NEWSLETTER OF THE
AMERICAN DIALECT SOCIETY

Vol. 32, No. 2 May 2000

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NADS is sent in January, May and September to all ADS members. Send news and queries to editor and executive secretary Allan Metcalf, English Department, MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Illinois 62650, phone (217) 479-7117 or (217) 243-3403, e-mail AAllan@aol.com. Annual membership is $35, students $20; plus $5 outside the United States. See Page 3 for membership address.

ADS Web site (Grant Barrett, webmaster):
http://www.americandialect.org/

ADS-L discussion list: To join, send to listserv@listserv.uga.edu the message:
Sub ADS-L Your Name
Rocky Mountain

In association with RMMLA, Oct. 12-14; Boise, Idaho, Grove Hotel.

Chair: Glenn A. Martinez, Kenyon College.

ADS Regional Secretary 2000-2001: Mary E. Morzinski, Dept. of English, Univ. of Wisconsin-La Crosse, La Crosse WI 54601; phone (609) 785-8300, fax (608) 785-8301; morzinsk@mail.uwlax.edu.

Membership in RMMLA is $30 individual, $20 student. Write RMMLA, Washington State Univ., P.O. Box 642610, Pullman WA 99164-2610; rmmla@wsu.edu; http://rmmla.wsu.edu/; phone (509) 335-4198, fax (509) 335-6635 ext. 54198.

Future meeting: 2001 Nov. 1–3 Cleveland, Sheraton City Centre Hotel.

South Central

In association with SCMLA, Nov. 9-11; San Antonio, Camberley Gunter Hotel.

Chair: Lori Boykin, West Texas A&M Univ.
2. “Phonological and Lexical Choices in Marthaville, Louisiana, Natives.” Kristoffer Hailey, Northwestern State U.

ADS Regional Secretary 1999-2000: Charles B. Martin, Dept. of English, Univ. of North Texas, P.O. Box 13827, Denton TX 76203-3827; phone (817) 565-2149, cmartin@facstaff.CAS.unt.edu.

Membership in SCMLA is $30 full professors, $25 associate and assistant professors, $20 instructors and students. Write SCMLA Membership Secretary, Texas A&M Univ., Dept. of English, College Station TX 77843-4227; phone (979) 845-7041; fax (979) 862-2292; www-english.tamu.edu/scmla/; scmla@tamu.edu.

Future Meeting: 2001 Nov. 1–3 Tulsa, Downtown Doubletree Hotel.

South Atlantic

In association with SAMLA, Nov. 10-12; Birmingham, AL, Sheraton Civic Center.

The Language of Cross-Cultural Communication. Chair: Margaret Lee, Dept. of English, Hampton Univ., Hampton VA 23668; mlee303@yahoo.com.
1. “‘They Were Stupid’: HUD’s Failed Creole Brochure Resedents Rights & Rispansibilities” (20 min.). Wayne Glowka and Elijah Scott, Georgia College & State U.
2. “‘De Ole Time Talk We Still de Talkum Here’” (Please turn to Page 13)
August 14: Abstracts Due for Annual Meeting

Aug. 14 is the deadline for proposals for the ADS Annual Meeting in Washington, D.C. January 4–7, 2001. Send them to Executive Secretary Allan Metcalf, preferably by e-mail: AAllan@aol.com. We’re flexible about length and format. If your proposal is accepted, you’ll be asked for an abstract of no more than 200 words for the LSA program. Include a list of the AV equipment you will need for your presentation. And if your abstract contains phonetic/phonemic transcription, please include a translation, since many such symbols will be lost in the numerous systems involved in handing your abstract around (e.g., write “angma,” “wedge,” “mid-front lax,” and so on). We will do our very best to produce correct symbols in the both the LSA and NADS programs.

All proposals will be reviewed by Dennis Preston, our Vice President and program chair. If you have an idea for a special session or something out of the ordinary, don’t wait till the deadline to get in touch with him: preston@pilot.msu.edu.

Hotel: As before, we will be guests of the Linguistic Society of America, expected to pay their registration but also entitled to their special hotel rates: $99 single or double at the Grand Hyatt Washington (1000 H Street NW, Washington Center, Washington, DC 20001; (202) 582-1234, fax (202) 637-4781).

Presidental Honors

Propose a student for a four-year complimentary Presidential Honorary Membership with a letter of recommendation to ADS President Ronald Butters, English Dept., Duke Univ., Box 90018, Durham NC 27708-0018, RonButters@aol.com.

ADS at MLA

“Teaching American English” is the theme for two ADS two sessions at the Modern Language Association meeting in Washington, D.C. December 27–30. Organizer and chair: Michael Adams, Albright College. First session:

1. “Goals and Teaching English Language Classes.” Sonja L. Lanehart, U. of Georgia.

Second session:


All who attend must register for the MLA meeting. See www.mla.org.

Committee Invites Nominations

For terms of office starting in 2001, the ADS Nominating Committee will be proposing candidates for vice president (succeeding to the presidency two years later), Executive Council member, and Nominating Committee member at large. Suggestions are welcome, either of others or of your own willingness to serve.

Send your ideas to the committee chair, past ADS President Lawrence M. Davis, Dept. of English, Wichita State Univ., Wichita KS 67260-0014, davis@wsuhub.uc.twsu.edu. Or communicate with the other members of the committee: Past President Walt Wolfram, North Carolina State U., or elected member Natalie Maynor, Mississippi State U.

Membership & Dues

Membership in the American Dialect Society brings you our journal American Speech with its monograph supplement Publication of the American Dialect Society, not to mention this newsletter three times a year. Dues for 2000 are $35, students $20, plus $5 extra for members outside the United States. Life Membership is available for $700. Address:

Cindy Foltz, Journals Fulfillment, Duke University Press, Box 90660, Durham, NC 27708-0660; phone 1-888-387-5765 or 919-687-3613; fax 1-919-688-2615; cinfoltz@duke.edu.
Washington Listens to Linguists

By Kirk Hazen and Ron Butters

On May 8, 2000, at the Longworth House Office Building in Washington, DC, a panel of experts on language and learning conducted a congressional briefing before a full-house audience of some 70-80 scholars and representatives from several congressional offices, the NSF, NEH, NIH, and other language-policy agencies. This seminar was sponsored by the Consortium of Social Science Associations, the Linguistic Society of America, and the Center for Applied Linguistics, with a number of cosponsors including the American Anthropological Association, Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages, and our own American Dialect Society (whose immediate past president, Walt Wolfram, originated the idea for the meeting).

On the program were CAL president Donna Christian, moderator, and panelists Lily Wong Fillmore (Berkeley), Maria Estela Brisk (Boston College), and William Labov (Penn).

ADS past president John Baugh (Stanford) gave the concluding remarks, followed by a lively question-and-answer session. It was a sunny day and the room was so Southern Hot that the chocolate in the otherwise-perfect cookies melted. But the Sprites and Diet Cokes were nicely chilled.

Professor Fillmore discussed the importance of the role of linguists in training future teachers and some of the political impacts on bilingual education. Professor Brisk expounded on the best methods for teaching a second language and asked that educational support be given to bilinguals in monolingual communities so that they can actively maintain their bilingualism in academic endeavors. Professor Labov emphasized the importance of linguists and linguistics in the teaching of literacy, especially to students in the inner cities of America, where reading failure rates are often the highest.

Professor Baugh supplied the audience a unifying metaphor fitting our Congressional context: since all the respondents spoke of respect for language variation, Baugh pointed out that Congress itself is a good model for schools since many different language varieties come together under one dome but civility and respect are the common order.

Although some original research results were presented by panelists, there was little new or surprising for audience members trained as anthropologists, linguists, and teachers of second languages. Rather, the purpose was to carry the message to Congress and government agencies in discourse that for the most part avoided the cross-purposed rhetoric of recent educational controversies (e.g., the Ann Arbor decision, the Ebonics flap, the English-only debate): second-language acquisition is vital for all American children, speakers of English and non-speakers alike; monolingual (and monodialectal) English education defies both scientific theory and common sense; reading education must build on what the student already knows of language.

And as Labov noted, there are still a large number of questions that (perhaps surprisingly) require further research:

—For bilingual children, does learning to read first in Spanish really accelerate learning to read in English?
—To what extent do dialect differences account for reading problems?
—How can methods of teaching reading be adapted to take cultural differences into account and reduce conflict in the classroom?

Official ADS representatives Ron Butters (president) and Kirk Hazen (executive committee member) were in attendance; other ADS members in the audience included Natalie Schilling-Estes and Walt Wolfram.

Several of the sponsoring agencies made sample copies of their publications available to those in attendance; all fifty copies of American Speech were snapped up. From a strictly self-interested point of view, then, the Congressional Briefing certainly generated worthwhile publicity for the ADS.

More important, this was a rare occasion for reasoned, largely apolitical discussion by scholars for laypersons on a nexus of subjects that have in the past often created great high passions with little real understanding. To that extent, this foray into applied linguistics was a good investment of ADS sponsorship.
A Scholar for All Seasons

By John Algeo

On a summer Sunday, June 18, 2000, family, friends, and colleagues of Fred Cassidy gathered in Madison, Wisconsin, in a “Feast for the Spirit,” remembering Fred’s “Good and Full Life” and rejoicing in their memories.

There was music of diverse styles, including a Trinidadian steel-band rendition of “Yellow Bird” and a traditional melody in one of Fred’s favorite hymns:

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.


There were appreciations by Joan Houston Hall, Fred’s collaborator and DARE editorial heir; by August Rubrecht, one of the early fieldworkers in the DARE word-wagons; and by several members of Fred’s family. There were reflections by Fred’s university colleague Donald Rowe, who also mastered the ceremonies with grace and sensitivity. There was sharing by other family members, neighbors, former students, colleagues, and friends.

The recollections could make a book, all showing the many sides of Fred and the affection and admiration in which he was universally held. To mention only a few, Joan Hall told of Fred’s love of fast driving, which could terrify his passengers, and of his resolve late in life to give all that up and instead take public transportation from his house to the University, a determination that was repeatedly frus-

trated by the kindness of lift-givers, until Fred finally actually boarded a bus, whose driver then departed from his normal route by several blocks to drop Fred right at the door of Helen White Hall.

Tom Herron, who was Fred’s young housemate at the end of his life, told of their conversations about the lovely past, including Fred’s account of his honeymoon in 1931, which was spent in a pup tent on a
A Scholar for All Seasons

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riverbank, with Fred reading Milton to his bride, Hélène.

A grandson, Nicholas Cassidy, told of Fred’s leading him (one gathers somewhat unwillingly) on a lecture tour through a graveyard in Jamaica, when they were accosted by a small band of robbers. Instead of knuckling under, Fred, incensed at being interrupted while educating the boy in serious matters, ran first at and then after the would-be hold-up men, waving his arms and berating them in their own Jamaican Creole. The would-be robbers fled ignominiously out of the graveyard.

After the music, poetry, and prose, came lovely refreshments and conversation. It was an event Fred would have loved. The tone of the afternoon was set by an epigram from Vladimir Nabokov: “Life is a great surprise. I do not see why death should not be an even greater one.” Fred’s life was full of music, poetry, refreshment, conversation, and surprises—all of them sweet as summer.

Crossing the Bar

By Donald Lance

It was a sad pleasure to read Tennyson’s “Crossing the Bar” at the memorial service for Fred Cassidy on June 18 in Madison, but knowing that it was one of Fred’s favorite poems made the poem and the reading especially meaningful.

The chapel was filled to capacity with the great variety of friends, family, and neighbors that inhabit the bourne from which he had recently departed. In the cycles of tides that had passed since Fred’s evening star set on June 14, we all had rehearsed over and over our small roles in the good and full life of this man who had accomplished so much in the professional and personal components of his sojourn of 92+ years in this world of things bright and beautiful.

His spirit, his smile, his twinkling eyes, and his gentle way of encouraging others—especially those younger than he—were recurring themes in the words of appreciation offered in the service. There was no moaning at the bar—just rejoicing in the bounty we have received from this great prince of words and will receive for years to come.

“I Should Look That Up”

By Joan H. Hall

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 some day?”

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 to Akron in 1918 and finding a yard full of ripe strawberries. He had read in English books about strawberries and cream but had never tasted one. 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 etymol-
Memories of Frederic Cassidy: Support and a Twinkle

ogy 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 high-brow. 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.

Reminiscences that have come pouring in from colleagues and former students in the last few days 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 overmentor 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 VanDyke, 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 twinkle 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 twinkle 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 Farr 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, Mike Cassidy, or Tom Herron, or DARE staff members could take him where he needed to go. But at one 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 asked if he wouldn’t like a ride. Fine! Fred didn’t recognize the driver, but the driver probably knew full well who he 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!

Lessons to Remember from a Fine Teacher

By Salikoko Mufwene

I met Fred Cassidy at a conference of the Society for Caribbean Linguistics in Aruba in 1980. I was then testing the new waters of creole studies, kind of retooling myself after graduate training in semantics and syntax and marginal training in language contact through a reading course. Fred was one of few people who spoke to me after my presentation and suggested I pay more attention to subtle semantic distinctions between constructions that appear synonymous at first glance. His example, as I remember, was the important distinction between /mi don taak/ and /mi taak don/ in Jamaican Creole.

Fred was very helpful to me in subsequent years when we met at conferences, like in Jamaica in 1984, in Barbados in 1992, and recently in London in 1997. He 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 colleagues who do not share my positions and to realize that sometimes the differences in our views are not as big as they seem. In 1997 he even suggested that one such colleague and I get together and write an essay on those specific issues where we disagree, at least as an exercise in articulating our positions clearly to each other and bridging our differences. I hope this so-far nameless and esteemed colleague of mine and I will some day make the time to honor Fred with such an essay.

In 1992 I had the privilege of having a paper of mine published in the Festschrift to him. As much as I hailed his contribution to the debate on the development of Gullah, I just couldn’t resist the congenital impulse of disputing some of his positions. Fred wrote me about my paper, with thanks, and promised to address those issues I raised. Nobody else to whose Festschrift I have contributed has ever written me and I was touched by Fred’s cooperative reaction. What a fine teacher he must have been to those who were even closer to him! It is a shame he did not live long enough to say his last words on those issues.

Like many other scholars, I have been influenced by Fred’s work. Every time I open it, I discover something that my mind was not ready to process on earlier occasions. He was eclectic and so receptive to new ideas. He was so supportive of younger scholars. His encouragements meant a world to me.

Well, Fred, you are gone and have left us so sad. On the other hand, look what important legacy you have bequeathed all of us. DARE is only part of a long litany of accomplishments. I am very grateful and I’ll miss you.
In Memoriam: Frederic Gomes Cassidy

There were giants in the earth in those days.
(Genesis 6.4)

By John Algeo

Fred Cassidy belonged to a select tribe of twentieth-century scholars of American English respected for the depth of their knowledge, admired for the breadth of their interests, and loved for the humane-ness of their natures. Their names roll off one’s tongue like a Carl Sandberg poem or a magical incantation:

Clarence Barnhart, Charles Fries
Margaret Bryant, Philip Gove
Arthur Kennedy, Louise Pound,
Albert Marckwardt, Kemp Malone,
Raven McDavid, Thomas Pyles,
James McMillan, Allen Walker Read.

In beginning such a list, the maker finds himself in the quandary of the Oxford divinity student whose final examination had only one question: “Distinguish between the major and minor prophets.” After some deep thought, the student answered the question with tact and concision. He wrote: “Far be it from me to draw invidious distinctions among holy men.” If a favorite name is missing from my list, attribute the lack, not to an invidious distinction, but causa pro metrica. There can be, however, no questions that among the majorest of the prophets of our tribe is Fred Cassidy.

Born in Kingston, Jamaica, Fred immigrated with his family to the United States on the eve of his teen years. After attending Oberlin College and the University of Michigan (Ph.D. 1938), he joined the faculty of the University of Wisconsin, where he celebrated the anniversary of his 120th term (or 60th year) in 1999. His scholarly work embraced many subjects, including Anglo-Saxon, English composition, Jamaican English, the place names of Dane County, fieldwork for the Linguistic Atlas, and of course preeminently the Dictionary of American Regional English.

Fred was, however, not only a scholar; he was also a person of charm, generosity, culture, and gemütlichkeit. He had what the Chinese call jen, or ‘human-heartedness’. He was a Mensch. He mentored (to use a currently fashionable neologism) several generations of budding scholars, sometimes in ways he was not even aware of. If I may be forgiven a bit of personal reminiscence, I can cite myself as one who was deeply influenced by Fred, even though my contact with him was usually at some distance and only sporadic. In fact, he was key to two turning points in my life, so I have always regarded him as an academic godfather.

I first met Fred between the pages of a book. On beginning graduate studies at the University of Florida, the first course I took was the History of the English Language, for which the textbook was Cassidy’s revision of Stuart Robertson’s Development of Modern English. I had been enticed into graduate school by Tom Pyles’s Words and Ways of American English and was decisively converted to the study of the English language by Cassidy-Robertson. That was the first turning point.

Some years later, when I was seeking asylum from Graduate School administration at the University of Florida by accepting a professorship at the University of Georgia, I had a call from Fred. He was chairing a committee concerned with the future of the journal American Speech, then unconnected with the American Dialect Society but published by Columbia University Press. The magazine was nearly three years in arrears of publication and seemed destined for desuetude. ADS members who were concerned about its prospective loss to the tribe had arranged with Columbia UP to assume responsibility for the journal and its editorship. Fred wondered if I would like to become its first ADS editor. I had no editorial experience, no periodical experience, and little else to recommend me. But I said yes, and that was a second turning point in my life.

I cite Fred’s influence on my life only as an example I know well of what I also know to be his much wider influence on the lives of many. As a person, Fred was just as genuine as he was as a scholar. But it is his scholarship that crowns his public achievements, and the jewel in that crown is the Dictionary of American Regional English. I was at the ADS meeting in the bosom of the MLA when
If You Seek a Monument, DARE It Is

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Fred delivered a paper that sounded the clarion call for that work. He said that it was time for the ADS to make good on its early but thus far unfulfilled intentions to publish an American dialect dictionary. And he had a plan.

Today the three published volumes of DARE speak eloquently in testimony to the wisdom and realism of Fred’s plan. DARE is for the twentieth- and twenty-first-century study of nonstandard varieties of American English what the original OED was for the nineteenth- and twentieth-century study of the standard variety of British English. It is a major work of scholarship. It is the fulfillment of a vocation of the tribe. Now well beyond the halfway point of its completion, DARE is blessed by being in the charge of another beneficiary of Fred’s mentoring.

Joan Hall, in recent years Fred’s coeditor, is excellently qualified to bring DARE to its completion, and all devotees of DARE and friends of Fred anticipate the joy of that happy event. The Dictionary of American Regional English is the most significant work of scholarship ever associated with the American Dialect Society, it is a premier contribution to the study of the English language in America, and it is a monument to Fred Cassidy. Age will not wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety. Of DARE, we can say to Fred:

And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants’ crests and tombs of brass are spent.
Indeed, there were giants in the earth in those days. We have known one of them.

Back Home
By Frederic G. Cassidy, 1994

I’ve been places, places, traveled most parts of the world. Seen the great wonders of nature, of mankind that fill the eyes, shake the brain; troubled my body with heat and cold.

I have felt shrunken beside great things, aroused to trembling, shivering, all my inner flesh and blood aroused by the need to recognize, to admit to some overwhelming force of being of which I am an infinitesimal atom, a nearly-nothing, spectral, that has not forgotten the birthing-cord, the mother-tie, the separation that never is complete, fully complete until we die.

For each of us there is a corner of earth, a refuge of green trees, a cover of clean snow, rocks firmly heaving above the sea, unreachable horizons, small cress-grown creeks, hard clayey fields, that we call “home.”

An infant grasps the hand of the old man. The other grasps the earth and the waters under the earth. If true love exists this is a part of it.

A Good and Full Life
From the program of A Feast for the Spirit of Frederic Gomes Cassidy June 18, 2000 Madison, Wisconsin

Life is a great surprise. I do not see why death should not be an even greater one.

– Vladimir Nabokov

The world is so full of a number of things, I’m sure we should all be as happy as kings.

– R.L. Stevenson

Have no regrets . . . because it Isn’t raining rain, you know, It’s raining violets!

– 1921 Pop Song

The world is extremely interesting to a joyful soul.

– Alexandra Stoddard

Good language is the proper raiment of good thought.

– FGC

From wonder into wonder, existence opens.

– Lao Tzu
Commemorating Frederic Gomes Cassidy

By August Rubrecht

June 18, 2000
Madison, Wisconsin

[I spoke extemporaneously, working from a mental outline and letting the words come as they would. This is not a transcript of that talk but a separate composition using the same outline. Its wording differs in ways to be expected for different improvisations on the same theme, especially in different media.]

Unlike the ones who have spoken before me, I am not an intimate member of any of the circles Fred belonged to. I have been on the periphery of DARE since I ended my year of field work in August of 1968 and turned in the keys to my Word Wagon. I do not know his family, though I did meet his wife and daughter when I came to Madison to pick up the keys to my Word Wagon in 1967.

What I can do, I hope, is step back and give a broader perspective on the man and his contributions to his many circles.

This weekend should have marked the completion of a different sort of circle. A few years ago I was invited to tell stories at Borders Book Shop here in Madison, as part of their Storytelling for Adults series. When Fred heard about the program, he invited me to come to Madison early so that we could visit and he could take me out to supper and then accompany me to Borders to show me the way. I gratefully accepted, and he stayed to hear my stories. The part about showing me the way was especially welcome, because I always get lost in Madison.

This year Borders invited me to come and tell stories again on a Friday night—night before last. It would have been my turn to take Fred out to supper. Now, of course, that is a debt that will remain forever unpaid.

This is a small thing—a very small thing—when considered in the light of his long life and many accomplishments. I am sure many of you can tell similar stories about his acts of kindness and graciousness to you. If we totaled them up, they would amount to something not small at all. Nevertheless, let us remember these small debts one at a time, because we can at least measure their scope.

Personally and collectively, we owe him debts on a scale that means they could never be repaid, a scale that is difficult even to describe. On the personal level, when he made me a fieldworker and gave me the keys to a Word Wagon, he sent me off on the most memorable year of my life. Some of what I gathered that year became the raw material for my dissertation, making it possible for me to complete my studies and subsequently enjoy a satisfying career as a college professor.

The most massive debt of all is the one all of us, as lovers of words and the study of words, owe to him for all those years of careful, delighted attention to the language, the fruits of which he has bequeathed to us.

This occasion today provides an opportunity for the many circles that Fred was a member of to come together and intertwine. As we do, in addition to celebrating his life and expressing our gratitude for the gifts he left us, we need to begin the process of closing up the gaps he left—the huge holes that Joan mentioned earlier—in all those circles. The best way to close them is to share the very stuff we got from him, small and great, in our individual lives and in the circles we belong to.

Strangely enough, I feel I must have gotten something from him today. I went back to Borders today just before the service. They had paid me for the storytelling with a gift certificate, and I was loading up on books. Before coming here to the chapel, I stood in the parking lot studying a map of Madison spread out on the hood of my car. Some kind person asked, “Can I help? Do you need directions?”

I looked up, and in a voice full of quiet confidence, said, “No thanks. I know where I am. I know where I have to go. I’m just trying to figure out the best way to get there.”

Driving up here on my chosen route, I realized how thoroughly uncharacteristic of me that was, and how very much it sounded like Fred.
The Story of Our Second Pioneer T

By Dennis Preston

The T-shirt honoring Louise Pound (the first editor of American Speech and the first woman vice-president [1922-37] and president [1938-41] of ADS and MLA) is the second in a series honoring our distinguished predecessors.

Perhaps the best place to look first to assess the importance of Louise Pound and her influence on ADS would be p. 259 of the Fall-Winter 1975 (Vol. 50, Nos. 3-4) issue of AS. That entire page (spilling over into the next) is filled with a list of her contributions to AS.

It is not just her scholarly record and her service to the organization which makes Professor Pound an important pioneer. Throughout the historical record of the Society we find her in the foreground of influential initiatives. For example, in her own “A Historical Sketch” (PADS, No. 17 [April, 1953], p. 24), we find that she was central to a redefinition of the Society’s focus, one which holds to this day:

It seemed to me also while I was president that the scope of the Society should be widened. “Dialect” is an inclusive term and there are many activities that are germane to a Dialect Society... The groups suggested were to deal with regional speech and localisms, place-names, non-English dialects, semantics. These were adopted by the Executive committee, and other groups were added later: linguistic geography, usage, new words, and proverbial sayings.

In that same piece, we also learn that Pound was responsible for securing the publisher for the first dialect dictionary of American English, Wentworth’s 1944 publication. In her “editor’s reflections,” reprinted in the same Fall-Winter 1975 issue noted above, Pound also tells us that she was often single-handedly responsible for filling the pages of the fledging AS, that she saw to its transfer to a new publishing site, and did all this, as she explains, while

I was teaching five university courses, sometimes to between three hundred and fifty and four hundred students, each likely to wish something of me, and I had only an undergraduate student at thirty cents an hour as my typist.

Even that does not adequately display her stamina. As we see in the print chosen for our shirt, Pound was no shrinking scholar. In fact, her pose with her bicycle may suggest to you that she was only a holiday cyclist, but nothing could be further from the truth as regards her athletic ability. In 1912, at forty years of age, she was the Nebraska State tennis champion, in an era when all comers (men and women alike) participated for that crown.

Only a Few Left!

By Dennis Preston

Yes, now by mail-order, those who did not attend the last two ADS Winter Meetings can have their very own Pioneer Series ADS T-shirts. These beautiful all-cotton collector’s items feature, on the front:

1) Charles Hall Grandgent, the founder of the Society, or
2) Louise Pound, the founder of American Speech.

Both shirts have Don Lance’s (lexical) map of US dialects (well, the eastern half of the country at any rate) on the back of the shirt, and each is accompanied by a handout (what else from a linguist!) which provides a brief biographical statement about the Pioneer honored on the front and full bibliographical documentation to the dialect map on the back.

The background color for both shirts is something one might call ecru (although they are different ecrus; one is probably actually “sand” and the other maybe “mottled beige”).

Send your check for $20.00 (in U.S. currency) made out to ADS to: Lori Dowdy, Department of Linguistics and Languages, A-614 Wells Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48824-1027.

Enclose 1) Your return address and 2) Your shirt choice and size: Grandgent XL (extra large only); Pound XL and 2XL (extra large and double extra large only).

Smaller ADSers report these make lovely sleeping gear.

Of course, except for packaging and postage fees, it goes without saying that the profit from this undertaking goes into the coffers of the Society.
DSNA Deadline Dec. 1

Dec. 1 is the deadline for proposals for the Dictionary Society of North America’s biennial meeting in Ann Arbor May 6–9, 2001. Send them to the conference organizer, Richard W. Bailey, at rwbailey@umich.edu.

The date is especially early this year because DSNA is celebrating the completion of the Middle English Dictionary, nearly seventy years after it was consolidated and begun at the University of Michigan. Papers on historical dictionaries, the Middle English Dictionary, and the place of dictionaries in future scholarship will therefore be especially welcome, but there’s no restriction on topics.

Since time immemorial, or at least since the 1980s, ADS has affiliated itself with the DSNA meeting. Not only do we have much in common, but even the cast of characters is familiar.

South Atlantic Region

(Continued from Page 2)

Gullah, An American Creole” (20 min.). Cherry S. Harmond-Early, Cameron U.


Executive Committee: Peter Patrick, U of Essex; Natalie Schilling-Estes, Georgetown U.; Guy Bailey, U. of Texas-San Antonio.

ADS Regional Secretary 1999–2000: Michael Picone, Dept. of Romance Languages and Classics, Univ. of Alabama, Box 870246, Tuscaloosa AL 35406-0246; mpicone@bama.ua.edu.

Membership in SMLA is $40 individual ($30 first year), $25 student. Write SMLA, Georgia State Univ., University Plaza, Atlanta GA 30303-3083; phone (404) 651-2693; www.smla.org; smla@smla.org.


NWAV Meets Oct. 5–8

By the time you get this newsletter, the June 1 deadline for proposals will have passed. But it should be noted that the conference most akin to ADS itself, NWAV, for its 29th incarnation will take place Oct. 5–8 at the Kellogg Hotel & Conference Center of Michigan State University.

Organizer of NWAV 29 is none other than ADS vice president and program chair Dennis Preston. For full information, see the conference website http://nwav.lin.msu.edu or write Dept. of Linguistics and Languages—NWAV, A 614 Wells Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing, MI 48824-1027.

Registration, including some meals and Volume 13 (2001) of the journal Language Variation and Change, is $125, students $75 before Sept. 15. You can register at the website or by writing Linda Hansen—NWAV, Arts and Letters, 201 Linton Hall, Michigan State University, East Lansing MI 48824.

Workshops in statistical and acoustic analyses of linguistic data will be offered Thursday.

Each of the three days ends with a “Plenoquium”:


Another New Book

By Joan Hall

As always, this spring’s meeting of the American Council of Learned Societies was a mixture of stimulating presentations, inevitable business meetings, sometimes quirky breakout sessions, and the always fascinating Haskins Lecture, accompanied by excellent food at frequent intervals. This year’s venue, however, provided a rare and wonderful treat: the Haskins Lecture was held in the Library of Congress, followed by an elegant reception in the magnificent Great Hall—an event unequalled in the half dozen meetings I’ve attended over the last decade. What a room! Not only is the Great Hall a stunning place simply to be and to gaze at the interior marble and the ornate ceilings, but the Library staff graciously opened several exhibits for the evening, including the acclaimed display “American Treasures.”

Wonderful as the setting was, it did not detract from the Haskins Lecture itself, this year delivered by literary critic and Judaic scholar Geoffrey Hartman (Sterling Professor Emeritus at Yale University). His remarks took us from his boyhood delight in words to his early career in which he attacked critical prose “as a pianist attacks his piano,” through his growing interest in Judaic studies. When he sought to combine literary criticism and Biblical exegesis, he was denounced for “battering the literary object.” A gradual sense of loss turned him toward studying the Holocaust, where he has pondered the relationship between words and wounds, noting, with irony, that we cure with words the wounds words have made.

One program session addressed the challenges of the electronic academy, asking such questions as, “If the role of a scholarly association is to produce a journal, what happens to the association when the journal is published electronically with site licenses, and no one has to join to get the journal?” Is ADS more than the sum of its journals? I suspect most of us would say “Yes!” But as Michael Grossberg of Indiana University argued, the fundamental problems of e-publishing are not technical but intellectual; they change the nature of the argument, providing a “foundational moment” for scholars.

Teresa Sullivan painted the picture of a “Franchised University,” complete with mergers and acquisitions, buying clubs, outsourcing, and eventually, McCollege. Her fear, based on her experience at the University of Texas, Austin, is that humanists are not being heard at the table where policy and directional decisions are being made.

Saturday’s public session centered on the American culture of collecting as an obsessive pastime. From flea-marketers to J. Pierpont Morgan, we seem to need to acquire voraciously if not judiciously. Earlier collectors of books often gave them to libraries; as our collecting tastes change from printed matter to other media, will our libraries, with empty, unlighted windows, sail like ships without passengers or crew, destination unknown? As collections change, so must the relationships between the library, the librarian, and the scholar. These kinds of ideas were thoughtfully discussed by Neil Harris (University of Chicago), Anthony Grafton (Princeton University), Deanna Marcum (Council on Library and Information Resources), and Jean Strouse (author of biographies of Alice James and J. Pierpont Morgan).

Interesting as such discussions are, the parts of ACLS meetings that I find the most energizing and gratifying are those that occur serendipitously: As one delegate lamented the fact that he had a collection of taped interviews of German Americans that no one wanted, Judith Gray of the Library of Congress Folklife Division leapt to her feet, ecstatic to claim them. And at one morning’s breakfast, when we cajoled Dick Bailey to talk about his favorite eccentric linguist, the murderous Edward Howard Rulloff, he talked wistfully of not having the proceedings of the first meeting of the American Philosophical Association in July 1869, which was attended by Rulloff. A tablemate, new to our acquaintance, just happened to be the executive director of the APA and remarked that he had an unpublished copy in his office. Connections. That’s what these meetings are all about.

Our New Books: Women’s Health, Webster, Car Talk, Perceptual

If you have recently published a book, send pertinent information to Executive Secretary Allan Metcalf (address on cover), and we’ll mention it here.

Christine Ammer. The New A To Z Of Women’s Health: A Concise Encyclopedia, 4th edition. New York: Facts on File (hardcover) $50; Checkmark Books (paperback) $20. More than 1,000 authoritative entries addressing the full range of women’s health issues, including puberty, childbearing, infertility, autoimmune disorders, cancer, diet, exercise, menopause, and treatments.

Thomas M. Paikeday. The User’s Webster Dictionary. Toronto and New York: Lexicography, Inc. (t.paikeday@sympatico.ca, phone (905) 371-2065), 2000. xviii + 1262 pages. ISBN 0-920865-03-8. Paperback $7.99 (Cdn $11.95). Order from University of Toronto Press Fulfillment Services, 5201 Dufferin Street, North York, Ontario M3H 5T8, Canada; (800) 565-9523, fax (800) 221-9985, utpbooks@utpress.utoronto.ca.

Paikeday’s distinctive dictionary defines words in their typical contexts and provides examples of idiomatic usage. It has 90,000 entries, 80,000 illustrative phrases, and a simple “keyless” pronunciation system. For the benefit of learners as well as general users, it pays special attention to collocations. A 1990s database provided new vocabulary for this update of the author’s 1982 New York Times Everyday Dictionary. “If ever a dictionary was published pro bono publico, this is it,” Paikeday declares. “All rights to the dictionary are being offered to bona fide American publishers.” The paper cover and perfect binding make it amazingly inexpensive, but also not very durable for the use it can be expected to get.

Sample entry:

dia.lect (DYE.uh.lect) n. a regionally or socially distinct form of a language, esp. if nonstandard: In Southern Georgian dialect, “I wouldn’t” becomes “Ah woon.” — dia.lectal (-lec.tul) adj.


Perceptual dialectology investigates what ordinary people (as opposed to professional linguists) believe about the distribution of language varieties in their own and surrounding speech communities and how they have arrived at and implement those beliefs. It studies the beliefs of the common folk about which dialects exist and, indeed, about what attitudes they have to these varieties. Some of this leads to discussion of what they believe about language in general, or “folk linguistics”. Volume 1 of this handbook provides:

– a historical survey;
– a regional survey, adding to the earlier preponderance of studies in Japan, the Netherlands, and the United States;
– a methodological survey, showing, in detail, how data have been acquired and processed;
– an interpretive survey, showing how these data have been related to both linguistic and other sociocultural facts;
– a comprehensive bibliography.

Contributions by: Dennis Preston; W.G. Rensink; Jo Daan; Ludger Kremer; Takesi Sibata; Kikuo Nomoto; Yoshio Mase; Willem Grootaers; Antonius A. Weijnen; A.C.M. Goeman; Fumio Inoue; Daniel Long; Jennifer Dailey-O’Cain; Lawrence Kuiper; Mahide Demirci and Brian Kleiner; Donald M. Lance; Laura Hartley; Nikolas Coupland, Angie Williams, and Peter Garrett.

DARE QuERIES

Rutz Around in Your Rumpelkammer for DARE Skeesters

DARE carries on! If you are familiar with any of the following words or expressions, please let us know. It is most helpful if you can give an example or examples of how it is (or was) used, and as much detail as possible about when, where, and by whom.

Address DARE Associate Editor Joan Hall at 6125 Helen White Hall, 600 N. Park St., Madison WI 53706, or by e-mail at jdhall@facstaff.wisc.edu.

pax-wax—“neck ligament of a cow; gristle.” This word has many variants in English dialect, such as pac-wax, packy-whack, paxy-waxy, and pise-wise; we have isolated U.S. quotes for the forms pack-wack and patti-whack.

ploye—“a type of buckwheat pancake.” This is supposed to be of French–Canadian origin and used in northern Maine. If you’ve heard it, please also indicate how it is pronounced.

rock school, rock teacher, stone school—We have a handful of Informants, mostly Black, who use these names for the game more commonly known as Chinese school, in which players sitting on steps try to guess which of the “teacher’s” hands holds a stone and move up a step if they guess correctly.

roll and toss, roll and tumble, roll the bed—“toss and turn (in bed).” We have a scattering of citations that suggest this is especially S. Midland.

roller broom—“carpet sweeper.” We have a single example from Chicago.

rotten egg—as the name of a game or as a call in a game. (Please note that we’re not looking for more examples of the type “last one in is a rotten egg!”)

roly-poly—We have evidence for this as the name of several quite different food items; we’d like to know when and where these different senses were used.

ruffles, wrinkles—“chitterlings.” These are reported to be in recent use among Black speakers.

ruling day(s)—“a day or series of days the weather of which is believed to prefigure the weather at some future time.” If you know the idea under some other name, we’d like to hear about that too (except for the widely-known groundhog day).

rummage pickle—“mixed-vegetable relish.” We have two examples of this, both from Massachusetts.

rumpelkammer—“a storage closet, junk room.” We’re interested in evidence from places other than Wisconsin.

rutz around—“to rummage around.” We have a single report from Wisconsin.

shadow worm—“some kind of corn pest.” We have one Informant from Virginia.

shear crab—“crayfish.” We have two quotes, both from Pennsylvania.

sheep mustard—“some kind of edible green.” Our evidence is from Kentucky.

shine bone, shine ball—These terms were given by two southern DARE Informants in response to the “funny bone” question, and two LAGS informants gave shine bone as the name of a hog bone which is, according to one of them, boiled with greens.

show for—“look as if there will be,” as in “It shows for a storm.” This idiom appears in English dialect, but our only U.S. evidence comes from a single DARE informant.

shuck—“to shift or slide about; to jog or rock (something that is or might be loose or unsteady).” What little evidence we have suggests that this verb, which goes back to English dialect, may be quite common in New England.

skeester—“rascal, tyke.” Our only evidence is South Atlantic.

skeeve—“to disgust; to be disgusted by.” Apparently from Italian schifare “to dislike, shun.”

slap in the back—“a children’s ring game” (that’s all we know).

slat—“to hit; slap (one).” Other verb senses, such as “to flap,” are fairly well attested, but we need more information on this one, and the corresponding noun sense, “a slap, blow with the hand.”

CORRECTION—The January Newsletter (p. 5), reporting on our Words of the Years, failed to mention two failed candidates: “millennium fatigue” got one vote for Word of the Year 1999, and “modern” got two votes for Word of the Century. With these additions, that report is correct for posterity.