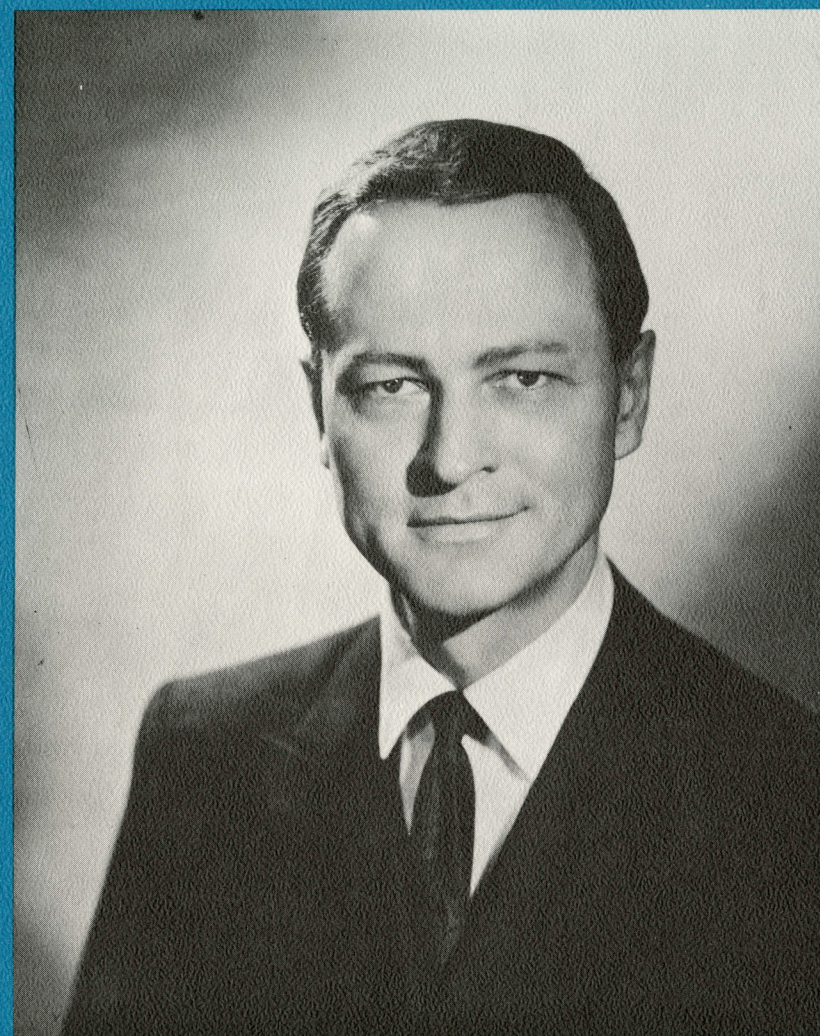


# MEND YOUR SPEECH

Harry Fleetwood

MEND YOUR SPEECH/HARRY FLEETWOOD



# MEND YOUR SPEECH

narrated by Harry Fleetwood

“Mend Your Speech, lest it mar your fortune” Shakespeare

Side I lists those words most commonly mispronounced and rhymes the correct pronunciation with words which defy mispronunciation.

- blouse ..... rouse
- chauffeur ..... gopher
- deaf ..... cleft
- donor ..... owner
- forehead ..... horrid
- grimace ..... deface
- rabies ..... babies
- status ..... hate us

Side II, an abridgment by Anne Burns of “Rip van Winkle” by Washington Irving, is to be used for imitating good speech, which is the natural way of acquiring fluency and aptness.

**SIDE I**

- Band 1: Introduction
- Band 2: Frequently Mispronounced One-Syllable Words
- Band 3: Words with Silent Letters
- Band 4: Stresses
- Band 5: Long Vowels
- Band 6: Foreign Words in English Usage
- Band 7: Slight Pronunciation Differences In Diverse Words
- Band 8: Correct Pronunciation of Frequently Mispronounced Words

**SIDE II**

Rip Van Winkle  
(abridged version)  
by Washington Irving  
Abridgment by Anne Burns  
A Read-Along Story for  
Correct Pronunciation

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Library of Congress Card Catalogue #R 61-1857  
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daughters of heaven." In his day the synonyms for feminine were fickle, unpredictable, and changeable. These definitions suggest a sly, but apt, description of the character of words and are a very good explanation of why the experts disagree.

Words, too, are as nomadic as man. Many that we use every day are centuries old. A few have had the vitality to remain intact through the centuries. Even the spelling, except for alphabetical variation, has remained unchanged. Lung, is Chinese; telephone, Greek; paprika, Hungarian; dam, Dutch; kimono, Japanese; madonna, Italian; crepe, French; skin (the noun), Norwegian; dust, Anglo-Saxon. In Sanskrit, dating back to the fourth century B.C., we find the first printed form of the word mother, recognizable today in many diverse languages. In Sanskrit, the word is spelled m-a-t-r; in Slavic, m-a-t-i; in Greek, m-e-t-e-r; in Latin, m-a-t-e-r; in Italian, m-a-d-r-e; in Swedish and Danish, m-o-d-e-r; in German, m-u-t-t-e-r; in Anglo-Saxon, m-o-d-o-r.

However, in this brief remedial study, our chief concern is not the history of words. It is the pronunciation of words, and specifically, the correct pronunciation of those words which are most frequently mispronounced. One of our methods of correcting these words is by rhyming them with simple words, phrases, or even short sentences which practically defy mispronunciation. For example: blouse -- rouse. Easy? Yes, and if you will eliminate the mispronunciation of those words which seem to confuse a large number of people, you will have taken the first step in achieving a degree of rewarding correctness.

May I repeat the question, and give you the answers again? When are words fitly spoken? When the pronunciation agrees with the consensus among lexicographers. When they are crisply enunciated. When they project the emotion desired by the speaker.

Shall we begin with words of one syllable that are frequently mispronounced?

debris	degree	hiccough	pick up
drought	pout	lien	seen
malign	recline	salve	have
often	coffin	sachet	affray
psalm	calm	scion	lion
quay	key	sword	gored
queue	mew	toward	sword
salmon	famine	veldt	pelt
		wrestle	vessel

#### SIDE I, Band 4: STRESSES

In the following words there is a marked difference between the American and British pronunciation. We follow the rule, that the stem (the meaningful part of a word, not the suffix) be stressed. The British tend to give a secondary stress to the suffix.

cavil	gavel	futile	brutal
dais	pay us	lever	clever
evil	weevil	ribald	dibbled
facile	tassel	sterile	peril

In these words the accent is on the second syllable:

acumen	inhuman	enhance	entrance
adept	inept	filet	delay
adult	result	finance	per chance
catarrh	afar	finesse	caress
caprice	apiece	grimace	deface
delete	repeat	illicit	I'll miss it

In many words it is the vowel values that are distorted, or improperly articulated: Remember --

A is long in:

agape	untape	prairie	fairy
apricot	April's	savory	slavery
	knot		
Babel	table	status	hate us
gratis	mate us	tomato	potato

#### SIDE I, Band 2: FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED ONE-SYLLABLE WORDS

and	land	egg	peg
bird	gird	get	let
blue	true	just	rust
blithe	tithe	mauve	drove
blouse	rouse	nape	tape
chic	mEEK	ruse	snooze
cleanse	dens	soot	put
deaf	clef	vase	haze
dew	few	word	heard
dour	poor	yeast	feast
drowned	hound		

#### SIDE I, Band 3: WORDS WITH SILENT LETTERS

calm	Tom		
chamois	Sammy	forehead	horrid
coxswain	toxin	gnome	foam
colonel	journal	gunwale	tunnel
corps	for	height	tight

#### SIDE I, Band 5: LONG VOWELS

Today the very broad A is limited to New England, and stage pronunciation. Modern American usage has practically deleted the use of it, substituting the modified A in such words as aunt, bath, calf, half, laugh and salve.

E is long in:

decease	cerise	series	dearies
hysteria	wisteria	zero	hero
queries	wearies		

O is long in:

anchovy	and show	morale	corral
	me		
dolor	roller	mōron	go, Ron
donor	owner	scholastic	no plastic
decorum	the forum		

U is very long in:

bureau	you row	tulip	julep
due	few	tune	fume
nude	feud		



SIDE I, Band 6: FOREIGN WORDS IN ENGLISH USAGE

There are words which still retain a bit of their foreign flavor; are not yet, as the English say, "completely naturalized."

au lait	oh Kay	attache	that they may
a la mode	heavy load	au gratin	forgotten
artiste	at least	bazaar	guitar
beret	today	cuisine	ravine
bisque	risk	fete	rate
bouquet	who may	debonaire	shoe the mare
brochure	assure	effete	defeat
caviar	at the bar	en route	up root
chic	peak	risque	dismay
chemise	displease	matinee	back in May
cliche	decay	sachet	so gray

Other foreign words that we hear frequently, with which English rhymes are not compatible, include:

bouillon	liqueur
bouffant	masseur
broccoli	premiere
cafe au lait	resume
canape	svelte
foulard	terra firma
gauche	vichyssoise
gourmet	

SIDE I, Band 7: SLIGHT PRONUNCIATION DIFFERENCES IN DIVERSE WORDS

A second factor in acquiring good speech is concentration on the slight differences in the sound of words which are diverse in meaning, words which sound exactly alike, if only slightly distorted. Some words must be very crisply enunciated and articulated when correctness is the goal. Theodore Roosevelt said that one of our defects as a nation is our tendency to use what he called "weasel words" -- words that have been sucked dry and become impotent mumblings. There are many words quite similar in sound. Unless each syllable is clearly and distinctly enunciated, the sound blurs and the meaning is lost. A few examples are:

area - aria;	gambol - gamble;
arrant - errant;	illusion - allusion;
assay - essay;	lean - lien;
bullion - bouillon;	palate - pallet;
coma - comma;	popular - poplar;
duel - dual;	salon - saloon;
err - ere;	slick - sleek
emigrant - immigrant;	

The third problem in pronunciation is local color which words, as I have said, seem naturally to assimilate. Words are so deeply a part of man they reflect his feeling for life in spite of the lexicographers.

In London, as everywhere else in the world, one hears accepted mispronunciations, mispronunciations if we deny to man the freedom he demands for himself ... to be Prince Charming or Willie Weasel.

In London, clerk is clark; figure is figger; lieutenant is lef-tenant; derby is darby; Berkeley is Barclay; laboratory is la bor' a tory; leisure, lez ur; garage is gar'age and suave is swave. Long usage has made these pronunciations locally correct.

"Pretty Words," by Elinor Wylie, is an interesting bit of verse on the subject which is nearest our hearts at the moment: words. It might well be an exercise for testing enunciation and pronunciation.

Pretty Words

Poets make pets of pretty, docile words:  
I love smooth words, like gold-enamelled fish  
Which circle slowly with a silken swish,  
And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds:  
Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed deer in Merds,  
Come to my hand, and playful if I wish,  
Or purring softly at a silver dish,  
Blue Persian kittens, fed on cream and curds.

I love bright words, words up and singing early;  
Words that are luminous in the dark, and sing;  
Warm, lazy words, white cattle under trees;  
I love words opalescent, cool and pearly,  
Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,  
Gilded and sticky, with a little sting ... "

The last line is especially intriguing -- "Gilded and sticky with a little sting." To quote from Proverbs again, we are admonished: "Let your speech be always with grace; seasoned with a little salt." Men of taste and wisdom through the ages have acclaimed effective speech. Rightly it has been said that "words rule the world." But not empty words, no matter how carefully, how correctly they be pronounced and articulated. Words must come alive and reveal the inner nature of the speaker.

Abraham Lincoln was a master of the spoken word because what he said revealed the inner man. Walking into Springfield one day he accosted a driver and said: "Will you have the goodness to take my coat into town?" "With pleasure," answered the driver, "But how will you get it again?" "Oh," Lincoln replied, "I shall remain in the coat."

SIDE I, Band 8: CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF FREQUENTLY MISPRONOUNCED WORDS

Now, to summarize, I shall pronounce slowly and distinctly those words which are most frequently mispronounced:

and	cayenne	decease	garage
adolescence	cleanse	drama	herb
agile	chemise	detour	height
acumen	corps	dais	hiccough
anchovy	clematis	dew	hysteria
apricot	canine	debutante	hors d'oeuvre
agape	caprice	drowned	heinous
aunt	coupon	egg	hundred
au gratin	car	en route	hindrance
amateur	chimney	enhance	harass
avenue	chic	eczema	just
beret	chauffeur	forehead	jugular
been	culinary	facile	juvenile
bird	cliche	filet	jewelry
blue	coxswain	forum	illicit
blouse	clique	February	khaki
browan	cigar	geisha	kimono
bouquet	dahlia	gums	lever
bouillon	data	genuine	matinee
betrothed	deaf	get	mauve
buoy	drown	girl	mischievous
boulevard	drought	gratis	moustache
caviar	dolor	grimace	maintenance
carburetor	decorum	golf	moron



morale			
nape	premiere	sterile	toward
naive	pomade	squalor	tomato
nee	quinine	saucy	tune
nowadays	raucous	sacrilegious	tulip
often	reptile	sachet	waistcoat
overalls	ribald	scissors	word
peon	rabies	status	wrestle
penal	rarebit	stipend	wisteria
pyjamas	romance	syrup	wintry
pretty	salve	telephone	yoke
prairie	senile	theater	yeast
program			

In the realm of humor, mispronunciation plays a stellar role. One of the most delightful lines in Sean O'Casey's "Juno and the Paycock," a profound and tragic utterance, really, is made doubly effective by garbled speech. Two old cronies, destitute of everything but each other and the bottle, are discussing world problems of which they know nothing. One, preliminary to a long dissertation, says naively, "Joxer, the whole worl's in a terr ... ible state of chassis," meaning, of course, chaos.

Mispronunciation is no novelty. A beggar to whom I gave an amount smaller than he expected said ruefully, "All right. All right, my friend. We can't all be Rockingfellows!"

"Mend your speech, lest it mar your fortune," was the advice of William Shakespeare, whose surname in his day was pronounced ShaX-pere.

#### MEND YOUR SPEECH

The easy way to improve your speech is to listen to articulate speech, and imitate it. Lord Chesterfield in one of his letters to his son wrote, "We are more than half of what we are by imitation."

Speech has many facets, but pronunciation, enunciation and emotional projection are the primary facets. Tone alone can elevate or debase speech. So can the manner of the speaker, and to quote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Speaking is like playing the harp. There is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music."

I shall read an abridged version of Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving -- superlative nonsense about a hen-pecked husband who was inadvertently rescued from his nagging wife by the Spirits of Hendrick Hudson and his Crew. Rip, naturally a thirsty soul, drank from their huge flagon of liquor which caused him to lie in a torpor for a considerable part of his life -- lost in the peace and tranquillity of a deep ravine in the Kaatskill Mountains.

Naturally there are moments in the lives of all husbands when they envy Rip the joy of deliverance.

I suggest that you read with me, silently at first, and when you are familiar with the material -- aloud.

#### RIP VAN WINKLE

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill Mountains seen away to the west of the river, swelling up a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. When the weather is

fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, goodnatured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to this last circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation. A curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who took his part in all family squabbles. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached, and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor.

He declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else. The rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of well-oiled disposition, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown



into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to take to the outside of the house -- the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods -- but what courage can withstand the ever-doing and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue?

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless, sleepy stories about nothing.

But from even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take a gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. For some time he lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still, evening air, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" Rip felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion -- a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist -- several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated

with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud.

Entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They too were dressed in quaint outlandish fashion.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes -- it was a bright sunny morning. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. "Oh, that flagon! That wicked flagon!" thought Rip -- "What excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old fire-lock, lying by him, the barrel incrustated with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He,



however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch hazel.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such an opening remained.

The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him. The dogs, too, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors -- strange faces at the windows -- everything was strange. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains -- there ran the silver Hudson at a distance -- there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been -- Rip was sorely perplexed -- "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, and passed on.

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty. He called loudly for his wife and children -- the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn -- but it, too, was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place. Over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the Little Dutch inn of yore, there was reared a tall naked pole, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue buff, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters.

"GENERAL WASHINGTON."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. A lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens -- elections -- members of Congress -- liberty -- Bunker's Hill -- heroes of seventy-six -- and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him. "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels?"

"Alas, gentlemen!" cried Rip, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders -- "A Tory! A spy! A refugee!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order. Rip humbly assumed then that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well -- who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. He never came back again."

"Where's Van Brummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars, too; and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of matters which he could not understand: war -- Congress -- Stony Point; -- he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three. "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself -- I'm somebody else -- that's me yonder -- no -- that's somebody else, got into my shoes -- I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountains, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"



The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you."

"What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since -- his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she, too, had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he -- "Young Rip Van Winkle once -- old Rip Van Winkle now -- Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle!"

All stood amazed, until an old woman put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment exclaimed, "Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle -- it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been all these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Halfmoon; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything but his own business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time. It was some time before he could comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a Revolutionary War -- that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England -- and that instead of being a subject of His Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was -- petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.



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# MEND YOUR SPEECH

## narrated by Harry Fleetwood

research and annotations by Anne Burns

### SIDE I

- Band 1: Introduction
- Band 2: Frequently Mispronounced One-Syllable Words
- Band 3: Words with Silent Letters
- Band 4: Stresses
- Band 5: Long Vowels
- Band 6: Foreign Words in English Usage
- Band 7: Slight Pronunciation Differences in Diverse Words
- Band 8: Correct Pronunciation of Frequently Mispronounced Words

### SIDE II

RIP VAN WINKLE (abridged version)  
by Washington Irving

An Exercise in Correct Pronunciation

Harry Fleetwood was graduated from Temple University, has a Master's degree from the University of Pennsylvania and has studied at the Sorbonne in Paris, the National University of Mexico, and at Columbia University.

His first post-war job was in Paris with Radiodiffusion Francaise reporting, script-writing, newscasting and producing in French and English. He has done freelance work for the British Broadcasting Company and for the free Czechoslovakian Radio. On Bastille Day, 1946, he appeared in the French-American Salute and made the translation into English of Bidault's address. In 1951, as an experiment in International Living, he acted as leader for a group of young people travelling through France, Switzerland and England. His broadcasts from Philadelphia and New York have included Music Through The Night (WRCA), Anthology Coast to Coast (NBC), Cafe International (KYW), Philadelphia, and Dinner Date with Emerson Buckley's Orchestra (WOR-TV).

According to George Sokolsky in the Journal American, "Fleetwood possesses two unusual virtues: (1) He speaks English, a rare gift in these days, (2) He possesses a kindly gentle voice and a cultivated manner. Regarding the first value, I want to say that Fleetwood's accent is American, not British, affected or Harvardized. It is contemporary American speech at its best."

In this brief remedial study it is the pronunciation - the correct pronunciation of words that is stressed, and very especially, the pronunciation of those words which are very frequently mispronounced. True, the infinite complexity of language causes even the experts to disagree. There is disagreement on the value of vowels, on accentuation and on the question of retaining or discarding the local color which words seem naturally to assimilate. In unabridged dictionaries, we find two, occasionally three valid pronunciations for a word, preference, however, is always given to one, and it is consensus among current lexicographers which has determined our choice. Enunciation and emotional projection are also stressed.

Listening to correct speech and emulating it is an easy way to improve your speech. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, wrote, "We are more than half of what we are by imitation." Tone and manner are important, too. To quote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "Speaking is like playing the harp. There is as much in laying the hands on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out the music."

- Anne Burns

### SIDE I, Band 1: INTRODUCTION

Nathaniel Hawthorne describes words as "a harsh clamor", and believed that man, when he reaches his highest state of perfection, will again be mute. Universal thought transference might be a reality in some distant era of enlightenment, but at present, life and language are one, and "words fitly spoken", as they are described in Proverbs, can be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver". But not mere words. "Words fitly spoken".

And when are words fitly spoken? When they are correctly pronounced. When they are crisply enunciated. When they project the emotion desired by the speaker.

Simple? No, for the infinite complexity of language causes even the experts to disagree. There is disagreement on the value of vowels; on accentuation; on the question of retaining or discarding the local color which words seem naturally to assimilate. That is why we find in unabridged dictionaries two, and occasionally three, valid pronunciations for a word. But preference is always given to one, and in this study it is consensus among current lexicographers which has determined our choice.

That controversies do arise is understandable. Scholars have always been confronted with variations and contradictions in their battle to standardize speech. Doctor Samuel Johnson, in the preface to his dictionary wrote: "I am not so in love with lexicography that I do not recognize that words are the