

to death. He felt sorry for her and finally as a last resort he pulled out his gun and shot her.

(The only variant I have seen of this story is one told about the bride of Pecos Bill. Slue Foot Sue insisted on riding Bill's horse, Widow Maker. She bounced for twenty-three nights and twenty-two days before Bill shot her. See Frank Shay, *Here's Audacity* (New York: The Macaulay Company, 1930) 155-157.—The Editor.)

5. *The Snake and the Inner Tube*

Contributed to Mr. Cohen, November 20, 1945, by Dolores Collins, who heard it from Donna Olmstead of Beaver, Pennsylvania.

A family reunion always puts everyone in a mood for reminiscing. Telling stories, true or untrue, seems to delight my family even more than eating. Each tries to top the story told by another. Grandpa, who may be the oldest person there but certainly not the slowest, always gets his story started first:

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in May, and Maggie and I went for a ride in the country. We couldn't depend on the tires on my old car; and, of course, the expected thing happened: the tire gave a bang, and it flattened like a pancake. I jumped out, and to the tune of Maggie's grumbling, I began to change the tire. I was just bending over the blame thing when Maggie screamed, "Frank! Frank! There's a snake!" And sure enough, when I looked on the dirt road about two yards away, there was a coiled snake. I had the inner tube in my hand and the only thing I could think of at the time was to throw it. As I threw the tube, the snake struck. It pierced the tube with its fangs, and the air from the tube went into the snake. The snake got larger and larger; and before we knew what had happened, the snake exploded.

6. *A. Meat for Breakfast*

Contributed to Mr. Ehrenpreis, December 6, 1945, by Patricia Schauder of Dayton, Ohio.

This story of a boyhood experience of one of my favorite neighbors is almost a legend in our neighborhood. The story, as told by him, is as follows:

My father was a horse trader; naturally he expected us boys to follow in his footsteps. When I was fourteen, he gave me my first big job. I had to deliver several horses to a small town some distance from my home. As I was leaving, my

father pushed something into my hand. I glanced down. "Why this must be at least ten dollars," I thought. It was more money than I had ever had in my life.

My new responsibility, the money, made me the happiest, proudest boy in Ohio. But as I went down the dusty road, I began to worry. I took the paper bills out of my pocket and put them carefully in my shoe.

I had to stay overnight in a small inn. Unfortunately, the inn was full, but because I looked so young and scared, the owner managed to find a room for me. I can still see him laughing and hear him teasing. "'Tisn't much, Sonny, but 'tis better than nothin'."

He was right about the room not being much. It was built under the eaves of the roof. In one corner stood a high, old-fashioned kitchen cupboard; in the other corner was a broken-down bed with a hard straw mattress. But I was tired; and so I was thankful even for this.

By this time the money had become a real worry. As soon as the proprietor left the room, I ran to the door to bolt it. There was no bolt! I studied the situation. I stacked all the movable furniture in the room against the door, and after a short debate, I folded the crispy dollars in a newspaper and put the newspaper under my mattress.

I don't know why I woke up; the intruder certainly made no noise. Even the furniture I had stacked against the door made no sound as he pushed it aside. First there was a dim streak of light around the door frame; then slowly it became brighter. I was frozen; I could feel my hair standing straight up; I could not scream or even move. Then I saw the intruder's face—a cruel, oriental face! He carried a knife between his teeth; the candle in his hand caught the gleam of it!

Slowly, on tiptoe, the man came to my bed. He looked down at me intently. I pretended to be asleep. Then he crossed over to the cupboard.

"O Dear Lord," I thought, "he's going to cut me up and put me in that cupboard." I started praying.

He opened the cupboard door. I held my breath. Then from the depths of the cupboard, the oriental drew out a large side of bacon. After cutting off several slices with his knife, he left as silently as he came. I slept well the rest of the night.

6. B. Meat for Breakfast

Contributed to Mr. Baughman, June 22, 1943, by Dean Van Tilbury of Columbia City. He heard the story in 1936 or 1937 in Columbia City.

It was my first trip west, and the first day had seemed long. I heard many strange sounds; and, as evening came, these sounds, evidently from wild animals, became more noticeable. I began to get scared, and I started to look for some place to stay overnight. I was not going to sleep alone on the prairie. After driving a hundred miles or more, I began to really get scared. The night was dark, but finally I saw an old house. It had a sagging door and rotten shutters and broken windows, but I didn't care. I ran to the entrance and knocked. The owner was a queer-looking fellow. He had a large head, and he was very short and stocky. After I had explained why I wanted to stay there, he told me that he was not in the habit of taking in strangers. I realized that I was more afraid of the outdoors than I was of a human being; so I offered to pay him anything he asked. He changed completely then. He got so friendly that I should have noticed the change more than I did. We talked for awhile, and then he showed me the way to my room in the attic. I got in bed and slept until the sun started shining in my eyes from holes in the roof. I stayed in bed, too tired to get up. Then I heard light footsteps on the stairs. I shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep. When I opened them just enough to see through them, I saw the owner of the house standing over me, knife in hand, ready to strike. I knew then why the owner had become so friendly when I mentioned money the night before. I wished I had given him all of it, but it was too late now. The knife made a swish, and the owner cut down a large ham that hung over my bed. It made a good breakfast.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

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.

MICHIGAN STORIES

By E. C. BECK

Continued from volume 6, number 1 (March, 1947), page 40.

Trapping Machine

Chance Buhl, known in Gratiot County, Michigan, had a trapping machine that he used along the Pine river. All Chance did was row. The machine took the muskrats out of the traps, reset the traps, skinned the rats, and stretched the hides. All he did was row.

Smart Dog

Carl Lathrop, of St. Louis, Michigan, had a dog that understood his master perfectly. When Carl had a shotgun, the dog paid attention to nothing but rabbits. When Carl had a rifle the dog never chased a rabbit but confined himself to deer. One day when Carl picked up his fishing poles to go fishing, he found the dog out behind the barn digging bait.

Unusual Muskrat

According to Thomas R. White, of Cedar, Michigan, a Leelanau Frenchman skinned a marsh rabbit (muskrat) and put it in the oven. He wanted to pour off the grease; so after fifteen minutes he looked in the oven. Not a drop of grease was to be seen. He waited fifteen minutes and still no grease. So he peeked in the next time. "And whaddaya think?" questioned Tom White. "That muskrat was licking the grease off itself."

Central Michigan College

Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

AN ILLINOIS REFERENCE TO PAUL BUNYAN

By PHILIP D. JORDAN

That great folk lumberjack, Paul Bunyan, usually confined his Herculean logging to camps from New England, through Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota and on to the camps that dotted Pacific slopes. Of course, he played havoc in Iowa, but, in general, he preferred the north country where the Arctic lights lit his cabins and the crash of landslides was music to his soul. It is seldom that a reference is found in the literature of this woodsman to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The following yarn refers to the last state and therefore is of interest. It is significant for another reason: it clearly demonstrates how the Bunyan tales are constantly expanding geographically. A student of mine, Margorie Holt, got this poem from Walter J. Gries, a man in his sixties, from Negaunee, Michigan. He says the poem has never been published.

Paul Bunyan

Years ago at Teal Lake where the Pines were tall
An ox named Babe and a man named Paul
Went down to the lake on a cold winter's day,
And the ox pawed the hole that made Teal Lake, they say.
Here is the tale of the terrible ox
That drank from the Brule with his feet in the Fox.
Up in Duluth at ninety below
With his face to the south he started to blow;
He raised his head, gave a roaring wheeze,
And Florida froze from a northern breeze.
When they lunched on his back—instead of their bills—
The flies and mosquitos used rotary drills.
At dawn in Bayfield when he roared out his calls,
His mother would answer from Idaho Falls.
They hitched Old Babe to a sled one day
And went to Quebec for a load of hay.
They straddled the straits at St. Marie
And got back to Duluth in time for tea.
Paul started out to log the Silver Lake plains;
Babe busted the yokes and all the chains.
He broke a clevis while westward bound,

And they found the pin on the Puget Sound.
Babe fed up on the Silver Lake hay,
Got wild and woolly and ran away,
Over to Wisconsin and across the bay.
He stopped for nothing in his way.
Paul got ready and braced his feet,
Got hold of his goad and grabbed the seat.
Over the tops of the timber tall
Went Babe with the wagon, logs and all.
He jumped in the lake at Kewaunee
And waded across the Manistee.
Paul kept yelling out "gee" and "haw,"
Till he lost his voice at Mackinaw.
Then he got mad and started to whack
The famous old ox across the back.
With a snort that was heard at Eagle Pass,
Old Babe headed straight for Boston, Mass.
Paul tickled him up in the small of his back
And turned him around at Pontiac.
Babe ran in a circle around the Soo,
And they busted a wheel at Kalamazoo.
Paul grabbed his horns and jumped on his back
And got him lined up for Fond du Lac.
He jumped in the lake at the Ludington dock,
And Paul steered him back to Manitowoc.
Up and down the Wisconsin side,
The ox gave Paul an awful ride.
All along the old lake shore,
He shimmied and bucked till his back got sore.
With his tail up high and a rolling eye,
He made a beeline for Illini.
Then he jumped straight up and shimmied his hide,
Came down on his back and rolled on his side.
Then he reversed while spinning around,
Twice in the air to once on the ground.
He would "hottchie-kotch" and cross his feet,
And the rumpus was heard here on Main Street.
He tossed Paul up at Belvidere,
Right into the bay near West DePere.
Paul chased him around for a thousand miles
And cornered him up at the Apostle Isles.

He was chewing his cud with a bale of hay,
 And seemed glad to get home on the Teal Lake way.
 This is the tale of the terrible ox
 That drank from the Brule with his feet in the Fox.

University of Minnesota

Minneapolis, Minnesota

A CIVIL WAR SONG

By CAROLINE DUNN

Salvaged from a paper drive, there came into the Indiana Historical Society Library recently an old sheet of notepaper, with an embossed patriotic emblem in the upper corner and a band of red along the top edge and of blue along the righthand margin, on which are written the words of a song "By Eb (or E. C.?) Harbert, 1st Battalion, Pioneer Brigade, Army of the Cumberland," to be sung to the tune "Happy Land of Canaan." The author is surely Ebenezer Harbert, private in the 70th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, who was mustered into service at Franklin, Indiana, August 8, 1862, and transferred to the Engineer Corps, August 10, 1864. A sketch of Ebenezer Harbert in a history of Johnson county tells of his Civil War service, saying he was "detailed into the Pioneer Corps of the Army of the Cumberland," and states that he is a writer who "has contributed numerous poems to the Franklin *Republican*," and has "written many songs of merit."

The song tells of the successes of the northern army in the campaign of Stone River, during the last days of December, 1862. As a part of the Army of the Cumberland at this time there was created a Pioneer Brigade, formed by a detail of two men from each company of infantry. It was commanded by Capt. St. Clair Morton, of the Engineer Department, U. S. Army, and to it was attached the battery recruited by the Chicago Board of Trade.

Ye Union folks, I pray,
 Give ear to what I say,
 I will tell you how we give the rebs a training
 From Murfreesboro, Tennessee,
 Gen. Bragg was forced to flee
 Double quick from the Happy Land of Canaan.

Chorus

Oh, oh, oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
The secesh tribe is a pining
Oh never mind the weather,
For we whipped them at Stone River,
And drove them from the Happy Land of Canaan.

When General Rosecrans
On the rebels did advance
They stood their ground awhile without complaining
But after five days' fight
They skedaddled in the night
In disorder from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The Union troops fought well,
At every shot a rebel fell;
Their tory blood the sandy soil was staining.
They charged with hideous yells,
But our canister and shells
Sent them flying from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The Texan Rangers made
A charge upon the Board of Trade,
They thought to capture it by hard straining,
But its canister and shell
Made their drunken columns reel
As they retreated from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The Pioneer Brigade,
Close to the ground it laid,
While the missiles from the rebels' guns were raining
We wisely held our fire
Till the sesech came up nigher,
Then we blowed them from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The William Henry Smith Memorial Library
Indianapolis, Indiana

INDIANA MONSTERS

By NELLIE M. COATS

Your note about the Indiana monster reminds me that George Winter, an Englishman who painted portraits and Indians and Indian villages between 1830-1870 in Indiana (his wonderfully illustrated journal is in the Tippecanoe County Historical Association museum on deposit) has a painting of a sea monster in Lake Manitou.

Indiana State Library

Indianapolis, Indiana

ANOTHER INDIANA MONSTER STORY

By WM. MARION MILLER

A recent article in *Hoosier Folklore* brought back to my mind the story of an Indiana monster I had heard some thirty-five years ago. Whether it is a bit of real folklore or just a plain lie on the part of the teller I have never fathomed. Perhaps some reader of this journal can clear up this doubt in my mind once he has read this story.

Some forty or more years ago a family moved from near Terre Haute into our community in southwestern Ohio. The father of the family soon earned for himself the reputation of being more or less of a liar—and a very picturesque one he was—and general reprobate in some respects. His stories, however, were very entertaining and much more interesting than many true ones we heard; even those who looked down their noses at his way of life enjoyed his wild tales. The one I am about to tell I remember hearing one day during a sudden storm while we were threshing. We field workers took refuge under a tree, and our friend provided us with more or less impromptu entertainment which we enjoyed more than the hard work of the harvest.

Somehow or other the conversation had turned on hunting snakes, and our friend told us of an experience he had had in "Indiandy" when he was a boy many years before. Rumors had come in regarding an enormous snake in the swamp near where he was living. The men decided that something must be done about this potentially dangerous monster, and a hunt was organized. After much searching through the muck and mire and beating of the brush they were rewarded for their efforts.

Suddenly, and before anyone was expecting it, their prey revealed itself before their astonished eyes; only its head was visible, but it was enough to fill with dismay and fear the stoutest heart among them. The head was, so we were told, as big as a nail keg, with flashing eyes and gleaming fangs; and the scaly body was in proportion. The onlookers were petrified with fear and remained rooted to their places, not daring to lift a hand, raise a gun, or utter a cry. After doing what any self-respecting snake would do when at bay—hissing and showing its long and glistening teeth—it lowered its head and slithered away, leaving in its wake a path resembling the depression made by a large field tile were it pressed down into the mud. Our friend told us that the snake was never seen again, but that folk in that region of "Indiandy" still told the tale and lived in fear of the terrible beast.

Can any of this journal's readers recall this story or add anything to it? I hope some one can.

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

PROVERBS FROM RUSHVILLE, INDIANA

By A. L. GARY

Following are a few of the local statements as well as some that have been handed down which have been used in this community:

1. The nearest is the furdest (a brief way of saying the longest way round is the shortest way home).
2. It is safest to cross in front of a mule and behind an automobile.
3. Short visits make long friends.
4. That's a horse of a different color.
5. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
6. A fool and his money are soon parted.
7. Once a man, twice a boy.
8. Let sleeping dogs lie.
9. A barking dog never bites.
10. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place (it isn't necessary).
11. He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.
12. A balky horse, a nagging wife and a foul carburetor tries one's religion.

Rushville, Indiana

CHILDREN'S RHYMES

By NELLIE M. COATS

Is there a name for the following rhymes? All but the last two involve a spelling. The last one is a comment on a weather rhyme given by Mr. Howard H. Peckham in the December, 1946, number of this quarterly.

1.

Contributed by Paul Weer, Indianapolis:

Cin, Cinn,
A needle and a pin,
A skinny and a fatty;
And that's the way to spell Cincinnati.

2.

Contributed by Paul Weer:

A bottle and a cork,
A jug and a fork,
And that's the way to spell New York.

3.

Contributed by Mrs. Shell, Indianapolis:

C N O
And a Con Stant Toe
And a Nople and a Pople
And a Constantinople.

4.

Contributed by Mrs. Shell:

Take one O,
Take two O,
Take three O,
Take four O,
Spell potato.

5.

Contributed by Louise Sturdevant, Indianapolis, from Pennsylvania via Nebraska, and by Howard H. Peckham, Indianapolis and Michigan:

H U huckle
B U buckle
H U huckle i
B U huckle—E U buckle
Huckleberry pie.

6.

Contributed by Louise Sturdevant:

P U double unkin
 P U double i
 P U double unkin
 Punkin pie.

7.

Miss Sturdevant also has from Pennsylvania this version of a verse counted out on a baby's toes:

Little Penny (pianissimo)
 Penny Lou (louder)
 Louly Whistle (louder)
 Molly Wassel (louder)
 Great big Gobble (louder)
 Gobble Gobble (fortissimo)

8.

Mr. Peckham's weather rhyme "ain't the way I heard it." My mother said it this way (her people came from Virginia). It scans better, anyway.

Red sky at night
 Sailor's delight.
 Red sky in the morning
 Sailor's warning.

Indiana State Library

Indianapolis, Indiana

THE HUNTING EXPEDITION

By DAVID S. MCINTOSH

I heard the story about the brave Indian who went hunting, several years ago, from Mr. Harold J. Kuebler, assistant Regional Secretary of the National Council of Student Christian Association. My son heard the story this past summer at the older boys' camp at Camp Minewanica near New Era, Michigan.

As the story begins the listeners should be encouraged to imitate the actions of the story-teller. The first part should be told in a matter-of-fact way, saving the excitement for the last part.

Once there was a brave Indian who decided that he would go out hunting for bear. So he got his shotgun and left, left his cabin, went out and walked across the level plain. (Here

the story-teller pats his hands on his thighs to give the rhythm of the walk.) Finally he comes to a hill which he climbs slowly. (The speed of slapping hands on the thighs is slowed down to indicate the effort of going up the hill.) When he finally gets to the top of the hill he stops (Indian puts his hand to his forehead to shade his eyes) and looks all around for bear; he doesn't see any bear; so he starts down the mountain. (Speed up the slapping of the hands as he goes down the hill.) When he gets down to the bottom, he walks across the level plain. (Slow down the speed of slapping hands on thighs.) After a bit he comes to a river which has a bridge across it so he walks across the bridge. (Pound fists on chest to indicate walking across the bridge.) When he gets on the other side he walks across a level plain. (Slapping hands on thigh as before.) After a bit he comes to another hill which he climbs. (Slow down and indicate effort by actions.) Finally he comes to the top of the hill, stops, shades his eyes, looks all around for bear, doesn't see any bear, so he goes down the hill. (Speed up slapping of hands on thighs as before.) He gets down the hill and comes to another level stretch of ground. (Slow down speed of slapping hands.) Finally he comes to a river, another river; this doesn't have a bridge across it so he has to swim across this. (Swimming motion, rub hands back and forth together to indicate the swish of the water.) Finally he gets to the other side, walks across a level plain (action as before), comes to another hill which he climbs. (Slow action as before.) Finally he gets to the top of this hill, stops, shades his eyes and looks all around. He sees a bear.¹ He drops his shotgun, runs down the hill, across the plain, swims through the river, crosses the plain, up the hill, stops and shades his eyes, looks all around, goes on down the hill, runs across the plain, comes to the river and goes across the bridge. He runs across the plain, climbs up the hill, stops, looks all around, runs down the hill, across the plain and into the house and shuts the door and yells. (Move hand back and forth before mouth to give Indian yell.)

Southern Illinois Normal University Carbondale, Illinois

¹ The story-teller shows great excitement at this point and to the end, the story and action moving as rapidly as possible.

(Prof. McIntosh told this story to the group at a Folklore Institute picnic one night last summer and had to repeat it every night for the rest of his stay.—The Editor.)

ANOTHER VANISHING HITCHHIKER STORY

By WM. MARION MILLER

Recently a student in one of my classes told me a vanishing hitchhiker story that her father had picked up recently. Here it is:

The story is laid in Brown County, Indiana—the exact point within the county is unknown. Two men in a car were passing a lonely cemetery late one night (not a rainy one) when they saw a white-robed figure thumbing a ride some distance down the road. They stopped, a beautiful young girl got into the unoccupied rear seat. They asked her where she wanted to go, and she asked them to let her out at a farmhouse about two miles down the road. Leaving the girl, who seemed reticent about herself, to her own devices, they sped on their way and brought their car to a halt at the girl's destination. Turning around to open the door, they discovered that their fair passenger had vanished without a trace—how and where they knew not. Apparently believing that such eerie goings-on had best be kept secret, the men decided to tell no one of their experience and went on their way.

Some weeks later two other men had exactly the same experience under identical circumstances. But these men went to the house, knocked, and told their story to the woman who came to the door. She told them that their description of their ghostly rider tallied with that of her daughter, who had died some years before and who was buried in the cemetery they had passed. The dead girl had not come to the house, however; nor had the mother ever heard such a story about her deceased daughter.

Seemingly the first two men who had decided never to reveal their experience decided to tell a friend of this ghostly encounter. The friend promised not to reveal what he had just heard from their lips. The second two, as chance would have it, also told their story to this same man. He decided that something should be done about the matter and called the four men together without revealing why he wanted to see them. Once civilities had been exchanged, he told his two stories and invited his guests to exchange reminiscences. They agreed in all details—time, place, description, manner of disappearance, etc. Somehow or other the story got out and was told to the father of one of my students who told it to me.

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

THE HITCHHIKING GHOST

By ERNEST W. BAUGHMAN

In spite of the rash of vanishing hitchhiker stories which have appeared, I feel that the unusual background details of the one which follows warrant its publication to help fill out the record.

It was contributed to me as a theme assignment by Victoria Wilson of Watseka, Illinois, March 22, 1945. Miss Wilson had this to say about the story: "The story-teller was John Wilson, my grandfather, who would be eighty-nine years old now if he were still living. He lived in Watseka, Illinois, and was about twenty years old when this happened. I've never heard it from him directly, but he used to tell my father the story many times. My father told it to me first when I was about eight years old."

The story of the hitchhiking ghost has been told many times. The version of this tale that I have heard has been handed down through our family and is now almost legendary. The incident occurred as my grandfather Wilson was driving his horse-drawn carriage along a road near Watseka, Illinois. John Wilson was a spiritualist and had just attended a meeting in town.

As he drove toward his home he was deep in thought over the happenings of the evening and was thinking about its success. He approached the farmhouse of a friend; and, as he started to pass by, he thought he heard a voice hailing him. Thinking that perhaps his friend needed help, he stopped the carriage.

He heard the voice again and noticed for the first time the figure of a woman coming toward him from the edge of the road. She asked if she might ride to a neighboring farm with him; and, although he was quite surprised by the request, he consented. His attempts to talk with the stranger failed miserably as she did not seem to want to talk.

When they reached the farm which she had mentioned, she stood up in the carriage, as if unwilling to lose a moment. Grandfather reined in the horse and started to help her out of the carriage; by that time she was already out on the road and starting toward the barn. He watched her, fascinated, until she disappeared.

The next day he mentioned the incident to his hired man, who was a native of that region. The fellow told him that

each year on that particular night the same woman was picked up by a passing traveler. She was the ghost of a woman who had been murdered twenty years previously. She had lived at the farm where Grandfather had first seen her; her body had been buried in the cement foundation of the barn to which she had returned.

(For a variant and references see *HF*, vol. 5 (March, 1946), p. 40.)
 Indiana University Bloomington, Indiana

A NOTE ON TOUCHING THE DEAD

In the March, 1947, number of this quarterly the last entry in the article by Mrs. Busse is as follows: "Touch the face of the dead and you will not dream about them." Recently while reading *Folk-Lore* I came across mentions of this same belief in London, England. In both instances the contributors remembered their first experiences with the belief when, as children, they were required to comply with the custom. The references are: *Folk-Lore* 10: 243-244; 477, 1899.

The Editor

QUERIES

By FRANCES J. BAUGHMAN

The grade school children at Lincolnville and at South Whitley, Indiana, used this elaborate and nonsensical greeting to call to someone a considerable distance away. It was said as rapidly as possible, with the accent on the capitalized syllables.

"HIP ta minnie go sock to boom tee la tee a tee i tee YOO-HOO!" Can readers of this quarterly supply other crazy greetings?

The other query is about a cadence count used by high school students for keeping step when a group walked together. The part I remember went like this:

Left, left,

I left my wife and forty-nine kids.

That's right, right . . .

Does anyone remember all of this particular cadence count or other forms of cadence counts?

Bloomington, Indiana

A QUERY ABOUT THE HORSEHAIR SNAKE

By LOUISE G. WILLIAMS

Can anyone tell us anything about the origin of the old belief concerning the "horsehair snake"? One is supposed to place a hair from the tail of a horse into a tub of rain water in the dark of the moon. Before the dark of the next moon it will turn into a real live snake.

One of the boys is having quite a discussion with an old timer in his neighborhood and would like to prove him wrong.

Ben Davis High School

Indianapolis, Indiana

BOOK REVIEWS

Jonathan Draws the Long Bow, Richard M. Dorson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1946. 274 pages. \$4.50.

This is a book for both the practicing folklorist and for the general reader. The specialist will buy it because he needs and likes it; the general reader will like it so well that he will want to own it.

These New England tales have an extraordinary range in time, type and style: from the seventeenth century to the present; from the early prevarications of explorers and travelers to the asininity of the little moron. There are witch tales, devil tales, stories of ghosts and other remarkable spirits, tall tales, sells, local legends, and literary folk tales. Then there are the Yankee yarns—of bumpkins, sharp traders, tricksters, and bashful swains.

The real service that Mr. Dorson has done for us is the searching out and reissuing of tales buried in print. From county and town histories, from newspapers of all periods but chiefly from the pre-Civil War newspapers, from collections of legends, and from literary works, Mr. Dorson has put together a remarkable body of narratives, all current before 1900 in either printed or oral form. A random sampling of the dates when the stories were printed in the form Mr. Dorson quotes runs as follows: 1889, 1847, 1851, 1864, 1767, 1833, 1841, and so on. As a matter of fact all of the above dates are taken from the group of tall stories, a type which, incidentally, received

very little serious attention from folklore scholars before the second quarter of the twentieth century. The bibliographical data given in the book is invaluable to the specialist.

The section called Yankee Yarns probably presents the Yankee character—or perhaps I should say the Yankee caricature—more clearly than any other section. Here we have the stories of the Yankees as we have always heard of them: the sharp and the dull, the inquisitive and the taciturn, the loquacious and the laconic, the clever and the foolish, the lazy and the industrious. To labor the pairings further would be fruitless, because everyone knows what a Yankee is. If anyone doesn't know, he will when he has read the stories and the fine introduction to this section.

Another service for which the student of folklore can thank Mr. Dorson is his reprinting of what he calls literary folktales: authentic folktales used by literary craftsmen in novels, poems, and sketches. Here for example we find the story of the breathing tree—so full of 'coons, mice, or bees, that every time the animals inhale (in unison, naturally) a split in the tree opens to make room for expansion. If this tale seems familiar, reread the variants in *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin*, 1:14 52-53, and 66. The date of this story in *Jonathan Draws the Long Bow* is 1846. Here also is the story of the obstinate wife ("scissors"), and also the story of the chronic liar who repents in church and adds that he has shed barrels and barrels of tears while thinking about his weakness. This last story is also credited to "Oregon" Smith, who once lived in Bloomington, Indiana.

This book is full of surprises, and it is full of a great deal of fun. While this is a book of New England folktales, that is, tales which have their locale, main character, or place of publication in New England, it is also a book about the whole country—tales and Yankees being the ubiquitous phenomena they are.

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RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Adventures of a Ballad Hunter, John A. Lomax. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$3.75.

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STANDARD ABBREVIATIONS OF PERIODICALS REFERRED TO IN NOTES AND ARTICLES

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