MEND YOUR SPEECH

narrated by Harry Fleetwood

"Mend Your Speech, lest it mar your fortune"  Shakespeare

MEND YOUR SPEECH

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

blouse  .................  rose
chauffer  ............  gopher
deal  ..............  clef
donor  ..........  owner
forehead  ...........  horrid
grimace  .........  delace
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.

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

SIDE 1
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
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
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; popcorn, 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-t-e-r; in Latin, m-a-t-a-r-e; in Italian, m-a-t-i; in German, m-u-t-t-e-r; in Slavic, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Greek, m-e-t-a-r; in Latin, m-a-t-e-r; in Italian, m-a-t-t-e-r; in French, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Spanish, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Russian, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Polish, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Swedish, m-o-d­-e-r; in Dutch, m-o-d-i-r; in Danish, m-o-d-e-r; in Norwegian, m-a-d-r-e; in Greek, m-e-t-e-r; in Latin, m-a-t-e-r; in Italian, m-a-t-t-e-r; in French, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Spanish, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Russian, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Polish, m-a-t-t-e-r; in Swedish, 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?

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

and land egg peg
bird gird get let
blue true just rust
blithe tithe mawe drove
blouse rouse nape tape
chic meek ruse sneeze
cleane dens soot put
defe chief vase haze
dew few word heard
dour poor yeast feast
drowned hound

calm chanclis Tom Sammy forehead horrid
coxswain toxin gnome foam
colonel journal gunwale tunnel
corps for height tight
drought pout lien hiccough pick up
drain malign recline salve have
often peal coffin sachet affray
psalm calm scion lion
quay key sword gored
queue mew toward sword
salmon famine veldt pelt vessel

drought pout lien hiccough pick up
drain malign recline salve have
often peal coffin sachet affray
psalm calm scion lion
quay key sword gored
queue mew toward sword
salmon famine veldt pelt 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 dais pay us lever clever
evil weevil ribald dabbled
facile tassel sterile peril

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

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
Babel table status hate us
gratis mate us tomato potato

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

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
hystera wisteria zero hero
queries wearies

0 is long in:

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

U is very long in:

bureau you row tulip julep
due few tune fume
nuke feud
There are words which still retain a bit of their foreign flavor; are not yet, as the English say, "completely naturalized."

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>au lait</th>
<th>a la mode</th>
<th>ariste</th>
<th>beret</th>
<th>bisque</th>
<th>bouquet</th>
<th>brochure</th>
<th>caviar</th>
<th>chic</th>
<th>chomise</th>
<th>cliche</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>oh Kay</td>
<td>heavy load</td>
<td>au gratin</td>
<td>today</td>
<td>risk</td>
<td>who may</td>
<td>assure</td>
<td>at the bar en route</td>
<td>peak</td>
<td>displease</td>
<td>decay</td>
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<td>attache</td>
<td>forgotten</td>
<td>guitar</td>
<td>cuisine</td>
<td>rate</td>
<td>debonnaire</td>
<td>defeat</td>
<td>en route</td>
<td>risque</td>
<td>matinee</td>
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<td>that they may</td>
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<td>ravinne</td>
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<td>shoe the rare</td>
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<td>up root</td>
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<td>back in May</td>
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</tbody>
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Other foreign words that we hear frequently, with which English rhymes are not compatible, include:

- bouillon
- bouffant
- broccli
- cafe au lait
- canape
- foulard
- gauche
- gourmet

- liqueur
- masseur
- premiere
- resume
- veloce
- terra firma
- vichyssoise

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 "wesely 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;
- arrant - errant;
- assay - essay;
- bullion - bouillon;
- comma - comma;
- duel - dual;
- err - ere;
- emigrant - immigrant;

- gambol - gabble;
- illusion - allusion;
- lean - lion;
- palate - pallet;
- popular - poplar;
- salon - solon;
- slick - sleek;

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 left-tenant; derby is darby; Berkeley is Barclay; laboratory is la bor' a tory; leisure, lez ur; garage is gar'age and suave is owne. 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-enameled fish
Which circle slowly with a silken swish,
And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds:
Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed dear in Herds,
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 homed 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 the house for life in..." When 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
- adolescence
- cayenne
- decease
- garage
- agile
- cleanse
- drama
- herb
- acumen
- corps
- dais
- height
- anchovy
- cleistis
- dew
- hysteria
- apricot
- canine
- debutante
- hour d'oeuvre
- agepe
- caprice
- drowned
- heinous
- aunt
- coupon
- egg
- hundred
- au gratin
- car
- en route
- hindrance
- amateur
- chimney
- enhance
- harass
- avenue
- chic
- ezeeam
- just
- beret
- chauffeur
- forehead
- jugular
- been
- culinary
- facile
- juvenile
- bird
- cliche
- filet
- jewelry
- blue
- coxswain
- forum
- illicit
- blouse
- clique
- February
- khaki
- brown
- cigar
- geisha
- kimono
- bouquet
- dahlias
- gums
- lever
- bouillon
- data
- genuine
- matinee
- bou trelled
- deaf
- get
- mauve
- buoy
- burned
- girl
- mischievous
- bouquet
- drought
- gratis
- moustache
- caviar
- dolor
- grizzle
- maintenance
- carburetor
- decorum
- golf
- moron
MISPronunciation is no novelty. A beggar to
Whoever has made a voyage
of which they know nothing. One, preliminary to
long dissertation, says naively, "Joxer, the
whole world'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 Rockingfellow!"

"Mend your speech, lest it mar your fortune," was
the advice of William Shakesppeare, whose surname
in his day was pronounced Shak-per.

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 vibra-
tions 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 tranquility of a deep revine in
the Kaatskill Mountains.

Naturally there are moments in the lives of all hus-
bands 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

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 those 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, how-
ever, but little of the martial character of his
ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple,
good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor
and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to
this last circumstance might be owing that meek-
ness of spirit which gained him such universal
popularity; for those men are apt to be obse-
quious 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 bless-
ing, 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 through-
out the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an in-
superable 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
lively away, in perfect contentment; but his wife
kept continually dinnin 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 other side of the house -- the only side which, in truth, belonged 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 besetting 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 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 assembly, 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 acrality; 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, wihal, 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 incrusted 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 Kaatakill Mountains -- there ran the silver Hudson at a distance -- there was every hill and dale precisely as it has always been -- Rip was sorely perplexed -- "That flagon last night," thought he, "has added 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. Rip found the house gone to decay. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. 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, bdillous-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hackmills, 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 assured them 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 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 anybody 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.
FOLKWAYS RECORDS ENGLISH RECORDINGS

FH 2189 HERITAGE USA, V. 1, Pt. 1
FH 2190 HERITAGE USA, V. 1, Pt. 2
FH 2191 HERITAGE USA, V. 2, Pt. 1
FH 2192 HERITAGE USA, V. 2, Pt. 2
FA 2301 CHILD BALLADS IN AMERICA, V. 1
FA 2302 CHILD BALLADS IN AMERICA, V. 2
FA 2305 BALLADS RELIQUES
FA 2310 FOLK BALLADS OF THE ENGLISH SPEAKING WORLD
FA 2319 AMERICAN BALLADS
FW 3043 BROADSIDE BALLADS, V. 1 (London: 1600-1700)
FW 3044 BROADSIDE BALLADS, V. 2 (London: 1600-1700)
FG 3509 THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS, V. 1
FG 3510 THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS, V. 2
FG 3511 THE ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS, V. 3
FS 3853 ALL THE HOMESPUN DAYS
FH 5005 HERITAGE USA, V. 1 (Contains FH 2189 and FH 2190)
FH 5006 HERITAGE USA, V. 2 (Contains FH 2191 and FH 2192)
FX 6271 LEARNING TO TALK
FC 7006 NURSERY RHYMES AND GAMES AND FOLK SONGS
FC 7025 GOSH WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD!
FC 7026 SONGS FOR ALL YEAR LONG
FC 7102 FOLK TALES FROM INDONESIA
FC 7103 FOLK TALES FROM WEST AFRICA
FC 7104 THE DREAMKEEPER
FC 7105 BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN, V. 1
FC 7106 BIBLE STORIES FOR CHILDREN, V. 2
FC 7107 UNCLE BOQUI OF HAITI
FC 7108 KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH
FC 7109 RIDE WITH THE SUN
FC 7114 NEGRO POETRY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE
FC 7125 STORY OF DAVY CROCKETT
FC 7525 SLEEP-TIME
FC 7560 MUSICAL PLAYS FOR SPECIAL DAYS
FC 7561 MORE MUSICAL PLAYS
FC 7730 AS I’VE HEARD TELL
FC 7731 THE HAPPY PRINCE/ THE DEVOTED FRIEND
FC 7770 SNOOPYCAT
FC 7771 CHILDREN’S SONGS AND STORIES
FC 8010 SOUNDS OF SPOKEN ENGLISH
FW 8501 THE SINGING STREETS
FW 8755 TWO WAY TRIP
FW 8758 SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS
FW 8767 SONGS OF SHAKESPEARE’S PLAYS
FL 9011 GETTING ALONG IN ENGLISH
FL 9106 HOW TO WRITE AN EFFECTIVE COMPOSITION
FL 9107 TECHNIQUES IN READING COMPREHENSION

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SIDEx

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

SIDEx, 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. 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