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**Transcript of DARE Interview (1966): Silver Spring, Maryland; Primary Informant DC002 (Tape 0220-S1)**

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INTRODUCTION: The following was recorded from Dictionary of American Regional English, tape zero two two zero, side one.

FIELDWORKER: This tape was made on January twenty-ninth, nineteen sixty-six, in Silver Spring, Maryland, by [beep]. The speaker is Mrs. Carolyn [beep] of Silver Spring.

- 5 INFORMANT: Robert [beep] was an old Negro who had worked for my grandfather and my father and for me. And, uh, so he, uh, was quite a character who's been around these parts for a long time. Robert has, uh, so many precious little ways of talking that tickle me to death. For instance, uh, one Sunday morning, he appeared at my back door with a bunch of blossoms from a magnolia grandiflora, and he said, "Miss Carol, these here flowers will fumigate your whole
- 10 house." Then I have another story about Robert. My husband, uh, (was the) type of person who was quick with everything, and he just had to rush through any piece of work that he was doing. So, uh, one day when we first, uh, moved here, built this house, moved in, the builder had, uh, cut some, uh, firewood and, uh, he told Mike that he could have it if he'd haul it over to the house here. So, Mike borrowed a wheelbarrow, he hauled the wood over. So when I got
- 15 home that evening I met Robert. Robert says, "Miss Carol, Mr. Mike's done been trying to keep up with the wheel on the wheelbarrow all day." [laugh] Well we have, um, another type of story around here, concerning, uh, my grandfather who was a general in the, uh, army, and, um, Admiral Lee, who, um, both of them were in the Civil War and, um, each one claimed, uh, when they would get together for joking, talking, each one claimed that, uh, he had been
- 20 responsible for winning the Civil War! So, uh, one time they were laughing together and, uh, Admiral Lee said, uh, "Well actually he was the one who saved Washington." So, grandpa said, uh, "Well, what do you mean?" Well it seemed that when Jubal Early came down the Seventh Street Pike, which is now Georgia Avenue out here, and was on his way to take, uh, Washington at the battle of Fort Stevens just on the outskirts of the city. Before he got there, he got to
- 25 Silver Spring and Admiral Lee had stocked his cellar with, uh, navy rum that the government had put on sale because they had, uh, had, uh, given it up I think for the sailors or something, but anyway, Admiral Lee had bought quite a stock of this, uh, government rum, and had it in the cellar of his, uh, home, which was the original Silver Spring, that's what the town is named

30 for. So, uh, when Jubal Early came down with his soldiers, they ransacked the Lee mansion and they found this rum and got themselves all gloriously drunk. And so, [laugh] when they got down to Fort Stevens, the few little militia left in Washington came out to, uh, hold the line, which they did very easily because all of the Southern soldiers were drunk on Admiral Lee's, uh, rum, so he says that he is the one who saved Washington. [laugh]

35 FIELDWORKER: Mrs. [beep], the, what was the name of the grandfather you speak of, who was a general?

INFORMANT: George Washington [beep], he, uh, was in the Mexican War, the Civil War, and the Seminole War, three wars. He spent most of his time away from his family, his, uh, sixth child, my father, was born when his first child was twenty years old and my father was the first child that, uh, Grandpa had been able to see, uh, grow up, because all of his time up to that 40 time had been spent in wars for his country.

FIELDWORKER: Well now the [beep] family then, uh, you remember the [beep] family? Is that, uh, name perhaps have anything to do with, does it have anything to do with [beep]?

INFORMANT: No, that, uh, was a different family all together, and, uhm, I believe, I've been told that the name was [beep], uh, ending with an -s, ours did not. My, uh, great-grandfather 45 came here from Ireland when he was nine years old. Uh, (his) sister, older sister brought him over, about eighteen-twelve, and, uh, grandpa, and he settled eventually in, uh, Georgetown. He was brought here to, uh, work in the treasury department. And grand, my father was born in Georgetown, I mean my grandfather was born in- born in Georgetown. And, uhm, he got himself, he went over to, uhm, the White House and got himself appointed to West Point on his 50 own, and he graduated from West Point in eighteen-forty. He, uhm, uh, some, several years ago, uh, there was advertised in a New York paper a silhouette by a famous silhouettist, uh, named, uh, W.H. Brown, eighteen forty. And it was for sa-, advertised for sale, and it turned out to be, uh, signed by our, uh, grandfather, and so my aunt, uh, bought it and, uh, but before we could get the notice to the, uh, dealer in New York, he had already sold it to a collector in, um, 55 Missouri, so he had to write to that person and ask if, uh, she was willing to give it up, and she said yes, and she had to get it out of storage. It had already gone to storage. They went through a great deal of trouble, but they finally got it back to the [beep] family.

FIELDWORKER: And it was uh, it was your grandfather then, {(who was—

INFORMANT: Yes that was} his signature, the—

60 FIELDWORKER: It was a, th-the silhouette was of him.

INFORMANT: Mm-hmm. When he was a, a c-, graduate of West Point, uh, cadet.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm, well, very attractive, uh, silhouette here, uh, obviously you can't see, you'd have to know the person's face in order to recognize whether it's a good portrait, but it certainly looks like a {fine, young cadet}

65 INFORMANT: Well, the}, the ancestor there was in the, uh, uh, W. H. Brown's silhouettes.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

INFORMANT: Uh, he was quite famous for his silhouettes. This, uh, picture is a Brady photograph. You know, Brady was, uh, one of the, uh, first photographers to follow an army, and he made many of the uh, uh, pictures of actual battle scenes in the Civil War that, uh...

70 FIELDWORKER: One of the first photographers to get really successful ones too.

INFORMANT: Yes.

FIELDWORKER: One of the things that don't just look like, uh, uh, first attempts. And now, this, uh, house that, uhm, you said was in Silver Spring, the original Silver Spring, is that still standing?

75 INFORMANT: I am not sure. I haven't, uh, been down that way for a long time, uhm, I think it is, but I, but it's completely surrounded now by, uh, business and, uh, and apartments, ah, but I believe that the, uh, mansion was saved, but I'm not too sure.

FIELDWORKER: There's a large square house, down there now, in a sort of parkish area, set back quite a bit from Georgia {Avenue.

80 INFORMANT: That's} it, that's the Lee {mansion.

FIELDWORKER: That's it}, well it's still there.

INFORMANT: Yeah, {I—

FIELDWORKER: (I) haven't} examined it.

85 INFORMANT: I forget, what, um, uh, organization takes care of it. I haven't paid a great deal of attention to it.

FIELDWORKER: You mean it's been saved as a historical thing.

INFORMANT: I think so.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm. So now, uh, are here any other exploits of your family that you might speak of?

90 INFORMANT: No, I can't, uh say, Grandfather's the last one to, uh, be uh really famous in the family. Uhm, my father, uhm, wanted to go to Annapolis, but Grandpa wanted him to stay home with him and take up farming, and Papa was no farmer, and he didn't, uh, much care for it, but he stayed and farmed until, uh, farming was no longer, uh, profitable around this area. Became too, (sub-), too urbanized. So, uh, but, uh, we're very proud of our older brother, uh,  
95 he has gotten to be the recognized, uh, authority of railroads in the na-, in the country, he was the vice, uh, vice president of the Association of American Railroads, just retired, uh, a year ago,

and, um, uh, his associates said he knew more about railroads than any other man in the United States, so we have that member of our immediate branch of whom we're proud. Well, to go back, let me see, uhm, well, uh, General [beep] and his, his second son, Robert [beep] was also  
100 General [beep] from, uh, in the, uh, United States army, and, uhm, my aunt's son, uh, Arvil [beep] is General [beep], uh, and, uh that's the, uh, third general in the, uh, line, but unfortunately his name's [beep], not [beep]. His, uhm, son, has just graduated, uh, from West Point last year, and he will, per-, I hope be a general someday. Then, uh, Uncle Robert's daughter, uh, married into the army, uh Colonel [beep], and uhm, her son is well on his way to  
105 becoming a general, we hope that he'll be a general. Maybe, maybe we've done our part towards, {uh helping—

FIELDWORKER: What's his rank} now?

INFORMANT: He is a colonel now.

FIELDWORKER: Mmm. Is he, is he, uh, stationed abroad now, or is he—

110 INFORMANT: He's just on his way to Vietnam.

FIELDWORKER: Mm.

INFORMANT: He has been, uhm, uhm, at Fort Dix, oh, what, uh, what, I forget, uh, what his title was up at Fort Dix, he was head of something or other up there, but he has just been transferred to Vietnam, so they're in the process of, uh, packing up, his family is moving to the  
115 West Coast and he'll go on over.

FIELDWORKER: But now you stayed then, and, uh, were on the farm.

INFORMANT: We stayed, uh, our, uh, branch stayed here in Silver Spring.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm, how, how far exactly is Silver Spring from Washington, DC?

INFORMANT: Uh, from the center of town, from the {uh—

120 FIELDWORKER: No, I mean} from the line.

INFORMANT: From the line, Silver Spring is right on the district line.

FIELDWORKER: I see.

INFORMANT: But, uhm, it, uh, from, from the White House to my grandfather's house, this house that I'm living in now, is on part of the original farm, but to the, to the uh, mansion house  
125 was exactly ten miles.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

INFORMANT: It's uh, three miles to the district line, it was at that time.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

130 INFORMANT: [background noise, talking] The story of Arthur the Rat. Once upon a time, there  
was a young rat who couldn't make up his mind. Whenever the other rats asked him if he would  
like to come out hunting with them, he would answer in a hoarse voice, "I don't know." But  
when they said, "Would you rather stay inside?" he wouldn't say yes, or no either. He'd always  
shirk making a choice. One fine day his aunt Josephine said to him, "Now look here! No one will  
ever care for you if you carry on like this. You have no more mind of your own than a greasy old  
135 blade of grass!" The young rat coughed and looked wise, as usual, but said nothing. "Don't you  
think so?" said his aunt, stamping with her foot, for she couldn't bear to see the young rat so  
cold-blooded. "I don't know," was all he ever answered, and then he'd walk off to think for an  
hour or more, whether he should stay in his hole in the ground or go out into the loft. One night  
the rats heard a loud noise in the loft. It was a very dreary old place. The roof let the rain come  
140 washing in, the beams and the rafters had all rotted through, so that the whole thing was quite  
unsafe. At last one of the joists gave way, and the beams fell with one edge on the floor. The  
walls shook, the cupola fell off, and all the rats' hair stood on end with fear and horror. "This  
won't do," said their leader. "We can't stay cooped up here any longer." So they sent out scouts  
to search for a new home. A little later on that evening the scouts came back and said they had  
145 found an old-fashioned horse-barn where there would be room and board for all of them. The  
leader gave the order at once, "Company fall in!" and the rats crawled out of their holes right  
away and stood on the floor in a long line. Just then the old rat caught sight of young Arthur—  
that was the name of the shirker. He wasn't in line, and he wasn't exactly outside it—he stood  
just by it. "Come on, get in line!" growled the old rat hoarse-, coarsely. "Of course you're  
150 coming too?" "I don't know," said Arthur calmly. "Why, the idea of it! You don't think it's safe  
here anymore, do you?" "I'm not certain," said Arthur undaunted. "The roof may not fall down  
yet." "Well," said the old rat, "we can't wait for you to join us." Then he turned to the others  
and shouted, "Right about face! March!" and the long line marched out of the barn while the  
young rat watched them. "I think I'll go tomorrow," he said to himself, "but then again, perhaps  
155 I won't—it's so nice and snug here. I guess I'll go back to my hole under the log for a while just  
to make up my mind." But during the night there was a big crash. Down came the beams,  
rafters, joists—the whole business. Next morning—it was a foggy day—some men came to look  
over the damage. It seemed odd to them that the old building was not haunted by rats. But at  
last one of them happened to move a board, and he caught sight of a young rat, quite dead,  
160 half in and half out of his hole. Thus the shirker got his due, and there was no mourning for him.  
Now what do you think of that?