

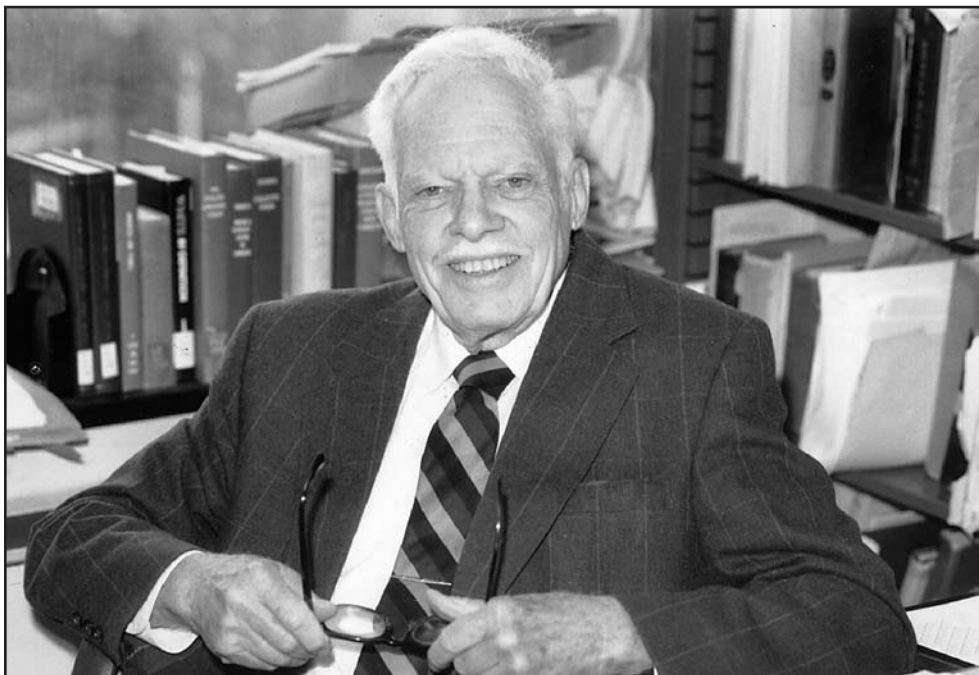
# DARE *Newsletter*

Vol. 3, Nos. 2/3

Dictionary of American Regional English

Spring/Summer 2000

Photo by George E. Hall



*Fred in his office in Helen C. White Hall, May 1992*

## Frederic G. Cassidy

October 10, 1907–June 14, 2000

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! ♦

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Please use this gift to support the Frederic G. Cassidy *DARE* Fund.

My/Our contribution of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ is enclosed.

Please charge my/our gift of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ to my:

MasterCard  Visa

Card number \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration date \_\_\_\_\_

Cardholder name (please print) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Please return this form to *DARE*, 6131 Helen C. White Hall, 600 North Park Street, Madison, WI 53706, Attn: David Simon.



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

### 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. ♦



## 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

## 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

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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.

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 his son Mike, his housemate Tom Herron, or *DARE* staff members could take him where he needed to go. But at one

Photo by Don Lance



Fred with Joan Hall at the DSN A 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 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

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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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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.'"

asked, and we proceeded to turn them over. After some discussion he gave me his opinion as to which one seemed most appropriate given the work's subject matter. I could see that his judgment was correct and adopted his suggestion. I thanked him. We never spoke again.◇

## 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 sur-

gery. 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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*Fred showing off plans for the WELS survey in 1949*

After we chuckled over this, FGC asked me how my book was going. One of the most engaging aspects of FGC's personality was a genuine interest in the doings of others. His question took me up short, for it had been some months since we had last discussed this project of mine. I told him that the manuscript was ready for the press but that I was having some difficulty deciding among a number of possible titles. "What are they?" he

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

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



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 Schneidmesser**  
**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 grandchild-

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*

Photo by George E. Hall

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



Photo by George E. Hall

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

*Continued on page 12*

## Coming in Volume IV

*Here are a few more of our "coming attractions."*

<i>pocket</i>	In the phrase <i>out of pocket</i> : Unavailable, absent, out of place. In the phrase <i>in pocket</i> : Available, in the usual place. (Chiefly Sth, S Midl)
<i>pogonip</i>	A heavy fog or frost in the mountains. (Chiefly NV)
<i>pop call</i>	A short or unexpected visit. (Chiefly Sth, S Midl)
<i>pujicky</i>	Sensitive; sullen, grouchy. (Chiefly Nth, esp NEng)
<i>punchball</i>	A game played with a rubber ball that is hit with the fist. (NYC)
<i>pungle</i>	To shell out, plunk down (money); to pay up. (Chiefly West)
<i>pressing club</i>	A clothes cleaning and ironing establishment. (Esp Sth; old-fash)
<i>Quaker ladies</i>	A plant of the genus <i>Houstonia</i> . (Chiefly NE, esp PA)
<i>rabbit tobacco</i>	Any of several similarly woolly composite plants. (Chiefly SE)
<i>rawny</i>	Rawboned. (ME, NH)
<i>rift</i>	To belch. (Esp PA)
<i>rode</i>	A rope, esp one attached to a boat anchor. (NEng)
<i>rooster fight</i>	A violet—in reference to the children's game of hooking the flower spurs and pulling to see who could pull the other's "head" off. (S Midl, esp KY)
<i>round turn</i>	A turnaround at the end of a road. (Esp ME)
<i>rutchie</i>	A sledding hill. (sePA)
<i>seed-folks</i>	Ancestors; old-timers. (ME)
<i>she-she talk</i>	Women's talk. (sSC, GA coasts; Gullah)
<i>shed room</i>	A room added to a house and covered with a sloping roof. (Chiefly Sth, TX)
<i>slickrock</i>	An expanse of naturally smooth, polished rock. (UT)



## **DARE Newsletter**

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### **A Colleague Remembers**

*Continued from page 11*

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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