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FOLKLORE

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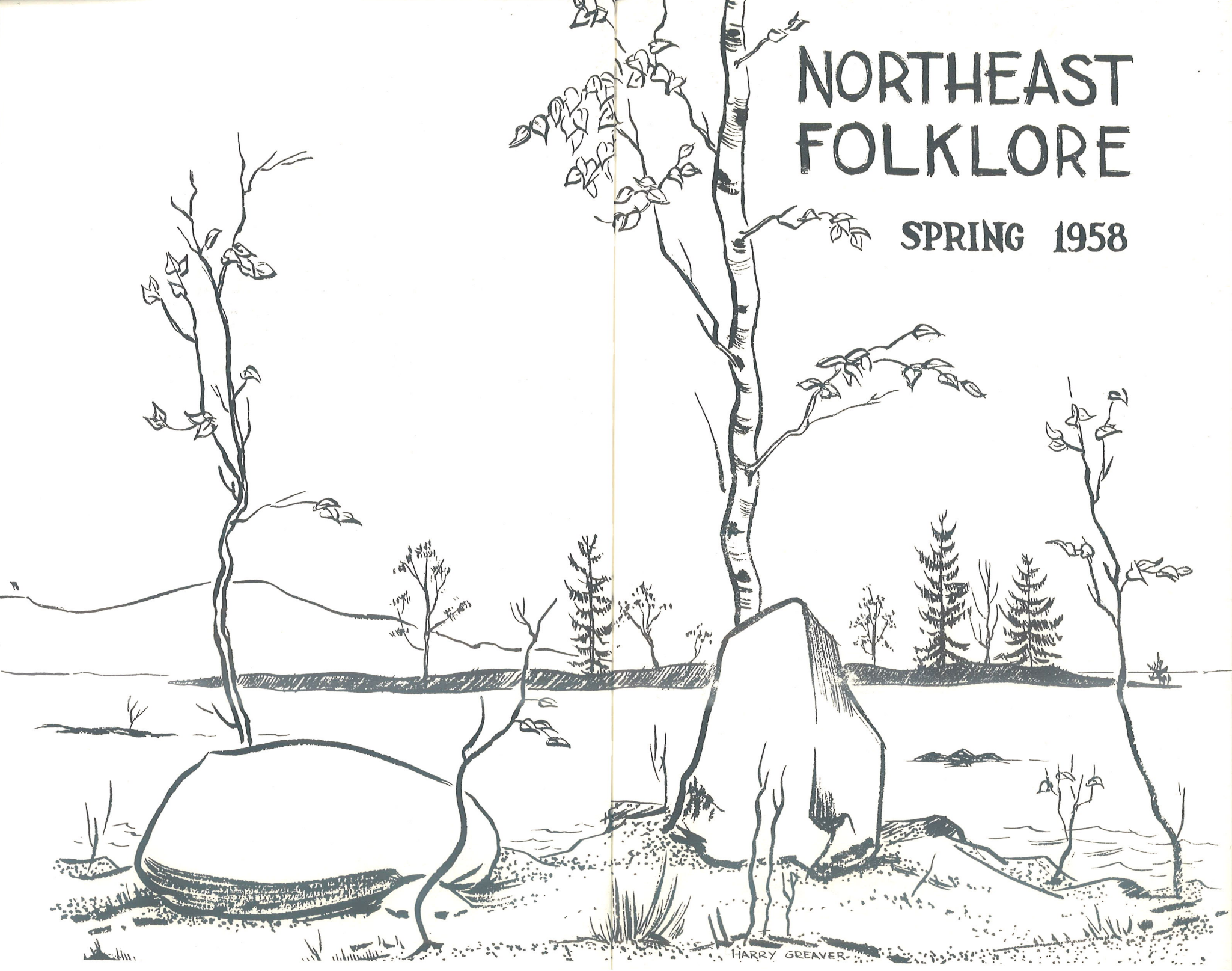
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HARRY GREAVER

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THE NORTHEAST FOLKLORE SOCIETY

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The editors will welcome contributions of material-- anything from full-length studies to short notes, queries, and paragraphs giving single songs or reports of individual tales and legends.

MISHAPS OF A MAINE LOBSTERMAN

by Richard M. Dorson

During a three-weeks field trip to Jonesport, high on the Maine coast, in July, 1956,¹ I speedily heard about "Uncle Curt" Morse, a humorist of considerable local reputation. Curt lived at the end of the country road in Kennebec, but spent every afternoon in nearby Machias, the county seat, idling along the main street and joking with his many friends. He belonged to the lobstering and clamming culture of the Maine coast and islands, and at seventy still went digging for clams of mornings. In the end I recorded sixty-one tales from Curt, the majority humorous anecdotes and tall tales, including some international types, but local legends too. Curt relishes his role as wag and raconteur, and both his delivery and repertoire reflect his accustomed role as entertainer for the fisherfolk along the coast.

The present group of his stories purport to be true experiences, wry, rueful, and ludicrous, that befell Curt, and are related with touches and flourishes that have clearly proved successful before his local audiences over the years. The first and longest one in particular shows conscious structuring, as Curt tells his fishing cronies of mishaps on an inland trip to the alien culture of the potato country where people travel by automobile. Comic personal experiences are seldom collected in the United States, and I have selected the following tales as characteristic of the form. Curt also tells as personal adventures common tall tales, but I exclude here stories with well-known parallels.²

DIGGING POTATOES IN AROOSTOOK COUNTY

Dorson: Then there was a funny experience you were telling, Curt, about the time you went to Aroostook County to get some potatoes--big potatoes.

Curt Morse: Well, it was kind of slack time in the lobster fishing. There wasn't many lobsters anyhow. Fellow lived just a little ways from me had an old Model-T Ford. He wanted me to go up to Aroostook County with him and pick up potatoes. Well I didn't think much of it, but after a while he talked so much I told him we'd start. So in the morning, the next morning, he come down and got me aboard. We started off.

She was running pretty good, one of those old-fashioned Model T's. We got over to Princeton, there was something in the starter knocking. I thought there might be a fella under

of bushels a-planting. I told him, I says, "I betcha five dollars that I can pick more potatoes tomorrow than you can." He says, "You're wrong." So the next day just as day was breaking, we started in. That night I had eighty-seven barrels and he had a hundred and four. He took my four dollars and that next night we laid in the field bed and in the morning I put my stockings on somebody else's feet--I was stone dead. I even tried short-waisted corsets and it was no good. I never got nothing after that. Fact, I ain't eaten fifteen pounds of potatoes since, about twenty-five or thirty years.

Dorson: I guess the moral of that story is, a lobster fisherman should never go picking potatoes.

Curt Morse: Oh no, no, never never leave your job and start something new.

Eva Hall: Don't forget to mention about the sore finger that he got.

Curt Morse: Oh yes, well the fun of it was, that while we's up there, this this fella was--I think he was marked to be a billy goat because he was covered with reddish hair: fingers, arms, head, neck and all, and the potato mud had cracked his fingers. So there was an old lady up there and she said if he put a piece of yarn in each joint of his fingers and tie a bow knot on the back of 'em, heal 'em right up. So-- it did look kinda funny, so when we was eating supper and I told Maury, the fellow I was with, I said, "You know where I come from, everybody when they sit down to eat usually takes their mitten off." The old fella of the place there, the old farmer, got an awful kick out of it anyhow.

FOOLING THE CITY FELLOWS³

Dorson: Then you had another experience, Curt, when you made those city fellows believe you were hauling an anchor.

Curt Morse: Oh yeah, well there wasn't much to that, but it was a big anchor, at least it looked a big anchor. Anyhow, I was hauling traps and I got it caught on one of my traps and I hauled it up and so I couldn't hold it and get it aboard too so I had to get another fellow to help me. I took it ashore and it had corroded over with rust and stuff from the ocean bed so it looked like about a ten-ton anchor. It was perfect anyhow, rust color.

So I had it down on the shore by my camp and there was a couple of guys come down from New York and they had some lobsters and had 'em cooked and was looking at that anchor. Well when we got ready for the house--actually the anchor

itself didn't weigh over seventy-five pounds--when we got ready for the house I thought I'd take it along with me up to the house. So I put it on my shoulder and these guys kept looking at me and looking at me, got to arguing about the heft. One fella said, at least he'd bet a dollar it would weigh eight ton. We got up the house and I laid it down and the fella says, "Well just why'd ya bring that anchor up the house with that much heft, mister?" Well I says, "The heft don't 'mount to much." I said, "When I see a heavy storm coming up, I always take my boat under the other arm."

Well when I dried off and I knocked the stuff off it, it didn't weigh over seventy-five pounds. It was just the corrodng on it, don't you know, that it looked like a big anchor. It was a big anchor by the looks of it. Well I got a kick out of it and I guess they did, and they went off arguing about the anchor. They was going to have it put in a New York paper: "A Man Lugging A Ten Ton Anchor, up Across A Field."

Dorson: Didn't one of them say if the sand was soft you couldn't---

Curt Morse: Oh yes, the fella says to the other fella, "If that land hadn't been dry and hard, he'd never got up there because he'd sunk in to his knees with that much heft on his back."

CURT VISITS THE INSANE ASYLUM AT BANGOR

Dorson: Then you had another funny experience, Curt, when you were in the insane asylum up at Bangor?

Curt Morse: Oh yes, I went up to that darn place up there called the insane asylum. I was in Bangor and I thought I'd call up and see an old fella, a neighbor of ours that they'd sent up there. I don't know much about it anyhow, but there was a couple of guards had some fellas out along there with pruning shears and sickles and different things that they had in their hands, cutting the grass around the bushes. So this big fella, black whiskers, he had a sickle. And he looked at me and I thought he looked pretty wild, and he started after me on the run and I started running. And I was scairt. So I caught my toe and fell down and I could almost feel that sickle around me neck, and he says, "Tag!" And the guards come and get him and I never did get up to that darn place.

CURT WINS A RAFFLE⁴

Dorson: What was the time you won a horse on a raffle?

Curt Morse: Oh an old fella down here had a horse up on tickets and they wanted me to take a ticket, it was twenty-five cents a ticket, so I took a ticket; number one, I never will forget it. Oh, week or ten days afterward, sent me to come up and get the horse, that I'd won him. So when I got up there the next morning, I had a halter with me and everything to lead him down home, the horse was dead. Damn thing had died that night and it cost me five dollars to get him hauled off and buried. I have the darndest luck on that stuff.

CURT PLAYS CROQUET

Dorson: Now what was that one time you were in the croquet game, you were telling me about?

Curt Morse: Oh, that's the time that the Kennebec boys here played Roche Bluff. Of course we were all poor and we didn't have any bats, or balls, or gloves, or anything like that, so we made our bats out of yellow birch--you know we got 'em green, to make them heavier and tougher. So we knocked all the old yarn balls to pieces we had around there.

So Roche Bluff wanted to play us a game one afternoon and we didn't have no balls that we could play with, so I said I'd fix it. So I went down to an old lady called Aunt Nettie Bryant and I stole a couple of her croquet balls. And boy, would they smart when they hit your hand. Well, I never could see very good, see anything coming at me. So this Maury Watts, a big two-hundred-and-forty pounder, picked that ball off the end that yellow birch stake bat, and I didn't see it coming, never landed, or never struck a thing till it hit me right on my Adam's apple here. I passed out, and I don't know how the game came out. Because according to experienced fact I been scared of a ball game ever since.

Dorson: You never played croquet since?

Curt Morse: No, I don't want to talk about it.

CURT MEETS HIS TRUE LOVE⁵

Dorson: Now you were telling me when you were a kid you were supposed to be able to find out who you are going to marry with a ball of yarn.

Curt Morse: Oh yes, yes, yes. Well, they said that if you wanted to find out who you was gonna marry, why you go upstairs and drop a ball of yarn out of the window and wind it up and say, "Whoever I'm to marry," you know, "follow this yarn to me." Something like that. So they'd throw the ball of yarn out of the window and when she wound it all back again, on the end of it the fellow she was going to marry was supposed to be coming up the stairs holding on the end of the yarn. But that was one those witch stories there, I don't know.

Dorson: You tried it one time with a mirror?

Curt Morse: Oh, I tried it one time with a mirror, yes. I never was so scared in my life.

Dorson: What happened?

Curt Morse: I sneaked down in the cellar one night twelve o'clock. They'd been talking about it. So I took a little piece of a looking glass and I went down in the cellar, twelve o'clock alone. It was quiet, dark down there, and I was scared anyhow. And I just said

"Who are my true love's-to-be,
Look over my shoulder in this mirror to me."

Well, before I got "me," the tomcat jumped on the potato bin and I darn near fainted away. I don't know how much proof that was. /A comic reference to his wife, whom Curt calls "Dynamite because she blows up so much./

FOOTNOTES

1. A preliminary report on this trip has been published, "Collecting Folklore in Jonesport, Maine," Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, LI (June, 1957), 270-289.

2. These texts were recorded in the home of Curt's daughter, Mrs. Eva Hall, in Kennebec, on an Ampex tape-recorder. A grant from the American Philosophical Society defrayed expenses of the trip.

3. The theme of the "native" taking in the supercilious city tourist has today largely replaced the nineteenth-century

stock anecdotes of city sharpers gulling country bumpkins who come to town.

4. A yarn about a dead horse auctioned off, to save the owner the price of his burial (\$2.50), is cited by Norris W. Yates, William T. Porter and the "Spirit of the Times," (Baton Rouge, 1957), p. 160, from the New York Spirit of the Times, XI (1841), 500-501, "A Horse Story," credited to the New Orleans Picayune.

5. A popular divination belief underlies this yarn. See Harry M. Hyatt, Folk-Lore from Adams County Illinois (New York, 1935), p. 346, nos. 6992 and 6993, for finding one's future mate with a ball of yarn. For discovering your sweetheart with a mirror, see Ray W. Browne, Popular Beliefs and Practices from Alabama (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1958), p. 169, no. 2934.

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MAINE WINTER MENUS: A STUDY IN INGENUITY

by Miriam B. Webster

New England traditional cooking is famous. Boston-baked beans, Indian pudding, fish cakes and other old New England dishes have been made famous by specialty restaurants and nostalgic cookbooks. The skill of real New England cooking is not lost, least of all in Maine. Young women, as well as their mothers and grandmothers, are still baking savory baked beans (though they may bake them in electric ovens) and putting up shelves of preserves every fall. The traditional New England dishes are a way of life, proof of the Yankee ability to make a good life out of very little.

Housewives utilized what they could keep on hand in an area where the winters are long. The diet managed to be exceptionally well-balanced, and since the food was so well prepared, the meals were not monotonous. Generations of New England farmers have expected their wives to cook the same menus as their mothers, and with the same skill. Grace Limeburner, in the fascinating monograph How Aunt Wealthy Learned to Cook, describes the cooking lessons given to one ten-year-old girl in Maine before the Civil War. Wealthy was taught the basic dishes "to keep a man from starving." First

was breakfast: coffee, biscuits, johnny cake, fried eggs and potato, and doughnuts. Then came baked beans and brown bread, boiled dinner (corned beef, potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and cabbage--the mother of "red flannel hash"), pie, gingerbread, cookies, curd cheese and tea. Each dish was prepared until it came out perfectly to Wealthy's grandmother's taste. The pantry had to be kept neat, the stove fired, and the dishes washed afterward.

Since the season of fresh berries and vegetables is short, the most famous New England foods are winter stores. In the fall a family stored pumpkins, squash, nuts, dried beans, dried apples, and corn in the attic or the dry "back bedroom." In the root cellar were turnips, parsnips, carrots, potatoes, apples and cabbages. The women--mother, grandmother and aunts--"put up" jellies, conserves, catsup, and pickles. Minced meat was stored in a crock in the shed or summer kitchen. Crock in the cellar contained sauerkraut, pickled hams, corned beef and salt pork.

Christmas always featured these plentiful laid-in stores: pumpkin, apple and mince pies; squash, apples, potatoes, and sweet cider, as well as game taken in the fall. As the winter wore on, New England mothers made a fantastic array of apple dishes and worked wonders with corn meal, molasses and eggs. There were "jolly boys" (corn meal fritters), gingerbreads, steamed puddings, brown bread, pancakes, and corn breads. The famous Indian pudding is merely corn-meal, milk, molasses and spices baked for hours. Brown bread is a steamed bread of corn meal, rye flour, wheat flour, molasses and raisins. Most old recipes use molasses as a sweetener in place of sugar. My grandmother remembers her family using maple sugar in place of white sugar.

Early spring was the real test of a housewife's ingenuity. Winter stores were used up or went bad by March or April. The dried apples took the place of the fresh apples, and were not an entirely satisfactory substitute. To satisfy a family who consumed perhaps a pie a day, New England women came up with an assortment of "nothing-much-in-the-house" pies. Mr. John Gould in Farmer Takes a Wife (1945) tells a delightful story about the end-of-the-winter pie situation and his wife's solution to it, vinegar pie. Mr. Gould gives two different vinegar pie recipes; the second is one I know well. I would call it more flatteringly mock-lemon pie, although I have never heard it called that. It is a cream pie, the kind one puts in a baked pie shell and covers with meringue, with vinegar as a flavoring. The other recipe which Mr. Gould gives is a firm two-crust pie filling, flavored with nutmeg. Much like this is butter pie, marked "very good" in my grandmother's

recipe book.

Raisins made a good fill-in ingredient. New England children all grew up on raisin tarts or raisin filled cookies. My favorite recipe of all is sour cream pie, a delicious combination of raisins, sour cream, eggs, and spices. This was probably invented by a thrifty farm wife who had an over abundance of cream in hot weather. However it could be made when other pie fillings were short, and it is good enough for the most competitive church supper. An economy version can be made with sour milk.

The real prize for ingenuity should go, I think, to the inventor of mock mince pie, not to be confused with mock mincemeat or green tomato mincemeat. My husband says this is going too far, but he is neither a New Englander nor a pie lover. This recipe I copied from the 1918 edition of The Boston Cooking School Cook Book by Fannie Farmer.

Four common crackers, rolled
1½ cups sugar
1 cup molasses
1/3 cup lemon juice or vinegar
1 cup raisins seeded and chopped
½ cup butter
2 eggs well beaten
spices

Mix ingredients in order given, adding spices to taste. Bake between two crusts. This will make two pies.

Who dares say Americans aren't inspired cooks? At least they have the heritage to be.

R.F.D. 1
Bangor, Maine

"YOUNG JIMMY FOULGER:" A HITHERTO UNRECORDED BALLAD
IN THE NORTHEAST

by Edward D. Ives

On June 7, 1957, Spurgeon Allaby of Passekeag, New Brunswick, sang for me the stirring ballad of "Young Jimmy Foulger." I give it here with its tune (I am indebted to Professor William Sleeper of the University of Maine Music Department for his transcription of the tune):

Oh it's dis-tant far dis-tant lies a young Scottish brave, No tomb-
stone nor monument to decorate his grave, For his body lies a-
moldering in the rude soil of Spain, Where young Jimmy Foulger in
battle was slain.

The image shows a musical score for a ballad. It consists of four staves of music in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff ends with a double bar line, and the second staff continues the melody. The third staff ends with a double bar line, and the fourth staff continues the melody. The lyrics are: "Oh it's dis-tant far dis-tant lies a young Scottish brave, No tomb-stone nor monument to decorate his grave, For his body lies a-moldering in the rude soil of Spain, Where young Jimmy Foulger in battle was slain."

1. Oh, it's distant, far distant lies a young Scottish brave,
No tombstone nor monument to decorate his grave;
For his body lies a-moldering in the rude soil of Spain,
Where young Jimmy Foulger in battle was slain.
2. On the morning of the battle the bugles did sound;
The captain gave his orders as they formed on the ground:
'Twas to storm Bridges Castle before it was day,
And young Jimmy Foulger to lead us the way.
3. It was climbing up the ladder and scaling the wall,
A bullet from the French caused young Foulger to fall;
He raised his right hand unto his breast,
And to his companions these words he addressed:

4. "Here's to you, Robert Peary, as we form on the plain;
If ever you return to old Scotland again,
Tell my poor aged mother for me not to mourn,
For I'm wounded in battle and will never return.
5. "If I had a drink of water from that old Scottish well,
My wounds they would heal and my fever would quell;
But life's crimson fountain is flowing so fast
That young Jimmy Foulger will soon breathe his last."

On June 12, five days later and over one hundred and fifty miles to the north, I found the same song in the manuscript book of John A. Jamieson of East Bathurst, New Brunswick. Mr. Jamieson also sang the tune for me, and his tune was almost identical with Mr. Allaby's. I give his text, literatim et punctatim, as I found it in his book:

JIMY FOLIER

1. Far distant far distant
Lies a young Scottish brave
No tombstone or monument
To decorate his grave
For his body lies mouldring
In the rude soil of Spain
Where young Jimmy Folier
In battle was slain.
2. When Starks bold militia
Was falling into line
Those bold forty seconders
All hastened for to join
In Wellington's army, we did volunteer
With young Jimmy Folier
Our bold cavalier.
3. In climbing up the ladder
And in scaling the wall
A bullet from a French gun
Caused Folier to fall
He raised his left hand
Up to his left breast
And turning to his comrades
He did them address

4. Here is to you Robert Riley
 As you stand on the plain
 If ever to old Scotland
 You do return again
 Pray tell my aged Father
 If his heart still be warm
 That his son Jimmy Folier
 Will never more return

5. I wish I was in Lancashire
 Where I have oftimes been
 With my brothers and my sisters there
 My sorrows for to end
 Likewise my aged mother
 For long may she mourn
 For her son Jimmy Folier
 Will never more return

6. If I had a drink of water
 Out of Baker's cold well
 My wounds they would heal
 And my fever it would quell
 For life's flowing fountain
 Is fading so fast
 That young Jimmy Folier
 Will soon breath his last

7. The drums they may beat
 And the cannons loud may rattle
 But no more will they call
 This brave hero back to battle
 For he fell from the ladder
 Like a hero so brave
 Now young Jimmy Folier
 Lies cold in his grave

So far as I know, this is the first time the ballad has been found in the United States or Canada. At least I have not found it in any of the published collections. I would welcome hearing from anyone who has found it or remembers it.

There is a Scottish text of this ballad given in John Ord's The Bothy Songs and Ballads (Paisley, Scotland, 1930) under the title "Young Jamie Foyers" (pp. 294-295). It is ten stanzas long and set to an entirely different tune from the one I have found.

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JOHN ELLIS-- HUNTER, GUIDE, LEGEND

by Bacil F. Kirtley

John Ellis, who at a more favorable time might have become the central figure of one of folk tradition's long-remembered hero cycles, is probably forgotten today. The early-nineteenth-century frontier society of Central Maine in which Ellis' legend had its beginnings soon gave way to a more cosmopolitan society less mindful of the past, and the conditions necessary for the growth and perpetuation of a complex and unified body of folklore--that is, the requisite of a group of people who are stably domiciled, relatively isolated, fairly homogeneous economically, who have the mutual memories of a shared history, and who must depend largely upon their own intellectual resources for entertainment--ceased to exist. His legend, consequently, seems to have been almost stillborn. The principal available source, perhaps the only surviving one, of stories about John Ellis attempts to present his adventures as sober history.¹ Though the fantastic, folkloric element of the anecdotes is played down or rationalized, this guarded treatment can not obscure the actual role in which he figured, that of folk hero.

The facts of Hunter John Ellis' life seem to be these. He was born in Smithfield, Maine, in 1784. He lived for a while in Mercer, then moved to Guilford in August, 1844. From that date until his death in 1867 he spent most of his time trapping, hunting, and guiding around Moosehead Lake.²

Some of the better-known American folk heroes--for instance, Davy Crockett, Johnny Appleseed, Gib Morgan, Oregon Smith--seem to have become famous originally for the reason that they were memorable and indefatigable story-tellers. The tales they recounted, which in reality were traditional and fictional, they presented as true personal experiences. Similarly, John Ellis seems to have at first owed his local renown to his skill as a raconteur, and doubtless the stories that others later told about him he told first about himself.

He was no hermit. He enjoyed his fellows, was a genuine wit, and his return from the woods was an occasion for rejoicing in the village; while the circle in the loafing places had to be enlarged when Hunter Ellis returned, that all might listen to his stories and adventures.

Could these stories be collected, they would make a valuable asset to the literature of

the county /Fiscataquis/; and yet they would lack the inimitable setting of his magnetic telling.³

Folk heroes conventionally have an animal helper or companion, frequently of a species which does not serve man obediently. John Ellis ran true to type, for we are told, and this is presented as straightfaced truth: "When he was a boy he had a cat which he had trained to accompany him in his quest for squirrels and other small game, and who was as sagacious and helpful as a dog."⁴

Though cleverness as an abstract quality is an attribute given folk heroes by most cultures with any degree of sophistication, the particular kind of cleverness revealed by John Ellis in the following three anecdotes seems to be curiously, characteristically Yankee. The ability to get the last word and to reduce an antagonist to impotent silence, the power to utilize a person's own unwariness or shortsightedness to do him down, these are the qualities, if we may judge by their recurring prevalence, most admired in the heroes of New England story.

The lyceum was a feature of Guilford life then, where questions serious or otherwise were wisely discussed by the village menfolk. I remember as a little girl once listening to a discussion by the dignitaries on this question: "Resolved: that women are less intelligent than men." The subject was discussed with much vigor, and my girlish heart swelled with anguish as the affirmative seemed to clinch the argument by asserting and apparently proving by figures that women's brains are smaller than men's. Old Hunter Ellis was sitting quietly in the corner, but he rose angrily and exclaimed as he stalked vigorously from the house, "Calves have large brains."⁵

Around the fireside at the Kineo House a party of sportsmen were recounting the wonders which they had at various times accomplished in the way of trout-catching. Hunter John listened for a while in silence. At length with a contemptuous whiff from the pipe which he was smoking, he broke in. "Call that fishing do you boys? Let me tell you: I get trout on this lake.

anywhere, day or night any time or any season of the year. Let me tell you: I was crossing the North Bend last winter: ice three feet thick; I happened to have with me a one-inch auger which I was going to use for some purpose or other. The thought struck me: Wonder if trout could be found here this time of year? No sooner said than done. I had a bit of twine and a pointed nail in my pocket. I just took the auger, bored a hole in the ice, and in less than five minutes had a sixteen-pound laker on the ice before me. What do you think of that?" The crowd was dumb with astonishment, while the hunter smoked his pipe in triumph. Presently one of the number, turning suddenly, exclaimed: "Uncle John, how came that sixteen-pound trout through that one-inch auger hole?" "Goodness, gracious!" exclaimed the old man, starting to his feet and clapping his hands together. "I never thought of that." Laughter went around at once, but no more big fish stories were told that night. 6

As a guide, his services were eagerly sought by sportsmen who rarely failed to render him due courtesy.

However on one occasion, one of a party of New York men failed to show him the respect to which Hunter was accustomed. Ellis bided his time. One day "New York" complained that his watch, an elegant gold one, had stopped. Hunter said he was used to watches and could take it apart all right and see what ailed it. He did so and told the sportsman it was but a bit of dust which had got in and he had removed it. "Well, put it together now." "O!" says old Hunter, "I can't put watches together; I can only take them apart." 7

John Ellis, as might be expected of the star of legendary stories, was a bold man, a lucky man, and a strong man. Some one happened on his wilderness camp one time and found that he had spread his bed so that he could use an Indian grave for a pillow. When the visitor asked him if he didn't feel a bit odd about sleeping on the mound, Ellis replied, "I fear no live Indian; why a dead one?" 8 Another story, given in an

inadequate version, states that John Ellis met up with a moose once. The moose took him upon its antlers and carried him across a brook.⁹ On another occasion Ellis came upon a bear. While he was struggling--our source allows us to use no more vivid or precise phrase--with one bear, another showed up and attacked him. It was touch and go for a bit,¹⁰ but John Ellis came out of the encounter with two bearskins.

While the surviving material pertaining to John Ellis is sparse, it is sufficient to indicate that in his time he was something of a legend. His life and the stories about his life were in the pattern of the American folk hero, and that he remained little known is a fortuitous result of social history.

FOOTNOTES

1. Sarah A. Martin, "Sketch of Hunter John Ellis," in Collections of the Piscataquis County Historical Society, (Dover, Maine, 1910), I, 142-146. Mrs. Martin mentions a couple of newspaper stories about Ellis. Very few issues of the 1860 Piscataquis Observer or the 1882 Dexter Gazette survive, however, and it is doubtful if these stories are preserved.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 142.

3. *Ibid.*, pp. 142-143.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 142. For evidence of the popularity in folklore of a helpful cat, see Stith Thompson, Motif-Index of Folk-Literature, 6 vols. (Copenhagen-Bloomington, Indiana, 1955-1957), Motif B422.

5. *Ibid.*, pp. 145-146.

6. *Ibid.*, pp. 144-145. A precise parallel of this story, with another hero, may be found in Charles E. Goodspeed, A Treasury of Fishing Stories (New York, 1946), p. 26, which is reprinted from Rufus Jones, Selected Stories of Maine Humor (Clark University Library, 1945).

7. Martin, p. 143. This motif of preposterous specialization is reminiscent of other American folk heroes. Johnny Appleseed, it will be remembered, could cure only burns.

When patients with cuts or bruises came to him, he seared the wound and cured the burn. See B. A. Botkin, A Treasury of American Folklore (New York, 1944), p. 265.

8. Martin, p. 143.
9. Ibid., p. 144.
10. Ibid.

University of Maine
Orono, Maine

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Plans are being made for a fall meeting of the Northeast Folklore Society. Details will be announced later.

* * *

Indiana University will hold a summer Folklore Institute from June 11 to August 8 under the directorship of Professor Richard M. Dorson. A variety of courses will be offered by resident and visiting folklore scholars. Courses may be taken for credit in the Summer School, or may be attended without credit for all or part of the Institute. Lecturers include Stith Thompson, Archer Taylor, Katharine Luomala, Vance Randolph, R. D. Jameson, Richard Dorson, and D. K. Wilgus.

* * *

The summer issue of NORTHEAST FOLKLORE will consist of a selected bibliography of New England-Maritime folklore covering the period from colonial days to the present, as well as a relatively definitive bibliography of folklore works and articles

from 1950-1958. The editors would welcome leads, particularly to newspaper articles and other fugitive and obscure materials. Additional copies of this issue may be ordered in advance for \$1.00 each.

* * *

The University of Rhode Island will offer "An Introduction to Folklore," a three-credit course, this summer, taught by Professor Barbara Woods. Materials covered will include folktales, ballads, songs, folk beliefs, customs, childrens games and rhymes, and the recreational and educational uses of folklore.

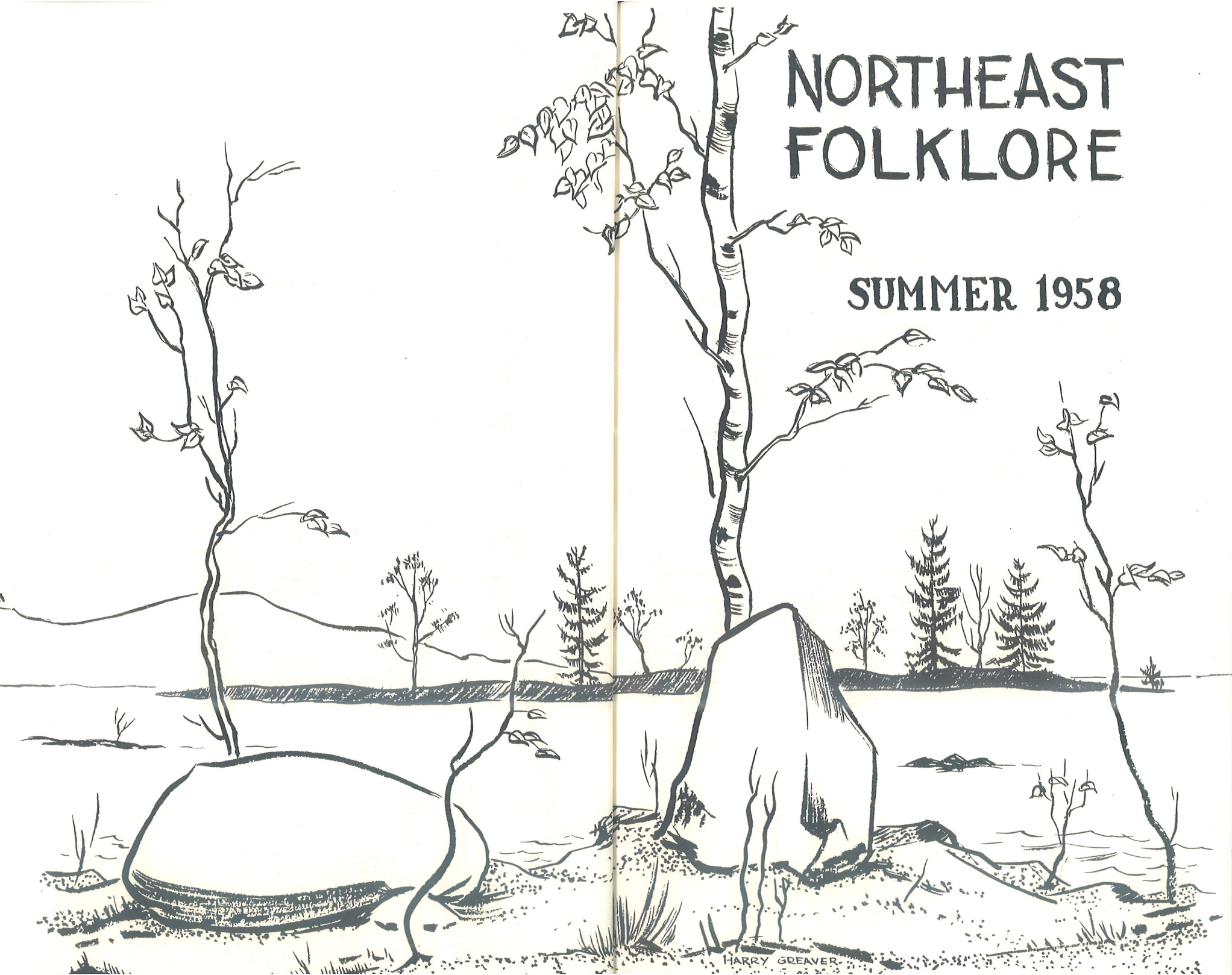
* * *

The University of Maine will offer "A Survey of American Folklore," taught by Dr. Bacil F. Kirtley during the spring of 1959. The course will cover the history of folklore theories and interests and will survey the types of folklore found in North America. Particular emphasis will be given to the traditions of the New England area.

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Table of Abbreviations

AA.....	American Antiquity
AG.....	Atlantic Guardian
AH.....	American Heritage
AL.....	American Literature
AN.....	American Neptune
AtA.....	Atlantic Advocate
BMAS.....	Bulletin of the Massachusetts Archaeological Society
CGJ.....	Canadian Geographical Journal
CHR.....	Canadian Historical Review
DE.....	Down East
DR.....	Dalhousie Review
EIHC.....	Essex Institute Historical Collections
GR.....	Geographical Review
HNH.....	Historical New Hampshire
JAF.....	Journal of American Folklore
JIFMC.....	Journal of the International Folk Music Council
JWAS.....	Journal of the Washington Academy of Sciences
MAFS.....	Memoirs of the American Folklore Society
MCF.....	Maine Coast Fisherman
MF.....	Midwest Folklore
NEHGR.....	New England Historical and Genealogical Register
NEQ.....	New England Quarterly
NMC.....	National Museum of Canada
NQ.....	Newfoundland Quarterly
NYFQ.....	New York Folklore Quarterly
OTNE.....	Old Time New England
PAAS.....	Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society
PAPS.....	Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society
PMHS.....	Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society
RIH.....	Rhode Island History
SD.....	Science Digest
SN.....	Saturday Night
VH.....	Vermont History (Vermont Quarterly)
VL.....	Vermont Life
VQ.....	Vermont Quarterly (See VH)
WF.....	Western Folklore
YR.....	Yale Review

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THE NORTHEAST FOLKLORE SOCIETY

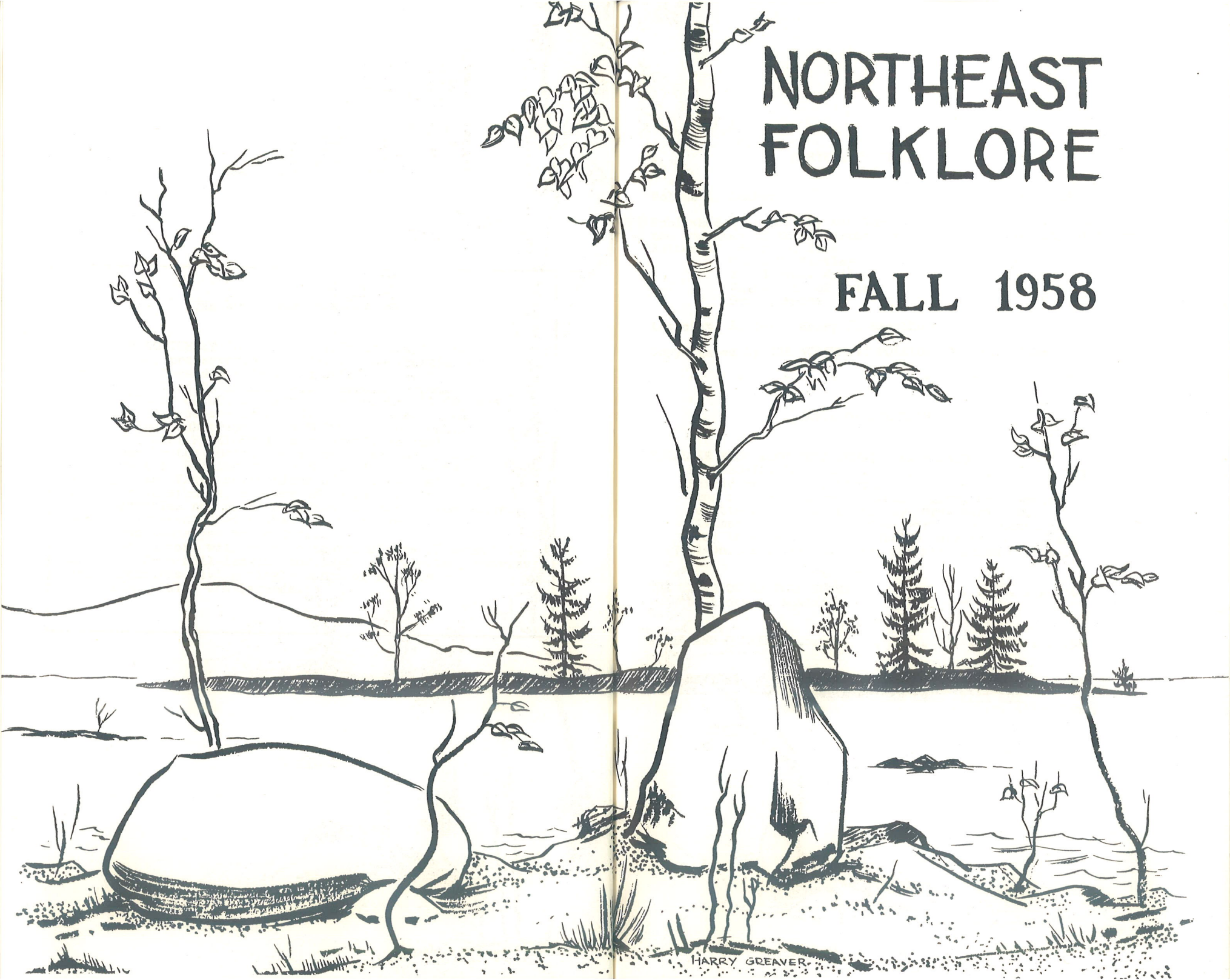
THE NORTHEAST FOLKLORE SOCIETY is devoted to the collection, preservation, study, and publication of the songs, legends, tales, and other traditions of the New England-Maritimes area. Regular annual membership is \$1.00, sustaining membership \$3.00, and contributing membership \$5.00. All classes of membership include subscription to NORTHEAST FOLKLORE.

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The editors will welcome contributions of material-- anything from full-length studies to short notes, queries, and paragraphs giving single songs or reports of individual tales and legends.

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Edited by Bacil F. Kirtley

From collections by Mr. Louis Burt, Mr. Lynwood McHatten, Mrs. Marian Farley, Mrs. Marion D. Fillmore, Mrs. Georgie Foss, Mrs. Viola Gooding, Mrs. Lois Jardine, Mrs. Thelma Merritt, Mrs. Hazel Olson, Mrs. Vesta Stairs, and Miss Ellen Pinette.

Introduction

Aroostook County is known to the people who live there as simply "The County." This ethnocentric usage suggests the dimensions which it occupies in the thought of its inhabitants. The County's size (6,805 square miles, an area greater than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined), its location (in northernmost Maine, removed somewhat from the state's population centers to the south, and bounded on three sides by Canada), its history (largely its own, and not a mere repetition of that of Southern Maine and New England--for instance, it features a local war, the Aroostook War of 1839), and its economy (based primarily upon potato-growing and potato speculation, secondarily upon lumbering), are some distinctive circumstances which have impressed a sense of unity and identity upon its people.

The first settlers of territory now included in Aroostook County were the Acadian French, who moved into the St. John valley around Madawaska in 1784-1785, and The County's French population today still is centered largely along the St. John River in this region. In 1805 the first settlers from Maine and Massachusetts began moving into Aroostook County, and pioneers from New England continued to push into the area throughout the nineteenth century. In the middle 1800's Canadians from the Maritimes came to The County to work in lumber camps, and many of these woodsmen remained as settlers. Still other Canadians, the majority of Anglo-Gaelic descent from New Brunswick, came later in the century to take up farms (one today meets a surprisingly large number of people from Aroostook who have relatives living in New Brunswick). In 1870, fifty-one Swedes came to Aroostook at the invitation of the Maine government, and others followed in later years. These immigrants settled in and around New Sweden, a few miles to the northwest of Caribou.

Though French-Canadian influences dominate in some of the border towns and among a few more southerly enclaves (the Swedes have assimilated American ways rather thoroughly), the prevailing tone of Aroostook culture is American, and almost Midwestern-or Western-American rather than Yankee. The potato farmers of Aroostook, one feels, resemble more closely the wheat barons of the Kansas plains than the small mixed-crop farmers of the New England hills, for they, like Westerners, retain some of the outgoing, free-and-easy

qualities characteristic of men close to frontiers. And in the eastern part of The County, towns such as Presque Isle and Houlton, with their many new ranch-type houses, with their recently built or newly facaded shops, and with their settings among low, open hills, find nearer counterparts in Indiana or Ohio than in Southern Maine. Only the stands of pine and spruce, which darkly border the cleared fields, suggest that the setting is Northern New England, not Iowa, and intimate that a short distance to the west lie Aroostook's extensive and almost uninhabited boreal forests.

Aroostook County, despite its singularity, has been ignored by the folklorist. Although scattered anecdotes and reminiscences which contain traditional materials occur in a few travel books and histories, no substantial compilation of County lore seems to exist. Beginning with this issue, Northeast Folklore will present a series of collections which we hope will give an authentic picture of the region's oral traditions.

The collectors of "Folklore from Aroostook County, Maine, and Neighboring Canada" are Mr. Louis A. Burt, Bridgewater, Maine; Mr. Lynwood McHatten, Masardis, Maine; Mrs. Marian Farley, Mrs. Marion D. Fillmore, Mrs. Viola Gooding, and Mrs. Thelma Merritt, Presque Isle, Maine; Mrs. Lois Jardine, Washburn, Maine; Mrs. Hazel Olson, Caribou, Maine; Mrs. Georgie Foss, Ellington, Connecticut; Mrs. Vesta Stairs, Washburn, Maine; and Miss Ellen Pinette, Plaisted, Maine. With perhaps one or two exceptions, the collectors were lifelong residents of The County, and therefore peculiarly well suited to obtain information about the area's traditions. Each contributor made his collection as a term project in American Folklore, a course I gave as a guest teacher at Aroostook State Teachers College during the summer of 1958. The results of these students' conscientious and enthusiastic work will be seen in the compilation which follows.

The material of this collection has been grouped according to form (tales and legends, songs and ballads, superstitions and beliefs, children's lore, and miscellaneous items). The narratives, presented first, are arranged by subject matter: supernatural tales (the devil and other fiends, witches, ghosts, the soul, forerunners, haunted and uncanny places), humorous tales, and historical tales.

Our tales and legends often show little of present-day Aroostook, for their settings are usually the timeless ones of folklore--a dark forest, an abandoned house, an untraveled road--and seldom does the clatter of machines disturb the stillness of the woods. Similarly, the themes of many of the stories presented below are age-old and exist in a number of countries. Each story or story element came to Maine by its own devious route and has its own involved history. For those interested in these affiliations, I have appended notes citing relevant parallels and analogues.

PART I: LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

The Devil and Other Fiends

1. THE HALFWAY CAMP (McHatten)¹

One winter I was working at a woods camp. It was about thirty miles from the clearing to the camp where I worked in the woods. One morning early the boss sent me to the clearing to pick up some medicine for a sick man at the woods camp. I was to return to the camp as soon as possible.

I went to the clearing and was returning to the camp with the medicine for the sick man. At about eleven o'clock that night I arrived at halfway camp, which was about twelve miles from the main camp. I was tired and decided I would go in, cook myself a lunch, rest a few minutes and get warm.

I went into the halfway camp, lit the lamp and was getting ready to make a fire, when I heard a groaning noise from the bunk. I found a man lying on the bunk. He told me he was very sick and would die at midnight. He asked me to stay with him until death came. I promised to stay, and at midnight the man died as he said he would. Shortly after his death, an animal entered the door.² The animal had a long tail which lashed back and forth and had a man's head.³ This animal licked the man's face and disappeared into the darkness.⁴

I was afraid to stay longer at this camp. I remember I ran nearly all the way to the main camp and arrived there about three o'clock in the morning. The boss was still up. He met me at the door and told me I was about three hours late, as the man had died at midnight.

I told the boss of my experience. The next morning we went to the halfway camp. We found no sign of any man or animal tracks around the camp. I'm sure I saw the devil that night.

2. THE MAN WITH HORSE'S HOOFS (McHatten)¹

One time while I was working in the woods I knew a group of men that played cards every night and cursed and swore.

On a certain night when they were playing, it was a Sunday night as I remember, a tall stranger walked into the camp and asked if he could sit in on the game. The men told him he was welcome. The game went on until midnight, and at this time the stranger left. The next day one of the men disappeared. We thought he had gone home.

The following Sunday night the tall stranger came again. Nobody knew him or had any idea where he came from, but, as before, the day following the stranger's visit another man was missing. This happened four Sunday nights in a row. The fifth time, which was the following Sunday night, the stranger

appeared as before. It happened that night that one of the boys dropped some cards. As he picked them up under the table, he noticed the stranger's feet were horse's hoofs. He left the card game and informed the boss of what he'd seen. The boss broke up the card game. The stranger disappeared as before. After he left, a true set of horse's hoof prints led from the door of that camp.

Playing cards was discontinued at the camp the rest of the winter, and the four men that disappeared were never seen or heard from after that. 2

3. THE DEVIL AND CARDS (Fillmore)

A Mr. McLean, Egypt Road, Easton, Maine, told me that a group of men were playing cards at a lumber camp on Sunday when there was a terrific blast and one side of the camp blew right off. The men all ran and never came back to finish the job, and to this day timber still stands in that particular site.

* * *

A friend of mine, Mrs. Myron Bartley, Presque Isle, tells me her father was death on any kind of playing cards. She said her father believed the devil was near whenever they were used. It seems her father was a lumberman and when the men sat around (on Sundays) to play, you could smell brimstone, hear strange noises, and now and then a hand would appear. 1

4. LOGGING FOR THE MINISTER (Farley)

Alec Miller was a teamster for Shep Moodie, who was a minister. The crew acted especially bad because he was a minister. One Sunday night they were all playing cards. A hand reached out and snatched the candle away, snuffing it out.

* * *

He was out riding. He saw a figure in black near a lumber pile. He thought it was the scaler. The figure upon hearing the bells on the team screamed and disappeared.

* * *

He got his time, or in other words, got paid off, and went home. The whole crew left on account of the weird incidents.

Shep Moodie's logs were never hauled, and that's a fact.

5. A WARNING FROM THE DEVIL (Merritt)¹

Mrs. Fowler's grandfather, when a young boy of sixteen or seventeen, had boasted many times that he was afraid of nothing--not even the devil himself.

Now this happened in the days when a wagon with a team of horses was used to haul the pine box carrying the body of the dead. This was a very awesome thing for a young person to see as it creaked its way along the country road. Many times parents used this sight as a word of warning to their young.

Now our friend one night was coming home very late--much later than his parents liked--and as he reached this lonely spot he heard the creaking of wagon wheels and two white horses appeared.² The boy could see a vague figure dressed in black driving the horses, and behind him was the outline of the pine box on the back of the wagon.³ The boy stood rooted to the spot when out of the darkness came a voice saying: "Are you the one who isn't scared of me?" As he spoke the boy could see two horns growing out of the man's forehead and the other features of the devil. A few minutes later the boy arrived home--his face as white as a sheet and completely out of breath.

Years later, a grown man, he placed his hand on the Bible and swore this story to be true.

6. THE MOONLIGHT NIGHT (McHatten)¹

The moon was full and there were a few scattered clouds in the sky. It was in the early spring with snow still on the ground.

I had been calling on a friend one evening and had started home whistling along the way with many thoughts of what we had talked over during the evening. I hadn't been walking long, when by some unknown sense I felt I was being followed. I turned and looked behind me, and sure enough there was some kind of animal about a quarter of a mile back coming in my direction. It was much larger than a dog and had a strange way of traveling. At times it would walk on four legs and then on two. The strangest thing about it was when I walked it would walk, when I ran it would run.

I had about two miles to go before reaching home. I was sure I couldn't outrun the animal. There were no other houses between me and home, and whatever was following me was between me and my friend's house so there was no turning back.

I walked slowly along and I could see the distance between me and the animal was closing. About a quarter of a mile from home I noticed the moon was almost to go under a cloud. The minute the moon disappeared I started running. I ran as fast as

I possibly could. I had just got through the door when this strange man or animal went running by. It was the strangest looking thing I ever saw and I was too afraid to remember what it looked like, but I'm sure if I had much more distance to go before reaching home, this story would never be told.

7. SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE (Pinette)¹

Once there was this married woman who liked very much to dance. She liked to dance so much that she had to go dancing every Saturday night. Her husband wasn't much of a dancer, and he never wanted to go dancing--just once in a great while was all right. When Saturday night came, she would ask her husband if he wanted to go to the dance. If he didn't, she would go by herself.

In the house she was always tired and felt sick, but when the word "dance" was mentioned, that cured her right away. When Saturday night came, she wasn't tired and she didn't feel sick.

Finally, this certain Saturday night she decided she had to go to the dance. That was all there was to it. She had to go. She asked her husband if he wanted to go, and he answered that he didn't. So she went to the dance by herself.

So this very handsome fellow came up and asked her to dance.² She accepted. She talked to him, but he didn't say a word. She was looking at him and she noticed he had a peculiar look on his face. She didn't say anything but kept staring at him. Then she felt a strong grip in her hand and it felt like sharp fingernails digging into the palm of her hand, and she kept staring at him all the time.³ But she could see that he was changing. In a couple of minutes he turned out to be the devil. He wouldn't let go of her. She finally got herself free and everybody got down on his knees and started praying. That made the devil disappear.⁴

After that she never went to the dance again. She stayed home on Saturday nights. She was scared to see the devil again.

8. STRANGER AT A DANCE (Merritt)¹

A long time ago in the little rural village of Drummond, New Brunswick, there were two sisters who loved to dance. Now in those days "nice" girls didn't go to dances alone. However these two went every chance they could--sometimes sneaking out after the rest of the family was well asleep.

After many repeated warnings from their father of what might happen some day, they still were quite unafraid.

One night the girls slipped out and went to a dance nearby that was being held in a large barn. There were many people there including young children and babies who were "bedded" down at one end of the barn.

After the dance was in full swing, a tall young man, dressed entirely in black except for white gloves, appeared and asked one of the sisters to dance. They danced together all evening and of course drew the attention of the others. There were two very strange things about this stranger. He did not remove his white gloves all evening and every time he and his partner danced near the children one of the babies would start to cry. As soon as he passed by, the child would suddenly stop. This had happened so many times, one of the group finally went after the priest. (In those days babies were thought of as angels and when anything disturbed a child they were afraid of the devil's work.)

The priest arrived and immediately went up to the stranger and sprinkled holy water on him.² Instantly there was a huge puff of smoke and a big ball of fire. The stranger was gone--thus proving to the satisfaction of all that the devil had been with them in person.

9. THE JOLLY NOOK (Pinette)¹

There was a little dance hall in St. Francis, Maine, called The Jolly Nook. It is said that this dance hall was quite a rough place a few years ago. And it was haunted. The students of the high school would hang out there and the owner would sell them beer. They had wild parties at this place.

One night everybody was dancing, drinking beer, and having a very good time. All of a sudden, out of nowhere, a strange man all dressed in black appeared.² No one knew him or had ever seen him before. Everybody stopped dancing and just stared at this stranger. Then this man disappeared. Everyone watched him leave, and he went right through the wall. Everybody was scared and just stood there terrified. In a matter of seconds The Jolly Nook was empty. Everybody went home and never came to that place again for a number of years. As a result, the place had to be closed. It is believed in St. Francis that the devil himself was the stranger who paid the visit.

10. THE DEVIL WILL COME (Pinette)¹

There was once this family which had quite a bit of money, more money than anybody else in town. Everybody was jealous of them. These people had two pretty daughters. The older one was

twenty-three years old, and the younger one was twenty-one. Their parents wanted to send them to school, but they did not want to go. So they stayed uneducated like the rest of the people. The only thing these girls liked to do was to have a good time. They never thought of settling down and raising a family.

Not too far from this town was a saloon. It was a place for the men. Women wouldn't dream of going into that place. But these girls went. They did not care what people would say. Every night they would go to the saloon and have a good time. Their parents tried to stop them from going there, but they went just the same. They had never paid any attention to their parents. They did just as they pleased.

That made the rest of the people gossip. "Just think! The two prettiest girls in town, and from the nicest family!"

There was this old lady. She didn't say too much, but kept repeating, "One of these days the devil will come. One of these days the devil will come." One evening this old woman was sitting on her porch and she was saying, "One of these days the devil will come." These two girls were passing by her porch. They heard her saying that. They had heard all the gossip that was going around, but they didn't care. They just said it was nobody's business. The older one wasn't very bashful and she said, "If the devil wants to come, let him come. We 're ready for him." That was that, and they just went on their way.

The very same night when the girls came home, they heard a meowing coming from their bedroom. They went to their bedroom and there was this little black cat. So they put him outdoors. That went on for about three nights. Finally, one night when the girls came home from their good time they didn't hear or see anything, but just as they were in bed and settling for the night, they heard some loud scratching on the walls and it was coming towards them. They lit the lamp and they saw the devil coming out of the wall. They hollered to their mother and father. When they came in the room they saw what the girls were hollering about. Quickly the father went to get some holy water and sprinkled it all over the room. The minute a drop of holy water splashed on the devil, he turned into a little black cat.² It was the same cat which the girls had put outdoors the previous nights.

After that the girls didn't go to the saloon again. They stayed home and listened to their parents. A couple of years after the girls got married, and they were happy raising a family.

11. SELLING ONE'S SOUL TO THE DEVIL (Stairs)

Mrs. Rena Adams of Washburn, Maine, tells a story that her grandmother told her about meeting the devil on Halloween night. She said that if you went out at twelve o'clock to four corners in the road with a rooster under your arm, you would meet the devil. He would promise you anything you

wished for, if you would give him the rooster and your soul. When the devil returned the rooster your luck would change. And of course, the devil kept your soul.'

12. J. P. AND THE HEADLESS MAN (Farley)'

J. P. was working in the woods one day. Growing tired he sat down on a log to rest. Somebody sat down beside him. He looked up and saw a man with no head. J. P. got up and ran as fast as he could. Thinking he had gone far enough, he sat down again. Again the headless man sat down beside him. J. P. got to his feet and wearily said, "Well, my friend, here we go for another run."²

13. RAW HANDS AND BLOODY BONES (Burt)'

This little boy used to get mad at his mother and throw rocks at the house and annoy all the neighbors. Sometimes he would break windows. His mother used to tell him to be good or he'd be punished for it.

One day he'd been naughty and broken some windows. His mother was rocking him and telling him he'd better be a good boy when a knock came on the door and in walked Raw Hands and Bloody Bones. He was all dressed in black and had one small, withered hand and foot like a child's and the flesh was all raw and blood was running out of it. He walked over to the rocking chair; he picked the rocking chair and the mother and the boy up and carried them out into the dooryard. The little boy screamed and screamed for help. Raw Hands and Bloody Bones held him until he promised never to be naughty again. Then Raw Hands and Bloody Bones disappeared.

Witches

14. EVIL SPIRIT (Fillmore)

I have heard my grandmother say that the evil spirits were in the churn when the butter wouldn't come after the cream had been churned and churned. The remedy was putting a red-hot poker or horse shoe in the churn.'

15. A WITCH BOTHERS THE HORSES (Pinette)

Once there was this farmer who had horses. Every morning he would get up, build a fire in the stove, go to the barn to do his chores, and then he would come back to the house and eat breakfast. One morning he gets up and goes about his chores. He goes to the barn and sees the horses are sweating and their manes and tails are all nicely braided. He is so excited about it that he doesn't take time to do his chores. He runs to the house and tells his wife. Both of them can't understand what has happened. Since they are superstitious they start imagining that a witch has been bothering their horses.

That very night he spends the night in the barn. Just about midnight he sees the door open and the witch coming in. He is scared, but has enough courage to stay and watch what she is going to do. He later said that he actually saw the witch braid the horses' manes and tails. After that she rode them all night.² Then he ran to the house and told his wife what he had seen.

The next morning when he went to do his chores, he sprinkled holy water all over the barn and put palm boughs all over the place. When he went to do his chores after that he never saw the witch's work again.

16. PREVENTION OF MAKING MAPLE SUGAR (Pinette)¹

Once there were three brothers, who were getting ready to make maple products such as maple sugar, maple syrup and maple candy. It was just a few weeks before Easter and they wanted to make maple sugar for Easter. They would sell it to make some money for the holiday.

They get their equipment all ready and bring it to the camp where the maple groves are. They tap the trees by putting a little pipe in the hole and attaching a container to the pipe so that the maple sap will drop in the container. After a couple of days they collect the sap, bring it to the cabin, put it in a big kettle and start the fire to get it boiling. They boil it all day and then let it cool off. But it turns back to the original sap. They can't understand what has happened. They try again next day, but it is the same thing. It goes on like that for a week.

One of the brothers goes to town and tells somebody he knows what is happening. This other fellow says that he just doesn't know how to make maple sugar. He goes to spend a few days with them and try his hand at maple sugar. It is the same thing with him as with the others. So he leaves and goes home.

The youngest of the brothers stays up one night and tries to make sugar. He hears the flapping of wings and they seem to be getting nearer and nearer. He is so scared that he goes to bed. He tells that to his brothers the next morning. The noise goes on for four nights, but they all think it is just an ordinary noise. The fifth night the disturbance is more than the flapping of wings. The door bangs open and they see a black fairy.² They see her pouring some kind of potion into the maple sap. That was what stopped the maple sap from turning to sugar.

This happened about ten years ago and they still believe that it was actually a black fairy that stopped them from making maple products.

NOTES

The following abbreviations are used:

- JAF. Journal of American Folklore
 MAFS. Memoirs of the American Folklore Society

1. THE HALFWAY CAMP

1. The stories of Mr. Lynwood McHatten, Masardis, Maine, came to him (unless otherwise noted) from his uncle, James Porter, of whom Mr. McHatten writes: "At the time he told them, he was in his early nineties and said they were true experiences. I was about ten years old at the time, but I remember going to his camp in the woods to tell him I had come to hear some stories. Uncle Jim died in 1928, but his stories have stayed with me still. He always had a title for his story and a language of his own."

I have found no whole-tale parallels to "The Halfway Camp." A number of the tale's motifs are widely known, however.

2. Stith Thompson, Motif-Index of Folk-Literature, 6 vols. (Copenhagen-Bloomington, Indiana, 1955-1957), G303.6.1.1. Devil appears at midnight; and G303.6.2.8. Devil appears to diving man.

3. Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.3.3. The devil in animal form.

4. The implication of the sinister act is not clear. Similar treatment was accorded corpses in some parts of Oceania and Africa, though out of veneration. A Kaffir story contains the following motif, which conceivably is the idea behind the incident of our legend: Thompson, Motif-Index, E17. Corpse resuscitated by licking. The last two lines of our story are

ambiguous. Was there no sign of the man or of his tracks, or of either?

5. Cf. Thompson, Motif-Index, E421.2.1. Ghost leaves no footprints.

2. THE MAN WITH HORSE'S HOOFS

1. Helen Creighton, Bluenose Ghosts (Toronto, 1957), pp. 93-94, gives a version of this story. The incident of her story was said to occur at Fobo, Nova Scotia. She reports another story (pp. 192-93) in which a pious ghost returns to admonish card players. Arthur Huff Fauset, Folklore from Nova Scotia, MAFS, XXIV (New York, 1931), p. 79, prints a tale in which a person merely possessing a card pack is put in the devil's power. A version of our story was collected in New York from Rensselaer County. See Harold W. Thompson, Body, Boots and Britches (New York, 1939), p. 114. The story is also known in England, Wales, Finland, Estonia, and Lithuania. See citations in Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.4.5.3.1. Devil detected by his hoofs.

2. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.9.5. The devil as abductor.

3. THE DEVIL AND CARDS

1. A similar story of woodsmen card players being interrupted by a ghostly hand was collected in Petite Rivière by Helen Creighton and printed in her Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, National Museum of Canada, Bulletin No. 117, Anthropological Series No. 29 (Ottawa, 1950), p. 42. See also No. 4 of present collection. The motif has been noted previously in England and the U.S. See Thompson, Motif-Index, E422.1.11.3. Ghost as hand or hands.

4. LOGGING FOR THE MINISTER: Told by Mrs. McDonald of Patten, Maine.

5. A WARNING FROM THE DEVIL

1. The informant was Mrs. Bonnie Fowler of Presque Isle, Maine, who heard the account from her grandfather. Her grandfather said it was a true experience which happened in Drummond, New Brunswick.

2. See references in Thompson, Motif-Index, E535. Ghost-like conveyance (wagon, etc.); and E535.2. Ghostly wagon.

3. See Thompson, Motif-Index, E538.1. Spectral coffin.

6. THE MOONLIGHT NIGHT

1. This story seems to reflect traditions of the loup-garou, the werewolf. A French-Canadian story from New York

describing a similar measured and relentless pursuit by a fiend names the following demon the loup-garou. See Harold W. Thompson, Boots, Body and Britches, p. 116.

7. SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE

1. Miss Pinette writes: "These stories were told to me when I was about fourteen years old. They impressed me quite a bit and I still remember them. They were told to me by my father, mother, grandparents, and neighbors, who learned them from their ancestors. One of them was told to me by a classmate in high school and was supposed to have happened about nine years before in her home town." Miss Pinette's stories are from the French tradition.

For French-Canadian versions of this story and the three variants which follow, see Soeur Marie Ursule, Civilization traditionnelle des Lavallois, Les Archive de Folklore, 5-6 (Quebec, 1951), pp. 187-88; for versions from Nova Scotia, consult Creighton, Bluenose Ghosts, pp. 91ff.; also (from Negro informant), Fauset, Folklore from Nova Scotia, p. 78. The story is known also in the Southwest. See Soledad Pérez, "Mexican Folklore from Austin, Texas," in The Healer of Los Olmos, ed. Wilson M. Hudson, Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, XXIV (Dallas, Texas, 1951), 86.

2. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.10.4.0.1. Devil haunts dance halls; and G303.10.4.4. Devil appears to girl who wants an escort for a dance.

3. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.16.4.5. Devil dances with maid and puts claws through her hands.

4. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.16.2.2. Person saved from devil by prayer to Virgin.

8. STRANGER AT A DANCE

1. This story was told by Mrs. Bonnie Fowler, Presque Isle, Maine, who heard it from her grandfather. For story's parallels, see notes to No. 7.

2. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.16.7. Devil is chased by holy water (a theme which occurs also in No. 10 of our collection); and G303.16.14.1. Priest chases devil away.

9. THE JOLLY NOOK

1. The name of the honky-tonk in our story has been altered for obvious reasons. Miss Pinette reports that it has reopened under new management and the "conditions are much better." Miss Pinette heard the story from a high school classmate who had lived previously in St. Francis, Maine, and who claimed that she was at The Jolly Nook about six years ago when the black man of our story came into the room out of nowhere.

For parallels to the story see notes to No. 7 and No. 8.

2. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.5.1. Devil is dressed in black. This motif occurs also in stories No. 5 and No. 8.

10. THE DEVIL WILL COME

1. Miss Pinette writes: "According to my grandfather this story is supposed actually to have happened in Fort Fairfield, Maine. It was told him by his parents. He told me this when I was about fifteen years old.

For parallels, see notes to No. 7 and No. 8.

2. See Thompson, Motif-Index, G303.3.3.1.2. Devil in form of a black cat. The theme is internationally known.

11. SELLING ONE'S SELF TO THE DEVIL

1. A voluminous literature exists upon this Faustian theme. See Thompson, Motif-Index, M211. Man sells soul to devil. Crossroads also figure often in folklore. See, for example, Thompson, Motif-Index, D1786. Magic power at crossroads; and Annie W. Whitney and Caroline C. Bullock, Folk-Lore from Maryland, MAFS, XVIII (New York, 1925), 78. Criminals, witches, and vampires were supposed to be buried at crossroads, one will remember. The multiplicity of avenues was thought to permanently befuddle their weak ghostly wits.

12. J. P. AND THE HEADLESS MAN

1. This story was told by Anita French of Patten, Maine. J. P. is a real person and something of a notorious local eccentric. A number of stories exist about him (we shall give one other).

2. Fauset, Folk-Lore from Nova Scotia, pp. 84-85, gives a version of this story. The antagonist of the tale is stated to be a ghost specifically; Headless ghosts proliferate in folklore. See Creighton, Folklore of Lunenburg County, p. 40, for an example in the northeastern area; for examples elsewhere, see Thompson, Motif-Index, E422.1.1. Headless revenant.

13. RAW HANDS AND BLOODY BONES

1. Mr. Burt writes: "This is one of the 'Boogey-Man' stories used to frighten little children into being good. Mrs. Maurice Foster of Bridgewater, Maine, tells this story as she remembers her mother telling it when she was young at home. Mrs. Foster's mother was a Cullen, and a niece of the ill-fated Jim Cullen, the only man ever hanged in Aroostook County." (For an account of this lynching, see Alton H. Blackington, Yankee Yarns /New York, 1954/, pp. 182ff. A legendary account of this episode will be included in a later issue of this series.)

"Raw Head and Bloody Bones" is the usual name for the horror of our story. This specter has a venerable history in Anglo-Saxon tradition and is mentioned frequently in English literature. See the scholarly notes by Archer Taylor, "Raw Head and Bloody Bones," JAF, LXIX (1956), 114, 175; and Donald C. Simmons, "A Further Note on Raw Head and Bloody Bones," JAF, LXX (1957), 358-59.

14. EVIL SPIRIT

1. For further information upon this theme, see Thompson, Motif-Index, D2083. Evil magic in the dairy; and D2084.2. Butter magically kept from coming. Compare the information in this account with the belief underlying the plot of story No. 16.

15. A WITCH BOTHERS THE HORSES

1. Miss Pinette writes: "This story was told to me by my mother. It was told to her by this man himself. He was an uncle of my mother's and he lived just across the lake from us. He died last year believing there were such things as witches and fairies."

The above story is from French-Canadian tradition, though its themes are international. In Quebec tales similar to this one are told of the lutin, a kind of mischievous spirit (une sorte de génie malfaisant). See Soeur Ursule, Civilization traditionnelle des Lavallois, p. 199.

2. For further examples of these themes, see Thompson, Motif-Index, G255.3. Witch rides horse at night; F366.2.1. Fairies plait manes and tails of horses; and Harold W. Thompson, Body, Boots and Britches, pp. 110-11.

16. PREVENTION OF MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

1. Miss Pinette writes: "This story was told to me by one of the brothers, and he has sworn that it is true. The brothers are of French-Canadian and Indian descent and live in Plaisted, Maine."

2. The "black fairy" is probably a witch. In Quebec a sorceress is called a "fairy woman." Upon this point, consult Soeur Ursule, Civilization traditionnelle des Lavallois, pp. 193-94. Fairies, even of the traditional Irish sort, are found in North America, despite the claims of some folklorists. See, for instance, Fauset, Folklore of Nova Scotia, p. 81; and Creighton, Bluenose Ghosts, pp. 238-39.

For examples of flying witches, see Thompson, Motif-Index, G24.2. Witch flies through air.

See notes of No. 14 in this series for parallels to narrative themes.

THE CREATION OF FOLK SONGS

by Alden A. Nowlan

The folk arts flourish wherever there is a strong sense of community, a communal interdependence that nourishes them and, in turn, looks to them for nourishment. Where they were once part of the dynamics of real life here in America, they have become cultural antiques, the raw material for sociologists and historians, and the playthings of hobbyists. Why? Because our sense of community is dying, where it is not already dead.

Music is a good example. A ballad ceases to be a real folk song as soon as you classify it as a "folk song" instead of simply a song to be sung. Singers like Burl Ives, Josh White, Richard Dyer-Bennet and Ed McCurdy have kept the old songs before a good-sized audience. But they are interpretive artists, not creators. And their songs are ghosts from the past.

The results of recent attempts to create folk songs sound stilted and artificial because the would-be creators are so obviously preoccupied with their archaic models. There are no contemporary American folk songs. As a creative art, folk music is dead. It died with the old sense of belonging to a particular community--something much more tangible than the sense of belonging to a particular country. Patriotism is an abstraction. The sense of community is like the child's concept of the family; it isn't something to define or extol or criticize. It simply is.

Take any little village in the mountain country of Nova Scotia three generations ago. The inhabitants were all more or less related; their families had occupied the same farms for a hundred years and probably were tenants on the same estate in England or Ireland or Scotland for three hundred years before that again. They had a sense of belonging to one another and of being separate from the mass of mankind. They were clannish and bigoted where outsiders were concerned, but they helped one another without thinking about it and took it for granted that if the need arose their help would be returned. They told tall tales that were elaborated from generation to generation, had their own folk songs that were more morbid than lyrical, and used scores of "by-words" or slang phrases that were seldom heard in the next township and unknown in the next county.

When they felt like singing they might break out in a lugubrious ballad like "The Peter Wheeler Song" about a Nova Scotia murder:

My name is Peter Wheeler,
I'm from a foreign shore,
I left my native country,
Never to see it more...

Hark! I hear the goaler coming,
I'm hurried from my cell,
Out on that awful scaffold,
I'll bid my last farewell...

The lyrics were usually doggerel and the music forlorn and monotonous, but they were living folk songs.

Today when the people in those same little villages sing at all they choose the latest hits from Hollywood or Tin Pan Alley--the same songs that are being sung in Liverpool, Sacramento and Saskatchewan. The comparative merits of the two types of music are irrelevant. There is a vast difference between singing a second-rate song ground out by mass-production methods and singing a second-rate song that you've written yourself or which, at least, is an integral part of your personal experience. Even the least talented, most conventional amateur painter produces work creatively superior to a picture postcard. The creative experience has a value of its own, quite apart from the quality of its product.

The two groups which produced the richest stores of folk music in Maine and the Atlantic Provinces were both notable for their strong sense of community. They were the men on the sailing ships and the men in the lumber woods. Thrown together for long periods, separated from their families, sharing the fellowship of lonely and dangerous occupations, it was inevitable that the sailors and shantyboys developed a fierce, taciturn loyalty toward their craft and their fellow workers. Out of that fellowship came the sea chanteys and the shanty songs.

It is characteristic that scores of songs from a particular milieu--the sailing ships, for example--might easily have been written by one man. All the writers sang about much the same kind of experience in the same vocabulary. And they had remarkably few idiosyncrasies of style. The typical folk song was written by, for and of the community, using "community" in a loose enough sense to include either a crew of New Brunswick loggers or the boatmen on the Erie Canal. Obviously, even folk songs are created by individuals. But the creators don't have the same strong sense of personal identity as other artists--at least not in their function as artists.

The mobility of our society and the improvement in communications made it unnecessary, and usually impossible, for us to maintain the old kind of relationship with one another. There are no more isolated little villages. They may be isolated geographically, but they are in contact with the world through automobiles and trains and planes and newspapers and television. There are no more occupations like the old sailing or logging. So the sense of community is disappearing. And one of its effects--probably not the most serious--is that the folk arts are dying too.

Hartland, New Brunswick
Canada

NOTES AND QUERIES

The first meeting of The Northeast Folklore Society will be held on Saturday, December 6, at the Memorial Union on the University of Maine campus, Orono. There will be an informal coffee hour from 10 to 11. The business meeting will begin at 11 and cover such matters as election of officers, ratification of the constitution, and an impending increase in dues. After a cafeteria lunch, there will be an afternoon session devoted to a discussion of methods and problems of folklore collecting and study in the Maine-Maritimes area. A copy of the proposed constitution will be sent to any member requesting it.

* * *

From Miss Helene Bellatty of Ellsworth, Maine:

Mr. Dorson's account of Uncle Curt Morse and his mirror (NEF, Spring, p. 6) reminded me of some Hallowe'en superstitions of my younger days. So I jotted them down:

At midnight on Hallowe'en walk down the cellar stairs backward holding a candle and a mirror. Your true love will look over your shoulder and you will see his face in the mirror.

Before retiring, fill a bowl with water and put in it slips of paper bearing the letters of the alphabet, face down. In the morning the initials of your future husband will be floating face up.

When preparing for bed:

Point your shoes toward the street,
Tie your garters round your feet,
Place your stockings under your head,
And the one you dream of, you will wed.

Name the bedposts for four boys and the one you are facing when you wake in the morning will be your future husband.

Peel an apple carefully so as to have one long curl. Twirl this around your head three times and drop it behind you. The peeling will form the initial of your future husband.

* * *

From Joseph Hickerson, Bloomington, Indiana:

I am looking for versions of the comic ballad "Our Goodman." It tells of the man who comes home drunk to find that his wife has a visitor:

"The other night when I came home,
As drunk as I could be,
I saw a horse in the stable
Where my horse ought to be."

The wife insists that the horse is really a cow, but the man is not to be fooled. He has never seen a cow with a saddle before. Nor has he seen pockets on a blanket (coat), hat-band on a chamber pot, and so forth.

I would appreciate any and every text and/or tune of this song. It is forming the basis of my master's thesis.

Joseph Hickerson
Folklore Department
Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

* * *

From Edward Ives, University of Maine, Orono, Maine:

Can any of our readers tell me anything about the story of the man who pulled the feathers off a bird and later lost all his hair? I am making a study of it and would like the following information: Where did they hear the story and when? Where is it supposed to have happened? Who was the man? What kind of bird? How did they hear the story told? I will appreciate any and all help.

* * *

From Kenneth S. Goldstein, Hatboro, Pennsylvania:

I am presently editing for possible publication a manuscript of sailor's songs dating back to the middle of the 19th century which was compiled by one Lewis Jones, a sailor from the whaling port of East Hampton, Long Island, New York. The manuscript contains 31 songs, two of which have stumped me as to history, origin, and bibliographical data. I should appreciate hearing from anyone who has any information on either of these songs, or, perhaps, even on Lewis Jones himself. The songs as they appear in the manuscript are:

(no title given in manuscript)

Pray thee O brothers speed the boat,
Swift over the glittering waves we float,
Quickly she will return again,
Loaded with wealth from the plundering main.

Chorus: Then pull away pull away row boys row
A long pull a strong pull and off we go,
Pull away pull away row boys row.
A long pull a strong pull and off we go,
And off we go and off we go
And off we go.

Hark to the sound of the village bell,
As it merrily sounds from shore to shore,
Hark to the sound of the convent bell,
As it 'plies to the dash to the dash of the oar.

BONNY BANK

Bring me back from highland grove
Before the night grows dark,
And there she tell a tale of love
To the captain of this bark.

Chorus: Merry row merry row my bonny bonny merry row
Merry row merry row my bonny bonny bark.

MacDonald was the bonnets blue
The bonnets blue the bonnets blue
Snow white drops was on it two on two,
And a highland lad was he.

The moon went down behind yon cloud,
And all things was in dark,
And I was left alas to mourn,
With the captain of this bark.

Kenneth S. Goldstein
105 Bonnet Lane
Hatboro, Pennsylvania

* * *

A few members have written to say that they did not receive their copies of NORTHEAST FOLKLORE. If any member has not received either the spring or summer issue, please write the editors.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Rainbow Book of American Folk Tales and Legends. By Maria Leach. Illustrated by Marc Simont. (Cleveland and New York: The World Publishing Company, 1958. Pp. 318. \$4.95.)

This attractive book contains many fine texts from living oral tradition, but unfortunately these genuine folktales are packed like pieces of china between layers of various narrative scraps.

The weakest part of the collection is the space consuming chapter (pp. 61-183) on so-called "state-lore." Each state is represented with a hodge-podge of information on its name, nicknames, history, and local traditions. No one, it seems to me, can write a really authoritative account of the folklore of the several States at the present time simply because the material has not yet been collected and studied. To help remedy this lack of knowledge in New England is, after all, one of the main purposes of our Northeast Folklore Society. Until folklore study is further advanced in the United States, one would be well advised to avoid conjecture about "state lore" on the basis of unreliable sources.

From the bibliographical notes at the back of the book (supplied for some but not all of the stories), it is apparent that Mrs. Leach leans heavily on the Botkin Treasures not only for much "state lore," but also for accounts of Pecos Bill and others of that ilk. Also reprinted from readily available books are the tales of North and South American Indians included in the final section. (Why South American Indians, when the delightful tales of the Spanish-American tradition are entirely neglected?) A paucity of living American folktales would also seem to be indicated by the author's prose retellings of folk songs such as "John Henry" and "Young Charlotte." In general, such a conglomeration of stuff gives one the impression of padding.

Among the packing materials, however, is an outstanding collection of living folktales, some of which have not been published before. Mrs. Leach includes ghost stories like "The Ghostly Hitchhiker" (pp. 195-198; see motif list below), scary tales or "screams" (pp. 213-219), good old jokes like "The Twist-mouth Family" (pp. 249-252). There is an excellent Pennsylvania German hex story from an unpublished collection of William J. Phillips, in which the narrator tells of being released from a hex curse by sticking a dough image of the witch with pins and burning it (pp. 246-248). Another new text relates the adventures of a fisherman who made a bargain with the devil (pp. 261-262). One incident in this story from Newfoundland tells how the devil produced liquor by boring a hole in wood--a motif used by Goethe in Faust ("Auerbachs Keller"). There is an unusual tale about a monster whale,

Caldera Dick, as told to Benjamin D. Doane by his whaling captain grandfather (pp. 262-266). This text represents a vital link between oral tradition and Melville's novel. Such tales from the oral tradition are indeed "a priceless part of every young American's colorful heritage," as the dust jacket asserts.

Despite its weaknesses, children will undoubtedly like The Rainbow Book of American Folk Tales and Legends. I "tried it out" on some faculty children: David, aged eleven, Jimmy, twelve, and Lesley, fourteen. David and Jimmy found that "the words are too hard" (indeed, words like "manifestation," "jurisdiction," "infallible," and "accrued" are too hard); so their father read the stories to them. All three were fascinated by the contents, with the exception of the "state lore" which simply did not interest them. And with what one is tempted to call instinctive good taste, they preferred the good old stories like "The Yellow Ribbon" (pp. 203-204) and "The Twist-mouth Family." Most of all, they were delighted with the "screams"--their father is a patient man with strong lungs.

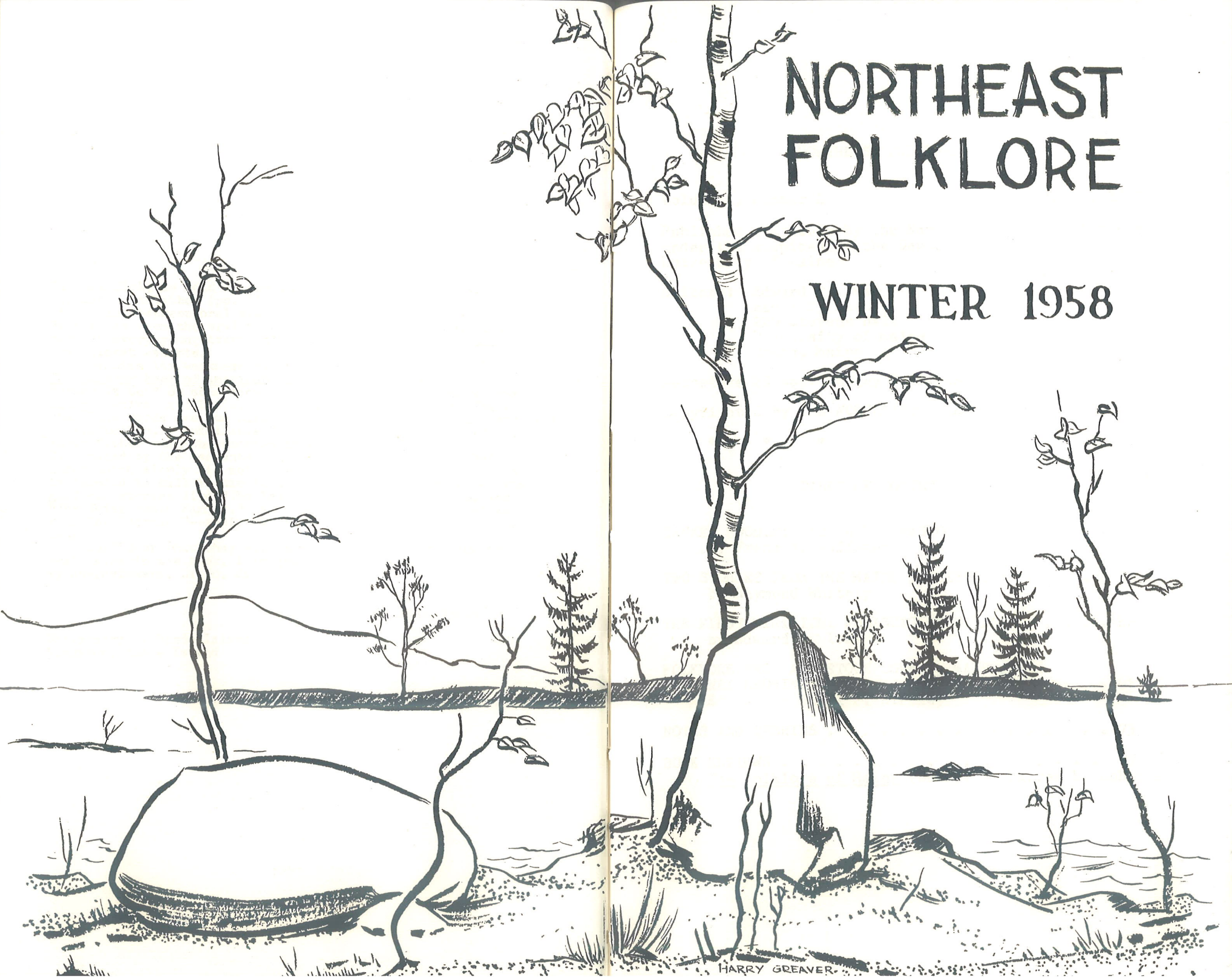
Confident that they will especially enjoy the genuine oral tales in the book, I am gratefully returning it to my co-reviewers, David, Jimmy, and Lesley.

Barbara Allen Woods

University of Rhode Island
Kingston, Rhode Island

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THE NORTHEAST FOLKLORE SOCIETY

THE NORTHEAST FOLKLORE SOCIETY is devoted to the collection, preservation, study, and publication of the songs, legends, tales, and other traditions of the New England-Maritimes area. Regular annual membership is \$1.00, sustaining membership \$3.00, and contributing membership \$5.00. All classes of membership include subscription to NORTHEAST FOLKLORE.

NORTHEAST FOLKLORE is a quarterly journal published by the Society under the auspices of the Department of English of the University of Maine. It will publish fresh collections of regional material, comparative studies, reviews of current books, bibliographies and notes designed to familiarize others who are interested with what has been done, is being done, and needs yet to be done.

The editors will welcome contributions of material-- anything from full-length studies to short notes, queries, and paragraphs giving single songs or reports of individual tales and legends.

YANKEE DOODLE: AN EARLY VERSION

by Frank A. Hoffmann

Hiram "Hi" Cranmer, of Hammersley Fork, Pennsylvania, is one of those rare informants that collectors dream about but meet all too infrequently. He is, in his own words, blessed with "an abnormal amount of curiosity (sic)." Forced to retire from an active working life at a comparatively early age because of a bad case of gas poisoning received during World War I, "Hi" spends most of his time visiting and being visited by his wide circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the northwestern corner of Clinton County. Over the years this has resulted in his accumulating a vast body of songs, ballads, local yarns and legends, anecdotes, tales, and historical lore on top of the already rich store of lore he had learned from his family and picked up in lumber camps during his youth.

Among the more than one hundred songs and ballads "Hi" has sung into my tape recorder since I first began visiting him, during the winter of 1956, are many historical items. Most date from the Civil War, in which his grandfather, father, and uncle participated, but several go back to earlier periods in American history. Of particular interest is his account of the origin of "Yankee Doodle," which came down to him through his mother's family, who were originally New Englanders.

"Yankee Doodle" has long been the center of a great deal of controversy. However, it is generally agreed that the original verses were composed by Doctor Richard Shuckburgh, a British army surgeon, during the summer or early fall of 1758. The inspiration was the ludicrous appearance of the provincial troops as they mobilized on the Van Rensselaer estate, near Albany, New York.¹

Dolph points out that "The original song is lost among the many verses that appeared during the Revolution."² It is not my belief that "Hi's" text is the original, but the context in which it is given suggests that it may be a very early form of the song, certainly predating the Revolutionary War.

The following is a verbatim transcript of my tape recording of "Hi," made August 24, 1957. It has not been edited, except to remove occasional superfluous words, such as repetitious conjunctions and articles, that are part of the conversational pattern.

". . . see, my ancestors, in the French and Indian War, you know; and General Lyman, he come in with the New England troops. Some had shotguns, some rifles, some muskets; and some was carrying 'em on their shoulder, some slung over their arms, and some had a strap, you know. Lyman, he was leadin' 'em. He was on horseback, and he stuck an eagle feather in his hat, see; and the British officers, they began to laugh, you know, when they come in to Fort Edward. They thought the first verse:

and Yankee Doodle came to town, a-riding on a
pony,
He stuck a feather in his hat and called it
macaroni.
Corn cobs switch your hair, cart wheels
surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off, and mortal
pestles pound you.³

"Well, they they went into the battle, you know, and Desceau'd throwed his troops in a "V," and the Colonial troops, they put them behind, you know, out of the road. They had the Indians up with the regulars. There they was in front and both flanks. Lyman put his men to one side, you know, and let those regulars run past. The French stacked their guns right alongside of this little pond and was eatin' dinner-- they'd won the battle. When they come back in, and before they could get to the guns, why the Colonials, you know, had shot 'em up. A lot of 'em Indians tried to swim the pond, and they just went to the other side and caught 'em when they come out. Then the dead and dyin' they throwed in there-- it's still called Bloody Pond. Desceau, he was huntin' for his watch, you know, and a soldier thought he was huntin' for a pistol, and he shot him. So, they come back, you see, into Fort Edward; and they were scared there. The army was repulsed, and they thought the Provincials were all captured. And the first thing they come back in, and one of their ration carts-- they were driven by oxen; a man named Jake drove it-- and they put Desceau in that. And when they come back into the fort, they had the Indians in single file, tied together, then the French on each side, then the Colonials on the outside, guardin' 'em. When they come into the fort, they struck the second verse up:

And Yankee Doodle came to town, along with
Uncle Jake,
And there the ladies from the windows cried,
"There goes a johnny cake."
Corn cobs switch your hair, cart wheels
surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off, and mortal pestle
pound you.

"Then, you know, Gen'l Johnson was wounded in
the arm. He come up and says, "What's this?"
Lyman come up, saluted, says, "One French army,"
says, "killed or captured." That got the second
verse of that. Then the third verse was that
friction at Concord:

And Aunt Jemimy clamb a tree, she had a
stick to boost her;
And there she set a-throwing corn at our
old bob-tailed rooster.
Corn cobs switch your hair, cart wheels
surround you,
Fiery dragons carry you off, and mortal pestle
pound you.

"Let's see, there's another that I don't know
the verse that goes with that. That's where they
changed the chorus, see. Then they got a whole
string of verses, you know, to the Revolutionary
War. They changed the chorus, you know:

Yankee Doodle keep it up, and Yankee Doodle
dandy,
And mind the music and the step, and with
the girls be handy.

"They -- sixty years ago, when I went to school,
you know, there was hardly a day went by that we
didn't sing that."

I would be very interested in knowing whether
any New England collectors have turned up verses
paralleling these.

FOOTNOTES

1. Edward Arthur Dolph, Sound Off! Soldier
Songs From Yankee Doodle to Parley Voo. (New York,
1929), p. 459.

2. Idem.

3. The tune is the same basic tune to which all versions of "Yankee Doodle" are sung.

Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

TWO STORIES FROM THE MAINE LUMBERWOODS

by Raymond Whitely

Although a native of Massachusetts and still a United States citizen, Mr. Whitely has lived for many years in Sugar Loaf, Victoria County, Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia. The following stories he heard fifty years or more ago when he was working in the Maine lumberwoods. The notes at the end are by the editors.

I. The Dungarvon Whooper

The Dungarvon Whooper got the name from an old yarn about some queer animal that followed people in the woods at night. Some called them Indian Devils. Anyway, it was supposed to utter this unearthly howl or whoop after killing its victim. The Whooper I speak of was a man who worked in camps around Waterville, if I remember right. Anyway, it was between Skowhegan and Augusta. He would chop for one team or two of snig horses when hot yarding, and always went home Friday at noon. He lived in Houlton. So the boss at first was either going to sack him or make him stay until Saturday evening. He told the foreman, "I'll have plenty logs ahead until I come back." Sure enough, the team could not yard all that was ready. He always stuck his axe in a tree when he left and warned every one not to touch the handle. If they did, as soon as he came back he broke the handle out and put in a new one. Some of the men used to sneak in and try to see who was helping him. No one was. Just the swish of the trees falling. He had a small book which he read before going to work. No one ever saw the inside, but on the cover was written:

Read me over, study me not,
Or hell and damnation will be your lot.

He was always back to work Monday morning, come hell or high water. And from Houlton to Waterville was quite a jaunt, possessed by the devil or not. One of the men asked him how he ever got home and back so quick. He said, "Would you like to go with me next Friday?" The guy said, "Sure."

He stayed this Friday until dark. After dark he told the Frenchman to come outside and warned him not to utter the Lord's name on the journey. There was a black pig about six-feet long standing by the camp door, and the two men straddled the pig and away they go, and going was the name of it.

They reached their destination alright, but on the return trip when over the camp, the Frog said, "Thank God, we are back." He was thrown off and only lived long enough to tell the story that night.

The Whooper sprang out of his bunk at midnight and said, "Good-bye boys, the devil is waiting for me outside." He closed the door and those unearthly whoops could be heard for miles over the tree tops.

So much for the Dungarvon Whooper. I suppose he wound up in hell.

II. The Twin Pines

This yarn was told me by an old man in Danforth, Maine, Jake Fost. We were working for the Baskahegan Lumber Company in 1918 about two miles in from the town of Danforth.

In the town of Millinocket there was a widow woman who had two sons. Their father owned a big timber lot that was worth a lot of money. The father died without a will, so the boys fell heir to their father's property. They had an uncle, their father's brother. He started paying attention to the widow and finally one day the two boys disappeared. He married the widow and figured he would inherit his brother's estate. This woman mistrusted through time that the children met foul play instead of getting lost in the woods.

At the beginning of winter, she made a big snowman in the yard and stuck a hunting knife in the snowman's side. Shortly after, her husband was taken sick. A big sore came on his side. Every other day

the woman would thrust the knife in Mr. Snowman, and the man in bed would be in terrible agony. One day she said, "I will cure your side if you will tell what happened to the boys." He was in such agony between the pain of his side and a guilty conscience that he told her he killed the boys and buried them on the top of Mt. K., and sure enough, the two graves were found. But when the snowman melted in April, the man died. The woman said beforehand that when the snowman melted, the guilty one would die. There was a pine tree grew out of each grave. And twice the trees were going to be cut down, but both times a hanging limb, or a widow-maker we called them, killed a man.

Perhaps the trees are still growing.

NOTES

I. The Dungarvon Whooper

For additional notes upon the Whooper, see Tale No. 18 in "Folklore from Aroostook," printed in this issue of Northeast Folklore.

The Indian Devil (called Lunk Soos by the Penobscot Indians) is a species of catamount which once inhabited (and perhaps inhabits still) the Maine forests, and which, so the Indians believed, was the embodiment of evil. The animal was always rare. John S. Springer, Forest Life and Forest Trees (New York, 1851), pp. 133ff., writes about it at some length. Springer spent a large portion of his life in the lumberwoods of Northern Maine, and he saw only the Indian Devil's tracks, never the animal itself. Bud Leavitt, sports writer for The Bangor Daily News, occasionally includes stories in his column sent in by people claiming that they glimpsed the Indian Devil.

The portion of Mr. Whitely's story dealing with the magically chopping axe is conceivably of Indian origin. Abby L. Alger, In Indian Tents (Boston, 1897), pp. 51-52, prints a story about "Al-wus-ki-nigess, the Spirit of the Woods," a supernatural creature whose stone hatchet felled a tree at each stroke. Since many Penobscot Indians worked in the logging camps (Thoreau's guide, Attean, for example), the motif could have been adapted easily by non-Indian loggers. Richard M. Dorson, Jonathan Draws the Long Bow (Cambridge, Mass., 1946) p. 51, quotes a story from Ernest E. Bisbee, "Jack the Ripper," The State

O' Maine Scrap Book (Lancaster, N.H., c. 1940), which is analogous. Jack the Ripper made a deal with the Devil, and when he chopped trees, an invisible helper cut along with him, hewing out chips which required two men to lift. Also, Mr. Edward Ives has collected the story of the magically chopping axe from Mr. Charles Sibley, Argyle, Maine, who knew it as "The Big Indian Chopper." Other parallels are given by Thompson, Motif-Index: D1206. Magic axe; D1601.14. Self-chopping axe.

The Whooper's mysterious book is a detail probably French-Canadian in origin. Richard M. Dorson, Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers (Cambridge, Mass., 1952), p. 82, mentions the "Red Dragon," a powerful book which, according to his French informants, "possesses the Devil." See Thompson, Motif-Index, D1266. Magic book.

The story of woodsmen traveling on a flying pig (the mode of travel in similar stories is usually a flying canoe, the chasse-galerie), is also of French-Canadian origin. Stories similar to the present are found among the French of Quebec -- Marius Barbeau, The Tree of Dreams (Toronto, 1955); and Seour Ursule, Civilisation Traditionnelle des Lavallois, pp. 185-86 -- of upper Michigan -- Dorson, Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers, pp. 80-81 -- and of New York -- Harold W. Thompson, Body, Boots, & Britches, pp. 117-18. Thompson, Motif-Index, cites parallels to the chasse-galerie portion of our story under the following motifs: D1118. Magic airships; D1122. Magic canoe; D1520.15. Transportation in magic ship; D1531.8. Witch flies with aid of word charm; D1766.7.1.1. Evil spirits conjured away in name of deity; G242. Witch flies through air; G303.16.8. Devil leaves at mention of God's name; G225.7.1. Pig as magician's familiar.

II. The Twin Pines

The story has world-wide affiliations and an extensive literature exists upon its themes. A bibliographical key may be found in Thompson, Motif-Index, under the following entries: D1782. Sympathetic magic; D2060. Death or bodily injury by magic; D2061.2.2. Murder by sympathetic magic; D2061.2.2.3. Murder by abuse or destruction of image. The Penobscot Indians possessed a related legend about Governor John Neptune, a celebrated nineteenth-century m'téoulin

or shaman. Alger, In Indian Tents, pp. 81-82, writes that once Neptune bound his spear and arrows with his daughter's black hair, and plunged these into the ground up to his elbow. When he pulled them out, they were dripping with his foe's blood. Mr. Kirtley was told a similar tale last winter by John Nelson, the Penobscot representative to the Maine legislature.

The idea of reincarnation is implicit in the details of the twin pine trees growing from the graves. See parallels in Thompson, Motif-Index, E631. Reincarnation in plant (tree) growing from grave.

THE FIRST MIRAMICHI FOLKSONG FESTIVAL

by Edward D. Ives

Some years ago Lord Beaverbrook set Louise Manny to collecting the old songs of the Miramichi. The result was the Lord Beaverbrook Collection of New Brunswick Folksong. Every Sunday for perhaps ten years Miss Manny has had a fifteen-minute radio program over CKMR (Newcastle) devoted to playing recordings from this collection of traditional singers performing in the old style. The result of this work was to keep up an interest in these songs in an area where there is still considerable traditional singing.

Late in the spring of 1958, Miss Manny began to plan the First Miramichi Folksong Festival. The idea was to get traditional singers up on the stage to sing their songs for a paying audience. She got the Newcastle Rotary Club to sponsor the affair, which was to be put on in the Beaverbrook Auditorium in Newcastle on the evenings of September 3rd, 4th, and 5th. Ken Homer of CBC Radio Caravan agreed to be master of ceremonies, and Dr. Helen Creighton, (Dartmouth, N.S.), Harry Brown (South Nelson, N.B.), Dr. George B. MacBeath (St. John, N.B.), and I were to be the judges. All that was needed was to get the singers. Miss Manny placed a notice in the local paper, flashed another on the screen on the Newcastle theater, had announcements made over the radio, and waited. Entries poured in and soon she had all the singers she needed.

The affair was opened by J. Leonard O'Brien, Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, who gave a short and most appropriate speech about the old songs we were to hear. Then the program began, and for



Prize-winners at the First Miramichi Folksong Festival. Front row, left to right: Mrs. William Buckley, Chatham Head; Dan Holland, Glenwood; James Brown, South Branch; Mrs. Marie Hare, Strathadam. Back row, left to right: Art Matchett, Strathadam; Annette PLOURDE, Neguac; Wilmot MacDonald, Glenwood; Sam Jago, Newcastle; George Duplessis, Eel River Bridge; Roland Richard, Rogersville.



George Duplessis counts over his children for Ken Homer, Master of Ceremonies. Sam Jago listens in. (Pictures courtesy New Brunswick Travel Bureau).

three nights these singers sang to packed houses (the last night the ushers had to set up extra chairs wherever they could). Perhaps the best way to give the flavor of the whole affair is to try to pick out a few of the high spots, difficult as that may be. Winot MacDonald of Glenwood, a real virtuoso among traditional singers, sang "Peter Emberly" and "The Lumberman's Alphabet." Nick Underhill from Northwest Bridge sang a splendid version of Larry Gorman's "The Winter of Seventy-Three," and James Brown from South Branch (Kent County) sang "Herding Lambs among the Heather" and Larry Gorman's "The Good Old State of Maine." There were several women singers, too; Mrs. Marie Hare from Strathadam sang "Mantle So Green," and Mrs. William Buckley of Chatham sang in French "Le Volontier," perhaps the most hauntingly beautiful tune of the whole festival. Roland Richard, a boy soprano from Rogersville, also sang beautifully several French-Canadian folksongs (he was, by the way, the only person to sing with accompaniment, the piano). George Duplessis of Eel River Bridge, sang "Growing Old Together," "Glencoe," and Joe Scott's "The Plain Golden Band," all very pleasantly. However, the high spot of the entire festival for me was Sam Jago's singing of "The Lost Babes of Halifax." It is no small trick to hold a large audience through that extremely long ballad, yet he did it; there wasn't a sound.

Louise Manny is to be congratulated for her wonderful work. Finally, I should like to say that not a little of the Festival's success can be attributed to Ken Homer's splendid job as master of ceremonies. Quiet, confident, informed, and sympathetic, he was exactly what was needed. In short, the First Miramichi Folksong Festival was a huge success and should become a regular affair.

University of Maine
Orono, Maine

FOLKLORE FROM AROOSTOOK COUNTY, MAINE,
AND NEIGHBORING CANADA

Edited by Bacil F. Kirtley

From collections by Mr. Louis Burt, Mr. Lynwood McHatten, Mrs. Marian Farley, Mrs. Marion D. Fillmore, Mrs. Georgie Foss, Mrs. Viola Gooding, Mrs. Lois Jardine, Mrs. Thelma Merritt, Mrs. Hazel Olson, Mrs. Vesta Stairs, and Miss Ellen Pinette.

PART I (continuation): LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE
SUPERNATURAL

Ghosts

17. THE WATCH (Merritt)¹

Once there was this old Indian trapper who lived way off in the woods by himself. His only valuable possession was a watch. One day the local game warden found him dead. He buried him on a knoll near his cabin. Now, some of his relatives weren't satisfied with this burial and wanted to bring his body back to the tribal cemetery. About a year later they managed to do this. They dug him up and found his watch running and keeping perfect time.²

18. THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER (Stairs)¹

This man by the name of Dungarvon used to haul logs through the Patten woods. He was a very, very wicked person. He yelled and swore at his horse, and cursed everyone and everything.

In the Patten woods there was a very steep hill called the Dunbar Hill. One day this man was heard going down this hill swearing and beating his horses, and he disappeared and nobody ever saw him again. But there are people who say that you can still hear him yelling and whooping near this hill if you are there at a certain time and hour. Some say that what they hear is the cries of an "Injun Devil," for it always stays out of sight, but follows them as they walk through the woods. But there are those who insist it is Dungarvon's Ghost.

19. THE ESTY LIGHT (Jardine)¹

We live on a hillside looking out over the Aroostook River. There is a marshy place just across the other side of the river. One night as I looked across there I saw a light flash and flash at regular intervals. After watching it for some time, I asked my husband what it was. He said, "Oh, that's the Esty Light." His grandmother Jardine used to tell him this story years ago.

Many years ago a man named Mr. Esty used to go up and down the road peddling lanterns. On the other side of the river near the marsh lived another man in an old shack. Sometimes Mr. Esty would spend the night with him. Folks say that one night they got into some kind of an argument. The man killed Mr. Esty, buried him in the marsh and then disappeared himself. Ever since that time there has been a light there. Folks say it's Mr. Esty with his lantern, looking for his murderer. Well! I've seen the light!

20. THE HEADLESS SAWYER (McHatten)¹

In the early 1900's lumbering was one of the chief operations in Northern Maine. One fall a crew of men moved into the Black Lake region to cut one of the best stands of lumber known in or around that region. There were close to one-hundred men and they were separated into crews to cut, yard, and saw the lumber on the shore of Black Lake. A portable saw mill was erected, together with several men's camps.

The first two or three months cutting and yarding progressed ahead of schedule; finally, the mill was started to saw the lumber into a finished product. About a month after the mill had started, the sawyer accidentally slipped and fell into the rotary saw, and his head was sawed off close to his shoulders. Another sawyer was hired and things seemed to progress, although accidents became more frequent. The men became more ill at ease, nervous, and worked under tension.

Things went from bad to worse until finally the contractor decided to close camp due to the trouble of getting men to work at the camp.

It was not until several months later that the contractor found out several men had seen a man with no head working around the sawmill, especially after

darkness. The men who saw this sight were a hardy lot and were afraid or ashamed to speak about the incident of the headless sawyer for fear the other workers would laugh at them.

The camps were closed and everything but the mill moved out. To this day no other work has been performed in that district, except the work done by the headless sawyer, who still carries on his sawyer's duties at the mill where he lost his head.

It has been told that the headless sawyer still roams the Black Lake region and can be seen by anyone who wishes to venture in and spend several nights at the old saw mill site.²

21. THE HEADLESS GHOST (Olson)¹

One night a farmer and his wife went out to visit their neighbor. On their way home, they saw this form walking ahead of them in the road. They were both frightened, but they kept on walking. It was quite dark. They could barely tell that the form was moving, just enough to keep ahead of them. They did not want to turn back, as they did not want to take their eyes off the form. Since it was moving ahead of them in the direction they wanted to go, they thought they might just as well walk slowly along behind it. They followed hand in hand, never taking their eyes off the form.

All of a sudden they noticed that they were home. This form that they had followed was the form of a man without a head. As they went to the door of their house they saw the ghost cross the road and go down inside of the culvert which was there. The next day they both told of their adventures the night before, and they could show the neighbors the culvert which the ghost used when he disappeared.

22. UNCLE BOB (Olson)¹

My uncle was working one winter in a lumber camp, not too many miles from his home. One week end he decided to spend the week end at home. It was the fall of the year, a light snow had just fallen, and night came on quickly. Uncle Bob had walked and walked through the path in the woods toward his home.

It was almost dusk and Uncle Bob was almost home

when he saw a ghost ahead of him on the path. Now Uncle Bob wasn't afraid of any ghost so he decided to walk right up to the ghost and hit it so hard with the ax handle which he was carrying that he would kill it, then he would know what it was. He could see it. As he walked nearer, it still was there. When Uncle Bob came quite close, he got his ax handle all ready to swing. He got close enough to swing at it, but when he swung, the thing went right down through the ground. This frightened Uncle Bob so much that he went for home as fast as he could go. He told his wife about the ghost. She said that her husband was just as white as a sheet.

The next morning he went back to see if he could find the ghost. He could not find the ghost, nor could he even find a single track made by the ghost.²

23. THE HAINESVILLE WITCH (Merritt)¹

Locale: Soldier Hill in the Hainesville Woods. It was so named because it was the burial place of the only victim of the Aroostook War.

Many years ago there was a terrible auto accident at Soldier Hill. In one car there were two men and a woman. When the police arrived they found the two men dead, but no one knew the whereabouts of the woman who was with them.

A year later, on the anniversary of that night (October first) at about midnight, a Cole's Express driver stopped and picked up a woman who was walking along the road at this very spot. She was dressed completely in black and told him she had been living in the woods for a whole year. She asked him if he would give her a ride to Bangor. When they got to the edge of Bangor she asked to be let out and asked the driver if he would call some relatives she had there and tell them she was all right. She gave him the telephone number before disappearing into the darkness.

This is said to have happened several times, always on this same night and always with a truck driver.

Another version has the woman dressed in white with a suitcase. She stops a car and asks them to take her to Lincoln (or to Houlton). There she disappears before the driver of the car can help her out. He goes up to the house and asks them about her, but they just shake their heads sadly. It was their

daughter who was killed a few years ago, they tell him, and ever since people have come to the house with the same story.²

24. DEAR ALFRED (Merritt)¹

Amy was a widow and getting along in years. She owned a large house in the town of Fort Fairfield. It was here that I boarded in the winter of 1948-49. She wore three large diamond rings which she took off and forgot about at different times. When I cautioned her, she would tell me that she didn't worry as Alfred would tell her where they were.

Now Alfred was Amy's husband who had been dead for several years. Many a time she would get up in the middle of the night because Alfred had told her where something was (usually her rings).

There was a fellow from West Virginia staying there that winter and he didn't like all this too well. One night when I was very late getting home because my car had been stuck in the snow, I found Amy out at the clothesline taking in some clothes. When I asked her what in the world she was doing out there at one in the morning, she looked at me as calm as could be and said, "Why, Alfred woke me up and told me there was going to be a terrible storm and I better get my clothes in."

Along toward daylight it started to snow and it snowed and snowed for three days. It was one of the worst storms I had ever seen.

This was too much for that fellow from West Virginia. He left just as soon as he could shovel a road to the garage.²

25. GHOST STORIES (Olson)¹

Edgar Wright went to a neighbor's house to get a hand saw. He was just a young fellow at the time, and he decided to stop and visit for a while. Time went by quickly and he did not realize that it was so late. He started on his way home with the hand saw. On his way home he had to pass through some woods; the wind was blowing, the trees were swaying, it was just beginning to get dark. It was the time of night that made one look all the way around, to see if anything was near. He had a creepy feeling.

He was traveling on a narrow crooked path; all at once a little way ahead of him he saw the ground

lifting right up. He was so frightened that he could not move; he just stood there and stared at the ground as it raised up again. After watching this for a few minutes, he thought he was seeing a ghost right before his very eyes. He threw his hand saw into the ground right where it was raising up and turned and went back to his neighbors.

The next day Edgar's father came after him. On their way home they searched for the hand saw but could not find it. The hand saw hasn't been found to this day. The ghost must have taken it.

26. THE GHOST OF BEAVER BROOK FLAT (Farley)

This happened a long time ago. The mother of Fred Randall (he is in his 80's), then a girl, worked for a family at Beaver Brook Flat. (No one has lived down in there since long before I can remember. Beaver Brook is a flat on the Aroostook River near the Ashland town line, reached only by a field road. It is a couple of miles from the main road.)

This girl heard steps going up and down stairs all night. The stairs were closed in like many stairs used to be. She thought it was the boy of the house who slept upstairs. But his mother said, "No," that she had checked many times, and he was always sleeping soundly. The girl didn't believe in ghosts, so she sprinkled some corn meal on the steps. If it really were someone, she would see his tracks in the morning; if it were a ghost, she would see no tracks. But the woman made her sweep up the meal. She said that the ghost had never bothered them, so they always left it alone. If they had bothered it, some harm might befall their home.

NOTES

The following abbreviations are used:

- JAF Journal of American Folklore
 MAFS Memoirs of the American Folklore Society
 NEF Northeast Folklore

17. THE WATCH

1. Told to Mrs. Merritt by James Miller, age thirty, of Ft. Fairfield, Maine.

2. I do not know of any story precisely like "The Watch." Parallels which are generally similar are cited by Thompson, Motif-Index, under E410 ff. The unquiet grave, and E419.10. Concern of ghost about belongings of its lifetime.

18. THE DUNGARVON WHOOPER

1. Mrs. Stairs writes: "This story was told to me by Mrs. Learnard of Washburn, Maine. Her grandmother told it to her many years ago. In fact, she says, nearly everyone in or near Masardis knows the story."

See the editors' notes to Raymond Whitely's "The Dungarvon Whooper" in this issue of NEF.

The Dungarvon Whooper (named after the Dungarvon River, a tributary of the Renous, in turn a tributary of the Southwest Branch of the Miramichi) was originally a New Brunswick ghost, and certainly that province's most publicized apparition. The Dungarvon Whooper is the subject of a long poem by Michael Whelan, "the poet of the Renous," and nearly all guidebooks to the province, including the government-printed brochure passed out to tourists at customs inspection stations, mention the Whooper. Jessie I. Lawson and Jean M. Sweet in This Is New Brunswick (Toronto, 1951), p. 168, give a typical version of the story. According to their tale the Whooper is the ghost of a murdered camp cook who wanders year after year shrieking threats of vengeance.

In the last century a number of responsible persons reported hearing the Whooper's booming wail coming from the deeps of the forest lining the Dungarvon River. Various explanations for the phenomenon have been offered, including that claiming it is the cries of the Indian Devil. The Micmac Indians, the aboriginal inhabitants of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, conceived a spirit, skadegamutc, who voiced a similar wail. Wilson D. Wallis and Ruth S. Wallis in their The Micmac Indians of Eastern Canada (Minneapolis, 1955), pp. 151-52, claim that the cry of skadegamutc was actually the call of the whooper owl. This bird may be the source of the Dungarvon Whooper legend as well.

19. THE ESTY LIGHT

1. Creighton, Folklore of Lunenburg County, pp. 34-36, gives tales describing similar ghost-lights. In her Bluenose Ghosts, pp. 229-30, she gives an account of a "gopher-light," a phantom light caused by a man "swinging a lantern." Her story does not explain the light's origin. For parallels, see Thompson Motif-Index, E599.7. Ghost carries lantern.

20. THE HEADLESS SAWYER

1. Mr. McHatten writes: "The following story was told to me by Bill Deprey, woodsman, trapper, and story-teller, of Ashland, Maine. The tale is supposed to have happened at Black Lake, which is a small lake in the northern part of Maine. Mr. Deprey told me this story, along with several others, a short time ago."

2. See No. 12, note 2, in present collection for parallels of headless ghosts. See also No. 21 and No. 22 and notes to these stories.

21. THE HEADLESS GHOST

1. Told to Mrs. Olson by a neighbor, Archie Belyea, age fifty-nine, a farmer, of Caribou, Maine. See No. 12, No. 20, No. 22 and notes to these stories for parallel themes.

22. UNCLE BOB

1. Told to Mrs. Olson by Sherman Doody, age seventy, a retired laborer who lives near Caribou, Maine.

2. A similar story is found in Creighton, Bluenose Ghosts (Toronto, 1957), pp. 230-31. The ghost in the Nova Scotia story is that of a dog, as are the apparitions of similar North Carolina legends: see Newman Ivey White, ed., The Frank J. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, 5 vols. (Durham, N.J., 1952), I, 636 and 682-83. In the same collection, pp. 680, 681, 683, and 686, are other tales featuring headless ghosts. Whitney and Canfield, Folk-Lore From Maryland, p. 184, also print a story of a ghost-dog struck with a whip, which passes through the spectre.

In a North Carolina story a ghost, similar to the one of our story, leaves no tracks on the snow:

White, The Frank C. Brown Collection, I, 672. Cf. Tale No. 1 of the present collection, and Thompson, Motif-Index, F261.2. Fairy dances in snow; no tracks left.

23. THE HAINESVILLE WITCH

1. Told to Mrs. Merritt by Mary Jane Miller of Ft. Fairfield, Maine.

2. Told to Mrs. Merritt by Evelyn Powers of Presque Isle, Maine. The story is extremely popular in the United States, and it has spread into Canada. Alexander Woollcott, I believe, was responsible in large measure for popularizing it. Versions may be found in the following works: Creighton, Bluenose Ghosts, pp. 197-98; J. Mason Brewer, Dog Ghosts and Other Texas Negro Folk Tales (Austin, 1958), pp. 100-01 (the ghost turns into a dog in this version); Federal Writers' Project, Gumbo Ya-Ya (Boston, 1945), p. 286; Leonard W. Roberts, South from Hell-fer-Sartin (Lexington, Ky., 1955), p. 190. See also bibliography cited by Thompson, Motif-Index, E332.3.3.1. The vanishing hitchhiker.

24. DEAR ALFRED

1. Told to Mrs. Merritt by James Miller, age thirty, of Ft. Fairfield, Maine.

2. For comparable incidents in world folklore, see Thompson, Motif-Index, motifs E300ff. Friendly return from the dead.

25. GHOST STORIES

1. Told to Mrs. Olson by a neighbor, Mr. Belyea.

26. THE GHOST OF BEAVER BROOK FLAT

1. Told to Mrs. Farley by Mr. Fred Randall of Castle Hill, Maine, who does not believe in ghosts.

NOTES AND QUERIES

From Lynwood McHatten, Masardis, Maine:

Several years ago I overheard a conversation at Greenlaw's Trading Post in Masardis, Maine, between the proprietor, Herb Greenlaw, and a sport from New

York. Herb was one who could not be out-talked and was a very excellent story-teller.

The sport had been fishing at Millinocket Lake and had returned from his trip filled with great enthusiasm. He told Herb he had had wonderful luck and planned to return the following year. Curiosity got the best of Herb, so he asked the sport if he had caught any large ones. The sport said he figured he had caught something in Millinocket Lake that no other fisherman had, and he told Herb about one of his fish which measured just shy of thirty-six inches. This is fairly good length, even for Aroostook waters.

"Well," Herb said, "I must tell you of my last trip up to Millinocket Lake. I fished all one day. Along about dark I started for camp and noticed a light shining on the bottom of the lake. I stopped and fished all around it, and finally I pulled up a lighted lantern, took it to camp with me, and, as true as I stand here, that lantern was engraved with Benedict Arnold's name and dated 1776."

The sport looked Herb over pretty well and decided perhaps Herb might be telling him something which wasn't quite on the level. "I will believe the story of your fishing out the lantern," said the sport, "but as far as it being lit after all those years, that sounds somewhat absurd."

"Well," said Herb, "I'll tell you something. I think you and I can make a bargain. You shorten your fish, and I'll blow out my lantern."

Greenlaw's Trading Post is now closed; Herb died two years ago. He was seventy years old and didn't have a gray hair (said he used bear oil on it). He was a wonderful violinist and, though he had very poor eyesight, an avid fisherman.

(Editor's note: A similar story was printed in the Bangor Daily News, Dec. 31, 1958, "Letters to the News."

* * *

The first annual meeting of The Northeast Folklore Society was held on Saturday, December 6, 1958, in the Student Union, University of Maine, Orono. A constitution was adopted and officers elected:

President: The Rev. Alfred G. Hempstead, Augusta, Maine. Mr. Hempstead is the author of The Penobscot Boom and The Development of the West Branch of the Penobscot River for Log Driving (Orono, 1931).

Vice-President: John E. Hankins, Professor and Head of the Department of English, University of

Maine, Orono, Maine.

Secretary-Treasurer: Edward D. Ives, Instructor in English, University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Directors:

Herbert Brown, Brunswick, Maine: Professor and Head of Department of English, Bowdoin College. Managing Editor, The New England Quarterly.

Helen Creighton, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia: Well-known collector of folksongs and folklore in the Maritime Provinces. Author of many books, among them Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia (1932) and Bluenose Ghosts (1957).

Ernest S. Dodge, Salem, Massachusetts: Director, Peabody Museum, Salem. Author of many articles on the folklore of the Northeast.

Richard M. Dorson, Bloomington, Indiana: Chairman, Committee on Folklore, Indiana University, Bloomington. Editor, Journal of American Folklore. Author of many books on folklore, among them Jonathan Draws the Longbow (1946)

Evelyn K. Wells, Wellesley, Massachusetts: Professor Emeritus of English, Wellesley College. Author of The Ballad Tree (New York, 1950).

Robert M. York, Orono, Maine: Professor of History, University of Maine. Maine State Historian.

The Society, in order to meet expenses more nearly, established the following annual dues: regular membership, \$2.00; sustaining membership, \$6.00; contributing membership, \$10.00; student membership, \$1.00; Journal membership, \$7.00.

Two of these new membership categories need explanation. A Journal member by sending in \$7.00 joins not only the Northeast Folklore Society but The American Folklore Society as well. He will receive, therefore, both Northeast Folklore and the Journal of American Folklore. The student membership is open to any elementary or secondary school student or college or university undergraduate. The student member receives Northeast Folklore but has no vote.

Subsequently, general discussion of the journal was held, and the following points were considered: should the present format be changed? should information on contributors be included? The editors would welcome reader's opinions on these and other matters concerning the journal.

Finally, the question of when and where the 1959 annual meeting should be held was discussed, and it

was voted to empower the executive board to act in this matter.

* * *

There will be a regional meeting of the American Folklore Society on June 20-21, 1959. On June 20, the meeting will be held in Albany, New York. On June 21, it will move to the Farmers' Museum, Cooperstown, New York. Chairman of the program committee is Horace P. Beck, Department of English, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont. The chairman of the committee on local arrangements is William N. Fenton, New York Museum and Science Service, Albany, New York.

* * *

The twenty-third National Folk Festival will be held in the Coliseum in Nashville, Tennessee, May 6, through May 10. Anyone interested in participating or attending may get information by writing the director, Sarah Gertrude Knott, National Folk Festival, 1100 Broadway, Nashville, Tennessee.

* * *

Readers of this journal will be interested in John Gould's article "Research Project" in the November issue of The Atlantic Monthly, in which he took exception to our first issue's lead article by Richard M. Dorson, and in Mr. Dorson's rejoinder in the February issue. Needless to say, we agree wholeheartedly with Mr. Dorson.

* * *

Erratum: Summer, 1958, Northeast Folklore, prints Robins, John D., Logging with Paul Bunyan (sic!) (Toronto, 1957). For this read, Robins, John D., Logging with Paul Bunyan, Edited by Edith Fowke (Toronto, 1957).

BOOK REVIEWS

The Folklore of Maine. By Horace P. Beck.
(Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott Company, 1957).
Pp. xvi & 284, bibliography, index, \$5.00.

Thanks to the work of Phillips Barry, Roland Palmer Gray, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, and others, the fact that Maine has an abundance of folksongs has long been recognized. Other aspects of Maine folklore, however, have been comparatively neglected. Two heartening recent developments indicate a renewed interest in all phases of Maine folklore: the publication of Horace Beck's The Folklore of Maine in 1957 and the appearance of Northeast Folklore in 1958.

There are not available in print many books devoted to all aspects of the folklore of a single state. Although the title of Beck's book would lead one to believe that the whole state is to be covered, a clear statement at the beginning of his introduction much more accurately delimits the scope of the work: "Neither is the book a complete collection of Maine folklore. Rather, it is a selection of tales, beliefs, superstitions, songs, and customs of people of English-speaking stock in Maine." (p. ix) To this it should be added that with one major exception, namely, a chapter on lumbering which appears to be something of an after-thought, the work is devoted to the folklore of the Maine coastal area. Working within these geographical limits, however, Beck has given a rather broad sampling of folklore. He has, first of all, treated most of the generally recognized varieties of folklore. In various chapters and in various contexts he discusses and gives examples of place names and the etiological legends attached to them, beliefs and belief tales, legends of many kinds, tall tales, anecdotes, folksongs and ballads, sports and pastimes, folk heroes, and folk speech. Absent from the collection are such items as Märchen, which are probably not very common in the Maine coastal area, and riddles and proverbs, which Beck probably did not attempt to record. The majority of the items of folklore in the work are "retold" by Beck; a few tales are reproduced as collected to give some idea of the flavor of oral style.

Beck's work is rather unusual among American collections in frequently dwelling on history and in

attempting to give a broad historical view of Maine folklore. Thus he devotes an entire chapter to the nuggets of folklore embedded in the 17th century travel books of John Josselyn, "Maine's first folklorist," as Beck calls him. In other chapters, too, Beck is able to show to some degree the relationship of folklore of the past and folklore of the present.

Even more unusual in books on American folklore and even more commendable is Beck's emphasis upon "folk life." Frequently in American collections one will find a sketchy introduction describing the people among whom the material was collected in an attempt to give the "background" for the folklore. Beck, however, has devoted large sections of his book to the history and development of boat building, to fishing, and to life aboard ship and in the lumber camps not as background but as folklore itself. This broad approach to folklore is one of the outstanding qualities of the book. Songs, stories and beliefs, moreover, are given an added dimension when placed in their historical and cultural setting.

Beck clearly specifies in his introduction that his book is not supposed to be a scholarly one. It should prove to be a popular one for it is pleasantly written and the examples of folklore presented are well chosen. Unfortunately, the work will not prove to be of much use to serious students because of the almost complete lack of documentation which a rather skimpy bibliography does not atone for. For the majority of the items presented, the reader can only suppose that they were collected at some time somewhere in Maine. There is no way of knowing who collected the item or at what time, whether the item is known over a large area or is found only in a restricted area, etc. It must be admitted that adequate documentation would have added a number of pages to the book, but it would have made an interesting book for the general reader into an important contribution to American folklore studies.

Warren E. Roberts

Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

