DARE references to works
by Irving Doig

Thursday, 9/14/2000 12:19:14.09
Search Method: Quotes
Case Insensitive
Search List:
doig

Files Searched: *.ORI

Matches:
DOIG =>> dab v
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r149 %bMT %r(as of c1950), McGrath

DOIG =>> dead-ax wagon n
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r39 %bMT %r(as of c1920), The

DOIG =>> death camas n
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r68 %bMT, %rThe blossoms were

DOIG =>> dink n(1) 1
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DOIG =>> dinner n 1 a
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DOIG =>> drizzle v
1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r200 %bMT %r(as of c1955), Without the

DOIG =>> drizzles n pl
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r162 %bMT %r(as of c1955), That%elamb

DOIG =>> ears lowered, get one's v phr
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r77 %bMT %r(as of c1950), %iWell, I

DOIG =>> -eroo suff
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r47 %bMT, %rHe was a true

DOIG =>> feature v 2
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r33 %bMT, %rThought we couldn't see

DOIG =>> fireshine n
1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r56 %bMT, %rThe McCaskill next to

DOIG =>> flabble n
1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r58 %bMT %r(as of c1945), Hear they had

DOIG =>> flibberty adj
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r122 %bMT, %r"She's too young

DOIG =>> frigging ppl adj, adv
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r244 %bMT, %rDrop the next
DOIG ==> gander v 1
%b1984 %rDoig %EEnglish Creek %r17 %bMT, %rI was surprised to

DOIG ==> gandy dancer n 1
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r282 %bMT %r(as of c1965), A railroad

DOIG ==> gaup v 1
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r311 %bMT %r(as of c1970), Makes me

DOIG ==> glom v(1) 2
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r194 %bMT %r(as of c1955), I bet she

DOIG ==> gravel v(1)
%b1984 %rDoig %EEnglish Creek %r4 %bMT, %rIt gravelizes me every

DOIG ==> gutwagon n 1
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r162 %bMT %r(as of c1955), Then a

DOIG ==> hail out v phr
1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r183 %bMT %r(as of c1955), They hailed

DOIG ==> haze v, hence vbl n
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r40 %bMT, %rThe hill broncs which

DOIG ==> Hoot n(2)
1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r195 %bMT %r(as of c1955), ``These

DOIG ==> Hoover v
1984 %rDoig %EEnglish Creek %r4 %bMT, %rDuring the worst years

DOIG ==> hundred n, adj A4
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r164 %bMT %r(as of c1955), The sheep

DOIG ==> jacket v
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r163 %bMT %r(as of c1955), %rThe%elamb

DOIG ==> jasper n(2) 1
%b1984 %rDoig %EEnglish Creek %r259 %bMT, %rAfter supper I got

DOIG ==> jug n 6
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r162 %bMT %r(as of c1955), Then she

DOIG ==> jughead n 2
%b1984 %rDoig %EEnglish Creek %r248 %bMT, %rHe seemed to take

DOIG ==> knothead n 2
%b1978 %rDoig %TThis House %r31 %bMT, %rI remember Charlie could

DOIG ==> lady shovel n
1984 %rDoig %EEnglish Creek %r123 %bMT, %rAn old short-handled

DOIG ==> lamb licker n
DIOG ==> marble orchard n
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r59 %bMT, %iJust waitin' for the

DIOG ==> moccasin telegraph n
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r150 %bMT, %r'Toussaint's words

DIOG ==> mooch v(1) 3
1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r9 %bMT, %r'Here's how you mooch

DIOG ==> mull n(3)
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r67 %bMT, %rAfter this siege of

DIOG ==> mutton puncher n
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r30 %bMT, %rI suppose that runs

DIOG ==> overshot adj
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r223 %bMT, %rAn overshot stacker

DIOG ==> pile v
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r185 %bMT, %rThe mare

DIOG ==> ridge runner n 2
%b1993 %rDoig %iHeart Earth %r138 %bMT, %rNo, the reading

DIOG ==> rock on the chest n
%r%b1993 %rDoig %iHeart Earth %r67 %bWest %r(as of

DIOG ==> rubber v
%b1984 %rDoig %iEnglish Creek %r284 %bMT,

DIOG ==> ruction n
%b1978 %rDoig %iThis House %r46 %bMT, %rOh,
dab v [dab to strike lightly and quickly] West
To throw (a looped rope) so that it fastens on to something.
1928 (1964) Santee Cowboy 252 SW, Joe dabbed his rope on the steer an’ turned him end from end. 1956 Moody Home Ranch 42 CO (as of 1911), I been keepin’ an eye on that sorrel gelding yonder, and aim to dab my rope on him if I can. 1976 Maclean River Runs Through 128 wMT (as of 1919), Even when he was sitting in the ranger station he would whirl little loops and “dab” them over a chair. 1978 Doig This House 149 MT (as of c1950), McGrath grabbed a lariat from his pickup, heaved onto the herder’s surprised rag, and juggled away in pursuit. Dabbied on it first throw, too, he blearied to us at the next mealtime.

dead-ax wagon n Also dead-ex wagon [dead inert + ax n, ex n1] A horse-drawn wagon with no springs, usu used for heavy loads.
1939 FWP Guide Montana 249 (as of 1894), A “dead ax” wagon was sent 10 miles to borrow a small portable Mason and Hamlin organ. [1948 Rittenhouse Amer. Horse-Drawn Vehicles 95, As the term indicates, dead axle drills had no springs, which could not be used when extremely heavy loads were hauled. These powerful drays were the mainstay of industry in the days before the truck.] 1967 DARE (Qu. N41b, Horse-drawn vehicles to carry heavy loads) Inf OR3, Dead-ex wagon—no springs; (Qu. N41c, . . Light loads) Inf NV2, Light, dead-ax wagon—no springs, i.e., dead axle. 1978 Doig This House 39 MT (as of c1920), The [sheep-shearimg] crew had a dead-ax wagon to haul its outfit in.

death camas n Also sp death camass West
A plant of the genus Zigadenus. Also called camas n 2, lobelia n B2, poison camas n, poison sego n, poison soaproot n, white camas n. For other names of var spp see alkali grass n 3, cockscomb n 3, crow poison n 2, Easter candle n, fly poison n 2, hog potato n 1, meadow death n, merryhearts n, mystery grass n, Osceola’s plume n, poison grass n, poison hyacinth n, poison sage n, sand-corn n, soap plant n 3, soaproot n 5, star lily n 2, wand lily n, water lily n 3, wild hyacinth n 5, wild onion n 2b
1889 Century Dict. 775, Death camass, the poisonous root of Zigadenus venenosus, of the same region [=West]. 1897 Parsons Wild Flowers CA 6, Z. venenosus . . . The bulb is poisonous, and our Northern Indians call it “death camass.” 1937 U.S. Forest Serv. Range Plant Handb. W209, Zigadenus [sic] spp . . . These plants are most commonly called deathcamasses, to distinguish them from the somewhat similar, edible camases (Quamasonia spp . . . ) with which they are often confused. 1951 Writers’ Program Oregon 21, Death camas and yarrow, false solomon’s seal and vervain, went into the pharmacopoeia of the tribes. 1966 DARE Wildfl QR (St. John) Inf OR12, Death camas. 1967 DARE (Qu. S26d) Inf WY5, Death camas. 1976 Bruce How to Grow Wildflowers 171, We find, for example, “Fly Poison” applied to two different plants, “Crow Poison” to another, and the grim epithet “Death Camass” to yet another. No doubt these names derive either from old-time pharmaceutical uses or from instances of livestock poisoning. 1984 Doig English Creek 68 nMT, The blossoms were deathcamas, and the mounds were the dead ewes.
dink n
1 The penis. [Cf dingus n 2; perh infl by dick]
1942 McAtee Dial. Grant Co. IN Suppl. I 4, Dink . . . penis, especially the small one of a boy; “his little ———.”. 1968 DARE FW Addit cnNY, Dink—penis. 1984 Doig English Creek 171 nMT, As I remember it, I held myself in admirable rein until Ray came out with “turkey dink.” Ibid 172, “Horse apple” was pretty far back down the scale from “turkey dink.”
2 Used as a derog term for a person or animal.
1959 In 1966 DARE File AR [Unidentified newspaper], Dink—a horse trader. 1966-67 DARE (Qu. K46, . . A horse or cow that is deformed; total Inf questioned, 75) Inf NM13, A dink—a calf that is no good, an ill-shaped or small animal; (Qu. HH11a, Someone who is too particular or fussy—if it’s a man) Inf MA1, Dink (homosexuality not implied). 1968 Adams Western Words 93, Dink—in rodeo, a roping or steer-wrestling horse that is poorly trained or does not perform well. 1988 WI State Jrl. (Madison) 5 Apr sec B 1/5, I’ve been asked to announce by the Dukakis campaign that my views aren’t necessarily the views of the Dukakis campaign. . . Now that that’s out of the way, isn’t George Bush a dink?
3 A small marble, usu made of clay. [Cf dinky small, undersized]
1966 DARE Tape NC22, And the little clay marbles I was telling you about are called dinks. . . Now those dinks were just about the size of your finger. They were small, and they were made out of clay. 1969-70 DARE (Qu. EE6b, Small marbles or marbles in general) Inf VA69, Dinks; (Qu. EE6c, Cheap marbles) Inf
pile, v
ridge runner, n
rock on the chest, n
rubber, v
ruction, n
saddle burn, n
sage grouse, n
satchel-ass, n, also attrib
sawbuck, n
scatter rake, n,
scissorbill, n
shade, v,
sidehill, n
sipe, n
slough grass, n
snirt, n
snoose, n
spike camp, n
squaw wood, n
study, v
Sunday, forty ways till, adv phr
sunfish, v,
Texas, n
tin dog, n
trail, v
trig, v
wampus, n
whang leather, n, also attrib
Yankee rain, n
Works Cited

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
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<tr>
<td>Dancing at the Rascal Fair</td>
<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>English Creek</td>
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Entries that contain Doig quotes

dab, v

cam, n

dead-ax wagon, n
dead camas, n
dink, n
dinner, n
drizzle, v
drizzles, n pl
ears lowered, get one’s, v phr
-eroo, suff
feature, v
fireshine, n
flabby, n
flibbert, adj
frigging, ppl adj, adv
gander, v
gandy dancer, n
gaup, v
glam, v1
gravel, v
gutwagon, n
hail out, v phr
haze, v,
Hoot, n2
Hoover, v
hundred, n, adj
jacket, v,
jasper, n2
jug, n
jughead, n
knothead, n
lady shovel, n
lamb lick, n
marble orchard, n
moccasin telegraph, n
mooch, v1
mull, n3
mutton puncher, n
overshot stacker, n
Hello, Carol,

DARE has just begun posting new entries on our website (at http://www.dare.wisc.edu/words(updated-entries). One new entry (which hasn’t yet been posted) is for “overshot stacker,” and one of our quotations is from English Creek. I thought you’d like to add it to your database of Ivan’s quotes in DARE. I’ll attach the entry.

Best wishes to you,
Joan

Doig in over...ocx (12.5 KB)
overshot stacker n esp NW, Rocky Mts
A device for stacking hay in which the hay is lifted over the apparatus and deposited on the other side; see quotes.
1913 Davidson Ag. Engin. 269, Field hay stackers are divided into two classes, the plain overshot and the swinging stacker. The first has a row of teeth, corresponding to the teeth of the sweep rake, on the end of long arms hinged near the ground. The hay is left upon these teeth by backing away the sweep rake. By means of a rope and pulleys the teeth are raised to a vertical position and the load of hay allowed to slide back onto the stack.
1919 U.S. Dept. Ag. Farmers’ Bulletin 1009.4, The overshot stacker . . is so called because the hay is carried up and over the stacker frame and delivered at one point on the stack.
Ibid 5, The “overshot” stacker is in general use in the Middle West, and can be used for large or small stacks.
1929 AmSp 5.56 NE [Cattle country talk], The “stacker” might be of the “over-shot” variety which shoots rather than piles the hay into stacks: the “stack-horse” (or horses) pulls, and an enormous wooden fork “shoots” the hay up.]
1958 AmSp 33.271 eWA [Ranching terms], Overshot stacker. A fork-like arrangement, used in conjunction with a buck rake, which throws the hay backward onto the stack.
1975 Independent—Rec. (Helena MT) 5 Oct 15/1, [Caption:] The arm of the overshot stacker worked like a big catapult to toss hay onto the stack. This picture shows a horse-powered overshot stacker being used.
1984 Doig English Creek 223 nMT, An overshot stacker worked as its name suggests, tossing a load of hay up over a high wide framework which served as a sort of scaffolding for the front of the haystack.
1986 Klinkenborg Making Hay 25 wMT, A hundred and fifty horses . . . [were] used to pull Case or McCormick and Deering mowers or push buckrakes or draw haywagons or work the Mormon derricks or overshot stackers or beaverslides.
Epiphany in South Texas
Donald M. Boyd

Since the Fieldworker reminiscences that have appeared in these pages have been among our most popular features, we were delighted to discover the following article in our files. Written during Donald Boyd’s DARE fieldwork stint in Texas, it was originally published in the July 1967 issue of Bias, An Opinionated Gazette and is reprinted by permission. In a recent letter to Chief Editor Joan Hall, Donald mused, “I don’t remember the Bias publication at all... I myself will be interested to see what I wrote then.” We’re certain our readers will also be interested in this account of time spent with two memorable informants.

When you go to make wine,” the old man said, “you got to put your grapes or berries or whatever and your sugar in an old crock. You cover ‘em up—I forgot to tell you, in the bottom of the crock you put some straw, up to about where the spicket is; then you fill up the crock with your berries and your sugar, and then you put a board across the top with a rock on it.

“You better put the whole thing out in the barn, someplace where it’s cool and dark, where if the preacher comes he won’t smell it! Then after about three or four weeks you go out and taste it to see how it’s coming along. Whenever it’s ready, then you bottle it.

“Now when you go to bottle the wine, make sure you don’t drink too much! And when you go to throw out the hulls and seeds and what-not, make sure you don’t throw ‘em where the pigs and chickens and such can get at ‘em. My wife done that once—she’d siphon the wine out of the crock.

From the Chief Editor’s Desk:
Sobering News
Joan Houston Hall

Most of you know that DARE has endured numerous financial crises over its fifty-year history of soft-money funding. More than once, we have been forced to reduce our staff and cut back expenditures to keep the project afloat. Two years ago, when launch of the digital version was threatened, many of you gave very generously to ensure that the goal of publishing it would be met. We are exceedingly grateful for your help then and your ongoing support over many years.

As you may have read in the Milwaukee Journal Sentinel (<http://tinyurl.com/MJS-DARE>), Time Online (<http://tinyurl.com/Time-DARE>), or the Boston Globe (<http://tinyurl.com/BG-DARE>), DARE is facing what could be its final financial battle. Without significant new funding, our staff will disband almost entirely after June 30 of this year. With what remains of a generous gift given by the UW–Madison Office of the Provost and Vice Chancellor two years ago, we will retain one editor’s position—that of Associate Editor George Goebel. Roland Berns will retire; Beth Gardner, Julie Schnebly, and Vanessa Smith will seek other opportunities; and I will officially retire, continuing in an advisory capacity.

We realize that the current economic climate makes fundraising increasingly difficult. Federal agencies are asked to support many more projects than their budgets allow; foundations are similarly stretched; the UW–Madison faces seriously reduced funding from the state; and individuals have felt the impact of the economic crises of the
Epiphany in South Texas  Continued from page 1

into a bottle, and when it would get full, she’d stick the siphon hose down in a glass while she corked the bottle. Then while the next bottle was filling, she’d drink off what was in the glass. That evening when I come home, me and the old dog was the only sober ones on the place!

“She come down to meet me, and she hit both gateposts! And the old sow, she come a-runnin’ to see what was the matter, and the little pigs was just a-squealin’ . The guineas, they run along behind, going ‘Ku-klux, ku-klux’ and the old ducks would go down to the bottom of the pond and we thought they never would come up! And that night, when the hens went to roost, they was so drunk they fell off the roost!

“And my wife, why, every time after that for a week when she’d take a drink of water she’d get dizzy again!”

When the old fellow who told me this story in the course of a dialect interview went home afterwards, his wife ordered him, “You get that young fellow out here; I’ve got a thing or two to say about that!” And so, bearing notebook and tape recorder, I went as bidden down dusty roads, past brown-backed Mexican laborers in fields of spinach and carrots, to the farmhouse: half kitchen, with a stove big enough to produce food for twenty or so, and a few feet away from it an enormous round oak table.

The old lady, slightly stooped, stood nearly six foot tall. As a concession to her maiden sister who was visiting her, she had abandoned her husband’s cigars (her preference) for Garrett’s snuff, which she managed with a deftness and delicacy incongruous with her gnarled hands, her weather-furrowed face, her angular frame. She set a mug of steaming coffee before me, the token that I was welcome, that I was accepted, and my eyes lit on the faded blue eagle tattooed on her forearm.

Bringing her own coffee to the table, she joined the sister, her husband—a big-bellied old raconteur whose dentures whistle when he talks, and whose stories are punctuated with high-pitched “hee-hee-hee”s—and me. I switched on my tape recorder, and a solemn pall descended upon the banter around the table. The sister couldn’t stand to see that reel turning, turning, turning with nothing being said; it’s wasteful, and waste is a sin. She turned to the old lady and cried, “Well, go on!”

“Now, don’t you go telling me to do this and do that. I’m a-going to tell this in my own way!”

I half expected her to deny what her husband had told me, but she began, “He never does get that recipe right,” and proceeded to correct some details in the wine-making procedure—the proportions of sugar to grapes; and it was grape leaves instead of straw; and it was the cellar, not the barn, because we didn’t have no barn then, and so on. The record straight, she concluded, “And that’s when I got drunk!”

We went on to talk about her cure for ulcers, and for snakebite, and for dropsy; about how to make biscuit properly, and a pecan pie for which she is justly famous in that country.

When she mentioned “biscuit” the old man couldn’t keep still: “Well, you put a little lard in the top of the flour sack—” he began, and she cut him off with “I never done any such thing!”

“I’m talking about the way you do it in camp, if you don’t have any mixing bowl,” he said lamely.

“You! I’ve been livin’ with you for right near fifty years and you haven’t made me a biscuit yet!”

Pacifically, I inquired why she should eat his biscuits if he could get her to make hers for them both. Acknowledging the superiority of her own product, she continued airily, “Yes, but he’s always a-braggin’ about ‘em. I don’t believe he ever did make biscuit!”

—and by that time having consumed nearly a dozen of hers, light and flaky, dripping with butter (“real cow-butter, not that dern oleo”) and strawberry preserves from their own strawberries I think I know why.

After completing his DARE fieldwork, Donald Boyd taught English linguistics at the University of Missouri–Columbia and at The University of Texas at Austin. Undergoing a midlife career change, he took graduate degrees in psychology and then ran a psychiatric rehabilitation unit at the Texas State Hospital in Austin for twenty-five years. Now retired, he lives with his wife of forty-four years in Austin.

Honors for DARE Staffer

Congratulations to our Social Media Representative, Erin Leary, who was recently awarded a Presidential Honorary Membership in the American Dialect Society. Chief Editor Joan Houston Hall accepted the honor on Erin’s behalf at the Society’s 2015 Annual Meeting in Portland, Oregon.

Erin, who is responsible for DARE’s Facebook page and Twitter account, received recognition of another kind last spring, when @darewords appeared on Time magazine’s list of the 140 best Twitter feeds of 2014. ♦
Sobering News

Continued from page 1

last few years. Why, then, are we so determined to keep going? Because our work is not finished!

In addition to adding entirely new entries and improving existing entries in our digital database, we have been busy with several projects that will make DARE materials more widely available:

1) Creating an API for DARE so that developers can make apps utilizing its wide-ranging materials (imagine an app for doctors, defining the thousands of regional and folk names for ailments and diseases; an app for regional foods; one for travelers in each region of the country; one for bird-watchers, with all of our regional and folk names for birds; one for writers who want their characters to use appropriate regional words and phrases; and one for makers of word games; the possibilities are limitless). Ultimately, such apps could bring the lexical treasures of DARE to millions, while at the same time generating a small stream of income.

2) “Bleeping” the personal or sensitive information in our collection of 1,843 audio recordings made between 1965 and 1970 so that they can all be posted on the University of Wisconsin Digital Collections Center website. We are more than halfway through this project, which is being carried out by graduate Project Assistants and undergraduate interns.

3) Posting short segments and transcripts of audio recordings from each state in the English Dialects section of the American Languages: Our Nation’s Many Voices Online site (<http://tinyurl.com/AmLangs>). So far, thirty-four states and the District of Columbia are represented.

4) Posting results of our Online Survey of Wisconsin English (see Julie Schnebly’s article in the next column).

If there is any positive news to offer, it is this: although the DARE project must retrench dramatically, it will not entirely disappear this year. Any support you can provide to help sustain the addition of entries to the digital database and the development of the DARE API will be gratefully received. Please consider using the coupon on page 8 to make a tax-deductible contribution to DARE. Your assistance has never been more vital to our survival.

The New Online Survey of Wisconsin English

Julie Schnebly

We’re still working our way through the data we collected from the 2013–14 Online Survey of Wisconsin English, but thought we’d take a moment to answer a few of your questions and share some early findings. We also want to express our sincere gratitude to every johnny-on-the-spot who participated. The survey and telephone interview participants volunteered their time and effort with no expectation of compensation of any kind. Their contributions to linguistic scholarship are beyond measure. So to all you guys who were freethreaded enough to help us out, we say thank you kindly, danke schon, gracias, much obliged, appreciate it, and merci.

Frequently Asked Questions

1. When will the results be available? What will be available?

DARE is currently working with a graduate student, Evan Applegate, at the UW–Madison Cartography Lab to create maps highlighting particular Wisconsin words or regional patterns. We have already posted a few of these to our website (<dare.wisc.edu/surveys/OSWE-maps>). We intend to add a small sample of maps, the full set of all official responses organized by question, and all the telephone recordings by June 30, 2015.

2. How many participants were there, and where were they from?

Although over 4,000 visits to the survey were recorded, only 1,730 participants actually answered at least one survey question; 1,663 were from Wisconsin. Of these, 622 met the official survey’s eligibility requirements and 245 will be used for official data. (If two respondents from the same community met the requirements, only the first was considered an “official” participant.) The map on page 5 shows the number of individuals who participated by community. Madison had the largest number of participants with 298, and La Crosse, Milwaukee, Appleton, and Portage each provided over fifty participants. All told, there were participants from 318 different communities in Wisconsin, representing all but one of Wisconsin’s seventy-two counties.

3. What “Wisconsin words” are alive and well today? What are some that might be dying out?

Wisconsinites still eat brats, lutefisk, and tiger meat (or cannibal sandwiches) and love a good fish fry, but nobody claimed to be eating German po-
tato salad or a kolacky anymore. (Maybe they just don’t want to share.) If you ask for a slippery Jim
in Juneau or Algoma, there might be a few people
who'd respond with something other than a
strange look. (It’s a pickle.) Most Wisconsinites are
grilling out when the snow melts, but others are
cooking out; in Belgium and Manitowoc, some folks
are even having a fry out.

We still celebrate golden birthdays and play schafs-
kopf (you might already know this complicated
card game by its other name, sheephead). Most of
us take food to a potluck nowadays, but you might
still get an invitation to a covered-dish meal. And
while many of you will bring casseroles, others will
be contributing a hot dish. What to drink? Well,
you’ll have to consult the map before you decide
whether you want a pop or a soda. Or you can just
get a drink at the bubbler, which seems to be over-
flowing in popularity. Of course, those of you who
prefer sipping suds may need to ask for a brewski
or a barley pop instead. Just don’t get too plastered, or
you might end up in a squad car.

4. Pop or soda?

It appears that pop is fizzing out and soda is
here to stay in Wisconsin, but there are still a few
holdouts around the state clutching their pop and
not letting go. Check out the maps on our website
(<dare.wisc.edu/surveys/OSWE-maps>) to see the
change over time.

5. What’s in the telephone interviews?

Forty-three Wisconsinites from twenty-four dif-
ferent communities engaged in a loosely scripted
fifteen-minute conversation with UW
Survey Center staff. They also read “The Story of
Arthur the Rat” and a list of one hundred words
chosen for their different pronunciations in various
parts of the country. We are still in the process of
preparing these for posting, and haven’t done any
actual linguistic analysis. Still, it is safe to say that
they will be exceedingly valuable from a linguistic
standpoint, in addition to providing a fascinating
oral history of life in Wisconsin in the early twenty-
first century. These interview participants share
wonderful details about the places they live, not to
mention their educational backgrounds and working
lives, hobbies, political viewpoints, and even
the books, movies, and television shows they enjoy.
(Breaking Bad and Parks and Recreation seem to be
Wisconsin favorites.) The interviews are compelling
for many reasons. We hope they will inspire future
research in a wide variety of fields.

6. Was the survey successful?

Yes! We received a tremendous amount of usable
data—over 400,000 responses (from all over
the state) to 1,764 questions, as well as recordings
of forty-three telephone interviews. Our partner-
ship with the UW Survey Center was integral to
the pilot study’s success. They conducted the tele-
phone interviews, administered the online survey,
and provided regular data deliveries, progress re-
ports, and ongoing support above and beyond the
call of duty. DARE, at its current staff and funding
levels, simply would not have been able to conduct
this survey without the UWSC.

Of course, because it was a pilot study, we
learned much along the way. There were technical
problems and difficulties recruiting participants. It
became clear that the survey was much too long.
The “digital divide” probably prevented us from
collecting some important regional language that
still thrives in out-of-the-way places and among
less-represented social groups.

Still, the amount of data we were able to collect
in a relatively short amount of time compared to
the original survey is phenomenal. We had more
respondents, more responses, and more questions
answered. Nice job, Wisconsin!

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<th>COMPARISON OF SURVEYS</th>
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<td>1965–70</td>
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<td>Official respondents</td>
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<td>Official responses</td>
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<td>Questions answered</td>
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7. Could this model be used for a nationwide
survey?

With some adjustments, we think so.
Unfortunately, there are no plans for a regional or
nationwide survey at this time. Despite the efficien-
cies gained from technology and a partnership with
the UW Survey Center, it would still be a massive
undertaking requiring significant funding, staff
hours, and nationwide interest. DARE will preserve
the methods and suggested modifications gleaned
from the Wisconsin pilot survey for anyone who
wishes to pick up the baton in the future.

8. Can I still take the survey?

The survey has closed, but the questions will
be available on our website. (The 1965–70 ques-
tionnaire is already available at <dare.wisc.edu/
surveys>.) Conduct some research of your own at
your next family gathering! As always, we want to
hear from you if you have questions, comments, or
suggestions concerning DARE words. •
Online Survey of Wisconsin English (2013–14)

1,730 total survey participants

Places & Participants
WI 1,663
MN 13
CA 5
IL 4
OR 4
WA 4
TX 3
IA 2
MA 2
NC 2
NY 2
VA 2
CO 1
GA 1
ID 1
KY 1
MI 1
MO 1
ND 1
NM 1
OR 1
SC 1
TN 1
WV 1
Canada 1
Spain 1
Unknown 11

Legacy communities
25–75
11–25
6–10
1–5
New communities
Non-targeted communities
Staff Member Profile

In the latest (and possibly last) installment of this series, Beth Gardner interviews Project Assistant and UW-Madison grad student Joy Kwon, who joined the DARE staff in August of 2014.

Q: What is your field of study, and what are your primary research interests?
A: I am a Ph.D. student majoring in English Language and Linguistics in the Department of English. I am deeply interested in real language usages, and my research interests include syntagm-semantics interface, second language acquisition, and discourse analysis.

Q: How did you first become aware of the Dictionary of American Regional English?
A: I was not aware of DARE until I heard of a position opening for a Project Assistant. I came to the U.S. last August from South Korea, so I had not had a chance to hear about this awesome project.

Q: What are your primary job responsibilities at DARE?
A: My primary job responsibilities largely fall into two parts: entering quotes and checking quotes. Entering assigned quotes into the DARE database is done sitting in front of the computer, typing phrases and sentences. This part is not difficult, but I need to be meticulous and scrupulous. The other part of my job is checking the original sources of the quotes. I often visit libraries, looking for a physical copy and checking whether the recorded quote does actually exist in the book.

Q: What is the most enjoyable aspect of your work at DARE?
A: As I grew up in South Korea, I did not have a chance to listen to or read English dialects. Working at DARE has opened my eyes to the colorful variation of English vocabulary. I also feel lucky to be a part of recording the history of the English language.

Q: What part of your work do you find most challenging?
A: I would say the most challenging part of my job is checking quotes right after lunch. Sometimes there is a big pile of quotes, and I just need to go through pages and check whether there are any typos. It is a repetitive, meticulous process, and I find myself easily drowsing in front of the computer! So I avoid working right after lunch (or bring strong coffee).

Q: What aspect of working on the DARE project has been the most surprising to you?
A: As I told you, I was ignorant of DARE until I got the PA position. When I started working at DARE, I was surprised to find out how long this project has been going on. DARE is almost fifty years old, and many of the staff have devoted themselves to this project over decades. Also, I truly admire all the former staff who worked at DARE without any technology—I can't imagine myself dealing with myriad words and quotes without the assistance of computers!

Q: What would you like to do after finishing your graduate program?
A: I would love to do research on multilingual societies and investigate how English is spoken as a lingua franca around the world. So maybe I will move to another country after completing my Ph.D., continue my academic research, and teach in academia. My research will be focused on syntactic levels and pragmatic competence of second language learners of English.

Q: When you have a rare moment of spare time away from your studies and your work, what are your interests?
A: I love strolling outside while listening to my favorite music. However, since Wisconsin has a long winter, I’ve had to find alternatives. These days I enjoy playing racquetball (although I’m a poor player, I’m having fun) and doing yoga. I also sing in my Korean Catholic church choir, and sometimes I play my violin at church. Last but not least, I love hanging out with my friends, not to mention listening for any interesting uses of language!
CONTRIBUTORS TO DARE IN 2014

The Dictionary of American Regional English is profoundly thankful for the generosity of these donors in 2014. Gifts were received by the Dictionary of American Regional English Fund and the Frederic G. Cassidy DARE Fund. Because this is a national project, it is particularly meaningful that donations were received from supporters in thirty-one states and the District of Columbia (and friends in France, Germany, and Switzerland as well).

Whether you are contemplating joining the ranks of DARE benefactors for the first time or renewing your support for our work, there could not be a more crucial time to make a contribution. Please read Chief Editor Joan Hall’s article on the first page and consider responding to our need by using the coupon on the last.
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Back and Forth with DARE
Ivan Doig

Because the pages of DARE contain numerous citations from both the novels and nonfiction works of Ivan Doig, it is a special pleasure to hear that our volumes have also been of use to him in his writing. We are happy to present an article by this acclaimed author.
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DARE Wins Dartmouth Medal .............. 7
I muse a bit here about DARE and me, I realize that my wordslinging contributions are just one side of the story. In my work, which now adds up to three nonfiction books and eleven novels, if I fairly often have been DARE’s confidant, the big volumes of *lingua Americana* have been my frequent companion. Let me count the ways.

—First and foremost, DARE many times has simply served as voice coach as I’ve warmed up for a day’s writing. Getting ready to perform the ventriloquism that animates my fictional narrators—sheep rancher Jick McCaskill in *English Creek* and *Ride With Me, Mariah Montana* and one-room-school prodigy and educator-to-be Paul Milliron in *The Whistling Season*, primarily—I might read ten pages at random (billy goat of the woods, say) just to catch the feel of how everyday lingo is made. Exaggeration, punning, humor, ethnic influence—not to mention Frederic Cassidy’s more lofty folk-speech categories of iteration, redundancy, malapropism, onomatopoeia, and so on up front in Vol. I—in the best of times sneak out from the pages to tickle my imagination. Thus, perhaps, Jick says of a herder gift at picking grazing areas for his sheep that he’s a true grassaroo, and Paul describes the nasty mix of moistureless snow and windblown dirt that he and his brothers are trudging through to the neighboring homestead as *snirt*, both ultimately returning to their lingual breeding ground as DARE entries.

—The mere availability of DARE and its persevering mission to capture America’s tunes of the tongue have helped to take me back to the homeland of vocabulary: childhood and youth. I’m a descendant of the lariat proletariat; my mother and grandmother were ranch cooks and my father was a hired hand on cattle and sheep ranches both, as was I as a summer hand all through high school and college. My dad, essentially a professional foreman, was a gifted storyteller and quick with bunkhouse humor to stay on good terms with the crew he ran. Growing up at his side as he raised me by himself for several years after my mother’s death when I was six, I naturally got earfuls of Montana earthiness as it was spoke. And then came the next figure who shaped my boyhood and ultimately my writing life.

“*You’re not sugar nor salt nor nobody’s honey, so the rain will never hurt you,*” she crooned to me to ignore our reliably aggravating high-country weather.

“That one goes around looking like she’s been yanked through a knothole backwards,” she huffed about our worst-dressed neighbor.
And, she confided about the couple dallying together in our wide-eyed little town, “Those two are as close as three in a bed with one kicked out.”

Into my life had come that river of proverbs, my grandmother. I was ten years of age, but a kid’s ears are as old as sin. All of a sudden I knew I was in new territory of life, something like honorary adulthood. Now, besides my Scots-burr storytelling widower father, here was my mother’s mother in this reluctant knot of bloodline they had made, to raise me. And you bet, my ears were busier than ever from then on, with the picture-play of words from this corseted, doughty woman born in 1893—whose formal education had broken off at the third grade—as when the prairie wind would swirl up her dress and she would announce, “Balloon ascension!”

So it is not happenstance that, besides what might be called a lyrical style of my own wording, starting with my first book, the National Book Award finalist This House of Sky, and similarly in my other nonfiction works, Winter Brothers and Heart Earth, and all of my soon to be dozen novels, there is also what I call a poetry of the vernacular in how my characters speak on the page. People who are poor in all else are often rich in language. Certainly that was the lesson of the memorably eloquent everydayness of that pair of imaginative tongues I grew up around. To attain a language that makes a shimmer behind the story—the appeal, the wonder, of the vernacular of people’s lives coming through—seems to me what Faulkner was up to, and Dickens, and surely Twain; I am glad to tag along after them with swathes of dialogue such as the herder Canada Dan’s complaint in my latest novel, The Bartender’s Tale, against an oblivious tourist caught in the path of a flock of sheep: “It’s getting so a man can’t even herd sheep through town without a tursten in the way, ain’t it?”

—Finally, DARE settles arguments magnificently; kapow, and that’s that. A know-it-all friend (okay, he’s an English professor) was certain I misheard or mistyped in calling the drainage ditch beside the highway a barrow pit, rather than a borrow pit, as he insisted he’d heard and read it referred to. Imagine my triumph when I produced the DARE entry extensively credentialing barrow pit as the primary usage, along with the computerized map showing its occurrence dead-center in my native part of Montana.

All in all, then, DARE and I have long been traveling the same byways. Almost literally so in The Bartender’s Tale, in which an eager young oral historian named Del Robertson arrives into the story, and my northern Montana literary province called the Two Medicine country, driving an equipment-packed Gab Lab. Aha, I can hear the loyal legion of DARE fieldworkers who bravely captained camper vans in search of new frontiers of lingo, it’s the Word Wagon!

Well, ’tis and ’tisn’t, to try out a locution I’m not sure Shakespeare ever risked. Somewhere in the back of my mind may have been that example of rubber-tired research, but in my kind of fiction I frequently make up my own version of things that turn out to already more or less exist. Viz., in Prairie Nocturne, the Over There Committee to memorialize the dead of World War
I, thought up by me for plot purposes, proved to have real-life counterparts in Great Britain and Europe.

Viz., in *The Whistling Season*, Paul Milliron's spooky capacity to remember all his dreams all his life, which I flat-dab made up and dubbed *mnnesia*, turned out to be somewhat similar to an actual neurological condition of ungovernable recall.

In the case of the Gab Lab, Del Robertson's 1960 VW camper loaded with recording gear was more closely inspired by the travel of my wife, Carol, and me in tracking down, first, the voices that knew my father and grandmother and their times, for *This House of Sky*. Thus it was that the African-American singer Taylor Gordon, one Montana summer day of 1968, chucked into my reel-to-reel recorder about the writer Carl Van Vechten's habit of showing up at Harlem rent parties wearing a *phantom red* shirt. And in the next decade, my series of interviews, roughly "Listening to This Land" for a Seattle magazine, produced life-tales in people's own words, such as the gent who told me of having been a guard on a Puget Sound fish trap when his relief man rowed out to him, calling as he came that someone named Lindbergh had flown an airplane across the Atlantic. Thence to the dozens and dozens of interviewees—forest rangers, Fort Peck Dam workers, people who were homestead kids and attended one-room schools, and so many others—that underlay my fictional undertakings ever since, and have yielded much of the back-and-forth linking Doig to DARE and vice versa.

Nor, I think, are DARE and I done yet in our roamings through the regions of language. For the ongoing digital edition, my candidates are at the ready: *cartoheel*, which is what silver dollars were called in the Montana bars and cafes my dad and I were customers of, back then; *school section*, the square mile of a township that produced revenue for the county schools and served as an essential lingual landmark in rural geography, as in "The cattle are in there north of the school section"; and what about *swuft*, which came out the end of my fingers into *The Bartender's Tale* to mean swift-minded, brainy, sensible, and other previously inexpressible sterling qualities? Meanwhile, on DARE's magisterial side of the matter, a bookmark abides at page 84 of Vol. III as I contemplate which of my characters in the next novel shall have a *jackknife face*. ♦

*Joan Doig’s twelfth novel, Sweet Thunder, will be published on August 20, 2013, by Riverhead Books, a division of Penguin Group USA.*

**DARE Weathers Financial Crisis**

*Joan Houston Hall*

*Chief Editor*

*After a difficult winter and spring, in which DARE’s financial situation was so uncertain that staff members were issued “at risk of layoff” notices, the project’s fortunes are looking up! As a result of the heartwarming generosity of friends and supporters, we are able to continue working with regional English from *Adam’s housecat* to *zydeco*. And by the end of this year, the digital edition of DARE will be available (watch for details in a future issue of this Newsletter)!*

*We are grateful to many individuals and organizations, chief among them an anonymous donor, whose extraordinarily generous gift initiated a snowball effect; the UW's College of Letters & Science, which matched the anonymous gift; the UW's Office of the Provost, which will provide assistance for three years; the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, a mainstay for DARE over several decades; the National Endowment for the Humanities, without which DARE would not exist; the American Dialect Society, DARE’s sponsor; and the Gladys Krieble Delmas Foundation, a very important longtime supporter. With their gifts, and those from individuals mentioned below, DARE now has enough support to continue for at least another year.*

*Significant help came from the blogosphere as well. Sounding the alarm for DARE, bloggers Ben Zimmer (*Language Log*), Allan Metcalf (*The Chronicle of Higher Education*), and John E. McIntyre (*Baltimore Sun*), as well as journalists Mark Johnson (*Milwaukee Journal Sentinel*) and Dan Simmons (*Wisconsin State Journal*) let readers know that their help was urgently needed. Hundreds of word lovers from across the country and around the world responded. New contributors as well as longtime friends rallied to our aid, sending gifts ranging from a few dollars to thousands.*

*On campus, linguists Joe Salmons, Anja Wanner, Monica Macaulay, and Rob Howell gathered signatures from dozens of colleagues. They represented not only English, German, Scandinavian, African, and Asian languages, but fields as diverse as Landscape Architecture, Cartography, the Study of the American Constitution, and Disability Resources, among others. These colleagues testified with enthusiasm to the importance of DARE in their many lines of research.*

*To all of the people and organizations listed above, DARE staff members send our grateful*
Meet Toni Drake

We are pleased to welcome our new Director of Development, Toni Drake, to the DARE team. In this interview, Beth Gardner poses a few questions to introduce Toni to our Newsletter readers.

Q: What brought you to the University of Wisconsin Foundation?
A: As a native Madisonian and UW grad (BSE’00, JD’07), I knew that this was the place for me as soon as I learned about the Foundation and its role as the fundraising, investment, and stewardship arm of the University.

Q: What are your primary job responsibilities at the Foundation?
A: As a Director of Development for the College of Letters & Science, I meet with alumni and supporters and work closely with the Psychology Department, the English Department, and, of course, DARE!

Q: What do you enjoy most about your work?
A: The good fortune to meet all kinds of interesting, altruistic people and help them connect with their philanthropic passions at our world-class alma mater.

Q: What is the most surprising thing you’ve discovered in working with DARE?
A: The wonderful news that, contrary to popular belief, American English is not becoming homogenized! I was also surprised that DARE wasn’t accessible online, and look forward to that happy day.

Q: As a native Wisconsinite, do you have any favorite regional expressions?
A: I say “bubbler” and “gesundheit,” of course, but also remember the TYME (Take Your Money Everywhere) machines that were the first ATMs here. I’ll never forget asking someone in New York where I could find the “time machine” and watching them back away from me slowly. . . .

Q: What do you like to do in your leisure time?
A: During our short but lovely Midwestern summers, I try to get in as much biking and gardening as possible. The rest of the time is spent running after my two-year-old, a big chatterbox and future DARE reader. I recently told my husband that he’d put on her diaper cattywompus. He insisted that he’d put it on just fine, thank you, and cattywompus wasn’t a word. The first point is still up for debate, but DARE came to my rescue on the second point [DARE Ed: see catawampus adj 1].
Volume VI DARE Quiz Key
Julie Schnebly

Though the Volume VI DARE quiz in the Winter 2013 issue of our Newsletter made some of you want to flash your cookies, it was a wingding doodle of a time for others. There were fifteen people who got all the right answers—perhaps as quick as a sheep shakes his tail? We broke the tie with a drawing, and Mark Mandel was the lucky winner of a copy of Volume VI. Others achieving perfect scores were Lauren M. Blough, Laurel Brinton, Jackie Cassidy, Thomas L. and Elizabeth B. Cooksey, George Downs, Wilson F. Engel III, Connie Flint, Alan Hartley, John Ingham, Margaret Klein, William C. Moore, Betty P. Nelson, Karen Putnam, and Barbara Vass. If we didn’t mention your name, it seems that you had some trouble with coffee, out-of-the-way places, vomiting, and trusting people. Maybe you should get that checked out! In any case, we hope you had fun, and we thank everyone who participated. The answers appear below. ✴

A23 To do something at the very first try: “He got the right answer _____.”
   — First crack off the bat
   — Got it on tick
   — Quick as a sheep shakes his tail

B25 Any joking names around here for a very heavy rain? You might say, “It’s a regular _____.”
   — Goose-drencher
   — Scuttle of mud
   — Toad-strangler

C33 What joking names do you have for an out-of-the-way place, or a very unimportant place?
   — Squirrel Hollow
   — Water-buster
   — Wide place in the road

H74a Different words for coffee according to how it’s made—very strong:
   — Belly-washer
   — Spoon stands up in it
   — Strong enough to kill a horse

U11 If you buy something but don’t pay cash for it, you might say, “I _____.”
   — Bought it on time
   — Feed the fish
   — Put it on the sleeve

V2b About a deceiving person, or somebody that you can’t trust, you might say: “I wouldn’t trust him _____.”
   — As far as I could throw a bull by the tail
   — Behind a broomstraw

CC9 Where it doesn’t snow
   — Ankle-biter
   — Stinker

LL6a Wee nip

BB17 Other words or expressions used around here for vomiting:
   — Flash his cookies
   — Past the front gate
   — Upchuck

CC9 Other words or expressions for hell: “That man is headed straight for _____.”
   — Back side of nowhere
   — Down under
   — Hades

EE29 When swimmers are diving and one comes down flat onto the water, that’s a _____.
   — Belly-buster
   — One good frog-leap
   — Pancake

FF17 Words meaning that people had a very good or enjoyable time: “We all had a _____ last night.”
   — Ball
   — Gas

Z16 Live wire

LL6a A small, indefinite amount—for example, of cream: “I’ll take just a _____ of cream in my coffee.”
   — Skosh
   — Smidgen
   — Wingding doodle

MM24 Other expressions meaning ‘a short distance’: “The river is just a _____ from the house.”
   — Lickety-split
   — Stone’s throw
   — Whoop and a holler
**DARE Wins Dartmouth Medal**

The *Dictionary of American Regional English* was the recipient of the 2013 Dartmouth Medal for most outstanding reference work, an honor conferred by the Reference and User Services Association (RUSA) of the American Library Association. Chief Editor Joan Houston Hall accepted the award on June 30 at the ALA Annual Conference in Chicago.

Dave Tyckoson, Associate Dean of the Henry Madden Library at California State University, Fresno, presents the medal to Joan Hall; looking on is Mary Popp, Research and Discovery Services Librarian at Indiana University and Chair of RUSA.
DARE Newsletter

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Coupon good through October 31, 2013
It is with great sadness that we report the death of DARE's Chief Editor, Frederic G. Cassidy, on June 14, 2000. At age 92, Fred was energetic, purposeful, and mentally acute up until the moment of a stroke on May 11. His great hope was that he would live to see the final volume of DARE in print, but he was also a realist and recognized that statistics were not on his side. With characteristic forethought, Fred had made plans for a smooth transition and had established a committee to appoint his successor as Chief Editor. He recommended that Joan Houston Hall, his Associate Editor and colleague for twenty-five years, lead the project to completion. He also had complete confidence in the talent, abilities, and dedication of the DARE staff, and knew that we would ultimately fulfill his dream. Together we shall bring DARE to a successful conclusion in a way that would make Fred proud.

This combined Spring/Summer issue of the DARE Newsletter is devoted almost entirely to Fred, with reminiscences by some of his many friends and colleagues. We hope that sharing these memories will allow those who knew him only in
print to feel better acquainted with the person behind the work—a man who inspired generations of students, who gave young scholars the encouragement they needed to publish a first book or apply for the perfect job, who was the lively center of professional and social gatherings, and who saw the best in those around him.

Although Fred Cassidy is best known to readers of this Newsletter as the inspiration behind DARE, and its Chief Editor since 1963, his lifelong passion for language included Anglo-Saxon poetry, Chaucer, the history and structure of English, Caribbean Creole languages, and place names, as well as dialects and lexicography.

Fred liked to joke that his interest in language began when, as a child, he sat on “the big Webster’s” in order to reach the dinner table; the words in the dictionary must have come into him by osmosis, he said. Growing up in Kingston, Jamaica, he was exposed early to different varieties of English. The standard varieties of his Canadian-born father and his Jamaican mother contrasted with the Creole English of the black majority; he switched back and forth easily, and the patois was so well ingrained that when he visited Jamaica nearly seventy years later, he was able to frustrate an attempted robbery by scolding the perpetrator in Creole.

The Cassidy family moved in 1918 to Akron, Ohio, where Fred learned yet another variety of English. After attending public school there, he started out at Akron University before enrolling in Oberlin College, where he earned a B.A. in 1930 and an M.A. in 1932. There he solidified his interest in literature as well as language and met the love of his life, a young Frenchwoman named Hélène Lucile Monod, whom he married in 1931. They later became the parents of three sons and a daughter.

Fred’s introduction to lexicography came during graduate school at the University of Michigan (Ph.D., 1938), where he worked as an assistant on the Early Modern English Dictionary as he wrote a dissertation on English pronouns. For his first “real” job, he accepted a position as Instructor in the Department of English at the University of Wisconsin–Madison in 1939. Sixty years later, having moved through the ranks of Assistant, Associate, Full, and Emeritus Professor, he was still in Madison, one of the city’s and the University’s biggest boosters.

A Fulbright Research Fellowship during 1951–52 gave Fred the opportunity to go back to Jamaica, where he traversed the island with a forty-pound tape recorder, a twenty-five-pound converter, and automobile batteries, and interviewed native Jamaicans about their daily lives. The recordings provided him with the material for Jamaica Talk (1961) and for the Dictionary of Jamaican English, which he co-edited with Robert B. LePage (1967).

Fred’s interest in dialects had been piqued by the chance to do fieldwork for the Linguistic Atlas of the North Central States in the 1940s and by the Wisconsin English Language Survey, which he undertook in 1950 with graduate student Audrey Duckert. The questionnaire that they developed for WELS became the basis for the questions used in the Dictionary survey. Together they planned the massive project and coined the official title, with its acronym “DARE.” (The other logical title, “Dictionary of Regional American English,” yielded a much less appealing acronym, they thought.)

Most readers of this Newsletter know the DARE story from that point on (if you don’t, we’ll be happy to fill you in, on request), the highlights being the publication of Volumes I (1985), II (1991), and III (1996). Fred was fully involved in the project until his death, though he had turned over day-to-day operations of the project to Joan Hall and the staff. DARE stands as his lasting legacy, a testament to his vision, his energy, his hard work, and his eternal optimism.

Fred in Jamaica with storyteller “Brother Martin” and former UW student Dr. Laura Tanna in 1999

Photo courtesy of Laura Tanna
Funding Update
David Simon
Development Specialist

At least three times a week, he would stride down the hall to my office, a twinkle in his eye and a determined look on his face. He never knocked on the door. He always entered and began talking as though we were in mid-conversation. "Is (fill in your name) on the DARE Newsletter mailing list? Have you contacted (fill in another name) about making a gift to DARE? Why don't you call (yet another name) about contributing to DARE?" He was always full of ideas to help the Dictionary.

He, of course, was Professor Frederic G. Cassidy. For over thirty years, Fred worked to see that DARE would be completed. It was his professional passion. He knew that private support was necessary to finish the Dictionary, and he wanted to help find that support. Many of you are now on the DARE Newsletter mailing list thanks to a suggestion made by Professor Cassidy.

"On to Z" was a phrase that Fred liked a lot. I heard him say it with pride and enthusiasm on many occasions: the words brought a smile to his face and reflected his goal for DARE. It is also the goal of the entire DARE staff, and we will finish the project in Professor Cassidy’s memory.

The Frederic G. Cassidy DARE Fund has been set up to honor Professor Cassidy’s life and to help make sure that DARE reaches the letter Z. Over forty people have contributed to it in the last seven weeks. I hope you will join them. Your gift to the Frederic G. Cassidy DARE Fund is an important and meaningful way for you to honor Fred’s amazing life and to help complete the project that he loved so much.

All gifts to the Frederic G. Cassidy DARE Fund, large and small, will be very much appreciated. You can contribute to the Fund by filling out the form in the next column. Checks should be made out to Frederic G. Cassidy DARE Fund and mailed to DARE, 6131 Helen C. White Hall, 600 North Park Street, Madison, WI 53706, Attn: David Simon. If you are interested in making a gift of stock or a deferred gift to the Fund, please call me at (608) 265-9836 so we can discuss the easiest way to make that type of contribution. Thank you for your support and for honoring Professor Cassidy.

On to Z! ✪

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Please use this gift to support the Frederic G. Cassidy DARE Fund.
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White Hall, 600 North Park Street, Madison, WI
53706, Attn: David Simon.

Ask a Fieldworker

With our next Newsletter we will continue our series of Fieldworker reminiscences, a feature that has generated enthusiastic response from readers. If the accounts that you read stimulate questions about what it was like to go out and collect the words and phrases in the pages of DARE, send them to “Ask a Fieldworker” at the address on our letterhead. Our crew of word gatherers will try to answer your queries. ✪

Fred with former Governor Lee Sherman Dreyfus at the WI Humanities Council Awards ceremony, Oct 8, 1999
Notes and Quotes

News of Fred Cassidy's death spread quickly in the language community, and dozens of messages came to the DARE office with reminiscences, testimonies, and tributes to the man who had influenced the lives of countless students and colleagues. We share small parts of a few of those messages below.

"He left from the summit, and what more could any of us want? . . . It was good to be able to remember him as an evidently content and satisfied man, brimming with a life of achievement. I feel so very privileged to have met him."

Simon Winchester
Author of The Professor and the Madman

"Of few people, even outstanding people of great accomplishments, can it be said that their lives were of a piece, that they seemed to be ordered from the earliest years toward a singular, sustained achievement of grand proportions. But of Fred, I think one can say that, and this internal completeness, this integration of his work and life, gave Fred the capacity to carry on with . . . confidence and spirit, to convey to others that the seemingly impossible could be done, and finally to convince them."

Sidney Landau
Author of Dictionaries: The Art and Craft of Lexicography

"Fred was my exemplar of scholarship united with Menschlichkeit and great good humor."

Arnold Zwicky
Stanford University

"Though an intensely purposeful scholar, he was a gentle soul whose love of the dialects and colorful metaphors of the American language was contagious. I have been an unabashed shill (slang origin . . . now meaning 'pitchman') for . . . DARE for nearly two decades because Fred's organized wonderment made me a believer."

William Safire
New York Times Magazine July 2, 2000

"The world of linguistics, and especially of lexicography, may have lost one of its foremost scholars and colleagues, but I have personally lost a good and valued friend. . . . His passing has left a great gap, and you at DARE must feel his death

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DARE Staffers Remember Fred Cassidy

Joan Houston Hall
Associate Editor

I first heard of Fred Cassidy in 1968 when I was a very green graduate student at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. I had fallen into a linguistics course quite by accident, and I heard about an amazing project going on in Madison, Wisconsin, with the strange but intriguing acronym of DARE. At the time I thought, "Wouldn't it be fantastic to be part of that someday?"

A couple of years later my advisor hosted a party for people who had come to a linguistic geography conference in Atlanta. I knew that Fred would be there, and planned to introduce myself and let him know of my interest in his project. But I was quite awed by all the big names who were there and I never got up the courage to speak to any of them. I wish I had known then that it wouldn't have been hard; I shouldn't have been intimidated by any of them, least of all by Fred Cassidy.

As it happened, a few years later I was finishing my dissertation at the same time that Fred was ready to start the actual editing of DARE. My advisor wrote a letter on my behalf and Fred hired me, sight unseen.

Right away I discovered that here was a man who was, by nature, supremely optimistic as well as cheerful, hardworking, and intellectually curious. That optimism was a crucial part of DARE's success when we encountered serious funding problems along the way. The curiosity was satisfied by his mantra, "I should look that up." And he did.

DARE staff soon learned that coffee breaks could be the source of amazing new tidbits of information. One day Fred was telling of having moved from Jamaica, West Indies, to Akron, Ohio, when he was eleven years old. He soon discovered that a neighbor had a yard full of ripe strawberries. Although he had read about strawberries and cream, he had never had a chance to taste the fruit. He lay down on his belly with his face in the plants, picking and eating as fast as he could. Wonderful! This particular yard also had a patch of currant bushes. He knew currants from Jamaica as the dried fruits that went into a fruitcake. He liked those. So he tried the fresh currants too—what a
horrible surprise! "That was a taste that took getting used to," he said. "And, by the way, do you know the etymology of currant? It's from Corinth—C-o-r-i-n-t-h, or with a K, of course, in Greek."

Fred was an amazing storehouse of knowledge, but he was not purely highbrow. He loved being part of his play-reading group, he wrote poetry that could be silly as well as serious, he delighted in good puns and clever limericks, he was a fantastic whistler, and any day was a good day for Fred if it started with a banana.

Fred with Joan Hall at the DSNA Fish Boil in 1997

Reminiscences that have come pouring in from colleagues and former students since his death have had two consistent themes: one was that he was extremely supportive of younger scholars. The number of people around the country and around the world who consider Fred their mentor is a strong testament to his success as a teacher. Bob Wachal, now retired from the University of Iowa, wrote, "He had the wonderful gift of letting you go with an idea and not overmentoring you. When you were his research assistant, he let you do your work, not his; a fact that occasionally got him into trouble with small-minded deanlets." Dennis Baron, of the University of Illinois, said, "Fred was generous with his praise ... and he told me with tact and force exactly where I had gone off track. ... [H]e always encouraged my work, even when he disagreed with my conclusions." And Patricia VanDyk, a Fieldworker for DARE who is now at Northwest Missouri State University, wrote: "In my mind's eye, I can see Professor Cassidy as he was more than thirty years ago. He had a wonderful way of inclining his head toward those who met him in the hallways of Bascom. His eyes would relay the pleasure of the meeting, and he would smile warmly. Others might have had projects and publications that took them toward abstractions/polysyllabics/somewhere else in the human landscape. But the boss was always engaged with whoever was coming down the hall at the time."

The other theme that resonated through the correspondence was the twinkie in Fred's eye. A message from Dennis Preston, at Michigan State University, recalls the time at a conference in Bangor, Wales, in 1987, when he and Fred and others went for a drive "to the boondocks, which Fred and I both liked. We got lost, ... and decided to go up and over (rather than the stodgy, which Fred was never for, "around"). As we came to the end of the road and I started to turn back, Fred hopped out of the car, opened the sheep gate, and waved us through. 'Got to be a way down,' said the only person (other than Santa Claus) I ever saw who actually had a twinkie in his eye. A little later we came down on the other side, the bright lights of Bangor in the distance."

The image of Fred waving the car through the sheep gate brings to mind the picture of Fred behind the wheel of his little blue VW. All of the DARE staff (and probably much of Madison as well) can testify that Fred loved to drive—fast—and that it could sometimes be a little scary to be in the passenger seat. Our first program officer from NEH likes to tell the story of coming here for a site visit and going out to lunch with Fred. George Farris is a tall man, and he had to fold up his legs to fit into the little car. As they emerged from the lower parking lot, Fred sped toward the exit gate. Not knowing that Fred had it timed perfectly so that he could sneak under just as the gate rose, George gave a squawk, ducked, and hid his head in his arms, sure they were going to crash. They both laughed about that for years.

So when Fred finally had to give up his driver's license a couple of years ago it was with real regret. It meant that he had to depend on others, which he didn't like to do. Most of the time his son Mike, his housemate Tom Herron, or DARE staff members could take him where he needed to go. But at one

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particularly strongly. There was only one Fred Cassidy!

William Nicolaisen
University of Aberdeen

“Every time I think of him, I remember laughter.
... I’m grateful for the joy he gave so many of us.”

Loreto Todd
University of Leeds

“He was a walking erudition and a man of greatness as well. Those of us who knew him well are lucky to have benefited from his wisdom and generosity. His death leaves a huge hole in the world of language, but his life leaves us a great model for the quest of knowledge.”

Vartan Gregorian
President, Carnegie Corporation of New York

“I was sad to hear the news. I hope the project continues on in his spirit. They really are remarkable books and he was a remarkable man.”

David Remnick
Editor, The New Yorker

“He was the last of that generation... of academic people whose demands on themselves and expectations of others were high, not suffering fools lightly, and much concerned with social behaviors of gentility and wit.”

Charles T. Scott
University of Wisconsin—Madison

“We have lost one of THE lexicographers of our times.”

Edmund Weiner
Principal Philologist, Oxford English Dictionary

“It was ridiculous to suppose that he could live forever, but I just assumed somehow that he would—or at least until the last volume was completed.”

Leslie Barratt
Indiana State University

“Fred... paid careful attention to my presentations, my answers to questions, and to the often-aggressive questions I asked other presenters... He taught me the value of collaborating with col-

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DARE Staffers Remember  Continued from page 5
point he decided he ought to learn how to use the bus system. And I tell this story only to demonstrate the charisma this man exhibited even in his 92nd year. There is a bus stop not too far from his house, so Fred walked there and waited for a bus. A car stopped and the driver asked if he wouldn’t like a ride. Fine! Fred didn’t recognize the man, but the driver knew full well who Fred was, and took him straight to Helen White Hall. The next time Fred went to the bus stop, a truck driver stopped, offered him a lift, and deposited him at our doorstep. The third time, Fred arrived just as a bus was pulling up. He got on, sat behind the driver, and engaged him in conversation. At some point the driver asked where he was going, “To Helen White Hall,” said Fred. Without blinking, the driver went a good four blocks off his route and dropped him in front of Helen White Hall.

Everybody liked Fred because Fred liked everybody. (I know of only one exception: he detested Joe McCarthy, and the only time he got politically involved was to circulate petitions to try to remove the Senator from office.) Fred Cassidy leaves a huge hole in the lives of his family, in the University, in Madison, in the linguistics community, and particularly at DARE. I know that I speak for the entire staff when I say that we are proud to be associated with the project, honored to have known him, grateful for the opportunities he gave us, and determined to carry out his dream. On to Z! ♦

Elizabeth R. Gardner
Senior Proofreader

One of my grade school teachers used to tell her students, “When you grow up, remember this—if you do what you really love, you will never grow old.” As a seven-year-old, I didn’t understand that statement. I’m not certain I truly understood it until I joined the DARE staff and met Frederic Cassidy.

Prof. Cassidy’s enthusiasm for DARE knew no bounds, and it kept him more active than many people half his age. His fondest hope was to live to see the project through to completion. Realistically, we knew the odds were against this; but such was the force of Prof. Cassidy’s personality that, as one of his former students remarked, “Somehow, I really thought he would outlive us all.” Through the pages of DARE, of course, he will. ♦
Leonard Zwilling
General Editor, Bibliographer

My last conversation with FGC took place only a couple of days before his stroke. I had recently acquired an autograph of H.L. Mencken, which I had had framed along with one of Edward Steichen’s well-known portraits of him from the 1920s. Knowing that FGC would be interested in seeing an artifact of one who had done so much to promote the study of American regional speech, I brought it to him. “Ah, Mencken,” he said, and told me a story on himself. FGC had been at a meeting of the American Dialect Society at which Mencken, too, was in attendance. Seeing him across the room, FGC desired to shake the great man’s hand and began walking towards him. Mencken, whose attention had been elsewhere, turned to see FGC approaching, and, as FGC put it, “hurriedly escaped through the nearest door.” “Mencken,” FGC said, “was probably thinking, ‘Not another damned English professor.’”

Sheila Y. Kolstad
Senior Science Editor

From the time I first met him when I was a young student interested in Old English to the last time I saw him shortly before his death in June, Fred Cassidy always showed himself to be an uncommon man. I knew him as teacher, mentor, friend, and colleague in lexicography over a period of more than forty years.

I and many others also knew Fred as a fine raconteur. One of his stories was of having had his tonsils out at home in Akron, Ohio. In turn after his brother Harold, young Fred was spread out on the kitchen table where the doctor performed the surgery. All during this procedure, the Jamaican nursemaid, who had been purposely shut out of the house, ran about outside from kitchen window to kitchen window, peering in, wailing in distress and making dire imprecations in her native patois lest the physician hurt “Master Freddy,” her special favorite.

There were many other tales. One had to do with a summer job as an interoffice messenger for the B.F. Goodrich Company in Akron. The firm was housed in several separate buildings connected by tunnels. In the interest of dispatch, Fred was at times required to roller-skate through these tunnels. Another summer Fred served as amanuensis to a retired executive. This employer allowed the young man to drive his personal speedboat on occasion, no doubt a heady experience even then for someone whose driving predilections became legend over the years!

It was expected during a visit to his family in Jamaica one Easter that Fred attend religious services. At the time Fred considered it a compromise of his own principles to take communion. His regret at not having taken communion stayed with

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DARE Staffers Remember

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him in later years. He acknowledged the certain hurt he had done to his devout father and felt that this should have outweighed principle even then.

Fred’s wide-ranging intellectual curiosity led him to a broad knowledge in many areas sometimes extraneous to his field of study. In the summer of 1965 the *Dictionary of American Regional English* moved into its first quarters at 2218 University Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin. This location had previously been home to two research studies on bumblebees carried out by the University of Wisconsin Entomology Department. A drawer of one of several file cabinets left behind was labeled “Dissected Bumblebee Brains—*Bombus bimaculatus*.” Fred was enthralled! When I admitted to peripheral involvement in these studies, he demanded I bring in a dissection kit the following day and show him exactly how and to what purpose bumblebee ganglia were taken apart.

At the back of these DARE offices was a natural area of grasses and other flowering plants. When Fred noticed something unfamiliar living or growing there, he wanted it identified immediately. Many mornings I arrived to find an impatient Fred with yet another bit of plant to be denominated. His interest in putting a name to such things continued throughout his life. This lifelong awareness of the natural world most certainly provided much of the impetus to DARE’s comprehensive and uncommon treatment of regional terms for plants, birds, animals, and whatever else has caught the attention of the native speaker of American English.

Fred’s many professional contributions in areas of knowledge and scholarship have been often recognized and frequently extolled. His professional presence is missed by many; I miss him also as a person.

Elizabeth Blake

Proofreader

Often Mr. Cassidy would be skillfully whistling an upbeat, complex melody when he joined several of us working in the “Big Room.” I relish the memory of his happy dedication, of the many times he seemed so satisfied as he settled down at his desk and quickly became absorbed in reading every word of every entry set before him. Often when I happened to be the last one in the office, as

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Notes and Quotes

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leagues who do not share my positions and to realize that sometimes the differences in our views are not as big as they seem.”

Salikoko Mufwene
University of Chicago

“I’m speechless. . . Part of me died this morning, and I just now found out.”

Don Lance
University of Missouri

“The world seems a smaller place without him, but then he had such a full and rich life that I know he never wasted any of his joy or intellect.”

Laura Tanna
Kingston, Jamaica

“Go with words, Fred. Dennis Preston . . . wouldn’t have been [a] Professor without you.”

Dennis Preston
Michigan State University

Fred dancing with Vicki Neufeldt at the DSNA Fish Boil in 1997

Photo by Don Lance
he left he would say with feigned hauteur, "I leave you now, Madam," and remind me, as he jauntily waved goodbye, to be sure to close any open office doors.

Luanne von Schneidemesser
Senior Editor, Production

I hesitate to write anything about Frederic Cassidy, because nothing on paper can capture his true spirit, the twinkle in his eye, his joy in searching down and solving the puzzle of an etymology, his glee at having come up with another pun.

FGC loved language. I was already working at DARE when I defended my dissertation in the UW-Madison German Department, so I asked him to be a reader on my committee even though German colloquial language was not really his field. He read the whole thing very carefully. I remember his utter delight in having made a bilingual pun during the defense. He was fluent in French, and he knew Latin, a bit of Greek, and some Spanish, Italian, and German as well.

Coffee breaks with FGC and John McGalliard frequently turned into something for the rest of the DARE staff members to marvel at. John and FGC were of the generation that learned Latin and studied classics, memorized poems and passages of prose as a necessary part of a good and well-rounded education, and loved all of this knowledge. While most of us could now and again add a comment on one or another topic, the interplay between the two of them in speculating on etymologies, bringing in points from Latin, Old Irish, French, Old English, Shakespeare, Homer, or Gilbert and Sullivan—you name it, it came up—or reciting poems learned long ago, the one completing the lines the other could not quite remember, was to me both awesome and delightful.

But FGC was more than a scholar and academician. He was a Mensch, as John Algeo has said. I often saw him out in his yard digging dandelions. The only way to truly get rid of them, he would say, was to get out the whole root. And it was his mission to do this. At the other extreme of his passions, he was unabashedly proud of his grandchil-
dren and developed a special relationship with each of them, struggling in spirit with them when they had problems and rejoicing at their successes.

At DARE, new employees were not truly staff members until they had ridden with him; this trial by fire made them members of a hallowed inner circle. We all knew after our own experiences as Fred’s passengers that we had guardian angels. His driving style was perfectly suited to the traffic circle around the Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

FGC also seemed to be blessed with a guardian angel, not only while he was driving, but also for keeping DARE afloat. Many times we received notice that our funds would not reach past a certain date, but before that date something always turned up. “Turned up” is perhaps too flippant a phrase, because obviously a great deal of work went into obtaining grants. A symbolic melon was cut and consumed when the Mellon Foundation came through in such a time of need.

Fred with the editors of his Festschrift, Dick Ringler, Joan Hall, and Nick Doane in 1992

When the decision was made to publish DARE one volume at a time instead of the whole text at once, I became involved in developing a way to get the text to Harvard Press so that the whole thing would not have to be proofread again. This was in an era before microcomputers. (My qualifications when I started this were a husband who directed computer activities for another department on campus.) DARE needed to set up a production team; we also needed to get the maps into camera-ready format. To do the latter task we hired a computer programmer, Jean Anderson. To do the former, I hired a typist and proofreader, and
gradually we set up appropriate procedures for handling the entering of the text with codes and proofing it, so that it could be checked in-house and then sent to the Press on magnetic tape. Using the programs Jean had written, I started creating the maps as well. (When we bought our first microcomputer instead of using the University computing center's mainframe with its line-editor, it was a major expense: over $8,000!) As time went on, I spent less and less time editing and became more and more involved with production. FGC tried to understand what it actually was that I spent all my time on, and he was always interested in trying to stay abreast of the developments in technology. We set up a microcomputer for him, but while he regretted having to admit it, he was not able to deal comfortably with this aspect of modern life. He was in his heart much more interested in the “meat” of the Dictionary—the entries—than in all these technological marvels.” To explain my role at DARE to visitors, he usually resorted to a simplified statement along the line of, “She makes all of DARE’s maps.”

A lover of music, for decades FGC held season tickets to the Union Theater Concert Series, with seats left of center and close to the stage for the best view of a pianist’s hands. He always purchased two series tickets and would generously invite friends and colleagues to attend with him. A few years ago, Visiting Prof. Dieter Stein rushed into my office and announced without preamble that he had just heard that Emanuel Ax was performing in concert that evening (the concert had long been sold out), so he was changing his ticket back home to Germany in order to attend. Did I know where he could possibly get a ticket? I suggested he talk to FGC. He did, and FGC graciously invited Dieter to accompany him. Dieter was ecstatic! Afterward, FGC came into my office and asked who that gentleman was. He did remember meeting him before but could not remember his name. (FGC could always remember an etymology but very often forgot names.) Such was his generosity, not only to good friends, but to nodding or newly-formed acquaintances.

One of FGC’s biggest regrets was that he could not sing well (so he maintained—we never heard him try). He often said that if there is indeed reincarnation, he wants to come back as a tenor. If at

some time in the future you hear of a tenor—Irish or not—named Cassidy, think of him. We miss him tremendously.

Fred with Wisconsin Governor Tony Earl on “DARE Day” in 1985

Catherine R. Attig
Production Assistant, Technical Typist

A few years ago, FGC’s doctors determined that he was in danger of suffering ill effects from dehydration. So, one day during my lunch hour, I bought a plastic water glass at Walgreens, filled it with cold water, and presented it to him. During the next coffee break he quietly mentioned something about how people were taking very good care of him, but that he didn’t consider water a very “manly” drink. He thought at least it should be beer! Juice did not tempt him, though it, too, was offered—that seemed even worse than water, somehow. Each time I went by his office I’d try to remember to check the water level in his glass. It usually hadn’t gone down very much, but I’d refresh it at least once a day. Always smiling and polite, FGC would thank me for carrying out my “self-imposed duty.” I’ll always treasure the memories of the daily exchanges I was fortunate enough to have with FGC for most of fifteen years.
A Colleague Remembers
Roger W. Shuy

I was fortunate to know Frederic G. Cassidy from the very beginning of my career. I was never privileged to take classes with him but, probably without realizing it, he constantly guided me in this mysterious journey and offered an enduring model of what it all meant. From him the model was more than how to be a linguist, although I learned much from him in his books, articles, and conversations. It was how to be gentle, to care for the young scholars, to conduct oneself with dignity, to live with class, and to be optimistic enough to take on huge projects in spite of overwhelming obstacles.

In 1962, when I was considering an offer to teach at Wisconsin, he invited me to his home for a meal, guided me through the interview process, and offered his usual fatherly advice. As it turned out, I didn’t accept the position, a decision I later came to regret.

In 1963 I asked him to lecture at Michigan State at a conference to upgrade the linguistic knowledge of high school English teachers. I was afraid that my having chosen Michigan State over Wisconsin might influence his agreement to come and lecture. Of course not. He agreed and was brilliant, the highlight of the meeting. He transformed frightened teachers into enthusiastic advocates of linguistic knowledge, enhancing my own value to my department and leading to my hasty promotion.

During the following thirty years, my long period in Washington D.C., our association was more limited. I had moved from traditional dialectology into sociolinguistics, analyzing medical discourse, literacy, and forensic issues. We met occasionally at academic meetings, but my attempt to repay him for his many contributions to my life was primarily that of an anonymous evaluator of his various grant proposals, mostly for DARE. This was an easy task, since I thought then (and still do) that DARE was one of the most important things foundations could support.

It wasn’t until the early volumes of DARE emerged that I realized that our academic distance was only temporary and that we had never been far apart at all. By that time I was deeply involved in forensic linguistics, helping law enforcement

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agencies narrow down suspect lists by analyzing their 911 calls and written threat messages. One such case grew out of a train bombing in western Arizona. Using DARE resources, I was able to tell the FBI that the bomber’s written notes indicated that he was from East Texas. Most of the suspects at that time were from farther west, and this assistance helped the FBI eliminate some innocent people and point toward the guilty one.

After I retired from teaching at Georgetown in 1996, I suddenly realized that I had never properly thanked the giants upon whose shoulders I had tried to climb. High on my list, of course, was Fred Cassidy. We began a continuous mail correspondence until shortly before he died. His last letter to me was dated, in the way we came to know and love him, “Three Kings Day 2000.” Among the things that Fred told me is the following: “I congratulate you on not lapsing into inactivity as so many retirees do.” He didn’t realize how much I’d learned from him, especially this.

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Grinders and Sneeder

Words mirror origins. A Philadelphian is likely to call an elongated sandwich made with Italian bread a "hoagie," but a man in Madison, Wis., may ask for a "garibaldi." New Englanders call them "grinders," and in New Orleans they go by the name of "poor-boy," while New Yorkers ask for a "hero" and Oklahomans for a "submarine." Even the arrangement of words conveys regional differences. To the trained ear, a Northerner's "I'm waiting for you" contrasts sharply with a Southerner's "I'll wait on you.

Unfortunately American local expressions have never been collected in all their spellings, meanings and usages on a systematic, nationwide basis. H.L. Mencken in his The American Language and Sir William Craigie and James Hubert at the University of Chicago in A Dictionary of American English made the study of regionalism a respectable scholarly endeavor. But they used books and newspapers instead of actual speakers as their sources. And the Linguistic Atlas, which is based on extensive field work, has emphasized pronunciation. "The reason for the lack of a systematic dictionary," says 59-year-old Frederic G. Cassidy, professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, "is that there has not been enough money for the job."

DARE: Now Federal largesse has removed that obstacle, and Cassidy is out to bag a definitive collection of regionalisms. Financed primarily by a $400,000 grant from the U.S. Office of Education, the linguist has begun to collect material for DARE—a massive projected Dictionary of American Regional English. The dictionary will be compiled from as many as 5 million items of information. To handle this vast volume of material, Cassidy will rely on an electronic amanuensis—the modern computer.

To gather the information for DARE, Cassidy is studying regional literature and has dispatched a team of five graduate students, driving Dodge camper trucks—known, naturally, as word wagons or logomobiles—into every state from Alabama to Wyoming. Interviewers have learned the way to locate informants who speak the local idiom is to seek out old communities where the population has not changed significantly in many years—a town with a shifting population could be a hodge-podge of regionalisms. Using tape recorders and a 325-page questionnaire, field workers ask people of varying ages the words they use to describe objects, family, friends and common behavior (sample: "What do you call the time in the early morning before the sun comes into sight—beforeday, dawn, twilight." The variety of regional verbiage can be staggering. In his own state of Wisconsin, Cassidy discovered, a bullfrog may also be called a bizmoozor; or in Louisiana, a wawaron—a French transcription, picked up by English-speaking settlers, of an Indian attempt to imitate the animal's bass-voiced mating call. Even the common dragonfly has at least five names, depending on what part of the U.S. it inhabits: darning needle in New England, snake doctor in Oklahoma (because of a folk myth that dragonflies care for injured snakes); a snake feeder (Ohio); in Wisconsin, sneeder (a transliteration of the German word, schneider, meaning tailor); and in the Southeast, mosquito hawk.

Cassidy: In search of words

southern Ohio and dirk in Alabama. A bag becomes a sack in the South and a poke in Appalachia.

How do regionalisms develop? "Everyone," says Cassidy, "has the right to make up words, and if they fill a need they stay." His own favorite regionalism is the portmanteau word "shacktley," created by an Alabaman who neatly folded up shaky, rickety and ramshackle into a single expression.

Many people worry that TV, radio and national advertising and magazines will eradicate regionalisms and leave the U.S. with a blandless national speech. But Cassidy isn't worried. "Most people," he asserts, "go right on speaking as they always have." In fact, Cassidy believes, mass communications can help preserve regional speech by spreading it. He cites the phrase "latch on to," a Southeasternism launched during World War II by radio broadcasters. "Furthermore," asserts Cassidy, "fresh, original creations are always being made." Indeed, by the time DARE comes out, possibly in 1975, enough new regionalisms may have accumulated to start a second dictionary.

Beating the System

It is almost an article of faith among the men who make up standardized aptitude tests that no amount of cramming by the taker can produce an appreciable improvement in his scores. But after only four weeks of intensive tutoring in test-taking, a group of Negro youngsters in New York City did so well on an aptitude test for admission to a union apprentice program that testing experts could hardly believe the score sheets.

In all, 26 of the 32 tutored youths were among the 60 candidates who qualified (150 took the test), and nine of them were in the top ten. The scores were so "phenomenally high," said Wallace Cobetz, director of the New York University Testing Center which administered the test, that he had "never seen anything like it." The Sheet Metal Workers Local 28, which started using the tests in 1964 after the state Human Rights Commission charged that it practiced racial discrimination, called the tutoring "unfair" and hinted darkly at irregularities. The union plans to ask a court this week to invalidate the results.

No Surprise: But Dennis Derryck, who conducted the tutoring school for the Workers Defense League and the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund, was hardly surprised by the results. With some help from the distinguished sociologist Kenneth Clark, he had analyzed the kinds of questions that appear on such tests. Then he tutored the group on both the material and the style of questioning. "Their first reaction, he muses, was, 'What the hell is that?' But after half an hour of explanation they were making up their own sequences." (Sample exercise: What two numbers follow 3, 5, 10, 12, 24, . . . ?)

The Workers Defense League has also successfully tutored Negro candidates for other union qualifying exams. "They may not know much when they come out of high school," says Derryck, "but they study here with tremendous gusto and motivation." Said Wayne Kinsler, 23, one of the high scorers, "My god, we worked at nights and we'd come in Saturday mornings, and that's not so easy after a Friday night."

Was Derryck's tutoring unfair? Testers have known for years that standard aptitude exams are often geared to the background and schooling of middle-class youngsters and put poor Negroes at a disadvantage. Still, Randolph Fund director Bayard Rustin generously offered to "gently tutor even the white children of those in the union."
Panasonic invents a television set that turns into a radio when there's nothing better on TV than the 10th rerun of "Son of Mummy."

You know the problem. It's rerun time again. So what do you do? You get out the Panasonic TR-903R.

It's a television set when there's something good on television. And it's an FM-AM radio when there's nothing good on television. And "it" has a built-in timer to turn itself off if you don't.

Panasonic, you see, is a company that makes a habit of inventing things. Not gimmicks, mind you. But useful, practical, out of the ordinary things.

And this time they've invented the TR-903R.

The TR-903R is, in short, a portable entertainment center. Not the kind that'll break your arm every time youudge it. But a compact unit that measures only 12½" x 9" x 8½". And weighs only 13.2 pounds.

And just in case you want to take the TR-903R with you to the Great Outdoors, there's an optional 12-volt rechargeable battery pack that can take over.

The TR-903R is small because it's Solid State (no tubes to burn out or wear out). Forty-five Solid State devices in all.

But that doesn't mean the screen is so small you've got to squint your eyes to see it.

The Panasonic TR-903R has 37 square inches of viewing area. It also has a slide-rule dial, so you don't fumble when you're tuning the FM-AM radio.

It has a big 4" x 2½" speaker. Three built-in antennas that make sure you get what you want to get. And a wood-grain finish cabinet that matches most anything.

Your next question probably is: "Who is Panasonic?" A good question. Panasonic is a company with 2,500 scientists and research engineers.

It's a company with 40,000 skilled technicians. It's a company that sells 4,500 products in 120 countries. Has 72 factories. Holds more than 14,000 design and patent rights.

Panasonic designs, makes, and assembles every vital part of the TR-903R.

We don't just slap our television sets together.

We make television sets. With quality control from start to finish.

And that's not all we make. We make phonographs, radios, tape recorders, color television, literally every conceivable home appliance you can think of.

Now if this doesn't convince you that you can buy a Panasonic with confidence, we know a man who can.

Just walk into any store that we permit to carry the Panasonic line and ask the salesman what he thinks of Panasonic.

We kind of think that when he finishes telling you, you'll see how you can rid yourself of the mummy's curse.
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DARE: State-by-state
See which communities DARE visited in your state

Alabama

Go

Listen to how we speak
Hear audio samples that demonstrate the rich variety of American language.

DARE you to take our quiz
Do you know a toot from a tush hog? Take our quiz and find out!

5 Questions with Joan Hall
DARE chief editor Joan Houston Hall discusses the five-decades-long project.

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DARE in the media

Dictionary of American Regional English prepares to close down APR 22, 2015 | CBC RADIO

The word is out: I was a teenage astamagootis APR 22, 2015 | THE GUARDIAN

Dictionary Of American Regional English Threatened By Lack Of Funding APR 20, 2015 | THE HUFFINGTON POST

Cash crisis threatens dictionary of US regional English APR 17, 2015 | THE GUARDIAN

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http://dare.news.wisc.edu/contact/
Back and Forth with DARE
Ivan Doig

Because the pages of DARE contain numerous citations from both the novels and nonfiction works of Ivan Doig, it is a special pleasure to hear that our volumes have also been of use to him in his writing. We are happy to present an article by this acclaimed author.
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illustrating what he calls “the back-and-forth linking
Doig to DARE and vice versa.”

It has been said of Shakespeare that when the
right word did not already exist, he made it
up. As a novelist, I’m with Will, as are the countless creative spirits in Appalachian hollows and Western gulches and city canyons who have so bountifully populated the five volumes of DARE
with American lingo. Our lingual distance from the Elizabethan playwright who thought up star-
crossed, fancy-free, lackluster, barefaced, laughable, all-
knowing, and many another neologism that is now
everyday language may seem magnitudinous, but
really, it is only the space of the tongue. The play’s
the thing, in this case the innate human temptation to play with what we say, so that a squabbly accelerating into a fistfight becomes a flable, a sip of watered coffee extended to a child is lovingly
drawn out to a sipe, and a matter that nags at you
daily does so six ways from Sunday.

Each of those, not coincidentally, DARE attributes to none other than me as either progenitor or gatherer, along with sixty-four other entries in
which I am cited. Holy smokies, as the character Herman the German in my novel-in-the-making of the moment would exclaim. Quite a list, from
dab to Yankee rain, but when I get past the surprise and pleasure of that page-and-a-half printout Joan
Houston Hall provided along with her request that

I muse a bit here about DARE and me, I realize that
my wordslinging contributions are just one side of
the story. In my work, which now adds up to three
nonfiction books and eleven novels, if I fairly often
have been DARE’s confidant, the big volumes of
lingua Americana have been my frequent companion. Let me count the ways.

—First and foremost, DARE many times has simply served as voice coach as I’ve warmed up
for a day’s writing. Getting ready to perform the ventriloquism that animates my fictional narrators—sheep rancher Jick McCaskill in English Creek
and Ride With Me, Mariah Montana and one-room-school prodigy and educator-to-be Paul Milliron
in The Whistling Season, primarily—I might read
ten pages at random (buzzy to bull of the woods,
say) just to catch the feel of how everyday lingo is
made. Exaggeration, punning, humor, ethnic influence—not to mention Frederic Cassidy’s more lofty folk-speech categories of iteration, redundancy,
malapropism, onomatopoeia, and so on up front in
Vol. I—in the best of times sneak out from the
pages to tickle my imagination. Thus, perhaps,
Jick says of a herder gifted at picking grazing areas
for his sheep that he’s a true grassaroo, and Paul
describes the nasty mix of moistureless snow and windblown dirt that he and his brothers are trudging
through to the neighboring homestead as snirt,
both ultimately returning to their lingual breeding
ground as DARE entries.

—The mere availability of DARE and its persevering mission to capture America’s tunes of the
tongue have helped to take me back to the homeland of vocabulary: childhood and youth. I’m a
descendant of the lariat proletariat; my mother and grandmother were ranch cooks and my father was a
hired hand on cattle and sheep ranches both, as was I as a summer hand all through high school
and college. My dad, essentially a professional
foreman, was a gifted storyteller and quick with
bunkhouse humor to stay on good terms with the
crews he ran. Growing up at his side as he raised
me by himself for several years after my mother’s
death when I was six, I naturally got earfuls of
Montana earthiness as it was spoke. And then
came the next figure who shaped my boyhood and
ultimately my writing life.

“You’re not sugar nor salt nor nobody’s honey,
so the rain will never hurt you,” she crooned to me
to ignore our reliably aggravating high-country
weather.

“That one goes around looking like she’s been
yanked through a knothole backwards,” she huffed
about our worst-dressed neighbor.

The article by Brian Mattmiller in the UW alumni
magazine (Summer 2009), ‘DARE to Be Done,’
delighted me and brought back memories of Professor Cassidy. As a student, I worked in the English
office with Bea Bragstad, who was the secretary to
Dr. Quintana in the 1940s. . . . I knew Mr. Cassidy
and so many of the wonderful teachers. I was from
Milwaukee and Sheboygan County and used the
regional ‘ainso?’ (that evoked much laughter away from
Wisconsin). . . .

“Working with the professors in the English
Department taught me a lot. Each was brilliant in
his or her own way. Although the article refers to
Frederic Cassidy’s project beginning in 1965, he
was interested and working on the project 20 years
before.”

Valerie Melius Kunz
Journalist
Riverside, Illinois
And, she confided about the couple dallying together in our wide-eyed little town. “Those two are as close as three in a bed with one kicked out.”

Into my life had come that river of proverbs, my grandmother. I was ten years of age, but a kid’s ears are as old as sin. All of a sudden I knew I was in new territory of life, something like honorary adulthood. Now, besides my Scots-burr storytelling widower father, here was my mother’s mother in this reluctant knot of bloodline they had made, to raise me. And you bet, my ears were busier than ever from then on, with the picture-play of words from this corseted, doughty woman born in 1893—whose formal education had broken off at the third grade—as when the prairie wind would swirl up her dress and she would announce, “Balloon ascension!”

So it is not happenstance that, besides what might be called a lyrical style of my own wording, starting with my first book, the National Book Award finalist This House of Sky, and similarly in my other nonfiction works, Winter Brothers and Heart Earth, and all of my soon to be dozen novels, there is also what I call a poetry of the vernacular in how my characters speak on the page. People who are poor in all else are often rich in language. Certainly that was the lesson of the memorably eloquent everydayness of that pair of imaginative tongues I grew up around. To attain a language that makes a shimmer behind the story—the appeal, the wonder, of the vernacular of people’s lives coming through—seems to me what Faulkner was up to, and Dickens, and surely Twain; I am glad to tag along after them with swatches of dialogue such as the herder Canada Dan’s complaint in my latest novel, The Bartender’s Tale, against an oblivious tourist caught in the path of a flock of sheep: “It’s getting so a man can’t even herd sheep through town without a turster in the way, ain’t it?”

—Finally, DARE settles arguments magnificently; kapow, and that’s that. A know-it-all friend (okay, he’s an English professor) was certain I misheard or mistyped in calling the drainage ditch beside the highway a barrow pit, rather than a borrow pit, as he insisted he’d heard and read it referred to. Imagine my triumph when I produced the DARE entry extensively credentialing barrow pit as the primary usage, along with the computerized map showing its occurrence dead-center in my native part of Montana.

All in all, then, DARE and I have long been traveling the same byways. Almost literally so in The Bartender’s Tale, in which an eager young oral historian named Del Robertson arrives into the story, and my northern Montana literary province called the Two Medicine country, driving an equipment-packed Gab Lab. Aha, I can hear the loyal legion of DARE fieldworkers who bravely captained camper vans in search of new frontiers of lingo, it’s the Word Wagon!

Well, ‘tis and ‘tisn’t, to try out a locution I’m not sure Shakespeare ever risked. Somewhere in the back of my mind may have been that example of rubber-tired research, but in my kind of fiction I frequently make up my own version of things that turn out to already more or less exist.

Viz., in Prairie Nocturne, the Over There Committee to memorialize the dead of World War
I, thought up by me for plot purposes, proved to have real-life counterparts in Great Britain and Europe.

Viz., in The Whistling Season, Paul Milliron’s spooky capacity to remember all his dreams all his life, which I flat-dab made up and dubbed mnesia, turned out to be somewhat similar to an actual neurological condition of ungovernable recall.

In the case of the Gab Lab, Del Robertson’s 1960 VW camper loaded with recording gear was more closely inspired by the travel of my wife, Carol, and me in tracking down, first, the voices that knew my father and grandmother and their times, for This House of Sky. Thus it was that the African-American singer Taylor Gordon, one Montana summer day of 1968, chuckled into my reel-to-reel recorder about the writer Carl Van Vechten’s habit of showing up at Harlem rent parties wearing a phantom red shirt. And in the next decade, my series of interviews, roughly “Listening to This Land” for a Seattle magazine, produced life-tales in people’s own words, such as the gent who told me of having been a guard on a Puget Sound fish trap when his relief man rowed out to him, calling as he came that someone named Lindbergh had flown an airplane across the Atlantic. Thence to the dozens and dozens of interviewees—forest rangers, Fort Peck Dam workers, people who were homestead kids and attended one-room schools, and so many others—that underlay my fictional undertakings ever since, and have yielded much of the back-and-forth linking Doig to DARE and vice versa.

Nor, I think, are DARE and I done yet in our roamings through the regions of language. For the ongoing digital edition, my candidates are at the ready: cartwheel, which is what silver dollars were called in the Montana bars and cafes my dad and I were customers of, back then; school section, the square mile of a township that produced revenue for the county schools and served as an essential linguistic landmark in rural geography, as in “The cattle are in there north of the school section”; and what about swuft, which came out the end of my fingers into The Bartender’s Tale to mean swift-minded, brainy, sensible, and other previously inexpressible sterling qualities? Meanwhile, on DARE’s magisterial side of the matter, a bookmark abides at page 84 of Vol. III as I contemplate which of my characters in the next novel shall have a jackknife face.

*Ivan Doig’s twelfth novel, Sweet Thunder, will be published on August 20, 2013, by Riverhead Books, a division of Penguin Group USA.*

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**DARE Weathers Financial Crisis**

Joan Houston Hall
Chief Editor

After a difficult winter and spring, in which DARE’s financial situation was so uncertain that staff members were issued “at risk of layoff” notices, the project’s fortunes are looking up! As a result of the heartwarming generosity of friends and supporters, we are able to continue working with regional English from Adam’s housecat to zydeco. And by the end of this year, the digital edition of DARE will be available (watch for details in a future issue of this Newsletter).

We are grateful to many individuals and organizations, chief among them an anonymous donor, whose extraordinarily generous gift initiated a snowball effect; the UW’s College of Letters & Science, which matched the anonymous gift; the UW's Office of the Provost, which will provide assistance for three years; the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, a mainstay for DARE over several decades; the National Endowment for the Humanities, without which DARE would not exist; the American Dialect Society, DARE’s sponsor; and the Gladys Krieble Delmas Foundation, a very important longtime supporter. With their gifts, and those from individuals mentioned below, DARE now has enough support to continue for at least another year.

Significant help came from the blogosphere as well. Sounding the alarm for DARE, bloggers Ben Zimmer (Language Log), Allan Metcalf (The Chronicle of Higher Education), and John E. McIntyre (Baltimore Sun), as well as journalists Mark Johnson (Milwaukee Journal Sentinel) and Dan Simmons (Wisconsin State Journal) let readers know that their help was urgently needed. Hundreds of word lovers from across the country and around the world responded. New contributors as well as longtime friends rallied to our aid, sending gifts ranging from a few dollars to thousands.

On campus, linguists Joe Salmons, Anja Wanner, Monica Macaulay, and Rob Howell gathered signatures from dozens of colleagues. They represented not only English, German, Scandinavian, African, and Asian languages, but fields as diverse as Landscape Architecture, Cartography, the Study of the American Constitution, and Disability Resources, among others. These colleagues testified with enthusiasm to the importance of DARE in their many lines of research.

To all of the people and organizations listed above, DARE staff members send our grateful
September 19, 2000

Ivan Doig
C/o Lisa Sciambra
Simon and Schuster
1230 6th Avenue, 12th Floor
New York, NY 10026

Dear Mr. Doig,

I was sorry to have to miss your reading when you were here in Madison recently. I was delighted to hear from a colleague, however, that you mentioned that you were a fan of DARE. It’s always a thrill to know that prominent writers are aware of our work. Did you know that we also are aware of yours? I thought you might be interested in seeing the enclosed printout of the entries in DARE in which we quote from your books. (As you can see from the list, we hadn’t discovered you when we were working on Volume I, A–C.)

You may not have heard that we lost our Chief Editor, Fred Cassidy, in June. At 92 he was in extremely good health up until a month before his death, so we celebrate his long and wonderful life; but we surely miss him. The rest of us shall finish DARE in a way that would make him proud. I’m enclosing a copy of our most recent Newsletter, which is largely devoted to Fred. If you’d like to be on our mailing list for future (quarterly) issues, just let me know.

Although we’ve only published through the letter O, we do have the rest of the alphabet at hand. If you should ever need to know about a regional term that begins with P–Z, we’d be happy to check the files and let you know what we have.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Joan H. Hall
Associate Editor, DARE
Dear Ivan,

Thanks for your warm response. I'm delighted that you now have room for two more volumes of DARE. We don't sell them, but any good bookstore can order them if they aren't in stock or you can call Harvard Press at (617) 495-2480.

Best to you, 
Dean

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177

So. Portland, Me.
Dear Joan Hall--

Imagine my surprise, not simply at your generous letter but at finding out I have my own swath of entries in DARE--this had escaped my notice, because I haven't been looking up things I already know!

As I told the audience at my Madison reading, DARE has been a great asset to me as I work away at trying to get a poetry of the vernacular into my books. I took note of Dr. Cassidy's career with especial interest, as the professor who guided me to a Ph.D. in history was Vernon Carstensen, a longtime University of Wisconsin historian before finishing his career in Seattle. Carstensen loved wordplay, although of a somewhat Latinate nature--he forever warned us as budding historians against the evil of "mumpsimus," an idea firmly and wrongly held--and I figure he and Fred Cassidy must have lunched on words at some juncture of their careers.

I appreciate your offer to check anything I end up pursuing in the P-Z neighborhood of the alphabet; my own handmade files are mostly anecdotal or from WPA compilations, so it's a great help to have DARE's deeper resources. Along that same line, I've recently moved to an office with much more shelving and can now expand my own DARE holdings beyond A-H (I've been resorting to libraries beyond that); is there a way I can obtain the volumes after A-H directly from DARE, or does Harvard Press handle that?

In closing, I'm reminded by that first entry of mine that you cite--dab, to catch something with a rope--of another piquant westernism made of a perfectly ordinary word: top, as in to top a horse--ride an unbroken bronc and partially tame him. What a magical language we have to try and top, and thank you for taking note of my small efforts with it.

Sincerely,