

DARE Newsletter

Vol. 3, No. 1

Dictionary of American Regional English

Winter 2000



Patt VanDyke, DARE Fieldworker

On the Road in the West

Patt VanDyke

Reader response to our series of Fieldworker reminiscences has been extremely enthusiastic, and those of us who are now with the project are as interested as the rest of you in hearing about the adventures of the earliest DARE staff. In this issue we're pleased to have Patt VanDyke share some of her experiences as a Midwesterner in the far West.

When I left Madison in mid-September of 1967, I was behind the wheel of a green Dodge van, cataloged by the University of Wisconsin as #47, and known to me, in the next year, by names much more varied and heartfelt. Oftentimes #47 would whimsically determine to dispense with all forward gears, cleaving only to reverse. It would sprout leaks in

Continued on page 2

Funding Update

David Simon
Development Specialist

Thank you. Wow! Great progress. National support. Those are some of my immediate reactions upon looking at the 1999 contributor list for the *Dictionary of American Regional English* (see page 5). It has been my pleasure to meet many of you during the last year and to discuss the DARE effort with you.

Gifts to DARE are very important. The generosity of the individuals, foundations, corporations, and government agencies who have contributed to DARE in 1999 has enabled the work on the *Dictionary* to continue toward our goal—the letter Z. Your support is not an added bonus to our work; it is the lifeblood that allows this unprecedented project to continue to completion.

DARE is a national effort. Fieldworkers (some of whom you have heard from in this *Newsletter*) visited all fifty states. It is particularly appropriate to note that our support is growing well beyond the state of Wisconsin. How many states do you think are represented in the list of 1999 donors? Five? Ten? Fifteen? The answer is at the top of the 1999 contributor list. You might be surprised.

I do want to recognize a number of people beyond the list of donors. A few individuals decided in 1999 to make deferred gifts to DARE. Your names are not in the 1999 donor list, but your thoughtfulness is very much appreciated. Many people also helped DARE prior to January 1, 1999, with gifts absolutely essential to our progress. I would also like to thank the many people who have made suggestions to me about possible contributors to the project. Many of your suggestions have resulted in gifts; while your names may not appear on the list, your help was crucial in opening new doors for DARE.

Continued on page 4

rainstorms or sift in enough dust from country roads to burnish the enamel on my teeth. At those times, I rediscovered a rich and familiar language useful for all things misbegotten and accursed. Indeed, the second and eighth entries in my log are devoted to that vehicle with detail and fervor that antipathy recalls afresh after over thirty years.

Clearly, that mechanical outcast made fieldwork dirtier and more difficult than it was already. In only my third week out of Madison I was tantalized by seeing abandoned cars sunk shallowly in the Purgatorie River around Trinidad, a line of rusty riprap through which the brown river meandered. Often I dreamed of buying #47 and consigning her to flood control in southern Colorado. She and the German shepherd I picked up in Cheyenne Wells were two constants of my work in the field for *DARE*—one the bane of my life, the other a blessing and an informant magnet of the first degree.

Her mom and dad were police dogs, true trained cops, owned by the local sheriff at Cheyenne Wells who walked the mom around my campsite the first night I stayed in the campground, coming with her from his house across a small field of burrs and stick-tights. She was told to watch me, to include my campsite in her nightly patrol. I would waken to hear the reassuring jingle of her choke chain and ID as she went softly by each night. I chose one of her female offspring to set out with me through Colorado, Nevada, southern California, Minnesota, and eastern Iowa. I named the pup Kolo, not quite for Colorado, but more for that than anywhere else. Since Cheyenne Wells was only my second stop, she was with me for most of my year of fieldwork and the next fourteen years of her life.

As I think about it, she would have loved Sterling, the first place selected for a Colorado questionnaire. Any pup would have enjoyed going to see a soddy—a sod house—with Manley D., my second informant, a man who was living with his wife in a nursing home because she was in the final agonies of emphysema and needed special care. After a lifetime together, he could not be parted from her overnight or even for long periods in the day. Mr. D. was a certified “Son of the Soddies,” one who had been born in a sod house.

He was also my pipeline to Bill A., whose interviews with me were a matter of coordination and accommodation that I recall clearly, although so much else has faded. I would look at Bill, ask a question (“What do you call ____ around here?”) and imme-

diately look down at the questionnaire. Bill would move his chaw around comfortably, rock forward, and spit deep brown juice into a coffee can. I would look up at that sound, and he would answer. (Before we got the rhythms right, it had been ask, spit, gag, look down, write.) From Bill A., I made contact with Dallas L. and his sister, and before I wanted it, the questionnaire for this community was completed. I had to push on, leaving the dear pioneers behind, two women weeping, three men inarticulate, their hands clenching and unclenching. I had made them “feel alive,” they said. They’d felt “dead for ten years,” and I’d brought them so much joy, they said. It was mutual: so much to hang onto in one week and so much, at the end, to let go!

Town after town went much that way for me, making and breaking strong ties to elderly informants because they had more time and were less suspicious, less worried about my *selling* a dictionary to them when all the interviewing was done than their children were. It seemed to me that there was a correlation between the willing acceptance of the stranger and those who would give comfort to the nuances of the regional language. In my mind, such openness would accommodate to the neighbors’ ways and words, keeping every syllable and nuance stored until somebody from Wisconsin came to ask about them. Theoretically at least, fieldworkers were encouraged to follow Pasteur in these matters, based on the belief that “chance favors only the mind that is prepared.” When we wanted to find someone to spend a week with, we headed off to historical societies, newspaper offices, museums, libraries, churches, coffee shops, and bars: rounding up all the usual suspects. But few fieldworkers would deny serendipity’s role in getting to the right informants, making positive and vital connections, and finding people suddenly available for the week and willing to delve into the intricacies of words and expressions. (In addition, since my paychecks and expense checks often were waiting for me at the next town or being forwarded from the last town, I was continually low on money, depending, like Blanche DuBois, on the kindness of strangers for an unsolicited snack or a working lunch.)

There was such intimacy and power in knowing people’s everyday language, learning it over root beer floats or coffee or iced tea. Writing it down exactly bridged their personal histories with the future; it was a sort of linguistic immortality. I never had a good informant who discounted our work together. That, too, was a constant. Mr. D., for example, want-

ed very much to answer a question about what women of poor reputation were called. He knew a word that he had never said in front of a woman before. We were working in the nursing home in their room when I asked him, and he looked at his wife and motioned me to follow him out the door. We walked down the hallway until we were absolutely private, and he apologized because I was a nice girl and wanted to know something not so nice. He told me he would tell me because I was serious about my work, and he knew it mattered to me. He looked around, leaned toward me, and whispered, "Chippy. They're called chippies." I silently and soberly wrote down the words, and they are to me, even now, not so much an entry in a dictionary as they are a gift from one person to another, a bequest.

Thinking back, I know that most of my learning was not about language, after all, but about the speakers of it—myself included. When I left Madison, I had not traveled by myself further than 200 miles and had seen mountains only in movies and on postcards. In Colorado, the sight of my first mountain made me sing all the verses of "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" very loudly. In the mountains themselves, however, I hummed a different tune and showed white-knuckled reverence for the center line. When the stripe at the side of the road disappeared for awhile because there was no roadside to paint it on, I experienced a greenhorn's terror more like collywobbles than anything else I could name. Yet I went over Wolf Creek pass in a light snow and Red Mountain pass in worse weather. My informant and I drove a pass near Georgetown, Colorado, in a blizzard. He held the whimpering Kolo in his arms, directing me to the nearest vet for what turned out to be only a painful hip sprain. Since he had known what lay on either side of the yellow tunnel of light through which we drove at five miles an hour, he had been more frightened than I, and, consequently, braver.

I learned that, despite their beauty and my imagined pleasure at seeing them first-hand, high elevations made me sick, breathy and nauseated. Leadville and a nearby, higher point called Climax were miserable for me, despite their historic interest, despite their rugged or faded charm. Although I appreciated the mountains, that appreciation was of mountains from a distance. I missed the rivers and lakes of the Midwest and even a great mountain climbing expert and informant in Loveland, Colorado, was not able to make me enjoy mountains, although I gathered the words about them faithfully.

At the end of the day I knew in great detail the differences between "notches," "gaps," and "saddles."

After winter came, it was my intent to move ahead through Winnemucca, Nevada, completing one of the two questionnaires in that sparsely populated state, and to arrive in California for fieldwork that would take me the rest of the winter. When snow covered Colorado, I assumed that California, with its sunshine, would be a great place to spend the rest of the winter. But California offered different challenges. It was more difficult to find native speakers there than it had been in Colorado. The cities were bigger, closer together—geographically, at least, if in no other way. The historical societies often were not staffed to address the needs of someone researching regional English, though the people running them were knowledgeable about mission history, Spanish heritage and culture, and pioneer living. And the curators knew the members of the advisory board but not local speakers or longtime residents.

Because of the difficulties of finding informants, there were few restrictions on what I would do to free up an informant to get a good questionnaire in California. I ran errands. I repotted plants and reset a palm tree in my best dress. I purchased a lifetime annuity. I helped organize photographs. I moved furniture. I was fingerprinted. In Julian, California, I did all the housework and cooking for my main informant and her large family. She was recovering from surgery and a long illness, and I exchanged work for time daily on the questionnaire. With real pleasure, I ate my own cooking for a week while the dog ran the few and quiet streets of that wonderful apple town working on her social skills. I did dishes and laundry and ironing, cleaned windows, washed curtains, and finally scrubbed a kitchen floor to find, under everything, patterned linoleum that no one could remember having seen for quite some time. The niceties of an essential life addressed, I could bring out the questionnaire and get to work. ♦

After being on the road for DARE, Patt VanDyke decided to put down some roots. Since 1969 she has been at Northwest Missouri State University, where she has taught in the English Department, directed the Talent Development Center, served as assistant and interim Vice President for Academic Affairs, and is now Dean of Libraries. Shown with her on page 1 is her latest dog, YoYo.

Funding Update

Continued from page 1

What does the year 2000 look like as far as *DARE* is concerned? Well, we are off to a good beginning. However, there is considerable work to be done. It is very important that our 1999 contributors continue to support the project: you are the core group of support for the *Dictionary*. Additionally, new donors are needed. We would like to add your name to our list of contributors for the year 2000. You can be a part of history and support *DARE*.

To make a cash gift to *DARE*, checks should be made out to *DARE*/UW Foundation and mailed to *DARE*, 6131 Helen C. White Hall, 600 North Park St., Madison, WI 53706, Attn: David Simon. The form that you can use to charge a gift is below. Your support in 1999 was outstanding. Let's make 2000 an even better year. ♦

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Please use this gift to support the *Dictionary of American Regional English*.
 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 _____



Where Are They Now?

In this space we bring you news of your DARE colleagues—people you may not have heard about for many years. We welcome letters or e-mail messages from all of you who have been part of this huge effort; your friends will be glad to hear where you are and what you're doing these days.

Fieldworker **Chuck McCabe** spent the summer of 1967 not in a Word Wagon, but in his VW beetle, traversing Minnesota and Iowa for *DARE*. After receiving a Ph.D. from the University of Minnesota in 1970, he headed south, where he taught at the University of Houston and at Texas A&M University. Seizing opportunities within the oil industry, he began doing technical writing, edited the trade journal *Ocean Industry*, and then became marketing manager for an offshore oil service company named *Oceaneering* (probably best known for its deepwater search and recovery operations, including a live broadcast from the *Titanic*). Chuck and his wife have

Continued on page 6

Notes and Quotes

It's always a pleasure to hear how people react to individual entries in DARE, how they respond to the whole of the project, and how teachers are using it in the classroom. Let us know which entries bring back special memories for you, and we'll share those recollections in this space.

"Years ago, I purchased the first volume of *DARE* and had a ball with it. I am extremely happy to see that the project continues.... In ... Volume I, the *all-ee all-ee oxen free* caught my attention.... From the time I was a child in Calhoun County, IA, we understood the term to be *alles, alles, aachsen frei*... [meaning that] 'people from all axes (directions) come in free.' We thought we altered it to the 'all-ee all-ee oxen free' form because it was not the popular thing to speak old-world tongues at the time."

George B. Carpenter, Tahlequah, OK

[*DARE* Ed: See also the entry for *Ole Ole Olson all in free* in Volume III.]

"I've just finished teaching a January term course in American dialects. The one activity that the class always looked forward to was my daily readings from the Questionnaire in Volume I of *DARE*.... I would read a question ... and members of the class would volunteer their answers. The only regret was when there wasn't any variety in their answers. Oh, they also regretted when I couldn't think of alternatives.... One day I forgot to bring the volume, and they insisted I go back to get it."

Allan Metcalf, MacMurray College

"Keep up the good work. *DARE* just looks better and better with each additional reading. The measure of a great reference."

Lee Pederson, Emory University

"Thanks for checking [on the word *wooch*]. My lifetime goal now is to report info on at least one of the query words [on the *DARE* web site]. My score so far is a big 0."

Jennifer Rosenberg, Walnut Creek, CA

[*DARE* Ed: That's O.K., Jennifer; keep checking. The queries are updated three times a year, and someday there will be one that hits home for you!]

DARE Bascom Hill Contributor
\$25,000 and above

Gladys Kriebel Delmas
Foundation, NY
Franklin Philanthropic
Foundation, IL
Horace W. Goldsmith
Foundation, NY
National Endowment for the
Humanities, DC
(Outright grant)
National Endowment for the
Humanities, DC
(Matching grant)
National Science Foundation, DC

DARE Lake Mendota Associate
\$15,000-\$24,999

Ann and James Crow, WI

DARE Family Member
\$1,000-\$14,999

Andrews McMeel Universal
Foundation, KS
John Bordie, TX
Butterfly Foundation, NY
Dictionary Society of North
America (Grant to Luanne von
Schneidmesser, WI)
David Greenewalt Charitable
Trust, MA
Joan Houston Hall, WI
Houghton Mifflin Company, MA
Dorothy Houston, CA
The New York Times Company
Foundation, NY
Charlotte and Allen Walker
Read, NY
Merton M. Sealts, WI
John A. Shea, IL
Sidney Stern Memorial Trust, CA
Arthur W. Strelow Charitable
Trust, WI
Sabrina Summers, AL
Arnold Zwicky, CA

DARE Circle of Friends
\$500 - \$999

Greg and Carol Alfus, IL
John and Adele Algeo, IL
Susan Bryant-Kimball, NH
Mary E. McAndrews, WI
Jacquelyn Mitchard, WI
Frank Pickel, IL

DARE Supporter
Up to \$499

Sandra Adell, WI
Ruth Aldrich, WI
Anonymous
Jane and Robert Anthony, VA
Barbara Arnold, WI
Louie and Barbara Attebery, ID
Barbara and John Augenstein, WI
Howard Baetzhald, IN
Richard and Julia Bailey, MI
Gordon and Helen Baldwin, WI
John W. Barker and Margaret
Grabowski, WI
Mary Jo and Keith Bauer, WI
C. Richard Beam, PA
Charles and Marybelle Bentley, WI

CONTRIBUTORS TO DARE IN 1999

The Dictionary of American Regional English is grateful for the support of these contributors during 1999. Because DARE is a national project, it is particularly meaningful that contributions were received from donors in thirty-five states, the District of Columbia, and five foreign countries.

Harry and Florence Bischel, FL
Elizabeth Blake and David
Israelstam, WI
Martha Blalock and Alger N.
Doane, WI
Stephen Blood, VA
Robert and Janet Boni, NJ
Helen Booth, KY
Lowell Bouma, GA
Diana and Richard Brodek, WI
Judith and Jerry Brown, CA
Cynthia and Sargent Bush Jr., WI
Ronald R. Butters, NC
Edward and Jean Callary, IL
Harris and Christy Cander, TX
Michael Capek, NY
Charlotte Cassidy, RI
Frederic G. Cassidy, WI
Michael and Jacquelyn Cassidy, WI
Victor Cassidy and
Donna Hapac, IL
Jennifer Cassidy-Gilbert, NY
Cassidy-Rosine family, MD
Ho Sheng Chang, Taiwan
Donna Christian, VA
Dorothy and Edward
Churchwell, WI
Karen Clark, CA
Mary Alice Coan, WI
Jack Cohen, NE
Annabelle Collins, WI
Marshall Cook, WI
Dale Coye, NJ
Joyce and F. Fleming Crim Jr., WI
Barbara Davis and Timothy
Glins, MN
Richard Davis, WI
Andrew F. Downey Jr., GA
Nancy Dray, IL
Connie Eble, NC
Kenneth Egan Jr., MT
Susan and Henry Eichhorn, WI
Catherine Ellsworth, NY
Russel C. Evans, WI
Theodore Fitz-Simons Jr., GA
Matthew D. Flannery, NJ
Marian Forte, VA
Kimberley Freber, WI
Dorothy Garipey, VA
Prof. and Mrs. Godfrey Gattiker, PA
Cathy Gavin, NY
Maria Garcia-Bermejo Giner, TN
George Glotzbach, NM
Belle and Charles Goebel, WI
Paula Gottlieb, WI
Vicki Graves, OK
Mary Jane Greenwald, WI
Robert Grilley, WI
David Guralnik, OH
Edwin Haefele, NE

Joan and George Hall, WI
Haykaz Hambarssoomian, CA
Kenneth and Elizabeth
Hammond, GA
Kelsie Harder, NY
James W. Hartman, KS
Alan Headbloom, MI
Standish and Jane Henning, WI
Terry and Mary Herndon, WI
Cleo Higgins, FL
Joyce Hile, VA
Betty and Horace Holcomb, NH
Bradley Hughes and Elise Gold, WI
Robert W. Huntington III, WI
Mary Hynes-Berry, IL
Elinor Ihlenfeldt, WI
Stanley and Shirley Inhorn, WI
Coletta Kemper, DC
Katherine Kemper, WI
Jesse Lee Kercheval, WI
Nicholas Kiessling, WA
Christopher and Margaret
Kleinhenz, WI
James M. Knox, CA
Robert G. Kotewall, Q.C.,
Hong Kong
Jan and Jon Krapfl, VA
William A. Kretschmar Jr., GA
Virginia Moore Kruse, WI
Donald M. Lance, MO
Sidney and Sarah Landau, NY
Jane and Lowell Leake, OH
Edmund Lechowicz Jr., IL
Nolan LeCompte Jr., LA
Karen Leialoha, HI
Nancy Lennstrom, WA
Judy and Paul Leonard, NC
Carolyn and James Lockhart, CT
Richard A. Long, GA
Ronald K. S. Macaulay, CA
Andrew and Barbara MacLeish, MN
Jane and Louis Maher Jr., WI
Peter and Annette Mahler, WI
Elliott and Mary Maraniss, WI
Elaine Marks, WI
Robert and Kristina Marshall, MD
Charles B. Martin, TX
Mr. and Mrs. David Martin Jr., NC
Dan and Doungporn
McCammon, WI
Beverly McGraw, VA
Robert and Helen E. Menefee, KY
Sherwood Miles, DC
John and Jan Miller, CA
William R. Miner, NY
Wade T. Mitchell, GA
Chris Moore, VA
Cynthia L. Moore, VA
Edgar and Gracelouise Moore, OH
J.B. Moore, KY

Mary Louise Moore, TN
Patricia Moore, VA
Randall Moore, GA
Robert H. Moore, VA
Robert M. Moore and Kathryn
Muehlhauser, OH
Victoria Neufeldt, MA
Harold Noack, ID
Mrs. Henry Ormsby, KY
Gerrit and Patricia Ostermick, WI
Dorris Paille, AZ
Peyton Palmore, VA
Pieperpower Foundation, WI
Julia and Donald Plier, WI
Peter and Beth Rahko, WI
Richard and Krista Ralston, WI
Charles and Helen Read, WI
Sherry and Fred Reames, WI
Don Reeder, WI
Mary Resnik, MD
Richard and Karin Ringler, WI
Fred Robinson, CT
James Roese, PA
Lisa Rowe, WI
Hideki Sasaki, Japan
Ila and Claude Schmidt, NM
Mary Schoenfeldt, IL
Thomas Schönweitz, Germany
Royal Schomp, MD
Charles and Anne Scott, WI
Leslie J. Scott, OH
Alice and Steven Sedgwick, WI
Roger Shuy and Jana Staton, MT
David H. Simon, WI
Charles Sloan, VA
Louis and Elsbeth Solomon, WI
Evelyn Marie and Joseph
Stahl II, SC
Margaret Steckbauer, WI
Robert and Glorine Stevick, WA
Gary Sunada, IN
Berkley Tague, NJ
Patricia Takemoto and Robert
Morse, WI
Judith and Robert Taylor, WI
Bradley Teague, DC
Erik R. Thomas, NC
Rudolph and Muriel Troike, AZ
Patricia VanDyke, MO
Luanne and Mike
von Schneidmesser, WI
Sandra and Frederick
Von Unwerth, GA
John Vickery, CA
Robert Wachal, IA
Ron and Peg Wallace, WI
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Walter, TX
Dorothy Wartenburg, OH
Joshua Weatherbee, AZ
Nancy and John Webster, WI
Susanne and Harrison Wellford, DC
Joseph and Louise Wiesenfarth, WI
Anna Maria Williams, WI
Lise Winer, Canada
Halliman and Shirley
Winsborough, WI
David and Rosalind Woodward, WI
Walt Wolfram, NC
Masayoshi Yamada, Japan
Mary Brown Zeigler, GA
Betty Zeps, WI
Bettie Zillman, WI

Greek, and Sanskrit are all related was much more interesting than studying literature. I came to Wisconsin and got my Ph.D. in German, in philology/linguistics. I loved courses in history of the language, in the various Germanic languages—Gothic, Old Saxon, Old High German, Old Norse, and Old English—and in German dialects and sociolinguistics.

Q: What are your responsibilities as Senior Editor for Production at *DARE*?

A: I started as an editor, writing entries all day. But my responsibilities don't lack variety now. In fact, being too fragmented is a problem I have to deal with. I am in charge of the production staff, presently consisting of Cathy Attig, who is marvelous at handling any task I've asked her to assume responsibility for, including of course the typing of the text with codes (what she was originally hired for); and two great proofreaders, Beth Gardner and Elizabeth Blake, who have also seen their jobs expand far beyond simple proofreading. We handle all aspects of the project after the entries have been written, including galley production for in-house critical reading. I coordinate efforts between *DARE* and Harvard University Press, having originally developed the procedures for providing them text with their desired coding. I supervise the work of our students and volunteers, mostly carried out by Cathy on a daily basis. Over time I have somehow become responsible for computer purchase, maintenance, and troubleshooting, software and hardware, as well as in-house programs developed for *DARE* such as text checking and mapping. I've made all the maps you see in *DARE*, critically reading the entries as I work. Now we're in the midst of changing procedures from a plotter output to graphic files. All our programs are DOS-based programs and quite old-fashioned, but we have no money to hire programmers to rework and update them. I also maintain *DARE*'s web site (<http://polyglot.lss.wisc.edu/dare/dare.html>—any volunteers to help?) and am looking into topics such as SGML/XML. Unfortunately, I have now completely gotten away from writing entries. I miss it.

Q: What are a few of your favorite words in *DARE*?

A: There are a lot of them. Most are ones with personal connections, such as *gesundheit*: I had studied German for two years before I realized that *gesundheit* did not mean "God bless you" but "health." Several years ago for fun I did an informal survey asking people the meaning of the term; most people responded with "God bless you." I was de-

lighted to find that the complement to this term in the South (where *gesundheit* is not used) is *scat*. It was thought that the devil made you sneeze, so you said *scat* to drive out the devil.

When Bill Clinton was elected president, some Easterners did a good job of bashing his language. Clinton used the expression "I don't know him from Adam's off-ox," which my mother used when I was growing up in Kansas. These Easterners need to read their copies of *DARE* more closely: *Adam's off-ox* is used in almost every state west of the Appalachians. It's regional, folks.

Another term I passed on to my children from my Kansas background is *democrat bug*. They used this when quite small, but soon realized when they went to school that no one understood what they were referring to so switched to the local usage, *box-elder bug*. Although my political views might not concur, I love the explanation given by one *DARE* correspondent: "It might be that people in this rock-ribbed Republican area . . . call the insect a Democrat because it was viewed as a pesky outsider that seemed to serve no useful purpose and just got in the way."

Some of our best terms haven't made it into *DARE*. We spent some time trying to find out what a *fade barn* was; the fieldworker had written the term into the questionnaire without explanation. Finally asking a reporter from a Southern newspaper if he could help us define it, we were quite chagrined when in response to his article answers started pouring in, all telling us that a "fade" barn was where you "fade" the cattle. Try this with a Southern accent.

Q: What is the most enjoyable part of your job?

A: Working with the living, changing language. Learning terms used in different parts of the country. Discovering the etymologies of words and expressions. Passing this knowledge on to others (my kids don't appreciate this). As a child I said *king's ex* when wanting a break while playing tag. Not a one of us associated this phrase with England and the customs of royalty and the church, but somehow the phrase was brought over to the U.S. and spread throughout the western two-thirds of the country. Close to 30% of *DARE* responses were a form of this expression in 1965-70. Yet in 1994, of 296 people questioned, aged 16 to 35, only two responded with *king's ex*. These word histories and changes I find fascinating.

I also enjoy the interaction with fellow staff members. As you know from previous interviews, there is quite a diverse and interesting group of people at *DARE* who are very committed to the project and

DARE Newsletter

Postal Return Address:

Dictionary of American Regional English
University of Wisconsin–Madison
6125 Helen C. White Hall
600 N. Park St., Madison WI 53706

(608) 263–3810

<http://polyglot.lss.wisc.edu/dare/dare.html>

Nonprofit Org. U.S. Postage PAID Permit No. 658 Madison, WI

strive to produce a high-quality product.

Q: What are some of your interests away from *DARE*?

A: My family is a high priority. This year we have been involved in a college search for our daughter Erika, who is a high school senior, and in teaching our 16-year-old son Dirk to drive. The latter has had a negative impact on my blood pressure, I'm sure. Since my husband is German, we try to go to Germany every other year or so to visit his mother and friends. And I try to stay abreast of what is going on in German dialectology and sociolinguistics—getting back into what I studied—but I'm not really successful at this. I love reading, often sacrificing sleep for time to read. I feel I owe the community for the good life we live so have been involved in the children's schools, PTO, and village politics. Right now much of my "free" time is taken up by my position of Secretary-Treasurer for the Dictionary Society of North America. ♦

DARE Staff Members

EDITORIAL STAFF

Roland L. Berns, Science Editor
Craig M. Carver, Senior Editor, Editorial Computing
Frederic G. Cassidy, Chief Editor
Audrey R. Duckert, Adjunct Editor
George H. Goebel, Review Editor
Joan H. Hall, Associate Editor
Sheila Y. Kolstad, Senior Science Editor
Luanne von Schneidemesser, Senior Editor, Production
Leonard Zwilling, General Editor, Bibliographer

PRODUCTION STAFF

Catherine R. Attig, Production Asst., Technical Typist
Elizabeth Blake, Proofreader
Elizabeth R. Gardner, Senior Proofreader

OFFICE MANAGER

Karen J. Krause

DEVELOPMENT SPECIALIST

David H. Simon

RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Conrad Treff