

1st  
July 6, 1951

## Jan and Cap'n Dicker

My Cornish <sup>iron-miner</sup> friend Jan Fregamba <sup>and I</sup> were <sup>and I</sup> sitting in <sup>Jan's log hunting</sup> camp one Sunday <sup>noon,</sup> afternoon, having <sup>and I</sup> eating Cornish pasties <sup>and I</sup> and resting the beagles for the afternoon rabbit hunt.

"How long you been an iron miner, now, Jan?" I asked, <sup>more</sup> fast <sup>to</sup> make conversation.

"Twenty-hate years, <sup>that's</sup> <sup>save</sup> <sup>ham</sup> <sup>measure</sup> <sup>ment,</sup> <sup>part</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>time,</sup>" Jan replied promptly.

"Did <sup>you</sup> ever <sup>aspire</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>boss,</sup>" I inquired. "Shift-boss or even captain?"

"Naw, naw," Jan replied. "Bosses <sup>has</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>few</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>beagles,</sup> -- is too bloody dumb. <sup>He</sup> <sup>only</sup> <sup>has</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>pay</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>bills,</sup> an' <sup>unt</sup> <sup>rabbits</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>damned</sup> <sup>bosses</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>too</sup> <sup>dumb.</sup>" I said. "How do you mean dumb, Jan?"

"They <sup>wouldn't</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>bosses</sup> <sup>if</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>were</sup> <sup>dumb.</sup>"

Jan <sup>took</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>quick</sup> <sup>gulp</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>tea.</sup>

"Ow, they wouldn't wouldn't they? Take

Cap'n Dicker Kermode, say. One day

'E always prided <sup>himself</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>smart</sup> <sup>'e</sup> was. Wan day a bunch of us <sup>were</sup> <sup>was</sup>

hundredground a-workin' hup in a raise an' Cap'n

Dick come daown the main drift an' stuck his lead <sup>on</sup> <sup>'e</sup> <sup>ollered</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>'n</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>raise,</sup> "Ow many

men are there <sup>up</sup> hup there, partners?  
an' <sup>respectful</sup> 'ollered back, 'Seven, Capin Dick,  
an' 'e 'ollered up, 'Alf of you come  
daown 'ere."

"maybe he was only joking," I  
ventured. said.

"joking? Capin Dick joking?  
'E wouldn't laugh his 'is mother'n-law  
<sup>stolped</sup> <sup>er</sup> <sup>taw-an</sup> felt, plunged 'ead first daown a  
bloomin' mine shaft. An' 'is <sup>pointin' an'</sup> <sup>pridin'</sup> 'isself  
on 'ow smart 'e <sup>was</sup> <sup>was</sup>!"

"A lot of serious <sup>and humorous</sup> men have been  
real smart," I <sup>ventured</sup> said, rather provishly.

~~Jan~~  
Jan snorted and went on. "Wan  
day <sup>Hi</sup> I asked Capin Dick, 'Capin Dick,  
<sup>ere's a deep problem:</sup> 'wot as three legs an' barks  
<sup>Hi</sup> like a dog?"

"Capin Dick 'e pondered for quite  
a spell an' then 'e give up. 'Wot', 'e  
says, <sup>(is hit it)</sup> 'wot as three legs an' barks  
like a dog?"

"<sup>Hanswain</sup> Easy, Capin', I said -- <sup>'hits'</sup> a milkin'  
stool."

"Cap'n Dick 'e <sup>stood there blinkin' an' ponderin'</sup> ~~pondered~~ some more  
an' then 'e says, 'Swan, Jan, <sup>bloody</sup> no milkin'  
stool never barks like a dog.

"Hi knaow that, Cap'n, 'Hi replied.  
'Hi just putn' in the <sup>bloody</sup> dog to make'n  
'ard."

Just then one of Jan's beagles started  
baying a rabbit in the swamp below - thus ending  
the saga of the <sup>stupidity</sup> ~~stupidity~~ of Cap'n Dick's Kermode.

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JAN AND CAP'N DICKER

My Cornish iron-miner friend, Jan Tregembo, and I were sitting in Jan's log hunting camp one Sunday noon, eating <sup>steaming</sup> Cornish pasties and resting the beagles for the afternoon rabbit hunt.

"How long you been an iron miner, now, Jan?" I asked, more to make conversation *between bites.*

"Twenty-hate years av <sup>e</sup> savage hamusement, partner," Jan replied promptly, *holding his steaming pasty aloft.* "Didn't you ever aspire to be a boss?" I inquired. "Shift-boss or even captain?"

"Naw, naw," Jan replied. "Bosses is too bloody dumb. Hi only haspire to pay my bills, hown a few good beagles--an' 'unt rabbits ave a Sunday. Bosses is too bloody dumb."

"How do you mean 'dumb,' Jan?" I said. "They wouldn't be bosses if they were dumb."

Jan took a quick gulp of the bubbling lava he called tea. "Ow, they wouldn't, wouldn't they? Take <sup>our mine captain's</sup> Cap'n Dicker Kermode, say. 'E always prided 'imself big on 'ow smart 'e was. Wan day a bunch of us was hunderground a-workin' hup in a raise an' Cap'n Dick come daown the main drift an' stuck 'is 'ead an' 'ollered up'n the raise, 'Ow many men are there hup there, partner?' and Hi 'ollered back respectul <sup>f</sup>, 'Seven, Cap'n Dick,' and 'e 'ollered up, 'Alf of you come daown 'ere!'"

"Maybe he was only joking," I said.

"Jocking? Cap'n Dicker jocking? 'E wuldn't laugh hif 'is mother'n-law stobbed 'er taw an' plunged 'ead first ddown a bloomin' mine shaft. An' <sup>Jim</sup> 'im poutin' an' pridin' 'imself on 'ow smart <sup>an' hintellectual</sup> 'e was!"

"A lot of serious and humorless men have been real smart," I ventured, rather piously.

Jan snorted and went on. "Wan day Hi asked Cap'n Dick <sup>er,</sup> 'Cap'n Dick <sup>er,</sup> says Hi, 'ere's a deep problem: wot 'as three legs an' barks like a dog?"

"Cap'n Dick <sup>er</sup> 'e pondered for quite a spell an' then 'e give up. 'Wot,'  
'e says, 'wot is ~~hit~~ it 'as three legs an' barks like a dog?'

"<sup>er</sup> Hanswer's easy, Cap'n,' I said--'hit's a milkin' stool.'

"Cap'n Dick 'e stood there blinkin' an' ponderin' <sup>ard</sup> an' then 'e says,  
'Gwan, Jan, no bloody milkin' stool hever <sup>lived wot</sup> barks like a dog.'

"'Hi knaow that, Cap'n,' Hi replied. "Hi just put'n in the bloody dog  
to make 'n 'ard.'"

Just then one of Jan's beagles started bugling a rabbit in the swamp  
below--thus ending the saga of the stupidity of Cap'n Dicker Kermode.

July 6, 1951

Mr. Emil Berger  
The Wall Street Journal  
44 Broad Street  
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Berger:

I continue to bombard you with entrees for your "Pepper & Salt" column. I enclose the latest: "Jan and Cap'n Dicker." I'll probably continue until you surrender or turn me down.

Sincerely,

John D. Voelker

P. S. Suggest winding up yesterday's offering, "Jan's Favorite Rabbit 'Ound" by adding this sentence at the very end: "Never seen 'er that day to this."

J.D.V.

Written by:  
John D. Voelker  
Ishpeming, Michigan

JAN AND CAP'N DICKER

by

Robert Traver

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Jan snorted and went on. "Wan day Hi asked Cap'n Dicker, 'Cap'n Dicker,' says Hi, ''ere's a deep problem: wot 'as three legs an' barks like a dog?'

"Cap'n Dicker 'e pondered for quite a spell an' then 'e give up. 'Wot,' 'e says, 'wot is it 'as three legs an' barks like a dog?'

"'Hanswer's easy, Cap'n,' I said--'hit's a milkin' stool.'

"Cap'n Dick 'e stood there blinkin' an' ponderin' 'ard an' then 'e says, 'Gwan, Jan, no bloody milkin' stool hever lived wot barks like a dog.'

"'Hi knaow that, Cap'n,' Hi replied. 'Hi just put'n in the bloody dog to make'n 'ard.'"

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