

INKER'S CORONATION GUIDE TO BRITAIN

for Americans and Other Aliens

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PART III—NORTH WALES

CHAPTER SIX

RIDING DOWN TO BANGOR

From *Capel Curig* (visit ancient trackway, ancient bars, ancient smell near Pont-y-Pant Farm, etc.) our route leaves the Firbank Country and passes through high-souled landscape of no mean order. We sight *Llyn O'Gwen* (Gwen's Lake) where *Charles Kinglake*, author of *Plymouth Ho!*, used to ruminate in a rowboat. The scenery here has points, which are used by the British for sport. (Note: this Section of Wales is permanently hired to the British for Hydro-Electric and Gymnastic purposes.)

The British inhabiting the Llyn O'Gwen area are nomadic, sporadic, and markedly dolichocephalic. Notice the prehensile fingers and feet, which indicate the tribal characteristic of *Horizontophobia*. The females may be distinguished from the males by the beard (often but a slight discoloration of the jaw) affected by the latter. This sect or class of Britisher closely resembles the type sometimes to be seen in Cumberland (residence of Henry Wordsworth, author of *Now We Are Seven*), except that the O'Gwen variety are hut-dwellers. If we are fortunate, we may perhaps observe examples of this uncommon British species as our powerful automobile wends towards the soda-fountain at the lake's end. (*British tea, with oleo-margarine, 40 cents; without, same fee.*) Photography of specimens is permitted and may even be reciprocated.

The Llyn O'Gwen British are divided into *three orders or castes*, all roughly of the same color but distinguishable by their dress. Those wearing *shorts* belong to the low caste known as *Walkers*, whether they are *janes* or *bozos*. Others will be seen clad in a form of trousers, often quaintly patterned in green

and/or brown, with smocks of varying designs. A *hank of cordage* worn on the shoulder is a mark of rank, the thickness of the cord varying inversely with the haughtiness of the wearer's bearing. (cf. Ancient British proverb: "The higher the fewer.") This sect comprises those known as *Climbers*. The droll woollen hat worn by some is not obligatory; the *little round bobbin on top* is believed to have a religious significance.

(NOTE: A sub-sect of this caste, rarely seen but worthy of attention, calls for mention. Its members have a furtive and somewhat brutish mien and carry a *small metal hammer* as a badge of servitude. These are known as *Ironmongrels*.)

The third and last sect is formed from a noticeably senior class of Britisher. These will be garbed in *tweed knickerbockers*, sometimes beautifully embroidered in contrasting colors, with an upper garment of the same type. The correct term for this caste is *Mountaineers*. A rope of office, if carried, may be shyly concealed in the rucksack. The tweed headgear, or *dhir-stawka*, indicates a Mandarin, First Class, of the sect.

It is unlikely that we shall find a *Mountaineer* in the humor for conversation, especially as many of them are ignorant of the American Language. (Their own dialect is Latino-Teutonic, and includes such words as *abseil, arête, karabiner, gendarme, mein gott, hell*, etc.) However, as some of us may not wish to leave this Section without having gotten a notion of the native stranger-reaction, the usual American-British Conversation Guide is appended.

(NOTE: It would be best to approach a young male of the *Climber* caste, preferably one with an open-caste countenance.)

AMERICAN	BRITISH EQUIVALENT
1. Hiya, son! Gonna hang yaself?	1. Good day to you, young sir. Am I correct in assuming that yonder rope is a climbing rope?
2. Sure, I'm from the States. Howdya guess?	2. You are quite correct—I am a foreigner from North America. It was most fearfully clever of you to surmise so much, if you will allow me to say so.

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| <p>3. Reck'n ya climb up them thar hills?</p> | <p>3. Pray don't think I'm inquisitive, but where—may I ask—do you pursue your sport? Upon that mountain?</p> |
| <p>4. Aw, quit kiddin'! A glue-footed gorilla'd git mighty sick up there!</p> | <p>4. Good gracious me! Can you be in earnest? Forgive my incredulity, but to ascend the rocks you indicate appears well-nigh beyond the powers of a mere human being.</p> |
| <p>5. Me fer the hot squat sooner 'n drop off of an end of twine, buddy.</p> | <p>5. For my part, I must confess to a preference for another and more painless form of self-extermination, if an alien may be permitted to express an opinion which, to you, may appear heretical.</p> |
| <p>6. Mount'ns? Say, hain't ya never heard of the Rockies? We got peaks ter make ya Welsh hills look like holes in the ground.</p> | <p>6. Well—yes, we have eminences of a sort in North America, but they cannot, <i>of course</i>, compare with your magnificent, superb, heart-stirring, awe-inspiring British mountains. Except, perhaps, in the matter of height*.</p> |
| <p>7. S'long, sucker!</p> | <p>7. Toodle-oo, old chappie, and ta most frightfully for our few jolly ticks of chitter-chatter.</p> |

(NOTE: The phrases used in Number 7, British column, are in modern local *patois*. The title "dear old boy" may be substituted for "old chappie," *but only if visiting cards have been exchanged.*)

***Important.** This concluding phrase should be omitted if the native appears of a choleric disposition.