

Hoosier Folklore

Indiana
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A QUARTERLY OF FOLKLORE
From Indiana and Neighboring States

Volume VII

March, 1948

Number 1

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HOOSIER FOLKLORE

published quarterly for

The Hoosier Folklore Society

by

The Indiana Historical Bureau

Indianapolis, Indiana

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Entered as second-class matter June 15, 1946, at the post office at INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

Subscription price \$2.00 per year. Single numbers fifty cents. The membership fee of the Hoosier Folklore Society includes a subscription to HOOSIER FOLKLORE and each member of the Society receives the quarterly.

HOOSIER FOLKLORE

VOL. VII

MARCH, 1948

No. 1

WEST VIRGINIA FOLKLORE

By RUTH ANN MUSICK

TALL STORIES

1. *Poisonous Snake Kills Grass*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham, a student in my evening class in folk literature. The story was told to her by Joe Helton, who said that this happened on North Fork.

It seems Joe Helton and some other fellows started out on a flower-picking trip for biology class. West Virginia is not altogether free from hills, of course; and at the top of a cliff, they came upon an unusually large snake. The boys said it looked to be about ten feet long and as big around as a half-bushel basket. They all started running, picking up rocks as they ran, with the snake right behind them. They finally came to the creek, which had a little bridge across it. They stood on the bridge and threw rocks at the snake until it was cut rather badly and finally stopped moving. They stood and watched it; and, as they watched, poison started running out of the wounds. This poison ran through the weeds and down to the creek, where it turned the water a deep yellowish green. The snake lay there with its mouth open, and seemed to be shrinking up.

The boys went home and told their families about this, but nobody believed them. Everybody just laughed and said, "Oh, there isn't such a snake in West Virginia." So the boys took them all down to the creek, but the snake was gone. However, the weeds were dead all around there, and the creek was still green.

2. *Hoop Snake Poisons Tree*

Contributed by Everett Smith, a student in folk literature class. Mr. Smith got it from Lowell Dene Rolle, who got it from May Stutler, Fairmont.

One day a boy and girl were walking along a road. All at once they saw a hoop snake coming toward them with great

speed. The boy and girl, spying an apple tree, climbed it quickly to avoid the snake. The snake hit the apple tree. Instead of leaving, the snake remained rolling around the tree, keeping the children up the tree. The children became hungry and picked an apple to eat. On taking their first bite, they fell out of the tree dead. The snake had poisoned the apples.

3. *Rattlesnake Poisons Leggings*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

Cliff Mansfield, from Jacksonburg, West Virginia, always wore leggings. He went back on the hill one day and could hear something going "peck," "peck," "peck," on his leggings. He looked down and saw he was in a nest of rattlesnakes. He killed them and went home, and his dog ran to meet him and started licking his leggings. Immediately the dog fell over dead. The poison from the rattlesnakes was on the leggings, where the snakes had tried to bite him.

4. *Snake Carries Man*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

Clyde Mayfield went up to the berry patch and climbed up on a log and started picking berries. He had his pail about full, when he felt half numb, and something seemed to be moving him. He couldn't seem to move, and, when he got about a half mile away from the berry patch, he looked down and saw he was standing on a black snake rather than a log, and the snake had carried him that far before he had realized what was happening.

5. *Fast Horse*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham. She heard it from Red Ford, who stayed at Mr. Talkington's at Dead Fall.

I was going down the road on my riding horse. I pulled up beside a fellow in a new car and said, "How much are you doing?"

He answered, "Doin' about eighty." So I just spurred my horse and rode on.

6. *Grateful Frog*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham, who got it from Red Ford.

Another day I went fishing. I had a bottle of moonshine with me and was nipping it pretty heavy. I was about half asleep, holding to my line, when a frog hopped up and said, "How about a drink?" I gave the frog a drink, and in a little while I looked down and there was the frog again with a fishing

worm in its mouth. "I just wanted to show my appreciation," the frog said and hopped away.

7. *Planting Corn With a Rifle*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

A new neighbor had moved back on one of the hills about corn planting time. He saw one of the men go up toward the corn field, and he thought maybe he could help; so he followed him up there. When he got to the corn field, the farmer had a rifle and was shooting the corn into the hillside. The new neighbor was somewhat surprised. "Why are you doing that?" he asked. "Don't you have a corn planter?"

The farmer replied, "Yes, but my wife fell down and broke her leg, and I had to shoot her. And I'm not going to use the corn planter like she did and maybe get *my* leg broke."

GHOST STORIES

8. *Ghostly Sewing Machine*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham. She heard it from John and Sam Postle, from the Glasscocks and the Starkeys.

Over on Common's Hill a sewing machine agent ran over the embankment and killed himself. The people that lived around there, the Postles and others, said they could hear a sewing machine down in the hollow after that, sewing as fast as it could go.

9. *Ghost Ascending Stairs*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

Mrs. Ferber was working for the Cozarts, and one day she was getting dinner and heard someone come in and go upstairs. She went to the dining room and saw someone almost at the top of the stairs. But there wasn't a person around besides her.

Mr. and Mrs. Cozart had gone to Fine Grove. She told them when they came back, and she never would come back to work after that.

10. *Ghostly Rocking Chair*

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

Bob Smith's grandmother was sick a lot before she died, and she would sit and rock in her rocking chair. After she died, every night at the same time she had died, her rocker would rock until somebody stopped it. They finally sold the chair to a second-hand store.

11. Three Knocks as Token

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

When Lilly Fisher was sick, Hannah Fisher asked Roy Fisher to go outside with her to get a drink of water. They started out the board walk, and before they got to the well, a board struck three times in front of them. They went on to the well; and, when they got back in the house, Lilly was dying.

12. Dish and Spoon as Token

Contributed by Ethel Cunningham.

When Jane Hostuttler was sick, some neighbors were going up to see her. When they were almost there, a white dish and spoon ran across the road and up the path to the house and then disappeared. She died the next evening.

HOME REMEDIES

Contributed by Mrs. Gypsy Scott, a student in my evening class in folk literature.

1. Rheumatism:

- a. Carry a buckeye or a potato in the pocket.
- b. Put fishing worms in a bottle and set on the hearth before the fire. When the oil has covered them, mix with an equal amount of brandy. Apply to the affected parts.
- c. Polecat grease or skunk oil was at one time considered an especially good remedy for rheumatic joints.

2. Blood poison:

Wash a number of live earthworms until free from soil and bind to the affected part for three days, and the worms will draw out all the poison.

3. Tuberculosis:

This cure was given by an Indian woman to a white man. The fangs were removed from a live snake and the snake wrapped around the person's waist next to the skin. In a few weeks the snake would absorb the poison from the man's system.

4. Poison ivy:

- a. Some thought that it took poison to kill poison; so they rubbed ivy leaves on the sores.
- b. Wash nightshade leaves and mix with cream, forming a thick paste and apply to the sores.
- c. Bruise the tender part of wild touch-me-nots and apply the juice to the affected parts.

d. Mix cream and gunpowder until a thick paste is formed. This may be taken in the mouth if affected.

e. Rub poisoned parts with well-moistened tobacco leaves.

f. Get copperas from coal tanks and after soaking in water, apply the liquid to affected parts.

5. Toothache:

a. Apply leeches to the gums.

b. Hold a toasted persimmon between the gum and cheek.

c. Mix pulverized alum and sweet spirits of niter. Apply to the gums, or use as a wash behind the ears to prevent toothache.

6. Cures for croup:

a. Polecat grease put on the throat and chest and then covered with a flannel rag.

b. Onion sirup. Clean and slice onions or leeks, sprinkle with sugar, set on back of stove and let juice or sirup rise. This is given internally and is a sure cure.

c. Fry onions in grease and bind to the palms of the hands and the bottoms of the feet while hot. This was also at one time supposed to be a sure cure for croup.

7. Shingles:

The blood of a black cat or black chicken rubbed on the affected parts.

8. Snake bite:

Put fishing worms in a bottle and set on the hearth before the fire. When the oil has covered them, mix with an equal amount of brandy. Apply to the affected parts. (This is the same as rheumatism cure 1b above.)

9. Nosebleed:

a. Let nine drops of blood fall under a rock and replace the rock.

b. A grain of corn placed under the tongue stops nosebleed.

c. A piece of paper put under the upper lip is a good remedy.

d. A cold, wet rock put down the back of a victim's neck is good too.

10. Frozen hands or feet:

Treat with poultice made from slippery elm bark and onions.

11. Typhoid fever:

Gather boneset, which grows wild in swamps, while in bloom in the fall and hang up to dry. Then cover with boiling water, and let stand until the water becomes colored. Serve this to typhoid fever patients.

12. Bad blood:

Boil sarsaparilla bark into a tea and drink at regular intervals.

13. Spring tonic:

An infusion of wild cherry bark.

14. Other spring tonics:

In the spring people drink (or at least one time did drink) dittany tea, spicewood tea, and sassafras tea to purify and thin their blood before hot weather.

15. Sore throat:

a. Find yellow root growing, wash it and dry it. When an attack of sore throat comes on, chew this yellow root. A sure cure. Also good for sore mouth.

b. Cooked plantain juice is also good for sore throat.

16. Catarrh:

Smoke mullein in a clay pipe and inhale the smoke.

17. Vomiting:

Use the tea made from seeds of lobelia pods.

18. King's evil:

Make a poultice of boiled carrots.

19. Mortification:

Make a poultice from sassafras tea and powdered charcoal.

20. Tetter:

Cut up bloodroot in vinegar. Bathe affected parts with this solution. This is good for any skin eruption.

21. Headache:

Snakeroot tea and catnip tea are good, also pennyroyal tea.

22. For fever of all kinds:

a. Pennyroyal tea mixed with sugar and salt.

b. Sage (also good for sweats).

c. Boneset tea.

23. Colds:

Pennyroyal tea is a sure cure for cold if the ailing one drinks it hot and stays indoors for a day or so.

24. Colic:

Catnip tea.

25. Nerve trouble:

Cold snakeroot tea is the very best of nerve medicines.

26. Heart disease:

Lady's slipper tea is a sure cure for heart disease.

27. Vomiting:

Peppermint or spearmint tea is good for vomiting. Pick and wash the leaves; then crush them and soak them in cold water from a spring.

28. Measles:

Red pepper tea, applied to the body hot, is good for measles.

29. To bring on sleep:

Sage tea.

30. Whooping cough prevention:

A woolly worm tied up in a rag, worn on a string around a child's neck, keeps whooping cough away.

31. All diseases:

Asafetida tied up in a rag and worn on a string around a child's neck keeps away all diseases.

Contributed by Dorothy Wyer, a student in my folk literature class. Miss Wyer gathered them from residents of her community and from a list belonging to Jesse Aiken of Mount-pleasant.

32. Convulsions:

Take a pigeon alive, pluck the feathers from off its breast, then hold the pigeon's breast on the pit of the stomach, until the person comes to. This will draw the convulsions from the person, but the pigeon will be affected with it.—From Jesse Aiken.

33. Corns:

Take a red onion and roast it, pare the corn off a little; then put on the onion as hot as you can bear it, and it will draw it out.—Mrs. Orah Wyer.

34. Corns:

Pare the corn so as to bleed, then drop spirits of turpentine on it, and it will soon kill it.—Mrs. Orah Wyer.

35. Colic:

Take a tablespoonful of the juice squeezed out of fresh horse dung, and put in a half gill of liquor, and if no relief in fifteen minutes repeat the dose. It never was known to fail.—Jesse Aiken.

36. Palsy:

Take the twigs of buttonwood, in wet places toward the south, and boil them in a brass kettle so that the liquor is strong; pour it into a tub, cover yourself with a warm blanket until warm, dip a coarse cloth in the tub as hot as can be borne, rub the part affected for ten or fifteen minutes and

go to bed, cover up warm; this to be done five or six weeks night and morning. The preparation must always be hot as can be borne when used.—Jesse Aiken.

37. Sore mouth:

Take honey, alum, and brimstone, the same quantity, and a little pepper, stew them all together in an egg shell (goose egg is the best on account of it being stronger and holding more), minding always to stir it the whole time with a piece of wood, for nothing else will do as well; anoint your mouth with this a few times through the day.—Mrs. M. Shaver.

38. Hair restorer:

Take red onions and bruise them, rub them on every day for some time, and it will make your hair grow. Or take boxwood leaves, and boil them very strong and wash your head every day. It will make your hair grow again. To keep your hair from coming out, take sassafras and boil it down very strong, strain it, and add sweet oil to the liquid and boil it until it becomes an ointment; anoint your hair with this; and it will make it soft, and it will not come out.—Jesse Aiken.

ROPE SKIPPING CHANTS

The following chants were contributed by Sue Shanks, a student in my class in folk literature. She got them from her niece, Lola Kennedy, age eleven, grade six, Cassville School, Monongalia County.

1.

Teddy bear, teddy bear, turn around,
 Teddy bear, teddy bear, touch the ground,
 Teddy bear, teddy bear, show your shoe,
 Teddy bear, teddy bear, read the news,
 Teddy bear, teddy bear, go upstairs,
 Teddy bear, teddy bear, say your prayers,
 Teddy bear, teddy bear, say "good night."

2.

Vote, vote, vote for (Connie), (Jumping)
 Charcoal (Patty) at the door. (Runs in)
 (Patty) is a lady that sure likes to work,
 So we don't need (Connie) any more. (Runs out)

3.

I have a little sister dressed in pink,
 She washes the dishes in the sink.
 How many dishes does she break?
 One, two, three, four, etc.

4.

I had a little sister dressed in blue,
Died last night at half past two.
Will she go to heaven?
Yes, no, yes, no, etc.

5.

Here comes the teacher with a hickory stick.
You better get ready for arithmetic.
(Group says) "One and one are" (Jumper says) "Two."
Now get ready for spelling.
(Group says) "Spell *cat*." (Jumper says) "C-A-T."
(Group says) "Spell *rat*." (Jumper says) "R-A-T."
Now get ready for music.
(Group says) "Sing *Yankee Doodle*." (Jumper sings *Yankee Doodle*)

6.

Settin' on the doorstep
Chewin' bubble gum,
Along comes a nigger,
And asks for some.
No, you dirty nigger,
No, you dirty bum,
I'd rather take a whippin',
Than give you some.

7.

Mabel, Mabel, set the table,
Don't forget the red hot pepper. (Jump fast)

8.

Down in the meadow where the green grass grows,
There sits (Patty) as sweet as a rose.
She sang, she sang, she sang so sweet,
Until along comes (Bob) and kisses her on the cheek.
How many kisses will he give her in a week?
One, two, three, four, etc.

9.

Charlie Chaplin went to France
To learn the girls the hootchie-kootchie dance.
Heels, toes, around she goes,
Salute the captain, bow to the king.
Touch the bottom of a submarine.

10.

Mother, Mother, have you heard?
 Daddy's goin' to buy me a mocking bird.
 If my mocking bird won't sing,
 Daddy's goin' to buy me a diamond ring.
 If the diamond ring turns brass,
 Daddy's goin' to buy me a lookin' glass.
 If my lookin' glass gets broke,
 Daddy's goin' to buy me a billy goat.
 If my billy goat butts me,
 Daddy's goin' to buy me an apple tree.
 If my apple tree don't grow,
 Daddy's goin' to kick my aunt Le-o.
 If my aunt Le-o gets sore,
 Daddy's goin' to take me to the doctor's store.
 If the doctor isn't in,
 Daddy's goin' to set me on a safety pin.

(Compare this with a recording of the lullaby "Hush, Little Baby," sung by Tom Glazer in *Olden Ballads*, Album K 131, produced by Keynote Recordings, Inc.—The Editor.)

11.

Rinny Tin Tin,
 Swallowed a pin.
 Went to the doctor,
 Doctor wasn't in.
 Knocked on the door,
 Door fell in.
 That was the end of Rinny Tin Tin.

12.

"Mother, Mother, may I go
 Down to the meadow to see my beau?"
 "No, my darling, you can't go
 Down to the meadow to see your beau."
 "Father, Father, may I go
 Down to the meadow to see my beau?"
 "Yes, my darling, you may go
 Down to the meadow to see your beau."
 "Mother said I could not go
 Down to the meadow to see my beau."
 "You tell Mother to hold her tongue.
 She had a beau when she was young."

13.

Apple on a stick,
Five cents a lick.
Every time I turn around,
It makes me sick.

14.

Maggie, Maggie, where is Jiggs?
Down in the cellar eatin' pigs.
How many pigs did he eat in a week?
One, two, three, four, etc.

15.

(Patty), (Patty), had a baby
Not a boy, not a girl,
Just a baby.
Wrapped it up in tissue paper,
Put it on an elevator,
See how much it weighed.
One, two, three, four, etc.

16.

Ice cream soda, ginger ale, pop.
Tell me the initials of your own sweetheart.
A, B, C, D, etc.

17.

I am a funny little Dutch girl,
As funny as can be;
All the boys around the block
Are crazy after me.
I have a boy friend named Jell-o
He came from Punch-an-ella.
With freckles on his nose,
And pimples on his toes,
And that's the way my story goes.

18.

I went upstairs to pick up a pin.
I asked Mrs. (Henry) if (Bill) was in.
He may be in, he may be out,
Tomorrow the wedding bells will shout!
X, O, X, O, X, O, etc.

(X means "he loves me," O means "he doesn't love me.")

19.

On a hill there lives a lady,
Who she is I do not know.

All she wants is a golden slipper,
All she wants is a fine young man.

20.

Cinderella, dressed in yellow,
Went downtown to see her fellow.
What kind of shoes will she wear?
Shoes, slippers, old gum boots.
What kind of a dress will she wear?
Silk, satin, calico, rags.
How many children will she have?
One, two, three, four, etc.
What kind of a man will she get?
Handsome, ugly, or a bum.

21.

Margie drank the marbleade,
Margie drank some beer,
Margie drank some other things,
Which made her look so queer.
Whoopsie went the marbleade,
Whoopsie went some beer,
Whoopsie went some other things,
Which made her look so queer.
Margie drank some whisky,
Margie drank some wine,
Margie drank some other things,
Which made her look so fine.
Whoopsie went some whisky,
Whoopsie went some wine,
Whoopsie went some other things,
Which made her look so fine.

22.

Johnny over the ocean,
Johnny over the sea.
Johnny broke a milk bottle over his knee
And blamed it on me.
I told Maw,
Maw told Paw,
Johnny got a lickin' with the hee-haw-haw.

The following rope skipping rhymes were given to me by
Delbert Wetring, a student in my folk literature class.

23.

Down by the river, down by the sea,
Johnny broke a milk bottle, and he blamed it on me,
I told Ma, and Ma told Pa,
Johnny got a licking. Ha! Ha! Ha!
How many licks did he get?
One, two, three, four, etc.

24.

Grace, Grace dressed in lace,
Went upstairs to powder her face.
How many boxes did she use?
One, two, three, four, etc.

25.

I went downtown to see Miss Brown.
She gave me a nickel to buy me a pickle;
The pickle was sour; so she gave me a flower;
The flower was red; so she gave me a thread;
The thread was black; so she gave me a smack;
The smack was hard; so she gave me a card;
And on that card was "Red Hot Pepper."

COUNTING-OUT RHYMES

Contributed by Frank Stemple, folk literature student.

1.

Little boy, driving cattle.
Can't you hear his money rattle?
One-a, two-a, three-a dolla,
Out goes he!

2.

Monkey, monkey, looking so queer,
How many monkeys are there here?
One, two, three. Out goes he.

3.

Little fishes in a brook,
Father caught them with his hook;
Mother fried them in a pan;
Johnny ate them like a man!

4.

Stick, stock, stone dead.
Sit him up, sit him down,
Sit him in the old man's crown.

TEACHER RHYME

Contributed by Stella McClure.

(Teacher) ain't no good,
Chop her up fer kindlin' wood,
Put her in the fire and let 'er burn,
Pick her up and watch 'er squirm.

TAUNTING RHYMES

1. *Johnny's Mad*

Johnny's mad, and I'm glad.
I know what will please him,
A bottle of wine to make him shine,
A bottle of ink to make him stink,
And a little nigger girl to squeeze him.
(Or some local girl to squeeze him, if
there is one he doesn't like.)

2. *Cry Baby*

Cry baby, cry,
Stick your finger in your eye.
Go tell your mama it wasn't I.

Fairmont State College

Fairmont, West Virginia

ALEXANDER HAGGERTY KRAPPE

Readers of *Hoosier Folklore* will be grieved to learn of the death of the distinguished folklore scholar, Dr. A. H. Krappe, in Philadelphia, November 30, 1947. In addition to articles in periodicals, Dr. Krappe will be remembered for the following publications: *Balor with the Evil Eye*, *Raymond Foulche-Delbosc*, and *The Science of Folk-Lore*.

—The Editor.

MEASURING FOR SHORT GROWTH

From the following notes contributed by readers, one gathers that measuring for short growth is an ancient and widespread and varied practice. The following references to the ritual may be of interest to readers of *Hoosier Folklore*.

1. The earliest references, that I have found, to the use of measuring to cure madness or disease are quoted in E. M. Leather, *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire* (London, 1912) 221. Her first source is Father Strange, *Life and Gests of St. Thomas of Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford* (Ghent, 1674). This ritual involved the measuring of the client, length and circumference, with two threads and placing the threads at the altar. Her second source is E. Sidney Hartland, *The Legend of Perseus* (London: David Nutt, 1894-96) 225. This ritual was to measure the saint's body and bind the thread around the body of the patient.

2. F. Howard Gore, "The Go-Backs," *JAF* 5:107-9, in 1892. This practice used in the Virginia mountains involved measuring of height and of foot length and the placing of the yarn used in the process upon the hinge of a gate.

3. Emma G. White, "Folk Medicine Among the Pennsylvania Germans," *JAF* 10:79, in 1897. Miss White reported the use of string and placing the string on a gate hinge, and she also reported a method in which the child is passed backwards three times through a horse collar still warm from use. This second method did not involve the repeating of a formula as the string method did.

4. Henry M. Wiltse, "In the Field of Southern Folklore," *JAF* 14:205-208, in 1901. Mr. Wiltse reported two methods of measuring. The first, for the cure of phthisic, was to cut a sourwood stick the exact height of the child and then to hide the stick. As the stick decayed, the child would grow. The second method was for the cure of croup. In this form, the measurer bores a hole in a tree as far above the ground as the child is tall. He then deposits a lock of the child's hair in the hole and closes the opening with a wood plug. As the child grows above the height of the hole, the croup leaves.—The Editor.

MEASURING FOR SHORT GROWTH

By HARRY GRAY

My nephew, C. O. Tullis, Rensselaer, Indiana, has sent me a copy of the September issue of *Hoosier Folklore* and suggested that I send in an article on measuring for short growth.

I am a Hoosier, born and raised near Galveston, Cass County, and a graduate of Indiana University in the Class of 1902. I have been living in Arkansas since August, 1946.

I have never seen a child measured for short growth, but I have talked to some firm believers in the practice. Thirty-five or forty years ago it was a rather common practice for parents of an undersized child to take the child to someone who practiced measuring for short growth.

I am not informed as to how or from whom the power was acquired, perhaps from the same source as water witching. The "doctor" measured the child's foot and then the body. A string was used in the measuring, and if the length of the body was not seven times the length of the foot, it was a case of short growth pure and simple. I presume that some magic words were spoken over the child, but as to that I was not informed. The string was taken home by the parents and tied on the yard gate in such a manner that the gate would wear out the string in being opened and shut. When the string was worn in two, the child would begin to grow.

While serving as County Agricultural Agent in Wells County, Indiana, 1914-1918, I heard the following story. One Sunday the parents of a child three or four years of age drove to Bluffton to have the child measured. When they came to the home of the measurer, a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age was in the yard; and the parent asked him if his father was at home. The boy said that his father would be gone all day. Then, noticing the disappointment of the parents, he said, "If you want your little girl measured for short growth, I can do that as well as Dad."

The father of the child said, "Oh, can you do that?"

And the boy replied, "Hell yes, I measured George Godfrey and just think how tall he is." George Godfrey was about thirty-five years old, and six feet, two inches in height.

Hot Springs, Arkansas

MEASURING FOR SHORT GROWTH

By W. I. FEAGANS

In the September issue of *Hoosier Folklore*, page 112, information was asked about "measuring for short growth."

There are two methods that I know. Both of these methods are used extensively at the present time in Pulaski, County.

The first method is to take a piece of wrapping thread, hold it over the child and measure the string out to the exact length of the child, then cut the string to the exact length of the child. The next step is to bury the string under the eaves of the home. As soon as the string starts rotting the child will start growing.

The second method is the same as the first except in the disposition of the string. The string is, after measuring, tied around a water pump cylinder rod within a few inches of the top. When the string is worn in two, the child will start growing.

In both methods the measuring must be done just at the time the sun is peeping over the eastern horizon on any morning except Sunday morning. Monday and Friday mornings will be the most desirable. It must also be done on a clear day.

Not everyone has the power to do this—only people who have never seen their father; and the power has to be given to them by someone else who has had the power. They cannot accept pay as this will break their power.

Barr Township High School

Montgomery, Indiana

MEASURING FOR SHORT GROWTH

By ERNEST W. BAUGHMAN

Measuring in Delaware County, Indiana

My first acquaintance with measuring for short growth was some time in 1941 or 1942, in Muncie, Indiana (Delaware County). My seventh grade class at Wilson Junior High School was reading *Huckleberry Finn*, and we got to talking about beliefs and cures. The number they knew surprised me, and several mentions of short growth mystified me until they explained what it was and how one recognized it. The measurer took a long string and measured from the crown of the head, down the left hip, to the heel. Then he measured from the back of the heel to the end of the big toe. The first measurement must be at least seven times the second. If it

was shorter, the child had short growth. Some of these seventh graders knew something of the curative part of the ritual, that string was also involved here, but they were very hazy on details. Several of them had been measured, but they did not remember anything of the process, of course.

One of the ninth grade girls, however, told me that she knew a man in her church who was a measurer, and she thought that perhaps he would tell her the whole process. She consulted him and then wrote out for me the following directions, asking that her name not be mentioned:

"You can tell if a person has short growth or not by the skin on his forehead. If it is drawn real tight, he has short growth. First of all the person whom you are measuring must have all of his clothes off, no matter if it is a boy or a girl. This is to get the accurate measurements.

"Then you take a string and measure from the heel of the foot to the crown of the head. After you have done this, you take the string and measure it with his foot. The string must be seven times the length of his foot. If it isn't he has the short growth. If it is longer than seven times the length of his foot, he has the long growth.

"If he has the short growth, you take the string and tie the ends together and make a loop out of it. Then you have the person to step through it, and you bring it up and over his head. While you are doing this, you must say, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen.' You are to do this three times. After you have done this, you hang this string up some place where no one can reach it.

"You are to measure the person three different times, one time each day. Each time you measure, you use a different string, always hanging it up with the other ones.

"After you have measured him three times (three succeeding days), then take all the strings and burn them together."

One of the seventh grade boys knew of another method. His father had used it on his younger brother.

"Well, my little brother had the short growth, and my dad took him out and stood him up by a tree and made a mark on the tree the same height as my brother. Then he took and bored a hole in the tree at that mark, and then he put some hair from my little brother's head in that hole. Then he made a round plug out of wood and plugged the hole. Then when that tree grew, my brother began to grow, too."

This tree method, somehow or other, sounds much more primitive than the string method. Similar rites have been used, of course, to transfer disease from the body of a person directly to a tree or bush.

Another teacher at Wilson Junior High School, Joe Boyd, had heard of another method used around Muncie in his childhood. This method, he was sure, involved putting a child through a horse collar; but he was unable to discover anything more about the rite. This method was probably similar to that discussed by Mrs. White (see the introduction to this series of notes on measuring).

Measuring in Wells County, Indiana

Another of the teachers at Wilson Junior High School in Muncie remembered that measuring had been done in his home county when he was a boy. He wrote to his mother to find out what he could and got the following reply:

"Now as to the measuring for short growth, I don't know the real secret, as a man has to tell a woman and the other way around; but the method was to take a string and measure the foot of the victim and measure a string seven times the length of the foot. Then measure from the crown of the head to the heel. If the child was shorter than the string, he had the short growth; if longer, he had the long growth. Then the ends of the string were tied and the child was slipped feet first three times through the string. Then is when they did the 'pow-wow'ing,' and then the string was wrapped around a door hinge that was used the most, and when the string was worn out, the child would be better.

"I had both you and Pearl measured by Mrs. A—— F——. I don't remember whether it helped or not; but, since I see how babies are fed now, I think the real trouble was that you didn't get enough nourishment. I think this measuring business is like the older people (when I was a kid) saying when they churned and their butter wouldn't come that it was bewitched. And they would get a fifty cent piece real hot and drop it into the churn to scorch the witch."

Pow-wow'ing, perhaps I should explain for the uninitiated, is the use of word charms, usually very carefully guarded, in curing diseases. From what I have been able to discover, pow-wow'ing is still fairly common in Indiana.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Ind.

NOTES

Readers are invited to participate in this department by using it as a clearing house for folklore information of all kinds, to report variants of stories or songs or other material given in preceding issues, or to discover from other readers variants of unpublished lore that has been collected or remembered.

SMART SAYINGS FROM SOUTHWESTERN OHIO

By WM. MARION MILLER

I was much interested in Mr. Paul G. Brewster's collection of smart sayings from Indiana which was published in the June, 1947 issue of *Hoosier Folklore*. Many of them were (and still are) in common use in southwestern Ohio, especially in the rural areas.

When I was a boy some three decades ago, I heard the following from Mr. Brewster's list used as he quotes them, and I still hear them occasionally: 2, 3, 4, 10, 23, 24, 31, 33, 45, 57, 58, 59, 61, 64, 70, 71, 72, 81, 84, 87.

Here are some variants of the following items on the list:

17. Hurry up, and take your time.
21. Heard as quoted and also: He's not all right, he's half left.
33. The farther out you go the worse they get. I live in the last house.
39. "Can you change a five?" "No, but thanks for the compliment."
51. Put some axle grease on his face to grow whiskers.
55. That knife's so dull it won't cut hot butter.
77. Get your chin (mind) out of the gutter.
78. He don't know what end he's on.
80. Put up or shut up.
82. You make a better door than a window.

Here are a few used in this area which do not appear in the Brewster list or in the *addenda* by Violet and Wm. Hugh Jansen:

1. To a child by a parent who did not want to buy his offspring a watch: I'm watch enough for you.
2. He was in a cutting and shooting scrape. He cut around the corner and shot for home.
3. Make yourself useful as well as good-looking.
4. Said of a stingy man: He's so tight his pants squeak.

5. Said in jest to any man carrying a shotgun: Where's the wedding?
6. To a carping critic: Aw, sell your hammer and buy a horn.
7. To a man badly in need of a shave: You'll have to get a dog license or start carrying a violin.
8. To a person making a show of his knowledge, and usually in self-defense: I didn't swallow the dictionary.
9. Of an evil-minded person: He's so low he could look a snake in the eye.

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

DIALOGUE

By LEE MARTIN

This past summer Lee Martin and his mother, Zelma Martin, ran through this dialogue after Lee had given us "The Little Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly." He had learned it at school in Denver, Colorado.—The Editor.

A: Two pilots went up in an airplane. The plane had a good motor.

B: That's good.

A: No, that's bad. The motor didn't work.

B: Oh, that's bad.

A: No, that was good. They had a parachute.

B: Oh, that's good.

A: No, that was bad. It didn't open.

B: That's bad.

A: No, that was good. There was a haystack under them.

B: That's good.

A: No, that was bad. There was a pitchfork in the haystack.

B: That's bad.

A: No, that was good. They missed the pitchfork.

B: That's good.

A: No, that was bad. They missed the haystack.

(For somewhat similar types of dialogue see *HFB* 4:37.—The Editor.)

Denver, Colorado

F. D. R. FOLKLORE

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

In connection with notes already printed in this journal, Monte Katterjohn, staff editor of the Evansville Bureau of the Melchoir News Syndicate, has addressed a request to the editor for more legends about Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his death. Mr. Katterjohn has given permission to print the following materials of his own collecting and has asked for help in gathering further materials. The editor would be glad to transmit such materials to Mr. Katterjohn and, by the by, print them in these pages. The following note is made up of excerpts from Mr. Katterjohn's very lively and welcome inquiry.—The Editor.

A great many readers will perhaps gather the idea from Roosevelt death legend notes published in the September, 1947, *Hoosier Folklore*, that folklore is essentially tall tales: false, without basis of fact. Folklore is instead, as I understand it, the people's belief and statements of what they believe to be true, as in the April, 1945, death of President Roosevelt, the incidents and factors that contributed to his passing.

"He has cut his use of narcotics which he has used for years to ease pain," I heard a few weeks before this last trip to Warm Springs. When death followed by a cerebral hemorrhage (blood clot on the brain) the same informant added, "He planned it that way. He believes he died at the right time to save his fame," meaning that President Roosevelt, aware that he was failing in physical strength through harassing anxieties of world peace, ceased his doses which for years had enabled him to drag his crippled limbs. But drugs had worked havoc upon his physical system and the pains were savage. He knew these would take him off, though the inevitable could be postponed. But the time had come, before the world was aware of the Russian betrayal, and while victory over the Nazis and Japan loomed, to say "adieu!"

President Roosevelt believed death would be kind to his reputation. His act of passing was more a giving up of the struggle for the sake of history than it was "suicide."

These statements are collated from many sources and their weight as truth impinges upon my own beliefs. Surely they

explain why the President's coffin was not opened for public viewing.

I heard a strange scientific version. A team of Nazi saboteurs, working in the United States in collaboration with a laboratory chief who strongly opposed production of the atom bomb, were able to magnetize the little White House at Warm Springs, Georgia. President Roosevelt was brought into the range of machines whose rays played upon the house and its occupant, much the same as an *x-ray* upon a closer human subject. His blood system was brought into knowledge of the operators of machines at two opposing points, one fairly near, the other distant from Warm Springs. Using these electronic controls of the blood, the President was scientifically executed by forcing a rush of blood to the head which physicians have called a cerebral hemorrhage. "Radar upon the brain," they said.

These two totally different concepts of Roosevelt's death will become in time strongly believed by the public. One emphasizes folklore details of known fact (and so, what could readily be true), while the other crudely outlines the folklore of atomic-age fancy (or what the bewildered mind will accept as likely) although neither official statements nor accusations of high authorities have as yet confirmed any statements about Roosevelt's doped and false vitality, and Roosevelt's belief that he might become the victim of assassins. The public also held this belief.

Evansville, Indiana

A PENNSYLVANIA VERSION OF "ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO"

By BENJAMIN KELLER

May I quote from Richard M. Dorson's "Milwaukee Wedding," *HF* March, 1947? On page 12 comes this provoking sentence:

"I remember one about a tragedy at Top n' Bee (Michigan): 'He took her by the lily white hand' and flung her into the dark water to drown."

The song referred to is almost certainly one I learned from a Pennsylvania farm boy in 1936. Just recently I have discovered that it appears in Carl Carmer, *Songs of the Rivers of America*, Farrar and Rinehart, 1942. Carmer does not name his source. The differences between Carmer's text and mine

are not unreasonable, but the tunes, amazingly, are almost identical. Except for about two notes and a few pauses they are the same.

Interesting to me is the fact that in both Carmer's and the Pennsylvania version, the last two lines of the song are unrhymed even though couplets seem the rule in both versions.

The Pennsylvania version follows; perhaps someone can disinter an Indiana version.

I asked my love to take a walk
Just to walk a little way (s).
And as we walked, the while we talked
About our future wedding day.

Only say that you'll be mine
In a little log hut you'll happy find
Down beside where the waters flow
Along the banks of the Ohio.¹

I took her by the lily white hand
And led her down to the water's strand;
And there I threw her in to drown
And watched her as she floated down.

I went upstairs to go to bed
And nothing to my mother said.
My mother said: "Son, What have you done
To make your shirt so bloody red?"

Oh Mother, -----

For I have killed the one I love
Because she would not marry me.

New Mexico School of Mines

Socorro, New Mexico

¹ Carmer's equivalent of this stanza is used as a chorus.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE NEW AMERICAN SONGSTER:

A Review of:

Songs of America, David Ewen, Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 1947. 246 pages. \$5.00.

Fireside Book of Folk Songs, Margaret Bradford Boni, Norman Lloyd; illustrated by Alice and Martin Provensen. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1947. 323 pages. \$3.95.

Sing of America, Tom and Joy Scott; illustrated by Bernard Brussel-Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1947. 83 pages. \$4.00.

"The New American Songster" has not yet been compiled nor can it be for some years to come. Only the New England and the Southern Mountain areas can be said to have been adequately searched for vestiges of folk song, and even in those areas it would take many more Sharpes, Davises, Coxes, Barrys, and Lomaxes to complete the work of collection—if indeed the very nature of folk song does not defy complete collection. Certainly no one today would be so rash as to precede the title of any collection of American folk song with the definite article so long as the areas west of the Alleghenies and north of the Mason-Dixon line remain unmapped wastes dotted only here and there with such known islands as those surveyed by Belden, Brewster, Eddy, and Pound. But the preliminary work of these few people has begun to bear fruit, and today it is hardly possible to enter a night club or turn on one's radio without hearing, for better or worse, a more or less sophisticated approach to "Barbara Allan," "Skip to My Lou," "The Blue Tail Fly," "Jericho," old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

The current popularity of folk song has produced an increased interest in song books and these—insofar as they concern anyone interested in folk music—seem divisible into three principal groups: collections of songs which have been popular in the widest sense of the word, regardless of their origin and means of perpetuation; collections of songs primarily folk in origin but international in flavor; and collections of songs primarily folk in origin but collected by folk- or pseudo-folk singers and exhibiting the personal idiosyncracies of the collector. Three books appeared in 1947 which

are less typical of than archetypes for each class. David Ewen's *Songs of America* (Chicago: Ziff-Davis) is, in the words of its jacket blurb, "The history of popular songs in America from the Pilgrims to Duke Ellington." Margaret Bradford Boni's *Fireside Book of Folk Songs* (New York: Simon and Schuster) is a cosmopolitan collection of "147 of the great ballads and old favorites: sea shanties, cowboy songs and hymns, railroad songs, songs of valor, spirituals, and Christmas carols." And Tom Scott's *Sing of America* (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell) is "A book of the best American folk songs from Tom Scott's repertoire . . .," a carefully selected group of songs which have been perpetuated by oral tradition—regardless of their origin—and which exhibit Tom Scott's own virtuosity as a folk singer.

Many of the songs which appear in David Ewen's book are not, strictly speaking, popular in the folklorist's sense of the word. They are popular in the sense that they were sung widely in their own day; they are popular in the sense that a song is popular today; that is, they had a general currency, but they were perpetuated primarily by song books and the stage and only secondarily by oral tradition. And, indeed, *Songs of America* does not pretend to be a book of folk songs; it strives to be a brief history of American popular music illustrated by exempla.

If Mr. Ewen's book suffers at all, it suffers from being neither flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. By attempting to classify his materials both by chronology and by type, Mr. Ewen has run into something of the same kind of a problem that confronts the literary scholar who in writing a history of 18th century literature must deal with William Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. Even as such a literary historian is faced with poetic anachronisms, Mr. Ewen is faced with musical anachronisms. Despite this difficulty, the book is divided into eight chronological chapters, the first seven of which are followed by songs selected as typical of each period. The eighth chapter has no exempla, but since it deals with the period from 1900 to the present day, its readers presumably are familiar with the songs discussed, and, at any rate, to select any song as typical of the period would be too much to expect without benefit of historical perspective.

Chapters two and five will be of most interest to the folklorist. The former deals with the folk songs of the South

and Negro spirituals, the latter with work songs, cowboy songs and semisophisticated songs of the 19th Century. It would be foolish to quarrel with Mr. Ewen's selection of exempla for these chapters, for no man could hope to please everyone, but it is regrettable that a book intended for the layman should treat the ballad so cavalierly. In presenting the ballad, Mr. Ewen has missed one of its major characteristics: its narrative element. For example, he includes only the beginning and end of "Barbara Allen":

So early in the Month of May
the green buds they were swelling
a Young man on his death bed lay
for the love of Barb'ra Allen.

Sweet William he died like it might
be today,
And Barb'ra died tomorrow,
Sweet William he died out of pure,
pure love
And Barb'ra died for sorrow.

In Chapter Five "John Henry" is treated in a similar manner.

These, then, are the principal—and virtually the only—faults of his book from the point of view of the folklorist. Nor has it been my intention to detract from the book by emphasizing these faults, for certainly its highly anecdotal and readable style more than compensates for any specialized and technical shortcomings. *Songs of America* is a book which, whether so designed or not, belongs on the shelf of every student of American song and on the music rack of every piano.

Perhaps nothing distinguishes contemporary folk song collections from their forebears quite so definitely as the fact that they are designed with an eye to music racks. From the time when scholarly collections first were made by Percy, Ritson, Scott, and their ilk, English and American scholars have examined folk song primarily from a literary, cultural, or historical point of view; some, indeed, have shown little recognition that the poetry they collected was meant to be sung; and it is only within the last two decades that we have come to insist upon the music as well as the words, to recognize that a ballad, for example, does not exist as poetry alone or as music alone, that the elements are inseparable.

Thus, Margaret Bradford Boni's *Fireside Book of Folk Songs* "... may stimulate interest in our cultural history . . . , but its primary purpose, as the title implies, is to encourage the domestic performance of the songs of long ago that are still the songs of today." Miss Boni's book is, in other words, primarily a "sing" book and only secondarily a repository of folk song.

In fact, though all of the songs in this book are popular songs, it would require the broadest stretch of one's imagination to call some of them folk songs. They are, rather, (in the words of their editor) "... some of the best-loved songs in the world, as they have made their appearance on the American scene or become for the most part duly naturalized." This rather broad principle of selection, if indeed it is a principle, combined with an arbitrary and not too understandable fivefold classification has brought together some strange bedfellows. For example, in the first section—"Ballads and Old Favorites"—may be found, among others equally unrelated, "Joe Hill" and "Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair," "Careless Love" and "Drink to me Only with Thine Eyes," and "The Erie Canal" and "Funiculi, Funicula"; in the second section—"Work Songs: English and American"—may be found the "Red River Valley" and "Shenandoah," "Casey Jones" and "One More Day," and "John Henry" and "Green Grow the Lilacs"; in the third section—"Marching Songs and Songs of Valor" — "Lili Marlene" nestles between the "Meadowlands" and the "Song of the Great Wall," and "Dixie" between "Marche Lorraine" and "Hatikvah"; the other two sections—"Christmas Carols" and "Old Hymns and Spirituals"—by their very nature offer less incongruities, though even in the last section it seems strange to see the "Hannukah Song" preceded by "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus" and followed by "All Glory, Laud, and Honor."

But these, after all, are minor difficulties, and I know of no book which so completely fulfills its author's avowed purpose as this does Miss Boni's desire to encourage the domestic performance of the songs of long ago. For despite the somewhat illogical classification of materials, it is virtually impossible to pick up *The Fireside Book of Folk Songs* without bursting into song no matter how embarrassed one may be at the sound of his own voice.

Quite aside from Miss Boni's choice of eminently singable tunes, two other factors contribute to the impulse toward

song which attacks one when he opens the book: the illustrations by Alice and Martin Provenson and the introductions and head notes by Anne Brooks. Both the illustrations and the notes complement the songs in such a way as to draw attention to the songs rather than to themselves. And this is as it should be. The highly formalized drawings which the Provensons have employed are to me, no art critic, reminiscent of Scandinavian and Pennsylvania Dutch chest and room decoration, and yet with but few exceptions (most notably the illustrations to "The Foggy, Foggy Dew") each seems to catch fully the spirit of its own song. Miss Brooks' notes are brief and therefore not always specific, but they are never inaccurate so far as I can tell. Between them, Miss Boni, the Provensons, Miss Brooks, and Norman Lloyd—who arranged the songs for piano—have made one of the handsomest volumes I have seen in recent years, a volume which in my own library is shelved next to Child's definitive edition of the *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* and does not seem out of place if one makes allowances for the difference in scope.

Tom Scott's *Sing of America* is shelved farther along the line next to the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. This is an alphabetical accident, for in almost all ways the books are dissimilar, nearly as dissimilar in physical appearance as Tom and Sir Walter Scott themselves, but the men have at least two things in common despite their disparate volumes: a deep and sincere love for folk song and so close an identification with the folk that both were able to produce more than reasonable facsimiles of popular ballads.

Perhaps the best description of *Sing of America* may be found in Tom Scott's acknowledgments in the preface: "It is impossible," he says, "to recall when and where I learned many of the songs in this book. Some of them I must have been born with for I can't recall learning them. Others I learned from hearing men and women sing them at work. Some I have learned from my wife, who taught school in the Kentucky mountains and from friends and casual acquaintances willing to 'swap' songs with me." Indeed, all but three—"Paul Bunyan," "Johnny Appleseed," and "Pecos Bill"—of the thirty-five folk songs in *Sing of America* were received from oral tradition; the three exceptions have scores composed by Tom Scott and lyrics composed from the legends by Joy Scott.

But somehow one feels that Tom Scott has subtly metamorphosed his folk songs to something peculiar to himself. Without detracting from their obvious folk qualities, he has unnecessarily made them self-consciously dramatic. Thus, though one can imagine hauling effectively away on a halyard to his version of "Haul Away, Joe!" one cannot imagine any shantyman more interested in singing than in getting the tops'l furled as Tom Scott obviously is when he sings. In short, in Tom Scott's book as on Tom Scott's records (see the *Sing of America Album*, Signature Records, S-5) one finds authentic folk material transmogrified to suit sophisticated audiences.

I am not entirely certain, however, that this is a valid criticism either of Tom Scott's book or of Tom Scott's singing. Certainly even among the folk some singers are felt to be better than others, and since this superiority must be measured in terms of virtuosity, it is not impossible that singers like Tom Scott are responsible for many of the variations which are a commonplace in all folk songs. Thus the only difference between Tom Scott and the man who first transformed "The Daemon Lover" to "The House Carpenter" by matter-of-factly expelling the devil is that Tom Scott is known, not anonymous, that Tom Scott is conforming to one kind of taste, the anonymous singer to another. If this be true, folk songs may within the next century cease to be the property of a somewhat mystical folk and become the property of the people at large.

However this may be, *Sing of America* is a delightful book. The three contributors—Tom Scott, the collector and arranger; Joy Scott, the annotator; and Bernard Brussel-Smith, the illustrator—obviously were agreed about the type of book they wanted to produce and the kind of thing which they were presenting: an idealization—perhaps even an "arty" idealization—of American folk songs. Mrs. Scott's notes are highly subjective commentaries on the customs, traditions, and events, which gave rise to each song. Few do more than set a frame for a particular song and none does more than emphasize the point which the song itself makes. Like Joy Scott's notes, Bernard Brussel-Smith's wood engravings are subordinated to the songs; but subordinate or not, they are themselves worth the price of the book.

To attempt a comparison of *Songs of America*, the *Fireside Book of Folk Songs*, and *Sing of America* would be as fatuous

as to compare the *Queen Mary* with the *Endeavor*. Aside from their preoccupation with folk songs, the books have little in common. Each, however, represents the best that has yet been done in its own province. Together they make as close an approach to being "The New American Songster" as we can hope to see for some time to come.

Indiana University

W. Edson Richmond

Harps in the Wind, Carol Brink. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. 312 pages.

Harps in the Wind is a biography written in the Victorian manner about a family of American Victorians. It is written in an elegant style replete with platitudes, weak and abstract sentences, and sentimentality. But it is a book entirely fitting to its subject matter and it is not without its virtues—albeit most are negative.

During the greater portion of the nineteenth century when most entertainment was participant rather than spectator, when an evening at home frequently consisted of pop corn and harmony, many groups of singers, inspired by such famous groups as the Swiss Rainer family, toured the East and Middle West—and sometimes England and the Continent—rendering (I use the word advisedly) the songs of the day. It was to tell the story of one of these groups—the Singing Hutchinsons—that Carol Brink wrote *Harps in the Wind*.

And tell their story she does. Were this all we should not cavil, for the Hutchinsons were not without their interest: they were a normal New England family blessed with voices which, if not great, pleased their contemporaries; a family cursed with a puritan feeling for blood ties which upset what otherwise might have been a placid career. But Mrs. Brink does more: she makes the biography a vehicle for her own opinions of Great Causes, a course which has as its only justification the fact that the Hutchinsons, too, were reformers, that "these were men and women who lived intensely within their time. If we attempt to picture them today, it is only fair to try to see them in their own environment." In their own environment, yes, but not necessarily with their

own eyes as Mrs. Brink does. Hers is an attempt to justify what she must know to be lack of taste on the grounds of milieu and good intentions.

Despite all this, however, and perhaps because of Mrs. Brink's sympathetic immersion in the family and its century, the book has one great virtue: it concretely shows perhaps as no other books have ever shown why the nineteenth century rejected folk song for the vapid sentimentalities of "The Child's First Grief," "Kind Words Can Never Die," "The Kingdom of Heaven," and "O Rum, What Hast Thou Done." This virtue is augmented by a list of nearly 350 of the songs included in the Hutchinsons' repertoire. Of these, even if one makes allowances for the ambiguities of a list of titles, not more than fifteen at the most can be positively identified as traditional and popular. Such a list goes far to explain why so astute a scholar as Professor George Lyman Kittredge, himself a product of the century, was able to make the glaring misstatement in the introduction to his abridgement of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* that the singers of ballads "... became too sophisticated to care for them and they were heard no more."

Indiana University

W. Edson Richmond

The Child's Book of Folklore, edited by Marion Vallat Emrich and George Korson; illustrated by John O'Hara Cosgrave II. New York: The Dial Press, 1947. Pp. xv 240. \$2.50.

This is a fine collection of child lore, written in language that the child can understand. Much of the material has been reprinted from folklore journals, where it has not been readily accessible to the general reader. Some of it, however, is published here for the first time. It is perhaps regrettable that the source of certain items is not always indicated and that the editors do not tell us which have been previously published. But, after all, this is a book for children, not for their elders. Selection of the rhymes, folktales, and jingles has been carefully made; the typography and format are attractive; and the clever drawings are sure to appeal to children. Parents and teachers of the lower grades will do well to add it to their libraries.

Bloomington, Indiana

Paul G. Brewster

MEMBERSHIP IN THE HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society is two dollars a calendar year. This is open to individuals, schools, and libraries anywhere in the United States. Members receive HOOSIER FOLKLORE, a quarterly for the publication of folklore of Indiana and neighboring states. Single copies may be purchased for fifty cents each.

JOINT MEMBERSHIP IN HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY AND AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Joint membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society and the American Folklore Society is available at a special rate of five dollars a year to Indiana residents and libraries. Members receive HOOSIER FOLKLORE, THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE and MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY as issued.

Applications for membership and membership dues for 1948 should be mailed promptly to Mrs. William Hugh Jansen, Treasurer, Hoosier Folklore Society, 729 E. Hunter, Bloomington, Indiana.

Members are urged to secure new members for the society and to contribute manuscripts for publication.

STANDARD ABBREVIATIONS OF TITLES REFERRED TO IN NOTES AND ARTICLES

CFQ	—CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
HF	—HOOSIER FOLKLORE
HFB	—HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN
JAFL	—JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE
MAFS	—MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY
NYFQ	—NEW YORK FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
SFQ	—SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
Type Index	—Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, THE TYPES OF THE FOLK-TALE, Helsinki, 1928.
Motif Index	—Stith Thompson, MOTIF-INDEX OF FOLK-LIT- ERATURE, Bloomington, Indiana, Indiana University Studies, 1932-36.
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