

Reading Phonetic Transcription (IPA)

[lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən wəz ðə məʊst ɪnθju:zi'æstɪk 'æmətɜ: 'gɑ:dnə in ə lænd əv ɪnθju:zi'æstɪk 'æmətɜ: 'gɑ:dnəz. hi livd fər iz 'gɑ:dn. ðə lʌv wɪʃ 'lðə men ɪks'pend ɒn ðeə 'nɪərɪst n 'dɪərɪst lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən 'lævɪʃt ɒn sɪ:dz, 'rəʊzɪz ənd 'ləʊmi sɔɪl. ðə 'heɪtrɪd wɪʃ sʌm əv iz 'ɔ:də fɪ:l fə 'səʊʃəlɪsts n 'deməgɒgz lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən kept fə 'rəʊz-sʌgz, 'rəʊz-bɪ:tɪz ənd ðə smɔ:l 'jeləʊɪʃ-waɪt 'ɪnsekt wɪʃ iz səʊ dɪ'preɪvd ən 'sɪnɪstər ə 'kærəktə ðæt ɪt gəʊz θru: laɪf wɪð n 'eɪlɪæs - 'bɪ:ɪŋ 'sʌmtaɪmz kɔ:ld ə 'rəʊz-ɦɒpə ən 'sʌmtaɪmz ə θrɪps. ə sɪmpl səʊl, lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən - maɪld ən pləznt. jet put ɪm ə'mʌŋ ðə θrɪps, ən ɪ: bɪ'keɪm ə 'dɪ:lərɔ:t əv deθ ən 'slɔ:tə, ə dɪ'strɔɪə ɪn ðə klɑ:s əv 'ætlə ðə hʌn ən 'dʃeŋgɪs kɑ:n. θrɪps fɪ:d ən ðɪ 'ʌndəsaɪd əv rəʊz lɪ:vz, 'sʌkɪŋ ðeə dʒu:s ən 'kɔ:zɪŋ em tu tʒ:n 'jeləʊ. ənd lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən z vju:z ɪn ðɪ:z θɪŋz wɜ: səʊ 'rɪdʒɪd ðæt hi wʊd əv pɔ:d weɪl ɔɪl sə'lʊ:ʃən ən iz 'grændmʌðə ɪf hi həd faʊnd ɜ:r ən ðɪ 'ʌndəsaɪd əv wʌn əv iz rəʊz lɪ:vz 'sʌkɪŋ ɪts dʒu:s.]

[ðɪ 'əʊnli tɑɪm ɪn ðə deɪ wen hi sɪ:st tə bɪ ðə 'hɔ:nɪ,hændɪd 'tɔɪlə nd bɪ'keɪm ðɪ ə'ɪstəkɹæt wəz ɪn ðɪ 'i:vniŋ 'ɑ:ftə 'dɪnə, wen, egd ɒn baɪ 'leɪdɪ 'kærələɪn, hu geɪv ɪm nəʊ rest ɪn ðə 'mætə - hi wəd rɪ'taɪə tu hiz 'praɪvɪt 'stʌdɪ ənd wɜ:k en iz 'hɪstəri əv ðə 'fæmɪli, ə'sɪstɪd baɪ hiz eɪbl 'sekɹətɪ, 'ællɪs 'færədi. hiz 'prəʊgɹes ɒn ðæt 'mæsɪv wɜ:k wəz, haʊ'evə, sləʊ. ten əʊz ɪn ðɪ 'əʊpən eə meɪd ə mæn 'draʊzɪ, ənd tu: ɒfn lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən wʊd fɔ:l ə'slɪ:p ɪn 'mɪd-'sentəns tu ðɪ ə'nɔɪəns əv mɪs 'færədi hu wəz ə 'kɒnʃɪ'enʃəs gɜ:l ənd laɪkt tu ɜ:n ɜ: 'sæləri.]

[ðə kʌpl ən ðə 'terɪs həd tʒ:nd. 'redʒɪ bɪŋz feɪs, əz he bent 'əʊvə mɔ:d, wəz 'ɜ:nɪst ənd 'ænɪmeɪtɪd, ənd ɪ:vn frəm ə 'dɪstəns ɪt wəz 'pɒsɪbl tu sɪ: haʊ ðə gɜ:lz aɪz lɪt ʌp et wɒt he wəz 'seɪɪŋ. ʃɪ: wəz 'hæŋɪŋ ɒn hiz wɜ:dz. 'leɪdɪ 'kærələɪnz smaɪl bɪ'keɪm mɔ:r ənd mɔ: bɪ'nevələnt.]

[ðeɪ meɪk ə 'tʃɑ:mɪŋ peə, ʃɪ: 'mɜ:məd. aɪ 'wʌndə wɒt dɪə 'redʒɪ z 'seɪɪŋ. pə'hæps et ðɪs 'veri 'məʊmənt -]

[ʃɪ brəʊk ɒf wɪð ə saɪ əv kən'tent. ʃɪ həd həd hə trʌblz 'əʊvə ðɪs ə'fæə. dɪə 'redʒɪ, 'ju:zʊəli səʊ 'plæstɪk ɪn hə hændz, həd dɪs'pleɪd ən 'ʌnə'kaʊntəbl rɪ'lʌktəns tə 'ɒfər iz ə'griəbl self tə mɔ:d - ɪn spɑɪt əv ðə fækt ðæt 'nevə, nɒt 'i:vən ɒn ðə 'pʌblɪk 'plæt'fɔ:m wɪʃ ʃɪ ə'dɔ:nd səʊ wəl, həd ɪz 'step,mʌðə rɪ:znd mɔ: 'klieli ðən ʃɪ dɪd wen 'pɔ:ntɪŋ aʊt tə him ðɪ əd'vɑ:ntɪdʒɪz əv ðə mætʃ. ɪt wəz nɒt ðæt 'redʒɪ dɪz'lʌkt mɔ:d. hi əd'mɪtɪd ðæt ʃɪ wəz ə 'tɒpə, ɒn 'sevɹəl ə'keɪzən z 'gəʊɪŋ səʊ fɑ:r əz tə dɪs'krɑɪb ɜ:r əz 'æbsələ:tli 'praɪslɪs. bʌt hi sɪ:md rɪ'lʌktənt tu ɑ:sk ɜ: tə 'mæri him. haʊ kud 'leɪdɪ 'kærələɪn nəʊ ðæt 'redʒɪz ɪn'taɪə wɜ:ld - ɔ: sʌtʃ əv ɪt əz wəz nɒt 'ɒkjupaɪd baɪ 'reɪsɪŋ kɑ:z ənd gɒlf - wəz fɪld baɪ 'ællɪs 'færədi? 'redʒɪ həd 'nevə təʊld ɜ:. hi həd nɒt ɪ:vn təʊld mɪs 'færədi.]

[præps et ðɪs 'veri 'məʊmənt, went ɒn 'leɪdɪ 'kærələɪn, ðə dɪə bɔɪ z prə'pəʊzɪŋ tə hɜ:.]

[lɔ:d 'mɑ:ʃmætən 'grʌntɪd, ənd kən'tɪnju:d tə piə wɪð ə 'kwestʃənɪŋ aɪ ɪn ðɪ 'ɔ:səm brʊ: wɪʃ hi həd prɪ'peəd fə ðə θrɪps.]

[...] Lord Marshmoreton was the most enthusiastic amateur gardener in a land of enthusiastic amateur gardeners. He lived for his garden. The love which other men expend on their nearest and dearest Lord Marshmoreton lavished on seeds, roses and loamy soil. The hatred which some of his order feel for Socialists and Demagogues Lord Marshmoreton kept for roseslugs, rose-beetles and the small, yellowish-white insect which is so depraved and sinister a character that it goes through life with an alias--being sometimes called a rose-hopper and sometimes a thrips. A simple soul, Lord Marshmoreton--mild and pleasant. Yet put him among the thrips, and he became a dealer-out of death and slaughter, a destroyer in the class of Attila the Hun and Genghis Khan. Thrips feed on the underside of rose leaves, sucking their juice and causing them to turn yellow; and Lord Marshmoreton's views on these things were so rigid that he would have poured whale-oil solution on his grandmother if he had found her on the underside of one of his rose leaves sucking its juice.

The only time in the day when he ceased to be the horny-handed toiler and became the aristocrat was in the evening after dinner, when, egged on by Lady Caroline, who gave him no rest in the matter--he would retire to his private study and work on his History of the Family, assisted by his able secretary, Alice Faraday. His progress on that massive work was, however, slow. Ten hours in the open air made a man drowsy, and too often Lord Marshmoreton would fall asleep in mid-sentence to the annoyance of Miss Faraday, who was a conscientious girl and liked to earn her salary.

The couple on the terrace had turned. Reggie Byng's face, as he bent over Maud, was earnest and animated, and even from a distance it was possible to see how the girl's eyes lit up at what he was saying. She was hanging on his words. Lady Caroline's smile became more and more benevolent.

"They make a charming pair," she murmured. "I wonder what dear Reggie is saying. Perhaps at this very moment--"

She broke off with a sigh of content. She had had her troubles over this affair. Dear Reggie, usually so plastic in her hands, had displayed an unaccountable reluctance to offer his agreeable self to Maud--in spite of the fact that never, not even on the public platform which she adorned so well, had his step-mother reasoned more clearly than she did when pointing out to him the advantages of the match. It was not that Reggie disliked Maud. He admitted that she was a "topper", on several occasions going so far as to describe her as "absolutely priceless". But he seemed reluctant to ask her to marry him. How could Lady Caroline know that Reggie's entire world--or such of it as was not occupied by racing cars and golf--was filled by Alice Faraday? Reggie had never told her. He had not even told Miss Faraday.

"Perhaps at this very moment," went on Lady Caroline, "the dear boy is proposing to her."

Lord Marshmoreton grunted, and continued to peer with a questioning eye in the awesome brew which he had prepared for the thrips. [...]

from Chapter 1 of

P. G. Wodehouse, *A Damsel in Distress* (first publ. 1919; Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1987).

blurb text:

When Maud Marsh flings herself into George Bevan's cab in Piccadilly, he starts believing in damsels in distress.

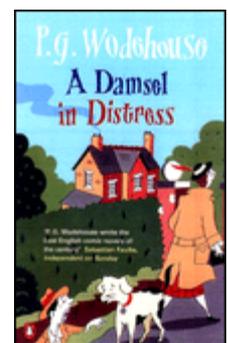
George traces his mysterious travelling companion to Belper Castle, home of Lord Marshmoreton, where things become severely muddled. Maud's aunt, Lady Caroline Byng, wants Maud to marry Reggie, her step-son. Maud, meanwhile, is known to be in love with an unknown American she met in Wales. So when George turns up speaking American, a nasty case of mistaken identity breaks out. In fact the scene is set for the perfect Wodehouse comedy of errors.

The phonetic transcription on the preceding page is based on

Daniel Jones, *English Pronouncing Dictionary*

(First publ. 1917; Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1991, 15th ed. 1997).

NB: In general, this transcription aims at representing average reading speed, so "weak forms" are used where it seems natural.



THRIPS DAMAGE ON ROSES

Thrips:

These tiny insects (1/50 of an inch long) attack a number of ornamental plants, fruits, and vegetables. Thrips feed by rasping the bud, flower, and leaf tissues and then sucking up the plant sap. This causes distorted and discolored flowers and buds and gray or silvery speckled areas on the leaves. The entire life cycle lasts only 40 days so expect many generations per year. Wind carries thrips over long distances.

Control: Encourage beneficial predators such as lady beetles and aphid lions, the larvae of lacewing flies. Many thrips are attracted to yellow-colored sticky traps or yellow cards lightly coated with mineral oil. Insecticidal soaps and other insecticides are available. Treat during early bud stage and as needed.

