

Ministère de l'Éducation Nationale

CAPES EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

CAFEP EXTERNE D'ANGLAIS

Session 2004

ÉPREUVE EN LANGUE ÉTRANGÈRE

Consigne

Dans le cadre de votre épreuve, vous procéderez :

- à la présentation, à l'étude et à la mise en relation des trois documents proposés
(en anglais)

- à l'explication des trois faits de langue soulignés dans le document
(en français)

- à la restitution du document sonore que le jury vous proposera
(en français)

1 On December seventeenth, nineteen hundred and three, Bishop Wright, of the United Brethren, onetime editor of the *Religious Telescope*, received in his first frame on Hawthorn Street in Dayton, Ohio, a telegram from his boys Wilbur and Orville who'd gotten it into their heads to spend their vacations in a little camp out on the dunes of the North Carolina coast tinkering with a homemade glider they'd knocked together themselves. The telegram read:

5 SUCCESS FOUR FLIGHTS THURSDAY MORNING ALL AGAINST TWENTYONE-MILE WIND STARTED FROM LEVEL WITH ENGINEPOWER ALONE AVERAGE SPEED THROUGH AIR THIRTYONE MILES LONGEST FIFTY-SEVEN SECONDS INFORM PRESS HOME CHRISTMAS

The figures were a little wrong because the telegram operator misread Orville's hasty pencilled scrawl, but the fact remains

10 that a couple of young bicycle mechanics from Dayton, Ohio,

had designed, constructed, and flown
for the first time ever a practical airplane.

15 In those days flyingmachines were the big laugh of all the crackerbarrel philosophers. Langley's and Chanute's unsuccessful experiments had been jeered down with an I-told-you-so that rang from coast to coast. The Wright's big problem was to find a place secluded enough to carry on their experiments without being the horselaugh of the countryside. Then they had no money to spend;

they were practical mechanics; when they needed anything they built it themselves.

20 They hit on Kitty Hawk, on the great dunes and sandy banks that stretch south towards Hatteras seaward of Albemarle Sound, a vast stretch of seabeach, empty except for a coastguard station, a few fishermen's shacks, and the swarms of mosquitoes and the ticks and chiggers in the crabgrass behind the dunes,

25 and overhead the gulls and swooping terns, in the evening fishhawks and cranes flapping across the saltmarshes, occasionally eagles that the Wright brothers followed soaring with their eyes as Leonardo watched them centuries before, straining his sharp eyes to apprehend the laws of flight.

30 Four miles across the loose sand from the scattering of shacks, the Wright brothers built themselves a camp and a shed for their gliders. It was a long way to pack their groceries, their tools, anything they happened to need; in summer it was hot as blazes, the mosquitoes were hell;

but they were alone there, and they'd figured out that the loose sand was as soft as anything they could find to fall in.

35 There with a glider made of two planes and a tail in which they lay flat on their bellies and controlled the warp of the planes by shimmying their hips, taking off again and again all day from a big dune named Kill Devil Hill, they learned to fly.

40 Once they'd managed to hover for a few seconds and soar ever so slightly on a rising aircurrent, they decided the time had come to put a motor in their biplane.

Back in the shop in Dayton, Ohio, they built an airtunnel, which is their first great contribution to the science of flying, and tried out model planes in it.

45 They couldn't interest any builders of gasoline engines, so they had to build their own motor. It worked; after that Christmas of nineteen-three the Wright brothers weren't doing it for fun any more; they gave up their bicycle business, got the use of a big cowpasture belonging to the local banker for practice flights, spent all the time when they weren't working on their machine in promotion, worrying about patents, infringements, spies, trying to interest government officials, to make sense out of the smooth involved heartbreaking remarks of lawyers.

50 In two years they had a plane that would cover twentyfour miles at a stretch round and round the cowpasture. People on the interurban car used to crane their necks out of the windows when they passed along the edge of the field, startled by the clattering pop-pop of the old Wright motor and the sight of the white biplane like a pair of ironingboards one on top of the other chugging along a good fifty feet in the air. The cows soon got used to it.

Charles Lindbergh

He was the century's first hero and unwittingly pioneered the age of mass-media celebrity

By REEVE LINDBERGH

1 My father Charles Lindbergh became an American hero when he was 25 years old. After he made the first non-stop solo flight from New York to Paris in 1927, in a tiny silver monoplane called Spirit of St. Louis, his very existence took on the quality of myth. Overwhelming, overnight celebrity followed him home from Paris to the U.S. and around the nation on his tour promoting aviation. Fame followed him on
5 his goodwill tour to Mexico late in 1927, where he met the U.S. ambassador's daughter Anne Morrow, who married him in 1929. They travelled all over the world as pioneer aviator-explorers, mapping air routes for the fledgling airline industry. Together they navigated by the stars and watched the great surfaces of the earth revealed beneath their wings: desert and forest and jungle and tundra, wild rivers and wide-open oceans. Land, sea and air: all of it seemed to be endless; all of it seemed to be theirs.

10 On the ground, my parents were dogged by the media, and they believed the excesses of the press were responsible for the kidnapping and death of their first son Charles in 1932. They withdrew to Europe to protect the children born after the tragedy, and returned to the U.S. just before World War II. My father then joined the isolationist America First movement, becoming a leader in the effort to keep the U.S. from entering what was seen by many Americans as a European war.

...

15 He almost never talked to me about the past, because he lived so intensely in the present, never turning back. He did talk a great deal about newer concerns, chief among them the urgent need for balance between technological advancement and environmental preservation. When I knew him best, late in his life, he was flying around the world again, as he had done in the early days, but this time on behalf of endangered species, wild places and vanishing tribal peoples. He believed the aviation technology he
20 loved was partly responsible for the devastation of modern warfare and the degradation of the natural environment. "If I had to choose," he said, "I would rather have birds than airplanes," and he worked to promote an ethic in which birds and planes could continue to coexist.

My father was born with this century, grew up with it and experienced both its adventures and its excesses as few other human beings have done. He came of age with his country and his era and reflected
25 both in many ways--not all of them, perhaps, entirely heroic. Yet my father, through intense public and private struggle, acquired over time a kind of reflective wisdom that took him far beyond his early fame. His journey through this century may have made him a greater hero in his quiet final years than he was in the tumultuous, triumphant days of 1927.

Reeve Lindbergh's memoir of her family, *Under a Wing*, was published last year.



"January 1968. American Pop artist Roy Lichtenstein stands in front of his painting *Whaam!*, on show at the Tate Gallery, London. Lichtenstein was a major figure in the Pop art movement, specializing in enlarged versions of pictures from magazines and comic strips." Presser's photograph is taken from Nick Yapp's *The Hulton Getty Picture Collection 1960s. Decades of the 20th Century*, 1998.

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