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TRANSMIGRATION THROUGH AN IMAGE IN WATER

By Angelo T. Patterson

The power of clairvoyance has been the subject of countless folktales. This power has been developed one step further in a story of a witch using a container of water not only to see what is happening in a distant place, but also obtain an object she is observing thereby. This motif was first brought to my attention by a British woman who had heard the following tale on a BBC broadcast many years ago. It was said to be of Irish provenience.

A lady of high degree is left alone while her husband goes on one of the Crusades. Out of boredom she has an affair with one of her pages. She becomes pregnant as a result and is mortified at what may happen to her when her husband returns. Through a lady-in-waiting she hears about a witch (wise lady) who can help her. Dressed in long dark cloaks the two slip out into the darkness one night and go to this witch to get an abortion. The witch, who is clairvoyant, tells the lady that it is sinful to take the life of an unborn child. She then fills a bowl with water and says her incantations. In the bowl of water they can see the woman's husband, the crusader, standing next to a beautiful Arabian woman. A seamstress is fitting a dress on this Arabian dame. The husband is evidently buying this green velvet and pearl-studded dress for his foreign mistress.

While the Arabian woman is trying the dress on, the witch reaches into the bowl of water, grabs one of the sleeves and pulls it out. She gives this sleeve to the wife and tells her to make a tunic which will protect the child. Some time later the husband returns from the Crusades and when he sees the baby wearing the green tunic he doesn't say a word.1

Witches have often been portrayed as having clairvoyant powers, but the power to pull an item from a distant location through a container filled with water is a less frequent concept. This concept appears again in an early Spanish-American book, El Carnero, by Juan Rodríguez Freile.

El Carnero is an important work in Spanish-American literature because it is considered a forerunner to the Spanish-American novel. The book is in two parts. The first eight chapters narrate the conquest of Colombia. Chapters Nine through Twenty deal with strange customs and scandalous happenings in the town of Santafé, Colombia. Our story appears in Chapter Nine. The following is an English translation.

The second incident also originated in Santafé. The reader will recall the paper that appeared one day, years before, on the walls of the city hall concerning the deaths of the two oidores (court officials) with the foundering of the flagship off Bermuda. It was a long story, that began with one of the fleets sailing to Castile after Montano's arrest, in which there took passage a resident of this city anxious to put his money into buying goods in Spain.

He was married to a young and pretty wife, and she, in her husband's absence, preferred to enjoy her beauty rather than watch it go to seed. Making a slip, she found herself with child, but reckoned that there was no hurry and that she would still be able to put the matter to rights. Before her time was up, however, news came knocking on the door that the return fleet had arrived at Cartagena. This threw the poor lady into a commotion, and she tried all she knew to bring about a miscarriage, but without success.

She took her problem to a friend, one Juana García, a freed Negress who had come up to New Granada with two daughters in the train of Governor Luis de Lugo.

1 This tale was told to me by Mrs. Valerie Stanley, originally from England.
The daughters trailed dresses of silk and gold here in Santafé and had men at their heels. The mother, as events proved, was something of a witch. The wife told her her troubles and how desperate she was to end her pregnancy, and asked her help.

"But who said your husband was with the fleet?"

She replied that she took it so because he had assured her he would come back without fail at the first opportunity.

"It could be," said the Negress, "but do nothing until I have made sure. I will soon know whether he has arrived or not."

During the night she applied herself to the business, and next day she was back with the answer.

"Good friend," she said, "I have made my inquiries. The fleet lies in truth in Cartagena harbor, but I find no news of your husband, nor anyone to confirm that he sailed with it."

The other was still greatly distressed and again besought aid in getting rid of the unwanted child.

"That you must not," said the Negress. "Not until we know for certain if he has come. What you can do is this. You see that small green tub?"

The woman nodded.

"Well, fill it with water and put it in your room, and then prepare a meal. I'll bring my daughters, and we'll enjoy ourselves. And afterwards we will think of something for your need."

When night had fallen all three turned up at the woman's home. She, meantime, had invited other girls from nearby to join the company. All had arrived, and the girls were singing and dancing, when she said to her gossip, the Negress, "I've got such a pain in my middle! Would you come and look at it for me?"

She picked up a candle, led the way to her room, shut the door, and said, "Gossip, there is the tub."

"Good. Take the candle and see if you can see anything in the water."

She looked. "I see a country I don't recognize, and there is my husband, sitting on a chair. There is a woman standing by a table, and a tailor with scissors in his hand cutting out a scarlet dress."

Said the gossip, "Let me see." And when she looked she saw just what the other had said.

"What country is that?" the wife asked.

"Hispaniola, Santo Domingo."

Just then the tailor snipped out with his scissors a piece of cloth for a sleeve and threw it across his shoulder. Said the gossip, "Would you like to see me take that piece of cloth away from him?"

"You can't do that!"

"If you want it," said the gossip, "I can take it."

"Take it, my friend. Take it by all means."

Scarcely were the words out of the wife's mouth when the other said, "Here it is," and gave her the sleeve.

They continued to watch until the tailor had finished cutting out the dress. Then, in a second, the whole scene vanished, leaving nothing but the tub and the water.

"Now," said the gossip, "you can see what a hurry your husband is in to get back to you. You needn't worry about being with child. You have time for another one for that matter."

The other, much relieved, threw the sleeve into a trunk she kept by the bed, and they went back to join the company.
The husband, meantime, on his arrival in Seville, had met with friends and relations from Santo Domingo who talked about the wealth there and suggested he accompany them back and trade his purchases on the island. He took their advice, went to Santo Domingo, and was lucky. He returned to Spain, bought more goods and took ship a second time to Santo Domingo. It was on this trip that he had a tailor make a scarlet dress for his Santo Domingan mistress. Having again sold his merchandise he returned a third time to Spain, renewed his stock, and this time came home to New Granada. By now his wife's infant had grown into a child and was living with its mother under the guise of being an orphan.

Husband and wife had a fond reunion, and for some days their happiness and amity were unclouded. Then she started asking for this present and for that, and into the asking there crept wisps of jealousy, until the husband grew tired of it. Ill temper at lunch became anger by dinner, for now the wife had passed to veiled hints at the affair in Santo Domingo, arousing in him the suspicion that some friend in the island had been telling tales. At length he gave in and began pampering her in the hope of discovering who had betrayed him. There came a night when, as they sat dining together in genial mood, his wife asked him to treat her to a new green skirt with trimmings. This was too much and he began making excuses, at which she remarked:

"I bet if it were a present for the lady in Santo Domingo, like the scarlet dress, you wouldn't be making a fuss."

Confirmed in his fears and anxious now to know all, he gave her the skirt and other bits of finery, which made her well content. At length, one afternoon when both were again in good spirits, he said to her:

"Tell me, wife, who told you I had given a scarlet dress to a lady in Santo Domingo?"

"You are not going to deny it, are you?" she replied. "You tell me the truth and I'll tell you how I know."

"Wife, it is true. When a man is far from home and in a strange land, he must have some amusement. I did give such a lady a dress."

"And tell me," she asked him, "when the tailor was cutting it out, was there a sleeve missing?"

"Why, so there was! He forgot to cut one sleeve, and had to get an extra piece of material."

"Would you know the sleeve again if you saw it?"

"Have you got it?" asked the husband.

"Come with me and you'll see."

They went to the trunk, and from the bottom of it she took out the sleeve. "Is this it?"

"Indeed, wife, it is. And I swear to God I'm going to find out who brought it from Santo Domingo to Santafé."2

The differences in these two tales are very slight. In the Irish version the dress is green; in the Spanish-American version it is scarlet, as might be expected in view of the different color values in the different countries. The use of the sleeve to make the child a protective tunic is peculiar to the Irish version.

Tales of clairvoyance and even transmigration through water in a container are widely diffused, but the other known versions do not involve the procurement of an object through the water.

2Juan Rodríguez Freile, El Carnero, Bogotá, Colombia, reprinted in 1963, pp. 132-138. This motif is not included in Stith Thompson's Motif-Index of Folk Literature.
In Polynesian legend there appears a story about Kena, who had the misfortune of losing both his first two wives. Kena's second wife, Tefio, was killed by evil spirits. "Kena decided to seek Tefio's spirit in Hawaii. His mother filled a kape leaf with water — in this she could look down and see the underworld. She dived into the water, went down, and returned, Kena watching her all the time and marveling...."3 This story is similar to our motif in that a body of water is used for transferring a solid object from one location to another, but here the person herself is transported; not just an object. Two other Polynesian tales involve clairvoyance only.4 In Egypt, clairvoyance is achieved by means of ink rather than water,5 but water is used in New Guinea6 and also among the Eskimos.7 The Thompson motif which most closely approximates these is numbered D1821.3.7.1: Magic sight by looking into a glass of water.

But the tales from Ireland and Colombia involve more: clairvoyance plus the transfer of an object itself through the image seen in the water. These tales are based on a combination of two folk beliefs; fluidism and formism. Fluidism is the belief that certain qualities can flow like water from one person or thing to another. Formism, whether it be branded as philosophy by its association with Plato or as folklore by its appearance in tales of magic, is the belief that all matter is kept compressed together by invisible containers called forms. The magic transportation of bodies through containers of water is plausible only to persons who believe in formism: who imagine that an object's primary essence is its form, that this form can exist in two places simultaneously, and that what happens to the form also happens to the object. This is the same belief that motivates witches to make effigies or dolls of their enemies and abuse these effigies, confident that what happens to the dolls will also happen to the persons who share their forms. The practice is extremely extensive.8

Thus, the image of the sleeve in the container of water is thought to be the sleeve itself. Logically, therefore, a witch should be able to pull the sleeve itself out of the water in which she sees it. At that exact moment, of course, the original sleeve being cut by the seamstress or the tailor must disappear mysteriously from its original environment.

(The foregoing article was originally written, in a more detailed form, as a term paper for Comparative Literature 258, Folklore in Literature, at the University of Maryland, taught by Frank Goodwyn.)

3 Edward Smith Craighill Handy, Marquesan Legends, Honolulu, Hawaii, 1930. p. 118.
4 Ibid. pp. 109, 528.
7 Ibid., p. 431.
The relevance of folklore to philosophy is demonstrated in my article on "Water and Sand, the Anatomy of a Folk Belief," in the supplement to the newsletter of this society for February, 1969, Volume V, Number 6, pages 1-4. Its relevance to literature is evident from Martha Larson's "A Clever-Judge Tale in Don Quijote," in the opening issue of this journal, Volume I, Number 1, pages 10-13. Its relevance to linguistics is suggested by the following note from Helen Jordan, of Silver Spring.

"If someone said to you, 'She turned pale as — ,' you might immediately think, 'a ghost.' Many such expressions are universal, it seems. But recently a friend and I discovered that she in Texas and I in New Jersey had both been brought up to hear, 'queer as Dick's hat band.'

"Who was Dick? And what was so odd about his hat band that made it a part of American folklore? This set me to wondering about other comparisons that have obscure origins. Skipping the most obvious -- 'green as grass,' 'white as a sheet,' etc., you may recognize some or come up with different meanings. How many of the following ring a bell:

"Irish as Paddy's pig, homely as a mud fence (daubed with tadpoles), naked as a jaybird, cross as a bear (with a sore toe), right as rain, bright as a button, merry as a grig, wild as a banshee, bold as brass, plain as a pikestaff, crooked as a dog's hind leg, funny as a crutch, mad as a wet hen, hot as the hinges of hell, nervous as a witch, tight as a tick, old as the hills?"

"Try this on your friends. You may find some surprises. Here are some good adjectives to start with: straight, hungry, ugly, brave, fat, warm, sore, deep, dry, proud, smart, common.

"Did you think of a string, a wolf, sin, a lion, a pig, toast, a boil, a well, a bone, punch, a whip, dirt?'"

Some of these make good sense anywhere. A tick is certainly tight, and the hills are certainly old. Others make sense only when seen against a certain background. In Gaelic mythology the banshees certainly were wild. A carpenter uses a string covered with colored chalk and stretched tight to make a straight line across a floor. To him, "straight as a string" makes particularly good sense. Others have no easily derived explanation. Yet all are a part of our language. We use them automatically when we talk.

Here is something we can all work on. I provide below an alphabetical list of all the folk similes I have been able to gather. If you know any that are missing, send them to me and I'll publish them in the next issue of this journal. If you can explain some of the more obscure ones, let me know by mail or phone or at a meeting. I suspect that this is only a very small beginning of a very large index that will be of interests to all folklorists and linguists.

| big as a horse | blind as a bat | bright as a new penny
| as a mountain  | bold as brass   | as day               |
| bitter as gall | brave as a lion | brown as a berry
| black as night | bright as a button | busy as a bee as a one-armed paper hanger |
(as much) chance as a snowball in hell
clumsy as an ox
cold as a corpse
  enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey
  enough to freeze the hinges of hell
common as dirt
cool as a cucumber
crazy as a loon
crooked as a dog's hind leg
cross as a bear (with a sore toe)
  as a sore-headed bear
dark as your pocket
dead as a door nail
deepr as a well
dry as a bone
easy as pie
  as slipping off a (greased) log
empty as your hat
fair as a lily
fast as the wind
fat as a pig
flat as a flitter
  as a fritter
  as a pancake
free as a bird
  as the wind
fresh as a daisy
full as a tick
funny as a crutch
green as a gourd
  as grass
growl like a sore-headed bear
happy as a cat with two tails
  as a clam
  as if he had the world by the tail and a downhill pull on it
hand as a rock
  as nails
high as a kite
homely as a mud fence (daubed with tadpoles)
hot as blue blazes
  as the hinges of hell
  enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk
hungry as a wolf
Irish as Paddy's pig
  as Patty's pig
low as a snake's belly
mad as a wet hen
  enough to bite a nail in two
mean as poison
  enough to steal the pennies from the eyes of a dead Chinaman
meek as a lamb
merry as a grig
messed up as a hurrah bird's nest
naked as a jaybird
natural as God
nervous as a witch
nutty as a fruitcake
old as Methuselah
  as the hills (of Arkansas)
pale as a ghost
  as a goose
plain as a pikestaff
  as the nose on your face
pleased as punch
poor as a church mouse
  as Job's turkey
pretty as a picture
proud as paint
  as punch
pure as the driven snow
queer as Dick's hat band
quick as a flash
  as (greased) lightning
quiet as a mouse
as death
(so) quiet you can hear a pin drop
right as rain
sharp as a knife
as a razor
silent as a grave
slick as an eel
as a whistle
as glass
slow as molasses in January
smart as a whip
smooth as cream
as silk
sore as a boil
sound as a dollar
stiff as a board
as a poker
stingy enough to skin a flint
enough to skin a flea for its hide and tallow
straight as an arrow
as a string

strong as a mule
as an ox
sure as shoot'n!
sweet as pie
as sugar
tall as a tower
thick as thieves
thin as a lathe
as a rail
as a string bean
tight as a tick
as Dick's hat band
tough as a buzz saw
ugly as a mud fence (daubed with tadpoles)
as a monkey's uncle
as sin
warm as toast
white as a sheet
as snow
wide as a church door
wild as a banshee
as a pidgeon

Hell is not included in the above list. It is the quintessence of many qualities in folk simile. A thing can be not only hot as hell but also cold as hell or dirty as hell or clean as hell. A man can not only be mean as hell but also mad as hell, strong as hell or friendly as hell. A woman can be pretty as hell as well as ugly as hell.

Whereas the above is an initial list taken straight from current local speech, more complete collections have been made in other regions. Some of these include proverbs as well as comparisons, and the indexing systems vary slightly. Some of them, such as Taylor's California collection and Barbour's Illinois collection, have large bibliographies, so that anyone interested in the work done on the subject in the past may begin with the following selective list sent in by Hickerson.

A SELECTIVE LIST FROM THE VAST FIELD OF FOLK SIMILE
by Joseph C. Hickerson

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Barrick, Mac E.
"Popular Comparisons and Similes," Keystone Folklore Quarterly, volume 10, number 1, Spring 1965, pp. 3-34.

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A Dictionary of Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases from Books Published by Indiana Authors before 1890. Bloomington: Indiana University Folklore Series, number 15, 1961.

Clark, Joseph D.

Halpert, Herbert.

Hanford, G. L.

Hendricks, George D.
"Texas Folk Similes," Western Folklore, volume 19, number 4, October 1960, pp. 245-262.

Perdue, Chuck.
"Folk Sayings," Sing Out!, volume 17, number 4, August-September 1967, pp. 31-33.

Taylor, Archer.


Taylor, Archer and Bartlett Jere Whiting.

SCRATCHED EGGS

by Frank Mentzer*

Young Tom Ansbury returned to Frederick County in late November, 1780, and stayed through August, 1781. It was not altogether a pleasant visit; Ansbury was a prisoner of war. But it was not altogether unpleasant, either. Being a lieutenant, he was allowed to live away from the troops who were quartered in the old Frederick barracks.

*Frank Mentzer is Superintendent of Catoctin Mountain Park. This is one of many articles he has written on folklife in Maryland. See Man and his Environment Publications, National Park Service, U. S. Department of the Interior.
After a brief but expensive stay at Robert Wood's Tavern, he found accommodations in the home of Colonel "Beattie," presumably the Colonel Beatty who was the colonial deputy quartermaster general for the county. During this stay he observed the customs of predominantly German Frederick City and the Monocacy Valley. When he returned to England he included them in a book which he called Travels Through America.

Lieutenant Ansbury was in Frederick Town over Easter, 1781. "The young people at the Easter holidays," he recorded, "have a custom in this province of boiling eggs in logwood, which dies the shells crimson, and though this color will not rub off, you may with a pin scratch on them any device you think proper. This is practiced by young men and maidens, who present them to each other as love tokens."

Sounds more like St. Valentine's Day — but remember that the celebration of St. Valentine's day did not gain widespread popularity until the Civil War period. Easter was the Spring holiday, and in the Spring, in 1781, a young man's fancy turned to engraved Easter eggs.

There were probably two reasons for dying eggs crimson. For one, logwood was the most available "commercial" dye, and a delightful change from the yellows and browns of common "natural" dyes. Second, red was the color that symbolized the joy of the resurrection.

Love tokens were not the only subjects engraved on Easter eggs. Tom Ansbury records this very interesting egg: "To impress the minds of their children with their glorious struggle for independence as they call it, Colonel Beattie has an egg on which is engraved the battle of Bunker Hill. This he takes infinite pains to explain to his children, but will not suffer them to touch it...."

The "Bunker Hill Egg" had been engraved by his son, who was later killed fighting with the American forces. For the colonel, the egg had become a relic.

Over in the Dutch country of Pennsylvania — they too were Palatinate Germans — engraving eggs is called "scratch-carving." The immigrants apparently brought the custom with them. Dr. Alfred L. Shoemaker, who founded the Pennsylvania Folklife Society and edited its magazine, did a folk cultural study of their Easter customs and describes "scratch-carving" in his little book, Eastertide in Pennsylvania.

The art of scratch-carved Easter eggs is now being revived in this section of Western Maryland by the Catoctin Mountain Travel Council. Scratch-carving is fun and easy. All you need is a dyed hard boiled egg and a pin. To make it more fun and even easier we offer these suggestions:

1. If you dye your eggs with commercial dyes, be sure to follow the instructions of the manufacturer to assure even coloring.

2. When scratch-carving, hold the egg in a piece of paper toweling or tissue. The acids of normal perspiration, even though not visible, tend to react with the dyes, discoloring them.

3. Scratch-carving can be done with a pin, needle or any fine, sharp point. To make your pin or needle more easy to handle, imbed the dull end in a length of wood dowel or a pencil.

4. Finished eggs can be protected with a coating of clear lacquer, either brushed or sprayed on.
Bill Grogan's Goat

Janet Harding of Woodbridge, Virginia, writes: "Your drinking song without drinks (page 8 of the winter issue) is a variation of one my grandmother used to sing to me to while away the time as we waited for the Saturday morning bus to take us to town. It goes thusly:

Bill Grogan's goat was feeling fine,
Ate three red shirts from off the line.
Bill took a stick, gave him a whack
And tied him to the railroad track.
The whistle blew, the train drew nigh;
Bill Grogan's goat was doomed to die.
He gave three groans of awful pain,
Coughed up those shirts and flagged the train.

"A few years later while studying piano I came across the song in one of my workbooks — one of those John Thompson red-backed varieties. But I can't recall the exact words to the printed version, possibly a less picturesque one."

John Bear's Early Adventures

In the winter issue of this journal I began one of the tales of enchantment which have enchanted listeners literate and illiterate all over the world for ages. It was one of several told by George Washington Cortinas in southern Texas years ago: the story of John Bear, a boy who was half bear and half human. I told how he started out to find his fortune with two dollars and a five-hundred-pound sword. He fought against three giants and enslaved them. They were named Fourteen, Fifteen and Sixteen. One at a time, John left them to guard camp while he and the others went hunting. Each giant, when left alone in camp, was molested by a dwarf who came out of the woods and disrupted the cooking. Finally, John sent the three slaves to hunt and remained to guard the camp himself.

John Bear and the Beautiful Captives

John was very carefree, cooking and whistling, when suddenly the dwarf stood facing him. Immediately, this dwarf tried to spill the food into the fire and pour water on it, but John said:

"One moment, friend! What are you doing there? Stop it!"

The dwarf only commenced throwing water on the fire. The bright blaze died and turned into a roaring ghost of steam and in the midst of it John grabbed his sword and gave the dwarf a swing with it that sliced off his left ear. With a little squeak of pain, the dwarf disappeared into the woods. John picked up the ear and put it in his pocket. Then he revived the fire, making it blaze high and bright again, and he said nothing about the dwarf to the three slaves when they got back with the animals they had killed.

They asked, "How did it go with you, Patrón?"

He answered, "Oh, fine. There is no novelty at all. Nothing extraordinary. But here go some drops of blood. Look. We will follow them, to see where they will lead us."

The drops of blood were from the side of the dwarf's head, where John had cut off his ear, but John said nothing of this to the three slaves. After eating well and fixing some lunch to carry, they broke camp and went following the drops of blood into the woods.
Through deep jungles and thick brambles they followed until the sun went down and the darkness grew too dense for them to see. Then they slept on the ground in the forest and next morning early they took up the trail of blood again.

All day that day they traveled and all day the next, going deeper and deeper into the wilderness, until at eleven in the morning they arrived at a very deep hole. They could see down into darkness only. In it the drops of blood were lost.

John sent Fourteen to the nearest town for a long rope. This they tied around Fourteen's waist, so he could go down into that hole and explore it. They made an agreement that when Fourteen tugged at the rope they would pull him back up again.

They lowered Fourteen a long way down into that great hole, but he never got to the bottom. It was so awfully dark and dismal down there that he soon lost all his valor and began pulling violently on the rope to make the others lift him back up into the light of day.

John Bear asked, "What did you find, Fourteen?"

"Nothing," replied the slave. "Nothing but darkness and gloom, dreadfully solid and silent."

But John sneered, "Pooh! It is only that you became afraid. But Fifteen is bigger and has more bravery than you. He will go down."

So they tied the rope around Fifteen's waist and lowered him down into that mysterious pit. He went farther, though he used only a little over half of the rope, which was more than a mile long. Going on and on, he finally lost all hope of finding any bottom or any other thing than pure black darkness and a silence so dreadful that at last he could stand no more and began tugging the rope in a frenzy to be lifted out.

Again, John was dissatisfied with the report given him. But now it was the turn of Sixteen, who was too big and strong to become afraid very soon. He went down a long way beyond half the rope's length, but even with his gigantic body and enormous strength, he finally lost all his courage in that darkness and dead quiet and pulled at the rope as a signal that he could endure no more.

"Bah!" said John when Sixteen had given his empty report. "You fellows may be big and strong, but under the skin you are cowards. I will go down this time, and I bet I will find something."

When the rope was around his waist, he commanded, "Do not pull me back up, even if I tug frantically on the rope. I would not want to see daylight again if such fright should overcome me. Only if I give the rope three light tugs, like this, which will show that I do it with resolution instead of fear, pull me up."

So down he went, down and on down, and almost at the end of the rope, his feet reached solid ground. High above him, he could see just a tiny patch of sky, through the top of the hole. But then when he looked straight to one side, he could see another light, far away, as if there were a vast cavern in the side of the hole.

He knew the rope would not reach that far, so he untied it from his waist. Thus he stripped himself of all chance to escape whatever unknown dangers that dungeon might harbor. Leaving the end of the rope to dangle idle in the darkness, he went straight toward the patch of light far away under the earth in that broad cave. As he approached, he saw that it came not from a lamp, but from a tall candle.

Beneath this candle stood a young woman, the most beautiful he had ever seen, but having only a few scraps of clothes on her body. By her left ankle she was chained to a bolt in the stone wall of the cave.
She asked, "What are you doing here, good youth?"
"Oh, nothing in particular," replied John. "I am just down here looking around."
"Have care," she warned him. "Yonder comes a bull that has me here enchanted, and he will make rags of you.
She had hardly finished saying this when a giant bull came running at John, blowing billowy clouds of smoke out of its nostrils. Against this beast John found that he could not defend himself with his sword, for the blade of five hundred pounds would not sink into the bull's charging body. At last, however, he got the beast by the horns and, twisting its neck, bore it to the ground and held it there until it choked to death.

When the great beast breathed no more, John used his sword to break the chain from the young woman's ankle. She exclaimed:
"How brave and strong you are, good youth! But you must know that we are three sisters here, daughters of a powerful king. And these that have us here are animals in form, but really they are wizards, or witches, or I don't know what. Maybe they are fairies. Over there are my two sisters."
John went walking in the direction to which the girl pointed. Soon he saw there another maiden, younger and more beautiful than the first, with only a few thin strips for clothes, chained by both legs to a notch in the stone.
She asked, "What are you doing here, good youth? Don't you see that lion coming yonder? In a moment he will make shreds of you."
She had hardly finished saying this when John heard a great roar, and a gigantic lion pounced on him. He had to do all possible, and it was an awful fight, for the claws of the lion were sharp, and they sank deep into John's flesh despite the toughness of his skin. But at last he got the lion by the throat and with his iron grip crushed all the breath from it. When the lion lay dead across the stones, John aimed a mighty blow at each of the chains that held the maiden's legs and set her free.
Then with the two girls accompanying him, John went still farther, until he came to the third princess, who was the youngest and most beautiful of all. She was imprisoned in a cage of iron, and she had only a few tiny nets of thread for clothes.
She called to him, "What are you doing here, good youth? Don't you see that wild boar coming yonder? When he arrives, he will make pulp of you."
The wild boar's fangs were sharper than the lion's claws and more deadly than the bull's horns. Now John had a harder fight than he had ever had before, but at last with a blow of his fist he caved in the brute's forehead and killed it. Then with one swing of his five-hundred-pound blade he broke open the bars of the iron cage and the youngest and loveliest of the princesses was set free.
"You are the bravest and strongest man I ever saw," she said, "and I must tell you that our father the king has promised that any man who gives us our liberty may have his choice among us for marriage. If you will take us home to his kingdom, you may have whichever one of us you want."
"But how can he do that," asked the elder sister, "as long as we are down here in this dungeon?"
"Don't worry about that," said John. "I have some slaves who will pull you out."
He took them to the place where the top of the hole could be seen far above them. Here he tied them to the end of the rope, one by one, and signaled for them to be pulled up.
When he was left alone at the bottom of the hole, he thought to himself, "Those giants may be planning to play a trick on me. They think I will now tie myself to the rope to be pulled up. I will fool them to test their loyalty."
Instead of tying himself to the rope, he took the iron cage that the youngest daughter of the king had been shut up in and hung it with a hard knot on the rope's end. Then he gave the rope three tugs as a signal.

Now the biggest giant, Sixteen, had hold of the rope. When he felt the signals, he began pulling it up. The three princesses watched him, expecting to see their deliverer thus raised out of that profundity.

While he worked, the eldest girl said: "We are princesses, and our father has promised that whoever saves us may have his choice among us for a wife. I wonder which of us that youth will pick?"

"Whichever one he chooses," said the second princess, "the other two of us must remain alone and forlorn without husbands. What a pity!"

The youngest princess, who knew herself to be the most beautiful, said nothing at all.

When the cage was about halfway up that precipice, Sixteen pretended to lose his grip on the rope. He relaxed his fingers and, the cage being heavy, the rope commenced slipping fast through his hands.

"Owe!" he cried, in simulated astonishment. "The rope stings my palms! I cannot get my grip on it again! What shall I do? Oh my, oh my! What shall I do?" So saying, he let the rope go entirely.

The cage tumbled to the bottom of the pit with a great crash, and John Bear, watching it, said to himself, "That was just what I expected. Now they think they have killed me."

Meanwhile, up above the mouth of the hole, Sixteen turned to the princesses with false tears in his eyes, saying, "What an unhappy accident! Our poor master has fallen to his death at the bottom of this awful pit! What a pity!"

Fifteen, also smothering his joy and seeming to weep, wailed, "What a pitiful shame! Now these poor princesses will never again see their original deliverer. We are their only saviors."

Fourteen, although the slowest of wit among them, caught these words and, seeing the drift of things, joined in: "Oh, yes! What a shame! What a shock this must be to these poor princesses! Now we are the only ones left for them to marry!"

"It was a stroke of fate," said Sixteen, rubbing his eyes so as to make them seem more tearful. "John was condemned by destiny, and who are we that we should complain against it? There is nothing left for us to do but accept the inevitable."

"Fortunately," said Fifteen, "we fit together nicely. We are three, and the princesses are three. We are of three sizes, and they are of three sizes."

"Yes," agreed Sixteen. "I will take the eldest. The middle-sized one will be for Fifteen, and the smallest one will be for Fourteen."

"Surely," sighed Fifteen, "the hand of God can be seen in this."

Now the princesses, thinking that John Bear must surely be dashed to bits at the bottom of the pit, and being well satisfied with this arrangement whereby they would all three get good, strong husbands, remained content and agreed not to speak of their salvation in too much detail. Together with their supposed deliverers, they returned to the royal city amidst clamorous rejoicing and began preparations for a triple wedding.

Meanwhile, John Bear was in a bad situation, doomed to a dark, slow death by starvation at the bottom of that hole. There was no human hope of his ever beholding the top of the earth or breathing the open air again, now that the rope had all fallen with the shattered cage to the hole's floor. The only future he could see for himself was a long siege of suffering to be concluded by oblivion with nobody to bury his bones.

In the summer issue of this journal we will see what happened to him.
Continuum

Continuum is an experiment in spontaneous social interchange developed in the mind and home of David C. dePackh at 100 Vista Terrace, Oxon Hill, Maryland. Dave, a physicist working at the Naval Research Laboratory, is above all else a man who likes people. His experiment is inspired by the idea that vast amounts of human energy are wasted through tensions due to traditional spatial and social barriers. The remedy: create an environment free from these barriers: a spatial and social continuum. The result: a refreshing place to relax on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, to express the best that is in you without formality or structuralization among people of broad tolerance and a wide range of appreciation.

Dave and his wife and young daughter welcome an average of 65 guests three times a week from 7 p.m. into the night. They and their neighbors provide plenty of food, spread on wide tables, buffet style, but they don't entertain exactly. They permit the guests to entertain themselves and one another. Activities range from chess playing to guitar strumming, singing, story telling, painting and dramatic performances.

Prohibitions are limited to the logical ones needed for the good of the entire group. No liquor, no dope, no injurious indulgences beyond smoking, for which ample ashtrays are provided, nothing that may lead to antisocial acts is allowed. Mischief is kept at a minimum by the danger of banishment, but the limits are set on forms of behavior rather than on individuals. Dave himself smokes a pipe, mingles with his streaming guests, converses over plates piled high with victuals, and sometimes joins in the singing.

His house is a long, wide, roony structure on an eminence overlooking the Potomac and the city, with a minimum of walls and a maximum of glass for unhampered visibility; just enough walls to keep out the inclemencies of the weather. From Vista Terrace, you enter on one side of the upper floor, which has no partitions. To your right as you enter, in the far end, are the tables laden with food. To your left are areas devoted to art and music, with exotic luminous lights and paints, a piano, a loud speaker and lots of chairs. Straight before you, beyond slightly interrupted glass walls and a broad veranda, stretches the Potomac River, flowing from the city under the Woodrow Wilson Bridge. The place is designed so as to assemble all the best of natural beauty and variety, as well as artistic forms.

A winding stair leads down to the lower level, which combines the broad view with the atmosphere of a cave, though partitions are absent except where absolutely necessary. This cavernous level is strewn with couches for lounging, books for browsing and guitars for strumming. Though negative exclusions are few and remote, there is a positive weekly rhythm of emphasis. Music is stressed on Mondays, creative artistic activity on Wednesdays and dramatic performance on Fridays. Folklore flows freely here.

Wart Removal

Valerie M. Stubs of Washington, D. C. writes: "My maternal grandmother, Lena Hamon, told me the local method of getting rid of warts, for northeastern Maine:

"Cut a potato in half (a potato with no sprouts), rub one half all over the warts, put the two halves back together and throw them over your shoulder where a white horse can eat them. She says it always worked!"
FOLKLORE KEEPS THE PAST ALIVE TOO LONG: A REVIEW ESSAY
by Kay L. Cothran


Entire systems of behavior made up of hundreds of thousands of details are passed from generation to generation, and nobody can give the rules for what is happening. Only when these rules are broken do we realize they exist.

---The Silent Language.
         p. 71

These books are not about folklore, and the authors are students of anthropology and sociology rather than of folklore. Traditional behavior, however, includes folklore, and inasmuch as a number of folklorists are now studying individual and social uses and functions of folklore, these books are important contributions to the fields. Folklore involves recurrent expressive, persuasive and stylized communication which takes place, is performed and is acted in space and time — the silent language — by people who present themselves in traditionally defined character roles.

Through his fieldwork and, what is more, through the words of literary artists and subliterary autobiographers, Goffman's treatment of everyday "doings" in terms of a dramaturgical metaphor shows people as actors defining themselves as persons and teams and defining situations in terms of who opposes whom, and where and when. In the folklore fieldwork situation with which I am most familiar, the tall tale session, narrator and folklorist become Mr. End Man and Mr. Interlocutor, the comedian and the straight man off whom the outrageous and funny tales are bounced. This situation involves two single-member teams, but the superficially simple situation turns out to be a complicated network of stances, e.g., of blatant aggressions that are legal because the situation is defined as nonserious. If other listeners are present there arises the opposition between the two performers, now considered a single team, and the audience team. There is no sharp distinction to be drawn in theory here between "art" and "life" — let the informants draw that line — for both are acted or danced on the social stage where the backdrops never cease to shift. If folklore means anything it has to be understood as found, as embedded in the context of personality and culture.

For Edward Hall, space and time speak — the media are the messages? — but not in a universal tongue. In every culture there are rules, in the sense of descriptive regularities the breakdown of which produces anxiety, for orienting one's self in space-time with regard to things and people. "Crowded," "late," and "eavesdropping," mean different things to different people; the folklorist ought to know what to do and expect when he goes into another (sub)culture. If he is to be a participant-observer he must know how to follow the blocking or choreography and when the cues will come, so that actors do not clumsily or embarrassingly collide or stray. Frequently the folklorist must sensitize himself to the culture in situ, arrive at the rules by observation and experiment, and take the risk of being Ugly.
Hall, with his study of "proxemics," the study of spatial relations, and those who deal with "kinesics," the study of bodily motion, are developing elaborate technical systems for classifying and describing their subjects, but neither of the two present books will be unintelligible to the literate non-specialist. Perhaps the main problem with Goffman's work is that it relies so much on extraordinary sensitivity on the observer's part. Goffman's method of observation, if method it is, cannot be taught but can only be learned; once learned, it is not easily verbalized. What is "extraordinary sensitivity" besides common sense raised to the nth power? The simple and the easy are not identical. Anyone who cannot do fieldwork needs therapy, not education, but to do fieldwork well one needs both sensitivity and method. It is one thing intuitively to see the applicability of the dramaturgical metaphor, another to see just how and why it is applicable.

The literary criticism of Kenneth Burke, upon which Goffman draws, is a valuable if not transparent opening into Goffman's thought. Goffman himself has yet to present workable units of analysis on levels as "micro" as those units proposed by students of proxemics and kinesics. To his credit, he also has yet to present a jargon trade name for his work to delight lovers of the pretentiously arcane.

All of this is a long way from leaping through hills with tape recorder to grab the ballads and run, but who is better served among academics than folklorists by the adoption of ways to study traditional stylized behavior in a close and careful manner? We have been observing and acting with our informants for years; we know now that the worship of tape recorders and the collection of texts, even verbatim ones, with perfunctory background information, is a cul de sac. Folklore does not exist discontinuously with the rest of human life and speech, and it must be studied as drama, symbol and rhetoric; that is to say, as ordinary life and language. Folklorists have not to choose between social science and the humanities — the two are one, as Goffman's literary citations so well remind us — nor between being "derivative" and being "original" — what does it matter? — but rather between doing our jobs as students of expressive behavior and perpetuating yesterday, between doing our jobs and prattling amid the groves.

The insights of Hall and Goffman are provocative in still another way. The information from present and future studies of these kinds may be used for prediction and control, with bloodchilling results if there is abuse. The folklorist, like other investigators, must face the moral implications of his work. What are the human rights of folklore? Simplemindedness now spells not only silliness but disaster.

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia
BOOK REVIEWS


The Beginning Manual is probably the best beginner's and intermediate guitar book going. The presentations, illustrations and examples are interesting, thorough and understandable. A person successfully completing this book will have nearly everything necessary (save talent, which is untransmittable) to be an accomplished guitarist. Even the tablature system, which is unconventional, is easily grasped by the beginner (not so for jaded, habit-ridden old-timers like the reviewer).

The Accompaniment Manual is filled with information, tips, music theory (including "painless" music reading), and other secrets of the trade, making it possible for anyone with talent and taste to learn to copy or invent guitar accompaniments for folk songs.

The Finger-Picking and Blues and Ragtime books lead the intermediate guitarist into the murky world of country blues and city amaze-pickers, but the way is well lighted and marked. The tablature (again) produces the only problem with the books, since it is unlike the "normal" tablature found in other books on the subjects, leaving the enterprising guitarist well out toward the end of the limb, or near the headwaters of that well-known creek.

The Flat-Picking Manual, however, uses this same tablature system to more advantage, owing to the difficulty in notating this complex subject in "normal" tablature. The book covers simple "church-lick" picking, cross- and back-picking, and the so-called "McReynolds" picking styles, pointing out clearly the elements of each.

All in all, I would recommend each manual for those interested in the particular subject matter contained therein, taking the above considerations into mind. Never forget that no manual is complete, that no book can teach talent, and that no teacher, book, record, method, religion, race or place of national origin can teach you taste.

Robert J. Clayton
Washington, D. C.


This is a disturbing book. It is a collection of songs of the Black Freedom Movement, some based melodically on traditional Black spirituals, some composed
specifically to commemorate certain events. Photographs and brief, lucid commentary, usually quotations from people directly involved, surround the transcriptions so that you come away with the clear knowledge that you have worked your way through not just a song book, but a socio-political statement and analysis of what is happening in our country around the issue of freedom for Black people.

What I cannot escape is the fact that the music in this book is not to be sung for the nonce, at any rate, and certainly not to be shared. There is not much left to sing about. Where the music was once an inspiration to those people who were fighting, a binding force in the face of physical danger, a consolation in the privacy of one's church or home, and a statement of cultural identity, it is now relegated to a position in the background. The direct and inevitable struggle for power is fully launched and music to be shared with White people is not a part of it. This book is for White people, however, as Black people already know all about it.

White people need to read this book and learn why we are behind the times with our nostalgic singing of freedom songs. It is hard for me to put the songs aside -- some of them moved me to my guts when they were publicly sung -- but being White, middle class and naive, I cannot find the heart to sing anything but the old time spirituals any more.

This is a difficult book to review. I struggled for a long time before recognizing the collection as an "In Memorium." For the time being, it remains a record of the recent past period. Read it and weep.

Helen Schneyer
Kensington, Maryland


All of the songs in this book were originally published in English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians (London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1932, 1960). The older publication contains 274 songs with many variants of each. The current compilation contains only one version and one tune each for 80 songs. As Miss Karpeles explains in the notes, when a text was incomplete she supplemented it with lines or words from another version. In some instances different verses are taken from several variations to make a complete song. Generally, the adaptations give the songs a fuller story line.

Notes for each song are given in the back of the book showing which version was used, any alterations that have been made, the singer from whom the song was collected, and references to F. J. Child's The English and Scottish Popular Ballads where appropriate.

Although the introduction explains that the songs were almost always sung unaccompanied, the book contains two specimen piano accompaniments by Benjamin Britten and four sample guitar accompaniments by Pat Shaw along with a note for guitarists.

Miss Karpeles does not say why one particular tune was chosen over another. However, the songs themselves are the better known ones from the earlier publication. For the price, it's a nice little book.

Roni Bowie
Arlington, Virginia

One of the less bruited-about facts in the history of the United States is that the first great trek across the Western Plains was made not by Forty-niners in search of gold but by members of the Church of Latter-day Saints in search of Zion and freedom from persecution. The Mormons halted in July 1847 in Salt Lake Valley. Their struggles and those of those who followed, the history of the Church, and the customs and sentiments of its members are chronicled in the songs of this book.

The book is in the classic mold shaped by the English scholar-folklorist. Though music for fifty-three of the hundred songs is given and the airs for some others are indicated, emphasis is on the text. The author examines the poetry for evidence of Mormon character, habits and history, and he engagingly intersperses the songs with his commentary. The latter is graciously and, at times, wittily written. All the songs are concerned with Mormondom, and their editor is a folklorist at Brigham Young University and an active Mormon. One reads that his grandfather was one of those selected as a missionary campaigner for Joseph Smith as President of the United States in 1844 (p. 35).

This also is an excellent collection of folk (or native or local) poetry. Those who saw Rosalie Sorrels last year perform at the Folklore Society of Greater Washington program will recall her renditions of the poignant "The Lonesome Roving Wolves" (p. 46) and the zestful "Brigham, Brigham Young" (p. 177).

George A. Simpson
Bethesda, Maryland


Here are fifty-seven pieces: anecdotes, sketches, collectanea and articles from the official organ of the American Folklore Society, laced together by the piercing Greenway wit. A good anthology should be limited only by two criteria: excellence and relevance to its announced field. This one adds a third: prior publication in the Journal of American Folklore. This excludes many fine items from such journals as Western Folklore and from books. Hence, the articles chosen are relatively few and disparate, and the editor struggles visibly to make them seem to fit together. Actually, the third criterion, though the most arbitrary and the least important, is the only one consistently adhered to.

Some of the book is of the great west but not folklore, even by Greenway's broad definition of folklore as the traditions of subcultures abnormally developed in certain directions; of communities living "on islands in a sea of land." Some of the items are folklore but not of the great west, unless the west be made so great as to include the east. The disparity, due in part to the fact that the journal has had different editors with different policies at different times, produces some strange bedfellows. Paul Bunyan shares a section with Jesse James, Sam Bass and Billy the Kid. Play parties and play party songs are grouped with nude fertility rites among planters in the Ozarks.

Juanita Brooks' "Memories of a Mormon Girlhood" are mere personal reminiscences, individual incidents which grip the reader through sympathy for the appealingly innocent protagonist. The sections dealing with the American Indians are much better than the earlier parts of the book. So are the articles on cowboy songs. Greenway's own piece on "Jimmie Rodgers, a Folksong Catalyst" is a good one, though Jimmie belongs more to the deep south than to the great west. Greenway's article on Woody Guthrie is also well worth reading. Best of all is Archie Green's account
of "John Neuhaus: Wobbly Folklorist," though here again, the Industrial Workers of the World can hardly be limited to the great west. Because of these excellent studies and others like them, the book should be of interest to those who don't have ready access to back issues of the Journal of American Folklore. The only difficulty is the title, which promises more than the book delivers. It should have indicated simply that the book is a selection of pieces from the Journal.

Frank Goodwyn
University of Maryland
College Park


The first of these reprints is incomplete. In 1920 Aurelio M. Espinosa went to Spain to collect popular tales. He gathered 302, eliminated the more defective fragments and added a manuscript collection made by Eduardo Martínez Torner in 1913. The result is a compendium of 280 variants. The reprint encompasses in a single binding the first three volumes of the original publication, which contain the 280 tales themselves. Unfortunately the fourth volume, which contains Espinosa's abundant annotations, is not included in this reprint. The 280 variants embrace the basic patterns of traditional oral narrative: riddle tales, jokes, tongue twisters, moral tales, tales of enchantment, trickster tales and animal stories. These are systematically arranged and recorded as they were told.

Real's book contains 89 variants chosen from a large manuscript collection of hymns sung by the penitentes of New Mexico and southern Colorado. The penitentes are an outgrowth of the Third Order of St. Francis. They customarily march across the western wastelands, carrying huge crosses and whipping themselves with platted thongs from the native amole plant. The hymns are largely in ballad form, narrating the career and sufferings of Christ. Fifty-seven of the melodies, transcribed and commented on by Eleanor Hague, are included.

Frank Goodwyn
University of Maryland
College Park


Whittier deserves more than the passing eye of American folklorists. Sixteen years before Thoms ever coined the word folklore, Whittier had been out in the field gathering materials for a book he entitled Legends of New England. "The field" comprised the Haverhill-Amesbury region where he grew up, and the book itself comprised eighteen poems and stories served up in a very immature and melodramatic style. It was really an awful book. Whittier knew it, too. Later on he occasionally spent five dollars for an extant copy just so he could do with it what he had done with Whitman's Leaves of Grass: hurl the damn thing into the grate. Yet in perspective, New England Legends proved to be the first attempt on the part of any Yankee to consciously draw his own traditions together between two covers of a book. Whittier conceived his book as a kind of prod to other writers. "I leave the task of rescuing these associations to some more fortunate
individual," he wrote in the Preface, "and if this volume shall have the effect to induce such an effort, I shall at least be satisfied...."

Before the fires of abolitionism completely consumed him, Whittier published *The Supernaturalism of New England* in 1846, and once more he envisioned his product as a kind of stimulation to others, hoping that it might furnish "materials for the essayist and poet, who shall one day do for our native land what Scott and Hogg and Burns and Wilson have done for theirs" (p. 25). Again his materials were folklore and his obvious concern was preservation.

The Oklahoma Press has wisely decided to reissue the book, introduced with a sensitive essay by Edward Wagenknecht on the relationship between Whittier's religion and his attitude toward superstition. Also appended to the text is Hawthorne's somewhat harsh review of the book along with another folklore article of Whittier's taken from the *New England Magazine*. One need not read too closely to realize that Whittier set folklorists a good example. Much of what he discusses, he garnered directly from the lips of the people. Such interjections as "a very honest and intelligent neighbor of mine once told me..." or "I have listened hour after hour, of a winter's evening, to the minutest description of these appearances" unquestionably suggest an identification with the tale-telling milieu. Moreover, Whittier supplies us with ample corroborative information from his eclectic readings. Halloween "projects" come furnished with Scottish analogs. Token stories appear with parallels from Walton's life of Donne. A witchcraft account emerges with an allusion to the Lapland wind-selling Norna. Clearly such annotation displays the Quaker poet's understanding of folklore diffusion, and his collecting habits convince us he knew a good deal about the nature of the oral narrative.

Though Whittier's interest in folklore ebbed after he published *The Supernaturalism*, he returned to the subject again and again. His legendary verse stands paramount in his collected poems, and *Snowbound* remains the best poem about the folk to come out of the 19th century. If *The Supernaturalism* depicts the kind of oral traditions that came to Whittier firsthand, *Snowbound* describes the place where many of them came to pass. The folklore issuing from the family hearthside became for Whittier, and certainly for a number of other rural New Englanders, what Robert Frost might have called, "a momentary stay against confusion."

George G. Carey
University of Maryland
College Park


I would dearly like to know what philosophical principle the Singing Tree Press is pursuing with their rash of reissued volumes in folklore. If they are aiming at enticing book collectors, fine, but if they are trying to reach a large reading public, they are doing the discipline of folklore a great disservice.

Now they have given us Samuel Drake's *A Book of New England Legends and Folklore*, compiled in the latter part of the 19th century when chatty volumes on local history and lore were much in vogue. Drake combed the pages of New England histories, poetry collections and literary works to locate his material and arrive at a kind of three-pronged definition and categorization of legend. Legends, he argues, can be the totally fictitious creations of writers, peopled with historical personages, or they can be events "really founded on facts, yet...so manipulated as to give the freest scope to the writer's flights of fancy, or serve the purposes of his art" (p. vii). Then too, explains Drake, there are those legends which fall from the lips of the people and which tell us "just what we most wish to know" (p. viii).
Unfortunately, that which we most wish to know is not what we get. The book deals wholly with historical legends, and Drake has made every effort to employ "the freest scope" in his handling of the material. No distinction is made between what is clearly historical fact and what has obviously been manipulated in oral tradition by the folk. Thus we find jammed together in the same chapter the splendid migratory legend of Peter Rugg, the stories of Ann Hutchinson, Mary Dyer and Paul Revere, and a spate of poems by such notables as Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes. And so the author moves us around the byways of New England, stopping to glimpse the legends of Nahant and the Isles of Shoals, Lynn and Salem and Cambridge, Rhode Island and Connecticut. It is a picturesque trip, but I feel confident in saying that when the definitive study of American Legends is accomplished, Drake's book will merit at most an extended footnote.

George G. Carey
University of Maryland
College Park


This is a slender collection of essays relating generally to Belle Grove, a National Trust property in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia. One essay, in particular, may be of interest to folklorists. It is "Folklore, Customs and Crafts of the Valley Settlers" by Klaus Wust -- a brief but well illustrated treatment of the settlement of the valley by Germans and the customs, lore and crafts they brought with them. Wust quotes young George Washington: "I really think they seemed to be as Ignorant a Set of People as the Indians -- they would never speak English but when spoken to they speak all Dutch" (p. 29).

Other essays include "The Trade and Mysterie of Farming" by George M. Smith, "Plant Life in the Shenandoah Valley" by Lena Artz, and "The Civil War and the Shenandoah Valley" by Raymond C. Dingledine.

George A. Simpson
Bethesda, Maryland


Charles Hofmann's Frances Densmore Memorial Volume serves to remind ethnomusicologists of the valuable pioneering contributions of this devoted scholar of American Indian music. Miss Densmore was one of the first to use recording devices to collect Indian songs, and her legacy includes thousands of cylinder recordings. Her lengthy bibliography embraces studies of the nature and significance of the music of dozens of tribes.

Mr. Hofmann is uniquely qualified for this task, for in addition to his own expertise in the field, he enjoyed a personal correspondence with Miss Densmore, reportedly involving over a thousand letters. He has carefully selected from her publications and letters those which show the development of her career, with interesting personal sidelights. One only regrets that his valuable commentaries are so brief.

The shortcoming of the volume is that most of what is included is already available to the serious scholar, and what is excluded is frequently significant. To cite but two examples: the decision to work "on her own," rather than lecture about the songs Alice C. Fletcher collected, was directly due to the influence of
Miss Densmore's father, Benjamin; and although the present work provides charming personal trivia regarding her work at the St. Louis Exposition, it does not mention her inspiration, the work of John Comfort Fillmore and H. E. Krehbiel at the Chicago Columbian Exhibition.

Moreover, this memorial does not seem appropriate for the one it praises. Miss Densmore was businesslike in her devotion to the American Indian, her personality, and even her mode of dress. A more scholarly study, such as a catalog to the Library of Congress Densmore Collection, might have been a better tribute. To honor the productive, devoted life of Frances Densmore, prepare a tool for ethnomusicologists — not a posy.

T. Temple Tuttle
University of Maryland
College Park


So often a Festschrift is no more than an anthology of miscellaneous papers hurriedly pasted together with a little editorial glue. Geraint Jenkins has, however, through careful planning and patience, achieved a better than usual product, one which does more than simply honor a distinguished colleague. Contrary to usual practice, Jenkins writes not a word in the volume; the introduction is by H. J. Fleure, and none of the contributions need any explanation as to why they were chosen or commissioned for the book. Jenkins did his work behind the scenes, assembling a collection of superior articles by superior folklife scholars from Great Britain and Scandinavia, articles showing clearly their indebtedness to the pioneering work of I. C. Peate, and yet building on his work, producing results equally distinguished.

The European folklife community is well represented by such figures as E. Estyn Evans, Seamus O. Duilearga, Trefor Owen, Sigurd Erixon, Robert Wildhaber and many others. Jenkins' tribute to Peate is the more valuable, I think, in that it both honors Peate and stands as a volume of truly representative articles from the productive and organized discipline of folklife scholarship in Europe.

The range of scholarly interests in European folklife is well represented with four articles on architecture, three on traditional agricultural techniques, two on livestock raising and handling, three on the geographical distribution and history of specific types of objects, one describing a craft, one investigating the supernatural influences on place names, one studying regional dialect, and three presenting the history of Welsh, Swedish and Ulster traditions of scholarship. As such the volume is precisely what those who teach folklife have been waiting for and had hoped it would be — a good text for demonstrating the methods, the thoroughness and the theoretical objectives of the active body of folklife scholars so well established in Scandinavia and "those islands." It is representative indeed of the mature stage of development and the mutual interdependence of this group of scholars, a stage toward which American folklife studies must yet strive.

C. Richard K. Lunt
Indiana University and
Smithsonian Institution

When *The Irish Countryman* appeared in 1937 it was part of a major shift in social scientific thought. Whereas earlier scholarship dealt with the garnering and explanation of cultural "stuff" — jewels in the foreheads of toads — which the folk possessed but could not comprehend, the new thought began to focus upon human beings, collectively and individually, in their cognitive and affective realities. Arensberg was the first to deal anthropologically with a modern peasant society. No such paradigmatic shift occurs overnight; although the trend began at least twenty years before Arensberg's work it is not fully realized even today. We still have folklorists of the Quick-Before-It-Rots School, for whom the extraction of one more annotatable text of (yawn) Child ballad number sixty-one from the senile remains of Homer P. Quaint is the *summus bonum* of folklore studies. — never mind what Homer felt, thought, liked about the piece.

Arensberg is not one of those natural-science-intimidated ethnographers who should get a mortician's permit. His Ireland is alive in its twilit past, ram-bunctious present, everpresent internecine pains, and timeless faiths both Catholic and Celtic. But he is careful, never cute, never arrogant. His concern is the human Ireland, his theory functionalist, his outlook humanistic. Not for him the schizoid mentality of much modern social science which seeks to divorce the objective from the subjective, or the behavior from its emotional and symbolic charge.

"Bail o Dhia or an obair" — God bless the work!

Kay L. Cothran
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia


This two-volume set of writings by British folklorists was designed to accompany a companion volume by Dorson, *The British Folklorists: A History* (same press, same date, 518 pp.) The writings in *PCSM* are selected to be illustrative of, and to amplify, the subdivisions in *BF* — i.e., The Antiquaries, The Mythological Folklorists, The Great Team of Folklorists — though some subdivisions are not represented. I strongly urge anyone reading *PCSM* to also scan *BF*.

Dorson has provided several paragraphs of background and discussion for each folklorist whose writing appears in *PCSM* — without this useful addition it would be difficult to keep the players straight. *PCSM* contains an index but no bibliography (for the latter, see *BF*).

*PCSM* is enlightening, depressing, stimulating and a bit sad: enlightening to read some of the rational and astute comments made by a number of early folklorists — in particular, Joseph Jacobs, David MacRitchie, Robert Marett, and Mary Henrietta Kingsley; depressing to find that none of "The Great Team" were field workers; stimulating to see the intellectual ferment and high public esteem in regard to folklore during the late 19th and early 20th centuries (neither intellectual ferment nor public esteem is particularly in evidence in the folklorists' world today); and sad to see it all fizzle out with World War I.

Those of us engaged in the study of folklore can only be envious of such a time of intellectual excitement as represented by the selections in *PCSM* but perhaps we will see such an era again if we keep in mind Robert Marett's words in a 1914 address:

"...folklore-hunting means far more than the compilation of curious oddments. It means the study of the life of the folk, the acquisition ... of insight into their mind and character.... (The folklorist's)... documents are human beings,
not books, and are to be read by the light, not of learning, but of human sympathy and common sense (p. 569).

Chuck Purdue
University of Pennsylvania
and Woodville, Virginia


One coming anew to Clouston's book cannot help but be struck by the modernity of his understanding of the nature of folktale origins and transmission. Widely and deeply learned about the narrative materials of the East, especially those of India, he rejects utterly and with some heat the then current theories of the independent origin of folktales, solar mythology and the like. Extremely sensitive to the essential nature of folktales, despite his lack of the critical tools available to the modern student of folk literature, he argues with sound common sense and in a most systematic fashion for the transmission of tales from a common source, the East. Although the majority of his examples are Indian, he foresaw the importance of Egypt as another possible source of tales.

Clouston sets forth his thesis in the seventy-page "introduction" where, with a good sense of the essential narrative structure of the folktale, he illustrates through analogues the common ancestry of many tales and motifs and discusses various possible means of transmission. He makes much of the importance of religion and of pulpit literature as forces active in the preservation and dissemination of folk story. Clouston wisely sees that folktales move in and out of written literature and that exempla, saints' lives, moral tales and the like are often both the products of and productive of oral story. Although he is aware that many of these materials were carried to the West during such periods as the Crusades, he argues convincingly that the process has, in fact, gone on for hundreds, even thousands, of years.

In the remainder of the two volumes he develops his statements with a treasure trove of story materials of the greatest value to the student of folk literature. He illustrates not only the wide dispersion of tale types and motifs, but also the concentration in various geographical areas as a means of pointing to possible ultimate sources. Although his caution in postulating specific influences adds weight to his argument, one feels at times that he overstresses Indian sources; and the lack of a sophisticated system of classification, such as those devised later by Aarne and Thompson, occasionally leads him to bring together some rather diverse tales as analogues, on the strength of a single non-essential motif or story element.

The book has no bibliography but a good index.

William E. Bettridge
University of Maryland
Baltimore County


This is an unabridged, unaltered reprint of a work originally published by Longmans, Green and Co., London, circa 1889. It is a collection of folk tales gathered by Andrew Lang and put into literary language by members of his family. They are not for the folklorist, for these tales are adapted and lack their
original flavor. The work has the charm of its period, however. Nostalgic adults and children will enjoy it, even though more authentic retellings are available today.

Other titles in the Dover reprinting of this series include: The Red Fairy Book (1890), 1966, 367 pp., $1.95; The Yellow Fairy Book (1894), 1966, 321 pp., $1.75; The Violet Fairy Book (1901), 1966, xii, 388 pp., $1.95; The Crimson Fairy Book (1903), 1967, xi, 371 pp., $1.95.

Margaret N. Coughlan
Library of Congress


Singing Tree Press reissued Reverend Harley's Moon Lore during the year of the first lunar exploration by earth men. Rev. Harley was a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and his book reflects both theological and astronomical concerns. The book was published in 1885 during the period in physics dominated by Newtonian determinism and shortly after the first astronomical photographs were taken through a telescope.

The book is divided into four sections: Moon Spots (man and animal in the moon), Moon Worship, Moon Superstitions, and Moon Inhabitation. Rev. Harley, especially in the preface and the sections concerning moon spots and superstitions, writes with a kind of broad and condescending humor. The first line in the preface is typical: "This work is a contribution to light literature and to the literature of light...." His style, by design, remains highly humorous through the moon spots discussion. Tracing the hare in the moon, he starts a paragraph, "Even Europe is somewhat hare-brained...." The Moon Spots section is a rich and light-hearted collection of folklore. Here we find that the nursery rhyme "Jack and Jill" refers to the spots on the moon and that the spots represent sabbath breakers, stick-stealers, blasphemers, sister-incesters, and all kinds of weird people — a cosmic Group W. Bench.

Harley takes moon worship much more seriously, showing obvious sympathy to the holders of religious ideas involving lunar idolatry. "Superstition may be defined as an extravagance of faith and fear...." opens the third section, and he is careful to point out that superstition is not merely too much religion. These chapters deal with interventions by the moon in the lives of men.

The author treats the man in the moon and similar superstitions as topics that have been permanently laid to rest by science. He uses the section on lunar inhabitation as a medium for a demonstration of the scientific method, citing the powerful spectroscopic and other recent observational evidence and analyzing the question in the manner of 19th-century scientific essays dealing with open questions.

Harley's book represents an important contribution to folklore, deserving to be in print as an example of the 19th-century style in clerical science, as well as a collection of folk beliefs. As an astronomer, perhaps I should point out that most of the legends, superstitions and even religions in Harley's book were legitimate at the time of their development. That is to say, they could not be discarded by observational techniques available at the time. William Grieder, writing in the Washington Post on July 16, 1969 (post Apollo 11), seems to fear that the lunar landing destroyed a large body of lunar mythology. This is an unfounded fear. Ideas once born persist to some extent in the face of all attacks. Moon Lore speaks of dis-proven ideas in 1885 that are expressed daily in rural America.

Walter F. Gard
Orange County Community College
Middletown, New York

It takes a heap o' mana to make a book a tome, but Edward Clodd's classic makes it. This study of the magic in names is every bit as valid as the day it left the author's pen; hardly any advances have been made in name-magic theory, so that together with Estrich and Sperber's Three Keys to Language one can comprehend the seminal works in this area. There is nothing cloddish about the book (except, perhaps, the title); the scholarship is as thorough as it is broad, and the author again and again shows off his intimacy with the classics to good effect. One is in the hands of an anthropologist who is aware of the inter-relatedness of his immediate concerns, and his context is world civilization. Written in the shadow of the Golden Bough, this book is one of those studies of the survivalist school, whose thesis is that primitive customs are with us today, though in vitiated form. And so they are: Superman hides his identity, though the nature of his powers would suggest that this is unnecessary. And the Lone Ranger wears a mask and keeps his name secret until the end of each adventure. Would seeing his face or knowing his name give the bad guys an advantage? That's a horse of a different color. Perhaps silver? Read this book and find out.

Bruce A. Rosenberg
Pennsylvania State University
University Park


Dragon lore is an interesting and important aspect of Western culture, though perhaps as the militants would point out not relevant any more. The list of heroes who slew these objectionable beasts is formidable: Perseus to save Andromeda, Beowulf his people, and St. George his faith. Some slay with the sword, as does Sigfried; some with Christian charity, as does St. Marthe; others with the pen, as did Tennyson. The great value of Ingersoll's book is that it pulls together so much material on these elusive critters. But one feels, regrettably, that not enough has been agglutinated. One feels inclined, as well, to quibble about the author's accuracy, especially in the chapters on medieval lore. And one wishes the author were more knowledgeable in the ways of ethnology, or at least in the transmission of narrative. This book is not, as various reviews proclaim, scholarly or painstaking; but therein lies much of its charm. It is precious in spots but generally readable; not to be quoted in professional journals (but where are the dragon-journals of yesteryear?), but read and enjoyed with the general sense that one knows as a result a bit more about this emblem of Satan and of kings.

Bruce A. Rosenberg
Pennsylvania State University
University Park


Here's a hell of a lot of devils! Red, black and blue devils. Beaked, bat-winged, tempting and consuming devils. Papal devils, exorcised devils and piping devils.

While surveying the history of devils in various civilizations, the author touches on the devil's role in legends and proverbs, though all too lightly. No reference is made to the devil in song.
The book is illustrated with medieval woodcuts, generally of gratifyingly hideous mien. In many illustrations, the devil has a spare face in place of sexual organs, a device used lately by the underground press.

Of further interest are the proverbs:

"Who sups with the devil should have a long spoon" — Cornish.

"There is no head so holy that the devil does not make a nest in it." — German.

Mention is made that the legal profession arrived late among the ancient crafts of Christendom, and since all Saints had already been claimed as patrons, the lawyers enthusiastically chose Satan.

Detailed instructions in exorcism are included.

Richard L. Rodgers
Silver Spring, Maryland


Each chapter of this book is devoted to a specific animal, with a listing of folkspeech, proverbs, remedies, etc., preceded by a sometimes humorously contrived preface, which attempts to incorporate all of the listed items. Except for the examples themselves, quoted extensively from Stith Thompson's Motif-Index of Folk-Literature and the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, there is no annotation. The book is obviously intended for entertainment rather than erudition and has some merit as such, since the author has generally made clever use of the rich potential of beast lore. This is another case of choosing to shoot the male bovine, rather than taking him by the horns.

Mary Meade
Fairfax, Virginia


The Growth of Literature by H. M. and Nora K. Chadwick, from which most of the present volume was excerpted, has by now taken its place in the ranks of those ambitious scholarly syntheses which specialists eye warily, but which meanwhile have a wonderfully salutary effect upon scholarship at large. Its special value to students of folklore is that in surveying early literatures of Western Civilization the Chadwicks were drawn into the related problems of understanding oral art, its relationship to early literary documents, and in general the nature of the cultures that produced these documents. The kinship of early epics with modern oral epics has always been a subject of interest to literary scholars, and the past decade has seen debate about the oral epic redoubled under the stimulus of the investigations into the South Slavic oral epic undertaken by Milman Parry and Albert Lord. A reprint of Nora Chadwick's long chapter on oral epics in central Asia, with an additional chapter by Victor Zhirmunsky, is thus timely and welcome.

Professor Zhirmunsky's essay summarizes the research into central Asian oral poetry done after Nora Chadwick's work or inaccessible to her. In calling our attention to Soviet scholarship virtually unknown to the West, and in summarizing field research with which neither literary critics nor folklorists in the West are familiar, he performs a valuable task and provides ammunition for a new round of discussions on the history and cultural milieu of the epic.

Alan Jabbour
Library of Congress

Folk cultures are a little like hamburger; no matter how daintily they are dropped in at the top, they won't be intact when they come out at the bottom.

On examining the Alevizos' Folk Songs of Greece, you will gratefully discover that yet another author is saving yet another culture from the hamburger fate.

Once it was axiomatic to submerge one's heritage in the big big one. I can remember teaching school fifteen years ago in a Long Island farming community where some of the children still toted water in heavy buckets from wells. At my invitation, parents came to the classroom, reluctantly, to teach songs and dances from the old country; in strong accents of one nation or another they taught, ashamed of speaking their customs, embarrassed over the differences, and then, at the end, proud to hear thirty "real Americans" singing their lesson.

In my own student days, the "melting pot" image was popular. You could pretty nearly always get an "A" in Social Studies by drawing a bubbling cauldron overhung with flags on the cover of your report; the message: shed the native customs and the clothes, adopt the new "traditions," jump in the steaming pot, dissolve all those immigrant traces, mix and blend.

But there were always the diehards who wanted to keep what they could of one culture even while trying to melt into the culture of their adopted land, who felt that tradition was the anchor in the pot.

For a long time, such tradition has been "quaint," a colorful backdrop giving authenticity to art and literature; now, suddenly, urgently, it means personal pride in a hamburger world.

Folk Songs of Greece presents the music of poets, named and anonymous, first in Greek, then in transliteration, and finally in English translation. There is a general guide to pronunciation and a guide to guitar rhythms, and each song has a delightful little gem of a historical preface.

According to the biographical notes, Ted Alevizos learned the old Greek folksongs from his parents, who brought them over to this country from their native land. He is Associate University Librarian and Member of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University. He has recorded on the Prestige and Tradition labels, having added to his repertoire of Greek songs from relatives, friends and acquaintances. His wife Susan sings with him and plays the Santouri.

The drawings are from numerous sources, and, like the songs they illustrate, they are always illuminating and often exciting.

Ailene S. Goodman
Washington, D.C.


Persons who want to read books on folk dancing fall into two categories. The first is the avid folk dancer who wants to collect dance descriptions for all the dances he knows or for the hard ones he isn't sure of. The second is the phys ed instructor or those who know little about folk dancing (girl Scout leaders, recreation directors, school teachers, etc.) who find themselves called upon to teach "a folk dance." This book is most useful for the second category of persons. It is specifically designed for physical education teachers and students.

The book begins with two chapters on the history and values of folk dancing,
which, by page 17, had me laughing because I envisioned phys ed majors reading
the book for an assignment and carefully noting the five physiological and the
four psychological values of folk dancing, so as to be able to list them for a
test. A practicing folk dancer doesn't need to be told what the values are;
he has been experiencing them. A short chapter gives music, foot movement and
dance position fundamentals. All the dance positions pictured are for couple
dances. A variety of holds used in Balkan countries for line or circle dances
is ignored. Another short chapter contains teaching hints, some excellent:
"Avoid oververbalization." "...move quickly through the dance — avoid let-
ting the class socialize; this will make them lose interest." "Avoid getting
the steps or routine mixed up." and some that I would question: "Do not lim-
it yourself to one type of dance or to the dance of just one nationality."
The suitability of this book for phys ed instructors and newcomers to folk
dancing shows itself most clearly in the selection of dances described. The
27 dances were carefully picked to be representative of different countries,
with the unsurprising choices of the Highland Fling, Doudlebska Polka, Misir-
lou, Tinikling, Viennese Waltz, American Square Dance, Can Can etc. The
dances are described very well. The choice of dances is fine for people who
want to do "a folk dance" of a certain area, and for these people, the book
is a good buy.

Folk dancers, however, would do well to find the book at a library, glance
at the teaching hints (if they teach), check through the listing of dances in
the table of contents to make sure that a long sought-after dance description
is not included, and go spend their money attending a folk dance party and
drinking a beer afterwards. This book was not designed for them.

Mary K. Dewees
Northwestern University Library
Evanston, Illinois

FROM THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, WASHINGTON, D. C. 20540: PROJECT TO PRESERVE:
11000 FOLK-SONG DISCS IN LIBRARY OF CONGRESS COMPLETED WITH GRANTS FROM MARTHA
BAIRD ROCKEFELLER FUND FOR MUSIC, INC.

The Library of Congress has completed a tape-recording project, supported
by grants from the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music, Inc., to preserve
its world famous Archive of Folk Song and to increase its use by researchers.
Before the appearance of tape-recording twenty years ago, the recorded
folk songs and dance tunes in the Archive were collected on fragile acetate
disks, which are endangered by repeated playback and, even if unplayed, by the
mere passage of time. The work of the large-scale recording project has been
to copy these deteriorating discs on modern polyester-base tape in order to
assure the collection's safekeeping and, at the same time, to make it more ac-
cessible to researchers than it has ever been before. Nearly 11,000 original
disks, each containing a number of songs, have now been copied.

Since its founding in 1928, the Archive of Folk Song has become a mecca to
students and teachers of folklore and music, musical performers, arrangers and
composers. Authors of textbooks and anthologists of school music have centered
their research on the field recordings available to them for audition and ana-
lysis at the Library of Congress. Until now, the recordings available have
been barely 10% of the archive's 80,000 songs and tunes. Now the Archive can
be studied in its entirety for the first time.
Listening service in the Library's Recorded Sound Section requires the services of one of that section's trained technicians and, consequently, should be arranged on an appointment-in-advance basis, either in person, in writing to the Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. 20540, or by telephone (Sterling 3-0400, ext. 320). Reference assistance is available for locating and selecting material to be auditioned. All listening appointments are scheduled as promptly as possible.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

Anyone wishing information on the FOLKLORE SOCIETY OF GREATER WASHINGTON or on joining the Society may call the Secretary, Kathy Goldman: 483 1121, evenings and weekends. She will answer questions or direct you to someone else in the Society who can answer what she can't.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Beginning with the summer issue of this journal, JOEL SHIMBERG (1830 R St. N. W., Washington D. C. 20009, phone HU 3 1121) will be our SONG AND MUSIC EDITOR. All musical contributions and song texts should be sent to him.

GEORGE CAREY, our exchange editor (4321 Yuma St. N.W., Washington, D.C., phone 362 3971) is in charge of the many journals we receive from other folklore societies. These are housed in the Maryland Folklore Archives, Room 26, Taliaferro Hall, University of Maryland, College Park 20742.

All communications related to sales and advertising in the journal should be directed to MICHAEL QUITT (Ellicott A, University of Maryland, College Park 20742, phone 454 3375).

If you enjoy good, wholesome, low-priced entertainment, if you like folklore, if you relish telling stories or singing or playing instruments or just listening, come to one of these events.

By joining the Society, you get better than a $19.70 value for only $5.00. In addition to the priceless pleasures of the open sings and sacred harp sings, the right to help run the society and access to recorded tapes of previous programs, exchange files and the monthly newsletter, you get:

- 9 programs of country music, songs, tales and similar features, $1.00 each to nonmembers
- a discount of $1.00 on each of approximately four special events
- a discount of 25% on concerts by famous folk singers and entertainers
- discounts on purchases at the Guitar Shop and similar establishments
- 3 issues of the GREATER WASHINGTON FOLKLORE SOCIETY JOURNAL, 75¢ per copy for nonmembers

You may join either at a meeting or by filling in the membership form.

If you'd like to help with publicity, phone Roni Bowie at 527 2053; or with publications, with the newsletter of journal, phone Frank Goodwyn at work, 454 4305, or at home, JU9 0810; or with programs, performing or helping, phone Gus Meade at work, 962 2000, or at home, 273 8284.

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Enclosed please find my check for ($5.00 yearly individual membership) or ($7.50 yearly family membership).*

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*Mark out the inappropriate wording and mail the form with your check to the Society.

Frank Goodwyn, Editor.