

**John Cheever**

**The Country Husband**

edited with notes

by

Haruma Okada

**SANSHUSHA**

## は し が き

John Cheever (1912-1982)は鋭い洞察力と豊かな想像力に恵まれた短編小説の名手である。彼の短編小説の特色は一口に言って、パニックとペイソスがかもしだす独特のユーモアである。彼のユーモアは単に滑稽であるとか、面白いというだけではなく、現代に生きる人間が陥り易い重大なる誤謬をアイロニーをもって指摘している点がじつに興味深い。

つまり、現代における高度の科学技術の発達を基盤とする機械主義文明社会は、人間の生活を合理化し、物質的恩恵を与えてくれたという意味においては確かにプラスの面はあるが、一方社会全体に詩情が枯渇してゆき、人間同志がお互いを暖かい心をもって理解し助け合うといった、心の余裕と想像力を喪失させることにもなった。また人間としての基本的ヒューマニズムが欠如することによって起こる種々の異常現象、すなわち過度の自己防衛意識とエゴイズムに起因する人間関係の感情的摩擦、妄想、衝動的官能主義、虚偽、偽善などが人間の情緒的バランスを崩していることは否めない事実である。

従って、たまたま一つの事件が起こって動転したところに、次々とこの動転に追い打ちをかけるような小さい事件が連発すると、人間はたちまちにして精神的恐慌状態をきたし、やがて爆発することになる。しかしこの爆発がかえって人間本来のあるべき姿を認識させるという皮肉な結果を産みだすこともしばしばある。

例えば、本書に収録されている“The Country Husband”「中年夫婦の動揺」(1956年度 O. Henry 賞受賞作品)にしても、Francis Weed という中年のサラリーマンは、旅先での飛行機事故に端を発して、その後彼の情緒的不安定を促進させる事件が相ついだために、長年連れ添った愛妻ともささいな感情的対立が原因で深刻な夫婦喧嘩を巻き起こす。またその間に、彼は情緒的不安定の補償として、たまたま妻の Julia がつれてきたベビーシッターの Anne Murchison という女の子に一目惚れして、年甲斐もなくのぼせ上がり、彼女に対して不道徳きわまる欲望の夢というか妄想を抱き、これを実現しようとし

たが、あいにく彼女には Clayton という婚約者がいることがわかって、挫折し、懊惱(そう)する。しかしどうしても諦めきれずに深刻な恋煩いに陥ったため、とうとう頭が少しおかしくなって、最後には精神病医の厄介になって、自己本来の姿に立ち戻るというペイソスと笑いにみちたアイロニカルな過程が同情をもってユーモラスに描かれている。従って、読者はこの短編小説における Cheever の熾烈(とつ)なるユーモアの意味がわかると、しばしの間こみ上げる笑いの衝動をいかんとしても押し堪えることができなくなる。しかし作品を読み終わってしばらくすると、読者は Cheever が描く熾烈なるユーモアはじつは他人事などではないことに気づき、無意識のうちに自分自身が浄化されていたことがわかる。

他の二作、“Christmas Is a Sad Season for the Poor”「クリスマスは貧しい人々にとっては悲しい時季である」および“The Season of Divorce”「離婚シーズン」に関する題材こそ違え、パニックとペイソスを基調とするユーモアがそれぞれ描かれているという点では、「中年夫婦の動揺」と同様である。

また Cheever の短編小説を文体という面からみると、癖のない、じつに素直な文体である。しかも明解でユニークな、面白い比喩を交えながらストーリーが語られているので、読者は作品の内容と同時に語学的にも満足感を覚えずにはいられないのである。

ここにとりあげた彼の短編小説を読むことがきっかけとなって、学生の皆さんが John Cheever の文学に対する一層の理解と興味を抱かれるとすれば、それこそ編注者にとってこれにまさる喜びはないのである。

最後に、編注者は、本書の注の原稿を書いていた時、朝日新聞にて John Cheever が 6 月 18 日ニューヨーク州のオシニングの自宅で死去したという訃報を知って愕然とした。故人のご冥福を心からお祈り申し上げる。

昭和 57 年 7 月 30 日

岡田 春馬

## Contents

はしがき

*Christmas Is a Sad*

*Season for the Poor*..... 1


*The Season of Divorce* .....19

*The Country Husband* .....39

*John Cheever* とその文学 .....83

*NOTES* .....87

*CHRISTMAS IS A SAD  
SEASON FOR THE POOR*

CHRISTMAS is a sad season. The phrase came to Charlie an instant after the alarm clock had waked him, and named for him an amorphous depression that had troubled him all the previous evening. The sky outside his window was black. He sat up in bed and pulled the light chain that hung in front of his nose. Christmas is a very sad day of the year, he thought. Of all the millions of people in New York, I am practically the only one who has to get up in the cold black of 6 A.M. on Christmas Day in the morning; I am practically the only one.

He dressed, and when he went downstairs from the top floor of the rooming house in which he lived, the only sounds he heard were the coarse sounds of sleep; the only lights burning were lights that had been forgotten. Charlie ate some breakfast in an all-night lunchwagon and took an Elevated train uptown. From Third Avenue,

he walked over to Sutton Place. The neighborhood was dark. House after house put into the shine of the street lights a wall of black windows. Millions and millions were sleeping, and this general loss of consciousness  
5 generated an impression of abandonment, as if this were the fall of the city, the end of time. He opened the iron-and-glass doors of the apartment building where he had been working for six months as an elevator operator, and went through the elegant lobby to a locker room at the  
10 back. He put on a striped vest with brass buttons, a false ascot, a pair of pants with a light-blue stripe on the seam, and a coat. The night elevator man was dozing on the little bench in the car. Charlie woke him. The night elevator man told him thickly that the day doorman had  
15 been taken sick and wouldn't be in that day. With the doorman sick, Charlie wouldn't have any relief for lunch, and a lot of people would expect him to whistle for cabs.

Charlie had been on duty a few minutes when 14 rang—  
20 a Mrs. Hewing, who, he happened to know, was kind of immoral. Mrs. Hewing hadn't been to bed yet, and she got into the elevator wearing a long dress under her fur coat. She was followed by her two funny-looking dogs. He took her down and watched her go out into the dark

and take her dogs to the curb. She was outside for only a few minutes. Then she came in and he took her up to 14 again. When she got off the elevator, she said, "Merry Christmas, Charlie."

"Well, it isn't much of a holiday for me, Mrs. Hewing,"<sup>5</sup> he said. "I think Christmas is a very sad season of the year. It isn't that people around here ain't generous—I mean I got plenty of tips—but, you see, I live alone in a furnished room and I don't have any family or anything, and Christmas isn't much of a holiday for me."<sup>10</sup>

"I'm sorry, Charlie," Mrs. Hewing said. "I don't have any family myself. It is kind of sad when you're alone, isn't it?" She called her dogs and followed them into her apartment. He went down.

It was quiet then, and Charlie lighted a cigarette. The<sup>15</sup> heating plant in the basement encompassed the building at that hour in a regular and profound vibration, and the sullen noises of arriving steam heat began to resound, first in the lobby and then to reverberate up through all the sixteen stories, but this was a mechanical awakening,<sup>20</sup> and it didn't lighten his loneliness or his petulance. The black air outside the glass doors had begun to turn blue, but the blue light seemed to have no source; it appeared in the middle of the air. It was a tearful light, and as it picked out the empty street he wanted to cry. Then a cab<sup>25</sup>

drove up, and the Walsers got out, drunk and dressed in evening clothes, and he took them up to their penthouse. The Walsers got him to brooding about the difference between his life in a furnished room and the lives of the  
5 people overhead. It was terrible.

Then the early church goers began to ring, but there were only three of these that morning. A few more went off to church at eight o'clock, but the majority of the building remained unconscious, although the smell of  
10 bacon and coffee had begun to drift into the elevator shaft.

At a little after nine, a nursemaid came down with a child. Both the nursemaid and the child had a deep tan and had just returned, he knew, from Bermuda. He  
15 had never been to Bermuda. He, Charlie, was a prisoner, confined eight hours a day to a six-by-eight elevator cage, which was confined, in turn, to a sixteen-story shaft. In one building or another, he had made his living as an elevator operator for ten years. He estimated the average  
20 trip at about an eighth of a mile, and when he thought of the thousands of miles he had travelled, when he thought that he might have driven the car through the mists above the Caribbean and set it down on some coral beach in Bermuda, he held the narrowness of his travels  
25 against his passengers, as if it were not the nature of the



elevator but the pressure of their lives that confined him, as if they had clipped his wings.

He was thinking about this when the DePauls, on 9, rang. They wished him a merry Christmas.

“Well, it’s nice of you to think of me,” he said as they 5 descended, “but it isn’t much of a holiday for me. Christmas is a sad season when you’re poor. I live alone in a furnished room. I don’t have any family.”

“Who do you have dinner with, Charlie?” Mrs. DePaul asked. 10

“I don’t have any Christmas dinner,” Charlie said. “I just get a sandwich.”

“Oh, Charlie!” Mrs. DePaul was a stout woman with an impulsive heart, and Charlie’s plaint struck at her holiday mood as if she had been caught in a cloudburst. 15 “I do wish we could share our Christmas dinner with you, you know,” she said. “I come from Vermont, you know, and when I was a child, you know, we always used to have a great many people at our table. The mailman, you know, and the schoolteacher, and just anybody who didn’t have 20 any family of their own, you know, and I wish we could share our dinner with you the way we used to, you know, and I don’t see any reason why we can’t. We can’t have you at the table, you know, because you couldn’t leave the elevator—could you?—but just as soon as Mr. 25

DePaul has carved the goose, I'll give you a ring, and I'll arrange a tray for you, you know, and I want you to come up and at least share our Christmas dinner."

Charlie thanked them, and their generosity surprised him, but he wondered if, with the arrival of friends and relatives, they wouldn't forget their offer.

Then old Mrs. Gadshill rang, and when she wished him a merry Christmas, he hung his head.

"It isn't much of a holiday for me, Mrs. Gadshill," he said. "Christmas is a sad season if you're poor. You see, I don't have any family. I live alone in a furnished room."

"I don't have any family either, Charlie," Mrs. Gadshill said. She spoke with a pointed lack of petulance, but her grace was forced. "That is, I don't have any children with me today. I have three children and seven grandchildren, but none of them can see their way to coming East for Christmas with me. Of course, I understand their problems. I know that it's difficult to travel with children during the holidays, although I always seemed to manage it when I was their age, but people feel differently, and we mustn't condemn them for the things we can't understand. But I know how you feel, Charlie. I haven't any family either. I'm just as lonely as you."

Mrs. Gadshill's speech didn't move him. Maybe she was lonely, but she had a ten-room apartment and three

servants and bucks and bucks and diamonds and diamonds, and there were plenty of poor kids in the slums who would be happy at a chance at the food her cook threw away. Then he thought about poor kids. He sat down on a chair in the lobby and thought about them. 5

They got the worst of it. Beginning in the fall, there was all this excitement about Christmas and how it was a day for them. After Thanksgiving, they couldn't miss it. It was fixed so they couldn't miss it. The wreaths and decorations everywhere, and bells ringing, and trees in 10 the park, and Santa Clauses on every corner, and pictures in the magazines and newspapers and on every wall and window in the city told them that if they were good, they would get what they wanted. Even if they couldn't read, they couldn't miss it. They couldn't miss it even if they 15 were blind. It got into the air the poor kids inhaled. Every time they took a walk, they'd see all the expensive toys in the store windows, and they'd write letters to Santa Claus, and their mothers and fathers would promise to mail them, and after the kids had gone to sleep, they'd 20 burn the letters in the stove. And when it came Christmas morning, how could you explain it, how could you tell them that Santa Claus only visited the rich, that he didn't know about the good? How could you face them when all you had to give them was a balloon or a lollipop? 25

On the way home from work a few nights earlier, Charlie had seen a woman and a little girl going down Fifty-ninth Street. The little girl was crying. He guessed she was crying, he knew she was crying, because she'd  
5 seen all the things in the toy-store windows and couldn't understand why none of them were for her. Her mother did housework, he guessed, or maybe was a waitress, and he saw them going back to a room like his, with green walls and no heat, on Christmas Eve, to eat a can of  
10 soup. And he saw the little girl hang up her ragged stocking and fall asleep, and he saw the mother looking through her purse for something to put into the stocking— This reverie was interrupted by a bell on 11. He went up, and Mr. and Mrs. Fuller were waiting. When they wished  
15 him a merry Christmas, he said, "Well, it isn't much of a holiday for me, Mrs. Fuller. Christmas is a sad season when you're poor."

"Do you have any children, Charlie?" Mrs. Fuller asked.

20 "Four living," he said. "Two in the grave." The majesty of his lie overwhelmed him. "Mrs. Leary's a cripple," he added.

"How sad, Charlie," Mrs. Fuller said. She started out of the elevator when it reached the lobby, and then she  
25 turned. "I want to give your children some presents,

Charlie," she said. "Mr. Fuller and I are going to pay a call now, but when we come back, I want to give you some things for your children."

He thanked her. Then the bell rang on 4, and he went up to get the Westons. 5

"It isn't much of a holiday for me," he told them when they wished him a merry Christmas. "Christmas is a sad season when you're poor. You see, I live alone in a furnished room."

"Poor Charlie," Mrs. Weston said. "I know just how <sup>10</sup> you feel. During the war, when Mr. Weston was away, I was all alone at Christmas. I didn't have any Christmas dinner or a tree or anything. I just scrambled myself some eggs and sat there and cried." Mr. Weston, who had gone into the lobby, called impatiently to his wife. "I know <sup>15</sup> just how you feel, Charlie," Mrs. Weston said.

By noon, the climate in the elevator shaft had changed from bacon and coffee to poultry and game, and the house, like an enormous and complex homestead, was absorbed in the preparations for a domestic feast. <sup>20</sup> The children and their nursemaids had all returned from the Park. Grandmothers and aunts were arriving in limousines. Most of the people who came through the lobby were carrying packages wrapped in colored paper, and

were wearing their best furs and new clothes. Charlie continued to complain to most of the tenants when they wished him a merry Christmas, changing his story from the lonely bachelor to the poor father, and back again, 5 as his mood changed, but this outpouring of melancholy, and the sympathy it aroused, didn't make him feel any better.

At half past one, 9 rang, and when he went up, Mr. DePaul was standing in the door of their apartment 10 holding a cocktail shaker and a glass. "Here's a little Christmas cheer, Charlie," he said, and he poured Charlie a drink. Then a maid appeared with a tray of covered dishes, and Mrs. DePaul came out of the living room. "Merry Christmas, Charlie," she said. "I had Mr. DePaul 15 carve the goose early, so that you could have some, you know. I didn't want to put the dessert on the tray, because I was afraid it would melt, you know, so when we have our dessert, we'll call you."

"And what is Christmas without presents?" Mr. 20 DePaul said, and he brought a large, flat box from the hall and laid it on top of the covered dishes.

"You people make it seem like a real Christmas to me," Charlie said. Tears started into his eyes. "Thank you, thank you."

25 "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" they called, and

they watched him carry his dinner and his present into the elevator. He took the tray and the box into the locker room when he got down. On the tray, there was a soup, some kind of creamed fish, and a serving of goose. The bell rang again, but before he answered it, he tore open the 5 DePauls' box and saw that it held a dressing gown. Their generosity and their cocktail had begun to work on his brain, and he went jubilantly up to 12. Mrs. Gadshill's maid was standing in the door with a tray, and Mrs. Gadshill stood behind her. "Merry Christmas, Charlie!" 10 she said. He thanked her, and tears came into his eyes again. On the way down, he drank off the glass of sherry on Mrs. Gadshill's tray. Mrs. Gadshill's contribution was a mixed grill. He ate the lamb chop with his fingers. The bell was ringing again, and he wiped his face with a paper 15 towel and went up to 11. "Merry Christmas, Charlie," Mrs. Fuller said, and she was standing in the door with her arms full of packages wrapped in silver paper, just like a picture in an advertisement, and Mr. Fuller was beside her with an arm around her, and they both looked 20 as if they were going to cry. "Here are some things I want you to take home to your children," Mrs. Fuller said. "And here's something for Mrs. Leary and here's something for you. And if you want to take these things out to the elevator, we'll have your dinner ready for you 25

in a minute.” He carried the things into the elevator and came back for the tray. “Merry Christmas, Charlie!” both of the Fullers called after him as he closed the door. He took their dinner and their presents into the locker  
5 room and tore open the box that was marked for him. There was an alligator wallet in it, with Mr. Fuller’s initials in the corner. Their dinner was also goose, and he ate a piece of the meat with his fingers and was washing it down with a cocktail when the bell rang. He went up  
10 again. This time it was the Westons. “Merry Christmas, Charlie!” they said, and they gave him a cup of eggnog, a turkey dinner, and a present. Their gift was also a dressing gown. Then 7 rang, and when he went up, there was another dinner and some more toys. Then 14 rang,  
15 and when he went up, Mrs. Hewing was standing in the hall, in a kind of negligee, holding a pair of riding boots in one hand and some neckties in the other. She had been crying and drinking. “Merry Christmas, Charlie,” she said tenderly. “I wanted to give you something, and I’ve been  
20 thinking about you all morning, and I’ve been all over the apartment, and these are the only things I could find that a man might want. These are the only things that Mr. Brewer left. I don’t suppose you’d have any use for the riding boots, but wouldn’t you like the neckties?” Charlie  
25 took the neckties and thanked her and hurried back to



the car, for the elevator bell had rung three times.

By three o'clock, Charlie had fourteen dinners spread on the table and the floor of the locker room, and the bell kept ringing. Just as he started to eat one, he would have to go up and get another, and he was in the middle 5 of the Parsons' roast beef when he had to go up and get the DePauls' dessert. He kept the door of the locker room closed, for he sensed that the quality of charity is exclusive and that his friends would have been disappointed to find that they were not the only ones to try to lessen his 10 loneliness. There were goose, turkey, chicken, pheasant, grouse, and pigeon. There were trout and salmon, creamed scallops and oysters, lobster, crabmeat, whitebait, and clams. There were plum puddings, mince pies, mousses, puddles of melted ice cream, layer cakes, *Torten*, *éclairs*, 15 and two slices of Bavarian cream. He had dressing gowns, neckties, cuff links, socks, and handkerchiefs, and one of the tenants had asked for his neck size and then given him three green shirts. There were a glass teapot filled, the label said, with jasmine honey, four bottles of after-shave 20 lotion, some alabaster bookends, and a dozen steak knives. The avalanche of charity he had precipitated filled the locker room and made him hesitant, now and then, as if he had touched some well-spring in the female heart

that would bury him alive in food and dressing gowns. He had made almost no headway on the food, for all the servings were preternaturally large, as if loneliness had been counted on to generate in him a brutish appetite. 5 Nor had he opened any of the presents that had been given to him for his imaginary children, but he had drunk everything they sent down, and around him were the dregs of Martinis, Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, champagne-and-raspberry-shrub cocktails, eggnogs, Bronxes, and Side 10 Cars.

His face was blazing. He loved the world, and the world loved him. When he thought back over his life, it appeared to him in a rich and wonderful light, full of astonishing experiences and unusual friends. He thought 15 that his job as an elevator operator—cruising up and down through hundreds of feet of perilous space—demanded the nerve and the intellect of a birdman. All the constraints of his life—the green walls of his room and the months of unemployment—dissolved. No one 20 was ringing, but he got into the elevator and shot it at full speed up to the penthouse and down again, up and down, to test his wonderful mastery of space.

A bell rang on 12 while he was cruising, and he stopped in his flight long enough to pick up Mrs. Gadshill. As 25 the car started to fall, he took his hands off the controls

in a paroxysm of joy and shouted, "Strap on your safety belt, Mrs. Gadshill! We're going to make a loop-the-loop!" Mrs. Gadshill shrieked. Then, for some reason, she sat down on the floor of the elevator. Why was her face so pale, he wondered; why was she sitting on the 5 floor? She shrieked again. He grounded the car gently, and cleverly, he thought, and opened the door. "I'm sorry if I scared you, Mrs. Gadshill," he said meekly. "I was only fooling." She shrieked again. Then she ran out into the lobby, screaming for the superintendent. 10

The superintendent fired Charlie and took over the elevator himself. The news that he was out of work stung Charlie for a minute. It was his first contact with human meanness that day. He sat down in the locker room and gnawed on a drumstick. His drinks were beginning to let 15 him down, and while it had not reached him yet, he felt a miserable soberness in the offing. The excess of food and presents around him began to make him feel guilty and unworthy. He regretted bitterly the lie he had told about his children. He was a single man with simple 20 needs. He had abused the goodness of the people upstairs. He was unworthy.

Then up through this drunken train of thought surged the sharp figure of his landlady and her three skinny children. He thought of them sitting in their basement 25

## NOTES

### *CHRISTMAS IS A SAD SEASON FOR THE POOR*

- P. L.*
- 1 2 **came to Charlie** 「チャーリーの頭に浮かんだ」  
Charlie [tʃárlɪ|tʃá:-]
- 6 **light chain** 「(電燈の)点滅用チェーン」
- 16 **all-night lunchwagon** 「食堂車の型に似た簡易食堂」
- 2 11 **ascot** 「アスコットタイ」スカーフ状のネクタイ。
- 20 **Mrs. Hewing** [hjú:ɪŋ]  
kind of=somewhat
- 3 5 **much of . . .** 「たいした…」
- 9 **furnished room** 「家具付きの部屋」
- 4 1 **Walsers** [wó:lsərz]
- 14 **Bermuda** [bərmjú:də] 「バーミューダ諸島」 米国 North Carolina 州東方約 1,000km の大西洋上の群島; 英国の植民地で保養地; 人口 53,000 (1970), 面積 50 km<sup>2</sup>, 主都 Hamilton. (S.R.E.D.)
- 5 3 **DePauls** [dəpó:lz]
- 17 **Vermont** [vərmánt|və:mónt] 「バーモント」 米国北東部の州; New England の一部; 人口 444,732 (1970), 面積 24,887 km<sup>2</sup>, 州都 Montpelier. (S.R.E.D.) 「ます。」
- 6 1 **give you a ring** 「あなたを(エレベーターの)ベルでお呼びし  
2 **tray** 「ごちそうを盛ったお盆」  
7 **Mrs. Gadshill** [gædʒhil]
- 13 **pointed** 「明白な, 目立った」
- 14 **forced** 「わざとらしい, 不自然な」
- 7 25 **lollipop** [lólípàp|lólípɒp] 紙または木の棒の先につけたタフィ (taffy) または堅いキャンデー. (S.R.E.D.)
- 12 8 **wash (ing) . . . down** 「…を流し込む」
- 13 12 **creamed scallops** 「クリームソースを掛けたホタテ貝の貝

- 柱」
- 15 **Torten** [tɔ:tən] 「トルテ」 小麦粉はほとんど使わずに、クッキーをつぶした粉またはパン粉の中へ、ひいたクルミを入れ、卵をつなぎにして作るケーキ. (S.R.E.D.)
- éclair** [eiklérz, i-] 「エクレア」 細長いシュークリームに皮にクリーム(アイスクリーム, 練りクリームなど)を詰め、通例糖衣を着せた菓子. (S.R.E.D.)
- 14 9 **Bronxes=Bronx cocktails** カクテルの一種でジン・ジュース・ベルモットを合わせたもの. (S.R.E.D.)
- Side Cars** 「サイドカー」 ブランデー・ホワイトキュラソー・レモンジュースで作ったカクテル. (S.R.E.D.)
- 17 **birdman** 「鳥類学者」
- 25 **car=elevator car** 「エレベーターの箱」
- 15 2 **make a loop-the-loop** 「宙返りをする」
- 15 **drumstick** 「料理した鶏のすねの部分」
- 17 **in the offing=likely to happen**
- 24 **sharp** 「はっきりとした」
- 16 10 **fired by ...** 「...にかきたてられて」
- 14 **finished off=eaten up**
- 17 14 **Hudson Street** [hʌdsən stri:t] 「ハドソン通り」
- Dekkers** [dékərz]
- 15 **beatific** 「幸福に輝く, 楽しそうな」
- 18 **Mrs. Weston** [wéstən]
- 21 **Shannons** [ʃénənz]

### THE SEASON OF DIVORCE

- 19 5 **Ethel** [éθəl]
- 6 **Morristown** [mó:rístəun] 「モリスタウン」 米国 New Jersey 州北部の都市; 独立戦争時に Washington が冬期司令部を置いた所 (1776-77, 1779-80); 人口 17,662 (1970). (S.R.E.D.)
- New Jersey** [nju: dzé:rzi] 「ニュー・ジャージー」 米国東部

- 大西洋岸の州; 人口 7,168,164 (1970). (*S.R.E.D.*)
- 8 **resourceful**=delightful  
**walkup**=a building, esp. an apartment, that has no elevator. (*A.C.D.*)
- 9 **Carl** [karl|ka:l]
- 13 **lines** 「方針」
- 17 **Grenoble** [grənóubl] 「グルノーブル」 フランス南東部 Isère 県の主都; 人口 165,902 (1968). (*S.R.E.D.*)
- 20 22 **A. & P.**=Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company (米国の大スーパーマーケットの名).
- 21 16 **Newsome** [njú:səm]
- 21 **Mrs. Trencher** [tréntʃər]
- 23 4 **Fräulein** [fróilain; *Eng.* fróilain, またはしばしば fró:, fráu-]
- 24 6 **losing his heart to . . .** 「…にほれていく」
- 13 **cross**=angry
- 25 1 **crossstown bus** 「市内横断バス」
- 10 **French Guiana** [frentʃ giáenə, giá:nə] 「仏領ギアナ」南米北東海岸にあるフランスの海外県; 以前はフランスの植民地; 人口 44,392 (1967), 面積 91,000 km<sup>2</sup>, 主都 Cayenne. (*S.R.E.D.*)
- 11 **under an assumed name** 「偽名を使って」
- 21 **at the first suspicion of sympathy** 「相手に同情心があるとみるとすぐに」
- 26 23 **had a dachshund on a leash** 「ダクシュントを綱につないでいた」
- 28 4 **closed circuit** 「電話回線を切るガチャツという音」
- 5 **accused Ethel of having led him on** 「彼を誘惑したと言って Ethel を非難した」
- 16 **sidestepped . . .** 「…を横に避けた」
- 20 **her color was high** 「彼女の血色はよかった」
- 29 4 **came down with it** 「気管支炎で倒れた」
- 24 **had closed the door in his face** 「彼が家に入ることを拒絶した」
- 30 8 **croupy** 「クループに冒された」 **croup** 「クループ」しわがれ

- た咳と呼吸困難を特徴とする咽頭と気管の病氣。(S.R.E.D.)
- 31 16 **coffee grounds** 「コーヒーのだしがら」
- 32 6 **Ossining** [ósəniŋ|ósi-] 「オシニング」 米国 New York 州南東部, Hudson 川に臨む町; Sing Sing 州刑務所の所在地; 人口 21,659 (1970). (S.R.E.D.)
- 7 **Montclair** [mɒntklér|mɒntkléə] 「モントクレア」 米国 New Jersey 北東部の都市; 人口 44,043 (1970). (S.R.E.D.)
- 18 **Charles Stuart** [tʃɑrlz|tʃɑ:lz stú:ərt, stjú:-|stjuət] (1720-88) 「チャールズ・スチュアート」 英国の王子; James II の孫。(S.R.E.D.)
- 33 12 **clement**=mild
- 16 **drone bass** 「単調な低音」
- 19 **heavy bombers** 「重爆撃機」
- 22 **smokestacks** 「煙突」
- 34 1 **gastritis** [gæstráitís] 「胃炎」
- 2 **sinus** [sáinəs] 「膿瘍」
- respiratory disease** 「呼吸器疾患」
- 9 **speed** 「覚醒剤」
- 12 **West Virginia** [west və:rdʒɪnjə] 「ウェスト・バージニア」 米国東部の州; 人口 1,744,237 (1970), 面積 62,629 km<sup>2</sup>, 州都 Charleston. (S.R.E.D.)
- 13 **Carolinas** [kæərəláinəz] 「カロライナ」 米国大西洋岸のもと英国植民地; 1729 年 North Carolina と South Carolina に分けられた。(S.R.E.D.)
- Oklahoma** [òkləhóumə] 「オクラホマ」 米国中南部の州; 人口 2,559,253 (1970), 面積 181,090 km<sup>2</sup>, 州都 Oklahoma City. (S.R.E.D.)
- 35 4 **everything ought to be aboveboard** 「万事公明であるべきである」
- 16 **hard-headed**=practical 「現実的, 實際的」
- 18 **underhanded**=sly
- 25 **Nevada** [nəvədə,-vú:də] 「ネバダ」 米国西部の州; 人口 488,738 (1970), 面積 286,299 km<sup>2</sup>, 州都 Carson City. (S.R.E.D.)