THE LIFE AND WORK OF VINCENT WOODBURY GRUBBS I (1848-1928): JUDGE, LEGISLATOR, AND EDUCATIONAL REFORMER IN THE STATE OF TEXAS

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

VOLUME I

Edited by
Grandson
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See marked passages pp. 39-42

CHAPTER VI

INCIDENTS FOLLOWING THE CIVIL WAR[1]

A few months after the close of the Civil War I got astride of a Spanish pony and lit out for my childhood home in Kentucky, where I arrived in the latter part of the year 1865 after a long and wearisome ride of over seven-hundred miles of as rough road as could be found anywhere east of the Rocky Mountains.[2] I spent the winter with my relatives during which time I enjoyed to the limit the "wild and woolly" reputation that clung to me as a Texas cowboy, who was looked upon as a hard if not a very dangerous citizen.[3] But the few months of my association with the civilized people of that section impressed firmly upon my young mind my profound ignorance of the world as well as of books, the fewest number of which I had ever read or cared to read. And as soon as I returned to Texas in February, 1866, I made up my mind to secure a good education if possible.[4] I realized that I must rely upon my own resources. After attending a few months the very common

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[1]Typescript manuscript initially headed "Chapter VI—Continued." The indication "Continued" was stricken and the new title added in pencil.

[2]Further insights regarding this period in the author's life are provided in his book *Practical Prohibition*, pp. 12-13. "I cannot take time to narrate the ordinary incidents of my wild life from the days of my removal to Texas, in 1855, until I arrived at the age of seventeen, which was about the close of the Civil War. The greater part of the time after I became large enough to ride a Spanish pony was spent on the broad prairies as a cow driver or herder of horses. My school days had been few; my education had been badly neglected. I could ride the wildest and most dangerous horse that roamed the prairies, if I could keep him still long enough to mount him. I delighted in the sport, although it kept my poor mother dying from uneasiness, and often would she try to dissuade me from going into the danger. But my chief ambition seemed to be to acquire the reputation of the best rider in all that section of the country, and in that I was reasonably successful. All on earth I had, or cared to have, was a horse, saddle, and bridle. The idea of the accumulation of property, or of obtaining an education, much less qualifying myself for a learned profession, never once flitted across my imagination. I concluded in the fall of 1865 that I would go back to Kentucky on a visit, and to gather up the fragments of the proceeds of our old homestead and bring them to Texas."

[3]"To those people up there I was a great curiosity, and I rather enjoyed the distinction." V. W. Grubbs, *Practical Prohibition*, p. 13.

[4]The author's return trip was via New Orleans, as he explains in *Practical Prohibition*, p. 13: "I started home in February of the following year [1866] with about two-hundred dollars in gold in my pocket, the accumulated rents of the old family homestead. [I] took a steamboat at Paducah and in due time landed in New Orleans. I was good picking for the sharpers, and, had it not been for a kind a fatherly old gentleman, a Mr. Husbands, who then lived in Hunt County, Texas, with whom I had accidentally become acquainted, I should have been fleeced before I could have possibly gotten away from the city. But I finally made it home, and from that good day until the present, I have been satisfied with Texas."

county, and I think that I can safely say that at least three fourths of the voters whom I interviewed pledged themselves to support me, and the other fourth led me to believe that it was their intention to line up for me at the polls.

I recall one little incident of the campaign which aroused my suspicion as to the sincerity of the promises of support. I was putting in some work at the little town of Prairieville in the eastern portion of the county. It was Saturday and the Justice's Court being in session, there was a large bunch of voters to be attended to in accordance with their several inclinations and conceptions of propriety. A fellow by the name of "Bill" Moore took me to one side and informed me that he was for me and purposed to do everything in his power to induce his neighbors to support me. At the "psychological moment" he asked me to lend him a quarter, which he needed to buy medicine for his family. I did not hesitate to comply with his modest request, and I would probably have loaned him a larger amount if I had it, which was quite doubtful. With that quarter he went straightway to a saloon, bought a flask of red liquor, and when it had soaked in on him he got out into the street and hurrahed for Bill Hindman, one of my opponents.

Jim Woods was my other opponent, whose optimism was fully equal to if not superior to my own. On the day of the election soon after noon Jim sent to John McKeller, his strongest supporter and most active worker at Forney, the following telegram: "I'm six-hundred ahead, John, work." When John read it he immediately quit working for his favorite, saying: Boys, Jim is already six-hundred votes ahead, and there is no need for my working anymore to get votes for him" To make a long story short, Hindman was elected over me by a plurality of twenty-six votes. Jim Woods was about four-hundred votes behind me. Hindman made a most efficient county attorney. Woods a few years afterwards was elected to the legislature, making a good record as a lawmaker, voluntarily retiring at the end of his first term. He afterwards served as county attorney of Kaufman County, where he now enjoys a good legal practice as a member of the firm of Woods and Morrow. Bill Hindman contracted tuberculosis and died in the prime of his young manhood.

In those days my practice was mostly in the various justice's courts, one of which, as before stated, was held at Prairieville. I was employed by Capt. W. H. Gaston, of Dallas, to collect a small note from a man by the name of Elliott, who resided in that precinct. I filed suit on it with Justice Green and when the case came to trial the defendant interposed the plea of the statute of limitations. He claimed, however, to have an equitable defense which was not available to him at the time. In the course of my speech, I stated that no honest man would plead the statute of limitations. The court gave judgment in favor of the plaintiff, although the plea was unquestionably well taken. As soon as the judgment was announced, I started to walk out at the front door of the courtroom and was met by Mr. Elliott, who in a nasal tone of voice, and with clenched fist, proposed to give me a whipping because I had said that he was not an honest man. And right here, let me pause to remark that when you go up against a man who talks through his nose or stutters, you may as well prepare for business, unless you can talk him out of his purpose. Realizing that discretion was the better part of valor, I at once decided upon a plan to switch him off his purpose to inflict summary corporal punishment upon me for the insult.

Raising my hand as if to ward off the threatened blow, I said: "Mr. Elliott, if you will keep off me for a few minutes, I think I can illustrate the present situation by a little incident which occurred in Kaufman some time ago." He appeared to consent for me to illustrate and I proceeded to relate it, going into much unnecessary detail, giving him plenty of time to cool down. Said I: "I am a good deal like Captain Slaughter was once. He was District Attorney and prosecuting two brothers by the name of Long in the Justice's Court, sitting as an examining court for killing a man by the name of Willingham supposedly with a stick found near the body of the deceased. He was trying to prove by a Baptist preacher by the name of Madden that there was a knot on the stick in question. Said he, 'Mr. Madden, did you see a knot on the stick found near the body of the deceased?' 'No,' replied the witness, 'I did not see any notch on the stick.' The captain repeated the question, trying to make him understand that it was a knot and not a notch that he was trying to find out about from the witness. Failing to get him to understand his question, he ordered the witness to stand aside, exhibiting both disappointment and disgust. During the noon recess of the court, he was sitting in his office in the lower story of the courthouse, leaning back against the wall, with one foot on the round of his chair and the other leg crossed over his knee. While a number of the unexamined witnesses were in the room, he proceeded to lambaste the witness Madden, saying, "This damn fool Madden, setting himself up to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, and don't know the difference between a knot and a notch on a stick. The damned fool ought to be at the plow handles, and if I had my way about it there's where he would be.' Before he got any further with his abuse of the absent witness, a great big burly fellow, about as large as one-and-a-half of Captain Slaughter arose from his seat and, rapidly approaching him with clenched fist, said, "Captain Slaughter, that man you are talking about is my brother, and I don't intend to allow any low-down pettifogger like you to talk that way about my brother, and I am going to maul you into a jellyfish right now.' The captain, being a man of infinite resource, as well as a high-grade practitioner in all other respects, raising his hand, said, 'Mr. Madden, you ought to know how we lawyers talk. We never do mean what we say. As a class, I reckon we are the biggest lairs on earth. I thought you knew that, Mr. Madden'."

When I finished the story, which might or might not have been true, Mr. Elliott laughed heartily, saying, "That's sufficient. Come, go with me to dinner." I accepted the invitation and enjoyed the repast to the limit. A few years afterwards I met him in Dallas, where we had a good laugh over the incident.

In those days it was unsafe for a man, even a lawyer, to reflect upon the personal integrity of a reputable citizen, and to call him a liar was regarded as a perfect defense [in] a prosecution for assault and battery. There were exceptions, however, as shown by the following incident, which is said to have occurred in the court of Justice Neill Brown, a superannuated Methodist preacher. Ben and Dave, whose surnames are wholly immaterial, having been close and intimate friends for many years, got into a lawsuit over a wagon and team which Ben had furnished Dave to make a crop. Dave was to feed and care for the team for the use of the property. In the course of time, Ben went over to Dave's little farm, a few miles in the country, to get his wagon and team. He found the wagon but no horses on the premises. On inquiry, he learned that they had been gone several months, and their whereabouts were unknown. He proposed to take what was

left, but Dave refused to give up the wagon, claiming a lien on it for keeping the horses before the cropping season. While Ben was giving his version of the transaction, Dave interrupted him with the exclamation, "Ben, you are swearing a damn lie." Ben promptly replied in perfect composure, "Suppose I do, what's that got to do with the law of this case?" The facts of the case were somewhat unique, and judgment was rendered for Dave, Ben losing his wagon in addition to his team as compensation for his kindness.

Soon after locating in Kaufman for the practice of law, in spite of the advice of my friends, who thought it best for me to go elsewhere to begin, as they insisted that I was too well known in the community, I became an occasional contributor to the local paper, and I enjoyed the diversion immensely. Sometimes, when the editor was off enjoying the luxury of his free railroad passes and [on] special editorial excursions, he would turn the columns of his paper over to me, and I would run it to suit myself. politically or otherwise, regardless of the proverbial jewel of consistency. Soon after, the town of Terrell, ten miles northward on the Texas and Pacific, began to attract the favorable attention of business prospectors and home seekers, [and] the Kaufman paper moved over to that promising young city. In a short time, however, some public-spirited and enterprising citizens of Kaufman bought a small Washington handpress and a few fonts of type, and installed L. R. Brown, better known as "High Tone Brown," as editor and publisher. As a paragrapher he had no equal in Texas, and probably no superior anywhere else. He also knew how to get up an attractive sheet in a mechanical as well as an editorial sense of the term. The name of the paper which had moved out was *The Star*. Its successor was called the *Sun*. It started out under most favorable auspices and soon had a wide circulation and enjoyed a good advertising business for a small town. I contributed liberally to its columns during Mr. Brown's administration, enjoying a very close and intimate friendship with the brilliant editor and publisher.

Everything went well until one day he was prevailed upon to take a drink. That settled it, and it soon become evident that unless a new deal could be effected, the town of Kaufman would again be without a local paper. The cost of the printing outfit was about four-hundred dollars, which I was prevailed upon to assume, and I thereupon took charge of the paper as editor and publisher. Finding that it would be impossible for me to advance in the legal profession while carrying the burdens incident to the publication of a weekly newspaper, I unloaded it as soon as possible upon young Byron Drew, who was a high- grade practical printer, but wholly inexperienced as an editorial writer. Not only so, but he was remarkably indiscreet in the use of the scissors, and especially so in his personal paragraphs. Not having sufficient time to do the explaining made necessary by said editorial indiscretion, I soon afterwards completely severed my connection with the publication.

The next week, after I got out of it, a write up of a scandal involving an Athens barber and a young woman was clipped by M. Drew from a Tyler paper and reproduced in the columns of the "Sun." The barber, whose name was Pope, got hold of a copy of the paper containing an account of the escapade in which he was the star actor, and it seems that he was informed by some person in the town that I was responsible for its publication in the *Kaufman Sun*. So he laid for me. One evening while the district court was in session in Athens, having an engagement to call on a young lady acquaintance residing in the town, I walked into Mr. Pope's barber shop to

get shaved, shampooed, etc. As soon as I walked in I noticed that the proprietor was laboring under considerable embarrassment, but I had not the slightest idea of the cause of his nervousness. I supposed that he had been tarrying too long at the wine. Seating myself in the easy chair, he proceeded to put the lather on my face, and as he whetted his razor he said: "Ain't your name Grubbs?" I replied that it was. "Didn't you run a little paper up at Kaufman called the *Sun*?" I promptly replied that I did. He then opened up his well-charged battery upon me, declaring that I had published a d—d lie on him and that he now purposed to have satisfaction out of me for the injury that I had done to him. I had not been in the habit of allowing men to curse me out without at least a protest, but this was an exception. I denied any responsibility for the publication of the story, but it seemed to be all the same to the irate barber. He would shave a while and then stop long enough to do some more cursing. He finally finished up the job, and I evacuated his tonsorial parlor without losing any more time than was absolutely necessary.

In the summer of 1877 I closed up my law office and, with my mother and youngest brother,[22] who had been in bad health for several months, boarded a two-horse wagon and journeyed to Burditt's Wells in Caldwell County— about forty miles southwest of Austin—then known far and wide as a popular health resort.[23] We took our camping outfit along, also a shotgun and a good supply of ammunition. Prairie chickens were plentiful along the route and occasionally I was able to get a shot at other species of game, such as ducks, rabbits, etc. As a nimrod I was not very much of an expert, but it served quite well as a diversion on the long and wearisome journey.

As I was driving along the road near Salado in Bell County I met a carriage, and as I passed it I heard a female voice exclaim, "I know that man." And catching a glimpse at her handsome features, I at once recognized her, but I did not let her know it, as I felt considerably embarrassed by the toughness of my personal appearance and that of my conveyance compared with the style in which she was traveling. She was a college mate at Trinity University in the early seventies, and the last time I had seen her was on the day of my graduation with honors. To tell the truth, I was very much ashamed of myself that I had not made more perceptible headway in the accomplishment of the high aims which inspired my college activities and inordinate personal ambitions.

The trip proved highly beneficial to me as well as to my sick and discouraged brother,

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[22]William Henry ("Willie") Grubbs (1855-1900), about twenty-two years old at the time.

[23]I am indebted to John Slate for referring us to the following information: Discovered in ca. 1850 or 1851, the well "grew to be an annoyance to its original owner," who closed it up for a about a decade. It was reopened in "March, 1873, when the land upon which it is situated was purchased by Dr. H. N. Burditt." When the author visited it, it was indeed known as Burditt's Wells, and was located "just to the left of the stage road from Luling to Austin, eight miles from the railroad . . . in a valley about two hundred yards from the hotel buildings, which [stood] upon the plateau, at the edge of a post oak grove and among the oaks. . . ." In 1878, a year after the author went there with his mother and his younger brother, William, an advertisement indicated that the wells were "sought after by Texans suffering from Bright's and other diseases of the kidneys." See Gene Fowler, *Crazy Water: The Story of Mineral Wells and Other Texas Health Resorts*, with a foreword by Larry L. King (Fort Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 1991), Appendix (of the Fowler book), pp. 236-237.

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July 11, 2013

Ivan and Carol Doig
17277 15th Avenue N.W.
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan:

Greetings to Carol, too. What and how you write andIt would have been "Good morning" if I had arisen at a reasonable hour, but I did not, and now after using what was left to have my morning coffee and rummage in my E-mail for a while, I must now say "Good afternoon" and hope it is not "Good evening" before I get back to this note I very much wanted to write after again reading your wonderful contribution to the Newsletter for *DARE,* which was a delicious meal of verbal coinage as well as a delightful walk down memory lane in the pages of your novels and memoirs, all of which I have read. I now await with bated breath the novel soon to appear in bookstores as well as the one you are dancing with about a teenage boy whose experiences perhaps mirror your own. One thing is sure: If I am to keep up with your current rate of writing, I will have to learn to read faster, which is not likely, because in savoring even a single sentence of yours, sometimes, I have to stop and ask, "How in the hell did he do that?" :+) I do so admire and enjoy wht and how you write.

Your comments on language, neologisms, and writing are of deep interest to me. If there are other articles like this or similar you have written that you could point me to, I

would be very grateful. The only thing like it that I can recall was a transcript of an interview you had on the radio a long time ago. Reading is a passion of mine, as was also true for my wife Jo, as early as the early 1940s when we first met each other. And this extended to poetry, language, and word origins. In this regard, I recently read Steven Pinker's *The Stuff of Thought* in which there was a good deal to chew on, although I was more interested in the topics than his opinions, as there is no way I could agree with him that "we could do without music and undergo no significant loss in our capacity to function." For me it is as necessary as oxygen, food, and water.

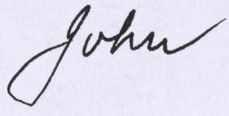
Thank you so much for responding. It was good to hear that you are wasting no time in plumbing your fertile valley of imagination for stories that not only put is in the lives of your characters but also invite us to tap our own memories. And this has been especially rewarding for me as, now in my eighty-fifth year, I try to reconstruct my life. In this respect, I particularly enjoyed reading a bit about your own life in a direct manner. I will surely share this article with my brother Ed, who shares my interest in ths aspect of human experience.

What fun to think of your twelve-year-old boy who encounters the rough bunch of boys at summer camp and delightfully coarse song, *Great green gobs of greasy grimy gopher guts*. Tom would not have gone to camp with Paul, as we lived in Los Angeles, and he he missed out on summer camps during his teenage years. Instead, he had swimming classes at UCLA, perhaps also one of their basketball ones. Otherwise, in the summers, we usually went places together as a family. I'll have to ask him. Paul may well have gone and known such songs. I did go to the Presbyterian church grounds at Big Bear Lake where they had week-long summer camps when I was in junior high and high school, and also worked on the kitchen crews there for a couple of years. We sang table songs and songs around the fireplace, but mostly traditional folksongs, missing out on such fun. How times change. How funny. I look forward to this book and this incident. I love all the different ways you have included music in your books, the best example of which is surely *Prairie Nocturne*.

However, I am surely boring you and presumptive to impose upon your valuable time, so I will move on. Enclosed are a few things might enjoy reading. Two of the stapled items concern newspaper reports of fiddling contests in Texas in 1900. Prior to finding these, I did not know my grandfather, Vincent Woodbury Grubbs (1848-1928), had competed in fiddling contests, though I do have his violin and thus assumed he had played it. One report here concerns a fiddler who had lost his right arm in the Civil War and, in order to fiddle, strapped the bow to his left leg. Wouldn't that have been a sight!. Some of the titles will surely amuse you, such as "Soap Suds Over the Fence," "Two-Eyed Jane," or "Coonie on the Ground." The other stapled pages contains several stories from my grandfather's unpublished autobiography, which we found in my attic some years ago and which I edited, printed out, and had bound in two volumes for my family. The stories I have marked for you to read are from Chapter VI, "Incidents Following the Civil War." He died before I was a year old, so I never knew him, but was quite a storyteller. One passage I could not find refers to a good moment in a huimorous story, when,"the goose was flying at a respectable altitude." His passion was vocational

education in Texas, and when what is now the University of Texas at Arlington first became a public university it was called Grubbs Vocational College, due to his efforts in lobbying for it on behalf of the City of Arlington.

With all best wishes to you and Carol,



P.S. Love your letterhead.

Have you ever heard the neologitic pun, "happytite??

Have you read Dorothy Wickenden's *Nothing Dauhnted: The Unexpected Education of Two Societyi Girls in the West* ? Nonfiction. Short, very well researched, and quite a delight.

http://www.nothingdaunted.com/

Fiddle Contest, Brenham, Texas February 9, 1900

Houston Daily Post ~ January 13, 1900 An "old fiddlers contest" is being arranged to take place at this place in the near the benefit of local charity. Mr. Lee Wilson, who has experience with matters of this kind, is at the head of the contest will be open to all comers and three of the prizes have selected. They are a gold watch for the best fiddler, a silver second best and a gun metal watch for the third best.

Houston Daily Post ~ January 13, 1900

An "old fiddlers contest" is being arranged to take place at this place in the near future for the benefit of local charity. Mr. Lee Wilson, who has considerable experience with matters of this kind, is at the head of the enterprise. The contest will be open to all comers and three of the prizes have already been selected. They are a gold watch for the best fiddler, a silver watch for the second best and a gun metal watch for the third best.

Houston Daily Post ~ January 16, 1900

Much interest is being manufactured in the "old fiddlers' contest" which will be held here in March for the benefit of local charity. Among the most celebrated of the fiddlers who have been asked to enter the contest are Governor Bob Taylor who is announced to lecture here; Judge V. W. Grubbs of Greenville, chairman of the State committee of education, who will also lecture at this place about that time; ex-Governor James Stephen Hogg; General John R. Baylor, a former resident of this county, and now one of the most distinguished citizens of El Paso. Present indications are that the old fiddlers' convention

will overshadow all other conventions ever held here.

Houston Daily Post ~ January 20, 1900

Mr. Lee Wilson, secretary of the "old fiddlers" convention which will be held in this city February 9, has received the following letter from Hon. V. M. Grubbs of Greenville, member of the legislature and chairman of the State committee of education:

"Please accept my thanks for the invitation to take part in the prize fiddling contest which is to take place in your city February 9. I shall endeavor to be there and, if not barred under the rules excluding scientific performers, I hope to take the gold filled chronometer. My favorite tune is "Leather Breeches," of which I claim to be the original and only composer. I shall be in Austin on February 9 and if the special session should not break up in a row over the commission tax bill the prospects are that I will be with you on the 9th also."

Here are some of the tunes that will be played at the contest of old fiddlers which will be given in this city on February 9 for the benefit of local charity:

"Black Jack Grove," "Jenny on the Railroad," "Jenny Put the Kettle On," "Billy on the Low Ground," "Nancy Rowland," "Arkansaw Traveler," "Tom and Jerry," "Leather Breeches," "Irish Washwoman," "Gray Eagle," "Kitty is the Gal for Me," "College Hornpipe," "Sally [Hamlin?]," "Miss Sawyer," "Sugar in Coffee," "Sugar in the Gourd," "Soldier's Joy," "Pretty Polly Ann," "Money Musk," "Sally Gooden," "Black Eyed Susie," "Devilish Mary," "Brindle Steer," "Old Gray Horse," "Methodist Preacher," "Wagoner," "Tailor in the Loft," "Walk Along, John," "Cake All Dough," "Hop Light, Ladies," "Chicken in the Bread Tray," "Cheatem," "Camels Are Comin'," "Killy Cranky," "Ringtail Coon," "Coonie on the Ground," "Walk Along,

Jawbone," "Stump Tail Dog," "Cinda, Fare You Well," "Drunken Hiccough," "Farewell, Whisky," "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Downfall of Paris," "Rye Straw," "Lost Indian," "Gal on the Log," "One-eyed Riley," "Two-eyed Jane," "Old Muse and Pups," "Buffalo Gals," "Fuss in the Family," "Hog-eyed Man," "Eighth of January," "Saddle Old Spike," "Sally Johnson," "Sandy Land," "Natchez Under the Hill," " Soap Suds Over the Fence," "Dixie Land," "Dan Tucker," "Old Uncle Ned," "Molly Hare," "Get Up in the Cool," "Pop, Goes the Weazel," "Catfish and Minnow," "Brannigan's Pup." "Devil's Dream," "Black Cat's Foot," "Bull Frog's Eye," "Rareback Davy," " Possum Up the Gum Stump," "Ryan's Buck Scrap." [Backstep?]

Houston Daily Post ~ February 8, 1900

Cheap Santa Fe Rates

To Brenham—Old fiddlers' contest, February 9, agents Temple to Rosenburg, inclusive, and Somerville to Navasota, inclusive, may sell round trip tickets to Brenham at rate of one and one-third fares. Date of sale February 9. Limit tickets to February 10 for return.

Houston Daily Post ~ February 11, 1900

OLD FIDDLERS CONTEST

Isaac Jackson of Caldwell, Aged 74, Was Awarded the First Prize

THERE WERE SOME PLEASANT EPISODES

The Winner of the Contest Is a Native Texan and His Friends Are Congratulating Him

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time in your flight, And make me young again, just for tonight, Fiddlers, come back from the

echoless shore, And play the old tunes again, just as of yore.

Brenham, Texas, February 9—At the Grand opera house tonight was witnessed the greatest musical event of several seasons, when forty old-time fiddlers rosined their bows and tuned up for the big contest for glories, honors and prizes that have been so much heralded abroad of late. With every seat in the opera house sold, besides 100 additional chairs that were provided expressly for the occasion, the crowd in attendance may very properly be reckoned at 1000 thousand [sic] people in round numbers. Many more came, but they neither saw nor conquered, for they had to return home disappointed at not finding "standing room only," all that the management has been able to promise them for the past three days. The entries for this unique musicale were made up exclusively of "fiddlers." Violinists were not allowed, and the music was of that variety that was popular in ante bellum days when the boys and girls danced all night till broad daylight on the old puncheon floors. Those good old days are gone never to return, but memories of the pleasures they brought were revived for the time and the old boys and girls were young again for a few brief hours.

In fiction and tradition there are many stories of the hospitality of the plantation home and the gay assemblages of guests that made ancestral hall echo with laughter, music and dancing. There were retinues of servants and bounties dispensed with a lavish hand. These things must have been uppermost in the minds of many of the old Texans who came from far and near to hear this old fiddlers' contest. Our people of today cannot expect to maintain these goodly precedents, sufficient unto the day is the fashion thereof. Every phase of Southern life must be adapted to new conditions, but reconstruction does not imply decadence. There is ever something compensating about well-earned pleasures that pampered ease cannot give.

The most celebrated fiddle that the contest discovered was the

one from which Uncle Johnny Brophy drew so much melody. This fiddle was presented to Charles Henslee by a celebrated Frenchman named Kazette after the latter had drawn a black bean with the prisoners of the ill-fated Meir expedition which undertook the conquest of Mexico. Before it came Henslee's time to draw a bean he enlivened the spirits of his fellow prisoners by playing "Puss Thompson" and those of the auditors who lived to tell the story, along with Henslee, declared that never before and never afterward did he play the piece quite so well as on this occasion. Henslee lived thirty years after this adventure in a little 12x14 cottage located on Little Sandy on the Brenham and Independence road, making a living entirely by the use of his bow and historic fiddle. When he died he willed the fiddle to Mr. Brophy and the latter cherishes it as among the greatest of his treasures.

A fiddler who attracted a great amount of attention during the entire contest was Mr. R. Phares of Weimar; Mr. Phares lost his right arm from a gunshot wound received with Walker's Gray Hounds at the battle of Mansfield, just over the border in Louisiana. With the bow strapped to his right leg, Mr. Phares plays by using the fiddle in the same way that an ordinary fiddler does.

Colonel Bones McKay, the "Sage of Kuykendal," was the cynosure of all eyes and ears when, attired as "Uncle Sam," he played "Yankee Doodle."

The programme was intersperesed with a violin selection by Miss Ada Becker of this city, several "coon songs" by Mrs. John Lockman, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Frank Lumm of Houston, and on a vocal selection by Mr. E. Spence Wilson, also of Houston.

The fiddlers and tunes were as follows:

Tunes— "Black Jack Grove," "Jennie on the Railroad," "Jennie,

Put the Kettle On," "Billy in the Low Ground," "Nancy Rowland," Arkansas Traveler," "Tom and Jerry," "Leather Breeches," "Irish Washwoman," "Gray Eagle," "Kitty is the Gal for Me," "College Hornpipe," "Sallie Hamilton," "Miss Sawyer," "Sugar in the Coffee," "Sugar in the Gourd," "Soldiers' Joy," "Pretty Polly Ann," "Money Musk," Sally Gooden," "Black Eyed Susie," "Devilish Mary," "Brindle Steer," "Old Gray Horse," "Methodist Preacher," "Wagoner," "Tailor in the Loft," "Walk Along, John," "Hop Light Ladies," "Chicken in the Bread Tray," "Cheatem," "Campbells Are Comin'," "Killy Cranky," "Ringtail Coon," "Coonie on the Ground," "Walk Along Jawbone," "Stump Tail Deer," "Cinda Fare You Well," "Drunken Hiccough," "Farewell Whisky," "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Downfall of Paris," "Rye Straw," "Lost Indian," "Gal on the Log," "One Eyed Riley," "Two Eyed Jane," Old Muse and Pups," "Buffalo Girls," "Fuss in the Family," "Hog-eyed Man," "Eighth of January," "Saddle Old Spike," "Sally Johnson," "Sandy Land," "Natchez Under the Hill," "Soap Suds Over the Fence," "Dixie Land," "Dan Tucker," "Old Uncle Ned," "Molly Hare," "Get Up in the Cool," "Pop Goes the Weasel," "Catfish and Minnow," "Brannigan's Pup," "Devil's Dream," "Black Cat's Foot," "Bull Frog's Eye," "Bareback Davy" [Rare Back Davy?], "Possum Up the Gum Stump," "Ryan's Buck Setup" [Ryan's Buck Step?], "Shoo Fly," "Forked Ear," "Fine Time at Our House," "Getting Upstire" [Getting Upstairs], "Young Gal So Deceiving," "Give the Fiddler a Drain [Dram]," "Suwanee River," "Massa in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Cotton-Eyed Joe," "Clear the Track," "Nigger in the Woodpile," "Ficher's Hornpipe" [Fisher's Hornpipe], "Ricker's Hornpipe," "Faulkey Deer" [Forky Deer], "Black Satin," "Green Brier," "Rocky Road to Dublin," "Liza Jane," "Old Hen Cackle," "Old Straw Bonnet," ""Bonnie Blue Flag," "Big Sis," "Off to Georgia," "Want to Go to Meetin', But Got No Shoes," "Little More Cider," "John's Got a New House," "Walls of Jericho."

The fiddlers played in the following order:

Kit Adkinson of Ledbetter, John R. Alexander of Washington, S. F. Alexander of Giddings, F. C. Baker of Ledbetter, D. G. Bowers of Brenham, J. R. Brophy of Brenham, O. N. Cocke of Chappell Hill, Albert Czinnazlooski of Brenham, Christian Anstin of Brenham, J. Dotson of Dime Box, William Emshoff of Brenham, J. W. Earlywine of Earlywine, F. Fischer of Brenham, John W. Foster of Bellville, W. Gryder of Independence, V. W. Grubbs of Greenville, H. Gardner of Brenham, Claude Henslee of Lyons, Ed Hughes of Whitman, Eli Hanks of Spring, Dr. J. S. Holland of Brenham, Sam Honarie of Brenham, A. J. Horton of Needville, Ike Jackson of [Caldwell], Sam R. Kenada of Austin, George A. Kruger of New Ulm, A. W. Mitchell of Madisonville, D. C. McLean of Salado, Colonel Mackey of Kuykendall, Charles [Marable] of Kenney, Jas. Marable of Brenham, Frank Myatt of William Penn, Frank Middleton of Brenham, Yancy Myatt of William Penn, J. J. Pressley of Caldwell, J. G. Phegley of Caldwell, R. Phares of Weimar, J. R. Rice of Hempstead, D. E. Styers of Brenham, William R. Sapp of Caldwell, Hermann Siebel of Burton, William Sample of Dime Box, L. D. Stewart of Caldwell, J. H. Teague of Navasota.

Prizes in the fiddling contest of ye old time fiddlers were awarded in the following order: First prize, gold watch, won by Isaac Jackson of Caldwell, who is 76 years old; second prize, silver watch, awarded to Kit Atkinson of Ledbetter; third prize, gun metal watch, James Marable, Brenham. The doll named "Eula" that has been the property of the ladies of the Episcopal church since the public failed to guess her name at the contest for that purpose, held during the holidays, was awarded to Miss Hazel Childress for selling the most tickets to the concert. Her record was 230 tickets. Miss Blanche Wilson came next on the list of ticket sellers and received a handsome pin. After the concert and the awarding of the various prizes, the old fiddlers were tendered a reception and dance at Lusk's hall. In the latter

more than one hundred couples participated in the polkas, quadrilles and cotillions.

One of the prettiest little episodes that ever occurred to illustrate the generous impulses of mankind took place when Mr. R. Phares of Weimar had finished his numbers. Mr. Phares is a one-armed Confederate soldier who lost his right arm while serving the Confederacy at the battle of Mansfield. He plays the fiddle by fastening the bow beneath his right leg and using the fiddle like other performers do the bow. As the old man started to leave the stage some big-hearted individual in the gallery threw a dollar at him, and this was the signal for a downpour of coins, such as probably never overtook the old man before. This was accompanied by shouts from all over the house of "Old man, go buy you a watch, and buy you a good one." R. L. Christian, a crippled soldier fiddler from Austin, was also treated to a shower of coins during his performance.

One of the most distinguished fiddlers in attendance [at] the contest was Hon. A. W. Mitchel of Madisonville, who is doorkeeper of the house of representatives.

Judge V. W. Grubbs of Greenville, who had entered the contest, telegraphed that he missed the train just three seconds.

The judges of the contest were Hon. J. A. Wilkins, mayor of Brenham, R. M. Perdue of Caldwell and P. H. Barnhill of Brenham, all of them "old-time fiddlers." Uncle "Ike" Jackson of Caldwell, who won the first prize, played a fiddle that had been in his family more than one hundred years.

The gross receipts of the entertainment amounted to $350, which amount, after deducting expenses, will be turned over to the ladies of the Episcopal church.

Houston Daily Post ~ February 20, 1900

Following the pace set by Brenham there are going to be a number of "old fiddlers'" contests held at various places in Texas during the next few weeks. A number of the contestants in the Brenham concert have been offered free transportation to visit Galveston, April 17, and engage in a contest as a prelude to the annual charity ball. The following from this vicinity have agreed to go: Kit Adkinson, Ledbetter, who received the second prize in the Brenham contest; William Sample, Dime Box; I. J. Jackson of Cladwell, who carried off the first prize at this place; S. T. Alexander, Giddings; C. C. Marable, Kenney; James Marable, Brenham; the latter won the third prize in the Brenham contest. Parties here are in receipt of letters from Dallas and Rockdale stating that similar entertainments are to be held in those places, and requesting that programmes of the Brenham entertainment be sent them. The Dallas entertainment will be for the benefit of the local Confederate camp, and the one at Rockdale will be given under the auspices of the fire department there.

Houston Daily Post ~ April 19, 1900

James Marable of this city, who won third prize in the old fiddlers' contest at this city on February 9, was advanced to first place at the old fiddlers' contest held at the annual charity ball in Galveston Tuesday night.

Houston Daily Post ~ April 27, 1900

Cameron, Texas, April 26—The old time fiddlers' contest was held in the district court room last night before a crowded house under the auspices of the Cameron band.

Seven fiddlers entered the contest and the first prize was awarded to A. B. Henson of Hearne, playing the old-time pieces, "Mollie, Put the Kettle On," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "Mississippi Sawyer;" Jim Marable won second prize with

"Arkansas Traveler," "Ella Johnson," and "Sally Gooden;" Mr. W. A. Sampler of Dime Box, Lee county, came out with third prize with "Cowboy's Pride," "Daddy's Fannie," and "Tom and Jerry."

The audience was well entertained at intervals by a splendid string band.

Houston Daily Post ~ May 27, 1900

The concluding entertainment of the Maifest was a return engagement from the old fiddlers, who first appeared in Brenham on the night of February 9. The audience that assembled to hear the great "sawing contest" was a very large one and judging by the applause, a very happy one. Hon. D. C. Giddings, Jr. acted as stage manager and announced the names of the contestants as they appeared and their selections. Mr. Giddings stated that the rules governing the contest would be the same as those adopted by the East Tennessee Fiddlers' association, of which Governor Bob Taylor is a member. These rules declared that no man who could read a note was eligible for membership and that any fellow caught running his finger along the strings would be expelled.

Dallas Morning News
March 26, 1900

Corsicana Budget
Old Fiddlers' Contest

Corsicana, Tex., March 25.—The old fiddlers' contest, which the ladies of the Christian Church have been preparing for quite a while, will take place at the Merchants Operahouse on the night of the 27th instant. The program shows old time fiddlers from over a dozen towns in Texas and on the program is the name of a well known attorney, at one time on the appellate bench of this state.

Dallas Morning News
March 29, 1900

CORSICANA BUDGET
Old Fiddler's Contest

Corsicana, Tex., March 28.—The old fiddlers' contest at the Merchants operahouse, gotten up by the ladies of the First Christian Church, was a success in every particular. It was witnessed by over 1500 people. There were fiddlers from all parts of the county and from other counties. Hon. V. W. Grubbs of Greenville being one of the fiddlers from the outside.

Old airs of fifty years ago were played, and as "Money Musk," "Billie in the Low Ground," "Arkansaw Traveler," " The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dan Tucker," "Sugar in the Gourd," "Prettiest Little Girl in the County," Cotton-Eyed Joe" and similar pieces were played and the audience went wild.

Miss Annie Halbert sang a beautiful solo during the contest, and a quartette composed of Judge Ruffus Hardy, Col. W. L. McKie, Judge J. H. Rice, and George Carr rendered "Annie

Laurie" in splendid style, and as an encore they sang a boatman's song that none of them could tell the name of.

The prizes awarded were as follows: Best fiddler, J. M. Gunn, Eureka; next best, A. W. Macon, Corsicana; third best, George Allen; handsomest fiddler, D. A. Delvill; oldest fiddler. J. T. Erwin; tallest fiddler, Walter Hayne; youngest fiddler, Roberts Holmes; fiddler with biggest feet, S. J. Norvell; best blind fiddler, John Landrop; fattest fiddler, Jim Williams; best left hand fiddler, S. J. Crabtree; shortest fiddler, W. L. Bough; fiddler who played "Black Jack Grove" best, Capt. Mitchell.

Dallas Morning News
May 3, 1900

OLD FIDDLER'S CONTEST

Special to the News
Greenville, Tex., May2.—The courthouse was crowded last night on the occasion of an old fiddlers' contest. The musicians filed in, led by Judge Grubbs, and then played "Dixie" in concert. All the old-time tunes were played and then the judges gave first prize to Miss Mattie Edwards of Avniger [sic] and second to Sam Hawkins.

Got a Northwest dialect? It's creaky

Contrary to belief, local linguists say we have distinctive voice

BY TOM PAULSON
P-I reporter

Listen for the creaky voice, the strong "s" and the "low-back merger."

Most language experts believe the Pacific Northwest has no distinctive voice, no particular style or dialect. But some local linguists think that's wrong – or at least a long-standing academic prejudice that deserves a good challenge.

Jennifer Ingle, a 27-year-old Ballard native and student of language at the University of Washington, is one of them.

"Language is part of our identity," said Ingle. Just as the Scandinavian heritage of Ballard distinguishes it from the rest of Seattle, she said, the evolution of language in the Northwest has progressed to the point where it can be distinguished from the rest of the country.

The question for the experts now appears to be whether our version of the English language has evolved enough to be considered a separate dialect.

"Linguists have generally assumed that the West is one dialect region," said Alicia Beckford Wassink, a UW professor of linguistics and mentor to Ingle.

"That may have been the case in the 1800s, when the West was being settled and there was a mixing of dialects among all the immigrants," said Wassink. But there's plenty of evidence now, she said, to suggest this region could have its own distinctive dialect.

Northwest speak.

Ingle decided a year ago to study her own neighborhood for evidence of local dialect. To some extent, she said, growing up in Ballard contributed to her interest in language.

"I used to hear people in my neighborhood speaking Norwegian," said Ingle, noting that despite her family's Scottish heritage, one of her favorite foodstuffs is lefse – a Nordic flatbread made from potatoes.

But Ingle's study of language in Ballard was not aimed at identifying any of the neighborhood's Nordic influences. Participants were not asked

SEE SPEAK, A19

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Port of Seattle ad for Fishermen's Terminal. The port recently allowed pleasure boats, making solemn promises that its character would be maintained.

El Gaucho, one of the West's premier steakhouses, sits in a Belltown building once a union hall populated by merchant seamen. Attending a friend's birthday party in the late 1990s, Vice President Al Gore sat

demonize Seattle and King County without appreciating how our fate is linked to theirs, or how Republicans who get elected statewide (Dan Evans, Slade Gorton, John Spellman) hail from the hated center.

Seattle's mayor was elected as a champion of neighborhoods – Seattle mayors usually are – but seems committed to major changes in their character.

the Alaskan Way Viaduct.

It's a bit dispiriting. Will it be too late before we realize that the human qualities of this place, as well as its natural setting, need defenders?

P-I columnist Joel Connelly can be reached at 206-448-8160 or joelconnelly@seattlepi.com

SUMMARY

unk of the state's budget deficit. But tead of being lauded, Fryant has en placed on paid administrative ave, her tax investigation has been uelched, and scores of affluent tax- yers have been let off the hook. **A1**

ost language experts think the Pacif- Northwest has no particular style or alect. But some disagree – or at least ink the long-standing academic prej- dice deserves a good challenge. **A1**

HEALTH AND SCIENCE

New monkey species found

2 teams of U.S. scientists discover primate in Africa

BY CORNELIA DEAN

port of the Wildlife Conservation Society, observed the monkey on Mount Rungwe and in the adjacent Kitulo National Park. The other team, led by Dr. Carolyn Ehardt of the University of Georgia, discovered the same species at sites about 250 miles away in Ndundulu Forest Reserve in the Ud-

municate with a "whoop gobble," the new species has an unusual "honk bark," the researchers said.

Dr. Colin Groves of the Australian National University, an expert on primate taxonomy, said there was "no doubt at all" that the researchers had identified a new species.

SPEAK: Folks in Northwest say 'cot' and 'caught' exactly the same

FROM A1

to say, "Yah, sure, ya betcha." Rather, Ballard was selected as representative of the region because it is one of the oldest communities in the state, with a well-established population of native speakers.

"All the participants were born in Seattle and grew up in Ballard," said Ingle. She focused just on variation in vowel sounds because that is what most determines the different pronunciations in spoken American English.

Still, it should be noted that when Ingle presented her findings this week, it happened to be on the same day Ballard was celebrating Norwegian Constitution Day, May 17. Her study of Northwest speech in Ballard was presented in Vancouver, B.C., at the annual meeting of the Acoustical Society of America.

Among the findings: Many locals, especially women, speak in what experts call "creaky voice"; we've done away with a particular vowel used by easterners; we really like to emphasize the "s" in words; we're not Californian and we're not Canadian.

Other determinants of dialect include differences in vocabulary and grammar, added Wassink, which are also being looked at in other linguistic studies at the UW.

"The Northwest is especially interesting because we have had almost nothing but immigration," Wassink said. "And there hasn't been as much racial or ethnic segregation as in the East. For a linguist, it's a very interesting place."

So, why do so many women talk creaky here? What's that mean anyway?

"Bill Clinton is a good example of creaky," said Ingle. Clinton's folksy speech, in which his voice sounds both scratchy and relaxed, is the opposite of "breathy" voicing, she said.

In the Northwest, Ingle's study indicates creaky voicing is popular – especially among women. Breathy voicing, which in extreme form sounds like Marilyn Monroe's birthday song for JFK, is not big in the Northwest.

Wassink said the local popularity of creaky voicing could be how we compensate for another feature of our speech style. We've stopped using one vowel. Linguists work with 15 vowel sounds to describe spoken American English and we only use 14 of them.

Say "caught" and "cot" out loud. If you're a true Northwest speaker, the words will sound identical. Linguists call this the "low-back merger" because we've merged these two vowel sounds. On much of the East Coast, these same words will sound different. "Creaking is a way of making those distinctions that are being lost," Wassink said. Just as Bostonians tend to compensate in their speech for removing the "r" from many words, she said, we might speak creaky to compensate for refusing to use both vowels.

Another piece of evidence has to do with how Californians do something known as "fronting the vowel," Ingle said. This is considered standard to Western dialect and occurs when a speaker pronounces "rude" as "ri-ood" or "move" as "mi-oove."

"It's pretty funny sounding, actually," said Ingle, perhaps betraying a slight Northwest bias against all things Californian.

Native Northwest speakers do not do this, she said. If anything, they sound more Canadian. But she also tested this notion and looked for spoken practices here known as the "Canadian Shift" and "Canadian Raising."

In the Canadian Shift, speakers "retract" vowels – making "bad" sound more like "bod." In Canadian Raising, speakers raise the first part of a diphthong (when one vowel merges into another) such as making the word "stout" into something more like "stah-oot."

Ingle found little evidence to support that Northwest speakers were adopting these Canadian pronunciation patterns.

She was interested to discover that Northwest speakers appear to put such strong emphasis on the "s" in words, but she drew no conclusions. Her focus for this study was on vowels, after all, not consonants.

Wassink, Ingle and Richard Wright, director of the UW Linguistics Phonetics Lab and also a co-author on the Ingle study, are working on a number of fronts to see if there is evidence of a true Pacific Northwest dialect. Wright was still in Vancouver yesterday, having just presented a report on the Alaskan native language Deg Xinag, used in the lower Yukon.

The UW linguists need to build their case with more than varying pronunciations. They are looking at differences in vocabulary – we say "bucket" and they say "pail" – as well as grammatical variations – such as dropping the past tense marker, where they say "canned fish" and we sometimes say "can fish."

"It can be very technical," Wassink said.

Ingle agreed, noting that her study of speech in Ballard involved only 14 people yet took countless hours of recording and analysis. The paper summarizing her results looks a lot like a mathematics report, including charts mapping variations in vowel sounds and digital "sonograms" that allowed her to isolate specific frequencies contained in sounds.

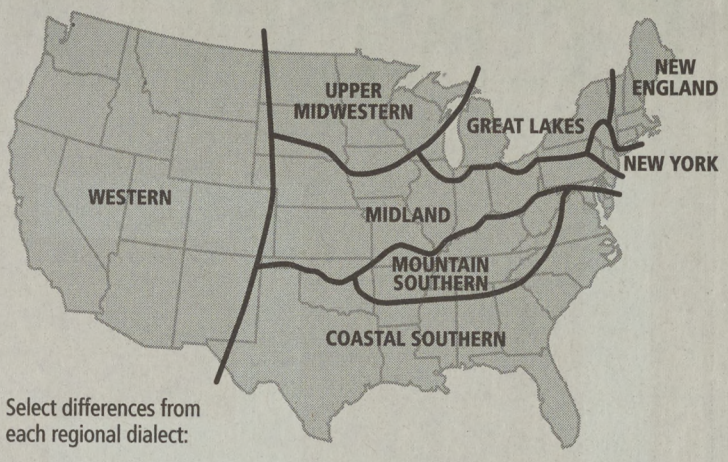
It's a big job, demonstrating that Northwest speak exists, but somebody's gotta do it.

"It's just been this assumption that's never been tested," Wassink said. "Everyone thinks the Pacific Northwest is too young a region to have our own dialect. It's discrimination."

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REGIONAL DIALECTS

Most experts in linguistics categorize American English according to dialect regions based on specific differences in word pronunciation, vocabulary and grammar. Based largely on the fact that the Western United States was settled later than other parts of the country, experts contend there is only one dialect in the West. Researchers at the University of Washington are challenging this assumption and looking for evidence that the Pacific Northwest, among other locales in the West, has its own dialect.



Select differences from each regional dialect:

New England: Speakers drop the "r" from certain words. Some areas merge "au" and "o" sounds in some words.

New York: Speakers here also drop the "r" but is considered an "anomolous linguistic situation" generally.

Great Lakes: Speakers keep the "r" but often shift vowel sounds, such as making "bet" sound more like "bat."

Upper Midwest: Lots of Scandinavian long "o" sounds. Similar to Canadian "about" sounding more like "abah-oot."

Southern: Speakers flatten the "i" vowel to sound more like "ah."

Midland Districts: Speakers maintain "r" in words.

The West: Speakers don't distinguish vowels "au" and "o" in certain words.

Sources: Evolution Publishing

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

VEEKEND

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William Kloefkorn: Looking Back over the Shoulder of Memory

David R. Pichaske

Which leads me to my own handy-dandy definition of what a poem honest and truly is . . . : words nibbling at the edge of something vast.

—Hale Chatfield and William Kloefkorn, *Voyages to the Inland Sea VII*



William Kloefkorn is quintessentially a poet of place, of the Great Plains around Kansas and Nebraska with their unique particulars of geography and voice, which he recovers through memory and experience. Kloefkorn is also very much a poet of self: his work records both family history and life in the Kansas of his youth. But Kloefkorn also reaches out through alter egos to Great Plains history recovered through reading and imagination. Kloefkorn thus builds a solid, triangular base of place, self, and other from which to ascend into the rarefied realm of ideas: "Whatever complex metaphysical speculations my poems might occasionally explore, I hope they do so on the heels of, or in the midst of, an authentic place and situation and people," he writes in a letter of July 21, 2001; "I hope they are tied to the physical." It is within the framework of place, self, other, and idea that I want to examine Kloefkorn's poetic monument of 1972 to the present.

Ironically, Nebraska poet laureate William Kloefkorn was born in Kansas—in 1932 to Katie Marie Yock, who never completed high school, and Ralph Kloefkorn, who never started high school. The first two years of his life, he lived with parents and older sister Janet on a rented, two-cow quarter section north of Attica, on the far side of Sand Creek. Then the family moved—with one of the Jerseys, two of the pigs, and several of the chickens—into town. Kloefkorn describes Attica as "a small ramshackle town" (*Going Out* 85), not much more than "an overgrown farm with a good crop of churches, a couple of filling stations, a depot and a pool hall and a cafe and Mr. Ely's elevator" (*This Death* 46).

Kloefkorn's childhood was in some respects something out of *Tom Sawyer*: skinnydipping in the pond at Ely's sandpit or fishing with a cane pole for turtles and bullheads in Heacock's Reservoir; hopping short rides on the slow freights of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, Panhandle Division; Sunday mornings at the Evangelical

United Brethren Church, supplemented with home Bible study and occasional tent revivals; gathering eggs and milking cows on visits to the paternal grandparents' dairy farm. As an adolescent, Kloefkorn worked a paper route delivering *The Wichita Eagle* and the Hutchinson *Herald* (eighty cents a month, sixty-seven subscribers) and mowed lawns, for which he was paid in movie theater passes. Later he helped the fathers of friends with planting and harvest, and he even worked on the railroad. He collected comic books, played pinball and pool, fell in love with Betty Grable on the screen of the Rialto and with a sequence of local girls in town. At school he played football and basketball, threw the javelin in track.

This idyll was clouded by a series of tragedies and near-tragedies. In 1936, Ralph Kloefkorn lost two middle fingers of his right hand in a work-related accident; he was later debilitated by a floating kidney and a double hernia. In 1939, William himself nearly drowned after chasing a grasshopper into Harold Simpson's pond. In 1944, brother John nearly bled to death after cutting an artery on the broken window of an old Hudson sunk at the bottom of Ely's pond two miles east of town. During the lean years of the depression, sister Janet boarded with her grandparents. The troubled marriage of Katie and Ralph Kloefkorn finally broke apart in 1951. The joys and vicissitudes of youth constituted for Kloefkorn, as for Twain, a touchstone experience that "leaves an imprint on one or more of the senses so indelible that it significantly influences a large portion of what the individual thinks and does and writes for the rest of his lovely and tormented life" (*This Death* 6). Much of this biography will be old news to those familiar with his poems.

In contrast, Kloefkorn's college years do not figure much in his writing. He attended Emporia State College from 1950 to 1954, where he majored in English, washed dishes in the college cafeteria, and worked as a disc jockey for station KSTW. After graduation Kloefkorn entered the Marine Corps, taught briefly at Ellinwood (Kansas) High School, and then returned to Emporia State for an M.S. In 1958, he joined the English Department at Wichita State University, moving to Nebraska Wesleyan University in 1962. He taught there until his retirement in 1999.

Kloefkorn's writing reflects his academic life in occasional poems about teaching and in appropriate echoes of and references to canonical British and American authors, but he is no academic poet in the Pound-Eliot tradition. From the greats, he learned mostly "[r]hythms and philosophies":

> I didn't learn much from the Brits and Europeans, not systematically. But I learned a lot from them by way of osmosis; I took a hodgepodge of courses that focused on Brits and Europeans,

> but I didn't pay very strict attention. Even so, I found myself mumbling lines like "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods," and I reckon that any number of lines like this one insinuated themselves on the most impressionable section of my neocortex. Rhythms and philosophies. I detest sermons, but I appreciate philosophies, as do the Brits and in general the Europeans. So perhaps I learned to appreciate the well-phrased insight from them. (Letter 1)

Kloefkorn credits as important stylistic influences Geoffrey Chaucer, William Faulkner, and Mark Twain among the older writers, and James Dickey, Dave Etter, and Gary Gildner among his contemporaries (Cicotello 280–81).

Kloefkorn's contact with life outside of academia and his memories of farm and village life are more important to his work than literary influences. He is not an untutored or unconscious writer, but he is a poet more of place than of high culture. Because the Great Plains are so central to his writing, and because he is stylistically outside of the postmodern tradition, Kloefkorn is frequently described as a regionalist. In fact, reviewing *Treehouse: New and Selected Poems*, Tom Hansen admits, "It is easy to dismiss Kloefkorn's work, even as one admires it, for being *insistently* regional" (176, italics added). Kloefkorn himself is proud to be a regionalist in the sense described by his mentor Dave Etter in "Notes on Regionalism":

> A regional writer is one who knows his or her territory—witness Faulkner, Hardy, Anderson, Frost, Joyce, Cather, Warren, and so many more. The lifeblood of any nation's literature has always come from writers who write primarily about one region, one state, one slice of familiar real estate, and I hope and trust that this will always be true.
>
> . . .
>
> Yes, I'm pleased to be called regional. After all, William Carlos Williams, that superb regionalist, spoke the truth when he said, "The local is the universal." So that's the end of that. Case is closed. Ten-four. Over and out. (175)

Kloefkorn's is the voice from somewhere, not the voice of directory assistance. He writes true to experience.

"When you spend a lot of time / in one place," Kloefkorn's character Carlos observes, "one place / spends a lot of time in you" (*Welcome* 79). That place is the Great Plains, which the poet describes in an essay

titled "The Great Plains" as "a town of about 700 semi-warm bodies in south-central Kansas" (343). This hypothetical town very much resembles Attica: Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad tracks mark the southern border (with the shack of a Mexican gandydancer on the far side), and the combination grade school–junior high school–senior high school marks the northern border. Downtown consists of Butch Mischler's pool hall, Urie's barbershop, and Doc Bauman's Rexall Drugstore serving malted milks to football players playing pinball after practice. The east side of town is a nest of unpainted clapboard houses; the west side of town is a cemetery containing everything from Methodists to Pentecostals. "Reshape any or all of this," Kloefkorn concludes, "and you have something of the Great Plains in the poem that you hope moves beyond and rises above the boundaries of railroad tracks, schoolhouse, shanty, cemetery" ("The Great Plains" 344).

Kloefkorn's geographical markers are the first Great Plains features to catch a reader's attention. Some are drawn from personal history, others chosen for verisimilitude, connotation, or sound value: Medicine Lodge, Spivey, Sharon, Attica, Kiowa in Kansas; Oshkosh, Ogallala, Scottsbluff, North Platte in Nebraska; "Wahoo. Swedeburg. Wisner. Scribner. Laurel" (a north-south line rising from Lincoln and U.S. 77 [*Uncertain* 42]); Sweetwater, Mud Creek, Ravenna, Mason City, Ansley, Hazard, Cairo (strung along Nebraska state route 2 [*Cottonwood County* 8]). And the waterways, especially the Platte, the Elkhorn, the Niobrara, the Loup, and Sand Creek in Kansas. Kloefkorn's poems are also rich in landscape markers: bunchgrass and bluestem; hay and sorghum and lespedeza; sumac and catalpa; "yellow daisies, prairie / clover, wild indigo more purple than / passion" (*Loup* 92); "egret and gull, heron and warbler and shrike" (*Loup* 59). Like Etter, Kloefkorn is a master of the catalog, listing markers both for their sound value and as a reminder of the primacy of thing:

> Bur oak. Sycamore. Green ash.
> Hackberry. Black
> walnut. Kentucky
> coffeetree. Columnar white pine.
> Snowdrift flowering crabapple.
>
> Ginkgo.
>
> ("Learning the Names of Things: Trees," *Life* 53)

"The landscapes should be familiar," writes Mark Barnett in reviewing *Welcome to Carlos* for *The Wichita Eagle* (April 16, 2000). "They are the landscapes of south-central Kansas." Indeed, Kloefkorn himself calls such markers "the vocabulary of Kansas" in a poem titled "Driving Back to Kansas to Watch a Wedding" (*Drinking* 60). They are also, in another of Kloefkorn's phrases, "the acreage / of our own small understandings" (*Welcome* 23), and they are the landscapes, vocabulary, and acreage of that state to the north in poems like "The Exquisite Beauty of Southeastern Nebraska," "Nebraska: This Place, These People," and "Song: These Nebraska Skies."

Kloefkorn attends to much in the landscape that others might overlook: things that are "lost, neglected, absent, weathered, or dead" (*Uncertain* 47). Frequently his poems catch the countryside at sundown, when the long, low light of late afternoon magnifies and celebrates every tree, every barb on every wire, every ear on every cornstalk, every hair on every person in the county. With attention thus focused on basics, the sparse High Plains become suddenly rich. Plenitude allows Kloefkorn to celebrate both human and natural landscapes as "Fat, now, and quietly proud" (*Uncertain* 42). While admitting drawbacks of temperature and rainfall, certain shortcomings of temperament and behavior, Kloefkorn is approving, even affectionate: "Even so, it's not such a bad place to be. / At certain moments / an element swells the lungs / with something akin to faith" (*Not Such* 9). The place is "Enough almost by god to make a fellow / Not ashamed to worship" (*Uncertain* 34).

Brand name markers are as important to Kloefkorn's poetry as geographical markers: Folgers coffee and Bull Durham tobacco, Brylcreem and Sweet-Pea Talcum, Tube City Beer, Lava soap, Barlow knives, Nehi grape soda, Philco radios, Ticonderoga pencils, Louisville Slugger bats. And local phrases: "nosireebob," "a real dilly," "buckaroo," "skedaddle," "doohickey," "shitforbrains," "cattywumpus," "vamoose," "britches," "numbnut," "flapdoodle," "peckerhead," "heebie-jeebies." Kloefkorn has an ear attuned to the rhythms, idioms, and vocabulary of idiomatic, spoken English. "Poems of voice," Jack Brown calls them in reviewing *Covenants*, and he refers not only to poems in that particular collection (25). Voice, of course, is a function of place, as Twain pointed out when he decreed, "the talk shall sound like human talk" and not like the voice from anywhere. For Kloefkorn, sound is as important as sense, and in the process of acquiring culture, appreciation of voice may precede comprehension of meaning. In an essay for *Voyages to the Inland Sea*, he writes, "The uneasy business of understanding

a poem can (and probably should) begin very early in one's life—at a time, say, when the individual is too young to respond to anything but the way the poem sounds" (33). In *This Death by Drowning*, he recounts such an early fascination with language:

> "Look at those fingers," he [Kloefkorn's father] said, and I did. "Work for the county long enough," he said, "and you'll end up strung out in bottles all the way from hell to breakfast."
>
> I remember wondering, What does that mean, *all the way from hell to breakfast*? I tried to imagine my body parts in jars of formaldehyde strung out *all the way from hell to breakfast*, but I had trouble forming a clear and coherent image of hell. (5)

Kloefkorn used that colorful phrase (also, coincidentally, used by Tom Joad in concluding his conversation with a truck driver at the end of chapter two of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*) in an early poem called "Fairport," and he used it again in a poem titled "Aunt Flora," and he used it yet again in the title poem of *Welcome to Carlos*:

> [Carlos] could rhyme anything from hell to breakfast,
> from Kansas to Timbuktu. (1)

These expressions and others (some sacred, some profane) Kloefkorn learned from parents, friends, and townsfolk:

> My mother is fond of homely expressions, and many of them, I'm sure, wore off on me. But equally influential were the endless hours and days I spent in those little businesses . . . watching and listening to the banterings of farmers and idlers and merchants and pissed-off mechanics. I hung on their words like ugly on a Republican; I couldn't get enough. And it was their devising variant versions of an old expression that most impressed me. "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse" became eventually "I'm so hungry I could eat a horse's ass," which evolved from horse to skunk, with some gravy tossed in: "I'm so hungry a skunk's assend would taste like gravy." Ah, such improvisation! And there seemed to be no end to it, and there isn't. And, too, I learned the occasional surprise value of understatement. Thus "Drier than a popcorn fart" became "Drier than a popcorn emission," and "O kiss my dead ass, Marvin," became "O kiss my long-gone nether eye, Marvin." Once the door to such possibilities is opened, it remains open. (Letter 12)

The well worn phrase—usually working-class, sometimes metaphorical, sometimes rhyming or alliterative, often profane, occasionally Biblical, always recognizably midwestern—is an important component of Kloefkorn's recognizably Great Plains voice. Some phrases are so flat and unobtrusive that we barely recognize them as a valuable vernacular: "wasn't born yesterday," "one screw loose," "made your own bed," "blown a gasket," "a month of Sundays," "the whole kit and caboodle," "where in the dickens I'm going," "when push comes to shove."

> . . . If you think
> I'm going to fix that
> sonofabitch before
> supper you have
> another think
> coming.
>
> ("Fixing Flats," *Where the Visible Sun Is* 7)

Other phrases are more spectacular: "don't make a fat rat's ass," "eat shit and bark at the moon," "don't know shit from shinola," "two-timing, piss-complected son of a bitch," "dressed fit to slaughter," "a card and a caution," "disaster with a dress on," "ass over appetite," "give two hoots in Halifax." Here is American vernacular at its most inventive.

Kloefkorn can adapt and rewrite proverbs, usually with an ear toward alliteration, assonance, and rhythm: "don't let the bastards (do you hear me?) / wear you down," "the sun for all its magnitude don't shine on some dogs' asses ever at all," "the brand that both our mothers / hang their bonnets on," "whose third of three wishes / is that in the long run / the long run keep its / curious distance." Sometimes he yokes the religious with the profane, to produce intriguing combinations like "Jesus Christ on a popsickle stick" or "don't / for Jesus / Christ's sake ever / leave me." Sometimes he creates proverbs of his own, and his creations have the ring of true folkspeak: "The only free cheese is in the mouse trap." "If you ever get hit with a bucket of shit / be sure to close your eyes." "The yellow sand plum, / someone says, is better off / jelly." And—like Dave Etter—Bill Kloefkorn can parody clichés:

> She's six of one, half a dozen of another,
> According to Stocker :
> . . .
> Always and forever between a rock and a hard place—
> Not fishing, quite
> And not quite cutting bait.
>
> ("Elsie Martin," *Stocker* 5)

In an age which values metaphor over voice, Kloefkorn's similes and metaphors deserve mention. Because they emerge organically from the landscape, they too are part of Kloefkorn's place and thus an element of voice. Possibly all simile and metaphor is as much a matter of voice as are these phrases culled from *Alvin Turner*: "The baby solid as a tractor lug," "voice clean as mopped linoleum," "belly full as a tick," "Like a bull sideboarded for market," "straight as a rakehandle," "heavy as a sashweight." With maturity, Kloefkorn added humor to his comparisons: "no more teeth in it / Than Prohibition," "spicy as a sophomore kiss," "clean as a Presbyterian's hands." Most significantly, Kloefkorn can fine-tune all aspects of his voice (grammar, diction, rhythm, metaphor, geography) to make his markers of place reflect, as occasion demands, a thirteen-year-old male, a twenty-year-old newly wed wife, a befuddled husband, a middle-aged farmer:

> . . . he honestly believes
> that someone as lovely and as trim
> as Wonder Woman could care
> for such a slob, who has
> acne, too, like him.
>
> ("Trading Comic Books," *Life* 14)

> You dummy, Doris says,
> you blind incorrigible fool!
> When are you ever going
> to grow beyond the confines
> of your jackstraw world?
>
> (*Honeymoon* #9)

> Jesus Christ, honey, I say,
> I never said you couldn't[.]
>
> (*Honeymoon* #15)

> I want a dozen pancakes,
> Ma'am,
> A ton of sausage,
> Half a crate of eggs,
> Some oatmeal and a loaf of toast.
>
> (*Alvin Turner* #11)

In the subtle modulations of voices, Kloefkorn is oddly—gasp!—the postmodernist that we do not think of him as being: ironic, multivocalic, almost a language poet. In person, the poet speaks in the voices

of his personae; personae speak the wisdom and the language of the poet . . . or the poet's younger selves, or, as I shall point out, of the poet's alter egos, his submerged dark side. Especially in the later work, and in letters and readings, personae and poet so mesh that it is impossible to tell the dancer from the dance.

Attention to the poet's voice moves us from place to the second point of the base triangle of Kloefkorn's monument, the self. This self can be either personal or communal, or sometimes both at the same time. Throughout his career, Kloefkorn has written often and extensively not only about himself but about his extended family and friends. In the dedication of *Uncertain the Final Run to Winter*, he suggests that his brother "knows none of these poems / by rote, but many of them by heart." Occasional poems abound, especially love poems to Eloise, his children, and his grandchildren. The extent to which Kloefkorn's first book, *Alvin Turner as Farmer* (1972), is based on the life of his paternal grandparents can be gauged by comparing the poems with Kloefkorn's memoir, *This Death by Drowning* (1997): from hill and rock and gumbo, Grandfather C. A. Kloefkorn, alias Alvin Turner, creates a home and a farm; he repairs buildings (*This Death* 39, *Alvin Turner* ##19, 26), installs a complex system of downspouts leading to a cistern below the house (*This Death* 41–43, *Alvin Turner* ##12, 17), excavates a pond with a horse-drawn scoop (*This Death* 48–51, *Alvin Turner* ##8, 55), picks rocks (*This Death* 51, *Alvin Turner* ##1, 2, 35, 41, 60), plants the acreage in lespedeza (*This Death* 51, *Alvin Turner* #13), and sets about dairy farming (*This Death* 44, *Alvin Turner* ##5, 29).

Cottonwood County (1979) and *Collecting for the Wichita Beacon* (1984) move forward in time from farm to town, from Kloefkorn's grandparents to his parents and his own childhood, recalling his paper route, high school sporting events, World War II, and various buddies and romances. *A Life Like Mine* (1984), with its obviously autobiographical title, re-creates in poetry an adolescence spent building model airplanes, riding freight trains, shooting snooker with brother John, hypnotizing chickens, playing with firecrackers, working in a gas station, and watching Bubba Barnes steal a comic book at the Rexall Drug Store. *Where the Visible Sun Is* (1989) retraces now familiar territory—father's floating kidney and missing fingers, Bill's paper route, Aunt Vivian and Uncle Elmer, the Nebraska Sand Hills and Kansas's Sand Creek—adding a series of adolescent sexual experiences. *Dragging Sand Creek for Minnows* (1992) returns to the stories of old man Fenton, the floating kidney, the R&K Cafe, lespedeza and high school football, the occurrence at Ely's sandpit. *Going Out, Coming Back* (1993)

expands Kloefkorn's memories of Rexall malts and paper route deliveries to the hometown softball and professional baseball games of his youth (especially the Dodgers-Yankees battles). *Welcome to Carlos* (2000) and *Loup River Psalter* (2001) return to Attica, Kansas, and the Loup River in Nebraska, with references to Sand Creek, Simpson's pond, Doc and Josephine's Rexall Drugs, the Rialto Theater, AT&SF, Urie's Barber Shop, sister's stay at grandma's, grandpa's lespedeza and cistern, and young Bill's accident at the pond in Harold Simpson's pasture.

This Death by Drowning, interviews, and research usually verify names and stories in the poems. Sometimes, however, research suggests caution: "The father in this poem ["Plowing"] was actually my best friend's father when I was growing up," Kloefkorn told Ted Genoways (*Burning* 66). Younger brother John became "my older brother" in "Saying It Once Again" (*Covenants* 20), and he appeared as Franklin in the poems of *Houses and Beyond*. The floating kidney is assigned to Kloefkorn's uncle in the poem "1943" (*Treehouse* 146). "Most of the people in my books are semi-real," he writes in a letter of July 21, 2001; "I have a character in mind, an actual figure, but the figure becomes changed as the writing moves along—sometimes only a little, sometimes drastically" (9). Kloefkorn has also mentioned "a couple of old telephone books" he keeps handy. "Hearsay and fabrication," Kloefkorn writes in *This Death by Drowning*—"what I don't remember I attribute to someone else, and when that fails I fabricate" (1). So we'll never really know if the townsfolk named as Bill's customers in *Collecting for the Wichita Beacon* were in fact Bill's customers of 1945 or how the game against Kiowa was won.

Ultimately that point is moot, because in a Kloefkorn poem, as in any good poem, the personal is generalized into communal experiences like athletic competitions against self and others, milking and other farm chores, fishing and hunting, swimming and boating, repairing old cars and cruising the town, smoking Folgers coffee, tipping over outhouses on Halloween, flushing firecrackers down the toilet in the Baptist church. As Kloefkorn noted in a talk given at South Dakota State University on March 14, 2001, "When a writer fails to write about where we've all been, then he is writing a private poem." Kloefkorn is a private poet, but his details of geography and voice make him a public poet. In fact, his books form a series of communal histories, beginning with exploration (the poet's most recent project, *Sergeant Patrick Gass, Chief Carpenter: On the Trail with Lewis and Clark*), through settlement (*Platte Valley Homestead*) to the Great Depression (*Alvin Turner as Farmer*), World War II and the 1950s (*Houses and Beyond*;

Collecting for the Wichita Beacon; *Going Out, Coming Back*), and into the present (*Loup River Psalter*). Tom Montag makes this point in an early review of *Alvin Turner*:

> And yet, for all this, reading and re-reading *Alvin Turner as Farmer*, I see life and truth for our own age suggested by another time and place, I see the figures of my own grandfather and great uncles silhouetted against the rolling horizon, I see half-dreams and memories of my own: if Kloefkorn has not lived as Alvin Turner, his grandfather did, and my grandfather, and countless other men who have struggled against "the rock," who have juggled the price of hogs and the cost of corn, who have buried a wife and daughter in the land they loved, and who have been buried there themselves. The world that comes through *Alvin Turner as Farmer* may not be Kloefkorn's personally, but it is still somehow his, and mine, and our fathers' and uncles' and brothers'. (60)

Kloefkorn's material is not just family history; much comes from imagination, and—to take an example from *Platte Valley Homestead*—research:

> April, and at the edge of the lower forty
> the falling river leaves what looks to be
> the tailgate from an ancient wagon,
> and I tell Anna how it must have escaped
> the cholera of eighteen-fifty,
> four people dead to every mile
> of river roadway traveled.
>
> (*Platte Valley Homestead* #23)

In this book, a kind of 1880s antecedent to *Alvin Turner as Farmer*, pioneers Anna (loosely Kloefkorn's maternal grandmother) and Jacob (more loosely her brother) shape their land, birth (and in two cases bury) their children, survive flood and fire, plant their crops, raise their livestock. They are archetypal Great Plains farmers surviving the hardships that confronted both Kloefkorn's grandparents and all Great Plains settlers. The list of hardships in Kloefkorn's memoir, *This Death by Drowning*—"[L]ocust. Typhoid. Bottlejaw. . . . Grasshopper. Cholera. Smallpox. . . . Blizzard. Colic. Distemper" (poem #33)—is not much different from the list in *Platte Valley Homestead*—"Locusts. Typhoid. Bottlejaw. / . . . / Grasshoppers. Cholera. Smallpox. / . . . Blizzards. Colic. Distemper" (107). Jacob's major problem is water—alternating flood and drought—as Alvin Turner's major problem is rocks. As sym-

bolic as water and rock obviously are, they are also facts of Great Plains history like the quarrying of ice in the days before electricity:

> Because twelve weeks ago
> the river was moved away
> in blocks of ice
> to cool the produce
> in the boxcars of the Burlington.
> William worked for a time
> for wages then,
> one day bringing home a polygon of ice
> with a carp frozen
> squarely at the center.
>
> (*Platte Valley Homestead* #56)

Kloefkorn's recent *Sergeant Patrick Gass, Chief Carpenter: On the Trail with Lewis and Clark* (2002) is based entirely on research into the journals of the person to whom Kloefkorn gives voice; the poems in this collection are a complex interweaving of public history and bifocal private vision.

As the nineteenth century becomes the twentieth, the Kloefkorn family history becomes Great Plains history in the experience of farm crises, depressions, world wars, social and religious developments, stages of growth and customs of courtship. In many places Kloefkorn goes out of his way to universalize a particular and personal experience into something more communal. Alvin Turner, for example, inherits at age thirty his hard-scrabble farm from a dying father (7, 21, 24) rather than moving to it after losing a better section, as did Kloefkorn's dad. Kloefkorn often allows the outside world, in the form of political or historical events, to intrude upon and thus universalize a personal memory. World War II often functions in this capacity, especially Hiroshima in the poems of *Collecting for the Wichita Beacon*, where the juxtaposition of larger and smaller worlds creates a poignant contrast between innocence and experience. And sometimes Kloefkorn writes outside of his own history but in the first person—of experiences that belong not to his youth but to some kind of Great Plains Everyman. *Honeymoon*, for example, which looks backward and forward over Doris and Howard's experiences to farm life distant from Niagara Falls, seems very much a paradigm: milking cows, making and birthing children, planting a garden, snapping beans, petting at "Put Out Point," taking a beer out of the refrigerator, or emptying a dishwasher. The religious wars described by Kloefkorn—Protestant-Catholic as well as the Protestant denominational squabblings—are public history in the Midwest, and Alvin Turner's on-

going battles against rabbits and rocks, drought and low hog prices and the interminable wind are communal farm experience. Kloefkorn's oft-mentioned antipathy for the Yankees and affection for the Dodgers were shared American values in the 1950s . . . and remain so today. The teachers, clergymen, shopkeepers, school buddies, girlfriends, and eccentrics who inhabit Kloefkorn's collections are almost Great Plains small town types, what Laura Rotunno calls "a rich array of land-sown characters" (15): cheerleader Tootsie Slocum, beer-drinking Floyd Fenton, indecisive Elsie Martin, brain-dead Ruby, railroad foreman Rhodes, banker's daughter Mavis Cunningham, R. K. Bonham talking aloud to the near end of a hoe handle, Russell Calvert driving out of his way to run over animals, Mrs. Wilma Hunt, "twisted one notch too tight" (41). Tom Hansen argues that in readings Kloefkorn himself represents a persona, "a slightly larger-than-life small-town 'character,' as if he were one of those quirky but likable people that he has so often written about" ("Kloefkorn's 'Easter Sunday'" 159).



Gerald Farm. *ELMER—A NEBRASKA FARMER*. 1968. Oil on canvas. 16" x 18". Museum of Nebraska Art Collection. Kearney, Nebraska. Gift of Paul Farm.

To the cycles of family and Great Plains history may be added another series of Kloefkorn poems, and another series of books: those exploring alter egos personal and collective: *Loony*, *ludi jr*, *Stocker*, and *Welcome to Carlos*. "I just try to explore as many sides of myself as I can," Kloefkorn told J. V. Brummels in 1983, but these collections constitute systematic, focused explorations of a dark-side alter ego (30). The poet posits a yin to every yang, a wrong side of the tracks to every right side of the tracks, a reptilian corner to the brain of every God-fearing Baptist and Pentecostal. This shadow self—associated with crime, drink, and "the body's / myriad hungers"—has its own seductive wisdom, usually the inverse of orthodox Christianity (*Covenants* 15). In the last lines of the opening poem of *Alvin Turner*, Kloefkorn mentions "[t]hat part which I cannot see," the part that is omnipresent although covered up, the part that even when ignored threatens to reduce him (poem #1). In *Dragging Sand Creek for Minnows*, it is a "lizard brain," singing its river hymn in the night:

> Say that for a few moments
> the brain reverts to become the lizard's,
> and belly slick against the wet late-night grass
> I hear the wind in the cottonwoods
> singing an old hymn—
>
> ("The Others" 29)

In "That Voice from a Brain Evolved to Dream," dedicated to Loren Eiseley, Kloefkorn has himself and his brother crawling on their bellies down the slope of a tunnel into a hand-dug cave, into "Earth, dark earth," reverting to croak and claw (*Houses* 35). A similar descent into darkness, possibly spun from the same childhood experience, is described in "Returning to Caves":

> It is the only way to repair,
> to get things done:
> to crawl like a child
> from what seems almost certain
> to what is dark and moist,
> quiet and enclosed and unknown.
>
> (*Not Such* 53)

"Going somewhere forbidden to do something terrifying has a charm that defies total explanation," Kloefkorn remarks in *This Death by Drowning* (29).

Four times Kloefkorn has expanded this dark-side alter ego into a fully developed character. The "Animal at the Far Edge of My Mind"

(*Not Such* 66) is, in the case of this college professor and Nebraska State Poet, variously an autistic savant (*Loony*), a hormonal adolescent (*ludi jr*), an overgrown small-town knownothing (*Stocker*), and, most recently and most successfully, the son of a Mexican railroad worker (*Welcome to Carlos*). *Stocker* (1978) never grew larger than a chapbook, but the other three expanded to fill a full-sized book each. *Loony* (1975) is a mini–*Spoon River Anthology* of small-town, dark-side behavior: theft, bootlegging, drunkenness, window-peeping (and window-performing), shoplifting, pyromania, automobile wrecks, lust, sadism, sodomy, and the old animosities between Catholics and Protestants. Kloefkorn suggests that Loony is like "all of us, it seems, / full of wrath and worms and vinegar, / all slightly disconnected in the head / and needing mercy" (29).

Even more than Loony, ludi jr is every one of us . . . or, more precisely, every adolescent male. In *ludi jr* (1983), Kloefkorn extends his range of word play, suggests even more clearly than in previous poems sex as a form of salvation, and introduces the street wisdom which will mark Carlos. Like Loony, ludi jr is a primitive: his mind is full of "the mating of worms / the call of the coyote / the pecking of small birds" (1). The fatherly advice, which he assiduously ignores, suggests that ludi has dabbled in certain behaviors not acceptable to the Pentecostal Church or the affirmative action officer:

> do not shoot the rabbit
> through either its good eye
> or the one that most offends you
>
> do not sit too easily
> in the lap of you
> know who I mean
>
> return the air freshener
> the comicbooks the lifesavers
> to the drugstore
>
> remember one of the following:
> father mother
>
> do not neglect
> the days of the calendar
>
> that bar of soap
> you carved the other night:
> shred it like ripe cabbage
> into the throat of the drain

do not want the words
that the unkind give you

do not tell betty jean's mother
what under betty jean's underwear
is growing

remember this trinity
to keep it holy:
blood is sour

and verily verily
when the dark asks you
say *no*.

("ludi jr sits quietly through the
passing along of his father's advice" 15)

From window-peeping in the dark, however, ludi fashions a street wisdom of his own: "no matter what my father said / blood for blood / is sweetest" (19). His mind spins with those improbable and usually dark-side adventures of all teenage boys, as can be seen in the following poem titles: "with his spyglass ludi jr discovers cindy kohlman" (22), "ludi jr bounces his basketball on an anthill in a crack in the sidewalk inflicting heavy casualties" (26), "ludi jr turns cartwheels and backflips from one end of the gymnasium to the other" (46), "who is that unmasked feller not on a white horse not riding away into the sunset? why that's ludi jr, buster, hanging around to claim his fair share of the reward" (76). Ludi is "a young fellow trying to tell the truth," Kloefkorn claims. "Thus he is roughly the first half of ludicrous" (*Burning* 38).

He is also halfway to becoming Carlos in *Welcome to Carlos* (2000), Kloefkorn's most recent incarnation of the other. Carlos, Kloefkorn claims, is modeled largely on a childhood chum, Nick Mora, four years older than the poet, with elements of Jess Charles, Jack Giggy, and Carter Leroy Hays. In this book Kloefkorn's narrator, though not wealthy, lives on the respectable side of town; Carlos, whose father is a gandydancer for the railroad and whose mother takes in laundry, comes from south of the tracks. "The character emerges in these poems as both a comrade and foil to Kloefkorn's persona," observes Ted Genoways (in Kloefkorn, *Burning* 75). Carlos is Kloefkorn's shadow side, the other to whom Kloefkorn over "long seasons" has "confided . . . / almost everything" (*Welcome* 49).

Carlos attends the Baptist Church, but only so he can watch the Anglos make fools of themselves. In a secret night-time ritual, Carlos

and the narrator burn the hymnal, page by page, singing hymns as they go. Carlos's true church is the Church of the International Pickup Truck, which he keeps running with a trinity of his own: screwdriver, pliers, box-end wrench. He shoots pool and plays pinball, carries a Trojan in his billfold right next to the photo of Betty Grable, sneaks into movies without paying, drinks wine, steals melons, smokes Folgers coffee, requites verbal assaults with physical blows, shoots homemade arrows at mourning doves, and douses owls with gasoline before setting them afire. He chooses "the overgrown path, / the alley, the less-traveled road" (65). In an adventure out of Kloefkorn's youth (*This Death* 127–29, where it is attributed to Carter Hays), Carlos sneaks into the basement of the Baptist Church and flushes a lighted firecracker down the toilet. By his own admission unloved by the Lord, Carlos goes to the tent revival with the express purpose of not being saved. Carlos is, in the book's final poem, "the bad penny" which represents "whatever the body does / when it's not deceiving" (81). He is, in other words, the narrator's flip side.

Carlos, "self-taught to read between the / lines," is "more honest than / the night is long" (2, 49). He preaches a worldly gospel, a kind of antidoctrine, or the doctrine contained in those interesting parts of the Bible that don't get read much in church:

> Believe, Carlos says, what you believe
> late at night when what
> you have been told to believe
> has washed itself from the soft skin
> of your stoutest face. . . .
> ("Dirt" 79)

This code of dark truth, which links Carlos to ludi jr and Loony before him, advises self-protection, self-preservation, self-advancement. "I don't want to die, Carlos says, / on the tracks that day by day my father / dies on" (18). Sin is "whatever the body has to do / to keep sufficiently / aroused" (15). Sex without love is just "wading / with your socks on" (45). "To err . . . is that which / constitutes Divine" (72). And always, "Deny everything. / Make the bastards prove it" (22).

This theology, to which Kloefkorn ascends from the triangular base of self, other, and place, raises the subject of Kloefkorn and religion. In *This Death by Drowning*, he identifies the religious affiliation he long ago dropped as "[m]iddle Protestant. . . . It began as United Brethren, then became Evangelical United Brethren, then was absorbed lock stock and barrel by the Methodists" (68). This heritage came mainly

from his paternal grandmother, who "belonged to an order that believed in not believing: she did not believe in dancing, in drinking, in swearing, or in wearing makeup—nor did she believe in practicing any of these, or any of a hundred other human indulgences, even in moderation" (*This Death* 53). She did believe in a bountiful dinner table, familial love, an occasional reward in the form of a silver dollar, and the word of God. The price of enjoying the first three was studying the third and becoming conversant in the great gospel songs (many involving rocks and water) which appear quoted, paraphrased, or as epigraphs in many Kloefkorn poems: "Shall We Gather at the River?" "Jesus Is the Rock in a Weary Land," "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" "Down Deep in the Sea." Kloefkorn claims to have memorized most of Ecclesiastes, and he knows enough of the Old and New Testaments to quote or paraphrase both in countless poems. As a teenager he explored the more interesting portions of the Old Testament, including Second Kings ("I will cut off from Ahab him that pisseth against the wall") and Deuteronomy ("He that is wounded in the stones, or hath his privy member cut off, shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord"). Kloefkorn, who describes tent revivals in several poems, can testify in the voice of a revivalist preacher: "Yes, I was very much a Dodger fan—because Urie the barber was a Dodger fan, and it was Urie who claimed that in the beginning God created first the National League, then the Dodgers. Created Pistol Pete Reiser. Roy Campenella. Gil Hodges. Jackie Robinson. Pee Wee Reese. Created he them. Yes, and created Ralph Branca, too; and just because he lost the game to the Forces of Evil does not mean that come Armageddon the Forces of Evil shall prevail. Not by a long goddam shot" (Letter 15–16). Old habits are difficult to break, and a poem titled "Grandmother Comes Back from the Grave to Tell Me Not to Forget to Go to Sunday School" concludes,

> O God of Rote and Ritual,
> get thee behind me!
> And you who move now
> at the center of this world
> I move in,
> grant me the strength to break,
> and break again,
> all dear and soulless vows
> that must be broken!
>
> (*Let the Dance Begin* 8)

But Kloefkorn is no mainline Christian. Like Carlos, he disapproves

of a religion in which damnation is "more awful, more visible, than mercy" (*Collecting* 19). He dislikes sermons that present easy solutions to complex dilemmas. In the poems, young Kloefkorn frequently mock-baptizes a pet or a friend or a girlfriend. In his metaphors and adapted idioms, Kloefkorn deliberately conjoins the sacred and the profane. Alvin Turner sometimes dozes off during the sermon, and in *Honeymoon* #8, Howard informs his young bride that "she believes too stoutly in God." "Sacramental Meditation #6" begins, "The text for today / is neither Genesis nor Revelation / But is instead Demure, / Embodied by the third girl from / The right on the front row" (*Burning* 22). Apparently, Kloefkorn is not alone in his unconventional Christianity: In "In the Old Bible Bookstore," "[he] happen[s] upon a young couple / kissing, one of his hands / deep into her blouse, one of hers / kneading a lump / beyond an unzipped zipper" (*Where the Visible Sun Is* 66). Ted Genoways argues that while Kloefkorn can be a poet of "conventional religious thought [arranged] in an unconventional way" (in Kloefkorn, *Burning* 22), he is a poet of the sacred body as well as the immortal soul. Tom Hansen calls Kloefkorn "a mystagogue":

> Though presented in comfortable, down-home terms, the radical nature of Kloefkorn's religious stance in this poem ["Riding My Bicycle without Hands down Huntington Street"] is by now evident. As Joseph Campbell explains in *Creative Mythology*, in Christianity as in Judaism and Islam, the link between the human and the divine is one of relationship. One must achieve and maintain a proper relationship with god—as both "God" and "proper" are defined by the particular sect whose authority one accepts. In contrast, the oriental and Neoplatonic concept noumenal reality beyond all perception [*sic*] is such that the link between creation and creator is essentially one of identity. Divinity, no longer relegated to a transcendent never-never-land, is experienced as being immanent, indwelling within every natural object. ("Kloefkorn's 'Easter Sunday'" 160)

So Kloefkorn, although not a mainline Christian and certainly one acquainted with the night, is affirmative in the broadest context. His affirmation is based on his acceptance of both ends of those lines which stretch from backyard swings in Attica to the moon in the heavens, from the cave of the lizard to the Baptist Church.

It is based on knowledge of another line as well, the line which connects time present and time past. Time is really Kloefkorn's major theme, and it has been for most of his career. In reviewing *The Plains*

Sense of Things 2: Eight Poets from Lincoln, Nebraska (1997), edited by Mark Sanders, Bruce Nelson writes,

> These poets mainly come from small towns to which they cannot return. They stay in Lincoln as reluctant captives only because they have nowhere else to go. The Nebraska of their collective childhood is gone. Though he is a Kansas native, Nebraska State Poet William Kloefkorn perhaps said it best in "Leaving the Home Place":
>
> *[G]oodbye, hello, come back, don't*
> *for Jesus*
>
> *Christ's sake ever*
> *leave me;*
>
> *you are the only one on earth who*
> *understands.* (21)

In the warp of time/space, Kloefkorn finds the redemption of Sanders's "suffering-loss-redemption archetype" (Nelson 21). For an epigraph to *Drinking the Tin Cup Dry*, Kloefkorn selected a line from Faulkner which he is fond of quoting on other occasions: "The past is not dead. It is not even past." In Kloefkorn's poetry, this is most certainly true. Many collections and several individual poems slip easily between past and present. The poems of collections that trace a personal or communal history—*Alvin Turner as Farmer* or *Honeymoon*—are often in chronological disarray so that in our end is our beginning, and our end comes even before our beginning. In *Honeymoon*, Howard and Doris name and raise their children even before they're conceived. In "By Lamplight," one of his more surreal poems, Kloefkorn imagines his grandfather making love to his grandmother, testing her breasts "by touch and by taste" (*Covenants* 47). Memory, and something beyond memory, annihilates time: revisiting the R&K Cafe, now a library, Kloefkorn reads a book of poems at about the place where the pinball machine used to stand:

> . . . It's
> funny isn't it
>
> how those blinking lights can't stop
> blinking, how the salt
> from that first
>
> kiss keeps on working.
>
> ("Back Then," *Covenants* 8)

"Writing poetry," Kloefkorn concludes, "is chiefly the process of connecting and interconnecting moments both real and imagined" (Letter 6). Probably this interconnectedness of persons and places through time is the reason that many of Kloefkorn's books read as such unified collections, one poem melting into the next, until a hundred pages of eighty poems become one long page of one long poem.

The river is a traditional metaphor for time thus conceived, and water appears frequently in Kloefkorn's poetry as a countersymbol to the rock (Kloefkorn in Brummels 32). Water is "the tactile touchstone by which I measure all degrees of submersion," Kloefkorn writes in *This Death by Drowning*, "and I respect this touchstone as [Matthew] Arnold respected a glorious handful of lines from the masters" (6). Water, argues Mark Sanders in an essay on Kloefkorn's use of symbols, carries associations of life's passing, of strange and terrible death, and of purification and redemption (24–27). "One of my favorite [hymns]," Kloefkorn writes, is "'Down Deep in the Sea'":

> My sins have been cast in the depths of the sea,
> Down deep in the sea.
> So deep they can never be brought against me,
> Down deep in the sea.
>
> (*This Death* 75)

Later in *This Death by Drowning*, in a passage that conjoins the Pawnee creation myth and his granddaughter and his grandmother and stones and water, Kloefkorn refers to "the ongoing lotus of the river" (105). Most of Kloefkorn's memoir and many of his poems are devoted to exploring adventures on water and the meaning of this simplest of elements. Water destroys, water threatens, and water purifies. For all the problems it posed in, say, *Platte Valley Homestead*, the river is ultimately benign. In "Benediction," a poem which opens *Let the Dance Begin*, river redeems owlcall and darkness:

> Somewhere deep in the grove of cottonwoods
> an owl with its dark split tongue
> pronounces an end to day,
> and the river,
> that great brown hussy, that gadabout,
> moves on,
> its motion its wisdom,
> its wayward parts at last becoming one,
> its crooked path as seen from the proper height
> the soft deflections of a tireless line. (5)



Vic Donohue. *THE OWL TREE*. 1993. Watercolor. 23 3/4" x 29 5/8" framed. Museum of Nebraska Art Collection. Kearney, Nebraska. Gift of Evelyn Clarke, Elaine Schoonmaker, Mildred Deitz, and Jane Swain in memory of their parents, James W. and Carrie (Jones) Harse.

Loup River Psalter uses the river as a summary metaphor, a summary statement, and, in its final poem, a summary image of redemption through the warp of space/time:

> He rises
> to stand watching
> cold water rise
> to flow out of its
> trough and out
> of the spring house
> to lose itself
> in a clean and
> relentless stream.
> *And so it goes:*
> *our story's never done.* (101)

For Kloefkorn, as for Faulkner and Eliot, all place is eternally present, and the past isn't really past. It hasn't even happened yet.

The typical Kloefkorn poem, then, is likely to scale whatever metaphysical heights it achieves from a triangulated base of place, self, and other. In this respect, "Summer in Southcentral Kansas" is typical:

> Saltshaker in hand
> I climb the greenest tree
> in old man Fenton's orchard.
> Lost in a darkening of leaves
> I sink the keen edge of my Barlow
> into an apple tart as anybody's flesh.
>
> *
>
> Mother meanwhile flips a mean flapjack
> on the grill of the R&K Cafe,
> where sooner or later the bulk of the town
> will treat itself to something special—
> a wedge of pie, apple maybe,
> mouths active with hearsay
> flaky and sweet.
>
> *
>
> Cricket and cottonwood and
> cicada,
> until at last the grownups
> retire,
> my girl and I then swinging on the porch,
> her long hair flowing dark as a moonless branch,
> my hand on its own reaching out to touch
> what the thief for all his reptilian nerve
> can't bring his curious heart
> to steal away.
>
> (*Dragging Sand Creek* 8)

This complex and tightly knit poem reaches, literally and figuratively, both below and above. It begins with autobiography: the theft of an apple from old man Fenton's orchard, Kloefkorn's ubiquitous Barlow knife, the R&K Cafe. It localizes itself in the communal experiences of small town life (gossip at the cafe, smooching on the porch swing), in the markers of Great Plains landscape (cricket, cottonwood, cicada), and in markers of language ("flips a mean flapjack," "treat itself to something special"). It extends to myth in the Biblical allusions and in the universal experience of entanglement in something dark and mysterious (in a tree, in hair, in a sexual encounter, in the reptilian self) while

reaching (climbing, swinging) toward something higher. So situated, the poet offers a profound and somewhat startling insight: we reach out instinctively for something we dare not take, which is itself both a blessing and a curse.

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A "Real Indian" to the Boy Scouts: Charles Eastman as a Resistance Writer

Penelope Myrtle Kelsey

> No Indian who attempts to capture tribal ideas in the English language is free from misinterpretation. Many white-educated American Indians who write about tribal precepts have been written off as totally separated from "real" Indians and therefore unreliable sources of information about tribal values. . . . In truth, however, the presumed chasm in ideology between tribal traditionalists and educated Indian writers has been very slim.
>
> —Tom Holm, "American Indian Intellectuals" (1981)

Recent revisionist efforts in American Indian literary criticism have sought to reframe our understanding of such early Native American authors as Alice Callahan (1868–1894) and George Copway (1818–1863) as ambivalent spokespersons for their tribes. As participants in turbulent eras, these authors have often been faulted for the

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PART OF CLASS OF 1887. DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, AFTER A "RUSH." Eastman is in center, front. Black-and-white photograph. Courtesy of the University of Nebraska Press.

Michael Caine, on Texas accent he was learning for movie "Secondhand Lions" w/ Robert Duvall:

Very difficult.

"You have to get the words to lean up against one another."

Stronger Urban Accents in Northeast Are Called Sign of Evolving Language

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS
Special to The New York Times

PHILADELPHIA, July 20 — It is hardly a secret that residents of a certain city on Chesapeake Bay call their home town "BALL-uh-mer." Or that to Philadelphians, their home state is "Penn-suh-VAY-nyuh."

Bostonians, of course, still pahk their kahs in HAH-vehd Yahd.

And some older New Yorkers still call it "TOY-tee TOYD Street."

But as distinctive as such traditional shibboleths of speech may be, linguists say they are being upstaged by radical new variations in pronunciation that are causing the urban accents of the Northeast to become stronger and more divergent from one another.

Socio-linguists, who examine the interaction between social processes and language, have been studying the evolution of such accents over the last 20 years. Some of them suspect that the changes are part of a historic realignment in the pronunciation of English. They say it might be as far-reaching as the one that evolved between the time of Chaucer and the time of Shakespeare, and again between Shakespeare's day and the 20th century.

They also see the growing distinctiveness of accents as a reflection of a new localism among some Northeasterners in the face of post-World War II waves of immigration from Latin America, Asia and the American South.

Regional Pronunciations

The new accents are so strong that it is possible, for example, to hear a sentence like this in Philadelphia (the hyphenated words should be said rapidly and smoothly to reproduce the actual sound as closely as possible):

"He left his HAY-us in Northeast Ful-UFF-yuh and got into his core to GEH-oh DAY-un to Shpring GOR-den Shtreet like he oys does. But on the way he got into a FUH-eet with another driver. It was BEE-ad."

Translation: "He left his house in Northeast Philadelphia and got into his car to go down to Spring Garden Street like he always does. But on the way he got into a fight with another driver. It was bad."

New Yorkers have developed yet another set of pronunciations, some of them so peculiar to their city that only people who grow up with them can get them right every time. What outsider, for example, would know that choral is pronounced coral, but that coral is CAH-rel? Or that frog is frahg, but dog is doo-AWG; that on is ahn, but off is oo-AWF?

Differences Are Subtle

Many of these pronunciations, like some of those in Philadelphia, are believed to have originated after World War II, but linguists are still trying to determine when they appeared and how rapidly they were adopted.

The differences are perceived subtly or not at all in day-to-day life, the linguists say. But they are frequently striking to native speakers of English who hear them them for the first time, and often startling to some linguists who are analyzing them in the laboratory by electronically dissecting tape recordings of spontaneous speech.

Recognized within the profession as a leader in this continuing research effort is William Labov, a professor of linguistics at the University of Pennsylvania who has conducted extensive studies in New York and Philadelphia.

"The sound changes we are describing can be very extreme," says Mr. Labov, "but people don't really recognize how extreme they are, because we only use phonetics in part to understand meaning."

Roger Shuy, a Georgetown University linguist, explains that people tend to concentrate on the content of what is being said rather than the way it is pronounced.

Not everyone in a given city adopts a new sound variation at the same time. Investigators, including Mr. Labov, have found that change of this sort begins in the white lower middle class and is usually adopted first by women and young people.

Mr. Labov says that he believes young people who stay in their communities rather than moving away tend to intensify the local accent as a way of reinforcing local identity and a sense of belonging. Mr. Shuy says women are more sensitive to social interaction generally, and therefore to nuances of pronunciation.

Accent changes may be further intensified, Mr. Labov said, by a desire to stand together against latter-day immigrants moving into the big cities.

He says the emerging new local vernaculars also tend to be spoken most strongly by the leaders in a community, who serve as models.

Blacks Develop Own Vernacular

Northern urban blacks, according to a number of studies, have developed their own vernacular, essentially uniform in all cities and separate from the local white speech patterns. One study in Philadelphia, according to Mr. Labov, indicated that young Puerto Rican women tended to adopt the white Philadelphia accent while young Puerto Rican men tended toward the black vernacular.

Members of all ethnic and racial groups, as they move out of their local communities and rise on the economic scale, frequently adopt what Mr. Labov calls "television network" or "standard" American English. This is commonly spoken in the West by white members of all social classes.

Many individuals speak several dialects, switching from one to the other depending on circumstances. And some speak hybrids.

Since colonial days, linguists say, the Northeast has presented the country's richest variety of accents. Variations tend to wash out the farther West one goes.

The largest cities, says Mr. Labov, represent "peaks" of accent intensity, with the strength of the accent moderating the farther from the metropolitan area one gets.

The ability to distinguish among accents also diminishes with distance, he said. That tendency was a factor in a trial of a Long Island native who was charged with telephoning bomb threats to the Pan American Airways office in Los Angeles. Some of the threats were recorded and a clerk in the office identified the defendant, Paul Prinzivalli, a Pan Am cargo handler, as the caller.

Mr. Labov, who testified for the defense at the trial in May, said that the voice on the tape could be traced to an area within a 75-mile radius of Boston. The defendant's accent, he said, came from metropolitan New York. Judge Gordon Ringer of Superior Court acquitted Mr. Prinzivalli on the spot.

The prosecutor, James Baker, said that the East Coast accents were unfamiliar to many California resiidents, "Maybe anyone with an Eastern accent would've sounded like the bomb threat caller," Mr. Baker said, "because we're from the West Coast and can't really tell them apart."

The New York City accent region is particularly compact and concentrated, Mr. Labov said, and pronunciation there is evolving rapidly.

Rarely, he said, do linguists hear young New Yorkers say "TOY-tee TOYD" any more, presumably because it has been so stigmatized. Given the fact that traditional rural dialects have withered away in the face of the mass media and standard speech, Mr. Labov says, it might be expected that other features of New York speech might wither away also.

"But nothing could be farther from the case," he wrote in a recent paper. "The New York City dialect is moving further along its evolutionary path with undiminished vigor; and this is true for any number of metropolitan dialects." These regional speech patterns, he says, appear to a degree in all social strata but are evolving most rapidly in the white lower middle class.

Most of them occur in the Northeast and Middle West, but Mr. Labov said in an interview that similar changes appear to be taking place in the South. They have not been extensively studied there, however.

The Region's Dropped R's

Many of the traditional features of white Northeastern accents, implanted in the Colonial period, are familiar. Chief among these, perhaps, are dropping R's at the ends of words in New York City and Northern and Eastern New England and pronouncing them everywhere else in the region.

The New York and Boston accents have historically diverged, however, in adjusting the sound of the vowel before the dropped R. For example, nuclear is pronounced NOO-klee-eh in Boston but NOO-klee-uh in New York.

Now, say the socio-linguists, a further, extensive modification of vowel sounds is taking place. It probably presages "a vowel shift as dramatic as the vowel shifts of the Middle Ages," when the English of Chaucer evolved into that of Shakespeare, Mr. Shuy says.

Several studies in Northern cities, some of them by Labov protégés, indicate that a change in vowel pronunciation is developing that may be as extreme as one that took place in England from the 15th to 19th centuries. In that shift, the pronuncation of sane, for example, evolved from san to sen to sane.

In the band of big Northern cities stretching west from Albany through Rochester, Detroit and Chicago to Minneapolis, the studies have shown, there has been a similar evolution.

Locks, for example, is becoming lacks. Lunch has evolved to launch, talk to tuck, bit to bet and Debbie to Dubbie.

The short A has picked up a long E before it, a shift that has also been adopted in every large Northeastern city to some extent. In Boston it is used in every instance by those who have adopted the new dialect. But in New York and Philadelphia, it is used with some words but not others. In New York, the short A in cat, pack, back, bat and bang is pronounced in the standard way. But cab is KEE-ab and bad is BEE-ad.

Fight in Philadelphia has become FUH-eet, very close to the way it would be pronounced on North Carolina's Outer Banks. But in Baltimore it is fat, as in the inland South. In both instances, Mr. Labov detects a Southern influence.

In another significant development, the vowel sounds in cot and caught have merged to somethng halfway in between in Boston and Pittsburgh, but not elsewhere in the region. This merger has also spread to the West.

Wherever it has gone, this merger of vowel sounds has tended to cause confusion of meaning. Mr. Seitz tells of a person who told him that her uncle stocked, or perhaps stalked, pheasants. He had to ask the person to spell out the proper meaning.

Similarly, Mr. Labov tells of a New York family that was sharply criticized by the neighborhood children for giving their son a girl's name. The name was Ian, which is how the children all pronounced Ann.

beating should be considered a crime, not a domestic dispute to be "resolved."

The answer to overcrowded courts is more money for more judges and support personnel, rather than circumvention of the judicial process, they say.

The Atlanta center, in a converted filling station, received 2,400 cases last year, of which 56 percent involved criminal charges. Sixty percent of those cases were referred by seven criminal and civil courts in the Atlanta area. Although the participants can decline the referral, none have so far, in the belief that it would be unwise to antagonize a judge.

The remaining cases were brought by residents who sought to take advantage of the center's services, for which there is no charge. The center's $250,000 annual budget is now financed by United Way, the Junior League, the City of Atlanta and Fulton and Dekalb Counties.

"I frankly don't know what this court would do without the Neighborhood

"Justice is not just the business of judges and lawyers, but of everyone in the community," said Jack Etheridge, a senior judge of the Superior Court, the associate dean of the Emory University Law School, and the chairman of the center.

The mediators are nonjudgmental. They seek to help the parties arrive at an agreement, which is then put in writing and entered in the courts as "consent decrees." In those cases in which an agreement is violated, the aggrieved party has recourse to the courts.

Mediators say the key is to give each party a peg on which to hang his self-respect. The mediators remind the parties of the cost and uncertainties of the judicial system. They urge an agreement, advising the parties to "get on with your lives and get this situation behind you."

Most cases involve relatives or neighbors. The criminal cases mostly involve domestic violence, theft and assault and battery. The civil cases in-

the May 13 fire that began when the police bombed a house occupied by the radical group Move have each received a check for about $12,000, part of the money raised for them in charity drives.

A spokesman for the United Way of Southeastern Pennsylvania said $711,000 was distributed Tuesday on behalf of about 21 organizations that donated money for the fire victims. In all, about $1.8 million has been raised.

The United Way spokesman, Frank Marzolf, said Thursday that second checks would be distributed to the families before the end of the month, after the final totals were confirmed.

Until Tuesday, the only monetary aid received by the families was $2,500 a household, doled out several days after the disaster.

About 250 people in the West Philadelphia neighborhood were left homeless by the fire. Eleven occupants of the Move house were killed in the blaze, and 61 houses were either destroyed or severely damaged.

the woman."

'It's Not a Personal Matter'

Susan Schrader, director of the Council for Battered Women in Atlanta, contends, "Domestic violence really belongs in the criminal justice system."

"It's not a personal matter," she said. "Its a social issue, a systemic problem that should be dealt with from a systemic standpoint."

Judge Bayneum, a former assistant director of the Neighborhood Justice Center, noted that most defendants convicted of domestic violence continued to brutalize their spouses.

"If the wife beating is aggravated, or has been going on for years," she said, "I bind the case over for trial."

Deborah S. Greene, assistant solicitor of Fulton County, said, "As a prosecutor, I know that we cannot prosecute everything."

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This Home Can Never Be Home

AFRICAN LAUGHTER
Four Visits to Zimbabwe.
By Doris Lessing.
442 pp. New York:
HarperCollins Publishers. $25.

By Vincent Crapanzano

IN 1949, Doris Lessing left Southern Rhodesia for London with her son Peter and the manuscript of her first novel, "The Grass Is Singing." It was a bold move. Mrs. Lessing was 30. She had been raised on a very poor farm and had left school at 14, worked as a secretary in Salisbury, married and divorced twice, and been active in local Marxist circles.

"The Grass Is Singing" was a success, and in 1956, after the publication of the first two volumes of "Children of Violence," Mrs. Lessing went home for the first time. Because of her political views, she was declared a Prohibited Immigrant and exiled until the old regime in Salisbury succumbed to the forces of black nationalism. In 1982, the Government of Robert Mugabe allowed her back in. "African Laughter" is a jagged but brilliant report of her subsequent visits to the new country of Zimbabwe. It is a saddening tale of the forfeit of possibility.

To return, after years of absence, to the land where one has grown up is to risk shattering one's past. At a distance, memories embellish, distort, go uncorrected. They are the stuff of personal mythology, and if, like Mrs. Lessing, one has written about them, they are wedged in a seemingly timeless textual reality that strengthens their mythic status. The places one remembers may no longer be there; they may be destroyed or eroded. "Like a child's recognition of its mother's face when she has been absent too long," writes Mrs. Lessing, "everything is as it was, then slowly it has to be seen that things are not the same, there are gaps and holes or a thinning of the substance, as if a light that suffused the loved street or valley has drained away."

Mrs. Lessing's return to Africa was more than a return to an objectively describable land. It was also a return to memory, to the source of memory, to a mythic place that is constantly intercepted by an insistent reality that both confirms and subverts those memories, that place.

Mrs. Lessing had never intended to stay in Rhodesia, but her exile touched a "mysterious region" of her self. For months after she learned that she was "prohibited," she wept in her sleep and dreamed of being "unjustly excluded": " 'My' people, that is, the whites, with whom after all I had grown up, were coming to escort me out of the country, while to 'my' people, the blacks, amiable multitudes, I was invisible." Africa is home for the white settlers and can never be home, not truly; their sense of belonging is always subverted by a sense of not *really* belonging.

• • •

In "Going Home," Mrs. Lessing's account of her 1956 trip, she wrote with splendid ambivalence: "Africa belongs to the Africans; the sooner they take it back the better. But — a country also belongs to those who feel at home in it. Perhaps it may be that the love of Africa the country will be strong enough to link people who hate each other now. Perhaps."

This "perhaps" resonates through the first part of "African Laughter." It is 1982, two years after Zimbabwe's independence, 90 years after the British first came. The country is experiencing the aftermath of a decade of guerrilla war. "It is not possible to fight this kind of war, a civil war, without the poisons going deep," Mrs. Lessing writes. "Something has been blasted or torn deep inside people, an anger has gone bad, and bitter, there is disbelief that this horror can be happening at all. A numbness, a sullenness, shows itself in a slowness of movement, of reactions."



JONATHAN PLAYER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

Doris Lessing at her house in London.

Guerrilla fighters, educated mainly in rebel armies, indoctrinated with Marxist slogans, unified in their hatred of whites, suffer the letdown, the purposelessness, that comes with peace. An old African man tells Mrs. Lessing that the newspapers could only report what happened in the war, not what was in the hearts of the people. The press could not communicate their fear:

"If you slept you might wake to find the thatch over your head on fire. And who had done it? It could be someone living in the next hut. If someone disappeared you'd know that person was a spy for the Government or for one of the armies. Someone you had known since you were both children could be paid money to kill you. Children disappeared and then you heard they were in the bush with the fighters. You knew they might appear any minute with guns. Because they knew about the village and could guide the others."

The whites of Zimbabwe, those who had not fled, are mostly in shock. They sit on their verandas, complaining over and over again about the economy — about how the "Affs" can't get anything right. They deride *Comrade* Mugabe for his armed motorcades: *our* prime ministers "didn't have anything to be afraid of." They make fun of President Canaan Banana's name and the chickens running around the gardens of his official residence. These peevish diatribes (which Mrs. Lessing comes to lump under the single label "The Monologue") perpetuate their shock, their paralysis, their frail sense of community, and justify their "Taking the Gap" — local slang for moving to South Africa. (I have heard them myself — in South Africa they are called when-we's. They repeat the same monologues, in a litany of regret.)

But Mrs. Lessing also describes a vitality, a sense of collective engagement and impatient aspiration, an optimism, on the verge of magic, that overrides the awful effects of war. A naïve faith in Mr. Mugabe — the embodiment of liberated hope, I would say, and not just authority — and in his promises (every black person would have land) and in the "anarchist's utopia" that independence was supposed to bring continues despite the corruption, the personal disappointments, the deadening accommodation to reality.

In 1988, when Mrs. Lessing returns again, the talk in general about Mr. Mugabe, who has been named Executive President through a constitutional amendment, is "fueled," she says, by an "idealism . . . frightening to some people who remember similar talk about despotic leaders." When those people think Mr. Mugabe is making a mistake about something, they speak "in a sorrowful perplexed tone, repeating the same words through an evening, Why did he let them down? How could he have done it?" Despite spasms of cynicism, they seem to have an "intense personal involvement," like a love affair, with the future of the country. Even the whites appear to have it; one coffee farmer who used to revile the black Government is now a conservation officer.

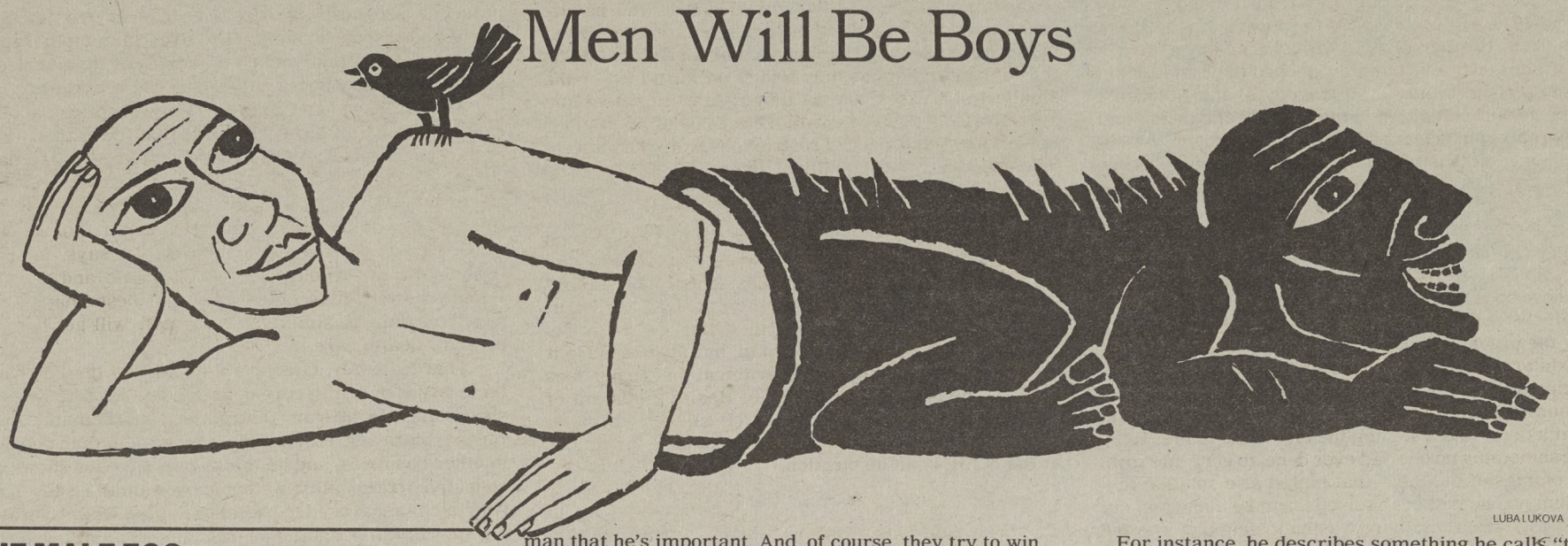
Mrs. Lessing visits collective and commercial farms, resettlement areas, bush schools and Government offices; she listens to veranda talk and to that of the "Chefs" — the fat cats — who wear three-piece suits and build extravagant mansions in the suburbs of Harare; she goes to women's rallies in Bulawayo and in the bush. She captures the contradictions in a young nation that was never prepared for its new status, that is subverted by South Africa, and, like so much of Africa, written off by the West. Rhetoric gainsays practice; moralism covers corruption. Secondary schools dot the country, as Mr. Mugabe promised, but they have no books, no water, no electricity, few qualified teachers. Collective farms are poor. Conservation programs fail. The bush and its animals are disappearing.

DESPITE the political rhetoric, the stubborn hope, the faith quickened now by disillusion, reality presses imperiously. And so Mrs. Lessing's story becomes a tragedy — banal because we know it too well. Her last two visits, in 1989 and 1992, are short; her enthusiasm collapses; her descriptions are rushed, awkward, embarrassed, grieving. The story is now marked by economic collapse, drought, hunger, corruption, hopelessness. AIDS has become a nemesis. In 1988, Mr. Mugabe's Government was still denying that AIDS was a problem. Today it says that at least a million people, in a population of nine million, will die of it by the year 2000.

Toward the close of her book, Mrs. Lessing quotes a letter she has received: "When I think of our dreams at Independence I want to cry for Zimbabwe. Oh it is so sad, so sad, don't you think so? I do cry, sometimes." During her account of her 1982 visit, she described "the marvelous African laughter born somewhere in the gut, seizing the whole body with good-humored philosophy." One wonders how long that laughter, that humor, can be sustained. As the Shona people say, "The sugar is over." □

Vincent Crapanzano teaches comparative literature and anthropology at the City University of New York Graduate Center. He is the author of "Waiting: The Whites of South Africa" and, most recently, "Hermes' Dilemma and Hamlet's Desire."

Men Will Be Boys



LUBA LUKOVA

THE MALE EGO
By Willard Gaylin.
276 pp. New York: Viking. $23.

By Michael S. Kimmel

YOU would think that with a title like "The Male Ego" this would be one of the year's most hyperinflated, overblown books. But its author, Willard Gaylin, has a reputation for writing slim volumes on very large topics, among them "Feelings" and "Caring."

"The Male Ego" is no different — it is a book of condensed psychoanalytic insight on a huge and varied subject. Dr. Gaylin, a psychiatrist and a founder of the Hastings Institute, a center devoted to ethical issues in the life sciences, describes the male ego as a "fragile and vulnerable vessel," which we overfill with a "brutal and demanding vision of manhood" that has become obsolete. Once programmed for protection, provision and procreation, men have come to associate manhood with economic competition, predatory sexuality and aggression — precisely the qualities they now need least.

In the absence of intimacy and love, men pig out at the trough of external accouterments, collecting "trophies" that denote status and success, Dr. Gaylin observes. They find themselves indulging in a veritable binge of emotional junk food, he says, including everything from gold chains to "pink roses," those little pink telephone message slips that remind the professional man that he's important. And, of course, they try to win women, the ultimate "narcissistic embellishment."

All this ego propping is a recipe for failure. The fragile contemporary man is crushed, Dr. Gaylin suggests, by the effort to prove his manhood: "It is the tragedy of our time that the evolving social structure, built by men to serve their purposes, has conspired to make them feel ever more insecure. We men are hoisted on our own petards. We have created a male-dominant society, but a society in which the very nature of our dominant role becomes increasingly difficult to fulfill. We live in a world of insecure men."

Men are so insecure, Dr. Gaylin writes, that they will follow almost any pop prescription to restore their manhood: sexual conquests (which leave them "isolated and sad"), Robert Bly's wild-man retreats "to 'rediscover' the primal man within us" (which Dr. Gaylin calls a "dangerous anachronism"), overworking ("extraordinary tedium" that leads to "despair") and the "phallic thrill" of war (he calls the Persian Gulf war "a giant surge of power to replace a limp and flaccid self-respect").

Even if men are biologically programmed for competition and aggression, Dr. Gaylin argues, the traditional model of manhood "no longer has cultural validity." Anatomy is not necessarily destiny. "If we desire a model of maleness that emphasizes gentility, passivity, and is nonconfrontational, it does not matter that androgens drive aggression."

Unfortunately, Dr. Gaylin does not articulate his vision for fighting androgens, and in the absence of such a plan, "The Male Ego," like its subject, turns out to be a fragile, delicate creature, in need of much indulgent understanding. When confronted with cultural contradictions, Dr. Gaylin is himself likely to lapse into crude biological formulations, and occasionally into dangerous cultural stereotypes.

For instance, he describes something he calls "the 'tall blond shiksa' syndrome" — when a short, affluent Jewish man turns up with a woman on his arm who is 20 to 30 years younger, "blond, preferably WASP, and six or seven inches taller." Here Dr. Gaylin does a disservice to both Jews and gentiles, not to mention short Jewish men and tall, blond women.

Dr. Gaylin paints with the broadest of strokes, and this leads him to use not only stereotypes of Jews and blond women but also stereotypes of homosexuality. To him, homosexual fantasies are metaphors for failure and impotence in the world. Symbolically, the gay man is "the ultimate 'wuss' ... the non-man, half woman, half man."

Not only does this view narrow the many possible meanings of homosexual fantasies, it also ignores the real homosexual world, particularly the part that conforms to traditional definitions of manhood. To avoid the humiliation of being perceived as failed men (which seems to be how Dr. Gaylin sees them), some gay men exaggerate their so-called masculine qualities: they readily separate sex and love; they emphasize sexual "scoring," conquest and accumulating partners.

"The Male Ego," then, is a cautionary tale on two levels. Traditional definitions of manhood have, as Dr. Gaylin argues, begun to hurt men themselves, and so we must "redefine manhood in terms that are achievable." But using orthodox psychoanalytic models, as he does, can be perilous too, for while this approach tears apart the old definitions, it also seems to rely on the very cultural stereotypes that trap us, and thus it fails to give us the tools we need to redefine what a man is.

Still, Dr. Gaylin reveals something essential about today's men. Using the traditional props to sustain the "sand castle" of men's egos is "the ultimate labor of Sisyphus" — impossible, unattainable and, in the end, tragic. □

Michael S. Kimmel's most recent books are "Men Confront Pornography" and "Against the Tide," a history of profeminist men in America. He teaches sociology at the State University of New York, Stony Brook.

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280 pp. Berkeley: University of California Press. $25.

By Steven A. Schroeder

"DOCTOR, is it cancer?" What American hasn't feared having to ask that question? How many of us, faced with the disease, would take a chance on an experimental treatment? How many are drawn to quack therapies? How much are we willing to spend to seek a cure? (In 1992, nearly $2 billion went to the National Cancer Institute alone.) Americans have a terror of cancer, and it shows.

Two new books, "The Transformed Cell: Unlocking the Mysteries of Cancer," by Steven A. Rosenberg and John M. Barry, and "Who Survives Cancer?," by Howard P. Greenwald, approach the topic from very different viewpoints, but both explain the disease from the uniquely American perspective. One helps us to understand the undying hope that drives Americans to look for new cures, while the other shows how misplaced those searches are liable to be.

Until very recently, we've had just three ways to treat cancer — surgery, radiation and chemotherapy. All three treatments damage healthy tissue. Worse, not one of them is a reliable cure; cancer cells often escape scalpels, X-rays and chemicals and then proceed inexorably to overwhelm the body.

In "The Transformed Cell," written with John M. Barry, Steven A. Rosenberg, a surgeon and internationally known researcher at the National Institutes of Health, describes a fourth treatment, immunotherapy, and tells of his early attempts at a fifth technique, gene therapy. Intuitively appealing in its elegance and simplicity, immunotherapy magnifies the ability of the body's own immune system to identify and kill the cells of certain cancers, such as malignant melanoma and kidney cancer. Gene therapy involves giving the patient cells that have been injected with genes to make them better cancer killers.

Dr. Rosenberg is a superstar in cancer research. It was he who explained President Ronald Reagan's bowel cancer to Americans. And his picture appeared on the front cover of Newsweek, after word came out that he had treated 25 "hopeless" cancer patients with two immunotherapy products — interleukin-2 (a molecule produced by immune cells that causes other immune cells to grow) and lymphokine-activated killer T cells (immune cells that have been exposed to interleukin-2). Eleven patients responded to the treatment; a few may be permanently cured.

In his book, Dr. Rosenberg looks back at the years of discipline and training behind his superstardom. In doing so, he probes a deceptively simple question: How does a medical scientist find new treatments? His

Steven A. Schroeder is a physician and the president of the Robert Wood Johnson Foundation in Princeton, N.J.

Booker Prize Winner Defends His Language

By SARAH LYALL

Special to The New York Times

GLASGOW — No sooner had James Kelman's novel "How Late It Was, How Late" won this year's Booker Prize for fiction than a full-scale furor erupted. One of the judges, Rabbi Julia Neuberger, declared that the book was unreadably bad and said that the awarding of the prize, Britain's most important, was a "disgrace." Simon Jenkins, a conservative columnist for The Times of London, called the award "literary vandalism." Several other critics sniped that the book should have been disqualified because of its heavy use of profanity.

Meanwhile, the British literary establishment huddled together defensively as Mr. Kelman appeared in a business suit at the black-tie Booker affair and, in his heavy Scottish accent, made a rousing case for the culture and language of "indigenous" people outside of London. "A fine line can exist between elitism and racism," he said. "On matters concerning language and culture, the distinction can sometimes cease to exist altogether."

Part stream of consciousness, part third-person narrative, sparsely punctuated, devoid of chapters and written entirely in the words and cadences of working-class Glasgow, "How Late It Was, How Late" does make for hard reading, which seems to explain some of the objections. But other critics have greeted the novel, the story of a down-and-out Glaswegian former convict who has a run-in with the police and wakes up to discover that he has suddenly gone blind, as a literary triumph.

Writing in The Independent, Janette Turner Hospital called Mr. Kelman a "poet and magician" and said the book was a "passionate, scintillating, brilliant song of a book."

It is nothing new for Mr. Kelman's work — which includes four other novels, a number of plays and about 100 short stories — to generate strong reactions, both for and against. He has been compared to James Joyce, to William Kennedy and to Samuel Beckett, but when the first Kelman short story was accepted by a magazine at York University in 1972, the printer refused to print it because of the profanity.

And in the mid-1970's, one publisher urged him to write more accessibly, saying, Mr. Kelman recalled in an interview in his home in a suburb of Glasgow, that "work written in

Continued on Page B2

"Marvelous... A novel that is at once edge-of-the-seat exciting and palpably touching."
— The Cleveland Plain Dealer

"A story that grabs you almost by the throat... and never slackens its hold."
— The Denver Post

"An exceptional thriller that starts running on the first page and never stops."
— John Sandford, author of *Night Prey*

"Splendid...memorable... a wickedly mature thriller." *— Chicago Tribune*

A Selection of the Literary Guild

RANDOM HOUSE



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"A MASTERPIECE!"
Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

Novelist Speaks Up for His Language

Continued From Page B1

Glaswegian dialect doesn't sell in America."

For the author, a slight man with haunting eyes and a grave manner that gives way easily to sardonic humor, the central issue is cultural imperialism through language. Recalling times when Glaswegian accents were banned from the radio, or when his two daughters were reprimanded in school for using the Scots "aye" instead of the English "yes," he said it was wrong to call the language of his work "vernacular" or "dialect."

"To me, those words are just another way of inferiorizing the language by indicating that there's a standard," he said. "The dictionary would use the term 'debased.' But it's the language! The living language, and it comes out of many different sources, including Scotland before the English arrived."

As angry as he might be about the criticisms, Mr. Kelman said that the Booker Prize had given him a useful opportunity to air his views about language and about the disenfranchised people who are his subjects. It has helped the book sell more than 20,000 copies in hard cover in Britain, and it certainly has raised the author's profile among publishers in the United States, where "How Late It Was, How Late" is to be published by W. W. Norton on Dec. 12.

The $30,000 prize has also had happy financial consequences for the often broke Mr. Kelman, who left school at the age of 15 and worked at a number of manual jobs even as he began writing some 20 years ago. Having spent his life in a series of apartments, he was able to move six months ago to a large house with its own garden. He has also invested in a new computer to replace his creaky grime-covered one, and his wife, a social worker for homeless people, has been able to reduce her working hours. What's more, Mr. Kelman said, the Booker brings a special kind of prestige to someone like him, one of a group of strong writers to emerge from Glasgow in recent years, including Jeff Torrington and Alasdair Gray.

"The meaning of the prize comes from other people," said Mr. Kelman, who chain-smokes cigarettes that he rolls himself. "I was aware of its importance from writers both from this community in Glasgow and the extended community in Scotland, and also other communites that you could say were in similar situations. Friends of mine who are Afro-Caribbean or from India or Pakistan, or Irish or American people, said they were amazed, astonished and delighted that this statement could have been made from the center of the city of London."

Particularly annoying to Mr. Kelman (although Mr. Kelman does his best not to look annoyed) has been the renewed criticism that his writing is shoddy and somehow subliterary. Referring to Mr. Kelman's protagonist and narrator, Sammy, Mr. Jenkins of The Times, for instance, said the book represented "the ramblings of a Glaswegian drunk." And another journalist took it upon himself to count how many times a particular obscenity appeared in "How Late It Was," arriving at the impressive number of 4,000.

> 'Every comma in my work is my comma.'

"Some people say my work has no value," Mr. Kelman said. "They find a way of saying it's not literature, just oral tradition. Or perhaps that because you write from the point of view of people whose language is debased, then your language is debased, and therefore you're a debased writer, or really not a writer at all."

"I've won a major prize before," he went on, referring to the James Tait Black Memorial Prize, which he won in 1989 for his novel "A Disaffection," "and one of the people associated with it asked me if I ever revised my work."

Yes, Mr. Kelman said, he does revise, even more so because the language he uses is so singular. Well into his cigarette, perhaps his 10th in two hours, he launched into a fierce defense.

"In order to fight against the house style you have to justify every single comma," he said. "Every comma in my work is my comma. Every absence of a comma or full stop or semicolon or colon is my absence. You have to be much more precise and bloody pedantic. You have to revise and revise and proof at every bloody stage to insure that everything's spot on, especially because you're working in what other people regard as inconsistent ways, so you have to be really sure."

He stamped the cigarette out and began to roll another one. "You have to trust the fact that you're a writer."

Brooding in a Burr

From "How Late It Was, How Late," by James Kelman:

Ye wake in a corner and stay there hoping yer body will disappear, the thoughts smothering ye; these thoughts; but ye want to remember and face up to things, just something keeps ye from doing it, why can ye no do it; the words filling your head: then the other words; there's something wrong; there's something far far wrong; ye're no a good man, ye're just no a good man. Edging back into awareness, of where ye are: here, slumped in this corner, with these thoughts filling ye. And oh christ his back was sore; stiff, and the head pounding. He shivered and hunched up his shoulders, shut his eyes, rubbed into the corners with his fingertips; seeing all kinds of spots and lights. Where in the name of. . . .

He wondered what station he was in. He hadnay been up to taking notes on the drive. But it was probably Hardie Street. Who cares. Naybody would have gave him a sensible answer if he had asked. Ye cannay make contact with them; all ye would have got was sarcasm and wee in-jokes. It wasnay just in the poky that happened I mean Sammy once went to work in a factory for 10 minutes, down in England, and that's the way it was. It would have took a 10 stretch to know what they were all giggling about. . . .

People got wound up awful easy. Ye noticed that a lot. Tam was actually younger than Sammy; no much, but still and all. And there he was. He didnay even realise it was a wind-up, the sodjers; that was all they were doing, winding him up. Tam just hadnay twigged it. He knew better too that was the problem, he was experienced. It was just how they caught ye unawares. So it didnay matter, how long in the tooth ye were man it didnay matter, know what I mean, if ye got caught unawares.

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The New Y

This Year, Oscar Bets Won't Be Sure Ones

By BERNARD WEINRAUB

Special to The New York Times

HOLLYWOOD, Nov. 27 — Studio executives plotting their strategies for the Academy Awards have reached some unsettling conclusions. The first is that once again there were surprisingly few powerful roles for actresses this year, despite the growing list of studio executives who are women and the often-stated proclamations of studio chiefs that they are card-carrying feminists.

The Talk of Hollywood

Then there is the general paucity of creative and significant films of any kind, despite assurances from some executives that the industry is flourishing and movies are better than ever.

The truth is that for the first time in years studios are scrambling to come up with enough nominees for best film of the year. By the time 1994 is over, more than 140 films will have been released, but some studio officials admit that it's tough to come up with five that are Oscar worthy.

The hugely successful "Forrest Gump" leads the small pack at this moment, followed by "Quiz Show," which received some of the best reviews of the year before foundering at the box office. "Pulp Fiction" is a dark horse, along with "Four Weddings and a Funeral."

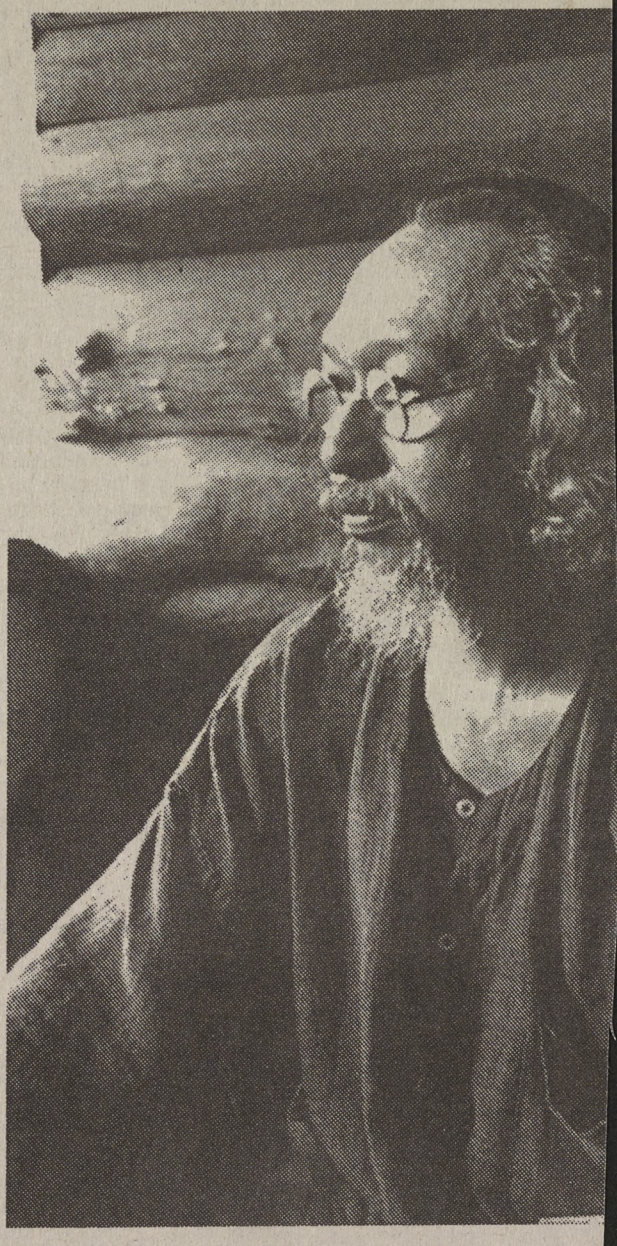
After that, the list looks uncertain. "The Lion King" is a possibility, although the academy has never given the best-picture Oscar to an animated film. Woody Allen's "Bullets Over Broadway" has been acclaimed as his best movie in years, but not that many people have seen it.

Two coming films may have a shot: Edward Zwick's "Legends of the Fall," an expansive drama set in the West, starring Brad Pitt and Anthony Hopkins, which is to open on Dec. 2, and Barry Levinson's "Disclosure," adapted from Michael Crichton's novel about sexual harassment, which also opens in December.

"It's just very hard to get a solid five," a top studio executive said.

Just as hard are the best actress choices.

Almost certain to be nominated is Jodie Foster as a recluse who speaks a language of her own in Michael Apted's "Nell," which opens on Dec. 14. After Ms. Foster, though, there are no obvious contenders.



Do Quang Em, whose paintings could pass for enlar

Overnight Succe

By PHILIP SHENON

Special to The New York Times

HANOI, Vietnam — During the Vietnam War, there was little paper and almost no canvas in North Vietnam, and so one of the fathers of modern Vietnamese painting, Bui Xuan Phai, was often forced to do his work on matchboxes and scraps of newsprint.

Mr. Phai, who in his lifetime never earned more

From the margins of Scottish society comes a new, beer-soaked, drug-filled, profanity-laced, violently funny literature.

THE BEATS OF EDINBURGH

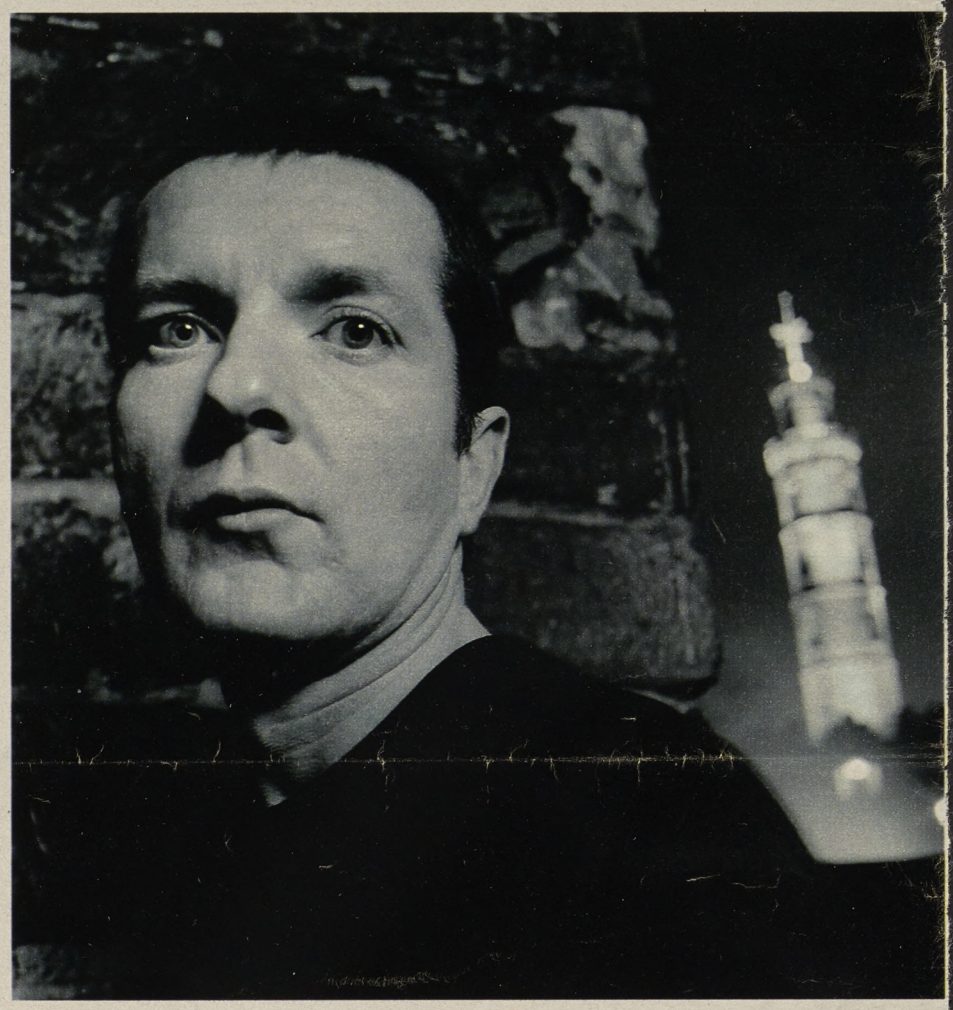
BY LESLEY DOWNER

LATE AFTERNOON AT ROBBIE'S, A PUB IN LEITH, A working-class district of Edinburgh, Scotland. Everyone is drinking Budweiser, of all things, by the pint. The air reeks of cigarettes and beer. Crowded around a corner table — beneath cigarette ads, old-fashioned mirrors and two large-horned-animal skulls (probably Highland cattle) — are Duncan McLean, Gordon Legge, Alan Warner and Paul Reekie, together with some blond-haired women and a young man with a shaved head and multi-pierced ears. McLean is holding forth on Scottish literature. At 31, he is one of the youngest of a group of Scottish writers who have smashed their way out of rave culture onto the British literary scene.

In a cyber era in which literary circles are usually metaphors, they hang out together in Edinburgh's pubs, clubs and rave bars. Few of them can support themselves by writing; some are on the dole, taking full advantage of the steady income and enforced leisure it provides. They live the life of Edinburgh beats — get up at noon, drink, talk and write the day away, and party through the night. All are young and fiercely working class. They write about people on the margins of society: the young, the poor, the dispossessed, junkies, Ecstasy users, football hooligans and people who live on the dole in housing projects.

Their stories are violently funny, sometimes shocking, often written in Edinburgh street lingo and liberally spattered with four-letter words. They give voice to a Britain that most middle-class readers would rather not think about. Despite their street credibility, several of them have been snapped up by Britain's most prestigious publisher, Jonathan Cape.

The undisputed star of the dozen or so writers is Irvine Welsh, whose 1993 novel, "Trainspotting," has been made into a movie that is playing to sold-out houses in Britain and will be released in the United States in July. McLean won a Somerset Maugham Award in 1993 for his dark stories set among the down and out of the remote Scottish countryside. Legge has published three books, one of which, "In Between Talking About the Football," a collection of short stories, has become a cult classic. Warner was recently nominated for the Whitbread First Novel Award. There's also Kevin Williamson, the publisher of Rebel Inc., a literary magazine that has put many of these writers on the book-world map, not to mention myriad fringe characters, like the wild-eyed Reekie and the punk poet Rodney Relax.



GORDON LEGGE, 35

From the novel "I Love Me (Who Do You Love?)": "The sun was shining like a new bar of soap as the lassies from Robbs International Textiles sprinted, strode, sashayed and shuffled their way into town for their chip-shop dinners."

McLean, who has written three books — the short-story collection "Bucket of Tongues" and the novels "Blackden" and "Bunker Man" — is something of a father figure to the group despite his tender age. Unlike many of his compatriots, he went to college, Edinburgh University, where he studied literature. And he figures prominently in the early history of the recent renaissance in Scottish writing.

After graduating from college in 1986, McLean, like many other Scots of his generation, wanted to make a political impact. Scotland, he notes, is effectively a colony of England. Its schools and universities teach English, not Scottish, literature, and books, magazines and television are largely controlled by an English middle-class mentality. Scots seethe with resentment under the English yoke. "The Thatcher years were insult after injury after insult," McLean says. "Scottish traditions of education, culture and language were not just discouraged but outlawed in some instances. Scotland was perceived, quite rightly, I think, as being sucked dry of its economic plus points — like oil, for instance — while getting very little in return."

McLean thus joined a comedy troupe, the Merry Mac Fun Show, which

Lesley Downer writes on the arts. This is her first article for the Magazine.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER BARKER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES

MY MOTHER WAS DETERMINED to insure a life everlasting. I was less consumed with beating back the darkness of death than with finding a schematic for the here and now.

Instead, she sends me a letter from a nun named Sister June. "Dear Mrs. Dubner," it says. "I was with Paul when he died — it was very peaceful. I was praying with him — he opened his eyes halfway and seemed to look at me. I kept saying the name of Jesus in his ear. I rejoice that he sees the Lord face to face."

I have the urge to round up 10 Jews and drive upstate to the Catholic cemetery where he is buried, to recite the Mourner's Kaddish.

The evidence of my father's Catholicism is overwhelming. Yet in recreating his life, I found myself thinking of him as a Jew. I would cling to the un-Catholic stories I heard, no matter how wispy, like the time he came back to New York and immediately picked up a copy of The Jewish Daily Forward. He was proud he could still read Yiddish.

I never got to ask him what led to his conversion, but it probably wouldn't have mattered. He seems to have told no one. Even my mother's recollections are painfully featureless. His only significant written traces are 18 wartime letters he sent to my mother, all from after his baptism. I studied them endlessly — even the envelopes held potential clues — and scurried off to read the books he mentioned in them. I tracked down relatives who knew of my existence only as a shadowy member of "the Catholic part of the family" (or, occasionally, worse). Some of the reunions were cathartic: "What's this I hear about you becoming Jewish again?" one aunt asked me. "Oh, that's good, that's good."

IN LATE 1944, SOL DUBNER WAS HOME IN NEW YORK on furlough. As a teen-ager, he had been sharp and full of ambition, but the war had worn him down, made him lonely, set him searching. He had spent two years with a medical unit at Army hospitals, most recently on Christmas Island. He had written home that he was the only Jew there. What he didn't write home was that after encountering a group of Christian missionaries, he had undergone a nondenominational baptism. And he was pretty sure he wanted to become a Catholic.

Back in Manhattan, he saw a posting for a dance sponsored by the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and he went around to talk to the priest. "Tell me, Father," he said, "did you ever hear of another creature like me, a Jew who wants to become a Catholic?"

Actually, there were a few such creatures, the priest told him, whom Sol could find at a meeting of young Catholics the following night.

Although my mother insists that in the beginning it was only a friendship, other evidence suggests that she and Sol fell in love at the meeting that night. He asked question after question, especially about the Virgin Mary and why she was so key to Catholicism. Veronica, because she had asked the same questions herself two years earlier, could answer them. They spent much of Sol's furlough together, going to Mass regularly.

Sol returned to duty in January, at an Army hospital in Hawaii. "There's a good chance of my being baptized at this post as the chaplain here is pretty interested in my case," he wrote to Veronica.

The chaplain was a German-born Catholic priest named Ulrich J. Proeller. He is now 92 and lives in San Antonio. I called him to see what he could tell me of my father's conversion.

He said he couldn't recall a thing. A wartime conversion, he explained, was often no more than "a momentary transaction." Then he suddenly said: "I remember he was a very alert young fellow, very interested. It was a joy to instruct him.

"There were not many Jewish converts," he went on. "He took confidence in me somehow. And I was grateful — I wanted to create better feelings between the Christians and the Jews, since I had the experience of the Jews in Germany."

Father Proeller paused for a minute. "Wartime is good for converts," he finally said. "The Jews felt kind of lonely, you know, because they were so few, so they picked out what they thought was the best, as far as services were concerned, and they stuck with that."

He made it sound so casual! Like a recipe from an Army cookbook: Take one New York City Jew; place him in the middle of nowhere (preferably during a war that's killing Jews by the millions); add a flock of missionaries; top with a gung-ho priest (German if possible). Yield: one Catholic.

Sol, ecstatic after his baptism, wrote to Veronica steadily. March 29, 1945: "I know it would knock you for a loop to know that I am toying with the notion of becoming a priest after the war." Aug. 16, 1945: "At long last we have peace again! . . . If God wills it, I may be back home in four or five months!" Sept. 14, 1945: "It's going to be hard to make my family understand why I am a Catholic. . . . Perhaps I will find some room and board in New York till I decide what my future plans will be."

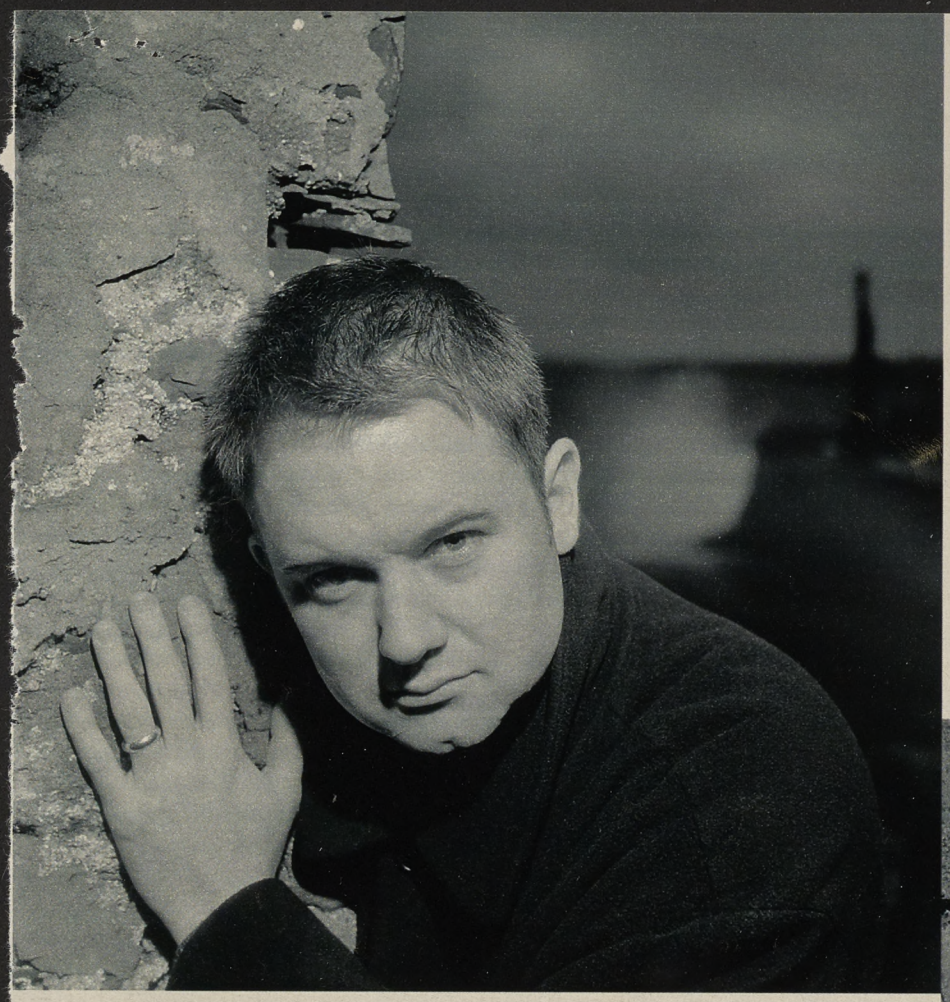
Sol's father, Shepsel, was one of the most rigorously observant Orthodox men in the neighborhood. He and his wife, Gussie, had come from a small Polish town called Pultusk, north of Warsaw. They settled in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, where they ran a tiny kosher restaurant.

Sol, the fifth of six children, had wanted to be a writer, to play the saxophone, to study in France after high school. "Whatever he thought about doing, Shepsel would slap down," my Aunt Dottie told me. Sol never got along with his father, and often stayed with an older brother. "Shepsel was very, very strict, to a fault really," Dottie says. "It was because of the religion."

Gussie, meanwhile, was as gentle and encouraging as Shepsel was harsh, and Sol was extremely close to her. One day, he was walking home from high school, whistling. A neighbor shouted out the window: "Hey, Sol, what are you whistling for? Don't you know your mother's dead?" Gussie, 51, had had high blood pressure and died suddenly. On the day of her funeral, the street was packed with mourners.

LAST YEAR, BEFORE ROSH HA-SHANAH, I WENT TO A JUdaica shop on West 30th Street to *Continued on page 58*





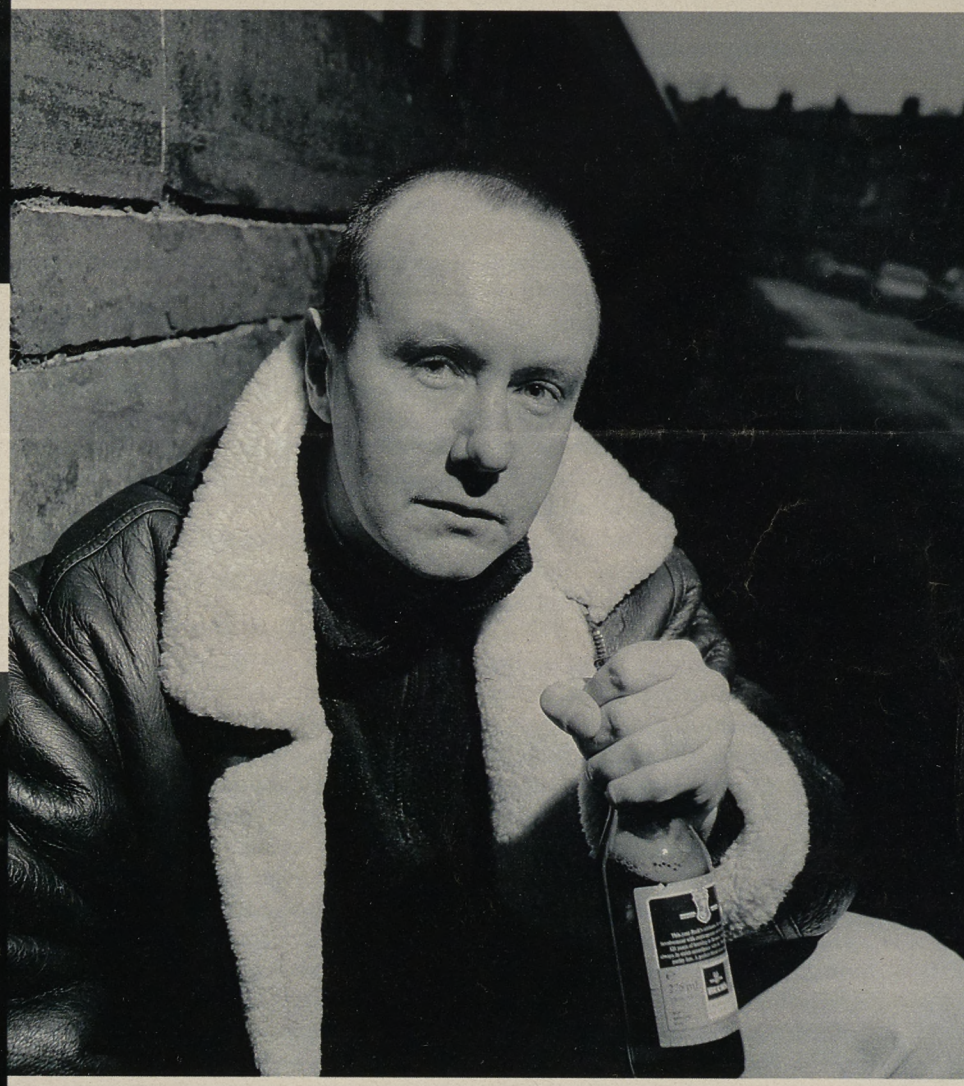
ALAN WARNER , 31

From "Morvern Callar": "When we needed brought down to rest the ambient let us relax then he slowly built us up until we were back in hardcore again and he pushed the core as long as I could take it before much softer synth waves were beaming across us."



DUNCAN McLEAN, 31

From "Bunker Man": "It suddenly came to him that the rubbish really was trying to run away from him, that all the bits of litter were little creatures of various sorts. ... He imagined them shouting to each other."



IRVINE WELSH, 37

From "Trainspotting": "Smack's ... the only really honest drug. It doesnae alter yir consciousness. . . . Ye see the misery ay the world as it is, and ye cannae anaesthetise yirse against it."

toured Scotland performing street theater and agitprop, scoring points against the English, the bitterly hated poll tax and the politicians. "We were all on the dole, as were most people in Scotland at the time," McLean says. But after three years he was disillusioned. "It seemed to me — well, we sang our songs and we told our jokes and afterward everything's the same as it was before."

At college he had discovered a different kind of inspiration, the Glaswegian novelist James Kelman. "When 'The Busconductor Hines' came out in 1984, it just blew my mind," he says. "It was the voice. For the first time I was reading a book about the world I lived in. I didn't know literature could do that.

"There was this great example of Kelman, producing art that was more political, more subversive, more powerful than what we were doing. Even though he might never have mentioned any politicians or any particular social policy, it was actually a more effective and longer-lasting way of making your voice heard."

Dropping out of the Merry Mac Fun Show, McLean began to write. This was toward the end of the 80's, when other little-known Scottish writers were beginning to get their work published in small literary magazines. But it was a slow, badly paid way of getting into print. So McLean, who was working as a janitor, started Clocktower Press. "I borrowed a friend's computer — I didn't have one at the time — typed out two or three stories, photocopied them and published them, then sold them at readings which were starting to happen."

He took a series of menial jobs — caretaker of a bandstand, then of a village hall — to give himself time to write. It took a few years to get his first stories published. Then his fortunes changed. On Kelman's recommendation, his work came to the attention of Robin Robertson, editorial director at the London publishing house of Secker & Warburg and a Scot himself. (Robertson later moved to Jonathan Cape, taking most of his writers with him.) Robertson signed McLean and in 1992 brought out "Bucket of Tongues."

'Writers like to have something to kick against,' McLean says. 'The ruling classes are too busy ruling to make the best art.'

"Robin was blown away by his work," says Alan Warner, an ex-train driver and large, exuberant man of 31. "The story 'Hours of Darkness,' when I read that I realized here was a writer as good as Chekhov, as good as Cormac McCarthy, here in Scotland, making the Scottish world universal, forcing that world into literature through his style." The prose is haunting and bleak: "He came striding out of the north just as darkness was falling. Away to his right fields stretched out, black furrows creased across the red earth, boulders tumbled in by the dykesides, gangs of crows and gulls picking over the broken ground."

McLean is the chronicler of the ordinary guy. In his most recent novel, "Bunker Man," these passions boil to the surface in a tale of quite horrifying blackness and bleakness. Rob, newly married to Karen, is the janitor of a school in a coastal town. McLean evokes his life in painstaking detail: "Rob was out in the car park with a brush, a binbag, and a long-handled scoop. From inside the bothy it'd looked to be a still afternoon, but now that he was out he found a fair old breeze coming in off the sea. The bits of rubbish kept blowing away just as he went to sweep them up."

A dark atmosphere hangs over the story from the start. A vagrant has moved into the concrete bunker on the cliff above the village, and Rob decides he must be dealt with. As his obsession grows, the conscientious janitor is transformed into a monster every bit as menacing as the drifter. The only certainty is that the ax will fall, though who will wield it remains a mystery to the end.

Given the rawness of McLean's language and the savage passions that he reveals in his ordinary guys, it is a surprise to discover that he himself is large, calm and almost avuncular. "I'm at the more old-fashioned literary end of the group," he says. Indeed, McLean is no raver. Able to support himself with his writing, he left Edinburgh for the Orkney Islands, in the far north of Scotland, though he is often to be found back at his old haunts in Edinburgh.

"I'd rather be in a village hall in Orkney doin' strip the willow" — traditional Scottish country dancing — "than at a rave in Edinburgh," he says, laughing gently.

CONSPICUOUS BY HIS ABSENCE AT ROBBIE'S IS IRVINE WELSH. (LIKE McLean, he has moved to more hospitable surroundings, in his case Amsterdam.) As I relate the tale of my encounter with him in London, I quickly discover that a tidbit of information on Welsh is enough to put me at the center of attention in this crowd, however briefly. One thing impresses them hugely: that he turned up in the company of the rock group Primal Scream.

"All of them?" Reekie and Williamson, incredulous, say in chorus. "*All* of Primal Scream? Trust Irvine." It is, I gather, something like showing up with the Rolling Stones or the British supergroup Oasis.

I had met Welsh at the Ship, on Wardour Street in Soho, a few days earlier. He seemed amiable enough. There was none of the foul language that peppers his writing. He was articulate, intellectual and intensely serious, speaking not in Edinburgh dialect but in educated Scots. Even to his friends, Welsh is an enigma. "Irvine was a star before he became a star," Legge says.

I found him standing at the bar, pint in hand, a skinny, unhealthy-looking 37-year-old with a round, battered face like a dissolute cherub's. He wore the raver's uniform — brutally cropped hair, a scruffy brown jacket, T-shirt, faded jeans. He greeted me in his soft Scottish brogue, offered me a drink and introduced me to his drinking mates — who, of course, were the members of Primal Scream. Then he turned to finish off his conversation, which as far as I could hear above the hubbub was exclusively about soccer results and the latest album from Oasis.

Variously hailed as the new William Burroughs and as the chronicler of the Ecstasy generation, Welsh is the author of three scabrous, foul-mouthed books that plunge the reader deep into the seamy side of Scottish life. "Trainspotting," published in 1993, is set among the junkies and soccer hooligans of Muirhouse, a housing scheme, as the Scots call projects, on the edge of Edinburgh. His second, "The Acid House," is a collection of short stories about the Scottish underworld. His most recent novel is "Marabou Stork Nightmares," which goes inside the mind of a soccer thug and rapist as he lies in a coma.

It was "Trainspotting" that established Welsh's legendary status among the rave generation. Whereas punk rockers rebelled angrily against society, ravers simply want to be left alone — to enjoy rave music (one of the main forms of which is acid house), to dance, to take the drug Ecstasy. Raves are movable feasts, happenings that can take place anywhere. The best are outdoors, where young people gather in the hundreds to dance a wild mesmeric dance, usually fueled by Ecstasy. In "Marabou Stork Nightmares," Welsh provides a euphoric description of the effects of Ecstasy: "I felt closer to these strangers than I did to anyone. . . . I couldn't stop hugging them. . . . I knew that after I came down I'd still love them. . . . I was the Silver Surfer, I looked into the laser lights and zapped across the universe a few times, surging and cruising with the music."

It was "Trainspotting" that also established Welsh as a literary force. It "comes in the line of 'The Catcher in the Rye' or 'On the Road' or 'A Clockwork Orange,' " gushes Kevin Williamson, 34, the publisher of Rebel Inc., where excerpts from the book first appeared. "In 10 or 20 years it'll still be around, whereas books that won the Booker Prize will have been forgotten." In fact, "Trainspotting" has already achieved enormous mainstream success. Besides being made into a movie, it has been adapted for the stage and was considered a strong bet in 1993 for the Booker, Britain's most prestigious literary award.

Welsh, says Alan Taylor, deputy editor of Scotland's principal newspaper, The Scotsman, is "a wonderful creator of his own myths." When "Trainspotting" was released he was portrayed in the news media as the wild man of literary fiction — an autodidact who had barely read a



KEVIN WILLIAMSON, 34

The publisher of the literary magazine Rebel Inc., which is responsible for bringing many of the rave generation's writers to the public's attention and was where excerpts from Welsh's "Trainspotting" first appeared.

book, a wolf-boy, as John Walsh wrote in The Independent, "a literary Kaspar Hauser, raised in the darkness." Later Welsh let it be known that he had a degree in business administration, had done a little property speculating and had held a white-collar job with the Edinburgh District Council. "I was amazed when 'Trainspotting' finally came out and this Frankenstein's monster 'Irvine' loomed in the media with tales of vomiting over literary editors," McLean says. "I remember him in a suit and tie."

Welsh started writing, he says, "because I was bored on this long bus journey between New York and Los Angeles." After a stay in London in the early 80's, where he dabbled in drugs and hung around with punk bands, he returned to Edinburgh in 1988, only to discover that Muirhouse had virtually become the heroin capital of Europe. Many of his friends were H.I.V.-positive from sharing needles, which gave him the inspiration for "Trainspotting."

McLean recommended Welsh to his editor, Robin Robertson, who read the book and loved it but was dubious about how well it would sell. It was, after all, written in dialect — in Edinburgh gutter slang, recorded with phonetic precision: "The sweat wis lashing oafay Sick Boy; he wis trembling. Ah wis jist sitting thair, focusing oan the telly, tryin no tae notice the [expletive]. He wis bringing me doon. Ah tried tae keep ma attention oan the Jean-Claude Van Damme video. . . . Any minute now though, auld Jean-Claude's ready tae git doon tae some serious swedgin." ("Swedgin," you figure out after a couple of paragraphs, means fighting.)

Robertson set up readings and ordered a print run of 3,000. To date, "Trainspotting" has sold more than 350,000 copies. "My books are sold through word of mouth," Welsh says. "The hard-core people that have bought my books have all been working-class clubbers."

AT FIRST BLUSH THE SLUMS OF EDINBURGH WOULD SEEM ONE OF the world's least likely sites for a literary explosion. Muirhouse, where Welsh grew up, is the city's South Bronx or Soweto — except that the disadvantaged underclass here is white. In "Marabou Stork Nightmares," Welsh writes: "Edinburgh to me represented serfdom. I realized that it was exactly the same situation as Johannesburg; the only difference was that the Kaffirs were white and called schemies." ("Schemies" because they live in housing schemes.)

Given the extraordinarily high unemployment rate, for most people there is not much to do each day except sit around and take drugs or fight or vandalize the place or rob one another.

Or write. Gordon Legge was on the dole in the small town of Grangemouth. McLean took on his odd jobs. Williamson was a journalist on a local paper. Welsh had a variety of jobs — television repairman, kitchen porter, training officer in the housing department of the Edinburgh District Council; Alan Warner drove trains. But all of them, unknown to one another, were spending every spare minute writing.

"People were workin' away in their own worlds," Legge says, drawing on a cigarette. "Alan always refers to it, like, he was drivin' trains about, writin' away. He'd be drivin' over the Forth Railway Bridge and down below was Duncan workin' away. He'd be driving out by Falkirk and I would be workin' away down there."

In Scotland, writing is a form of protest by the alienated, a subversive act, and subversion and alienation are themes that resonate with Europe's emerging, post-cold-war youth culture. "Scotland is quite a political place, very much left wing," says Legge, a soft-spoken 35-year-old who smokes incessantly but refuses to drink or take drugs and goes to raves only occasionally. "You grow up in a left-wing environment. Going through the first 30 years of your life and never having met a Tory — I don't think any of us have, you know." Fiercely nationalist, proud of their working-class status and bitter about British domination and exploitation, the Scots are a highly combustible brew, constantly at odds with their keepers in London. "Writers like to have something to kick against," McLean says, shrugging. "The ruling classes are too busy ruling to make the best art."

Beyond that, as many in the group point out, if you are poor and unemployed in an area so deprived that it doesn't even have a movie house, what else is there to do but go to the pub, tell stories and write? "What passes for a common culture in Britain is a middle-class culture," Welsh says. "It's completely at odds from life as it is actually lived for most people."

IN OCTOBER 1994, WHEN JAMES KELMAN WON THE BOOKER PRIZE for "How Late It Was, How Late," the news was greeted in Scotland as vindication. "He should have won it 10 years ago," McLean says. Still, it provided long-overdue recognition for the flurry of creativity that was going on north of the English border.

Kelman's place in the literary canon is assured. As for Welsh, McLean and their circle, it is too early to say. Alan Taylor, who was one of the Booker judges the year Kelman won, is not about to anoint the whole crew. "I feel with a lot of them that there's too little work to know how good they are," he says. "Alan Warner's only written one novel, a very good novel. Irvine Welsh has written three books, but they're static. I think the Rebel Inc. thing is an underground thing, it's still to percolate up. But what they have done is, they've appealed to a readership that is not a literary readership. The most that most of these people had read before was football programs, and suddenly now they're reading books. Irvine Welsh has three novels in the top 10 Scottish best sellers at the moment, which is really quite remarkable."

For the lads, the night is just beginning. Bubbling with enthusiasm, Williamson describes the next venue to me — the Vaults, a series of catacombs, each a club in itself, throbbing with music, stretching beneath the ancient city. But I have had enough of the literary life and leave the writers to their raving. "The way Sacaea was doing it the music was just a huge journey in that darkness," Alan Warner writes in his novel, "Morvern Callar." "You didn't really have your body as your own, it was part of the dance, the music, the rave." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER BARKER FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



The Stealth Candidate

Here comes Ross Perot all over again, and while Democrats and Republicans think a third party can't hurt them, just watch. BY GERALD POSNER

IF YOU LISTEN TO THE DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS, THEY would have you believe that the 1996 Presidential race has already settled into a simple contest between Dole and Clinton. They ignore Ross Perot and his quest for a third party. Few Democrats and Republicans understand what his undertaking means for November. If they did, they would be worried.

"There is absolutely no demand for a third-party candidate," says Haley Barbour, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. "If we keep our promises in Congress, Perot won't be a factor." Yet the latest polls show as many as two-thirds of voters want a third party. The enthusiasm is not just from independents, but also from large numbers of Republicans and Democrats.

While the Republicans play down the potential impact of Perot's Reform Party in November, many Democrats barely contain their glee. "The Republicans themselves say they speak for Perot," says the Connecticut Senator Christopher J. Dodd, chairman of the Democratic National Committee. "They share many of the same issues, and the Republican

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Gerald Posner is writing a book about Ross Perot, to be published in August by Random House.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

Ellenboro Journal

NYT 2/7/00

Linguist Finds Dialect A-flourishin' in Appalachia

By FRANCIS X. CLINES



ELLENBORO, W.Va., Feb. 2 — The lesson for the eighth graders was to indulge their "holler" talk without guilt.

Purist outsiders might yearn to correct that to "hollow," but the teacher, Kathy Williams, born and bred to the lingua Appalachia of the local hills and valleys, knows otherwise.

"These kids live up the holler, they really do," she said, drawing a fond distinction between the written and spoken language she teaches her students for the larger world and the more vibrant but more stigmatized spoken version that flourishes in Appalachia.

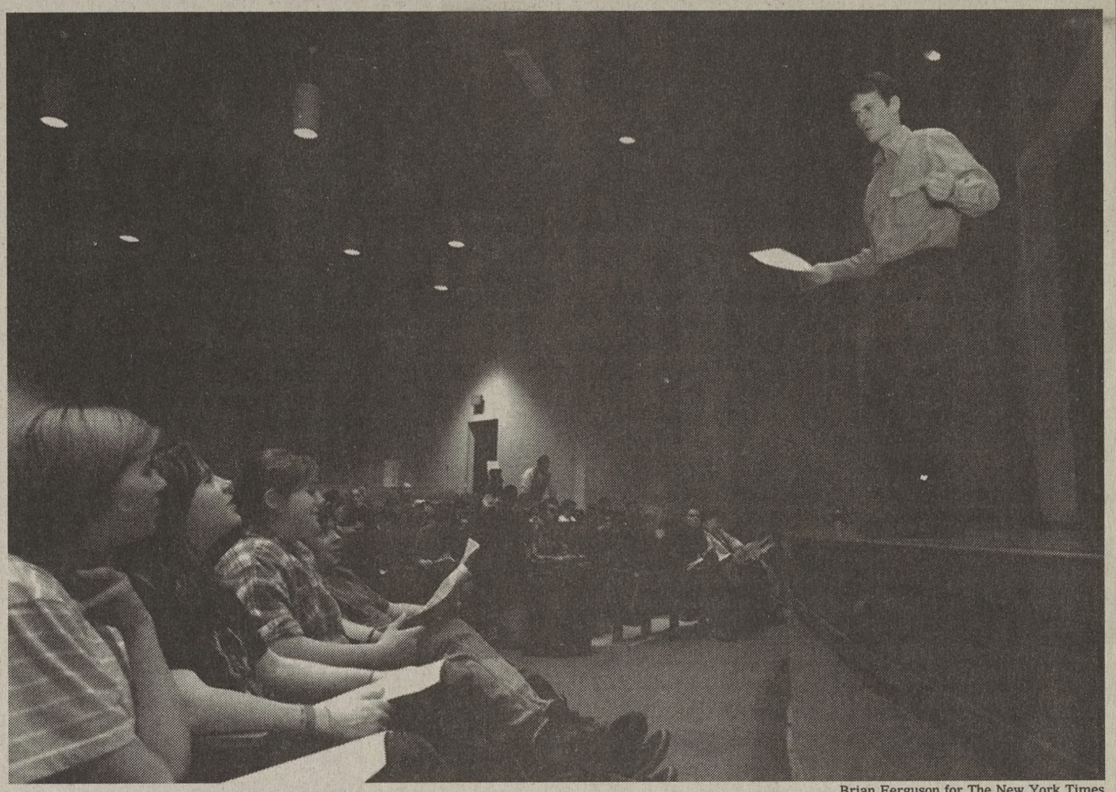
" 'Holler' is not a word that we hear people straighten out around here," Ms. Williams said, smiling as her class quieted down and awaited the word from a visiting linguist, Kirk Hazen. He has been traveling Appalachia (a "fur piece" from "crick" to "holler," in locally spoken English) and emphasizing that natives should never feel ashamed of their time-honored dialect.

"Dialects are not reflections of intelligence," Dr. Hazen told the 135 students gathered in the auditorium of Ritchie County Middle School. His redeeming message was that there is no "good" or "bad" version of the mother tongue. "In general, I think people's spoken language should go unmolested. All living language is change."

The professor explained this basic tenet of linguistics even as complaints and demands for his resignation pile up at his superiors' offices at West Virginia University. "They want my head," he said in an interview, amazed that critics consider him a threat to proper education. "They seem to feel there is a certain set form to language and you can't think right if you're not using that language, which is absolutely ludicrous. Language is not thought."

For the students, Dr. Hazen drew out the distinction between spoken and written English. While hardly arguing for the demise of the rules of schoolroom grammar, the linguist celebrated the way things sound at large in Appalachia.

"I'm here to tell you that your language is working fine," said the professor, a lean 30-year-old from Troy, Mich. Written English is a useful if difficult invention, he said. But the spoken language, he added, is a developing creation that no frozen set of rules can constrain. He showed the students that the language they have been using all their lives has its own intricate form worth appreciating.



Brian Ferguson for The New York Times

Prof. Kirk Hazen, a linguist, speaks to students at Ritchie County Middle School in Ellenboro, W.Va.

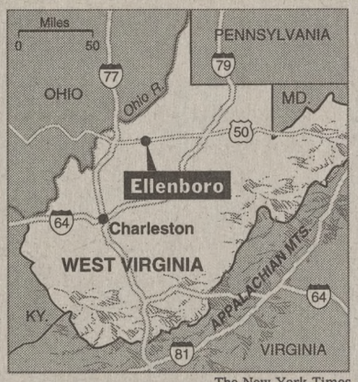
Double negatives? They are at least as old and consistent as Chaucer and continue to serve human speech worldwide, he noted. Grandmas talk hereabouts of "a-sittin' and a-rockin' "? The use of the a-prefix strictly before verbs ending in "ing" turns out to be as consistent in mountain dialect as any rule of written grammar, he told the students.

The only real problem with dialect, Dr. Hazen said, is the prejudice of outsiders who rate some people as inferior and deny them opportunities because of the way they talk. "The question is do you go ahead and say, well their prejudice is just fine, I'll have to change who I am? Or do you say, well the prejudice is simply wrong?"

This was the heart of the matter for Ms. Williams and her class here amid the backwoods beauty of Appalachia.

"I'm trying to educate about how language works — that's my way of trying to handle that prejudice," Dr. Hazen added.

Ms. Williams invited a healthy dose of the linguistic truth from Dr. Hazen to combat the "poor hillbilly" stereotype that has long plagued this region. He is a contributor to the Encyclopedia of Appalachia and director of his university's West Virginia Dialect Project.



The New York Times

Mountain speech and formal English coexist in Ellenboro.

"I just feel sorry for the kids that they have to feel shame or embarrassment," Ms. Williams said. She assigns her students to interview their elders and become steeped in the sound. "The dialect is part of heritage," she added, fearful it might be erased.

"Not a chance," Dr. Hazen confidently told the class. He finds there is a more interesting and modern question, which he is about to pursue under a federal grant. It is whether, because of the increased mobility of Appalachian natives, "bidialectism" is possible. Can someone move to a job in another region, learn the dialect there and still slip back into the down-home dialect upon returning?

Here in the gleaming modern school where they gather from "up the holler," students suggested their dialect was prompting more pride and pleasure than shame. Kyre Bartz arose and, with an Appalachian flourish, offered "a handed-down story" that has been in her family for generations. It was replete with "crick" and "young 'uns" and "tomorry at sunrise" and "that ole woman stumblin' up that there hill with a poke and a pig walkin' right beside her."

The performance sounded as lyrical as a song. Ms. Williams knew just the right word of approval from her 93-year-old grandmother, Glenna Drain. "Where my schoolkids exclaim 'Cool!' or 'Awesome!' Grandma Glenna always says, 'Forever more!' " the teacher said. "I just love what she does with the language. 'Forever more!' "

...ipalities in the Leuna project," Mr. Kiep said in an interview. "I played an important role in bringing Elf on board as investor." He declined to comment on the cash received from Mr. Schreiber after the tank sale and passed on to the Christian Democrats.

One year after the tank sale, the refinery sale went through.

"The commitment made in Germany by Elf was stupid," said Philippe Jaffré, who succeeded Mr. Le Floch-Prigent as Elf's chief executive in March 1993. "But people in management were using the company to enrich themselves. Billions of francs were diverted from Elf under every pretext, with the signature of my predecessor," he said in an interview, referring to Mr. Le Floch-Prigent.

A lawyer for Mr. Le Floch-Pri-

But he has openly suggested that he was no more than a vehicle through which to disguise the real beneficiaries of the refinery deal. "I put my offshore company at the disposition of Elf, which sent a lot of money," Mr. Guelfi told Le Monde. "Then I passed the money to the accounts I was given. Voila!"

Calls to Nobelpac for this article were not answered.

The contract with Nobelpac was signed on Sept. 21, 1991, by André Guillon, the former head of refining at Elf, who is now in prison in France, where he has been charged with fraud. Mr. Guillon justified the contract in a letter to Elf's chief executive, Mr. Le Floch-Prigent, dated Sept. 12, 1991.

As published in the Paris daily newspaper Le Parisien, it said: "For the success of the project, the ...ght for Mr. Holzer's activities; another, Foundation Thais, is thought to be a front for Mr. Lethier.

Some of those accounts were frozen in January.

Swiss and French prosecutors believe that Mr. Guelfi received more than $4 million for his services. Those included a second use of his company in 1993 with a payment of over $20 million by Thyssen in connection with its partnership with Elf in certain projects at Leuna.

Mr. Guelfi justified the payment — bringing total commissions paid to about $60 million — by producing false "feasibility studies."

At the groundbreaking ceremony for the new Leuna refinery in 1994, Mr. Kohl called it "the most important Franco-German industrial project since World War II." He did not explain why.

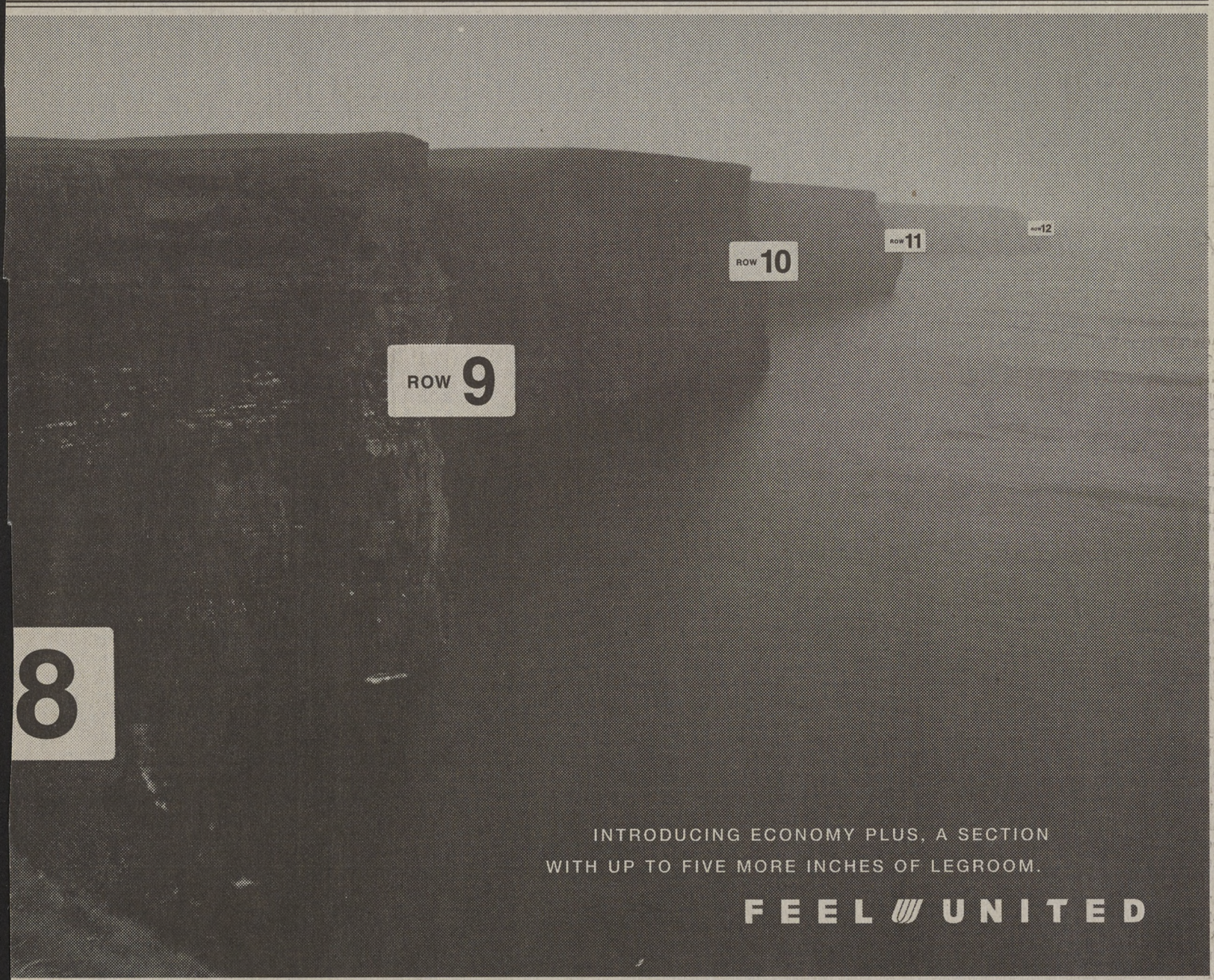
foreign minister, Joschka Fischer, is descended from Sudeten Germans.

The issue caused intermittent tension between what is now the Czech Republic and Germany, but at a ceremony last year the two governments reconciled.

Mr. Haider was clearly addressing the still powerful lobby of largely aging Germans and Austrians who lost property after the war and who feel that the enormity of the Holocaust and Hitler's crimes should not obscure their own losses.

During the negotiations last year on compensation for victims of Nazi forced labor, some German officials asked privately why Germans forced to work in Siberia and other parts of the Soviet Union after the war should not be similarly compensated.

The European Union has downgraded its relations with Austria, and the United States is recalling its ambassador for consultations.



Johannesburg Journal

Spicing Up South African English

By DONALD G. McNEIL Jr.

JOHANNESBURG, Nov. 19 — Looking for just the right word to describe either how fine it feels to be South African or how good a gelatinous hippopotamus's hoof tasted in 1847?

And nothing comes to mind?

No doubt you don't have the new Dictionary of South African English on Historical Principles by your bed.

The word you're looking for is lekker. As in: "Local is lekker, says Kamazu. Out with the phony American influence and in with the home-grown stuff" (J. Khumalo in Pace magazine, 1987).

Or as in: "Mr. Bressler, having heard that the gelatinous hoof of the hippopotamus was delicious, had one of them cooked in his iron pot. The landrost . . . got through the whole foot, exclaiming repeatedly how lekker it was" (Memoirs of Sir John Barrow, late of the Admiralty, 1847).

Lekker, from the Dutch, is just one of 5,000 entries in the new dictionary issued by the Oxford University Press. It is not the first dictionary to trace the peculiar twists that 350 years of white tongues wagging in southern Africa have given to English, but it's wragtig (verily) the most authoritative.

It's the product of 25 years of work by a team at Rhodes University in Grahamstown and is modeled on the Oxford English Dictionary, the world standard. It has 825 pages of tiny type and weighs six pounds.

South African English has a flavor all its own. Its many accents, from British nobs in Constantia to Indians in Durban to Afrikaners in Bloemfontein to Pedis on the Zimbabwe border, can be as diverse a bunch of drawls as are found from Noo Yawk to Louisiana Cajun to American Samoan. And its vocabulary, mixing words from Dutch, Malay and several African languages, is different from that of any other former jewel of the British Empire.

The authors see their job as explaining that rich legacy. As in the O.E.D., each word is followed by dozens of citations that trace its development over decades.

Kaffir, for example, the ugly South African racial epithet and perhaps the most sensitive word in the book, fills eight pages. Its origin is the Arabic word kafir, meaning infidel, and the earliest citation is a 1589 ship's log that describes Portuguese trade with the Cafars.

The dictionary has been widely praised by scholars. "A remarkable compilation," Prof. Geoffrey Hughes of the University of the Witwatersrand's English department calls it.

But local English-speakers find it all a bit embarrassing, says its managing editor, Penny M. Silva. "South Africans have such an inferiority complex," she said. "People constantly asked us: 'Why on earth are you spending time on our form of English? It's so dreadful!' But, of course, they all think we should speak like the BBC circa 1950. And even the BBC doesn't do that anymore."

The book, of course, explains all the words that visitors discover in two days — robot for traffic light, takkies for sneakers, jol for party, just now for soon, howzit? for hello, and ag, shame for what a pity. But it goes much deeper.

South Africa was a country where apartness (see under "apartheid") was long an official virtue, and unique vocabularies grew up in its divided subcultures — the townships, the mines, the whites-only clubs, the racist bureaucracy itself.

In township slang, for example, a police car is a mellow yellow for its color, and to necklace an impimpi is to jam a flaming tire down on an informer.

In the mines, a cheesa-stick isn't a snack but a fuse-lighter, from the Zulu shisha, to burn.

The previous Government, seeking to put a legitimate face on apartheid, coined words that defied their literal meanings, like homelands for places of exile, Immorality Act for a law prohibiting certain marriages and honorary whites for visiting Japanese businessmen.

It was the official abuse of one word that caused the hottest debate within the dictionary team, said Dorothea Mantzel, one of the editors. The word, Bantu, exists in most central and southern African languages, and means simply the people. But it was so poisoned by the old Government's references to blacks as Bantus that the team was reluctant to use it.

"We had linguists here from Angola and Cameroon and they said, 'There's nothing wrong with Bantu,' " Miss Mantzel said. "But in South Africa it has a really bad connotation." They compromised on Sintu, a variant that refers only to the languages.

The editors debated making other political corrections. They bravely resolved to keep the entry Mandela United Football Club, even though it was the nickname for Winnie Mandela's bodyguards, who masqueraded as a soccer team. What made it touchy was that her bodyguards beat a boy to death, possibly on her orders, during the years Mrs. Mandela headed the Ministry of Arts, Culture, Science and Technology, which provided the grant that was underwriting the dictionary.

The work has critics.

Peter Wilhelm, an educator, griped that it "gives one the impression that English has come in like a giant squid and sucked up all the other languages here." He also objected to its nastier words, saying, "We have a violent past, which created linguistic scars — and this shows our sores."

William Branford, the retired linguistics professor who began the dictionary in 1969, replied that "Mr. Wilhelm doesn't like South African English or us" and suggested that showing the language's power and the nation's scars was a job well done.

The chief complaint is the cost: $125. The assistant manager of Exclusive Books, a prominent bookstore here that dares display it on an "impulse buy" rack, said she had sold about five a month.

"But that's not too bad," she said. "I'm generalizing most appallingly, but South Africans on the whole don't read. It's mainly for academics. I think it will be a steady seller."

There aren't many copies available in the United States. But when more arrive, there's a lexicographer's secret delight to be savored: Given South Africa's history, its language is remarkably rich in insults: rockspider, houtkop, gat-kruiper, tsotsi, and on and on.

They won't be defined here, but as someone once said: You could look it up.

It'll be lekker.

A SAMPLER

Words on Loan

The 825-page volume is the product of 25 years of work. Here are excerpts from entries in the dictionary:

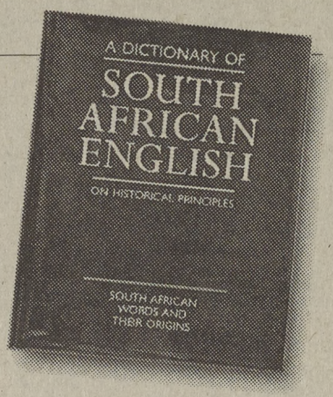
Skorokoro *(township slang)* A broken-down jalopy. From the sound of the engine failing to catch: "skoro-koro-koro-koro." Also "sgodongo."

Zola Budd *(the South African distance runner)* Township slang for a taxi or a police armored personnel carrier.

Mary Decker *(Zola Budd's American rival)* Slang for a faster model of the armored personnel carrier.

Go-away bird The gray loerie, hated by hunters because its cry — "go away!" — scares off game.

Tickey-draai *(from Afrikaans)* A dance in which couples link hands and spin on one spot. From spinning like a tickey, a three-penny piece.



Intelezi *(from Zulu)* War medicine sprinkled on by warriors to make them invulnerable, by chiefs to make them charismatic and by employees to insure acceptance by employers.

Vasbyt *(from Afrikaans)* "To bite hard," to be stoical, especially while on military service. As in "30 days vasbyting amid the dust and heat."

Voetsek! Afrikaans for "scram!"; **Hamba!** Zulu for "scram!"

Source: A Dictionary of South African English on Historical Principles (Oxford University Press, 1996), published in association with the Dictionary Unit for South African English, Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa.

The New York Times



Search Ends After Russian Blast

A survivor reached out from the rubble of a military apartment destroyed by a blast on Saturday in Russia's I secessionist republic of Chechnya. Officials ended their search yesterday and said 68 people died in the blast,

Pope Meets Castro at Vatican and Agrees to

By CELESTINE BOHLEN

ROME, Nov. 19 — Pope John Paul II, who helped bring about the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, accepted an invitation today from President Fidel Castro to visit Cuba, one of the last Communist outposts, sometime next year.

The exact date for the trip, the first by any Pope to Cuba, has not been set. But meeting today for the first time, the Pope and Mr. Castro gave a strong signal that arrangements for a visit can go forward.

"Your Holiness, I expect to see you soon in Cuba," said Mr. Castro, according to an account of the private meeting at the Vatican by Dr. Joaquín Navarro-Valls, the Vatican spokesman.

The 76-year-old Pope, in turn, asked the 70-year-old Cuban leader — who arrived at the Vatican in a double-breasted blue suit with a motorcade that featured a rooftop machine gun — to pass on his "blessings" to the Cuban people, Dr. Navarro-Valls said.

The meeting between two of the most formidable figures of the late 20th century, which had been expected for weeks but confirmed only three days ago, was a watershed in relations between the Roman Catholic Church and Cuba's Communist Government.

After coming to power in 1959, Mr. Castro, who was educated by Jesuits, closed Catholic schools, nationalized church properties and jailed or expelled priests. State controls on the church have eased in recent years, but in talks with Cuban officials the Vatican has continued to press for greater liberalization.

A papal visit would put the Cuban Government's tolerance to an ever greater test, since the Pope has in the case of earlier visits to other Communist countries, that he will make the trip only under certain conditions. The most important of these are access to the Catholics and the freedom to travel and to be heard without interference.

There was no word today whether Mr. Castro gave such assurances to the Pope today. But at the press briefing, Dr. Navarro-Valls emphasized that the Cuban leader had issued an invitation "concretely" for 1997.

A spokesman for Jaime Luis Cardinal Ortega y Alamino, the Archbishop of Havana, whose elevation to the College of Cardinals in 1994 was a clear gesture of encouragement for the weakened Cuban church, declined to comment on the Pope's travel plans.

At Rome's Holiday Inn, Castro holds his own audiences.

For Mr. Castro, whose Government has suffered badly since the collapse of the Soviet Union, which was once its political and economic patron, a meeting with the Pope is a way of gaining prestige and respectability, and of reassuring Cubans that his Government is looking to soften its image.

But a papal trip to Cuba could pose a risk for Mr. Castro, by galvanizing the kind of peaceful opposition that was generated in Poland when John Paul made his first visit to his homeland as Pope in 1979, the year after

"Every year, we are seeing a stronger and stronger church in Cuba, one that the President has to pay attention to," said Bishop William F. Murphy, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Boston, who together with Bernard Cardinal Law, Archbishop of Boston, has made frequent visits to Cuba. "But for someone who is a dogmatic Marxist that is a hard thing to come to grips with."

The "normalization" of the church's activities in Cuba was a subject of the Pope's 35-minute conversation with Mr. Castro, which took place in Spanish across a plain wooden desk in the Pope's private library. Dr. Navarro-Valls said that the issue of human rights was "included," but he would not elaborate. The talks, he said, were "open and clear."

Mr. Castro, in Rome to attend a World Food Summit sponsored by the United Nations, asked for a papal audience only at midday Saturday, although the meeting had been a matter of speculation ever since Archbishop Jean-Louis Tauran, the Vatican foreign minister, visited Cuba last month.

The Vatican, which invariably grants audiences sought by visiting heads of state, agreed to Mr. Castro's request, but seemed to keep its distance by saying that the earliest the Pope could make room in his schedule was today. Even today, the Vatican appeared to play down the event by abruptly canceling direct access to the meeting by reporters.

After his meeting with the Pope, Mr. Castro met with the Vatican's Secretary of State, Angelo Cardinal Sodano, where together with other officials they discussed "the evolution of Cuban society, certain aspects of national reconciliation and the po

Should the Big Eye Lead to a Greenout, Hey, Have a Homer

* * *

Don't Understand? A Volume On the Lingo of Antarctica Will Make It Crystal Clear

WSJ, July 1, '97

By GERALDINE BROOKS
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

SYDNEY, Australia—Bernadette Hince used to think she had a pretty good vocabulary.

As science editor for the Australian National Dictionary, she had hunted definitions for thousands of rare natural-history terms, from "snottygobble" (a shrub) to "pobblebonk" (a frog).

But in 1989, when she got a new job with geologists just back from Antarctica, Ms. Hince suddenly found herself at a loss for words. "They'd be complaining about problems with their 'dongas,' " says the 45-year-old botanist, who didn't know whether to sympathize or blush.

She was relieved to learn that a donga isn't anything rude — it's just an appropriate-sounding term for Antarctic sleeping quarters, which can be as crude as a converted shipping container.

But as she struggled to decode other gripes — the irascibility of "bolows," the inconvenience of "jafas," the risk of "growlers," the bother of "big eye," the fear of getting "slotted," the strange sensation of "greenout"—the lexicographer in Ms. Hince knew it was time to go to work.

When it is published late next year, her Dictionary of Antarctic English will document what may well be the world's youngest English dialect, coined in the century or so of human presence on the world's southernmost continent.

"There's always some new vocabulary to learn," says Harvey Marchant, head of Australia's Antarctic biology project and a veteran of nine trips to what he and other scientists simply call "the Ice." For instance, when Mr. Marchant wants a "Homer," he is thirsting not for Greek poetry, but for homemade beer. The Antarctic version is often better than commercial brands, he says, because his staff of microbiologists know a thing or two about microbrews.

If other words in Ms. Hince's dictionary seem Greek to the average English speaker, there is good reason. Antarctica itself is the dictionary's oldest coinage, created by ancient Greeks hypothesizing an icy southern place to match the one they knew about in the north: thus, *ant*, Greek for opposite, and *arctos*, or bear, after the name for the northern constellation.

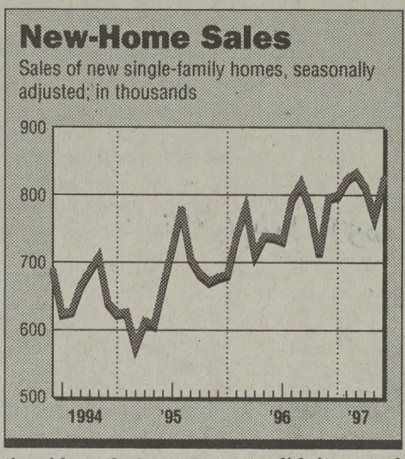
Most of the words are much more recent, with new ones emerging every year. "Over winter, especially, words develop quickly," Ms. Hince says. Most expeditioners go home during the harsh, tenebrous Antarctic months from February through October, leaving just a few hundred staffers on each base. By the time the population swells again for the brief, three-month summer, the small community of "bolows" (burned-out left-over winterers) has coined words by the handful to describe the trials of their environment.

Not that life's a beach during the Antarctic summer, says Ms. Hince, who spent almost three months as a "jafa"—just another flaming (or worse) academic—on the Australian base in 1996. She likens the experience to "being in a prison with a fantastic view."

Much of the view is, of course, of ice, so words for frozen water in all its forms provide close to 200 of the dictionary's 2,000-plus entries. Simply differentiating icebergs requires an extensive vocabulary. "Tabulars," the typical southern icebergs, are break-offs from the Antarctic ice sheet, flat-topped and usually more than 10 miles

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se 7.1% in May; d Spending Up 0.3%

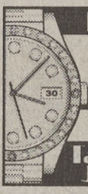


the idea that consumers didn't spend nearly as freely in the second quarter. But a closer look at the details of yesterday's report suggests consumers aren't sitting still, which could mean stepped up growth in the third quarter, analysts said.

For example, May inflation-adjusted spending was up at a 1.8% annual rate over the first-quarter average, while income was up at a much larger 3.3% rate over the first-quarter average. "It looks like there's plenty of income for consumers to spend going forward," said economist Dan Laufenberg of American Express Financial Advisors Inc., Minneapolis. Also, Americans' savings rate – the amount they sock away as a percentage of personal income– was at a solid 5.1% for the third consecutive month, indicating there's more money available to spend in the near future.

"It's going to be building up again," Mr. Ciminero said. He plans to ratchet up his third-quarter growth projection, currently at a 2.7% annual rate, on the expectation that consumer spending is sure to accelerate during the next couple of months. Most analysts expect second-quarter growth to fall to 1% to 2%.

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But you

This Dictionary Comes In Handy for Those Suffering the Big Eye

Continued From First Page

long. (Arctic bergs generally are smaller and more irregular in shape.)

A "growler" is a smallish hunk of a decaying berg, "maybe about the size of a house," Ms. Hince says. Since an iceberg's larger underwater mass is last to decay, growlers tend to be invisible on the surface and get their name from their ominous rumble beneath a ship's hull.

Antarctica's perils and inconveniences have spawned dozens of new words. Getting "slotted," says Ms. Hince, is "a nicely laconic term for falling into a crevasse." Survivors might suffer "big eye," insomnia caused by the Antarctic's 24 hours of summer daylight or winter darkness. And, when they get home at last, the sight of trees and grass often provokes an intense shock known as "greenout."

Not all words that might confuse a visitor will make it into the dictionary. "Some aren't printable," says Jeff Rubin, author of "Antarctica: A Travel Survival Kit," the continent's first tourist guide. A "husky" may be a common form of Arctic sled dog, but in Antarctica it has sexual connotations. "Personally, I didn't want to inquire too closely into the etymology of that," Mr. Rubin says. He also learned that an "Antarctic 10" refers to a person of the opposite sex "who's just a plane ride away from being very ordinary."

Sight Reading

Antarctica's burgeoning tourism business is creating its own lingo, says Mr. Rubin, who has led seven tours there. "Kodak poisoning" is what happens at sites where too many snap-happy tourists arrive at the same destination. Experienced guides have learned to shun jobs in late summer, for what are known as "Dead-Penguin Tours." By then, the birds have abandoned chicks who aren't strong enough to make it, leaving a scene of carnage that horrifies tourists.

Ms. Hince's dictionary entries tend to a more lyrical view of nature, with terms like "Earth shadows" that describe phenomena only observed in the Antarctic. First noted by the polar explorer Robert Falcon Scott during his 1901 expedition, Earth shadows are mysterious long dark arrows projecting up into the sky early in the morning. (Explorer Ernest Shackleton solved the riddle in 1909, when he realized the rising sun was throwing the shadow of the peaks of Mount Erebus, the continent's 13,270 foot volcano, across the western mountains.)

Ms. Hince is especially interested in the way new words and expressions make their way around the English-speaking bases — Australian, British, Indian, New Zealand, South African and U.S. In Antarctica, New Zealanders are four miles from the U.S. base but hundreds of miles from their usual neighbors, the Australians.

"In normal English speech," says Ms. Hince, "you'd expect words to be much commoner between Aussies and Kiwis, rather than between Kiwis and Americans, but in Antarctica it's reversed."

New Zealanders and Americans enjoy regular "freshies" — fresh fruits and vegetables available as a result of flights made for the U.S. Antarctic program, nicknamed Operation Deep Freeze. Australians, too far from the Williams Field airstrip that serves the New Zealand and U.S. bases, don't get any flown-in supplies.

Food For Thought

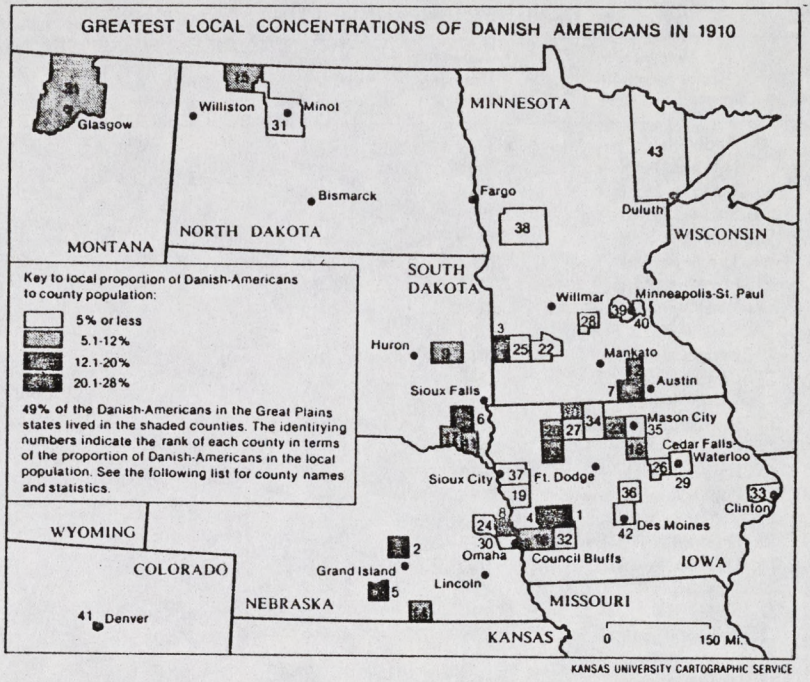
Indeed, words for food are an Antarctic preoccupation. "It's a fascination with the horrible," Ms. Hince says. "Pemmican," for example, is a word borrowed from the Arctic for a mix of dried meat and fat that one expeditioner describes as "having the appearance, the feel, the odor and, I suspect, the taste of hardened brown shoe-polish." It's often made into "hoosh," or stew, by mixing with "sledging biscuits." These nail-hard cookies are the butt of Antarctic humor, including the claim that their chief ingredient is old sledges.

Coining words is a longtime perk of Antarctic expeditioning, with early explorers often naming new flora, fauna and phenomena after loved ones. Sometimes, this proves a mixed blessing.

Take the Adelie penguin, named for the wife of the 1840s French explorer Dumont d'Urville. The dictionary definition quotes a 1966 visitor who observed the "strange birds waddling about" and wondered: "If the Captain named these penguins for his wife, what could Madame d'Urville possibly have looked like?"

An Antarctic 10, perhaps.





settled almost exclusively by Danes, some seven hundred in all.''[12] The dimensions of the Dagmar settlement correspond to those of most counties in Iowa.

For the purpose of describing the growth of these concentrations of Danish Americans, a distinction should be made between a settlement and a colony. The settlements came into being gradually and without a single organizational impetus, although a settlement might later increase in size as the result of an attractive institution within its borders, such as a Danish-American folk high school. The colonies were originally planned and financed by cooperating individuals who formed a land company or by cultural organizations whose overriding interest was the creation of cohesive Danish-American communities in the interests of *danskhed*. The church-related organization Dansk Folkesamfund (1887), The Danish Church, and The United Church all spearheaded such colonies.

The historically largest rural concentration of Danes in the United States, occupying a thirty-five by eighty-five mile area in Audubon, Cass, Shelby, and Pottawattamie counties in Iowa, came into being as a settlement. In the late 1860s a small number of Danes from Moline, Illinois settled in the Elk Horn area of Shelby County. Through the Danish-American grapevine that kept the

GREATEST CONCENTRATIONS, BY COUNTIES, OF DANISH AMERICANS IN 1910

Percent of local population: rank	Number of Danish Americans	Percent of local population	Size of local Danish-American population: rank
1. Audubon, Iowa	3487	27.5	4
2. Howard, Nebr.	2336	25.7	8
3. Lincoln, Minn.	1914	19.4	10
4. Shelby, Iowa	2996	18.1	6
5. Kearney, Nebr.	1539	16.9	14
6. Turner, S.Dak.	2067	14.9	9
7. Freeborn, Minn.	3277	14.7	5
8. Washington, Nebr.	1772	13.9	12
9. Kingsbury, S.Dak.	1186	9.4	19
10. Emmet, Iowa	915	9.3	26
11. Clay, S.Dak.	746	8.6	33
12. Steele, Minn.	1232	7.6	17
13. Buena Vista, Iowa	1198	7.5	18
14. Nuckolls, Nebr.	976	7.5	23
15. Burke, N.Dak.	634	7.0	40
16. Pottawattamie, Iowa	3785	6.8	3
17. Yankton, S.Dak.	876	6.6	27
18. Franklin, Iowa	917	6.2	25
19. Monona, Iowa	997	6.0	22
20. Clay, Iowa	764	6.0	32
21. Valley, Mont.	779	5.7	30
22. Redwood, Minn.	1035	5.6	21
23. Hancock, Iowa	654	5.1	36
24. Dodge, Nebr.	1109	5.0	20
25. Lyon, Minn.	765	4.9	31
26. Grundy, Iowa	645	4.8	37
27. Palo Alto, Iowa	643	4.6	39
28. McLoed, Minn.	825	4.4	29
29. Black Hawk, Iowa	1832	4.1	11
30. Douglas, Nebr.	6414	3.8	1
31. Ward, N.Dak.	943	3.7	24
32. Cass, Iowa	606	3.2	43
33. Clinton, Iowa	1318	2.9	16
34. Kossuth, Iowa	615	2.8	42
35. Cerro Gordo, Iowa	659	2.6	35
36. Story, Iowa	619	2.6	41
37. Woodbury, Iowa	1577	2.3	13
38. Otter Tail, Minn.	704	1.5	34
39. Hennepin, Minn.	4164	1.2	2
40. Ramsey, Minn.	2732	1.2	7
41. Denver, Colo.	1392	0.65	15
42. Polk, Iowa	644	0.6	38
43. St. Louis, Minn.	827	0.5	28

Total: 65,115 (49% of the nine-state total)

Note: "Danish American" here describes the foreign-born and the native-born children of two foreign-born parents. Approximately 50% of 133,167 Danish Americans in these states belonged to the second generation.

settlers in touch with friends and acquaintances in Denmark and the older Danish-American communities, the four-county area attracted newcomers from Europe, Wisconsin, Illinois, and eastern Iowa. The actual size of the Danish population cannot be gleaned from census data, for a considerable portion, perhaps 25 percent of the "German-born" residents of these counties (5,254 in 1910) were in fact Danish-speaking natives of Slesvig, the duchy lost by Denmark to Prussia in 1864. The creation in 1878 of the Danish-language Elk Horn Folk High School (to the discontent of many Danes originally called "Leif Eriksens Minde" by its Norwegian principal, Olav Kirkebert) added a cultural magnet to other attractive elements in the area: the fertility of the soil, proximity by rail to the market center of Omaha–Council Bluffs, and financial security provided by such cooperative ventures as the Danish Mutual Assurance Company for Elk Horn and Environs (1882).[13]

In 1871, 180 miles west of the Elk Horn settlement, lay the frontier in Nebraska. Land could be had in this region for four dollars an acre, and here in the valley of the Loup River in Howard County, representatives of the Milwaukee-based Danish Land and Homestead Company found conditions that invited the creation of a second colony on the fertile Great Plains. In 1875 the Danish town of Dannebrog vied with the American town of Saint Paul for the location of the county seat. Saint Paul won that election, but both towns gained greater commercial benefit from the track built by the Union Pacific Railroad from Grand Island into Howard County in 1880. Such mundane facts are not secondary when discussing Scandinavian-American colonies with respect to language use, for they remind one that the primary concern of the foreign-born Americans was to create economic security. The rigors of making a living must have relieved most Danish-Americans of time and energy to contemplate their Danish heritage and its value to the coming generation. One gathers from scattered comments by pioneer settlers of Howard County that the foundation in 1888 of Nysted Folk High School was less understood by the practical Danes than was the cooperative dairy formed in Nysted in 1884 or the Horse Breeders Association in 1891. The necessity for the Danish-owned Dannebrog State Bank was never in doubt, but there apparently was not enough local incentive to revive the Danish-language newspaper of Dannebrog, *Stjernen* (founded in 1888), when its printing plant burned in 1896. *Stjernen* was succeeded by the English-language *Dannebrog News*, edited by P. S. Petersen.[14]

In 1884 a committee on colonization was formed within the Danish Council to locate favorable sites for Danish settlements. The method used is exemplified by the arrangement made in 1884, when thirty-five thousand acres of land in Lincoln County, Minnesota were reserved by the church under an agreement with a land agent. For a period of three years the land was to be sold to Danes only.[15] In 1910 Danish Americans represented 20 percent of the county's population. Other colonies initiated by the Danish Church in Great

Plains states were those in the vicinity of Larimore, North Dakota; Dagmar, Montana; and Askov, Minnesota. Following the schism of 1894, the United Church also organized colonies: Kenmare, North Dakota; Daneville, North Dakota; and Dane Valley (Culbertson), Montana. As western states and Canada became increasingly attractive regions for settlement, the synods extended their colonizing efforts to California, Oregon, Washington, and Alberta. By making geographically cohesive Danish-American communities possible, the churchmen may have furthered in some measure the preservation of *danskhed* in America, but one suspects that the average Danish American saw the matter as one of economy. In Lincoln County, Minnesota, land sold in 1895 for $14–20 an acre; by 1916 the price had risen to $100–$125. The top asking price in the older Elk Horn settlement had inflated by 1916 to $250 an acre. Both the newly arrived immigrant and the mobile Danish-American farmer would know where to go when they learned that agricultural land in Roosevelt County, Montana—the Dane Valley colony—sold in 1916 for $15–$25 an acre.[16] Brief descriptions of Danish settlements sent to the editor of *Salomons almanak* graphically tell us of the priorities of the Danish American on the Great Plains.

> Flaxton, North Dakota—We had a good harvest again this year. In many places wheat is yielding twenty bushels to the acre, and the price is good. Land can still be bought for $25 an acre, and some perhaps a little cheaper. Danes will not regret buying land in this area, but one should not wait too long—A. J. Nygaard.
>
> Ida Grove, Iowa—No uncultivated land here. Cultivated land costs from $150–225 an acre. Hogs, cattle, pop corn, oats, wheat, barley. The Danes are usually tenant farmers; they pay about $10 an acre in rent. Only rarely do the children speak Danish. The first Danes here were Peder and Christian Lund from Lolland (in 1873). Undersigned came here in 1880—C. A. L. Jensen.
>
> Rothsay, Minnesota—The town is Norwegian; very few Danes; Norwegian, Norwegian, Norwegian; but they are second to none and will always lend a hand—A. Hendricksen.
>
> Mullen, Nebraska—There are only a few Danes here, ten to twelve families at most. The region is thinly populated because it was settled under the Kincaid Law, which requires a 640-acre claim per family. Mullen is about in the center of the so-called sand hill district of Nebraska and for its size (about 200 inhabitants) I dare say it is the best trading center in Nebraska. Extensive hog and cattle shipping. The grass here is amazingly nutritious and keeps longer than in the so-called better areas—William Nelson.[17]

One of the ironies of the effort by Danish-American synods to create and maintain colonies in North America is the fact that so few Danish Americans joined a Danish or any church. Church historians estimate that in 1910 approximately 20 percent of the Danish-born and 8 percent of the later generations of Danish Americans belonged to either of the two Danish churches (40,737

members in 1910).[18] This educated appraisal puts a sober perspective on the efforts by the synods to bolster the situation of Danish language and culture in America. One must suppose that the unchurched Danish Americans, the great majority, were not reached by spokesmen for *danskheden* unless they belonged to a Danish-American organization with cultural goals. In this regard one doubts that the activities, for example, of the rather exclusive and definitely urban Dansk-Amerikansk Selskab ever touched the lives of small-town and rural Danes in the Midwest.

Cultural and educational organizations could not create basic social conditions favoring bilingualism. The number of pupils attending folk high schools was, in the first place, a minuscule portion of the young Danish Americans. During the ten years of its existence, Brorson Folk High School at Kenmare, North Dakota had an average annual attendance of fewer than forty students. The record attendance was achieved by Danebod Folk High School in Tyler, Minnesota, which for a few years attracted more than one hundred students. The prominent minister, educator, and writer Kristian Østergaard, one of the early teachers at Elk Horn Folk High School, noted that the educational institution attracted settlers "because many wanted to be in the vicinity of the school."[19] This comment expresses the passive appreciation of most Danish Americans for culture in the community. It was respected, but the education offered by this and the other folk high schools was probably viewed as totally impractical in an American era when a grade school education—and sometimes less—was adequate for working-class occupations. Today, Dana College in Blair, Nebraska and Grand View College in Des Moines, Iowa are the extant colleges in Great Plains states which have their origins in the years when Danish-American educators, mostly churchmen, founded twelve schools.

The churches were the primary social organization most Danish Americans knew, yet the two synods were not alike in their concern for Danish-language retention. That the Danish Church made greater efforts to support the language is reflected by the percentage of church services conducted in Danish as late as 1940: Danish Church (approximately 19,000 members): 45 percent; United Church (approximately 57,500 members): 16 percent. Church services are primarily directed at adults, and listening to the pastor is a passive use of language at best. Information on the language of Sunday schools, on the other hand, tells what was happening in a situation requiring the active use of Danish by children. In 1923, 80 percent of children attending Sunday school in the Danish Church did so in the Danish-language classes; in 1927, 55 percent; in 1930, 44 percent. The downward trend continues until 1950, when fewer than 1 percent of Sunday school children were using Danish in that basic educational situation.[20] Many ministers in the Danish Church clung to their mother tongue and resisted the use of English long after it was clear that bilingualism was not functional among the postimmigrant generations of Danish Americans. But the

practical necessity for using English in the church was, inevitably, the stronger force. Adult voices in the Danish church in 1922 describe the language gap between the older and younger generations.

> The language problem is most urgent in the cities and then again mostly in the Middle West. . . . The general development is that they begin with English in the Sunday schools. Then the instruction for confirmation is given in English, and last come the services. In general I will say that the language must serve life. If we cannot make ourselves understood by the children in Danish, then I believe we should use the English language instead of letting them go elsewhere.
>
> It is no longer possible to avoid it, especially in city congregations. Here we have, nearly everywhere, children who do not understand Danish well enough to follow the instruction in an entirely Danish Sunday school. What shall we do then? Shall we let them go elsewhere or try to meet them on their own ground?[21]

I have attempted here to suggest the distribution of the Danish-American population around the turn of the century and to present sociolinguistic factors that seem generally to have affected the viability of Danish-English bilingualism. From our perspective in the late 1970s it is an exercise in hindsight to discover in Danish-American history the social conditions which foretold the quite rapid linguistic assimilation of this relatively small group. Without strong clan feelings and culturally undifferentiated from the dominant Western European population of the United States, the Danish Americans encountered no closed doors as they adjusted to life in the English-speaking nation. The ease with which the postimmigrant generations slipped their ties with the Danish language was heightened by the constant shrinkage of the foreign-born generations who, in their day, had founded communities all over the Midwest.

Today the foreign-born Americans of Danish origin, equally distributed across the country, number some 60,000. Their median age in 1970 was sixty-six years. The median age of the 265,000 native Americans of Danish parentage was fifty-six years. Of the second-generation Danish Americans, 41 percent claimed Danish as their mother tongue. One can consequently estimate that 108,000 Americans born around 1921 used Danish as their first language. This statistical speculation tells nothing about language maintenance in later life, but the bare data do demonstrate the close relationship between generation and mother tongue in the case of the Danish Americans. Data in the 1970 census can be interpreted to estimate to what generation claimants to a Scandinavian mother tongue belong.[22]

Mother Tongue:	Danish	Norwegian	Swedish
Number of claimants:	194,462	612,862	626,102
Foreign born:	30%	15.4%	21%
Second generation:	55	51.2	61
Later Generations:	15	33.4	18

Generations later than the second are identified in the census as "native of native parentage." Only 29,000 Americans in this category claimed Danish as their mother tongue.

This evidence of the assimilation, socially and linguistically, of Scandinavian Americans is dramatized by comparison with the generational breakdown of the eight million Americans who claimed Spanish as their mother tongue in 1970. No fewer than 53 percent of these were natives of native parentage. Furthermore, the median age of second-generation Hispanic Americans of Mexican and Cuban origin was fifteen years, that of the foreign born thirty-eight years.

In fact, the situations of the speakers of Scandinavian languages and of Spanish have never been comparable. The extralinguistic, sociocultural factors which for generations have created resistance to linguistic assimilation on the part of Hispanic Americans were experienced only for a brief time by the Scandinavians. Some of the benign factors have to do with the local size of the foreign-born population, its renewal by constant immigration, and the stability of extended families within a traditional homeland in the United States.

Spanish also has acquired powerful status as a language of proud resistance because of the traditional treatment of Hispanic Americans in many cities and states as an inferior minority. The Scandinavian immigrants, in sharp contrast, were welcomed to the United States by all but the supporters of the various Know-Nothing movements, secret societies which viewed immigrants in general as religious and social threats to true American institutions. In the Great Plains states, however, where the proportion of European Americans approached or exceeded 50 percent for many decades following the Civil War, the Scandinavian Americans' accommodation to English-language culture developed in a social climate where the main resistance to a shift to English lay in the immigrant generations' wish to bequeath the languages of Scandinavia to their American children.

Notes

1. Ray Allen Billington, *Westward Expansion: A History of the American Frontier,* 4th ed. (New York: Macmillan, 1974), pp. 279–96, 392–407.

2. P. S. Vig, ed., *Danske i Amerika,* 2 vols. (Minneapolis: C. Rasmussen Publishing Co., 1907–14), 1(B): 205–26.

3. The church organization that was later named the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (the Danish Church) was founded in 1872. Various differences among the clergy led in the course of the 1880s to the formal creation, in 1896, of the United Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church in America (the United Church). Putting the theological differences aside, one may say that the (Grundtvigian) Danish Church

saw greater importance in the preservation of Danish culture than did the (Inner Mission) United Church. In numbers of congregations, the United Church was twice as large as the Danish Church throughout the history of the two synods (now merged with the Lutheran Church in America and the American Lutheran Church, respectively). For a concise description of the attitudes toward Danish culture which contributed to the schism, see Thorvald Hansen, *School in the Woods: The Story of an Immigrant Seminary* (Des Moines, Iowa: Grand View College, 1977). Major studies of Danish-American church history are Paul C. Nyholm, *The Americanization of the Danish Lutheran Churches* (Copenhagen: Institute for Danish Church History, University of Copenhagen, 1963); Enok Mortensen, *The Danish Lutheran Church in America: The History and Heritage of the American Evangelical Lutheran Church* (Philadelphia: Lutheran Church in America, 1967).

4. It has been estimated that around 1900 no less than one-third of the Danish-born in the United States subscribed to Danish-American newspapers (Marion T. Marzolf, "The Pioneer Danish Press in Midwest America," *Scandinavian Studies* 48 [1976]: 437–38; Marion T. Marzolf, "The Danish-Language Press in America" [Ph.D. diss., University of Michigan, 1972]). The perfect ease with which a Dane could read Norwegian-American newspapers limits the usefulness of Danish circulations as an indication of language loyalty. One wonders how many Danish-born read local Norwegian papers, such as *Visergutten* in Story City, Iowa (circulation 9,600 in 1910) or *Posten og Ved Arnen* in Decorah, Iowa (circulation 36,821 in 1910) (*N. W. Ayer and Sons's American Newspaper Annual and Directory* [Philadelphia: Ayer and Son, 1910], pp. 1153, 1161–12).

5. Einar Haugen, "Norm and Deviation in Bilingual Communities," in *Bilingualism: Psychological, Social, and Educational Implications*, ed. Peter A. Hornby (New York: Academic Press, 1977), pp. 91–102.

6. Nils Hasselmo, *Amerikasvenska: en bok om språkutvecklingen i Svensk-Amerika* (Stockholm: Esselte Studium, 1974); Einar Haugen, *The Norwegian Language in America: A Study in Bilingual Behavior*, 2 vols. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1953).

7. These examples of American Danish are taken from Henrik Cavling, *Fra Amerika*, 2 vols. (Copenhagen: Gyldendal, 1897), 1:350–54; Nikotin [pseud.], "Det mærkelige Sprog, Dansk-Amerikansk," in *Salomons almanak for 1916* (Seattle: Danish Publishing House of the Pacific Coast), pp. 128–30; Karl Larsen, *De, der tog hjemmefra*, 4 vols. (Copenhagen: Gyldendal, 1910–14).

8. Kristian Hvidt, *Danske veje vestpå: en bog om udvandringen til Amerika* (Copenhagen: Politiken, 1976), pp. 100–14; English-language edition, *Danes Go West* (Copenhagen: Rebild National Park Society, 1976).

9. U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Thirteenth Census of the United States, 1910* vol. 1. *Population*, pp. 998–1006.

10. William F. Mackey, "The Description of Bilingualism," in *Readings in the Sociology of Language*, ed. Joshua A. Fishman (The Hague: Mouton, 1968), pp. 554–56.

11. Nationwide, 35 percent of the Danish-born lived in cities of more than twenty-five thousand. In the Great Lakes states, the rural and urban proportion of Danes

reflected the greater industrialization in those states (rural population: Illinois, 22 percent; Michigan, 61 percent; Wisconsin, 58 percent).

12. *Salomons almanak: de Forenede Staters danske almanak, haand- og aarbog for 1915*, ed. Michael Salomon (Seattle: Danish Publishing House of the Pacific Coast, 1915), p. 54.

13. "Danske Settlements," *Salomons almanak for 1917*, pp. 135–38; Enok Mortensen, "Den danske højskole i U.S.A.," *Kirke og folk*, 26, no. 13 (15 August 1977): pp. 1–3; 26, no. 14 (10 September 1977): pp. 3–5; 26, no. 15 (25 September 1977): pp. 2–4.

14. Ludvig Petersen, "Nysted og Dannebrog, Nebraska," *Salomons almanak for 1916*, pp. 159–63.

15. Enok Mortensen, *Stories from Our Church: A Popular History of the Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church of America* (Des Moines: Danish Evangelical Lutheran Church of America 1952), pp. 69–82.

16. "Danske Settlements," *Salomons almanak for 1916*, pp. 147–52.

17. "Korrespondancer," *Salomons almanak for 1915*, pp. 51–58 (Translation mine).

18. Nyholm, *Americanization*, pp. 284–89.

19. Vig, ed., *Danske i Amerika*, 1(B): 333.

20. Nyholm, *Americanization*, pp. 296–300. For comparable information concerning the status of Swedish in churches, see Sture Lindmark, *Swedish America, 1914–1932: Studies in Ethnicity with Emphasis on Illinois and Minnesota* (Uppsala: Läromedelsförlagen, 1971), pp. 236–304.

21. Nyholm, *Americanization*, p. 297.

22. U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Census of Population: 1970: Subject Reports: Final Report PC(2)-1A, National Origin and Language*, pp. 66–71, 492. This is a reference to Table 10, "Age of the Foreign Stock by Nativity, Country of Origin and Sex," and Table 19, "Mother Tongue of the Population by Nativity and Parentage" (data based on a 15 percent sample of the population).

Languages in Conflict

Linguistic Acculturation on the Great Plains

EDITED BY PAUL SCHACH

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Danes and Danish on the Great Plains: Some Sociolinguistic Aspects

DONALD K. WATKINS

The number of Scandinavians in the upper Midwest in 1850 was insignificant compared to the tens of thousands who arrived annually after the Civil War; but the early settlements, primarily in northern Illinois and eastern Wisconsin, typically served as way stations for the Scandinavians who came later, staying near the Great Lakes for shorter or longer periods of time before moving westward where more favorable conditions beckoned. It is in this connection one finds the nominal beginnings of a Danish presence in the prairie states, the region of the country most favored by the somewhat more than three hundred thousand Danes who immigrated in the half century after 1865. Pre–Civil War settlement by Scandinavians in the Mississippi Valley was dominated by Norwegians and Swedes, with an incidental number of Danes among them. The Scandinavians as a group were at this time a small minority of the white population which pressed hard against the eastern boundaries of the constantly decreasing Indian lands as yet unacquired by the United States government. It had been the seeming uselessness, or at least remoteness, of the trans-Mississippi area in the 1820s which had guided presidents Monroe and Jackson to set this region aside as Indian Territory, but by 1840 the Permanent Indian Frontier had been redefined as the lands west of the ninety-fifth meridian, primarily in present-day Kansas and Oklahoma. As a result of war and treaties in the 1830s, Indian rights to land in southern Wisconsin, eastern Iowa, and southeastern Minnesota had been voided, and very quickly the frontier between white and Indian territory moved from the Mississippi to the Missouri River. By 1840 eastern Iowa had a population estimated at forty-three thousand, and in the following decade the valleys of the Mississippi and Saint Croix rivers in eastern Minnesota became the domain of lumbermen and a constantly growing number of farmers.[1]

In the vanguard settlements of Norwegians in Wisconsin one finds a personality who appropriately symbolizes the onset of Danish colonization on the prairie frontier. Danish-born Claus Lauritsen Clausen, one of the earliest ministers of the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church in America, was instrumental in extending Scandinavian settlement from Wisconsin into northeastern Iowa and southern Minnesota. The early Norwegian immigrant communities of Saint Ansgar, Forest City, Albert Lea, and Blooming Prairie, among others, were created as a result of Clausen's expedition in 1852–53 in search of good farmland which might relieve the population pressure in the growing colonies of eastern Wisconsin. The earlier foundation in 1848 of Denmark, Brown County, Wisconsin, by immigrants from Langeland and Zealand has been attributed in part to Clausen's inviting letters home to kin and friends, and in 1854 many of these Wisconsin Danes joined the Norwegians in the vicinity of newly established Saint Ansgar in Mitchell County, Iowa.[2]

This small group of Danes in the midst of a major Norwegian colony represents one of the earliest rural populations of Danes so far west of the Great Lakes. As a symbol, the Saint Ansgar settlement also rightly suggests that the Danes, even in rural localities, seldom lived apart from other Scandinavians or German-speaking Americans, who were at home in large number in virtually every section of the Midwest. The fact that C. L. Clausen was a churchman also anticipates the important role of the nationally oriented church in the creation of Danish colonies. The Danish Lutheran synods, once established in the last quarter of the century, were a significant organizing and cohesive force within Danish-American communities.[3] Finally, the Wisconsin origin of the Danes in Mitchell County, Iowa, reiterates the prominence of secondary, planned colonization in the growth of *dansk Amerika*.

The boundaries that immigrant groups perceived between each other and the English-speaking population were generally those of language and culture rather than geography. The common cause frequently made by Danes and Norwegians in many areas of organized social life (for example, church membership, the publication of Dano-Norwegian newspapers, periodicals, and books) points out that some boundaries were naturally too weak and gave way to force of practical needs. It was rare that a rural concentration of foreign-born settlers of common stock was not leavened by speakers of English or of yet another language. The use, maintenance, and transmission of the Danish language, in particular, was seldom aided by pure and simple geographic isolation of the *nybygd*, or settlement, as may have been true, for instance, of the rather late Danish colonies in northwestern North Dakota.

While the internal use of Danish by immigrant families was as natural as speech itself, the equally natural and accelerated process of language change in the new multilingual environment alternately amused or alarmed Danish-born

observers whose education gave them the conventional view that language purity was a reflection of individual intelligence, if not national virtue. This attitude took a more sophisticated form in the conviction of many Danish Lutheran churchmen and other intellectuals that the preservation of a distinct Danish cultural identity within American society was both desirable and possible, given the proper exertion of will power combined with educational facilities. Many speakers for the cause of bicultural allegiance, *danskhedens sag*, as it was called, eventually accepted the fact that a language shift was taking place. They later separated the question of language from that of Danish cultural values, but before the turn of the century it seemed to be a reasonable belief in this nation with its large and growing population of foreign-born Americans that a stable bilingualism could be maintained, even though other kinds of social assimilation might be welcomed in the adopted country.

My primary purpose here is to sketch the distribution of Danish settlements in the prairie states between 1865 and 1930 and to point to cultural phenomena which mirrored the condition and status of Danish vis-à-vis English. With respect to the latter point, the history of two social institutions provides a great deal of information. These are the Danish Lutheran synods and the Danish-American press. The use of Danish in church-related activities is well documented and rather clearly reflects the language preference of several generations. The growth, viability, and decline of Danish-American newspapers and other publications likewise indicate a good deal about the language loyalty of Danish-Americans. One recognizes, however, that circulation and commercial success in the publishing business depend as much on attractive journalism, sound management, and favorable competition as on the language skills and habits of the potential readership. For a thorough report on Danish-language journalism in America, the reader is referred to the studies by Marion T. Marzolf.[4]

This is not, to be sure, primary linguistic data, nor are there contemporary published studies from those years that objectively describe in linguistic terms Danish-American language usage. Yet there are many vignettes and comments in novels, travelogues, and the press which characterize American Danish in some detail. These contemporary insights by Danes and Danish Americans, often friendly self-portraits and sometimes satirical caricatures by visitors from Denmark, may imply a uniformity of language among the Danish Americans that actually was not present. In fact, the study of Danish-American society and its institutions indicates that all degrees of linguistic self-consciousness were present, together with corresponding levels of concern for proper Danish. Concerning the possible unreliability of the portrayal in fiction of American-Scandinavian speech, one takes warning from the sins committed by the realistic writer Vilhelm Moberg in his immigrant tetralogy. His misrepresentation of important facets of American Swedish underscores the fact that writers

more often use speech differences to typify a group than to document a dialect or an idiolect.[5]

In the case of Danish-American fiction—written, of course, by highly literate immigrants and exceptional individuals—one is far more likely to find that the typing of characters through language is achieved by the use of a limited number of quite predictable Danish dialect shibboleths rather than by the depiction of American-Danish speech as a coherent linguistic system. Yet even the use of dialect forms is rare when measured against the bulk of Danish-American fiction, virtually all of which is written in the contemporary standard language of a nation where for centuries the written and spoken Danish of Copenhagen had been the norm of educated usage. Education, of one sort or another, was something all Danish-American authors shared, and as writers they had little inclination to demonstrate the linguistic realities of Danish speech in America. One feels the problem was practical. The major Danish settlement in Shelby County, Iowa, for example, was settled in the period 1865–70 primarily by natives of the three islands Fyn, Møn, and Ærø. This diversity of origins was later increased when other Danes arrived from western Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. The dialectal variety present in this and most Danish-American communities, not to mention the special complications of American Danish, probably dismayed many a realistic writer who considered recording actual speech in his fiction. The standard language offered a neutral and safe haven from the dangers that lay in wait for the writer who would attempt to be too realistic in the portrayal of the American-Danish language.

Nonfictional literature by or about Danish Americans, on the other hand, does contain hints—they cannot be called data—about the language actually spoken by the uneducated majority of working-class Danish Americans. I list here selected examples of loanwords and loanshifts which parallel phenomena recorded by Haugen and Hasselmo in their work with American Norwegian and Swedish, respectively.[6]

Loanwords appear in this order—English model, American-Danish replica, native Danish equivalent: (*street*)*car* '*karen*' (*sporvognen*), *casket* '*kasketen*' (*kisten*), *creek* '*krikken*' (*bækken*), *lawyer* '*løjeren*' (*sagføreren*), *mower* '*moren*' (*slåmaskinen*), *road* '*roden*' (*vejen*), (*rain*)*shower* '*sjoveren*' (*regnbygen*), *pillow* '*pilleren*' (*puden*), (*barbed*)*wirefence* '*weierfensen*' (*pigtrådshegnen*), *to fix* '*fixe*' (*ordne*), *to husk* (*corn*) '*huske*' ([approximately] *afskalle*), *to jump* '*jumpe*' (*springe, hoppe*), *to kill* '*kille*' (*dræbe, myrde*), *to lose* '*lusse*' (*tabe*), *to start out* '*starte ud*' (*begynde, tage afsted*), *to kick* '*kigge*' (*sparke*). Loanshifts in which the meaning of the Danish morpheme is expanded to include an English meaning, appear in this order—Danish morpheme with translation, example of American-Danish usage with translations and standard Danish: (1) *hjælpe* 'to help': "Jeg kan ikke hjælpe det" ("I can't help it") ("Jeg kan ikke andet"); (2) *gøre* 'to do': "Jeg gør for tiden temmelig godt"

(''I am doing pretty well these days'') (''Jeg har det for tiden temmelig godt''); (3) *se* 'to see': ''Jeg så hende hjem'' (''I saw her home'') (''Jeg fulgte hende hjem''); (4) *miste* 'to lose': ''Så har jeg mistet trænet'' (''So I missed the train'') (''Så kom jeg for sent til toget''); (5) *ofre* 'to sacrifice': ''Han ofrede mig 200 dollars'' (''He offered me 200 dollars'') (''Han tilbod mig 200 dollars''); (6) *stå* 'to stand': ''Hun stod der i fire dage'' (''She stayed there for four days'') (''Hun blev der i fire dage''); (7) *dejlig* 'lovely': ''Vi havde en dejlig tid'' (''We had a nice time'') (''Vi havde det rart''); (8) *hård* 'hard' (of objects) 'harsh' (of people, fate, and other things): ''Det er hårdt at sige'' (''That is hard to say'') (''Det er svært at sige''); (9) *smal* 'narrow': ''Giv mig et smalt glas'' (''Give me a small glass'') :''Giv mig et lille glas''); (10) *spøg* 'joke': ''Det er ikke spøg'' (''That is no joke'') (''Det er ikke morsomt'').[7]

The rather mild degree of lexical and semantic interference seen here could be expected in the speech of immigrants themselves, individuals whose functional awareness of the Danish norm decreased according to individual combinations of factors. This is not the opportunity to review the linguistic and cultural factors that may generally have favored interference and a shift to English. These did not differ in kind from the factors observed in the case of other Scandinavian groups in the United States, although the greater extent and speed of a complete shift to English is a special characteristic of the Danish Americans. (See the information taken from the U.S. census report of 1970 below.) For most Danish Americans, strict bilingualism was an effort with few practical and psychological rewards. The educated members of the Danish-American intelligentsia, on the other hand—the ministers, educators, editors, and writers—gained self- and peer-esteem through a careful observation of language boundaries. Their steady contact through publications and correspondence with cultural life in Denmark was further reinforced by not infrequent trans-Atlantic travel. The popular image of the Danish-American immigrant singlemindedly at work on 320 acres of midwestern farmland does not fit those intellectuals who produced the bulk of the group's literature and expressed the greatest concern about the preservation of *danskhed*. Whatever else *danskhed* signified, it meant bilingualism in an American society where English monolingualism had the greatest practical value.

On the eve of the Civil War there were not yet ten thousand Danish-born residents of the United States, and a large portion of these were the result of the success experienced by Mormon missionaries in Denmark after 1850.[8] It was 1870 before the number of Danish-born exceeded thirty thousand. During the previous decade Swedish immigration was three times this number, and by 1870 the number of Norwegian-born residents had already passed one hundred thousand. The pattern of Danish settlement after 1865 was characterized by greater geographic dispersal than has been observed for the other main Scandinavian-American groups. In 1910, 57 percent of all Norwegian-born

Americans lived in the three bordering states of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota. In the same census year 52 percent of the Swedish-born lived in Minnesota, Illinois and New York. The most Danish state in 1910, with slightly less than 10 percent of the Danish-born residents of the United States, was Iowa, and one must add Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado in order to encompass 37 percent of the first-generation Danish Americans. An additional 22 percent lived in the states of Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin. The distribution of Danes among the states of Illinois (primarily the Greater Chicago area), Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Nebraska was rather even, and the last two states formed the southern boundary of heavy Danish settlement in the Midwest.[9]

Although most of Iowa and Minnesota does not belong to the Great Plains as the term is defined by geographers, both of these states are an integral part of the pattern and history of Danish settlement on the Great Plains proper. Consequently I use Great Plains here to mean Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado. One notes from the following figures that the proportion of Danish Americans in this region relative to the entire nation declines after 1900. (Reference in the following pages to "Danish Americans," unless otherwise specified, is to the foreign-born only.) The decline in the more urban and industrial Great Lakes states of Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin is less rapid.

	U.S. TOTAL	GREAT PLAINS	WESTERN GREAT LAKES
1870	30,107	22%	34%
1890	132,543	43	24
1910	181,649	37	22
1930	179,474	30	22
1950	107,982	25	20
1970	61,410	18	16

Lacking studies that suggest unusual migration patterns on the part of Scandinavian Americans within the United States in the twentieth century, one may assume that the more rapid decline on the agricultural Great Plains—so inhospitable to farmers in the dust bowl and depression of the 1930s—reflects the general American migration westward and away from the land. Moreover, new immigrants after 1920 have settled primarily in metropolitan areas on both coasts and in the Great Lakes states. By 1920, 10 percent of Danish Americans lived in California, and by 1960, 33% lived in western states.

The following table provides an overview of the absolute number of Danish Americans in these states and their proportion relative to other foreign-born residents. In this table there is no indication of the size of the category "foreign stock," individuals with one or more foreign-born parents. Such statistics are omitted because the children and grandchildren of immigrants were the Americans who personally experienced the language shift. Their

numbers as such would seem to tell little about the presence of Americans who were able to—indeed, who *had* to—use the foreign language rather than English in many, if not most, of life's situations. It was the presence of different groups of monolingual Americans which created the social requisite of bilingualism on the part of following generations. William F. Mackey summarizes the primary importance of the size and very presence of the monolingual, immigrant generation:

> An individual's use of two languages supposes the existence of two different language communities; it does not suppose the existence of a bilingual community. The bilingual community can only be regarded as a dependent collection of individuals who have reasons for being bilingual. A self-sufficient bilingual community has no reason to remain bilingual, since a closed community in which everyone is fluent in two languages could get along just as well with one language.[10]

DISTRIBUTION AND PROPORTION OF DANISH-BORN AMERICANS IN GREAT PLAINS STATES 1870–1970

	Population	Foreign-born as percent of population	Danish-born	Danish-born as percent of foreign-born
		Minnesota		
1870	439,706	36.5	1,910	1.2
1890	1,301,826	35.9	14,133	3.0
1910	2,075,708	26.2	16,137	3.0
1930	2,563,953	15.2	13,831	3.5
1950	2,982,483	7.0	7,374	3.5
1970	3,804,971	2.6	2,621	2.7
		Iowa		
1870	1,194,020	17.1	2,827	1.4
1890	1,911,986	16.9	15,519	4.8
1910	2,224,771	12.3	17,961	6.6
1930	2,470,939	16.8	14,698	8.7
1950	2,621,073	3.2	7,625	9.0
1970	2,824,376	1.4	2,658	6.6
		Dakota Territory		
1870	14,181	34.0	115	2.4
		North Dakota		
1890	182,719	44.6	2,860	3.5
1910	577,056	27.1	5,355	3.4
1930	680,845	15.5	2,936	2.8
1950	619,636	7.9	1,315	2.7
1970	617,761	3.0	410	2.2

	Population	Foreign-born as percent of population	Danish-born	Danish-born as percent of foreign-born
		South Dakota		
1890	328,808	27.7	4,369	4.8
1910	538,888	18.7	6,294	6.3
1930	692,849	9.5	5,298	8.0
1950	652,740	4.7	2,528	8.2
1970	665,507	1.6	916	8.4
		Nebraska		
1870	122,993	25.0	1,129	3.7
1890	1,058,910	19.1	14,345	7.1
1910	1,192,214	14.8	13,674	7.8
1930	1,377,963	8.7	10,210	8.6
1950	1,325,510	4.3	4,555	8.0
1970	1,482,412	1.9	1,651	5.7
		Kansas		
1870	364,399	13.6	502	1.0
1890	1,427,096	10.4	3,136	2.1
1910	1,690,949	8.0	2,760	2.0
1930	1,880,999	4.3	1,727	2.1
1950	1,905,299	2.0	649	1.7
1970	2,246,578	1.2	303	1.1
		Montana		
1870	20,595	38.7	95	1.2
1890	132,159	32.6	683	1.6
1910	376,053	24.4	1,943	2.1
1930	537,606	13.6	2,541	3.5
1950	591,024	7.3	1,398	3.2
1970	694,409	2.7	594	2.7
		Wyoming		
1870	9,118	38.5	54	1.5
1890	60,705	24.6	680	4.6
1910	145,965	18.6	962	3.5
1930	225,565	8.7	775	3.9
1950	290,529	4.6	444	3.3
1970	332,416	2.0	190	2.8
		Colorado		
1870	39,864	16.6	77	1.2
1890	412,198	19.3	1,650	3.8
1910	799,024	16.0	2,755	4.4
1930	1,035,791	8.2	2,373	2.8
1950	1,325,089	4.5	1,381	2.3
1970	2,207,259	2.7	1,487	2.5

Note: The raw data are taken from United States census reports for the years in question. Percentage calculations are my own. Before 1930 Icelandic-born Americans were included with the Danish-born. This significantly affects the data for North Dakota in 1910. The proportion of Icelandic- to Danish-born North Dakotans in 1930 suggests that the figure for 1910 may include 20 percent Icelandic-born.

It is interesting as a social statistic to know, for instance, that in addition to the 57,301 foreign-born Germans in Nebraska in 1910, there were 94,249 residents both of whose parents were German born, and 50,163 one of whose parents was native German. While the German stock in Nebraska in 1910 thus constituted 37.5 percent of the total population, the statistic is uninformative on the question of language usage by this portion of the population. As a statistical estimate of the possible or probable viability of a foreign language in an American community, the number and proportion of foreign born in local populations (counties and townships) are most telling. This is admittedly an inference after the fact and is based on observations by linguists of communities where foreign-language use and bilingualism persisted long after English prevailed elsewhere. It also would seem to assume the absence of social barriers and prejudices that actively promote bilingualism in that separate monolingual groups remain distinct socially and linguistically. Those social barriers were absent in the case of the Scandinavian immigrants, whose children had to be bilingual only so long as the monolingual foreign born were a significant presence in the community. The third-generation Scandinavian Americans seldom perceived a pressing need to be bilingual.

Diachronic statistics for the individual states provide a very general idea of Danish-American demography in the Great Plains. A close look at the patterns of residence in 1910 is much more informative. I choose the census year 1910 because at this time the number of first-generation Danish Americans in the United States was reaching its peak. Settlements in the prairie states were well established, although the size of the Danish population grew and its focal points shifted somewhat in both Montana and North Dakota after 1910. The census of 1910 defined urban population as residents of incorporated places having twenty-five hundred inhabitants or more. Only 24% of Danish Americans in the nine-state region fit this broad definition of urban. Rurality thus typified the group, and the rural population was particularly high in the Dakotas and Wyoming, where no boom towns, such as Denver and Butte, attracted immigrants to centers of industry.[11]

	Rural	Urban
Minnesota	64%	36%
Iowa	73	27
North Dakota	92	8
South Dakota	91	9
Nebraska	71	29
Kansas	78	22
Montana	78	22
Wyoming	85	15
Colorado	52	48

In fact, from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains only six cities had more than 1,000 Danish-born inhabitants: Chicago (11,484), Racine (3,145),

Omaha (2,924), Minneapolis (2,030), Saint Paul (1,412), and Council Bluffs (1,155). To speak of other cities with relatively large numbers of Danes exaggerates the local weight of this group in relation to much larger groups: Oshkosh (373) and Green Bay (241) in Wisconsin; Duluth, Minnesota (405); Sioux City (517), Clinton (494), Des Moines (353) and Waterloo (237) in Iowa; and Denver, Colorado (892).

The impression one might gain from the information presented so far is that most Danish Americans in the Great Plains states were dispersed over a vast area of prairie. Yet quite a different picture emerges from a study, county by county, of the populations of the nine-state region. In the case of Iowa and Nebraska, some 40 percent of the two states' Danish population lived in a limited contiguous area—ten counties in Iowa, four in Nebraska—around the urban focal point of the sister cities on the Missouri River, Omaha and Council Bluffs. Another 40 percent of Iowa's Danish population lived in twenty-one contiguous counties extending northeasterly and northwesterly from Des Moines to the Minnesota border. Thus more than three-quarters of the Danes in Iowa lived in one-third of the state's geographical area, and these Danish areas extended into Nebraska and Minnesota to create enclaves of Danish-American population in the Midwest. It is also typical of Danish-American demography that these enclaves were shared with other Scandinavians; approximately 60 percent of the foreign-born Norwegians and Swedes in Iowa in 1910 lived in the same area as did 80 percent of the Danish born.

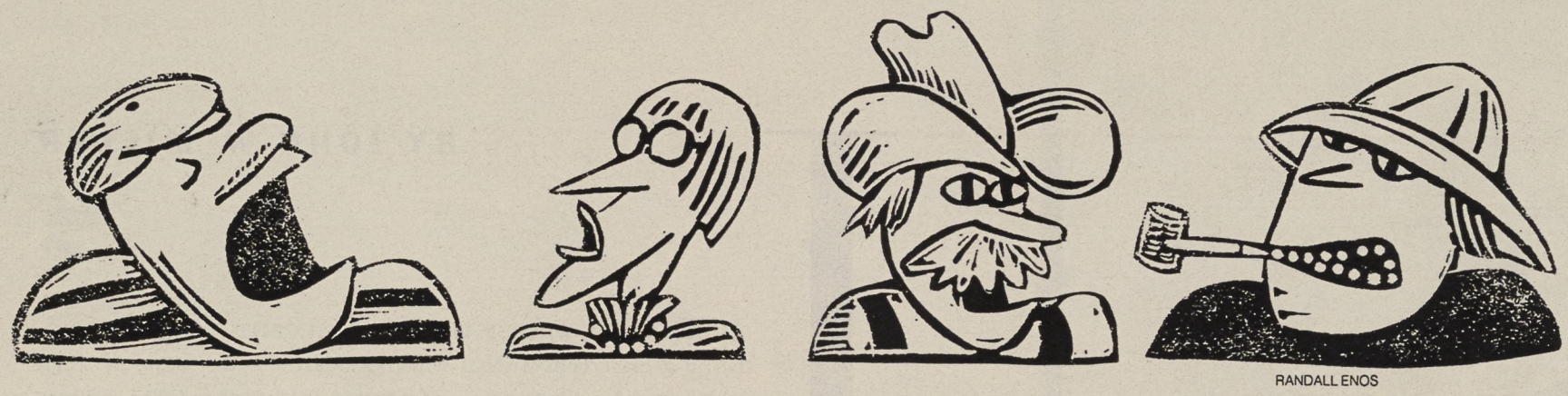
When those counties with the greatest concentrations of foreign-born Danes plus second-generation Danish Americans (both parents foreign born) are indicated on a map, the localized character of Danish American residence is quite striking. The following chart and table identify the forty-three most Danish counties. The Danish-American population of these relatively few counties constituted 49 percent of the total of first- and second-generation Danes in Great Plains states in 1910. One may view these counties as focal points surrounded by counties in which most of the remaining 51 percent of Danish Americans lived.

In order to suggest the density of the local (county) Danish-American population, the counties are ranked in descending order according to the Danish proportion in the local population. In this respect it is not altogether inappropriate or misleading to compare a small Iowa county with, for instance, the expanses of Valley County, Montana. Viewed as residents of townships, an important unit of social organization in rural America of the past, the Danish contingent in both counties may be comparably localized and cohesive in a manner which supported the viability of the Danish language in the American environment. In 1915 a Danish resident of Sheridan County, Montana, (which measures about forty by fifty miles) reported that the Danish colony near the town of Dagmar was "twelve miles wide and twenty miles long,

ARE ACCENTS OUT?

NYTM
Nov. 19, '89

Hey, Dude, Like NEH-oh Way!



RANDALL ENOS

By Patrick Cooke

I HAVE NEVER MUCH LIKED THE WAY I TALK. IN UPstate New York, where I was raised, people said things like "Lemme have a HEE-am SEEN-wich" and "You scared the BEE-JEES-us outa me." It had no grace. Nowhere in our local speech was there the hint of a drawl, or any majestic New England tones, or even a trace of downstate Brooklynese — which can sound almost poetic if you are in the right mood. No, up in the lovely glens of New York we went around loudly meowing through our noses, saying "Everything's gist FEE-an-TEE-astic, FEE-abulos!" and scaring the bejesus out of one another.

If American mobility and televison have conspired to dilute regional accents, as language critics have been insisting for most of this century, word never reached *my* old hometown. Nor, according to linguists of the American Dialect Society, have accents been much corrupted anywhere else. We are not all beginning to sound the same — despite what some people believe.

A couple of years ago, the novelist Thomas Williams wrote that "in the last 30 years I've seen the very speech of my own state, New Hampshire, change gradually toward something like Middle Western standard, as though the last generation learned as much of its tongue from Captain Kangaroo and Johnny Carson as it did from its parents and grandparents." That's probably easy enough to believe these days. The nation is seemingly becoming more homogenized, and if a Big Mac tastes the same in Hollywood, Fla., as it does in Hollywood, Calif., it is not unreasonable to presume that we all sound like Ronald McDonald.

But consider this: A few years ago a cargo handler for Pan-American World Airways named Paul Prinzivalli was suspected of having phoned in bomb threats to the airline's offices in Los Angeles. The charge was based on tapes made of the caller, who, officials thought, had a heavy East Coast accent similar to Prinzivalli's. It wasn't until William Labov, a linguist at the University of Pennsylvania, testified that the caller had a Boston accent — and Prinzivalli had a metropolitan New York accent — that the charges were dropped. "I had to fly out there," says Labov, who has spent nearly 30 years listening to gibbering Americans from coastal Massachusetts to the bone-dry Southwest, "and explain to a room full of Californians that not everybody on the East Coast sounds the same."

The truth is, say linguists, that various regions of the country are sounding increasingly different from one another. Yes, certain words have vanished — seldom do you hear a worm called a johnjumper any more. But accents? Hardly.

Every American has one. New

Patrick Cooke is a writer living in San Francisco.

Take the 'frontal O,' move it to California and mix well. Presto! A dialect is born.



JAMES NACHTWEY/MAGNUM

There are a million grim stories in the big city. This is not one of them.

HARLEM

BY JOHN W. MILLER

I AM A NATURE WRITER WHO UNTIL RECENTLY TAUGHT ENGlish in a classroom without windows. Martin Luther King Jr. High School, near Lincoln Center in Manhattan, is so designed. The students there are predominantly black and Hispanic, and come by subway or bus from Brooklyn, the Bronx and Harlem. They don't complain that they rarely see trees or grass, or that sunlight never enters their classrooms. They do complain when you push them to write a more-than-one-page paper.

So I was surprised one morning when Craig, a lanky 17-year-old, hunched over his notebook and penciled on and on. "Tipplers," "Canadians" and "Dun Nuns," I made out from his scrawled printing. And "White Cap Flights," "Blue Splash Flights" and "Beardeds."

"What are they?" I asked.

"Pigeons. I fly 'em from my roof."

After helping Craig through several drafts of his "pigeon papers," I agreed, with some trepidation, to come to his roof on a Saturday morning in May. When I stepped out of the taxi at 114th Street and Eighth Avenue, in the southwest corner of Harlem, I was scared. A stray German shepherd barked from the third-floor window of an abandoned building. Three men and a woman, sitting on kitchen chairs outside one of the few inhabited tenements, stared at me. I waited, regretting I had let the cab go.

Every day, from the rooftop of an abandoned building, Craig sends his pigeons soaring.

Then shadows of pigeons raced up my side of broken sidewalk. Five stories up and leaning dangerously over the building cornice, Craig waved at me.

Craig emerged at street level and escorted me past his seated friends, who now looked at me less suspiciously. As we climbed the steps of the tenement, he explained: A white face in Harlem means an undercover cop after a drug dealer. Craig said he had cleared me by telling the neighborhood I was the pigeon trainer for him and his partner Junior.

We climbed to several more landings, loud with music and quarreling voices, then up into the sudden silence and bright sun of the rooftop. To the *(Continued on Page 62)*

John W. Miller teaches at the Richard R. Green High School of Teaching in Manhattan.

dialects spring up where they are least expected; familiar ones change continually but remain potent enough to define us or betray us. And we are pegged for our origins every time we do something as innocent as order a ham sandwich.

THOSE ORIGINS CAN be traced back to the day the English carried their bags ashore at Jamestown, Va., in 1607, and at Massachusetts 13 years later. The accent they brought along was part Elizabethan London and part rural speech from counties like Yorkshire and Lancashire. Those sounds — particularly the vowels — became the basis for the American English that was spoken in early Colonial settlements such as Boston, New York City and Charleston.

Dialects tend to burrow in these "focal areas," as linguists call such cities of influence, and soon more and more of them began to dot the landscape. In fact, America quickly became something of a shattered mirror of focal areas as waves of ethnic groups began grabbing land and building cities — the Dutch in New York, the Irish and Italians in New England, and the Ulster Scots and Germans in the South (where present-day stresses on words like "IN-surance" and "JU-ly" are relics of Germanic constructions).

The American English that began to move west during the 19th century came from the Eastern inland parts of the country — people along the Eastern seaboard did not participate in western migration as readily as those further inland, beach-front property being what it is. The dialect of Southern inland regions such as northern Georgia and the western Carolinas spread as far west as Texas, and established a few new focal areas, like Nashville and Little Rock, Ark., along the way. When this dialect collided with the Spanish influence in the Southwest, it then veered north into the Rockies.

"At the same time, there were all kinds of Northerners moving west," says Lee Pederson, a linguist at Emory University who has studied both Northern and Southern accents. "The dialect of Chicago, for example, is purely Northern inland. It came from western New England and Hartford, Conn., and became the basis for what you hear now around Cleveland, Detroit and the Great Lakes."

By the time prairie schooners came to a halt at the Pacific Ocean in the mid-1800's, the English they carried was a mixture of sundry Eastern dialects, mingled with foreign influences from the immigrants who were picked up en route. It retained little of its Colonial origins. Then, too, these California settlers discovered that not only had a few coastal Northeasterners beaten them around Cape Horn and planted their own brand of Northern accent in San Francisco and Los Angeles, but they also had claimed most of the good beach-front property.

Today's state boundaries — and often even city borders — are all but useless for determining who speaks what. Within Boston, for example, where ethnic communities have remained closely knit, you hear differences between the English spoken by the Italian Americans, Irish Americans and Americans who speak Yiddish. Even outside the East Coast, in those provinces thought to speak only dreary, standard American, regional peculiarities persist. In Pittsburgh, the football team is called the "STILL-ers"; in Idaho, the locals call the capital "BOY-see"; in Wisconsin, the big town by the lake is "Muh-WAUK-ee"; in New Mexico, they say "cheat" for sheet, and in Chicago it seems one Daley or another has always been the "Mare."

DIALECTS CHANGE with all the speed of a john-jumper, but they do change. It is quite possible that you do not speak precisely the way your grandfather does, although you both grew up on the same street. Linguists used to record those slight generational dissimilarities and then lament the demise of a regional dia-

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NYMI



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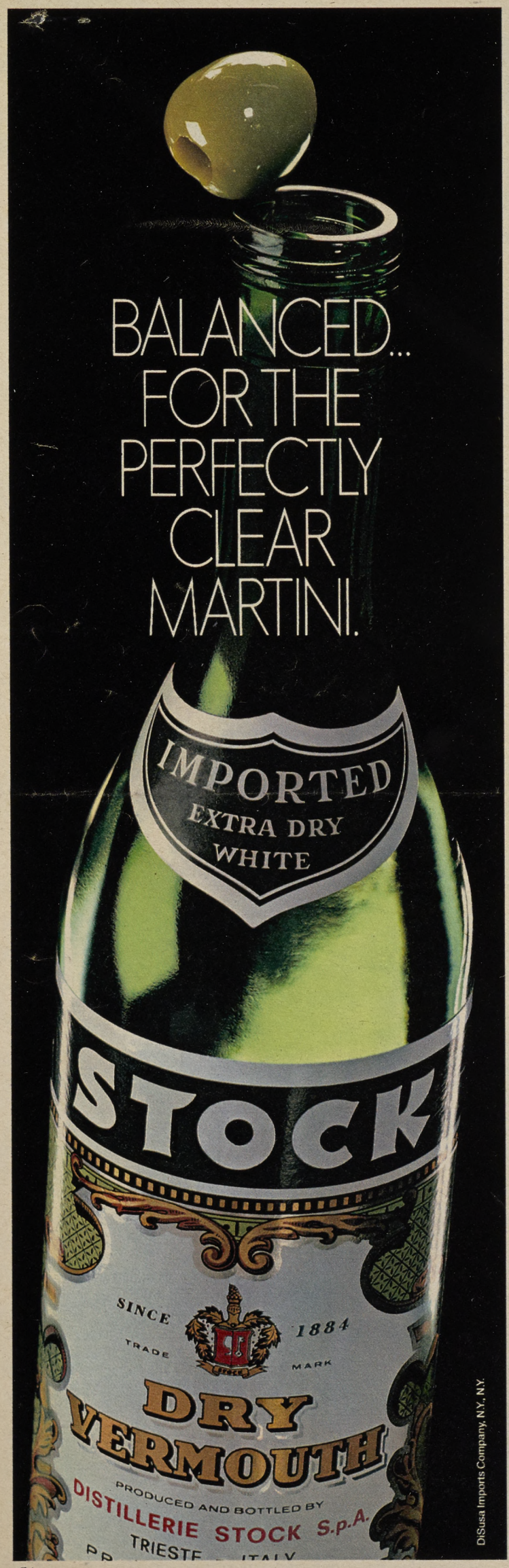
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lect. Starting in the 1960's, however, socio-linguists began wondering why sounds change at all, and whether there might be some clues to social behavior behind the variances.

In 1963, for example, William Labov discovered that there were two distinct ways of speaking among year-round residents of Martha's Vineyard off the coast of Massachusetts — though it all sounded Yankee to outsiders. The older residents, who planned to remain on the island, had somehow reinforced their dialect as a way of distancing themselves from the mainlanders, who had begun buying up large portions of the island. The younger residents, who planned to leave the island, spoke more like the mainlanders than the people who had raised them.

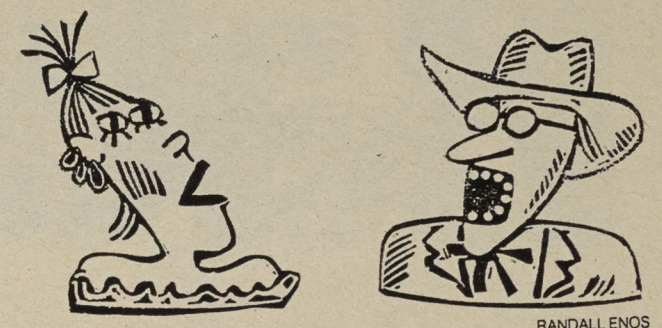
Just as the islanders perceived outsiders as a threat to local life, so too, it appears, have established groups in the large cities viewed the wave of new ethnic groups — blacks, Hispanics and Asians — that have flooded into their communities since World War II. Using dialect has been one way of circling the wagons.

"Many of the things that people struggle for in this world, particularly jobs and houses, they achieve through their connections within the local community," says Labov. Language changes are often a defensive reaction against newcomers who seem to threaten these rights and privileges.

Sometimes these changes come in the form of new vocabulary; more often, linguists have learned, it is the vowel sounds that are affected. In the mid-1970's, Labov began studying the Northern dialect region from New England to the Great Lakes. He recorded the range of speech across three generations, and compared his findings with earlier linguistic surveys from the 1940's. He was startled to discover that a wholesale shifting of the short vowel sounds had occurred.

The shift essentially worked this way: Imagine that the numbers on the face of a clock are replaced by vowels. Whether because of a defensive reaction to new groups entering the territory or some other unknown factors, the vowel *a* at 1 o'clock begins crowding the vowel *e* at 2 o'clock. That then begins nudging *i* and so on, until the whole face has shifted slightly.

Linguists are uncertain



RANDALL ENOS

The Chicagoan said, 'He hadda wear socks.' In Alabama, they heard, 'He hadda wear slacks.' Or perhaps it was 'sacks.'

why the chain reaction begins at a particular vowel, but in the North — especially in Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester and my old hometown — they found that among many speakers the word "John" was now pronounced "Jan." The word "Ann" had become "Ian," and the word "ham" had somehow wandered over into "Lemme have a HEE-am SEEN-wich."

Meanwhile, other shifts were discovered elsewhere in the East, but with different sets of vowels pressuring one another. In Philadelphia, "crayon" and "crown" were both said as "crayon"; "bounce" and "balance" both came out as "balance." In the Southern states, "pen" and "pin" had become homophonous. So cramped were other Southern vowels that people had begun to break words like "bed" into two syllables: "BEE-id."

Researchers found that these shifts in pronunciation generally behave like a slow-moving virus. Occasionally, though, the speed picks up dramatically. "In 1976 in Eastern Pennsylvania, we found that 5 percent of the kids we studied had merged the words 'caught' and 'cot' so that both were said as 'cot,'" says Labov. "Last year we went back and found that 80 percent are now doing it."

As accents continue to evolve, certain regions, principally the North and South, are finding it progressively difficult to understand one another. For example, when Labov's research team played a tape recording of a Chicago speaker to 40 lifelong residents of Birmingham, Ala., the sentence "He hadda wear socks" was interpreted correctly by only two people. The rest guessed that he said "He hadda wear slacks" or maybe it was "sacks." The sentence "When we had the busses with the antennas on the top" sounded for all the world to some Alabamans like "When we had the bosses Whitney antennas on the top."

There was another surprising, and disturbing, discovery. In none of these areas have lower-class blacks adopted the regional dialect changes. "One of the things we found, to our astonishment, was how similar black speech is throughout the country," says Labov. The reason, researchers say, is that while white middle-class residents of these areas look to the local community for their rewards, blacks, long denied those local rewards, view themselves as a national group with national aspirations. The result, says Labov, is that blacks and whites continue to grow further apart in the way each group speaks the language.

SOME AMERICANS, hoping perhaps to identify with a particular group — or conversely, to not be identified with a group — are desperate to purge any trace of their origins. And who could blame them? We are all instinctively aware of the stereotypes that arise the moment a person begins to speak. When television needs a hick with a heart of gold, it looks southward for a twangy moron like Ernest, the comedian of commercial fame: "Hey, Vern!" When a cold-hearted killer is called for, it's a Brooklynese speaker croaking "youse guys" — a surviving Irish pronunciation that New York City Mayor

(Continued on Page 60)

Baby Togs

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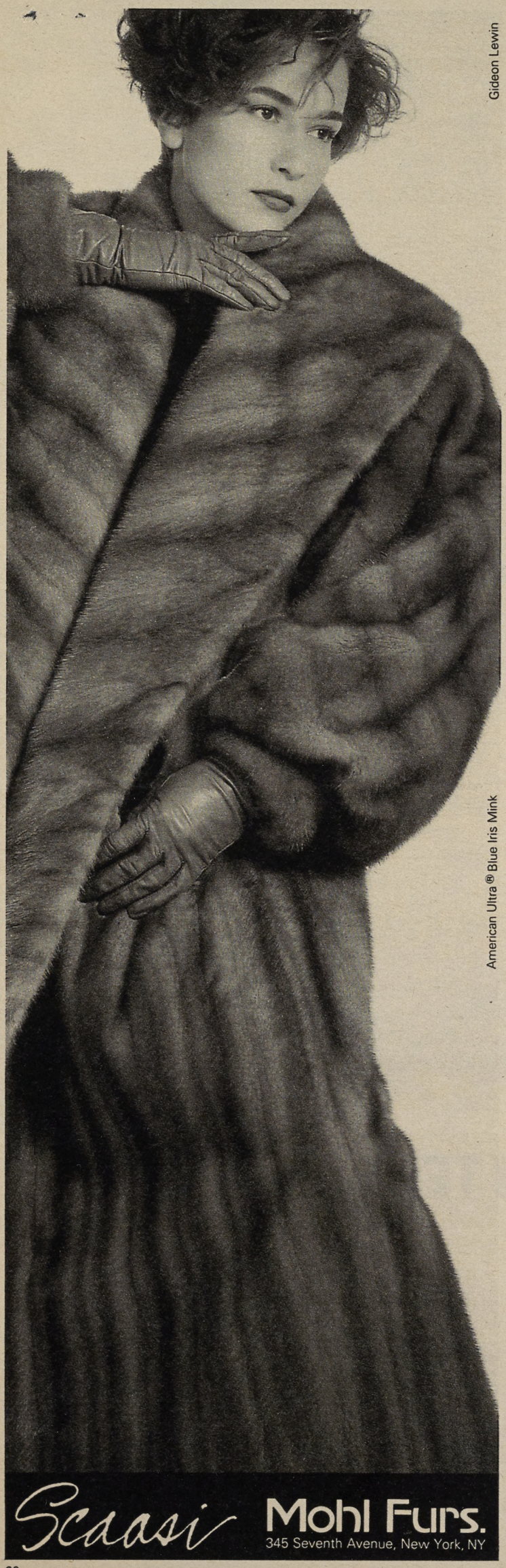
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ACCENTS

Continued from Page 54

Edward I. Koch would like to hear shifted into oblivion.

Beverly Inman-Ebel, a speech pathologist in Chattanooga, Tenn., has spent the last seven years teaching Southerners — housewives and beauty queens, businessmen and politicians — how to reduce their regional dialects. "People come to me seeking a voice that doesn't stand out," she says. "When I ask clients whom they admire and would love to sound like, the men say Ronald Reagan and the women say Diane Sawyer."

For $75 to $175 an hour, Inman-Ebel helps clients untangle features of the Southern vowel shift, making "ten" and "tin" two separate sounds again. Sounding regional, she says, is increasingly a barrier to success. "One company just sent me three executives for accent reduction," she says. "One of them will become the C.E.O. How they speak is certainly not the only criterion for the promotion, but it is a factor."

Still, despite the best efforts of speech pathologists, most of us are pretty much stuck with our accents by the time we reach the age of 13. With that in mind, think of how often you've heard a 16-year-old say, "Hey, dude, like NEH-oh way!" Spooky, isn't it?

A couple of years ago, James W. Hartman, a linguist at the University of Kansas, started wondering about these sounds that teenagers make. He had heard Moon Unit Zappa's gag-me-with-a-spoon routine, which parodied the way kids talk in the San Fernando Valley, about 1,500 miles west in Los Angeles County. Why was he hearing something disturbingly similar in the high school halls and shopping malls of Lawrence, Kan.? In Shakespeare's time, a fist fight between two boys might have started with the words "I yuke to pringle with you!" Now, it was something closer to "Yer rilly gonna fill, like, SEH-oh bad in a minute, man." Could English still be on the correct evolutionary path?

Hartman first detected this phenomenon in 1983, while doing research for the Dictionary of American Regional English. He noticed that some young people were using certain vowel sounds that were not features of the areas where they grew up.

"The most mystifying aspect of all is why some sounds are chosen and others are not," says Hartman of the new accent, which appears to be a mix of various Northern and Southern dialects. "It's almost as though these kids all sat down at a meeting and agreed that these are the features we're going to use."

The "fronted O" sound, for example, which comes out as GEH-oh and NEH-oh, had long been a feature in the Baltimore area, but Hartman observed that something happened when it was picked up by kids in the Los Angeles area, kids who had no connection whatever to Baltimore. They added it to, among other things, a softening of vowels that fall before the letter *l* (words like "sale" were being pronounced "sell").

Hartman's research, still in its preliminary stages, has shown that the young people making these new noises appear to be between 16 and 25 years old; they typically come from upwardly mobile families and are college bound. That would make this latest phenomenon more of a social dialect — much like the Boston Brahmin accent — than a regional dialect.

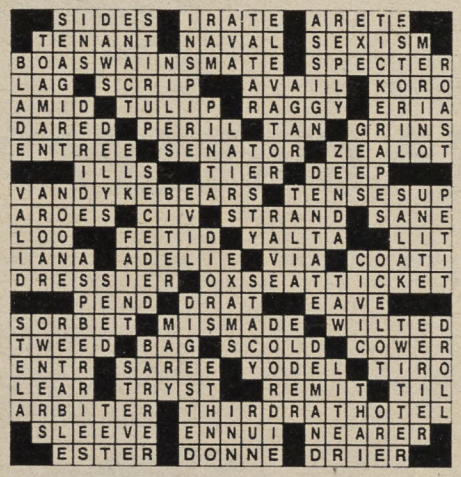
In fact, what's most remarkable about the new dialect is how widespread it has become. Strongest in Southern California, where it seems to have started, the dialect apparently traveled across the United States from west to east roughly along Route 70. It is the first American dialect ever to move in that direction, which has prompted the name Sun-Belt Speak. But so far, the engine pumping it through young channels remains something of a mystery.

The influence of television has mostly been ruled out, simply because TV has little, if any, effect on an accent. "Peer pressure, school, or anything you have an involvement in affects language — not television," says Donna Christian, director of the research division at the Center for Applied Linguistics in Washington. "What matters is who will judge you or whom you're trying to impress in some way. There's no reason to become more like the television."

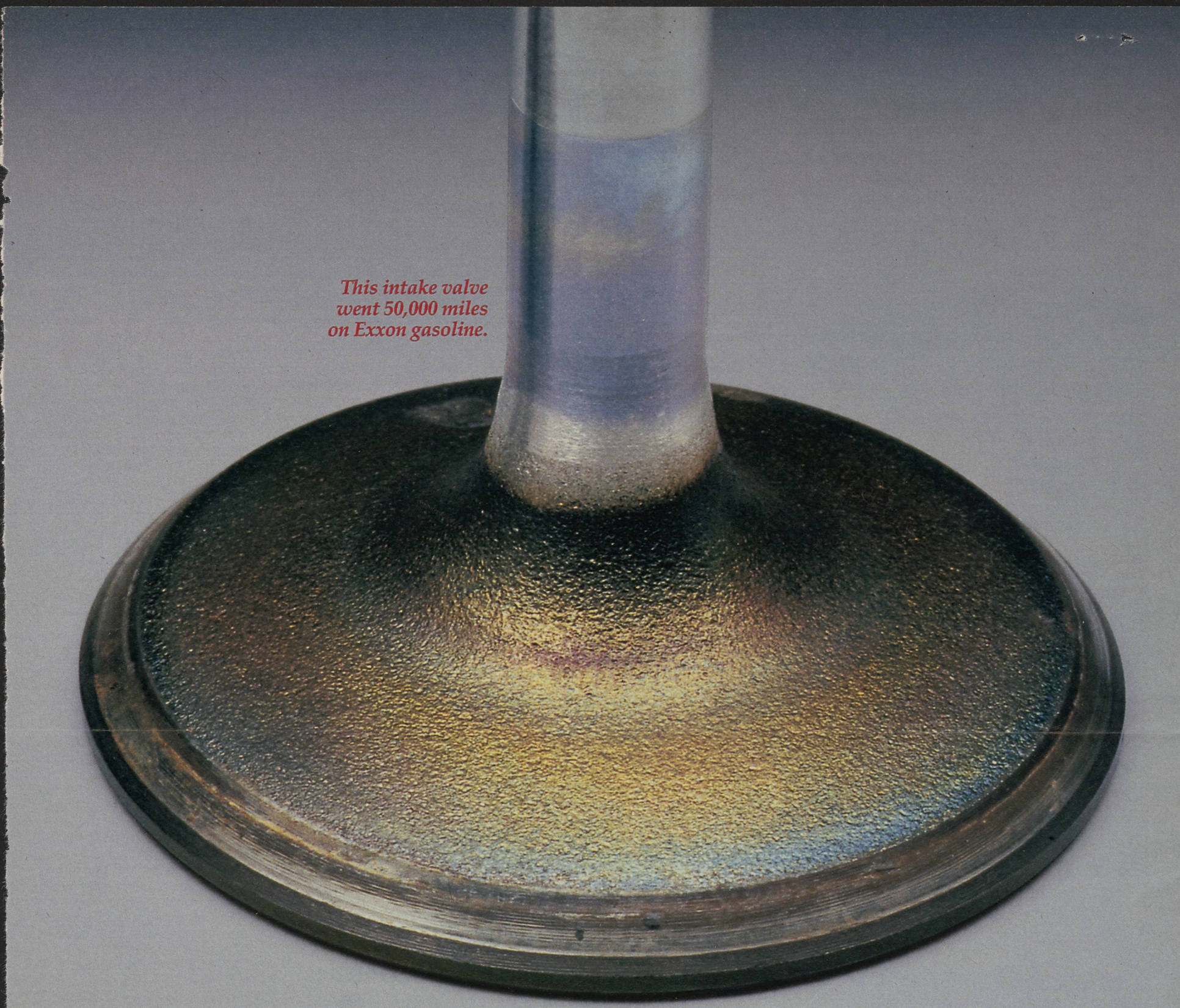
There's probably nothing to fear from Sun-Belt Speak. It will prove no better at uprooting entrenched regional accents than Johnny Carson has been. Like any other new dialect that has passed over the continent in the last four centuries, a vowel here or a word there may survive. But in 80 years, these, too, will become but a faint addition to the drawls and quacks we hear around us. Right?

"I don't have a clue," says Hartman. "But I will say that since I started looking into this, people have sent me tapes from all over the country, and Sun-Belt Speak is more widespread than I'd first thought. It has appeared in northern Ohio and southern Florida, for example. I wouldn't even be surprised if it showed up soon in a place like, say, upstate New York." ■

Solutions to Last Week's Puzzles



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Nov. 11, 1986

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 - 10th Ave. NW
Seattle, Washington

Dear Ivan:

My Honorable No. II son, Mark, has asked me to write you abput some ruralisms in Illinois and other speech patterns that I may remember from growing up on an eastern Illinois farm (Vermillion County, adajacent to Indiana, near Danville, 120 miles south of Chicago.) I suppose my speech still shows some of these ruralisms, but I doubt if I can be of much help.

I grew up on a 140-acre farm and bridged the horse-tractor age, from 10 work horses to tractors in the 1920s. The community was the old American strain, mostly from the New England-Yankee emigration. My grandfather had come in from Ohio, bought land at $3 an acre, and had enough land to give his five children a start with 40 acres each. I never knew about the North Europe emigration until I left home. When my neice married a Norwegian (2nd generation) I heard my mother say that she wished "Ruth wouldn't marry a foreigner." Likewise with Catholics. There was no church of that faith except in the city 12 miles away, but I heard sermons in our little village Christian church about the Catholics wanting to take over the country. Of course, the KKK was riding high in places then but not in that community where there were no Catholivs.

Our speech was rough among the men and boys. We did not know the term of "intercourse" or "pregnancy," but did know the four-letter words, along with "knocked up," and a host of others. The preacher might call childbirth "going down into the Valley of Death," and rail against belief in evolution, etc. We often started sentences with "I reckon," or "I allow as how," and referred occasionally to something that was "purty." An exclamation often used was "Oh, my." My Colorado bride often calls attention to a lingering speech habit of mine when I say "He smokes cigarettes anymore." My mother would "red up the house" before company came or would "red up the table after a meal.(Maybe that was "rid" instead of "red.") We used "nary" for a negative: "We ain't had no storms lately" or "nary a storm." "Is" was often used for "just." "I iss can't do that anymore."

I have looked through the published sayings of the Pennsylvania Dutch and note tha a number of my family's sayings and vocabulary are also in that list. Whether they were part of a speech pattern throughout the "Old American" stock settlements of the Midwest because of emigration, or because my mother's people came out of the Carolinas to Kentucky to Illinois. I only know that in my community of Henning, Illinois, we used some of them. "Red" or "Rid" being one of them.

I wish you the best on your present project. I have read your books and as we might have said in Illinois "You done good."

Sincerely,

Walker D. Wyman

17 Nov. '86

Dear Walker--

Thanks immensely for your useful letter on Illinoisisms; I hadn't known I was siccing Mark on you, when I asked him if he had any help to suggest.

Interesting problem, trying to make people on a page sound like they ought to. I have spiked onto the wall in front of me a quote from Whitney Balliett, who usually writes about jazz for The New Yorker but sometimes reviews novels of a certain sort, and I think it was a great favorite of mine, an Isle of Guernsey novel called The Book of Ebenezer Le Page, he was referring to when he wrote: "...the book, like all first-person dialect novels, is an impossibility: it converts a fluid spoken language into a fixed imaginary written one. It makes sound visible." So if it's impossible, why am I trying to do it, right? Of the suggestions you sent, I particularly like "purty" and "nary", but it's going to be interesting to see if my editor lets me get away with either. (Actually, the one I love is "iss" for "just"; somewhere among Montana dialect, maybe what the Missourians brought us, there's something similar, maybe "ust"--"I ust dunno what to think...")

Anyway, that's now my problem, not yours. You now enter my Acknowledgments in a father-and-son team with Mark; probably not the first such pairing you've ever had, but in a novel...? Much appreciation to you both; if I heard Mark's report on the Billings WHA correctly, you two also went to hear my writing buddy Jim Welch read from his Blackfeet novel FOOLS CROW--in this corner of the country, it's now #1 on the fiction list,

best wishes

Ivan

UW
427.905

Houses are cover'd with Bark, but this differs very much; for, it is very artificially thatch'd with Sedge and Rushes: As soon as finish'd, they place some one of their chiefest Men to dwell therein, charging him with the diligent Preservation thereof, as a Prince commits the Charge and Government of a Fort or Castle, to some Subject he thinks worthy of that Trust. In these State-Houses is transacted all Publick and Private Business, relating to the Affairs of the Government, as the Audience of Foreign Ambassadors from other *Indian* Rulers, Consultations of waging and making War, Proposals of their Trade with neighbouring *Indians*, or the *English*, who happen to come amongst them." *New Account of Carolina*, pp. 36, 37.

Here we seem to have precisely the same idea that, if my interpretation is correct, was present in the minds of the Virginians. If it is objected that it is absurd to speak of "the State" in connection with the affairs of an Indian tribe, the reply is that precisely this absurdity and similar absurdities were committed again and again. In 1643 Roger Williams wrote: "These expressions they [Indians] use, because, they abhorre to mention the dead by name, . . . and if any stranger accidently name him, he is checkt, and if any wilfully name him he is fined; and amongst States, the naming of their dead *Sachims*, is one ground of their warres." (*Key into the language of America*, p. 194.) In addition it may be pointed out that half-naked and miserable chiefs and head-men of petty tribes were dignified with the splendid titles of "emperors," "kings," "lords," and "nobles." In short, the early colonists and writers attributed to the Indians the only political and social system with which they were familiar,—that of Europe, and the absurdities which arose therefrom have been perpetuated even to the present time.

Hence the conclusion reached by the present writer is that State-house, as Lowell suggested might be the case, was "an invention of our own."

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

Boston, Mass.

THE PIONEER DIALECT OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

The following list of words and expressions was sent to Professor Hempl by Mr. William O. Rice[1] of Anna, Union County, Ill., and later to the Dialect Society with the concurrence of the author. It is noteworthy on several accounts. In the first place it is one of the earliest collections, representing with something like completeness the vocabulary of a particular place, that the Society has had the opportunity of publishing. And yet just such collections form the large body of the English Dialect Society's publications, and our own Society would be only too glad to get more of them. Besides, whatever defects this glossary may have from any standpoint, it clearly shows a conscientious and often highly successful attempt to catch characteristic peculiarities of an illiterate people. I emphasize characteristic peculiarities, for, as Mr. Rice points out, these people are great sticklers in their way for what they consider correctness. In illustration of this, note the large number of words that represent the exclusive use of this people, that is the cases in which a single word only is 'correct' in this dialect instead of two or more used in other places. Note also the many shades of distinction frequently explained in the definitions. It would not be strange if, in some of these cases, the collector has not fully grasped fundamental distinctions or has erred in other respects; but if this were so, it would probably take detailed observation to prove it. Again, the glossary bears the mark of genuineness in the many instances which reflect a prevailing type of speech. Any one at all familiar with dialect usage in this country need not be told that this people must have been of Southern origin, or must have been profoundly influenced by Southern speech. Nor would such a person long hesitate to place this dialect in the border land between

[1] Mr. Rice was born in Wisconsin and lived there for the first thirteen years of his life. He has lived in southern Illinois for nearly forty years, in intimate association with the early settlers and their descendants.

North and South, rather than in the extreme South. Such definiteness in locating the speech, from a word-list only, is excellent proof that the latter may be trusted in most other respects. All these are reasons, therefore, for the special value of the collection, even in comparison with the best word-lists so far published in *Dialect Notes*.

The pioneers of the region studied were the descendants of North Carolina "Dutch," who had moved farther and farther westward through Kentucky and Tennessee, until they finally settled in southern Illinois. The descendants of such settlers have remained largely untouched by outside influences. Where new influences have added something to the older, homogeneous vocabulary of this people, great care was "exercised in noting only those words and expressions common to them, to the exclusion of all introduced or acquired words and phrases." This shows that the collector fully distinguished between the value of a pure dialect and such a mixture as our migrating population often exhibits.

In some other notes at various places in his paper, as originally sent, Mr. Rice calls attention to certain general peculiarities of speech in his district. These may be briefly summarized here for greater convenience. In the first place, there is no drawl, even where normally simple sounds have become diphthongal. "On the contrary, words are uttered glibly, with a slur of vowel and consonant sounds, which orthographical indices fail to define. The tone is slightly nasal, but at the same time there is an open, palatal broadness which gives character to the speech." To this general description Mr. Rice adds another remark which is so interesting, even though not quite clear as to the extent of usage implied, that it is added in almost his own words: "Emphasis, or particular signification, is often given by change of pronunciation rather than by inflection. Thus, if one is quite certain that a statement is true, he will concur by saying, 'I reckon,' with little or no emphasis on either word; but if he doubts the statement altogether, he will say 'I reckin' in the same tone. However, this is not set down as an infallible rule, as there are a great many words whose meaning depends on their inflection and emphasis."

To this may be added one note based on an impression repeatedly produced while editing Mr. Rice's collection. That is, the

surprisingly restricted character of such a vocabulary. For example, it is surprisingly lacking in terms of imaginative suggestion, or also of higher intellectual or emotional import. From one standpoint this was to be expected, perhaps, while on the other hand such words may not be fully represented in this list. More surprising still is the restricted character of the vocabulary in other respects. Over and over again Mr. Rice notes the use of one word to the exclusion of two, three, or more others not uncommon in other places. Compare *arrangement*, not *draw* or *contrivance*, which are not used at all; *image*, the only word for various ideas; *little*, never *small*; *lick*, never *blow* or *whack*. Rarely have we the reverse of this characteristic exhibited, and then mainly in connection with some conception which is likely to show specialization in the daily life of the people. For example, *barn* is restricted to a place for storing tobacco, formerly a staple crop of the region; *crib* and *pen* are used for *grain*, *house* or *shed* for *hay*, *stable* for *horses* and *cattle*. Such specialization, however, is quite unusual, and a highly restricted character prevails. This restricted character of a vocabulary, as used in the daily life of a particular class, has often been mentioned by investigators, but surely not often so well exemplified as in the word-list before us.

As the purpose of this glossary is to give the prevailing usage of a particular locality, it must necessarily contain words already known to be dialectal in America, and no small number already reported to the Society. To have excluded such words would have defeated the purpose of the list completely, and they are therefore printed here without reference in all cases to all other data concerning them. References have been made to the first volume of Dialect Notes (D. N.), and occasionally to the Century Dictionary (Cent. Dict.). In a few cases words formerly common among the older settlers but now no longer used are marked obsolete (Obs.).

a

a, *art.* The article an is not used. '*A* apple,' '*A* hour,' '*A* image.'

about, *prep. adv.* Used for around. '*About* the settlemaynt.' Around is not used in this sense.

about to die. An expression in constant use, of persons taken suddenly or violently ill.

afeared, *pp. as adj.* Afraid. Cf. D. N. i. 69, 214, 234, 327, 375.

after, *prep.* Always in phrases like 'half *after* ten'; never half past.

after night, i. e. After *dusk*. See evening.

agin, *prep., adv.* Against; by the time, as in '*agin* four o'clock.' 'He will get there *agin* he does.'

aim, *v. i.* To intend; to purpose.

aint got right good sense. A deprecatory expression of a person *non compos mentis*. Also used affectionately in expressing gratitude: 'He *aint got right good sense* to give this to me,' or 'to do this for me,' etc.

aknew. For *have knew*, the latter past participle of know, as 'if I'd *aknew*.'

allow or **low,** *v.* (The first pronunciation used only when the preceding word ends in an abrupt consonant.) 1. To suppose or presume. In this sense it is frequently used thus:—'I *low* mebby.' 2. To intend, to purpose; in general, conditionally. It does not seem to imply resolution as strongly as the word *aim*. 'I *low* to go' or 'do something.' Cf. D. N. i, 65, 372.

ambeer, *n.* Tobacco juice. The saliva when chewing tobacco.

ambitious, *adj.* Mettlesome; full of animal spirits. A fiery horse is called *ambitious*, or a vivacious person.

angry, *adj.* Inflamed, which is not used.

antic, *adj.* Amusing in action; 'he is *antic*,' instead of 'he is full of antics.' Also used as a noun sometimes, as 'it is one of his antics.'

any, *indef. pron. used as n.* Anything or all. Ex.:—'Put in rotten and *any*.' 'The ice broke and in I went, bucket and *any*.'

apart, *adv.* Beyond; further than a given point. 'I got *apart* the place before I thought about it.'

arrangement, *n.* Device or contrivance, which words are not used.

ary, *adj.* One, any. Generally combined with one, as '*ary* one.' 'He packed a load that me or you, *ary one*, couldn't lift off the ground.' 'It wouldn' make any difference to him or me, *ary one*.' Cf. D. N. i, 376.

as, *adv.* Than. 'I'd ruther do this *as* that.' 'I love this better *as* that.'

ashes, *n., pl. as sg.* Used in singular as 'This *ashes*.'

ashy, *adj.* To be in a passion, as:—'When I told him about it, he got awful *ashy*.' Cf. Shakespeare's 'ashy pale.'

at, *adv.* In expressions like, 'Where is he *at*?'

at, *prep.* In expression, 'to be *at* one's self.' To be in a condition equal to the performance of a task.

back, *v. tr.* In expression, 'to *back* a letter,' to superscribe a letter.

back-water, *n.* Overflow of a stream, affecting the currents of its tributaries.

balance (bælǝns), *n.* Rest, remainder. 'Where's the *balance* of your corn?' 'Where's the *balance* of you fellers?' 'I tuck what I wanted and give him the *balance*.'

balk, *n.* Land left unplowed between furrows, *by careless plowing*. Cf. Cent. Dict. and D. N. i. 349.

banter, *v.* To challenge. Cf. D. N. i, 235.

bar off, *v. phr. tr.* To plow a crop with a *dymunt* plow (see diamond) by running the land-side, or *bar*, next the row.

barn, *n.* A building for hanging and curing tobacco; not used for any other building. A barn for horses or cattle is a *stable*, for hay is a *loft* or *shed*, for grain is a *crib* or *pen*.

be a doin', *v. phr. i.* To pass the time; 'Whatche comin' around here for? Jes to be a doin'.'

bear, *v. i.* To change direction or course of travel, as '*bear* to the right' the road *bears* to the right.'

beatenest, *adj. superl.* 1. That which can't be beat; excessive; beyond precedent. 2. Applied to a person possessing any characteristic to an extraordinary degree. 'He's the *beatinest* feller I ever see fur cuttin up.' Cf. D. N. i. 229, 370.

bench-legged, *adj.* With legs set wide apart, as in a '*bench-legged* man.' See liste.

bestin, *n.* A blister, or an inflamed wound.

bid, *n.* Invitation, as:—'Did you get a *bid* to the play-party?'

big, *adj.* Invariably used in its degrees for 'large,' which is never employed.

bigoted or **bigoty,** *adj.* Conceited; proud; haughty. For the latter cf. D. N. i, 384.

big-road (strong accent on first syllable), *n.* The main thoroughfare. A county road.

bind, *n.* Sheaf, as:—'A *bind* of wheat.'

biskits, *n.* The singular never used in the general sense.

bit, *n.* 1. A short time or distance. 2. Twelve and one-half cents.

bitch, *n.* The female of any small animal.

bite, *n.* A lunch; sometimes a regular meal. 'I reckon I'll eat my *bite* here.'

blaggard (blægard or blægeard), *v.* To use obscene language; to talk obscenely.

blinky, *adj.* Applied to milk just beginning to sour, as 'The milk is *blinky*.' Cf. D. N. i, 370, 384.

blinky-john, *adj.* Milk just beginning to sour.

bloom, *n.* A blossom or flower, the latter never used.

bloom, *v. i.* To blossom or flower, the latter never used.

blow, *n.* Always used for a blossom or flower.

blow, *v. i.* To blossom or flower, the latter not used.

bluff, *n.* A hill, especially one with precipitous sides; a precipice.

boar, *n.* The male of any small animals. The male fox, however, is called *dog fox*, q. v.

board, *n.* A rived or split stave of such width as a large tree will make, and several feet in length. A sawed board is a plank. When *boards* are used to side a house they are called clabberds.

body, *n.* One; a person, as in the song 'Coming through the Rye.'

bone, *v.* 1. To solicit; to importune. This word seems to convey, usually, the idea of peremptory demand; and the act of *boning* to involve much of a person's liberality or generosity. 2. To dun.

borned, *pp.* Born. Cf. D. N. i, 223.

bound, *pp. as adj.* Determined; constrained; obliged.

brad, *n.* A rivet. Never used for a small nail.

brad, *v.* To rivet.

branch, *n.* Small tributary of small stream.

brash, *adj.* Hasty. Cf. D. N. i, 229, 384.

break, *v.* To plow ground for a crop with a turning plow.

break, *v. i.* To go with haste or eagerness toward any desired object. Must not be confounded with the expression 'to make a break,' which is not used. 'He *broke* for the timber.'

breast. Pronounced brist. The chest, a word not used in this sense.

bresh (or brêsh, brêash). Different pronunciations for brush.

brickle, *adj.* For brittle. Means also industrious; ambitious. Cf. D. N. i, 70.

brier, *n.* The small thorn of a shrub or vine. The thorns of a locust, wild apple, etc., are so called. A *brier* or thorn is sometimes called a *sticker*, q. v.

briers, *n.* Restricted to blackberry canes or plants.

brier-patch, *n.* A patch of wild blackberries.

brown-thrasher, *n.* The brown-thrush.

brung, *pret.* of bring. Cf. D. N. i, 276.

bubbies, *n.* The breasts.

bubble, *n.* A bulb.

buck, *v. i.* To jump stiff-legged, as a horse, in order to throw his rider.

buck, *n.* A man's nickname, as '*Buck* Sanders.' Cf. D. N. i, 328.

bucket, *n.*, for pail, which word is not used.

bud or **buddie,** *sb.* Form of a stranger's address to a boy. Also a nickname. Cf. D. N. i, 385, 413.

bugger (bugər), *n.* Bogie; spectre. Cf. D. N. i, 214.

bugger-den, *n.* 1. A place supposed to be used by a bugger. 2. Any grewsome place or cavern.

bull-frog, *n.* Considered to be of a different species from a younger one of the same kind, called a toadfrog. The difference between toads and frogs not recognized, or, at the most, the distinction is very vague. Toads are sometimes called hop-toads, but more generally *toadfrogs*, the same as frogs.

burying (beri-in), *n.* Funeral, a word which is not used. Cf. D. N. i, 385.

bust out, *v. phr.* In expression 'to *bust out* the middles,' to plow the balks, throwing the earth back to the row. See middles.

calf (kêf and kêəf), *n.* Frequently pronounced in the way last indicated.

call off, *v. phr. i.* To prompt figures in a square dance.

captain, *n.* A leader in mischief or fun; a person given to carrying jokes or fun to extremes.

carriage (keuridʒ), *n.* Any light vehicle.

catarrh (kætar or ketar with stress on the first syllable), *n.* An inflamed and purulent sore, generally on the hand, and caused by a bruise.

cattering (kætarin or kêtərin), *p. pr.* and *adj.* Moving diagonally or obliquely. Cf. D. N. i, 340.

catterwampusin, *p. pr.* and *adj.* The same as preceding.

cave, *v.* To get in a passion, as:—'When I told him about it he just *caved*.'

chamber, *n.* i. e. Chamber vessel.

chance, *n.* Quantity; amount as:—'A right smart *chance* of taters.' 'A right smart *chance* of money.' chance

chap, *n.* A babe or child; a boy, until he is eight or nine years old. The term is almost wholly used by men. A woman will nearly always say 'child,' 'baby,' or 'boy.' chap

charge (tʃardʒ or tʃêrdʒ), *v.* To act impetuously or violently. 'He jes flew cavin' and *chargin'* cause I didn't tell him about it.'

charivari (*ʃivərî*), *n.* A boisterous serenade at a wedding.

chaw one's tobacco mighty fast. An expression denoting perturbation or subdued anger.

check or **check-rein,** *n.* Driving rein on a horse. (Obs.)

chinch or **chinche,** *n.* A bed bug. Cf. D. N. i, 189, 229.

chist, *n.* A chest.

choose, *v.* Used negatively in declining a dish at table. 'I dont choose any,' or for any,' or 'I wouldn *choose* any, or for any.' choose

chore around, *v. phr. i.* To do odd jobs. 'He's *chorin around*.'

church-house, *n.* A church.

cigar, *n.* Pronounced sîgar with accent on first syllable.

civil, *a.* Polite; obligingly polite; gentle mannered.

clabberds. See boards. This word 'clabberds' has also its correct use, the latter has been introduced more recently.

clabber. Pronounced klabər, or as if spelled clobber.

clabber. See clabber.

clack, *n.* A sitting of eggs.

coat, *n.* A woman's dress. (Obs.)

cobbler, *n.* A thick fruit pie to be eaten with a sauce.

cobble, *v.* 1. To cobble. 2. To repair anything hastily for immediate use. 3. To join the ends of a broken chain with a *key*.

comb, *v.* The expression is always 'comb the *head*,' never 'the *hair*.'

come, *v. i.* To make a visit; to return a call. 'You must *come*,' or 'you must *come*,' means you must come and see me or return my call.

common, *adj.* Tolerable, as applied to health. 'How are you?' 'Jes common.'

compelled, *pp.* 1. Fated, necessitated, as:—'If you eat that, you're compelled to be sick.' 2. Determined, as 'you're *compelled* to do it!' i. e. determined to do it. 3. Obliged.

complected, *adj.* Complexioned, as 'He's light *complected*.' Cf. D. N. i, 334.

cook, *n.* Used facetiously for *woman* or *wife*.

corruption, *n.* Pus.

couldn (kudn), *v.* Couldnt. 'He *couldn* lift it.' In all such words the contraction of not, has lost its t. So didn, hadn, shouldn, wouldn. couldn' ✗

cover (kivər), *v. tr.* To cover.

cover (kivər), *n.* A blanket or quilt. In the plural bed-clothes. Used in this sense.

cut loose, *v. i.* 1. To execute a threat. 2. To proceed against. 3. To command, to act instantly. See cut loose.

crop (krap), *n.* Pronunciation of crop.

craw, *n.* The gullet of a fowl. The word crop is never used.

creek (krĭk), *n.* Not pronounced krik.

cripple, *v.* To wound; to disable by wounding.

culls, *n. pl.* Refuse, or inferior stock; that left after the best of [illegible] thing has been chosen. Cf. D. N. i, 329.

cup, *v.* To warp.

cup and saucer. Pronounced kipsæsər, or as if written kipsæsər. (Obs.)

cur-dog, *n.* A mongrel. A dog of no particular breed.

currents. The plural of currants, is pronounced with final nz, ns or us.

cuss-word, *n.* Profane word.

cut and cover, *v. phr.* To plow carelessly; to leave balks in plowing.

cut loose, *v. i.* The same as crack loose *q. v.*

cut-up, *v. phr. i.* To frolic. Cf. D. N. i, 415. In phrase 'to *git to cuttin up*,' to become unruly or unmanageable. The expression 'cuttin up didos' is more common than 'cut a dido.' Cf. D. N. i, 415.

cuttin, *n.* A personal encounter where knives are used.

dad-burn, *interj.* An emphatic expletive. Cf. D. N. i, 64, 376.

dad-gum, *interj.* An emphatic expletive.

dance, *n.* A party for dancing. The word *ball* is never used.

decent, *adj.* The least demanded by good society. Used negatively to denote a bad character, as 'He aint *decent*.'

defalcation, *n.* Error; omission; fault. Generally used in this manner:—'I aim to do thus and so, without any *defalcation*.'

despise (dĭspaiz with strong accent on first syllable), *v. tr.* To hate; detest; dislike.

devil, *v. tr.* To annoy by jests and raillery; to tease; to annoy by persistently urging a cause. Cf. D. N. i, 371.

devil around, *v. phr. i.* 1. To seek mischief. 2. To try to annoy. 3. To lead a loose life. Cf. D. N. i, 371.

* **devilment** (last syllable pronounced *maynt*), *n.* Sportiveness or frolicsomeness, as:—'He is full of *devilmaynt*.' 2. Fun:—as 'He did it just for *devilmaynt*.' 3. Malicious propensity.

diamond. Pronounced daimənt.

diamond-plow (daimən or daimənt), *n.* The one-horse turning plow for cultivating crops, being diamond-shaped.

* **didn** for didn't.

didy (daidi), *n.* Diaper.

dinner-time, *n.* Twelve o'clock. See evening.

directly (sometimes pronounced dər'ekli), *adv.* Immediately; instantly, indicating immediate sequence. 'If I go afoot, it'll take me all day, but if I go by train I'll get there *directly*.' 'I'll come *directly* I git my dinner.' 'When he saw that Jim was in the house, he come away *directly*.' The latter use would indicate precipitate haste.

dirt, *n.* The words earth and soil are never used.

dish. Pronounced dĭʃ, as if spelled deesh.

disremember, *v.* To forget. Cf. D. N. i, 58, 371.

do one dirt, *v. phr. tr.* To injure by mischief or rascally tricks.

dod-dern or **dod-durn,** *interj.* An emphatic expletive.

dod-dum, *interj.* An emphatic expletive.

dod-gum, *interj.* An emphatic expletive. Cf. D. N. i, 64, 330.

dofunny (dûfəni), *n.* Any effective or labor-saving mechanical contrivance, particularly if novel. 'What'd you call that dofunny?' dofunny

dog-fox, *n.* The male fox.

doggon, *interj.* An emphatic expletive. Cf. D. N. i, 67. doggon

dogpelter, *n.* A term of contempt.

dogtake, *interj.* An emphatic expletive.

doldern, *interj.* An emphatic expletive. doldern

doldum, *interj.* An emphatic expletive. doldum

done. Preterit as well as *pp.* of did.

dope, *n.* 1. Any kind of lubricator, emulsion, or salve. 2. Facetiously for medicine.

dope, *v. tr.* 1. To smear, or lubricate. 2. To put salve on a wound. [illegible], to dump. With reflexive pronoun, as 'to *dope yersef*,' to take medicine in excessive quantities.

dost. Pronounced dôst with excrescent t.

double-tree, *n.* The draught bar of a two-horse vehicle or plow, to which the single-trees are attached.

drap (dræp), *n.* Drop.

draw-bars, *n.* Ordinary bars set in a fence for the retention of live-stock.

drip, *n.* In expression 'the *drip*' the eaves of a house.

drov. Preterit for drove.

drugs, *n.* Settlings; sediment; dregs. Cf. D. N. i, 371.

dusk, *n.* Twilight.

ea. A diphthong occurring in some words, as garden, blaggard, and consisting of a scarcely perceptible short e blended with the following vowel. The diphthong is pronounced quickly and easily without drawl.

east, *n.* Pronunciation for yeast.

eat, *v. i.* To taste. In 'how does it *eat*'=how far is it suitable for eating as for food.

edge. Pronounced êdʒ. Cf. D. N. i, 6, 67.

egg, *v. i.* To incite. Pronounced æg. Used in phrases, 'to *egg* at' or 'egg on.' Cf. D. N. i, 72, 234.

egg-yaller, *n.* The yolk of an egg; yolk is not used.

elements, *n. pl.* The face of nature. The general aspect of the earth and sky.

evening, *n.* The time between twelve, noon, and sundown. After [illegible] the successive periods are described:—'Just after sundown.' And [illegible]:—'Quite a spell or bit after sundown, but light enough to see good.' Earlier: 'A little before dusk.' And then:—'Just about dusk'—that is, [illegible]ght, or too late to 'see good.' And when night finally closes in, the [illegible]—'after night' is employed. The night hours are properly designated. [illegible]arly morning, we have heard 'chicken hollerin time' used. But the [illegible] 'long before day' and 'just before day' (i. e. dawn) are commonly

employed. And later:—'Just comin day'; 'just about daylight'; 'just a it got good light'; 'a little while before sunup'; 'just before sunup'; 'a sunup'; 'just after sunup,' and 'a half hour by sun.' 'A hour by etc., completes the list of phrases designating the morning periods. ing is the time 'before day,' or early rising time, and twelve, noon. word forenoon is not used. The word noon not used, but '*twelve*' twelve *o'clock*) and *dinner-time* designate the noon hour.

eu. Diphthong occurring in some words, as breush,=brush, hush. Pronounced with short e + u as in but, but without drawl.

exceptions, *n. pl.* Always used for exception, as designating thing contrary to rule.

expect, *v. i.* To suppose, or presume.

explore, *v. i. and tr.* Commonly used for explode.

explore, *n.* Explosion, as: 'When the blast went off, it made a *explore.*'

fallin out, *n.* Disagreement; quarrel. The expression, 'They *out,*' is not used; but, 'They had a *fallin out.*'

fallin weather, *n. phr.* Rain or snow.

favor, *n.* Personal resemblance; rarely, similarity.

fayther, *n.* Pronunciation of father, when used, which is The common words are pa (pɔ) or pop.

faze, *n.* To affect slightly. To disconcert. Generally used negat implying absolutely no effect. Ex.:—'He hilt a gun right in his face, never *fazed* him.' 'He drunk a pint of the strongest whiskey, and it *fazed* him.' Cf. D. N. i, 70, 330.

feedn-time, *n.* The terms 'chores' or 'chore time' are not The women milk, get in wood, water, etc., while the men feed the hence the term.

feesh, *n.* Pronunciation of fish. Note the use of the long for the vowel in dish, creek, etc.

* **feller,** *n.* For fellow; one; oneself.

fetch, *v. tr.* To bring; the latter seldom used.

fice, or **fiste.** An undersized, vicious dog; a 'bench-legged *fist* small dog of the bull-dog type, with square breast and fore legs wide Cf. D. N. i, 64, 371.

* **ficety** (faisti), *adj.* Irritable; testy; techy, (see touchy). Cf. D. N.

* **find a calf, or, colt,** *v. phr.* To calve or foal.

fired, *adj.* Blasted as by fire. Plants turned yellow by heat or are said to be *fired.*

fitified, *adj.* 1. Hysterical; nervous. 2. Erratic; notional;

fitn, *adj.* Fit; decent. 'It aint *fitn.*' 'He aint *fitn* to go with.'

flannen, *n.* Flannel. Cf. D. N. i, 388.

foalded. Preterit of foald for foal; foaled.

foot-mop, *n.* Door-mat.

foot-loose, *adj.* Having no family ties. Cf. D. N. i, 388. Ind ant, *adj.* Free to go.

fraid, *n.* Ghost; spectre.

frail, *n.* Flail. Cf. D. N. i, 375, 417.

frail, *v. tr.* To thrash as grain.

freestone-spring, *n.* Soft-water spring.

freestone-water, *n.* Water from a freestone spring. The term 'soft- water' not used; but 'rain water,' 'branch-water,' 'creek water,' 'river water.'

fruit, *n.* Cooked or preserved fruit on the table. The word sauce is never used.

* **fully,** *adj.* Certainly; most decidedly. Ex.:—'He *fully* is, does, will, etc.'

funked, *pp.* Molded or mildewed. Used only as a past participle. Cf. D. N. i, 230.

fur, *adj.* Further, as 'on the *fur* side or end.' Cf. D. N. i, 239.

further, *adv.* Farther, the latter never used.

fuzz, *n.* Down; fine, short hair; nap of cloth.

gallusses, *n. pl.* Suspenders. Cf. D. N. i, 230, 417.

gang, *n.* Brood, flock, litter, or drove. (The latter when applied to hogs.) The words 'drove' and 'herd' are not used, but *lot.*

gang-lin (gæŋlin), *adj.* Ungainly.

garden, *n.* Always a vegetable garden. Frequently pronounced *gear-den.*

gears, *n.* Harness, particularly wagon harness. See plow-gears, and Cf. D. N. i, 76, 233.

gearins, *n.* Harness, particularly wagon-harness.

genius (dʒînʊs), *n.* Synonymous with dofunny, *q. v.*

gentlemen. Used in exclamation denoting astonishment, or when anything extraordinary is beyond description. 'George don't git mad very often, but when he does git mad—*Gentlemen!!!*'

getherin, *n.* 1. An assembly. 2. A boil or rizin; see rising.

get shut of, *v. phr.* To get rid of; dispose of.

gin (dʒin), *v. i.* To work rapidly. This word, as used, seems to convey the idea of *ability* to turn off work with ease and rapidity.

give, or **guv.** Preterit of give.

give out, *adj. phr.* Exhausted. Used of persons or things.

give out, *v. tr.* To announce, as 'To *give out* the lesson,' or 'To *give out* a hymn.' A hymn was usually read in full by the preacher before sing- ing.

glummerin, *n.* A darkening. Obfuscation.

go a bilin, *v. phr. i.* To run with speed.

go havers, *v. phr. i.* To share half and half.

good, *adj.* To possess extraordinary physical strength or powers of endurance. 'If he thinks he's as *good* a man as I am, he can jes crack corn.'

go over, or **go it over,** *v. phr.* To repeat, or reiterate.

goozle (gûz-l), *n.* The larynx.

grab-gutted, *adj.* Greedy; selfish.

granma, *n.* Form of addressing any old woman.

* **ground,** *n.* Soil; as 'This patch is good *ground.*'

grow a crop, *v. phr.* The phrase is never 'to raise a crop.' Poultry, live stock and children are raised.

grubstruck, *adj.* Exhausted through hunger.

grub yersef, *v. phr.* To eat. Used facetiously.

guess, *v. i.* Always used negatively in phrase 'I don't *guess*;' never 'I *guess*.' Cf. D. N. i, 271.

gum, *n.* A bee-hive. Cf. D. N. i, 327.

half a quarter, *n. phr.* A furlong. The latter never used.

hand, *n.* A person in service. Help, in this sense, is not used.

handel (hænl), *n.* Handle, as ax-*hanl*. Helve never used.

handpatch, *n.* Small patch of field crop *tended* by hand.

handrunning (hænrʉnin), *adv.* Consecutively; without intermission. Cf. D. N. i, 65.

handkerchief (hænkərtʃif), *n.* Pronounced with n not ŋ.

handstack, *n.* Small stack of grain or hay, which, owing to error in building the main stack, must be placed in a small stack by itself.

havers, *n. pl.* Halves.

hawky, or **hockey,** *v. i.* Child's word for go to stool.

hawky, or **hockey,** *adj.* Filthy; defiling to the touch.

heap, *n.* A great deal; a great quantity; an abundance.

heard, hearn, hern, hîrd, hîrn, hërn. Preterit forms of hear.

hickry, *n.* Generic name for rod of chastisement.

hike, *v. i.* (I do not know whether this is an acquired word or not.) Specifically, to go in haste seeking information; to hasten to learn the truth or details of a report; to hasten to forestall any one, or to take advantage of circumstances. But the expression, 'Hike yourself off,' is used to an intruder, or to hasten one on an errand. Cf. D. N. i, 397.

hilt, or **helt.** Preterit of hold. Cf. D. N. i, 233.

hit, *prn.* It. So pronounced in emphatic, while *it* is used in unemphatic position.

hoe-down, *n.* A rude and boisterous dancing party.

hole, *n.* A pool, formed by the widening and deepening of a stream in its course, as 'feeshin *hole*,' 'swimmin *hole*.'

holler, *v. i.* To sing, whistle, chirp, or croak, as a bird, insect, or toad-frog. Ex.:—'Spring's come, the brown thrasher's *a-hollerin!*' 'Listen at the toad-frogs *a-hollerin!*'

holp, *v. tr.* Help, present or preterit. Cf. D. N. i, 68, 376.

honey, *n.* Term of affection.

honk, *n.* The cry of a goose.

hoo-owl, *n.* The word owl not used alone.

hoptoad, *n.* The common toad.

horrors, *n. pl.* 1. Nightmare. 2. Delirium tremens.

house-log, *n.* A log for use in building. The word timber not used in this sense. Also called saw-log.

how are you? Pronounced haryi. The precise utterance of this form of greeting cannot be written. It begins with a slightly diminished aspiration of *h*, followed by a broad *ar*, uttered with the mouth open, lips relaxed and the base of the tongue tense. The *yi* following is a scarcely perceptible expiration.

howdy? Reduced form of 'How do you?'

hull, *n.* Pod or calyx, when persistent on fruit.

hunk, *n.* 1. A large piece of bread or meat. Chunk is applied to other things, but not to food. 2. A term of affection.

hunker, *n.* Knee. 'Get down on your *hunkers*,' *i. e.* kneel down. Cf. D. N. i, 419.

hunker down, *v. phr.* 1. To crouch in sitting. 2. To kneel.

hurtn, *n.* A pain.

hurt, *v. i.* To ache; to pain.

hush, or **heush** (heuʃ), *interj.* Exclamation denoting astonishment or incredulity.

idea (aidī, with first syllable stressed), *n.* Purpose. Design.

ill, *adj.* Cross; peevish; fretful; morose.

image, *n.* The only word for any carved, sculptured or engraved figure, as the goddess of liberty on a coin.

in fix, *prep. phr.* In running order, as a machine.

in good fix, *prep. phr.* 1. In good condition, as live stock. 2. Well to do; in easy circumstances.

injurious (indʒûrʉs, with stress on first syllable), *adj.* Injurious.

insure (inʃ'ûr or inʃ'ôr), *v. tr.* 1. To assure. 2. To guarantee.

I say, *interj.* 1. Expressive of astonishment. 2. Of acceptance of another's ideas or opinions, or of concurrence with them.

invite (with strong accent on first syllable) *n.* An invitation. 'Did you git a *invite* to the dance?'

island. Pronounced ailʉnt.

jaw, *v. i.* To converse; to confabulate; to engage in friendly intercourse.

jill-flirt, *n.* A wanton.

jill-flirted, *adj.* Having the vulva lacerated in delivery.

jinny, *n.* The female ass.

job, or **jab** (dʒæb), *v. tr.* To thrust, strike. jowling

jowling, *p. pr.* Talking together privately.

juggle, *v. tr.* To score timber before hewing.

juggle, *n.* Chip or block scored from timber.

jugy (kêdʒi), *adj.* Epithumetic.

keen, *adj.* 1. Eager. 2. As denoting eager desire. 3. Fresh, bright, vigorant, spirited; applied only to persons and animals.

ketch, or **ketch up,** *v. phr.* To saddle a horse, or harness a team to wagon or plow. See take out.

kin, *n.* Relative. The latter or relation are not used. Negatively and idiomatically, 'I don't claim any *kin* to'=I don't identify myself with.

kinfolks, *n. pl.* Never kinsfolk. Kinsman and kinswoman not used; nor 'He is *kin* to me'—'They're some o my *kin*,' and the like expressions.

knowed. Pret. and pp. of know.

kope (kô-ôp, kɔ̂-ô-ʉp), *n.* A call to horses.

laps, *n. pl.* 1. Branches and limbs of a tree. 2. The entire tree top. A wood-chopper's term.

lay, *v. i.* To cease blowing, as the wind. 'When the wind *lays*, it'll rain.'

lay, *n.* Advantage afforded by a contract, situation or employment, as 'A good lay'—'A poor lay.'

lay by, *v. phr. tr.* To plough a crop for the last time. 'I low to lay *by* my corn this week.'

lead-pipe (lîd-paip), *n.* Any small pipe for conveying water. Lead never omitted from this or following word.

lead-trough (lîd-trɔf), *n.* Any small trough, especially an eave-trough.

leader, *n.* Tendon, exclusive use.

learn, *v. tr.* Always for teach, as, '*Learn* me how to do this.' Cf. D. N. i, 278.

least, *adj. superl.* The smaller or smallest. The word small is not used, but *little*. In the *least un*, the youngest of a family.

led, *n.* Lid. Cover, as a noun, not used except for bedding. (See cover.) Cf. D. N. i, 77, 234.

length, *n.* Often pronounced lenþ; cf. strength also.

lessn, *prep.* Unless. Cf. D. N. i, 420.

* **let on,** *v. phr. i.* To feign; to pretend; to talk to an ostensible purpose. 'He *lets on* like he was going to do so and so.' 'Make out' is occasionally used in this sense; but the terms are not interchangeable.

level full, *adj. phr.* Even full.

lick, *n.* A blow or stroke. The latter words are not used. If one strikes another, it is said, 'He hit him.' But 'Hit it a *lick*,' 'He don't do a *lick*' (of work), are common expressions.

light-bread (first part accented), *n.* Raised or leavened bread. Cf. D. N. i, 390.

like, *adv.* Used for 'as if' and 'as though.' Never 'like as if' or 'like as though,' but simply *like*.

link in, *v. phr. i.* To devote one's energies to a work; to work as fast as possible.

lissn at, *v. phr.* To listen to.

little to do, *n. phr.* A term used disparagingly of a meddler, mischief-maker or tale-bearer. 'You have *little to do*, a-making me all this trouble.' 'He has *little to do*, packin his tales about the settlemaynt.'

livers (livrz), *n. pl.* The viscera.

lizard, *n.* A sled or slide framed from the fork of a tree of convenient size.

loan, *v. tr.* Lend seldom used.

loblolly, *n.* Ooze, or mud; jelly; pudding; gravy.

logy (lôgi), *adj.* Languid, dull, heavy, in disposition or movement. Cf. D. N. i, 390.

look at him, *interj. phr.* 1. A huntsman's cry to his dogs. 2. A teamster or drover urging his cattle. 3. An exclamation to a mischievous child.

look for, *v. phr. i.* To anticipate; to be sure, from foregoing circumstances, that a thing will happen. Ex.:—'I *look for* him to do it.'

lope, *n.* A canter. 'He went on a *lope*.'

lope, *v. i.* 1. To canter. 2. To mount. 3. To leap upon. 4. To ascend. 5. To importune.

lot, *n.* Herd or drove. The latter word not used.

low, *adj.* Short in stature, as 'a *low* man,' 'a *low* woman.'

low-lived, *adj.* Mean, base, dishonorable.

lumber, *v. i.* To make a noise, as by moving things about. The sound of an earthquake or of thunder is called *lumbering*. Cf. D. N. i, 65.

ma (mɔ), *n.* Mother, the latter not used.

make a crop with, *v. phr. tr.* To raise a crop with some one else, as on rented land. 'I *made a crop with* John Smith'; i. e., on John Smith's land.

make a hand, *v. phr.* To do as much, in a stated time, as '*make a hand's* work.' See hand.

make in, *v. i.* To arrive home, or at a destination.

make out, *v. i.* To give the appearance of; to portend, as of the weather. 'He *made out* like it mighty nigh killed him.' 'It *makes out* like it was go-un (gôʊn) to rain.'

make sure, *v. i.* To consider a sequence as certain. Always used in the past tense, as 'The way the wind blowed last night I *made sure* all the timber was down in the country.' 'I *made sure* you was comin yestday'; that is, from foregoing circumstances I felt certain that you would come.

make up, *v. i.* To approach. Used particularly of a storm-cloud.

man, *n.* Husband, a word which is not used.

meanness, *n.* Devilishness, or maliciousness. 'He did it out of *meanness*, or for *meanness*.' Also used for a person in spiteful address, as 'fool! *meanness!*'

meat, *n.* Bacon always understood.

meetin, *n.* An assembly for worship.

meet up with, *v. phr. tr.* Chance meeting.

middles, *n. pl.* The balks between rows in *barring off* a crop. Hence to *bust out* or *split* the middles is to plow the balks, throwing the earth back to the row.

mild, *n.* Common pronunciation of mile, both singular and plural. Cf. D. N. i, 9, 210.

mind, *v. tr.* To wait on; to be attendant on. '*Mind* the baby while I'm gone.' '*Mind* the bread, and dont let it burn.'

mischief. Pronounced mist*ʃ*ĭf, with accent on last syllable.

mischiievious. Pronounced mist*ʃ*ĭvyʊs.

misery, *n.* Pain, as 'I've had a *mizzery* in my breast all day.' Cf. D. N. i, 373.

* **mistakened.** Preterit and past participle of mistake. 'He was *mistakened*.'

molasses, *n. pl.* Never used as a singular. 'These are good *molasses*.' 'Where'd you git them *molasses*?' Cf. D. N. i, 56, 332, 373.

mommy (mami), *n.* Mama. Used by children. Sometimes abbreviated to mom (mam) by grown children, but they generally use ma (mɔ). Cf. D. N. i, 332.

morning. See evening.

mowing-blade, *n.* A scythe.

nag, *n.* A horse. Particularly, a woman's saddle horse.

nary, *pron.* Not one. See ary. Cf. D. N. i, 332, 336.

needcessity, *n.* Always used instead of necessity.

nestes, *n.* Plural of nest; always in two syllables.

never, *adv.* Regularly used instead of the expression with 'did not,' as 'I *never* went,' for 'I didnt go.' 'I *never* see him.'

new-ground (with strong accent on first word, which is generally pronounced nêu, not niu), *n.* Newly cleared land, the first crop on which is called '*New-ground corn*,' or 'Nêew-ground taters.'

ng. Usually pronounced *ŋ* not *ŋg* before a consonant. Thus single, hungry, are siŋ-l, huŋri. The g before a vowel, as in the comparatives longer stronger, is pronounced with difficulty.

nicker, *v. i.* To whinney as a horse.

nigh, *adj.* Always instead of near, which is not used.

nigh on to, *adv. phr.* Nearly; the latter word is not used.

noise, *n.* Always for sound, though the latter are used as verb and adjective.

notion, *n.* A liking or fancy, as 'I've tuck a powerful *notion* to you.'

nurse (frequently pronounced nʉs), *v. tr.* 1. To fondle or coddle. 2. To dress a wound or irruption.

n't, *adv.* The contraction of not in didn't, hadn't, wouldn't, etc., is pronounced without final *t*, as *didn*, *hadn*, *wouldn*, etc.

o' (ʊ), *prep.* Of, with loss of f, as in 'I met up with some *o'* my kin.'

oats, *n. pl. as sg.* Shown to be singular by pronoun, as 'that *oats*.'

old man, *n.* The very ignorant thus commonly designate the deity.

one, *pron.* Equivalent to one or the other. 'You'll have to git flour or go without bread, *one!*' 'You must do this or go down yander, *one!*'

one (ʊn), *pron.* The reduced form, especially in expressions 'we *uns*,' 'you *uns*.'

ornery, *adj.* 1. Refractory or disobedient. 2. Of poor quality, as 'Ornery meat.' Cf. D. N. i, 217, 332.

overly, *adv.* Above measure, very. Generally used with a negative, as 'Not *overly* well,' or 'Not *overly* good.' Cf. D. N. i, 332.

oxens, *n. pl.* Always for oxen, when used, which is seldom. The word ox is not used at all, but steer.

pa (pɔ), *n.* Father, which is not used. See pap.

pace, *v. i.* To tramp heavily in walking.

pack, *v. tr.* To carry, a word which is not used. *Pack* is used exclusively in sense of carry.

pack-water, *n.* One who is at another's beck and call; a drudge. One who will do drudgery for small favors, or favorable opinion. 'I ain't your *pack-water*.'

palin (pêlin), *n.* A stave or picket; a picket fence.

pallit, *n.* Bed on the floor.

panel, *n.* 1. A single tier of rails in a fence. 2. The portion of a picket fence included between two successive posts.

pap, *n.* Father; the latter is not often used, but almost always pa (pɔ) or pap.

parcel, *n.* Commonly pronounced pæs-l, and applied only to a small assemblage of persons. Cf. D. N. i, 68, 233.

pass up, *v. tr.* The visitor at table generally helps himself to food. He is invited to '*take* bread,' to '*take out* meat'; but for beverage he is invited to '*pass up* his cup.'

patch, *n.* Frequently used for field.

peaceable, *adj.* Frequently used in a form of welcome, as, 'Come in, we're all *peaceable*.'

peacify, *v. tr.* To soothe, to quiet, or subdue.

peckin, *p. pr.* Frequently used for 'pounding.'

pedigree, *n.* One's antecedents or personal history.

pelter, *v. i.* 1. To throw stones or other missiles at anything. 2. To clamor vociferously.

perch (pîrtʃ), *n.* The perch, a fish.

perish, *v. i.* To be exhausted with suffering.

pert (pîrt), *adj.* Sprightly; lively; intelligent. Always used of persons in sickness, as 'Jim aint as *peert*,' or 'is a heap *peerter* than he was yestdy.' Cf. D. N. i, 240.

pester, *v. tr.* To tease for anything, as well as to trouble in other ways.

pet, *n.* 1. A nickname applied to men. 2. A boil. 3. Any ferocious or abhorrent animal.

phrase, *n.* For phase, as of the moon.

pick, *v. i.* To graze, as a horse or cow.

piddle, *v. i.* 1. To potter or perform seemingly unnecessary details in perfecting any work. 2. To eat daintily, or as one with poor appetite.

pided (paidid), *adj.* Pied as 'a *pieded* cow."

piece, *n.* 1. A short distance. 2. One who disregards common proprieties. 3. A wanton.

pile in, *v. phr.* 1. To make an entrance in haste or confusion. 2. To occupy impudently.

pile out, *v. phr.* To make an exit in haste and confusion.

pile up, *v. phr.* To present oneself with assurance.

place, *n.* Farm or homestead.

place, *v. tr.* To locate, as a person, 'I know your face, but I cant place you.'

plague on, *interj. phr.* An expletive.

plague take, *interj. phr.* An expletive.

plait (pronounced *plæt*), *v. tr.* To braid or plait. The word braid is not used.

plank, *n.* A sawed board of any thickness.

play-party, *n.* A party at which old-fashioned games are played.

play-pritty, *n.* A toy; plaything.

plow-gears, *n. pl.* Plowing harness, as distinct from wagon harness; having chain traces, and saddle girth for backband.

poo-we (pû-û-wî, pû-û-wî-î, pî-yô-ô-e, ô-ô-ô-î-î), *n.* A call to hogs, prolonged and shrill.

plum, *adj.* Complete; consummate, as 'He's a *plum* idiot (îdʒʊt).' 'It's *plum* sundown.'

plum, *adv.* Completely; quite. 'The box is *plum* full.'

plunder, *n.* General term for household goods and utensils, and farm implements.

point-blank (paint- or pain-), *adj.* Exactly or fully. No detraction from the precise meaning. 'He told him *pint blank*, what he thought about it.'—'He said he was a *pint-blank* liar.'

point in (paint in) or **point out** (paint aut), *v. phrases.* Terms used in mowing or cradling, regarding the position of the blade at the beginning and finish of the stroke, and on which depends the excellency of the work. Hence, used figuratively for excellence in general. Point in (paint in) is also used for beginning cradling or mowing.

pole, *v. i.* To move. Especially in the phrases 'to *pole along,*' to travel leisurely or lazily; 'to *pole in,*' to arrive late, without haste, or regard to time.

polecat, *n.* The skunk, a term which is not used.

pompered up, *adj. phr.* High fed. Rendered fastidious by extra care and attention to the person.

pop (pap), *v. tr.* To crack, as a whip; crack is never used.

poppy (papi), *n.* Papa, used by children. Cf. D. N. i, 332.

porch, *n.* Any kind of platform about a doorway, whether roofed or not. Sometimes an out-room for general purposes is called a porch. Stoop is not used. Cf. D. N. i, 210.

pour-over, *n.* A waterfall.

powerful, *adj.* Extraordinary; immense; out of common.

powerful, *adv.* Very, as '*powerful* much.'

practize (præktaiz), *v. tr.* Practice. The noun is not used.

preacher, *n.* Never a minister, pastor, or parson.

pritties, *n. pl.* 1. Flowers or flowering plants. 2. Jewelry. This word once had an almost exclusive use.

pritty, *n.* A flower or boquet; a toy; a jewel, or any small object of pleasing appearance. Cf. D. N. i, 392.

prize, *v. tr.* To press down, as with a lever.

prize, *v. tr.* To pry, as with a lever. Cf. D. N. i, 376.

prize, *n.* A lever.

project (pradʒik), *n.* 1. A scheme or plan to do work in a different way from the ordinary. 2. A construction or contrivance for any purpose. 3. A toy. 4. A puzzle.

projectin (pradʒikin), *pr. ppl.* 1. Pottering; doing little chores. 2. Prospecting. 3. Scheming or planning to do work in a different manner from the ordinary.

proposed-ly, (prʊp·ôzidli), *adv.* Purposely; for the express purpose.

pull, *v. tr.* To pick or pluck, as 'to *pull* a flower.' The words pick or pluck are not used.

punish, *v. tr.* Used reflexively, meaning: 1. To suffer from pain, heat or cold. 2. To unnecessarily endure privation; to go to extremes in self-denial or hard labor. 'What's the use of *punishing* yersef?'

purge, *v. i.* To vomit.

put, *v. tr.* Pronounced pʊt not put.

quality, *n.* Person of *quality.* 'You think you're *quality*'; 'the Smiths are *quality.*'

quarl or **quoil.** Different pronunciations of coil, as a snake. Also, to curl.

quarterin-time, *n.* The middle of the morning or evening. The hour completing a quarter of a day.

quittn-time, *n.* The time to cease labor for the day. The hour o'clock never mentioned.

racket, *n.* A violent altercation or personal encounter.

raise, *v. i.* 1. To rise, as the sun. 2. To expectorate; to eject from lungs or trachea. The verb rise is not used.

raise, *v. tr.* 1. To cause to appear, especially in such an expression as 'I hollered him but failed to *raise* him.' 2. To find, especially after protracted search, as 'I finally *raised* it.'

rang, *pp.* For rung, as 'The bell has *rang.*'

rank, *n.* A pile of anything regularly and evenly laid up, as 'a *rank* of wood, brick, etc.

rank, *v. tr.* To lay up in even and regular tiers or courses.

rant, *v. i.* To talk and act in anger. Often combined with cave (*q. v.*) and snort.

rare, *v. i.* To get in a passion; to find fault, or criticise. Cf. D. N. i, 6, 67, 233.

rattle, *v. i.* To ring or jingle; to tinkle or clink; to tintinnabulate, as a cow-bell. This word once had an exclusive use, but ring has since been introduced. The other words mentioned above are not used.

rattle it off, *v. phr.* To repeat anything with ease and fluency; to discourse, or speak a foreign language fluently.

rattlesnake and polecat, *n. phr.* Descriptive of equally virulent or belligerent parties to a quarrel. 'They're *rattlesnake and polecat.*'

reach, *v. tr.* To hand, as '*reach* me the book.'

reckon, *v. i.* To suppose; to guess. Used also in assenting or dissenting, affirming or denying.

recollect, *v. tr.* Pronounced riklik, or rîkʊlekt, with accent on first syllable.

reddingcomb (red-nkôm), *n.* A ridding comb; a fine-toothed comb.

religious, *adj.* Exclusively used for pious.

remind, *v. i.* To call to mind. Always used with negative, as 'I don *remind,*' i. e. I don't remember. Also always used at the end of the clause, never as in 'I don *remind* that, etc.'

rench, *v. tr.* Rinse. Cf. D. N. i, 63, 234, wrench.

rept. Preterit and *pp.* of reap.

rheumatiz, *n. pl.* Used as a plural, as shown by pronoun and verb.

rick, *n.* A long, rectangularly-based pile of hay, or grain in the sheaf. Distinct from *stack,* which is round.

rid. Preterit of ride; rode.

rid (red) or **rid up** (red ʊp), *v. or v. phr.* To tidy up; to clean up an apartment or house. Cf. D. N. i, 6, 67.

riffle, *n.* Shallow place in a stream, where the current is ruffled by the uneven bottom.

rig, *v. tr.* To construct; to adjust parts of a machine. Cf. D. N. i, 231.

right, *adv.* Very.

right sharply, right smartly, *adv. phr.* Exceedingly; very much so.

right smart, *n. phr.* A great deal, or great quantity. Cf. D. N. i, 372.

rig up, *v. i. and tr.* 1. To dress up, that is to put on 'store clo'es.' 2. To harness. 3. To repair. 4. To adjust. 5. To fix.

ring-mawl, *n.* Beetle; a maul with rings.

rising (raizn), *n.* A boil.

roach, *n.* A mode of dressing the hair, by parting it on each side, and turning the intervening hair in a large curl down the top of the head. This word has become corrupted to mean any large curl or twist of any portion of the hair.

road-wagon, *n.* Light, spring wagon. This word has recently come into general use.

rock, *n.* For stone, a word which is not used.

romance, *v.i.* To play sportively, as children. 'They're jes *romancin.*

rotnin, *p. pr.* For rotting.

round dance, *n.* Waltz, polka or schottisch.

rue, *v. tr.* To dissolve a contract, as to *rue* a bargain.

rue back, *v. phr.* To trade back; to reëxchange commodities.

ruin, *v. tr.* To soil or spoil. To render unfit for use.

rukus (rûkʉs), *n.* Same as racket, which see.

run in, *v. phr.* To pierce or prick, which words are not used. 'To run a needle or brier *in* the finger.'

runnin off, *n. phr.* Diarrhea or dysentery.

rusk, *n.* The plural *ruskes*, pronounced in two syllables. Raised biscuit.

sack, *n.* A bag; the latter never used.

sack, *v. tr.* To jilt.

sallit, *n.* Salad; greens.

sand-board, *n.* The piece of timber in a lumber-wagon that rests on the axle and supports the bolster.

saw. Past participle for seen.

saw-log, *n.* A log for use in building. The word timber not used in this sense. Also called *house-log.*

scandalous (skænlʉs), *adj.* Extraordinary; beyond measure; out of the common.

scare, *v. tr.* To frighten. The words fright or frightened never used.

scrimmage, *n.* 1. Skirmish. 2. Scramble. 3. Altercation. 4. Fight.

scruff, *n.* Scurf.

see, seen, seed. Preterits for see. In regard to the forms *see* and *seen*, the former is used for more immediate, the latter for more remote past actions. Thus: 'Wasn that John th't just now passed?' 'I never *see* him!' But 'John was there all the time, but I never *seen* him.'

seemslike, *v. phr.* Used, without it as a subject. for 'seems as if,' or 'as though.' Never 'it *seemslike*,' but simply '*seemslike*,' as '*Seemslike* he didn' care.'

set by, *v. phr.* Form of invitation to dine.

settlement (-mênt), *n.* Neighborhood. The latter is not used except in expression neighborhood-road, a by-road for the convenience of the *settlemaynt.*

severals, *n. pl.* For several used as a noun.

shab out, *v. phr. i.* To retire humiliated, or to avoid an encounter.

shab out, *n. phr.* A cowardly retreat.

shaller, *n.* Not full. Scant measure.

share, *n.* Pronounced *fir.*

sharp, *v. tr.* To sharpen.

shatter, *v. i.* To shell out, by dehiscence, as over-ripe grain.

shivered, *adj.* Splintered; wind-racked, as a tree.

shock, *n.* A cock, as 'A *shock* of hay.'

show, *n.* Any kind of public spectacle, circus, theater or museum, which terms are not used, except theatre, *q. v.*

shrub, *v. tr.* To clear land of small growth by cutting it off at the ground.

shuck, *n.* Husk, which is not used. Cf. D. N. i, 333.

shucks, *interj.* An exclamation expressing disbelief or disapprobation.

singler, *adj.* Used in sense of similar.

singl tree, *n.* Whippletree.

siv, *v. tr.* Use for sift.

skar (skear), *v. tr.* To cover an antagonist with wounds, cuts or bruises. A word of grim humor used thus: 'He got into a rukus with Jake, and got all *skearred* up.' 'I reckon I've got a animal that'll *skearr* your dog.'

skelp, *v. tr.* 1. To hew or shave off a thin portion of anything. 2. To skin a small place by a glancing blow; to skin an animal.

skelp, *n.* A pelt.

skillit, *n.* General term for any kitchen utensil. Cf. D. N. i, 313.

slashes, *n. pl.* The spreading and separation of a stream over a large area into many labyrinthine channels. Cf. D. N. i, 333.

slick, *adj.* Smooth, slippery, words which are not used.

slick-time, *n.* The time when snow is on the ground.

slide, *n.* Sleigh or sled.

slip around, *v. phr. i.* 1. To approach cautiously. 2. To go secretly.

slip up, *v. phr. i.* 1. To fail in a scheme. 2. To be disappointed in any expectation.

slip-gap, *n.* An opening made in a rail fence by turning out the end of one rail or more, and putting a bolster in its place, so that hogs may pass through, while larger animals are retained. Or all the rails of a corner may be turned on either hand, and rails for bars laid on the other projecting ends of the rails so laid out. This latter is for the passage of cattle and wagons.

smother, *v. tr.* To suffocate; to be short-winded.

smotherin-spell, *n.* Congestion, or palpitation of the heart, where there is difficulty in breathing.

smouge (smaudʒ), *v. tr.* To take secretly more than one's rightful share. To make false returns, and *smouge* the difference. Cf. smouch, D. N. i, 374.

sogin (sûgin), *n.* The pad under a horse collar to prevent chafing.

sook, cafe (suk kêf). A jodel; never 'co-bos.'

soon (sûn), *adv.* Early, as 'Right *soon* in the morning.'

sort of (sɔrtar), *adv. phr.* Hardly. Expressing total impossibility or total incapacity, as 'I couldnt *sorter* think of it'; 'I couldnt *sorter* do it.'

split, *v. i.* To go with speed, as 'He jes went a *splittn* thro the timber.'

spreein, *p. pr.* Rutting.

sproutin, *p. pr.* 1. Grubbing. 2. Cutting young sprouts out of a new ground crop with a hoe.

square-dance, *n.* A cotillion or quadrille.

stable-horse, *n.* A stallion.

stable-lot, *n.* The yard about the stable; never barnyard.

stand, *n.* 1. The amount of a sowing or planting which comes up and grows, as 'a *stand* of grain.' 2. A hive of bees.

stand-table, *n.* Always for stand, article of furniture.

stand off, *n.* A holding at bay.

stand off, *v. phr. tr.* To hold at bay.

stave, *v. i.* To act violently. 'He jes *staved* around.'

steer, *n.* An ox; the latter word never used.

stick, *v. tr.* To prick, a word which is not used.

sticker, *n.* Thorn or brier.

stob (stab), *v. tr.* 1. Stab. 2. To stub, as the toe.

stob (stab), *n.* 1. A stub. 2. A short stake driven in the ground. The short stub or stump of a sprout.

stob out, *v. phr. tr.* To hitch out or picket, as a horse or cow with a long rope tied to a *stob*, for the purpose of grazing.

store, *adj.* In certain expressions, as '*store* clothes (klôz),' '*store* sugar,' to mean something manufactured as distinct from something made at home.

stout, *adj.* Strong. The latter is applied only to things affecting the senses, as '*strong* light,' '*strong* smell,' '*strong* coffee.'

strength. Often pronounced strenþ; cf. length.

striffin, *n,* 1. The diaphragm. 2. Any membranous substance. 3. A niggardly portion.

strike, *v. tr.* To apply to, as 'To *strike* a man for a job, or for the purchase or sale of anything.'

strike in, *v. phr. i.* To penetrate or permeate.

stripper, *n.* A cow nearly dry.

strop (strap), *n.* A strap.

study, *v. i.* To cogitate; to be absorbed in thought; to meditate; to reflect.

stuff, *n.* Medicine, liniment, etc.

sull, *v. i.* 1. To hold a position with imperturbable obstinacy and a total disregard of surroundings, as a possum, or a hog in a corner. 2. To lie in a semi-comatose state through pain. Used only of animals.

sundown, *n.* Sunset, a word which is never used.

sunup, *n.* Sunrise; the latter never used. Cf. D. N. i, 334.

supple (sûp-l), *adj.* Supple, so pronounced. Cf. D. N. i, 50.

sure, surely. Often pronounced *fôr*, *fôrli*, as if written shore, shorely. Of these shore is most common and is both *adv.* and *adj.* As adjective of. 'The ring is *shore* gold'; 'Jim killed a *shore* bear this morning.' As adverb, 'He *shore* did.' The adverb is employed on all occasions, often for emphasis only: 'We *shore* had a fine rain last night'; 'He is *shore* goin to the dance'; 'I *shore* heerd him say so.'

suspicion, *v. tr.* To suspect.

swan to man, *interj. phr.* An expletive. 'I *swan to man* I thought I'd heard of this before.'

sweetnin, *n.* Molasses or sugar.

swell, *v. i.* To become inflamed.

take, *v. tr.* Help yourself, especially at table, as '*take* bread,' or '*take* some meat.' '*Take* seats' is the conventional invitation to be seated.

takened, *pp.* for took.

take on, *v. phr.* To grieve; to make a demonstration of pain or suffering.

take out, *v. tr.* To unhitch a team from wagon or plow.

take roundins or roundints on, *v. phr. tr.* To approach by a circuitous route for purpose of surprise, as '*take roundins on* game.'

tale, *n.* An anecdote or joke; a malicious lie. 'I've got a *tale* on you.' 'They've got a *tale* on Jim.' To tell a *tale* is to repeat scandal or malicious lies.

talk, *v. i.* Always used instead of speak.

tasted, *adj.* The quality of having a taste, as 'Good *tasted* fruit.' 'A bad *tasted* apple.'

tater, *n.* A potato.

teacher, *n.* Never schoolmaster or schoolma'am. The word *teacher* is also used in personal address, instead of the name of the person.

tell on, *v. phr. tr.* To inform against.

tend, *v. tr.* To cultivate, as 'to *tend* a crop.'

that'll do to tell. Common form of expressing incredulity.

that's what, *interj. phr.* Exclamation of affirmation or assent.

theatre. Pronounced þî·êətr, as if spelled the-ay'ter.

theirselves. For themselves.

thicket, *n.* Copse or undergrowth. Exclusive use.

this here (ðisy·ër or ðisy·âr), *pron.* This; this here.

three square, *adj. phr.* Three cornered; triangular.

thump, *v. i.* To throb or beat, as the heart or pulse. Exclusive use.

till, *prep.* By. 'We'll git this done *till* twelve.' 'We must git there *till* sundown.'

timber, *n.* The word 'woods' is never heard. But the terms *woodlot*, *woodslot*, *woodpasture* or *woodspasture*, are used.

toad frog, *n.* Term used alike for toad or frog. Toad not used by itself.

tolable. Pronunciation of tolerable or tolerably.

touchy (tetʃi), *adj.* Touchy; irritable. Cf. D. N. i, 240.

trash, *n.* Refuse or sweepings. Hence used figuratively for any worthless person.

travel, *v. i.* To migrate, as wild-fowl or birds; or as squirrel, etc.

tremblings (trimlinz), *n.* Tremblings, but used as singular for nervous prostration. See *weak trimlins*.

truck, *n.* Personal property; equipment; part of a machine. Commonly used in the plural. Accoutrements; ornaments. A general term for things of value only to the owner, or miscellaneous objects of all sorts.

triggerin, *n.* The minute and particular details of any work. Used as an adjective as in '*triggerin* work.'

tripple tree, *n.* Draft-bar for three horses abreast, attached to the plow at one-third of its length from one end, and the leverage of the long end for the third horse.

tromp, *v. tr.* 1. To press down anything with the feet. 2. To tread on. N. B. The expression is not 'He tromped *on* my toe,' but 'He *tromped* my toe.' Cf. D. N. i, 234.

* **truck,** *n.* Business; friendly relation; association; communication. 'I had some *truck* with him'; 'I don't want any *truck* with him.'

tryflin, *adj.* Generally applied to persons of little account.

tuck. Preterit of take.

Tuesday. Pronounced chuzedy (tʃûzdi).

turn, *v. tr.* To exclude; as, to make a fence that will *turn* cattle, i. e. turn them from an endeavor to get through or over.

turn, *v. i.* To act; conduct one's self. 'I don care so much about how a man looks as I do the way he *turns*.'

twelve, *n.* Twelve o'clock, but without the latter word. See eleven.

twict (twaist,) *adj.* Twice. Cf. D. N. i, 375.

tyke, *n.* A child. Cf. D. N. i, 395.

ugly, *adj.* Homely; exclusively in this sense; not bad in disposition.

uncle, *n.* Common designation of any old man.

underminded, *adj.* Double-faced or deceptive in character; hypocritical or tricky.

* **use,** *v. i.* To inhabit; to frequent or haunt, as animals. Always followed by the preposition. 'A foe *uses* in this timber, or on this bluff.'

use, *n.* In expression 'I hain't no *use* for him,' in token of aversion.

useted, *adj. pp.* Accustomed; inured. 'The work ain't so hard when you get *usted* to it.

use to could, *v. phr.* Used to; was accustomed.

vilify, *v. tr.* To abuse by calling names, or using personalities in quarrel.

volunteer, *n. and adj.* Plants from self-sown seed as:—'*Volunteer* corn.' '*Volunteer* oats.'

vomick. Pronunciation of vomit, when used, which is seldom. The phrase 'to *throw up*' is generally employed.

waist, *n.* Blouse or surtout for men's wear.

want in, want out. To want to go in or out, but never with the verb go.

washncomb, *v. phr. i.* To wash the face and comb the *head*. Pronounced as a single word. 'You go *washncomb*.'

watch, *v. tr.* To look or look at; see, as:—'*Watch* him'; 'watch me jump'; '*watch* me, and dare to say that.' 'You *watch*,' an admonition to observe if an event does not transpire as foretold.

watch out, *v. phr. i.* Look out; beware; be careful.

weak trimlins (i. e. tremblings), *n. phr.* Nervous prostration; palpitation of the heart; excessive fear or terror. A common expression.

well-fixed, *adj.* Well to do.

well-heeled, *adj.* Having wealth or property in abundance. Cf. D. N. i, 230.

whang, *n.* Thong.

whang-leather, *n.* Leather from which to make thongs.

* **what did you** (hwadʒu) **say your name was?** Customary form of inquiring a stranger's name. Sometimes:—'What do you call yourself?' or 'your name?'

wheel, *v. i.* To use a team; to drive a wagon.

which, *pron.* Always used instead of what, interrogatively.

which and **tother.** Of indeterminate preferableness. 'It's which and tother I reckon,' as to two sides of a question.

whicker, *v. i.* To whinny.

whip, *n.* Pronounced hwap, hwɐp or hweɐp.

whopper, *n.* A lie.

wife, *n.* Sweetheart, or fiancée.

* **woman,** *n.* Always used for wife.

woodlot or **woodslot,** *n.* Name of a part of the forest or timber [illegible].

woodpasture or **woodspasture,** *n.* The same as above. See timber.

wool, *adj.* Always for woolen.

wool-hat, *n.* A felt hat.

* **work,** *v. tr.* To till or cultivate, as 'to *work* the corn'; 'to *work* cotton.

work, *v. i.* To swarm with animal life, as 'The timber is just *working* with game'; or, 'The creek is jes *working* with feesh.'

wouldn (wudn), *auxl. v.* Wouldn't. 'It *wouldn* make any difference.'

wrop, *v. tr.* To wrap.

wunst. Pronunciation of once.

yahoo (yahû), *n.* An ignorant, unsophisticated, and rude-mannered person.

yan (yæn), *pron.* Yon, as 'Down to *yan* eend.' 'Who's *yan?*' i. e., Who is yon person?

yander (yændər), *adv.* Yonder.

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Introduction

The Sea Islands are a chain of islands in the Atlantic Ocean off the east coast of North America. These islands extend from northern Florida to the coasts of Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina. The Sea Islands are unique because they are the home of a West African people called "Gullah."

The origin of the word, "Gullah," is mixed and varied. "Gull" may mean God, and "ah" is a word placed before or after a word—it usually refers to a blessing. This would mean that "Gullah" could be translated as "the blessing of God," or "the people blessed by God." Many African communal names refer to God or praise God. Further, the Gullah have been related to the Gola people of Sierra Leone. The Vai people, or Gala, or Gallinas (another word for Vai) are believed to be the African connection for the Gullah people in this hemisphere. With these African connections, the Sea Islands Gullah have always demonstrated the meaning of Gullah by being steadfast in their Africanity, and by always standing with God. Historically, Gullah people were captured from West Africa and brought to the Sea Islands, because the Europeans needed technology and labor to build their empires and to build America.

The Gullah captives possessed skills (technology) in agriculture, science, animal farming, construction, navigation, government, teaching, and most of all, they had over 10,000 years of history in the most developed civilization in the world—that of Africa. It is the Gullah technology that produced European and American wealth.

During colonial times, the European-Americans tried unsuccessfully to profit from southern natural resources. However, without African technology they failed. American Indians were enslaved by Europeans. This slavery was unproductive because the Native Americans had labor but little technology for the type of work required. The colonials then tried to enslave white indentures. This also gave them labor but no technology which they could use to build wealth. Finally, the Europeans attempted slavery with the Africans. This gave them labor and technology. Thus, African chattel slavery, when engaged, was an economic

success for the European. The knowledge needed for farming and building in the Sea Islands required specialized skills that were found in abundance in West Africa. The rape of Africa for people with these skills inadvertently created a geographical area in the Sea Islands, uniquely African, and inhabited by a strong and proud people called the Gullah—"the people blessed by God."

The Gullah captives produced high profits for the Europeans. To get the maximum labor output from these Africans, the Europeans isolated them. The Gullah were prized possessions as "slaves" and sold at higher prices than other Africans which further justified their isolation. During this period of enslavement, the Gullah were left on the Sea Islands to themselves except for overseers (white supervisors). The planters (plantation owners) lived on the mainland and made periodic visits to the islands to check on crop production and on the breeding of the Gullah for slavery.

The isolation of the Gullah from mainland whites and other Africans allowed the Gullah to maintain a high degree of African culture. Also, the high concentration of Africans on the islands allowed a Gullah Community to form (an Afrocentric cultural entity within a European-American cultural context). Further, after the end of the European intertribal war (Civil War), the Gullah remained isolated from whites from 1861 to 1930. During 1930, a bridge was built that connected the mainland to the islands. Since that time, whites have continued to infiltrate these historical, ancestral and African-American owned lands.

For many years, the Gullah have been noted for their speech patterns and English language usage. The Gullah "accent" is much more than just an accent on the English language. Gullah, as a language, uses distinct African language patterns, and conceptual meanings. In other words, the Gullah language is uniquely African, with English words added to it. In addition to the Gullah language, the Gullah people have created a lifestyle and a heritage that has left its mark on American and world history.

The following pages contain little-known facts about the

Gullah contribution to human history. These facts are not only a listing of events and dates; but also an intriguing glimpse into human struggle, and into the growth and development of a people through enslavement and beyond slavery.

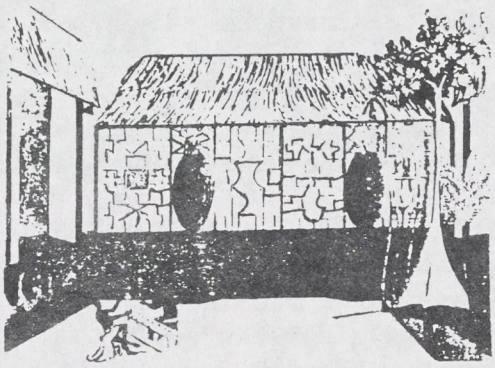
Where Gullahs Came From

The majority of the African-Americans (all Gullahs) came from the urban cities of West Africa. The urban cities area covered 2 1/2 million square miles, which is the size of the United States. West Africa is an area of low country grassland (3/4th of it) and not a desert or jungle area. The area is similar to the Sea Island and East coastal states of Southern America. The 200 to 300 cities of urban Africa had walls built around them. Within the major wall would be other circular walls with distances of up to 3/4 miles apart. Some of the large cities would cover an area the size of Texas with a single castle covering 640 acres.

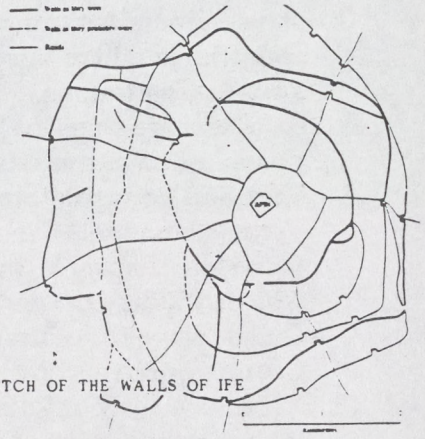
The walls were up to 100 miles in circular length, 40 to 50 feet in height and 30 feet wide and had farms, lakes, storage buildings and stables of over 1,000 horses, donkeys or camels. An African walled city would be divided into over 120 wards or districts with each district having a mayor. Small towns and surrounding suburban areas or villages were part of the large city. The cities had paved streets up to 300 feet wide, 2 story buildings with glass windows, stores, colleges, churches and no police and no jails. African cities were built to reflect the laws of God, nature and man. The family was the foundation of African cities and served to holisticly (body, mind and spirit) influence an individual's behavior and thus control the cities.

The large urban metropolitan cities were part of many African countries such as Sierra Leone, Benin, Ghana, Liberia and Ivory Coast. Many smaller cities such as Jenne, Kumasi, Segu, and Ife plus towns and villages were part of great empires such as Mali, Bornu, Kong, Mossi and Asante empires. These cities date back as far as 1 A.D. Mandara, 9 A.D. Kanem-Bornu, 1100 Katsina, 1350 Gobir and up to the 18th century. They had many industries in shipbuilding, metal, textile, commerce, literature, medicine and imported and exported to Asia and the Americas. Some cities had over 70,000 men a day commuting to work in craft and technical factories or to agricultural fields of millet, wheat, corn, plantain, rice and cotton.

The cities were invaded by the Europeans in the 13th century. Europe came into existence after the fall of the Mediterranean countries of Greece and Rome. Europeans used biological warfare (diseases), chemical (drugs, alcohol), spiritual (forced to adopt European religions), psychological (made to feel inferior), and military warfare (guns, rockets, bombs) to defeat Africa. It is estimated that 500,000,000 Africans and African-Americans (includes Gullahs) were killed by the invasions, colonialism and slavery business. For more information on urban Africa, read African Cities and Towns Before the European Conquest by Richard Hull and Urban Heritage of West Africa by Daud M. Watts.



THE ASANTEHENE'S SLEEPING ROOM WITHIN HIS COMPOUND IN KUMASI - 1819



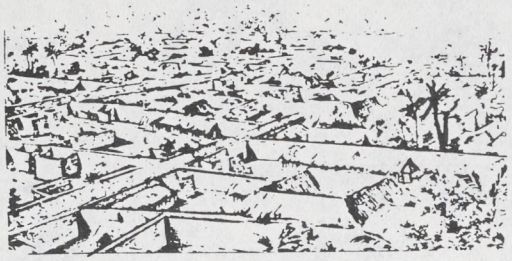
SKETCH OF THE WALLS OF IFE



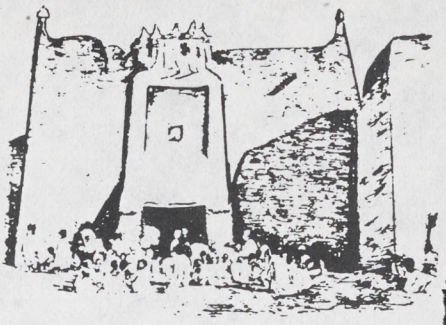
AHMADU'S PALACE IN SEGU



PANORAMA OF KONG - 1888



BENIN CITY IN 1891



COLLEGE IN JENNE

Gullah Language Path

The Gullah language distribution path was in many areas largely due to the need for the technology of these West African slaves. These African prisoners of war were (400 years African countries fought to stop the European invasion) sold from Louisiana to Charleston.

The cargo ships loaded with slaves and cargo would start in European countries, such as Ireland, England, France, Spain, Italy, and Portugal, then go to Africa, the Canary Islands, Cape Verde across the Atlantic Ocean then to South America, Haiti, Barbados, Hispanola and Cuba. Then on to the Gulf of Mexico which includes Louisiana and Alabama, then to the Bahamas, the Gullah slave-concentrated areas of the Sea Islands (Florida, Georgia, South and North Carolina) and then Bermuda.

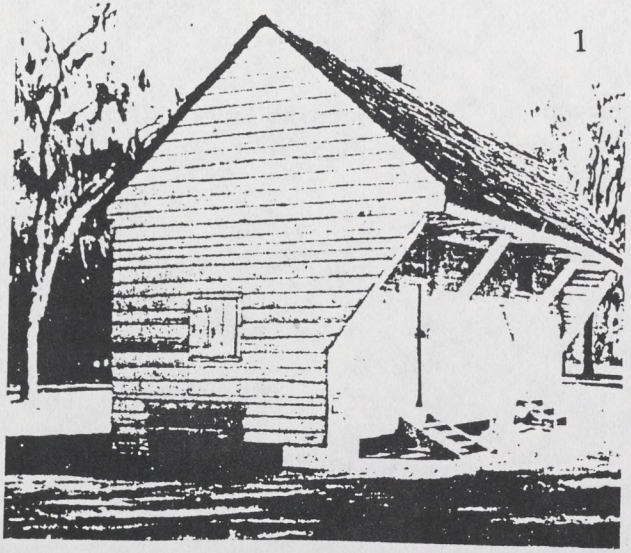
Today, there is still a common linguistic connection with West Africans in the above parts of the world.

Sea Island Indians

The territory called Carolinas was called Chicora by the Native Americans just as Africa was called Ake Bu Lan by its natives. The Indians were misused, mistreated, abused, exploited and denied use of their own land. Many of them would move away from the European invaders. However, some Indians would live near the Europeans and were culturally disenfranchised. Those groups were racially mixed (African-Indians, Afro-American Indians and Euro-Indians). Groups such as the Catawba lived on the pitiful wilderness ghetto called a reservation in York County, South Carolina. In the 1930 census, Croatians (also called Turks, Brass Ankles and Redbones) were identified.

The early African voyages and contact (came to America before Columbus) is evident in cultures of the Creeks, Cherokee, Chickasaw and Choctaw. The Indian inhabitants of the islands such as the Gaule, Cusabo and then the Yemasses were killed, domesticated or sold as slaves. The Sea Islands Indians were courageous and became a part of Gullah island history and are so noted in this book. It is interesting to note that some of the Europeans that the Indians as well as the Gullahs met were not noble people. European countries used America (and the Sea Islands) as dump sites for social waste. Cargoes of social waste such as criminals, orphans, whores, the homeless, welfare recipients, the diseased and the mentally ill were loaded on ships called "The Ship of Fools" and sent to America. Additionally, European-Americans sought refuge on the islands such as Aaron Burr on St. Simeon's Island after killing Alexander Hamilton. Oddly enough, Edgar Allen Poe was inspired to write "The Golden Bug" while on Sullivans Island near Charleston. The Indians were forcefully subjected to the worst of European society and yet have survived and have fought with the Gullahs against the European's oppression. The Indians are truly a great nation of colored people.

Today, the United States government refuses to recognize the Edisto Indians as native Americans and will not register them with the Bureau of Indian Affairs and will not allow them to practice many parts of their culture.



1

Amazing Facts About the Gullah People and the Sea Islands

1.	1461	Sir Henry of France learned the making of sail boats in Egypt. This made long journeys with sail ships and large slave ships (300-400 slaves) possible. Carolina rice picked by Gullah slaves was used to finance making the Egyptian sail boats.
2.	1477	Christopher Columbus (a Jew raised in Italy hired by Spain) came to the Sea Islands before he reached any other land in this hemisphere. In 1296 Mansu Munsa III of Africa was sending ships back and forward to the Americas. Records date to 200 AD of African ships in America.
3.	1500	First concept of "Wonderland" brought to America by Gullahs. An African concept "Gondwanland" (English, wonderland) is the idea of paradise on earth. It is also the name given to the geographical land mass once known as "World Island." The rites of passage fairy tale, "Alice in Wonderland" alludes to Gondwanland.
4.	1500 (cir)	Oldest people in America. The Gullahs were estimated to live to be 140-200 years of age!
5.	1500	First African ceremonies practiced in America were practiced by the Gullahs.
6.	1500	First use of a feudal caste system in America. The slavers classified captives as house niggers or field niggers. Often, there were some political double talkers (uncle Toms).

caused the incident. The newspaper failed to explain the incident beyond it being a social evening that erupted in violence.

162. 1926 First cotton fabric used to pave a road. Cotton road was paved in Chapin County, South Carolina.

163. 1932 The George Washington quarter (25 cents) had a picture of an eagle on one side. Henry William De Saussure (owner of the Gold Eagle Hotel on New Street near Bay Street) designed the eagle.

164. 1986 The national Gullah Festival was organized by Rosalie Pazant, and her daughters: Lolita, Charlotte, and Reba. This festival educates African-Americans and other Americans about Gullah history, heritage, and lifestyle.

2



Gullah Proverbs

1. Chattering doen't cook "rice."

2. Promisin talk don cook rice.

3. Det wan ditch you arn fuh jump.
(Death is one ditch you have to jump)

4. Dat dog eat dog, enty.

5. Empty sack can't sand upright alone

6. Ef you hol you made e would kill e by glad.
(If you hold your anger it will kill all your happniness.)

7. Er good run bettuh dan uh bad stan.
(A good run is better than a bad stand.)

8. E by back is fitted to de bu'den.
(Every person is able to carry his own burden.)

9. Heart don't mean every thing mough say.

10. Sin is easier to stand dan shame.

11. Sad we got to be burn fore we learn.

12. Still water gits stale an scummy too quick. It can wash away sin. (Don't wait too long to apologize because it will be stale, but it still is an apology.)

13. Tit fuh tat, but tar fuh fat, et yuh.

14. Kill my dawg, I kill yuh cat. (For every action, there is an equal reaction.)

15. Trouble goin fall! Ain't goin fall on the ground! Goin fall on somebody.

16. Mo rain, mo ress, but fair wedder bin bess.

17. Onpossible (impossible) to get straight wood from crooker timber.

18. Most hook fish don't help dry hominy. (An almost hooked fish does not improve the taste of hominy grits.)

19. Man p'int, but God disap'pint (Man appoints, but God is the Supreme Appointer.

20. Tongue and teth dont always git along.

De Watermelon

(Gullah Language Story)

In 1840, a runaway slave from Wallace Plantation was caught stealing watermelon on Fripp Plantation.

Some massa and some oberseer bery cruel. One nite a man go in de feel to git wadar mellon. He be bery hongry for dey ain gib de slaves nuff to eat annee time. De guard catch him. Shut him up all dat day, wait fo high tide—Tide jes as high as tis now.

Den he tak fo men and dey duck him, and duck duck him and duck him twell he mos dead. Den dey lay him big log, and dey two mens hol arms up an tother mens hol he legs and de oberseer breat him till bled jes gush—and de womans and den mans and de chitlin all holler. "Yo gwine kell him." I knowed I ben standin rite yere jes as it ben ye'tiddy. Den dey pit him in cart and him drive to de main road and dey den come to de certon spot—dey trow him out like a bag manure and he lie rite dere and in den mornin he be dead.

De oberseer been rested and pit in de jail and dey gwing hung him, but de massa pay him out and let him go. Neber let him come back here dough.

Crops Harvested by Gullahs

1520 Figs, olives, oranges, cattle, peaches, apricots, grapes

1600 Pine, pitch turpentine

1600 Silk, olives, oranges, wine

1680 Rice

1750 Indigo

1790 Cotton

1830 Phosphate

1920 Free Gullahs-tomato, lettuce, cabbage, radish

Unsuccessful Crops:

Ginger

Gullah Technology

The documented ancient African skills and knowledge brought to America and the European world were many. They date back to 10,000 BC and pre-Egypt. Here is a listing of a few: Engineering, agriculture, irrigation, the invention of the wheel,

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Language

Gullah . . . a Southern Treasure

By THOMAS R. WARING

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the lowcountry of South Carolina and Georgia thousands of people speak a form of English you may never have heard—or may never have heard of. Called Gullah, it developed in U. S. Colonial times on the plantations of the South Atlantic coast. It is possible that you might hear some Gullah if and when you pass through this region on your way to Atlanta for Rotary's world Convention opening there May 31.

IN THE DIALOGUE among the races Gullah fills a niche. A specialist on this rich patois is one of your fellow Rotarians. He is Harold S. (Dick) Reeves, a Past President of our Rotary Club of Charleston and a member of an old Charleston family. He has put on Gullah programs in ten States of the U.S.A. and has made recordings of his large repertoire of Gullah stories. More about Dick Reeves in a moment.

Though Gullah contains a few words of African origin and a peculiar cadence that also may be African, the speech itself is a simplified form of English. Since overseers and foremen were of English and Scottish origin, seldom well educated, some of the British pronunciations and colloquialisms of their time and class have survived in Gullah. People brought from Africa to work in the rice and cotton fields belonged to many different tribes, each with its own language. Gullah became a lingua franca for communication among Negro workers as well as with their white bosses.

In a pamphlet published in 1926 by the University of South Carolina and reprinted in 1969 under Mr. Reeves' sponsorship, Prof. Reed Smith said:

"Both the word Gullah and the Negroes so named came from the West Coast of Africa, but exactly where has not been agreed upon. There are two widely held conjectures. One is that Gullah is a shortened form of Angola, the name of an African West Coast district lying south of the Equator and the mouth of the Congo River. A small but positive bit of evidence to this effect is found in an entry in the Charleston City Council, under the year 1822, in which reference is made to Gullah Jack and his company of 'Gullah or Angola Negroes'. . . . A second, more probable suggestion is that Gullah comes from the name of the Liberian group of tribes known as Golas living on the West Coast between Sierra Leone and the Ivory Coast."

Be that as it may, the Africans who came to the coast of the Carolinas and Georgia underwent sea changes that divested them of language and other cultural links with their homeland. They learned new speech and new ways in the New World, though their bodies continued to bear the genes of their race.

"What the Gullahs seem to have done," Prof. Smith reports, "was to take a sizeable part of the English vocabulary as spoken on the coast by the white inhabitants from about 1700 on, wrap their tongues around it, and reproduce it changed in tonality, pronunciation, cadence, and grammar to suit their native phonetic tendencies, and their existing needs of expression and communication. The result has been called by one writer 'the worst English in the world'."

To understand Gullah one needs a trained ear. It lacks word forms for person, number, case, and tense. "Ee-see um," or more likely syncopated into "Eee shum," could mean he (she or it) sees (saw) him (her, it, or them). The height of laconicism, Prof. Smith notes, is this exchange:

"Shum?"

"Shum."

Many of the Gullah stories that survive among students of the dialect concern hunting and fishing. Gullah guides were a storehouse of nature lore. Here is a sample:

A deer hunter asked an old man if a certain stand was a good one for deer. "Me yent kin say, mossa," replied the old man. "We'n oona duh de-dey, de dee' duh no de-day; we'n oona yent dey, de dee' duh de-dey." Translation: "I can't say, master. When one is there, the deer is not there; when one is not there, the deer is there."

Oona means one, or somebody. "There" is de-dey, a repetitive usage that crops up frequently in Gullah. *Duh* is a verb form, perhaps derived from do, sometimes meaning a form of be, and



Gullah raconteur "Dick" Reeves (right) and Mathew A. Mouzon, manager of Radio Station WPAL at Charleston, South Carolina, examine a basket woven in Angola in Africa. It resembles baskets woven by the Gullah people who live near Charleston.

ers through biblical stories and typical incidents from everyday life.

This Is My Valley (Valley Publishers, Fresno, California, $4.95), by Robert M. Wash, of Fresno, California. A volume devoted to the beauty and romance of California's vineyards and orchards and the wonders of the high Sierras.

Move Ahead With Possibility Thinking (Doubleday, New York, New York, $4.95), by Dr. Robert H. Schuller, of Garden Grove, California. A selection of the Inspirational Book Service, this book is "packed full of moving human stories about real people who moved ahead, often against great odds, to a better and happier life."

Sam Houston, Texas Giant (The Naylor Co., San Antonio, Texas, $7.95), by Claud Garner, of Weatherford, Texas. A profile of Sam Houston which has, says the publisher, "all the suspense of a paperback thriller." The author is a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and a Past President of the Rotary Club of Weatherford.

Thoughts of a Christian Optimist and **For This One Hour** (Droke House, Anderson, South Carolina, $2.95), by William A. Ward, of Fort Worth, Texas. Inspirational quotations by the author and (in the second book) others.

Democratic Socialism (Katyayani Publishers, Calcutta, India, Rs. 10), by Mrityunjoy Banerjee, of Howrah, India. A brief history of the pros and cons of democracy by a charter member and Past President of the Rotary Club of Howrah.

Rotarian Honors. T. Monroe Kildow, of Tiffin, Ohio, has been named recipient of the 1969 Timothy Patrick Barry Junior Award by the National Association of Tobacco Distributors, who annually bestow the award on a member "whose career and contribution to the enhancement of the industry unqualifiedly merits singular recognition and esteem". . . . For his "outstanding service to the school," John L. Clarke, president of Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho, has been honored by the faculty for his 25 years as president of the school. He was presented with a silver bowl.



Jesse McHam (right) receives the official plaque of the City of Los Angeles from Mayor Sam Yorty. It was presented to Jesse in recognition of his civic services.

Jesse McHam: A Leader Hailed

IT WAS just about 12 years ago that a businessman named Jesse Franklin McHam, of Woodland Hills, California, helped establish the annual "Fernando Award." It recognizes outstanding leadership in the San Fernando Valley.

Now the man who helped establish the award has been honored with one. Jesse became the tenth recipient of the statuette (which is modelled after one of the Valley's original settlers—an Indian).

On the same night he received the Fernando Award, Jesse received several other honors for his services in other areas. Los Angeles Mayor Samuel W. Yorty gave Jesse the official plaque of the "City of Angels." A number of San Fernando Valley Chambers of Commerce presented him with formal citations for service. The Rotary Club of Woodland Hills, where Jesse is working on his 18th year of perfect attendance, unveiled a huge oil portrait of him.

In addition there came telegrams of congratulation from California Governor Ronald Reagan and many of that state's legislators. In all, it proved to be quite a night for Jesse.

It was in 1924 that Jesse first became involved in his community soon after arriving in the booming San Fernando Valley from his native Texas. He was 21 at the time, and he immediately went into the cosmetics business—first as a salesman and eventually as a national distributor and manufacturer.

His first venture into community service was in the West Woodland Hills area where he helped start a property owners group which later became a very effective Chamber of Commerce.

Later Jesse became active in the Community Chest, now United Way, and his efforts as a fund raiser culminated in ground-breaking ceremonies for a $500,000 United Way facility for the San Fernando Valley.

Jesse has served as chairman of the Los Angeles Mayor's Capital Improvements Committee and is president of the new Los Angeles Parking Commission.

All this keeps Jesse on the go—and keeps him making up at many Rotary Clubs to maintain his perfect attendance record.

—WILLIAM M. YOUNGS

sometimes added to other verbs for emphasis, such as: *"Me duh holleh,"* meaning "I hollered."

An insurance man who entered U. S. government service in the early days of the social security program, Dick Reeves has maintained a lifetime interest in the speech of the Lowcountry Negroes. Now retired, he has had more time to pursue the hobby.

From a bulging scrapbook, this comment from Dr. Frederick Monteser, a linguistics professor in the English department of Auburn University in Alabama, sums up Dick Reeves' work:

"The world is full of professional studios and linguists who make letter-perfect recordings on the best possible transcribing equipment, and a whole lot of it isn't worth bothering with because they have nothing really important to say. Your knowledge of Gullah and the people who spoke/speak it is worth far more than any amount of 'book larnin', and I think everyone who hears you realizes this."

When Dick Reeves was retiring in 1962 as manager of the Charleston District Office of the Social Security Administration, a letter containing signatures of 100 Negro Charlestonians was sent to President Kennedy requesting that Mr. Reeves be permitted to continue serving past retirement age. "He has demonstrated his friendship to and understanding of our race," the letter said, "and is held in high esteem by his fellow citizens. . . ."

One of the most tangible Gullah links with Africa may be a method of weaving baskets practiced along a six-mile stretch of highway in Christ Church Parish just north of Charleston. Women who learned to weave from their mothers still sell baskets at roadside stands. These baskets have a distinctive weave that has not been noted elsewhere in the United States. Several years ago, while travelling in the Republic of South Africa, I was browsing in a curio shop in Durban. A basket woven like the Charleston product struck my eye. Inquiry disclosed that it was made by the Ovamba people, a tribe inhabiting the territory known as Southwest Africa—and also Angola!

With fast change overtaking our South and for that matter the world the Gullah tongue may not survive as a workaday language, but thanks to men like Dick Reeves its rich sounds and good humor will be preserved. ■

• Editor of *The News and Courier* in Charleston, South Carolina, since 1951, Thomas Waring is in the ninth generation of Warings in that city. A graduate of the University of the South, he worked on the New York *Herald Tribune*. He joined the Rotary Club of Charleston in 1942; his father, also an editor, was a charter member of it.

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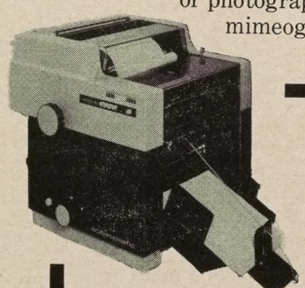
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THE ART OF WINTER

"TOP MANAGEMENT and particularly the chief executive officer has the responsibility to participate personally in the implementation of his company's social contribution to the community. It just doesn't make sense to think that we can delegate this responsibility."

Speaking is Elmer Winter, a cofounder and president of Manpower, Inc., the world's largest temporary help service with headquarters in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. And he is speaking not only as a chief executive officer but also as a writer-painter-sculptor who has met —and continues to meet—this important responsibility. He has been a member of the Rotary Club of Milwaukee since 1966.

"Enlightened business leaders realize that the corporation is not a sterile, inanimate legal device," he says. "On the contrary, the corporation has a social consciousness . . . a responsibility to the people of the community in which it lives and expands."

In his business, Elmer has helped meet this responsibility by starting Manpower Teaching Services. This branch sends its own specially trained teachers into plants and factories, providing education and pre-vocational and vocational training to disadvantaged workers.

Elmer was appointed by former U. S. President Lyndon B. Johnson and reappointed by President Richard M. Nixon as metropolitan Milwaukee chairman of the National Alliance of Businessmen's Jobs program. In this rôle, he helped obtain more than 3,500 pledges for full-time jobs and more than 5,900 pledges for Summer youth jobs from some 550 employers.

And Elmer Winter helps his community through his own talents as an artist. Ten years ago, his wife Nanette suggested he turn to painting to relax after a hectic day at the office. Skeptically, he tried it, and to his amazement, discovered a well of unknown talent. A few years later, he discovered he had a knack for sculpture. He has since been

New Zealand & Australia lingo, from Sept. '92 trip:

(NZ) put the jump on--run off; as Brendan Shabolt said of penguin farmer chasing kids off lawn, "He put the jump on them."

(NZ) twitch off the switch--airline anncmt for turning off the seatbelt light

(NZ) disarm the door--airline anncmt for opening the cabin door

(NZ) the New Zealand death--in frontier days, drowning in one of NZ's short, fast rivers that rise unexpectedly in flood; told me by a Ph.D. candidate writing on landscape in literature at Waikato U.

(NZ) corrugated backs--Maurice Shadbolt's term for settlers who's originally been convicts (and thus had welts from whippings)

(NZ) "The first four ships"--first settlers of Canterbury/Christchurch, their descendants bragging those origins akin to our Mayflower.

(NZ) a gas-on--gabfest, as when Nigel Morrison said on the phone about our chance to visit over dinner, "We'll have a good old gas-on."

New Zealand & Australian lingo, card 2

(both countries? definitely NZ) crash hot--keen on; as in, "he was crash hot for"

(NZ, from newspaper story) heaviness--political pressure

(NZ) one-eyed--provincial; as in, "he's one-eyed about that"

(NZ, from newspaper story) horizontal dancing--sex

(Australia) a flat white--cup of coffee w/ cream

(Australia) a short black--small cup of black coffee
a long black--larger cup or glass of black c'fee

(Australia) gins and murrays--aboriginal women and men

(Australia, prob'ly NZ too) barrack--to cheer, as to cheer for your team; you do not root for them, as "root" is slang for "fuck"

(Australia) shout--to treat others, stand your turn; as in buying a round of drinks, "he didn't do his shout"

Today's television

☐ The Manson connection

VINCENT BUGLIOSI, the man who prosecuted Charles Manson and his "family" of followers, says there are similarities between the "Helter Skelter" madness of '69 and Channel 9's And the Sea Will Tell. The mini-series is based on a real-life murder case in which Bugliosi defended a woman who was a prime suspect in the disappearance of a couple in the South Pacific. When the skull of a female washes up on a beach, Jennifer Jenkins (played by Rachel Ward) and her boyfriend are accused of murder. Bugliosi suspected Jenkins may have been manipulated by her fugitive boyfriend, Buck Walker, as Manson had manipulated his followers. "Buck definitely had a certain amount of control over Jennifer," Bugliosi says. "I presented quite a bit of evidence at the trial that although Jennifer submitted to Buck there were many occasions where if he said something that went a little too far, or she didn't agree with, she would say no. Certainly if she wouldn't do much lesser things she wouldn't go along and commit two terrible murders. In the Manson case that was an issue. But independent of Charles Manson, even though he was the catalyst for the murders, the killers had a murderous streak running through their own veins." Bugliosi says he gave up prosecution for defence after Manson because every other case seemed anti-climactic by comparison. Richard Crenna plays Bugliosi in the conclusion to And The Sea Will Tell at 8.32 tonight.



Bugliosi



SIMON SAYS
SIMON YEAMAN

☐ Rude Women — later

THE ABC's last-minute programming decision to rip out the Rude Women episode of its Female Parts series last Thursday was prompted by the David Goldie special Without Consent. Aunty felt it wasn't appropriate to run a show about female sexual fantasies only one night after the gruelling rape documentary. Rude Women has been rescheduled for October 1.

☐ Today's highlights

KYLIE MINOGUE, Yothu Yindi and The Rockmelons appear on Channel 9's Midday. Ten's Healthy, Wealthy and Wise (7.30pm) discovers the "unspoilt paradise" of Cockatoo Island, off Western Australia. The Black Sorrows are Tonight Live guests on Channel 7 (11pm).

☐ Brownlow Medal tips

FITZROY captain Paul Roos is the hot Brownlow Medal tip among most of Channel 7's football commentators. Bruce McAvaney presents the countdown for the AFL's most brilliant and fairest footballer at 8.30 tonight, with Peter McKenna tipping the Crows' Chris McDermott and Max Stevens punting for St Kilda's Stewart Loewe. Other front-runners are Geelong's Ken Hinkley, St Kilda's Robert Harvey, Hawthorn's Jason Dunstall, Footscray's Scott Wynd and Collingwood's Michael McGuane.

☐ Poetic licence

SILLY old me. Thick as a tree. Thought poets' day was for poetry! Turns out there's more reason than rhyme to the increasingly frequent references to Fridays as "Poets' Day". It was finally explained from the font of all learning, a university switchboard, that the reason it is hard to contact people on "Poets' Days" is because "poets" is an acronym for "P... Off Everyone, Tomorrow's Saturday."

☐ Round one to Stan

FOLLOWING the recent displays of political blood lust, it's quite touching to see one polly sticking up for another for the sake of posterity. **Stan Evans** delivered to the House a plea for some recognition for former polly **Norm Foster** for backing Roxby Downs, "sticking up for his State, sacrificing his seat and taking on his party for the benefit of the people". Stan thinks Norm is such a champ he deserves an AO. As for himself, Stan clearly perceives that championing Norm[illegible] of courage"



BACK CHAT
SAMELA HARRIS

What with the Barossa Classic, the Clare Gourmet and the Hills Affare, methinks it's an overdose. But who's complaining?

☐ In-flight music

FLYING into town for that busy October long weekend are Barossa Music Festival performers, pianist **Maureen Jones** and cellist **Amedeo Baldovino** who are married and spend their time between two castles. If their castles don't come between them, Amedeo's cello well might. It's a Stadivarius which travels in its own business class seat.

kitchen

Just ideal for single people

LET us lay down our cereal spoons and coffee cups, bow our heads and observe a moment of silence to honor Dr Percy Spencer. Doc Spencer, you see, was the genius who invented the microwave oven, singledom's most essential appliance.

Without Doc Spencer, it would take untold eons to cook those miserable little boxes of frozen whatevers that pass for single people's food. I don't know about you but 40 minutes in a real oven is simply too long to wait for a miserable little box of frozen whatevers.

Microwaves are ideal for single people. They are compact enough to fit on a counter and are less depressing than hot plates. There is just enough room inside for one plate of leftovers. You don't have to dirty pots or pans and the time you save washing dishes frees you up for other fun things.

It all happened in 1945. Doc Spencer was testing a radar vacuum tube in a laboratory at the Raytheon radar company in Lexington, Massachusetts. He became aware that microwave energy produces heat. He figured that microwave energy might cook food as well. Legend has it that he placed a chocolate bar in front of the radar tube and it began to soften.

Legend also has it that Doc Spencer turned his rays on an ear of Indian corn and was rewarded with the very first bag of microwave popcorn. It was the beginning of junk-food life as we now know it.

Early microwaves were as big as two-bedroom bungalows and sold for about $3000 each. It wasn't until August 1967 – 25 years ago – that the Amana Radarange ($495 retail) was introduced in the United States for home use.

I am behind the times technologically. It was only last year that I plunked down $200 for a little white microwave.

I was cautious in the months after bringing the Chernobyl 3000 home, using it only for reheating food.

Naturally, I had to learn The Rules of Nuking. 1: Poke holes in everything, ask questions later. 2: Do not use foil. 3: Microwaves don't do bread. 4: Microwaves do, in fact, burn things.

I've expanded my nuclear repertoire, emboldened by each success – vegies, hot dogs, salmon with dill, miserable little boxes of frozen whatevers.

One day, I decided I had to have a salad – lettuce, avocado, chicken, chives, tomato, Roquefort cheese and crumbled bacon. I had never experienced bacon in the microwave, so this was an exciting moment. Watching bacon fry beats the heck out of TV re-runs.

Susan Barbieri (Knight Ridder)

ne of the dominant trends
e-friendly" packaged foods
target children, for example
ads which show children
eir own snack foods in the
wave. He suggests that chil-
more sensitive, in principle,

Ordinary Everyday English



CLARE CUNNINGHAM

Vivid tales of fishermen floating helplessly out to sea, miraculous escapes from car wrecks and other flirtations with danger have been sought eagerly by a team of Victoria University linguists. However, the linguists were not so much interested in the dramas themselves as in the flow of unselfconscious, excitable words used to describe them.

Over the past two years, researchers Janet Holmes (front), Allan Bell and Mary Boyce have gathered together a series of oral interviews with New Zealanders for a unique social dialect survey of "ordinary, everyday, conversational New Zealand English". It is the first large research project to attempt to analyse its differences from other forms of spoken English.

The team was not attempting to draw a strict representative survey of the entire New Zealand population. Instead, it focused on the distinctive patterns of vernacular English spoken by predominantly working-class New Zealanders. International research indicates that the vernacular style of speech is what most people use — middle-class people included — when speaking in a relaxed manner.

The linguists located their study in Porirua, 20 kilometres north of Wellington, because, in the words of Allan Bell: "Porirua is a good area for town-living Kiwis. We felt the people would speak New Zealand English reasonably typically. It has a mix of Maori and Pakeha and we had good contacts with the local marae."

To narrow their initial focus the linguists studied five features of speech. These ranged from the extent to which New Zealanders pronounce *ing* or *in'* (as in swimming); whether we drop our *hs*; whether we differentiate between *ear* and *air* vowel sounds; whether we drop the verb *have* in a sentence like *I have got to leave*, instead saying *I gotta leave*; and, finally, the use of the tag *eh* which is often used at the end of sentences, such as *really good eh*.

The 75 interviewees included 60 working-class women and men, and 15 middle-class Pakeha women as a control group. The survey group was split into half Maori-half Pakeha and half male-half female. Three age groups were represented by people in their 20s, 40s and 70s. The researchers were then able to assess gender, ethnicity, age and class factors.

The key objective and greatest challenge of the interviews was to elicit relaxed and informal speech. It was this endeavour that produced all those dramatic tales of near-death.

"We were trying to think of how we could move from what was at first a relatively formal interview — with people giving us details of their backgrounds and reading out word lists, then moving to a more relaxed situation," says Janet Holmes. "So we wrote a story based on an experience I'd had where I'd been in a boat and nearly drifted out to sea as the wind suddenly picked up. We used that as their reading passage, and the follow-up query was: 'Have *you* ever been in a situation where you were in danger of dying?'

"It's quite an effective question. When you ask it, people often have a good story they're delighted to tell. Also there's a sort of pressure once they've said 'yes' to justify the claim and so they get very emotionally involved in relating their experiences. We collected some wonderful, vivid stories of situations where life got very exciting for a short period of time."

Among the study's intriguing findings are that New Zealand English is in a state of "volatile change", the main innovators in this linguistic change are young Pakeha women and, contrary to popular belief, there seems to be no clear-cut Pakeha vs Maori dialect difference. Variations among social strata are also minor compared with overseas studies.

"The most interesting feature we found was the use of *eh*," said Dr Bell. "It is remarkably widespread. The only other English speakers we know who consistently use *eh* at the end of a sentence are Canadians.

"*Eh* is definitely more frequent in Maori speech. Maori men used it most often of all the speakers we interviewed, but Maori women used it quite a lot too, and younger people, Pakeha included, are starting to follow suit. Where it comes from is hard to know. There is speculation that it derives from the Maori particle *ne* which does a similar job in that it's used to facilitate conversation flow."

Maori men, especially older men, also deleted *have* and dropped their *hs* more frequently than Pakehas. "Maori men were our most distinctively different speakers on the features we examined."

Another unusual finding was that New Zealanders are tending to merge the two vowel sounds of *ear*/*air* toward *air*. "We found this of particular interest," said Dr Bell. "It indicates that New Zealand English is linguistically volatile because this change has occurred over only 40 or 50 years, a very brief period in linguistic terms. The only other place where a complete merge of the *ear*/*air* vowels has been documented is East Anglia in England. This is not a general feature of English. Rather it's perceived as a distinctively New Zealand English change in progress."

Overseas studies have found that women and men speak differently and that women generally pronounce their words more carefully. The Victoria University linguists found this to be the case: the men dropped more of their *hs* and used *in'* for *ing* more frequently. However, the gender differences were much less pronounced than elsewhere.

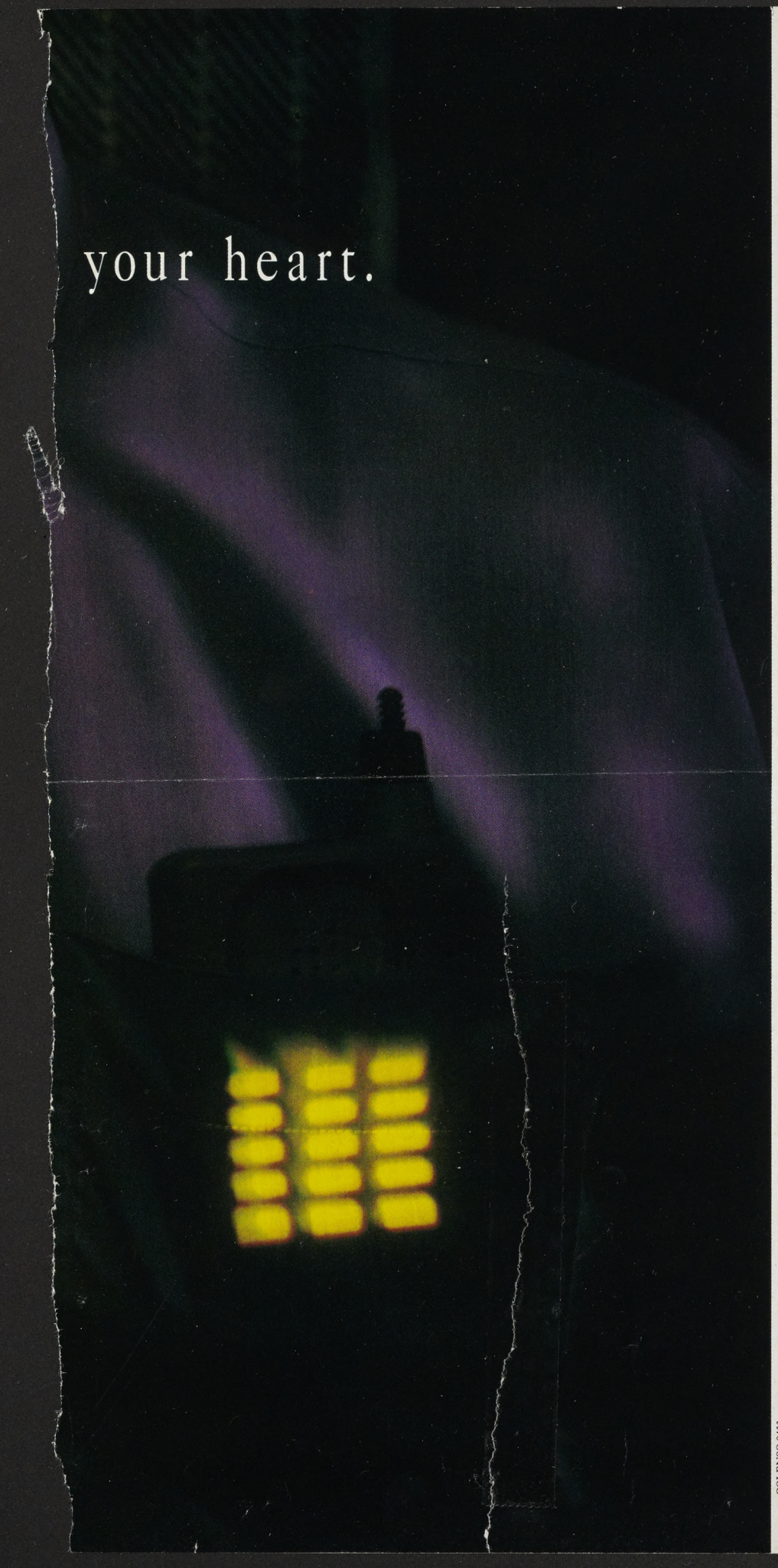
"Also [our comparison group of] middle-class women did not drop *have* as often as the working-class speakers, nor did they use *eh* as often. But on the other features we examined, the differences... were quite small," Dr Bell said.

The study was funded $30,000 by the Social Sciences Committee of the Foundation for Research, Science and Technology plus $16,000 from the former University Grants Committee.

The linguistics team is hoping to attract further funding to continue its analysis of the Porirua tapes and to publish its findings as a book. The next round of study will tackle more complex speech variables. These might include analysis of the diphthongs, or gliding vowel sounds, that are distinctively New Zealand — the way we say *ou* as in house, the *oa* as in boat, the *i* as in bite and the *ai* as in bait. Other topics of interest include the New Zealand vowel sound that produces (to an Australian ear) "fush and chups" compared to the Australian version of "feesh and cheeps"; the way New Zealanders slide *t* into *d*, as in *latter*/*ladder*; whether we have lost the "whistle" in the pronunciation of *wh*; and what is known as the "high rising terminal" when people end sentences at a high pitch.

"The interviews we collected are a wonderful gold mine whose riches we'll be able to explore for many years to come," says Janet Holmes.

Carole Van Grondelle ❑



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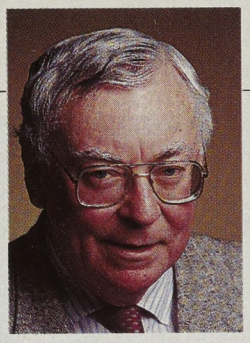
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The Fine Print

Frank Devine finds true enlightenment with the aid of a magnifying glass and the last word in dictionaries.

If *The Compact Oxford English Dictionary* has a flaw, it is that it causes you to faint every half an hour or so during use. Swooning may be brought on by ecstasy at having the entire armoury and history of the English language accessible on your desk. But you have to count eye-strain as at least a contributing factor and cultivate prudence in allocating time to the dictionary. Otherwise, your studies will be interrupted frequently by dull "thunks", this being the sound your body makes when it hits the floor after toppling dizzily from its chair.

To give this endlessly tempting book its full catalogue title, it is *The Compact Oxford English Dictionary In Slipcase With Reading Glass*. The slipcase you tend to lose fairly quickly, but the reading glass never. Oxford is not kidding when it describes the book as compact. It is, in fact, the entire 20-volume, 1989 *Oxford English Dictionary Second Edition* photographically reduced and printed in one volume of 2416 pages. Nine of the original *Second Edition's* pages appear on each page of *The Compact*.

Technically *The Compact* is wonderful work. It is printed on white, clean, tough paper and the tiny type is astonishingly sharp-edged under scrutiny with the supplied magnifying glass. One proud new owner claims his young children can read it without the glass. Perhaps so, but he should warn them off the practice lest it send them blind even before other youthful dangers threaten.

Why this undertone of grumbling about a prize I am aflame with excitement about having acquired? Well, I would rather have the 20-volume version. The trouble is that it costs $4450. I have looked at it longingly several times in Abbey's Bookshop in Sydney, usually with a staff member standing nearby to break my wrist if I let a grubby forefinger stray close to it. *The Compact* costs $295. For that you get definitions of 500,000 words, 249,300 etymologies and 2,412,000 illustrative quotations. The quotations are an incomparable pleasure largely missing from lesser dictionaries; they make adventure stories of the origins of words and their life experiences as they developed.

The first *Compact* printing this year was of 10,000 copies, with the full dictionary coming out soon as a computer disc (at $1450), but it is now in the process of reprinting. Something over 2000 *Compacts* have been sold in Australia and most major bookshops have unfilled orders.

There must have been considerable frustrated longing stirred up by the *Second Edition's* making its $4450 appearance. Oxford estimates it has sold about 300 20-volume sets in Australia, perhaps 30 of them to individuals.

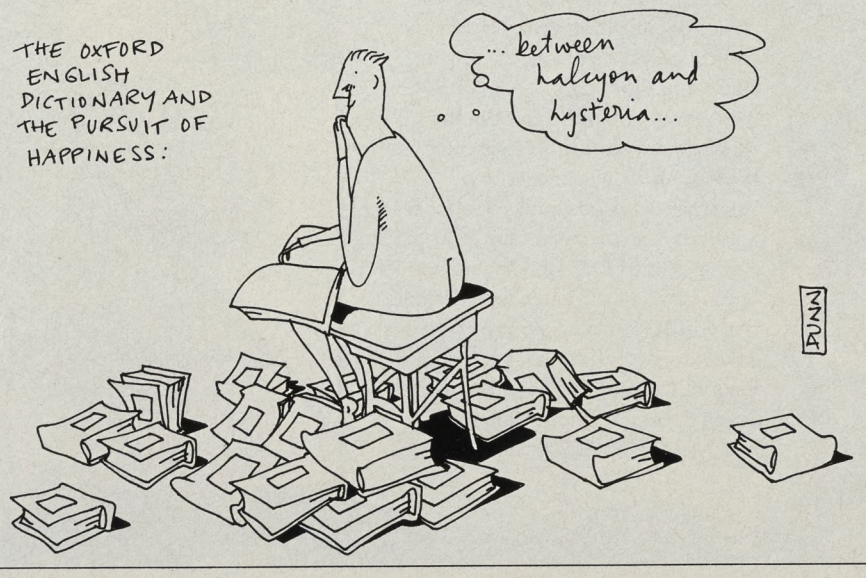
To road test my *Compact* I steered it at three robust Antipodean words: bonzer, dinkum and drongo. It was disappointing to see bonzer classified as obsolete, but that is no fault of the Oxford's. It is ours for letting a cheerful useful word slide away.

Through the magnifying glass one finds bonzer defined as "excellent, extremely good". It is thought perhaps to be a corruption of bonanza, Spanish for "fair weather, or prosperity". *The Glasgow Herald* claimed in 1922 that Australians were sometimes called Bonzers because of their constant use of the adjective. But the dictionary offers no other reference to this. The last use it records is by *The Adelaide Advertiser* in a 1969-70 New Year's Eve headline: "She'll Be Bonzer".

Dinkum, in the sense of "honest, genuine . . . fair and square" may be an Australian creation. But the origin of the word (also spelt dincum in the past) is unknown and probably meant "work, especially hard work" to begin with. The earliest literary reference the Oxford offers is in Rolf Boldrewood's *Robbery Under Arms* in 1889: "It took an hour's hard dinkum to get to the peak." But it also notes a Yorkshire miner saying, "I can stand plenty of dincum", in 1891. An English dialect dictionary published in 1900 recorded dinkum's past use by the people of Lincolnshire to mean "fair play". Anyway, having become principal custodians of dinkum, we should not let it fall into obsolescence.

A drongo is a bird of the shrike family, found in Africa, India and Australia. How did the word come to mean "a simpleton, a foolish person"? *The Compact Oxford* classifies it as Australian slang without making a definitive connection. It records the use of drongo by A.G. Mitchell in 1942 as a word for RAAF pilot recruits. It also courteously mentions the theory of S.J. Baker that the usage comes from a racehorse named Drongo that always ran last. Personally, I am suspicious of the use of long-gone race-horses in Australian etymology. Drongo has suggestive World War II, air force euphony. I will favour the Mitchell usage until offered better.

Excited by all these adventures with words, I was about to turn to "galah" when . . . Thunk. □



JUDY DUNN

Brain Games Answers. Cryptosquare: 1. Brash 2. Ramie 3. Amaze 4. Sized 5. Heeds. New Faces: Bill, the English tap-dancer. Who Said That? Author Margaret Mitchell.

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Look, Dec. 26, '67

TIPTOE THROUGH LINGO

THE COLUMN I WROTE for an earlier issue *(Is It Greek to You?)* blew me a blizzard of letters. There was even a favorable one, from my friend Felix Kaufmann. I had deplored the perversity of English, which spells the *ee* sound in so many different ways that foreigners come down with the voom-vooms: (m*e*, f*ee*t, cl*ea*n, b*e*l*ie*ve, dec*ei*ve, dem*e*s*ne*, mach*ine*, ob*scene*). The erudite Mr. Kaufmann added six more frightening variations: p*eo*ple, k*ey*, C*ae*sar, *oe*nologist, happ*y*, *I*an.

That makes 14 ways of spelling the *ee* sound, and I'm sick of them all.

Can anyone tell who wrote this delightful quatrain:

> "If one thing is that, and
> two things are those,
> Then hat in the plural
> should always be hose;
> The masculine pronouns
> are he, his and him,
> But imagine the feminine
> she, shis and shim"?

And this reminds me of Artemus Ward's snapper: "Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?" Which is blood brother to the story of the reporter whose editor insisted that "news" is plural. When the editor cabled:

ARE THERE ANY NEWS?

the reporter replied:

NO. NOT A NEW.

Language never ceases to tickle me with its delicious, contumacious switcheroos. Take something as simple as "Yes" or "No." In Spain, *si* means "if." In Greece, if you nod your head, you can mean "No," and in Turkey, to shake it may mean "Yes." As for Japan—well, the Japanese, like Ado Annie, just *can't* say "No." Instead, they burst into a hysterical giggle. A proper Japanese thinks that if he says "No," his revered ancestors will start revolving in their honorable graves. So any question you ask a Nipponese must be framed in such a way that he can reply "Yes." For instance: You *never* ask a Japanese grocer, "Do you have any bananas?" The man might be out of bananas—and, unable to answer "No," will head for a psycho ward. What you should actually ask is, "Can it be, O honorable provisioner, that you have sold so many of your beautiful bananas that you are fresh out of them?" He can now save face by crying, "Yes, we have no bananas!"—which, as any linguist will tell you, is pure Japanese.

If, however, he *does* have bananas, and you have asked him, "Can it be, O honorable provisioner, that you have sold so many of your beautiful bananas that you are fresh out of them?" he can blurt out this beamish affirmation: "Ah, blessed petitioner, it is my good fortune to inform you that I am loaded with the stuff!" This helps spread comity among nations.

And that brings me back to the sweet perversities of speech, where the pronunciation of the simplest syllable can land you in a goulash of troubles you never anticipated. On a recent flight from Paris to London, I heard the French stewardess announce gaily over the loudspeaker: "Fasseten yaw sitbaltz, and no smacking during tackoff." I stopped smacking at once. I felt especially sympathetic to the stewardess because I had stumbled into many a booby trap myself, pronouncing French. *Par exemple:* The first time I was in Paris, I was 19—an age you can achieve by mixing omniscience and obnoxiousness in equal parts. I was determined to avoid the provincialism of the typical tourist who misses the delicious pleasures that await anyone hep to the patois of the natives; so I strode into a bistro and greeted the owner with a grand, blithe, "Ah, but I am very hungry tonight." That, at least, is what I thought I was saying. What I actually uttered was, "Ah, but I shall have many a female tonight." You can hardly blame the *patron* for hustling me to a far, shadowy corner where my inordinate lust might go unnoticed. Nor can you blame me, an unblooded novice, for floundering in the treacherous nasalities of French, where the ever-so-slight difference in sound between *faim* and *femme* had converted a hungry adolescent into a sex maniac. Things like that made me stop trying to act as if I were a native Parisian.

I am told that one reason foreigners in Siam rarely learn to speak Thai correctly, is that the Siamese are so polite they would rather *die* than correct a foreigner's pronunciation. (This has left many a visitor fit to be thaid). The Thais are so status-conscious a people in other ways that back in 1911, the Queen of Siam drowned in front of a whole regiment of servants, who stood around not raising a finger, a cry, or a life preserver. For a lowly servant to notice a queen's discomfiture would constitute a horrendous breach of etiquette. So they let the little lady drown. How dignified Her Majesty was while go-

DRAWING BY MILTON GLASER



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The world of Leo Rosten

ing under, I do not know.

To get from Siam to New Guinea presents a problem in transition I'll thank you not to mention. In New Guinea, some tribes carry on their arithmetic with only three numbers: 1, 2, dog. "Dog" stands for 4, because in New Guinea, the dogs have 4 legs each. So, to indicate 6, you say "1 dog and 2." To indicate 9, you say "2 dogs and 1." You just can't get anywhere in New Guinea without going to the dogs.

Many churchgoing Americans don't realize how many languages they use without being aware of it, or them. Suppose you were to exclaim, "Hurrah! The pistol in our bungalow is stuffed with taffy!" You may think that no one in his right mind would exclaim, "Hurrah! The pistol in our bungalow is stuffed with taffy!" but you are wrong; I quote the line exactly as it was recounted to me by an embittered Canadian who used to hunt moose during every vacation with his wife and hunt-hating kids.

Now, were you to exclaim, "Hurrah! The pistol in our bungalow is stuffed with taffy!" you would be speaking no less than six languages: 1) Slavic: "Hurrah!" comes from *HU-Raj*, which means "To Paradise" —i.e., the warrior's paradise for those who fall in battle. 2) Czech: "Pistol." 3) Hindustani: "Bungalow" means "comes from Bengal." 4) Tagalog: "Taffy" is Tagalog dialect from Manila. 5) Old French: "Stuffed" comes from *estoffer*. 6) English: "The" is English (via Old Frisian).

Or suppose you have occasion to announce, "Oh, bosh! Some nitwit has put alcohol in the ketchup!" (Don't snicker; I once knew a practical joker who spiked mayonnaise, just for laughs.) Well, when you cry, "Oh, bosh! Some nitwit has put alcohol in the ketchup!" you are speaking English, Turkish, Dutch, Arabic, French, Malay, Chinese and Japanese! Let us tiptoe through them:

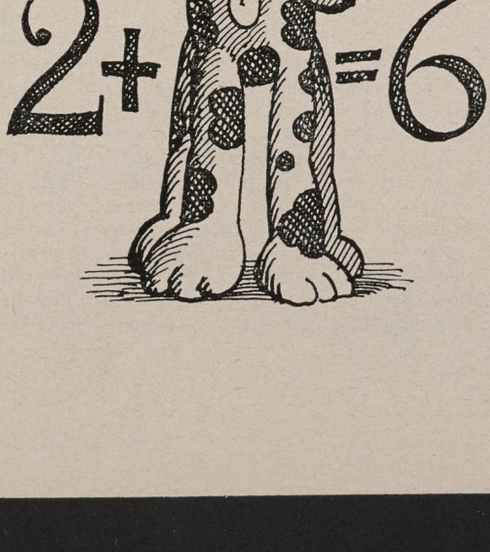
"Bosh" is Turkish for "empty words," and was introduced to Victorian English by James Justinian Morier, who cranked out Oriental romances. "Nitwit" comes from the Dutch *niet weet*, a perfectly straight-forward way of saying, "I don't know." "Alcohol" began its intoxicating career as the Arabian name (*alkoh'l*) for the powder or paste used by ladies of the East to stain their eyelids. (Literally: *al*=the; *koh'l*=powdered antimony. I suppose that in the Casbah, "an alcoholic" is an eyelid-stainer, which seems to me an innocent enough way to get your kicks.) And "ketchup" comes from the Malay *kechap* and the Chinese *ketsiap* and the Japanese *kit-jap*, which means a sauce. *Banzai!*

I have often wondered (oh, maybe not as often as all *that*) about the origin of compound words that just seem to fool around with a sound; I mean freaky things like "shilly-shally," "dillydally," "wishy-washy" or, for that matter, "willy-nilly." The answers, I've discovered, are disappointingly simple: "shilly-shally" comes from "Shall I—or shall I not"; "willy-nilly" used to be "willing-nilling" ("I am willing, I am unwilling"); "dillydally" seems to be only a play on dally; and "wishy-washy" is just a way of stressing "washy," a 17th-century synonym for insipid.

So you can see that words, those unassuming, patient little entities we all take for granted, may have the most beguiling pedigrees. Take "daisy"—a modest little lass with well-scrubbed cheeks and a good record selling Girl Scout cookies. "Daisy" comes from "day's eye," which is what the flower-fanciers in England called the flora that has a tiny golden center, or eye, "like the sun." The Middle English for "day's eye" was *daies ie;* and mighty Chaucer dubbed "the daisy, or else the eye of the day, the . . . prettiest flower of all."

And so say I.

LEO ROSTEN



Letters to the Editor

"The children in our slums may still await a spokesman, but fortunately, the rats have found one."

SHIRLEY OF OZ

In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. In the Land of Oz, Shirley Temple is a congresswoman [*Shirley Temple: Little Miss Candidate*, LOOK, November 14]. In the Temple movies, the audience at least had Jane Withers as an antidote to all that gooeyness. Perhaps Jane can be persuaded to come out from behind Josephine the Plumber and reestablish herself as Shirley's bête noire. The country is at stake.

JOHN A. MARTIN
Cranford, N.J.

Shirley Temple Black seems quite concerned about morality. She might begin by questioning the morality of a wealthy mother who lives "High, high on a hill near San Francisco Bay" making jokes about controlling rats that [bite] hundreds of slum dwellers' children each year.

LOVETTE WEEMS, JR.
Washington, D.C.

The children in our slums may still await a spokesman, but fortunately, the rats have found one.

MRS. SYLVIA ROBINS
Bronx, N.Y.

Mrs. Black seems to have forgotten, or maybe she doesn't care, that it was kids who lived in these rat-infested ghettos who used to queue up at the movie houses all over America with their dimes to see movies which she "starred?" in, which in turn kept her from possibly having been a member of one of those rat-infested communities.

HENRY PACE, JR.
Chesapeake, Va.

I think the step from Junior League to Capitol Hill is a little too large.

JIM JORDAN
West Elizabeth, Pa.

Apparently so did the voters in California's 11th District.—Ed.

VISIT TO VIETNAM

Congratulations to LOOK for printing Gen. and Mrs. Omar Bradley's article on Vietnam [*My Visit to Vietnam*, LOOK, November 14] to set the record straight. After the inflated TV and press anti-Vietnam war publicity ... and the demonstrators—so pitifully ignorant they aid the enemy without knowing it—it's like a breath of fresh air. . . . You have performed a public service that should convert the V in Vietnam to Victory against communism.

COL. BERTRAM KALISCH
Brandywine, Md.

Gee, I can't thank you enough for giving such prominence to General Bradley's views on our altruistic war in Vietnam. As a GI in World War II, I can still remember how we looked forward to the visits of important brass, and how we vied for the opportunity to discuss our real feelings with them. I used to think that concentrations of power should never shoot their way into other countries. . . . I guess it's different when we do it because we are a benevolent, good people. Surely if the Vietnamese were reasonable people, they would applaud us for being in their territory just as I know General Bradley would applaud them if the situation were reversed.

CARL MOSHER
Mill Valley, Calif.

The LOOK article is one of the few I have seen in the national press which portrays the war as it really exists and provides a solid foundation with which to compare the accusations and complaints currently flooding our national scene.

R. G. DAVIS
Major General, U.S. Marine Corps
Assistant Chief of Staff, G-1
Washington, D.C.

I find everything that General Bradley observed in his two weeks in Vietnam so completely at odds with the daily reports that come from people who have spent close to a decade living and working there that I can only deduce that, once again, a man of stature and importance has been given the now most familiar military propaganda snow job.

NANCY A. THAYER
Hingham, Mass.

It was disturbing to read General Bradley's report. In South Vietnam (which we are supposedly protecting), we are destroying their homes and villages and burning alive their people with napalm. In the cities, we have turned their women into prostitutes and their children into beggars. . . . General Bradley may find much in Vietnam that we are doing both good and productive, but for him to conclude that "History . . . will judge that . . . Vietnam was one of our finest hours" is extremely tragic.

MRS. STEPHANIE M. MAY
Bloomfield, Conn.

It's good to read something on the subject by a real general instead of an "armchair" general or an associate professor of something or other.

CHARLES LEE, USAF, RET.
Midlothian, Texas

General Bradley describes the refugee camps where "families are comfortably housed, and each has its own vegetable patch." This picture is at sharp variance with the depressing report by Tom Buckley of the New York *Times* of the treeless, barren camps with their meager yield of crops, and all the social disorders attendant upon the uprooting of villagers from their prime source of psychic strength —the graves of their ancestors.

Bradley says he never heard a pilot aboard the *Constellation* question the usefulness of what he is doing. Yet none less than Lt. Cdr. John McCain, son of Admiral McCain, USN, was quoted as saying, after surviving the *Forrestal* disaster, he was not quite so anxious to drop any more napalm now that he had seen its effects firsthand.

continued

In French comics, a cat purrs ron ron; but in German same cat says Schnurr

By NINO LO BELLO
Special to The Seattle Times

ROME — The door shut with a PLOCH. The rock fell and made a noise, SDOK. SBENG went the pistol, and SPRAK did the barrel of gunpowder blow up. Water splashes PLUFF, a whip lashes ZAFF, and swords clash SCLENG. The ringing bell does not go ting-a-ling but DLIN DLIN, whereas a coin falls to the ground not with a plink but with a SVIMM. . . .

Lexicographers of the world, ignite! You have every right to get upset over Europe's comic books which have their own interpretation of such familiar sound effects as WHAM, BANG-BANG, WHOOSH and ZING, all standard noises in the American comics.

But not so in the comics of Spain, Germany, France, Austria, Norway or Italy (from whence the above authoritative phonograms come). The European artists who hear in their mind's ear the same sudden sounds that American cartoonists hear come up with a vocabulary that is enough to baffle phoneticians and devotees of the funny-sheets.



In Norway, the comics "sound" differently.—photo by Nino Lo Bello.

IN FINLAND an explosion goes POOF, whereas the same explosion in Denmark comes out BAR-ROOM. In France a cat purrs RON-RON, whereas the same cat in Germany purrs SCHNURR. In German-speaking Austria a bull attacking Superman goes SCHNAUB - SCHNAUB, whereas a bull attacking Superman in German-speaking Switzerland makes with a scarry UAAAA (not that either of those words will ever scare off Der Herr Supermann).

When a villain bites the dust in French comics, he bows out with a TCHAC. In Germany villains end up in a PLUMP, but in Italy POKK or KRUMPP suffices for the swan song of a bad man. The eyebrow-raiser of all of them, however, crops up all the time in a Swedish comic book called "Vicky," a collection of love stories for teen-age girls. The word usually gets printed next to the heroine's head, SLUT. You figure that one out.

THEN THERE are some sound-effect words, many of them four letters in length, which mean one thing to a Spaniard or a Swiss, but could never be printed in an English-language newspaper. Yet they pop up sooner or later, making some foreigners WINCE.

A few of the familiar American cartoon characters show up in European newspapers, not always with their same names, however. For instance, Dennis the Menace is Fritz der Fratz in Germany. Popeye is still Popeye, but he never WHAMS anybody in Germany — he lets his adversaries have it with a painful TCHAC. Mickey Maus, German style, goes KLIRR, and his dog Goofy yells BAUTZ when he gets his head caught between the slats of a fence.

Spaniards are used to books snapping shut on somebody's nose with a resounding report that goes VUAAP. Spanish ice-skaters round a sharp turn in a graceful VAROOSH, while a **jamesbondismo** kind of creature sinks to the ground after an attacker temporarily does him in with a club and a thud-sound over the head that comes out POK.

IN SPAIN guns always fire in JUOOSS. In Sweden death-ray pistols make a sinister GRRUNF. In Italy rifles go TOCK-TOCK, but bigger guns go PUMM. In Austria water splashes in a PLATSCH. In Norway roosters crow with a screeching KYKKELIKY, while frogs croak with KVEKK.

In France water dripping into a bucket goes PLOUF-PLOUF, and doors are knocked with a POM-POM. In fact, if you speak French, here are a few expletives, compliments of Asterix (France's most popular strip), to add to your vocabulary: BRA DA-BOUM, VLAM, TCHIP, SCROTCH, TCHONK and WOF.

SNORING German comic characters produce a RUMPEL-KNURR, and German thunder rumbles RUMPEL-ZACK. A loud German commotion comes out RUMS, but a very loud German commotion is RUMS-RUMS. A German sneeze is HATSCHI, and all cows in Deutschland display their large vocabulary which consists of MUH-MUH.

The comic books in Italy alone are enough to give any lexicographer alphabetical indigestion. For some unexplainable reason, the Italians go in for an inordinate number of sound-effect words that begin with the letter S followed by a consonant — as witness this sample from one issue alone of the comic, "Isabella." STUG, SCASSH, SVIMM, SDOING, SDUGH, SCLANG, SCRASH, SDOK, SCIAFF, SVESSH, SBENG, SBOING, SPRAK, and SCLENG.

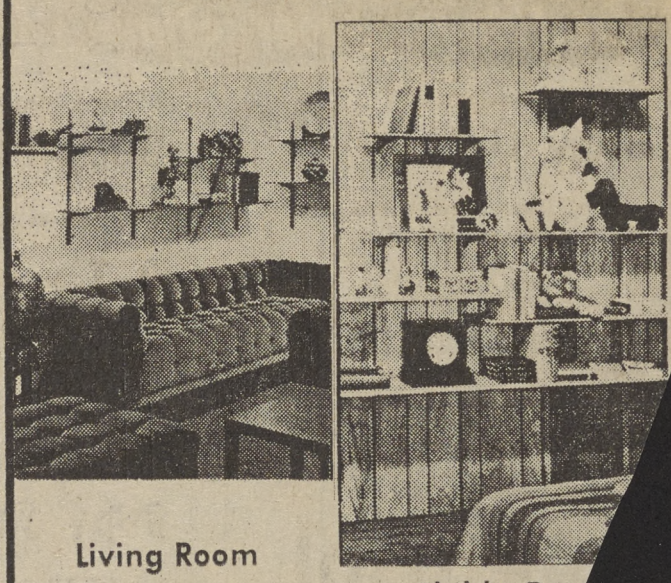
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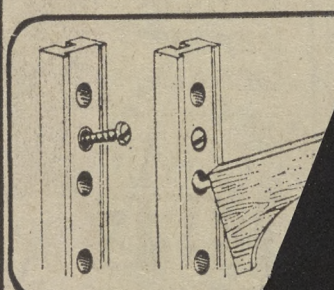
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nyside.—Staff photo by

By a staff reporter.

GRANGER, Yakima County — Rudy Amalo, an organizer from Cesar Chavez' farm-workers' union, arrived in this fertile oasis valley between desert hills yesterday.

His job is to help organize the first Washington State union of Mexican-American farm workers. Chicano hop pickers struck here 10 days ago.

Their unannounced strikes in a handful of hop fields have brought signed contracts for wage increases from eight valley hop growers, including some of the largest.

OTHERS HAVE raised wages to meet the strike demands on their own and avoid walkouts. These include the Golding Farms, the state's largest with 1,500 acres.

Strike leaders are asking a $2-an-hour minimum wage.

Minimums had ranged from $1.50 to $1.85 an hour.

They also are seeking workers authorization for "the union of Chavez" to bargain for them. Chavez heads the A. F. L.-C. I. O. United Farm Workers Organizing Committee.

About 100 hop workers pickers have signed union-authorization cards.

The strikes also have attracted the attention of a Chavez rival, the Teamsters Union. Strike leaders said a Teamsters representative has asked to meet with them this week.

The strike started September 4 when about 25 workers walked off their jobs at the Yakima Chief hop ranch near Mabton, about 40 miles south of Yakima. Strike organizers say it may continue through the spring.

"Chavez was here last year. We were talking about striking for a long time. But everybody was afraid. Finally, we just decided to find out what would happen," said Frank Salinas, 25, a ninth-grade dropout who was in the first walkout.

Salinas now is a member of the strike's organizing committee.

Joe Gallegos, 24, another organizing-committee member, said of the original walkout, "We started talking about it on Thursday. Friday we were sitting down at lunch talking about it some more. At 1 o'clock the man came and said, 'Come on.' Nobody got up.

"Myself, I thought it would only last a couple of days and everybody would go back to work.

"Instead, the strike spread."

THE YOUTHS who walked out of the Yakima Chief ranch made red arm bands, got a bullhorn and turned Granger's empty movie house into strike headquarters. They went to a dozen farms last week urging a strike.

"It was hard at first. But now when we tell them about the strike they go right away," said Roberto Trevino, 27, a former hop picker and now a senior at the University of Washington.

The first contracts show the lack of strike preparation. They are written in longhand on sheets of notebook paper.

Three Office of Economic Opportunity lawyers are now helping the strikers, with Amalo, controller for the United Farm Workers.

growers. But a large part of the acreage is in corporate farms, as large as 1,500 acres. The valley's $17 million hop crop makes it the nation's largest hop-growing area.

Narcotic center issues appeal for food gifts

A "bacon and egg" drive this month will help to augment the food budget of Seadrunar (Seattle Drug and Narcotic Center), 809-15th Ave. E.

Mrs. Malissa Shadrich, president of the newly formed Seadrunar Auxiliary which is sponsoring the drive, said all types of food, not just bacon and eggs, are needed by the drug rehabilitation center.

She said contributions can be taken directly to the center or pickups of foods in quantity can be arranged.

Seattleite gets national post

Frank Granat, Jr., of Seattle has been elected national president of Delta Chi Fraternity.

He is a graduate of the University of Washington.

Lewis Armstrong, also a university graduate from Seattle, was elected president emeritus.



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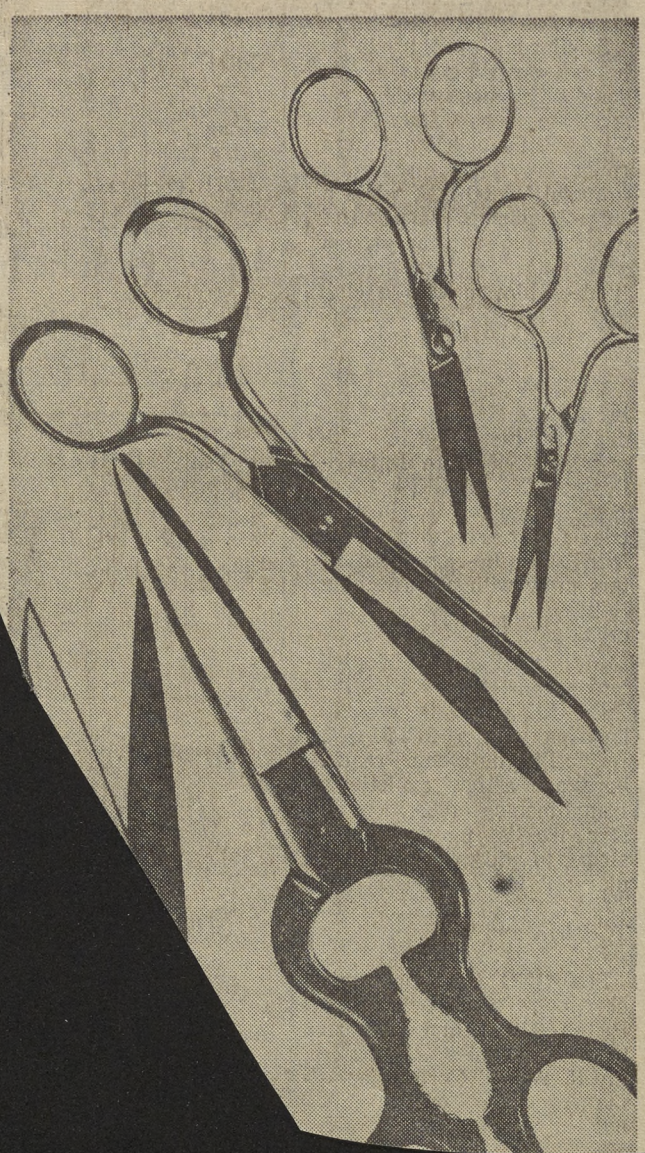
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Navy ship, declared Johnson, had been captured in peacetime in 150 years. Thus, in his view, *Pueblo's* seizure was "highly improbable"—regardless of the belligerent mood of North Korea. "I would suggest," said Johnson, "that a bookmaker would give you such fantastic odds [against the possibility of capture] that someone as rich as Howard Hughes could not pay it off." Admitting that the spy ships were impotent against attack, the admiral maintained that they were "dependent to a large degree on the safety provided by the time-honored freedom of the seas."

Johnson testified that two previous spy-ship missions off North Korea had been almost without incident. His implication was that the entire Navy, from the Pentagon through his own command down to Commander Pete Bucher's, had pondered and dismissed the eventuality of any attack on *Pueblo*. What he failed to mention was that on two earlier missions another spy ship had made fleeting passes at the North Korean shore, one lasting eleven hours and the other 36 hours. These missions had drawn angry threats of retaliation from North Korea. Broadcast warnings that "more determined countermeasures would be taken against U.S. imperialist aggressors" spying off North Korean shores were monitored by the Navy in Japan—and ignored.

CHARLES SCHNEIDER



REAR ADMIRAL JOHNSON
No one to answer the call.

Bizarre Encounters. Lieut. Commander Charles R. Clark, skipper of U.S.S. *Banner*, sister spook ship to *Pueblo*, testified that his 16 missions off the coasts of China, Russia and North Korea had been marked by severe, often bizarre harassment. *Banner* had been threatened with attack and ramming on several occasions by Soviet and Chinese vessels, said Clark, though the encounters ended harmlessly. Some of the harassment seemed more humorous than hostile. Once, a Soviet destroyer made a feint at ramming *Banner*, passed 20 yards away and inadvertently rammed another Russian destroyer trailing behind. On another occasion, a Soviet vessel charged within 40 yards of *Banner*, halted, stood by and then showed a movie that *Banner's* crew watched for 40 minutes. "Generally," testified Clark, "there was a feeling that the risk was not very high." This view was passed on to Bucher when the two conferred in Japan before *Pueblo* sailed last year.

Improvements Ordered. Another curious aspect of *Pueblo's* operation was the relationship between Bucher and Lieut. Stephen R. Harris, the officer in charge of *Pueblo's* highly classified research space. Harris worked in complete independence of Bucher. His closed-session testimony before the court of inquiry last week left unanswered the question of why reams of secret material in the research compartment were not destroyed. Stuffed in two mattress covers, these documents were discovered by the North Korean boarders.

While the inquiry may drag on for several more weeks, precautions are being taken to correct the inadequacies that made *Pueblo* so vulnerable. Acting on a study that was started shortly after the ship's seizure, the Navy last week ordered installation of automatic devices for destroying classified documents and materials on all of the fleet's 15 spy ships, known as ELINTS, or electronic intelligence-gathering vessels. The ships will also be equipped with improved scuttling mechanisms and 20-mm. cannon to help ward off hostile boarders. These were the very changes that Bucher had requested and been denied.

In the future, the Navy's spy ships will be assured of either air cover or naval support. The Pentagon has ordered that specific plans be created to dispatch planes or ships to surveillance vessels in peril. And ELINTS operating off North Korea have been directed to cruise 70 miles offshore, lessening the chance of piracy but also reducing the vessels' ability to monitor shore-based radar and command radio net transmissions.

Whatever the outcome of the *Pueblo* investigation, it will be only a prelude to an even more intensive inquiry. Secretary of Defense Melvin R. Laird has ordered a top-level Pentagon study "to see that incidents of this kind do not happen again." However, the overriding significance of the *Pueblo* inquiry so far is not that the seizure occurred, but that a mentality existed in the U.S. Defense Department that allowed it to occur. That may take more than a Pentagon study to correct.

AMERICANA

Harpin' Boont in Boonville

The United States is a land of many languages, dialects, accents and vocabularies. English is not necessarily the first language of the American Indian or the Chinese American, the Spanish American or the American Jew, all of whom inherited ancient tongues. But apart from children's pig Latin and the pidgin English still employed occasionally in Hawaii, one of the oldest invented languages in the U.S. was devised and survives in the California hamlet of Boonville. TIME *Correspondent Timothy Tyler visited there recently and tried to speak with the people. Here is his report.*

The road had been hairpin turns through foggy mountains for the past 20 miles. All at once there was the sign: Boonville, pop. 1,003. Sure enough, there were some shacks along the road. No lights anywhere except the eerie-blue glow of a television coming from one window. We stopped there, and after a minute one of the oldest men alive appeared. Stooped, toothless mouth indented, wearing glasses with handmade brass temples that could have been a hundred years old, he looked happy to have someone to talk to. We asked him about a place to stay. He looked surprised:

"You piked to boont in your moche geekin' on a motel?" he said. "Motel's strung, kimmie, but pike in the nook an' whittle a slib by the jeffer. Got enough zeese for a gormin' tidric. You from Belk?" We repeated our question, more slowly. He seemed to understand. "There's a nonch sluggin' nook ye can pike to," he said and gestured up the road. We thanked him and went back to our rented car, which wouldn't start. Finally, we walked the way he pointed, found the rickety New Boonville Hotel, roused a pale clerk, and were shown to a room where the floor had the solidity of a trampoline and the only decoration was a 1948 calendar from a Chinese laundry in San Francisco.

Link with the Past. Boonville is the Cannery Row of the '60s, a case study of isolated humanity intertwined with the land and the elements. It lies 100 miles north of San Francisco at the southern end of Mendocino County's Anderson Valley, a corridor 30 miles long that takes the Navarro River northwest to the Pacific. The southern half looks like Scotland: steep hills, lush fields dotted with sheep and shacks with wood smoke coming out of the chimneys. The valley is beautiful and silent. Two thousand people in maybe 150 square miles. Having few of the distractions of urban life, they see death clearly and have no urge to escape it. All they ask is a little sex, a little booze and a little humor in the meantime.

For more than half a century, their humor has come largely out of their ex-

otic argot. It is their link now with a more exciting, more amusing past. We went back next morning to the house of the old man who spoke the language. His name is Phocian McGimsey, but everybody calls him Levi. He is 73. His grandfather came West to Boonville in 1852. He told us that the language is "Boontling," which is a corruption of Boonville Lingo. In English sprinkled with Boontling, Levi described what Boonville was like in those days: a rough frontier town first settled in the 1850s by subsistence farmers and sheep and cattle ranchers, most of them of Scotch-Irish descent.

Argot Born. One day in '92, sitting around the Anytime Saloon, Reg and Tom Burger and the Duff brothers started putting some of their old Scotch-Irish dialect words together with some on-the-spot code words into a language that the enemies—be they womenfolk, their rivals, their elders, their children—could not possibly understand. It caught on, rapidly losing its value as a code; soon "Boontlingers" and their friends were eagerly trying to shark (con) each other with new inventions.

It was more fun to call coffee *zeese* instead of coffee, because it recalled old Z.C., a cook who made coffee so strong you could float an egg on it. Or to call working *ottin'*, after an industrious logger named Otto. To call a big fire in the grate a *jeffer*, because old Jeff Vestal always had a big fire going. To say *charlie ball* for embarrass, because old Charlie Ball, a local Indian, was so shy he never said a word. To say *forbes*, short for four bits, and *tubes*, for two bits. To call a phone a *buckywalter* after Walter Levi, known back then for having a phone at home. To say *ball* for good, because the old standard of quality was the Ball-Band shoe, with the red ball on the box.

Other words came right out of old Scotch-Irish dialect—*wee* for small, *kimmie* for man, *tweed* for young man, *deek* for look at. Still other words were borrowed from the Pomo Indians, who moved off to a reservation after an early settler set up his general store in the middle of their camping ground. A few words are corruptions of French, like *gorm* (gourmand) for eat.

Gorming has its full terminology. Pie is *charlie brown* because the latter had to have pie at every meal. *Dom* is chicken, after the Dominique, a particular breed. *Broadie* is a cow or a steak. *Gano* is the name of a very hard kind of apple they used to grow in the valley and, by extension, Boontling for all apples. Bacon is *bowrp* (a contraction of boar pig), eggs are *easters*, as in "If I don't shy to the sluggin' region [sleeping place] soon, I may as well set me a jeffer and gorm bowrp and easters."

For a child learning his nursery rhymes, *Old Mother Hubbard* would go like this: "The old dame piked for the chigrel nook/ For gorms for her ball belljeemer;/ The gorms had shied, the nook was strung,/ And the ball belljeemer had neemer."* Then there were the code names for *nonch* (not-nice) subjects. To go to bed with a girl was to *burlap* her, because one day in the 1890s someone walked into the general store, found no clerk, checked the storeroom and found him making love to a young lady on a pile of sacks. The word caught on, although it got competition from *ricky-chow*, an onomatopoeic description of the twanging bedsprings in the Boonville Hotel's honeymoon suite.

Some of the language was developed to cushion tragedy: everybody feared having their sheep frozen or starved by a sudden change in the weather. That was too big a disaster just to report baldly, so they would say "That frigid perel [cold rain, which resembles little pearls] made many white spots [dead lambs]. There'll be nemer croppies [no more sheep, which crop the grass] come boche season [*boche*, meaning deer, is derived from a Pomo word]."

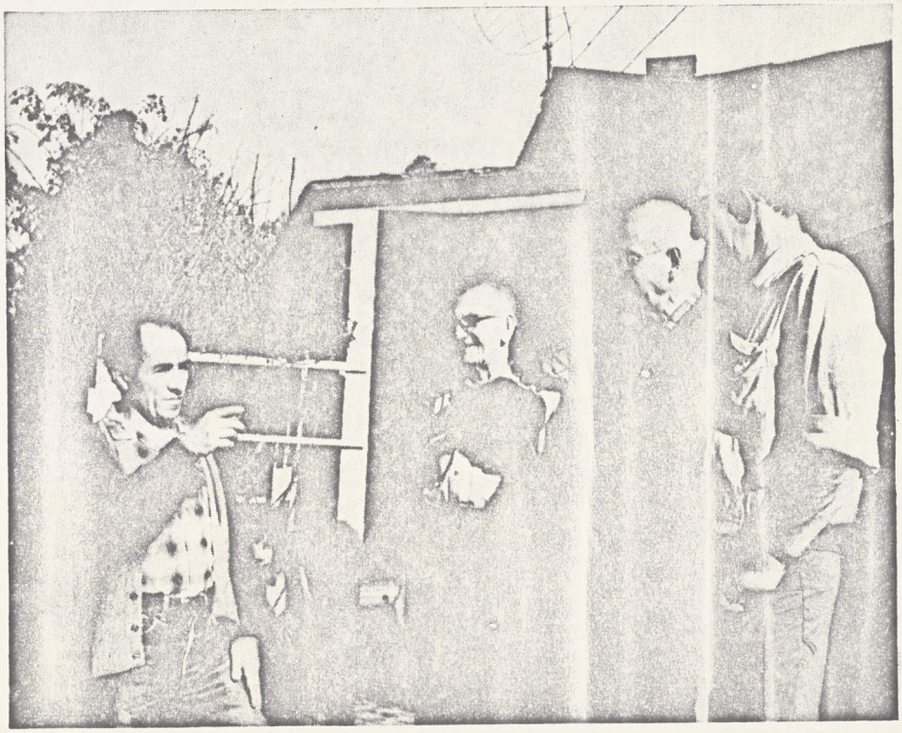
Boontling was in full bloom between 1900 and 1940. "We would make fun of the visitors when the mail stage came through every three weeks," recalls Levi. "They all thought we was crazy. I spoke Boontling ever since I could talk. When they drafted me in '17, I had to learn to talk English all over again."

With bad times in the '30s, some of the Boonters lost their sense of humor, and the number of Boontlingers declined. In the '40s, when a logging boom began, the population of Boonville temporarily tripled to 3,000. This was the first real influx of new people from the outside world since the town was settled, and the strangers dealt the language another blow. Television also has brought change, as Boonters soak up pernicious English from the machines.

Now Boontling is spoken by only a minority of Boonters. They have a club that meets every other week in one of the members' houses to *harp* (speak). There are 20 members, though more like 200 harp and understand. Mack Miller, in his 60s, drives down from Ukiah, a larger town on the coast, "because I'm tonguecuppy [sick] when there's nemer to harp Boont with." The local highway patrolman, a young fellow who lives up the valley in the state park, has picked up Boontling and started to lose his tenuous grasp of the mother tongue. "You're arking the japeway," he said to a stranger recently. "Sorry, I mean you're blocking the driveway." They predict that the cop will start attending meetings soon.

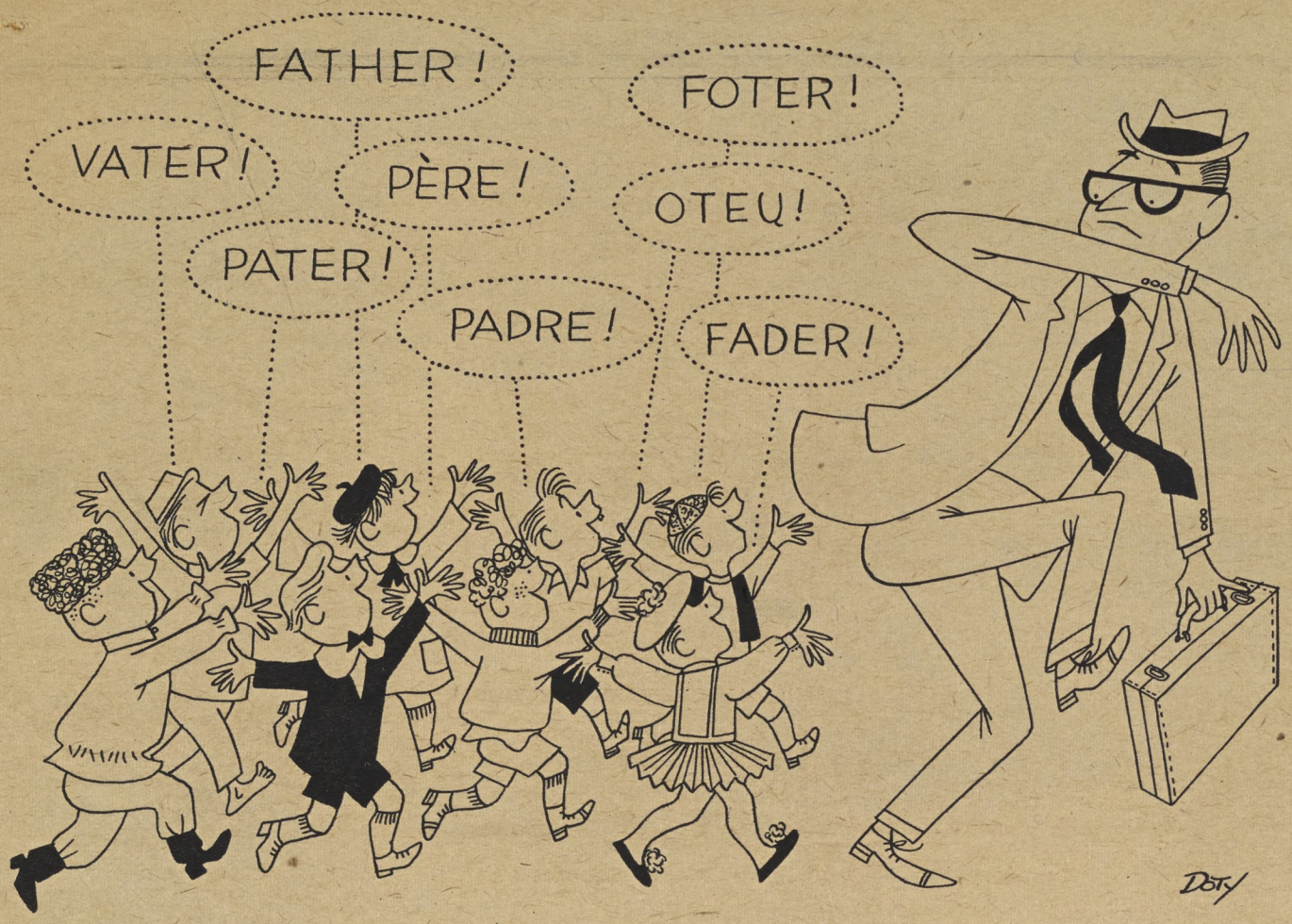
But *codgiehood*, their word for old age, is overtaking most of the Boontlingers. The oldtimers—Wee Ite and Buzzard, and Fuzz and Deekin', Wee Tumps and Highpockets, and Iron Mountain, Skeeter and Sandy—are dwindling. They are saying their last sayings in Boont: "A dom in the dukes is baller than dubs in the sham [bush]." A couple of dude ranches have sprung up in the valley, and just a year ago, for the first time ever, a bank dared open a branch in once-woolly Boonville. The end is near.

TIM TYLER



PHOCIAN (LEVI) McGIMSEY & FRIENDS
Ottin' to keep their tongue alive.

* *Piked* is went, *chigrel* is food, *book* is place, *belljeemer* is hound or dog, which comes from *beljeek*, the word for rabbit (a corruption of Belgian hare), plus a suffix that makes it a rabbit dog, *shied* is gone away, *strung* is dead or empty.



Drawings by Roy Doty.

BY ANY NAME—Fathers may be essentially the same the world over, but not the ways in which they are addressed.

Man Talks in 3,000 Tongues

From Aleut to Arabic (geographically) and from hundreds of users to millions, the world's languages challenge the scholars.

By MARIO PEI

FROM the time the Lord punished the children of man for trying to reach Heaven by way of the Tower of Babel, the world has been sundered by communication troubles.

Ever since, mankind has spoken different languages and for years scholars have been trying to sort them out. A new effort was announced just recently: Prof. Siegfried Mueller of Adelphi College, with a grant from the Office of Education, is going to try to bring up to date the inventory of the world's languages and dialects. Earlier studies have shown that the number of languages in the world, including known extinct tongues but excluding hosts of minor dialects, is 2,796. The new survey may give us a slightly diffferent total but it is expected that it will still hover in the vicinity of 3,000.

THEN—SILENCE

WELL over 2,000 of the world's languages are spoken by small groups of a few thousand or even a few hundred persons. This is true of a good many of the 132 Papuan tongues, spoken in the interior of New Guinea; of more than 100 native Australian languages; of some 500 African Negro tongues; and of more than 1,200 Western Hemisphere Indian languages.

This does not mean that all African and American Indian languages have small numbers of speakers. In the heart of South America, for example, Quichua, the ancient language of the Incas, is still spoken by more than 4,000,000 people. In Africa, the Hausa of Nigeria is estimated to have at least 14,000,000 speakers, and the Swahili of East Africa more than 10,000,000. But there are many American Indian groups, particularly in North America, which are close to extinction, and here it is a race between time and linguistic scientists to get them recorded and classified before they die out.

There is an instance of a European language dying in contemporary times. As late as the end of the eighteenth century, a few old-timers on the island of Veglia, at the head of the Adriatic, spoke a language which was a remnant of the ancient Dalmatian, a variety of Romance. Their descendants spoke nothing but Italian and Serbo-Croatian. An Italian linguist, M. G. Bartoli, went to Veglia about 1900, found three speakers of the traditional Vegliote, and recorded their speech. They all died a few years later, and Vegliote became extinct.

'GIANTS' OF LANGUAGE

THERE are only slightly more than a hundred languages that boast a million or more speakers. The languages that have more than 50 million speakers are only thirteen in number. They are:

Chinese, with all its dialects (over 600 million people; but even if we restrict Chinese to the official North Mandarin dialect, its 400 million and more speakers suffice to place it at the head of the list); English, with at least 300 million, and a leader among the world's languages by reason of its widespread distribution and the scientific, industrial and cultural achievements of its speakers; Hindustani, which includes the Hindi of India and the Urdu of Pakistan, and now comes close to the 200 million mark; Russian, native to about 100 million of the Soviet Union's population of 210 million, but spoken as a second language by practically all the inhabitants; Spanish, with about 160 million, mostly in the Western Hemisphere; German, Japanese and Indonesian, with perhaps 100 million each; French and Portuguese, with more than 75 million each; Arabic, Italian and Bengali, with well over 50 million each. Approaching the 50 million mark are the Ukrainian of southern Russia and the Bihari and Telugu of India.

The most widely spoken language of Europe is German (Russian has more speakers, but they straddle two continents). Arabic, though it originated in Asia, holds the palm for Africa.

FAMILIES OF SPEECH

MORE than half of the world's people — roughly one-and-a-half billion out of three billion—speak languages that are definitely related. The group is called Indo-European because it extends from northern India to western Europe. Among the Indo-European languages are such diverse ones as English, Russian, Irish, French, Greek, Albanian, Armenian and Hindustani.

It is possible to prove Indo-European unity by three tests: (1) grammatical structure, which is similar in all the languages, and becomes more similar the farther back we go in history; (2) vocabulary, which shows striking similarities in key words, such as numerals and nouns of family relationship, like "father," "mother," "sister," "brother"; (3) consistent sound-shifts, as when Germanic languages invariably show "f" in words where other languages show "p" (Latin *pater, pes;* English "father," "foot").

WITHIN the Indo-European group we find eight modern sub-branches: Germanic or Teutonic (this includes English, Dutch, German, Scandinavian); Latin-Romance (Latin and its descendants: French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Rumanian); Balto-Slavic (Lithuanian and Latvian on the one hand, Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Czech, Slovak, Serbo-Croatian, Slovenian, Bulgarian on the other); Celtic (Irish, Welsh, Breton, ancient Gaulish); Indo-Iranian (the languages of northern India, like Hindustani and Bengali, and those of Iran and Afghanistan); Greek; Albanian; Armenian.

The rest of the world's population speak languages belonging to other "families":

Semitic-Hamitic (Hebrew, Aramaic, Arabic, Coptic and Berber); Ural-Altaic (European languages like Finnish, Estonian, Lapp, Hungarian, on the Uralic side; Turkish and most tongues of the Soviet Union in Asia, as well as Mongol and Manchu, on the other); Sino-Tibetan; Japanese-Korean; Malayo-Polynesian; Dravidian (the tongues of southern India; Tamil, Telugu, etc.); three separate groups of African tongues—Bantu, Sudanese-Guinean, and Hottentot-Bushman; the smaller "families" of Eskimo-Aleut, Caucasian, *(Continued on Page 70)*



LAST WORDS—Where languages are dying out, scholars hasten to record them.

MARIO PEI, professor of romance philology at Columbia, is the author of "The Story of Language" and "The World's Chief Languages."

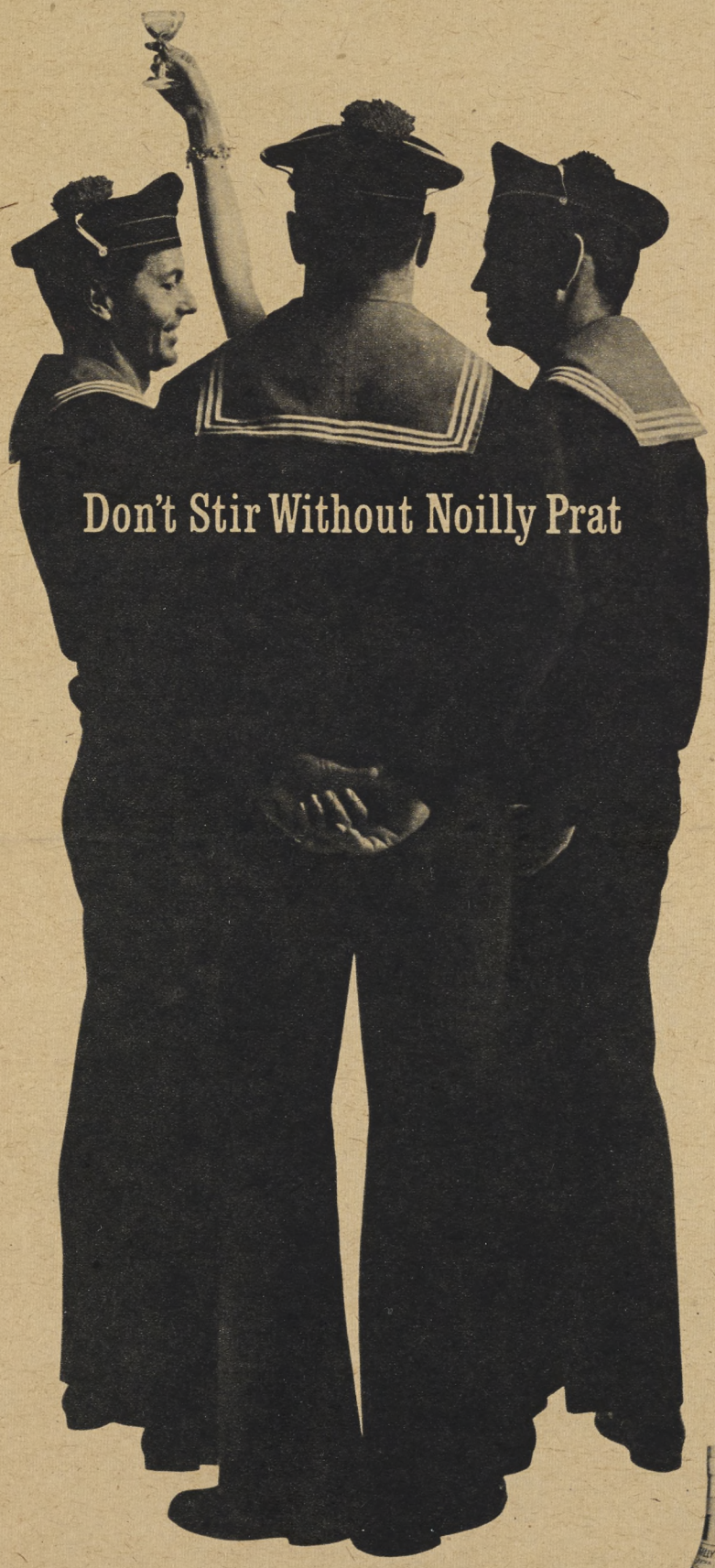


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Man's 3,000 Tongues

(Continued from Page 62)

Papuan and Australian, Ainu of northern Japan, and Basque of the Pyrenees.

OLD AND NEW

THE oldest language on record is the Sumerian of Mesopotamia, spoken in that region before the coming of Semitic speakers of Akkadian. Sumerian records, written in cuneiform characters, go back to at least 3500 B. C. The ancient Egyptian of the hieroglyphic inscriptions is almost as old, and ancient Chinese records go back to about 2000 B. C., as do also those of Sanskrit, oldest of the Indo-European tongues to be recorded. Greek, first appearing in the Homeric poems (Iliad and Odyssey), goes back to about 800 B. C.; Latin to about 500 B. C.

The "newest" language is undoubtedly to be sought among artificial, constructed tongues



VIVE LA DIFFERENCE? — Hungarians have one word for "he," "she" and "it."

devised for international use, like Esperanto or Interlingua. But since more of these new artificial languages are constructed and submitted all the time, it would be difficult to say which is most recent.

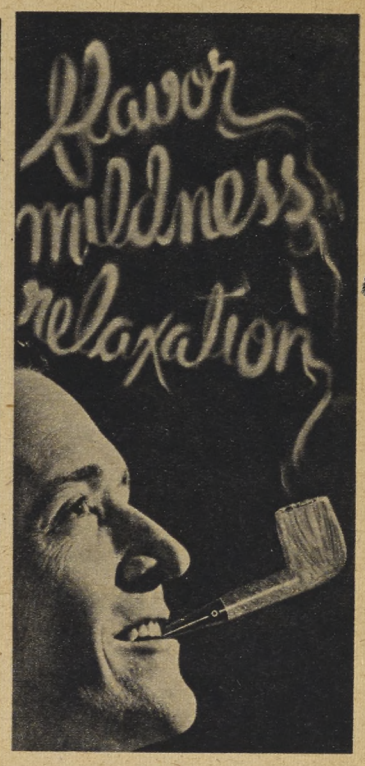
Among national official tongues, on the other hand, it is possible to point to Indonesian as one of the newest. Although Indonesian is constructed along the lines of the old Malay that used to serve all the Dutch East Indies as a trade language, there are enough innovations in it to permit us to differentiate between it and Malay.

VAGARIES OF TALK

CURIOS abound in the field of language. In the matter of grammatical structure, some languages of the Caucasus find it impossible to say "I see him"; you have to rephrase it "He is seen by me." There are languages, like Basque and some American Indian tongues, in which the verb often includes subject, object and all modifiers, so that the entire sentence comes out as a single word.

Concepts which in Indo-European are basic, like gender and number, are not at all observed in many languages. Hungarian uses the same word for "he," "she" and "it." The plural is seldom expressed in Japanese. This, however strange it may seem, parallels what happens exceptionally in English, where we distinguish gender in "he," "she," "it," but not in "they," and where we distinguish number in "house-houses," "foot-feet," but not in "sheep" or "deer."

What seems to be basic to all languages is the transfer of meaning from one human mind to another. This is effected in different ways, just as transportation in various parts of the world may be by train, automobile, elephant or camel. If there is no transfer of meaning, there is no true language.



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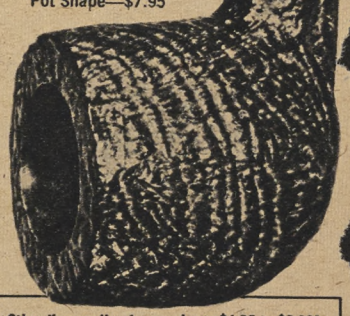
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DARE, 435

bug-eater--a resident of Nebraska ("applied derisively...on account of the poverty-stricken appearance of many parts of the state" in 1888)

1872,

citation: Harper's Man. 44.318/1, Below will be found a careful compilation of the various nicknames given to the states and people of this republic...