine. I know from past experience traveling here that breakdowns are inevitable, but so soon? It sounds serious, not something that can be fixed with wire or sealskin. I imagine freezing to death while waiting for someone to find us.

Andy stops immediately, and as I track his hands with a flashlight's beam, he lifts the cover off the front of the machine.

"It is in the chain box," he reports. "We will have to take it apart."

As he removes the chain-case cover, all the lubricant pours out. A series of different-sized sprockets linked together with a foot-long circular chain is exposed, and the teeth on one of them are sheared. He fishes out another, bigger sprocket.

"This will work," he says. "We will have less power, but more speed." He warms his hands in his mitts again before reassembling all the pieces.

The job finished, Andy starts the machine and test-drives it a yard or so. The grinding is still there.

"We have to take it apart again," Andy says without a hint of frustration. We repeat the whole procedure in a blinding swirl of snow. By the time we finish, it is 4 a. m. —six hours since we left Igloolik, 40 miles behind us.

Tired and cold, I have no idea when we will sleep, or where. But Andy is one of the few people with whom I would even consider going out on the land in winter. Without him I would probably be lost, and soon dead.

About an hour later, Andy stops before a tiny "outpost" cabin. "We will sleep here tonight," he says.

Flashlight in hand, I kick snow away from the door, pry it open enough to pass through into a tiny porch, then wrestle open a second frozen-shut door.

Half the cabin is a wall-to-wall raised sleeping platform. The rest comprises an oil heater with a flue going through the roof, a drying rack hanging from the ceiling, a few shelves and two ice-encrusted windows. My light illuminates a deck of cards on a bench, some candles and a broken mirror.

Except for the snowmobile fuel, we haul everything into our little sanctuary. We spread Andy's caribou skins on the sleeping platform, and soon the cabin is filled with steam from the snow I melt for coffee on the Coleman stove.

Andy puts two frozen cans of smoked oysters near the flame. When they begin to bubble over, he peels the lids back, and we spread the oily little morsels on frozen, rock-hard bread that turns soggy in seconds. He leaves a bottle of snowmobile oil near the stove so it will pour more

easily in the morning, then uses snow from the floor to chink the leaks around the window. I fall asleep quickly to the hissing sound and acrid smell of the stove's fumes.

We wake at around 11 a.m. . Andy suggests we hunt for four or five hours and then return to sleep. "We are close to a place where my father always shot caribou," he tells me.

We travel for a few hours, until Andy spots caribou tracks heading across hills so rugged to venture across. Covering many miles, we circle, looking over this hill and around that bend and small valley or river bottom, checking for more caribou tracks. "We have to look for tracks because we would never see the caribou in this light," Andy says. With all the turns and circles, I have lost all sense of direction. The day is dark and windy.

When we stop again, it is by the entrails of three caribou. Ravens have diligently pecked away at the poles of guts, no doubt the only food source around. Andy knows who shot these caribou two weeks ago.

For him, every place has story. Earlier we stopped where he said his father always found caribou. And before that was a place where a friend's grand-parents lived a long time ago, and before that the place where Andy's cousin shot a polar bear.

For me the landscape is, at best, a linear map, but for the Inuit it is mnemonic and intertwined with stories and history. It all seems impossible traveling around in the cold and dark—and yet knowing where you are. It seems doubly impossible to find something to eat.

Andy skids the sled around so it is perpendicular to the wind, and we crouch in the snow behind the food box, out of the piercing wind and took hot water from our thermoses. The steaming strands of simple pasta are extraordinarily delicious. Between gulps, I hold the cup in my mitts and wait for the heat to seep through to my hands, a sensation that makes the soup more an experience than mere food.

"The caribou didn't come through here," Andy proclaims. "They are somewhere between us and where we last saw their tracks on the other side of those hills."

In two hours we are back at the cabin. It is 6 p.m. , and I am cold and hungry. We have more noodles, sardines on frozen bread, cheese and coffee. I write a few notes while Andy rests on his sleeping bag, peering out the window.

In the morning Andy and I continue our search for caribou. And again we retreat to the cabin. More frozen bread and sardines, more frozen oysters. "I want to eat fresh caribou," Andy says, disappointed.

Around 9 p.m. we hear snowmobiles outside. The door swings open, and out of a cloud of cold air come two fur-clad Inuit hunters; two brothers whose father owns the taxi business in Igloolik.

I watch them pull off their fur parkas, sealskin pants and layers of clothing; caribou socks, then wool duffel socks, then plastic bags inside those, and then a sealskin boot inside the plastic. Andy and I make room for the men on the sleeping platform.

As their *kamiks* thaw out on the drying rack above the stove, blood drips on the floor. "They shot the three caribou that made the tracks we were following," Andy says. "That is

why when we circled those hills we didn't find any more tracks." I drift off to sleep.

In the morning we fry half of our pound of bacon and share it with our cabin guests, one of whom has retrieved chunks of frozen caribou meat from his sled. He adds the pieces to our boiling soup pot. Soon the four of us have devoured the energizing meal, and we begin packing and carrying our gear out to the sleds. Andy and I won't be coming back here tonight.

We head north toward the coast, and in a few hours we arrive on the sea ice that stretches to Baffin Island. Andy steers carefully between jutting pressure ridges, looking for polar bears or their tracks. After an hour of roaming the rough ice, we find no tracks, and tonight there is no cabin. "We have to find snow for an igloo before it gets too dark," Andy says.

He tests the snow with his snow saw at three places over a few miles before he finds the right weight and texture for an igloo. "The snow is very poor here—too soft on top and too hard at the bottom—but it is the best we have found," he informs me.

Andy cuts the first block. I help him turn the big piece over, then he carves a usable block from the middle of it. To get the 34 blocks he needs, we must excavate a larger area than we would if the snow was good and deep; then it would all come from the floor of the igloo.

Some blocks fall apart when I try to carry them to where Andy has begun construction. He spirals the blocks around himself, like a snail building its own shell, and as he adds blocks, they shield him more and more from the howling wind.

Hauling blocks to Andy, I stumble often, struggling through holes we've made. Despite the wind, I'm hot and sweating.

"Bob—your face!" he says suddenly. I feel my cheeks and nose. They are as hard as rock. Distracted, I have neglected to check my face often enough, and now it is frozen.

I curse and drop to my knees behind the completed wall of blocks, out of the wind, remove my mitts and place both hands over my face. I feel nothing. But in minutes my face is burning as it thaws.

Andy looks at me. "My father used to say that when your face turns white, you should be in a house." We laugh.

When the dome is finally completed, Andy excavates a sleeping platform by digging out the floor of the igloo. He removes a good yard of snow and shoves it out the small entrance hole at the base of the dome. With my hands I move the loose snow farther away from the entrance. It takes us over four hours to complete this igloo. "If the snow was good, it would have taken us less than two," Andy says.

I am exhausted and so wet with sweat that I steam. We quickly unload the sled, putting everything except the fuel inside the igloo, and we crawl inside.

Andy has made a beautiful and ingenious candle lantern by hollowing out a block of snow in a cone shape and putting the candle inside. "My uncle taught me that," he says as he seals us in the igloo with the last block of snow.

After we get the stove lit, it actually feels warm enough to take my wool hat off and three of my six layers of underwear. Soon I am watching the shimmering light from the stove's flame

dancing on the dome of our igloo, and listening to Andy snoring and to the wolves howling close by.

I fall asleep thinking I should have paced myself better so I would not have gotten so wet with perspiration. I worked too fast. My face is burning, and tomorrow it will freeze even faster than it did tonight. In the morning I will wake up cold and will have to put on frozen clothes. But right now I am content—warm in our cozy little snow house, and far away from everything.

[Vocabulary]

Inuit *n.* (also Innuits) Eskimo

hood *n.* 风帽

caribou *n.* 驯鹿

parka *n.* jacket made from skin and with a hood, worn by Eskimos

lubricant *n.* 润滑剂

sprocket *n.* 链轮齿

grinding *a.* harsh (noise)

morsel *n.* small amount or piece of sth, esp food

soggy *a.* very wet

mnemonic *a.* of or designed to help the memory

thaw *vt.* (使物)解冻

igloo *n.* small dome-shaped house built by Eskimos from blocks of hard snow as a temporary shelter

excavate *vt.* make by digging

[Exercises]

I. Reading comprehension

1. The author knew _____ 20 years ago.

A. Andy B. Andy's father C. Andy's friends D. both A and B

2. They left Igloolik _____.

A. at 4 a. m. B. at 4 p. m. C. at 10 p. m. D. at 10 a. m.

3. On the 3rd night came _____.

A. two caribou B. two Inuit hunters C. two pole bears D. nothing

II. True or false

1. They went to Melville Peninsula to do some scientific research.

2. Andy was a professional hunter.

3. Something is wrong with the snowmobile's engine.

4. Andy knew who shot these caribou two weeks ago.

5. They returned home after they met that two-brother hunters.

III. Translation

Put the last 4 paragraphs into Chinese.

IV. Suggestions for writing

Write a passage within 200 words about your own experience which makes you get closest connection with nature.

Text B The Blitzkrieg Billionaire

by George Soros

Answer the following questions after the first reading of the passage.

1. *What happened in the spring of 1944 in Hungary?*
2. *Whom does George Soros owe his success to?*
3. *Why did George decide to leave his hometown?*
4. *What is the name of their book?*

The penthouse suite on the top floor of a New York skyscraper seems a fitting lair for a man who once believed he was God. From up there, Central Park looks like a knotted, green rug. The sound of police sirens and rush-hour traffic 33 floors below barely penetrates this plushly carpeted hideaway close to the clouds.

At a desk looking out over the tangled green of the park sits George Soros, 70, a diminutive figure with wavy grey hair, wirerimmed glasses and a lilting eastern European accent.

"I love trees," he says, surveying his favourite view through the large windows encircling his domain on a radiantly sunny day. He can afford to spend time daydreaming.

He arrived in Manhattan with a famously big ego but only a few dollars in his pocket just over four decades ago. Today he is richer—and more powerful—than many of the countries whose flags flutter above the United Nations headquarters down the road.

Yet this walking embodiment of the American dream—he was the first person to earn more than a billion dollars in a single year and famously "broke" the Bank of England in September 1992—has remained something of an enigma. His thoughts on finance in various books have left readers little the wiser about what makes him tick.

But after a lengthy interview last week, the answer is finally emerging. The world's greatest investor owes his astonishing success and capacity for taking stomach-churning risks to the influence of Tivadar Soros, his father, and to the lessons he learnt from him amid the rubble of Budapest in 1944.

That momentous year is chronicled in a wartime memoir by Tivadar, who died in 1968. Written in Esperanto, the autobiography had been all but forgotten, even by Soros. Now it is being resurrected by the family in English—and with it, Soros's memories of a time when he "learnt how to handle danger, but also to enjoy it."

His triumphs in the markets, he says, are "directly related to 1944", a year he compares—because his family played cat-and-mouse games with the Nazis—to the film *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, and which he calls "the happiest of my life".

"The incredible adventures—nearly dying but you always escape—in a way, it's an adoles-

cent dream, to go through danger, pain and suffering but with a deepdown feeling that you're not going to get caught," he says. Survival fuelled in Soros a feeling that he was some sort of god.

"I had an exaggerated view of myself," he admits. "I have to face up to that." When he came to Britain after the war and took a room in a bed-and-breakfast near Highbury Corner in north London, it was a "major comedown. I thought I was a really important figure. But that's not what the British thought". Not then, at least.

Tivadar Soros was a lawyer with an appetite for fun, a roving eye and a somewhat lazy disposition. "As a lawyer, he prided himself on working as little as possible," says Soros. One prospective client was advised against engaging him on the grounds that he spent most of his days in the swimming pool, on the ice rink or in cafés.

He had enlisted to fight in the First World War not, he wrote in his memoir, out of a sense of patriotic duty, but from fear that "I would miss a unique opportunity". Taken prisoner in Russia, he escaped, hiding in Siberia before embarking upon a dangerous journey home to Budapest by way of the Arctic.

He married and had two sons, on whom he doted. "I could just reach into my father's pocket and take out any amount of money that I needed," says Soros. "We were allowed to do anything we wanted because my father wanted to teach us to be responsible."

Not that the family was all that well-off; any money Tivadar made was quickly spent on expensive skiing holidays in Austria.

"He wanted to live well, to enjoy himself, but he made a point of not amassing wealth. Although I was very much formed in the image of my father, he was a decumulator of capital while I became an accumulator." Perhaps, ventures Soros, it was partly the family's lack of money years ago that motivated him to make a lot "extra". Whereas his funds are in the bank, "the only capital I can rely on," Tivadar liked to say, "is in my head."

Tivadar's ability to focus on his children instilled in them an unusual degree of confidence. "You get a sense of self-importance," Soros says, "from the attention of a person who you think is very important. We considered ourselves a team apart from the milieu in which we lived. We had different values from the ones that prevailed in the bourgeois surroundings. My father had a cavalier view of material values."

Dark clouds however, loomed over this unconventional family. When the Germans invaded Hungary in the spring of 1944, Tivadar realised that their "invitation" to Jews to present themselves to the authorities was ominous. While other families passively awaited their fate, he decided to act.

The family stood the best chance of survival, he reasoned, if they separated and lived under assumed identities as Christians; and for much of the next 10 months, until the Nazis were pushed out of Hungary by the Russian army, Tivadar, his wife Elizabeth and sons George and Paul used forged documents to avoid being rounded up and sent to the death camps where half a million Hungarian Jews were killed.

George—whose blond hair and blue eyes put him less at risk than the others—was farmed out to a government official called Baufluss, living as his godson under the name Sandor Kiss. Ironically, the official was tasked by the Nazis with making an inventory of confiscated Jewish estates. Soros travelled about the country with him as he listed their assets.

The risks were great—anyone caught with false papers could be shot. But for a time it worked well. Occasionally, the family would meet, although in public they had to pretend not to know each other. Food became scarce and the dangers increased; their survival is a remarkable testament to Tivadar's resourcefulness. He was even able to give his boys fake certificates declaring that they had been circumcised for medical rather than religious reasons.

Countless other Jews came to him for assistance and through a network of forgers he equipped them with false papers. He used a sliding scale of charges under which the poor paid nothing but the rich might pay up to 20 times the going rate.

"It was his finest hour," says Soros, who links his own interest in philanthropy directly to his father's actions. "I had never seen him work so hard."

George also got his grounding as a trader in 1944. A friend asked Tivadar one day to help sell a gold bracelet. George, who was less likely to be stopped in the street than his father, became a "runner". He was sent off with the bracelet and told to meet two French friends with extensive black-market contacts.

They returned with double the sum that the seller had wanted. The lesson Soros learnt that day was simple: "Gold had a commodity price which fluctuated." It has served him well.

There were grim times, too. After the Russians kicked the Nazis out of Budapest, he recalls a walk through the ruined city with his father. "When we came back I was sick. All the corpses, particularly the horses that were cut up by people for food, and men with their hands tied behind their backs and their skulls crushed. That was very upsetting to me."

On an earlier foray out on the streets with Tivadar, a German plane swept low over their heads, spraying gunfire. "I said, 'Look, it's got fire coming from its wings.'" His father pulled him into a doorway. Emerging a few seconds later, they saw two bodies lying in the street.

Tivadar's memoir seems to play down such incidents and betrays few signs of fear or despair. In fact, his narrative is full of humour.

"I made the acquaintance of two very attractive young women," he writes, "who were not only Jewish but Orthodox Jewish." One of them explained that her husband was so devout she had to shave her head for their wedding. "She was so elegant and beautiful that I had difficulty believing her story—at which she removed her wig and revealed a head as bald as a baby's."

He goes on: "I noticed that unconsciously, but perhaps out of female jealousy, each was careful that the other did not spend too much time with me. But I had other things on my mind than sexual adventures. In fact, the sexual urge seemed less and less important; just staying alive, the most important instinct of all, absorbed all my energies."

As the German occupation intensified, it took more of that energy to stay afloat. In October 1944, Hungarian pro-Nazis set up a new government that was even more hostile to the Jews.

Groups of them were marched to the banks of the Danube and shot. Deportations to death camps accelerated.

Tivadar decided the time had come for George and Paul to move in with him as his “god-sons”. As machinegun bullets pecked at their windows, they played chess and made up quizzes based on maps on the wall.

The winnings were biscuits, usually won by Tivadar, who ate them, much to the outrage of his sons. “It isn’t fair because it reduces our chances of winning them back,” Paul told him. “Yes,” Soros remembers with a sigh. “That was injustice.”

In the streets, the situation was changing quickly. In January 1945, the Russians moved in. “We welcomed them with open arms,” says Soros. He tells a story Tivadar left out of his book.

“They were looking for women, so my father actually took them to a house of ill repute.” He adds with a wry chuckle: “He deflected their interest to the professionals.”

The family had survived the Nazis, but now a new uncertainty began as the communists took over. At 17, George decided to leave the city. “I said to my father, ‘I’m bored. Nothing is happening. I’d like to move out.’ He said, ‘Where would you like to go?’ I said to Moscow, to find out what this communist regime was about, or to London, because of the BBC.” The family had spent the war years listening to broadcasts from London.

“My father said, ‘I know the Soviet Union very well, so I can tell you all about it—you don’t have to go there.’”

Tivadar enlisted the help of a Jewish relative he had helped to escape to London during the war, suggesting that George send him a postcard “to remind him that he owes you.”

The point, said Soros, was that “I thought at the age of 17 that I had decided to go abroad, but actually my father was steering it. He was encouraging us to get out because he thought that was the best thing for us.” He was right.

At first, however, it did not seem so. “My first years in England were as miserable as 1944 was positive,” says Soros. “I ate very skimpily.” So much so that he remembers feeling jealous of the cat at the bed-and-breakfast in Liberia Road because the cat got kippers in the morning.

He worked as a waiter at Quaglino’s, sometimes eating leftover profiteroles. In Suffolk, he harvested apples. He worked as a painter. Even then, however, he knew how to marshal his pennies. “I started on a weekly budget of £4. The aim was to reduce it below £4. I kept a record of spending in my diary.”

After a stint as a student at the London School of Economics, Soros set off for America, where he got a job as an arbitrage trader. He never looked back.

By the time his parents emigrated to America in 1956, he could afford to let them have the two-bedroom flat he had been living in. By then Paul, his brother, was also living in America, and had started a successful engineering company.

America was not a land of opportunity for Tivadar, however. When he started looking for work he was asked by one interviewer what sort of job he wanted. “He said, ‘I want to start at the top and work my way down,’” his son recalls with a laugh. He opened an espresso bar in a