

7/11/06

“One Man’s Frap...”

by
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A fantastic time was had by all at a 4th of July party at a neighbor’s home with plenty of good eats and drinks. Our group was a small one but the diversity of our backgrounds made it huge in input of stories from our lives and comparisons of the different environments and cultures in which we were raised. The eight of us came from four different geographic areas in the U.S ... Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Minnesota and West Virginia. Talk about different backgrounds!

Everything was going smoothly until our friends from MA said they wish they could have a chocolate Frap to make the day complete. We all turned and said, “What the heck’s a frap?” The two looked at us like we were crazy... how could we not know what a Frap was. After diligent questioning we told them their chocolate Frap was nothing more than our chocolate milkshake. “Oh no it’s not,” they retorted, “A milkshake doesn’t have ice cream in it!” “Oh yes it does,” we all chorused in return. Well, of course, it took a few minutes to convince them they were bonkers, but we loved them anyway and since they had no choice as to where they had been born and raised we would overlook their obvious ignorance on things non-Bostonian.

Neither Judy nor I had ever heard of a Frap, although a couple others in the group had but were unsure of the difference in it and a milkshake. After much discussion it was determined that there is no difference at all other than the locale in which it is sold. I could tell that our MA friends were still not sold on that truth and that’s why, being a stickler for things sublime, I chose to dedicate this article to look at some things which are used daily in our lives but when those from other areas in this United States talk about them you would think they were from another planet... which some people (not I of course)... suspect is true of most Massachusettsens (I just coined a new word.)

In looking in Webster’s New Collegiate Dictionary the word Frap is not even found other than as an acronym for something far removed from anything to drink. Being the persistent individual and a lover of food that I am, I remembered hearing the similar French word “frappe,” pronounced “frap-ay” which I immediately Googled and found it to be a fruit juice drink poured over ice and blended to an icy mush. It’s also popular in Greece and other places with coffee and ice. Sounds a whole lot like our Slushie doesn’t it?

Mr. Google also had the following definition: ... *Pronunciation:* (frap),
—n. Northeastern U.S. (chiefly eastern New Eng.). a milkshake made with ice cream... Also, frappé.

Going to Webster's New World dictionary, a more in-depth source, I discovered, frappé - A milkshake or malted elsewhere, it's basically ice cream, milk and chocolate syrup blended together. The 'e' is silent. Despite the chocolate syrup, it actually comes in many flavors. Voila!

As I thought back on the party and the process of putting it together I tried to imagine just what the conversation would have been between a fictitious couple from MA while getting ready for it. My twisted mind came up with the following.

She: Hey Kyle, we gotta get over to the packie and pick up a potty platta and some extra beeah... we don' wanna go empty handed.

He: Don' worry honey, I don't think theah goin' to have a kegga and we've got 'nuff beeah in the reefah to cova our needs.

She: Ah you shuah? If yoah wrong I'll make ya pull a Chuck offa da' Tobin Bridge.

He: I'm tellin' ya dahlin' they tol' me all we need to bring is something to eat but if ya want me to go to da packie or even da mahket I'll hop in da cah and go to da otha side onna-conna ah don' wan' ya to act like a Southie and call me a quality kid?

She: Sugah... I wouldna do that to ya... hop in the cah and hook a right at da rotary and go on ovah to da mahket and getta cupla boss a' tonic so we can take that with us.

He: Now sugah, I tol' ya befoah... that is not a rotary out theah... it's a roundabout... rememba a proppa rotary is ah big motha wheah several roads, oah two main roads, come together.

She: Yoah right darlin'... now rememba ya got yoah new pants on so ah don' want ya to messum up like ya nomily do... ah jus' gottum back from tha cleansas.

He: Okay, honey... now rememba tonight call hosies on some good seats so we don' havta spend the evenin' lookin' from the cawna. By the way... how ah ya fixin' the b'daydahs yoah takin'... fried or mashed?

She: Well, I love 'em fried.

He: So don't I, darlin' ... so don't I.

She: I shuah hope that Holbrook guy's not theah tonight... He's a frickin' wicked quayah if ya ask me. If it want for his wife Judy... he'd for shuah take a digga.

He: Ya-huh baby... ya-huh!

(To those readers who happen to be from Massachusetts or any other New England state and take umbrage at my feeble attempt at humor I apologize in advance and give you free rein to fire away with your version of a West Virginian doin' his thing.)