

Hoosier Folklore

Indiana
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HOOSIER FOLKLORE

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FOLKLORE AT A MILWAUKEE WEDDING

By RICHARD M. DORSON

When and where folklore is to be found remain puzzles to confound those who collect popular story, saying, and song. Especially in the United States these questions provoke controversy, since the clear lines of Old World social division that demarcate an illiterate peasantry rich in lore are blurred by an enveloping middle class culture. Still there are those who seek this nation's folklore in hill country pockets or concentrate on the Negro and the Indian and the unassimilated immigrant, as the lowest culture levels available. Without ever accepting their premises, I still followed somewhat this thinking in selecting the remote and self-contained Upper Peninsula of Michigan for intensive field collecting in the spring and summer months of 1946. In the midst of this project I had occasion to visit Milwaukee, due south of me, the week end of June 1, to act as usher at the wedding of an old college friend. I packed away my notebooks, and drove away from the country of Chippewas, shackers, lumberjacks, miners and Finns, which has no town over 16,000 in population, to the metropolis of over half a million.

But oddly the wedding week end was to yield me a good harvest of folklore and some new insights into its processes, and I soon had my notebooks out again. The experience afforded two useful lessons. A group with urban backgrounds, a high level of education, and an adequate economic situation is not bereft of tradition—quite the contrary. And a wedding offers a good opportunity to pick up folklore; since the group is festive and in a storytelling mood, it has leisure for talk.

It includes long-separated friends who reminisce, and it brings together strangers with varied knowledge who are fused together briefly in a congenial intimacy. The material presented below was evoked, quite unexpectedly, from such a wedding group during a space of three days. Generally collectors extract tradition over a lengthy stretch of time; but what exists in the memories of a casual group at a specific point in time and place may inform us more of the vitality of folklore.

All the members of this wedding party, without exception, contributed some item of folklore—bride and groom, ushers, sisters of the principals, the bride's mother and brother-in-law, the latter's mother, with whom the groom and I stayed one night, as well as friends and acquaintances. In this circle were persons knowing war stories, German folktales, Pennsylvania superstitions, Michigan tragic ballads, and urban nonsense tales. When I began recounting some of the more fantastic narratives I had heard in the Upper Peninsula, they started to recall items from their own folk-knowledge; and in the course of the week end this tendency gathered momentum, as more people entered the circle. However there were other times when storytelling developed quite spontaneously, in the hotel bedroom or at a home, with one story suggesting another and all the audience eagerly listening, in the manner of any cracker-barrel crowd. That such tales dealt with unusual automobile mishaps—such as stealing a tire that has parted from its vehicle while it is still rolling—or startling amatory adventures—such as dating a snake-charmer, and her snake—rather than more time-honored themes, does not invalidate their folklore quality.

On the first evening I spent in Milwaukee, the bride and groom and their contemporaries began reciting superstitions, and stimulated each other to recollect a number.

SUPERSTITIONS

Verne has a bunch of grapes on his arm; you can even see the stem. His mother must have wanted grapes when she was carrying him.

If you drop a knife when eating it means a man is coming. If you drop a fork it means a woman. A spoon means children.

If the hem of your skirt is turned up it means you are going to be kissed.

White thread on your suit means a blonde is thinking of you.

If you see a nun, spit three times for good luck. I saw a whole procession pass once and it nearly wore me out but I thought I better do it for every one anyway.

Count 100 white horses or 100 straw hats and then make a wish.

Deaths come in threes.

For a black cat crossing your path make a circle with your toe in the first dirt you find; put a cross in the circle, then spit on the center of the cross.

If you put your dress on inside out, leave it on that way.

If you step on an ant, it will rain.

Bad luck: hat on a bed, shoes on the table, opening an umbrella in the house.

Actors say that whistling in the dressing-room is the worst thing anyone can do.

I know people who insist on going out the same door they came in. If they come in by the front they won't go out by the rear.

If you lose something, spit on the palm of your hand, tap your palm with the forefinger and middle finger of your right hand and say, "Spit spat spo, where did the ring go?" Then follow the direction of the spit. We used to do that for books and tops we lost.

Flick your butter onto the plate. If it lands sideways that means you are going to get a letter. We used to do that all the way through boarding school; if it landed on edge we'd immediately run out for the mail.

Find a pin and pick it up,

The rest of the day you'll have good luck.

Find a pin and let it lie,

In great want you're sure to die.

My aunt Blanche, who used to live near Edinboro, Pennsylvania, told me that if you rub a wart with one-half of a navy bean, then take both halves and tie them together with a piece of silk thread and bury the whole in the earth, it will disappear by the time the full moon comes around again. She said hers *did*, too.

(Although these superstitions were considered comical by their carriers, they were nevertheless followed in practice, as for example the spitting on seeing the nuns. The gods of

luck still require their propitiation; surely there *is* such a thing as luck, and why take a chance? A lawyer told me, later in the week end, with great seriousness, "I never dress without first putting on my right stocking, then my left, then my right shoe, then my left. I wouldn't think of doing it any other way." "Why not?" "Do you think I want the roof to fall in on me?" he said, and glared at me belligerently.

To convince the skeptics, narrators would give case evidence of occult phenomena.)

A bird flying against the pane is a messenger of death. My mother-in-law told me how her little girl Marion was playing on the floor when that happened, and she died a week later of the measles. She would say, "Minnie, look out when a bird flies against the window."

When I was in St. Louis there was a Negro who used to find water with a willow rod. I've seen him do it. He'd go down to the bank and cut a branch from a growth of fresh willow—it had to be willow and it had to be fresh growth. Then he would hold the branch by the forks and walk along till he came to water; it would point down, and when he passed the spot it would point up again. He dug a well for us.

GERMAN LORE

(One close relative of the family was known for her stock of Old Country sayings and beliefs, and contributed these Milwaukee German items.)

Dreams

I'm not superstitious, but I can dream of things that are going to happen. Old things, like old furniture, mean good luck. I dreamed once of old lace that crumbled in my hands when I picked it up. A week later I sold my house that had been up for sale a long time.

Clear water is good, muddy water is bad. Dogs and horses are good. A wedding or teeth means death—oh, I don't like to dream of teeth. Blood is bad; my daughter Grace dreamed of blood on a chest, and she got divorced right after.

I dreamed of two birds in a cage once. They wanted to get out, and I tried to make them stay, but one got away. My daughters Lil and Grace were 22 and 16 then; Grace was very sick with appendicitis and pneumonia and Lil wanted to get married. I asked her not to, until Grace got better, but she did anyway. So I lost one of my birds.

*Sayings**Spiel im feuer, piss im bett.**Bier auf wein, lasst das sein,
Wein auf bier, das iss fein.**Folktale*

My mother told me this, in Hanover, as an actual happening that had been told for generations. Two soldiers made a bet, that one couldn't stay all night at the graveyard. The other was to come in the morning and pay him the bet if he were still there. That was in the days when the soldiers wore long capes. The one went to the graveyard and sat down on a grave. To pass away the time he drew out his knife and started whittling on a stick. At last growing tired, he lay down to sleep and stuck the knife in the ground. But in the darkness he put his knife through his cape. In the morning when the other soldier went to the graveyard he found the man dead.

He thought the one underneath was pulling him down, you see.¹

WAR TALES

Parachute-Tester

(Several of the younger men and one of the young women had seen service and brought back humorous army, navy and air corps anecdotes. Bill Gresham told me at lunch some jokes played on new trainees coming into boot camp.)

When I was working in the Classification Division at the Great Lakes boot camp, we used to have some funny experiences with fellows who were hard to give ratings to. Whenever a smart aleck came in, we would give him this particular one. I did it myself with one trainee who had a good education and was disappointed because he didn't get a commission, so he turned up his nose at all the ratings I mentioned to him. Finally I called over to one of the other classifiers and said, "Dick, have we got anything for this man; he doesn't like any

¹ I heard the tale in the Upper Peninsula, localized in Canada and in England, and also told as a modern story in two versions. One is set in Wisconsin, and has as the condition of the bet that the watcher must plant a stake over the grave; crawling up to the spot at night he drives it through his coat. The other is told on American soldiers in World War II at a French cemetery; the watcher plants his bayonet through his raincoat.—R. M. D. See *HFB* 1:59 August, 1942.—The Editor.

of the ratings we've got here." Dick called back, "Why yes, there's a new one that just opened up that requires special ability." Of course the fellow pricked up his ears. "It's Tester of Rejected Parachutes. You know nylon is scarce, and we want to be sure that we're not throwing away good chutes. The plane lets you go from 10,000 feet, so there's plenty of time for them to open. Of course when you land you have to fill out sixteen different forms giving all the details of the jump. However, if the chute doesn't open you don't have to fill out the forms."

Silly Question—Silly Answer

One time a young boy of seventeen was in my line, looking very upset and very much from the country. He didn't seem to know how he should be classified, and I went through the whole dictionary of rates, trying to find out just where his experience fitted him. But nothing seemed to be right, so I asked him what they had called him at the company where he worked before he enlisted, thinking that might help. He answered in a weak voice, "They just called me Clarence."

Leg-Pulling

Another time a trainee came into the station who seemed to be from the Kentucky or Tennessee hills. He started looking at the card very interestedly before I finished filling it out, and asked what the initials "ARM" at the bottom stood for. I told him, "Aviation Radio Mechanic," and he then asked, "Does that have anything to do with airplanes?" I said, "Yes, but that is a very difficult rating to qualify for. I think I know just the one for you though." And I called across the way to this friend of mine, "Dick, do we have any openings in aerial submarines?" He called back, "No, but there are some in underwater aircraft." The boy looked startled and asked me if there really were submarines that could fly.

Fool's Errand

That reminds me of a trick that was pulled on me the summer I was working on a freighter. We were anchored to buoys in the water off the Hawaiian Islands. When a ship is tied up at the dock, they put "ratguards," which are shaped like inverted funnels, over the ropes to prevent the rats from running on them onto the ship. So this time they sent me to the first mate to get "fishguards," so that the fish wouldn't

swim up the ropes onto the boat. The first mate told me he thought the second mate had them, and the second mate sent me to the bos'n and so on.

Classification Mixup

(One of the ushers had heard this navy folktale.)

There were some funny classification mixups during the war. A math professor by the name of W. E. Smith was commissioned at Ft. Schuyler and then sent to Washington to get his orders. He expected to teach math in one of the naval programs, as there was then a serious shortage of instructors. However, his orders instructed him to proceed to Boston and board a destroyer, where he would find further orders. This considerably surprised him, but his friends insisted that Washington knew what it was doing and that the matter would duly be explained. He went to Boston, boarded the destroyer, and opened his second orders, which read that he was to command the ship in convoy duty to England. Smith called the junior officers together, explained to them his situation, and told them to tell him what to do. He stayed in his cabin all the trip to England. On subsequent trips he learned his way around, took actual command, and shot down several subs.

Some time later Smith received another call to Washington. As he was waiting outside the designated office, he saw another lieutenant pacing up and down and muttering angrily to himself: "How can they do that to me, me a graduate of Annapolis and they send me to teach mathematics at college. And I haven't had any math since my freshman year!" Smith, interested on hearing this, asked the man his name, and learned that it too was W. E. Smith.²

(Mary Alice Gresham had flown as a civilian ferry pilot assisting the Army, and as my dinner partner one evening related some flying lore.)

At Clovis, New Mexico, the flyers had a superstition that a painted B-25 was unlucky. Some planes were painted an olive drab color, and it seemed that they were always fouling power lines, or coming in with one engine missing, or cracking up.

² This is a story I have heard both before and since, from William F. Sullivan in Boston, and from Alfred R. Jones in East Lansing. It is told as true.

They used to send new trainees to get ceiling jacks to raise the ceiling, or to get buckets of propwash.

Landing with One Engine

One story that was told many times was of the instructor at a training field who was taking a personal visit in his little, one-engine training plane during a few days' leave. Toward dark he was running out of gas and was still far from his destination, with the only landing field near a big B-25 base, on which outsiders were strictly forbidden to land. He signalled the landing tower, "Coming in on one engine, coming in on one engine." Immediately the tower ordered the field cleared of all planes and personnel, and sent back landing instructions. The little training job slid down onto the field, and the tower called out, "Clear the field, clear the field, distressed plane coming in on one engine." "That's me," said the instructor.

(An ex-army captain remembered these gags.)

During the time when the army was rushing men through OCS as fast as possible because of the shortage of officers, all the bars around the training camp used to carry a sign, "No Lieutenant-Colonels allowed in this bar without their parents' consent."

Stories ran all the way from Long Island to Maine that a German submarine had been captured and a loaf of Bond bread, or movie stubs, found inside her.

Live Ammunition Story

(Although supposedly informed on folklore matters, I had been duped by an army folktale which for several years I implicitly believed, and this I contributed to the War stories.)

When I was teaching in the Army Specialized Training Program, one of my students told me in class one day a tragic thing that had happened at his training camp in Texas. He said that the soldiers were getting experience with live ammunition, which was shot over their heads from machine guns as they crawled on their bellies. As one was crawling along he saw a rattlesnake directly in front of him, and rather than be bitten by it he stood up and was shot dead. The soldier-student told the story with considerable drama, and it always stuck in my mind. Then, this spring when I was traveling in Upper Michigan, three years later, I met a newly discharged veteran who in the course of conversation hap-

pened to say, "Did you ever hear that story of the fellow and the rattlesnake, which they fasten on to every training camp in the country?"

CITY STORIES

While every person in the groups, male and female, older and younger, had some tale or tradition to tell, one soon emerged as a standout. Here was the natural-born storyteller, with the talent for comic delivery that soon dominated the circle. Old friends had heard certain stories, and urged him to repeat them; one of some length I heard twice in two days. The use of gesture, tone, pause and idiom cannot be caught in cold print; one must simply record that here was the master narrator as skillful as any corner store or lumber camp bard. The choicest stories also cannot be set down, because they belong to a genre not yet recognized by folklorists, that of the personal amorous misadventure. I noticed that these not only seemed very suspiciously inflated, although told in the first person, but that they ended with patterned punch lines: "And that's the last time I ever went to Baltimore"; "And the major said, 'That's what I call sending a boy to do a man's job.'"

Besides the rather lengthy personal experience story, other types of urban tales were told, such as "Shaggy Dogs" and "Clever Animals." The Shaggy Dog story builds up with a wealth of detail and episode to anticlimax and frustration of the listener. Apparently the first story of this genre dealt with the long protracted search for a shaggy dog.³ Comical tales about speaking or remarkably intelligent horses and dogs at present enjoy a considerable vogue among businessmen and urban social groups. Other city jokelore included the hill-billy story, the little moron story, and railroad stories. A few of those told follow:

³ For collections of Shaggy Dog stories, in which familiar and traditional plots as well as novel nonsense crop up, see three articles in *Esquire* by J. C. Furnas (the last in collaboration with Laurence McKinney), "Don't Laugh Now," May, 1937, 56, 236-237; "Patron Saint of Shaggy Dogs," March, 1942, 30-31; "Dogs Are Getting Shaggier," September, 1942, 46-47. See also Bennett Cerf, *Try and Stop Me: A Collection of Anecdotes and Stories Mostly Humorous* (New York, 1944), 323-332, "Fireside Book of Shaggy Dog Stories."

Mysterious Note in French

An American in a French restaurant is handed a note in French by a strange well-dressed woman, who immediately leaves. He asks the waiter to translate it for him. The waiter looks at him, and in horror asks him to leave the restaurant. This experience is repeated several times. Finally in desperation the American takes passage back to the States. On board ship he finds an old college friend who promises to translate the note no matter what it says. He hands it to his friend, but a wind blows it overboard into the sea.⁴

Wrong Man Thrown Off

A man getting on a train at Grand Central Station tells the conductor, "Throw me off the Pullman car when we get to Princeton Junction. I'll be dead drunk, so wake me up; I'll resist so be sure to throw me off no matter how much of a fight I put up." But when the man wakes up the train is in Philadelphia. He asks the conductor why he wasn't put off. "Oh," said the conductor, "no wonder that other fellow put up such a struggle."⁵

Narrow Escape

Two factory workers saw their boss leave the plant at three o'clock in the afternoon and decided to sneak off work. One went home and saw the boss inside with his wife. The next afternoon the boss again left early, and the other worker suggested they duck out again. "I should say not," answered the first, "the boss nearly caught me yesterday."⁶

Checker-Playing Dog

A man and a dog are playing a game of checkers. A friend sees them and expresses surprise at the dog's cleverness.

⁴ This story represents an oral-literary-oral descent. The teller later traced down and sent me the printed source she had read—which differed considerably in its ending; the American simply loses the paper without knowing how. Albert Payson Terhune, in his prefatory note, says: "More than 30 years ago a college classmate told me he had heard this strange story from an aged Canadian priest who said it was a folk-yarn long before it was imprisoned in print."

⁵ I have heard a parallel to this in the Upper Peninsula story of a man who had trained a cub bear to harness; one time when it was full grown he had a terrific tussle before he could harness the bear to his wagon; returning home he found his tame bear asleep on the porch.

⁶ This is told in the Upper Peninsula as a Cousin Jack mining story.

"Oh, he's not so smart," said the man. "I just double jumped him."

MICHIGAN BALLADS

(Quite unexpectedly the bride's mother sang to me two verses of a courting song her mother had used to sing to her, about 1902, in the lumber woods.)

Madam I have gold and silver;
Madam I have house and land;
Madam I have ships on the ocean;
All shall be at your command.

Ready um a doo—doo dum—doo dum
Ready um a doo—doo dum day.

I'll not have your gold and silver;
I'll not have your house and land;
I'll not have your ships on the ocean;
I want and I will have a better-looking man.

Ready um a doo—doo dum—doo dum
Ready um a doo—doo dum day.

Madam you're a saucy maiden . . .⁷

(Later Mrs. Ladwig wrote me in rich detail about the setting in which she heard her mother's songs.) "All of the songs she sang were learned in her girlhood as her married life held no gaiety. She said that her father had been fun-loving and fond of singing. They had lived in Otsego County, Michigan, in the towns of Waters and Otsego Lake which were then thriving lumber centers. Her songs may have been local or her father may have brought them from the East. His name was George Van Slyke, of Pennsylvania Dutch origin, I believe. My mother had a marvelous memory . . . My early childhood was spent in Crawford County, Michigan, where my father had a lumber camp in winter and farmed in summer. My father was stern and there was not much fun at our camp. The men lived in a bunk house a short distance away—we children were not permitted to have anything to do with them. They came into our long lean-to kitchen

⁷ Cf. "The Spanish Maiden," in E. E. Gardner and G. J. Chickering, *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan* (Ann Arbor, 1939) 418-419, stanzas 3-5.

for their meals but no talking was allowed at table. Sometimes there was a man cook but oftener it was my mother's job The fare was plentiful but simple—side pork, fried very crisp, boiled potatoes, sauerkraut, turnips and other root vegetables, prunes, canned raspberries and blackberries which grew abundantly in the surrounding woods, a breakfast food named 'Force,' and always loads of wonderful, thin, golden pancakes baked on a huge black griddle. When company came, my mother would change her 'wrapper' for a shirt-waist and dark skirt with a clean white apron. Those *were* occasions."

(Mrs. Ladwig remembers the plots and occasional lines of several songs from her mother's repertory.) "The church was brightly lighted and all was warm within." A mother with her baby was struggling through the snow. She stepped into the church for a moment's shelter. A wedding was in progress. The bride and bridegroom were at the altar. The minister asked if anyone knew of any reason "why these two should not wed." The mother stepped forward: "The bridegroom is my husband, sir, and this our little child. 'What proof have you?' the preacher sternly cried." "The mother lifted up her babe—the little one had died." The last lines tell of the bride's father taking the mother by the arm. "We'll care for you through life," he said, "You've saved our girl from harm."^s

("Fair Charlotte" was also evidently known to the folk-singer.)

Another told of a girl who froze to death on her way to a gay party. Her escort realized that she was freezing when she said that she was "growing warmer" and it tells of his efforts and how they finally reach the party and carry her in but too late.

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

There was one that mother sang a lot to us children. These are some of the verses.

My kitten has gone from her pillow,
My kitten is not in her tree.

^s This is "The Fatal Wedding," by Gussie L. Davis. See Sigmund Spaeth, *Read 'Em and Weep* (New York, 1927) 172-174.

Oh who will find my kitten
And bring her back to me.

The dog that lives down by the river
Came out with his naughty old bark,
He frightened my kitty just dreadful,
Just hear her cry—just hark—Meow!

They say that when people get frightened
Their hair will turn perfectly white,
If that is the case with my kitten
She won't have a black hair by night.

Fetching a Canthook

(In her informative letter Mrs. Ladwig added as well a yarn told her by an oldtime lumberjack from northern Wisconsin.) A Swede entered the logging camp and asked for a job. He knew nothing about the work but had come a long way afoot, was penniless and very hungry. The foreman looked him over and said "You'll do—go up to the shed and get a canthook. The poor Swede started for the shed, desperately wondering what a canthook looked like. He caught sight of a "muley" cow and suddenly brightened. Breaking a branch from a tree, he drove her down to the astonished foreman, announcing triumphantly, "Here she ban—she no can hook."⁹

Note: I should like to express my particular thanks for their contributions to this article to Mr. and Mrs. William B. Gresham, Jr., Mrs. August E. Ladwig, Mr. and Mrs. William Metzler, Mrs. Louis Metzler, Miss Alice B. Gresham, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Guba, Miss Jean McLallen, and Mr. Eli Garfield Gifford.

Michigan State College

East Lansing, Michigan

⁹ This lumberjack folktale I have heard several times from old woodsmen in the Upper Peninsula, but not as a Swede story.

INDIANA FOLK BELIEFS, OMENS, AND SIGNS

By MRS. ORA S. BUSSE

The beliefs and sayings herein listed have been gathered by the writer from all parts of the state. Many of these are still believed and practiced.

Recently in a very modern high school a student had ringworm. The school doctor gave a treatment. However, the mother applied her own remedy, i. e. to rub around the ringworm with a wedding ring to make the disease disappear. The ringworm was cured. The mother is very certain that the wedding ring cured the disease.

A lady was quite ill. Her relatives refused to have her nails manicured because she believed that if you cut the nails of a sick person the person will never get well.

The following key is used for locating the section of Indiana in which a saying or superstition has been found:

1. Southern Indiana
2. Central—East and West
3. Northern
4. General—All parts of Indiana.

I. SAYINGS ABOUT ANIMALS

1. Eat chicken gizzards and you will be beautiful.⁴
2. If a rooster crows at dusk, you will have bad news.¹
3. Baked egg shells fed to hens will make them lay.¹
4. Always put an odd number of eggs under a setting hen.¹
5. For good hatching put thirteen eggs under a setting hen.^{1, 2}
6. To keep a hen from setting put her head under her wing and dip her in a tub of water.¹
7. Chickens hatched in June will be sickly.¹
8. To keep a dog at home cut off a piece of its tail and bury it under the doorstep.¹
9. Keep goats among cattle and horses in order to keep them healthy.¹
10. A horse draws lightning.¹
11. A horse that can turn over while wallowing is worth a hundred dollars.¹
12. A horsehair kept in warm water will become a snake.¹

13. Some horses are moon-eyed—that is they are almost blind when the moon is full.¹
14. A measuring worm on your dress means that you are to have a new garment.¹
15. If a spider spins a web downward in front of you, you are going to have a new lover.¹
16. If you kill the first snake you see in the spring you will conquer your enemies.¹

II. FOLKLORE CONCERNING MEDICINE AND HOME CURES

1. Rub a wart with a stolen dish rag; then bury the cloth. The wart will gradually go away.¹
2. Rub a wart with a piece of raw potato; then throw the potato away. The wart will disappear.¹
3. Handling a toad will cause warts.¹
4. To cure a sore throat bind around the neck the stocking you have been wearing. No other stocking will do.¹
5. To cure a sty rub it with a wedding ring.³
6. To cure hiccoughs, say something startling or scary.⁴
7. To cure a sty repeat: Sty, sty, leave my eye and go on the first one who passes by.¹
8. If you cut the nails of a sick person, that person will never get well.¹
9. A key worn around the neck will prevent nosebleed.³
10. Wear a brass ring to prevent rheumatism.²
11. To cure ringworm rub the spot with a wedding ring. The ringworm will disappear.³
12. If you are standing when you hear the call of a dove in the spring, you will be well all the year. If you are sitting or lying down when you hear the first dove, you will be sick all the year.¹
13. A bag of asafetida tied on a string and hung from the neck will keep the wearer from taking diseases.⁴
14. A poultice made of Jimson weed leaves will cure swelling.¹
15. A black cord tied about the child's neck will cure croup.¹
16. To cure diarrhea in a child burn a piece of yarn.¹
17. A knife blade pressed flat side down on the back of the neck will stop nosebleed.^{1, 2}

18. Sassafras tea is a good blood thinner if taken in the spring.¹
19. Smoke dried sheep sorrel leaves to cure asthma.^{1, 2}
20. Smoke dried mullein leaves to cure asthma.^{1, 2}
21. Carry a buckeye seed in your pocket to cure rheumatism.⁴
22. Cut off an inch of a black cat's tail and rub the blood on the shingles, and you will cure the disease.¹

III. WEATHER SIGNS AND PROPHECIES

1. If a rooster crows before midnight, there will be rain before morning.¹
2. If the wind comes down the chimney, it will be cold weather.¹
3. Pink clouds in the west in the evening foretell rain.¹
4. Cobwebs on the grass are a sign of rain.¹
5. When the corn twists up, there will be rain.^{1, 2}
6. Cows coming home in the middle of the day means that a storm is coming.¹
7. The weather the first twelve days of January determines the weather for the twelve months of the year respectively.^{1, 2}
8. The first thunder in the spring awakens the snakes.¹
9. A cold winter is followed by a hot summer.⁴
10. A rainbow at night, a sailor's delight; a rainbow in the morning sailor take warning.⁴
11. A great deal of snow in the winter signifies a good wheat crop.^{1, 2}
12. When it thunders in the winter, very cold weather may be expected.⁴
13. If morning clouds drift toward the sun, there will be rain.^{1, 2}
14. If the groundhog sees his shadow on February 2, there will be six weeks of bad weather.⁴
15. When March comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb.⁴
16. The sun never shines bright on Good Friday.^{1, 4}
17. A dry June means a good corn crop.³
18. To burn brush causes rain.¹
19. If your corns hurt, there will be rain.⁴
20. If it rains June 2, there will be no blackberries that year.¹

21. If it rains on Easter Sunday, it will rain the following seven Sundays.⁴
22. If animals have heavy fur, there will be a cold winter.^{1, 2}
23. Friday is the fairest or foulest day of the week.⁴
24. Blessed is the dead that the rain falls on.¹
25. If it rains before seven, it will stop before eleven.⁴
26. When turtle doves coo, there will be rain.¹
27. Expect a rain after there are three white frosts.¹
28. Preparation for rain scares it away.⁴
29. Lightning in the north is the sign of dry weather.⁴
30. A circle around the moon is a sign of dry weather.⁴
31. If cats play with their tails, it is a sign that bad weather is near.¹
32. Buttermilk clouds are a sign of rain.¹
33. When the fire spits, there will be snow.³
34. If the fire sighs, there will be very cold weather.¹
35. If firelight is seen reflected on the wall or woodwork in a room, cold weather will follow.¹
36. If rain falls while the sun shines, there will be rain the next day.⁴
37. When a glass sweats, it will rain.⁴
38. If the new moon lies on its back, it means dry weather.⁴
39. Cirrus clouds or cows' tails mean rain.¹
40. If water in the teakettle boils away quickly, it will rain.¹
41. When the sun draws water, it will rain.¹
42. When you hear a distant locomotive whistle, there will be rain.⁴
43. If trees hold their leaves late in the fall, it will be a hard winter.¹
44. If the fog goes up, there will be falling weather; if it goes down, the day will be clear.⁴

IV. BELIEFS CONCERNING THE MOON, STARS, AND PLANTING SEEDS

1. A red moon is the sign of war.¹
2. Plant root vegetables in the light of the moon.¹
3. Plant vegetables that grow above the ground—lettuce, cabbage, beans, etc.—in the light of the moon or when the moon is new.⁴

4. Kill hogs in the light of the moon. If you kill them in the dark of the moon the meat will shrink and be tough.⁴
5. Move when the moon is new.¹
6. Dirt is hard to get out of the clothes in the dark of the moon.¹
7. Corn grows more rapidly in the light than in the dark of the moon.¹
8. If you wean a calf in the light of the moon, the calf will not bawl.¹
9. Plant flowers in the light of the moon and they will be beautiful.⁴
10. Fruit is never killed by frost in the light of the moon.⁴
11. If you prune a tree in the light of the moon, it will never die.¹
12. Bathe only in the dark of the moon.¹
13. If you pick geese when the moon is shining, you will get more feathers than if picked any other time.¹
14. If you gather apples in the light of the moon their bruises will dry up.⁴
15. If you have something in your hand when you first see the new moon, you will get a present.⁴
16. If you shingle a house in the light of the moon, the shingles will crimp.⁴
17. Moonshine makes a razor dull.¹
18. Fruit trees that bloom in the light of the moon will bear good fruit.^{1, 2}
19. Fish bite best in the dark of the moon.⁴
20. Plant beans on Good Friday.⁴
20. Plant cucumbers the sixth of July.²
22. Sow turnips the 23rd of July, and you will have turnips wet or dry.²
23. Seed planted in the morning will grow better than those planted in the afternoon or evening.¹
24. A great deal of snow in the winter is a sign that there will be a good wheat crop.^{1, 2}
25. If you point at a peony bud, it will never bloom.¹
26. Make lye soap in the dark of the moon.¹

V. BAD LUCK

1. It brings bad luck to pass through a funeral procession.^{1, 2}
2. It is bad luck to have a grave open overnight.¹

3. It is bad luck to sweep the house after dark.¹
4. It is bad luck if you start to tell something and forget what you started to tell.⁴
5. It is bad luck to shake hands across a gate.¹
6. When you put a garment on wrong side out, it is bad luck to change it.⁴
7. At a game of cards it is bad luck if you turn up your hand before the dealer is through.⁴
8. It is bad luck to go back after something that you have forgotten. The bad luck will be averted if you sit down and count ten before you start back.⁴
9. It is bad luck for thirteen to sit at the same table.⁴
10. It is bad luck to let someone take a ring from your finger.⁴
11. It is bad luck to bring a hoe into the house.¹
12. If you see the new moon over your left shoulder, you will have bad luck. To see it over the right shoulder or clearly is good luck.²
13. It will bring you bad luck to raise an umbrella over your head in the house.⁴
14. It brings bad luck to turn a chair around on one leg.¹
15. It is bad luck to let a lamp go out.¹
16. If you sleep in the moonlight you will go insane.¹
17. It brings bad luck for three persons to use a single lighted match in smoking.⁴
18. It is bad luck for a cat to cross the road in front of you.¹
19. If you break a mirror, you will have seven years of bad luck.⁴
20. If you walk under a ladder you will surely have bad luck.⁴
21. It is bad luck to sing in bed.⁴
22. A whistling girl and a crowing hen is sure to come to some bad end.⁴
23. A rabbit crossing the road in front of you brings you bad luck.⁴
24. It is bad luck for the groom to see his bride in her wedding gown before he meets her at the altar.^{3, 2}
25. It is bad luck for the groom to see his bride on the wedding day before the wedding.^{1, 2}
26. If you drop a comb behind you when you are combing your hair, you will have bad luck.^{1, 2}
27. It is bad luck if you pick up a glove in the street.^{1, 2}

28. She who is lucky at cards will be unlucky in landing a man.³
29. To drop the wedding ring during the wedding is bad luck.³
30. Unhappy is the bride that the rain falls on.⁴
31. To postpone a wedding means bad luck.⁴
32. It is bad luck to burn a photograph.¹
33. It brings bad luck to wear an opal or a moonstone unless it is your birthstone.⁴

VI. GOOD LUCK

1. It brings good luck for the bride to weep on her wedding day.⁴
2. For good luck throw rice and old shoes after the bridal couple.⁴
3. At cards blow on your deal without looking at it for good luck.⁴
4. It is good luck to see a white horse in the spring.¹
5. If you boast of good luck, knock on wood to keep from breaking the good fortune.⁴
6. A horseshoe hung over the door brings good luck.⁴
7. A four-leaf clover brings the finder good luck.⁴
8. For good luck when you marry, wear something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.⁴
9. To carry a button that you have found will bring you good luck. However, the button must not be smaller than a penny.¹
10. Kiss the bride for good luck.⁴
11. Snow on the wedding day is good luck. It brings money.¹
12. To get the wedding veil torn accidentally brings good luck.³
13. Throw old shoes after the bridal couple for good luck.⁴
14. For good luck carry the bride over the threshold in the new home.⁴
15. It is good luck if you see the new moon for the first time when you are going up a hill.¹
16. It is good luck if a black cat comes to your house.¹
17. It is good luck if you stumble when you are going upstairs.⁴
18. See a pin and pick it up; all day long you will have good luck.⁴
19. Swallow a raw chicken heart and have good luck.¹

VII. LOVE AND MARRIAGE

1. If you walk across a cellar door or grating you will never be married.³
2. If you cut your finger nails on Saturday you will see your sweetheart on Sunday.^{1, 2}
3. You have as many sweethearts as there are white spots on your finger nails.^{2, 3}
4. If a girl soaks her bread or cake in coffee, she will be an old maid.¹
5. If your cheeks burn, your sweetheart is thinking about you.¹
6. Peel an apple without breaking the peeling; throw the peeling over your shoulder; and it will form the initials of the person you will marry.¹
7. Peel an apple; count the seeds and think of someone you might love. The number of seeds in the apple tell your fortune thus:

One I love, two I love, three I love, I say.
 Four he loves, five I love, six I cast away.
 Seven he loves, eight, we both love.
 Nine he comes, ten he tarries.
 Eleven he courts, and twelve we marry.¹

(The writer learned the above jingle from her mother, who taught it to her children for the sake of counting and rhythm.)

8. If a girl craves pickles, she is in love.⁴
9. A woman who loves a cat will be an old maid.⁴
10. If you name the posts of a bed in which you sleep for the first time, you will marry the man whose name has been assigned to the post which you see first in the morning.⁴
11. If a chair falls backward when you leave it, you will not marry within a year.¹
12. If you find a four-leaf clover, put it in your shoe and the first fellow you meet will be your sweetheart.⁴
13. If a friend fails to recognize you, it is a sign that you will be married soon.⁴
14. If you spill salt at the table, you will not marry within the year.¹
15. If the hem of your dress turns up, you will have a new sweetheart.⁴
16. A spider on your body means a secret lover.¹

17. If you fall up steps, you will not marry within the year.¹
18. If anyone sweeps under your chair, you will never marry.¹
19. If you wear wedding garments in a play, you will never marry.³
20. If you sit on a table, it is the sign that you wish to get married.⁴
21. If you sit on a kitchen table, you will never marry.⁴
22. If your thread tangles it is a sign that your sweetheart is thinking of you.⁴
23. If two persons tie their great toes together, when the string breaks the one with the shorter string will marry first.¹
24. Sleep on a piece of wedding cake and you will dream of your future lover.⁴
25. Dream of a death, you will hear of a wedding.¹
26. Name a lighted candle; if it burns without breaking, the person named loves you.¹
27. Where cobwebs grow the beaux won't go.¹
28. Name the rails of a railroad track. If you can walk seven, you can have the one you named for your husband.¹
29. If you drop a dish cloth your lover is coming.¹
30. If you take the last piece of bread on the plate, you will be an old maid.⁴
31. Name a daisy for your sweetheart, pluck the petals saying as you do so: He loves me, he loves me not. The words on which the last petal is plucked reveal the future.¹
32. Take a rose petal; name it. If you can make it pop, the one named loves you.¹
33. Marry in red, you will wish yourself dead. Marry in blue, you will always be true. Marry in black, you will wish yourself back. Marry in yellow, you will get a jealous fellow.¹
34. If you get wet when doing a laundry, you will marry a drunkard.⁴
35. If you prick your finger when sewing a garment, you will be kissed by your lover when you wear the garment.¹
36. If you try on someone's wedding or engagement ring, you assume the troubles of that person.³
37. She who catches the bride's bouquet will be the next bride.⁴
38. She who gets the piece of cake containing the ring will be the next bride.⁴

39. Thrice a bridesmaid, never a bride.⁴
40. If you leave your wash water for someone else to empty, that person will get the man you want.²
41. If someone else takes the combings from your comb, you will lose your sweetheart to that person.¹
42. If you see a snail on the first day of May, a live one means a home of your own; an empty shell means that you will not marry.¹
43. On seeing the first star in the evening make a wish and repeat:
 Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight
 I wish I may, I wish I might see the one I love tonight.
 Your wish will come true.⁴
44. On seeing the new moon for the first time make a wish, and at the same time reach backward for a stick or object to put under the pillow. You will dream of your future husband.¹
45. Thursday is a fortunate day on which to be married.²
46. Saturday is a lucky day on which to be married.²
47. Name two shorts of "live for ever" plant—one for yourself and one for the one you wish for a sweetheart. If the two grow toward each other you two will marry; if the shorts fall apart you will not get the person named.¹
48. The day after the wedding is called the infare or groom's day. The weather foretells the groom's life—if bad he will be unhappy, if fair happy.¹
49. On Halloween set a table with as many seats on one side of the table as there are girls present. Each girl must stand behind a chair at the table. The one whom she is to marry will come in and take the chair opposite her.¹

VIII. PHYSICAL SUPERSTITIONS

1. Human vitality is lowest between midnight and morning.¹
2. Big feet are a sign of intelligence.¹
3. A mole on the neck means money by the peck.^{1, 2}
4. A mole on the arm you will live on a farm.
5. A mole on the back money by the sack.
6. A mole on the belly is a sign that you are a glutton.
7. A dimple in the chin, many lovers you will win.¹
8. If your left eye itches, it is a sign that you will cry. If your right eye itches, you will laugh.⁴

9. If your right ear itches someone is saying good things about you.⁴
10. If your left ear burns they are talking bad about you.⁴
11. A pointed elbow is the sign of a sour disposition.¹
12. If your thumbs turn back at the end, you are a spend-thrift.¹
13. If your fingerprints make circular or nearly circular lines you will save your money.¹
14. If you bite your finger nails, you will never grow tall.¹
15. If your finger nails are long and narrow, you will never have to work for a living.¹
16. If you get a hair in your mouth, you will kiss a fool.^{1, 2}
17. A hair on your shoulder is the sign that you will receive a letter.^{1, 2}
18. To brush a hair from another's shoulder indicates that you love that person.⁴
19. After a tooth is pulled do not put your tongue in the cavity; a gold tooth will grow there.⁴
20. If your teeth grow far apart, you will go far from home.⁴
21. You will be rich if you have long hair on the back of your hands.¹
22. If you lie on your left side you will have bad dreams.⁴
23. A woman with short fingers will make a good housewife.¹
24. A fever blister on your tongue means that you have told a lie.¹
25. To comb your hair after sunset makes you forgetful.⁴
26. A pointed nose signifies a meddling person.¹
27. Hairy arms mean strength.¹
28. Wash your face in dew on May Day and you will be beautiful.²
29. Red hair is the sign of a hot temper.³
30. A vein showing across the nose means a short life.¹
31. If you pull out a white hair, ten will grow in its place.⁴
32. If the left palm itches, it is the sign that you are to get some money; if the right palm itches, it is the sign that you will shake hands with a stranger.^{1, 2}
33. Cold hands, a warm heart.⁴
34. If your left foot itches, you will walk where you are not welcome.²

35. If your right foot itches, you will walk on strange ground.²

36. White spots on the nails show the number of true friends you have.⁴

37. Small ears signify a stingy disposition.¹

38. Large ears mean a generous person.¹

39. Vertical wrinkles on the brow show the number of husbands a woman will have.¹

40. Horizontal wrinkles on the brow show the number of children a person will have.¹

IX. MISCELLANEOUS

1. If your nose itches you will have company soon.⁴

2. If a cat washes his face company will come.⁴

3. If you drop a comb someone is coming to your house.²

4. If two knives and two forks are accidentally placed at a plate, company will come.⁴

5. If someone comes in at one door and goes out at another door, company will come.

6. If you drop a fork, company will come; if you drop a knife, a woman will come.⁴

7. If you sneeze before breakfast, you will have company before supper.^{1, 2}

8. If you sneeze at the table, there will be one more guest at the next meal.^{1, 2}

9. If bubbles float on your coffee or tea cup, it denotes that you will receive money.²

10. If you begin work on Friday you will never finish it.⁴

11. If your shoes squeak they are not paid for.⁴

12. If you look in a mirror over someone else's shoulder, you will have lies told on you.¹

13. You will lose a friend if you give her anything sharp.⁴

14. If you see a pin and pass it by, you will come to want before you die.¹

15. If your slip hangs longer than your dress, it is a sign that your father loves you better than your mother does.⁴

16. If a woman drops her apron, it is a sign that she will lose a friend.^{1, 2}

17. If you sew a garment while you have it on, it is a sign that lies will be told on you.^{1, 2}

18. If you drop your bread, someone else wants it.⁴

19. If you take a slice of bread when you already have one, company is coming.^{1, 2}

20. If the broom falls across the threshold, company is coming.^{1, 2}
21. Two chairs placed back to back denotes that company is coming.²
22. If you have company on Monday, you will have company every day in the week.^{1, 2}
23. Watch a person out of sight and you will never see him again.⁴
24. Sing before breakfast, you will cry before supper.¹
25. If you drop a dishcloth, someone dirtier than you are is coming.^{1, 2}
26. If you pass a load of hay, make a wish and the wish will come true.^{1, 2}
27. If you give a person a pin, she and you will quarrel.⁴
28. If two persons while walking divide so as to pass an obstacle—one on one side, one on the other side—they will quarrel sometime unless they repeat: Bread and butter; come to supper.⁴
29. Tell your fortune with buttons on your clothes, naming buttons: Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief. The last button named tells what you will be.^{1, 2}
30. If your eyebrows meet, you will be rich.¹
31. Sew on Sunday, rip on Monday.⁴
32. If by chance two persons use the same words together at the same time, lock the fingers together and say, "Shakespeare."¹
33. If you make a rhyme accidentally, make a wish and kiss your hand. The wish will come true.⁴
34. If a baby smiles in his sleep, angels are whispering to him.
35. One death in a family is likely to be followed by two others.⁴
36. A ringing in the ears is the sign of a death (death bells).¹
37. If a person dies on Sunday, there will be another death in the same community before the week is gone.¹
38. If there is a corpse in the house, the mirrors should be turned face to the walls.⁴
39. Touch the face of the dead and you will not dream about them.^{1, 2}

Michigan City, Indiana

THE ARCHER GANG, INDIANA OUTLAWS

By PAUL G. BREWSTER

Of the notorious desperadoes comprising the Archer gang, which terrorized Martin County residents during the middle of the nineteenth century, little is known prior to their coming to Indiana from Kentucky. However, one established fact is that of their feud with the Stanfield family in Kentucky, a feud which was brought to Indiana with the coming of members of both families to this state.¹

The arrival of the Archers in Martin County marked the beginning of a reign of terror unparalleled in Indiana history. Although the home of most of the family was in Lost River Township, a particularly wild and rugged section, its members committed depredations throughout both Martin and Orange counties. Their law-breaking activities ranged from petty thievery to armed robbery and burglary, from malicious trespass to torture, from barn-burning to murder. They robbed a Mr. Dow of \$2700, took \$700 from Trustee Gilliatt one night while he was feeding his horses, and relieved Dr. Lane of an unspecified amount.² They robbed peddlers' wagons and burglarized stores in Lick Creek, West Baden, Hillham, Prospect, and Orangeville. Three of them robbed Dave Holt, later to become a member of the gang. Another stole \$100 from Jack McCracken while the two were attending a show at French Lick. Nelson Spaulding was strung up and threatened with hanging until he finally revealed the spot where he

¹ Bad feeling continues to exist between the families, but there has been no serious outbreak since the 1920's. The first killing on Indiana soil appears to have been that of Annabel Stanfield by Charles Archer sometime in the early 1900's. His plea that her death was accidental was accepted by the jury and he was acquitted. About 1920, Clyde Archer was accused by Roy Stanfield of stealing some money from him. Clyde denied the charge, and a violent quarrel ensued. Before anyone could separate them, Clyde rushed into a nearby butcher shop, returned with a knife, and stabbed young Stanfield to death on the street. The slayer was acquitted on a plea of self-defense, but on August 15, 1922, was shot from ambush in a wood near French Lick. John Stanfield, Roy's father, was accused and brought to trial, but was released for lack of evidence.

² Dr. Lane was at the time proprietor of the West Baden Springs Hotel.

had hidden \$1600. At least two of their robberies ended in murder when the victims put up a fight.³

For years the Archers continued their lawless ways, growing bolder and more contemptuous of the forces of law and order with each additional act of violence. New members—Charles Parker, William Jackson, Kinder Smith, John Lynch, Dave and Bill Holt, and others—joined the gang; many of them were related to the Archers by marriage. Law-abiding residents in the vicinity were either intimidated by the gang or lacked the vigorous leadership necessary for its liquidation. So, although everyone knew the perpetrators of the deviltry, no one did much about it.⁴

It was the cold-blooded murder of old man Bunch that marked the beginning of the end for the Archers and their associates in crime. Ironically enough, it was not the killing of a reputable citizen and a pillar of the community that was to prove their undoing, but the slaying of a man who was himself lawless and whose violent taking off was no loss to the neighborhood in which he lived.

Since there are several accounts of the Bunch murder, all varying in length and detail, I shall begin with the story as I first heard it in the winter of 1920 from the lips of "Uncle Les" Stanfield as he sat by the old wood-burning stove in the Ellis General Store at Cuzco, Indiana.⁵

The Archer gang (names and number not given) used to steal horses in Missouri and Arkansas, bring them back to Martin County, and hide them in the Bunch cave.⁶ Afraid that Bunch suspected their activities, they lured him into the cave and murdered him (manner not specified). A partially successful attempt was made to burn the body in an old saw-mill boiler near the cave. The Archers then left the unburned remains of the body in the woods, hoping that the hogs would

³ Those of Frederick Beckler and Stanford Freeman.

⁴ However, a step in the right direction was taken by a party of men who caught Kinder Smith, a nephew of old Mart Archer, half-hanged him three times, gave him forty lashes, and warned him to leave the neighborhood within 24 hours.

⁵ Cuzco is in Dubois County, just eleven miles south of French Lick.

⁶ This is obviously incorrect, since at that time the cave had no entrance large enough to permit of the passage of a horse. Besides, it is too small to have held very many. It is much more likely that the cave "Uncle Les" had in mind was one of those in McBride's Bluffs, near Shoals.

eat it. The hogs did devour most of the body, but Bunch's widow was able to identify it by the buttons and fragments of the clothing. The gang was arrested and taken to the Shoals jail, from which an armed mob took them and hanged them to trees growing in the courthouse yard. The youngest Archer accused his mother of starting him on a life of crime by forcing him to steal a neighbor's calf when he was only ten years old.⁷ He denied complicity in the Bunch murder, and declared that his innocence would be attested by the withering of the tree on which he was about to be hanged.⁸

Samuel A. Bunch⁹ seems to have been, in the words of one newspaper man reporting the case, "a desperado of the worst type."¹⁰ Originally from Tennessee, he admitted having left his native state because he had run afoul of the law there, and it was common knowledge that he was associated with the Archers in the stealing of timber being rafted down White River into Illinois.¹¹

⁷ No other informant has ever mentioned this point, nor have I encountered it in any published account of the lynching. However, a ballad composed on the legal hanging of Sam Archer contains the following stanza:

"Oh, Mother, Mother," he did cry,
 "You are to blame because I die;
 For I was taught when I was young
 To do this deed for which I'm hung."

⁸ This is probably apocryphal. Apparently the only one of the lynched trio to say anything was John Archer, who cried, "Gentlemen, you are hanging an innocent man!"

⁹ His name is so given in the record of trial proceedings (*Indiana Reports*, 106, 1885-1886) and in *The Martin County Democrat* (July 9, 1886). He is called Anderson Bunch twice in the *Indianapolis Journal* (March 9 and 13, 1886); the *Syracuse Journal* for September 14, 1922, which briefly reviews the crime in another connection, gives his name as John B. Bunch. For a photostatic copy of the latter I am indebted to the Indiana State Library.

¹⁰ *The Martin County Democrat* (July 9, 1886).

¹¹ According to Sam Archer's confession (*The Martin County Democrat*, July 9, 1886), Bunch had, shortly before his murder, completed plans for the robbery of an old neighbor of his in Tennessee. Marley and "Little Mart" and Sam were to have assisted him in the robbery, and were carefully drilled in their parts. Bob Newland was selected as the unwitting (and unwilling) financial backer of the Tennessee expedition. They sent word to him that his hogs were out in a neighbor's

Bunch's hired man, Samuel Marley, lived with him as one of the family. He, Bunch, and "Little Mart" Archer, a nephew of "Big Mart," formed a partnership to steal lumber being floated down the river. Bunch, the oldest of the trio, assumed leadership.¹² When on one occasion "Little Mart" became ill and was not able to accompany the other two they stole a raft of saw logs, sold them, and kept all the proceeds, telling the boy that they had sold the logs "on time" and would have to wait for their money. Suspecting that they were lying to him, he was furious for a time, but later became friendly with them again. However, Bunch and Marley were afraid that he might arouse his kinsmen against them, and accordingly decided to kill him. They drew straws to determine which should do the killing, and the lot fell to Marley.¹³

The murder was committed in a wood near French Lick on July 8, 1882. Bunch, Marley, and "Little Mart" were going to attend a church service to be held at the Inncomb schoolhouse. For some reason, "Little Mart" started ahead of the others, and Marley, who had been drinking heavily, called to him to wait. The two shouted back and forth to each other for some time, and finally went on together. The body of the murdered boy was found the next morning.¹⁴ The Archers immediately set out for Bunch's home to question him, and found that Marley had fled. Bunch finally admitted having given Marley his breakfast and a \$20 gold piece and advised him to get out of the country, but insisted that he did not know where his former hired man had gone. However, the Archers did not believe the latter part of his story, but were convinced that Marley had been concealed somewhere in the

cornfield and then stationed themselves to waylay him as he returned home after dark, but, luckily for him, he came back by another road.

¹² Bunch was forty-five, Marley twenty-two, and "Little Mart" only eighteen.

¹³ From Sam Archer's confession. His statement is highly questionable, since Bunch appears to have told the Archers nothing beyond the fact that he gave Marley the murder weapon and some money.

¹⁴ According to another account, "Little Mart," Marley, and three or four others of the gang spent the day in a deserted schoolhouse west of French Lick and "Little Mart" was shot from ambush the next morning as he walked along a path over Mt. Aerie on his way to a nearby sawmill. Still another version has it that he and Marley were attending a picnic at French Lick. According to this version, the victim was stabbed.

vicinity and that he was being fed by Bunch.¹⁵ At last "Big Mart" determined to take Bunch prisoner and to hold him until he told Marley's whereabouts or until Marley should be forced to come out of his hiding-place because of lack of food.

By this time it was growing dark. Sam Archer cut some hickory withes, Mart tied Bunch's hands behind him, and all of them proceeded to the cave, the entrance to which was so well hidden that some of the party had not known of its existence until now.¹⁶ Bunch told the rest of the party that he thought he had run foxes into it.¹⁷ On orders from "Big Mart," who appears to have been at this time the leader of the gang, John Lynch took Bunch into the cave. The rest remained outside a few minutes for a final council and then they, too, entered. The prisoner was seated upon a stone¹⁸ and Mart issued his ultimatum—Bunch must reveal Marley's hiding-place or die. He was given five minutes in which to make his decision.¹⁹ At the expiration of the allotted time, he

¹⁵ The Archers, who watched Bunch's house for three nights, saw him once hoist a red lantern on a pole. This and the peculiar way in which he called his hogs they interpreted as signals to Marley.

¹⁶ At the time of the murder, entrance could be effected only through a hole in the roof. The present front entrance was not cut until some years later, when guests at the French Lick Springs Hotel began visiting the spot.

¹⁷ During the whole time of his captivity, Bunch seems to have shown no signs of fear. Knowing the Archers as he did, he can hardly have expected to escape their vengeance. Whether he was displaying real courage or mere bravado, the fact remains that he was loyal to Marley to the end and made no plea for his own life. Of him, too, it might appropriately be said "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

¹⁸ This stone was removed from the cave shortly after the discovery of Bunch's remains and is now located just a few feet from the entrance. The so-called bloodstains are still to be seen on it. The present owner, Mrs. Everett Wortinger, tells me that on a rock formation on a wall of the cave may be distinguished the likeness of a human face and that it is said to resemble that of the murdered man. All the features are present, but the face is upside down. At the time of my visit, August 3, 1946, Mrs. Wortinger advised against my going very far into the cave, however, explaining that the far interior was always muddy and that there were several water holes formed by the seepage of surface water through cracks in the roof. Not being equipped with either boots or a flashlight, I decided to take her advice and inspected only the first room of the cave, which is at present being used as a spring house.

¹⁹ Other accounts say twelve and seventeen. The latter is the number given by Mrs. Wortinger, who doubtless got it from a little pamphlet which she tells me she used to sell to visitors.

still denied any knowledge of Marley's whereabouts and added defiantly, "I gave him the pistol to do the shooting and the money to get away on, and I would do it again." Mart and the others opened fire, riddling Bunch's body with sixteen bullets.²⁰ Then the gang left the cave to resume their search for Marley.

How long the body of Bunch remained in the cave is not clear. One story has it that it was left there for eleven days, by the end of which time the search for the missing man had become so widespread that the gang began to fear it might be discovered. Accordingly, they made a wooden trough at their sawmill a short distance away, placed the body in it, and burned what they could of it.²¹ The bones which were unconsumed by the fire they buried under a log, and one of the gang felled a tree so that its branches hid all traces of the fire. According to the confession of Sam Archer, the body was not removed until seven weeks after the murder. Members of the gang had returned to the cave four weeks after the slaying, but found the smell unbearable and left the body where it was.

Between three and four years after the Bunch murder, some of the younger members of the gang stole \$50 worth of guns from the Joe Wells blacksmith shop in French Lick. A short time later, the same group attempted to break into a general store owned by H. E. Wells. Five of the youths, Albert and Andrew Archer, Johnny Jackson, Mack Holt, and Granville Lynch, were captured.²² "Big Mart," who was a lawyer of sorts, pretended to be acting as the boys' counsel, but told the authorities that he would convict them for the \$100

²⁰ A story in the *Indianapolis Star* (August 27, 1939) says that Bunch was kept prisoner in the cave for seven days and nights, bound hand and foot. The author gives no authority for the statement, which seems unreasonable to the present writer. It is difficult to understand why the Archers should have chosen to hold Bunch captive for so long a time, when they could have obtained some kind of answer from him in a matter of hours or even minutes. Not a very patient family, the Archers!

²¹ The body was burned about a quarter of a mile from the home of the present owner of the farm, Mrs. Emery Campbell, who says neighbors used to tell her that grass would never grow again on the spot. She adds with a smile, "There's sure plenty of grass and weeds there now."

²² John Lynch, who later turned state's evidence, names only four: Nathan and Mack Holt, Granville Lynch, and John Johnson (Jackson?).

reward that had been offered.²³ His only stipulation was that he be allowed a short time alone with the arrested boys. This request was granted, and one room of the store was turned over to him as a temporary "office." Suspecting that Mart might try to double-cross them, the authorities concealed a couple of men in the room to overhear the conversation. Thinking themselves alone, Mart and the others freely discussed both crimes, and the boys revealed that the stolen guns and other booty were hidden in a wood west of French Lick. Men were immediately sent to search for them, and soon returned with evidence enough to convict the group. When the boys realized that they had been double-crossed by Mart, they threatened to tell all they knew about the Bunch murder.

At about this time, John Archer's wife told her story. She had learned from her husband of the killing of Bunch, and now, having been deserted by him for another woman and compelled to become an inmate of the county poorhouse, she saw an opportunity to even accounts.

Her story, plus the fact that they had long been recognized as the brains of the gang, resulted in the arresting and confining in the Shoals jail of "Big Mart" and Tom Archer, brothers; John Archer, Tom's son; and John Lynch. Lynch immediately began writing to various reputable citizens of Orange County, offering to confess his own part in the Bunch murder and other crimes if he were promised immunity, and even agreeing to lead authorities to the cave and to the spot where Bunch's body had been burned.

His offer was accepted, and he was removed for safe-keeping to the Washington (Daviess County) jail and later to Jeffersonville. After his confession, he was brought back under heavy guard to Willow Valley, a little station east of Shoals, where he was released to the custody of a committee composed of some of the most responsible citizens of Orange County.²⁴

With Lynch as guide, the party then set out to find the cave. He had so much difficulty in locating the entrance that

²³ "Big Mart" is said to have planned both burglaries and to have induced the boys to commit them; see Lynch's confession in the *Indianapolis Journal* (March 13, 1886).

²⁴ One of my informants, Mr. W. W. Caves, president of the French Lick Bank, tells me that his father was a member of this committee.

the men accompanying him began to feel that he was stalling for time and hoping to be rescued by friends. Eventually, however, he led them to the cave and then to the spot where the gang had burned Bunch's body. Here they found ashes and fragments of unburned human bones.²⁵ Lynch had kept his part of the bargain and was returned the same day to the state prison at Jeffersonville, where he would be safe from possible mob action.

At about midnight of March 9, 1886, the sheriff was awakened by the barking of his dog, which had been aroused by a pounding at the outer door of the jail. On going to the door, he was seized by members of a mob variously estimated at from 75 to 100 men, who tied him securely and then proceeded to the cells in which Mart, Thomas, and John Archer were confined. The men made no resistance and were led out into the courthouse yard, where a noose was already dangling from the limb of a maple tree in front of the courthouse.²⁶ Tom Archer, a man of about sixty, was hanged first. He was so tall that his toes dragged the ground as his lifeless form swung to and fro. Mart, aged forty-eight, was next to go. A few minutes later, the body of John, thirty-five, hung beside those of his father and uncle. Neither Tom nor Mart uttered a word, although they were given an opportunity to speak; John said only that he was innocent of the crime for which he was being hanged.

The members of the mob dispersed quietly and departed from the scene of the lynching, pausing a moment on the White River bridge to discharge their guns.²⁷ The sound of the firing awoke citizens living in West Shoals, and a few minutes afterward the ringing of the courthouse bell brought people flocking from far and near. The bodies remained hanging until nearly noon the following day, when they were ordered cut down by the coroner. They were then laid upon the floor of the courthouse corridor, where they were viewed by hundreds of curious people. Pieces of the ropes with which

²⁵ One of the most fantastic stories regarding the manner in which the body was disposed of appears in the *Indianapolis News* (March 10, 1886). This account has it that the body was split in two lengthwise and that the halves were buried in separate graves.

²⁶ The hangman's knot is said to have been tied by a Zeke Davis. The trees are still standing.

²⁷ All roads leading to Shoals had been barricaded by the mob prior to its descent on the jail.

the Archers had been hanged were eagerly seized by souvenir hunters. The coroner's inquest resulted in a verdict of "death by hanging at the hands of parties unknown," and relatives of the three men were officially notified of their death.²⁸

Sam Archer, the fourth member of the murder party, was still at large and the search for him was now intensified. While a fugitive from justice, he carried on a correspondence with a lady friend ("female chum," to use the term applied to her by a reporter for *The Martin County Democrat*), a sister of John Lynch, who was still in custody. The latter revealed Sam's whereabouts to the authorities, who immediately furnished the sheriff with a photograph of the wanted man and sent him to Fountain County, where Sam had obtained employment at a sawmill under the name of Wolvington. Owing to the fear of possible mob violence, Sam was not returned to Shoals at once, but was confined in the state prison at Jeffersonville until time for his trial. About four months later, he was brought back to Shoals, tried, convicted, and, despite strong attempts on the part of friends to secure a commutation of sentence, condemned to death by hanging.²⁹ On July 9, 1886, he was hanged in the courthouse yard before a crowd estimated at 5000 (a "circus day crowd," one contemporary account calls it). Some of the spectators climbed trees in order to obtain a better view; others whittled peepholes in the stockade which had been erected by the sheriff. Souvenir hunters carried away bits of the hangman's rope and pieces of the wooden scaffold.

The lynching of Tom, Mart, and John Archer aroused little if any pity among the citizens of Martin and Orange Counties. All felt that it was a good job well done. "Big Mart," the ringleader of the gang, seems to have been particularly hated

²⁸ Mrs. Wortinger says that Tom and "Big Mart" were buried in the same grave (but not in the same casket) in the Jackman Cemetery, just west of the French Lick Springs Hotel golf course, dressed in the clothes in which they were hanged and with three-fourths-inch cotton ropes around their necks. The grave is marked by two cedars. John's body was claimed by his widow (presumably his second wife) and taken away for burial.

²⁹ Among those who interceded for the condemned man were Rev. Fitzpatrick and Msgr. Bessonier, of the Indianapolis diocese. The latter pleaded with the governor, but to no avail. The tradition that a reprieve arrived just eleven minutes after the execution appears to have no basis in fact.

and feared.³⁰ It is difficult to explain the quite different feeling displayed by the public toward Sam Archer. He confessed that he, too, had emptied his pistol into the body of the defenseless Bunch; yet some of the most prominent and respected citizens of Shoals made every effort to save him from a richly-deserved death at the hands of the law. Was it his handsome appearance that aroused compassion?³¹ Was it the fact that, having apparently repented of his evil past, he had in his last hours embraced the Catholic faith? Or is the answer, perhaps, merely that the mob fever had subsided, giving place to a community feeling that there had already been too many violent deaths and that another would be something to be deplored? Whatever the reason for it, the sympathetic attitude is unmistakable and perhaps nowhere more clearly evident in a contemporary ballad on the hanging.³²

Ten other members of the gang were sentenced from Orange County to the state prison or to the house of correction; two went to the state prison from Martin County. Lynch was given a light sentence in consideration of his youth and his having turned state's evidence. After having served it, he spent the rest of his life in Orange County, a law-abiding citizen. Marley spent several years in Missouri, to which state he had fled immediately following the murder, but returned to Orange County on at least one occasion (shortly before 1900).³³

And so ended the crime career of the Archers, a long and bloody career culminating in a particularly atrocious murder and four hangings, the first (and the last) in the history of Martin County. The mill of the gods ground slowly, truly, but exceedingly small.

Bloomington, Indiana

³⁰ In his confession, John Lynch called him "the leader of the party and the worst of the lot" (*Indianapolis Journal*, March 13, 1886, p. 465). It was Mart who threatened to kill anyone in the party who failed to shoot Bunch and examined each gun after the shooting to make sure that it had been fired. He is said to have been at one time associated with Jesse James in Missouri, where he is known to have lived for a short while.

³¹ Eyewitnesses of the hanging with whom I have talked agree as to his good looks, and a contemporary pencil sketch in the *Martin County Tribune* (March 19, 1886) substantiates their statements.

³² See my "The Hanging of Sam Archer," an Indiana Ballad," in *Hoosier Folklore* 5:125-136, December, 1946.

³³ From information supplied by Mr. W. W. Caves, one of whose uncles was also an uncle of Marley.

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.

DEVIL STORIES FROM LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO

By ALICE J. HARMEYER

The following stories were contributed by pupils of my 8B and 7C English classes when we spent a week reading, gathering, telling, and writing folklore.

1. *The Baby Devil*

A.

Written by Sammy Rains, 8B, who heard the story from his grandmother.

Mr. Sena and his wife had always wanted a baby, but they had never had one. It happened that one night Mr. Sena was going home from the dance when he heard a baby crying. He looked all around and saw a basket with a baby in it. He picked it up and thought he would take it home. When he had traveled down the road for a little while—he was thinking how happy his wife would be—when all of a sudden the baby began to talk, and it said, "Look, Father, I already have teeth and nails," and it showed him great, big, sharp teeth and great big nails. Mr. Sena shouted out, "The Devil," and he dropped the basket and shouted, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," and the baby vanished. He made his horse run as fast as he could, and when he got home he fainted.

1. *The Baby Devil*

B.

Dictated by Adolpho Mais, 7C.

A man who lived in Old Town (Las Vegas) was coming from work. He and his wife wanted a baby but didn't have any. A man put a baby beside a car and rode away fast. The

other man ran to get it. He carried it in his arms. The baby grew very fast and was soon too heavy to carry. Finally the baby spoke up, "Look, Father, I already have teeth and nails." The man cried, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," and the baby vanished.

(This seems more like the changeling (fairy child) story than a devil story, but it is easy to see how the two could be interchanged. See Motif F 321.1.2.1 *Changeling has abnormal features or growth*. Limbs grow too rapidly. G 303.16.4.4 *One saved from devil by prayer to Virgin*.—The Editor.)

2. *The Devil's Awful Night*

A.

Contributed by Adolpho Mais, 7C, who heard it from his mother.

One night a girl was crying because she could not go to the dance. And the girl said, "I am going, even if it's with the devil." So after a little while a good-looking man came and knocked at their door, and her mother answered it, and the man said, "Can your girl go with me to the dance?" And he was looking at her mother as if he was going to kill her. "All right," she said, "but be sure to bring her back by twelve o'clock." He said yes, so off they went, and the girl was very happy. When they got there, this man did not let any other man dance with her, only him. So it got to be twelve midnight, and the girl said, "Let's go"; and the man said no. "Let's go," she said again. "All right," said the man, and he had a good-looking car. When he started to step on the starter, the girl recognized he had sort of hairs at the back of his feet and she got scared. So when they got there she said, "Open the door of the car." "No," he said. Then the girl screamed and he scratched her. Her mother opened the door of the house and saw her laying on the street, dead. That's why the people called that night *The Devil's Night*.

(G 303.4.5.3.1. *Devil detected by his hoofs*.)

2. *The Devil's Night*

B.

Contributed by Beatrice Padilla, 8B, who heard it from her uncle who heard it from her grandfather.

There was a dance in the nearby town and this girl wanted to go but her mother said no. When everybody was in bed the girl got up and went out the window.

At the dance there came a very handsome man and he could dance very good; but one thing he had done was to take all of the kids out of the room. One little boy was asleep under a bench and was missed. The dance was gay, and the handsome man and the girl were dancing when the little boy awoke and saw that the man had two claws on his heels. The little boy said, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," and there was a loud boom, and the man disappeared and the girl fainted. When they went over to the girl, she was all scratched and bleeding. The girl got well, but she never went to the dance again.

2. *The Devil's Night*

C.

Contributed by Fabiola Täpia.

There was a girl who was sitting by the fireplace crying. Her mother was sewing. She told her to get some corn from the shack. She went and she met a real handsome boy. He asked her if she would go to the dance hall with him. She couldn't say no because he was very handsome. She told him, "Wait until I take this corn home." The boy said, "OK, I will wait for you here." She took the corn home and told her mother that she remembered she had to go shopping for a few things. The boy and her went to the dance hall. They liked each other and then they married that night. The boy told her to stay at the house all day long. The next night he told her he would tell her his name. When he told her, she was startled. It was the devil. The devil made her promise she would not leave the house at all. That same day she told her mother about it. Her mother told her what to do. She told her to say "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph," and to put holy water on him. When she went home the devil was there. He asked her where she had gone. She said that she went shopping. He disappeared then, and she went home very happy. She did not go out again.

(G 303.4.4. *Devil has claws.* G 303.1.16.7. *Devil is chased by holy water.* G 303.16.2.2. *One saved from devil by prayer to Virgin.* G 303.6.3.4. *Devil appears in an intense light and with strong odor of sulphur.*)

Las Vegas, New Mexico

MICHIGAN STORIES

By E. C. BECK

Paul Bunyan may be telling his yesterdays to Febold Feboldson and Johnny Inkslinger in some wanigan on the River Styx, but his spirit lingers on in the lumberwoods area.

Strong Mule

James McGillvray, of Oscoda, Michigan, tells of the Ozarks lumberjack who came to Loud No. 4 on the Au Sable. When the boys by the deacon seat were praising choice teams, the Missourian remarked: "That reminds me of my big mule. I was a-riding my mule through the woods when I came upon a team stuck in a swamp with a load of logs. While I sat, another team drove up and hooked on. The four horses could not budge the load. So I was asked to hook my mule to the load. Says I, 'My mule works only by himself.' So the four horses were unhitched, and I hitched the mule to the load. And what do you think?"

"The mule pulled the load right out of the swamp," echoed the listening jack.

"No," answered the Ozark lumberjack. "He didn't budge it."
(To be continued)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation,

etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 of Hoosier Folklore, published quarterly at 140 N. Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana, for October 1, 1946. State of Indiana, county of Monroe, before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest W. Baughman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Hoosier Folklore and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 12, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Indiana Historical Bureau, 140 N. Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Indiana; Editor, Ernest W. Baughman, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, none. 2. That the owner is: Hoosier Folklore Society, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

ERNEST W. BAUGHMAN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1946,
Charles A. Stout. (My commission expires January 11, 1948.)

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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.

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Applications for membership and membership dues for 1947 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 PERIODICALS REFERRED TO IN NOTES AND ARTICLES

CFQ =CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
HF =HOOSIER FOLKLORE
HFB =HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN
JAFLL=JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE
MAFS=MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY
NYFQ=NEW YORK FOLKLORE QUARTERLY
SFQ =SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY