

1972
FESTIVAL
OF
AMERICAN
FOLKLIFE

THE
SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION

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1972 FESTIVAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLIFE

In welcoming you to this sixth Festival, we are aware of the growth and maturation of the program over these few years and wish to remind you and ourselves of its purpose. As the National Museum, the Smithsonian presents in all of its programs the experience of our peoples. One American, John Dewey, saw art as experience before many of us perceived the relationship:

"The sources of art in human experience will be learned by him who sees how the tense grace of the ballplayer infects the onlooking crowd. . . . The intelligent mechanic engaged in his job, interested in doing well and finding satisfaction in his handiwork, caring for his materials and tools with genuine affection, is artistically engaged. The difference between such a worker and the inept, careless bungler is as great in the shop as it is in the studio. Oftentimes, the product may not appeal to the esthetic sense of those who use the product. The fault, however, is oftentimes not so much with the worker as with the conditions of the market for which his product is designed. Were conditions and opportunities different, things as significant to the eye as those produced by earlier craftsmen would be made. . . .

But in any case, it is safe to say that a philosophy of art is sterilized unless it makes us aware of the function of art in relation to other modes of experience. . . . If artistic and esthetic quality is implicit in every normal experience . . .

why is it that to multitudes art seems to be an importation into experience from a foreign country and the esthetic to be a synonym for something artificial?

"The first great consideration is that life goes on in an environment; not merely *in* it but because of it. . . . Because experience is the fulfillment of an organism in its struggles and achievements in a world of things, it is art in germ. Even in its rudimentary form, it contains the promise of that delightful perception which is esthetic experience."

—John Dewey
William James Lecture
Harvard University, 1931

No object in the Smithsonian collections of Americana can be evaluated without reference to the experience, the culture, the people who created, and used it. We invite you to enjoy and understand this Festival as an extension of those collections—as a presentation of the experience of Americans today whose labor produces objects and food, who play music, sing, and dance in ways rooted in the experience of their parents and their most distant ancestors with reference to myriad countries and eras.

Gerald Davis
James Morris
Ralph Rinzler

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Text pages of the program are
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COVER: Anasazi (The Ancient
Ones) petroglyph from the
Black Mesa area of Arizona.
Photo by Susanne Anderson.

THE FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL AND "MUSEUM GUIDES"

By S. Dillon Ripley

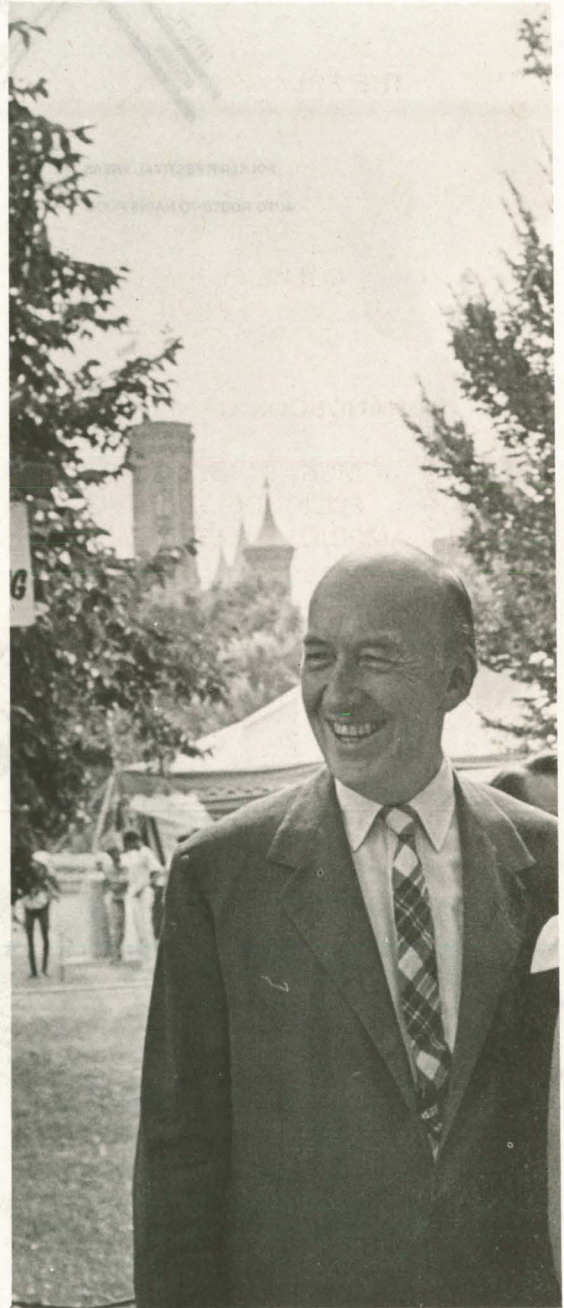
This is the sixth year in which the Smithsonian Institution has presented a Festival of American Folklife. In past years, I have commented that a museum should be an open experience, with people flowing in and out of the buildings, experiencing a sense of connection between their own lives, the history of their culture, and the activities of the Festival.

I would like to call your attention to an addition to this year's Festival that will heighten this experience. At numerous locations where skills and crafts are being demonstrated, you will notice small signs entitled "Museum Guides." These will direct the visitor to locations within the museums where a correlative view of the products and skills seen at the Festival may be reviewed in an historic context. For example, the current Indian presentation focuses on tribes from the southwestern region of the United States. The visitor will see various examples of the lifestyles and crafts of today's Pueblo, Navajo, and Apache tribes from Arizona and New Mexico, and meet some seventy-five members of these tribes. The "Museum Guide" will invite a comparison of the Festival's view with the exhibits of American Indian artifacts and lifestyles in the National Museum of Natural History.

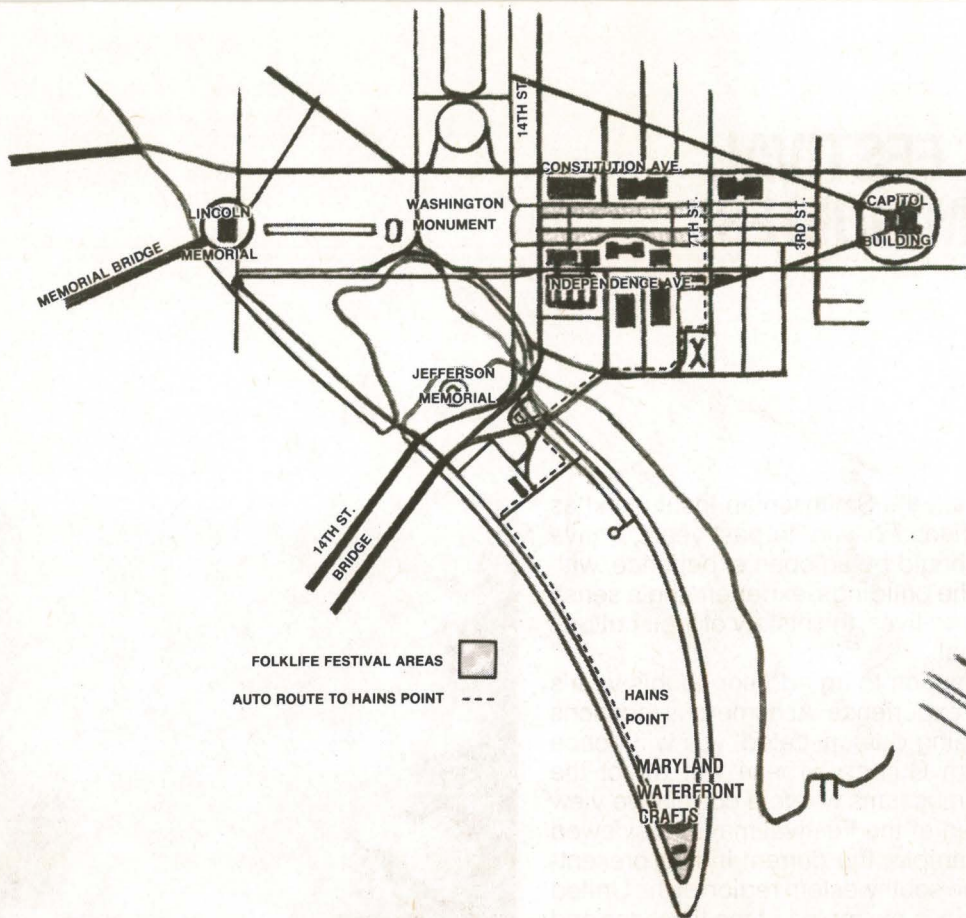
Maryland is this year's featured State, and Festival visitors can see demonstrations of Maryland metal crafts such as brass and iron founding, pewter and silversmithing, tin and copper-smithing. The "Museum Guide" will direct the visitor to similar and sometimes identical products of this craftsmanship in the National Museum of History and Technology. At Hains Point, the Festival will show, thanks to the assistance and cosponsorship of the National Park Service, ships and crafts related to the last remaining commercial sailing fleet still in operation in the United States. The history of these and other crafts can be seen in the National Museum of History and Technology's Hall of Maritime History.


In another area of the Festival, union workers will show examples of present-day skills and crafts of needletrades workers, lithographers, carpenters, wheelwrights, and molders. In some cases, the tools and machinery used today clearly date from another era. In other instances, new tools and machines, new skills and crafts have been developed. The "Museum Guide" will invite the visitor to explore the exhibits within the buildings and perhaps to embark on a fascinating journey of discovery which may lead, in turn, to other museums and libraries.

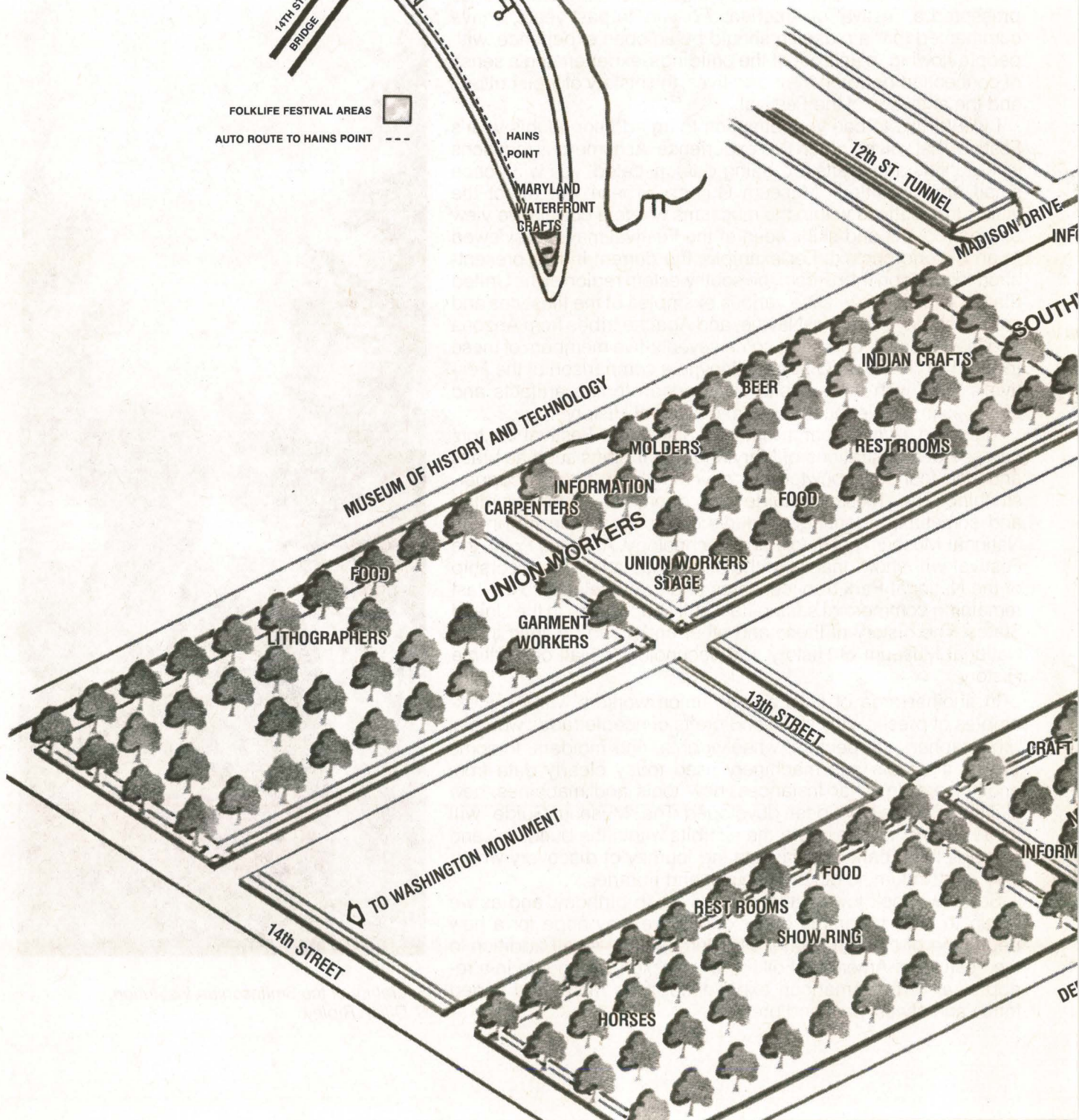
So as we look toward the nation's 200th birthday, and as we begin to plan programs and exhibits, we may hope for a new beginning of cultural awareness. Perhaps this small addition to the Festival of American Folklife will beckon you to join in a reappraisal of the American experience in its many and varied forms and styles, past and present.

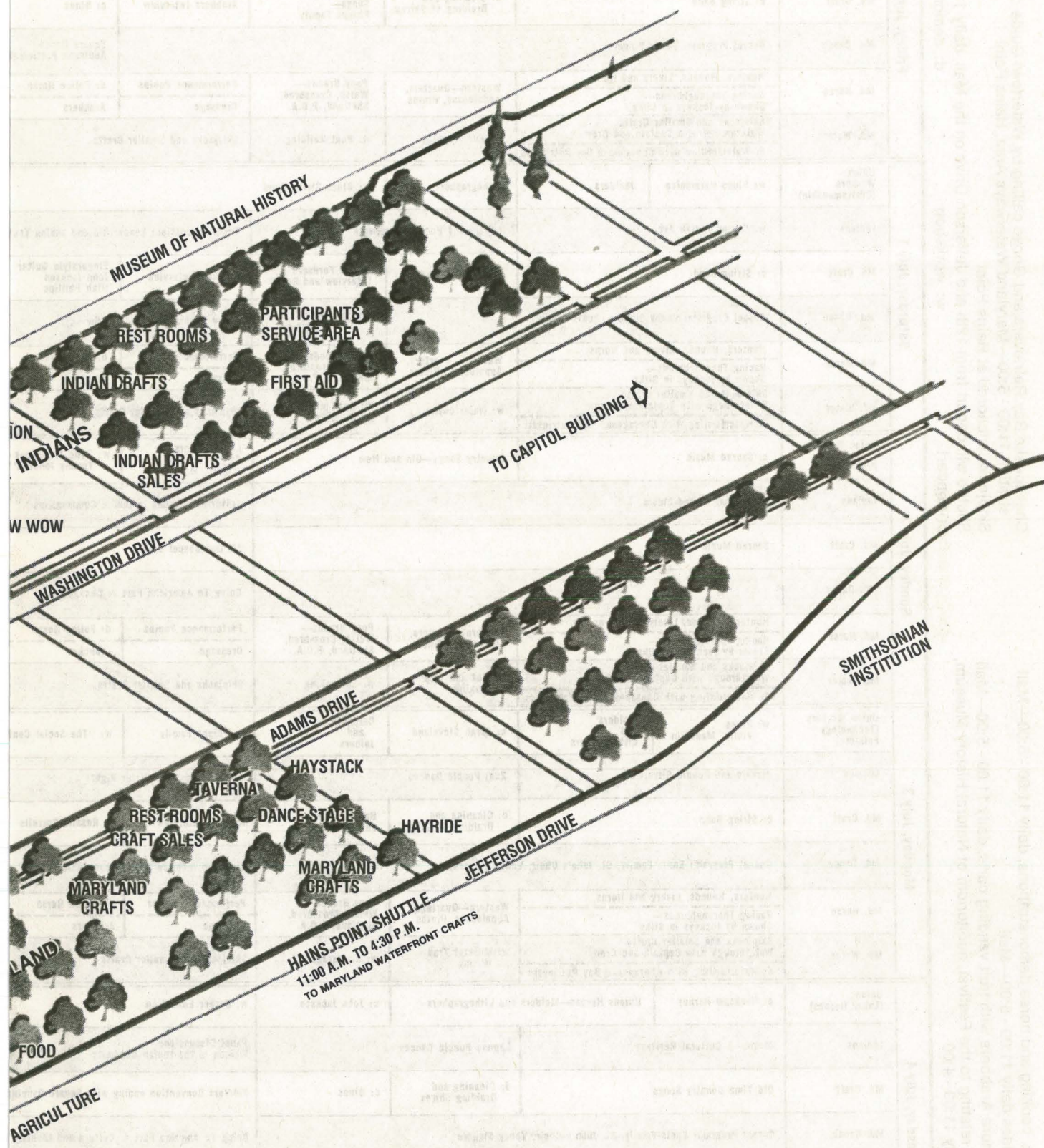


*Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution,
S. Dillon Ripley*



FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL AREAS 
 AUTO ROUTE TO HAINS POINT - - -





Map 110-960
 Date revised: 11/11/80
 Prepared by: [illegible]
 Scale: 1" = 100'

Crafts, cooking and horse demonstrations, daily 11:00 - 5:00—Mail
 Hay rides daily 11:00 - 5:00—Mail
 Baltimore Arabbers with fruit vending carts, daily 11:00 - 5:00—Mail
 Films relating to the Festival, auditorium of Natural History Museum,
 daily 11:00 - 4:00

Chesapeake Bay Retrievers and Goose calling by Waterfowl Guide demon-
 stration 11:00 - 5:00—Maryland Waterways Area, Hains Point
 Skipjacks anchored at Hains Point
 Shuttle will depart from 12th and Jefferson Drive on the Mall, daily 11:00 - 5:00
 c: concert w: workshop d: demonstration

		11:00	11:30	12:00	12:30	1:00	1:30	
Friday, June 30	Union Workers (Apprenticeship)	c: Sam Chatmon	Ladies Garment Workers	Trade Labor Ballads: Utah Phillips	Lithographers	Trade Labor Ballads: Norman Kennedy	w: "Going To America Immigration and"	
	Indians	d: Teepee Raising		w: Southwest Pottery		Ecology of Indian Life (Panel Discussion)		
	Md. Craft	c: String Band		d: Cleaning and Braiding of Shires	Carter Family Songs—Phipps Family	Arabbers Interview	c: Blues	
	Md. Dance	Gospel Program: Veney Singers						Square Dance Audience Participa
	Md. Horse	Hunters, Hounds, Livery and Horns Racing Thoroughbreds— Shown by Jockeys in Silks		Western—Quarters, Appaloosas, Pintos	Pony Breeds— Welsh, Crossbred, Shetland, P.O.A.	Performance Ponies Dressage	d: Police Horse Arabbers	
	Md. Water	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts Walkthrough with Captain and Crew d: Waterfowling with Chesapeake Bay Retrievers		w: Fur Trapping	w: Boat Building	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Saturday, July 1	Union Workers (Craftsmanship)	w: Blues Harmonica	Molders	Lithographers	w: Blues String Band			
	Indians	w: Buying Indian Art		Navajo and Pueblo Silverwork		Panel Discussion: Leadership and Indian You		
	Md. Craft	c: String Band		c: Olabelle Reed	Louise Foreacre Interview and Songs	Arabbers interview	Fingerstyle Guitar John Jackson Utah Phillips	
	Md. Dance	Gospel Program: Veney Singers, Ennis Family			w: Southern Italian Music	Going To America Part 1: Why . . .		
	Md. Horse	Hunters, Hounds, Livery and Horns Racing Thoroughbreds— Shown by Jockeys in Silks		Western—Quarters, Appaloosas, Pintos	Pony Breeds— Welsh, Crossbred, Shetland, P.O.A.	Performance Ponies Dressage	d: Police Horse Arabbers	
	Md. Water	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts Walkthrough with Captain and Crew d: Waterfowling with Chesapeake Bay Retrievers		w: Waterfowling	w: Boat Model Building	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Sunday, July 2	Union Workers (Issues and Problems)	c: Sacred Music		Country Songs—Old and New		Lithographers, Carpenters and Joiners, Molders	w: "The Traditions Tommy Johnson"	
	Indians	Intertribal Sacred Music				Cultural Programs in Indian Communities		
	Md. Craft	Sacred Music				All Day Gospel Sing		
	Md. Dance	Going To America Part 2: Changes						
	Md. Horse	Hunters, Hounds, Livery and Horns Racing Thoroughbreds— Shown by Jockeys in Silks		Western—Quarters, Appaloosas, Pintos	Pony Breeds— Welsh, Crossbred, Shetland, P.O.A.	Performance Ponies Dressage	d: Police Horse Arabbers	
	Md. Water	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts Walkthrough with Captain and Crew d: Waterfowling with Chesapeake Bay Retrievers		w: Net and Trap Making	w: Sailmaking	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Monday, July 3	Union Workers (Technology Folklore)	w: Blues Violin, Mandolin	Molders and Lithographers	c: Sarah Cleveland	Carpenters and Joiners	c: Phipps Family	w: "The Social Cont	
	Indians	Navajo and Pueblo Silverwork		Zuni Pueblo Dances		Panel Discussion: Water Rights		
	Md. Craft	c: String Band		d: Cleaning and Braiding of Shires	Banjo Tunes and Styles	Arabber interview	c: Rosalie Sorrells	
	Md. Dance	Gospel Program: Ennis Family, St. John's Choir, Veney Singers,						Going To America Part 3: Community
	Md. Horse	Hunters, Hounds, Livery and Horns Racing Thoroughbreds— Shown by Jockeys in Silks		Western—Quarters, Appaloosas, Pintos	Pony Breeds— Welsh, Crossbred, Shetland, P.O.A.	Performance Ponies Dressage	d: Police Horse Arabbers	
	Md. Water	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts Walkthrough with Captain and Crew d: Waterfowling with Chesapeake Bay Retrievers		w: Muskrat Trap Making	w: Cooperage	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Tuesday, July 4	Union (Labor Heroes)	c: Hacksaw Harney	Unions Heroes—Molders and Lithographers		c: John Jackson	w: Career Education		
	Indians	Music—A Cultural Heritage		Laguna Pueblo Dances		Panel Discussion: Women in the Indian Community		
	Md. Craft	Old Time Country Songs		d: Cleaning and Braiding Shires	c: Blues			
	Md. Dance	Gospel Program: Ennis Family, St. John's Choir, Veney Singers						Going To America Part 4: Culture and Identity
	Md. Horse	Hunters, Hounds, Livery and Horns Racing Thoroughbreds— Shown by Jockeys in Silks		Western—Quarters, Appaloosas, Pintos	Pony Breeds— Welsh, Crossbred, Shetland, P.O.A.	Performance Ponies Dressage	d: Police Horse Arabbers	
	Md. Water	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts Walkthrough with Captain and Crew d: Waterfowling with Chesapeake Bay Retrievers		w: Net and Trap Making	w: Boat Building	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		

10	2:30	3:00	3:30	4:00	4:30	5:00	5:30
	"Racism In The Context of the Blues" Host: Topper Carew		Molders	Old Time Songs: Phipps Family	Carpenters and Joiners	c: Blues Host: Ralph Metcalfe, Jr. until 8:00	
Lian clothing Styles		Laguna Pueblo Dances			Basket Making	Intertribal Dances 7:00 - 8:30	
Farmyard Carpentry	Fiddle Tunes and Styles	w: Kitchen Crafts	c: Jean Ritchie, Roscoe Holcomb, Louise Foreacre, Norman Kennedy, Utah Phillips			Square Dance until 7:30 Audience Participation	
		w: Turkish Music	w: Greek Pastry	w: Southern Italian Music	Greek & Turkish Dance until 7:00 Audience Participation		
Arabians organs Saddlebred	d: Harness and Driving Programs Ponies, Morgans, Arabians, Saddlebred, Pintos, Shires			Horse Pulling Contest			
Follow the Water—"How'd You Get Started"		Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		Tale Swapping: A Faraway Time and Place	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Why Unions" Union Officials	Organizing Songs			Ladies Garment Workers	c: Phipps Family	Carpenters and Joiners	c: Rosalee Sorrells, Mitch Greenhill, Hoyle Osborne until 6:30 c: Chicago Blues Host: Ralph Metcalfe, Jr. 6:30-8:30
White Mountain Apache Dancers		Southwest Children's Songs and Games			Cooking		
Woodcarving	Fields Ward Old Time Songs	w: Metal Working	Ballad Swapping			Square Dance until 7:30 Audience Participation	
Greek Music		w: Turkish Music	w: Greek Food	Greek and Turkish Dances Audience Participation			
Arabians organs Saddlebred	d: Harness and Driving Programs Ponies, Morgans, Arabians, Saddlebred, Pintos, Shires			Horse Pulling Contest			
Follow the Water—"Changes Over the Years"		Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		Tale Swapping: A Faraway Time and Place	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Ladies Garment Workers and Fashion Institute of Technology	w: Ballads: "Heroes and Lovers"			c: Elizabeth Cotten	c: Blues Host: Ralph Metcalfe, Jr. until 8:00		
		Zuni Pueblo Dances			Intertribal Dances 7:00 - 8:30		
Southern Italian Music		w: Northern Italian Songs	w: Turkish Music	Glendi (Greek Song and Dance Celebration) until 8:00 Audience Participation			
Arabians organs Saddlebred	d: Harness and Driving Programs Ponies, Morgans, Arabians, Saddlebred, Pintos, Shires			Horse Pulling Contest			
Follow the Water—"Good Years and Bad"		Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		Tale Swapping: A Faraway Time and Place	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Blues"	Occupational Songs: Mike Seeger, Utah Phillips		Ladies Garment Workers	w: Blues Guitar Host: Mike Seeger	c: Blues Host: Ralph Metcalfe, Jr. until 8:00		
Weaving		w: Language of the People			Weaving		
Basket Weaving	Horse and Western Songs	w: Rugmaking and Quilting	Songs as Women Sing and See Them			Square Dance until 7:30 Audience Participation	
Greek Music		w: Turkish Music	w: Northern Italian Songs	w: Southern Italian Music	Turkish and Greek Dances until 8:30 Audience Participation		
Arabians organs Saddlebred	d: Harness and Driving Programs Ponies, Morgans, Arabians, Saddlebred, Pintos, Shires			Horse Pulling Contest			
Follow the Water—"Men and Times to Remember"		Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		Tale Swapping: A Faraway Time and Place	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		
Jean Ritchie	Rosalee Sorrells		Lithographers, Molders and United Farm Workers		c: Blues Host: Ralph Metcalfe, Jr. until 8:00		
Southwest Cooking		White Mountain Apache Dances			Basket Making		
Audience Participation							
Southern Italian Music		w: Northern Italian Songs	w: Turkish Music	Glendi (Greek Song and Dance Celebration) until 8:00 Audience Participation			
Arabians organs Saddlebred	d: Harness and Driving Programs Ponies, Morgans, Arabians, Saddlebred, Pintos, Shires			Horse Pulling Contest			
Follow the Water—The Future		Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		Tale Swapping: A Faraway Time and Place	Skipjacks and Smaller Crafts		

MARYLAND PARTICIPANTS

WATER TRADITIONS

Charles Abbott	skipjack captain of "Thomas Clyde," built 1911	William F. Cahill Chartley Farm	Ringmaster
Paul Benton	skipjack captain of "Geneva May," built 1908	<i>Robert Shirley</i> <i>Sally Shirley</i> <i>Daniel Shirley</i>	horse-pulling contest P.O.A. and Shetland pony demonstrations
Henry Brown	sail maker	Clear View Farm	demonstration of Shires
Walter Carrion	trainer, Chesapeake Bay retrievers	<i>Howard Streaker</i> <i>Howard Streaker Jr.</i>	coaching and hunting horn demonstration
Melvin Christy	skipjack captain of "Bernice J.," built 1904	Cold Saturday Morgan Farm	demonstration of Morgans
Calvin E. Crouch	boat builder	<i>Mrs. H. H. Hackney</i> <i>Carol Hackney</i> <i>Kelly Marsh</i>	
Calvin E. Crouch Jr.	boat builder	<i>Sharon Port</i> <i>Nancy Radtke</i>	
Earl Daniels	crab scrape maker	Dickey Farm	jockey
Frank Daniels	sail maker	<i>Gary Stanley</i> <i>Jennifer Dickey</i> <i>Jocelyn Dickey</i>	pony demonstrations pony demonstrations
Arthur Dierker	waterfowl guide	Fair Hill Farm	commentator for fox-hunting demonstration
Hazel Downey	net and fyke maker	<i>Jean du Pont McConnell</i> Homewood	demonstration of Appaloosas
Newton Downey	decoy carver	<i>Mrs. John Shallcrosse</i> <i>Michael Hubbard</i>	fox-hunting demonstration
Johnny Evans	waterman	Hunters and Hunting <i>Howard County Hunt</i>	
Captain Carl Huffman	waterman	<i>Hazel L. Welsh</i> <i>Beverly Abbott</i> <i>Melanie Abbott</i>	
Alex Kellam	waterman	<i>Kitty Magrogan</i> Ray Kline Jr.	hay rides
Dewey Landon	waterman	Maryland Stock Farm	demonstration of Pintos
Charlton Marshall	boat model maker	<i>Jo Ann Mullins</i> Lawrence Merrifield	mounted officer, City of Baltimore
Captain Roland Parks	muskrat trapper	Murry Hill Farm	crossbred pony demonstration
Lesley Schunick	cooper	<i>John Johnson</i>	hunting demonstration
George Taylor	skipjack captain of "Annie Lee," built 1912	Pegasus Meadowbrook Stable	coordinators, dressage demonstration
Zack Taylor	skipjack captain of "Maggie Lee," built 1903	<i>Mr. and Mrs. James H. Little</i> Pipe Creek Farm	pony breeds and demonstrations
Clifton Webster		<i>Col. and Mrs. D. W. Thackeray</i> Ponies for Children, Inc.	dressage demonstration
discussion leaders:	Robert H. Burgess George Carey Mack McCormick	<i>Louise Hollyday</i> Potomac Horse Center <i>Betty Howett</i>	demonstration of Quarterhorses

METAL TRADITIONS

Burton Cimino	silver engraver	Potomac Horse Center	demonstration of Quarterhorses
Harry Evans	brass founder	<i>Robert Spedden</i> <i>Marni Pearl</i> <i>Cindy Rammel</i>	commentator harness maker
Nelson Kratz	silver chaser	Jack Vordemberge	
William Lane	blacksmith	Janet Walker	
Jon Manning	pewter smith	Washington International Horse Show Association	commentator
George Rapp	pewter spinner	<i>Georgine Winslett</i>	
Erwin Thieberger	coppersmith		

HORSE TRADITIONS

Al-Marah Arabian Farm	demonstration of Arabians		
<i>Mrs. Garvin E. Tankersley</i> <i>John T. Connor</i>			
American Saddlebred	demonstration of American Saddlebred horses		
<i>Helen Curtin</i> <i>John Jones</i>			

INDIAN PARTICIPANTS

CRAFTS

Lawrence Brenneman
William Clark
Angelo DiBlasi
Paul Diggs
Charles Duvall
Helen Englar
Mike Farinacci
Emma Glotfelty
Orval Glotfelty
Walter Kelly
James McCrobie
Benjamin Meekins
Clara Pierce
Marian Stephen
Anna Weir
Claude Yoder
Hazel Yoder

trough and shingle maker
arabber
stonecutter
arabber
arabber
quilter
stonecutter
rug weaver
trough maker
arabber
basket weaver
arabber
rug hooker and braider
soap maker
rug hooker and braider
woodcarver
quilter and baker

MUSIC

Sergio Brotto
Bruni Calcara
Alec Campbell – Ola Belle
Reed String Band
Ralph Case
Betsy & John Coffey
Angelo Ciulla
Wanda Deckert
Mike Farinacci
Louise Foreacre
Emin Gunduz
Frank Hovington
Gina Iocco
Leonard Lanciotti
Reed Martin
Orlindo Monaldi
John Ribero
St. John's Methodist Church,
Intermediate Choir
Dan & Earl Swift
Elsa & Francis Tarasco
Fields Ward

northern Italian singer
northern Italian singer

string band musicians
square dance caller
string band musicians
southern Italian musician
northern Italian singer
southern Italian musician
mountain musician
Turkish musician
blues musician
northern Italian singer
southern Italian musician
mountain musician
northern Italian singer
northern Italian singer

gospel choir
mountain musicians
northern Italian musicians
mountain musicians

Greek musicians: Vasilios Dargakis, Vasilios Georgakis,
Evgenia Hiotis, Ioannis Hiotis, Kalliope Hiotis, Kasiani
Hiotis, Phillippe Hiotis, Vasilios Kakarolis, Fotini Konsolas,
Manuel Mastromanolis, Sophia Mastromanolis, Ioannis
Nikitas, Nick Nikitas, Konstantine Nikolaides, Maria A.
Nikolaides, Maria K. Nikolaides, George Nikolau, Vasilios
Nikolau, Minas Pappaminas, Evgenia Paragios, Foula
Paragios, Sophia Paragios, Nikolaos Protopapas, Ioannis
Sofillias, Vasilios Vasilaidas

ACOMA
Joselita Ray
APACHE
Edwin Declay
Lonnie Ethlbah
Matthew Ethlbah
Paul Ethlbah
Carol Gatewood
Daisy Johnson
Eva Paxson
Edgar Perry
Colin Tessay

HOPI
Bernard Dawahoya
Edwin Kaye
Alice Sekaquaptewa
Abbott Sekaquaptewa
Evangeline Talaftewa
Wilson Williams

ISLETA
Elenore Abeita
Carlotta Juancho

JEMEZ
Juana Marie Pecos

LAGUNA
Ann Dailey
Elizabeth Fox
Chris Luther
Donald Montoya
Gerald Pedro
Patricia Pino
David Ruben

NAVAJO
Ada Bluehouse
Amos Johnson

PAPAGO
Lolita Manuel

PIMA
Naoma White

SANTA CLARA
Teresita Naranjo

SANTO DOMINGO
Crucita Cate

TAOS
Paul Bernal
Josephine Reyna

ZUNI
Priscilla Besselente
Jordon Hattie
Kathline Hattie
Randolph Lallo
Robert Tsabetsaye

potter
dancer
dancer
dancer
singer
discussant
basket maker
bead worker
discussant
dancer
silversmith
katchina doll carver
piki bread maker
discussant
basket maker
weaver
bread baker
bread baker
embroidery worker
dancer
dancer
dancer
discussant
dancer
dancer
singer
weaver
silversmith
basket maker
basket maker
potter
turquoise worker
discussant
rabbit fur blanket maker
dancer
singer
dancer
dancer
silversmith

UNION PARTICIPANTS

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS UNION

Louis Stuhlberg, President

Exhibit Chairmen:

Jasper Payton, Jr.
Betsy Raymond
Gus Tyler

Lester Blumstein	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mary Bowden	Baltimore, Md.
Eligia Fernandez	Long Island City, N.Y.
Mathias Greenberg	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Helen Jackson	Powhatan, Va.
Evelyn Ledbetter	Petersburg, W.Va.
Gloria Maldonado	New York, N.Y.
Etta Mae Owen	Baltimore, Md.
George Pretlow	Baltimore, Md.
Sandra Saunders	Baltimore, Md.
Augustine Schiavo	Brooklyn, N.Y.

UNITED BROTHERHOOD OF CARPENTERS AND JOINERS OF AMERICA

William Sidell, President

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James E. Tinkcom

James David Bouchard	Miami, Fla.
Charles Phillip Burke	Pasadena, Tex.
William S. Champ	Oxon Hill, Md.
Vance A. Gray	Delaware City, Del.
Anthony Macciocca	Yeadon, Pa.
Carl Norred	Holden, La.
William R. Schultz	Whitemarsh, Md.

INTERNATIONAL MOLDERS AND ALLIED WORKERS UNION

Draper Doyal, President

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Carl Studenroth
James E. Wolfe

Leonard Davis	Sidney, O.
Alex Grant	Savannah, Ga.
Sylvester Hoying	Sidney, O.

LITHOGRAPHERS AND PHOTOENGRAVERS INTERNATIONAL UNION

Kenneth J. Brown, President

Exhibit Chairmen:

Harvey Lovin
Walter Lypka
John A. Stagg

Glen A. Adams	Colmar Manor, Md.
Thomas G. Carberry	Oxon Hill, Md.
Tommy Cummings	Toronto, Can.
George C. Jones	Rockville, Md.
Richard R. Latimer	Silver Hill, Md.

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

Hal C. Davis, President

in cooperation with

THE MUSIC PERFORMANCE TRUST FUNDS

Kenneth E. Raine, Trustee

(funding performers on the Union Workers stage)

UNION WORKERS' WORKSHOPS AND CONCERTS

discussion leaders: Kenneth S. Goldstein
Archie Green

performers:

Howard Armstrong	Willie Kent
Tom Armstrong	Carl Martin
Carey Bell	Willie Morris
Ted Bogan	Hoyle Osborne
Saul Brody	Eugene Pearson
Sam Chatmon	Brewer Phillips
Sarah Cleveland	U. Utah Phillips
Elizabeth Cotton	A. L. Phipps Family
Jimmy "Fast Fingers" Dawkins	Eugene Powell
Joe Glazer	Jean Ritchie
Mitch Greenhill	Alice Seeger
Hacksaw Harney	Mike Seeger
Joe Harper	Sunnyland Slim
Ted Harvey	Rosalie Sorrells
Roscoe Holcomb	Hound Dog Taylor
John Jackson	Walter Vinson
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SPECIAL THANKS TO

The National Park Service for their particular assistance with the water site at Hains Point.

The offices of the Smithsonian and to the many volunteers without whose assistance, both prior to and during the event, The Festival of American Folklife would have been an impossibility.

The Boy Scouts of America for their assistance.

Special thanks to Lithographers and Photoengravers International Union for their generous contribution in printing the program book cover.

THANKS TO

Donald R. Montoya
Horsemen's Benevolent and
Protective Association
Wilbur Hubbard
George F. Magenta
John Quarrels
Joseph A. Tate
Mrs. Jacob Kainen
Coy Ecklund
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Ejner J. Johnson
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Eagle, spread wing, forty-five inches. Claude Yoder, Cumberland, Maryland. Photo: Margaret Bouslough.

IT'S COME A LONG WAY

by Gerald L. Davis

FIELDWORK— A SYMPOSIUM

"Folklore is a bastard which English literature begot upon anthropology," wrote Tristram Coffin, expressing the futility of the strife between different factions of scholars while hinting at the history of folklore as a discipline. What is important to understand today is that the rules of "collecting" folklore, like those for the writing of counterpoint, were set down after the fact. The creative work was done by imaginative thinkers: Palestrina, Orlando de Lassus, Josquin des Pres, in the case of musical composition: Bishop Percy, the Brothers Grimm, Cecil Sharp, Lydia Parrish, John Lomax, in the case of folklore. Once the concept was established and the material scrutinized, the rules were written and the battle was begun. Methodology became the byword, and the fact that the pioneers were "amateurs" for the most part (they had no rules to go by) was forgotten.

We know of no rules for presenting an authentic festival of folklife save one: fieldwork must be done. Gerald Davis opens the fieldwork discussion with a sharp, penetrating focus on two questions: contemporary academic concern with context rather than text; and the related problem of folklore concerned with antiquities in their earliest form versus folklore as the study of the adaptation of traditional material to changing times.

A parallax view of fieldwork as an operation and a problem is presented by Gerald Parsons and Tom Kavanagh, both of whom have contributed significantly to this year's program. Mr. Parsons dispels the myth that fieldwork is only for the scholar, and Tom Kavanagh provides insight into the philosophical base from which all of this Festival's fieldwork was done.

Ralph Rinzler

"We've come a long way, Baby . . ." may very well be a rallying cry for women concerned with their liberation from the banalities imposed upon them by an oppressive, male-oriented society, but it just as aptly captures the sense of vitality in the development of fieldwork techniques for folkloric research and folklife study during the last fifteen years.

About forty years ago, when folklore research in America was still in its infancy, Elsie Clews Parsons was a prominent figure in field research in oral traditions. Among her legendary methods of "collecting" was her fondness for anchoring her yacht in the waters of the Bahamas and summoning Bahamians to her side to tell her stories, jokes, and other oral material.

This kind of "collecting" was possible at a time when folklore research was perhaps more amateur than academic, more arrogant and presumptuous than sensitive and self-conscious. The concentration in those early days was on the "collecting" of texts—the stories, the songs, the jokes—to feed massive compilations of folktale and folksong collections and tale-type and motif indices.

While some interest remains among a handful of scholars in representing folklore texts as the substance of the field of folklore, overwhelmingly the concern now lies in other areas such as the cultural, physical, social, and political environment in which a folkloric event takes place, or the context and the philosophic and esthetic principles underlying the creation and uses of folklore materials in a culture, in a society, among groups of people whenever and wherever they meet and creatively share experiences, either orally in verbal art or through traditional crafts or material culture.

In direct contrast to earlier interest in oral materials, contemporary students and scholars of folklore are primarily concerned with the living styles of the people called "the folk." The "folk" in contemporary parlance may be university professors and pre-schoolers, urban raconteurs as well as

rural craftsmen, young people as well as old people, African-Americans as well as Irish-Americans and Jewish-Americans—in short, any group of people who share common occupational and ethnic traditions, common expressive ways of handling parts of their lives. Important and central to the work now going on is the belief that the way the "folk" look at their own creative systems, verbal or material, is as valid as the elaborate systems scholars manufacture to explore and analyze artistic communication and traditional crafting in cultural environments.

The now dated notion of "collecting," so strongly suggesting the preservation of fragile antiques, is as poorly descriptive of folkloric and folklife fieldwork and research as is the description of American democracy as egalitarian. The problem of modernity within tradition or, as often presumed, vestigial tradition giving way to cybernetic modernity, is continually one of the frameworks within which many folklorists work.

Is the proverb "It takes a thief to catch a thief" any less folkloric because a portion is used as the title of a successful TV series? Is "St. James Infirmary" still a folksong now that it continues in a funky blues form or as a honky-tonk jazz piece? Does a bonafide, dyed-in-the-wool Appalachian craftsman cease being a traditional craftsman because the rocking chairs he makes now have metal rockers with wide feet for use on carpeted floors? These certainly are not earthshattering questions, yet for all of their seeming simplicity, they contain tightly impacted theoretical questions that have occupied the attention of scholars for the last one hundred years.

Each of these examples, together with its new form, is part of the process of change that is so characteristic of so much that we know as American folk culture. Far from destroying the earlier form, far from being "contaminated" by exposure or declining in quality, a reshaped example of verbal art or a "modernized" item of material culture

FOLKLIFE FIELDWORK FOR FUN AND PROFIT

by Gerald E. Parsons, Jr.
University of Pennsylvania

often experiences as hardy a life cycle as its model. It is true that many of the old ways are disappearing from use, but the processes of change and adaptation encourage exciting new forms from the equally exciting older forms. Expressive culture is pregnantly alive and responds, as we do, to the pressures, the fears, the joys, the habits, the needs of time and place and personhood.

Field research in American folklife is fun when it takes you outdoors on a fine day for a talk with the local herb doctor, barn builder, storyteller, or moonshiner.

Field research in American folklife is profitable when the results of your happy experiences can be used to answer theoretical questions about cultural change, encourage a higher valuation, monetary or otherwise, of our still flourishing traditions, foster an awareness of social conditions that will smooth the way for necessary political and economic change, and reinforce the enduring values of our culture in the face of the clamor to change for change's sake.

Yes, folklife fieldwork can be both fun and profitable, but to hear some professionals talk—the anthropologists, folklorists, cultural geographers—you'd never get the idea that good work and good times could go hand in hand.

Scholarly writing fosters the impression that to accomplish anything in the

field one must be numbered among a select few described variously as blessed with the God-given talent to "talk to the folk," or as "thoroughly grounded in cognitive anthropology." On top of election to the elite, scholarly publications often imply that fieldworkers are purified through hardships in their research. The exact shape of the ordeal may vary; anything from being lowered into the folk community in a basket to difficulties in finding a foundation to fund the work will be sufficient to introduce the proper note of rigor and—not incidentally—to discourage amateurs from, as is sometimes said, "contaminating the field."

Given the enormous debt folk-culture studies owe to the nonprofessional scholar, this cold-shoulder treatment is difficult to understand. It is even less comprehensible when one stops to consider how much work must be done, immediately, if we are to document enough about everyday life in preindustrial American so that future generations may retain an accurate perspective. Therefore, I want to direct a few words to anyone who has ever been attracted to the idea of collecting American folk traditions, but who has been frightened away by the stern declarations of the professional scholars.

In the first place, what academics say to each other regarding the harsh and demanding nature of folklife fieldwork may be largely disregarded by anyone whose place in the sun doesn't depend on regular publication in the scholarly press. Scholars write not only to tell one another what they have learned in a given research project, but also, in some cases, to suggest that no other scholar could have done the job as well.

Underlying this are not only the obvious vocational interests of the particular academic, but also a schism within the field of folk-culture study that divides the new breed of social-scientific scholars from the old guard, trained in literature, history, esthetics, and other areas of the humanities. This internal dissension is felt nowhere more keenly than in the matter of field procedures.

Student Don McNeil watches Aunt Arie string leather breeches beans.





The "scientist," for example, will maintain that nothing worthwhile would have been learned from his field project save for his skills in, say, nondirective interviewing; the "humanists," on the other hand, will contend that it was his sensitivity to the lifeways and indeed the souls of his informants that made the whole thing possible.

Thus does each side disqualify the methods of the other. The point that a knowledge of interviewing techniques and a poetic sensibility to people and places might BOTH be useful attributes to the fieldworker tends to be overlooked—as does the point that a little common sense might be more useful than either of the more rarefied virtues.

The simple truth is that whatever the limitations on the fieldwork of the non-specialist, there are some things he can do as well or better than the professionals.

This has been proven in Arkansas, where Vance Randolph is the dean of American folktale collectors. It has been proven in North Georgia where the students of Rabun Gap High School, under the guidance of their teacher Elliot Wigginton, have been publishing reports and photographs of their community traditions in a remarkable periodical called *Foxfire*. And it has been proven here in Maryland, where the field experience of Alta Schrock and members of the Council of the Alleghenies has been directed to helping the mountain people and culture survive in the face of overwhelming pressure to give up their traditions. Vance Randolph, Alta Schrock, and the students and teachers of Rabun Gap High School are all "amateurs," but amateurs in the older and nobler sense of that word—people who do something for the love of it. In the presence of these inspiring examples,

Chairmaker Lon Reid is interviewed by Elliot Wigginton, teacher at Rabun Gap High School in Georgia and advisor to the student periodical Foxfire, and student Mary Jane Shepard.

no other "amateurs" need have reservations about going into the field.

Here are a few suggestions for anyone who might like to find out about his community's living past.

First, write to the American Folklore Society, University of Texas Press, Box 7819, Austin, Texas, and request the names of local and regional associations which might be joined.

Second, buy a copy of the handbook that is the standard reference work for all collectors of oral tradition: Kenneth Goldstein's *Guide for Fieldworkers in Folklore* (1964).

Third, gain a basic knowledge of what might reasonably be expected to turn up in traditional culture by reading Jan Brunvand's *Study of American Folklore* (1968) and Henry Glassie's *Pattern in the Material Folk Culture of the Eastern United States* (1969).

Next, the would-be folklore fieldworker should select some specific topic to pursue with informants. Weather lore, church music, foodways, hunting and fishing, horse training, rug weaving, almost anything that will engage the interest of the people one hopes to talk to will provide a good beginning.

The purpose of focusing on a particular topic is to avoid that embarrassing silence that falls over the crossroads store when one walks up to the counter and says, "Say, can you tell me if there's any folklife around here?" One can go about fieldwork the wrong way, make no mistake, but the right road is easy enough to find and easy enough to follow.

SEEKING OUT INDIAN PARTICIPATION

by Tom Kavanagh

The end of July is a beginning and an ending. It marks the final mop-up of one year's Festival of American Folklife and the start of extensive planning for the next. For us, in the Indian Awareness Program, it marks the time when we can get out into the field once again and renew old friendships, make new ones, and learn more about the tremendous amount of traditional Indian culture still existing within the Indian community.

Indian participation in the Festival of American Folklife is more than a presentation of a colorful but irrelevant past. It is the presentation of modern adaptations of traditional Indian cultures within the context of 1972. The Festival is not a performance out of the past; it is a celebration of the present.

The fieldwork that goes into the Indian participation at the Festival must therefore search out the people who will best represent the living aspects of Indian culture. A potter comes to the Festival because there is still a demand for Pueblo-made pottery, not because pottery is something the Indians used to do. There are dancers on the Mall, not because they are the visible and best-known image of Indians, but because the dancers and songs play a vital part in Indian life today.

The job of adequately representing the Indian cultures during the five days of the Festival is impossible. Not only are those cultures complex and inter-related, but the gap between the Indian cultures and the general white population is wide enough to discourage most attempts at presenting them. The cultural differences between other ethnic minorities—Basque dancers, say—and the average visitor to the Festival are minimal compared to the differences between the same visitor and any Indian.

The job of representing the Indian culture truthfully, in such a way that the average visitor can understand, or at least accept the differences, is largely up to the fieldworker in his choice and recommendation of participants.

There was a time when Indian people were not fully aware of what was hap-

pening in other Indian communities. As a result of boarding schools, the military, and the general need to work together for common goals, Indian people have now become closer and better informed about events elsewhere.

Outstanding craftsmen, singers, and dancers are known all over Indian country, as are the major social events. People travel long distances to attend those events, knowing that the best performers and craftsmen will be there. This is where the fieldwork begins.

Once contact with a performer or craftsman is made, and the skills are confirmed, the fieldworker must find out whether the individual is interested in taking part in the Festival. Very often a person is unwilling to come here alone, so arrangements must be made with a friend or relative (who is also a performer or craftsman) to go along.

The scarcity of funds often limits the beauty and variety of offerings on the Mall. Choices have to be made, for example, between five dancers and a singer who could represent the ceremonial dances of one tribe and six craftsmen and spokesmen for six different tribes who could bring a variety of experience and philosophy to share with the public.

Fieldwork is many things. It is the excitement of attending a powwow and debating the merits of the various dancers with other visitors. It is the beauty of watching the Shalako dancers on a snowy night in Zuni Pueblo. It is the fun of tracking down a storyteller or the maker of rabbit-fur blankets.

Seldom does a fieldworker come away from Indian country without new friends, new experiences, and a thankfulness for the feeling that this is where the real people are, the real love and concern.

We'Wha, from Zuni, New Mexico, came to the Smithsonian in 1890 to demonstrate Zuni-style weaving. She uses a European-style reed heddle on her belt loom.

Zuni turquoise worker drilling holes in beads to be strung and then rounded on the stone slab in front of him.





MARYLAND

To find exotic cultures far afield is expected; to recognize them in our midst forces a reappraisal of perceptions or value systems. If an Indian basket weaver, a Mississippi bluesman, and an Ozark ballad singer are accepted as valid carriers of folk traditions, why then should we question the validity of the Chesapeake Bay skipjack captain, the Baltimore street vendor, the hunt country equestrian and the Eastern Shore dockside raconteur or metal founder? The following articles provide answers to this question, along with valuable information and insights into some of the great variety of Maryland traditions to be found at this Festival.

While these articles cover only a small portion of these Maryland traditions, they do indicate the areas of concentration, water, horse, and metal traditions, selected on the basis of their richness and significance.

As the Nation's leading "fishing hole," the Chesapeake Bay, home of our last working sailing fleet, has clusters of skilled craftsmen and fishermen whose lives are part of the waters and their yield. The breeding, training, and racing of horses is one of the State's largest industries and, like the watermen, those who work with horses carry some of the most carefully guarded traditions and skills to be found in oral tradition. The Nation's oldest silversmith, Samuel Kirk and Son; its largest producer of pewter ware, Steiff Co.; and numerous skilled metal workers in copper, brass, iron, and tin are all to be found in Maryland. Hand skills, learned through apprenticeship, are the mainstay of these industries and they provide a

(above) Carved eagle, fourteen inches, by Claude Yoder, Cumberland, Maryland. Photo: Margaret Bouslough.

natural link between the cottage industries and the Union Workers' exhibits, which, this year and last, have rounded out the presentations of the cultures of working Americans that the Festival was established to honor and to celebrate.

George Carey has devoted years to collecting and studying the lore and humor of Eastern Shore watermen. His recently published book, *A Faraway Time and Place*, is a welcome and long overdue treasury of the rich verbal traditions of the area.

William Warner has contributed to the fieldwork and planning of the Festival's waterfront site. His provocative article on the ecology of the Chesapeake was abstracted from a lecture he delivered at the Smithsonian for the National Parks and Conservation Association April.

Robert Burgess places the skipjack in the historical and contemporary perspective of Eastern Shore life. At the Festival, he shares with us his more than four decades of experience as a scholar, woodcarver, photographer, and admiring, valued friend of the watermen.

Mrs. Jean du Pont McConnell draws on her knowledge and skills as a horsewoman, fox hunter, and breeder of hounds, in presenting the tradition of the hunt at daily demonstrations on the Mall. Her handbook for all presentations in the ring provides details on horse and pony breeds common in Maryland.

Gerald Davis, with his understanding and respect for the skills and significance of Baltimore street vending as a craft, offers a more intimate acquaintance with "arabber" Sonny Diggs than the average visitor to the Festival will be privileged to enjoy by watching Sonny as an artful purveyor of fresh fruit from his horsedrawn cart on the Mall. An interview that I did with brass-founder, Harry Evans is included to accomplish this very end through a direct transcription of Mr. Evans' forthright statement of his heritage and purpose.

Ralph Rinzler

THE HORSE AND MARYLAND: three vignettes

by Richard Hulan

I. The Horseman

Most observers agree that horses can't talk; the folklore of the horse is thus borne in the main by horsemen. No American has embodied that term more fully than a Maryland horseman of the early nineteenth century, John Stuart Skinner.

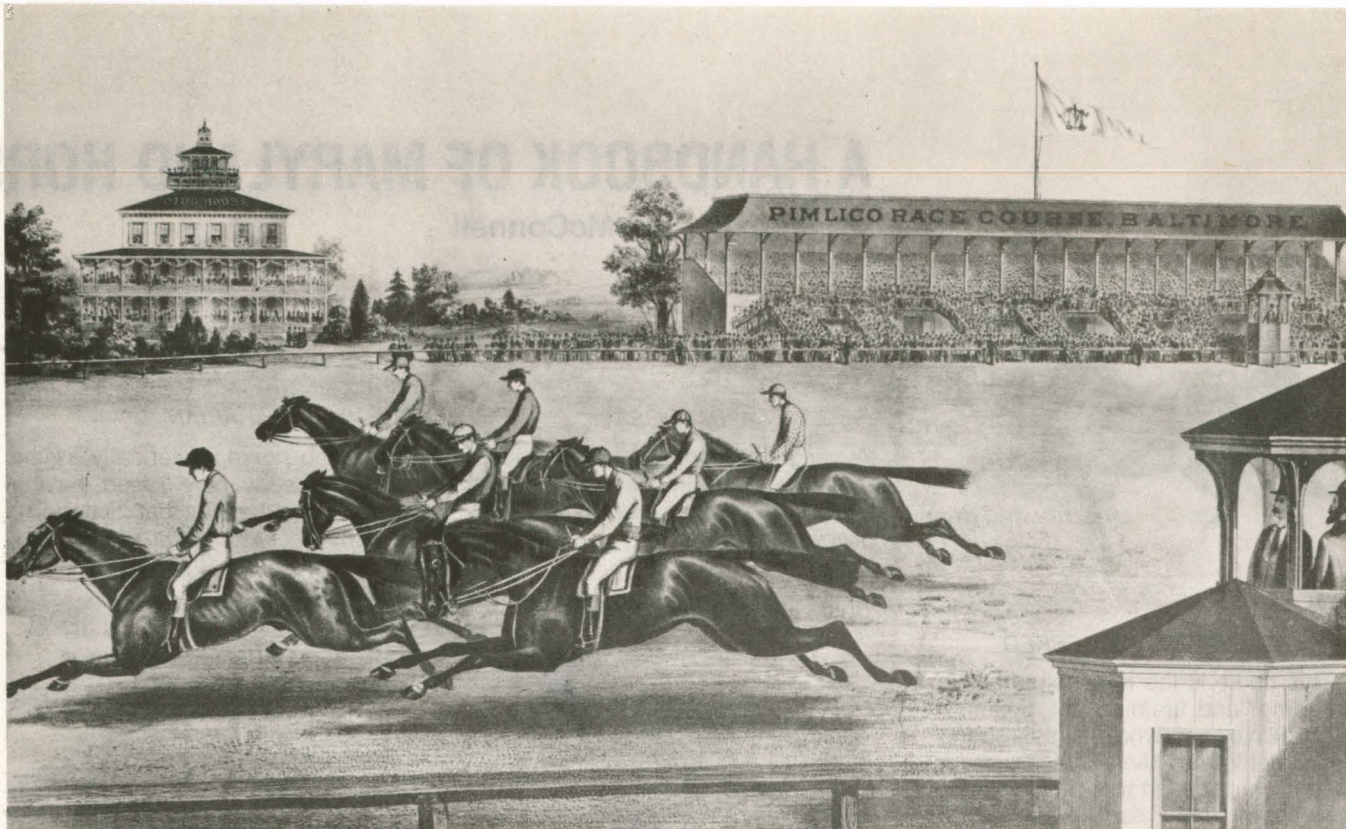
Like many another Maryland gentleman, Skinner loved field sports; he is said to have ridden in the "first flight" with the Baltimore and the Washington City Hounds. His mounts were Thoroughbreds, and his memory is honored primarily by those who breed and race the blood horse. Yet Skinner's own interests ranged across the spectrum of horse breeds and uses. His special field of endeavor, as a matter of fact, was the breeding of mules.

Born on a Western Shore plantation in 1788, J. S. Skinner rose rapidly through a series of public-service positions to become Postmaster of Baltimore at the age of twenty-eight. Although he held this post for twenty-one years, and was an Assistant Postmaster General of the United States for another four, Skinner's reputation nationally and internationally rested on his publications on agriculture.

The American Farmer appeared in 1819 and was immediately successful. The first periodical (monthly) in this country devoted to agriculture, it continued under Skinner's management for ten years. He was an outspoken advocate of contests (livestock shows and, of course, horse races) and of accurate pedigrees—the scientific substitute for natural selection in wild herds.

"One might as well look among the black Dutch for a dancing master," he wrote, as to look for good breeding stock in domestic herds whose owners did not follow these principles.

Skinner's lead in scientific agriculture was soon followed by other able editors, and he began in 1829 to concentrate on the Thoroughbred horse with publication of *The American Turf Register*, which he edited for six of its fifteen years. This was in a sense an enlargement of the "Sporting Olio" feature of the *American Farmer*; both re-



Baltimore's Pimlico Race Course in an earlier day.

ported the results of race meetings and pedigrees of living stallions from all parts of the Union. Skinner's periodicals were basic to the compilation of every American stud book from the first (Jeffreys', 1828) to the present one (Bruce's, 1868 to date).

We might mention that Skinner was in the boat with Francis Scott Key while the latter wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," and that he rode fifty miles at night to warn that British troops were advancing on Washington.

His unusually eventful life was terminated in 1851 when he stepped through his office door into what had been a staircase and fell to the cellar, workmen had removed the stair for repairs without his knowledge.

The family tradition of horsemanship was maintained by a son who was a Confederate cavalry colonel and a noted sportswriter, a great-grandson who was the New York Racing Commission's first official representative for hunt races and a great-great-grandson who was an outstanding amateur steeplechase rider in the 1930s.

II. The Track

Folklife is often thought of as the property of peasants; in fact, definitions of the term "folk" frequently rule out educated or wealthy strata of a culture. Yet the behavior of a hunt club, a coun-

try club, or a bridge club may be as traditional (and as unconsciously so) as the behavior of a mountain village. Wealthy and poor alike flock to race tracks (occasionally moving from one economic level to the other at the end of a race); the track has its own lore and life.

"Take him down, Mr. Brown," the cry of fans who feel they have witnessed a riding foul, refers to the steward of the Pimlico Race Course after 1937, Mr. George Brown, Jr. One doubts that everyone who ever shouted that knew he was the steward, but the statement rhymes and it entered oral tradition.

Pimlico is 102 years old this fall, and has its share of tradition. The nickname of "Old Hilltop" was almost meaningless by 1938 when the small rise in the infield was bulldozed away; yet this act symbolized to oldtimers the utter disregard for tradition of the new club president, Alfred G. Vanderbilt. As luck would have it, Vanderbilt and his Sagamore Farm are now Maryland traditions in their own right, and "Old Hilltop" means almost nothing—as a name.

As a track, however, it is alive and well. The distinction of hosting one leg of America's Triple Crown makes it likely to remain so. Besides the Preakness, there are other famous stakes races at Pimlico, and occasional matches there have made turf history. The Seabiscuit win over War Admiral in the 1938 Pimlico Special was one such spectacle; its crowd of 43,000 still has not been exceeded at the

track. Something of a Vanderbilt coup (Belmont had tried to get the match), this November race took the edge off the October leveling of the said hilltop. More of a national event was the 1877 three-way match for which Congress adjourned and rode a special train to watch Parole beat Tom Ochiltree and Ten Broeck. (Remember "Molly and Tenbrooks," all you Bill Monroe fans? Same horse, different race.)

III. The Byproducts

The horse is indispensable to the folklife of many Marylanders.

The Woodlawn Vase, trophy for the Preakness, was made by a Baltimore silversmith. So was J. S. Skinner's silver service, in 1828, and his 1822 trophy for "Shepherdess."

A young man in Phoenix makes harness and riding whips for hunt club enthusiasts.

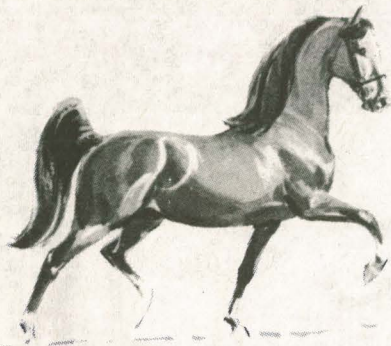
A less-young man in Olney makes harness and governess carts for pony owners.

A slightly older man in Glyndon trains dogs for the hunt club, and finds suitable tree roots for whip handles for the man in Phoenix.

A still older man in Easton, a blacksmith, repairs farm equipment (leaky watering troughs) and does ornamental ironwork—unrelated to horses, as it happens. Wheelwright's tools on the wall evoke a question; he replies, "Making wheels used to be my pride and joy. Later on I mostly fixed broken ones. Now I've about run out of wheels. . . ."

A HANDBOOK OF MARYLAND HORSES

by Jean du Pont McConnell



AMERICAN SADDLEBRED

This horse is the result of selective breeding and training by Southern plantation owners who desired a strong horse that looked like a "classic beauty" and was comfortable to ride. Today it is shown under saddle and with a lightweight vehicle in fine harness. Registered with the American Saddle Horse Breeders Association.

ORIGIN

Basic bloodlines imported from England during colonial times, developed by further crossbreeding in Kentucky.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—average 16 hands.

Weight—approximately 1000 lbs.

Color—Usually solid colors—black, bay, brown, chestnut, with a few grays. White markings on nose and legs *only* are seen regularly. Mane and tail natural, full-flowing. Coat fine textured.

Head—well formed, refined, carried high.

Neck—long and extravagantly arched, proud.

Body—strong, well muscled, round; back short.

Legs—long and slender; long pasterns.

Hoofs—very long with weighted shoes to produce action.

ACTION

Smooth, floating use of gaits—supremely high stepping; capable of speed.

DISPOSITION

Brilliant, intelligent, has showmanship. Adaptable to pleasure use.

PRIMARY USES

Riding—Show-ring competition, pleasure.

Driving—Show-ring competition, pleasure.

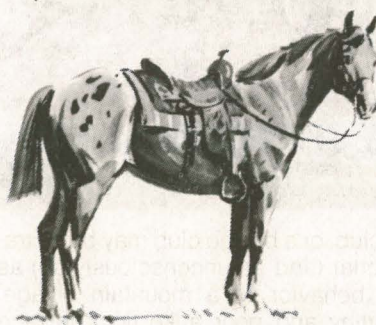
Hunting—(occasionally.)

APPALOOSA

A versatile "spotted" horse whose popularity is rapidly increasing. Registered in the Appaloosa Horse Club, Moscow, Idaho.

ORIGIN

Spain to America about 1730.



CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—14 to 15.3 hands.

Weight—950 to 1200 lbs.

Color—brown, bay, chestnut, cream, black. Mane and tail natural—may be of mixed colors. *Skin mottled, especially at nostrils. Coat patterns vary, generally a "white blanket" covers loins and rump, with dark spots that may be oval or round— $\frac{3}{4}$ " in diameter.

Head—medium-size, clean-cut. *Eye encircled by white; ears medium; forehead wide.

Neck—shorter than most, set into deep chest.

Body—stocky with powerful hindquarters.

Legs—medium length; forearms well muscled.

**Hoofs*—medium size, vertically striped black and white.

**Note*: All Appaloosa horses have white encircling the eye, parti-colored skin, and parti-colored hoofs.

ACTION

Quick, surefooted, eager, has stamina.

DISPOSITION

Intelligent, gentle.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Riding—pleasure, hunting; showing—flat and jumping; stock horse.

ARABIAN

The Arab horse, historically, is the most completely pure breed, having structural peculiarities that distinguish him from all other breeds. Present-day horses registered in the Arabian Horse Club of America.

ORIGIN

Desert of Arabia before 570 A.D.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—14 to 15 hands.

Weight—800 to 1000 lbs.

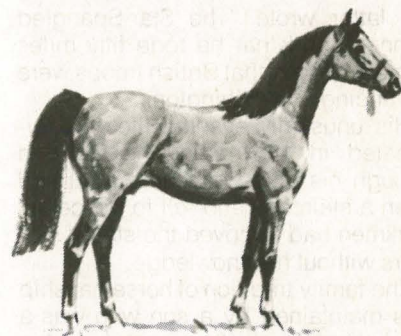
Color—generally bay, brown, chestnut, and gray; piebalds and skewbalds and other color variations not found in purebred Arabians, but in Arab crosses. Sleek coat with silky-textured hair; mane and tail natural and flowing.

Head—delicate with slightly "dished" profile. Ears small; large dark eyes, set wide apart; fine muzzle, with strong jaw and cheekbones.

Neck—well set in shoulders, slender and arched.

Body—compact with well-sprung ribs. *Legs*—strong, slender and small-boned.

Hoofs—small.



ACTION

Animated, supple, smooth, with noble bearing.

DISPOSITION

Spirited, intelligent, gentle.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding—purebred and crossbreeding.

Riding—pleasure, hunting; showing—flat and jumping; racing; endurance trail rides; stock horse.

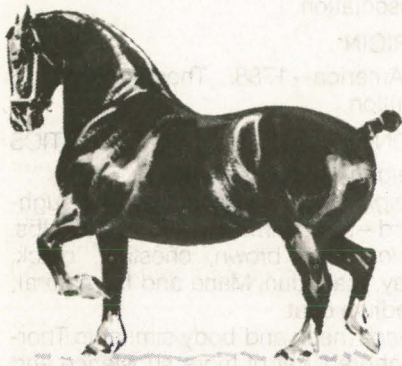
AND PONIES

BELGIAN

Heaviest of all horses bred to do draft work, offering massive "horse power." A descendant of the Flemish horse.

ORIGIN

Belgium—imported to America in 1886.



CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—15.12 to 17 hands.

Weight—1900 to 2200 lbs.

Color—Sorrel, chestnut, and roan preferred; bay, black, and gray sometimes penalized in showing. White markings on head common; flaxen mane and tail, usually with light hair at fetlock. Coat medium and of good texture.

Head—large, well-rounded jaws; ears medium; eyes set well apart.

Neck—medium length, well crested.

Body—compact; short, close-coupled back; deep through the barrel; massive in haunches.

Legs—short, chunky, powerful.

Hoofs—round and short.

ACTION

Short "paddling" strides without spring in their step. Steady, powerful.

DISPOSITION

Intelligent, docile, willing—with extremely good temper.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Driving—heavy farm work; competitive weight pulling.

MORGAN

This serves as a useful all-around horse. Registered with the Morgan Horse Club, Inc.

ORIGIN

Breed established in Massachusetts in 1789 of mixed bloodlines. Later called "Justin Morgan."

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—14.1 to 15.1 hands.

Weight—800 to 1000 lbs.

Color—dark brown, bay, black; less frequently chestnut; white markings rarely noted. Sleek coat; mane and tail natural.

Head—fine, carried high; small ears; large eyes, set wide apart; small muzzle, large nostrils.

Neck—short and crested

Body—compact; thick barrel with power in hindquarters.

Legs—short, heavily muscled, with hairy fetlocks.

Hoofs—small and dark.

ACTION

Quick, able, powerful short strides.

DISPOSITION

Intelligent, gentle, eager, has great stamina.

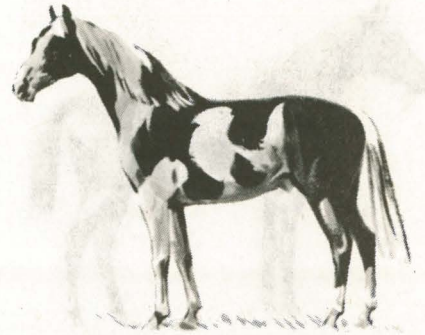


PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Riding—pleasure, hunting, jumping, western stock.

Driving—pleasure, show harness, farm duties.



PINTO

A colorful horse, it is becoming increasingly popular. There are two categories: Overo and Tobiano. Registered with the Pinto Horse Association of America.

ORIGIN

Mexico in early 1500s, thence to United States.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—up to 14 hands.

Weight—600 to 800 lbs.

Color—two patterns: Overo is a colored horse (roan, dun, sorrel, bay, brown, black) with large white irregular-patterned markings. Tail and mane dark or mixed, and face either white or bald. *Tobiano* has a base color of white with patterns of another color on coat. Mane and tail always the same color as neck and rump. Legs usually white, head and face dark. Face may be marked with a snip, star, or similar decoration. Coat of medium texture for both.

Head—small, well-shaped ears; eyes set wide apart; small muzzle.

Neck—nicely arched.

Body—broad chest, sloping shoulders, short back, deep girth.

Legs—strong, straight, with good muscles.

ACTION

Gait agile and quick. Stride long; has ability for speed.

DISPOSITION

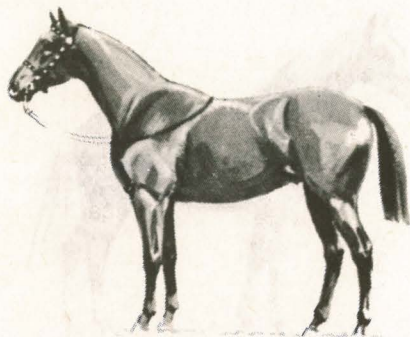
Intelligent, game, gentle.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Riding—pleasure, polo, stock horse, hunting, showing, jumping.

Racing



QUARTER HORSE

A small horse, recognized by ability to turn-on-a-dime, "stop dead" suddenly, as well as sprint with speed, it is becoming one of America's most popular animals. Today the world's richest race is for only a "quarter" of a mile. Registered with the American Quarter Horse Association.

ORIGIN

Spain—came to America with the explorers in the early 1500s.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—14.3 to 15.1 hands.

Weight—1100 to 1300 lbs.

Color—Any color without spots is acceptable. Coat medium texture; mane usually roached; tail usually pulled and banded.

Head—relatively short; eyes set wide apart; small ears and muzzle; well-developed jaw.

Neck—of sufficient length, fairly thick.

Body—broad chest; heavily muscled shoulders; back short, close coupled; deep girth; heavy powerful hindquarters.

Legs—set wide apart; short, full forearms; flat, clean knees and hocks.

Hoofs—tough-textured feet with wide-open heel.

ACTION

Quick, surefooted, low gaits that can produce instant speed in any direction.

DISPOSITION

Very intelligent, quick to learn, cheerful, kind, diligent.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Racing

Riding—pleasure, hunting, showing—flat and jumping; stock horse.

SHIRE

Tallest of all horse breeds, the Shire appears as a mountain of strength.

ORIGIN

From the Shires of east-central England to Canada in 1836, then to the United States in the early 1840s.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—16 up to approximately 20 hands.

Weight—1500 to 2000 lbs.

Color—Generally bay, brown, and black; however, gray, chestnut, and roan are acceptable. White markings on face usual; with white legs from knee or hock to hoof. Characterized by "feathers" about the fetlocks (long white hair beginning just above the ankle down to the hoof). Mane and tail natural—tail usually tied up during work. Coat of medium texture.

Head—large; ears, jaw, and cheekbones respectively proportioned; eyes set wide apart.

Neck—thick and crested.

Body—not compact; chest wide; back longer than Belgian, giving massive, rangy appearance; hindquarters capable of power.

Legs—long and powerful.

Hoofs—large (huge).

ACTION

Powerful strides; more rhythm than Belgian, due to rangy build.

DISPOSITION

Intelligent, tractable. (If it were other than kind, the giant Shire would be impossible to handle.)

PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Driving—farm use; heavy contest pulling; coaching; team horses.

STANDARD BRED

Bred to race in harness within a certain "standard" of speed. Any horse that has not qualified under that "standard" may not be raced in an officially recognized meeting of the U.S. Trotting Association.

ORIGIN

America—1788. Thoroughbred stallion.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—15 to 16 hands.

Weight (Size)—smaller than Thoroughbred—approximately 800 to 1000 lbs.

Color—bay, brown, chestnut, black, gray, roan, dun. Mane and tail natural; medium coat.

Head—neck and body similar to Thoroughbred, yet of more substance and ruggedness.

Legs—not as long as Thoroughbred; well muscled, with good bone.

Feet—medium size.



ACTION

Natural tendency for trotting or pacing. These gaits must be highly controlled to produce speed.

DISPOSITION

Extremely kind and tractable.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding for sales.

Harness racing.

Harness horses in horse shows.

PONIES

THOROUGHBRED

Registered in any stud book recognized by The Jockey Club.

ORIGIN

Descended from Arabian stallions brought to England about 1700.



CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—Small: over 14.2, under 15.2½ hands. Other: over 15.2½ hands.

Weight—approximately 1000 lbs.

Lightweight—up to carrying 165 lbs.

Middleweight—up to carrying 185 lbs.

Heavyweight—up to carrying 205 lbs.

Color—bay, brown, chestnut, black, occasionally gray and roan. White markings on face and legs common. Mane and tail natural.

Head—refined, but not as small as Arabian's.

Neck and body—slender; sloping shoulders.

Legs—long, straight, well muscled.

Feet—small; may be black or white.

ACTION

Gait light and quick; stride low and long.

DISPOSITION

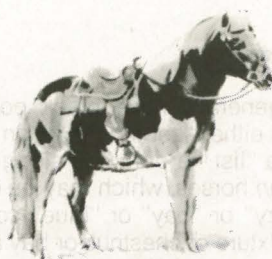
Shy, high-strung, intelligent.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding for sales.

Racehorses—flat, steeplechase.

Riding—pleasure, hunting, polo, stock.



SHETLAND

These ponies have undergone a breeding transformation in the United States, so that today there are two types: the *English* and the *American*. Registered with the American Shetland Pony Club.

ORIGIN

Shetland Islands, British Isles.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—26 to 46 inches (only Shetlands are measured in inches rather than hands.)

Weight—300 to 500 lbs.

Color—assorted colors (mouse gray, bay brown, dappled, cream, gray, etc.) Mane and tail long and natural. Coat sleek in the summer, thick and furry in winter if not stabled.

ENGLISH TYPE PONY is small, resembling a miniature draft horse.

Head—reasonably coarse, tiny ears, straight profile.

Neck, body, and legs—short, compact.

Hoofs—very small.

AMERICAN TYPE PONY is small, yet slender and supple.

Head—refined; ears tiny; slightly dished profile.

Neck, body, and legs—compact, deep chest, well-balanced.

Hoofs—tiny and hard.

ACTION

Short little strides, quick, surefooted, able to pull weight and jump.

DISPOSITION

Spirited, intelligent, adapts to stylish show appearances with pride and animation; gentle pet for child.

PRIMARY USES

Riding—(children) pleasure, showing.

Driving—pleasure, showing, racing.

WELSH

A useful and all-purpose pony to be enjoyed by adults as well as children. The only means of transportation for many in Wales. Registered with the Welsh Pony Society of America, Inc.

ORIGIN

Wales, British Isles.

CONFORMATION CHARACTERISTICS

Height—Section "A" ponies—up to 12.2 hands. Section "B" ponies—over 12.2 to 14.2 hands.

Weight—450 to 600 lbs.

Color—any color except piebald and skewbald. Mane and tail natural, well set on tail. Coat of medium texture.

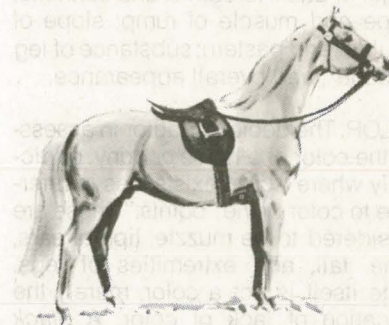
Head—small, slightly dished profile; little ears; eyes set wide apart.

Neck—slender and lengthy, crested in stallions.

Body—shoulders long, sloping; girth deep; back well coupled, hindquarters lengthy and fine.

Legs—strong forearms; flat clean joints.

Hoofs—small, well shaped, dense.



ACTION

Elastic and showy, strong, proud, smooth gaits.

DISPOSITION

Intelligent, spirited, responsive, gentle.

PRIMARY USES

Breeding

Riding—pleasure, hunting, showing.

Driving—showing, coaching.

Racing—trotting, roadster.

Photos: Black Horse Press, Sam Savitt "Guide to Horses"

BREEDS AND THEIR CHARACTERISTICS

Horses may be classified as light horses, ponies, or draft horses, according to size, build, and use. *Light horses* stand about 14 to 17 hands high, weigh 900 to 1400 pounds, and are used primarily for riding, driving, or racing, or for utility purposes on the farm. They generally are more rangy and are capable of greater speed and more action than draft horses. *Ponies* stand under 14.2 hands high and weigh 500 to 900 pounds. *Draft horses* stand 14.2 hands to approximately 20 hands high, weigh 1400 or more pounds, and are used primarily for drawing loads and other heavy work.

CONFORMATION. A matter of pleasing appearance, good structure, and sound proportion for the type of horse and the type of work it is expected to do. Principal areas for determining good conformation include: size of head; length and shape of neck; proportionate length of back, forearms, and cannons; shape and muscle of rump; slope of shoulder and pastern; substance of leg or "bone"; and overall appearance.

COLOR. The deciding factor in assessing the color of a horse or pony, particularly where doubt exists, lies in reference to color of the "points." These are considered to be muzzle, tips of ears, mane, tail, and extremities of legs. White itself is not a color, merely the indication of lack of color. A *black* horse is black with black points. A *brown* horse is dark brown or nearly black with brown points. A *bay* horse is brown with black points. A *chestnut* horse is ginger or reddish color with similar main and tail. "Light," "dark," and "liver" chestnuts are variations. A seldom seen red chestnut is an old-fashioned "sorrel." A *grey* horse has both white and black hairs throughout the coat. An "iron grey" is one in which white hairs predominate. A "fleabitten grey" is one in which the dark hairs occur in tufts. A horse is never correctly described as a "white horse." *Dun* horses vary from mouse color to

golden, generally have black points and show either "zebra" marks on the limbs or a "list," a dark line along the back. *Roan* horses, which may be of a "strawberry" or "bay" or "blue" color, show a mixture of chestnut, or bay and white, or black and white hairs throughout the coat. A *piebald* horse shows large irregular patches of black and white. A *skewbald* horse shows large irregular patches of white and any other color except black. Horses that conform to no fixed color may correctly be described as "odd colored." The term bay-brown is also permissible in a horse that appears to conform partly, but not exactly, to bay or brown.

MARKINGS. The Head: A *star* is a white mark on the forehead. A *stripe* is a narrow white mark down the face. A *blaze* is a broad white mark down the face that extends over the bones of the nose. A *white face* includes forehead, eyes, nose, and part of muzzle. A *snip* is a white mark between the nostrils that in some cases extends into the nostrils. A *wall eye* shows white or blue-white coloring in place of the normal coloration. The Legs: A *stocking* is a white leg extending as far as knee or hock. A *sock* involves the fetlock and part of the cannon region. A *white fetlock*, *white pastern*, or *white coronet* involves the part named only. The term *ermine* is used where black spots occur on white. Brands: These are generally placed either on the flat of the shoulder, the saddle region, or the quarters. Sometimes on the neck.

[Note: It is important to have a thorough knowledge of horse colors, markings, and terms for accurate descriptions. When registering a horse or pony with the association of its breed, or with the American Horse Shows Association, a complete and detailed description is necessary in order to establish ownership of, and performance privileges for, your animal.]

GLOSSARY

ANGLO-ARAB. Breeding of an Arabian and a Thoroughbred horse.

BONE. Term used in relation to measurement taken around foreleg immediately below knee. "Good bone" should measure 8½ inches or more. When the measurement falls short of requirements, the horse is said to be "light of bone," indicating his limbs are not up to carrying the weight his body should.

CROSSBRED. The breeding of a "grade" mare to a stallion of any unregistered breed other than Thoroughbred.

FEATHERS. Luxuriant growth of hair on lower legs.

GIRTH. A measure of the circumference of the chest below a point back of the withers and in front of the back.

GRADE. A horse of unknown or unregistered bloodlines.

HALF-BRED. The breeding of a "grade" mare to a Thoroughbred stallion.

HAND. Equals 4 inches; hence a horse 15.1 hands high measures 61".

MORAB. Breeding of an Arabian and a Morgan horse.

PADDLING. Rolling action of forelegs at walk or trot.

PUREBRED. All animals in the bloodline of the same registered stock.

ROACHED (hogged). Refers to mane clipped close to neck.

TYPE. Hunters, hacks, polo ponies, cobs, and vanners are types of horses as distinct from breeds.

WEIGHT. Can be estimated. However, averages for breeds have been determined through use of scales.

WELSH-ARAB. Breeding of an Arabian and a Welsh pony.



FOXHUNTING IN MARYLAND

by Jean du Pont McConnell

A sport that has come down through the ages, one in which a man and his horse and his hounds can find pleasure in being together, is enjoyed throughout Maryland and neighboring states in the form of foxhunting.

The earliest pack kept exclusively for hunting the fox was in England in 1690. Although the first pack was not organized in America until 1776, hounds were brought to Maryland in 1650 by Robert Brooke.

Foxhunting is divided into three categories:

First are the farmer-hunters, who use a single, slow, deep-voiced hound—their object being to shoot the fox in its runway.

Second are the groups that hunt their hounds in small combined packs. Better known as "night hunters," their pleasure is found in the speed and good "cry" (yelp) of the individual hounds. From this division of hunters come the Fox Hound Trial Associations.

Third are the groups that hunt for the sport of the chase, patterned after the English style of foxhunting. Here, the customs of management and dress add to the color and enjoyment of a day's hunting.

Once a pack is established, the "master" (who is in charge of the sport) may apply to the Masters of Foxhounds for formal recognition. A prescribed territory is assigned to each hunt, and its boundaries are looked upon as

sacred. An identification of colors to be worn on the collar of the hunt coat and a button with the seal of the hunt are most coveted by hunt members.

Maryland has ten recognized hunts: the oldest established in 1892 and the youngest in 1971, with four applications pending. The hounds vary in bloodlines. English hounds were imported in the beginning; later, they were crossed with other breeds, establishing the Crossbred hound. Further breeding developed the American hound, which includes several registered breeds. Each has different traits; some have speed; some are slower; some run easily as a pack; and others are individuals, following their own abilities, thereby making excellent trial hounds.

In choosing a particular breed of hound, a master pays close attention to the one best suited to his terrain and the type of hunt he wishes to conduct. Hence, on the Eastern Shore we see the Penn-Marydel (Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware) hound, which was developed with an excellent nose, a good cry, and the instinct to pack well. It is well adapted to rough, swampy, wooded land where it is impractical to follow very fast. The more open western area allows for speed. Trig and Walker hounds excel there. The remaining Maryland areas have representative packs of English, Crossbred,

Birdsong, Maryland July hounds, as well as the "Red Bone" hound from Virginia.

The "quarry" for the most part is the red fox, imported to Chestertown, Maryland, in 1730, and known as "straight-necked" because of the long, straight distance it will run. The gray fox, native to America, is called "ring-necked" because it runs in circles. A good hunt depends on the best of "scents," for unless hounds can follow the "line" (track) of the fox there will be a "blank day," when hounds fail to find a fox. A good pack will "account" for the fox and "mark him to the ground" if he has "gone to earth" (the den). A fox may also be "worried" (torn to bits).

The hunting horn is the signal between masters and staff and hounds and riders. The American horn, a natural cowhorn, has a melodious tone. The English, of brass and copper, is sharp and clear.

The "hunter" is not a breed, but any horse that has the emotional stability and jumping ability, combined with physical substance and strength, to carry an adult for a day's hunting. This "day" may last four or five hours, covering as much as thirty or forty miles, with countless jumps. For the most part, the terrain is uneven, with streams, ditches, steep hills, bogs, and rocky areas. The fitness of both horse and rider is essential.

MEET SONNY DIGGS, A BALTIMORE ARABBER

by Gerald L. Davis

The streets of Baltimore city can be deathly chilling on a late February night. Bells draped from Joe's harnessing sound more like metallic walnut hulls than the gay, welcoming "tink- tingle, tink-tingle" of pony bells city people sometimes hear on warm days. The steel rims of the wagon wheels grate along macadam streets now frozen harsh in winter, soon to be softened in the coming spring. Joe's gait is rhythmic and easy, providing the only melodic line in an otherwise strangely hollow urban symphony. Huddled on the wagon seat is Paul Diggs, "Sonny" to just about everyone who knows him, a Baltimore arabber.

(According to "Sonny," White people used the term "huckster" when he was a boy, but Black people always referred to vendors and traders who worked from a horse or pony-drawn cart as an *arab* (pronounced ay-rab) or an *arabber*. The verb is to *arab*.)

Responding to the warmth of Joe's gaited meter, "Sonny" Diggs launches into an extemporaneous recitative that chronicles the feelings, the passing thoughts, the strong sense of personal worth this singular man experiences in a multitudinous urban environment.

"Didn't have no bad day
And I don't think I can get sad,
I'm living to bless my Jesus
For the little bit of good times
I've had . . .
Money's in my possession
And life is fame,
I'm glad to be arabbing,
I'm not ashamed.
Some people say that I'm crazy
And they call me a funny name
(I've had people call me goofball)
When I was living around them
(They was my friends)
But I wasn't ashamed.
They couldn't buy me.
Couldn't deny me . . ."

Rhymed verse is not unusual for "Sonny" Diggs; it comes as natural to him as breathing and eating. His is a culture, a community that places a premium on the ability to artistically and creatively use words and word sys-



"Sonny" Diggs, Baltimore arabber, arranging produce for a day's work.

tems. As fully developed art forms, the oral materials of urban Black men are as complex as any in the world and are infused with richly embroidered caricatures of people and world situations and tightly imbedded with the most strident observations on a society in which their participation is at best marginal. A verbal performance by a man on a corner is as rich an esthetic experience, enjoyed and judged by his peers, as it is a channel for information for members of his community.

"Sonny" Diggs is very much a man of his community. For arabbers as for musicians there is a "downtown" book, a patterned, structured form of behavior on which rests the success of a day's work and ultimately the feeding of a family and the meeting of the same responsibilities that all in the society must deal with; what seems romantic to the observer is oftentimes the realization of a barely modest living situation for the practicing arabber.

But there is something irresistibly magnetic about the arabber in his selling environment, something almost mystical about "Sonny" Diggs in

urban Baltimore. His hawking cry of "bananas, ripe tomatoes, good red apples" crashes off the walls of downtown Baltimore and soars above and neatly moves in and around the cacophonous noises of a busy city. His call is not an accident, the pitch and the intensity have been painfully developed over the years; inexperienced men grow hoarse within thirty minutes of being on the streets.

"Sonny's" customers are the wealthy and the poor, businessmen and students, urban Blacks and rural Whites.

There are the fortune tellers on Charles Street who patiently wait for "Sonny" to spend a few moments of the day haggling, good-naturedly, over the prices of bananas and apples. There is his favorite customer on the fourth floor of a building, a bit too infirm now to run up and down the stairs; the large, well-chested woman who

by George Carey
Department of English, University of Massachusetts



Many arabbers own their own ponies and wagons, and cooperatively stable their "teams." However, a large number of arabbers rent their teams on a daily or a percentage basis. Photo by Martin Koeing.

raucously yells down to "Sonny" who laughs and takes a sack up to her, probably at no charge. "Sonny" Diggs takes his work seriously and is scrupulously honest about his prices.

Paul Diggs has been around arabbing and ponies in Baltimore city for twenty-seven of his thirty-three years. From his own report and from testimonies of his friends, "Sonny" began his apprenticeship when he was six years old by watering and feeding the ponies used by older arabbers. By the time he was nine years old, "Sonny" was breaking ponies for riding and hauling and was already steeped in the ways of arabbers. In his early teens he was working a wagon by himself. A few years ago, Sonny left arabbing full-time and went to work for the Social

Security Administration. He still arabs on weekends from his truck and with his recently acquired team. His young son is now entering his long years of apprenticing the trade.

No one seems to know much about arabbing, about how and where vending from carts and wagons first began. It is known that Baltimore arabbing is part of a tradition of urban life that goes back some 3000 to 4000 years, to the ancient African kingdoms of Timbuctu and Meroe, and was widely practiced wherever there were people living in cities and towns and villages. For as long as anyone can remember there were produce and fish vendors in New Orleans, St. Augustine, Charleston, and a handful of major East Coast cities, though recently they have begun to disappear, more as a result of the shortsightedness of city councilmen than from lack of business. In 1969, Baltimore's city council tried to legislate arabbers from the streets, but the men have persisted and today, what was once thought to be a dying trade, employs from 350 to 1000 men, fully half of whom are in their late teens

and early twenties.

It's difficult knowing why young men want to go into arabbing. Mike, who's now a 19- or 20-year-old stevedore and who's been arabbing since he was 13, speaks first of his interest in horses. He then adds, almost as an afterthought, that it is possible to earn a living and to support a family by arabbing and that some young men can clear as much as \$75 to \$80 a day. But there seems to be something else as well. There are few opportunities in America's cities for men, for people, to find work that does not involve tremendous personal compromises, Arabbers have few masters.

The competitive rivalry that goes on between younger and older arabbers is always a learning situation in which the younger man pits his enthusiasm against the older man's experience and knowledge. They may be critical of one another, but there is always respect and caring. Finally, there is the sense that they are both locked in a survival enterprise and neither can afford to be without the other.

Few urban governments in America have had the imagination or the common sense to provide for the unfettered movement of living traditional and historic units of American culture within their jurisdiction. Baltimore arabbing employs perhaps as many as 1000 men, many of whom would swell the city's unemployment figures. The health of many Baltimore citizens depends on regular deliveries of fresh produce from arabbers. If the number of young Black and White men who become arabbers is an indication, the craft is at least as vibrantly alive as Chesapeake Bay fishing traditions. It is to the credit of the Baltimore city council and to the citizens of the city that arabbing continues to thrive and serve the Baltimore community.

"That's the life of an arabber . . .
If you got that Brother,
Close the book,
Let everybody in the world
Take a good look."

Paul "Sonny" Diggs

FOLK HUMOR ALIVE AND WELL IN MARYLAND

by George Carey

Department of English, University of Massachusetts

When anyone argues that the art of oral storytelling is dead in Maryland, I hasten to direct him to any of a number of places in the State where people of different folk groups gather to pass their time. One place I am particularly familiar with is Crisfield, a small town on the lower Eastern Shore of the Chesapeake where some 5000 souls live perched together at the edge of the Bay. Most of them sustain themselves on the seafood the Bay provides, crabs in the summer, oysters in the winter. And their spiritual sustenance stems from an ironbound Methodism.

On a given day in the summer, the patterned beat of Crisfield life holds pretty much the same. By dawn the crabmen are out on the Bay and the crab houses that line the inner harbor have been humming with activity since 4 a.m. As the heavy, humid day advances, the town landing becomes the center of action. Retired watermen amble down to the wharf, plant themselves on a series of shaded benches collectively known as "the liar's bench," and watch as the day's commerce unfolds.

With that, another member of the brotherhood pipes up:

That's one hell of an echo, but it ain't nothing really. We were up at Alberta, Canada, north of Montana, and me and my partner parked our truck beside the edge of the canyon to go to sleep. And we wanted to be sure to wake up in the morning, so we went over there and yelled in the canyon as loud as we could and then went back in the truck and went to sleep. Damn if seven and one half hours later that echo didn't come and wake us up.

Suddenly, the yarning takes a turn toward a favorite pastime on the Eastern Shore—the hunt.

Oz Mears had a bird dog that was said to be about the best around. He carried it down to the beach one day where some men were fishing. That dog just stood there looking out into the surf, until one of the fishermen said, "What's wrong with that dog?"

Oz said, "I don't know, but when

he goes on point like that, there's usually a bird around." Just about that time one of those fellas hooked a big red drum. When they got it ashore, Oz said, "Cut him open." When they did they looked and there was this quail inside of that fish.

The response is immediate:

That's interesting, but I knowed of a fella down here one time and he had a wonderful rabbit dog. Well, this dog died and he decided that he had to do something to remember him by so he had him skinned and made himself a pair of gloves out of that dog's hide. One time he was out in the forest working, and he pulled his gloves off and laid them on this stump and set down to eat his lunch. All of a sudden this rabbit run out of the underbush and those gloves jumped off of that stump and grabbed the rabbit and choked him to death.

And so it goes on into the sultry morning until the watermen scatter for lunch or other incidental business. Obviously, the Eastern Shore of Maryland holds no corner on this kind of gathering nor the folk repartee which issues from it. The same sort of thing occurs with any group drawn together by some common bond. Lawyers have their offices, teenagers their slumber party, college students their bull session, miners their tavern, Polish immigrants in Baltimore their church supper. And out of this variety of congregating places springs a body of oral folk humor fitted to the needs and associations of that particular group. Surely Jewish businessmen in Silver Spring would find little amusement in the stories of Chesapeake Bay watermen, but this widely known joke would unquestionably raise more than a passing smile among them:

And oh, yes, then there's the one that Gloria thinks is very cute. This comes out of the six-day Israeli War. There's a whole company of Arabs marching along in the desert. And there in the distance they spot one lonely Jew. And they send six men out to get him. An hour passes. Noth-

ing. So they send fifteen men out to see what happened to the six. An hour passes. Nothing. They now send out fifty men to see what happened to the fifteen. Couple of hours pass. Here comes one guy staggering back, bloody, beat up, uniform torn in half off of him. And he comes staggering back to the commander and says, "Go back, go back; it's a trap. There's two of them."

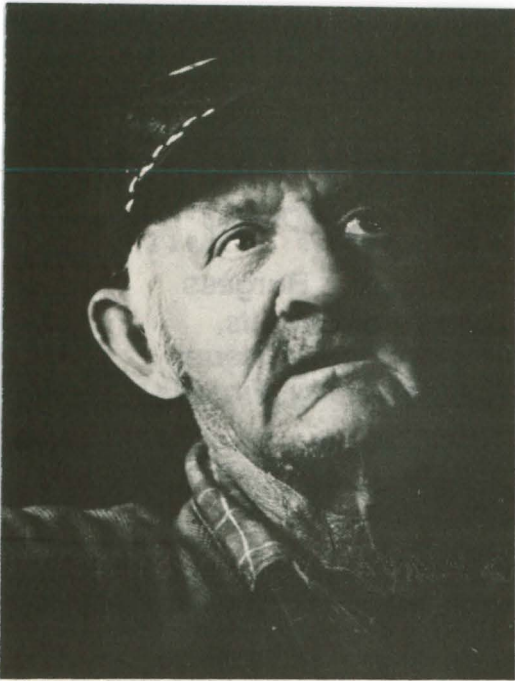
Among rural storytellers it is the local character who furnishes much of the mirth, and tales about well-known personalities often linger on long after their death. One such character was Ike Morgan who live in Klondyke, a small town near Frostburg, Maryland. Ike ran a saloon called, appropriately, The House of Morgan, but his star rose in local legendry largely because of his well-turned wit. Asked one day why he never went to Hollywood to try his luck, Ike immediately quipped: "Why the hell should I go to Hollywood? There I'd be a fool among kings; here I'm a king among fools."

Another time in Frostburg, a friend accosted Ike and asked him how business was over in Klondyke. "Business?" Ike shot back, "Why things are so slow over there the creek only runs three times a week."

From a folklorist's point of view, a day spent on that bench can be highly instructive. If his antennae are at all sensitive he will pick up the distinct lift and fall of Eastern Shore speech dialect, or the highly flavored proverbial comparison: "I'll say this, old man Charlie is so worthless, he lacks a dollar and a half of being worth a damn, and his wife, why she's so ugly, she has to sneak up on a glass of water to get a drink."

Coupled with these traditional expressions are the sudden flights of exaggeration so ripe in folk speech. "Did it blow over your way last night, Willie?" "Blow? Why my good Lord, I guess it did blow. Blew so hard it white-capped the pisspot."

If one stays to listen, liar's bench talk takes a variety of turns. It may drift back to the old times on the Bay, the



Dewey Landon is a blacksmith's helper and a former tugboat captain. A true waterman, he has lived on or near the water for all of his 70-odd years. Photo by Warren Jorgensen

days of sail, for instance, when a man had to lean more on his God than his gasoline to see him through. Or it may dwell on the days of the big oyster catches when a man's life meant little and a ship captain might simply dump his crew into the March waters of the Bay rather than pay them their wages. Or the conversation could just as easily shift to anecdotes:

Now old man Haynie Bradshaw over on Smith Island, he used to have a pretty good garden. Everyone had gardens then, but Haynie had one of the biggest. He used to raise corn and beans and things like that. Well, they had a bad drought one time and everything dried right up. So Haynie called a meeting to pray for rain. And the first thing you know, along overhead came this big black cloud, and Haynie's wife said, "I think our prayers are going to be answered. Here it comes."

Well, it did come, but it didn't come only rain; it come wind and it come down in torrents and it blowed a tornado. And after it was all over, the old man went out and he looked around, and he come back in with his head down. His wife said, "Well, Haynie, you got your rain."

He said, "Well, I'll tell you, I believe the Lord sent the rain, but he sent the wind too; take the Lord on the average, he does about as much harm as he does good."

Another storyteller, his memory prodded by talk of the Almighty, recalls

one about a local preacher:

Now this really happened down here in Lawsonia. There had been a change of preachers there and this new man come into that institution of learning, the country store. (What you couldn't learn there wasn't worth learning.) Well, there was this old fellow laying 'round there after a day's work and this preacher was trying to get acquainted with the future flock and he walked into the store and he greeted the old man, who was laying on the bench chewing tobacco.

"Good evening." The old fellow spoke to him and spit. "I'm your new preacher around here and I'm trying to get acquainted with the members of the church." The old fellow never noticed him. "I notice the soil seems to be fertile around here. Looks like you could raise most anything on it. What crop do you raise the most of?" The old fellow looked at him and spit again. "Well, all I ever knowed them to raise around here was a lot of hell, and they get about five hundred good crops of that every year!"

Other elements of folk humor frequently surface at these daily gabfests and one is surprised if one fails to hear some outlandish examples of tall-tale lying, often set within the framework of a contest. One man might begin: "Now you're not going to believe this, but around Easton, Pennsylvania, where I was one time, there was a place where you could holler and then take out a cigarette and light it before the echo got back."

As might be expected, Ike explored the pleasures of John Barleycorn from time to time, much to his wife Mag's chagrin. Finally Mag got tired of Ike coming home drunk all the time so she commandeered her brother to dress up like the devil and give her husband a good scare. When the time came, her brother hid in the bushes. As Ike lurched past he jumped out and yelled, "OOH! OOH! I'm the devil, I'm the devil!"

Ike took one look, laughed, and said, "Well, I'll be damned. I'm glad to meet you. Come on up to the house; I mar-

ried your sister."

But Ike always complained that the real reason that he never got on well with his wife was because other women were constantly after him.

Ike told this one on himself. Said he was leading this hog home one time and he had this rope tied around one of its front feet. So pretty soon this woman came along and jabbered something to Ike and then she said, "Now don't you molest me."

He said, "How the hell can I molest you and hold this hog at the same time?"

She said, "Well here—I'll hold the hog."

On a par with Ike Morgan was Fred Merrbaugh of nearby Lanacoming. Fred's reputed remarks revealed him more as a traditional simpleton than as a coiner of clever retorts. One morning a friend gave Fred a rather wild ride in his car from Lanacoming to Peking. When Fred stepped out at his destination, he looked his chauffeur in the eye and said, "I'll tell you one thing, the next time I ride down here I'll walk."

Another time, when he spied some overlarge grapefruit in the grocery store, he candidly observed, "My God, it sure wouldn't take many of them things to make a dozen."

And one evening he arrived home from the mines to find very slim pickings for dinner. "My God, woman," he complained to his wife, "there ain't enough ham in that skillet to make a cheese sandwich."

No doubt a thorough canvassing of Maryland's folk humor would reveal much more variety than that suggested here. But perhaps what is more important to realize is that any sampling of oral folk humor, from Maryland or anywhere else, loses much of its vitality when confined to the printed page. It lacks the storyteller's dramaturgy, his inflections, his gestures, his intonations; the roll and pitch of the spoken word. And as long as men can cock an ear to "Did you hear the one about . . ." I doubt that folk humor will ever die out. Laughter is just too endemic in the American character.

AMERICA'S LAST COMMERCIAL SAILING VESSEL: THE SKIPJACK

by Robert H. Burgess
*Curator of Exhibits,
The Mariners Museum,
Newport News, Virginia*

The tri-state area known as the Eastern Shore, that peninsula of Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia bounded by the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, is as unique as any section in the United States. Divided about equally between the agricultural, cattle, poultry, and seafood industries, the region is most noted for the latter. Its oysters, crabs, fish, and clams determine the careers for numerous Eastern Shoremen, as well as a way of life that has made them the independent, resourceful people they are today.

In no other place in this country can one be whisked back into the last century more easily than on Maryland's Eastern Shore, particularly in some of the small bay ports and islands. Operating there today is the last commercial sailing fleet in American waters. This is comprised of the skipjacks (or bateaux, as they are known in some sections of the Chesapeake country) employed in Maryland's oyster-dredging fishery. These colorful craft are not retained as a matter of sentiment or tourist appeal; rather, Maryland law allows oysters to be dredged *only* by sailing craft, just as was done by the forefathers of the men who sail the craft today. That law has been relaxed to some degree within recent years, however, now allowing oystermen to use power yawl boats, or push boats, to propel the skipjacks over the oyster beds two days a week.

The skipjack as a type goes back less than a hundred years. It represents a more recent design that came into existence during the latter part of the last century. The pungies, schooners, sloops, and bugeyes—other Chesapeake sailing types once prominent on the oyster grounds—have disappeared from the fleets. Once, their graceful hulls dominated the dredging craft, but being of earlier construction they wore out and were abandoned. And, as oyster catches dwindled in size, the smaller, handier skipjack became

*Steamboat Virginia at Salisbury,
Maryland, about 1920, waiting to
leave for Baltimore.*



WILL WE SAVE THE CHESAPEAKE?

by William Warner
Assistant Secretary of Public Service, Smithsonian Institution

more popular.

Traditions established by the larger sailing craft of the Chesapeake have been carried along by the skipjacks. Gracing the longheads of most are the delicately carved trailboards bearing, in most cases, the names of the vessels, acanthus leaves, crossed American flags, and shields, cannon, and ramrods. Most of the vessels retain the deadeyes as part of their rigging, and wooden blocks, scraped masts and booms, and heavy sails are commonplace on these sailing craft in Maryland waters. And the men who sail them are descendants of generations of those who have sailed the Chesapeake.

While that phase of Eastern Shore life remains much the same as in the past, other changes have taken place to make the area less isolated and more vulnerable to progress. But these changes have been gradual in most

cases.

Half a century and more ago the chief means of transportation between the Shore and the outside world were the passenger and freight-carrying steamboats. Operating out of Baltimore, these white-painted steamers threaded the principal rivers and creeks, stopping at numerous landings. Residents of the Shore looked to Baltimore for their wares and for their shopping by way of the steamboat.

Before the end of that trade in the early 1930s, ferries had opened up the Shore to motor vehicles. Hard-surfaced roads, and then bridges and tunnels followed. Through the decades, this exposure to the outside has created changes in the people, their life styles, and the countryside.

Most noticeable is the change in the countryside that has resulted mostly from the construction in 1952 of the bridge across the Chesapeake Bay

between Sandy Point and Matapeake, former route of the ferries. This speeded transportation across the barrier waters and placed the Shore in closer proximity to the cities of Washington and Baltimore, and their environs. Beaches and shore properties were developed and Shore towns increased in size. Dual highways now penetrate the length and breadth of the peninsula, and motels and marinas abound.

Off those congested highways, however, and away from the towns to the more remote regions like Deal Island, Wingate, and similar waterside villages, a touch of the quaint old way of life, with colorful craft tied up at the docks, still exists. It will be there as long as the skipjacks spread their sails over the waters. When they are replaced by motor craft, then the transition to modernity will have just about been completed.



WILL WE SAVE THE CHESAPEAKE?

by William Warner

Assistant Secretary of Public Service, Smithsonian Institution

The Chesapeake is the largest estuary, the largest bay on the eastern coast of the United States. Its shoreline is 4600 miles long, more than enough to stretch across our country.

It produces more oysters than any other body of water in the world. In fact, the Maryland portion alone can claim this distinction, year after year. It also produces more Atlantic blue crabs, by far, than any other place in the nation. It is the prime habitat of the rockfish or striped bass, and a very important feeding ground for a host of other fish.

The Chesapeake and the adjoining marshes and backbays of the Atlantic coast are the central trunk of the Atlantic waterfowl flyway; that is to say, migrating waterfowl come down in the autumn from all across the top of this continent to converge precisely at the latitudes of Chesapeake Bay. This means that if you go to the right places at the right times, you can see waterfowl migrations of a volume and variety not to be found elsewhere in the U. S.

The Bay is also unique along our East Coast as a common ground or meeting place for northern and southern species. For example, within Bay waters we find lobsters and "steamers" or soft-shell clams, so often associated with New England, and garfish, half-bills, and even the great loggerhead, green and hawksbill sea turtles, which we usually associate with the tropics. All of this can be summed up very simply by saying that the Chesapeake is the most productive estuary in the country. Indeed, to quote Dr. Eugene Cronin, Director of the University of Maryland's Chesapeake Biological Laboratory, "the Chesapeake is probably the most valuable and vulnerable large estuary in the world." Why does Dr. Cronin call it the most vulnerable? The answer is one word: Man. Man, in ever increasing numbers and with ever conflicting interests, takes what he wants from the Bay.

Let us begin with the simple harvest, or what man takes directly from the Bay. First, in terms of national importance, is *Crassostrea virginica* or the succulent American oyster.

There are voices to be heard every day clamoring for oyster management, oyster farming on privately leased bottoms, rather than the present system of open waters. Actually, Maryland *does* have oyster management, begun in 1953, and for the present it satisfies all parties, public and private. It is management that was born of a rather peculiar idiosyncrasy of *Crassostrea virginica*, namely, that he—or "he-she," because an oyster can and does change its sex a number of times during its happy life—does not necessarily grow well in the areas where he-she reproduces well.

This was not always the case. In times past, there were more areas where both reproduction, a good set or "spatfall," and subsequent growth all went on in the same place. These were called natural bars. There are very few today. The Bay has already been altered too much with channel dredging or overworking of the bars.

So today there are certain areas that are known for their good set for seed oysters. We say "set" because the newly born oyster starts its life in a larval, free-swimming stage, which lasts about two weeks. Then comes the critical moment. This little free-swimming speck falls to the bottom and has to find a good "cultch" or something hard to attach to.

At this point the oyster is called a spat and is barely visible to the naked eye. In a month it is the size of a pea, getting very crowded by its neighbors, and if it survives the crowding, it will be about the size of a quarter in three months, at which point we may begin to call it a seed oyster.

This is the time to move it for better growth. And move it the State does, to the tune of over a million bushels a year, from State-owned seed areas at such places as Harris and Broad Creek off the Choptank, Eastern Bay, the Little Choptank, Holland Strait, and the St. Mary's and Wicomico Rivers in the lower Potomac. From these areas, the seed oysters are taken to open or public bars. For decisions on where to plant them, the State relies heavily

on the watermen themselves, through county committees of oystermen. The State also has to take care of providing good cultch or bottom, and not leave this task to nature alone. And nothing is better cultch than old oyster shells.

These combined operations—harvesting and transport of seed oysters and old-shell planting for cultch—cost the State about \$1.3 million annually, not a bad investment or subsidy program when one considers that the annual catch has a dockside value (to the watermen) of about \$13.5 million.

Maryland and a number of private and federal research institutions also watch very closely the MSX epidemic, and are spending considerable sums in an effort to breed disease-resistant varieties and thus restore oystering to the lower Bay. MSX stands for "multi-nucleate sphere, unknown," a parasite that entered the Bay in 1957. It has since been identified and is known to prosper only in saltier waters.

By 1966, it went up the western shore, jumping across the mouths of the Potomac and the Patuxent, then across to the Little Choptank. It has since retreated somewhat, but Virginia waters have yet to recover.

The lower Maryland waters around Tangier Sound also have not recovered from the blight. This is especially tragic because a large percentage of the 8000 Maryland watermen, those who depend entirely on the Bay for their livelihood, live there.

But the watermen are nothing if not adaptable. The Maryland skipjack fleet, based mainly on Deal Island, simply sails to further waters, notably Anne Arundel county around Annapolis, which have been very good in recent years, or the lower Potomac. They live aboard their boats during the week and drive home for the weekend and the Sunday gospel service.

Maryland's managed oyster production is but one example; add crabbing and the striped bass or other fisheries. Study them carefully and weigh them against other factors. You will conclude that it is not the waterman and his harvest that is the prime danger to the

Bay. It is not sport fishing per se, nor sport hunting of waterfowl. These activities must be watched—there is no room for complacency, to be sure—and they must be managed. But this is being done, by and large.

(2) **Entrained Organisms:** This is the term used by biologists and engineers for the microscopic plants and animals that have to go through the steam electric plant; that is, the phytoplankton and zooplankton that get sucked in at the intake and discharged at the effluent station. Sampling at the intake and effluent stations on the Patuxent has shown a 68 percent reduction in capacity for photosynthesis of plant plankton in the autumn and a 94 percent reduction in summer. And certain animal plankton species, notably some tiny crustaceans that serve as fish food, showed 100 percent mortalities after passing through the system.

(3) **Toxic Properties:** Tests made by placing oysters in the effluent area showed a 100 percent increase in greening and concentration of copper over oysters at the intake area.

Now, enter the nuclear-powered plant, or Calvert Cliffs. When this threat first came to public notice, I discussed it with an oceanographer, who typically is a chronic optimist about great harvests from the seas. He told me that with adequate controls no one could say that Calvert Cliffs or any other proposed or established nuclear power plant will damage or is damaging marine biota. Quite the contrary, he went into rhapsodies about the possibilities of increased yields of plankton and fish through the warming of cold waters. I respectfully pointed out that for the greater part of the year we have in the Chesapeake a *warm* body of water, with *natural* optimum permissible levels. He then countered with the fact that the area of heated water would be very small in relation to total Bay surfaces.

This is perhaps true. But let us think again about those entrained organisms, the forms of life that have to pass through the power plant. Most conventional steam plants pump through

about 500,000 gallons of water per minute for their cooling system. Calvert Cliffs is designed to pump through up to 3 million gallons per minute. This is a volume of water almost equal to the James River.

We must therefore think of Calvert Cliffs as a giant vacuum cleaner, with all the power of a huge river. Waiting for the Bay's vital plant and animal plankton at this strategic point along the western shore, then, is that vacuum cleaner, ready to crop off that 94 percent in photosynthetic capability or to destroy much of the animal plankton altogether. It is true that Calvert Cliffs engineers and scientists are experimenting with different levels and may locate the plant intake at a depth of 40 feet. But if this will reduce damage to the plant plankton of surface waters, what do we know about what it will do to bottom-dwelling forms of life?

There are other problems, such as industrial wastes and pesticide runoff, but sewage is the single threat to the health of the Bay. This threat is diffuse and rather invisible. We know about oil spills. There is public clamor about nuclear power plants. But sewage systems are many in number, difficult to

observe, and of great variety, ranging from raw, untreated dumping all the way to advanced three-stage operations, such as at Blue Plains, which, alas, is all by itself or one of a kind.

Yet sewage represents the most important problem we have to face today if we are to preserve the Bay. Why? Because of what our scientist friends call nutrient load. The District of Columbia sewage system, for example, annually discharges 25 million pounds of nitrates and 8 million pounds of phosphates into the Potomac. Phosphorus has risen dramatically, thanks to "miracle" detergents.

What happens? These excessive nutrients fertilize with spectacular success the wrong kind of organisms, namely the green algae. These algae rapidly explode in population. They crowd out other microorganisms, and they crowd themselves out so that they die off in huge quantities. Their decom-

The full dredge is hauled up by a power winch and dumped on deck. The empty shells and undersized oysters are deftly picked out and tossed overboard. Photo by Porter Kier.



position makes obnoxious odors and takes up huge amounts of oxygen, choking off all life around them.

We public citizens are the prime danger. It is all of us in our increasing numbers. It is all of us around the immediate shores of the Bay, where population is increasing at an annual rate of 1.7 percent, or well above the national average.

It is also all of us living within the drainage area of the Chesapeake, which includes two cities well over the million mark, Washington and Baltimore, and one over the half-million mark, Norfolk. The drainage area extends through Pennsylvania, including Harrisburg, Wilkes-Barre, and Scranton, and way on up into central New York state, including the Elmira-Binghamton complex, all this by virtue of the Susquehanna, or the mother river whose valley was flooded in Pleistocene times to create the Bay as we know it now. This watershed area population was given as 11 million persons in the 1960 census. Doubling time is estimated by some experts at 25 years, or over 20 million by 1975. More conservative estimates place the drainage area population at 30 million, at least, by the end of the century.

What do we all want from the Bay?

First, we want to ply the Bay waters, for recreation and for commerce. One hundred and ten million tons of shipping, more than 5000 oceangoing ships, move in and out of Baltimore alone each year. The controlling depth of the main north-south Bay navigation channel is now 35 feet. This will not take either supertankers or the ever-increasing fleet of new containerized cargo ships. There is plenty of dredging going on now, and there will be pressures for more dredging from the supertank industry. And dredging means death, death by smothering, to oysters and clams. It also greatly reduces photosynthesis—a threat to the primary life process. It also kills or seriously interferes with fish eggs and the larval forms of many species.

What is the answer? I suggest that it is not too soon to consider a mora-

torium on all main shipping-channel dredging in the Chesapeake. What happens in ports all over the world where supertankers or container cargo ships cannot come dockside? They tranship to barges. Is this such a difficult prospect, against the threat of continual dredging?

Second, all of us have a seemingly insatiable thirst for more power. We want air-conditioning, deep freezers, washing machines, and all those other electrical conveniences. A power crisis is looming.

Meanwhile, what is the power industry doing about it? It is running out of fresh water and turning more and more to estuarine waters. The Chesapeake is a prime target.

We already know some of the effects of conventional steam electrical systems. Some fairly comprehensive studies have been carried out by the University of Maryland's Chesapeake Biological Laboratory on the Patuxent River near the site of a steam power plant. Although one cannot say that this conventional steam plant has ruined the fishery biota of the Patuxent, there are some very disturbing results. The threats, briefly, involve:

(1) Thermal Rise or Water Temperature: Present Maryland regulations state that "for natural water temperature greater than 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature elevation must not exceed 10 degrees above the natural water temperature, with a maximum temperature of 90 degrees F." The Patuxent studies have shown that this is a borderline regulation. Two small species of shrimp, one of which is food for rockfish, have no tolerance for 90-degree water. If the water is allowed to remain for a long period at 90 degrees—let's say that 90 degrees becomes a chronic summer temperature—it appears likely that there would be damage to about *half of all marine organisms*.

Looking to the immediate future, a water quality expert has said that if the present nitrogen and phosphorus loading double—and we may certainly expect this with present treatment fa-

cilities and the projected population increases—general eutrophication of at least the upper half of the Bay may be expected.

What is eutrophication? Eutrophication is Lake Erie—or biological death.

We must concentrate on sanitation, therefore, if the Bay is to survive. Time is running out. We have to speak in louder voices about sewage treatment, as we have on nuclear power plants. We must urge closer studies and observation of local systems. We have to demand comprehensive state surveys. We have to urge private industry to get over their hangups on caustic sodas, which can replace the present phosphate-loaded detergents. We have to help the Environmental Protection Agency by writing Congress, because EPA's best efforts are presently hamstrung by inaction on the Senate and House water-quality bills.

Time is short, but we do not have to be pessimistic. The recent Great Lakes Pact is most encouraging. We must urge Congress to support this great international agency with the necessary appropriations.

But can we at the same time urge Congress, as well as the executive branch, appropriate state authorities, and private industries to look a little closer at a purely domestic problem, entirely within the confines of the greatest population concentration of the nation, our eastern seaboard? If our Government will spend \$2 billion in public funds, with additional sums from Canada and private industry, nearly all of which will go to improving or modernizing municipal waste systems along the Great Lakes, can we not think of perhaps one third of that amount, which might do the job for our most valuable estuary?

There is some question as to whether or not Lake Erie can be cured or reconstituted, but all power to those who want to try to save it and the other Great Lakes. But wouldn't it be exemplary if for once we were forehanded and started to concentrate on our fair Chesapeake Bay, before it, too, becomes a giant sump?

“IT GETS IN YOUR BLOOD”

Harry Evans, a third-generation metal founder, talks about his craft and his heritage in an interview by Ralph Rinzler.

In a sense, the ideal program for the Folklife Festival would be a collection of talks with each of the participants—the sort of conversations that are deeper and more revealing than those possible during a festival exchange. The irony of this event is that it is a celebration of people and, like most planned programs, the event tends to overshadow those it celebrates. Each year, a few participants' statements, included in the program, enable us to get back to the fact that the people who carry our cultural traditions have more to say than the music or objects they produce might belie. These statements remind us that objects of a culture are only symbols when taken out of context.

Harry Evans, like many carriers of folk traditions, shows us clearly the impact of community and of early childhood experience in influencing a carrier of folk cultural traditions.



“It was the iron, I guess, and the glow and the white-heated iron—pouring it in all these molds. It was sort of a magical thing—to see all these piles of sand, literally like so many statues—pour all this liquid iron in and a few minutes later take out a casting that could be used. Just continued to fascinate me.

“I went to school in St. Michael’s—we were only just a block or two away from the foundry—I’d go by and see the steam coming out of the windows; that meant that he had just poured and they were shaking the castings out of the sand, you know. I was very useful, I guess, as a little boy to carry off their jackets and the flasks that they were poured in and pile them up outdoors or whatever because they wouldn’t let us fool around the hot castings. It just continued to boil over in me.

“I’ll never forget the first day, all these sparks flying everywhere. It was a lot like I had imagined, you know. My granddaddy said, ‘Well, you can pour this one.’ After that, I was his sidekick because he was, my lands, at that time he was, I guess, 75, 78, near 80, and he was still very active, active almost to the day he died, 90, and still had a great love and interest in the foundry.

“As a boy he started in the foundry; about 14 his father died. They had five children—and he was the oldest and had to go out and make his living, and this was the Roanoke foundry down in Virginia. His father must have worked there too. Now this is going back about 1865, right after the Civil War, you see.

“Later on, after he left Roanoke, he came up to Cumberland foundry—in Cumberland, Maryland. Then he lived in Baltimore after Cumberland, and they told him at 34 he had to get out of the foundry business or else he was going to die. So he came to Talbot County at 45 and bought a little farm near St. Michael’s.

“He bought this little farm and within *‘Everything is done literally by hand. Every mold is all hand-rammed and packed—no pneumatic hammer or squeeze machines.’* Photo by Ralph Rinzler.

three months he built a little foundry on the farm, determined to stay in the business. Well, he poured molds, boards, and plowshears and all kinds of farm implements. It’d begun to grow. Then he decided it was almost beyond his control on the farm, they were doing more foundry work than farming, and so he bought a little property in St. Michael’s and built the foundry in there. He was 60 years old then, and he stayed there another 30 years and worked that foundry.

“He made all the manholes and grates for Easton at that time, which was developing into a town, you know, water meter boxes and valve boxes. Salisbury and Cambridge area, he made a lot for those. All these towns were beginning to grow up.

“I’m amazed to this day as to how they did it, with such little space and little knowledge and little up-to-date equipment. They had wheelbarrows to haul the castings out, wheelbarrows to move the sand around, shovels to pile it up, and every mold was all hand-rammed and packed; they didn’t have any pneumatic hammers or squeeze machines; everything was done literally by hand, the hard way. They were doing everything just like the way they did 100 years ago.

“My father was one of the younger brothers who decided to stay near his father, so after his father built the foundry and he came back out of the service in 1919 he didn’t know what to do, so his father said, ‘Well, I’ll sell you the lot next to me’—my grandfather had bought enough property at St. Michael’s. So he did. He built his own shop there and stayed next to his father all of his life. It’s a very tight family, you know.

“My dad, all he was fooling with was brass castings, you know, making props for the early boats and rudders and the various parts that would be needed around the boat. I guess primarily because of the need, in St. Michael’s, there are a lot of boats. He found himself repairing a lot of blades that shouldn’t have been repaired,

should have been replaced. Well, the guy's average income was \$6 per day from the water—5¢ a pound or less for his crabs or oysters—so they really couldn't afford a \$20 or maybe a \$40 wheel.

"And then in the 30s the grass came so bad and the watermen complained about that. Yeah. So he designed a blade that would spin off the grass, instead of wrapping around it. It was an awkward looking thing, it didn't look like much more than a big screw in the water, you know, it was twisted so bad, but it worked fine. Then later on, the big industry got it and they capitalized on it; he never patent it or anything. He was just interested in making a living and standing in the community, and he passed up a lot of opportunities.

"Well, besides the propellers he made a lot of rudders, bronze rudders. Again, the little average waterman had to replace his rudders every couple of years. Just a wooden blade, it wasn't safe. He'd hit some rough season and the wood would break, and then they'd be tossing around, so he made them a lot of bronze rudders. For just the little work boats, he wasn't interested in yachts. I don't recall him ever making a yacht rudder. All were made for work boats, everything he made.

"I would like to have (I don't know what I'd do with it) the money that was owing him when he got out of the business. I guess he just figured, "Well, the guy hasn't got it." And sometimes they would bring the wife's wedding or engagement ring up. "Well, hold it until I get some money." "Well, I can't do that," he'd say, "hold your wife's wedding ring." Or they would bring him vegetables or other things to pay.

"So, really, and without boasting about him, the community really cherished him, because he was everybody's man. If something broke down during the night, whether it be the little church furnace or in the old hotel they have there, or maybe the boiler wasn't working right, he'd go up in the middle of the night, in the winter, and fix it. Or

go down in somebody's little boat down in the country somewhere and get the engine going. You might say he was on call all the time and he was. Even today people still talk about him and miss him because you know there's nobody who will do that kind of work today. This was his interest in there's nobody who will do that kind of work today.

"It goes back a long way, and as one guy says, it gets in your blood, the foundry business, the interest of making things with your hands, and I wouldn't be interested today in modernizing as some of these founders have, you know. Poor guy never gets to see what he's making. He just pushes a button and the sand drops in, the mold machine squeezes it, and out it comes, and all he sees is the block of sand moving out of the machine. He never sees what he's making and he's hired just to push that button. That's it. He's not a molder, he's just a machine operator.

"It's been kind of a rough road, on your own. Independent little operator, you know, he has a much harder time than a big company where you can have machines to do all the work, and it goes right back to labor, that operation, the machines; I wouldn't want to get into that.

"I suppose those big foundries that make thousand of one antique reproduction are pretty happy with the amount of money they've made over the years; I don't think there's any complaint, but again, they're only copying, they're not creating; copying what someone else did 150 or 200 years ago, the same old patterns. Most of our stuff is what I have created and started with a block of wood, and have carved out and have put it on the market and had read good success with it.

"Initially, we'll make a hundred—which may take us three or four months—and see how good they go. If they go good, then we'll make another 100, but they never reach the 1000s, you know. I don't think so. In fact, if it does, I'd stop it and start something else.

"My granddaddy figured a molder, if

he knew how to mold he likewise knew how to make a wooden pattern that would work in the sand. Because a lot of people that are woodcarvers are great craftsmen, with wood, but it won't work in the sand. There's no way it'll come out in the sand if you don't understand the basic principle of why it won't come out, you know. He was the type of fellow, if you made it, it was your pattern and with him, you had to mold it. And then you had to pour it. It tickled me to death, you know.

"I like to work in wood that eventually is going to become casting. I keep looking at a piece of wood—what's it going to look like when it's cast. When its details are going to come out and so forth. Even today, I enjoy these carvings, they're beautiful. But right away, I start thinking about how that would look in brass or bronze. I just keep thinking about transposing it into metal.

"It's bound, some of it, to rub off, you know, being around sand piles all your life until the time I went into the service, and even in the service I kept looking around for a sand pile, but never found one. You can have all the furnaces in the world but without a good sand pile you just never get a good casting.

"Well we've had seven children—one boy. He's 17. He likes to fool with electronics, so I don't know where he'll go. I have a feeling, though, that somebody, some youngster is going to come along and be genuinely interested in doing this kind of work eventually. There's bound to be. I just keep hoping that somebody will come along that will have the same interest as me.

"I've talked to one school group, Kiwanis and Lions as a group, trying to feel out somebody that may not even be in this area, I don't know, maybe in The Cambridge or Salisbury area or maybe from the city; I don't know. But I think there is somebody around that may be interested in doing this kind of work. I think so. I never get tired of it. I can't wait till the next morning to get back down here.

"I really feel guilty sometimes—enjoy too much, you know."

"I AM ZUNI"

by Clydia Nahwooksy

NATIVE AMERICANS

Native Americans each year bring to the Mall the richness and beauty of their traditional cultures. Participants are carefully selected through a continuing fieldwork program. Important criteria in their selection are a knowledge of their tribe and their skills in a particular artistic area.

Southwestern tribes from the states of New Mexico and Arizona are guests at this year's Festival. Pueblos, Papagos, and Pimas, along with Navajos and Apaches share the enduring ways of life of their communities with the public. The constant yet often imperceptible change of color and harmony in the lives of the people is all a part of the pottery, weaving, dances, and stories of these desert dwellers.

Clydia Nahwooksy



During a recent Arts Festival in a southeastern state, an extremely inquisitive group of spectators were talking to one of the participants.

Their curiosity transgressed the boundaries of good manners as they quizzed the straight, slight young man who stood in back of a table. They asked about the turquoise and silver jewelry on the table, commented on its value and quality. They commented on his white, flared trousers and red velvet shirt and said that he surely was not Indian because he did not wear feathers.

The spectators drifted away, except for one who had traveled in the Southwest and who tarried to say that he knew the young man was Navajo. The young man had courteously and carefully answered each question, with warmth and often with a generous, though half-shy smile. To that last spectator, he said simply, "I am Zuni."

Randolph Lalio is Zuni. He is gentle, kind, loving, a listener. He is the young product of an ages-old heritage of dignity and discipline.

Zuni Pueblo, located in New Mexico, is one of numerous Pueblo Indian communities still in existence in the southwestern United States. The Spanish explorer Coronado came among the Zuni people in 1540, looking for the Seven Cities of Gold. Instead, he found multilevel villages and people who were outstanding agriculturalists. Some years later, Catholic priests founded missions in the Zuni communities.

Randolph lives across the courtyard from the Zuni Mission. His house is one of the oldest in the old part of his village. Tall, steep steps carved from solid pieces of stone lead up to the door. The steps, worn from centuries of use, are swept clean, as is the inside of the neat, unadorned interior.

The same half-shy, yet completely confident smile greets you when you visit Randolph in his home. There is a sparkle of pride in his eyes as he introduces his grandmother and younger brothers and sister. His grandfather is away tending the family's flock of sheep and his mother and father are

elsewhere on business.

On other days after school, when his mother is at home, Randolph would be helping her with the silver jewelry that she makes. He has been learning jewelry techniques and crafting from her for some time; he doesn't feel that he has to, but that he wants to do this. "Seldom do our parents and grandparents tell us what to do, we only learn from watching them and listening to stories."

I asked him why he had gone with three other Zuni young people to the Arts Festival, and in a few sentences I learned much about Zuni today. "We went there at the request of our leaders to share some of our dances and arts. However, they aren't exactly the same as we would do them at Zuni. Many of our dances have religious significance and have to be treated differently when they are done away from home. We went there to learn. Today's youth will someday be the leaders at Zuni and we will need to know as much as possible about everyone and everything."

Randolph Lalio at the Smithsonian's Montreal Expo Program, 1971.



SAMPLINGS FROM "THE PUEBLO INDIAN COOKBOOK"

by Olybia Nishwocky



We went there to talk about Zuni so that people would understand better about all Indians."

The Zuni Tribal Council is seeking a more adequate income and better health and education facilities for the people, so that they may compete equitably in the twentieth century. At the same time, the council and the religious leaders of Zuni are tenaciously holding on to the old religion and ceremonies, knowing that the strength and cohesiveness of the tribe rest on those qualities. They are striving successfully for a continuance of the valuable and significant lifestyle that makes the people Zuni.

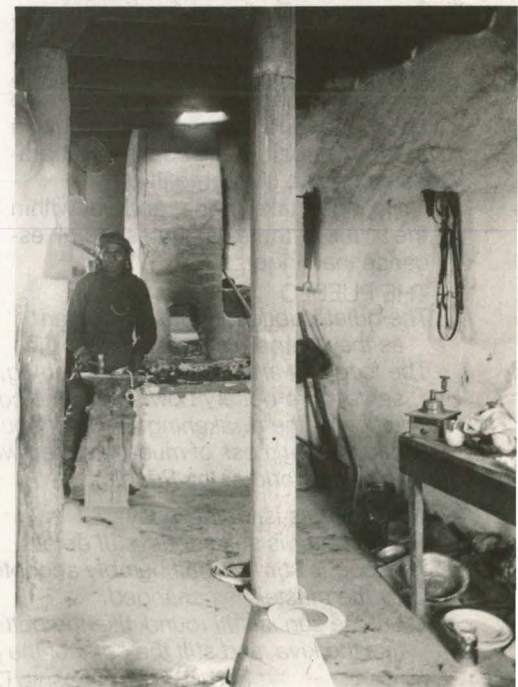
Randolph will go away to college this fall. He will take with him a well-grounded awareness of Zuni history and religion; he will also take with him an ability to function well in a broader society. His skill as a craftsman, and the patience learned by practicing his craft, will serve him in many ways. His knowledge of Zuni songs and ceremonies will fill gaps as he adjusts to a new situation. Most importantly, he will come back and be a part of the sinew of continuance that is Zuni Pueblo.



A Zuni youth standing by an eagle cage in 1879. Eagles were and are prized by the Zunis for their feathers, and were captured when young and kept alive in the Pueblo. BAE photo

Zuni Pueblo of the 1880s, looking southwest, toward Corn Mountain. Corn and chilies are drying on the roof tops in the foreground. BAE Photo

A Zuni silversmith in his home/workshop. Taken in 1891, this photo shows the interior of a typical Zuni house. BAE photo



SAMPLINGS FROM "THE PUEBLO INDIAN COOKBOOK"

by Clydia Nahwooksy

The Museum of New Mexico Press will soon publish *The Pueblo Indian Cookbook*, compiled by Phyllis Hughes. It includes recipes from the nineteen Pueblos located in Arizona and New Mexico. Among them are the Zuni, Hopi, San Ildefonso, Santa Domingo, and Acoma, known for their beautifully crafted jewelry and pottery.

Significant among the recipes are three kinds of breads: (1) Round, wheat-flour loaves baked in beehive ovens adapted from the Spanish, (2) Tortillas made of cornmeal and cooked on a griddle, and (3) Piki (paper) bread made of cornmeal cooked on flat, heated stones.

The Pueblo tribes are traditionally agriculturalists and utilize a varied mixture of vegetables in many of their recipes. Corn is very important, ground for bread or mixed with other vegetables, such as squash, beans, and pumpkin, then seasoned with chilies for taste-tempting dishes.

Red and green chilies, prepared in a number of ways, are a trademark of Pueblo food. They enliven the palate and give personality to recipes that otherwise might be very mundane.

Today's meals are prepared by utilizing many of the convenience foods available in supermarkets. However, many of the age-old recipes are also used and due appreciation is given to them as part of the continuing traditional culture of Pueblo life.

Changes take place, and yet within the Pueblo there is that special essence that lingers.

THE PUEBLO

The quiet, subtle laughter of women as they prepare the meal.

The food, hot and steaming, nourishing, served in a pottery bowl; the same color as the people.

The flow of the awakening sun as it pours itself into the darkness of mud-plastered walls beginning another day.

This is the world of the Pueblo.

And now this is the new day:

The laughter is still subtle, still quiet.

The food is still hot, still humbly accepted and given thanks for.

Only the plaster has changed,

but the sun is still round, like the pottery,

like the kiva, and still the color of the people.

Larry Bird — Santo Domingo-Laguna



Wild rose (*Rosa sp.*),
M.J. Harvey, illustrator.

WILD ROSE HIPS JELLY

4½ lbs. wild rose hips gathered in fall when soft

4 cups water

1 box Sure-Jell (or substitute one cup apple juice for one cup water)

5½ cups sugar

Remove blossom ends of hip, split and remove ball of seeds. Crush fruits thoroughly, add water, bring to boil and simmer, covered, for 10 minutes. Pour into cloth bag in large bowl, tie top of bag and hang until all juice has drained from bag. This should yield about 4 cups juice.

Mix Sure-Jell (or apple juice) with rose juice in large saucepan and bring to hard boil over high heat. Add sugar and bring to rolling boil for one minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour into sterilized glasses, and seal.

GREEN CHILI FRY

5 large chilies, roasted

2 large tomatoes

2 ears fresh corn

1 onion, chopped

1 tablespoon lard or other shortening

Remove chili seeds, peel pods, and chop coarsely. Cut kernels from corn cobs, cut tomatoes into large cubes, and fry all ingredients until soft, stirring thoroughly.

HARVEST BAKE

2 lg. zucchini or yellow summer squash, sliced

1 onion, chopped

1 sweet green pepper, seeded, cut into thin strips

1 cup fresh corn cut from cob

2 tomatoes, sliced

1 teaspoon chili powder

1 teaspoon oregano

¼ teaspoon cumin seed

2 tablespoons grated longhorn cheese

2 tablespoons cooking oil

In iron pot (or flameproof casserole) sauté onion in 1 tablespoon oil until golden. Mix all seasonings together. Layer vegetables sprinkled with seasonings, drizzle with remaining oil. Cover and bake at 350 degrees for one hour. Add sliced tomatoes, top with cheese and bake uncovered for 20-30 minutes until cheese is thoroughly melted and bubbly.

(Serves four)

INDIAN TORTILLAS

2 cups whole wheat flour
2 cups white flour (or white harina cornmeal)
2 teaspoons salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon shortening (lard or margarine)

Water (or milk) to make a stiff dough

Mix all ingredients in a large pan or bowl, work in shortening thoroughly. Add liquid gradually to make a stiff dough, dry enough not to stick. Knead in pan or bowl for 5 minutes until springy. Pinch off into small balls and roll these into round flat cakes $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch thick. Heat large iron skillet or griddle. Drop tortillas one at a time onto ungreased pan, brown on one side about 3 minutes, turn, brown other side. Put cooked tortillas between folds of clean towel. This will make 6 tortillas about 6 inches in diameter. Prepare shortly before serving with meal. They will stay warm in cloth about 15 minutes. Tortillas should be torn, not cut.

PUEBLO BREAD

9 cups flour
2 packages dry yeast
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water
2 teaspoons salt
4 tablespoons melted lard or cooking oil
2 cups water

Soften yeast in warm water. Mix melted lard or oil, salt and yeast in large bowl. Alternately add flour and water, a little at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition, kneading in last of flour until dough is very smooth. Shape in ball and let rise, covered with damp cloth in large greased bowl, until doubled in bulk.

Punch down, and knead on floured board for at least five minutes. Shape into four balls, put in greased baking pans, cover with cloth and let rise for 20-30 minutes in warm place.

Bake in 400-degree oven for 50 minutes or until tops are browned and loaves sound hollow when tapped.

PURSLANE

4 slices bacon
2 medium onions, chopped
2 medium size tomatoes
1 clove garlic, mashed
3 cups purslane leaves
salt to taste

Cook bacon until crisp and drain. Sauté onions in bacon fat, add all other ingredients except purslane and cook 15 minutes. Add purslane and crumbled bacon, stir for one minute until greens are limp. (Serves 2-3)

PLANTAIN—INDIAN WHEAT

4 cups tender young plantain leaves (no stems)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
salt to taste—(crumbled crisp bacon optional) Cook covered for 2-3 minutes
Plantain leaves may be dipped in milk, then in flour and fried over low heat for 30 minutes. Good hot or served cold like chips.

STEAMED WILD CELERY

6 cups small, tender wild celery greens
2 spring onions, chopped
1 tablespoon bacon drippings
salt to taste

Wash greens thoroughly in two or three (cold) waters, having removed all roots. Spread in baking pan, add sprinkle of water, onion, and drippings. Cover pan with foil or tight-fitting lid and let steam in slow oven for 20-30 minutes. May be dried and used in stews or sprinkled on roasts or chops.

LAMBS QUARTERS (Wild Spinach)

4 cups tender tops of plants
1 onion, chopped
4 slices bacon, fried crisp
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Saute onion in bacon fat, add vinegar and salt, and bring to simmer. Add washed greens and stir just until they become limp. Sprinkle crumbled bacon over and serve hot. (Serves 2-3)



Curly Dock (*Rumex crispus* L.),
M.J. Harvey, illustrator.

“HANDS”

by Leon Stein
Editor, *JUSTICE*, publication of
*International Ladies' Garment
Workers Union*

LABOR

While much is known about the songs and the history of the labor movement, surprisingly little is known about the traditions, the feelings, the sense of pride and craftsmanship of the union worker. It is in part to celebrate the union worker's considerable contribution to America's cultural and social fabric that member unions of AFL-CIO have been invited to take part in the Festival of American Folklife.

In the articles that follow, Leon Stein, editor of *JUSTICE*, a consistently excellent publication of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union and author of *The Triangle Fire* and other books, chronicles the importance of handcrafting in the Nation's fashion industry. Albert K. Herling, Public Relations Director of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers' Union and a participant in the 1971 Festival, speaks personally and intimately of the need for the continued involvement of union workers in the Festival. Kenneth S. Goldstein, Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and Chairman of the Graduate Folklore and Folklife Program at the University of Pennsylvania gently but pointedly chides his fellow scholars and the American people for overlooking the place of the union worker in American folk culture.

The Festival staff is pleased to present these three articles and to welcome the Lithographers and Photoengravers, the Carpenters and Joiners, the Molders and the Ladies' Garment Workers to the Mall.

Gerald L. Davis



For thousands of years workers were called "hands." Men were named for what they did with their hands. Masters addressed their serving men as baker or tailor, smith, fisher, or shoemaker. Only after those who worked with their hands began to gain political influence was "Mr." added. But even then, men of wealth continued to speak of the "hands" they hired, of how many "hands" they would need to run a farm or to lay a mile of railroad track or to dig a tunnel. There are hands that write, that mix, that mold, that shape, that grip, that tear, that build houses, that bake bread. Here



are the hands that make the nation's dresses. Hands . . .

The women's garment industry is a last major refuge of the handicraft worker. At no point can the work get away from the hands. Fabric itself has "life." At every stage, it must be controlled and directed. The sense of "feel," of control, is in the hands.

The techniques of mass production—possible with such standardized products as bricks or bread—are not characteristic of the women's garment industry. Except for the cutting of the fabric, each link in the chain of production involves the handling of no more



than two surfaces of fabric.

Only when all the layers have been spread, and the master patterns or the marker have topped off the pile, does the cutting begin. When only a small number of layers is to be cut, the hand-shears may be used. But when the thickness is more than hand-power can manage, the electrically powered cutting machine with vertical-reciprocal cutting blade or circular blade is used.

Beyond the cutting room, even this minimal mass production is absent. The machine operator, opening her bundle of cut parts for four or five garments, is her own engineer. She decides which parts to sew first—bodice or skirt, fronts or backs. But it is she who decides, putting a single cut piece of fabric upon a single cut piece

of fabric to join them under the foot of her sewing machine.

At the sewing machine, electric power supplements human muscles in driving the needle, whose ancestor was first shaped by Swiss lake dwellers or Eskimos. It is the same needle except that Elias Howe, more than a century ago, moved its eye from the base to the point. And it is a machine which, despite its electrical power and theoretical potential of superhuman stitching speed, still cannot run faster than the human agent who controls its stopping and starting.

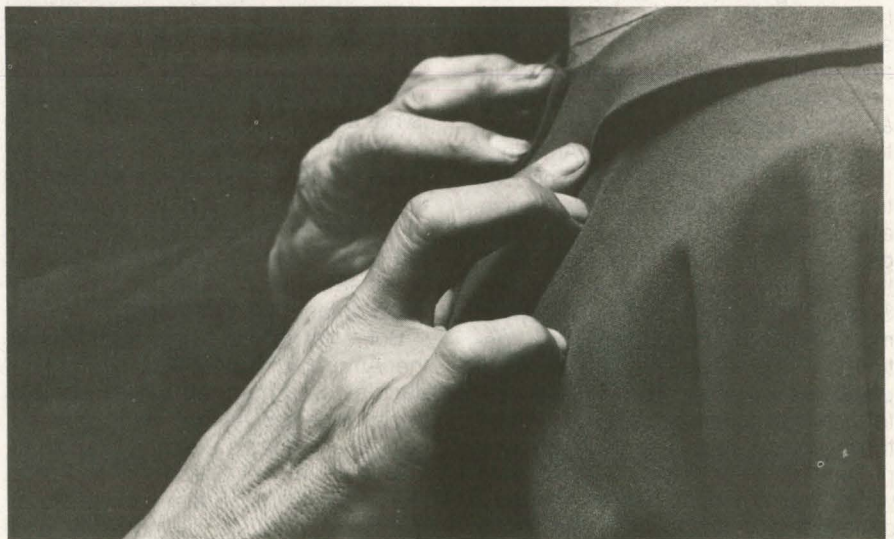
But stitcher and machine still en-



"These are the hands that write, that mix, that mold, that shape, that grip, that tear, that build houses, that bake bread. Here are hands that make the nation's dresses." (Photographs courtesy of JUSTICE, a publication of the ILGWU)

gage in the dialogue of work—the machine impassively growling in the race with time, the operator still singing, cursing, cajoling, or, as repetitive work breeds mechanical familiarity, loosening attention and turning to talk with neighboring operators. In the distant days when the operator carried his machine on his shoulder in changing jobs, he called it in a variety of newcomer's languages his nemesis, his donkey—his Rosinante in the pursuit of hope in his new homeland.

Some sewing still defies the machine and must be done by hand finishers. All that is needed is a needle, a thimble, thread—and a skilled human worker, a combination unchanged for centuries.



DON'T OVERLOOK LABOR'S PLACE IN AMERICAN FOLK CULTURE

by **Kenneth S. Goldstein**
University of Pennsylvania
Special Assistant to the Secretary of
the Smithsonian on Folklore and Folklife

The study of American folklore and folklife during the past seventy years has been limited almost exclusively to rural traditions. The folksongs and tales of backwoods America, crafts of mountain folk, the history, lifestyles, and beliefs of country people have been collected, cataloged, studied, and published, and information concerning them has been taught in colleges and universities across America. More recently, with the destruction of the myth of the "melting pot," the folkways of Afro-Americans, Spanish-speaking Americans, Amerindians, and of immigrant groups across our nation have been spotlighted for study along with the traditions of White, rural Americans of Anglo-Scots-Irish stock. This cultural pluralism is now recognized as one of the great strengths of the American fabric.

But while cultural minorities, in the course of fighting for their share of the American dream, have asserted their rights to an historical past, one of the largest segments of our population has been left out in the cold when it comes to receiving recognition for historical and cultural contributions. This is the American worker.

Within the last five years numerous educational programs in high schools and colleges as well as on television have surveyed Black history, ethnic studies, and immigration movements and contributions to American social and cultural history. There are, for example, courses on Afro-American history, music and folklore, on American Indian and Chicano history and culture, on Slavic, Italian, Spanish, Jewish, and other national and religious groups' history and culture. To be sure, the picture is nowhere near complete. Some of these groups have been given more attention than others, but continued social, economic, and political pressures are being brought to bear to achieve fuller recognition. All of these groups have some platform for presenting their history and culture, while the American worker remains almost totally unknown to his fellow Americans. Where, we may ask, are



there courses on American labor history or on industrial folklore?

To be sure, certain American occupations have received limited attention. Sailors, cowboys, lumbermen, and miners are mentioned in university folklore courses, but usually only their songs are covered in any detail. The treatment their traditions are given is not unlike that given to the folkways of rural Americans. It is essentially past-oriented, romantic, something akin to the "noble savage" philosophy of earlier centuries, and embodying the intense fervor of those employed in the salvage-collecting of essentially dead or fast-dying traditions.

But what of the living traditions of the American factory laborer, the industrial craftsman, and the technical trades worker? As has been pointed out by America's leading industrial folklorist, Archie Green, "it is ironic that in the United States, an industrial giant, our heritage of industrial and urban folklore has been so neglected."

Milton Summers, union baker, filling cakes at the Smithsonian Institution's 1971 Festival of American Folklife.

It has been one of the purposes of this Festival to do something about such neglect by presenting some aspects of the lore of manual, mechanized, and organized labor.

American labor groups are represented at the Festival because their members are living tradition bearers. In most people's thinking there is a sharp distinction between the dying crafts of rural America and the viable trades of urban America's workers. The separation is an artificial one, usually based on only a limited knowledge of the occupation of one or the other group. In terms of the training or apprenticeship processes, however, the passing on of a body of technical knowledge, personal skills, and tricks of the trade from master craftsman to green apprentice is very little different whether one is doing dry-wall

WHY ARE UNIONS IN THE FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL?

by **Albert K. Herling**
Public Relations Director,
Bakery & Confectionery Workers
International Union of America (AFL-CIO)

masonry in Vermont or laying bricks in downtown Philadelphia. While the superficial differences are of interest, the similarities are far more important.

In the area of folkloric traditions, including occupational jokes, rituals, beliefs, and customs, there is only a fine line separating rural workers from urban industrial craftsmen. For example, the greenhorn cowboy tricked into mounting a docile-looking, but totally unbroken bronco, or the teenage farmworker sent out on a snipe-catching midnight hunt, is certainly brother to the young trainee ironworker who, on his first day on the job, is sent out to get a sky hook. Certainly, in such cases, labor lore is every bit as meaningful and functional as the lore of ethnic, regional, or religious groups.

One may, of course, argue that American labor does not constitute a cultural subgroup as do the groups mentioned above. But the argument does not hold water because the factors that contribute to its "groupness"—stability, homogeneity, and continuity—are also to be found in varying degrees in those other groups. These, in turn, are reflected in shared values, group pride, a sense of history, and a commitment to the future—sometimes to an even greater degree than one might find among more traditional folk groups.

Most citizens probably picture the average American as a white-collar worker, based on stereotypes presented in movies and on television. Rarely does the blue-collar worker get a chance to present his side of the story. But he, too, needs to be given a platform on which he can express his pride, reveal his identity, and explain his values. If we are to have a true understanding of contemporary American folk culture, the perspectives of working Americans of all types must be presented in broadly based cultural forums. The American Folklife Festival is such a forum. The American worker finds here his opportunity to have a voice in a program designed to reach all America via the stage of an American cultural institution.

"I dig your ditches, I'm labor;
I man your switches, I'm labor;
I teach your kids and make your shoes,
I sew your pants and write your news,
With brain and brawn, with nerve and
thews,
I'm labor.
I fight your fires, I'm labor;
I cleanse your mires, I'm labor,
Your towers that top the mountain crest,
Your teeming east, your bounteous
west,
I wrought them . . .
I drill your sewers, I'm labor;
I plow your moors, I'm labor,
On earth, in mine, on sea, in sky,
I swarm and toil and fight and die . . .
I'm labor!

—Samuel H. Friedman

Rebel Song Book, Rand School Press,
N.Y. 1935

In 1971, for the first time since the Folklife Festival was established, labor unions were invited to take part. A large proportion of the some 750,000 people who came to the Festival saw and wondered at the skills displayed by members of five AFL-CIO unions: the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America, the Bakery and Confectionery Workers International Union of America, the Glass Bottle Blowers Association, the Iron Workers, and the American Federation of Musicians.

In spite of the obvious enjoyment visitors to the Festival experienced watching sheep-shearing and expert meat-cutting, the making of sausages and displays of other skills of meat-cutters, people were puzzled as to

why labor unions were taking part.

Well, as students of labor know, the modern labor movement traces its ancestry back thousands of years to the very first workers who ploughed the fields and, before that, made primitive garments and "invented" tools for hunting, sewing, and the sustaining of human life.

Down through the centuries, men and women became interested in and developed skills at particular kinds of work. And gradually, workers who specialized in such trades as tinsmiths, silversmiths, goldsmiths, tailors, bakers, stonemasons, builders, artisans of all kinds founded guilds and developed high standards of excellence for admission into a given trade.

The unions invited by the Smithsonian Institution to take part in the Folklife Festival are, in a very real sense, the descendants and inheritors of the guilds of the Middle Ages and those artisans that preceded them.

The point is, millions of American men and women make the things that all of us take for granted—our food, clothing, housing, medicines, airplanes, trains, automobiles, plastics, computers, matches, etc. In large measure the high standards of production, the extraordinary skills so frequently required in performing these tasks are skills preserved by the unions.

Labor is a vital part of life. Unions belong in the Folklife Festival.

*Tom Cummings, retired lithographer
from Canada, preparing a litho stone.*



THE HOFFMAN MINE SONG

by Robert Simpson of Frostburg, Md. (1900)

We are asking one another as we pass the time of day
Why men resort to strikes to gain their proper pay
And why labor unions now will not be recognized
But the action of companies must not be criticized.

CHORUS

Then the men who fight for justice none can blame them;
May luck attend wherever they may roam
And no son of his shall ever live to shame him,
While liberty and honor rule his home.

Oh, the troubles here at Hoffman came about this way:
The grasping corporation had the audacity to say,
"If you all deny the union and forswear your liberty,
We'll give you all a chance to live and die in slavery."

See that sturdy band of miners who made a stand that day
With determination on their faces which surely went to say,
"No men shall drive us from our homes for which we've toiled so long;
No men shall take our places, for here's where we belong."

A woman with her rifle, her husband in the crowd,
She handed him the weapon, they cheered her long and loud.
He kissed her and said, "Mary, you go home till we are through,"
But she answered, "No, if you're on strike, I'm going to stick to you."

Oh, the workmen there at Hoffman knew they were face to face
With the soulless corporation and they knew it was their place
To protect their wives and daughters and that they've nobly done
And the angels will applaud them when a victory they have won.

— *This folk song was discovered in a scrapbook in
Valley High School, Lonaconing, Md.
It was printed in a local newspaper.
Reprinted in TABLELAND TRAILS, vol. 1, no. 3, Fall, 1953*



Eleven miners
descending
a slope.

FIRST ANNUAL SMITHSONIAN FIDDLERS' CONVENTION

Date: July 4, 1972

Time: 1:00 P.M.-7:30 P.M.

Place: Smithsonian Institution,
National Mall

Open to all fiddlers and string bands

*Prizes for best old-time fiddle, best bluegrass fiddle; best old-time band, bluegrass band; most unusual old-time tune and most unusual old-time style.

Warming up, Old Time Fiddler's
Convention, Kennedy, Texas, 1968.

Photo by Ralph Rinzler

Fiddlers' conventions and contests have been an American folk institution since the early part of the eighteenth century and probably even earlier. It is probable that this tradition had its origin in Ireland or England, although such events have not been documented. The twentieth century has seen an explosion of fiddle contests throughout the United States and Canada. Today there are over two hundred such contests taking place annually throughout North America. It is within this tradition that the Festival of American Folklife presents its first annual fiddlers' convention—the first such event to be staged in the Washington area for nearly a half century.

A common practice in earlier contests was the use of merchandise prizes rather than money. Hats, handkerchiefs, socks, shoestrings, hams, flour, sugar, pocket knives, razor blades and even false teeth sometimes showed up as awards, since every business establishment in town might be approached to contribute something. Frequently the first-place winner would receive a five-dollar gold piece and a two-and-a-half piece would go to the runner-up along with assorted merchandise.

Guthrie Meade



SOME INSIGHTS INTO THE BLUES

Few commentaries on the enigmatic blues are as concisely written as the two included here by John Szwed and Martin Williams. Of necessity, whole areas of the scholarship have not been touched on, but anyone seriously interested in the blues will recognize the authority of the perceptions offered in these articles and will be stimulated to query and explore further.

As a complement to these two commentaries, the Festival workshop on "Jackson Blues," arranged by Frank Proschan, will explore the development of that particular "style," and will suggest that some "regional" styles may, in fact, be familial or, in some cases, influenced by one musician.

Gerald L. Davis



"THE LANGUAGE EVERYBODY UNDERSTANDS"

The layman is apt to think of "the blues" as a sad song, indeed, as almost any sad song. Yet the blues is actually a strict, albeit flexible, musical and verse form, and it is a direct source of perhaps 40 percent of our current music. It is also one of the glories, surely, of our musical, poetic, and cultural life.

No one knows the origin of this basically simple, twelve-measure form but it is a true Afro-American creation, having no direct antecedents that we know of either in Africa or in Europe. And it has, culturally speaking, conquered the world. It is played and sung in every locality where it has touched down. Men in all cultures and almost all human conditions use the blues to interpret the facts and feelings of their lives to themselves and their fellows.

The generation now approaching its early fifties knows the vocal blues as *Sent For You Yesterday* or *Why Don't You Do Right?*, and the instrumental blues as *One O'Clock Jump* or *Wood-Chopper's Ball*. That generation's offspring know the blues as *You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dog*, or *Roll*

Over, Beethoven, or Ball and Chain—or, for that matter, as the TV themes to "Batman" or (from England) "The Avengers."

Within less than a score of years, the Afro-American blues form was able to inspire a forceful song-poem like Robert Johnson's *Hellhound On My Trail*, to inspire the complex orchestral textures of an Ellington masterpiece like *Ko-Ko*, to inspire a spontaneous personal statement like Charlie Parker's *Bluebird*, and to inspire perceptive compositional structures like Thelonious Monk's *Misterioso*. And then it was able tenaciously to turn around on itself, as it were, and to reintroduce such bards of the basic vocal idiom as Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Howlin' Wolf, and John Lee Hooker.

The blues, as trumpeter Henry "Red" Allen once said, "is a home language, like two friends talking. It's the language everybody understands."

—Martin Williams
Director of the Jazz Program,
Division of Performing Arts,
Smithsonian Institution



Bluesman Muddy Waters at the Smithsonian's 1968 Folklife Festival. (above left)

Bluesman Booker "Bukka" T. White at the 1970 Festival of American Folklife. Photo by Bill Pierce (above right)

WHAT ARE ITS FUNCTIONS?

The vast spreading popularity of blues and blues byproducts among White listeners in the 50s and 60s is no surprise to the student of folk music. Although late in coming, it was only one of many steps in the blending of West African music idioms with Western and European music begun in the 17th century.

In earlier years, the "blues" qualities of spirituals and recorded African-American blues had been strongly attractive to popular song writers, but the pop song of 1920-40 was still shackled by the weight of ballad-like "messages." It was still to be realized that in the airy spaces of the blues, a singer could be free to concentrate on rhythmic and melodic elaboration.

The spreading of blues in southern Black communities occurred with traveling carnivals, medicine and vaudeville shows, Black minstrelsy, and later, the phonograph record. With the gradual disappearance of a Black rural-based society in the southern United States, many feared that the blues would slip into obscurity. But through the perseverance of a few singers, record companies and collectors, and most notably through the cultural systems of Black people, the blues was transformed into a city-oriented music in Chicago and across the world as rock 'n' roll.

Although some economic conditions changed with the urban move of Black people from the South, other social and political conditions were similar enough to maintain the original blues function. City bars and amplified guitars replaced their rural counterparts, but the lyrics of Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, and others fulfilled the same esthetic. Otis Spann told Nat Hentoff: "Most of the people who come to hear us work hard during the day . . . the blues for them is something like a book. They want to hear stories out of their own experiences, and that's the kind we tell."

The outlook of Western art is such that individual esthetic products, even folk products, tend to be treated as *objects* of art, items existing out of social context. The use to which musical expression is put—its function—is ignored or soon forgotten. And yet there, after all, is where the meaning lies. Somehow we must find a way to save this functional side of things too; we have to find a way to pull folk music off the stage long enough to understand its use in the human setting in which it was born.

Most definitions of the blues represent the form as characteristically introverted, self-centered verse that is said to be the outpourings of a personal condition of sorrow: i.e. "having the blues." But it's possible to distinguish a number of functions served by the blues in Black communities that contradict the opinions of some scholars. Blues are used for dancing, party listening (as in the famous *double entendre* songs of Tampa Red and Blind Boy Fuller), and as topical accounts.

What did blues mean? Why were they sung? Song is always a means for saying something that in everyday speech would be awkward, if not forbidden. Numerous singers in Paul Oliver's *Conversation with the Blues* testify to the "therapeutic" values of blues singing.

The blues singer, often a traveler, a professional, sang of symbols and conditions that were shared by most Black people, emerging as they did out of a common past and having a strong sense of the uniqueness of Black history. Far removed from the timeless abstract narrative of the White ballad, the blues is not a song form for the heroic and the epic. The emphasis is upon truth, though elaboration is often a favored technique. Fantasy is minimal. No wonder that as blues spread to a White audience, many older singers decried songs by people "who don't even feel them."

An even wider perspective can be

gained if the audience's viewpoint is taken. Why did they listen to the blues? The singer's function was similar to that of the psychoanalyst; while the analyst helps the patient relive difficult problems for himself, the blues singer relives the problems of the group, as a participant, and explores them in song. It's easy to see why the blues were (and are) so offensive to many of the strongly religious Black communities: not only do the problems discussed in the blues and in the music of the church differ, but the manner in which they are handled is different. The church *collectively* poses its problems to God through song and prayer (the two are narrowly separated in the Black church), while the blues audience's problems are posed *individually* to the group.

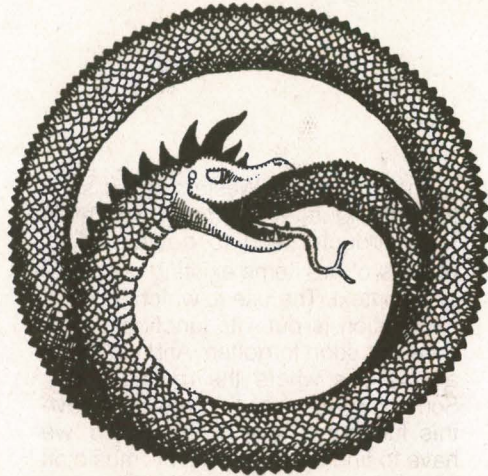
When a significant portion of the White population became aware of rhythm and blues, particularly under the influence of Elvis Presley's recordings of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup's songs, an identifiable product emerged from the mass media with enough distinctiveness to be called rock 'n' roll. But the problems posed in traditional and urban blues were not those with strong appeal for teenagers. Consequently, a rapid shift occurred toward adolescent concerns (Chuck Berry became a key figure in the transition with songs like *Oh Baby Doll* and *School Day*).

Despite the valiant efforts of a few singers of "blues-protest" and folk-rock, the revival blues are not folk music in the truest sense. Yet, with their poetic form and melodic influence, the blues have deeply enriched American music and music forms. And they also have given us a fleeting insight into the means by which Black people continue to live creative lives within an oppressive environment.

—John Szwed
Director of the Center
for Urban Ethnography,
University of Pennsylvania

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Michael S. Kaye
Foreword
by
Peter Marin

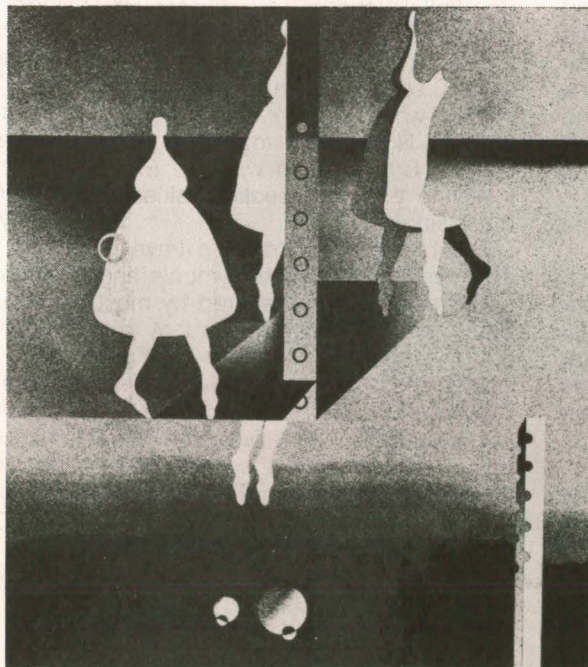
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No aspect of American life is undergoing greater change or is involving more people in a rapid evolutionary process than education. At the cutting edge of this change is the free-school movement, and at the storm center of the free-school movement

THE TEACHER WAS THE SEA

by Michael S. Kaye

Foreword by Peter Marin



THE STORY OF PACIFIC HIGH SCHOOL

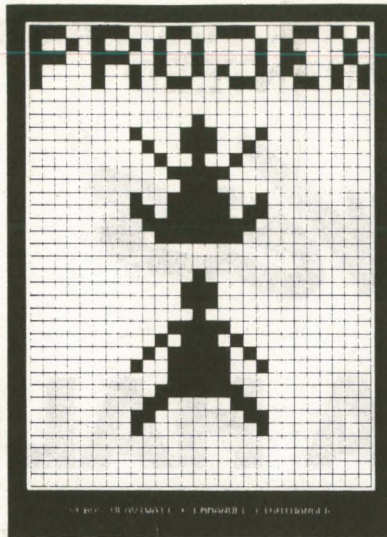
is Pacific High. "Education" at Pacific is consistent with the exuberance and freedom of our age. Youth energy is unconfined by desks, bells and classrooms, and learning isn't limited to five hours a day. The story of this free-form, live-in learning community is told here by the acting director of the school and in the words and photographs of the amazing kids who live there. It's a story that brings the reader into inescapable confrontation with a new and conceptually revolutionary definition of the word "school."

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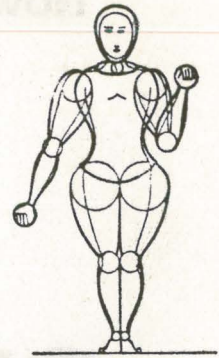
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by Rebus Heaviwait and Emmanuel Lighthanger

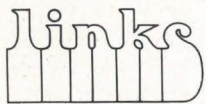
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The Dead



Book

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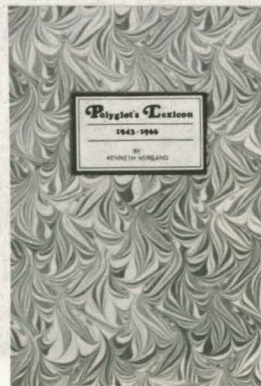
CHARACTER
COUNT

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The "folk boom" and the widespread commercial exploitation of folk music ended years ago, but **Sing Out!** has continued publishing, its basic thrust unchanged. Interest in folk music has never died, and with or without the support of major commercial media, it continues to thrive at the local, grass roots level, where, in fact, it seems to work the best. Recent

years have seen an upsurge in interest in folk music throughout the country as witnessed by the advent of hundreds of new coffeehouses, folk societies, newsletters, magazines, and small record companies. All this activity is documented in the pages of **Sing Out!**

An incredible amount of today's popular music has been built on the solid foundations of the folk revival, and **Sing Out!** is the magazine that traces the connections. In the last few years, for example, **Sing Out!** has printed songs from Paul Siebel, Robbie Robertson, Ry Cooder, James Taylor, John Prine, Arlo Guthrie, Steve Goodman, Happy and Artie Traum and even Allen Ginsberg, together with British traditional ballads, mountain music, and blues.

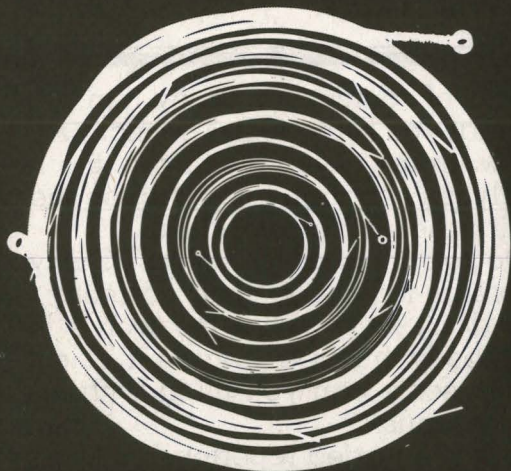
Songs have always been the core of **Sing Out!** Ten to fifteen songs appear in every issue, and the articles, in a sense, exist only to clarify where this music comes from and what it is all about. This year the magazine has undertaken a new project to help its readers learn the songs: Every other issue now contains a flexible soundsheet (a thin, plastic record) with the first verse and chorus of each song. The soundsheet sometimes includes bits of interviews, music from records reviewed, and instrumental in-

struction as well. As Pete Seeger says, "A music magazine nowadays without a record would be like an art magazine with no illustrations."

Other regular features of **Sing Out!** include Pete's column, "Johnny Appleseed, Jr."; Michael Cooney's "General Delivery" in which readers swap songs, stories, and information; a new column by the legendary Israel Young; articles; interviews; "Teach-Ins" that offer instruction for every conceivable kind of folk instrument; a bi-monthly roundup of folk society news; a series on folk clubs and concert programs; listings and reviews of new books and records; and schedules of folk music activity around the country.

Sing Out! is owned and operated as a cooperative by its editorial board, its supporters and its contributors. The magazine exists as a result of the devotion of its writers and its readers, and almost all articles, songs, photos, and art work are contributed gratis. In the last couple of years, "Friends of **Sing Out!**" organizations have formed all over the country to help support the magazine and to find new readers and subscribers. Why don't you pick up a copy and become a friend of **Sing Out!**, too? We publish bi-monthly at 33 West 60 Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

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And halfway through the first line, other voices pick it up, the guitars come in on the beat, and there you go again, singing into the dying night.

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And of course, you enjoy it in proportion to what you bring to it. The more songs you know, from the more sources, the better. It really isn't enough to pick up on the chorus during the sing-along ditties.

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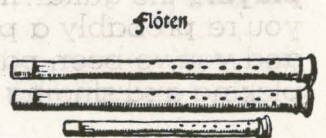
It is safe to say that this book could not have been published before recent Supreme Court decisions concerning obscenity and pornography. Ed Cray, a writer and director of the American Civil Liberties Union in Los Angeles, has compiled several hundred of the most widely known "dirty" folk songs, documented them in tradition, origin, and sources, and has not changed a single word of text. **12.50**

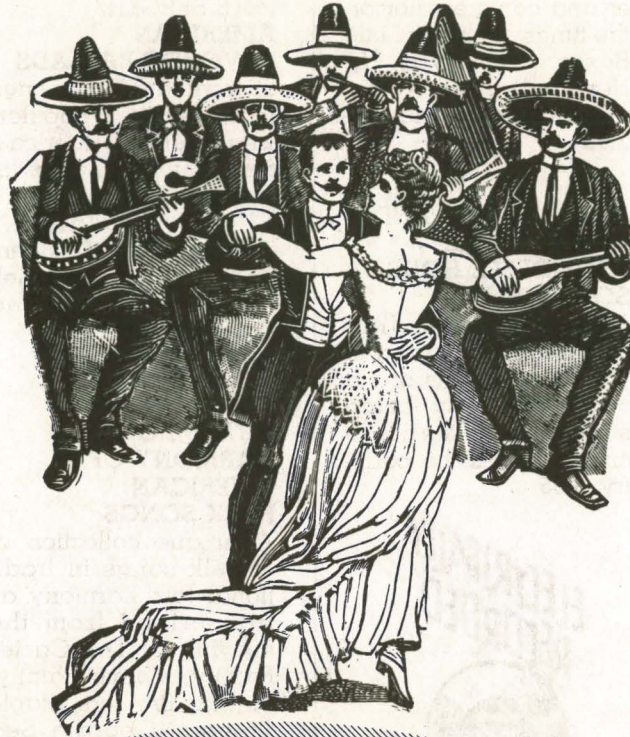
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Get 'em - 'cause



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You experiment, you try new things. You make mistakes, and you find out what feels good. Not every style and form is right for you, after all. But at this level, surprises come often.

You're entering into the music through more than sound. You're **experiencing** it with fingers, hands and body. And you may very well find yourself enchanted by music you never even **liked** when you were listening with just your ears.

There's an elegance to the bluegrass line that just doesn't come clear till you get into flatpicking. There's a passion under the cool architecture of classic guitar, but it's reserved for the player himself. And when you've learned to make your guitar really **speak** the blues, your feelings come into focus and your whole being is involved.

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they're HOT!



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HAROLD GROSSMAN
& STEVEN CALT/
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A bold new exploration of what the guitar can do, by the author of *Country Blues Guitar*, *Contemporary Ragtime Guitar*, and other highly respected guitar books. This one takes you beyond the limitations of

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An instruction method and repertoire book based on the playing styles of foremost country blues guitarists. Includes guitar music, tablature, numerous photographs for chord positions, lyrics to songs, biographical background on Mississippi John Hurt, Furry Lewis, Frank Stokes and Charley Jordan, many others. **3.95**

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Documents and teaches the individual styles of the major influences in American guitar picking, including note-for-note transcriptions in tablature and standard music notation. **2.95**



OTHER INSTRUMENTS



If you suddenly stumbled on American folk music, with no idea of how this robust phenomenon got started, you'd no doubt jump to the conclusion that it all began with the guitar. It's the mainstay of just about every folk music group, after all, and it's the nation's best-selling musical instrument. It has to be the **oldest**, right?

Logical, maybe, but the fact is, of course, that the guitar is a relative newcomer. Anything as delicate and cumbersome as a guitar was unlikely to survive being transported to a backwoods settlement. The men and women who built the traditional music of America used the simplest tools—instruments they could make **themselves**, or those which they could get cheaply from a peddler or the local general store.

So the man who was good with his hands took native spruce and fruitwood and fashioned a **dulcimer** for himself, with heart-shaped sound holes and three strings to be plucked with a turkey quill. And it made a gentle, intimate kind of music that was just right to court a lady with.

And before there was anything approaching a Scruggs peg, there were pos-

sum-skins, nailed to barn doors to cure before ending up as the head of some home-made "**banja**."

In the mid-19th century, an industrious German named Hohner started making little mouth-organs out of pearwood and brass reeds. The **harmonica**—as the Yankees called it—was not only small, it was also cheap and practically indestructible and it quickly became the trusty friend of the lonely hunter, farmer, or sailorman. Then the blacks in the South discovered it, and worked out their own style of playing it, and they called it the blues harp.

Nowadays, harps, banjos, and dulcimers are lumped together with the autoharp, the washboard and the kazoo, and we call them "**other instruments**." The term implies some kind of slight, which is totally undeserved. It isn't just that the world would be a mighty dull place if there were nothing but guitars to listen to. It isn't just that more happens, musically, when you've got a variety of instruments working together. The fact is, you know, that there might not be much American folk music in the first place, if it hadn't been for the "other instruments."

HOW TO PLAY HARMONICA THROUGH YOUR EAR



"Palm "Little Lady" Harmonica in Left Hand

ANOTHER NOVELTY EFFECT



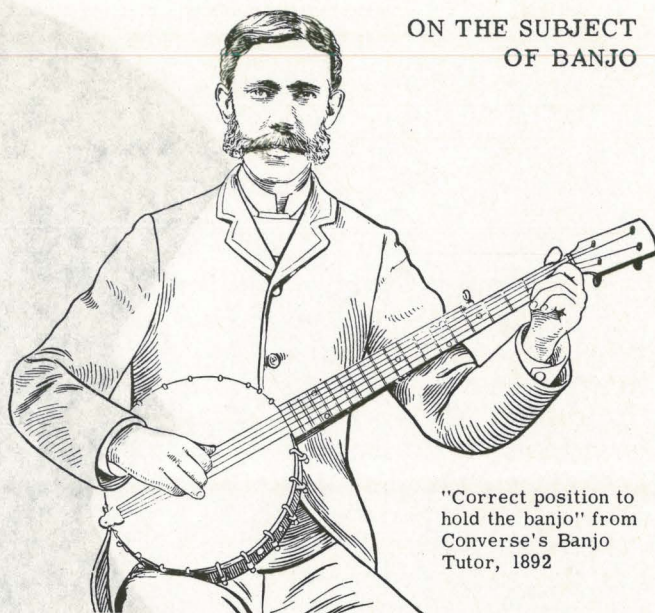
Play Harmonica Through a Hose

HOW TO PLAY WHILE DANCING





ON THE SUBJECT
OF BANJO



"Correct position to hold the banjo" from Converse's Banjo Tutor, 1892

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Over seventy traditional fiddle tunes in tablature form for clawhammer style banjo, with lively, highly personal notes and commentary. The music is in a variety of tunings. For the player with two or three years experience on the banjo, and a good knowledge of frailing. Record references included. **2.95**

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A comprehensive document on the folk music fiddle and fiddle styles with over 130 tunes transcribed directly from the playing of folk fiddlers. **7.95**

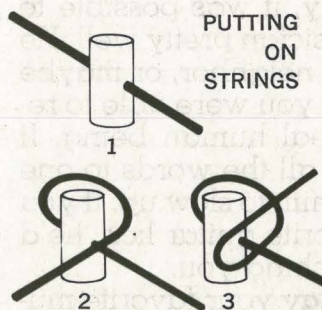
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playing the harmonica (mouth harp) blues style, and about the towering bluesmen who developed and refined this highly personal kind of music. Basic techniques, plus enough theory to make things clear, blues history, and critical biographies of Sonny Boy Williamson, Jimmy Reed, Little Walter, and other harpmen. Transcriptions of great harp numbers, in Tony's own easy-to-follow notation. It's all laid out for you in wry, personal language that makes **Blues Harp** a treat for any reader—not only the would-be harp player. **2.95**

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**TONY GLOVER/
BLUES HARP**

If it's possible to describe a hip, irreverent, and completely unique book as a **classic**, this is it. Just about everything there is to say about





PERSONALITY BOOKS

Before there was such a thing as communications technology, it was possible to know your favorite musician pretty well. He or she was probably a neighbor, or maybe a relative. In any case, you were able to relate **personally** to a real human being. If you didn't understand all the words to one of his songs, you'd tell him to slow up. If you wanted to learn a favorite guitar lick, he'd spend an evening teaching you.

Chances are that **today** your favorite musician is someone you've never met in person. What you know of today's stars is what recordings, films, television, and publications have conveyed.

Which is sad, when you think about it. The songs they've written and sung may reach down into your heart; the feelings they've expressed may match your own. But though

you may know **about** James Taylor or Mick Jagger or Melanie, you don't really know them as people. We get lots and lots of information, but not the full reality. Plenty of sight and sound, but not much touching.

The personality book is a means of getting a little **closer** to people you'd like to know. It's not the same as a one-to-one conversation, or a week spent hanging out together. But it is a way of bringing a creative performer more fully into your consciousness. And in the process, you may learn some things that wouldn't come up in a personal encounter. Like an in-depth explanation of James Taylor's guitar style, and pictures of his house as he was building it. Or all the words to virtually all the songs that Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones have ever written—including a few they have probably forgotten.

**THE SONGS OF
ELTON JOHN AND
BERNIE TAUPIN**

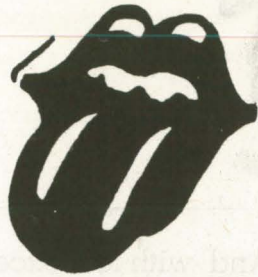
The phenomenal Elton John, gifted composer and far-out performer, and the sensitive lyricist Bernie Taupin have created some of the great songs of our time—such as *Your Song*, *Levon*, *Border Song*. Here they are, with complete lyrics and piano arrangements, in a handsomely designed book full of photos and exciting text. **4.95**

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JAMES TAYLOR

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THE FISH**

Country Joe and the Fish were with the Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, one of the bands that were there at the beginning in San Francisco. More than a songbook, this book documents the awakening of a political movement and the birth of a new consciousness among the young. A lot has changed, but Country Joe McDonald is still writing good songs. **4.95**

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In content, appearance, and spirit, one of the most beautiful songbooks ever published. 66 songs from the repertoire of America's best-loved folksinger, with historical and musical commentary, arranged for voice and piano by Elie Siegmeister with guitar chords and capo indications. Illustrated in color by Eric Von Schmidt. Includes a discography of the recordings of Joan Baez. **4.95**

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The growth of the folk music movement, as reflected in the songs and personal reminiscences of America's most popular folksinger. Tracing her own life as a musician, Judy presents a collection of songs by Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, and Pete Seeger, as well as some of her own compositions. Piano arrangements, with guitar chords, complete lyrics, commentary on the songs and autobiographical sections—plus beautiful photo illustrations. **4.95**

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The unchallenged champion of the blues guitar, B. B. King developed his own style of playing and singing the blues back in the early '50's, just in time to become a major influence on today's blues guitar generation from Albert King to Eric Clapton. Most of his great original blues, plus many of his instrumental solos, in tablature and standard musical notation. Plus interviews by Ralph Gleason and Stanley Dance, and a wealth of photos. **2.95**

THE BLUES IS JUST A DAD DREAM

A tree grows in my back-yard It only grows at night
It's branches they're all twisted And it's leaves are a fraid of light

CHORUS
They say the blues is just a bad dream
They say it lives inside your head
But when it's lonely in the morning
You're bound to wish that you were dead

There's winds out on the ocean They're blowing where they choose
But them winds ain't got no emotion And they don't know the blues

CHORUS

My mind is rambling rambling It's just like some rolling stone
Since that night mare's come to stay My thoughts just don't belong

CHORUS

FOR THE



PIANIST

Where does the music come from?

For **folk music**, the real answer is as hard to nail down as the complete lyrics to Frankie and Johnny. You can never be 100% sure where a folk song started, for the chances are that it owes something to some earlier song or singer. And even when a folk song was created, consciously, by one person at a particular time and place, it was done pretty much for its own sake, anonymously and unselfishly, a gift from the heart of its creator to the rest of us. Not for gain or recognition, not even in the hope that the song would remain in its original form as it passed from hand to hand.

At the same time, another musical tradition has been operating. Folk musicians sometimes call it, wryly, "respectable music." The kind that is **composed**, not "made up," by someone who has made a serious study of music that has gone before, and who knows its rules and principles.

And, with few exceptions, we are pretty certain just who wrote it, at what time, and even, sometimes, why.

The world needs both the wild flowers of the folk process and the cultivated music of the established tradition. To focus too narrowly and exclusively on either is to forego a lot of pleasure and the deeper understanding you can gain about one by knowing something about the other. Brownie McGhee, who ought to know, has said, "I like all types of music—I'm not against no kind of music. I like opera, I like Indian music, I got a lot of records of all kinds. Music, it's a **universal** language, and I listen to it."

A lot of the music around us comes through the ongoing folk process. That's **good**. And there's more music that comes to us through the tradition of "serious music," as represented by the piano works on these pages. And **that's** good, too

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FESTIVAL PROGRAM BOOK

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The 1972 Program is published by:
Music Sales Corporation
33 West 60th Street
New York, New York 10023

Publisher—Herb Wise
Editor—Carol Fein

The Festival of American Folklife is a free presentation, largely dependent on public support. If you would like to make a tax-deductible contribution, checks may be sent to the Division of Performing Arts, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C. 20560.

