

LEARNING ENGLISH

Einheitsausgabe
für Mittel- (Real-) Schulen und ähnliche Anstalten

Teil 3, Oberstufe

für das fünfte und sechste Lehrjahr
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Mit 68 Abbildungen und 5 Karten



ERNST KLETT VERLAG STUTTGART

Bestell-Nr. 5125

INHALTSVERZEICHNIS

Vorbemerkung: Alle B-, C- und D-Stücke sind unverbindlich und können bei Zeitmangel ohne Bedenken weggelassen werden.
Abkürzungen: W = Wiederholung, E = Ergänzung.

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¹ Die Paragraphen beziehen sich auf die zu dieser "Oberstufe" gehörigen Grundzüge der englischen Sprachkunde von Nikolaus Maaßen (Bestell-Nr. 5109).

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A. Better Late than Never

(A Radio Play)

1. Narrator: It is breakfast time in the Bartons' house, and Mr. and Mrs. Barton are talking about their daughter, Judy. She is quite a clever girl, always cheerful and full of life, but her parents are rather worried about her. Mother: What a shame that Judy can't learn to be punctual! Just read this letter from her Headmistress that has come this morning, John.

Father:

1 Scene

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Barton,

I regret that I must ask you to take Judy away from the Florence Nightingale Grammar School at the end of this term unless she delivers her homework regularly and no longer comes late to school. Her form-mistress complains that she has been a quarter of an hour late almost every day these last two weeks, and that her essays and other homework are never handed in punctually. I have already written to you three times to complain about Judy, and so I am afraid you must regard this as a last warning. Yours faithfully,

Elizabeth Roden

(Headmistress)

Well, this is very serious. I see now that we haven't been strict enough with Judy. My patience is at an end. I'll teach her to be punctual! First I'm going to stop her pocket-money for the rest of this term.

Mother: Oh, John, don't be too severe. She's only a child after all.—Goodness! It's half past eight already and Judy isn't down yet. . . . Judy! come 25 down this minute!

Judy: Have you seen my slide? I can't find it anywhere.

Father: Good heavens! She'll be late for school again. Mother, do go upstairs and find it for her. She's probably lost it again in the bathroom.

Mother: Here she is. Did you find it, Judy?

Judy: No, I took one of yours, Mother. What's for breakfast this morning? Father: You've no time for breakfast this morning. You know very well that you need twenty minutes to get to school, and it's a quarter to nine now. If you can't be punctual you'll be expelled.

Judy: Expelled? What do you mean, Daddy?

Father: I mean that we've had a letter from your Headmistress this morning in which she says that you've been late for school nearly every morning this fortnight ... No, don't argue. There isn't time. Off with you! (The front door slams).



When we are in Judy's class toom.

2. Narrator: When the English mistress comes in for the first lesson, Judy is sitting at her desk, still out of breath, because she has had to run all the way to school in order to get there in time.

Mistress: Get out your exercise-books, please, and write the essays you pre-

pared for homework.

Judy: Jean, psst, Jean! Something terrible has happened. I've left all my essay notes at home!

Mistress: Judy! Stop talking and get out your exercise-book!

Judy: I ... I'm dreadfully sorry, Miss Sharpe. I'm afraid I've forgotten my notes. You see ...

Mistress: No, Judy, I don't want to hear any more of your silly excuses.

You'll have to stay in this afternoon and write that essay.

Narrator: Judy did not improve however, though her pocket-money was stopped and she often had to stay in after school. So seven weeks later we find Mr. and Mrs. Barton in the study of Judy's Headmistress.

Mother: What will our neighbours think? Oh, what a disgrace it is!

Headmistress: I see no other way out. He who will not listen to advice must suffer for it. Judy must learn by experience. I think she should get a job in some office. Perhaps her employers will succeed in teaching her that punctuality is essential in life. Anyway, I've asked her to come here after school. Miss Simmons, please send Judy Barton in.

Secretary: I'm sorry, she isn't there.

Mother: She must have ...

Father: Don't say it. We all know. She has forgotten all about it. It's hopeless, quite hopeless.



Photo Keystone

Slum-Clearing in Birmingham

Rows of slum houses are being pulled down to clear the ground for new blocks of flats.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S HOME AND FAMILY

3.

Old Slums and New Towns

(A Current Affairs Lesson)

It is a summer afternoon in 1949 and the fifth form of a Birmingham Secondary Technical School is having a Current Affairs Lesson with Mr. Gregory. These are not ordinary lessons, but discussions of present-day problems. Today, for instance, Mr. Gregory is dealing with post-war housing difficulties.

1. "I think first we'll find out in what sort of houses you boys and girls live. What about you, Smith? Where do you live?"

"Well, sir, I suppose you would call it a slum. Anyway, the City Council 10 wanted to pull our house down just before the war. 'It isn't fit to live in,' the Inspector said when he came to our district. 'I'll see to it that you can move into a new house as soon as possible.'

But we never moved. The war came and no more new houses were built. The inspector came to see us again last month and told us that there would be a new house ready for us in six months or so. So we are hoping for the best now."

"Tell us something about your house, Smith. Do you know when it was built?"

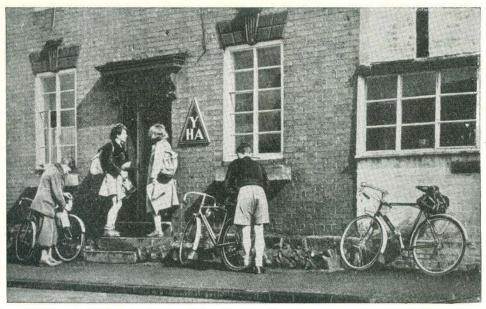


Photo British Council

5. A. Planning a Holiday in England

29, Astwood Road, London S.W.2. 11th January, 1958.

Dear Helga,

We were pleased to hear from you again. Of course we shall be glad to give you some advice for your holiday in England. I know that you would like to come to England in August, but if I were you, I shouldn't. August is the main holiday season in Britain, for that is the time of school holidays, and so trains are always overcrowded and boarding-houses are full. Come in May, June, or July if you can. May is really the best month here for a holiday, as spring-time in England is the most beautiful time of the year and the London Season of opera and concerts is still in full swing then. In June you would be able to go to Epsom, in Surrey, to see the 'Derby', which is the most famous horse-race in the world. Half London is there and if you wanted to see the English in a real holiday mood this would be the ideal place. There is a big fun fair as well, where gipsies will tell your fortune, and huge tents where you can eat ham sandwiches and, of course, drink tea. 20 Later in June there is the Henley Regatta on the Thames.

Ein Klick auf blau umrandete Wörter führt zu weiteren Informationen aus unserer Schulzeit.

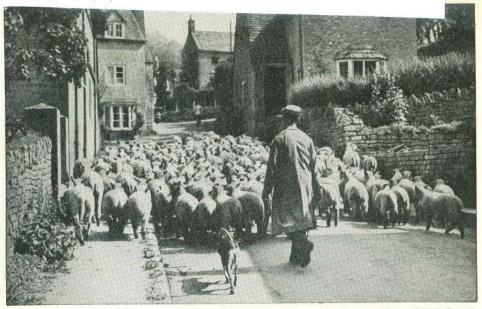


Photo British Council

THE ENGLISH AT WORK

6.

A. An English Village

(Producing a Television Programme)

Bill Maxwell, a producer in the B. B. C. Television service, had decided to give his viewers quite a different sort of programme for a change. We meet him, with the recording car and two television cameras, in a Sussex village.

1. While a B.B.C. camera man was filming a shepherd, with his flock of sheep, in the village street, Bill was standing in front of the 'Fox and

Hounds' pub speaking into a microphone:

"This old village is typical of rural England. It has changed but little in the last three hundred years. It is true that there is now a main water supply and electricity, and tarred roads, but there are still many improvements to be made."

Bill turned to the Vicar, who was standing beside him. "Do you agree with me, Vicar," he said, "that this village has not changed much in recent years?" "Well, I agree that the character of the old village has been preserved, although there are some new buildings. There are nearly a thousand people but only 250 houses. There is a plan to build 24 new houses for labourers

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3. During this conversation the party had moved down the village street with the recording car and the cameras. They now turned into the yard of a large farm, and the cameramen filmed the farm buildings, while the farmer came up to the microphone.

5 "Now, I have John Turnbull here," said Bill Maxwell. "Well, Mr. Turnbull, may I ask you to tell us something about your farm? Do you still use horses, or is everything done by machinery now? We believe your farm to be very

progressive."

"Nearly every job on my farm is done by modern machinery—ploughing, hay-making, harvesting, and even milking. If you come to the yard gate here you can film my combine harvester at work in a field of wheat, as it cuts and threshes at the same time. I must do everything I can to save labour, for there are simply not enough labourers to be had."

"And what does a labourer earn on an average?"

15 "The present minimum wage is £11 a week; that is over three times as much as before the war, though not so much as factory workers earn."

"Thank you, Mr. Turnbull — and here is Bob Williams, the landlord of the 'Fox and Hounds'," Bill said. "Well, what do you think of the farming

situation today, Bob?"

"I don't think we can complain. In my opinion, Britain's farmers are doingwell today. The labourers, too, are well off. Look how smartly they dress themselves and their children. Then, with our good bus services they can easily visit friends or go into town. I don't think ..."

Bob went on for another five minutes. He did not notice that Bill had secretly

25 switched off the microphone, for he had recorded all he wanted.

B. The Village Gossip Centre

The village of Upper Bampton in Oxfordshire has two shops. One of them belongs to Mrs. Tongue, and in it you can buy almost everything. Mrs. Tongue sells brushes and jars of jam, buttons and cheese, boot polish and tinned salmon, aspirin tablets and cigarettes. Mrs. Tongue is also the postmistress and telephone operator of Upper Bampton.

Her day begins at seven o'clock, when she cleans the shop and sorts the newspapers which Jim from next door is to deliver to the Manor House, the vicarage, the butcher, the baker, and various farmers. The vicar gets the 'Times' which is a very serious newspaper with few pictures, while the butcher reads the more sensational 'Daily Mirror', famous for its gossip, and his wife gets 'Woman and Home', one of Britain's most

widely read women's magazines.

The first customer arrives as early as at half past seven. Mrs. Pinkerton, whose husband is the landlord of the village inn, the 'Fox and Hounds', comes in with her daughter.

40 She needs some bacon for breakfast. Just when Mrs. Tongue has begun slicing it, a bell rings on the switchboard in the back room.



British Official Phote

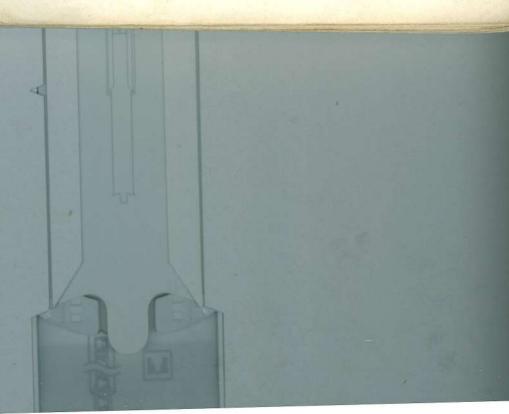
Answering the telephone, she says, "Ah, good morning, Mr. Jenkins. How is your wife today? A little better? I'm glad to hear that. Did she take the pills I recommended? Yes, that's right. Two every three hours. Have you heard about Bill Tomkin's cow, Mr. Jenkins? You haven't? Well, she died last night at eleven o'clock. It's a pity, isn't it? A real treasure she was. The vet said to me only the other day What did you say, Mr. Jenkins? You want Lower Bampton 49? That's the garage, isn't it? Your tractor has broken down? Well, you needn't trouble those Lower Bampton people, for Jack Turner, Tom Turner's brother came home yesterday. He was a mechanic in the Army, you know, and I'm sure that he could mend your tractor for you Oh, don't mention it, Mr. Jenkins."

Mrs. Pinkerton has listened to the conversation with interest. "That tractor is no good any more!" she tells Mrs. Tongue. "My husband told Mr. Jenkins only last Friday that he ought to buy another. By the way, my dear, I have a notice here about next week's meeting of the Women's Institute. There will be a lecture on jam-making: 'Raspberry Jam Without Tears'. Would you put the notice up in your shop?" Mrs. Tongue is only 15 too willing to help Mrs. Pinkerton, who is a very good customer, and at once pins up the notice in a prominent place.

At half past nine a van arrives with groceries from Oxford. Mrs. Tongue checks the butter, sugar, lard, raisins, sultanas, and biscuits which she has ordered. Then the vicar comes in to buy two ounces of his favourite pipe tobacco 'Smoker's Delight' and 20 to ask for Mrs. Tongue's help in arranging the 'Church Social' which he is organizing in the church hall on Saturday night. There will be dancing for the young people, and the vicar is also planning to offer some refreshments. He orders four dozen bottles of lemonade, a tin of biscuits and half a dozen jars of sandwich-spread.

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Trawlers at Yarmouth

Photo 'The Times'

8.

A. I Want to be a Sailor, too.

(A Nation of Seafarers)

1. "Let's clear the deck for action!" Peter Baker said and began to clear the tea things off the dining-room table. "Why do you always talk like a

sailor?" Rudi asked; he was Peter's German pen-friend, and he had been invited to spend part of the summer holidays at Peter's home in Yarmouth.

"Because all my relatives are at sea and I want to be a sailor, too. I'll show you our family album if you like. Then you can see for yourself. Here, on page one, in this photograph of an old painting—the pride of the family!"

"Who is he, Peter?"—"That is my great-great-great-grandfather; he served under Nelson on H.M.S. 'Victory' during the battle of Trafalgar. And this picture here shows his grandson, who was the captain of one of the first steamships which sailed between London and Australia.

"Of course, you know our Empire was founded upon sea power and trade, and that our only link with our Colonies and Dominions is the sea. That is why Britain owes so much to men like my grandfather here. He commanded a destroyer during the first world war and helped to keep the sea open for British ships sailing to America, Africa, and Asia."

"This next photo is a lighthouse, isn't it, Peter?"—"Yes, it's a famous lighthouse near Padstow in Cornwall (cf. p. 44). My uncle Ted was a keeper there for ten years. He ran away to sea when he was fifteen and after having sailed round the world a few times, decided to become a lighthouse keeper."

"Who is that officer in uniform?"—"That's my cousin Eric. He's in the Fleet Air Arm as a pilot on an aircraft carrier."

"Haven't you got a picture of your father here?"—"Yes, but you'll see him tomorrow anyway. We'll go down to the harbour to meet him, when the trawlers come back."—"That's smashing!" cried Rudi, who was very fond of this slang word meaning 'wonderful'.

2. The next afternoon, Rudi and Peter watched the trawler sail in and tie up at the quayside. In a few minutes Mr. Baker came ashore. To Rudi's great delight, he showed the boys all round the harbour. Of course Peter had seen it all before, but for Rudi, everything was new—the sailors, and the ships, and all the different smells, of sea and fish, tar and ropes. Then Mr. Baker took them both back to his trawler, to have tea in his little cabin, and Rudi listened with great interest, as Mr. Baker talked about Britain's fishing industry.

"The British fishing fleet is the largest and best equipped in the world. Of 15 course we are very lucky because the sea surrounding the British Isles is very rich in fish. I own six trawlers which go on fishing trips to Iceland and the coast of north-west Africa. Here in Yarmouth, twenty million fish or more are landed in a single day during the herring season, and so we are able to export large quantities."

The 'Pretoria Castle'

The 'Pretoria Castle', — 28,705 tons — with her sister ship the 'Edinburgh Castle', was built at Belfast for the Union Castle Line's express mail service between South Africa and the United Kingdom and was completed in 1948. She has five decks and can carry over 700 passengers as well as much refrigerated and general cargo in her five holds. She is one of the most modern and fastest ships on the South African route, and one of the most beautiful ships in the British Merchant Navy.

Photo Harland & Wolff, Belfast

