

华东师范大学  
一九九九年硕士研究生入学考试  
考试科目: 基础英语  
招生专业: 英语语言文学

**I. Multiple Choice (20%)**

Choose the best answer to complete the following sentence.

1. No hero of ancient or modern days can surpass the Indian with his lofty contempt of death and the \_\_\_\_\_ with which he sustains its cruellest affliction.  
a. regard                      b. fortitude                      c. loss                      d. reverence
2. It's not working, we have to go back to \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. block one                      b. beginning one                      c. square one                      d. first one
3. We have in America a \_\_\_\_\_ of speech that is neither American, Oxford English, nor English but a combination of all three.  
a. motley                      b. hybrid                      c. mangled                      d. feigned
4. It has been said that printing does as much harm as good, since it gives us bad books as well as good ones and \_\_\_\_\_ falsehood and error no less than knowledge and truth.  
a. displays                      b. betrays                      c. demonstrates                      d. propagates
5. Bill has a way \_\_\_\_\_ children. And other teachers envy him.  
a. to                      b. with                      c. on                      d. for
6. Not only the \_\_\_\_\_ are fooled by propaganda; we can all be misled if we are not wary.  
a. ignorant                      b. gullible                      c. masses                      d. uncultured
7. I can't put up with him any more. I want to speak \_\_\_\_\_ today!  
a. my mind                      b. my idea                      c. my thought                      d. my consideration
8. He felt that the office routine was too \_\_\_\_\_ for a man of his dreams.  
a. enervating                      b. stimulating                      c. rigorous                      d. prosaic
9. The Marines attacked the south beach at daybreak; \_\_\_\_\_, as a diversionary manoeuvre, a company landed on the north side of the island.  
a. previously                      b. later                      c. simultaneously                      d. subsequently
10. Can you make \_\_\_\_\_ the little grey house on the shore?  
a. out                      b. on                      c. off                      d. up
11. Because he is \_\_\_\_\_, we can not predict what cause he will follow.  
a. incoherent                      b. capricious                      c. sedate                      d. deleterious
12. Such \_\_\_\_\_ act of hostility can only lead to war.  
a. overt                      b. opportunistic                      c. occasional                      d. unequalled
13. Why are you \_\_\_\_\_, what's the matter?  
a. blinking                      b. winking                      c. grinning                      d. frowning

14. I can think of nothing more \_\_\_\_\_ than arriving at the theatre and discovering that I have left the tickets at home.  
a. vicious      b. tantalising      c. vexatious      d. banal
15. The boss is very much \_\_\_\_\_ who likes to be involved in all aspects of the company's work.  
a. a hard work manager      b. a similar clerk      c. a good hand      d. a hands-on manager
16. At the church, the visitors \_\_\_\_\_ with the bereaved parents of the children killed in the accident.  
a. mingled      b. chatted      c. commiserated      d. lamented
17. He has been let \_\_\_\_\_ so many times in the past. Do you think he will trust her again this time?  
a. off      b. at      c. off      d. down
18. Great care was taken to \_\_\_\_\_ the news as gently as possible to her as she was afflicted with heart trouble.  
a. show      b. inform      c. break      d. strike
19. It never occurred to me that Mary and Bob would broke up finally. --- Well, you know, as people say "familiarity \_\_\_\_\_ contempt." --- Mm, I suppose you're right.  
a. breeds      b. makesc. does      d. produces
20. The study of the artificial manipulation of the make-up of living things is called \_\_\_\_\_.  
a. biological experiment      b. medical operation      c. anatomy engineering      d. genetic engineering

## II. Cloze (10% 1 for each)

Fill in the following blank with a suitable word.

### Mistaken Ideas about College

by Kimberley Ordway

(Excerpt)

Before I came to college, I was (1) \_\_\_\_\_ I knew all about it. I had talked to guidance counsellors, I had met some college students, I had looked at some catalogues, and I had seen more than my share of old "college" movies where the heroes belonged to "jock" fraternities and the (2) \_\_\_\_\_ to sophisticated sororities. I knew all about it. Or so I thought. But, now, after one semester as a college student, many of old ideas have changed completely.

I used to imagine bossy upper-class-men, for example. I thought they would be know-it-all rulers of the campus who got their kicks (3) \_\_\_\_\_ harassing freshmen. I pictured being directed to the wrong classrooms, being snubbed because I was too young, and eating lunch standing up because older students wouldn't allow me at their tables. But, in fact, the upper-class-men (when I could tell them from the freshmen) turned out to be quite civilised. They didn't even notice me, but if I did need help, they were (4) \_\_\_\_\_ to give it. In the beginning, more experienced students helped me to choose my professors and courses and to find my rooms, and later they encouraged me to stick with my tough courses (even calculus) and they tried (unsuccessfully) to teach me how to stay cool during examinations. No harassment here.

The upper-class-men weren't the (5) \_\_\_\_\_ ones I worried about. I was also concerned about the other freshmen. I was afraid they might think I was too fat, too shy, too ugly, too cowardly, or even too dumb to bother with. I thought their backgrounds and interests would be much more exciting than mine; I wondered who would care about a small-town girl whose typical pastime was strolling to the corner store for penny candy, popsicles, and Pepsi. And, (6) \_\_\_\_\_ of all, I was afraid of being alone, with my old friends far away and no new ones here. Again. I was wrong. When I finally got to college, I discovered that most students felt exactly as I did. They were as uneasy with me as I was with them, and as we started to open up, we began to trust one another. We began to become (7) \_\_\_\_\_ about each others' backgrounds and interests; the differences among us actually became attractions. We laughed, for example,

at our comparative pronunciations of "car" as "cah" or "car," and I learned that "Get down" means "Feel good" in Boston. And no one seemed to think that I was fat, shy, ugly, cowardly, or dumb!

These (8) \_\_\_\_\_ all of my worries, though. I was also frightened by the classes and especially by the teachers. I imagined myself lost in a two-hundred seat lecture hall, desperately scratching down pieces of notes preached from a great (9) \_\_\_\_\_ by a tiny, inaudible male professor with white hair and little gold-rimmed glasses. I was convinced he'd have no patience with my stupid questions, so I'd be perpetually lost. Wrong here too. Most of my classes had only thirty to forty students (some were smaller) and the professors, male and female, looked downright ordinary. One teacher had prematurely grey hair and (10) \_\_\_\_\_ of them had gold-rimmed glasses. I did find myself desperately scratching down notes, but I also had plenty of chances to ask questions and even to take part in discussions. In the one-to-one meetings after class, I came to appreciate the teachers even more. They were actually interested in teaching me.

**III. Proofreading (15% 1.5 for each blank)**

Edit the following passage with the symbols in the box. There is no more than one mistake in each numbered line.

**Editing symbols:**

- a. Delete the unnecessary word from the line by striking through the word with a bar. E.g. ~~unnecessary~~
- b. Insert the word into the line by an arrow (↑) pointing to the position where the insertion takes place.
- c. Replace the mistaken word with a correct one in the corresponding blank. E.g. ~~mistaken~~ (1) correct

Rows to rows of small ads on today's papers are to the nineties (1) \_\_\_\_\_ as car boot sales were to the eighties: Popular marketplaces which somehow attract the enthusiasms of the moment. An economic recovery (2) \_\_\_\_\_ may look bleak on the high street, but classified advertising on papers is well developed into a work of art. Newspapers report spectacle (3) \_\_\_\_\_ increase in classified volume, and there is a group of growing specialist publications (*Loot*, *Trade it*, *Bargain Buy*) entirely devoted selling (4) \_\_\_\_\_ second-hand goods. Most of the latter are in tabloid format, with up to 100 pages of local bargains, usually advertised freely (the sales of the papers are profitable enough to keep the papers alive). A recent issue of (5) \_\_\_\_\_ the Manchester, Cheshire & Lancashire *Loot* -- claimed to hold more than 14,000 adverts.

"Just picture that attracts people to these ads. You're missing out the (6) \_\_\_\_\_ middleman, so it's a much cheaper way of buying and selling," says Icky Hasnain of the London editions of *Loot*, which has weekly sales of around 200,000 copies. "It's one of the purest forms of market. If you advertise something below what is considered the market price, it will become a hard (7) \_\_\_\_\_ sell unless you are extremely lucky."

There are advantages. Small ads can attract strangers to people's homes, (8) \_\_\_\_\_ and - a bigger problem - can be used for shifting stolen goods (the police are regular readers). But for most enthusiasts these are small worries. For more important is the prospect - irresistible to buyers and sellers alike - of a good bargain which screams its message of good value clear and loudly. And (9) \_\_\_\_\_ reading the classifieds admits you to a new world of mystery and promise, complete with its own tantalising vocabulary: "as new," "unwanted gift," "ingenious (10) \_\_\_\_\_ reason for sale," "VGC" and so. (VGC means "very good condition," which means, as often as not, "not very good condition.")

#### IV. Reading comprehension (55%)

##### Passage 1

Read the following passage and answer the questions on your Answer Sheet.

### I Remember... My *Little White School*

By K. W. Carter

The little red schoolhouse in my community was white. In fact, I do not recall ever seeing red schoolhouses in rural Maine in the old days; usually they were white or, more commonly, the color of weather-beaten shingles. It must be remembered that the reputation of town officials was measured by their reluctance to spend money on education.

I have before me a copy of the 1935 Town Report for Montville. Three grade schools operated there at the time, and the entire budget for schools, including money from state funds, was \$6,170. Of this amount \$2,736.26 was allotted to other towns for high school tuition, Montville having no high school of its own. There was an unexpected balance of \$408.51 at the end of that year. From this it can be seen that the town operated three grammar schools for a total of \$3,025.23.

The outlay for textbooks was \$23.95, and for other supplies, \$6.08. And this in an era when rural taxpayers were emitting anguished cries about the high cost of education! The total budget for teachers was \$1,572.50. Out of these handsome salaries, teachers who didn't live within commuting distance of the school paid their board to a local resident.

Since the low salaries in rural schools kept the profession from being attractive to men, the teacher was invariably a woman. Prior to the 1920s, when teachers were paid even less, they boarded "around," living a week or two at a time with one family and then moving on to the nearest or most desirable place they could find. If some of the living conditions were less than satisfactory, at least they were free, for it was then a public duty for townspeople to take turns "boarding the teacher." After two or three years of this rather nomadic way of life, most school mistresses were ready to marry anyone who asked their hand, in order to escape. If a teacher was fortunate enough to live near the school, she might make a lifetime career of instructing the young, thereby becoming what was always called "an old main schoolteacher."

The schoolhouse I attended consisted of one room, roughly thirty feet square, with a large entry way where outdoor clothing, rubbers, and dinner pails could be left during the day. There was a woodshed large enough to store a supply of kindling and five or six split cords of wood, cut in two-and-one-half-foot lengths. At the back of the woodshed were two three holers, a stout board between them rigorously segregating the sexes.

The interior of the schoolroom was finished in matched softwood boards which may have been painted a generation before. The floor was of unpainted softwood and so worn that every knot was a good half-inch higher than the rest of the board. Since the building had no basement, winter winds whistled under it and up through cracks in the floor; chill breezes also invaded the room through the walls and around windows and doors; and sometimes fine snow, driven by a northeast wind, filtered in. The room was heated by a potbellied, black-iron barrel stove, stoked with dry hardwood billets from the woodshed. Sometimes a bit of exuberant horseplay at recess or lunch-time might lead to one of the stove's three legs being kicked askew, tipping the whole thing, fire and all, onto the floor. To keep the small building from going up in smoke required swift, heroic work on the part of the larger boys, and they always managed to avoid disaster.

Some twenty young scholars attended this school, although there were desks for thirty. Books, stored in old, glass-fronted bookcases, were used until they were so dog-eared and defaced as to be almost unreadable. On the rare occasions when new books were available, they were distributed reluctantly, usually, it was believed, to the teacher's favorites. On a table at the back of the room was a well-worn dictionary, a flyspecked globe (word had crept into the community that the world was round), paper, pencils, erasers, and chalk.

Of course, there was no piano nor any musical instruction. The teacher would open "morning exercises" by having us sing a hymn, but more often any ceremony was limited to a recital of the Lord's Prayer and a salute to the flag, mumbling rites now outlawed by the wisdom of the Supreme Court.

The curriculum included the three Rs, geography, and American history. Penmanship was taught by the Palmer Method, standard procedure in all Maine schools. Whether there was something wrong with the system of the immortal Palmer or whether I had no talent for calligraphy must remain a moot question, since I never learned to write well enough to read my own handwriting an hour after it was put on paper.

Social affairs and extracurricular activities at the little "red" schoolhouse were almost nonexistent. The town fathers felt it unnecessary to spend money on such frivolity, and the poorly paid teachers could not generate enough enthusiasm for any fun and games. Yes, at Christmas time we would have a tree and the children would exchange presents of fudge, little notebooks, or small bags of candy tied up with ribbon. To wind up the festivities we would sing "Jingle Bells" or "Come All Ye Faithful." Then, liberated for two weeks, we would go home for sliding, and for flu and runny nose.

**Answer the following questions on your answer sheet: (25%)**

1. What does the writer want to say through this article?
2. What is meant by "... the reputation of town officials was measured by their reluctance to spend money on education" in relation to the whole article?
3. What is the purpose of paragraphs 2 and 3?
4. Select three details that give you the most vivid picture of the schoolhouse.
5. What is the dominant impression of the school? What led you to this conclusion?

## Passage II

Read the following passage and answer the questions.

### The Never-ending Fight

By Issac Asimov

I was interviewed on television recently and, in answering the questions, I found myself expressing my contempt for the various superstitious beliefs that plague humanity.

The interviewer asked, "But since, by your own admission, most people believe this sort of thing and find solace or comfort in it, why do you want to deprive them of it?"

I answered as best I could in the brief time available to me before the camera. But I can do it better now with more space at my disposal. This, in essence, is what I said.

There are two reasons. In the first place, I have the call to do so, the call to point out the uselessness of superstition. Everyone is perfectly ready to believe theists when they say they have the call to preach their version of the word of God and to accord them a kind of humble respect for having such a noble mission. Why, then, should I be scorned because I have the call to preach my version of the word of reason?

I have my own notion of what it means to be rational and to look at the universe clearly. Unlike theists, I threaten no one with hellfire if they refuse to agree with every word I say; nor do I attempt to bribe them with tales of eternal bliss if only they accept my every syllable. Rather, I preach a universe in which there is neither threat nor bribe but merely something one strives to understand merely for the sake of understanding.

Unlike theists, I do not claim to have a pipeline to something supernatural. I do not claim to have absolute truth and an eternal answer to every problem past, present, or future. Rather, I offer the fallible human mind doing the best it can to improve its view somewhat from generation to generation.

And what I ask is merely that I be given a chance to express this rather modest and humble attitude without let or hindrance.

Secondly, it is no defense of superstition and pseudo-science to say that it brings solace and comfort to people and that therefore we "elitists" should not claim to know better and to take it away from the less sophisticated.

If solace and comfort are how we judge the worth of something, then consider that tobacco brings solace and comfort to smokers; alcohol brings it to drinkers; drugs of all kinds bring it to addicts; the violence bring it to sociopaths. Judge by solace and comfort only and there is no behavior we ought to interfere with.

To be sure, it is easy to see that all these things bring harm to their practitioners, but can it not be argued that if some people get pleasure out of a practice that does harm to them it is nevertheless their body, their

choice, their health, and their life to do with as they wish? Who are we to be the "big brother" who attempts to dictate our notion of a superior way of life to others against their will?

There is indeed something to this if it is only the practitioner's body and health and life that is involved and no one else's. But what of the smoker whose effluvium damages the lungs of nonsmokers forced to breathe his or her reek? What of the drinker who drives and kills? What of the addict who lures others into addiction? What of the sociopath who directly harms others as his or her path to joy?

By and large, then, society demands that these harmful physical practices be controlled insofar as it can be done humanely.

But, in that case, why should we not be at least as deeply concerned with the pernicious effects of superstition? Those who believe in magical methods of preventing or curing disease often do not turn to rational methods till it is too late. Those who believe that disasters are the work of inscrutable supernatural forces do not search for rational ways of preventing them or ameliorating their effects. Those who believe that humanity is under the beneficent control of supernatural forces that will see us through all our problems if we only "have faith" do not seek natural solutions to those problems.

We live in times when overpopulation, pollution, the greenhouse effect, the thinning of the ozone layer, the deterioration of the environment, the destruction of the forests and of wildlife, and the dangers of multiplying nuclear armaments all threaten us with the destruction of civilization and the radical reduction in the very viability of Earth. If our only answer to all this is a superstitious reliance on something outside ourselves as a solution to all those problems, we are making that destruction certain.

Yes, we will have our solace and comfort till the moment of the destruction, and we might console ourselves with the thoughts that we will all meet in a better world than this one and that indeed the Bible predicts the destruction of this world. But how many really believe that, even among those who say they do?

I notice little in the way of great joy at the death of friends and loved ones, little triumph in their having passed on to heavenly glory sooner than they might otherwise have done so. When an earthquake kills two thousand people at a blow, we do not rejoice that the innocent among them are now in heaven, but we raise powerful hosannahs if even *one* child is rescued alive from the ruins and is condemned to wait another sixty years, perhaps, before experiencing bliss.

I notice that all the people who are absolutely convinced that the United States is under the special protection of a powerful deity ("In God We Trust" it says on all our coins) are not at all certain that that deity is capable of protecting us unaided and insist that we have armed forces that are second to none. I myself feel safer if our defenses are strong, but I do not expect any supernatural force to help out. Why do the Falwells<sup>1</sup> and the other television preachers feel the need?

And, as a matter of fact, average people living average lives, however much they may "believe" in God and in whatever religion they have been brought up to believe, act as though the world is in the grip of evil forces that must be held off in silly ways.

How many countless millions of people, even in "sophisticated" Western societies, place their faith not in God but in rabbits' feet, in horseshoes, in four-leaf clovers, in Saint Christopher medals, or in lucky pieces of an infinite number of shapes and forms? How many are terrified of black cats crossing their path, of ladders being walked under, of mirrors being broken, of aces of spades being turned up?

How many countless millions who explain that they are sure that God holds the key to the future and loves us all nevertheless feel much better consulting fortune-tellers, tea-leaf readers, crystal-ball gazers, and (especially if in high political office) astrologers, who apparently know the future just as well as God (out of selfishness?) withholds?

Let us consider a small example of how the universe looks to the superstitious. August 8, 1988, is written "8/8/88" in brief form. The concatenation of eights looks somehow significant. It is based, of course, on the numbering of the days, months, and years according to a strictly human-arranged system that has no cosmic significance whatsoever. Nevertheless, uncounted people played the number 888 in lotteries on that day in the belief that the random fall of whatever system is used to choose the number is influenced by this strictly human convention. They lost, of course, for I'm told 888 turned up not on 8/8.88 but on the *next* day. Consequently, nothing was said. However, there was a one-in-one-thousand chance that 888

<sup>1</sup> Jerry Falwell is an American preacher who appears in US TV. *The Falwells* make a general reference to all the preachers who carry out preaching on TV.

would indeed have appeared on 8/8/88, and, if it had, how many millions would have hailed it as "proof" of the truth of numerology?

Let us consider a large example of how the universe looks to the superstitious. Every once in a while, some region suffers a drought. In the summer of 1988, the United States suffered the worst drought in over fifty years. Presumably God has a divine plan for humanity, which seems inscrutable to us because our knowledge is finite and his is infinite and even a bad drought is for our long-term good. There may even be people who believe this and say this and are thankful there is a drought that may ruin them, because they know that it is all part of a marvelous plan for their long-term good. I suspect they are in the minority, though, for the more usual practice is to pray for rain - that is, to beg God over and over to abandon his plan, whatever it was, and do something for the short-term advantage of those praying. And if the rains do come, that proves the efficacy of prayer - and no one says that it rather proves the irresolution of God and his readiness to abandon his plan. And you know, if he was so ready to abandon his plan, he might just as well not have sent the drought in the first place. (You might argue that God's plan was to keep the drought going till humanity turned humbly to him and begged and begged and begged, so that he could demonstrate his power, but I've always thought that to be a rather petty interpretation of the ways of a supposedly infinitely beneficent deity.)

And of course, there are many superstitions that have nothing to do with the dominant religion of the Western world. All sorts of peculiar beliefs arise about the Bermuda Triangle, about pyramid power, about flying saucers, about transmigration of souls, and all of them instantly attract the enthusiastic beliefs of millions.

The magazine *Science News* once questioned a number of scientific authorities on the Velikovskian theory<sup>2</sup> of astronomical hopscotch that defies all the most elementary notions of celestial mechanics. All the authorities questioned gave reasoned refutations of this or that. I did not. I simply said, "There is no idea, however ridiculous on the very face of it, that some people won't instantly hug to their breasts and be ready to die for." Some issues later, the Velikovskians had their chance to reply, and every last one of them attacked my statement and left all the others alone. I had, quite obviously, stuck a nerve.

Well, then, what do I expect of the next century? Assuming that we avoid destruction from the dogged adherence of humanity to superstition and its rejection of rationality, will we at least make a little progress in our cause?

I'm sorry. I don't think so. ... Despite all the future advance of technology, despite the fact that we have computerized the world, despite the fact that robots are doing the menial work of humanity and that human beings are freed to work creatively at human tasks, despite the fact that we have expanded to the moon and beyond and are rapidly penetrating the solar system generally, and despite the fact that we understand the universe far better than we used to a century ago, the vast majority of human beings still take solace and comfort in their various superstitions and still follow any pied piper who fills their ears with notes of nonsense while filling his or her own pockets with money. And we are still in the minority and still struggling to convince people that, if, indeed, there were a god, he would in the end reject anyone who failed to make use of that one truly godlike gift.

But if that is so, and if we are engaged in a never-ending fight with no victory in sight, why continue?

Because we must. Because we have the call. Because it is nobler to fight for rationality without winning than to give up in the face of continued defeats. Because whatever true progress humanity makes is through the rationality of the occasional individual and because any one individual we may win for the cause may do more for humanity than a hundred thousand who hug their superstitions to their breast.

**Answer the following questions on your answer sheet. (15%)**

1. Why is solace not a good reason for being superstitious according to the writer?
2. Give two examples to show how the writer reveal the absurdity of superstitious belief?

**Essay question (15%)**

1. the Velikovskian theory of astronomical hopscotch: Hopscotch is a children's game in which a marble stone is thrown onto numbered squares and each child hops and jumps from one to another to retrieve it. Velikovsky believes that a global cataclysm had overtaken the earth at the time of the Israelites Exodus from Egypt. The idea of this theory is that the earth is now under the spell of irrational forces. Science and the rational dimension of our knowledge is a weakling before this phenomenon.

In this article, Asimov says that we are engaged in a never-ending fight with no victory in sight, but why continue? He answers his question in the last paragraph using the words such as *call* and *nobler*. Surely, these terms are not among those employed in scientific proof. And thus his answer is rather weak. Write a short essay of about 300 words as a response to his question either in favor of/against Asimov's position about superstition. Consider the idea: Is science enough for the happiness of human beings?

Write your answer in your answer sheet.