

Norman C. Schwab
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Quelching the Rumor Mill

The Texans are a peculiar breed of folks. They love their state. They love the size of it. They love the shape of it. There was a place in town where you could buy a Jacuzzi in the shape of Texas. Every bulders supply place in Dallas you could buy concrete patio tiles in the shape of Texas. Women wore the state around their necks and on their ears. Men hid their bellys with big brass versions of the state. I know of know other state that is very attached to the shape. Texans also have a language that is all their own. Not just a twang or a drawl, It blends bits of Spanish with country isms, born out of blunt speach. When Erin and I first went to Dallas I was given an article on the "how to's" of Talking Texan. Heres a few hints. Going in to town to take care of a few things is not "business" it's "bidness". If your thirsty use the word drank, This is not to be confused with the past tense of the verb "to drink" Drank is a noun. Can ah git yawl a drank. For indicating ones imminent course of action the phrase used is Fixin ta. If one believes he should do somthing soon, he reckons hed best be gittin. With all the wrecking and fixing one would think there would be plenty of mechanics in Texas. Bob War is not an unfriendly neighbor but a wire fence. You think something might work out, then say "that dogll hunt" That's the fundamentals of Talking Texan.

Once a young man spread around a piece of criticism (which later proved only half-true) about his elderly pastor which split the church and created a scandal. He later apologized and asked the old man what he could do to atone for his wrong. The pastor grabbed a feather pillow under his arm and took the fellow to the top of the church tower. Wind tugged at their hair, flapping their coattails against their legs as they looked giddily at the village and fields below them. The pastor handed the young man the pillow.

"Rip it open," he said.

The boy was perplexed. But he did what he was told. Instantly the wind seized the feathers, tossing them in flurries into the air. A cloud of feathers whirled about their heads, then spread far and wide as thousands of feathers began falling beyond the village, settling on sidewalks, in hedges, in streams, in trees, among deep grass.

"Now," said the pastor, "go and collect all the feathers and put them back in the pillow."

"All of them?" "All of them" "But that's impossible!"

Placing his hand on the young boy's shoulder, the pastor said kindly, "I know. I just wanted you to realize how impossible it is to retrieve a criticism once spoken."