

throw the coin away. The person finding the coin will get the warts.

14. Beauty Aids (used about sixty years ago).

To bleach the skin, rise early and go to the wheat field and wash your face in dew.

Buttermilk will remove freckles and tan.

Cream is an excellent face lotion.

Flour or prepared chalk may be used for face powder.

A beet may be used for rouge.

Sap from grape vines makes gray hair dark.

15. To cure tuberculosis, wear a live rattlesnake around the waist after the fangs have been extracted. (This was an old Indian remedy and was supposed to draw poison from the lungs.)

(The following were given to me by Mrs. Joan Cunningham Cross, of Fairmont.)

16. Never lay your hat on the bed as it is extremely bad luck.

17. To avoid bad luck, always put on the left shoe first.

18. If you drop a spoon, you will have a great disappointment—unless you spit.

(A superstition given to me by Miss Blanche Price of Fairmont, West Virginia.)

19. If anyone looks over your shoulder into the mirror, it will ruin your chances of getting a husband.

## SMART SAYINGS FROM INDIANA

By PAUL G. BREWSTER

The following specimens of what passed some years ago for smart repartee were heard by the writer in Pike and Gibson counties during his boyhood and young manhood. Many of them are still current.

1. Travelin' or goin' somewhere?
2. Sure was a short summer we had, wasn't it (said when there is an unseasonable cool snap)?
3. Here's your hat; what's your hurry?
4. You're not livin' right (to someone having bad luck).
5. You're not payin' the preacher (same).
6. Come back when you can't stay so long.
7. He ain't afraid of me.
8. He's not hard (tough); he's just hungry.
9. He ain't bad (tough); he just smells bad.
10. I've outrun bigger men than him.
11. Is the man on the Camel package leading the camel or riding it?<sup>1</sup>
12. Barbers on a strike (asked derisively of someone needing a haircut)?
13. Where did you go after you got shaved (same)?
14. He don't put out anything but his hand, and he jerks it back (of someone with a reputation for stinginess).
15. I was made before you were maker (retort to a threat of force).
16. "Who was your nigger this time last summer?" (Asked when someone is imposing too many tasks.) "You, and you didn't serve out your time."
17. Take your time, but hurry.
18. What time is it by your watch and chain?
19. "What time is it?" "Time all fools were dead; ain't you sick?"
20. "How much did you pay for it?" "As much ag'in as half."
21. He's all right, but his feet ain't mates.

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<sup>1</sup> There is no picture of a man on a package of Camels.

22. He's all right, but he won't do.
23. Stick around a while; we're gonna open a keg of nails.
24. How's the weather up there (to an unusually tall man) ?
25. Don't the sidewalks hurt your feet (to a country boy) ?
26. "Where did you get it?" "Where your aunt got her socks."
27. Was that you talkin' or the wind blowin'? Sometimes: I've heard the wind blow before.
28. "Can you stand on one foot?" "Yes" (demonstrating). "Any goose can."
29. Charge it to the dust and let the rain settle it.
30. "How old would you be if you were right fat?" "Dunno." "You'd be an Old Fatty."
31. They had to burn the schoolhouse down to get him out of third grade (of someone noted for being dull-witted).
32. "What's your name?" "Puddin' 'n' tame; ask me again and I'll tell you the same."<sup>2</sup>
33. "Where do you live?" "On Tough Street. The farther you go, the tougher they get; I live in the last house."
34. Smell your master! Does he smell like cheese (said by a boy sticking his fist under the nose of another) ?
35. Cheese and crackers,  
Chewin' tobacker,  
Buggy whips and axle grease (said derisively of the stock of a country store).
36. Just before the *at* (in reply to Where's it at?).
37. "Got a match?" "I'm your match; strike me and see where I (you) light."
38. "Got a match?" "Your match is in the penitentiary (asylum)."
39. "Can you change a five?" "Yes, from your hand to mine."
40. "Can you change a five?" "I can give you a quarter and owe you the rest."
41. Kill it; don't let it suffer (said derisively of someone singing, particularly if the number is a classical one).
42. If you can't drive it, park it!

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<sup>2</sup> There is a variant the second line of which is unprintable.

43. Drop a nickel in it (to a motorist having engine trouble)!
44. We'll have that whitewashed tomorrow (to one who stubs his toe against something).
45. Talk's cheap, but it takes money to buy whisky (re-buke to a boaster).
46. Pull over; a man leading a mule wants to get by (to a slow driver).
47. We used to go to different schools together.
48. They look so much apart you can't tell them alike.
49. If he was singin' for apples, he couldn't get in the orchard (of a poor singer).
50. Go home and tell your mammy she wants you (to a meddlesome child).
51. Put some cream on his face and let the cat lick them off (of an adolescent beginning to be aware of the fuzz on his cheeks).
52. "Heard the latest?" "No." "It ain't out yet."
53. Want it wrapped up (to one who "gawks" at something for a long time)?
54. Shakespeare never repeats (to one asking the speaker to repeat his statement).
55. I could ride that to town and back (of a dull knife blade).
56. He never takes a drink unless he's by himself or with somebody.
57. "I'll see you tonight." "Not if I see you first."
58. They can just stand up and grow tall (by a parent whose offspring have been offered chairs when the latter are scarce).
59. "Another county heard from!" "Yeah, *Green county*" (said when someone "puts in his two cents' worth" uncalled for).
60. The train's gone; I see its tracks.
61. Lean on your own dinner (to someone leaning or resting his weight upon the speaker)!
62. Many a time I've had to go out and buy groceries when I didn't have a drop of whisky in the house.
63. He ought to fire you and hire you over.
64. "Tired o' walkin'?" "Yes." "Run a while."
65. If I was as ugly as him, I'd sue my parents.

66. If the Lord's willin' and the Devil don't kick.
67. You'll be a man yet before your mammy is (said jokingly to a small boy).
68. Where you gonna preach (said to someone dressed in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes on a weekday)?
69. All dirt goes before the broom (said when trying to get people out of one's path).
70. Age before beauty (said by one or the other of two persons about to go through the same door).
71. Man before monkey (sometimes said jokingly by whichever of the abovementioned persons goes through first).
72. He's a good boy in a way, but he don't weigh enough.
73. He's a good boy in a way, but he's always in the way.
74. Grass never grows on a busy street (said by a bald-headed man when ridiculed for his lack of hair).
75. I kept it out of other people's business and let it get its full growth (said by a man questioned about the length of his nose).
76. When I call for manure, you come in on the shovel (to one who is always butting into a conversation).
77. Get your chin up on the sidewalk (to one whose talk is obscene).
78. He don't know whether he's comin' or goin'.
79. He don't know whether he's pitchin' or catchin'.
80. Put your money where your mouth is (to one who is always saying: I bet you).
81. Glad to meet you; if I had a dime I'd treat you; maybe you've got one?
82. You'd make a fine door, but you're no good for a window (to someone obstructing the speaker's view).
83. I spent a week there one afternoon.
84. You and who else (sometimes: You and what army) (reply to a threat of bodily injury)?
85. Here's a match and a dollar to strike it on (to the chronic "moocher").
86. I'll give you a brick house—a brick at a time (threat).
87. I don't have to worry about money—my father has piles.
88. If there's any difference at all, it's about the same.

89. He was so tired that one foot was saying to the other, "You let me pass you this time and I'll let you pass me the next time."
90. When she first came to town, they had to hogtie her to get shoes on her.
91. Anybody hurt in the wreck (to the occupants of a dilapidated car)?
92. I'm gonna retire and buy me a stump farm. Gonna build me a shack in the middle of a field of stumps and just listen to 'em rot.

Bloomington, Indiana.

## ADDENDA

By VIOLET AND WM. HUGH JANSEN

The associate editor and his wife thought it interesting to analyze their memories of these Hoosier smart sayings to show perhaps a little evidence about the currency of such bits of folklore in widely separated areas of the United States. The female half of us spent her childhood and youth in Orange County, eastern New York state, and in Middlesex County, in the center of Connecticut. Her husband spent the same period in Connecticut's Fairfield County.

It is interesting that where one of the smart sayings was recognized as being current in our youthful surroundings, it was invariably familiar to both of us. And when a variant occurred to one of us, the other was likely to remember it also or to emend it to a form which the first would agree was "right."

Those sayings immediately remembered and remembered in the same form as Mr. Brewster's were: 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, 16 (first half only), 21, 24, 31, 32, 43, 47, 50, 51, 52, 57, 59 (first half only), 61, 64, 66, 67, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 82, 84, 87 and 90.

In addition the following variants, close and remote, were called to mind. The numbers refer to Mr. Brewster's numbering; the letters are used if more than one form welled up in memory. Where the occurrence was not in all counties, the exact locale is indicated.

2. Heard also about a "short" winter.

5. A. That's what you get for not going to church.  
B. I guess I don't go to church regular.  
C. The Devil's pushing again (Orange County).
12. Mad at the barber?
13. When you going to buy a fiddle?
16. Who was your servant last year? (New England, the home of abolition!)
19. "What time is it?" "Time all mama's children were in bed." (Fairfield County. Query: Does anyone remember a longer, rhymed form of this?).
20. A. "How much did you pay for it?" (After a serious answer.) "It would be cheap at half the price."  
B. (Same set-up as above.) "They must have seen you coming."
21. A. He's all right, but his feet stink.  
B. He's all right; the world's all wrong.
26. Where did you get that—at a fire sale?
33. A. "Where do you live?" "Down the lane" (usually with 32 as a preface).  
B. "What's your number?" "Cucumber" (usually following 33A, both frequently recited in first person, rather than as a dialogue: *i. e.*, "What's *my* name," etc.).
41. Oh, give it a drink.
44. I'll have that moved for you first thing in the morning.
45. Talk's cheap, but actions are more profitable.
46. Step on it—you're not going to a funeral.
49. He can't sing for sour apples. (There may be an interesting relation to be conjectured between the two forms.)
51. Sometimes with the taunting cap: Fuzz don't count.
53. I hope you'll know me next time (from the person being "gawked" at).
54. A. I don't eat my cabbage twice.  
B. I don't sell my goods twice (Fairfield County).
55. I could ride that to Boston bareback (also see Mr. Brewster's footnote 2).
59. He had to sound his clapper (Orange County).
61. Lean on your own appetite (Fairfield County).
74. (A kind of rebuttal) You can't grow it on stone either (Fairfield County).

77. Get your mind out of the gutter (*or sewer*).
80. Put up or shut up.
82. A. Your father wasn't a glass-blower.  
B. Your name's not windowpane (Orange County).
89. I am so tired I could sleep on a picket fence.

And as a final comment and parallel in complexity and delightfulness to 92, we cannot help adding from Indiana's own Monroe County:

If I ever got that much money at one time, the first thing I'd do would be go get a brickmaker to make two special bricks fitted to my two hands. Then I'd beat up on the first guy who asked me to work.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

### FOLKLORE NEWS

Folklorist Bascom Lamar Lunsford, of North Carolina, collector, singer and founder of the noted Asheville Annual Mountain Dance and Folk Festival, spent seven weeks in California during March and April, and a month in St. Louis, before returning the first of June to his home, on South Turkey Creek, to prepare for his festival productions. The Asheville event will take place this year August 7, 8 and 9, and the Renfro Valley, Kentucky, festival, founded last year, will be given July 31 and August 1.

Mr. Lunsford appeared twice at the University of California, at Los Angeles, and at the University of Southern California, also at the University of California, at Berkeley, in song programs and mountain dance demonstrations.

He also made an album of recordings for Eagle Records, Hollywood, titles of which are announced as: "Swannanoa Tunnel," "Mr. Garfield," "Jennie Jenkins," "Little Marget," "On the Banks of the Ohio," "Springfield Mountain," "Death of Queen Jane," and "I Wish I Was a Mole in the Ground." These are Mr. Lunsford's first commercial recordings in some years.

Non-commercially he recorded 315 songs from his prodigious collection in the year 1935, for the Library of Congress, Archive of Folksong, and these are to be re-recorded this summer, under improved technical conditions. It is understood that this selection will also be published in the near future, as Bascom Lamar Lunsford's "Memory Collection."



# TALES FROM INDIANA UNIVERSITY

## STUDENTS

By B. BERNARD COHEN AND IRVIN EHRENPREIS

The following stories were written for Mr. Cohen and Mr. Ehrenpreis by students in their freshman composition classes at Indiana University. I have included several variants of these stories which were written by my students.—The Editor.

### I. GHOST STORIES

#### 1. *The Dream Warning*

##### A. *The Ghostly Cab Driver*

Contributed to Mr. Ehrenpreis, December 6, 1945, by Betty Ensley.

One evening last winter I decided to go to bed early. The excitement of a business trip to Chicago the following day made me restless and unable to sleep. Finding the *Tribune* Book Section close at hand, I settled down to read. Halfway through a horror story I drifted off to sleep.

I began to dream. In a room similar to my own I lay in a deep sleep. Suddenly the French doors were blown open with a clatter which awakened me. I sat up in bed. Snow swirled through the open doorway. Outside a car drove into our driveway and stopped with a screeching of brakes. Startled into action, I leaped to my feet and ran through the doorway onto the balcony overlooking our drive. It was cold and the snow-storm had turned into a blizzard. Looking down I saw a huge, black hearse. The snow whirling around the hearse gave it a ghostly air. The door of the hearse opened and a tall, stone-faced man appeared. Fear held me motionless as the man looked up at me and said in a low, melodious voice, "Room for one more." This frightened me so much that I actually awakened. My eyes fell upon the familiar furnishings of my own

friendly room. With relief I murmured, "Oh, it was only a dream," and I settled back into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning I was too busy dressing and packing to think about my nightmare. The taxi which was to take me to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station drove into our driveway and stopped with a screeching of brakes. I did not know why, but the sound annoyed me. I kissed my mother goodby, picked up my belongings, and hurried out to the taxi. There were already six people and a small baby crowded into it. I looked at the driver with despair; and he said, "Room for one more."

I caught my breath and raced back into the house. My bewildered mother told him to drive on without me. The people were amused, and the driver muttered something under his breath and drove on. As my mother drove me to the station, I related to her my dream of the night before. We laughed and joked about it, and soon were talking about my proposed trip.

When I returned from my trip, my mother and father were at the station to meet me. They welcomed me with open arms. Shoving a newspaper under my nose, my dad said, "Maybe this will explain why we are so happy to see you."

Leaping up at me from the page were the words: "SIX PEOPLE AND BABY KILLED IN COLLISION EN ROUTE TO PENN STATION."

1. *The Dream Warning*

B. *The Ghostly Elevator Operator*

Contributed to Mr. Baughman, November 12, 1945, by Marietta Miller who heard it from Mrs. Frank Donaldson. The story was heard in Lebanon, Indiana.

This story was told to me by a middle-aged woman who was giving an account of a true story concerning a dream and its relation to an important incident. This is the dream and the incident as she told it to me:

One of my friends in New York City had this horrible dream one night. She dreamed she was in the downtown section of New York City when suddenly she noticed a funeral procession passing by. It was one of the longest she had ever seen. She particularly noticed the driver of the hearse. He was a tall, rather sharp-featured man who sat very erect in his seat.

The next morning, when she was preparing to go downtown to shop, she recalled the dream she had had the past night.

The image of the driver came clearly into her mind once again, and she continued to think of him as she went to do her shopping. She entered a department store and was ready to step into the elevator when she noticed the operator. He was a tall, sharp-featured man resembling the man in her dream. It startled her, and she hurried to leave the elevator just as the door was closing. The elevator reached the third floor when she heard a screeching sound ending with a crash. The elevator had fallen, and everyone had been killed.

1. *The Dream Warning*

C. *The Ghostly Elevator Operator*

Contributed to Mr. Baughman by Rosemary Taylor, who says about the story: "This is supposedly a true story, told to me by Frances Tolar of Laurel, Mississippi. It took place in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. The girl was Frances' cousin. I heard the story about a year ago."

This happening took place in a small town in southern Mississippi some few years ago. It is still a topic of conversation among the Negroes and sometimes among the whites. There was a small college for girls in this town. New dormitories had been built, but the upper floors of some of the older ones were still occupied. The girl of the story, Margaret, lived on the third floor of one of these old dormitories.

One night Margaret was unable to sleep; so she got up and went to the window. It was a beautiful moonlit night. Directly below her window there was a long black hearse. A man in a long white robe, and with a long, deep scar down the left side of his hideous face, was standing by the side of the hearse, saying slowly, "Going down, going down, going down?" When she awoke the next morning, Margaret thought that it had been just a dream. The same thing happened three nights in succession, but she tried to convince herself that it was only a dream.

Her mother came down a few days later, but Margaret didn't mention the incident to her mother. She would have only said that it was a product of Margaret's imagination. They went into town one afternoon; and, as they started to get on the elevator at the bank, Margaret realized that the elevator operator was the man she had seen those three nights. There was a scar down the left side of his face, and he was saying, "Going down, going down, going down?" Margaret

went into hysterics at this. Her mother, with the help of some people who happened to be at the bank at the time, rushed her around the corner to a drugstore, where she was given a sedative. In a few minutes a man rushed in and said, "Have you all heard? The elevator in the bank just crashed, and everybody on it was killed!"

(A version of this story appeared a few years ago, I believe in the *Reader's Digest*. As I recall it, the printed version has a continental setting and was closer to version C than to versions A or B. I should like to hear from readers who know the story, with as full particulars as possible about when and where and from whom the story was heard. The three versions here given offer interesting evidence of how a single basic motif can be vested with dissimilar background details.—The Editor.)

## 2. *Ghosts Punish Murderess*

Contributed to Mr. Ehrenpreis, December 6, 1945, by Ethel Gensheimer, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

There are many interesting stories about the runaway slaves of the South who came to the Houston mansion in Lawrenceburg. This house was built along the Ohio River across from Kentucky and had a secret underground passageway leading from the basement to the river bank, which the runaway slaves used on their way to freedom. Each runaway slave had a different story to tell my grandfather and his friend who owned the house. My grandfather often repeated these stories to me when I was a small child.

The story that fascinates me most is the one Charles Brown told. He was purchased by Henry and Helen Lee to work on their large plantation. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were an ideal couple, and they treated their slaves well. About a month later Charles and the other slaves began to have queer feelings that something evil was going to happen. At night they would have their mysterious meetings to drive away the evil spirits.

One day as Charles was walking by the window of the house, he heard Mr. and Mrs. Lee quarreling bitterly. He stopped, hypnotized. Mr. Lee's back was toward Mrs. Lee. She was approaching him with a knife. He watched as Mrs. Lee came closer and closer and stabbed him in the back. Mr. Lee screamed and slumped to the floor dead. Charles ran away from the spot. Later he returned to find that Mrs. Lee had charged one of the slaves with the killing of her husband. Charles didn't dare say that he had witnessed the crime. No

one would ever believe him since Mrs. Lee had such a good reputation and since he was only a slave. The accused slave was seized and put in jail. Before he could be brought to trial, he was lynched and hanged.

After that, weird things began to happen. The saying got around that the slave's and Mr. Lee's ghosts were haunting the place and especially Mrs. Lee. Charles claimed that he had actually seen the two ghosts coming down the stairs to the parlor where Mrs. Lee was sitting. She jumped up and stared as the ghosts pointed to the large blood spot on the floor that Mrs. Lee could never destroy, not even by acid. She fainted with fright. After that the two ghosts made regular visits to her. She was on edge all the time and often took her spite out on the slaves. As a result some of them ran away. Mrs. Lee became so nervous that she couldn't control her actions and emotions.

Two months after Mr. Lee's death she committed suicide. She left a will, saying she had killed her husband and that his ghost and the ghost of the innocent slave were tormenting her.

### 3. *Ghost Hands*

Contributed to Mr. Cohen, 1945, by Lenora Jane Edwards.

Daniel Chandler, his wife, and son, Peter, lived in an old mansion just at the outskirts of a town called Margo. Daniel Chandler was a chemist. He spent all of his spare time in a barred room, experimenting on a fluid that had the power to bring the dead to life. Naturally, his family thought nothing of his experiment and let him alone. One day Daniel was stricken with a cold. Continuing with his experiments, he finally collapsed in the laboratory and was put to bed. Knowing that his condition was critical, he asked to speak to his son. He told Peter that he had finally completed his experiment and proceeded to show him the fluid. Daniel wanted Peter to rub the fluid upon his body after his death. He claimed that his life would be restored if his son would do him the favor. Peter was astonished and refused him flatly. The next morning, Daniel Chandler was found dead in his bed, with the bottle of fluid broken between his hands.

A few months after the funeral, Peter heard his mother screaming at the top of her voice. He rushed to her and found that she had seen two "things" scrambling across the floor. Peter assured her that they were probably rats and that the

janitors would catch them. A few nights later, Peter heard his mother screaming again. This time she stated that the two "things" resembled hands. By this time Peter was worried. He swore that he would find them and prove that they were only rats.

That evening the undertaker paid Peter a visit. He told Peter that when he was preparing Daniel Chandler's body he noticed that the hands moved a little. This of course startled Peter, but he remained silent. The undertaker finally left. Peter retired to his room, only to hear his mother screaming again. He ran down to the library and found Mrs. Chandler stone white. She managed to tell him that she saw two hands crawl into the bookcase. Peter sent his mother from the room and began to throw the books from the shelves. The hands were not in the case. All of a sudden Peter felt something crawling up his back. Reaching to his throat, he felt two hands strangling him. They were his father's hands, killing him because he failed to do the favor asked of him. When Daniel died, the fluid spilled just on his hands.

## II. TALL STORIES

### 4. *The Bouncing Bustle*

Contributed to Mr. Cohen, November 20, 1945, by Marian Jordan, who heard it from her father, James S. Jordan, Rensselaer, Indiana.

To this day I can remember sitting on my daddy's knee while he told my sister and me fascinating stories of the things my grandfather had supposedly done when he first came to Indiana—or at least they were fascinating to me then. My sister was not much of a diplomat and she told Dad, "I don't believe your stories."

The story I most distinctly remember is the one about the hillbilly who bought his wife a steel-bone bustle. One day the wife was riding a mule while she was wearing the steel-bone bustle. She fell off the mule, and she bounced up into the air on the steel-bone bustle. She hit the ground harder the second time, and she bounced higher than she had the first time. As it got late she was still hitting the earth and bouncing up so high that it looked as if she would hit the moon. After she had been bouncing up and down for several days, the hillbilly decided that if something was not done she was going to starve