

DON'T WASTE WORDS: RECYCLE!

JAN ANDERSON

New York, New York

Having lived in both New York and a rural state where the residents get up in arms whenever some local businessman or landowner applies for a landfill permit that will accept New York's waste, I'm sensitive to the dump debate. So when I saw the 19-word homonym string in "Wright, Write 'Rite' Right" (February 1997), as well as the original challenge to compose a sensible sentence using same-spelled words (not homonyms) four times in a row and never with the same meaning twice, I was reminded of a particularly nasty battle over a double-landfill proposal, the opponents being Humpty Dumpty (owner of a country Dumpster company, Hump Dump's Dumps), and some residents of Dumps Mountain (owned by Joe Dumps on inheritance from his grandfather Hatfield McCoy Dumps, the original purchaser). Grandfather Dumps was also the founder of "Dumps" Dumps Dumps Coal Comp., so named because some of his kinfolk had offed (i.e., "dumped") each other for offing ("dumping") a pig. As a consequence, the shafts had been filled with deposits (i.e., dumps) of the dumped remains, and for years the mine's mountain runways (i.e., dumps) still carried coal mixed with pigs' knuckles and worse.

Anyway, Dump's wanted to buy Dumps hump for the new dumps, and Dumps wanted to sell Hump the hump. But Joe Dumps had sold off the north slope, the only part of Dumps that wasn't too steep for a road, and had neglected to specify where his right-of-way to the hump top should be. Most of his buyers were poor scratch-dirt farmers, so economically depressed that folks called the area the "Dumps" and you wouldn't have thought they could put up much of a fight.

Among their many problems was the pollution of streams and wells by a local kennel-owner who dumped dog dumps in the Dumps headwaters. The breeder's promise to use his lined landfills instead could have won the day for Dumpty's proposed Dump's Dumps Comp. dumps, despite the residents' deep funk over accepting New York's waste. But another problem had turned into a bit of luck for the poor depressed "Dumps" locals: one of the "Dumps" Dumps coal runways, Dump S, had broken long ago on "Dumps" land, depositing enormous heaps of lowgrade coal and rock (i.e., dumps), not worth much money but serving to block any road that could be put in to the hump's fill sites.

Dumps hired a law firm, Dempsey Dump & Sons, to assert his ownership of the piles, but "Dumps" formed a committee to oppose Dumps, Dump's, Dump, "Dumps", and the dumps, claiming the rockpiles by Dumps' default. They called their group "Dump Use Makes Property

Stink" (acronymically, DUMPS) and held their meetings at Melvin Dumb's Discount Odd-Lots & Texaco Store, DUMB's DOLTS, specializing in Dumb's patented umbrellas, D^{UMB}S. DUMPS' chairman was a savvy old farmer known only as D, so crafty he had used his monikerly-impaired status to stay out of the army (see the May 1995 Kickshaws for details).

The final, decisive meeting with state regulators present would have gone out of control were it not for D's sage restraint, especially when Dumps got mad that nobody in DUMPS had read Dump's huge overrun distributions (i.e., dumps) of computer printouts (i.e., dumps) offering cut-rate access fees to the dumps for any and all dog dumps, thus trying to put a local spin on the twin fills. Dumps' complaints went on for twenty minutes before D gaveled him. Furiously he then discarded the useless fliers into what he took to be trash receptacles, and when Dumb remonstrated that they were actually DUMB's merchandise bins (i.e., dumps) for umbrella displays, he got even madder and turned them all upside-down. And when Dempsey Dump's sons, both ex-boxers, tried to stop him, he knocked down (i.e., dumped) both young Dumps!

Needless to say, Dump's law firm retaliated by throwing (i.e., dumping) the fight over the runway's rockpiles, telling the state regulators that the stuff belonged to "Dumps", not Dumps or "Dumps", and D said Dumps was way off-base and almost ejected him. Dumps agreed to gather the mess of fliers into dump carts and wheel them down to the holler bottom for the carts to tilt everything into the abandoned Army Quonset huts there, rusted-out old wrecks that had been used by the military police of the Dixie Underground for ammunition drops and dispersals (i.e., ... need I say it?) until they realized all their members were really FBI agents, including the M.P.'s.

In the end (despite a mysterious run of canine hyper-defecation cases all over the county) the anti-dump forces prevailed, the permit was denied, and the Dumps Mt. residents felt pretty good about themselves--as recorded in the minutes by Dreema (Mrs. Forest) Umps, whose typewriter, it should be noted, was a little out of alignment, so that most of the bottom portion of the capital B didn't print and none at all of the lower-case b:

Out of the dumps, Dumps "Dumps" DUMPS dumps Dump's Dumps dumps dumps; Dumps dumps, dumps dumps dumps, dumps DUMP'S D^{UMP}S dumps, dumps Dumps! (Dum PS: Dump's dumps "Dumps" Dumps Dumps Dumps Dump S dumps) ... dumps' dumps: dumps dumps (D.U.M.P.'s); D umps -- D Umps