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In memory of

† **Heather Fawn**

Pittsburgh, July 3rd, 1974

Pittsburgh, July 2nd, 1999

...at that age all hopes and wishes are halfway.

and To

Pam

...and how about leaving some work for the others...

By the way, do you know Detroit Wayne Co. airport?

The shops, I mean.

A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this book goes to the

Thomas E. Starzl Transplantation Institute

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of the University of Pittsburgh Medical Center.



In the pic above you can see the group of scientists who brought the author to this world, gathered to have a soda.

Some comments heard follow:

"Oh, God, forgive us, we didn't know! ..."

"Really we could use him as a nuclear weapon!"

"Help! Help! Put it away. He's so ugly!"

and others of similar kind.

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When I was first told about writing anything on "Picksburg" I questioned: "*Picksburg, Picksburg, what the heck is that?*" They replied "*Well, it looks like it is a tiny, out-of-the-way city somewhere in western Pennsylvania, they also tell it, "Pixburg" or "Pix" for short, or even "The Steal City" but this latter name is only used by some reheated brains living in the past*".

As I don't like writing, or talking, or simply thinking of something I haven't ever seen, I took my travel backpack and I went to live there (well, living there is better than living nowhere).

I found the place but, "Fork!¹", people there spoke very strangely. Someone told me: "Buy the Webster's dictionary" and so I did. I bought a pocket edition (cheaper) and I started learning all of the words on it (I still have to learn all of the words starting with W, X, Y and Z. I shall try to do it this coming week)

When I first wrote this book, and I handed it out among friends, there were many words which only people from "Picksburg" would be able to understand. I wanted to keep that in this version but, if you were unable to grasp the meaning of any of them don't worry as, all along the text you'll find footnotes explaining in plain English their meanings.

I took most of the "pitchers"² and prepared the illustrations you will find along this book.

Both "pitchers" and "illus." do not exactly show the reality, but as you know most of the times the reality is not as nice as we would like it to be, so, I did some minor changes I could see the world I'd like to see.

Alcobendas, Spain, on February 9th, 2000

¹ "Fork" is a personal exclamation I use frequently, and therefore, you will find it from time to time in this book, even though you will not find it with this meaning in the Webster's. Some people use expressions of their own, for instance, once upon a time I heard a person gurgling loudly: "Knife!" and he was in a public place. "Oh, my cat. God preserve us!".

² What you take with your photo camera after you have drunk a "picture" of beer.

Luis

About

"*Lousy Louis, Lousy Louis you said?*", Well, we don't "rilly"³ know much about him. He came in one day and said "*I'd like this to be published*" We took a glance to the pamphlet he was handing and we replied: "*This trash?*" We finally published it, so, first conclusion: "**HE IS A PEST**".

We also know about him that he was born in a hot day, somewhere in the world (we do not know the exact place and we think that nor he does) sometime after his mother was born. (See! We have found a feature which makes him alike to the rest of the people.)

He has lived all around the world as a "PITT"⁴ facing the Moors from North Africa, putting up with the British, dealing with the far eastern people of China, and blab, blab, blab ...

He has carried out many activities (for a living) but he thinks that if everything fails, at last, he can, for few "bucks", get a middling plastic chair, and as crowded corners are for free (even though nowadays getting a good, empty one is becoming more and more difficult to get) show his harmonica (it speaks only one language, but fortunately the one everybody understands) up and lay his cap in the middle of the sidewalk asking for alms (with the size of his head he could become rich with only a "capful" of "bucks").

³ "Picksburgers" are well known for the purity they speak English. But, if you are not from "Picksburg" surely you say "really." Wrongly, of course!

⁴ PITT is a Spanish acronym which literally stands for "All-Terrain Wicked Engineer (Puñetero Ingeniero Todo-Terreno)" (note from the author).

He also has other hobbies everybody likes sharing with him, like flying and "chichatting"⁵ " as you can easily see in the "pitcher" below.



But, by the way, where the deuce did we get that "pitcher"? We do not "rilly" remember. May be from any of the police's archives? May be!

Well, that was all that more or less we know about him. No, not all, we also know that he is not afraid of anything but one thing, the world falling over his head, but, as he says, that is something which is not "gonna" happen tomorrow.

And, right now, find by yourself, hereinafter, the contents of the "trash" we were obligated to published.

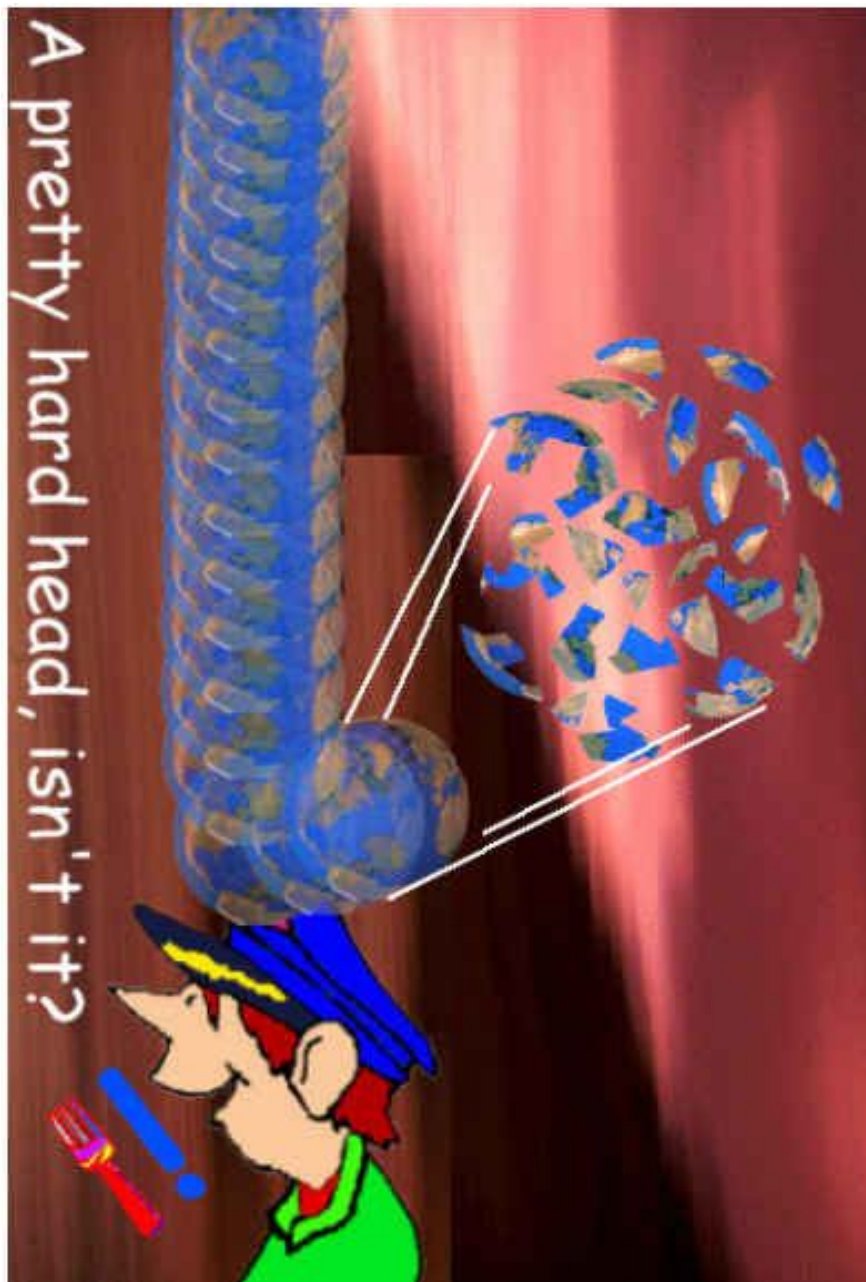
But, by the way, where the deuce did we get that "pitcher"? We don't "rilly" remember. May be from any of the police's archives? May be!

⁵ "Chitchat" is a conversation, talk, gossip or the like about nothing in particular. It is simply the word "chat" with the prefix "chit", meaning "nothing in particular" in one of the Polynesian dialects spoken at the beginning of the 1800s, as you surely already knew before.

Well, that was all that more or less we know about him. No, not all, we also know that he is not afraid of anything but one thing, the world falling over his head, but, as he says, that is something which is not "gonna" happen tomorrow.

And, right now, find by yourself, hereinafter, the contents of the "trash" we were obligated to published.

"Njoy" as far as you can or, at least, do not cry when you remember the price you paid for this "book?". This paper is not "tearproof". There was one but it was more expensive.





Nobody wanted me. Boaaaaaaahhh!!!!

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"Da Pointe" The Beginning *The Beginning*

"Da Pointe? Da Pointe?" "Yes! "Da Pointe!" What's up?"

Well, I am forgetting telling you, as may be you do not know, that "**Da**" is that definite article that in a nonstandard way (except in some dialects) is known as "**The**".

On the other hand, according to the Webster's dictionary a "**pointe**" is "the tract of land bathed by the waters of **two** rivers, at the place where the smaller one (or the one with a lesser amount of water, also knowk as tributary) hands over the bigger (not necessarily in size but in amount of water) its precious lifeblood and dies".

What I found? Well, I found that the first person that was passing by a certain "pointe", long time ago, as the incipient city he was carrying in his pocket started driving him up a wall, left it right there and the baby city as a seed, rooted there and started growing, and growing, and ...

How that tract of land was at the very beginning? Well, as the "pitcher" camera had not been invented yet I had to draw what is the sketched below.

A little later, while the globe we use to fit our feet was taking its final shape, same



that "pointe" did.



Then the Indians established their businesses in that "pointe" and they brought the clouds with them.

The place became crowded with Indians. So, we had, Indians, clouds, and ..., and, yes! I remember, one cow.

No! No stadium yet!

By the way, do you know where the first idea about constructing the Fort Pitt bridge came from?



In the "pitcher" you can easily see the tract of land ("pointe") delimited by the "River" and the "Other River".

The city has suffered several disasters, like big obscurations due to the contamination produced by the steel mills.



Or when the rivers become mads creating what was known as the "Great Floods". There was a big one in 1909, but unfortunately I was not there with my "cam" (I mean, I was in other planet. Family matters, "ya" know?)

I took the following "pitcher" of the one happening in 1,996.



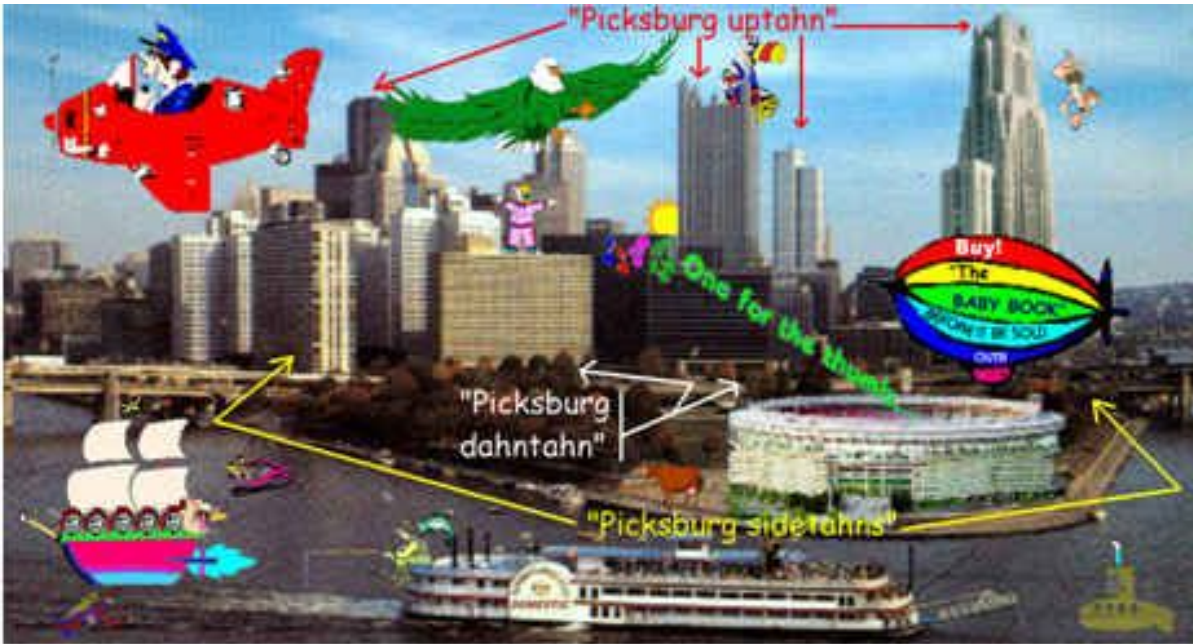
"Rilly" taken these "pitchers" was very tough to me. I hate the water. I prefer the Scotch.

But when the city is not covered by the fog, or smog, or water, or snow (which is the same but colder,) or ..., it has an awful view as seen from the West End Overlook.

See!

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But, wait! Wait a minute! There is something strange in the "pitcher" and I cannot realize what is that. Well, I will think about.



I put this "pitcher" here so you can see how the two rivers had already been named.

The name. -

Where the name of the city came from? I will let "ya" know.



First time I tried to scratch with my dirty nails in the history of that city, which was risen on the banks of two rivers, at the "pointe" where one of them, tired of having taken care of its waters for a so long way, gets rid of them into the other, I tried first to know the people's opinions.

So I accosted the first person I ran across and asked him:

"Excuse me, sir, do "ya" know anything about "Picksburg?""

His answer came in a rush. *"Picksburg? Picksburg? What the heck is that?"* (Well, he did not say exactly as quoted here, but more or less, I do not "wanna" have any problem with the censorship, "yunz"⁶ understand, don't "yunz"?) Chances are he was from a neighbor city going west.

You know? That ending "h" in the name of the city. It has been taken away and put back so often, that, at one point in the history of the city it was about becoming national "rock-'n'-roll" champion.

This city, which foundations are in the place where the ancient Fort Du Quesne used to be, was first named by my old friend General John Forbes (well, old today, I mean, then we were young, handsome men, think it was running the year of 1,758.)

That guy was terribly capricious, he had to get everything he liked. He did not care about waiting for it more or less time, but he finally had to get it.

But the place was already occupied. The French and its allies the Indians had had the same idea. But they were very noisy and a bit recalcitrant.

George who, by the way, was very clever thought: "Well, let's think that I start fishing, and then those guys start making noises, ones singing "La Marseillaise", the others dancing the rain dance. I will then tell them: Hey! Stop making noises. You are frightening the fish off! But, how the deuce ...? I do not know French at all, far from it Delawarean or any of the Iroquoian dialects. Then they will do some grimaces as the one unable to understand a word, and will continue to make noises. The fish will go away and I will have wasted my time. Hell!"

⁶ A "Picksburg" variation of every where else's "y'all" or an funny contraction of "you ones" but "yunz" is singular having "yunzes" reserved for the plural. Amazing, "ain't" it?



He started thinking, and thinking, and ..., and three years later he got it. The big idea came to his mind.

"Eureka, eureka, I got it!" he was shouting while jumping back and forth the green fields of his natal Virginia.

I will send Johnnie there (John Forbes). As he knows French he will ask them very politely to go to any other place to horse around while I am fishing there"

And so he did.

Johnnie left for that place and was so tired when he arrived in it that he tried to take a short nap before carrying the transcendental mission his boss had entrusted him.

He lied beneath a tree trying to get to sleep, but he could not because of the noise the French and Indians were making.

He got up very irritated and screamed loudly:

"HO ! This BURG⁷ is the PICKS⁸".

The French and their allies, the Indians, got away in a hurry scared to death of the loud tone of his voice, giving possession of the fort to Forbes' forces which, at the same time could not understand what they were hearing.

"Hey! The boss doesn't like this place while for the "super" (G. W. or G. W. D. C.) it looks like is the paradise. Amazing!"

This surprising fact made the phrase to pass from mouth to mouth making that place to be known as "Picksburg" from then on.

⁷ Well, he did not simply said "HO!" (Note from the author.)

⁸ "The PICKS" is an old exclamation barely heard nowadays but very common then to refer to a place where, for any reason, sleeping was strictly forbidden from 7-9 A.M. and from 4-6 P.M, Mon. "thru" Fri. Left side sleeping only. (Note from the author.)

Also a derivative from "picking the nose". (Note from the author.)



General John Forbes named the city in honor of William Pitt, the Elder. After obliging the French to burn and abandon Fort Du Quesne, on Nov, 25th, 1758, taking possession of it on Nov, 26th, 1758.

The letter to Pitt states in part:

Pittsburgh, 27th Novemr. 1758.

Sir,

... So give me leave to congratulate you upon this great Event, of having totally expelled the French from this prodigious tract of Country, and of having reconciled the various tribes of Indians inhabiting it to His Majesty's Government.

...I have used the freedom of giving your name to Fort Du Quesne, as I hope it was in some measure the being actuated by your spirits that now makes us Masters of the place...

Burgh and bourgh are variants of "borough", obsolete in ordinary English since the 17th Century, but continued in Scotland. General Forbes was a Scot.

The ending "h" in the name of the city has been taken away, and put back again for many times.

In 1890, the United States Board on Geographic Names decided that the final "h" was to be dropped in the names of all cities and towns ending in "burgh". (Throughout the period 1890-1911 city ordinances and council minutes retained the "h".) In 1911, after protest from citizens who wished to preserve the historic spelling, the United States Board on Geographic Names reversed its decision and restored the "h" to Pittsburgh.