

Marquina 1923: Student Rollo and his wife among the Basques

Cape Town: Professor Rollo and his wife among the South-Africans

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Accompanied by his student J.P.B. de Josselin de Jong (1886-1964) Dutch linguist, Professor Dr. C. C. Uhlenbeck (1866-1951), spent the summer of 1910 at the Blackfeet Reservation in Montana to study the Blackfoot language. Not much is known about his time then.

In the summer of 1911 Uhlenbeck went there again, this time accompanied by his wife, Wilhelmina Maria Uhlenbeck-Melchior (1862-1954)¹. Mrs. Uhlenbeck not only took care of her 'neurasthenic' husband under challenging circumstances, but also kept a diary. Through this diary, published with the results of Uhlenbeck's 1910-1911 fieldwork, under the title *Montreal 1911: a Professor and his Wife among the Blackfeet*, we not only learn how much trouble the weather, the people, the food, and her husband gave her, but also how Uhlenbeck conducted fieldwork for his 1911 and 1912 publications on Blackfoot language and culture.

After *Montana 1911* was published in 2005, a number of Dutch scholars assembled and put their pens to paper on Uhlenbeck's work. The result of this cooperation is reviewed in this volume. Collecting Uhlenbeck's correspondence for said project and knowing that one of his students, William ('Willie') Rollo (1892-1960) had left for Cape Town in

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¹ During that summer, De Josselin de Jong spent two months at the (Ojibwe) Red Lake Reservation in Minnesota to 'verify parts of Baraga's (Ojibwe) grammar.'

1926, I asked Leiden-based linguist Karel Bostoën, guest lecturer at the University of Stellenbosch in the spring of 2007, to find out whether Uhlenbeck and Rollo had been in touch after Uhlenbeck's 1926 retirement and Rollo's departure in that same year for South-Africa. Bostoën's foray into the Cape Town archives did not render any correspondence between Uhlenbeck and his former student. While Bostoën did find Rollo's descendents, his inquiries with Rollo's son William Rollo Jr. (1927-) and grandson Martin Rollo (1966-) did not render correspondence.

Contacting the grandson later on, in May 2007, Martin confirmed that the family did not have any Uhlenbeck letters. But, he casually mentioned that his grandmother Louisa had kept a diary in 1923 and promised me to look for it. In November 2009 Martin wrote: 'I have found my grandmother's diary! It was inside another book. I don't know if it will be of any use to you now [...]. My father gave me the diary. I suppose he must have found it among my grandmother's papers after her death, or perhaps she had already given it to him.'

Having subsequently suggested Martin to ask his father about the latter's Scottish grandfather, also a William Rollo, Martin forwarded the following notes by his father:

Grandpapa had been a clergyman and an academic. Amongst other things he lectured at Glasgow University. He was dearly loved by all his students. He lectured in Religious Studies and I think Hebrew. During the First World War Grandpapa went to Canada to teach Mathematics? And maybe Religious Studies and Hebrew? He was a tartar.²

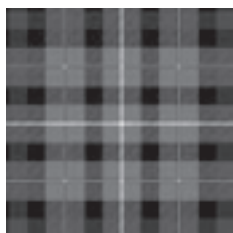
² Asked whether his father meant to write 'tartar,' or what he meant with 'tartar,' Martin replied: 'My father did mean "tartar." He was using it metaphorically (lower case) to describe my granddad's character. He was a fierce and hard man apparently, who ruled his household like a tyrant (or a tartar!).' Note Eggermont-Molenaar: 'Tartar' is a remarkable metaphor for someone of Scottish descent, as the *Oxford Dictionary* writes under 'tartan': noun, a woollen cloth woven in one of several patterns of coloured checks and intersecting lines, especially of a design associated with a particular Scottish clan. – ORIGIN perhaps from Old French *tertaine*, denoting a kind of cloth; compare with *tartarin*, a rich fabric formerly imported from the east through the ancient region of Tartary.'

Later Grandpapa became a Canon in the Episcopalian Church. He and his beautiful wife had five daughters, then a stillborn boy and finally little Willie.

Dad [Willie Rollo] was made to play the organ on Sundays and at the prison services; result: he could sight read any bit of music one put in front of him. While the two men were attending the morning service, the five sisters would surreptitiously play planchette round the dining-room table. When Dad was still at school, he ['grandpapa'] made him translate the leader page in the Glasgow Herald into Latin or Greek.

Dad was left for dead³ by the retreating British army (after the Battle of Loos or perhaps Mons; I must check this), but fortunately picked up by the Germans and became a POW in a Schloss, from which he managed to escape three times. Twice he was caught as he was trying to cross over the Dutch border; but the third time he was interned in Holland, which was a neutral country. He found lodgings with t' Hooft family. He found a teaching job in a local school. After the war he registered at Leiden to study Comparative Philology (emphasis on Basque languages). Louisa van den Broeke studied Classics at Utrecht University.

Dad needed urgently a book as part of his studies and the librarian gave him the name of the student who had taken it out. Dad obtained her address and went to the home of my Opa en Oma [Louisa's parents] only to be confronted by a beautiful woman who relinquished the book promptly (apparently they fell in love at first sight).



Tartan of the Rollo clan. The family has not always been Scottish – Website:<http://xenophongroup.com/montjoie/hre-isu.htm> writes about the posthumous son of Louis III, of the Carolingian dynasty that, 'in the Treaty of St. Clair-sur-Epte (911) Charles II ceded to the Norse chief, Rollo, the northern province, which became the duchy of Normandy.' For the story, see: <http://www.mainlesson.com/show-storiesbygenre.php> (accessed in April 2010). For further genealogy, see: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rollo> (accessed March 2010).

³ 'Rollo William Glasgow Lieutenant Highland Light Infantry 2nd 09-Oct-15 6 Wounded and missing.' See: http://www.glasgow.gov.uk/NR/rdonlyres/BAD2E34A-8923-4C2C-AA9F-EF-6F073DCA75/0/ETRollofHonour_191415_complete.pdf (accessed March 2010). (John Kipling went missing in the same battle. It inspired his father, Rudyard Kipling, to write *My Boy Jack*. See: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7ld69y_g28o (accessed March 2010).



Much to Grandpapa's disapproval they decided to get married. He popped over to Holland to view these 'foreigners' and he was not impressed with Opa (a common soldier).⁴ However they got married.

[C. Louisa van den Broeke: courtesy of Martin Rollo]

L'histoire se répétait. Accompanied by his wife, Casparina Louisa van den Broeke (1896-1989) Rollo spent the summers of 1923 and 1924 in Marquina (Markina), Basque country, studying a Basque dialect. Nothing is known about the second sojourn, but from Mrs. Rollo's 1923 diary we learn not only how she took care of her 'fussy-eater and prone-to-sickness' (according to grandson Martin) husband, but also where and how her husband gathered material for his doctoral thesis. While Mrs. Uhlenbeck had ninety-nine diary entries, Mrs. Rollo had only twelve, but she was also a very perceptive diarist and an appreciative one as well. But, there was much to enjoy in Marquina where they often went, as well as in Barinaga, where they resided in a schoolmaster's house: the people, the weather (rain and sun like in Holland), the wine, the views and the food (but not so much the olive oil).

Before moving on to Louisa Rollo's diary, first a few notes on the preliminaries to the Rollo's arrival in Basque Country, followed by a brief overview of Louisa and William Rollo's further career in South Africa.

Preliminaries to the Rollos' stay in Marquina

When Uhlenbeck defended his 1888 thesis on the relationships between Germanic and Balto-Slavic languages, six of the twenty-seven final *stellingen* were about the Basque language.⁵ Uhlenbeck would have preferred to specialize in Basque but circumstances such as a lack of money, opportunities

⁴ Louisa's father, Hannes van den Broeke, was already in 1895 a First Lieutenant of the Artillery.

⁵ See Bakker (2008-2009: 102,103).

to travel, and publications in the university libraries proved to be prohibitive.⁶ Uhlenbeck's professional career shows however that his interest in the Basque language never faded. Bakker (2009: 79) labels Basque as 'the language that was the most stable research interest' throughout his career.'

Prior to the 1923 arrival of the Rollo's in Marquina, we may mention that Uhlenbeck's first student that he had study Basque was Jac Van Ginneken S.J. (1877-1945). On February 3, 1903 Uhlenbeck wrote the Basque scholar W. J. van Eys (1825-1914), in Dutch: 'it will be of interest to you that Mr. Van Ginneken, S.J. currently studies Basque, mainly from psycholinguistic points of view. And how interesting will Basque be for the psycholinguist.' Uhlenbeck added that he planned that summer to go to Basque country, 'I have high expectations, even while I understand that I will have big trouble to understand the Basques. How different are these dialects!'⁷

Big trouble he had. De Josselin de Jong (1952: 247) notes that Uhlenbeck after the 1903 visit to Basque country had found himself 'unable to produce certain sounds – "*vous n'avez pas les mâchoires*" – he was told.' Later on Uhlenbeck wrote to his former student J. Ph. Vogel (1871-1958) that he had not enjoyed climbing the Pyrenees.

Five years later, on March 27, 1908 Uhlenbeck addressed Basque professor, Dr. Julio de Urquijo (1871-1950)⁸ for the first time. A few weeks later, on April 14 he sent him his study about the formation of nouns in Basque, apologized for not being able to send his other articles on Basque along, adding, '*Je suis bien aise que vous faites traduire mon petit article sur le travail de Schuchardt [1842-1927]*'.⁹ That was the start of a forty-year long, ani-

⁶ See further Noordegraaf (2008-2009: 48, 49) and Bakker (2008-2009: 79-103) for Uhlenbeck's interest in the Basque language.

⁷ Uhlenbeck's letters to Van Eys are in the Archive Lacombe (ABA-LAC-015-184) nr. 32a and 33a. Azkue Biblioteka, Bilbao, Spain.

⁸ The letters to Urquijo are in the Julio de Urquijo Archive, Donostia/San Sebastian, Spain.

⁹ Rev. of: H. Schuchardt, *Die iberische Deklination*. Wien: Alfred Holder, 1907 (Sitzungsberichte der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien, Philosophisch-historische Klasse 157/2). -*Revue Internationale des Études Basques* 2 (1908), 399-409 (Bakker and Hinrichs 2009: 177).

mated correspondence and would extend from Uhlenbeck's many learned musings and publications on the Basque language to a second, much more rewarding visit in 1922.

After this visit, Uhlenbeck wrote Urquijo, on September 26, 1922, that he hoped to find among his students *un jeune homme intelligent et énergique quit aurait envie d'étudier la langue la plus curieux et la plus énigmatique de toute l'Europe*. It did not take him long to find one. On February 3, 1923 Uhlenbeck wrote 'Cher Monsieur de Urquijo:'

Un jeune philologue écossais M. William Rollo M.A. et doct^s-ès-letters, qui a fait ses études en Hollande, veut se consacrer à l'étude de la langue basque et a choisi comme sujet de sa thèse doctoral la description scientifique d'un dialecte de village bisciaïen ou guipuzcoan. Mais quel dialecte? J'ai pensé à Marquina, pour plusieurs raisons. Il me semble que le dialecte de Guernica est aussi très intéressant après ce que M. Navarro Tomás nous on a dit au congrès. Ou pensez-vous qu'il vaudrait mieux choisir un autre parler local comme objet d'étude?

P. ex. un des dialectes de l'Alava ou de la Haute Navarre?

Nous n'avond parlé jusqu'ici que des dialectes bisciaïens et guipuzcoans, mais si vous lui conseillez de choisir un autre, M. Rollo suivra votre conseil, sans doute. J'espère que vous voudrez bien m'indiquer le dialecte le plus convenable! Et encors une petite demande. Pourriez-vous me donner l'adresse d'un libraire-antiquaire en Espagne, p. ex. à St. Sébastien ou à Madrid? Un des mes collègues qui s'intéresse au droit basque désire se procurer des livres rares sur ce sujet intéressant.

Ma femme et moi, nous resterons en Hollande cette année. Je me sens un peu fatigué et je crois que j'aurai besoin de repos. Mais nous avons toujours l'espoir de revoir encore un fois la "madre España" et les belles provinces basques.

M. Rollo veut commencer son étude au pays même d'été prochaine. Il ira aux provinces basques avec sa jeune femme, une Mde van den Broeke, qui est aussi ^{un peu} orientée dans la domaine de la linguistique. Avec nos hommages respectueux à Madame de Urquijo.

Once in Basque Country: Mrs. Rollo's Diary¹⁰



Basque Country

Tuesday July 17, 1923

Around seven a.m. we arrived at Irun; custom activities, neat officers with white helmets and white gloves, who find it of most importance to mess up your underwear, an avalanche of Spanish all around. At least I suspect it to be Spanish, but I can't understand one word of it! Waiting for one and a half hour and then in a tidy train to San Sebastian. We have not yet encountered the infamous foulness of Spain, fortunately so.

In S. Sebastian, a walk through town because the train to Deva only departs at 11; a road that meanders around residences with splendidly covered gardens, magnolia's with giant flowers, *catalpas*, that resemble one big white bouquet. Between the houses all the time a view on the sea wherein a few islands.

Then on with the train to Deva, where he have one hour before the bus brings us to Marquina and where we have lunch; everything is very fresh,

¹⁰ The diary and the notes from Bostoens' *Report* are translated from Dutch to English by Mary Eggermont-Molenaar. The foreign words Louisa Rollo used in her diary have been put into italics. Elucidations to some statements, put by her into the margins or on opposite pages, are inserted in the text.

lots of it, well prepared and extremely cheap. It has one dish we don't know; *pichiron*,¹¹ the girl says, but we don't take it. Later I regretted it, when I heard that it was a kind of small octopus, the famous treat of the Romans!

The road from Deva to Marquina is splendid; at the one moment it rises at both sides in between the cliffs, then [gives] again a splendid view on the sea. The cliffs are overgrown unto its very top, rich and superfluous with beautiful nuances of green, and many wild flowers. Wherever possible they are planted, down below a quilt of maize fields: wheat, some potatoes¹² and furthermore, apple trees with small haystacks and also unto the top, little houses are spread out. Along the roads and the narrow footpaths are low little walls of stacked stones and these also are overgrown with all kinds of wild flowers, brambles, honeysuckle, and ferns.

When we finally arrive at 3 p.m. in Marquina¹³ – we left The Hague on Sunday night at 8 – everything is different from what we expected it to be. A young man, who carries our luggage, drops us off at a hotel in front of

¹¹ Note Gartzia: 'Pichiron is a mistake; it is "chipirón," squid, a delicious dish very popular here.'

¹² Rollo's 1925 thesis has four parts: I Phonetics, II Morphology, III Texts and IV Vocabulary. Just as Uhlenbeck did with Blackfoot, Rollo provided his Basque *Texts* with an English translation. Most of the *Texts* deal with Basque mythology: Alarabe, the story of a giant and Man Eater; Euliski, the giant; Witches; the Woman of Lapramendi; Cave Mary; the Gardener of Barrueta Torre; the Girl of Atxondo.

The first two *Texts* are about Marquina and marriage. On the soil around Marquina he notes (3T):

<i>Gañera lur ederr ta aberatsak naidala, garixe, arrtue, artteko; edo patata, bedarr orttu arixe artuteko.</i>	The soil is also good and rich whether for receiving wheat or maize, or for receiving potatoes, grass or trees.
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¹³ In 3T Rollo's first two sentences about Marquina are:

<i>Biskaiko prrobintsixen erri ederr eta garrbi bat dago, Marrkiñe isena dabena. Bilbotik berrogetamarr kilometro dagos; eta burdinbideik (perrokarillik) estauke, bañe bai bidebarrixe. Erriko kaliek lau die, euren isenak: "Kale Okerra", Errdiko Kalie", Sierr Kalie", "Guen Kalie". Gañera beste iru errabal daukes, onek die: Arrtibaikue, Goikue eta Andikue.</i>	In the province of Vizcaya is situated a beautiful, clean town called Marquina. There are fifty kilometers from Bilbao (to Marquina); and it has no railway but of course a high-road. There are four public streets, their names: Curved Street, Middle Street, Cross Street and Upper Street. It has also three suburban districts, these are: Stone Creek, Upper and Andiko.
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which about twenty beautiful cars are parked. On the market square is an enormous bustle and music. We ignore it and go to bed, dead tired. Later we heard that there are feasts and that in the afternoon a match of the famous *pelota*¹⁴ had been held. I regret that I had not waited for a few hours with going to bed.

Our bedroom is very simple, but very clean; whitewashed walls.

Quite self-confident I ask for *aqua calda*. The girl looks puzzled and brings me squash. I happen to know that this was *aqua caliente*. Anyhow, we will get used to it.

At seven we go downstairs and I ask the owner whether there is anyone in the village that speaks French. It does not take five minutes or Mr. Alvaro de Churruca y Murga approaches us; he was a neutral officer on a hospital ship during the war, during fourteen months, and speaks English well. He appears to be a cousin of the mayor to whom he introduces us after supper. The mayor, Juan de Mugartegui speaks French and is very interested in Willie's plans.

Wednesday July 18

The weather is bad, *sirimiri*, drizzle. It seems to rain here often. When a farmer goes out on his cart with two oxen, his umbrella sticks in the sheep fur with which the horns of the two animals are bound. And, a farmer's wife that goes out with her big basket on her head or with her little donkey also is never without her umbrella.

The women wear white or striped cloths tied around their head and the men a dark blue cap. Some scarlet, I believe only Spanish laborers. Furthermore all gentlemen wear a very small dark blue cap. They are very dexter-

¹⁴ *Pelota* is a court ball game. Rollo (3T) on pelota:

<i>Eta Marrkiñen beti pelota jokorako saletasuna agerretu dan les, pelotatoki aundi bat dago aterrepe-barik.</i>	And because the desire to play pelota has always shown itself in Marquina, there is a big pelota ground without a roof.
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ous in putting on their *boina* in a fun and florid way. They wear shoes of thick white leather, not much more than just a sole with a rim. These are tied with crossed cords a few times around the ankle. Underneath thick white stockings. Previously it was a square white piece of cloth that was fastened with cords to the shoe. This would have been better for humidity.

At home and during walks all wear white (sometimes black) deck shoes, *alpargatas*, with a thick rope sole, so much less slippery than leather shoes. The mayor even wore them when he walked to Barinaga. They close with a few crossings just like Frisian skates.

The mayor introduced us to about ten gentlemen; they all were interested in Willie's interest in the Basque language. They spoke about all kinds of things and explained him some differences. He said a few sentences to the owner and fortunately his diction was all right.

The mayor is doing his utmost best for Marquina. Under his government all of Marquina got water works; they are still busy with it. It is convenient for us that we now can trust the water.¹⁵

It is very regrettable that the younger generation speaks less and less Basque.¹⁶ In general the boys do, but the girls mainly speak Spanish. At the schools one is taught in Spanish, but *señor* Churruça said that he still learned his prayers and everything in Basque and the mayor speaks Basque

¹⁵ Rollo (3T) on water:

<i>Marrkiñnarrak ures ondo ormidute dago. Iturrixek ure ugeri emotendabe</i>	The inhabitants of Marquina are well provided with water. Four fountains supply sufficient water. It is cold water and somewhat strong.
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¹⁶ Rollo (3T) on language:

<i>Marrkiñnarrak euskeras ondo egilen dabe. Bis-kaixen – jakitunen eretxis – lelenguek berrbeta autuen. Antxiñekue da edosela be Marrkiñnarren berrbeta modue. Gaur, lendik apurrtzu bat aldatute dauela esanleike.</i>	The inhabitants of Marquina speak good Basque – in the opinion of wise man they are the best in Vizcaya in their choice of words. And in any case the way of speaking of the inhabitants of Marquina is of ancient date. Nowadays one might say that (their way of speaking) is a little bit changed from former days.'
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at home. Of course this caused that the Basque, they do speak, will become impure; many Spanish words sneak in, many letters are pronounced at the Spanish way. It would be best that Willie would get to speak with a Basque who doesn't know a word of Spanish.

There is nothing on earth as good as things Basque and the best of that is Marquina, for example, the mother of Spain's tennis champion lives in Marquina!

The festivities end today; yesterday evening the mayor went to look with us at the dances. The music is very nice: a drum and a flute with three holes; the sound of it reminds of a bagpipe and sometimes also the kind of music.

This morning we shortly watched the *prueba*; on a small stone paved street is a big rock. Two oxen are being hitched up and pull it up and down during forty minutes or one hour, after that another team and so on. The team that makes most tours has won; the onlookers are excited and there is enormous betting.

It looks very barbaric and cruel and it seems that the Spaniards wants to do away with it, but *señor* Churruça explained that it has its good side as well, namely to incite the farmers to keep high the quality of the cattle; and then [he added], "they better look to their own bullfights!"

Thursday July 19

The hotel is excellent, but at the start it is always a bit troublesome to get used to it. We have breakfast with a big cup of coffee or chocolate and a piece of bread and at 1 p.m. there is a never-ending dinner. Olive oil is used for everything, which causes one to be constantly under the impression of eating sardines. We have not yet seen any butter, but we had cheese, very old and sharp, but very good. There is also always fruit: figs and apricots, while on the table are always bottles with Rioja Vega, of which one is constantly pouring oneself. Furthermore, after dinner everyone grabs a toothpick and busily uses it, or uses it as a knife. At least, that is what my table neighbor did when he could not manage the pudding on his spoon.

The mayor and the others are true gentlemen, very easy, courtly manners. Every morning our conversation start with: 'Egun on. Ondaloin? Ondo, oso ondo.'¹⁷ I don't think that I will get any further than that in the Basque language; to me it seems extremely difficult. In the afternoon Willie and I, and the mayor and *señor* Churruça go to Barinaga with Churruça's Citroën.¹⁸ After all the cross-purpose talk everything turned out all right; we will get a bedroom and a sitting room with a piano with Mariano. He teaches Basque children the basics of Spanish. So he will be able to help me with Spanish as well. We will have the meals in the inn; only breakfast will be brought to us upstairs.

And Willie will study Basque daily for two hours! with the *curé*. For the time being they will speak Latin with each other. The people here are pain-

¹⁷ Translation by Gartzia: 'Good morning. Did you have a good sleep? Good, very good.'

¹⁸ Note Kalzakorta on Barinaga (translation from Spanish by Bloemraad-Heiser):

Sobre Barínaga: El municipio de Marquina hoy en día tiene cerca de 6.000 habitantes. Es el segundo municipio mayor en extensión de Vizcaya. En tiempos de Rollo tendría, supongo, unos 5000 habitantes. Barínaga es uno de los barrios más alejados del casco urbano, a unos siete kilómetros. Es un barrio donde la mayoría de los integrantes eran y son aldeanos. El alcalde de Marquina aconsejó a Rollo que fuera a Barínaga a aprender euskera, dado que en los barrios más alejados del casco urbano de Marquina hay y había más costumbre de hablar euskera, y porque también era más puro. Aunque este barrio estuviera alejado del casco urbano (para nosotros siete kilometros en el mismo pueblo es mucho) tenía su iglesia y dos curas.	On Barínaga: The municipality of Markina nowadays has approximately 6,000 inhabitants. It is the second biggest municipality in the Biscay area. In the days of Rollo it would have had, I suppose, about 5000 inhabitants. Barínaga is one of the neighborhoods farthest away from the urban centre, at about seven kilometers. It is a neighborhood where the majority of the inhabitants was and is from a village (<i>rural people</i>). The mayor of Marquina advised Rollo that he should go to Barínaga to learn Basque, since in the neighborhoods farthest away from the urban centre of Markina, it is and was more customary to speak Basque, and because it was also purer. Although this neighborhood was far away from the urban centre (for us seven kilometers in the same town is a lot), it had its own church and two priests.
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fully modest and charged for sleeping & laundry, cleaning shoes and hot water 1½ peseta per day for the two of us. This would be 95 for both of us. But Churruca has said that they had to charge 2-½ pesetas, which is by the way, still not much.

The mayor lent Willie a big dictionary, Basque-Spanish, and a few other books; and me *el Don Quixote de la Manche* to start with! But I do not yet see the end of it!

In the late afternoon he took us some distance from the village to a church, which is build around 3 enormous stones: a big one lies on top of the two smaller ones. He said that according to a geologist the two smaller one's had been one as they match. They seem to date from very ancient times. They are dedicated to San Michael because there happened to be a grotto in Italy that is also dedicated to S. Michael, but I missed the connection.¹⁹

The mayor regretted very much that tourists never come to see it. Afterwards we saw the other church in which is his family grave; the inside is very beautiful with a few splendid ancient artifacts, among other a 14th (13th) century ivory altarpiece. Under the wooden floor are the family graves; on the floor are thick wax candles in heavy copper candelabras. The mayor told us that any day someone comes to their graves and attends the service. There was a very low prayer chair; when his sister doesn't come, the servant does.

Friday July 20

Willie is ill; therefore we can't go to Barinaga. The doctor looked him up and wrote a letter to Mariano. I diligently plunged into *Don Quixote*, but it

¹⁹ Rollo (9T) about this church: 'Close to Marquina, but under the jurisdiction of Jemein is situated a village called Arretxiña [...]. Most worth seeing is the Church of the Archangel Saint Michel. In the summer many strangers ask to see it. Why? Well, you see; in the interior of that Church there are three rocks or gigantic stones, two beneath and one on top of them, placed in such a way, that you would say they are bound to fall.'

goes very slow and several words are not in my dictionary, but from each sentence I understand enough to understand the meaning of those words from the context.

In the afternoon the mayor took me along to watch the *pelota*-game; three boys were practicing. He said that there are about twenty professional players in Marquina, who are engaged per month. Especially in America a fortune is to be made with it. The stone track, with a high wall at three sides, the long side is roughly forty meters long and divided into fourteen sections. Along the other side of the long side are the onlookers who during matches are protected with a net.

The players are enormously quick and strong. But we don't watch for very long, when you don't know the details, it is soon monotonous.

I am starting to understand a bit more of random Spanish conversations, but it is very taxing. They constantly interrupt each other and then both continue quicker and louder until a third one sees a chance to shout even louder.

They are very interested to know how we like the *cocido*, the dish with which every dinner starts after the soup: according to everyone it will never bore. It consists of two dishes; one comprises a kind of white beans, smoked sausage and boiled meat, and the other cabbage, pieces of potato and strips of bacon.

The women have a nice bearing and a quiet way of walking. That is because they are used to walking on the steep paths with big baskets on their head, so they get a perfectly developed balance. In these baskets are all kinds of things: a big bin of milk, two loaves of bread, fruit, vegetables, and they don't hold them with their hands.

Overall it is a tragedy here, especially because we learn about it from the mayor who would like to hold on with both his hands to everything old. He himself is the last one of his family that lived here for 300 years and, after him and his sister it is finished. His sister is married to a ~~brother~~ cousin of Don Albaro, *Señor Murga*, I think, and has a very nice little daughter.

The village has a few splendid very old houses, but apart from a few exceptions, these are no long inhabited by the old families, but subdivided. In

between the houses is a beautiful view, a windy alley, the roofs stick out far from the houses and rest on heavy sculpted beams. There a painter had stopped and told him: "Juanito, this is beautiful; this is the most beautiful corner of Marquina. In Toledo you can't find it more beautiful."

It is especially beautiful, this corner, through the typical structure and by the colors, the yellow white of the houses, the dark oak beams and dirt-red roofs that are covered with mosses and anything that grows there.

Weather here is not very different from Holland. Yesterday and today splendid blue sky; much sun and a nippy little wind, but the other days there was overcast, sometimes showers, and for the rest much *sirimiri*. So I am glad that I did not buy more white clothes and sun hats.

Saturday July 21

Willie recovered again, but he still does not look so good, so he should not go too fast. We packed the suitcases and he had himself shaved in the village and his head massaged: 30 cents! The hotel's invoice was also ridiculously cheap. *Señor* Churruça brought us with his car to Barinaga and the mayor went along. Within fifteen minutes we were already very busy upstairs, with the curé and one other *curé*, Juan Barquin.

Willie now studies Basque through Latin and they make very good progress, and I speak Spanish with whoever I can do this. We have a bedroom, very clean, sheets and pillow covers of fine linen with linen lace and big, handmade monograms. The bedroom ends in a living room with a piano, but it is such an untuned old piano that the *Mondschein Sonata* sounds like something from a honky-tonk! And for the rest a big wardrobe, cherry wood, very old and beautifully massive, the same as Cor and Piet's.

Our breakfast is served upstairs, but for lunch – 1 p.m. – and dinner – 7 p.m. – we go to the inn. Meals are excellently prepared, especially the soup and the omelet, but again it is difficult to get used to the olive oil. Tea is typically aromatic because they put *manzanilla* in it, Camille blossom. Willie does not like it.

Sunday July 22

The innkeeper was joking. I laugh in time, but understand three minutes later. The first evening he asked me: *y como je justa la ciudad de Barinaga!*²⁰ And yesterday, then the moon was shining, he said that he had had it come *de su tierra de V.*

For the past three years his wife has been unable to walk. She is sewing in bed and fans herself constantly because of the flies. After dinner we always go chat with her for a little while. She then tells me all kind of things and I quite understand her.

In the evenings and throughout the night there is a symphony orchestra: little clocks, bells, and flutes. We had no idea what it could be, but the mayor told me that they are *sapos*, toads. He called them *cling-clong*. It is too crazy and in the end quite irritating. Only when a dog barks they stop.

Right now Willie is quite desperate; when he asks seven people something, he gets seven different answers. But the *cura*, with whom he is working, has the reputation of being quite knowledgeable, so he should keep to him.

Nature here is adorable with all these little creeks and small arched bridges, and there is an abundance of wild flowers, splendid purple bell-heather, as we also saw in Scotland, and lots of wild carnations. On the main road we saw a little snake, about half a meter long. He was dead, with a big stone on his head. I should ask whether there are many of them and whether they are dangerous.

On one of the paths we always encounter a few ~~mules~~ donkeys with a small one, about half a meter long and high, just like a black woolen toy.

Monday July 23

The idea of ‘cleanliness’ and ‘hygiene’ here is curious. With regard to linen it is meticulous. In the event I happen to leave something in the bed-

²⁰ Note Gartzia: ‘Proper Spanish is ¡Y cómo le gusta la ciudad de Barinaga! (“And it is very pretty the town of Barinaga!”). Barinaga is a hamlet.’

room, a handkerchief, a wash cloth, a pair of stockings, within the hour it has disappeared and then we find it back the next day: laundered, ironed, and repaired!

However, our view from the inn is the following: in the one window is a *pot de chambre*, without a handle, cheerfully planted with little flowers. From the beams on the ceiling hang red garlands, dancing along with the wind and sausage for the *cocido*.²¹ Each afternoon we eat *cocido*, one of the garlands has a bit shrunk. In front of the other window is a low round table with four giant biscuits, stock for the entire week, together with a *pot de chambre* with a handle. In the afternoon, the doctor came, on his motor-bike, Royal Enfield. Both *cura*'s were just upstairs in our living room to listen to a few National Hymns that Willie played for us.

He brought along a letter from home and kept me company until dinnertime. We spoke a mix-up of French and Spanish; he is a nice modest guy. In the evening a packet of cigarettes from the mayor for Willie was brought, with a nice note in Basque.

I should pick up my Spanish grammar again; otherwise the conversation keeps turning in a narrow circle. We did not yet make any special walk, but often-just walk about, and everything, from the main road until the smallest path is as beautiful.

I had a tiring night. Suddenly there was a torrential rain and then I noticed that Cor and Piet Gijzeman had left their car in the backyard. The journey to Holland²² took a long while: on Willie's slippers, in pajamas and when I finally arrived it was soaking wet, but Cor and Piet quietly slept through it and found that I have overdone to come to Holland – *disappointing* –.

The *cura* explained Willie the rules of the *pelota*-game and also gave him a nice drawing with the arrangement.

²¹ *Cocido* is a meat-based stew.

²² My impression is that her family' recreational vehicle, camping or house or so was named *Holland*.

Reading *Don Quixote* I discovered something that explains many mysterious words.

Hacer – Cervantes *facere* (*facere*)

Herido – Cervantes *ferido* (*ferire*)

I would love to continue Spanish this winter with Cor Crena de Jongh.²³

Wednesday July 25

Mariano went with his cart to Marquina and I went along, *to do some shopping*. The sun is extremely warm and he hands me a big umbrella under which we both are pleasantly seated. In between the noise of the cart we talked a bit. As it is the Santiago feast day, the road is busy: everyone goes out for dinner in Echevarria, the village in between Marquina and Barinaga.

In Marquina it is still too early to meet one of the gentlemen, so I go back with Mariano until Echevarria and walk the rest: there is not even a rooftop of Barinaga to be seen, not even the steeple, until the last bend in the road and then you're suddenly there.

In the afternoon we washed the puppy, a small roll mop, with Mariano's son. He comes in very handy to teach Willie words; Willie can already keep up small conversations, but it happens hundreds of times that he says something that would be grammatically logic, but then they say: it could be like that, but 'nobody' says it this way.

At night we saw a fire worm at the side of the road. I took it in my hand and its light stayed as shiny. I thought that they could switch it off in case of danger.

Thursday July 26

Mariano brought along a message from Marquina, that the mayor would come and visit me. He came around 6 p.m. and was again very interested. Willie showed him what he was working on with the *curé*, namely, writing

²³ Cor Crena de Jongh was Louisa's cousin.

down the whole verb as it is spoken here. It is quite a job, but just what Willie needs. The mayor wrote to professor Uhlenbeck and to Don Urquijo who lives in San Seb. Before we leave, we will meet him. He said to us: “*nous avons commentarié votre cas, extraordinaire! De Hollande à Marquina pour étudier la langue!*”

Le sous-maire, Don Alejandro de Gaitan will go this fall to Belgium and then he will perhaps look us up. It seemed that the mayor had thought of everything when we came here. He had said that there had to be a laundry basket, one extra washbowl, and a place for a wardrobe, very attentive for such an unmarried gentleman.

Saturday we go in the afternoon to Marquina, to have a chat. I hope that we can get the cart.

Saturday July 28

At 4 p.m. we go with Mariano to Marquina: Willie and I on the bench, and he on a small stool in between our knees. While we do some shopping with the help of our little dictionary, in a narrow street we suddenly see the mayor in front of the window, which seems to be the town hall²⁴.



²⁴ Palais Solartecua ou Palacio de Mugartegui: construit en 1666 par Lucas Longa est un bâtiment baroque urbain. See: http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Markina-Xemein#Personalit.C3.A9s_li.C3.A9es_.C3.A0_la_commune (accessed in February 2010).

Photograph of the town hall: http://fr.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fichier:Markina,_Palacio_de_Solartecua.JPG

He takes us with him into his house, – there is a booklet for Willie from don Urquijo – and he shows it to us²⁵. The house has been built three centuries ago and has remained unchanged. The ceilings are of heavy oak beams with sculpted rims. The wood panels, the entire staircase: doors, everything is as beautiful. Also furniture from the same period: beautiful old chests and family portraits. It could fill up a museum, but its charm is that it looks inhabited: flowers and portraits everywhere. It is the most beautiful interior I have ever seen.

Down at the street is his study, with a beautiful library. Of course Willie and he are right away caught up in Basque books, while I am being kept quiet with an illustrated *Guide van Amsterdam* from the year 1750.

In his spare time he looks through old family papers the town hall archives for data about Marquina.

Here the mayor is only elected for two years; but later on he can be re-elected. He showed us a list of all Marquina mayors, from 1500 on. On it Mugártegui's occur all the time. Thereafter we drink a cup of tea in the Fonda, where a big letter is from home. Willie and the *cure* are very confused about: *suppositief, condicionante, condicionado*.

All these authors of grammars use expressions without even explaining them.

Sunday July 29

In the morning Willie goes to the church; Mariano sings and his son plays the organ. Juan Barquin preaches and Willie understands it and distinguishes the different words: that is already quite something.

In the afternoon a nice visit of a *medico*, Manuel Ganchegui. We talk a bit about the different universities and education here. At the gymnasia they only learn Latin, no Greek.

²⁵ On July 31, 1923 Rollo informed Urquijo that he had received last Friday the *Estado Actual de Los Estudios Relativos a la Lengua Vasca* and on Saturday, from the Mayor of Marquina *Los Refranes de Garibay*. He expressed the hope meeting with Urquijo on his way back home.

In the evening Romeria, a boy with a harmonica, is seated on a chair on top of a pile of stones and they dance non-stop. The boys are in the doorway of the inn. Only two or three dance along, for the rest the girls dance with each other.

Saturday August 4

Not much happened this week. Willie worked very hard: the *verbum transitivum* and *intransitivum* are now dealt with. This morning they started with the *substantivum*.

Willie poses questions all the time, but gets different answers all the time. Perhaps it will be better when he can really talk with them. Then they are less alert and speak more naturally. For Willie, time flies and I also start to get used to such long lazy days.

Weather is, and remains, equally fine, so I am often outside with my books, letters and needlework. It will be quite different in September. I took several photographs, am curious about the outcome. Tuesday we took a splendid walk, to the Aginaga, a very small hamlet, made up of an old church, and 3 houses, all on top of a hill. The doctor had it pointed out to us and it turned out well. The houses here are so typical, one day I will photograph them. Down in the centre is a big entrance, Roman arches, sometimes with pillars, unto the barn, and there is also the fire on which food is cooked and all the kitchen utensils, and that is where they live during the day. Somewhere a staircase starts from the centre to the first floor where the rooms are. Sometimes the staircase is at the outside, as with Swiss houses.

The rooms at the front have a long balcony, sometimes along the entire length, the width of the house; above it is an attic; the roof sticks out less than half a meter from the walls. In the villages the houses are less typical, but the same design can be recognized in it.

I should make a photograph of a man with his two bulls. Over their head lies a sheep fur. Their horns are stiffly tied to each other and before their eyes dangle red fringes.

I got a letter by Mrs. 't Hooft, that Annie and Herman have a daughter. Strange to soon have to write from Barinaga to Poerwoudjo.

Willie often plays music, in the evenings, with the *curé*. He than plays and the *curé* sings Basque songs.

Meals are the same nearly every time. At noon soup, *cocido*, *huevos pasados por agua*, veal, and peaches with biscuits. At night soup, omelets, veal and peaches with biscuits.

The last few days some variation was brought into in: fried calf's brains, fried sardines, champignons. Unfortunately Willie does not like these variations.

Woensdag August 8

My birthday was on a Sunday, so not a good day to go out, but a nice bunch of letters arrived.

So we went to Bilbao today: up at 5:30 a.m., at 6 to Marquina and from there by bus to Bilbao, a 2-hour trip. Especially the first half, until Durango, is beautiful, some parts are extremely steep, which makes that you see the road you were just on, emerge right beneath you.

Durango is old and nice; there is just a market, a splendid variation of colors, because all women have big baskets with fruits in them. The last part of the road is unpleasant because of factories and mines, but in Bilbao there is a market again. We have a nice day, but unfortunately it is too warm to go see the harbor. In *Inglaterra* Willie indulges in a real English breakfast. Afterwards we do some shopping, sit in a splendidly maintained park and see the church of Santiago, very beautiful; Gothic but unfortunately a bit tinkered. I have my hair washed etc. in a luxurious shop. The feeling that one's hair is well taken care of heightens one's feeling of self-esteem by at least 10%.

The woman in the inn calls my hair blond, even *Amarillo*, but here they call it *castaño claro*. When we come back in Marquina we have a short chat

with the gentlemen and for the first time I venture into Spanish; after all I am less ashamed about Spanish mistakes than about French!

Sunday 12 August

Not much happens, but every day is still pleasant; I am no longer bored. In the beginning I still had a bit of The Hague haste in me, but now I enjoy doing everything leisurely.

On Sunday Willie took photographs; more and more children approached and also wanted on them. After half an hour they always come ask whether they are still done. He now also chats with the children, especially with Domingo – 4 years – is a wise little schoolmaster and points with a dirty middle finger to everything he sums up and when Willie says ‘a nice strong boy;’ then he points to himself.

Don Juan had a *fraile* [monk] with him that had been for 25 years in Sevilla and now came to visit his parents once more. But the oldies do not know a word of Spanish and he forgot all his Basque. Now Don Juan accompanies him to serve as an interpreter. I can’t imagine that I would ever forget all my Dutch.

Hidro and his wife have a new granddaughter and we are being treated with a fine bottle of wine and a pie.

Willie is very happy with a postcard from Prof. Uhlenbeck who is happy with his method and asks him several things. Time is flying by in this way; it will be too bad for Willie to have to leave here. We have been walking to Echevarria and there seen the church. There are several exceptionally beautiful paintings and garments; most are new, but there a few very old and beautifully woven fabrics-silks, splendid colors.

Monday August 13

Hidro walked with us, a beautifully overgrown path until we came to a house where they had young rabbits. Then to another house, the *albergue*,

where we drank *ponche*. An old woman was busy combing wool. When she had finished one pile, she wound it around her finger and put it aside. Her daughter put it on a stick of which one end stuck in her skirt. She pulled out a small tuft, wound it around a kind of drill or big screw, and while she pulled out little tufts with one hand, she turned with her other hand at the **yarn** the screw, on which automatically wound up a thick yarn. They knit thick stockings of these. I regretted not to have my camera with me. It is very old fashioned. A third woman was narrating.

They are all repairing here, cloth after cloth, of all kind of patterns and colors. Sometimes there are more pieces of fabric are used that remains of the original piece of fabric, even the 'rich' people that have much land, cattle and fruit trees.

At Mariano's it is special as well. For Sundays they have really good clothes, a piano in the living room, but they all eat from a different dish. One of a flat white one, the other one a colored soup dish, a third of an email bowl and a fourth one from the pan.

I don't think you would see this at a Dutch schoolmaster's family, and, they have a domestic help.

20 August

This morning [we] walked to Iturreta, a beautiful pathway, rocky and constantly steeply rising. The village exists of 18 houses; on the top is a church, very small and very old. Attached to it is a school, modern and very neat, on which they are very proud. Outside, in front of the *albergue* we had a drink. The man had been in America and while he had returned six years ago he still spoke excellent English and very much at ease, but of course a real American accent. And, lots of Basques go to America. They have to work there fewer hours per day and receive much higher wages. There was a calf of three days old.

Yesterday I attended Mass, nice, simple; the old women all busy themselves with their candles. On the floor, in front of them lies a white cloth

and they put a bun underneath it. That is a very old habit – in Marquina and Echevarria it does not exist – and relates to funeral rights. It is from the time that everyone was buried in the church. When the bowl did the rounds, the woman beside me put one *peseta* on it and leisurely took 9 *peseta*'s back.

Inside the church is neat, sober through the different nuances of very old oak and matt gilding. The priests find it ugly; there is not enough *oro*. It is not *rico*. The churches here have a low square steeple, with a tilted tiled roof in which the clocks are hung. They find that ugly and will only be happy when a modern steel-grey stone steeple with a couple will be put on their nice old churches. And, when inside the whitewashed walls will be marbled and windows that are not windows, will be painted.

Tuesday August 21

Don Albaro comes to get us at noon with his car. As usual in Marquina, in front of the Fonda, are the gentlemen and we photograph them a few times. A nice little dinner with Don Albaro and don José Maria de Murga and then en rout to Loyala; the road is exceptionally beautiful, constantly meandering with beautiful views through the valleys. In the depth we see Elgoibar. Then Willie falls ill, later it turns out to be jaundice.

Sat. Friday Aug. 31 to Marquina

Saturday to S. S[ebastian], lunch, church day and sleep.

Sunday to Paris, sleep. Monday Sept. 3 home at 7.

The Rollo's still in Europe

On December 23, 1923 Uhlenbeck wrote Urquijo that Rollo would return to Marquina in July 1924, which he did. In that same year 1924, as he 'couldn't get a job anywhere after he graduated, he applied for a lectureship at UCT [University of Cape Town] in the Classics Dept' (as wrote William Rollo Jr.).

Rollo's application reads: 'For the general course in Philology I attended the lectures of Professor Uhlenbeck, Professor of Ancient Teutonic Languages at the University of Leiden, and for Gothic I went to Professor Boer of Amsterdam. At the suggestion of Professor Uhlenbeck I decided to take up a non-Indo-European language and spent two summers in Vizcaya, Spain, studying the Basque language' (cited in Bostoën 2007).

On March 16, 1925, Rollo successfully defended his thesis: *The Basque dialect of Marquina* in Leiden. In his foreword he thanks his Promoter Professor Uhlenbeck, 'for his constant guidance and inspiring influence. It is to his suggestion that this small grammar is due and I only hope that he will find in it all he expected and that it may be the beginning of a longer and deeper study of a language in which he has always shown so much interest.'

In the introduction he thanks Don Juan Barquin, the *Cura* of Barinaga for his help in 'the course of two Summer Vacations and the method we used was as follows. In the forenoons we would talk Basque and Spanish together, discuss some constructions or other and make Spanish or better still Basque sentences. Armed with these I would attack the first victim I came across in order to hear him or her use certain words or constructions.'

In the afternoons, Rollo notes, he walked with the *Cura* and his friends, talked to peasants and at night he sat down on the village bridge or in the inn.

Interesting is what Rollo's wife left out in her diary, but what he added about his return from Marquina/Barinaga after his first sojourn:

I brought with me a young Basque girl to learn housekeeping with my wife and to talk Basque with me. She is a native of Barinaga but has always been at school in Marquina and spent a great deal of her time there. In this way I was enabled to continue practicing the spoken language and to hear it spoken and so to get a clearer idea of the local pronunciation.

Gartzia, noting the similarities in Uhlenbeck's and Rollo's approach to linguistics, basing his following comments on Kalzakorta's Basque introduction to the new edition (2006) of Rollo's thesis, elucidated:

But the similarity is bigger yet: do you remember that Uhlenbeck tried to bring one Indian boy to Europe? Well, Rollo and his wife brought a 12 years old Basque girl to Holland with them (they had parents permission, certainly), and this girl staid for one year there, learning Dutch and house-keeping, and came back to Markina, where she had problems to understand Basque (she forgot Basque for a time), afterwards, she married and went to Argentina, where she died.'

Kalzakorta noted about the 12-year old girl (translation from Spanish by Bloemraad-Heiser):

<p>Sobre la niña que llevó el matrimonio Rollo a Holanda tengo diferentes pruebas.</p>	<p>With regards to the girl that Mr. and Mrs. Rollo took with them to Holland, I have several pieces of evidence.</p>
<p>En primer lugar, tenía referencias orales de los que viven en el bar hostel donde se alojó durante dos veranos el señor Rollo que una niña del mismo lugar fue llevada por el matrimonio Rollo a Holanda.</p>	<p>In the first place, I had verbal accounts from people living in the boarding house, where Mr. Rollo stayed for two summers that a girl of the same place was taken to Holland by Mr. and Mrs. Rollo.</p>
<p>La niña se llamaba Margarita Areitio y Laca.</p>	<p>The girl was called Margarita Areitio y Laca.</p>
<p>Esta niña la han conocido los del bar hostel dado que ha muerto no hace muchos años (supongo que unos quince años).</p>	<p>The people in the boarding house knew this girl given that she died not many years ago (I assume some fifteen years).</p>
<p>La segunda prueba de que fue llevada con ellos por el matrimonio Rollo está en un justificante que me lo dieron los habitantes del bar hostel Zubiaurrekoa, en donde se alojó el matrimonio Rollo.</p>	<p>The second proof that Mr. and Mrs. Rollo took her with them is a receipt [i.e. parental consent form] that the inhabitants of the boarding house Zubiaurrekoa, where Mr. and Mrs. Rollo stayed, gave me.</p>
<p>Este justificante está en la pág. XV-XVI de mi prólogo.</p>	<p>This receipt is on page XV-XVI of my prologue [of the 2006 Rollo/Kalzakorta edition].</p>

Uhlenbeck must have been jealous! When he went back in 1911 and tried to adopt Willy Kennedy, a twelve-year old Blackfeet, he failed. Kennedy's father needed his son to tend to his shop in a part of the Piegan

Reservation where full-blooded Blackfeet did not yet speak English. There are more similarities.

On August 19, 1926, a few days before his departure for South-America, Rollo wrote, Urquijo, in Spanish, about his unhappiness with Azkue's review of his thesis. It was not so much because Azkue had noted errors, but because of the personal tone and the insinuation that he (Rollo) would have used Azkue's morphology. Rollo asked Urquijo to mediate.

Gartzia, basing himself again on Kalzakorta's introduction to the 2006 edition of Rollo's thesis, explains that Rollo's bad relationship with Resurreccion Maria Azkue (1864-1951), the first president of Euskaltzaindia and, with Urkixo (Urquijo), the most important bascologist at this time, was owed to a mistake:

Rollo thought that he was unjustly/unfairly critiqued by Azkue, but no way, Azkue himself praised his work and suggested his name as 'euskaltzain urgazle.' Urkixo was the mediator between them.

Azkue's suggestion materialized. After his second stay in Basque country, Rollo was appointed 'corresponding-member (euskaltain urgazle) of the Basque Academy (Euskaltzaindia) to replace Edward Spencer Dodgson (1857-1922) (Euskaltzain urgazle izendatua: 1925-12-22. E. S. Dodgson en ordez).'

Once in South-Africa

Martin Rollo about his grandmother

My grandmother, Casparina Louisa van den Broeke, was known as Lou. I remember my oma as a very interesting person with wonderful stories to tell. Very sympathetic and able to relate easily to people her own age and all the way down to her great-grandchildren. My cousins, who stayed with her when they were students, used to take her along to their parties sometimes and I will always remember how she danced the 'hoop-la' very energetically on her 80th birthday.

Because she was such a wonderful storyteller and had so many interesting ones to tell from a life lived through the 20th century in Europe and then

Cape Town, one of our friends who is a historian and broadcaster arranged to do an interview with her. It was a complete flop. She dried up completely when he hauled out his recording equipment and started asking questions. She obviously only enjoyed a 'live' and appreciative audience. It would have been nice to have had a copy of that interview if it had been successful.

My aunt Margaret was born in the Netherlands just before my grandparents immigrated to South Africa. My father was born in Cape Town. I don't think they ever lived in Stellenbosch, although perhaps they'd have had to for the short time that my grandmother taught there. She taught briefly there in a temporary position. She had the distinction of being the first female lecturer at Stellenbosch. During her first class more and more students came in and eventually even a dog arrived. She became suspicious about the number of students and then realized that they were mostly there out of curiosity - the novelty of a woman lecturing. So she said 'All of you who are not my students, get out. And take the dog too.'

Martin's father (Willie Rollo's son) adds the following about his mother Louisa's career:

My mother stood in for Prof. Edgar (Stellenbosch University) when he went on sabbatical. He was Prof. of Classics and a dear friend of my father. She put in a stint of Latin and Greek at the Wellington Training College (can you imagine Oma catching the train early in the morning with two small children to be cared for in Plumstead), from Plumstead to Salt River; from S.R. to Bellville; from B. to Wellington and finally a taxi to the college.

She also lectured at UCT only if someone was ill; taught French to the Matrics at Bishops; 1 year) She also taught French at some time or another to Rustenburg Girls High School, Herschel G.H.S. for two terms. In addition she coached private students, who were doing post-grad. work at UCT.

William Rollo

In 1930 Rollo's *Archivum Historicum Romanum*, meant for beginners of Roman History studies, was published. While deemed 'valuable to teachers of Roman History,' it was criticized for some omissions and 'an incredible number of misprints' (Stevenson 1931: 89).

In 1931, despite the troubles with Azkue, Rollo requested the editor of *La Revue Internationale des Études Basques*, in English, to send him a few issues that were lacking in his collection and he wanted to know the price of subscription.²⁶ In this same year Rollo also co-published a selection of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*.

Next we hear about Rollo in an article about the establishment of South Africa's 1829 first institute of Higher Learning. Smuts (1960: 7-31) describing this institute's development into the University of Cape Town, featuring the classical department's staff, goes on:²⁷

In 1935 Rollo became professor and served the University until his retirement in 1952, but is still actively engaged in teaching at the present time. The writer of this article has been privileged to know him well and also to work with him, and wishes, apart from his scholarship, to attest to his wide interests, his gift for teaching and above all to his boundless vitality and enthusiasm, which were the despair of less diligent students, but could not but inspire those who worked under him.

After taking his M.A. with honours in Classics at Glasgow University, he served first as a private, later as captain in World War I, but was wounded and captured at Loos²⁸ in 1915 and held as a prisoner of war in Germany from 1915 tot 1918. During this time he learnt Russian, French and Hindustani from his fellow-prisoners. Being sent on an exchange to Holland in 1918 he continued his Classical studies at Leiden

²⁶ Rollo would not be Uhlenbeck's last student studying Basque. While Uhlenbeck retired in 1926, he still had his student N.G.H. Deen go to Getaria in 1927 and study Basque. Only in 1937, war had interrupted, Deen defended his thesis *Glossaria duo Vasco-Islandica* in Leiden in 1937. See: Knörr, Henrike, "Basque fisherman in Iceland: bilingual vocabularies in the 17th and 18th centuries." In: *Euskera*, 51 (2006,1) 491-499. ISSN. 0210-1564. See also: http://www.euskosare.org/euskara/basque_fishermen_iceland_bilingual_vocabularies_17_18_centuries?set_language=es&cl=es (accessed March 2010). Note Gartzia: 'The thesis by Deen was first published in Amsterdam and has been newly published with various studies annexed by Bakker, Peter et al. *Basque pidgins in Iceland and Canada*, Donostia: Gipuzkoako Foru Aldundia, 1991, 165 pp. (Anejos del ASJU: 23) ISBN 84-7907-02707.'

²⁷ See: <http://www.stellenboschwriters.com/smutsf.html> (accessed February 2010).

²⁸ For particulars about the prison camp's conditions see: <http://19141918.invisionzone.com/forums/lofiversion/index.php/t116831.html> (accessed February 2010).

University, passing the Doctoral Examination in 1920 after which he taught Classics for several years at Gymnasia in Holland. In Holland he met his wife, who also studied Classics, at Utrecht University, and on several occasions assisted at South African Universities when a substitute had to be found, notably at Stellenbosch. While teaching at The Hague, William Rollo took courses at Leiden University in Indo-Germanic Philology. Upon the suggestion of Prof. Uhlenbeck he took up the study of the Basque language, spending a considerable time in Vizcaya, Spain. In 1925 he obtained the doctorate at Leiden on a thesis, which took the form of a complete grammar of the Basque dialect of Marquina. In 1929 his old university, Glasgow, granted him the Degree of Literarum Doctor on all his published work up till that date, which included *The Basque Dialect of Marquina*, *Archivum Historicum Romanum*, and several shorter articles.

Prof. Rollo's' career at Cape Town was temporarily interrupted by active service during World War II.²⁹ In 1953 following the example of so many of his predecessors, Prof. Rollo took up an administrative post. But it is characteristic of the man that he did this after he had already reached the normal retiring age. His was the difficult task of seeing a new university through its years of birth and infancy. [In 1953] He became the first principal of the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland at Salisbury. Prof. Rollo died at Grahamstown on October 20, 1960 while teaching classics at Rhodes University.

Upon Rollo's return from Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe, *The Report on the Classical Association of South Africa*, 1957 – January 1959³⁰ listed on page 129 the following resolution as tabled and accepted during the Third National Conference in Bloemfontein:

²⁹ Smuts quotes from *Cape Argus*, December 31, 1945, about Rollo's 'active service' in this same article: 'When Professor Rollo offered his services, the U.D.F. was unsuccessfully searching the Union for Japanese linguists to send to India, where they were urgently needed. It was suggested to Professor Rollo that he might learn Japanese quickly enough for it to be of use. [...] With this help it became possible to form a special language section of the Directorate of Military Intelligence.' After the war Rollo became chairman of the Ex-Servicemen's Advisory Committee, 'in which he assisted hundreds who came back to complete their University studies.'

³⁰ See: <http://www.casa-kvsa.org.za/report59.pdf> (accessed March 2010).

Prof. W. Rollo, formerly of the University of Cape Town, who recently returned to the Union after having launched the new University College of Rhodesia, was elected as a third Honorary President, in recognition of his services to the Classics in South Africa.

*The Report on the Classical Association of South Africa, February 1959 – February 1961*³¹ notes on page 117 that ‘an Eastern Cape Region of the Association was founded at Grahamstown on October 14, 1960, at a public meeting presided over by the Mayor of Grahamstown. Prof. W. Rollo addressed the meeting on *What the Classics still mean to us today ...*’

Only two pages later, p. 119, the same *Report* contains a eulogy for Prof. William Rollo, who died in Grahamstown on October 20, 1960:

It is with a deep-felt sense of loss that I have to begin this report by announcing the death of our honorary president, Prof. William Rollo [...]. He served the Classics – on a wide front – as a teacher in the best sense of the word, as popular lecturer, with a number of publications which revealed his passion for research, as a writer of schoolbooks, as a member of the executive of the old Classical Association and as examiner in Latin, All who knew him were infused with a little of his enthusiasm, which he could not contain in himself. We have lost a fine scholar and an able teacher. He will always be gratefully remembered, not only by his old students, but also by his colleagues in the Classical Association.

L’histoire pourra se répéter. The diaries of Mrs. Uhlenbeck and Mrs. Rollo feature many similarities: both ladies tried to learn the language of the field-work area of their husbands, both did so by reading in that language as well: *Adam Bede* (Uhlenbeck) and *Don Quixote* (Rollo). Both ladies wrote diaries and letters, were very perceptive of their surroundings, knew how to keep make home, kept themselves busy with needlework and photographing while there husbands were venturing conversations with locals to learn their language.

³¹ The 1956-1957 report of this association mentions Rollo as one of the founding members of the association in March 1927. See: <http://www.casa-kvsa.org.za/report58.pdf>. For the eulogy see: <http://www.casa-kvsa.org.za/report61.pdf> (accessed in March 2010). Dr. John Hilton of the University of KwaZulu-Natal kindly consented to these lengthy citations.

Both diarists could also bask in Uhlenbeck's appreciation for their achievements. Uhlenbeck labeled his own wife's diary as 'so unscientific' (Eggermont-Molenaar 2005: 26) and he could not refrain himself from adding 'un peu,' when referring to Mrs. Rollo 'linguistic orientation.'

In contrast, the circumstances the couple's encountered were quite different. While the Uhlenbeck's lived in a tent, experienced the wettest summer of the twentieth century and were for food and transport dependent on others, the Rollo's enjoyed comfortable circumstances, inns, hotels, a B&B with a washbowl and a laundry basket, splendid Dutch weather and, apart from the olive oil, good food.

As for both fieldworkers, there are similarities and there are contrasts. Linguists, who know about Uhlenbeck's Blackfoot and Rollo's Basque fieldwork,³² notice their similar approach to the study of a completely foreign language, even to the point of trying to (Uhlenbeck) and succeeding in bringing along (Rollo) a very young native speaker.

Linguists agree that Uhlenbeck, who did not like teach classes, but published over 500 articles, was a most remarkable and productive scholar. Linguists also agree that William Rollo's passion for research; his ability to learn local and a host of other languages and teach had been phenomenal. His youth in Scotland, his wartime in Germany and his teaching and study time in the Netherlands may have warranted this.

Whereas Uhlenbeck loved to publish, Rollo loved to teach. The Classics Section of the University of Cape Town still awards each year 'the best student in Latin II, based upon the student's performance in all aspects of the course (essays, exercises, tests and examination). The sum awarded is small: c. 200 Rands, depending on what interest the endowment has generated in the past year.'³³

Rollo's life brought him from Glasgow to Germany and from there to the Netherlands, Basque Country, South-Africa and Rhodesia/Nyasaland

³² See also De Josselin de Jong's 1913 Ojibwe language and grammar study (Orthography, Vowels, Texts with English Translation, Vocabulary).

³³ Information kindly provided by David Wardle of the University of Cape Town.

(since 1964 Zimbabwe, Zambia and Malawi). Hopefully this article will inspire a number of scholars from a host of nations to honor him with a similar bundle of essays as Uhlenbeck was.

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³⁴ From Bostoens's *Report*: 'R. Bleichsteiner (Vienna) in *Anthropos* 20 (1925: 1192), Jaime de Angulo in *American Anthropologist* N.S. 28 (1926: 437-38); Ernst Lewy (Berlin) in *Orientalistische Literaturzeitung* 31 (1928: col. 821-22); C. C. Uhlenbeck in *Museum: Maandblad voor philologie en geschiedenis* 34 (1926-1927:101-02), R. M. de Azkue (Baskische Academie) in *La Revista Internacional de Estudios Vascos* 16 (1925: no. 4).'

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³⁵ Note Gartzia: 'This introduction has two annexes: a) The three letters of Rollo to Urkixo (p. XXIX-XXXIV) in the Urkixo Archive (Saint Sebastian); b) The two articles published in RIEV by Azkue (p. XXXV-XLIV) and a reply from Rollo (p. XLIV-XLVIII), both in Spanish; and three short reviews of the Rollo's book by Georges Lacombe, Antoine Meillet and Robert Bleichsteiner, in French and German.'

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