North Carolina Folklore Journal

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The North Carolina Folklore Journal is published twice a year by the North Carolina Folklore Society with assistance from Western Carolina University and a grant from the North Carolina Arts Council, an agency funded by the State of North Carolina and the National Endowment for the Arts.

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North Carolina Folklore Society
P.O. Box 62271
Durham, NC 27715
http://www.ecu.edu/ncfolk
North Carolina Folklore Journal
Volume 55, Number 2 (Fall-Winter 2008)

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Frame Photograph: Row of squares from the American Folklore Society Women’s Section quilt with block memorializing NCFJ editors Guy Owen and Richard Walser at center. To its right is the square memorializing D.K. Wilgus, husband of the late Eleanor Long-Wilgus, longtime member of the N.C. Folklore Society. For information on the quilt, see p. 3. From a photograph by Henry Stindt, Photo-Graphic, Greenville, N.C.

Front Cover Photo: Large section of the American Folklore Society Women’s Section quilt with block honoring Karen Baldwin at center. From a photograph by Henry Stindt, Photo-Graphic, Greenville, N.C.

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Editor’s Foreword

By Philip E. “Ted” Coyle

This issue is dedicated to Karen Baldwin, folklorist and former editor of the North Carolina Folklore Journal. We thank the Journal of American Folklore for allowing us to reprint Karen’s obituary, written by Polly Stewart. This obituary provides a useful bibliography of Karen’s path-breaking research. Tom McGowan adds some local context to this bibliography with his appraisal of Karen’s work as editor of the NCFJ. Connie Mason and Tom also allow those of us who never knew Karen to understand a bit more about her as a scholar and as a person in their collaborative tribute. We are also reprinting Karen’s often-solicited guide for collecting family folklore, as well as an announcement of the scholarship endowed in her name at Guilford College. Tom McGowan located the poem by Karen’s uncle, Roscoe Solley, about her folklore work. Karen was a special supporter of the American Folklore Society Women’s Section quilt, images from which are featured in this issue through the help of Polly Stewart and Susan Roach.

David Cecelski’s article, which he also dedicates to Karen, completes the series of tributes. He originally presented this article as the keynote address at last year’s annual meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society, which was held in Fountain, North Carolina.

Frame photograph: Row of squares from the American Folklore Society Women’s Section quilt including the block honoring Karen Baldwin at center. Made to benefit the Elli Kongas-Maranda Prize, 1993–1995, the quilt was designed and pieced by Laurel Horton and Jane Przybysz, and quilted by the Fairview United Methodist Church Quilters of Camden, Arkansas. From a photo by Henry Stindt, Photo-Graphic, Greenville, N.C.
In addition to the tributes to Karen, two awards were presented at that meeting. Barbara Duncan received the Brown-Hudson Folklore Award. We appreciate the efforts of Adrienne Hollifield in writing the citation for her award. The Sandhills Family Heritage Association received the Community Tradition Award. We also appreciate the work of Monica McCann of the Conservation Fund’s Resourceful Communities Program for writing the citation for that group.

The next annual meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society is just around the corner. It is scheduled for April 3 and 4 at Elon University in Burlington, North Carolina. We are looking forward to presenting more awards and continuing the strong tradition of folklore studies in the state that so many of us have worked to support through the years.

Two important early members of the North Carolina Folklore Society are the focus of the research articles that appear in this issue. They are I.G. Greer and William Amos “Doc” Abrams, who himself received the Brown-Hudson Award in 1974. The “So Mote It Ever Be” Project digitized their ballad-oriented collections, which are housed in the W.L. Eury Appalachian Collection at Appalachian State University’s library. A number of students at ASU are now working with these newly accessible materials. We look forward to featuring their work in the next issue of the NCFJ.

Erratum: A line of type was inadvertently deleted between pages 48 and 49 in our previous issue (55.1). The sentences should read: “Did one’s great-grandmother’s quilt fail to get passed down through the generations? In today’s market, any number of retail outlets offer newly manufactured and artificially aged quilts designed specifically to provide a material manifestation of heritage.” We regret the error.
Karen Baldwin (1943–2007)

By Polly Stewart

The American Folklore Society has lost a member of long standing, a woman of high intelligence, perspicacity, and wit who devoted her life to teaching in all its forms and who three decades ago, at the start of her career, gave our discipline a great gift by theorizing a new way of looking at folklore.

Karen Baldwin, of the English faculty at East Carolina University, died of cancer on November 14, 2007, at her home in Greenville, North Carolina. Born on June 1, 1943, Karen grew up in suburban Philadelphia. She earned her bachelor’s degree from Guilford College in 1964, excelling in English and journalism, and was admitted to the English graduate program at the University of Pennsylvania, where she discovered folklore. Karen had a nimble and original mind capable of holding multiple images and ideas, and this afforded her an unusually high capacity for synthesis, as seen in her dissertation (1975), which has had a far-reaching effect on folkloristics. Through her field data—storytelling and folk-poetry recitations by members of her mother’s extended family in rural Pennsylvania—she so broadened and deepened folk-group theory as to help move item-and-clas-


Polly Stewart, longtime friend and colleague of Karen Baldwin, is Professor of English Emerita at Salisbury State University, where she taught from 1973 to 2004. This obituary appeared in the Journal of American Folklore 121 (Fall 2008): 485-86. It is used with permission of the author and the University of Illinois Press.

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sification folkloristics off its pedestal: not only is the family a folk group, it is the first folk group anyone belongs to. A development like this makes us wonder why no one had thought of it before. Her dissertation provided the underpinning for what was becoming known as family folklore, and though she did not have the opportunity to be the first to express her ideas in print, she was credited by the team that did: “The major theoretical work on family folklore is an unpublished doctoral dissertation by Karen Baldwin. . . . Dr. Baldwin delineates the various genres, or types, of family folklore and relates them to their social contexts” (Cutting-Baker et al. 1976:92).

As a folklore professional, Karen was happiest in face-to-face communication. Her enthusiasm reflected her joy in talking directly with others, her quicksilver tongue articulated the kaleidoscope of her ideas, and her keen response to live audiences prompted her to deliver papers at most of the American Folklore Society’s annual meetings from 1972 through 2006. Under the aegis of the North Carolina State Department of Public Instruction, the North Carolina Arts Council Folklife Program, or the North Carolina Humanities Council, and at the invitation of local civic groups, she made over two hundred folklore presentations to North Carolina audiences of every kind. When the U.S. Navy attempted to convert her beloved coastal plain into a jet fighter training range, Karen joined others and fought fiercely against it, at the same time documenting the artistic response of the coastal plain people engaged in the struggle—the last project of her life.

Writing was torture for her, due not to any lack of talent and skill but rather to a disabling self-doubt that kept many projects unfinished. Yet she did publish in most of her areas of interest: family folklore (1976, 1983, 1985, 1993b); (Baldwin 2006a; Baldwin, Kimzey, and Stallings 1990); folklore of the deaf (1982); folk medicine (Baldwin 1992, 2006b; Kirkland et al. 1992); yard art (1991); bikers (1993a, 1996a); and birders (1996b). She also edited two periodicals—from 1990 to 1992 the newsletter of the Folklore and Education Section of the American Folklore Society (a group that she founded in 1988) and, from 1996 to 2002, the North Carolina Folklore Journal.

In the early 1990s, the Women’s Section of the American Folklore Society had a large quilt made with signed squares donated by section members and friends. A fund-raising tool for Elli Kõngä-Maranda scholarships and prizes, the quilt had been placed in Karen’s keeping, to be brought in for display at annual meetings. So deep
was her feeling of connection to the quilt, and to the community of folklorists who had made it, that when she was diagnosed with cancer in mid-June 2007 she immediately garnered the section’s permission to put the quilt up on her own wall at home, a source of strength to her in her battle against the disease.

Karen Baldwin and I were close friends for over thirty years. In contemplating her loss, I am affirmed by a line from Ivan Doig’s memoir of growing up in ranch communities in Montana (Doig 1978:15), in which he characterizes his father’s lifetime friendship with a neighboring rancher: “The two of them . . . knew and liked each other in the automatic way that happens only a time or two during life.”
WORKS CITED

Karen Baldwin Scholarship


ANNOUNCEMENT BY GUILFORD COLLEGE
OF KAREN BALDWIN ENDOWED QUAKER SCHOLARSHIP

The Office of Advancement is pleased to announce the establishment of an endowed fund in memory of Karen Baldwin ’64 by her husband, Ernest Marshall of Greenville, North Carolina. She died in November of 2007 at the age of 64. Karen was previously honored with the establishment of the Karen Baldwin Folklore Archive at East Carolina University, where she taught for 30 years.

She was Director of the ECU Folklore Archive, past editor of the North Carolina Folklore Journal, and former director of ECU’s North Carolina Studies Program. Her more than 40 publications appear in national and international journals, anthologies, and encyclopedias. Her ground-breaking work dealt with oral poetry, family folklore, folk medicine, women’s culture, deaf folklore, folklore and education.

A colleague commented that “she was forever passionate about the discipline and equally so about this area of the country. She fought hard for social justice and environmental causes. I always smiled when I saw her hop off her motorcycle on the way into work every morning.”

Karen, a member of the Society of Friends, was deeply committed to Quaker values and proud of her education at Guilford College. Vice President for Advancement Mike Poston noted that “Ernest...
truly believes that Karen would want to provide for the scholarship fund at Guilford College. She commented many, many times about her happy memories at Guilford and what it meant to her to have a Guilford education. . . Ernest is very pleased that this will help Quaker students and with the recruitment of Quaker students."

Each year one scholar is to receive the full appropriation: five per cent of the value of the fund. There is opportunity for others to contribute to this fund, which would increase the amount available to the student selected each year. Those wishing to join in the celebration of Karen’s extraordinary life are invited to send contributions to

Office of Advancement
Guilford College
5800 W. Friendly Ave.
Greensboro, NC 27410

Questions can be directed to Mike Poston, vice president for advancement at 336-316-2178.
The Girl From Levitt Town
To My Niece Karen Baldwin
By Roscoe Solley

I've been doing some real hard thinking
So I guess I'll just sit me down
And write up a nice little story
About a girl from Levitt Town.

Now I hardly knew this young lady
Until she was a woman full grown
Her teenage years were behind her
And she was off on her own.

Then one day she wrote me a letter
And asked if she might come and stay
While she done a little researching
Then she would be on her way.

Frame photo: Quilt square inscribed by Karen Baldwin in memory of her uncle, Roscoe Solley, American Folklore Society Women’s Section quilt. For information on the quilt, see p. 4. To the left is Laurel Horton’s square honoring Dan Patterson. From a photo by Henry Stindt, Photo-Graphic, Greenville, N.C.

Uncle Roscoe Solley was a writer and reciter of oral poetry celebrating places, family and public occasions, and relationships. This poem is from his Poems by Old Man Solley, 2d ed. (Houtzdale, PA: Reed Printing, 1977), 37-38. Karen Baldwin’s article about him, “‘My name is nothing extra/But the Truth to you I’ll tell’: Assessing the Personal Use of Traditional Poetry,” appears in Canadian Folklore canadien 15.1 (1993): 89-108.
I answered this letter quite promptly
And told her to come right along
For she was a niece in the family
And our family ties are quite strong.

And so with this exchange of letters
One bright sunny day she came
To do quite a bit of researching
On her grandfather Solley’s surname.

Now I am her grandfather’s brother
So that’s why this girl came to me
To gather and get information
On her grandfather’s family tree.

Now she loved a bit of adventure
For she was a rover at heart
And I was an old time rambler
So we hit it right off from the start.

She said she came out to our country
To see could she get a good look
On just how her ancestors done it
For on that she was writing a book.

Folklore I think was the title
And she worked like a busy young bee
For she needed that book in her studies
So she might get a doctor’s degree.

Tho she had graduated from college
She didn’t think that was enough
She wanted a little more know how
And this was her kind of stuff.

My sister helped her with her research
They rambled around this creation
They visited farmside and village
To see could they get information.

And then something happened one morning
That caused this young girl some alarm
When a man greeted her with a pistol
At her great, great grandad’s old farm.
Now this girl was a little bit frightened
When she saw him exposing that gat
So she made a real sudden departure
Just as quick as a man could say scat.

Now this incident didn’t deter her
Or cause her to sit down and cry
It was just a small bit of data
That she’d use in her book by and by.

Though she worked like a little beaver
She would take timeout for some fun
So I showed her a lot of our country
Before her short visit was done.

I took her to see Lake Gallitzen
And I showed her each flood control dam
There were five of them all together
They were built by our Old Uncle Sam.

I’d tell her some off color stories
That might make some good people snort
She’d laugh with joy when she heard them
For she was a jolly good sport.

And then her short visit was over
She had to go off to teach school
And forget about our off color stories
And abide by the old Golden Rule.

And then she got her book together
And thanks to the powers that be
For she graduated last winter
And she now has her doctor’s degree.

May the good Lord ever be with her
I wish her much joy and much peace
May good luck follow her foot-steps
For she is my favorite niece.

May her journey be one of the smoothest
And may good fortune always look down
And follow the wondering pathway
Of this girl from Levitt Town.
A Tribute Remembering Karen Baldwin

By Connie Mason and Thomas McGowan

At its annual meeting, 29 March 2008, in the Fountain General Store, the North Carolina Folklore Society remembered the work of Karen Baldwin, folklorist at East Carolina University. The following tribute was written and presented as a collaborative work by Connie Mason, a student and professional colleague of Karen’s, and Thomas McGowan, Karen’s fellow editor of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal*. The format of this tribute attempts to express the collaborative performance of the meeting tribute.¹

**CONNIE:** The North Carolina Folklore Society has held its annual meeting in Pitt County before—in 1992.

**TOM:** I remember driving up to the Willis Building in downtown Greenville. Lines of Lester Gay contraptions bordered the building and spun in a light breeze.

**CONNIE:** Inside the Sharp Point Volunteer Fire Department Fire Department was cooking up Brunswick Stew, and people were enjoying the food and good company. All these logistics were the successful arrangements of East Carolina folklorist Karen Baldwin, who always had a special touch for presenting the folk in natural contexts or, at least, inducing a natural context for their music playing, storytelling, OLF protesting, and foodways.

**TOM:** Unfortunately for me, I couldn’t enjoy the Brunswick Stew or good company, for Karen also was known for trusting her folklorist

*Frame Photo: Farm machine with No OLF sign, demonstration against the U.S. Navy Outlying Landing Field, eastern N.C., 5 April 2007. Photo by Karen Baldwin.*
friends with important last-minute responsibilities. She and I had agreed to nominate Dorothy Spruill Redford for one of that year’s Brown-Hudson Folklore Awards.

Karen pinned one of the meeting badges with its lovely drawing by David Norris of a traditional Pitt County farm site; walked me through the lobby with its foodways smells, good music, and happy conversation; handed me the second draft of our collaborative citation for Dot; and ordered me to move into a side room with my copy of *Somerset Homecoming* to finish up the citation. I didn’t get any Brunswick Stew; I did finish the citation so that Karen and I could read it together, the first collaborative composition and performance of a Brown-Hudson Folklore Award in our state folklore society’s history.

**Connie:** Another first that year was the presentation of a new award, the Community Tradition Award for a group rather than an individual, which Karen Baldwin had pioneered for our regional meeting in Greenville—

**Tom:** an arrangement we clearly needed as shown by Karen’s earlier stretching of the rules for our Brown-Hudsons awarded to individuals.

**Connie:** And later in the meeting, we were able to at least surprise Karen, for despite all her careful planning

**Tom:** (and last-minute demands),

**Connie:** she didn’t realize why Salisbury State folklorist Polly Stewart popped up after Dorothy Spruill’s presentation to announce that we had one more Brown-Hudson Folklore Award to present—to Karen Baldwin.

**Tom:** In her citation, Polly commented, “Anyone who has the privilege of experiencing the artistry of a Baldwin project is richer for it, both intellectually and esthetically.”

**Together:** Karen’s death last year has robbed us of that continuing privilege—

**Tom:** for we have lost a wonderful folklorist,

**Connie:** teacher,

**Tom:** writer,

**Connie:** organizer,

**Together:** and professional friend.

**Connie:** Karen served in many offices in our state folklore Society for many years. As president she was an important mover in our breaking out from an annual Culture Week meeting in Raleigh to our system of alternating regional venues across North Carolina. She
Foodways event with folklore students, East Carolina University, spring 2006. Photo montage created by Karen Baldwin.
herself organized or helped organize a series of memorable meetings in eastern North Carolina.

**Tom:** As editor of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal*, she produced six years of ambitious issues that covered a range of genres, paid special attention to the variety of folk arts in North Carolina and of our state’s folk groups, and promoted the thoughtful interpretation and appreciation of regional folklore. Karen’s journals were large in page size, various and deep in content—and at times a bit taxing on the Society’s budget and grant deadlines.

**Connie:** In 1976, Karen wrote what is probably the most repeatedly printed publication of the North Carolina Folklore Society: her brochure “Collecting Your Family’s Traditions.”

Its republishing over the years makes us realize that Karen in her University of Pennsylvania University dissertation “Down on Bugger Run: Family Group and the Social Base of Folklore” produced what one Smithsonian writer has called the first “major theoretical work on family folklore” and in Polly Stewart’s words at Karen’s Quaker memorial service “had personally created the field of family folklore.”

**Tom:** I confess some of us aren’t great on theory, but in Karen’s writing, conference presentations, and collaborations, I have always appreciated her attention to people, real families, and the wonderful customs and stories that she described.

I recall her parking her camper in my driveway in Boone, helping her Uncle Roscoe Solley down our walk, and then letting him take over our porch with stories and recitations of oral poetry. My children, in fact, can still remember “And then you get to Cherokee / And that’s the end of the line,” the last verse of his notable poem on the Blue Ridge Parkway that travels all the way down from Virginia with verses on every important stop and probably most of the overlooks too.

**Connie:** Karen celebrated and enjoyed the special traditions, performances, and folk art of a variety of groups: her own family, the community of the deaf and the narrative instrumentalities of American Sign Language,

**Tom:** motor cycle riders and their festivals,

**Connie:** Mardi Gras down East,

**Tom:** women, and birders—

**Together:** and finally No OLF protesters. And in many of these contexts, she was often in special ways a particularly active participant observer.

**Connie:** Karen Baldwin was not an ivory tower academic.

**Tom:** She got down and dirty with No OLF demonstrations, rode leather-jacketed on her own Honda, learned sign language, canoed on bird watches, and designed beautiful publications and meetings. She and her students indexed thirty-eight years of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal* making local articles available to academics but also to local people.

**Connie:** She was a dancer and a joke teller.

**Together:** And she tested some of our administrative responsibilities with her desires for larger and beautiful publications—not necessarily published on time.

**Connie:** One of Karen’s special abilities was to work with amateur folklorists, school teachers, and community workers. She recognized that so-called non-folklorists were powerful local folklorists with special abilities and perspectives.

**Tom:** She worked with local people, teaching fieldwork techniques and analytic perspectives in friendly productive ways. Public sector and the academy were not separated in Karen’s work.

**Connie:** She contributed in special ways to the state department of education’s 1989 guide for teachers in using folklife study in the schools. She organized a series of teachers’ workshops on folklife.

**Tom:** She archived local collecting by students and others in the East Carolina Folklore Archive, which the university has wisely named after her.

**Together:** And she formed special friendships and working relationships with museum directors, community culture workers, and lots of people.

**Connie:** We miss her work and the lovely artistry of her writing, design, and photography;

**Tom:** her demanding testiness;

**Connie:** her thoughtful compliments;

**Together:** and her profound love of people, their folklore, and the esthetics and expressiveness of their folk arts in cooking,

**Tom:** storytelling, conspicuous motor cycle vaunting,

**Connie:** singing, dancing,

**Tom:** herbal cures, and yard art decorations.

**Connie:** Karen Baldwin was a notable state folklorist, busy Society officer and member, pioneering theoretician,

**Together:** and warm friend.

**Tom:** To remember her sense of place and love of down East, the one of us who can sing has a last song to dedicate to Karen Baldwin.
CONNIE plays guitar and sings “Stacy, My Daddy’s Hometown” the song she wrote about her hometown down East.²

Stacy, My Daddy’s Hometown

Stacy doesn’t have a Macy’s
Sidewalks or a stoplight
Hope it never will.
But she’s got what can’t be taught or bought
The finest folks that ever walked or set a sail.

She’s got Pittmans, Robinsons and Dixons
Hamiltons and Fulchers and some Salters, too.
With Masons, Styrons, Gaskills, Willises,
And for goodly measure a dingbatter or two.

She’s got Nelsons and a lot of Lewises–
The finest kind of people I hope you get to know,
In Stacy, pretty little Stacy, quiet tiny
Stacy, my daddy’s hometown.

Cross Mariah Creek, then right on to Horseshoe Street
Eastward to Piney Pint, what a lovely sight!
Great day looking out at Brit’s Bay,
Smelling all the salt spray—everything’s all right!

Back around going north to “downtown”
Past the church and “bloodfield” and then “through the swamp”
You find Masontown, my father’s family sacred ground,
Looking over Core Sound—where it all began.

And the people, the finest kind of people I hope you get to know,
In Stacy, pretty little Stacy, quiet tiny
Stacy, my daddy’s hometown.

Downeast strung like little shining pearls,
Founded on marsh mud, hummocks and white sand.
Each place pretty as old lace
Fashioned by our Maker’s strong all-knowing hands.

He made Atlantic, Sea Level, Cedar Island,
Hunting Quarters, Straits, Core Banks, and Symrna, too.
Otway, Betty, Marshallberg, Gloucester,
Davis Shore, Williston, Harkers Island, too.
And the people, the finest kind of people I hope you get to know,
In Stacy, pretty little Stacy, quiet tiny
Stacy, my daddy’s hometown.

NOTES


2. Connie Mason’s “Stacy, My Hometown” is included on her compact disc Calico Creek Waltz; More Music of Coastal North Carolina, available from the Core Sound Waterfowl Museum & Heritage Center, P.O. Box 556, Harkers Island, NC 28531.
Collecting Your Family’s Traditions

By Karen Baldwin

Some folks grow up with a natural and quite certain sense of family folk tradition. They know the family stories told through generations of their kin. They learn grandfather’s crafts and grandmother’s cookery with pride, and they pass on these skills seasoned with the importance of maintaining family ties and the family’s heritage.

Others of us discover and appreciate our family traditions only by looking back from some point in the present when an accident of curiosity makes us wonder where and who we came from. Alex Haley found his Roots this way and so did I.

I have been collecting folklore in my own family group for close to twenty years now. I have tape recorded storytellers, photographed reunion gatherings, visited family graveyards, and pored through albums and attics of family memorabilia. In the process, I have discovered a few “do’s” and “how to’s” about collecting one’s own family traditions which might be helpful to others.

Set a Goal for Yourself

Before you begin rummaging through family attics and tracking down distant relations to talk with and tape record, decide what fam-


Karen Baldwin wrote this article as a pamphlet for the N.C. Bicentennial Folklife Festival in 1976. The N.C. Folklore Society republished it in three large-run impressions since that first edition. It became one of the Society’s most productive special publications, being used in numerous classrooms. This article may be copied giving credit to Karen Baldwin as author and the N.C. Folklore Society as publisher.

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ily traditions interest you most and which members of your family, besides yourself, are the most likely sources of information about those traditions. Give yourself a time limit in which to collect and decide on a final form for the records of your collecting. You could keep a journal of the experiences you had talking with family members and record versions of family tales and descriptions of traditions. You could compile a kind of family album, including favorite or typical sayings, stories, and photographs. You could, on a more elaborate scale, shoot a series of movies or slides and record on tape the sights and sounds of family birthday and anniversary celebrations, family games, or family crafters at work.

**RECORD WHAT YOU COLLECT**

Being the family folklorist, like being the family historian, involves writing down, tape recording, and photographing the words and faces of your family members. If you record with paper and pencil, you will only be able to jot notes while you are talking with other family members. While the memory of such note-taking sessions is still fresh, expand the notes to as full a description of what was said as you can. The most successful tool for collecting is the tape recorder. You can be a better listener and a participant in conversations if the recorder is doing the work of “remembering” what was said. Put the recorder where you can keep an eye on its operation and where it will pick up the voices of all who might speak, including yourself. Leave the recorder on as much as possible. Continuous taping yields the most complete and least intrusive record of an afternoon of visiting and storytelling. You may not want to transcribe everything on the tape, but whatever interesting was said will be there. Close out as much background noise as you can.

**COLLECT FROM YOURSELF**

Since you are a family member as we as a collector in the family, you will know much about the traditional lore yourself. Before you talk with others, write down as much as you can remember about the family tales, customs, and history. As you begin talking with others, your memory will be “jogged” and you can continue to collect from yourself throughout your family folklore project.

**STEP BACK A GENERATION**

We understand that family folklore and family history go hand in hand. Those who will remember best the earliest years in the family’s history are the elders. You need not seek out the oldest living relative
in order to begin collecting, though. Begin by talking with a parent or grandparent, someone in the family circle you feel comfortable with. As those closest to you become interested in your work they will tell you who else you should see, kin perhaps less well known to you.

**Ask Others to Help You**

A family folklore collection can be a group activity. Brothers and sisters, parents and children can do folklore collecting together. Visiting other relatives with the purpose of taping their stories or making movies of a Christmas tree decorating party can be an experience of sharing as well as recording family traditional life.

**Investigate the Family Records**

Letters, diaries, family Bibles, collections of family photographs, and memorabilia are all good sources in themselves for family lore. Family photographs are especially good aids for collecting family stories and verbal sketches of family characters. Get the person who keeps the family records and photographs to talk about them as well as let you see them.

**Respect the Family Privacy**

Collecting your own family folklife can be pleasant, entertaining, and full of sentiment as well as historical value. Sometimes what family collectors turn up, though, is sad, painful, illegal, or worse. There is usually no “lie” in the family lore about horse thieves or black sheep in the family background. People may tell you sad or painful experiences they don’t wish others in the family to hear or read in your folklore collection. Be sensitive enough to respect those wishes.

**Share What You Have Collected**

Family members who have told you their tales and sung you their songs will be delighted to see and hear what you have put together from your collector’s notes, tape recordings, and photographs. Let them know when you are finished. Let them see what you have done. Finally, the work you do in recording family traditions can be an important link between generations or a bridge across distances which separate far-flung branches of the family. Family tradition changes a bit with each season, each generation, of the family tree. Your folklore collection can preserve some of the color and texture of family lives and lore in this time, this season of the family.
The Baldwin Era: Six Years of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal*  

By Thomas McGowan

In presenting the Brown-Hudson Folklore Award to Karen Baldwin in 1992, Polly Stewart, folklorist at Salisbury State University, commented, “Anyone who has the privilege of experiencing the artistry of a Baldwin project is richer for it, both intellectually and esthetically” (54). Stewart’s words clearly apply to the six volumes of the *North Carolina Folklore Journal* produced under Baldwin’s editorship. Those volumes cover a range of genres, pay special attention to the variety of folk arts in North Carolina and of our state’s folk groups, and promote the thoughtful interpretation and appreciation of regional folklore. Karen took over the journal in a time of transition for the North Carolina Folklore Society, maintained its publication in a time when other regional journals were folding, and has contributed to the scholarship and promotion of folk arts. Her accomplishments reflect in special ways on her professions as folklorist and teacher and on East Carolina University.

Karen’s first two issues appeared with colorful cover photographs illustrating important traditional arts in eastern North Carolina. For us who have worked with Karen, the house scene on the cover of *NCFJ* 45.1 and Lester Gay’s whirligigs on 45.2 are also reminders of Karen’s artful organizing of our Society’s spring meeting in 1992.

*Frame photo: Collage of NCFJ issues edited by Karen Baldwin.*

*Thomas McGowan is former editor of the North Carolina Folklore Journal and Professor of English at Appalachian State University.*
Nametags for that event featured a drawing by artist David Norris of a Pitt County farm scene, and colorful windmills and other ingenious wind-powered crafts greeted our arrival at ECU’s Willis Center by the Greenville riverfront.

The two issues covered plenty of ground. Number One, *The North Carolina Coastal Folklife Survey*, incorporated the important field collecting of three folklorists working for the Folklife Section of the North Carolina Arts Council in six coastal plain counties. That work led to the Society’s meeting in Plymouth in 1999, and besides focusing on important and often little-recognized local traditions also showed the productiveness of joining resources for study in North Carolina. The then-young folklorists whose work was featured in that issue have gone on to important leadership roles in our state folklore society, and the issue showed the productive interaction of a state agency, UNC Curriculum in Folklore graduates, our Society publications, and editorial hands at the state Arts Council’s Folklife Section, East Carolina University, and Appalachian State University. The methods, critical distinctions, and beautiful photography of the issue also deserve comment.

Karen’s second issue in 1998 included thoughtful memorializing of local folk artists and state folklorists who had died recently, a continuing feature of the journal throughout her editorship. Sally Council’s article on the North Carolina Vietnam Veterans Memorial reconnected me in meaningful ways with a folk group that I belong to, and citations for two years of our Society’s awards reminded me of the range of interests among folklorists in North Carolina. Reading over Lucy Allen’s citation for the Alexander County First Sunday Singing Convention for the Community Traditions Award also was a reminder of Karen Baldwin’s role in establishing that award for an organization or local group to complement of the Brown-Hudson Folklore Award for individuals. The issue also contained a good collection of reviews of books and
records related to North Carolina folklife, needed and welcome scholarly attention because of the decline of published reviews in recent years. Both 1998 numbers also reflected a characteristic of Baldwin’s design for the journal: the use and placement of strikingly expressive photography. The second issue also incorporated the neat page design and running heads that became a trademark of the Baldwin-edited journal.

NCFJ’s 1999 issue, Volume 46, presented a challenge that Karen and her staff wrestled with long, hard, and expertly. That double issue organizes a 104-page index to the contents of thirty-eight years of the North Carolina Folklore Journal. As Baldwin notes in her Editor’s Foreword, during that period “vastly influential changes regarding ideas and approaches to representing and studying folk culture occurred in the academic and public sectors of folklore in the United States” (1). Her selection of categories for indexing, special attention to localities in that indexing, and thorough review of articles in the journal make this volume an indispensable resource for scholars and students of North Carolina folklife and for the examination of community culture and history. The logic and organization of entries allow a researcher to pinpoint items and access articles usefully. Indexing work can be dry and hard, but The Comprehensive Index: 1961-1998 provides a finding aid for the scholar or even the high school research paper writer, and I hope that some day the Society will transfer it to a Web-format to increase its availability and use.

Baldwin’s first 2000 issue took advantage of the convergence of media and talents in the study of the ballad and story of Frankie Silver. Baldwin’s personal connections with scholars and singers and her own emotional and intellectual reaction to the complexities of the retellings of the hanging of that tragic woman in Morganton enrich the issue. Comments in her Editor’s Foreword exemplify “her ability to provide moral and emotional support [and] verbal and analytic incisive-
ness,” excellences noted by Polly Stewart in that prophetic Brown-Hudson Folklore Award citation (55) and also show an attention to how such materials work in teaching folklore, a special dedication of Baldwin, who as teacher of teachers had contributed important directions and methods to a teacher’s manual on folk arts that she and Wandra Polk developed for the State Department of Public Instruction. Working closely with Daniel Patterson, Baldwin assembled an issue that productively accompanies the Tom Davenport film *The Ballad of Frankie Silver*. The issue includes a transcription of the film; important statements by ballad singer Bobby McMillon and filmmaker Davenport; essays by Dan and Beverly Patterson that include revealing comments on the continuation of Frankie Silver lore in contemporary contexts; and a final review by Polly Stewart, asking the Wife of Bath’s question of “Who painted the lion?” The design of the issue is also again notable with a striking two-color cover, helpful photographic illustrations, and another hallmark of Baldwin’s design style, pullouts of central quotes from articles to help focus the reading.

The cover of *NCFJ*’s second 2000 issue represents another quintessence of Baldwin’s editorial tenure and especially creative engagement with North Carolina folklife. A striking four-color expressionistic portrait of a John Kooner celebrator rendered by Linda Werthwein introduces an important restudy of the place of this figure in the traditions of African-Americans in North Carolina. Baldwin assembles a groundbreaking essay by Alice Eley Jones on African spiritualism in material culture, the republication of a study on the John Kooner figure by past journal editor Richard Walser, and a reflection by artist Werthwein on folkloric influences on her work and study that led to the cover painting. The number’s materials probably deserved labeling as a double issue: in addition to the striking section of John Kooner traditions and important new looks at African-American cultural expression, it also includes Society award citations, essays from the Society’s student contest, a continuation of Baldwin’s attention to reviews of publications and records, but also a new and notable addition to the review functions of the journal—an exhibition review by Jack Bernhardt and Todd West of “Health and Healing Experiences in North Carolina,” a program of the North
Carolina Museum of History in Raleigh. The variety of materials in this issue expresses the diversity of groups, forms, and folkloristic methodology in North Carolina. Its organization is a tribute to the editing and administrative abilities of Baldwin and her staff at East Carolina. Just reading the list of contributors and acknowledgments makes one former editor of the journal marvel at Baldwin’s putting all this together.

The 2001 double issue of the journal also shows Baldwin’s ability to work with others to present important new looks into regional folklore study. Working with South Carolina folklorists Stephen Criswell and John Michael Coggeshall as special coeditors, Baldwin publishes the results of an important conference in South Carolina that marked a kind of renaissance of organized folkloristics in that state. The issue provides a representative selection of folklore study in South Carolina including an excellent retrospective look at the development of folklore study in the South and in his own career by folklorist-historian Charles Joyner. The issue design continues Baldwin’s helpful photographs and pull-out quotations, and although hampered by new budgetary limits that cut out color photography on the cover, Focus on South Carolina presents a handsome, well-edited, and productive journal issue. A notable innovation on the masthead is Baldwin’s addition of “Spanish language consultant” Michael Schinasi to her staff.

The final two volumes of Baldwin’s editorial tenure include looks in new directions, retrospective looks back at important persons in folklife studies in the Carolinas, award citations that embody the range of folklife and folkloristic activities in North Carolina, and Karen’s own wonderfully documented essay that connects Louisiana Mardi Gras folklife with “Mardi Gras ‘downeast’ . . . an event with its own character, corps of revelers, and meaningful center” (“Cultural Tourists” 84). The issues continue characteristics of Baldwin’s editorial leadership and design creativity—attention to the many folk groups of the Carolinas, articles exemplifying the rich mix of folk cultures and genres, thoughtful personal gestures recognizing the work of others, the neat page format and telling quotation pullouts and photographs, plus attention to reviews and exhibits. The pages include significant memorials to nationally-noted figures Ray Hicks and
Tommy Thompson; the first publication of a documentary photograph taken by storyteller Orville Hicks and his first co-written article; a review essay of the writings of Cratis Williams, longtime veteran of the North Carolina Folklore Society, friend and colleague of its early leaders, and inspiration to contemporary Appalachian studies scholars; and important exhibit and books reviews—all supported by the striking design features and photography characteristic of Baldwin’s editorial hand and imagination. Number 49.1 includes a handsome front-cover photograph of singer-scholar Betty Smith, but also a neat pull-out quote on the back cover from an essay that she contributed to An Appalachian Symposium: Essays Written in Honor of Cratis Williams, another instance of the special research touch and sense of connection Baldwin brings to her work. This final set of Baldwin-edited issues, which connect folkloristic generations of the North Carolina Folklore Society, profit from Baldwin’s imaginative editorial management and her productive connections to folklorists and knowledge of regional traditions. Those relationships and her critical imagination also contribute to a kind of last hurrah by Baldwin, “Cultural Tourists at Mardi Gras—on the Cajun Prairie in Louisiana and ‘Downeast’ in North Carolina,” a groundbreaking study that connects new developments in regional cultural studies and community business promotion in surprising and revealing professional and personal ways.

Volumes 45 through 50 of the North Carolina Folklore Journal occupy 162 cubic inches of space on my library shelf. They form an interesting, at times surprising, and varied review of folklife and its study in the Carolinas shaped in special ways by the interests, special skills, networking contacts, and thoughtful care of Professor of English Karen Baldwin Era
Baldwin and the staff she organized in East Carolina’s English department. Reading through them reminds us of the work and love of Karen Baldwin, a notable editor and folklorist.

WORKS CITED


Barbara R. Duncan: Folklorist, Festival Organizer, Writer, and Musician

By Adrienne Hollifield

Barbara Duncan’s interest in folklore stems from her own heritage in the Appalachian Mountain region of Pennsylvania. Duncan moved to North Carolina 26 years ago. Since that time, she has been researcher, director, consultant, and instructor for a variety of projects promoting both Appalachian and Cherokee folklore.

As Coordinator of the Blue Ridge Teachers’ Network for the Foxfire Program, she taught teachers how to involve their students in pursuing the folklore traditions of their own families and communities. As project director for the Macon County Folk Artists in the Schools Program, Duncan researched and presented folk artists from the white, black, and Cherokee cultures. Although Macon County is relatively near the Qualla Boundary, the schools had never invited...
Cherokees to share their traditions. To ensure the continuation of the program after she left, Duncan developed folklore and folklife curriculums for teachers in the county, and created an archive for the research.

Since 1996 Barbara Duncan has been the Education Director, fundraiser, and folklorist at the Museum of the Cherokee Indian in Cherokee, North Carolina. Her work there is multifaceted. She researches aspects of Cherokee tradition; educates the public via festivals, exhibits, and classes; promotes educational activities for the public and for the Cherokee community; writes grants to continue research or start research on new topics; writes books and articles on Cherokee traditions; and creates outlets for booking speakers and performers from within the community.

In all of these activities, Duncan tries to listen to the priorities and concerns of the Cherokee people in shaping her work, following their agenda rather than her own. She has used her connections as a scholar to be a collaborator and a facilitator, while she stays in the background. In 2002, in response to a request from Cherokee potters, Duncan wrote grants to research the 3000-year-old tradition of stamped pottery. As a result, the Cherokee have now reconnected with a long-forgotten technique, and they are now producing that pottery themselves. In addition, students in the Cherokee schools are learning the stamped pottery technique. She was also helped reintroduce this style to the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma, reinforcing connections between the two groups.

In 2003, Tribal Council Member Marie Junaluska asked Duncan to help with research on traditional Cherokee dances that could be used to welcome visitors. Duncan worked with Museum Archivist Bo Taylor to find a description of Cherokee dance written by Henry Timberlake in 1762. She also discovered old wax cylinder recordings of related Cherokee songs at the Library of Congress. The dancers that were drawn to these descriptions and recordings realized, from their experiences with other traditional dance, that they were the old Cherokee War Dance. Inspired by these discoveries, they became the Warriors of AniKituhwa, designated Cultural Ambassadors of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians (EBCI), who are sponsored by the Museum of the Cherokee Indian. Duncan started booking them at festivals and events in 2004, and the group did more than a hundred dates from 2005 to 2007. In addition to workshops in the Cherokee community, which inspire Cherokee children to take part in their dance traditions, last year they took these uniquely Cherokee tradi-
tional dances to the Cherokee Nation in Oklahoma, to share the songs and dances. They have danced at Colonial Williamsburg, the Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian, and at events in Berlin, Quebec, and throughout the Southeast. Additionally, they have appeared in films and are the focus of an award-winning advertising campaign that promotes heritage tourism in Cherokee. They are bringing back dances that haven’t been done in a generation or more, based on research into the songs, descriptions, and the dancers’ own reflections of their experiences as children dancing with elders like Richard Crowe and Johnson Sequoyah.

Along with Bo Taylor and Bullet Standingdeer, Duncan also researched eighteenth-century Cherokee clothing for the AniKituwah Dancers. Their project provided various examples of historically accurate clothing styles that were adopted not only by the Warriors of AniKituhwa, but also at the Oconoluftee Indian Village, in the newly revised outdoor drama *Unto These Hills*, and by the Miss Cherokee Pageant. Workshops in both Oklahoma and North Carolina now

Barbara R. Duncan at the Carolina Mountains Literary Festival, Burnsville, N.C., 12 Sept. 2008. Photo courtesy of Bob Yankle, Principal Photographer, NCSSAR.
educate Cherokee seamstresses about these historically accurate styles, so that they might incorporate them into their ongoing traditions.

Another exciting area of Cherokee culture that Duncan has been exploring has to do with the Cherokee language. Duncan sought funding for, and is director of, an NEH project for Documenting Endangered Languages at the museum. The project has digitized more than 8,000 pages of Cherokee language materials, which will become part of a permanent digital library at the Museum of the Cherokee Indian. Other language projects include her coordination of the Yonaguska Literature Initiative through the museum, which produced a Cherokee language translation of *Thirteen Moons*, a novel by Charles Frazier translated by Myrtle Driver Johnson. This is the first novel translated into any American Indian language. In a similar vein, when Duncan discovered that only two people in Cherokee could still make traditional river cane baskets, she set out, with the Qualla Arts and Crafts Mutual, to revive the tradition by setting up classes so that others could learn and carry on the practice.

Barbara Duncan has written a number of books that will be of enduring interest to Cherokees and those interested in Cherokee folklife and culture. Her *Living Stories of the Cherokee* and *The Origin of the Milky Way and Other Living Stories of the Cherokee* capture not only the prose stories of the Cherokee tradition, but its cadence as well. By putting prose into lines like poetry, she shows the rhythm of the storyteller’s speech and language. Freeman Owle, a storyteller presented in both of the books (who is himself a Brown-Hudson Award-winner, whose citation was written by Barbara Duncan), said that Duncan’s book “gave us a lot of credibility” as keepers of the storytelling tradition. He credits Duncan with also starting a Cherokee Artists Directory, a resource of authentic Cherokee people doing authentic arts. Owle speaks in awe of Duncan’s “unselfishness,” saying that “her hand is always aimed in the direction of empowering native people.” Another book by Duncan, *Cherokee Heritage Trails Guidebook*, coauthored with Brett Riggs, was pivotal to Western North Carolina being designated as the Blue Ridge National Heritage Area. Her most recent book, *The Origin of the Milky Way*, presents traditional Cherokee stories organized by themes explained in her brief introductions with illustrations by Eastern Band artist Shan Goshorn. It was “highly recommended” by Oyate, an organization dedicated to eliminating stereotypes of American Indians.
Even more than her long list of credits and accomplishments, it is her good-heartedness that has endeared her to the people with whom she has been working for so many years. Bullet Standingdeer said that Duncan proceeds with a real love of the people and with great humility. “She has done this in such a silent manner,” Standingdeer said. He says that Duncan makes little show of her work: “She gives so much to the people without them knowing it was given,” he said. Freeman Owle gives, perhaps, the best testament to Duncan’s work when he points out that Native Americans are the smallest minority, being about 1% of the total U.S. population. Barbara, he said, has “taken a very small voice and made it into a voice that can be heard.”
2008 Community Traditions Award
Sandhills Family Heritage Association

By Monica McCann,
The Conservation Fund’s
Resourceful Communities Program

Located in the Sandhills region of North Carolina, the Sandhills Family Heritage Association (SFHA) works to preserve the unique natural and cultural heritage of African-American families in the Sandhills region, while also carrying on those traditions that have helped sustain the community and culture for hundreds of years. Environmental conservationists have long recognized the Sandhills region as one of the most distinctive and endangered ecosystems in North Carolina and the country. The unique African-American culture that flourishes here is, likewise, nationally significant. The Sandhills Family Heritage Association recognizes that the preservation of its culture is inextricably linked to the land and its residents’ ability to live self-sufficiently from that land. As a result, this grassroots organization’s work focuses on building what are called “Community Frame photo: Collards at a Sandhills Family Heritage Association Farmer’s Market. Photo by Resourceful Communities Program staff.

Resourceful Communities has worked for more than fifteen years in distressed communities throughout North Carolina to build successful working partnerships with more than 200 grassroots organizations. Collectively, the program has helped partners create over 160 new businesses and 430 jobs that are demonstrating economic, social and environmental returns-on-investment in our state’s most isolated rural areas. For more information, visit <www.resourcefulcommunities.org>.

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ties of HOPE" through heritage preservation, ownership of land, public education, and economic development, all of which are interconnected goals given the nature of African-American culture in the Sandhills region.

**Heritage Preservation**

The Sandhills Family Heritage Association was established, in part, to reverse the mainstream "historical memory" that largely overlooks the significance and contributions of African Americans to the Sandhills region. The SFHA works to preserve its communities’ history and culture through a variety of methods that highlight and showcase the folklife and rich cultural heritage of local African-American people, including the collecting of oral history, the promotion of heritage tourism, and the organization of the Sandhills Sankofa Festival. SFHA has conducted and recorded over 130 oral history interviews that document the lifestyles, livelihoods, land-based activities, and stories of African-American families and communities dating back to slavery. These stories range from the simple but significant everyday struggles of farming in white America to agricultural, forestry, and other land-based and technical innovations created by African Americans in the Sandhills. The SFHA has also developed African-American heritage tours that educate, celebrate, and showcase the achievements of African Americans dating from the time of slavery to the present. The organization has also developed a tour and heritage site at their community center, which includes a replica of the historic Plank Road and a brush arbor, which ties in with the beginnings of local African-American churches. A second tour, which was featured in the National Travel Media Showcase’s annual meeting held in Fayetteville in 2006, educates visitors about African-American sites and contributions in the region. Finally, the SFHA organizes the Sandhills Sankofa Festival, which celebrated its sixth anniversary this past fall in Spring Lake, N.C. This festival has served as a means to celebrate and promote the music, dance, crafts, food, and other cultural traditions of African Americans in the Sandhills.

**Ownership of Land**

The Sandhills Family Heritage Association focuses much of its efforts on the land and cultural connections to the land that have sustained its communities for generations. To the African-American families of the Sandhills, land was not just soil; it was their food supply, their home, and their source of income, medicine, and recreation. Land was the center of family and community life. Elders who...
had little or no formal education were able to leave a legacy of knowledge and wisdom about the land and how to use it to enhance their families’ quality of life. This collective knowledge was passed down from generations dating back to slavery and, before that, to Africa. This makes SFHA’s work toward halting the rapid loss of African-American-owned land even more important. Through seminars, workshops, publications, and other means, SFHA educates African-American landowners about the long history of African-American land ownership in the region, while also providing tools to help sus-
tain land ownership and cultural traditions of land stewardship. Over 700 people have attended SFHA’s educational workshops on a variety of topics including traditional gardening practices, legal issues of land ownership, land management, forest stewardship traditions, and more.

Mattie Williams at the Sandhills Family Heritage Association’s Heritage Tour. 23 August 2006. Photo by Ammie Jenkins, SFHA.
PUBLIC EDUCATION

The Sandhills Family Heritage Association recognizes that helping to carry on the unique traditions of the African-American Sandhills community is as important as the work they do to preserve them. For this reason, much of SFHA’s efforts focus on ensuring that the history they preserve is not only recognized by the wider public, but is also actively passed on to future generations. SFHA established an innovative gardening project that paired up community elders and youth to preserve, pass on, and document cultural traditions of gardening and “gleaning” (sharing excess crops with less-fortunate neighbors). In addition to this project, SFHA has created a variety of public education tools. These include the dissemination of SFHA oral histories through workshops, seminars and publications, including a DVD, Our Land, Our Community, Our Family Heritage, about the importance of land to the African-American community. They also include the publication of a book, Healing from the Land, that documents folk medicine traditions commonly used in the community. Finally, community members participated in an asset-mapping project, in which community members identified hundreds of historic lands, events, people, and businesses that are the foundation of African-American communities in the Sandhills.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

The SFHA is a unique organization in that it sees the goals of economic development and heritage preservation as inextricably linked. Because African Americans in this region have a long tradition of economic self-sufficiency that is tied to the land, part of the preservation of African-American heritage involves the cultivation and re-awakening the entrepreneurial spirit that sustained the community for so long. SFHA believes that the perfect model for community revitalization is found in its own rural ancestry. When the community looked at Manchester, an African-American community in the Sandhills, during their asset mapping project, they noticed that almost every parcel of land had some sort of entrepreneurial business attached to it—a barber shop, beauty salon, garage, dressmaker, grocery store, or other business. The community was almost totally self-sufficient, a tradition that has been significantly weakened by global economic trends. SFHA works to regain this self-sufficiency by focusing efforts on initiatives and programs that build support for community-level entrepreneurship. For example, SFHA uses heritage tourism to preserve African-American culture, while providing
entrepreneurial opportunities for community members through historical re-enactments, guided tours, and family reunion services. Proposed renovations of the old community civic building include plans for a small business incubator and commercial kitchen to support community-based cultural enterprises. Finally, a farmer’s market at the Sandhills Heritage Center site provides a market for landowners in the region to generate income by continuing traditions of gardening and gleaning on their lands.

The spirit and purpose of the Sandhills Family Heritage Association is embodied in the organization’s emblem, the Sankofa Bird. Visually and symbolically, Sankofa is expressed as a mythical bird that flies forward while looking backward with an egg (symbolizing the future) in its mouth. The concept of Sankofa is derived from King Adinkera of the Akan people of West Africa. Sankofa is expressed in the Akan language as “se wo were fi na wosan kofa a yenki.” Literally translated, “it is not taboo to go back and fetch what you forgot.” Sankofa teaches us that we must go back to our roots in order to move forward. SFHA is helping community members reach back and gather the best of what the past has to teach in order to achieve full potential in moving forward. Whatever has been lost, forgotten, forgone or stripped, can be reclaimed, revived, preserved, and perpetuated.

The Sandhills Family Heritage Association is both unique and effective in their approaches to preserving African-American cultural traditions. Their effectiveness was showcased nationally in 2007 when a segment on the work of SFHA and Executive Director Ammie Jenkins was televised on PBS’ Jim Lehrer News Hour. Now their groundbreaking work in preserving and sustaining the cultural traditions of African Americans in the Sandhills is also recognized by the North Carolina Folklore Society’s 2008 Community Traditions Award.
Playing Croquet until Dark: 
Voices of Portsmouth Islanders

By David Cecelski

In memory of Karen Baldwin

This is a story about the passage of time and impermanence and what, if anything, lives after us. The setting is Portsmouth Island, one of the Outer Banks, and a village that was founded there in 1754, peaked at roughly 600 residents a century later, and was abandoned in 1971. If you go to Portsmouth today, you have to take a boat from Ocracoke Island, on the other side of the inlet. When you arrive at the island dock, you will discover a half-dozen old homes, a school building, a Methodist church, and a few cemeteries, all looking as if local residents might just have stepped down to the shore for an hour or two and might be back any time.

My occasion for talking about Portsmouth is my stranding a few weeks ago on Roanoke Island, home of the Outer Banks History Center. I was between two destinations and I finally had a couple of days for exploring an extraordinary oral history collection housed there. I’m referring to a unique group of approximately 100 oral history interviews funded by the National Park Service and focusing

Frame photo: Tent scene at Portsmouth Island Homecoming, 22 April 2006. Photo by Connie Mason.

A native of Craven County, Dr. Cecelski is the author of many books and articles on the North Carolina coast, including The Waterman’s Song: Slavery and Freedom in Maritime North Carolina. This essay was originally presented as the keynote lecture at the North Carolina Folklore Society’s annual meeting in Fountain, N.C. on 29 March 2008.

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on the islands that make up the Cape Lookout National Seashore and the Cape Hatteras National Seashore. Those interviews were conducted between 1968 and 1985. The interviewers included a group of very talented folklorists, including Connie Mason, a Crab Point native who was later the curator of collections at the North Carolina Maritime Museum, and Bill Mansfield, of Raleigh, a gifted graduate of the UNC Curriculum in Folklore.

I had wanted to listen to those interviews for years. They were recorded before so much of traditional coastal life was on the edge of being destroyed and so are especially precious. No oral history project today can retrace their path. All but a few of the people interviewed have now passed away. Several of the villages where they were born and lived and died are now gone. Quite a few of the islands where they lived are now abandoned or, some would say, worse, obliterated by condominiums and beach developments.

Dot Salter, oldest former resident of Portsmouth Island, at the Island Homecoming, 22 April 2006. Photo by Connie Mason.
I also knew that they went deep into the past. The oldest inter-
view, in fact, was with a 99-year-old man, Fred Gillikin, who was born
on Portsmouth Island in 1878. When he was interviewed at his home
in Smyrna in 1977, Mr. Gillikin was still as sharp as a tack. His inter-
view describes his years oyster dredging on Pamlico Sound in the
1890s and his career in the U.S. Life Saving Service beginning in
January of 1900. Mr. Gillikin served at Core Banks, Cape Lookout,
and Fort Macon and retired in 1939. That’s roughly when today’s
oldest coastal residents begin their life stories.

In this article, I would like to tell you a little bit about what I
learned from Mr. Gillikin and the other gentlemen and ladies who
generously shared their stories with the folklorists employed by the
National Park Service. I would like to share with you an admittedly
personal and pretty eclectic take on what I discovered in them about
our maritime past and folkways and, for want of a more delicate way
of putting it, the way things come to an end.

The first thing to acknowledge is that the people who shared
their stories with those folklorists were describing a different world.
Most of us take that notion for granted when we contemplate life a
century ago, but I think that relatively few of us truly comprehend
the reality of it or we would be more inclined to studying the mate-
rial world and technology of that earlier age and the relics which are
all we have left to decipher it. Suffice it to say, they lived in an age
before petroleum. Most power was still generated by livestock, wind,
or water. Refrigeration, electricity, telephones, indoor plumbing, and
state ferries to the mainland all lay in their futures. One’s knowledge
of the varieties of, and cures for, cattle constipation made you a more
valuable member of their society than your knowledge of spelling or
the stock market. On Portsmouth, one world, that of the Age of Sail,
was crumbling. The village had been in a state of perpetual decline
since the Civil War. And what the islanders considered the “old ways”
—what we might call “traditional culture”—had very little to do with
what we would call them today.

The most traditional boat at Ocracoke Inlet, for instance, was
called a cooner. A cooner was a distinct kind of regional dug-out
workboat made out of two logs joined by a keel log and then decked
and fitted with masts. Lee Daniels, a retired Coast Guardsmen born
on Cedar Island, for example, clearly recalled his father’s cooner.
Long before Down East boat builders created what are now consid-
ered the region’s classic work boats early in the twentieth century,
the cooner and its larger cousin, the “periauger,” were the classic workboats in North Carolina. However, nobody alive today has seen a cooner or periauger on the water. None is preserved in a museum. And only a handful of people have ever seen the ruins of one (and known what they were looking at). According to Mike Alford, the foremost authority of historic wooden boats in North Carolina, Daniels’s interview provides what is likely the single best description of a cooner’s construction in existence.

These interviews are full of such little gems. The earliest ones also speak to a broader historical experience, the Age of Sail, and its decline. Even in Lee Daniels’ lifetime, he recalled seeing, in a single glance, “five and six, 4-masted schooners, trying to beat up the coast.” That world had largely disappeared by the 1920s. Yet, according to their sons and daughters, their fathers almost to a one had worked on merchant sailing vessels in their younger days. That was true in
Portsmouth as well as in Ocracoke, on the other side of the inlet. Fanny Pearl Fulcher, a schoolteacher from Ocracoke, told a familiar story about her father. “When he was sixteen,” she said, “he went away to work on a vessel, as most of the boys did at Ocracoke.” She remembered “hearing him talk all my life about St. Kitts, Dominica and Puerto Rico.”

Many island men, like Fanny Pearl Fulcher’s father, worked in the “West Indian trade,” as it was called. Others, like the father of another interviewee, Ocracoker Ben Salter, were sailors in the shipping trade that plied up and down the Eastern Seaboard. Salter’s father ran lumber to Maine and often returned on ships laden with ice cut out of Bay State lakes and preserved in a ship’s hold packed in saw dust.

The West Indian trade and the “coastwise”—Eastern Seaboard—trade shaped every aspect of Outer Banks life. In his father’s day, Portsmouth Islander Steve Roberts, born in 1902, explained that, “They went from Portsmouth to the West Indies and East Indies and brought all the different things that people ate.” Yes, they ate oysters, clams and fish. But just as often, and more reliably, they dined on foods preserved, in his words, in “vinegar and molasses and molasses hogsheads. Vinegar was in bottles. And there was cider...We got that in bottles and got pork in bottles and I don’t know how many different things to eat came in bottles.”
In addition to shaping the island’s diet, the sea trade added a convivial bellicosity to nineteenth-century island life. Marion Gray Babb was one of several interviewees who recalled their elders telling stories about “Washington Row,” a section of taverns frequented by sailors. Those taverns were emblematic of that earlier age, reaching well into the eighteenth century, when hundreds of merchant sailing vessels annually lightered their cargos and picked up pilots at Portsmouth and Ocracoke. Lightering, overhauling seagoing vessels, and entertaining their crews were the village’s mainstays. We might be seduced by its isolation and emptiness when we visit Portsmouth today, but back then those sailors would have come from all over the Americas, Europe, and the Pacific; spoken many languages; and represented many races and cultures. By the time that Marion Gray Babb was born, however, Ocracoke Inlet had shoaled up, the merchant sea trade had disappeared, and the taverns and sailors were gone. Instead of foreign mariners, a far more likely visitor in her younger days would have been one of the gangs of oystermen from Core Sound or Hatteras who came and lived and worked on Portsmouth during the winter.

Another thing that I relished in these interviews is the revelation of moments when you can actually see momentous change. We are always taught that most historical transformations occur gradually and reflect broad social changes, and that is of course often true. On the other hand, we who grew up on the coast and lived through hurricanes understand that change is often sudden, unexpected, and cataclysmic. And we have also learned these last few years that Nature holds no monopoly as a force that shatters the old ways and turns our world upside down overnight.

Consider, for instance, a story that Lionel Gilgo told in the interviews about a winter day on Pamlico Sound in 1918 or 1919. Gilgo, who is still alive, heard this story from his father, Lionel Gilgo, Sr., and other Portsmouth Islanders. According to him, a crowd of Portsmouth Island oystermen was working over a place called Cross Rock, maneuvering their sailing skiffs over the oyster beds and wielding heavy tongs to wrestle the oysters out of the cold water and into their boats. All of a sudden, according to Gilgo, they heard a strange noise in the distance. They looked up from their work and paused, tongs in hand, and made out a faint thump, thump, thump over the sound of the wind and waves. The noise was coming out of southwest, in the direction of Core Sound, and moving toward them, but they, in his words, “kept looking and couldn’t see a thing in the world.”
They stood in their boats and watched the horizon and waited as the strange thump, thump, thump grew louder. Finally, they followed the sound to the channel by the old fish factory on Casey’s Island and made out a boat coming through the channel. She had neither sails nor oars, but was cutting through the waves and throwing up salt spray. “There come a skiff and nobody a poling it nor a rowing it,” Gilgo recalled the oystermen thinking. “Everybody,” he said, “laid their oyster tongs down and just gazed at that boat coming.”

The strange sight turned out to be Bill Gaskill, an Ocracoke fisherman traveling home from Beaufort, and they were witnessing the first gasoline motor ever seen at Ocracoke Inlet. “That was,” Gilgo remembered, “the most amazing thing they ever saw in their life.” By nightfall, one of the oystermen, Dave Salter, had ordered a gasoline engine for himself. Eager to put the Age of Sail behind them—those who romanticize that era are usually people like us, who never had to make a living on a sailing vessel—the younger fishermen were all soon sporting gasoline motors. Parts of daily life as tangible as boat design, fishing gear, and culinary practices and as intangible as their sense of time and their relationship with Nature changed virtually overnight. At Ocracoke Inlet, that instant was the end of the Age of
Sail, the beginning of the Age of Petroleum. While we knew of course that one age passed into another, I suspect that we could not fully appreciate its meaning if Lionel Gilgo had not crystallized so well for us that world-shattering transformation into that one little moment.

Another thing that impressed me about the interviews is how well they capture a more recent Portsmouth, the village of the early twentieth century, after the Age of Sail. At that time, the village was declining, but still stubbornly holding onto its fragile island world. For the men and women interviewed, this was the Portsmouth of their youth. Most recalled the time around the turn of the century when the village still boasted several stores, a church, a grist mill, a post office, and a Coast Guard station. By then, a growing number of islanders lived by fishing, oyster, and clamming, something that nobody at Ocracoke Inlet could do prior to 1880. But by the early 1900s, oyster buy-boats visited regularly from as far away as Chesapeake Bay, a menhaden fish factory had opened at Casey Island, and a clam cannery at Ocracoke, so the islanders also had markets for their fresh catches for the first time.

The oral histories also reveal that that generation of Portsmouth Islanders (those of roughly 1900 to 1930) lived off the sea no less than their ancestors. One can scarcely separate any part of their lives from the sea. They built their homes out of the decks and planking of wrecked ships. “[You’d] pick up boards from wrecks [and] use that to burn and cook with, and you didn’t have to buy anything except coffee,” Roberts recalled. “If a ship come ashore like the John I Snow [which wrecked in 1907], …you got enough to last you half your life.”

Their needs were relatively simple. “You had to buy white beans,” Roberts said, referring to a dish that one hardly thinks of as classic coastal cuisine any longer. Not so then: “White beans was the biggest dish there was in that day,” he continued. Chicken and white beans, he said, was the most cherished Sunday dinner. “And collards if you could get them,” chimed in Joseph Morgan, another Portsmouth Islander, born around 1900, who was interviewed at the same time as Roberts.

In their lives, the sea was bones and sinew. The Portsmouth Islanders heated their cottages and cooked with driftwood and wreck planks. They mulched their gardens with seaweed. They dined all winter on waterfowl and nearly every islander made an important, extra bit of money raising “live decoys,” which were Canada geese with clipped wings that hunters used to entice wild geese into shot-
gun range. (I would have loved to see the autumn “goose round-up,” when they drove several hundred Canada geese, already marked as to ownership, out of the salt marshes and into a pen on the property of George Gilgo, a local waterman renowned for his way with the birds. There they were divided up and sold to hunters.)

Their reliance on the sea went, literally, to the foundations of island homes. One of the islanders, Ada Roberts Styron, recalled how, when she was a girl, they used whalebone to reinforce the construction of what they called “storm houses,” village homes that were structurally reinforced and used as places of safe refuge for villagers during hurricanes. On a low-lying island like Portsmouth, where storms like the ’33 hurricane flooded homes, in Ms. Styron’s words, “up to the beds,” that extra strength could be a matter of life and death. During her youth, Portsmouth had three such “storm houses” put together with wooden pegs and whalebones.

Another thing that I like about hearing so many interviews from a single community is that you get to hear different aspects of some of the more memorable individuals and gradually build your own vision of them. Two among the Portsmouth Islanders especially stood out to me. The first is a cantankerous, plain-spoken old bachelor named Sam Tolson, who, when most of the interviewees were young, was the island’s oldest resident. He was a small, stooped-over fellow who walked with a cane. But in his younger days, he apparently had more than a passing resemblance to the dashing John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln’s assassin and, while in New Bern in the spring of 1865, was accused of being Booth and jailed until John Wallace, Portsmouth’s leading merchant, traveled to New Bern and vouched for him.

Sam Tolson’s talent on the dance floor was legendary. He enthralled one and all with his dancing ability. Under the influence of (in order of his preference) laudanum, vapor drops, or paregoric, the old curmudgeon apparently did a soft shoe with such grace and balance that, as an islander named Steve Roberts attested, Tolson “could dance with a glass of water on his head without spilling it.” According to the other islanders, he even carried dancing slippers in his pocket wherever he went, so that he would not have muddy shoes in case he happened upon a dance. All agreed that he was irascible, plainspoken until it hurt, and was, at times, almost a hermit. “Everybody knew of his peculiar ways,” Roberts said, “but everybody liked him.”

Their recollections of a very different individual also stay with me. Her name was Lizzie Pigott and she was a member of the island’s
only African-American family early in the twentieth century. (Approximately a third of the islanders were slaves in 1810, but nearly all left during the Civil War.) Ms. Pigott and her family were consigned to the back pew at the Methodist church and had to be mindful of a Southern color line that frayed, but did not totally vanish, there on the sea’s edge. Nonetheless, she hardly lived the life of a typical Southern woman, black or white.

She and her sister were oyster-women: not cannery oyster shuckers or oyster hawkers, like many black towns­women in that day, but working oyster-women. Many considered oystering the hardest, most dangerous job on Pamlico Sound. Yet Pigott and her sister, Rachel, Lionel Gilgo recalled, “used to oyster just like men.” They had their own sail skiff and tongs and, as Gilgo remembered, “They’d go out on oyster bottoms, oyster all day long, go aboard the oyster [buy] boats and put their oysters out and come back to shore, just like men did.”

Lizzie Pigott was also renowned for playing the accordion, her hymn-singing voice, being the island’s only haircutter, and making the island’s best light rolls, the classic Down East yeast bread, a rather beguiling group of talents in my mind. According to the islanders interviewed by the NPS folklorists, she also grew some of the island’s loveliest flowers and was a compulsively strict, clean, fastidious homemaker who once wouldn’t let her sister from New York City into her house until she had taken a bath.

And then there is the islanders’ fervor for croquet. Somehow, before listening to these interviews, when I thought of that harsh, wind-swept landscape and all those mosquitoes, that remote island of rugged individualists, that village of crusty oystermen with biceps as big as ham hocks and old sailors’ wives who could gut a sea turtle faster than you can blink, I did not anticipate a passion for a British yard game.

“That was the only recreation we had,” an old fisherman exclaimed. “We took that serious, too, I’m telling you. We’d play 4 or 5 hours one game...If it got dark on us and we were playing a game, [the balls and wickets] were left there, as is, and [we] ...started [again] the next afternoon.” Perhaps because they did not have enough children on the island to play the more popular team sports on the mainland, the islanders’ ardor for croquet comes up again and again in the interviews.

When the islanders who told their stories were young, the village boasted three croquet diamonds. That would have been roughly between 1910 and 1940, when the village only had two or three hun-
dred inhabitants. A fourth croquet diamond was also located at the Coast Guard station. “Sometimes,” another retired fisherman recalled, “we’d go down and challenge them.”

Judging from the interviews, the islanders gladly traveled a lot farther than the Coast Guard station for the chance to play a few wickets. They challenged teams from all up and down the Banks and they’d take the mail boat to engage in spirited contests with them. “There were people that would gather to them matches, I’m telling you, just like they do baseball today,” Lionel Gilgo recalled. “The field would be full of people.”

The village champion was a man named Wash Roberts, an oysterman. Gilgo remembered when Roberts took the mailboat all the way to Marshallberg, on Core Sound, to play their champion and defend the island’s honor. Roberts won the match and, when he returned, Gilgo recalled, “We give him a celebration.”

Maybe that’s a good place to leave the islanders, playing croquet until dark on a hot breezy summer day, a crowd gathered around the diamond and spiritedly cheering their champion. Perhaps Lizzie Pigott is sitting on her front porch and softly singing a hymn while she watches them. Maybe Sam Tolson is standing by the counter at Dixon’s Store—his favorite haunt, unless there was dancing to be had—and the aroma of white beans and chicken simmering is in the air. We can leave them there in our minds at least, back before the ’33 storm and the way it devastated the oyster grounds and the eel grass beds. We can leave them there before the grist mill was shut down, and before the fish factory, the general store, the school, the Coast Guard station, and, finally, in 1959, the post office, all closed. We can leave them there before the island only had three residents, the ones of my childhood: Lizzie Pigott’s brother, Henry, and two older ladies, Elma Dixon and Marion Babb. We can leave them there before the village is uninhabited, the island deserted. We can leave them back before we all who have called that coast home realized how frail our hold on it is, how much like the Portsmouth Islanders we may yet be.
Ballads & Bytes: The Digitally Reproduced Folksong Collections of Dr. I. G. Greer and Dr. W. Amos Abrams

By Paul L. Robertson

In March 2006, the W. L. Eury Appalachian Collection at Appalachian State University’s Carol Grotnes Belk Library and Information Commons offered me an adjunct faculty position for the purpose of digitizing the folksong collections of two former university icons, Dr. Isaac Garfield (I. G. or “Ike”) Greer (1881-1967) and Dr. William Amos (“Doc”) Abrams (1905-1991). The project was entitled “So Mote It Ever Be: The Folksong Heritage of North Carolina’s Northern Blue Ridge Mountains.” The process would entail scanning each unique textual document in these collections (using North Carolina Exploring Cultural Heritage Online [NC-ECHO] guidelines), transcribing the texts in plain text word processing format, digitally recording the analog field recordings, and compiling metadata for these items (such as informants, geographic associations, and scholarly classification schemes). Although originally funded for six months by a Blue Ridge National Heritage grant, the project has continued on for two-and-a-half years.


Paul L. Robertson (MA Appalachian Studies, Appalachian State University) has taught courses in English, Appalachian Studies, and Women’s Studies at Appalachian State University. Currently, he maintains the “So Mote It Ever Be: The Folksong Heritage of North Carolina’s Blue Ridge Mountains” on-line digital collection and provides media preservation and digitization support for Special Collections at the Carol Grotnes Belk Library and Information Commons.

NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE JOURNAL 55.2
“So Mote It Ever Be” (hereafter referred to as “SMIEB”) is the pilot digitization project for Appalachian State University’s Documenting Appalachia on-line exhibit, loosely modeled on the University of North Carolina’s Documenting the American South. Since the inception of SMIEB, Documenting Appalachia has added the Appalachian State University Historical Photographs Collection and Appalachian Ethnicity Resources. Beginning this fall, the university will begin digitizing Blue Ridge Views, the video collection of area television “videographer” Chuck Hemrick. Other future projects may involve holdings from the university library’s Stock Car Racing Collection. Consideration has also been given to constructing an on-line collection of materials (photos, letters, oral history interviews) of Vietnam War veterans of the Appalachian region.

In this article, I would like to provide a brief overview of the SMIEB collection. A project of this size and breadth entails a massive commitment of both scholarly and technical resources, especially if the end product is to be truly comprehensive. Although I do not intend this piece to be a technical manual on the digitization of such a manuscript repository, I do wish to emphasize that the challenges of scholarly research into such an exhibit are frequently inextricable from more mundane process issues. For more information about the technical aspects of rare document digitization, please see my article in the Summer 2008 Journal for the Society of North Carolina Archivists.

The Isaac Garfield (I. G.) Greer Folksong Collection

The folksong collection of Dr. I. G. Greer contains many documents both unique in content and aesthetically interesting as artifacts. Comprising the collection are original late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century lyric manuscripts, handwritten sheet music, meticulous lyric typescripts (often with associated carbon duplicates), and handwritten sheet music. In fact, there are numerous late nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century manuscripts acquired by Dr. Greer that passed through other hands before reaching his. For instance, in the document “Briscom Farmer,” Variant 1, the note “Written for a friend/Sallie Triplett/ for Miss Effie Allen” follows the song text. Furthermore, Miss Allen’s name and rudimentary address on the reverse side imply that the document was mailed to her. As Miss Allen was at one point a student of Dr. Greer’s at the Appalachian Training School for Teachers, perhaps he (like Dr. Abrams) encouraged or assigned his students to collect ballads in their home
Page 3 from the manuscript of “The Brown Girl,” written by John Bunyan Davis, 2 March 1853, Grassy Creek, Ashe County, N.C.
locales, or perhaps to contribute ballad texts already in their respective collections. Other documents, like the elaborately “illuminated” 1853 manuscript “The Brown Girl,” Variant 4, have an unknown provenance.

Dr. Greer’s collection contains typescripts of published eighteenth- and nineteenth-century poetry. For example, his collection includes four works by the Irish poet Thomas More: “Farewell to Thee, Araby’s Daughter,” “Fly to the Desert,” “I Saw Thy Form in Youthful Prime,” and “Then, Fare Thee Well.” Works by Robert Burns, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Samuel Wordsworth are also present. Greer seems to have been attempting to reclaim a Euro-aristocratic context for his North Carolina texts. Perhaps the inclusion of these poetic works indicates an effort to draw thematic parallels.

There are the pages of at least one handwritten lyric book and two handwritten sheet music books in the collection. The existence of these documents in the collection highlighted a major obstacle in transforming the Greer collection into a digital exhibit. At some point during the early 1970s, all the documents in the Greer folksong collection were fed through a roll laminate machine. To facilitate this procedure, these bound ballad books were cut apart at their bindings. In some instances, it appears that the pages were actually torn from their bindings. In these good faith efforts at preservation, the original context of these documents was lost, or, at the very least, compromised. Furthermore, the lamination itself was executed in a less than ideal manner: corners of document leaves were folded into the laminate; a whole document was sandwiched between two other leaves; and lamination creases (possibly caused by unnecessary roller tension of the lamination machine) now obscure portions of text. The lamination adhesive also impregnates the paper itself. Owing to the tiny weaves comprising the medium, this problem may doubly afflict the high quality bond-like writing paper common among the late nineteenth- and early twentieth-century documents in the Greer collection. Thus, as the laminate degrades, so too does the document to which it is attached (Guidelines). As well-intentioned as the origins of this travesty were, it is still quite painful to see this version of the “The Brown Girl” forever enclosed behind clear plastic.

The Greer collection holds a multitude of typewritten texts. Many appear to be copies, sometimes corrected, of manuscript texts in the collection. We included typescript copies in the SMIEB collection when so much as a single word was altered from the manuscript. At that point, we classified the document as a different variant, or, at
the very least, uploaded it as a “Copy” to illustrate the little alterations that were made. We leave it to future scholars to hypothesize the reasons for such changes, which in some cases are probably simple clerical errors.

One of the more frustrating aspects of this project concerns the lack of citation on many documents. For instance, perhaps owing to a more hobby-esque approach to collecting these ballads, Greer usually failed to collect informant data that is so prized in a collection like SMIEB. However, many of the original manuscripts do contain unintentional informant citations, usually in the form of a name, date, and location added for the benefit of the person receiving the ballad text. Amanda Hedrick, a student at Appalachian State University, assiduously tracked down valuable informant metadata using these often scant details. In some instances, particularly with the handwritten sheet music, the documents were obviously removed from a local individual’s ballad book. As of yet, we have been unable to determine the individuals who kept these volumes. It seems likely that the covers were either lost or purposely discarded during the lamination process mentioned above. A future endeavor of the Documenting Appalachia project will provide a means for our on-line “patrons” to provide feedback. As part of this feedback, we will encourage patrons to send in leads for uncovering more information about collection documents that lack citations.

The lamination of these valuable documents was likely corollary to the next problem affecting the SMIEB texts. For several years, the Greer Folksong Collection was housed in a standard file cabinet, with unsupervised access, in the W. L. Eury Appalachian Collection. Concern over such a disposition is what likely prompted a terse letter to the university library from the lawyer of Greer’s widow (Letter). Unlike Abrams, Greer did not provide (or perhaps even compile) an inventory of his collection. Consequently, we are unable to discern which documents (if any) are missing from the collection due to patron malfeasance or neglect. Regardless of the cause, it is certain that documents are missing from the Greer collection.

The organization of the Greer documents presented one final difficulty in the digitization process. At some point (likely post-lamination), the documents were placed in strict alphabetical order by the title that appeared at the top of the page. Thus, a song categorized by Dr. Brown as “Jack and Joe” (the lament of a lover betrayed by both best friend and betrothed) appears under both that title (J) and under an alternative title “Give My Love to Nellie” (G). Frequently,
leaves taken from a bound volume contain text on both sides. As a consequence, these documents were filed under one title. If such a document is comprised of two pages, often the second page is located on the back of yet another titled document and therefore filed under that title.

In short, before any actual scanning could be completed, these documents had to be physically re-ordered by some classification schema. As elaborated below in the section dealing with the Abrams collection, the classification systems of Bertrand Harris Bronson’s The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads, With Their Texts, According to the Extant Records of Great Britain and America (where applicable) and Frank C. Brown’s The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore: The Folklore of North Carolina Collected by Dr. Frank C. Brown During the Years 1912 to 1943, in Collaboration with the North Carolina Folklore Society provided the bedrock of our text organization. Use of these sources allowed us to provide an exhaustive list of alternative song titles, subject information regarding a song’s national origins, and an invaluable reference for further information on a given song title.

Dr. I. G. Greer’s collection includes many typewritten texts of what might be best termed “parlor ballads” – highly stylized commercial compositions like “A Reason Why I Fill My Glass,” “After the Ball,” and “Carrier Dove.” Many references to these songs appear in the Library of Congress digital collection Music for the Nation: American Sheet Music, 1820-1860 and 1870-1885. Dr. Greer’s motives for collecting these songs were perhaps somewhat complicated. Including these texts in the collection was a difficult decision. We did so for the simple reason that these texts were collected and held by an individual (Greer) with both origins and a long residency in the region. Furthermore, one can easily imagine these very “high brow” pieces being performed by Greer, his colleagues, and his students in local social settings. In this way, the pieces became folksongs of the North Carolina Blue Ridge.

Although mentioned in the original grant as a possible component of the “So Mote It Ever Be Project,” the record discs in the I. G. Greer Folksong Collection are all of commercial origin. There are several open-reel audio tape recordings of Greer’s folksong lectures and associated musical performances. Dr. Greer’s singing, accompanied by his wife Willie Spainhour Greer on dulcimer, is deep, measured, and unnecessarily stentorian—far removed from any hint of the stereotypical nasal twang or pitched “high lonesome”-ness often
associated with field recordings of Anglo/Irish-derived Appalachian music. Interestingly, these recordings reveal that Willie was an impressive dulcimer player in her own right (although, typically for the time period, her identity is subsumed in that of her husband). Indeed, Willie’s accompaniment sounds far more regionally authentic than her husband’s academic vocals.

THE W. AMOS ABRAMS COLLECTION

Unlike Greer, Dr. Abrams was meticulous in his collection of informant data relating to the folk songs in his collection. As Fred Hay notes in his essay for this issue, many of Dr. Abrams informants were students from his time as an English professor at Appalachian State Teachers College. These student contributors somewhat complicate the subtitle of the “So Mote It Ever Be” project, yet enrich the overall diversity of his collection. For example, Abrams’ student Margaret Cowles is identified in the college yearbook as hailing from Lenoir, North Carolina, yet her submissions refer to her mother, Amelia Houck, of Chilesburg, Caroline County, Virginia (in the eastern part of that state). One can imagine Ms. Cowles’ family moving to the North Carolina foothills after her father accepted a middle-management position with some lumber or textile operation. Or perhaps the situation operated in reverse, with the family returning to western North Carolina after an employment-related sojourn nearer the coast. Another student, Lena Warf, listed her hometown as Reidsville, North Carolina in the college yearbook. Yet in her submission of “George Collins (Lady Alice),” Variant 7, she notes her mother’s birth in Bedford County, Virginia.

Several documents open up future avenues for folksong research. For instance, Josiah Lafayette Wiseman of Yancey County, North Carolina was a Confederate prisoner-of-war for two years, interned at Camp Chase, Ohio and, later, at Fort Delaware, Delaware (North Carolina Troops). Wiseman is cited as the informant for the SMIEB version of “Hard Up,” a song that does not appear in Brown’s North Carolina collection.

Hard Up

1. In the days when I was
hard up for the want of
food and fare I used to
tie my shoes up with
little bits of wire.

Chorus
Hard up, hard up I never shall forget hard up, hard up I may be happy yet
Hard up, hard up I never shall forget in the days when I was hard up
and you see I’m hard up yet.
2. Ofttimes I’ve been cast upon a rock without a single meal oftimes beat the devil
for attempting me to steal.

Instead, references are found in Randolph’s Ozark tradition and in the New York Catskill tradition (Folk Songs of the Catskills). As Wiseman’s contributions are referred to as his “civil war songs” in the accompanying note to “The Merry Old Farmer,” it is intriguing to think of the American Civil War as a folk song transmission route between regions—not just between men from different states serving in the same armies, but between men on opposing sides of the conflict forced together by circumstances (such as prisoner and warder).

Of immense value in the Abrams collection are the contributions are such folk singing notables as Frank Proffitt (Watauga County), Horton Barker (Johnson County, Tennessee and Smyth County, Virginia), Pat Frye (Yadkin County), and Arthel Lane “Doc” Watson. Indeed, Proffitt supplied Dr. Abrams with nine texts written in his own hand: “Lamkin,” “The Miller and His Three Sons,” “Old Smoky,” “Our Goodman,” “Pretty Fair Maid Down in the Garden,” “Rose Conally,” “The Wife Wrapt in Wether’s Skin,” “The Wood Hauler,” and “The Sweet Trinity (The Golden Vanity).” The Moses Adams book is of incalculable value to folklorists and historians alike. Fred Hay’s essay in this volume describes this artifact.

The lesser-known contributors to Dr. Abrams’ collection are no less intriguing. In addition to Edith Walker, Watauga County native Chloe Michael, a student-teacher at the Boone Normal School, provided numerous texts—“Our Goodman,” “The Old Woman and Her Pig,” and “Wild Bill Jones” among them. Perhaps the most unique of Dr. Abrams’ informants were Roxie, Dixie, and Ruby Burleson, three harmonizing sisters from Valle Crucis in Watauga County. Dr. Abrams recorded a particularly haunting rendition of their “Bonny Barbara Allan.”

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As one might expect of folk songs spanning the late nineteenth-century to the mid twentieth-century, there are uncomfortable, yet intriguing, anachronisms encountered in the SMIEB collection. The sectarian, the racist, the misogynist, and the socially reactionary all make their appearance. Mary Bost of Iredell County, another of Abrams’ student contributors, supplied the anti-Roman Catholic screed “The Romish Lady,” an account of a faithful Protestant’s martyrdom. Greer’s collection contains three variants of “Old Joe Clark,” complete with racially insensitive verse. Both collections feature blackface minstrel songs like “Broder Eton Got de Coon” and “Massa had a Yaller Gal.” Versions of “The Dumb Wife” in both collections and “The Scolding Wife” in Abrams’ collection concern the theme of the nagging wife. Finally, Greer’s “The Big Bob” and Abrams’ “Why Do You Bob Your Hair, Girls?” confront the religious transgression of short hair-cuts on women.

The SMIEB collection also contains both the obscene and the macabre. Greer’s anonymous manuscript of “Bobbie” contains a rather graphic depiction of self-stimulation. Nora Hicks of Watauga County contributed the morbid and emotionally unrelenting text “The Lost Child”:

Its little cheeks they were so pale
Have mercy Lord how its mother did feel
Buzzards had peoked out its eyes

Junior year photographs of Roxie, Dixie, and Ruby Burleson of Valle Crucis, Watauga County, North Carolina, published in the 1942 *Rhododendron*, the Appalachian State Teachers College yearbook.
Paul L. Robertson

Have mercy Lord, how its mother did cry.
Its little breast was to pieces torn
And its little sole to heaven had gone
Its little coffin to prepare
And its little cold grave it has to lie.

Perhaps significantly, neither text appeared in any of the references we consulted.

The SMIEB collection, nearly completed as of September 2008, will no doubt spur more in-depth scholarly work as these documents are now thrust fully into the light of the electronic day. Although I hope to have provided a reasonably organized and comprehensive foundation to proceed, much work remains to fully parse the importance of these documents in North Carolina folklore studies. Nonetheless, I like to think that both Dr. Greer and (especially) Dr. Abrams would be quite pleased to see the very texts they held in their hands receive new intellectual life in the 21st century.

Works Cited


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Notes

1. As the documents comprising this project were examined, this subtitle became more and more of a misnomer. Documents with informants from Arizona, eastern Kentucky, north Georgia, Virginia, and South Carolina appear in the collections.

2. Further complicating the Cowles submissions, among others, is the fact that at least two of the texts were acquired from magazine publications. In the Cowles case, The Southern Planter.

3. Wiseman’s unit, the 5th North Carolina Cavalry Battalion, never operated outside the Appalachian region before his 1863 capture at Irvine, Kentucky (Lusk). Therefore, if the song truly lacks a previous North Carolina tradition, it is possible that Wiseman could have learned “Hard Up” from an Arkansan/Missourian fellow prisoner or a New Yorker guard.

North Carolina Folklore Journal 55.2

By Fred J. Hay

In 1974, William Amos “Doc” Abrams donated to Appalachian State University’s W.L. Eury Appalachian Collection an assortment of documents and other items. This collection includes his extensive folk song collection, his recordings of Appalachian folk song, the Moses Adams manuscript, his Wilcox-Gay portable record machine, his correspondence from 1941-1972, tapes of some of his speeches, the text to 164 speeches, and a card index of speech texts which lists locations and dates delivered. Most of these speeches were delivered on multiple occasions. One speech, “Not By Bread Alone,” was delivered 54 times, in 53 distinct North Carolina and 1 Virginia locale, between 1964 and 1967.

Doc Abrams, born in 1904 in Pinetops, North Carolina, received his B.A. and M.A. degrees in English from Duke University and his Ph.D., also in English, from Cornell University. After three years at Burke County’s Glen Alpine School, Abrams was appointed Chair of

Frame photo: Concluding note to a version of “Jesse James,” W. Amos Abrams Papers, W. L. Eury Appalachian Collection, Appalachian State University, Boone, N.C.

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In a letter written to a friend in March of 1947, Abrams stated his reasons for leaving Boone:

I had been at Appalachian for fourteen years—fourteen of the best years of a man’s life. There, I had security but no stimulation or encouragement other than that which comes from within, for effective research or professional growth. I found myself in the damnedest rut a potential scholar ever experienced. I found myself inextricably tied up with a multiplicity of exhausting details, trivial in themselves which kept me from having time to grow intellectually. Endless committee meetings kept me from my study three or four nights each week. I found myself disgusted with me and with the situation over which I was able to exercise no control. In the second place, I was paid by the State of North Carolina, a most parsimonious employer. After fourteen years of service, I still had no home, no automobile, and no assurance of an adequate retirement when my days of service ended.

One of Abrams’ many hobbies was collecting and restoring old-time organs and music boxes. It became a tradition at the annual meeting of the North Carolina Folklore Society, of which Abrams twice served as President, that he open the meeting with a concert.
played by his mechanical music devices (see photograph on cover of *North Carolina Folklore Journal* 35.1 [Winter-Spring 1988]). The Abrams collection of mechanical music makers was also donated to Appalachian State and is housed in the School of Music.

While a student at Duke University, Abrams came under the influence of English Professor Frank C. Brown. Brown was an avid collector of folklore and Secretary-Treasurer of the North Carolina Folklore Society. He coordinated a state-wide collection of song and lore for the society which was eventually published in the seven volumes of *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore* (1952-1964). In 1936, Brown asked Abrams to help him collect folk songs in western North Carolina. For the next decade, Abrams scoured the mountains in search of songs with Brown, with Cratis Williams (whom he had hired as an English instructor), or by himself. He also encouraged his students to collect songs for him from their families and friends.

Abrams caught a “fatal affliction” from Brown, which he described in a speech given in ASTC’s College Auditorium on August 3 of an unidentified year: “Except for the love-bug, the ballad bug is the most fatal bug by which a person can be bitten. I have been a patient suffering from balladitis for some seven or eight years.”

On May 8, 1947, while addressing the State Convention of the North Carolina Federation of Music Clubs in Gastonia, Abrams spoke about the songs he had collected:

> We also have among us, with us, and as a part of us, other valuable treasures, literary treasures, the worth of which too few people know. I am speaking of the song-ballet, as it is still called by your grandmothers and grandfathers, who, when listening to our modern radio, harken to the days when they sang songs whose words they never saw in writing, much less in print. Many of these ballads are to be found right at our very doors, and in some instances they have been preserved so that even today they remain “as fresh in their simple beauty, as poignant in their pathos, and as soul-stirring in their rude power” as they were when they were first sung.

> It has been said of late that every time a grandmother or a grandfather dies, we lose heavily in this hidden wealth of the folksong, for the sons and daughters soon lose the tunes and forget the words midst the hot-cha-chas, hoop-la-las, and chickory-chickory-chees of our modern song era. The truth is that we are rapidly losing the songs about “old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago.”

> We who collect the ballads, sing them and learn to love them, believe that they contain eternal verities in this present day world where
many apparent verities are not eternal. The ballad sings of life; the ballad sings of death; it sings of crime and punishment, of love and of hate; it teaches and it preaches; it is a record of the past and an escape for the present. And so it has been since the dawn of history, and so it will ever be despite all modern innovations and despite the multitude of hoop-la-las and hot-cha-chas which are yet to be born.

While most of his speeches are not on folklore or musical topics, a few were, including his talk, “I Knew Frank C. Brown,” later published in the *North Carolina Folklore Journal* (vol. 12, no. 1, July 1964: 22-26). His correspondence includes everything: letters from former students and friends; business related to the NCEA, and so forth; but also his correspondence with fellow folklorists such as Brown, Cratis Williams, Arthur Palmer Hudson, Richard Chase, and others; and with folk song informants like Horton Barker and Edith Walker.

Both Abrams’ speeches and extensive correspondence contain much of value for those interested in the history of education in North Carolina and the institutional history of Appalachian State but also contain some significant material related to the traditional music of Appalachian North Carolina and southwestern Virginia. In a letter to Horton Barker dated March 17, 1942, Abrams wrote: “During this entire winter I have had a desire about which I have hesitated to write you. At last I have summoned enough courage to mention the idea to you. I am wondering if you would come to our college and sing a few songs for us one Saturday night, the date to be decided later if you can and will be kind enough to come.” Abrams also made an additional request: “I have been wondering if you would let me record all of your songs and place them in my collection and in our library as The Horton Barker collection of ballads. I promise you that no desire to publish these songs or to make money from them affect me in this suggestion. I feel that both you and I should like to preserve the songs forever.” As the subsequent correspondence between the two indicates, Barker did perform at ATSC (see reproduction of program for night of April 25, 1942) and Abrams did record his songs. Abrams also kept his promise of not publishing or making money from the recordings and eventually, some thirty-two years later, kept his promise of depositing them in the college’s library.

On April 27, 1942, Abrams wrote to Richard Chase that “Mr. Horton Barker was my guest for the past week-end. He sang eight or ten songs before our student body, and every student seemed to enjoy
the program. I thought you would be interested to know he received a warm welcome on our campus.”

In 1966, recounting how he began to collect folksong, Abrams wrote:

The decade began in 1936 with a knock on my door by Dr. Frank C. Brown and concluded in 1946 when I moved to Raleigh from Boone. . . . Dr. Brown, a former teacher of mine at Duke, the founder and first executive secretary of the North Carolina Folklore Society, and an indefatigable collector of folklore, had come to invite me join him in his summer searches for songs, charms, sayings, superstitions, and all things else belonging to the folk. Then 66 years of age, he admitted that he needed the help of a “younger man.” (Abrams 1966: 12)

The Abrams recordings are on the discs made on the old Wilcox-Gay recorder. Before donating the discs, Abrams recorded each of 515 songs (i.e., 317 distinct songs and variants) from 130 individuals and groups onto reel-to-reel tapes with descriptive remarks explaining how he came to record the song and other notes on song variants and so forth. His recordings include songs by Horton Barker, Cratis Williams, Uncle Pat Fry, Frank Proffitt (who Abrams and Brown first recorded), Mr. and Mrs. James York, and the first ever recording, in 1941, of a 19 year-old Doc Watson, as well as many less well-known individuals.

Forty-five years later, Abrams recalled the circumstances under which he recorded Watson:

I recorded it on July 4, 1941 at the Boone Fiddlers Convention. And my title of it is Precious Jewel and my notes say it was sung and accompanied with guitar by a Mr. Watson, a blind boy. Now this Mr. Watson is now known and acclaimed as blind singer Doc Watson from Boone, North Carolina. At the time I recorded it he must of been about fourteen years old. A few years ago, maybe five, maybe six, Doc Watson appeared in a program at Duke University, a folklore program. I took the opportunity to put on a little tape the song you are going to hear. I went over to the concert and gave it to Doc, told him who I was, shook hands with him, and reminded him when I recorded. And his memory was something incredible, he said, “Doctor Abrams, it must have been Precious Jewel,” and that is exactly what it is. It is our feeling that this was the first time this man had ever sung into a microphone.

Doc Abrams wrote of one song informant, Frank Proffitt:

Frank was only 23 years old—at most 24—when I first made his acquaintance. He was shy but sincere, very friendly but a bit timid about singing. I always thought that Frank Proffitt was afraid we would think him a show-off—that is—until we came to know him better, until he had decided in his heart that we, too, were earnest and genuine—not educated city-slickers given to looking down our noses at the likes of him. Dr. Brown and I were the first collectors to place a microphone in front of Frank Proffitt of the Pick Britches Community [since renamed Mountain Dale]. On many occasions he told later collectors that we were responsible for first impressing on him the value of his rich heritage and for kindling in his heart a desire to collect and preserve the songs sung by his father and by his wife’s father and mother. I am honored by this expression of indebtedness, and humble, indeed, when I consider the great contributions made by Frank Proffitt prior to his untimely death in 1965 (Abrams 1966: 12-14).

Ballad Bug
The Moses Adams manuscript was acquired by Doc Abrams in 1937. It belonged originally to Moses Adams of the Dehart community in Wilkes County, North Carolina and is believed to date to around 1825, making it one of the oldest written records of Appalachian folk song. The manuscript is 41/2 x 8 inches with thirty leaves, hand-


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written on both sides, sewn together and bound in homespun cloth. It includes about 22 songs, as well as various marginalia about the songs and farm records.

Abrams eloquently described his folksong collection in a letter he wrote ASU in 1974:

Among this collection of folk songs and folk ballads, of course, will be found broadsides, American songs, and religious, patriotic, epic, political, tear-jerking, comic, didactic, moralizing treatises—some of small value and some perhaps rare—but all composing a cross-section of folk song saga of our forebears and contemporaries who once lived and now live in Appalachia. To call the names of the singers and collectors who entrusted their treasures to me between 1935 and 1945 is but to call the roll of those who lived and now live within a hundred-mile radius of Appalachian State University.

The Child Ballads in the collection are those most popular in Western North Carolina, their popularity proved by the unusually large number of variant versions included. Written down often by the poorly educated and sung by the unlettered (but NOT unlearned), they brought to the mountains stirring and storied accounts of lords and ladies, kings and queens and a strange world beyond the deep blue sea.

The three Child ballads with the most variant versions in the Abrams Collection, and therefore presumably in northwestern North Carolina, are, in descending order, Bonny Barbara Allen, Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor, and The House Carpenter.

Abrams continued:

In all, statistically speaking, the collection contains some 800 items (titles and variants thereof). Some of the manuscripts themselves, both typed and hand-written, are quite old. Some came from family collections; some copied from printed sources; and many, many from memory—from grandmother to mother to daughter and from grandfather to father to son. So mote it ever be!

About 200 of these songs Abrams submitted to the editors of The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore and many of those were published, especially in Volume 2, “Folk Ballads from North Carolina” (which included the texts of 83 songs Abrams had collected).

The W.L. Eury Appalachian Collection is just beginning the process of organizing our folk song and music collections. The treasures that we are uncovering in the Abrams Collection, and the collections

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of I.G. Greer, Virgil Sturgill, James Yorks, Jack Guy and others, will broaden and deepen our understanding of the traditional culture and song of southern Appalachia. And in so doing, to paraphrase anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski, we will be better able to grasp the Appalachian Mountaineers’ point of view, their relation to life, to realize their vision of their world and the substance of their happiness.

WORKS CITED

All quotes from unpublished sources are drawn from the following: Collection 114. *W. Amos Abrams Papers*, W. L. Eury Appalachian Collection, Appalachian State University, Boone, North Carolina, USA.

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*Frame photo: Portion of award certificate presented to Karen Baldwin for editorship of North Carolina Folklore Journal by the North Carolina Society of Historians, 6 November 1999.*

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Volume 34, Number 2: 1986 Brown-Hudson Folklore Award citations for Betty DuPree: Promoter of the Traditional Cherokee Arts (Thomas McGowan) and Adolf Dial: Lumbee Scholar and Tradition Bearer (Betty Oxendine); Ingrid K. Towey, “Literacy and Alienation in the Novels of Zora Neale Hurston”; Julie Henigan, “‘Mother Bake My Cake and Kill My Cock’: Social Structure and the Irish and American Jack Tales.” ($5)


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Volume 43, Number 1: 1996 Community Traditions Award citation for Core Sound Decoy Carvers Guild (Carmine Prioli). Erika Brady, “Essays


Volume 45, Number 1: The North Carolina Coastal Folklife Survey (a report of an extensive fieldwork project in Beaufort, Bertie, Dare, Hyde, Tyrrell, and Washington counties). Wayne Martin & Beverly Patterson, “The North Carolina Folklife Survey: A Preface”; chapters—Sense of Place, Occupation, Community Life, and Domestic Life—edited by Beverly Patterson and based on the fieldwork and analysis of Jill Hemming, W. T. Mansfield, and Ann Kaplan; survey conclusions and recommendations and programming suggestions. ($5)


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*Volume 51, Number 1*: Barbara Lau, “From Cambodia to Greensboro: Tracing the Journeys of North Carolinians”; Jill Hemming, “Family Narratives on *From Cambodia to Greensboro* [exhibit review]”; 2003 Brown Hudson Folklore Award Citations: Luther Mayer: Blues Singer (Wesley Wilkes & Tim Duffy); Fred David Olson: Guitarist (Bob Carlin); Mary Anne McDonald: Folklorist (Lesley Williams & Thomas McGowan); 2003 Community Traditions Award citation: Foundation for Shackleford Horses (Carmine Prioli); list of 2003 Student Essay winners; reviews by Cathy Larson Sky, Irene Moser, and Allyn Meredith. ($5)


*Volume 52, Number 1*: Carmine Prioli, Editor’s Foreword; Daun Daemon, “Family Legends and Lullabies: My Gift to John Foster West”; John Foster West, “Folklore of a Mountain Childhood”; Jan Eason, “Portsmouth Homecoming”; Greg Kelley, “Tall Tales from Cheapside: Falstaff’s Lying Legacy in American Southern Literature”; Betty J. Belanus, “‘Water Ways’
in North Carolina: Representing Maritime Communities at the 2004 Smithsonian Folklife Festival”; reviews by Matt Meacham, Joyce Joines Newman, and Amy Davis. ($5)


**Volume 53, Number 2:** Philip E. “Ted” Coyle, Editor’s Foreword; 2006 Brown Hudson Folklore Award citations: Dorothea Joan Moser and Janette Irene Moser: Folklorists and Musicians (Beverly & Daniel Patterson); Gary Carden: Folklorist, Playwright, and Storyteller (Neal Hutcheson); 2006 Community Traditions Award Citation: Mrs. Nelia Hyatt and Mrs. Hyatt’s Oprahouse (Kara Rogers Thomas); Timothy C. Prizer, “Branches of Interpretation on Turpentine Trees of Memory: Race, Landscape, and Memory in South Georgia’s Turpentine Industry”; Josh Beckworth, “Bluegrass Pioneer: J.C. Kemp and the Musical Progression Toward Bluegrass in Ashe County”; announcement of 2006 Cratis D. Williams Prize; M. Anna Fariello, “The Folklorist’s Digital Toolkit”; reviews by Erica Abrams Locklear, David N. Cozzo, and Robert Shanafelt. ($5)


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