

THE



JOURNAL

OF THE

FOLKLORE

SOCIETY

OF

GREATER



WASHINGTON

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE

WINTER 1969-70

PRICE, 75¢

Journal

THE JOURNAL OF THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY OF GREATER WASHINGTON VOLUME I NUMBER 1

WINTER 1969-70

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20th Street Station
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First printing, October 1969



GLEANINGS FROM HERE AND THERE

Collected and recollected by the Editor

Moving with the stream

Folklore flows like waterfalls over park benches, across school playgrounds, through homes all over the world. The best way to collect it is to move with the stream, to give as well as receive, to tell stories and sing songs as well as hear them. This way, you absorb folklore at its best, in its original, natural form, not twisted out of shape for the benefit of a stranger by an informant eager to please and impress.

A Tale of Enchantment

Try reading this installment to your kids. It will probably charm them as it charmed me when I heard it down on the King Ranch in southern Texas from George Washington. This was not the father of his country, but Jorge, or George Cortinas, whose tales provided the only entertainment we had down there, there being no movies or television. I heard it many times, because the Mexican cowboys loved to hear these tales, even if they'd heard them dozens of times before. George was called Washington because he had the same first name as that other George who cut down the cherry tree but was not so good a story teller.

Later, in Chicago, I recorded another version of this tale and published it with full documentation in the Journal of American Folklore, Volume LXVI (1953), pp. 143-154.

John Bear

A woman was once captured by a bear and carried off to live in his cave as his wife. After a while, she was rescued, but in due time she bore a son, big and hairy, half human and half bear, and because of his wild father she named him John Bear.

He grew so fast and was so strong that merely in playing with the other children at school, he hurt them. He did not intend harm, but his muscles were so powerful that every touch of his hands did damage.

As at school he became unendurable, his mother gave him all the money she had, which was two dollars, so he could go away and make his own fortune. She asked him, "Is there anything else you need?"

"One thing only," said John, "that you have the blacksmith make for me a sword with a blade such as I specify."

So John's mother took him to the blacksmith shop with these orders, and to the blacksmith he specified: "I want you to hammer me a blade that will weigh five hundred pounds."

The blacksmith gasped, "But man! I cannot shape such an iron."

"Well," said John, "lend me the tools, and I shall shape it."

Then from a very large piece of iron, John hammered out his sword of five hundred pounds. When it was finished, he waved it in the air to try its weight and said, "Very well. It is good."

Then he went away walking. He traveled all of that day and all of another without novelty, but on the third day he came upon a gigantic man guarding a gate. He started to pass through the gate, but the giant, with

formidable arms folded over a formidable chest, stepped in front of him, saying,

"Halt there, friend. Where do you go?"

"Through this gate," said John.

"No, you cannot," growled the giant. "To get through this gate, fifty cents must be paid, and if not, nobody passes."

"Just the same," said John, "I am going to pass."

"No," roared the giant in a tone like the roll of thunder. "I told you that nobody goes beyond this gate without giving me the toll or overcoming me in a fight, and you must know that I am named Fourteen, for I can outfight fourteen men at once."

John answered, "Well, you must know that I have no number, but I am disposed to fight with you. If you overcome me I shall be your slave, and if I overcome you, you will be my slave, and you must go with me through this gate and beyond."

Without more delay, they began giving blows, John with his blade of five hundred pounds and the giant with a sword that matched his size. The giant was huge and ugly but also clumsy in his movements. He swung his sword in huge half-circles with such awful force that if it had ever struck John it would have sundered him clean through. But John was quick as well as strong. By dipping his head and darting suddenly forward, he managed to dodge all the giant's blows, though some of them missed him by no more than the breadth of a hair.

One stroke of the five-hundred-pound blade made the giant grunt and stagger. Another into the mighty right shoulder made him lunge blindly forward and let out an earth-shaking shriek of agony. Another across the rump made him stumble and bow his back and drop into a trembling lump of terror on the ground, wailing,

"Strike me no more! I am your slave."

"Good," said John. "Come with me."

Together the two passed through the gate and beyond. The farther they went, the wilder and stranger grew the country. There were trees so gigantic that John estimated their age to be many hundreds of years. Their big trunks were knotted and twisted, and instead of standing straight, as do the trees of any normal land, they crawled and coiled in every direction, like giant snakes or dragons, with bark instead of scales and leaves instead of ears. Those leaves were always falling, and the trees gave only crazily crooked skeletons of shade.

John and his slave traveled all that day and another, and on the afternoon of the third, when the sun had almost all gone down, they came upon another gigantic man, much larger than the slave Fourteen, with a sword correspondingly large, guarding a gate much larger than the first.

"Halt there, friends," demanded this larger giant. "Nobody passes through this gate without paying a personal tribute of fifty cents to me. Otherwise, with me must he fight, and woe betide any man who confronts me fighting, for I am named Fifteen, and this means that I can vanquish fifteen men at once."

"We will see about that," said John. "This man whom I bring here is named Fourteen, and you now are Fifteen, and I have no number. We will try the fighting. If you vanquish me, I and Fourteen will be your slaves. If I vanquish you, you will be my slave, and you must accompany me through this gate and beyond."

J m l n l p 5

The giant agreed, and they whirled their blades into a terrible battle. This opponent gave John more work. Not only was he much bigger and more potent than Fourteen. He was quick to see an advantage and take it. Many a time, he almost clove John from head to foot with his great chopping blows. John was tempted more than once to shrink back outside the range of those dangerous chops, but he did not. Instead, he rushed forward and drove the point of his five-hundred-pound sword into the giant's belly, deep enough to have killed any ordinary man. But it did not even break the giant's skin, so tough was he. He did throw up his hands and drop his sword and scream with amazement at the unaccustomed pain. And panting heavily, he groped around, trying to regain his sword, which had fallen to the ground in his astonishment, but John gave him no chance to get his hands on it again.

With half a dozen more blows of the five-hundred-pound sword, this second giant was dominated. When he sank to his knees and admitted himself conquered, John commanded,

"Come with us."

Together, the three passed through the gate and beyond. Now the country grew wilder than ever, the trees larger and more mangled, and the sun more merciless. It was almost dark on the afternoon of the third day when they came upon a third giant, more horrible and powerful than either Fourteen or Fifteen, guarding a gate that towered high as the clouds.

"Halt or die!" shouted this giant to John and his two slaves. "Come no closer to this gate without paying me fifty cents or feeling the edge of this blade, for with the mood that is on me now, the three of you would not even serve to get me started. I am named Sixteen. This means that all alone, with this hand and sword, I can beat sixteen men fighting together against me."

"I also," replied John, "am in a rabid mood. You say you are named Sixteen. These two whom I bring with me are named Fourteen and Fifteen, and I am a man with no number. But I will make a contract for a fight with you. If you win, we three will be your slaves. If you lose, you will be my slave and must conduct us through this gate and on for many miles beyond."

The giant boomed, "Agreed!" and fell to chopping and swatting at John with his sword. Now this one gave John more work than ever. He felt himself on the edge of losing and, to save himself, delivered a fierce blow with his blade of five hundred pounds. The impact of it sent the giant sprawling across the ground on his big belly, spreading his arms away out and his legs farther, crying out in dread, "I am beaten! Strike me no more!"

"Then come with us," said John.

Together, the four passed through the gate and beyond into the strangest lands that any man ever beheld. After three days, they stopped and set up camp, with a fire for cooking and a few pots and foods that the slaves had carried with them from their posts at the abandoned gates.

John said to Fourteen, "You stay here and guard the fire and prepare the dinner for us while we go hunting in these woods."

After they were gone, when the fire was roaring merrily and the dinner was progressing well, a little mischievous dwarf suddenly jumped out of the woods and overturned all the pots and put out the fire and spilled the food on the ground.

Fourteen tried to stop him, but he disappeared into the bushes before anything could be done. When the others returned, with some animals they had killed, Fourteen reported what had happened.

"But man," said John, "are you not Fourteen?"

"Yes, but against that dwarf I could have no success," confessed Fourteen.

John said, "Pooh! It is only that you do not want to work."

He relit the fire and they roasted and ate the meat they had killed in the hunt.

Next day, John said, "This time, Fifteen, you will stay and guard the camp. We others will go hunting in the woods."

They went, and the same thing happened. Out came the dwarf, Fifteen could not tell from where, and destroyed the fire and upset the pots and spilled all the food on the ground and even gave Fifteen a few swats with his hand, which cost him almost no effort, then went away. Fifteen was too tired from scuffling with him to know where he went.

When the others came back they found Fifteen there panting and crying.

John Bear asked, "Well, what passed? Are you not Fifteen?"

Fifteen sobbed, "But that little dwarf who came out! One cannot fight with him. He threw out all the food. There it is. Look. All dirty and everything. He poured water on my fire, and he would not let me do anything."

"Bah!" said John. "It is only that you men do not want to prepare our supper."

Again, John rebuilt the campfire and they cooked and ate the meat they had killed in the hunt.

Next day it was the turn of Sixteen, the biggest and strongest of the three slaves, to guard the fire and fix the supper while the others went out to hunt. And Sixteen really engaged that little dwarf when he came out. All over the camp ground they went fighting, and they even broke up a few pots of iron from Sixteen swinging his great sword and trying to hit the dwarf. This time the dwarf did not put out the fire. He was too busy fighting. Now that the others were coming, he disappeared into the woods again and left Sixteen panting and stumbling around the fire.

John asked, "What happened? How have you fared? Are you not Sixteen?"

Through his panting, Sixteen replied, pointing into the bushes, "He came out there. There exactly is where he came out. And he went in here."

"Who?"

"The dwarf."

"Pooh!" said John. "There is no dwarf around here."

"Yes there is," declared Sixteen. "I jumped on him, but I could do nothing against him. All I could do was keep him from putting out the fire. I did not let him get near it."

"But man!" exclaimed John, "What troubles you fellows have! This must be looked into. Tomorrow I will stay and watch this fire, and you three will go hunt."

Next day they did it thus. The three slaves went hunting and John stayed to guard the fire and prepare the supper and see what would happen. He took out his five-hundred-pound sword and placed it there ready by the fire.

Intermission

These tales can have intermissions anywhere in them, because the men who tell them have to stop to sleep and work and eat, and the tales are extraordinarily long. So we will have an intermission here. It will last until the next issue of the Greater Washington Folklore Society Journal, which will be the spring issue of 1970. In it, we will see what John Bear did when the dwarf came out of the woods, and what happened after that. Meanwhile, readers may make up their own endings to the story, but I doubt that they'll be as good as the real one.

Rich Texans

Stories about rich Texans float around park benches quite a lot these days. Actually, there are some poor Texans. They're the ones who have to wash their own Cadillacs. But the truly rich ones get a lot more recognition among the folks on the benches.

Fair Play

For instance, two really rich Texans went into a garage and bought a Rolls Royce. Then they both took out their billfolds, but one of them turned to the other and said,

"No, no! Let me take care of this. You paid for the lunch."

Tithing

One Sunday, a little boy from Texas went to church and put a hundred-dollar bill in the collection plate. The preacher was alarmed but said nothing. Such a windfall was not to be sneezed at. Even so, the good man's conscience molested him considerably.

On the following Sunday the same thing happened, and the good preacher was careful to note that the big bill came from the same little boy.

On the third Sunday, the preacher watched the little boy from a corner of an eye throughout the service and saw him drop yet another hundred into the plate.

This was too much. The preacher's conscience prevailed on him to visit the boy's parents, inform of their son's strange conduct and offer to return the money.

With the three hundred dollars in his pocket, he drove over to the boy's house and was met at the door by the father, who, on hearing what had happened, ran excitedly to the foot of the stairs and called up to his wife,

"Oh, Martha! Martha! Johnny has learned to tithe!"

Golf Clubs

A Texan wanted to buy a birthday gift for a friend, so he asked the friend's wife for advice.

"Charley loves golf," said the wife. "I know he'd be pleased if you'd give him some golf clubs."

"How many would he like?" asked the Texan.

"Five would be plenty, I expect," replied the wife.

On Charley's birthday, the Texan came to the party empty-handed and whispered apologetically to Charley's wife,

"I got those five golf clubs, but only three of them have swimming pools."

Some Rich Texas Sources

All who would like to entertain their friends with more windy tales of windy Texans may find plenty of them in John Randolph's Texas Brags, Huffsmith, Texas: published by the author. Fifth edition, 1950. Boyce House, also, has written a series of books on the subject, I Give You Texas and many others, published in San Antonio, Texas, by the Naylor Company.

A Texan in Ireland

Our friend Helen Jordan, touring Ireland recently, discovered that all Texas tales don't come from Texas. An Irishman charmed her and some other tourists with a story of a Texan who had gone to Ireland and died there.

In all Ireland, he declared, they could not find a box big enough to send the body home, Texans being such big and windy people. Finally, a resourceful Irishman suggested,

"Well, if you'll just let the wind out of him, you can send him home in a cigar box."

The tourists all laughed at this, but then one of them indicated Helen and warned the narrator,

"Mrs. Jordan is an American."

"Ah," said the Irishman, anxious not to give offense, "but it's only a tale I'm tellin'."

The Skulls of Father Hidalgo

The best tourist story I ever heard has traveled, I find, through many countries, and its characters have borne many names, but it came to me from Mexico. It's about a boy named Pablo Martínez, who grew up in the country but went to the city to make money.

There he saw many stores where tourists from the United States spent lots of money. In the show window of the most prosperous was a human skull with a sign under it, saying: THE SKULL OF FATHER HIDALGO, GREAT HERO OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION. When the tourists saw this skull, they were curious. They asked the storekeeper many questions. He filled them full of what they thought was history, and they spent much money on his historical relics.

When Pablo saw this, he wanted to do the same, so he established a store and tried to find a skull to put in his show window, but he had no success for a long time. At last, in an alley, he discovered a small skull, of a dog or a cat, perhaps.

"What good luck!" said he, being too tired to hunt any more. "With this little skull I'm going to attract much attention and gain much money."

Pablo washed the skull with care, brought it to his store, set it in his show window and placed under it a sign saying: THE SKULL OF FATHER HIDALGO, GREAT HERO OF THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

On seeing this skull and this sign, one tourist exclaimed, "What's this? I don't understand. In another store on this same street there is a larger skull, with another sign that says the same thing. Can you explain this to me, Mr. Martínez?"

Pablo had to think a little, but then he explained, "Yes. In that other store they have the skull of Father Hidalgo in his old age, but I have the skull of Father Hidalgo in his youth."

Cool Driver Jokes

Strangely, in these days of rapid tourist traffic, cool driver jokes are not as plentiful as they used to be. They usually take the form of dialogues:

HOT COP: Hay, don't you know this is a one-way street?

COOL DRIVER: Well, I'm going only one way.

Playgrounds

Playgrounds, especially those of grade schools and junior high or even senior high schools, are great generators of folklore. As Andy Wallace correctly says, a lot of it never goes through teachers or even parents. It's learned by kids from kids. This was true of the moron jokes which enjoyed a great vogue during the late 1940's and are still sometimes heard. They circulate as questions with answers:

Why did the moron jump off the Empire State Building?

Because he wanted to make a hit on Broadway.

Why did the moron throw his pants out the window?

Because he heard the newsboy calling, "Free press"!

Why did the moron tiptoe past the medicine cabinet?

Because he didn't want to wake up the sleeping pills.

Why did the moron take a ladder to the saloon?

Because he heard that the drinks were on the house.

The moron is no new creation. He occupies most of Chapter J, "The Wise and the Foolish," in Stith Thompson's Motif-Index of Folk Literature. But the particular form in which moron jokes appear in our schools is, as far as I know, an innovation of the children.

EXCITED DAUGHTER: Oh, Papa! What a long fence this is!

COOL DRIVER: Don't be silly, darling. Those are mile posts.

A Drinking Song Without Drinks

I learned the following among my schoolmates before I knew what booze was. The long end notes lent themselves well to part singing, each line being repeated by a chorus during the holding of these notes by the lead voice or voices. I don't know where it came from. Maybe some readers can enlighten me.



There was a man named Feldon Shaw, had the smartest goat you ever saw.



One day this goat was feeling fine, ate three red shirts right off the line.

Now Feldon said, "This goat must die," so he tied him to a railroad tie.
The train whistle blew; that goat, in pain, coughed up those shirts and flagged
the train.

Now when I die, don't bury me at all. Just pickle my bones in alcohol.
Put a bottle of booze at my head and feet, and then I'm sure that I will keep.

Originally, these verses may have been sung to the tune of Sweet Adeline but subsequently developed a melody of their own. This happened in the case of The Cowboy's Dream. See, John A. and Alan Lomax, Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads, New York: Macmillan, 1938, pp. 44-48.

Parodies

Here are some similar pranks in verse, still sung to the tunes of well known songs.

The Long, Long Nail (on The Long, Long Trail)

There's a long, long nail agrinding
Into the sole of my shoe
And it's ground its way into my foot
For about an inch or two,
And the time for which I'm longing,
The time I'm dreaming about
Is the time when I can sit right down
And pull that long nail out.

Napoleon and Lizzie (on Reuben and Rachel)

I've got a horse and his name's Napoleon.
 I named him for his Bonaparte.
 He can win any race he runs in
 If he gets enough head start.

I've got a car and her name is Lizzie.
 She can give you an awful thrill.
 She will take you down in the valleys
 If you push her up the hill.

HOT COP: Hay, don't you know you were going ninety miles an hour?
 COOL DRIVER: That's impossible. I was only out a half an hour.

The Epitaph of Willie McRay

Here lie the remains of Willie McRay
 Who died defending his right-of-way.
 He knew he was dead right all along,
 But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

Studying Folklore at the University of Maryland

The University of Maryland is a rich center in folklore studies. Esther Birdsall, George Carey, Gladys Marie Fry, Joe Glazer and I are all teaching folklore there. We give courses, prefaced by an introduction to folklore, on folk narrative, folksong and ballad, Negro folklore and culture, American folklore, urban folklore, and folklore in literature. There are two graduate seminars in folklore. One of them is a straight seminar. The other is my course on folklore in literature.

Students in these courses don't just study existing collections and books on the subject. They also collect folklore directly from oral tradition and do original research. Out of their work has come a vast and growing body of material, most of it housed in the Maryland Folklore Archive at the University.

Selected gems from this treasury will be published in this journal. A few of them appear on the subsequent pages. The first of these is a term paper written for my course on folklore in literature by Martha Larson. Mrs. Larson, wife of Dr. Elliott Larson, is doing graduate work toward the M. A. at Maryland but has temporarily taken time out to raise a family. She has made a good beginning with a son one year old.

Undergraduates may now specialize in folklore at the University of Maryland. They get their degrees as English majors with a folklore emphasis.

A CLEVER-JUDGE TALE IN DON QUIJOTE

By Martha Larson

Cervantes used folklore freely in Don Quijote, sometimes putting proverbs or stories into the mouths of his characters, sometimes incorporating tales in the action of the book. The latter practice is revealed in an ancient tale employed to demonstrate Sancho Panza's sagacity as a judge on the island he governs.

A girl appears before Sancho, dragging a man whom she accuses of having raped her. The man denies that the deed was by force. Sancho orders the man to give the girl all the money he has: a purse with twenty ducats. The girl departs with the money. After she is gone, Sancho tells the young man to go after her and take the money away from her. All the people wait in suspense to see the outcome.

Soon the two return, the girl with the purse still tight in her clutches, clamoring for justice, accusing the man of trying to rob her. She declares that no one, least of all this man, can take the money from her.

The governor asks for the purse, ironically calling her both "honest" and "valiant." He returns it to the young man, explaining to the girl that if she had displayed even half as much vigor in defending her body as she has in protecting the money, no one could have forced her. He then roughly orders her out of town. The young man remains free of the charge.

Juan Antonio Pellicer, in his edition of the Quijote published in 1797, cites a similar story in Norte de los Estados by Fray Francisco de Osuna. Pellicer gives only a summary, but the entire Osuna version is presented in Clemente Cortejón's edition of the Quijote, published in 1911. It resembles the Cervantes version with the following exceptions. In the Quijote, the man has already paid the girl something, but she does not consider it sufficient. The man in Osuna's version is ordered to pay her fifty ducats for her marriage. More noteworthy is the greater frankness of the judge in speaking of her virginity in the Osuna version. Cervantes could have read Osuna's book, which was published in 1541, well before the second part of the Quijote in 1615. This is not likely, because Cervantes would not have been inclined to soften the frankness of Osuna's judge.

The motif (MT J1174.3) was more probably heard in a sermon. Even Osuna's book is connected with the church. Osuna was a priest. He describes his book as one "in which are given rules to live by to the young men, married persons, widows, and all temperate persons. And very extensively are treated the remedies of a wretched marriage, teaching how the married life of a Christian ought to be." (Cortejón, 391)

Pellicer (Vol. 5, p. 68) gives a further reference for this motif: P. Baron, Luz de la fe y de la ley. This title (Light of the Faith and of the Law) again links the story with the church, or at least the Christian life. Indeed, it would be apropos in the pulpit, as a warning to young girls and men, and as an example of wisdom for judges and others in authority. Preachers in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries customarily illustrated their sermons with fables of this kind, known as exempla.

One of the collections drawn on by these preachers is that of Etienne de Bourbon, a Dominican from France of the thirteenth century. Our motif appears as No. 502, p. 432 in his book, Anecdotes Historiques, Paris, 1877. In Bourbon's version, the man promises to pay the girl a certain price but afterwards refuses to do so. The judge gives the man an alternative: to marry her or pay her. He chooses to pay. The rest of the story is the same as in Osuna and Cervantes.

Bourbon, an inquisitor and preacher of the crusade against the Albigenses, was brought into contact with a fellow preacher, Jacques de Vitry, whom he cites as one from whom he heard many of his exempla. (Thomas T. Crane, ed. The Exempla from the Sermones Vulgares of Jacques de Vitry, London, 1890, p. xcvi) In fact, de Vitry gives a version similar to the others except that in defending the money the girl cries out and thus secures the aid of others.

Jacques de Vitry was born some time before 1180 in France. He lived and preached in that country and was later elevated in rank and sent to Rome to be made a bishop. From there he was sent to the Middle East. He preached the crusade and acted a large part in it. Finally, at his own request, he was relieved of his bishopric in the Middle East, and returned to preach extensively in France and Belgium. He enjoyed great fame as a preacher, perhaps to some extent because of his use of illustrative stories in his sermons. These were probably collected by him from many sources in his extensive travels. They are found in his "sermones vulgares," printed in Cardinal Pitra's Analecta Novissima Specilegii Solesmensis, Paris, 1885. Our motif is in sermon 69, p. 459. It also appears in two manuscript collections of exempla: British Museum Ms. Harl. 463, fol. 21, and British Museum Ms. Arundel, No. 506, fol. 44 verso. The version in the former manuscript is repeated by Thomas Wright in his A Selection of Latin Stories, London, 1843.

The use of exempla to convey moral doctrine far antedates Christianity. It was a method of instruction always popular in the East, and Christ taught largely through parables. The first known systematic use of exempla in Europe is to be found in the homilies 'In Evangelia' of Gregory, before 604. These were taken exclusively from the lives of the saints. But although the Dialogues of Gregory furnished later preachers with an abundant supply of exempla, his use

of them does not seem to have led to their use in sermons. Petrus Alfonsi (1062-1140), a Spanish priest, collected many of the tales from the East and set them down in Latin in his Disciplina Clericalis.

The actual practice of using exempla in sermons did not become common until toward the end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century. With the foundation in the thirteenth century of the Franciscan and Dominican orders, public preaching spread because one of their doctrines was that the Gospel should be carried to the common people. They felt the need of exempla to keep the attention of the masses by amusing them. Almost all who played an important part in the use of exempla were Dominicans, with the exception of the prelate Jacques de Vitry, "who by his example gave a powerful impulse to the use of exempla in sermons, and thus has played an important part in the diffusion of popular tales." (Crane, op. cit., xxi)

Crane states that there naturally occurred some abuse of this custom, some preachers yielding to the temptation to "amuse their congregations by the recital of stories unsuited to the sanctity of the place and occasion." (Op. cit., lxviii) The practice was condemned at the beginning of the fourteenth century by Dante:

Christ did not to his first disciples say,
 "Go forth and to the world preach idle tales,"
 But unto them a true foundation gave;....
 Now men go forth with jest and drolleries
 To preach, and if but well the people laugh,
 The hood puffs out, and nothing more is asked.
 (Paradiso xxix, Longfellow trans.)

The attention of the church was drawn to these abuses, and there are allusions in various councils to the improper use of exempla. But, although checked to some degree, the practice of using illustrative stories spread throughout the countries by means of the church. In the fourteenth century several writers began to collect the tales more systematically, forming them into books for the use of subsequent preachers. An example of this work is the Gesta Romanorum.

The exempla were especially popular in Germany, and indeed the collections of sermons by preachers of other lands were often first printed in Germany. Our tale appears there in the vernacular in a collection by Johannes Pauli: Schimpf und Ernst, ed. Johannes Bolte, Berlin, 1924, no. 15, p. 24. Pauli's narration differs from the Cervantes version in that the accused never appears; the judge sends his servant after the girl to try to rob her. Herman Osterley, in his edition of Pauli's work, Stuttgart, 1866, cites two other references for this motif: Scherzmit der Warheydt,

Frankfurt, 1563, 34, and Zeitverkurzer, s. l., 1702, 127.

Pauli's collection is in the vernacular and seemingly for the general reader rather than exclusively for the clergy. This brings to mind Osuna's book, which is also in the vernacular and for the edification of the general reader. They both appeared around the same time, Schimpf and Ernst having been originally published in 1538. Although it is possible that Cervantes read the story of the clever judge in a Spanish book such as Osuna's, it seems more probable that he heard it in church or from a friend.

THE PROBLEM OF RAPE IN LAW SCHOOL

Told by Joseph Battle to Jane Battle, Folklore Archive,
University of Maryland

There was a girl in law school that was in a criminal law class, and usually the thing that interests all the freshmen law students the most, in criminal law, are the cases dealing with carnal knowledge and the rape cases. And so, when it came time for the professor to teach this particular course, he gave a lecture on rape, and what the legal requirements were, and rape as opposed to statutory rape. He went into all the details that are required for a conviction. So after class, a young female law student came up to him; an' she was gonna show all the male law students that she had what it took to be a lawyer, an' that she would not be embarrassed if she had to try a case involving rape in court. So — she asked the law professor if he would explain to her one more time about — just exactly what rape was — that she wished that he would just go into detail, because she wasn't sure that she had all of this in her notes; she wanted to be sure to have this particular subject in her notes. So he looked at her — looked down at her feet and then up at her legs; and all up and down her; for about half a minute he was silent, and then he said, "Young lady," he said, "I've just been lookin' at you an' my observation is that I don't think you'll ever have to worry about rape."

THE HAM COMES HOME

Collected by George Carey for his forthcoming book on Maryland's Eastern Shore

There was this fella living up to Hog Neck Marsh and he was going out with this other woman, and he paid her off with a ham. So this woman he was going out with got a little remorseful and she

went and told his wife about it. She said, "I have a date to meet him tonight down there and I can't go on with it no more so you can do what you want."

So the wife said, "I'd like to borrow some of your clothes and then I'll go down there and meet him."

That night he got in his skiff, and when her husband left, she run down there as hard as she could and got to the meeting place before him. And when he come in there, he began loving her and telling her how much better she was than his wife, and when he got all done, he give her this ham. And so when he got in the boat, she took the ham and she run like the devil and beat him home.

The next morning she got up real early and she sliced that ham and when he come down there was the whole ham sliced and fried right up.

He said, "What in hell's the idea of cooking all that ham?"

She said, "It's my ham."

"Where did you get it?"

She said, "You gave it to me last night."

Well, that man pulled right up and left and never came back. Man who told me that said it was a fact.

THE DEVIL'S BROTHER-IN-LAW

Collected by George Carey for his forthcoming book on Maryland's Eastern Shore

Now there was this fella that lived above Crisfield here and he had a terrible drinking problem. And it really upset his wife, and so she made an arrangement with a friend of hers. He said he would dress up like the devil and when her husband came through Handy's Woods the next night he would scare some sense into him. So the next night when the old man came rolling up through those woods, that friend hid in the bushes dressed like the devil and when the drunk went by he made an awful noise.

The woman's husband said, "Who's that?"

He said, "I'm the devil."

"My God, man, I'm not afraid of you; I married your sister Nancy." (cf. BUYING THE WIND, p. 84. Told by Avalon Hill, Crisfield.)

URDEMALAS TALES

Compiled and retold by Frank Goodwyn

When I was a youth living among the Mexican cowboys of south Texas, I began hearing tales about a vagabond folk hero named Pedro Urdemalas. As years passed, my acquaintance with this character grew. I encountered him in Mexican restaurants when I visited neighboring towns, in junk yards and furniture stores where I worked part time while attending college, along the Mexican border where I collected materials for my books, and in the slums of Chicago where I accumulated folklore with a wire recorder. Through correspondence and microfilming, I have gathered Urdemalas stories from all over Spanish America and added them to what I got directly from oral and printed sources. In 1946 I completed a doctoral dissertation on Pedro Urdemalas at the University of Texas. It is a fully documented report on my research up to that time.

I find that Spanish-speaking people have been telling and writing tales about Pedro Urdemalas since before 1500. Masters of Spanish prose and verse have used him in their novels and plays. Folklorists and anthropologists, interested in general collecting, have picked up stories about him out of oral tradition in Spain and Latin America. Today, those tales are constantly being told and written, for the delight of illiterate and literate audiences all over the hispanic world.

Much of Pedro's popularity comes from his being a poor boy with no opportunities worth the name who, by his natural wits, wins victories over people in the upper classes: priests, land owners and high civil officials.

The following are two selections from the Urdemalas tradition. Others will appear in subsequent issues of this journal.

The Ball of Gold

Pedro Urdemalas has no home. He just wanders over the world, doing whatever he can find to do. He admires the truth so much that, judging himself unworthy of it, he rarely touches it to his humble lips. Officers, priests and owners of land and cattle keep him forever on the move from city to city, from farm to farm, shaking him always by the collar, never by the hand.

He left his father and mother when he was very young because they had no money to buy him food and clothes. For miles and miles down the road he drifted, and the farther he walked, the hungrier he grew. Finally he came to a small house with a closed door and an open window.

Looking in through the window he saw a fat priest in black silk vestments, sitting at a table eating a generous meal. There were sweet potatoes cooked in sugar, a side of beef, a boiled goat, a roasted pig with an apple in its mouth, a turkey overflowing with gravy, and a head of lettuce as big as a cantaloupe.

When the priest saw Pedro's face in the window, he said, "What are you doing here? Don't you know that it is not polite to watch other people eat? Go away!"

Pedro was too hungry to go away, so he said, "Sir Father, I am starving. May I have a little piece of your turkey leg, or perhaps some roasted pig, or a slice of your beef with a sweet potato cooked in sugar?"

But the priest only dipped a ladle of gravy from the turkey bowl, poured it over a hill of dressing and asked, "Where is your obedience? I said go away. I do not eat well with people watching me. It makes me nervous, and I accidentally get the goat mixed with the turkey gravy. You know as well as I that goat and turkey gravy do not go well together. Get away from my window before I report you to my boss, the bishop."

Pedro cupped his hands facing each other as if holding a sphere about the size of the lettuce head and asked, "Sir Father, can you tell me, more or less, how much money I could get for a ball of gold about this size?"

The priest looked up from a half-demolished mutton leg and asked, "What was that? A ball of gold, you say? About what size again, please? Well, now, let me consider it. It depends on many things. I would have to get my paper and pencil and figure it out. Won't you come in, my child, and have a little bite to eat?"

Pedro crawled through the window and tore into the turkey. The priest loaded him a plate with assorted delectables, explaining, "I am a poor man, but the house is yours, as they say in Mexico. Try some of that thicker gravy. It goes well with the mutton. Would you say that your ball is about six inches through? Is it pure gold, or hollow in the middle?"

Pedro could not answer because his mouth was too full of potatoes. Seeing this, the clergyman said, "Perhaps if my hospitality pleases you, you will stay and live with me. I grow lonely sometimes and would like to have a companion. I can teach you many things, and maybe we can share the fortune that we will gain from selling your golden ball."

When Pedro was full he said, "Thank you, Sir Father. I will gladly stay and live with you, but I have no ball of gold. I was only wondering how much one about that size would be worth."

Hearing this, the priest threw back his head and laughed. On account of his fatness, which shook with ripples, his laughter was hearty. The more he laughed, the more tickled he became, because of the shaking.

When he could laugh no longer, he said, "Caramba! What a joke on me! But now that I have invested a good dinner in you, I will use you to drive my mule. I need a boy to whip the beast and keep it moving while I ride from house to house visiting my people. And do not call me Sir Father. Just call me Father in the dry, as my other spiritual children do."

So for many years Pedro lived with the fat priest and regularly went the rounds of the parish, walking with a long whip beside the mule the good man rode.

The Stairs of Learning

The fat priest had in his house a big cabinet of books with a jar of wine set on a shelf above it, too high for Pedro to reach. Pedro asked the clergyman to let him taste the wine, but the clergyman said it was only for priests to drink in holy communion.

"You cannot become a priest," he continued, "until you have climbed the stairs of learning. You must study long and hard. Do you see all those books in the cabinet? They are the stairs of learning. They will make you wise. Then, when you are ordained, you may drink of the sacred wine while your congregation eats the holy wafer."

The heat of the day, added to the priest's fatness, made him sleepy, and while he was having a long nap, Pedro took the books out of the cabinet and stacked them so that they tapered to a peak, the smaller ones on top. By climbing to their summit, he could reach the wine. He took it down and began enjoying it.

When the priest awoke, the wine jar was empty and Pedro was feeling very good.

"How did you reach the wine?" demanded the clergyman.

Pedro pointed to the stack of books and said, "I climbed the stairs of learning."

BOOK REVIEWS

The Songs of Our Years: A Study of Negro Folk Music. By Clyde Owen Jackson. New York: Exposition Press, 1968. 54 pp. Appendix, Bibliography. \$4.00

This is a somewhat tiny book -- 53 pages, encompassing Forethought, Introduction, Main Text, Summary and Conclusions, Afterthought and Appendix, including Bibliography -- on a very big subject. It purports to show the manner in which Negro song came to prominence in America. Actually, it deals only with a handful of relevant facts about the Negro spiritual.

Though skimpily done and far from literary, it does raise (but not develop) some important issues: the difficulty the slave song had gaining recognition; the impact of Dvorak's enthusiasm for the spirituals; the contribution of several college choral groups; and a few aspects of the flood of acceptance when acceptance finally came.

There is a good deal of the personal in this little book. Mr. Jackson is proud of what has been done by the Tuskegee singing groups and by William Dawson, his former teacher. He quotes an entire letter he received from William Grant Still in reply to questions he had raised.

Considering the great mass of interpretation, historical sketches, bibliography, and discography now available on the subject, or even on the few points Mr. Jackson lightly touches, The Songs of Our Years is hardly worth lingering over. His "bibliography" on pages 53 and 54 (24 references) is negligible. Good bibliographies on the spiritual have been around for nearly two generations. The German scholar, Theo Lehmann, who has written massively and powerfully about the blues and the spirituals within the past ten years, has a Verzeichnis of 500 references in his Negro Spirituals (Berlin, 1965). It lists books and articles in many languages, going back well over a century.

But if you want the truth (without the evidence) dissolving the myth that the Negro song came from the white spiritual, Mr. Jackson -- praises be! -- certainly has that.

John Lovell, Jr.
Howard University

The Negro and his Folklore in Nineteenth-Century Periodicals. Edited with an Introduction by Bruce Jackson. Published for the American Folklore Society by the University of Texas Press, Austin and London. Publications of the American Folklore Society, Bibliographical and Special Series, Volume 18, 1967. xxiii, 374 pp. Further Reading, Index of Authors, Index of Songs and Verses, Titles of Articles and Periodicals, Music. \$8.50.

It is difficult to review Bruce Jackson's excellent anthology for two reasons. First, it contains such a wide variety of topics and second, Negro folklore has two connotations: folklore about the Negro and folklore of the Negro.

The folklore about the Negro deals with the various stereotypes, such as the stage minstrel and the happy-go-lucky slave of the ante bellum period. It is somewhat disconcerting to realize that someone as articulate as John Mason Brown could write "Within his cabin, and cheered by good company and a bright firelight, the negro slave resumed his gayety, and sang and danced and laughed as though life were but a long holiday. His day's work done and his appetite appeased, he cast off all care and abandoned himself to mirth and the old laugh renewed (p. 116)". As other essays show, Brown reflected the prejudices of the time.

The folklore about the Negro's carefree singing existence probably accounts, in part, for the fact that whites first became interested in his folksongs rather than in other types of his folklore. This interest is reflected in the many essays discussing types of Negro singing. But it is impossible to review even a fraction of these essays; one should perhaps single out only two.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson's essay is important for several reasons. Appearing originally in Harper's, it reached a fairly wide audience. It contains thirty-seven texts of spirituals and spiritual fragments which the author collected when he commanded an all Negro regiment. Finally, the last section shows his understanding of variants. He discusses how a variant can arise, how a variant can co-exist with the original, and how a variant can drive out the original. The essay is flawed only by the absence of tunes.

Tunes are included in G. W. Cable's two lengthy essays on Creole folksongs and customs. Not only do we get the songs but also the backgrounds that provided the occasions for the singing. These essays are also valuable in that they deal with a cultural milieu quite different from the one in which most Negro folksongs evolved.

Other genres of Negro folklore also attracted attention during the nineteenth century. Essays on ring-dancing, corn-shuckings, buryings (not funerals), weddings, and church services are included in the collection. Several essays deal with superstitions, not all of which are exclusively Negro.

The last genre of Negro folklore discussed is the tale. Historically, William Owen's essay "Folklore of the Southern Negroes" (1877) is very important not only because it includes nine animal tales but also because it inspired Joel Chandler Harris to begin his Uncle Remus collections. T. F. Crane's extensive review of Uncle Remus. His Songs and Sayings is by far the best essay on the tale. He selects a number of tales and points out parallels. For example, he notes that "Mr. Rabbit Gobbles up the Butter" is similar to Grimms' #2 as well as to a Hottentot tale, which he includes. He also discusses the relationship between Uncle Remus tales and animal tales collected in Brazil. Although he comes to no conclusion about the exact nature of the relationship, his statement that "popular tales are more readily diffused than has heretofore been proposed" shows his understanding of folktale dissemination.

Hopefully, this sketchy review will whet the reader's appetite for this excellent anthology. One should add that the headnotes provide much valuable information without being pedantic. Finally, Mr. Jackson should be commended for his appendix of additional readings on Negro folklore and culture.

Esther K. Birdsall
University of Maryland

Negro Slave Songs in the United States. By Miles Mark Fisher. New York: Russell & Russell, 1968. First published in 1953 by the Cornell University Press for the American Historical Association. Foreword by Ray Allen Billington. xv, 223 pp. Bibliography, Index. \$8.50.

A timely republication, this book is strongly recommended for its coverage of Negro slave religious songs in their social context. The author's principal thesis is that spiritual song texts reveal much of the personality of the slave, as seen in his environment. The spirituals, he finds, provided a "safety valve," allowing the singer to vent his passions and find a form of release from the daily trials of slave life.

Fisher believes that song lyrics often were used as vehicles for veiled protests, referred to secret meetings, and contained subtle statements referring to urgent issues facing the slave. For example, he finds that "Home," "Canaan," "Heab'n," "The Promised Land," "Zion" and "Paradise" are words used to signify support of the early nineteenth-century African colonization movement, and such a line as "Before I stay in Hell one day" urged flight to the north. He also finds cases where the texts advocated loyalty, forbearance, endurance and submission. These he sees as a conservative reaction to the militancy phase, following the revolts of Turner and others.

The first chapter, giving the African background, is in need of revision. The picture he presents is a kind of mosaic, composed of

short excerpts from various other sources. Rather than mirroring diversity, his composition tends to misrepresent West Africa as a cultural unity, with, for example, one form of religion which was perpetuated by an institution called "the African cult." The fact is that American Negro slave culture was brewed in a kind of enforced melting pot into which were thrown extremely diverse ingredients.

In summation, then, the reader is advised to get his African background elsewhere. Also, the author's textual analyses are not necessarily the last word. At times his deductions are based on slight evidence. His hypotheses must be weighed alongside statements by others, including the Lomaxes, Greenway, Jackson, Botkin and Courlander.

Darius L. Thieme
Fisk University

Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro. By Newbell Niles Puckett. Montclair, New Jersey: Patterson Smith, 1968. (Patterson Smith Reprint Series in Criminology, Law Enforcement, and Social Problems, Publication No. 22.) Originally published 1926 by the University of North Carolina Press. xiv, 644 pp. List of Informants, References Cited, Index, Illustrations. \$18.00. [Another reprint (1968) available from Negro Universities Press, New York. \$20.25.]

"Black Studies" is a hot item these days, and many long-out-of-print collections of folklore are being reprinted in the rush to capitalize on the interest in Negro culture. Folk Beliefs of the Southern Negro is such a collection. The text is divided into eight sections: Practical and Emotional Backgrounds; Burial Customs, Ghosts, and Witches; Voodooism and Conjunction (two sections); Positive Control-Signs: Minor Charms and Cures; Negative Control-Signs: Taboos; Prophetic Signs or Omens; Christianity and Superstition; Conclusion. The author includes a list of references cited -- about 315 items; a list of informants; and a comprehensive index.

For people interested in "curiosities" this book makes fascinating reading; for a scholar interested in Negro culture it is an irritating hodge-podge of collectanea from several levels of many different belief systems thrown together in one pot and strained through the evolutionary anthropological thought of Puckett's time. Puckett collected many of the beliefs included and was himself a fairly successful part-time conjure man. He makes an attempt to show some connections to Africa or Europe for some of the beliefs but he should not be taken too seriously. He continues Talley's error (Negro Folk Rhymes) by citing "Frog in a Mill" and a version of the Irish folksong "Shool Aroon" as examples of survivals of African rhymes! He thinks that the use by Southern Negroes of the curse term "son of a bitch" shows traces of the former African disgust for the dog!

There is nothing to be gained from whipping a dead horse or from being too critical of a recently deceased author, but one cannot help wondering what Puckett might have accomplished if he had confined his study to one community and really worked out in detail its belief system and the effects of that belief system on the community's folklore.

Chuck Perdue
University of Pennsylvania

Negro Tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and Calvin, Michigan. By Richard M. Dorson. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1958. (Indiana University Publications, Folklore Series, No. 12.) Reprinted by Kraus Reprint Corporation, New York, 1968. xviii, 292 pp. Index of Motifs, Index of Tale Types, Bibliography. \$13.00.

This book is a reprint of Dorson's 1958 collection of Negro tales. It is in two parts -- the first half is a collection of tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, collected from several informants and organized by subject matter. The second half is a large part of the repertoire of one man -- James Douglas Suggs, raised in the South but living in Calvin, Michigan, when Dorson found him. The tales are motified and typed using Thompson's motif index, Baughman's motif and type index, and the Arne-Thompson type index. A bibliography of about forty items is included. There is no subject index but the table of contents lists tales by subject.

There are serious criticisms to be made of Dorson's collection of Negro tales but they apply equally well to most collections. To begin, we don't really know what a Negro narrative is. Tale tellers will often use an obvious coda to end a tale (apparently) and then, further along in the general discourse, give further details relating to the narrative. Ideally, what we would like to know is: 1. What constitutes a narrative to an informant and/or native listener -- if indeed they make such a distinction?; 2. What do they do when we, the collectors, are not there?; 3. What kinesic and paralinguistic cues are used?; 4. What precedes and what follows a narrative to mark it?; 5. What are the evaluative devices used by the narrator in order to emphasize particular portions of his narrative?; and 6. What rules are involved in determining when, where and under what conditions which type of narrative will be told?. Admittedly, the answers to these questions will not be easily obtained, but folklorists are generally ignoring all of these points. The interested reader might look at Labov and Waletzky's article on narrative analysis in: Essays on the Verbal and Visual Arts, Proceedings of the 1966 Annual Spring Meeting of the American Ethnological Society, Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1967, pp. 12-44.

Given a collection of tales such as this one, all the serious scholar can do is read for his own enjoyment. Until folklorists can get themselves unhooked from the "star performer" syndrome and cease thinking of folklore study as "netting a good catch," we shall probably do no better.

Chuck Perdue
University of Pennsylvania

"The Golden Arm." The Folk Tale and Its Literary Use by Mark Twain and Joel C. Harris. By John A. Burrison. Research Paper Number 19, June 1968. School of Arts and Sciences Research Papers, Georgia State College, Atlanta, Georgia. vii, 67 pp. Paperbound. Free on request from the Dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, Georgia State College.

People not lucky enough to witness Hal Holbrook's performance of "The Golden Arm" can at least, I hope, remember their summers at camp,

around the fire or after lights are out. (But if you haven't heard this "scare story," don't read it in a collection; get someone with a sense of the dramatic to tell it to you.) Mr. Burrison examines the tale's history in Europe and America, including Twain's and Harris' use of it, and offers 38 variants, some from oral tradition and the rest from manuscript copies or printed sources.

He notes that the tale exists in two basic forms. In the first, found throughout Europe and to some extent in America, part of a dead man's body is used intentionally or accidentally for food; in the second, also found in Europe and as the usual form among American children, greed prompts the theft of a precious body part or item from a grave. In both types the corpse returns to take back the stolen item or inquire menacingly who the thief was.

Samuel Clemens heard the tale as a child on his uncle's farm from a slave, Uncle Dan'l (the model for Jim in Huckleberry Finn). Clemens appreciated the tale as "ear literature," and used it in his public lecture-readings. He felt that Joel Chandler Harris, creator of Uncle Remus, had a better command of Negro dialect and should be the one to put it in print. In 1881 he wrote Harris accordingly. A correspondence followed, and Harris published a variant of the tale in his Nights With Uncle Remus in the same year. Twain himself included it in his How to Tell a Story and Other Essays. Both writers recognized that the value of the story lay in its entertainment as an oral presentation, and not as literature in the usual sense.

The study is scholarly without being dry. Mr. Burrison follows good folklore practice in his use of the Motif and Tale Type indexes and in the accurate transcription of variants collected by his folklore students at Georgia State College. Each variant is preceded by a paragraph containing information pertinent to the folklorist -- names, dates, places and so on -- and the variants from manuscript and print are arranged chronologically. Incidentally, Mr. Burrison welcomes all variants anyone knows or has collected; address the author at Georgia State College, Department of English, 33 Gilmer St., S. E., Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

Avery D. Comarow
Indiana University

Yesterday in Old St. Mary's County. By Robert E. T. Pogue. New York: A Hearthstone Book, Carlton Press, Inc., 1968. 464 pp. Illustrations, Bibliography, Glossary of Words and Phrases Commonly Used in Southern Maryland, Index. \$10.00.

Life on the Potomac River. By Edwin W. Beitzell. Abell, Maryland 20606: E. W. Beitzell, 1968. xiii 231 pp. Illustrations, Appendices, Bibliography, Index. \$8.00.

It is amazing, true and well that in the thick wall of armor shored up against individuality by mass communications chinks do appear. Both of the above books are individualistic, outspoken, devoted solely to their regions, and a joy and education to read.

Bounded on the south by the Potomac River, on the north by the Patuxent River, and on the east by the Chesapeake Bay, St. Mary's County is a peninsula in Southern (By God!) Maryland. Pogue gives the impression of being an unreconstructed rebel. His book -- part autobiography and part local history -- recounts abuses of County inhabitants by the North during the Civil War. It also describes more recent scenes from everyday life. Among them are descriptions of oystering, including a run-in with dredgers from Virginia, and moonshining, including hauling by airplane. There is some local poetry and four verses from "St. Mary's County original folksong, 'The Old Bessie Jones'" (p. 402).

Beitzell's work covers tidewater Potomac. In it are recollections of life on the river, family history, and descriptions of oystering and crabbing, with line drawings of some methods and tools used. The appendices include a partial list of Potomac River sailing vessels, work boat race entries in 1930, names of Potomac Rivermen from the federal censuses of 1860, 1870 and 1880, views of Potomac River landings from the channel, and a most detailed and enlightening list of derivations of Potomac River place names.

Both men grew up in southern Maryland. Both books contain synopses of local history dating back to seventeenth-century exploration and colonization. And both decry the continuing desecration of the land, the water, the people, and their history.

George A. Simpson
Bethesda, Maryland

The Complete Peddler's Pack: Games, Songs, Rhymes, and Riddles from Mountain Folklore. By May Justus. Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1967. Illustrated by Jean Tamburine. Introduction by Edwin C. Kirkland. xii, 87 pp. Index of Titles and First Lines, Music. \$3.95.

May Justus, a prolific writer about life in the Great Smoky Mountains, has enlivened many books with glimpses of mountain folklife. Her folklore has been largely authentic and honestly presented, since it is based on reminiscences from her childhood in the shadows of the East Tennessee Mountains where she assimilated aspects of Anglo-Saxon folk tradition in her home (from her singing mother and fiddling father) and in her community.

Originally published in 1957, the new, expanded edition of Miss Justus' The Complete Peddler's Pack includes a range of children's folklore -- rhymes, riddles, tongue-twisters, songs, games, signs and predictions. "The signs and predictions, the counting-out rhymes, the riddles and tongue-twisters were part of the common knowledge in our community," writes Miss Justus in the book's introduction. Of the singing games she writes, "I cannot recall any adult teaching us to play in the yard of the old log schoolhouse. No doubt the children taught one another. At any rate, I learned them so well, and loved so well what I learned, that I have been teaching these games ever since to children eager to play them as we did long ago." Such is the natural process of folklore dissemination.

As might be expected by the pervasiveness of Miss Justus' folk cultural tradition, many of her selections are found in other well-known collections. The nonsense rhymes and counting-out rhymes, for example, are similar to those collected in England by the Opies and on New York City's playgrounds by Carl Withers. Many of the songs are included in the Ritchie family tradition of eastern Kentucky. Singing games of this book are found also in Alice Gomme's collections from nineteenth century England and Richard Chase's collections from the U. S. East Coast in the forties and fifties.

Jean Tambourine's simple little illustrations capture the spirit of childhood in remote mountain areas and contribute to the enjoyment of the book's timeless lore.

John F. Putnam
Lanham, Maryland

Folk Songs of Central West Virginia. Michael E. Bush, Editor. Custom Printing Company, Ravenswood, West Virginia, March 1969. 96 pp. Cover photo, music. Paperbound. \$1.00. For information write: Songbook, P. O. Box 127, Glenville, W. Va. 26351.

This is an interesting collection of 41 pieces: Child ballads, play party and dance tunes, American ballads and novelty songs published in hand-printed form with melody line and chords for each song.

Mr. Bush is a high school teacher and a regular participant in the West Virginia Folk Festival at Glenville. This book is a collection of songs presented at the Festival by performers, mostly from surrounding counties. It is primarily a songbook and does not contain extensive background material.

Most of the songs presented are probably familiar to the folk music enthusiast, but the versions are quite interesting and unusual. The author is planning a second volume in the near future.

Gene Anderson
Arlington, Virginia

Hawaii: Music in its History. By Ruth L. Hausman. Rutland, Vermont, and Tokyo, Japan: Charles E. Tuttle Company, 1968. Illustrations by Hide Doki. 112 pp. Guide to pronunciation, Description of Instruments, Bibliography, Index, Music. \$6.00.

Put together by a tourist-music educator for other malihinis, this book is a pleasant if shallow introduction to Hawaiian music in historical context. It contains little of serious scholarly interest, but it is handsomely designed (with background watercolors of leaves and flowers) and intelligibly written, and there is a selection of good songs, including several ancient chants with suggestions for rhythmic accompaniment.

The author displays an admirable basic understanding of the nature of Hawaiian musical poetry which, alas, does not apply to her treatment of history. "Historic facts [concerning ancient Hawaii]... together with the chants chosen, were selected not to give a complete picture,

but a representative one that might be of interest and not too confusing to the lay reader" (p. 10). Unfortunately, this postcard approach leads to some appalling generalizations: "So it is in the heartfelt, joyous, inspirational singing of these treasured songs by the congregation...that one comes to a closer understanding of a stalwart people who rose in such a short time from paganism to their present high level of civilization" (p. 96)!!!

For its purpose as a songster-souvenir the book has relatively few defects, the main ones being omissions. There is an abbreviated guide to Hawaiian pronunciation; it would really be better to learn the songs from recordings, but there is no list of records. Many are available, and some are excellent; for example:

"Hawaiian Chant" (Folkways FW 8750). This is the real stuff, the pre-missionary music. I have not heard this record, but a reliable authority says it is excellent.

"Kamehameha Sings" and "Kamehameha Sings Again" (KA 100 and KA 101, Kamehameha Schools, Honolulu). School children singing mainly glee-club arrangements, a few chants and older songs with old instruments. The second record has more variety and traditional music than the first. A private school founded by a princess of the royal line for the Hawaiian people, Kamehameha, has actively encouraged preservation and revival of the Hawaiian language and culture as part of its curriculum.

"Folk Songs of Hawaii" (TR and TS-110) and "Hawaii's Folk Singers" (TR and TS-115), Tradewinds Records, Box 8294, Honolulu. These feature Noelani Mahoe and Ka'upena Wong, two of the finest traditionally oriented singers in the islands, in a delightful variety of songs, and not a steel guitar in range (Noe plays lovely "slack-key" guitar). This company produces the finest Hawaiian recordings I have heard, with exceptionally good liner notes.

Most of the other difficulties in this book result from its being a long-distance library-research distillation by a non-Kama'aina. The piano accompaniments are pleasant, though not particularly traditional-sounding, with a few surprises (e. g., an "amen" ending on "Ainahu" p. 417). A few phrases are downright wrong (most obvious is the chorus of "Aloha Oe" p. 1007), possibly changed to avoid copyright problems. In general, however, the author is conscious of her limitations and has done her homework; I found no major errors of fact or language, though I am no expert in either. On the other hand, no sources are given for most of the songs, though authors' names are carefully provided. And I believe that Appendix 2, "Instruments Then and Now," owes its material and illustrations to the monograph, Music of Ancient Hawaii, by Dorothy Kahananui (Honolulu: The Author, 1962), which is listed in the bibliography but not credited in the appendix.

I think the fascinating thing about Hawaiian musical culture, besides the music itself and the people who make it, is that it is constantly assimilating and transmuting alien musical ideas into something new and still distinctly Hawaiian; the author mentions this earlier but misses the opportunity to demonstrate its more modern developments.

Also ignored is the pervasion of Hawaiian music (that steel guitar) into other American styles (bottleneck blues, western cowboy songs, Hollywood) and, for that matter, the development of such local styles as "slack-key" guitar and falsetto singing. Thus it remains to someone more knowledgeable and thorough to write Hawaii's musical history as it really ought to be done; this book, though it sets the task well enough, hardly begins to accomplish that.

Lani Herrmann
New Shrewsbury, New Jersey

Country Music U. S. A. A Fifty-Year History by Bill C. Malone. Published for the American Folklore Society by the University of Texas Press, Austin and London. Publications of the American Folklore Society, Memoir Series, Volume 54, 1968. xvi, 422 pp. Bibliography (including Discography), Index. \$7.50.

This book is significant for two reasons. It is the first full-length, annotated study on the subject [although Burt Goldblatt and Robert Shelton's pictorial history The Country Music Story (Indianapolis, 1966) and Linnell Gentry's pioneering and currently-in-revision A History and Encyclopedia of Country, Western, and Gospel Music (Nashville, 1961) are both important], and its attractive format represents a new departure for the American Folklore Society's long-lived Memoir series.

Despite these credentials, the work is disappointing. Some of its errors could be pardoned as almost unavoidable. For instance, the authorship of "The Death of Kathy Fiscus" and "Hillbilly Fever" is transposed in the appreciation notice. Some of its omissions could be excused as practically inevitable in a project of such broad scope: among performers, most notably Buddy Starcher; among references, Cash-box, which is mentioned but once (p. 250) in the text and not at all in the index; among influences, fiddle contests or regional folk festivals.

The work disappoints chiefly in the presentation and organization of data and a tendency of the author to overgeneralize. This tendency is most evident in the first chapter, where the entire South is considered a folk group, "a distinct family unit," and about sixty million individuals are branded white supremacists (pp. 4ff.) As Geroge B. Tindall has written in Dewey W. Grantham, Jr., (ed.), The South and the Sectional Image (New York, 1967): "The infinite variety of Southern mythology could be catalogued and analyzed endlessly. A suggestive list would include... the Folklore South...the White Supremacy South of racial segregation which seems to be for some the all-encompassing 'Southern way of life'... the Anglo-Saxon (or was it the Scotch-Irish?) South..." (p. 17). Is it not the case that commercial Country and Western or hillbilly music took root in the South because in the 1920's Ralph S. Peer and others, like latter-day carpetbaggers, took their recording equipment south instead of north or west or (Lord knows!) east?

This book is a slightly expanded and reworked version of "A History of Commercial Country Music in the United States, 1920-1964," the author's Ph. D. dissertation at the University of Texas. From the dissertation to the present volume, there were more interviews, acquaintance

with Goldblatt and Shelton's work, beefing-up of that first chapter, and the substitution of the curious "Anglo-Celtic" for the equally curious but fairly well-understood "Anglo-Saxon." In his dissertation, the author refers to "white Protestant Anglo-Saxon tradition" (p. iv), and in pointing out country music's international influences in his review of The Country Music Story in the JEMF Newsletter (II:2, February 1967, p. 34), he refers to the music as being generally considered "Anglo-Saxon." We presume that "Anglo-Celtic" means "Scottish-English-Irish."

Despite its limitations, this volume is a valuable reference tool. There are almost as many names per page as in the phone book, and as many song titles as in a BMI catalog. Many limited-circulation publications (a number of them now defunct), the work of dedicated private collectors, interviews with performers and promoters, and close listening to the music itself form, for the first time, the basis of a full-length documented study. Besides, in almost complete darkness, the least light, no matter how scattered, may prove illuminating.

George A. Simpson
Bethesda, Maryland

Bound for Glory. By Woody Guthrie. Illustrated with Sketches by the Author. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 1968. Originally published by Dutton, 1943. Foreword by Pete Seeger. Tribute by Stewart L. Udall. Postscript. xi, 430 pp. Paperbound. \$2.45.

Woody Guthrie's Bound for Glory is usually classified by its readers as an autobiography. However, a more accurate classification would be "novelistic" autobiography, with great emphasis on the "novel." Enough truth and fact run through Guthrie's narrative to warrant some autobiographical consideration, but these facts and truths combined with his vivid imagination have created instead a realistic autobiographical novel.

A tramp-poet friend of mine who is much akin to Guthrie in spirit and talent and is a natural raconteur stated that ninety percent of what he told was true. When I inquired about the remaining ten percent, he replied with laughter, "Embellishment -- pure embellishment!" The reader must realize that Bound for Glory abounds in "pure embellishment." Woody himself probably realized this when, in various letters, he made reference to his "novel." Also, it is, to a great extent, this natural country-styled embellishment that places his literary efforts far above those of Arlo, Dylan and others who have followed.

This embellishment created resentment in Okemah. Guthrie's descriptions of the community and its citizens were often exaggerated beyond recognizable truth. His family, particularly Roy and his father, were upset because he made public the family problems, and he did this with the same exaggerated embellishment. Many self-styled and self-appointed Guthrie experts have believed Woody's statements about his family and home town to be absolute truths; they have not expended the energy to do even basic research about Oklahoma, Okemah, or Charley and his brothers and sister.

Bound for Glory is a beautifully designed story, a unique autobiographical novel. Hopefully, time will be kind and will place Woody's story in with other classics of American Literature. It is a story that should be read by all people in the ages to come. It is a small portion of the human spirit that has been captured and shared.

Guy Logsdon
University of Tulsa

Something to Sing About! The Personal Choices of American Folk Singers. Collected and Arranged by Milton Okun. New York: Macmillan Co., 1968. 241 pp. Index, Music, Photos. \$8.95.

One remembers Milt Ogun fondly from earlier days of the folk music revival as one of the singers most easy to listen to. Even later, as musical director for the Chad Mitchell trio he may have been responsible for some of the good musical accompaniment, such as that of the unoppressive banjo on "Blowin' in the Wind."

The present work, however, is bad. It is based on the novel and almost valueless idea of printing the favorite songs of America's "most distinguished folk artists." So what if in this volume Pete Seeger picks "Careless Love"; Jack Elliott, "A Picture from Life's Other Side"; Bob Dylan, "John Hardy"; Arlo Guthrie, "Old McDonald Had a Farm," and Milton Okun, as an ironic conclusion, "David's lamentation"?

But beyond that, a number of the texts are such as we have never heard the performers who selected them, or anyone else for that matter, sing. In some cases only a few words and, in others, whole stanzas seem unusual. This may be the result of faulty listening. In the copyright notice, one reads: "All of the arrangements of public domain songs are copyright...by Milton Okun and may not be reprinted in any form without permission. Milton Okun makes no copyright claim to the authorship of any of the songs in this book" (p. 8). We don't blame him.

George A. Simpson
Bethesda, Maryland

Hungarian Classical Ballads and Their Folklore. By Ninon A. M. Leader. London: Cambridge University Press (American Branch, New York), 1967. xi, 367 pp. Index of Authors, Index of Ballad Titles, Motif Index, Selected Bibliography, Map. \$12.50.

This is a book which, though too specialized for the "general educated reader" that publishers invoke, serves as a useful introduction to Hungarian "classical" ballads for students of folklore who entertain no hope of learning Hungarian. Some forty-eight old-style Hungarian ballads are translated with accompanying notes, and thirteen are singled out for detailed textual, historical and folkloristic analysis. Two brief introductory chapters sketch the Hungarian "ballad revival" and current theories about the origin of Hungarian balladry. Readers familiar with the Child collection will be happy to find frequent reference to international European balladry. English and Scottish ballads are mentioned particularly often, and the conclusion sums up the characteristics of Hungarian

balladry by comparing it with British tradition. A motif index and an index of ballad titles (including foreign) round out the book. Music is not included, and the occasional musicological comments are derivative.

Some readers will chafe at the sometimes plodding historical-geographical approach to the closely analyzed ballads. For example, "The Miraculous Dead" (cognate to Child 25) is called archaic simply because it introduces magical elements. But there are some interesting observations on popular Hungarian motifs, custom and belief reflected in the texts, and elements of ballad style. I should have liked more discussion of ballad style, circumstances of rendition, and the like; but an introduction cannot be everything to every man. Cambridge's price is, as usual, high, but those who are undaunted will doubtless find this an interesting and helpful volume.

Alan Jabbour
Library of Congress

Comparative Studies in Nursery Rhymes. By Lina Eckenstein. London: Duckworth & Co., 1906. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, 1968. viii, 231 pp. Index, List of Foreign Collections. \$8.50.

This is a reissue of a well documented study undertaken to establish the origins of nursery rhymes from various countries. The early appearances of these rhymes, including riddles, chants and cumulative pieces, are traced back to general literature, popular songs, ballads, dances and games. Attention is drawn to subsequent modifications resulting in the rhymes as we know them.

The value of this work to the scholar and student of children's literature is heightened by a chronological listing of the first printed collections of nursery rhymes in England, the bibliographic footnotes and the "List of Foreign Collections."

Margaret N. Coughlan
Library of Congress

Children's Rhymes Children's Games Children's Songs Children's Stories. A Book for Bairns and Big Folk. By Robert Ford. Second Edition. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1904. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, 1968. 278 pp. \$8.50.

Robert Ford's ears were well tuned to what people in the Scotland of his day were singing, reciting and retelling. Having edited The Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, he was well aware of the host of traditional material current amongst the working class and country people in that old, untouched Scotland of before the First World War. Small wonder then, that he was drawn to gather up the material for this book from the children of these selfsame people.

Considering the fact that the book was written before my parents were born, I was surprised to recognize so much of its contents. No doubt I heard it in the school playground and out on the streets of Aberdeen like Ford's informants before me. My grandmother and a certain great aunt must get some credit also as they had quite a store of old play songs and

stories. Ford dug deep and came up with a wide variety of child lore from the games which helped to while away the long summer holidays, to the stories told by the fireside on the raw winter nights. The sections on "Children's Humour" and "Schoolroom Facts" belong to an age when children were somewhat more naive than the present up-and-coming generations, but they are enjoyable nevertheless.

Reading this book took me back to other days and other ways. The reprinting of this collection certainly helps to show how some children, at least, amused themselves in those pre-TV times.

Norman Kennedy
Williamsburg, Virginia

Nursery Rhymes and Tales. Their Origin and History. By Henry Bett. Second Edition. London: Methuen & Co., 1924. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. ix, 130 pp. Index, Notes. \$7.00.

This reprint of a readable study of familiar nursery rhymes and tales is based on "the new science of folklore." The primitive characteristics of the rhymes and the parallels between the English tales and those of various other nations are discussed. Bibliographic notes and an index are included. The book is of value to those interested in children's literature as well as to those fascinated by the origins of the "nursery heritage."

Margaret N. Coughlan
Library of Congress

Christmas in Ritual and Tradition. Christian and Pagan. By Clement A. Miles. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1912. Reissued by Gale Research Co., Detroit, 1968. 400 pp. Notes and Bibliography, Index, Illustrations. \$12.50.

Midwinter festivals and holidays have been around for a long, long time and naturally have produced a great wealth of tradition. The author of this book is very thorough in describing the prevalent festival customs in both Christian and pre-Christian eras. In addition to the usual history of Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, he covers influences in music, art, drama, poetry, religious ceremonies and numerous other aspects of culture. In some of the most readable chapters there are accounts of the prevailing circumstances and attitudes which developed and perpetuated customs which seem so elaborate and yet are practically meaningless in today's climate.

This book is rich in factual detail and includes an impressive bibliography and cross-referenced index. It appears to be a valuable reference book, but I don't recommend it for those long "curl-up-with-a-book" winter evenings.

Ann Mitchell
Brookmont, Maryland

Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts. Collected and Narrated by Patrick Kennedy. London: Macmillan Co., 1866. Reissued by Singing Tree

Press, Detroit, 1968. xiv, 352 pp. Glossary. \$12.50.

Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland. By Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1890. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. 345 pp. \$8.50.

Patrick Kennedy, compiling a light-reading anthology based on memory and manuscript, identifies some of his storytellers and provides informative running commentary on the tales. Nearly a quarter-century later, the Irish-American Jeremiah Curtin gives no informant data and no commentary beyond a somewhat pretentious introduction, but his collection derives from something resembling fieldwork.

Unfortunately, Singing Tree Press has done little to enhance the value of these flawed but important and interesting early works. Where, for example, are the introductory essays placing Kennedy and Curtin among Irish anthologizers and evaluating their contributions to scholarship? Dorson's introduction to Folktales of Ireland in the University of Chicago Press' Folktales of the World series will fill in some of the blanks for those interested. When so much research has been devoted to Irish folktales, it simply seems a pity to reprint major collections with never an ounce of the available analytical baggage.

Unlike Curtin, who prints only the long international wonder-tales, Kennedy includes witch, ghost, fairy and saints' legends. The international tales never fail to fascinate and cast their glamour. They remain the mysterious, violent, droll, magically flamboyant bag of marvels, maidens, fays, heroes (homely and outlandish), hags, swords, steeds and journeys that they were when first captured upon the page. Like Oisín returned from Tir na n-Og, they recount great wonders, but touching not this earth they keep the youth that hero lost. Earthy, yes, but of another land and time. It is not a paradox; it is merely Irish.

Kay L. Cothran
University of Pennsylvania

The Folklore of the Fairy-Tale. By McCleod Yearsley. London: Watts & Co., 1924. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. xiii, 240 pp. Index, Bibliography. \$9.50.

The author of this book makes no claim to originality, and he may be believed. Yearsley has attempted to sum up for the "reading public" what is to be known about the "true nature and meaning of fairy-tales." What he means is origins, and he is squarely in the tradition of the "broken-down myth theory" of folklore criticism, the tradition of Grimm, George Cox and J. A. MacCulloch, the last of whom he leans on heavily, by his own admission.

There is surely no need to disprove again the theory of mythic origins of folktales. Assuming the principle of parallel cultural evolution, Yearsley tries too hard to understand man and folklore in terms of primitive societies alone; in consequence, we see in his book the kind of "logical" leaps and forced conclusions that mark the work of this school. Folktales are for him vestiges of primitive and savage culture, a kind of pre-literature; and this tone of uneasy condescension is felt throughout the book. Yearsley is the nineteenth-century civilized British antiquarian who is at once intrigued and disturbed by things like folklore. He

laments the waning of Britain's folklore, which he says has been suppressed by the "puritanical" spirit of its people; yet he is clearly squeamish about it himself and tries to explain it away as vestigial myth.

The first half of the book is concerned with theory. The last, which is more successful, traces the relationships of tales within various story "cycles." Although he remains somewhat uncertain about it, Yearsley does believe that folktales disseminated from a few centers of origin, as opposed to a polygenetic theory of origin. Although the last chapters are not free from the howlers which mark the earlier ones, and although he had no knowledge of modern systems of folktale classification, he shows a good sense of the relationships of tales, of the "process" of folklore, and of cultural differences. In spite of its shortcomings, the book has a wealth of interesting and useful detail and is quite readable. The bibliography is useless.

William E. Bettridge
University of Maryland
Baltimore County

The British Tar in Fact and Fiction. The Poetry, Pathos and Humour of the Sailor's Life. By Charles Napier Robinson. With Introductory Chapters on the Place of the Sea Office and Seaman in Naval History and Historical Literature. By John Leyland. London and New York: Harper and Brothers, 1909. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. xxiii, 520 pp. Illustrations, Index. \$15.00

Here is another "oldie," and for those anglophiles who like the sea, a "goldie," from the Singing Tree Press. But I warn you, those who have the perseverance to push through this book will find it a long hard bang to windward through a wretched pedestrian prose style. Yet this is not to mitigate the praise due the authors in their attempt to bring together a vast amount of material to help their readers distinguish between the real British sailor and the idealized one. More precisely: the object of the book "is to discover the personal element in naval operations and engagements, the individuality of seamen, as revealed in the pages of literature: historical, biographical and other" (p. 3).

The book plows through its prescribed object seeking images of the British tar in history, drama, literature, poem and song, and art. Of most interest to the folklorist is the section on "Poems, Ballads, Songs, and Doggerel." But unfortunately, the authors are not equipped to make any distinction between what is obviously a folksong (a "come all ye," for instance) and what is clearly a piece of doggerel verse never placed to music. Everything is simply jammed together to depict the seaman's life style. Elsewhere, brief passages establish the sailor as a superstitious being (pp. 152f) or recall to mind his long-term custom connected with crossing the line (p. 158). Otherwise, folklorists, unless the sea is your "thing," I would give this volume a wide berth. The woodcuts and engravings, some one hundred and forty in all, are splendid.

George G. Carey
University of Maryland

Jvl nlp 35

Folklore as an Historical Science. By George Laurence Gomme. With twenty-Eight Illustrations. London: Methuen & Co., 1908. Reissued by Singing Tree Press, Detroit, 1968. xvi, 371 pp. Index, List of Illustrations. \$15.00.

George Laurence Gomme was one of the giants of British folklore studies in the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, and of all his contemporaries was probably most interested in the relationships between folklore and history. His Folklore as an Historical Science was intended to show the value of folklore as a tool in historical methodology, along with the content of other disciplines such as archeology, anthropology, geography and psychology. His attempt was laudable and, by and large, quite convincing, but unfortunately not very successful in terms of its practical results. Historians today still neglect the great potential value of traditional materials, and Gomme's remark "It may be stated as a general rule that history and folklore are not considered complementary studies" lamentably is just as true today as it was when he made it.

Gomme, however, pushed his reliance on folklore for historical purposes too far. Few today would accept without question such statements as "I believe that every single item of folklore, every folk-tale, every tradition, every custom and superstition, has its origin in some definite fact in the history of man..." (p. 8).

The intellectual currents of Gomme's time also led him to treat folklore principally as a survival from the early stages of mankind rather than as an on-going, living phenomenon, and to use such discarded concepts as "higher" and "lower" races. Yet Gomme was away ahead of most historians in urging his contemporaries to write "integrated" history; that is, history encompassing not only political documents, but the full records of people as left in their traditions, artifacts, customs and beliefs. Thus, Folklore as an Historical Science is good reading even after sixty years, and Singing Tree Press is to be commended for making the book available to us once again.

Richard A. Reuss
Wayne State University

Sod Walls: The Story of the Nebraska Sod House. By Roger L. Welsch. Broken Bow: Purcells, Inc., 1968. xvi, 208 pp. Appendix, Bibliography, Illustrations, Index of People and Places, Map, Photographs. \$8.50.

Anyone who has traveled by train, plane or auto across the high plains of the American West knows that trees are scarce there. Of necessity the pioneers who settled this area in the period from 1860 to 1900 built sod, not log, houses and contributed the expression, "ugly as a mud fence," to the American language.

The author, a folk music specialist at Nebraska Wesleyan, describes the soddy as it flourished in the vicinity of Custer County in North Central Nebraska. The real meat of the book consists of 91 photographs chosen from a collection of fifteen hundred shots taken by Solomon Devoe Butcher and now archived in the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln. These pictures plus the well researched explanatory captions are worth the price of the book. For readers interested in "folk architecture" there are numerous sketches illustrating in great detail just how a sod house was built "without mortar, square, plumb or green-backs."

P. R. Beath
Washington, D. C.

RECORD NOTICES AND REVIEWS

Two Records of Railroad Songs. Selected and Edited by Archie Green: Railroad Songs and Ballads, Library of Congress L61; The Railroad in Folk Song, RCA Victor Vintage Series LPV532.

My first encounter with Archie Green was twenty years ago by mail. Soon after I had recorded an album called Songs of the Wobblies, I received a ten-page letter in a scrawling, crowded handwriting telling me what was right and wrong about the album. I said to myself, "This must be some kind of nut." But I painstakingly read what the man was saying and I saw right away that he was a serious folklorist and quite an expert on Wobbly songs. The letter was signed, "Your friend, Archie Green."

This was the beginning of a long correspondence and friendship. Archie at that time was working as a union carpenter in San Francisco, spending his days banging nails in roofs and his evenings and weekends studying the folklore of the labor movement. I am proud to this day that I helped persuade Archie to get off those roofs and get into the folklore field full time. Archie is now teaching folklore at the University of Illinois and this year received his academic union card, his Ph.D., from the University of Pennsylvania: no mean achievement for a man in his forties with a growing family. His thesis on coal mining songs and recordings should be a valuable classic when it is published.

These two records of railroad songs, carefully put together and annotated by Archie, demonstrate the kind of contribution he has been making to folklore scholarship, especially in the field of industrial folk songs. The records complement each other beautifully, and the serious student should get them both.

The Library of Congress record is a collection of raw field recordings, mostly unaccompanied, of railroad workers and others, singing in places like Central Valley, California, and Bells, Texas. The RCA Victor recording is a collection of out-of-stock numbers from old 78 rpm records with such professional groups as the Carter Family and the Carolina Tar Heels. It is interesting to compare the titles which appear on both recordings, and the striking differences in the way they are done. For example, the Library of Congress has Aunt Molly Jackson, the grand old ballad maker of the Kentucky coal fields, singing a fascinating, wailing version of Roll on, Buddy, unaccompanied. On the RCA commercial record we hear the Monroe Brothers (one of them is the Bill Monroe called the "founder" of bluegrass) playing and singing a swinging version of Nine Pound Hammer is Too Heavy. The title, the music and most of the words are different from Aunt Molly's version, but, as Archie points out, both songs are part of the same family of hammer songs which have crossed ethnic, regional and occupational lines.

Another pair of songs worth studying and contrasting is Engine Number One Forty Three, performed in the studio by the Carter Family on the RCA record, and the song George Allen (the correct name of the engineer in this wreck was George Alley, but this is the kind of error that often creeps into folk songs), recorded in the field and now available on the Library of Congress record. Both songs turn out to be the

story of the wreck of the FFV (Fast Flying Virginian) which took place on the C & O Railroad back in 1890.

The two records remind us once more of the constant intertwining of hillbilly-country with traditional folk songs over the years. Archie quotes Ervin Rouse, composer of Orange Blossom Special, a song which has moved into tradition, "Now it belongs to everybody." Archie tells me that another expression commonly used by hillbilly and country composers whose songs have moved into tradition (to a point where many people are convinced they heard grandma sing it eighty years ago) is, "That song got away from me."

The Library of Congress record is accompanied by Archie's 35-page mimeographed analysis (plus full lyrics) of the 21 recorded songs. With each song there are three or four useful references to other recordings or scholarly articles. This is a meticulous piece of research and a tribute not only to Green but to Mrs. Rae Korson, the long-time director of the Archives of Folk Song, now retired, who promoted this kind of professional production.

The RCA album has a snappier cover than the staid Library of Congress album, and Archie's notes for it are confined to the back side. Thus we get a short but pertinent paragraph on the history of each song. The RCA album, by the way, is part of the RCA Victor Vintage Series, which has been created to make available performances (popular, jazz, folk) which have been out of print for many years.

A great amount of work has gone into selecting and editing the songs on both these records, all done with loving care. We look forward to more collections of this type from Archie Green.

Joe Glazer
Washington, D. C.

Old Fashioned Dance Music: Hoe Downs, Songs and Banjo Tunes. By John Burke and the Yankee Carpetbaggers (Ken Kosek, fiddle; Andy May, guitar; Ralph Smith, harmonica and dulcimer). Union Records, 1502 52nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., 11219, No. 1352. Liner notes by Richard Blaustein.

"John Burke's Book of Old-Time Fiddle Tunes for Banjo" was reviewed in this publication in June 1969. The record includes fourteen of the tunes in Burke's book, nicely recorded so that all the instrumental parts are clearly audible.

Burke's banjo playing is clean, with a fine sense of melody, and some of the tunes are really beautiful. My current favorite is Rocky Mountain Goat, from Doc Roberts. The Carpetbaggers embody some of the best and worst aspects of this kind of recording: the singing is dreadful, the fiddling fair, the guitar fancy but generally good accompaniment, the harmonica and dulcimer fine. The ensemble is part of a group of city pickers, friends who get together to make music for fun. The fun shows through in the recording, as does the fact that these people have played together long and often. But I can't get over the notion that some of the tunes (notably Wade Ward's June Apple) have traveled rather far from their traditional bases and tend to be a bit overplayed and cute; the group seems somehow unbalanced. Still, the record is ample evidence

of Burke's high level of musicianship and, aside from the vocals, is listenable and enjoyable too.

Lani Herrmann
New Shrewsbury, New Jersey

GETAWAY IV, SEPTEMBER 19-21, 1969

By Roni Bowie

The people who missed Getaway IV have something to regret. Those who were there know it was one of the best Getaways we have had. It was a fun weekend in which the measure of your enjoyment was governed only by your stamina. After a full day of workshops, square dances and concerts, the fireside sings went on until Bright Morning Star became appropriate.

In addition to the usual guitars, banjos and fiddles, the instrumental workshop had a short session on the harmonica, jews harp, comb and tissue paper, and mouth music, both Scottish and American versions. The instrumental workshop led directly into a string band and country music workshop, which in turn led into a square dance. It gave a nice continuity to the Saturday program.

The focal point of Sunday's workshops was the voice, whereas Saturday's had been instruments. The day started off with religious music and Sacred Harp singing followed by a ceilidh, then a topical song workshop. The emphasis on singing gave Sunday's workshops a sense of continuity, as had Saturday's, yet the change in emphasis made the day pleasantly different. A children's concert given at the same time as the topical song workshop proved that it was possible and indeed desirable to run some workshops concurrently. By popular request there was another square dance, again called by Izzie Young and backed up by a string band assembled on the spot.

The evening concerts were a pleasing combination of local talent and talented friends from other areas. In addition to some of our excellent local performers, the concerts featured: Bob and Evelyne Beers, Ray Bierl, Chris Bigelow, Gordon Bok, Barbara Carnes, Bud Foote, Sara Gray, Lani Herrmann, Norman Kennedy, Mike Miller, Maggie Pierce and John Wilcox.

Fortunately, many of the problems encountered in last year's Getaway were solved this year. This was aided by having a larger campsite, more parking spaces and the theatre separate from the dining hall. In spite of the continuous rain, which seems to be normal for a Getaway, whether it is held in the spring or fall, it was a delightful weekend.

IF YOU'D LIKE TO HELP US IN OUR ACTIVITIES, PHONE US:

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The privilege of participating in the OPEN SINGS and SACRED HARP SINGS	priceless
The right to help run the society, to choose the leaders and entertainers through secret ballot, and to attend the monthly board meetings	priceless
Access to recorded tapes of previous programs	priceless
Access to the exchange files of the Society, including folklore publications from all over the country	priceless
The monthly newsletter, informing you of important folklore events	priceless
Nine programs of country music, songs, tales, dances, informative lectures etc., all free to members but \$1.00 each to nonmembers	\$ 9.00
A discount of \$1.00 each on approximately four special events, featuring folk entertainers from abroad etc.	4.00
A discount of 25% on concerts by famous folk singers and entertainers	4.00
Discounts on purchases at the Guitar Shop and similar establishments, a conservative estimate,	.45
3 issues of the <u>Greater Washington Folklore Society Journal</u> , 75¢ per copy	2.25
TOTAL	<u>\$19.70</u>

By joining the Society, you get all this for only \$5.00, or if you have a family, all its members, no matter how many, may have all these privileges for only \$7.50.

You may join either at a meeting or by filling in the following

THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY OF GREATER WASHINGTON
 P. O. Box 19303, 20th STREET STATION
 WASHINGTON, D. C. 20036

MEMBERSHIP FORM

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

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____ Zip Code _____

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

