



The N.C. Bicentennial Folklife Festival has been planned under the direction of the North Carolina Folklife Institute. The Institute was organized in the fall of 1974 for the purposes of preserving and encouraging traditional culture in North Carolina. This special bicentennial event is the Institute's third annual folklife festival.

I believe that we should reflect upon the changes which have occurred in our own lifetimes and begin to put into proper perspective those practices which were, and forever should be, an enduring source of community pride and value. It is my hope that the Folklife Festival will bring these concerns to the attention of the citizens of our great State.

James E. Holshouser, Jr.

Governor
State of North Carolina

On behalf of the City of Durham it is my distinct honor and privilege to extend a warm welcome to everyone in attendance at our North Carolina Bicentennial Folklife Festival, which is the most ambitious undertaking of the state bicentennial observance. The fact that this folklife festival is being held in Durham, an area that is so richly endowed with such scenic and historic places as the Eno River Valley and many others, provides us with a unique honor. We sincerely feel that this bicentennial affords us a rare, appropriate opportunity in which we can share in celebrating those traditional values that have long since made our way of life in North Carolina one of the very best to be found anywhere in these beloved United States.

Wade L. Cavin
Mayor
City of Durham

There is a renaissance taking place in North Carolina—a reawakening of the people as to their worth, their talent, and their birthright. This reawakening has manifested itself in many ways—one of which is the Bicentennial Folklife Festival. It is particularly appropriate at this time that we pay tribute to our heritage—the diversity and richness of which has historically distinguished the community life of North Carolina.

Grace J. Rohrer

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Printed by Creative Printers, Chapel Hill, N.C.
Cover Printed by Regulator Press, Durham, N.C.

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Introduction . . .

During the Bicentennial year, it is particularly important that we reaffirm our cultural roots. Carl Sandburg once soberly reminded us that "when a society or civilization perishes, one condition may always be found. They forgot where they came from." While our society may not hang on the brink of destruction, truly we have traveled far from our humble beginnings in two hundred years. Sandburg's words seem to deserve some consideration.

America is a pluralistic nation in which many and diverse cultural influences find expression. North Carolina, like the Nation, is the sum of many cultures. Our traditions and customs find roots in the British Isles, continental Europe, Africa, the Middle East, as well as on native soil. This is not to say, of course, that we are Scots, Africans, Greeks, or Cherokees rather than Americans or North Carolinians, merely that we do, in fact, share a heritage which has incorporated the cultural attributes of many distinctive peoples.

In recent years, however, we have witnessed a steady withering away of these practices which once distinguished and enlivened communities and regions. Progress has had the unexpected effect of homogenizing the countryside. Modern technology threatens to altogether remove us from nature. Gone are many of the hardships, but concurrently we have been deprived of certain basic human joys. In short, we have grown alarmingly dependent upon our inventions; somehow we have taken less seriously the creations of the spirit. Television, for example, has gained such a hold over our imaginations that we have nearly forsaken family and friends for evenings spent with two-dimensional ghosts.

The North Carolina Bicentennial Folklife Festival recognizes and presents various aspects of community cultural life which have found expression through the generations and which best exemplify the special character of particular communities and cultural groups throughout the state. The hope is to begin to restore a meaningful sense of continuity between present and past. Festival participants will include few professional entertainers or performers, rather most will be plain folks who have chosen to maintain some family traditions. The traditions which will be represented have all been commonplace within the family, community, or region until a relatively few years ago. Generally, they are no longer being transmitted to the younger generations.

The object of this celebration—folklife—is not rare or exotic. It is people sharing music and song, preparing special dishes, building fishing boats, making quilts, and swapping stories. The aim is not to create an environment of quaintness, but a festival alive with color and activity. At best it should have the feel of a giant family reunion. At the least, it should stimulate some valuable reflection on the changes we have witnessed within our lifetimes.

Friends . . .

From the North Carolina Bicentennial Folklife Festival, thanks to:

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... and the many individuals and institutions whose identities were only a hope at program deadline time but without whom this Festival would not have been possible.

The Location

The North Carolina Bicentennial Folklife Festival is being staged on a site known as West Point on the Eno River, named after a community which thrived here long before the city of Durham even existed. The mill itself was in continuous operation from 1778 to 1942, but the history of this particularly appropriate setting for a Folklife Festival actually begins as far back as one's mind is willing to travel and as far forward as the hopes of the planners of this park.

The Eno River, which flows through the site, originates on the westerly side of Hillsborough and extends for 30 miles to the east where it combines with the Little and Flat Rivers to form the Neuse. Much of the riverlands remain unspoiled and if you walk upriver from the Festival site you will be able to experience the timeless beauty of its natural wilderness setting. Several hundred years ago a major Indian trading village known as Adshusheer was located nearby.

Around the beginning of the 18th century the Eno, Shocco and Adshusheer Indians departed and toward the middle of the century European settlers began arriving and erecting mills. Gradually, communities developed around these mills. One of the largest and most significant of these communities was one which grew around a mill erected by Charles Abercrombie in 1778. Eventually, when a post office was added, the area became known as West Point.

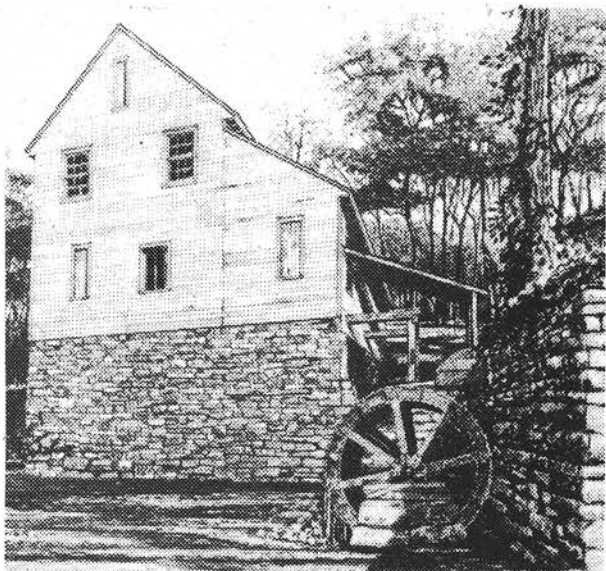
The West Point community reached its heyday just prior to the Civil War when it served nearly 300 families. There was a general store, a blacksmith shop, a cotton gin, a sawmill, a still house and a post office, in addition to the mill itself.

Here farmers brought their corn and wheat to be turned into meal and flour which were then traded for other goods. The meal and flour were sold, in turn, to others, thus bringing money into the flow; while everyone participated in the exchange of news and entertainment. The house, located in the center of the Festival, was the home of John Cabe McCown who took over management of the mill in 1843.

As the city of Durham became a major tobacco center, the mill community and its own way of life declined. By 1942 when the mill ceased operations, the long and rich history of West Point had all but faded from memory.

But today, thanks to a hard working group of citizens dedicated to preserving the Enolands, the mill has been rediscovered. Through the combined efforts of The Friends of West Point and the city of Durham, the mill will be reconstructed to serve as the historic center of a 400-acre Durham city park.

Funding for the mill has come from several sources: the city of Durham, the State Bicentennial Commission, a local foundation, gifts from garden clubs and individuals, and hours of volunteer labor. Enough money has been raised to pay for the foundation of the mill and its stonework, and work is underway. Now, \$30,000 is needed to erect the framework and help from the community is sought. Anyone wishing to build their part of history in this bicentennial year should send their \$10 contribution to **Friends of West Point, 614 CCB Bldg., Durham, N.C. 27701**. Contributors' names will be entered in the mill ledger and they will receive the architect's drawing of the mill with their name handlettered below it. Each contributor will have helped put the West Point Mill back into working order as a place to visit for recreation and reflection.



Things you may want to know about the N.C. Bicentennial Folklife Festival July 3, 4, 5 – Eno River Park, Durham

Hours

10 a.m.-9 p.m., July 3 & 5

1 p.m.-9 p.m., July 4

(Crafts & Trades demonstrations, Mountain and Piedmont Stage performances, food concessions and Children's Area will operate until 5:30 p.m. and Main Stage performances will continue until 8:30 p.m.)

Tokens

Wooden nickel tokens cover admission, parking and shuttlebus for all three days. Children under 10 will be admitted free. The tokens will be available for \$1 at all parking lot bus stops and at the Festival entrance.

Information

An information booth is located just inside the main entrance.

Parking

There will be no parking at the Festival site itself. Off-site parking will be available at the locations indicated below.

Shuttlebus

Shuttlebuses will run continually from the parking lots to the site and back, along the routes indicated on the map. To return to your car, board any bus color-keyed to your lot's location.

RED

Northgate Shopping Center
Fairfield Street Meadow
County Stadium

WHITE

Fairfield Street Meadow

BLUE

K-Mart
General Telephone
Fairfield Street Meadow
Liggett Group Headquarters

Program Books

Program books will be available for 50c at all bus stops and inside the Festival. This 64 page publication includes complete schedules and background information as well as feature articles on North Carolina folklife and traditional recipes.

First Aid & Security

Tent is located just to your left inside the main entrance.

Emergencies

Contact one of the REACTS volunteers stationed in each area with a walkie-talkie.

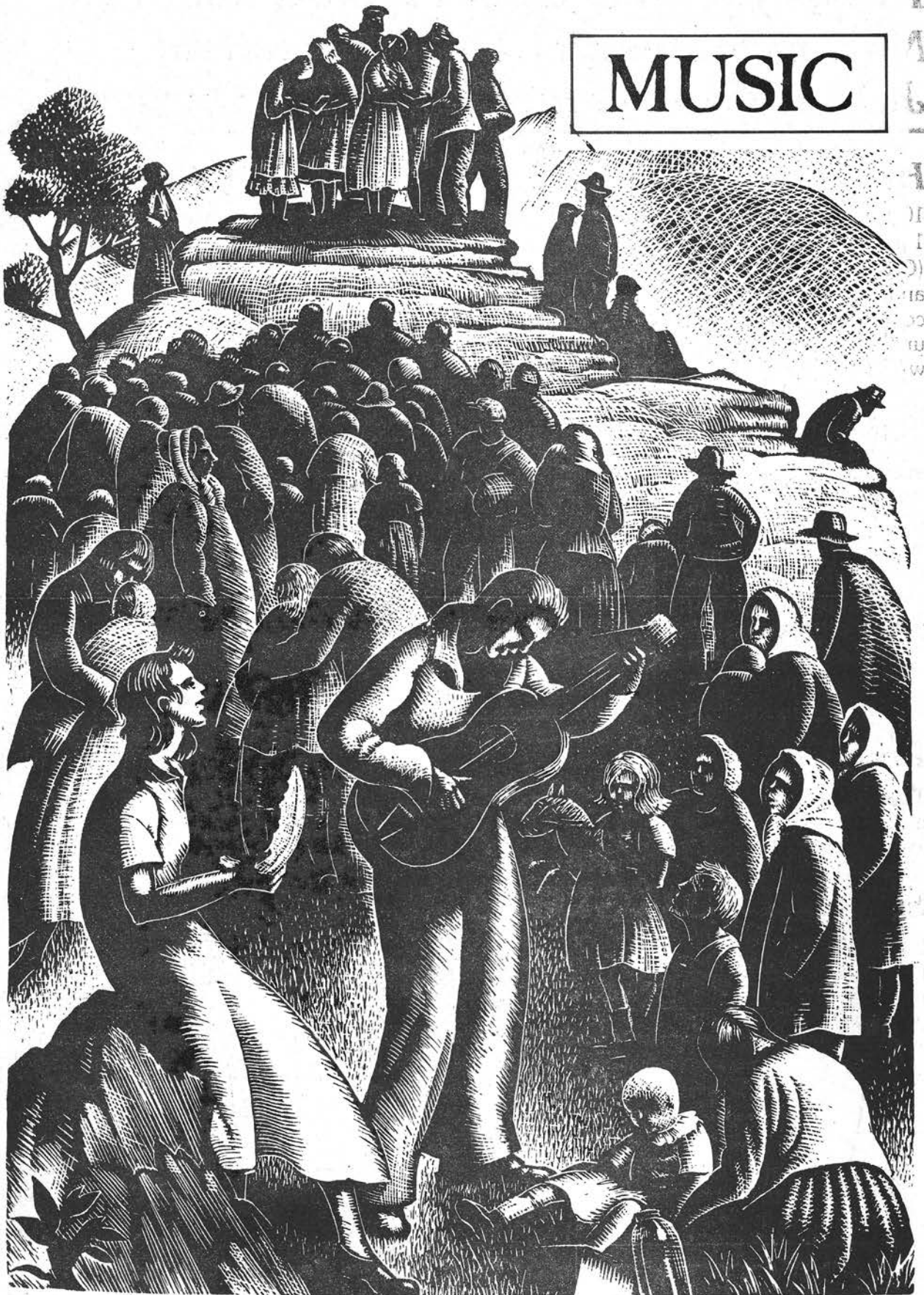
**Swimming is not permitted
in the river.**

**City ordinances prohibit consumption
of alcoholic beverages in the park.**

Park closes at 9:00 p.m.



MUSIC



The Bull City Blues

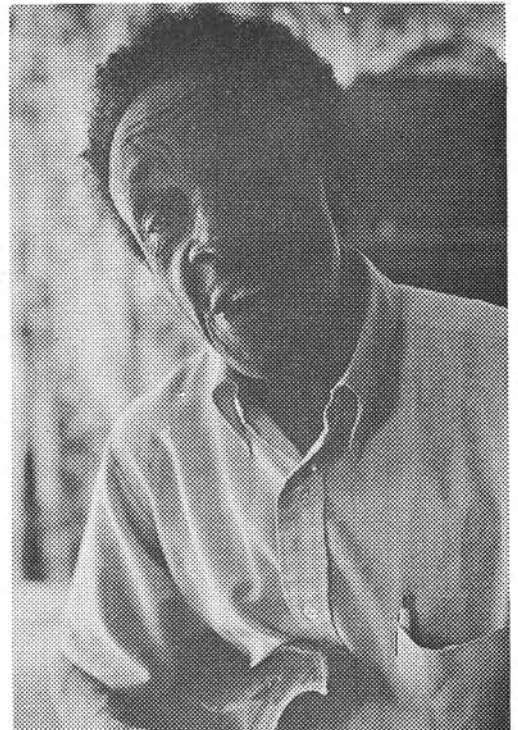
by Glenn Hinson

"I used to be a humdinger!" remembers the old man they call Hambone. "Stay up all night, drink liquor, and blow a harp! Yeah, and play a piano, too. When I had the wind I could blow that harp and you could hear it a long way from here, but now don't have the wind to spare. I stopped in about '68, cause that's when I lost my health. But the old house-parties died out long before that. All the peoples died out. All them old banjo players and guitar pickers died, and ain't no one replaced them."

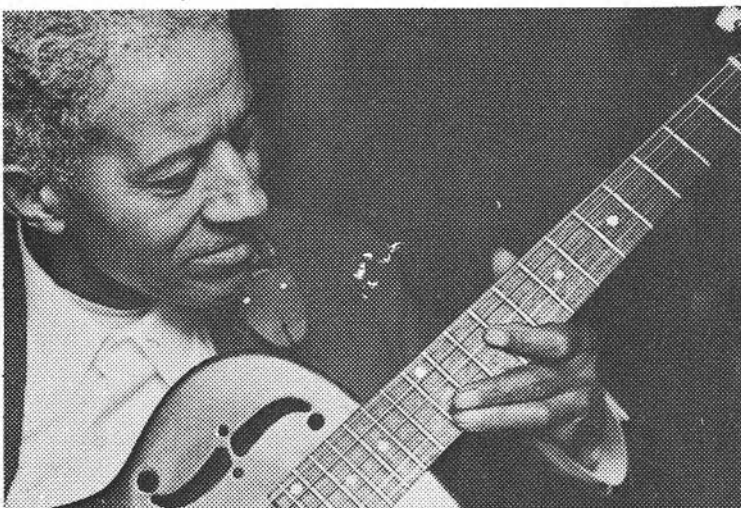
The story Hambone tells could be repeated by any of a number of the bluespeople who once played in Durham. These were working people, men and women who made music in their spare time to entertain themselves and their friends; they played their music by ear and sang songs reflecting their own experience. In addition to their entertainment value, these songs served a far more important social function, for they acted as transmitters of local Black culture and a focal point for group identity. The lyrics addressed themselves directly to the concerns of working-class Blacks, with the slower blues telling of "bad luck and trouble," and the upbeat rags talking about the good times to be had. No matter which type was sung, the songs were always a strong affirmation of Blackness in the face of intense white oppression. It was this common condition which allowed the blues and rags to speak of Black experience in America as well as of local experience in their source of origin.

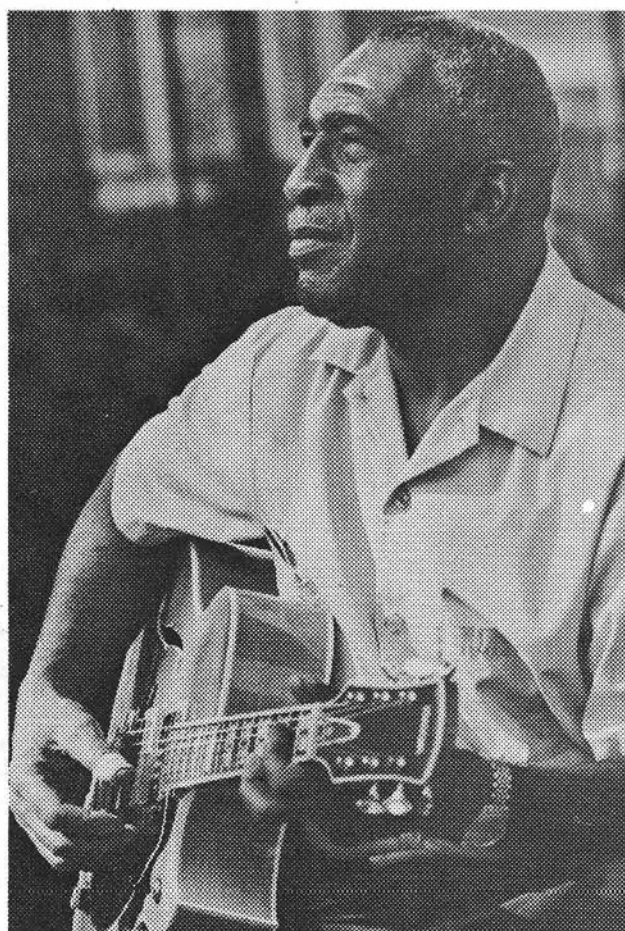
The distinctive Piedmont style of Black folk music was heard throughout North Carolina at the turn of the century, flourishing in the area's rich tobacco belt. The songsters were to be found wherever people gathered—at corn shuckings, at barn raisings, at country dances—playing their music and singing the songs that reflected their lives. As the years progressed and industry began to establish itself more firmly in the Carolinas, many Blacks

Arthur Lyons



Willie Trice





Odell Johnson

Blind Boy Fuller



migrated from rural N.C. to the new urban area; of course, the musicians followed, seeking better living conditions and a more stable lifestyle. A common blues of the period notes, "When a man gets restless, he catches a train and rides." Durham, a town rich in tobacco and textiles, was a natural stopping point.

From the early 1900s to the 1940s, Durham was the home of one of the largest Black musical communities in North Carolina. During the spring and summer months, blues musicians with guitars, banjos, harmonicas and/or washboards could be seen around the Black business sections along Pettigrew and down Fayetteville St., playing on the sides of the unpaved roads or in barbershops and small grills. With fall came the tobacco auctions, and the bluespeople moved to the Bull City warehouses, where farmers, with cash in hand from recently auctioned tobacco, made up an appreciative and well-paying audience. In the winter, and indeed all through the year, these musicians "ragged the blues" at the many weekend dance-parties in houses from one side of Durham to the other.

The blues that the musicians sang spoke of the physical and emotional conditions of everyday life in the Black community. Their lyrics were direct and concrete; their themes were solidly based in experience. These were the songs of the Black working-class, expressing their anger and their joy, their failures and their triumphs, their frustrations and their relief. Richard Trice, one of the Durham bluesmen, expressed his understanding of the blues as follows:

I think there are songs made up now that had no parts of their life or anybody else's in the song. And till a song is actually made up from your life, or some experience in somebody else's, then there's not too much to it. And I think that most of the songs made up back in the thirties and forties was some kind of experience in

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William Walker

The Singing School Master Among the Mountains

The origin and development of shaped-note singing in the Appalachians and particularly among the people in the Western North Carolina mountains, dealing especially with the man who first invented the notation.

by Artus M. Moser

"Billy" (William) Walker was a singing master, a teacher of singing schools, a composer, a user of folk tunes for the stimulation and arrangement of religious music. A dynamic and sterling personality, he left a great influence for good singing in the mountains of the Southern Appalachians, and more particularly among the people of Western North Carolina. His ideal was to place a song book in every hand, a musical instrument in every church, and a song, faith, courage and hope in every heart. He traveled over North and South Carolina, over Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, conducting or setting up singing schools, scattering them as he went like Johnny Appleseed setting out apple trees that were to bring forth much fruit.

He traveled always with a quill pen and lined paper to catch and collect the folk tunes he heard in the towns and villages and among the byways of the countryside. He is to be credited with preserving many of the traditional tunes, both of the ancient religious songs and the folk song and ballad tunes so plentiful and so much in use during his lifetime. It should be recalled that there were traditional religious folk songs as well as secular ballad songs. The songs he collected and composed, therefore, are American religious songs in the folk music tradition, songs with roots in the sturdy soil of the old country, mainly England and Scotland, songs which sound strange to modern ears. But these melodies are an interesting and valuable heritage of our cultural tradition.

During the years just following the American Revolutionary War, a great religious revival swept over most of the country, taking the form of open-air camp meetings held in the groves and in idyllic places where people could come together for ten days or two weeks of fellowship and association. But these meetings sometimes lasted much longer, featuring three sermons of a couple hours each daily, with endless prayer services. The sedate hymns of the time were not emotional enough to satisfy the fiery enthusiasm and the outbreaks of religious ecstasies generated by the preaching and the hitherto pent up and restricted lives of the people of the time. They needed a unique sort of music. John Wesley of England, where the great revival started, said that the Devil had all the good tunes in the nature of fiddle and ballad and folk music; and he said he would take these tunes and put religious words to them and fight the Devil with his own fire. So, that is what happened in the case of William Walker and others who used the traditional folk music for their purposes.

So, despite the aloofness and the frowns of the cultivated church-goers, the all-denominational camp meetings began to use the folk tunes that they were familiar with as melodies

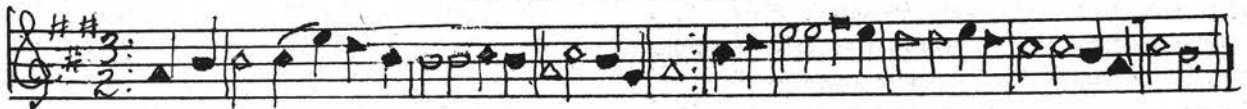
Hicks' Farewell (The Dying Minister) ARTUS MOSER SWANNANOVA, NC



for homemade religious lyrics. These songs, recently called "white spirituals" by the late Professor George P. Jackson of Vanderbilt University, became a true music of and by the people. These spirituals, based for the most part upon the ancient folk tunes, spread from the camp meetings to the regular rural church services. Soon song books were published, which included these songs; and singing schools and singing masters were brought forth and stimulated to conduct classes and to teach the people to sing. Groups of neighbors and community groups met regularly to practice the tunes and learn musical notation.

BAVARIA Arranged and copyrighted by Christian Harmony Pub. Co., 1958

German Air
FROM CHRISTIAN HARMONY



The amount of this singing material grew in quantity during the first and second decades of the 1800's. But it was mainly a body of music and song whose knowledge was carried in the memory of the singers, despite the publication of some collections in song books, which were necessarily hard to come by. Passed along by word of mouth and handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter, it was mainly an unwritten music until the 1830's.

Walker was most influential and instrumental in bringing this music to publication and making it in every way available to the common people. He was born in Union County, South Carolina, near Spartanburg, in 1809 (?). He was of Welsh descent on his father's side. His mother was a Jackson, related to General "Stonewall" Jackson. His wife was Amy Golightly

GREEN FIELDS copyrighted by Christian Harmony Pub Co., 1958

From
CHRISTIAN HARMONY



(her maiden name), and they had ten children, five daughters and five sons—and this situation may have furnished some of the stimulus for his unceasing activity in conducting singing schools and in composing and publishing song books. He was a diligent and devoted worker.

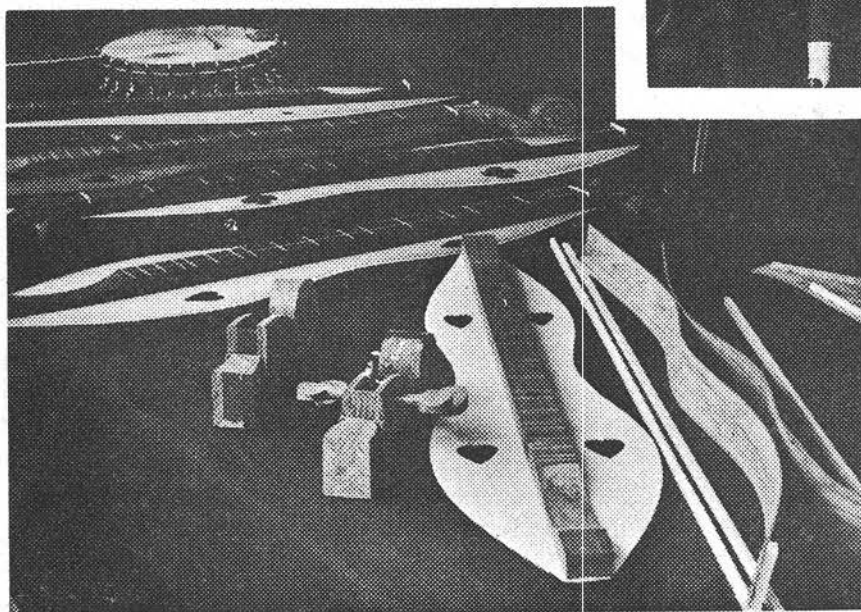
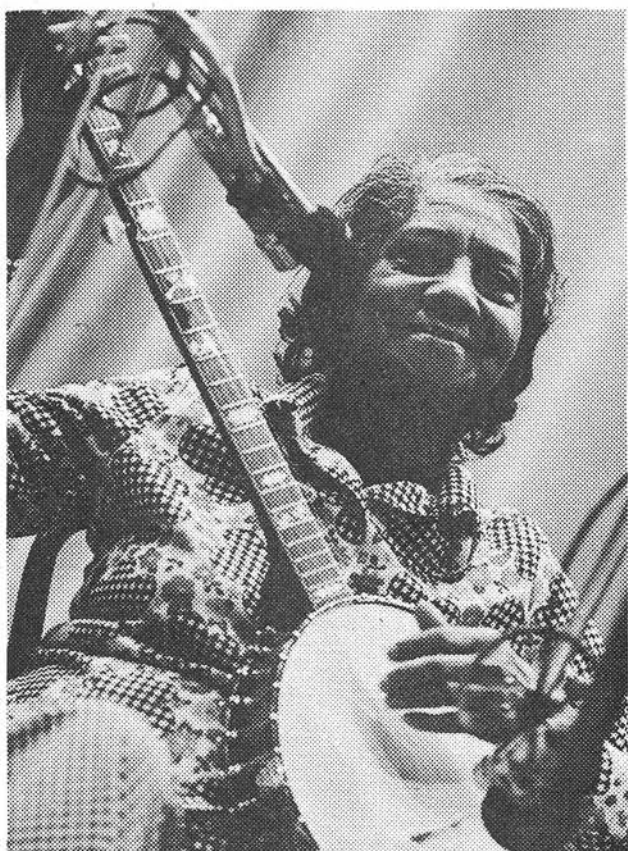
When he came upon the scene as a young man, there was no written music and no organs or other musical instruments, except the fiddle, the banjo, the dulcimer, and perhaps a few others. The guitar had not yet made its appearance. No organs or other musical instruments were used in the churches. There were some hymn books, but not of the songs most of the people in the small congregations liked to sing. Few could read the round notes or follow the

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With all the influence of phonograph, radio and television even on the most remote rural communities, the soil and the conditions from which folk music sprang have rapidly been changing. What we should like to think of as folk song, a humble, homely expression of shared experience and emotion, has certainly undergone considerable changes. But we also have changed and it is more and more evident that in classical music as in the other creative arts we cannot hope to recover the attitude of the generation from which it sprang. The same, of course, is true of folk music, but we can love it nonetheless.

Today, more than ever before, we are aware of the need of understanding other peoples and cultures as well as our own. We come closer to our progenitors when we become familiar with stories they made up, the songs they created and sang. Stephen Vincent Benet, who has given us many a story based on folklore, wrote once: "It's always seemed to me that legends and yarns and folktales are as much a part of the real history of a country as proclamations, and provisos and constitutional amendments. . . . they tell a good deal about what people admire and want, about what sort of people they are."

—from the Preface, Volume 5
*The Frank C. Brown Collection of
North Carolina Folklore*



Hoedown Meets Swing: The Swingbillies and the Tobacco Tags

by Bill Phillips

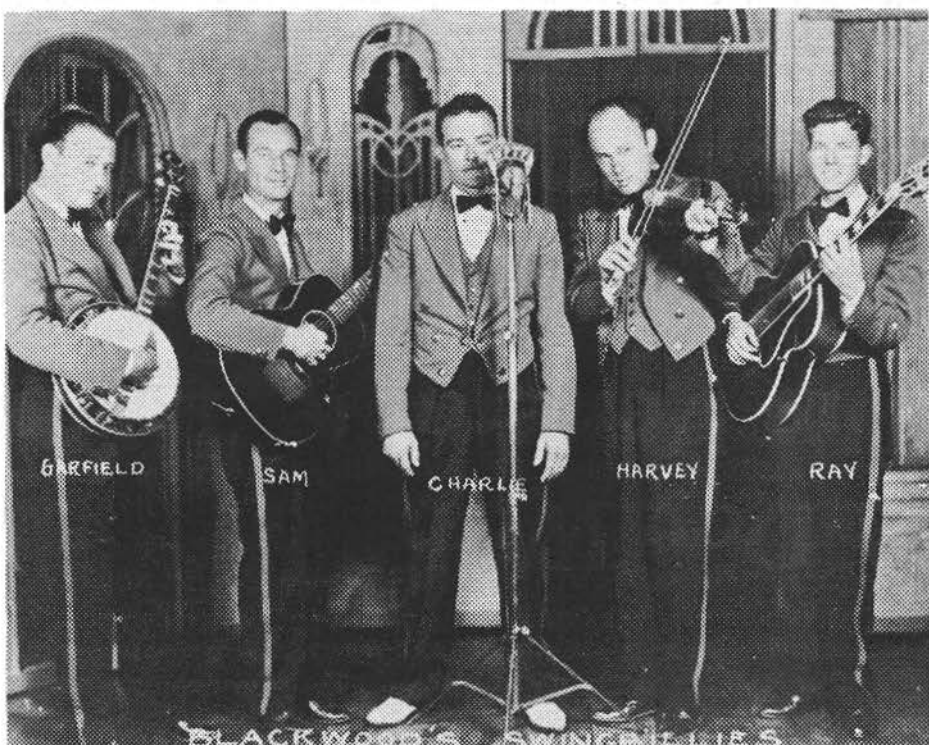
The Raleigh-Durham and extended piedmont area was a fertile ground for a creative group of local string musicians of the 30's and 40's. Some, immersed in rural hoedown tunes, and others, with the popular urban music in their heads, fused talents and put forth a swinging string band style that dominated the live radio broadcasts of the area for fifteen or twenty years. Two groups stand out, the Swingbillies and the Tobacco Tags.

During the 30's, the Tobacco Tags, a trio with guitar, mandolin, and bass, were a very popular RCA recording group on WPTF in Raleigh. In 1937 a talented young group called the Swingbillies joined WPTF and after a comet like career of two years disbanded, having recorded ten superb numbers for the RCA label, "Bluebird." Two of the Swingbillies, Harvey Ellington and Sam Pridgen, then joined the Tobacco Tags.

The story could actually begin in Warren County, just north of

Raleigh, where, in the 1920's, Harvey Ellington was growing up on a farm so far back in the woods he says, "they had to pipe sunshine in." Before Ellington was 10 he was playing fiddle and banjo. He and his father would entertain a local square dance with these two instruments alone; Ellington never saw a guitar until he was 18. They played dance tunes that had come over with the settlers, *Soldier's Joy*, *Devil's Dream*, and *Liberty*.

In the following years as Ellington was maturing as a fiddler, he met Sam Pridgen in nearby Henderson. The two would play and sing together sometimes joined by Charlie Poole, Jr. or "Dunk" Poole as they called him. Charlie Poole, Sr., who died in 1931, had been one of the South's most popular recorders of early rural music, being credited with such songs as



continued on page 52

The Ballads

by Dan Patterson

Ballad singing is a form of home entertainment that began to fade as radios and good roads ended the isolation of country life. But even in the old days the ballad had a smaller role in North Carolina folk music than the fiddle tune or the sacred song. It usually meant less to the singer himself than the spiritual did, and the ballad singer won less admiration from his community than the fiddler. The total number of ballads known in the region was also smaller, only several hundred songs at most. Yet for three centuries the ballad has won praise from the literary world.

The reason is clear. At their best these songs make masterful use of a few simple means. A ballad concentrates on a moment in the lives of only two or three characters. Its story moves in a few swift scenes and speeches, each pared down to fit one turn of the tune. Understatement is necessarily the method of the ballad, but it is also the spirit of the entire

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Ellen Smith

In the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore there are two fairly distinct ballads about Ellen Smith and Peter De Graff.

Peter De Graff was convicted of the murder of Ellen Smith in the August 1893 term of Forsyth Superior Court, Judge Winston presiding. When he appealed to the North Carolina Supreme Court, on several technicalities, the verdict of the lower court was affirmed. The opinion of Chief Justice Shepherd (North Carolina Reports, 113:688ff.) alludes to the flight of the prisoner to Roanoke and New Mexico and his subsequent return to North Carolina, and to a letter found in the bosom of the dead woman, alleged to be in the handwriting of the prisoner.

'Ellen Smith (Tune: "How Firm a Foundation").' From I.G. Greer, Boone, who got it from Miss Lura Wagoner, Vox, Alleghany County, and copied it in a manuscript book of songs loaned to Dr. Brown in August 1936. MS dated October 30, 1911, and initialed by F.C.B., showing that Greer sang it.

Come all you kind people my story to hear,
What happened to me in June of last year,
Of poor Ellen Smith and how she was found,
Shot through the heart lying cold on the ground.

'Tis true I'm in jail a prisoner now,
But God is here and hears every vow.
Before Him I promise the truth to relate,
And tell all I know of poor Ellen's sad fate.

The world of my story has long known a part,
And knows I was Ellen's own loving sweetheart;
And while I would never have made her my wife,
I love[d] her too dearly to take her sweet life.

I saw her on Monday before that sad day;
They found her poor body and buried it away.
My heart was quite broken; I bitterly cried
When friends gently told me how Ellen had died.

That she had been killed never entered my mind
Till the ball through her heart they happened to find.

Oh, who was so cruel, so heartless and base
As to murder sweet Ellen in that lonesome place?

I saw her that morning, so still and so cold
And heard the wild story the witness told.
I choked back tears when the people all said
That Peter Degraff had shot Ellen dead.

Half crazy with sorrow, I wandered away,
And lonely I wandered for many a day,
My love in her grave and her hands on her breast,
While bloodhounds and sheriffs would give me no rest.

They said I was guilty and ought to be hung;
The tale of my crime was on everybody's tongue.
They got their Winchesters and hunted me down.
But I was far away in Mt. Airy town.

I stayed off one year and prayed all the time
That the man might come back that committed the crime,

So I could come back and my character reveal;
But the flowers had faded on poor Ellen's grave.

I came back to Winston my trial to stand,
To live or to die, as the law may demand.
McArthur may hang me, my fate I don't know;
But I'm clear of the charge that is laid at my door.

Ellen sleeps calmly in the lonely graveyard,
While I look through the bar, and God knows it's hard.

I know they will hang me at last if they can,
But God knows I die an innocent man.

My soul will be free when I stand at the bar,
Where God tries his cases, and there like a star
That shines through the night shall my innocence be.

O love, I appeal to the justice of time.

CRAFTS & TRADES



A Day With The Venerable 'Lynn Ann'

by George Holt

The mountains do not corner the market on romance—there is plenty of fanciful living among the banks and inlets of coastal North Carolina, as I discovered on a recent adventure aboard the venerable Lynn Ann, a World War II mine-sweeper turned shad boat.

On a winter field trip “down east” in Carteret County, searching out traditional folkways of eastern Carolina, I hoped to meet someone whose life belonged to the water. At the Beaufort Fisheries I found my man—Charlie Pittman, captain of the Lynn Ann, the oldest in a fleet of three shad boats owned by the Beaufort company.



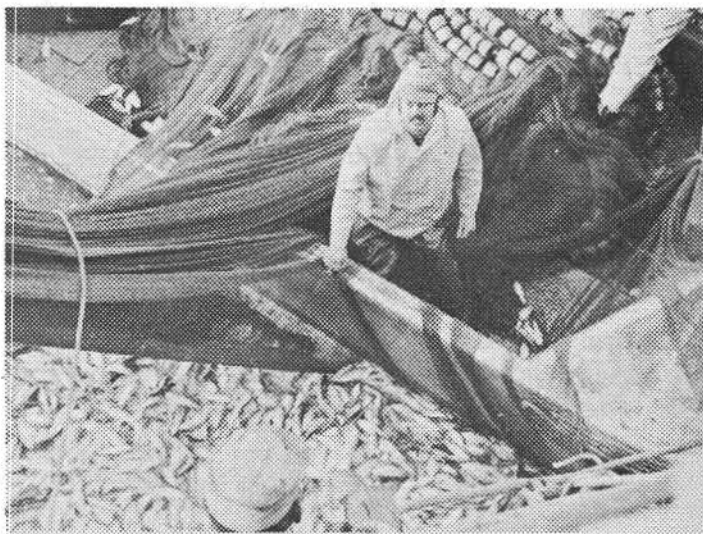
At sixty-two Captain Pittman, like the boat he had piloted for more than twenty years, had begun to weary a bit of sea life. “I’ve been fishing all my life,” he told me, “always made my living out of the water . . . known nothing else.” But unlike the oceans, men and their boats come and go, their mastership of the waters fleeting. Captain Pittman has long been a master of the water, but the long hours and the hard work of commercial fishing have begun to take their toll. There are thoughts of retirement.

The only way to experience a day in the life of the Captain was to ride out with the Lynn Ann. The menhaden show up in North Carolina waters in late March or early May, so in April I phoned Captain Pittman and received the come ahead. Two days later I left for Beaufort and at 11:00 p.m. found my way to the Pittman house, just down the road from the fishery and the Lynn Ann. Three hours later I was standing in the parlor (pilot) house, bleary eyed but becoming alert with coffee and anticipation. Captain Pittman walked about putting things in order and checking on his crew of seventeen men. By 3:00 a.m. all had boarded. The young pilot lay sleeping on a mattress on the floor of the parlor house.

By 3:30 the chief engineer had readied the engines and the Lynn Ann made its way past the sleeping white houses along the Beaufort waterfront. The sleek, modern Gregory Poole had pulled away moments before. Captain Pittman guided his boat gently through the narrow channel into the open Atlantic and on toward Bogue Inlet to the south.

As day broke I shared a tin plate of grits and eggs with the most recent member of the crew, a young apprentice pilot known as the single shareman. Leaving the galley, I saw that the sun had begun to ascend above Atlantic Beach. There is nothing quite as beautiful as a sunrise on the open water, not even a sunset can rival it for sheer mystery. We were approaching the village of Salter Path, as the spotter plane passed overhead. Just before six the voice of the "plane man" crackled over the ship's radio. A large school had been sighted off the fishing pier at Salter Path. The shad had not been expected so far north at this hour. Captain Pittman came alive. The fish must have had a "fan out." The crew jumped into boots and yellow slickers and attended the purse boats suspended on davids above the decks. Captain Pittman noted the position of the Gregory Poole and pulled out the throttle. The race was on.

The Lynn Ann had the inside track, but the Poole, a faster vessel, lay in striking distance. The Poole began closing the gap, but the two forty foot aluminum purse boats aboard the Lynn Ann had already been lowered into the water. (The power driven purse boats carry the net or seine, half in each craft.) Captain Charlie left the parlor house to take his place in the captain's purse boat. He was replaced at the helm by the chief engineer. A brilliant red sun engulfed the silhouette of the Clamdigger Motel.



In tandem the purse boats pursued the school, appearing as a dark sub-surface mass from my vantage point on the deck of the mother ship. Suddenly they burst apart, spilling line and seine until the school had been surrounded. The purse boats rejoined having formed a near perfect circle. A weight called the tom is heaved overboard from the captain's boat which anchors the purse or bottom line. The purse line is then wenched in, drawn beneath the school, and the fish are netted. It is a good set.

The engineer brings the Lynn Ann in to rendezvous with the fishermen. The cork pullers and webbing spreaders in the purse boats haul in seine, aided by a hydraulic wench called the power block. The set was soon tightly wedged between the purse boats as the "steamer" Lynn Ann pulled along side. The floating section of line which remained was fastened to the sides of the mother boat. Part was attached to the "dunkie" or hardening rig and raised above the decks. The fish were now ready to be transferred to the hold.

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Traditional Craftsmanship In North Carolina

by Charles G. Zug III

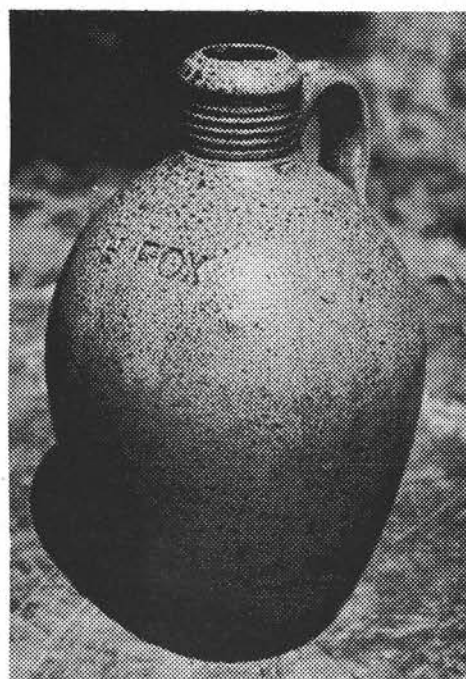


Figure 1: Small, salt-glazed stone-ware jug by Himer Fox, Chatham County. Most traditional pottery was not signed, making it extremely difficult to identify.

North Carolina is rich in the artifacts of traditional life. Most prominent, perhaps, are folksongs such as *Tom Dula* or *Naomi Wise*, or the elaborate fairy tales about the adventures of the youngest son Jack. And then there is the extensive body of legend describing buried treasures, flaming ships, ghostly lights, and the machinations of Old Scratch, the Devil himself. Such examples of folklore are well-known to the folklorist and the general public—often through the very nontraditional medium of the printed word.

Largely neglected, however, are the material manifestations of folk culture: the frame farmhouse, the log crib barn, the slatback chair, the syrup jar or whiskey jug, the double wedding ring quilt, or the Ruddy Duck decoy from Currituck Sound. Perhaps these objects remain too much in view, too close to contemporary life, for us to view them with the same appreciation and detachment as a ballad or a Jack Tale. And yet they are no less important, both as aesthetic objects and as indices to cultural values and attitudes.

Take for example the house, the most permanent and imposing form of traditional craftsmanship. Lacking professional architects and commercial building companies, the early settler or farmer had to depend on his own knowledge and abilities, as well as that of his immediate neighbors. Consequently, there was little specialization. While one man might be more expert at hewing than cornering, each was theoretically capable of planning and raising a building. For the larger houses and barns, the process of construction was often a social activity, involving most members of the community and simultaneously combining both work and play.

Moreover, there was a very limited range of acceptable house types, from the one-room cabin (Figure 2) through a number of two-room floor plans to the two-story I house (Figure 3). And the builder's attitude toward his home was extremely flexible. Often, he began with a small, single-room unit; then, as his family grew, he added another similar room at one end and possibly a shed or ell to the rear. The final step was the erection of a two-story I

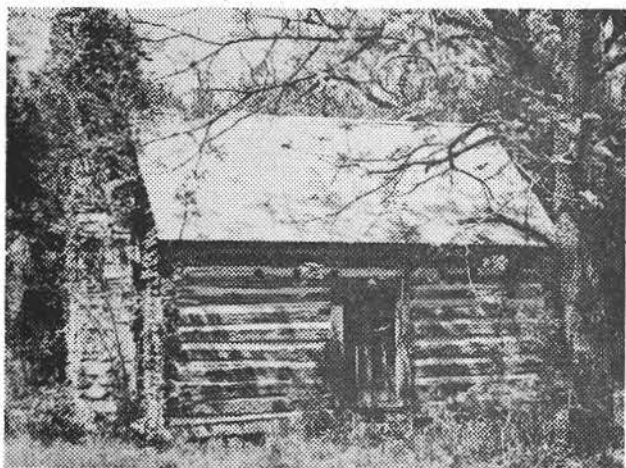


Figure 2: Log cabin, Chatham County. Although Americans habitually associate "log with cabin," this form—a single constructional unit of less than two stories—can be made out of brick, stone, sod or any other material.

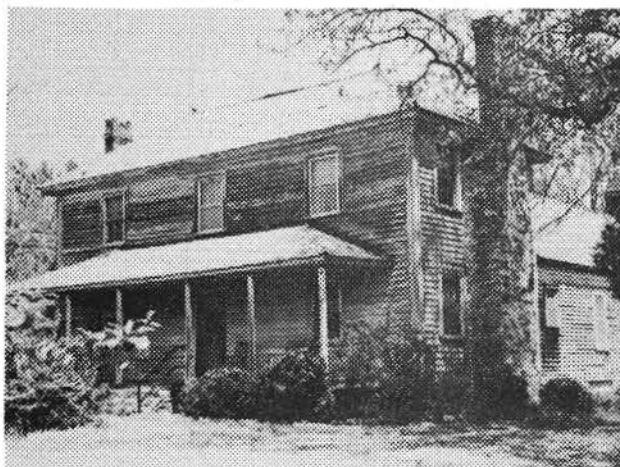


Figure 3: I house, Chatham County. The term "I house" was apparently adopted by early architectural historians because they observed so many examples in Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. The type is two stories high, two or more rooms long and one room deep.

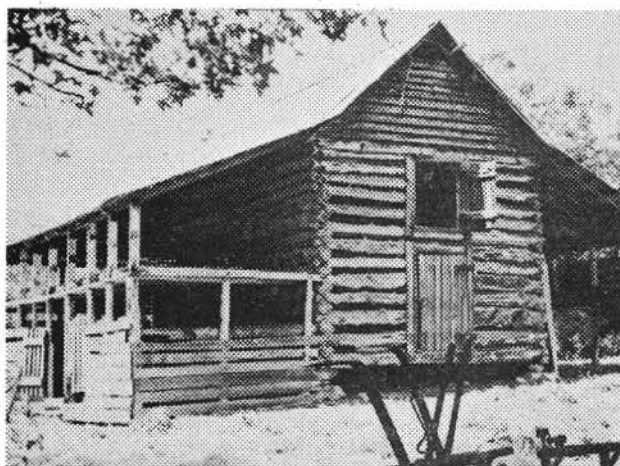


Figure 4: Log crib barn, Chatham County.

house—the symbol of prosperity and status—sometimes directly on top of the earlier homes. Supporting the stately bulk of many an I house in the North Carolina Piedmont is a sturdy frame which derives from much humbler beginnings.

The combination of log and frame construction found on so many farms also provides evidence of the varied cultural influences on our region. Contrary to popular opinion, the English settlers did not build log houses when they landed on the coast; they didn't know how to. Instead, while many died for want of adequate shelter, they laboriously sawed the trees into boards and planks before using them. This was what their culture had instructed them to do. Somewhat later, the Swedes, Finns and most importantly, the Germans introduced log construction, a technique which the English and Scots-Irish gratefully accepted. Thus, it is not surprising to see on the same farm an I house, which is distinctly English in form and construction, alongside a German-derived log crib barn (Figure 4). Similar variation is found in pottery, from the elaborately decorated earthenware of the Moravians to the utilitarian, salt-glazed stoneware forms so essential to agrarian life (Figure 1). Likewise the plucked dulcimer, which appears to have come from Northern Europe but was readily adopted by the English and Scot-Irish in the Appalachians. In their form or construction, many crafts provide concrete testimony to the complex patterns of acculturation that characterize American life.

Beauty is no less a part of traditional craftsmanship, notwithstanding the ethnocentric views of art critics or museum curators, who habitually label folk arts and crafts as "crude," "naive" or "provincial." Such assessments are totally ill-founded, as the observer inevitably has little knowledge of the values or goals of the traditional culture which produced the artifact. Furthermore, "art and "craft" are not separable categories: beauty and use are firmly united, and the traditional craftsman makes no distinction between them. Note, for example, the stark simplicity and strength of the illustrated log crib barn. Constructed of hewn cedar logs

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Basketweaving

by Leon Berry & Glenn Hinson



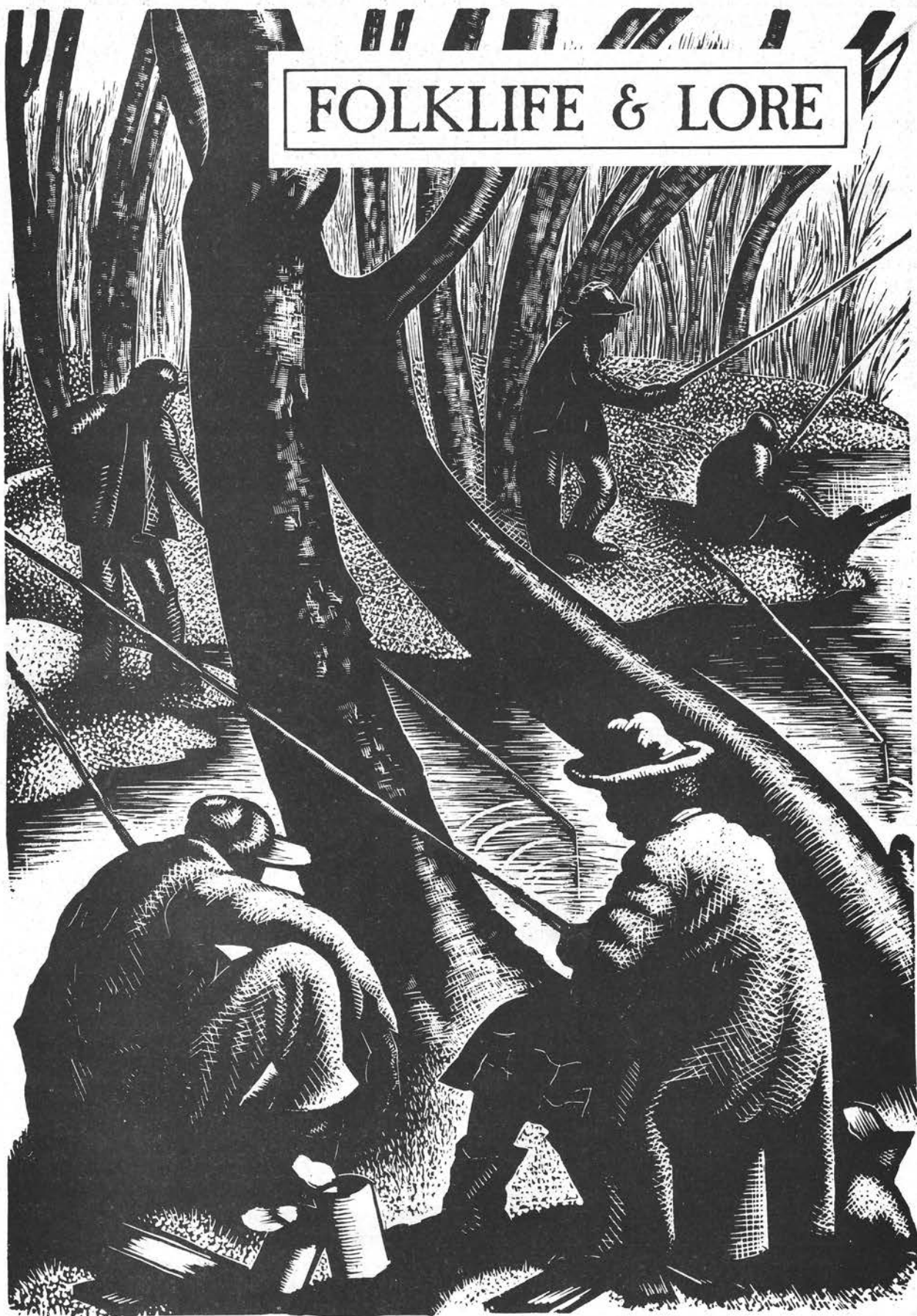
Mr. Leon Berry, at age 89, is one of the few basketmakers still practicing his trade in North Carolina. He weaves his baskets with long thin strips of wood, called splits, worked from a young white oak tree, and makes the large utilitarian baskets once common in rural areas across the state. They were used for a variety of purposes, from transporting newly picked cotton to holding feed for livestock to catching fish. This diversity of uses once made oak-split baskets standard items on the farm, and it was not unusual for an agrarian community to have at least one person skilled in the trade. With the mechanization of the farming process, however, and the availability of cheap, mass-produced baskets, basketmaking as a trade is rapidly disappearing, following in the footsteps of hand-hewn furniture and the mule-drawn plow.

I reckon I was about 14 years old when I first started makin baskets. My father made em all the time. Yeah, my father made baskets to sell, mostly cotton baskets, He wasn't gettin nothin for em, but he made em to sell. He didn't get 50c for them! He didn't get to town with em, just sold em out there in the rural—everybody was working cotton, you know. But I never did start foolin with no baskets till on up later, cause I didn't have no white oak.

I just went around and picked up some little shavings, ones tossed away by my father. He was making baskets and I just picked up the shavings and, oh, little pieces of splits, you know, what he had left. He'd throw them out in his pile and I'd get a whole lot of them together and I'd sit down there and go to workin. You know, I done got where I could make a basket! That's where I started. Then, on and on, I just kept patience till I could make them as good as him. Course, you know, if you ain't got good patience, ain't no use in startin this job. Cause you ain't gonna do it.

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FOLKLIFE & LORE



The Hollerers From Spivey's Corner

by Bill Phillips

At the age of eight years old Floyd Leer wanted more than anything to be a hollerer. He had heard a neighbor, an older man, hollering and then he would go out in a field alone to practice what he had heard. It was as if hollering were an art, a skill to be cultivated and developed, and those who excelled at it were respected for their talent. Leonard Emanuel says, "Hollering is a different thing from hog calling, it's a different



thing altogether . . . it's not yodelling and it's not calling hogs." What is it then? "Well, it's something like this." He rares back and emits a rare melodious sound. His attentive dogs join in as if only they know what he is saying.

Imagine the life of Sampson County forty, fifty, or sixty years ago. Lying in the flat lands of eastern North Carolina, it was a sparsely populated agricultural community. There were a few roads, mostly dirt, little mechanization of any kind, few radios and telephones . . . telephones did not arrive until the fifties. In other words, there was nothing to disturb the quiet air hovering over the pine trees and tobacco fields. No wonder when Leonard Emanuel walked out to his fields in the morning, he could be heard for a couple of miles giving his melodic "good morning" holler. That began a day of hearty lung work that would require some kind of holler for most of the working tasks of the day.

Calling cows in to be milked could be one of the first functional hollers of the day. In the early days there were no stock laws, so animals roamed freely across the countryside without being fenced. Instead, fields were fenced in to keep the animals from destroying the crops. A distinctive call was made for each animal: cows, sheeps, pigs, etc. Each animal knew its special call and would respond to only that call. Not only did each animal know its own call, it knew its own caller. As Floyd Lee put it: "We had a pasture, all our neighbors you know . . . they'd have maybe fifteen or twenty hogs in their group, we'd have twenty or twenty-five in our group, the other feller'd have some in their group, and every hog knowed their feeding ground. I could go out there and I could say, 'whoooooaaaa whoooooaa pigeeee pigeeee'. Well that was a plenty, you could hear them comin', coming' as hard as they could."

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Folkways of the Scottish Highlanders

by Malcolm Fowler

The first settlers from the Highlands of Scotland began arriving in the Upper Cape Fear Valley of North Carolina back in 1739. They brought very few material possessions with them. What they did bring though in quantity were their folkways, with their attendant folklore handed down through many generations by word of mouth. Nearly all of these stories dealt with mythical beings—warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf candles, brownies, and even devils.

Outstanding were the beliefs in fairies. These were little people, who lived in round hills and invited passersby to come in and share their hospitality. None of those who accepted were ever seen again. Small stone chests have been found in both the Highlands and the outer islands in which were small bones believed to be the skeletons of the little people. Another belief was in people who had the gift of "second sight"—the ability to foresee and foretell coming events. Generally, this was possessed by old women. This second sight is not now deemed pure superstition. It has been given a more acceptable name: extrasensory perception or E.S.P.

The average Highlander will hotly deny being superstitious and yet, to me, they seem to be the most superstitious people on earth. I remember as a boy hanging around old Mr. Sandy Colville, one time Confederate soldier, who had a wealth of these old stories. Yankee bullets had cut him down at South Mountain and left him with "the misery in his hip" so that he affected a walking-stick-aided hobble and used a sheepskin bottomed chair.

Just below his home was Colville's Branch, haunted by the ghost of a man murdered by Gypsies when he made improper advances to a Gypsy girl. Day's later, after the Gypsies had moved on, the man's body was found in a quagmire.



Witch Doctor

All the Negroes—slave or free—were scared of this witch doctor. If one of them acquired anything that caught his eye he demanded it, whatever it was: a piece of silver money, dime store jewelry or what passed for its equivalent in those days. If the owner objected, the witch doctor would threaten to go into a trance and put a curse on him. On one occasion a slave had been given a fifty cent piece which the witch doctor demanded. The slave refused to give it up and the witch doctor did go into a trance. The Negroes decided he was dead and while some hastily dug a grave others made a box and laid the witch doctor in it, then hustled the box to the nearby Murchison cemetery. According to legend as they nailed the top boards on the box they could see beads of sweat popping out on the forehead of the supposed corpse. The witch doctor probably knew what was happening but couldn't pull out of the trance and was buried alive. The burial party didn't just shovel dirt onto the box. They filled the hole with rocks and to be more certain he wouldn't come back they piled a large heap of stones on the grave. The picture shows how the grave looks today. Those Negroes didn't mean for that witch doctor to ever come back again.

Malcolm Fowler
Lillington, N.C.
May 5, 1976

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Granny Frone: A Folktale

Originally recorded by Miss Pearle Webb, granddaughter of Granny Frone, for Prof. W.A. Abrams, Boone, N.C., and transcribed by Dr. Frank C. Brown in August, 1940. Reprinted with permission from The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, Vol. I, pp. 650-652, Duke University Press.

I recollect specially a story my Mammy used to tell me a long time ago. Yes, I guess I could tell it to you; here, just wait till I get this snuff out of my mouth. I never could talk with snuff in my mouth.

Now as I recollect it, old Uncle Ed Dodson and Aunt Cindy they lived away up yonder in the gap around back about 1880, I guess. Well, it seems as how witches had been pestering of them for a good long spell of time. First one of Ed's steers died, then the cows started in going dry and they couldn't make butter off the milk and that was a sure sign of witches working. Well, next one of Ed's dogs, one of his very best dogs, just laid down and died; and when that happened Ed flew plumb off the handle, my Mammy said, and started raving around that he be damned—now that's the very words he used—he be damned if he would stand any more of it. Granny or no Granny, he would put an end to it.

You see, the witch was his own Granny, old Granny Frone that lived over across the hill from him. She got mad at Ed about something or other and that was her way of paying him back.

Well, Ed said damned if he cared whose Granny she was, her picture was going on a young black gum tree with a nail in the heart of it fore dark and that he was going to sink her up to the head. You know that was the way you doctored against a witch. You drew a picture on a tree, put a cross where the heart ought to be and a nail in the heart. Then the witch would be taken ailing right away. Then you keep driving the nail on in and she would get worse and worse till by the time you got the nail driv up she would be dead. That is unless she could borrow something from them. You see, that way she could break the power of the doctoring.

But Ed was that mad he swore that the nail was going plumb up to the head and that nary drap nor grain or anything was she to get off his place. So when old Granny Frone took ailing and begun to send the boys first for some salt, then a little baccer, next some fire to kindle with, why nary a thing did she get; and Ed kept driving the nail in. Well, pretty soon she get; it sunk nearly to the head and old Granny Frone was just about gone when Mammy said that Aunt Cindy got to feeling sorry for her and begun to beg Ed to pull the nail out. Aunt Cindy told Mammy that it seemed just like plain murder to her and that all day she had had a terrible feeling that something awful was going to happen, especially after the old rooster came and stood in the door and crowed three times. But Ed, his mind was made up, and he was so sot on what he was doing that he couldn't be stopped.

Well, Mammy said that along towards dark Ed looked out the door and saw old Granny Frone coming down the ridge with her hand over her heart and her hair a-flying. "Lord have mercy on us, Ed," said Aunt Cindy. "yonder's Granny Frone coming here. A-coming to die on this place and leave her witch sperrit wandering around here to go into some of us." And with that Ed grabbed up the hammer and took off up the ridge to pull the nail out. But he was too late a-starting. Granny Frone just got inside the gate and was begging for water and hollering. "You've killed me, you've killed me."

About that time, Aunt Cindy run to her with a gourd of water begging her to take it and drink from it, but just as she reached out her hand to take it, why instead of taking it she just threw up her hands and fell and muttered, "You killed me, Ed Dodson, you killed me! But I'm getting even with you now. My sperrit, my witch sperrit—I'm leaving it here, Ed Dodson, to plague you as long as you live." And with that she was gone.

Yes, that's what they say; her spirit went into Ed. He always did act quare after that, but he never did do anybody any harm that we ever heard of, yet he was afraid of the dark.



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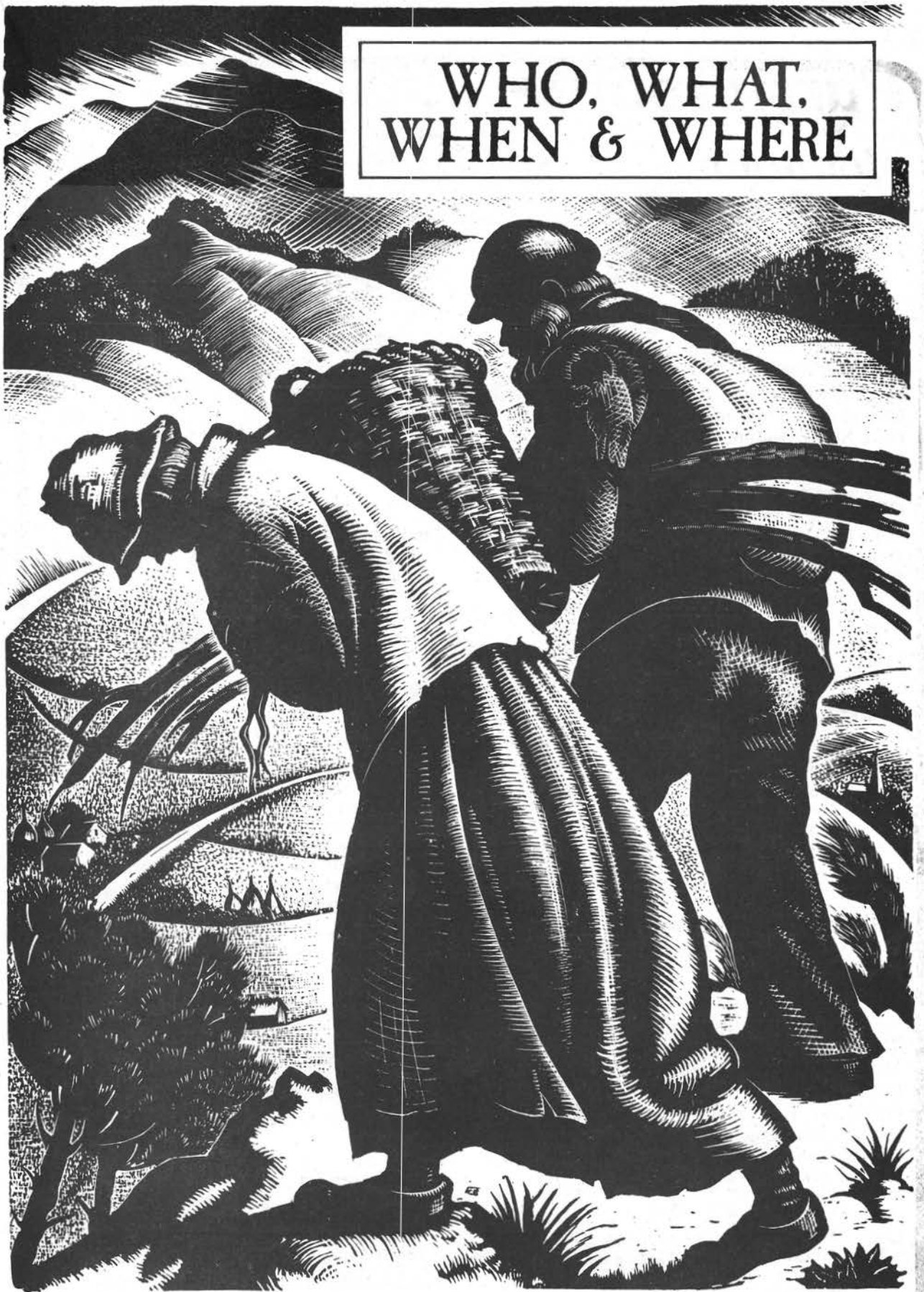


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WHO, WHAT, WHEN & WHERE



Participants . . .

Mountain

MUSICIANS

Appalachian Folk, Madison Co.
Vivian Hartsole, *guitar*
Arlene Kesterson, *bass*
Byard Ray, *fiddle*
Lou Therrell, *banjo*
E.C. & Orna Ball, *folk & gospel songs*, Ashe Co.
Ray Hicks, *harmonica & storytelling*, Watauga Co.
Bobby MacMillon, *ballads & folksongs*, Caldwell Co.
Richard Moss, *shape-note hymns*
Dellie Norton, *ballads*, Madison Co.
Frank Proffitt Jr., *folksongs*, Watauga Co.

CRAFTS and TRADES

Nellie Duckett, *spinning*, Madison Co.
Earnest Franklin, *fiddle making*, Madison Co.
Peter Gott, *log construction*, Madison Co.
Stanley Hicks, *instrument making*, Watauga Co.
June Taylor, *hooked rugs & cornshuck flowers*, Avery Co.

Evelyn Ramsey, *ballads*, Madison Co.
Ola Belle Reed, *banjo*, Ashe Co.
Bud Reed, *guitar*
David Reed, *guitar*
Smathers Family Band
Charles Gidney, *guitar*
Harold Smathers, *guitar*
J.P. Smaters, *bass*
Luke Smathers, *fiddle*
Berzilla Wallin, *ballads*, Madison Co.
Cas Wallin, *ballads*, Madison Co.

Ora Watson, *quilting*, Watauga Co.
Willard Watson, *moonshining & woodcarving*, Watauga Co.
Juanita & Jerry Wolfe, *Cherokee basket weaving*, Swain Co.

Piedmont

MUSICIANS

Bluegrass Experience, Chatham Co.
Don Beane, *banjo*
Paul Beane, *mandolin*
Charles Lee Conrad, *guitar*
Tommy Edwards, *guitar*
Al McCanless, *fiddle*
Snuffy Smith, *bass*
James F. Borders, *bones player*, Iredell Co.
Bright Moon Singers, *a cappella gospel*, Durham Co.
Rhuben Allen
Chester Clark
Norman Nichols
John Patterson
Willie Brooks, *blues guitar*, Chatham Co.
Thomas Burke, *blues & gospel guitar*, Granville Co.
Pauline Burke, *gospel singer*, Granville Co.
Fred Cockerham, *fiddle & banjo*, Surry Co.
Elizabeth Cotten, *guitar & banjo*, Orange Co.
Virgil Craven, *hammered dulcimer*, Randolph Co.
Glenn Glass, *banjo*
Fred Olson, *guitar*
Mr. Shaw, *fiddle*
Golden Echoes, *contemporary gospel*, Granville Co.
Kenneth Daniel
Luther Foster
J.P. Jenkins
John Landis
Wilburt Malone
Ronald Perry

Fort Creek String Band, Granville Co.
Charlotte Floyd, *bass*
F.T. "Dootsie" Harris, *guitar & harmonica*
Jack Jones, *guitar*
Emil "Dunk" Preddy, *fiddle*
Roddy Preddy, *mandolin*
Eugene Wooten, *banjo*
Father Giacomo Ghisalberti, *accordion, guitar & harmonica*, Cumberland Co.
Hired Hands, Rutherford Co.
Snuffy Jenkins, *banjo & washboard*
Harold Lucas, *guitar*
Randy Lucas, *banjo*
Greasy Medlin, *guitar*
Ken Meggs, *mandolin*
Pappy Sherrill, *fiddle*
Tommy Jarrell, *fiddle & banjo*, Surry Co.
Kombo Ellas, Wake Co.
Jim Caplanides, *bazouki*
Demetrius Nixon, *tambourine & vocals*
George Poniros, *bass*
Charles Shaw, *drums*
David Ward, *accordion & clarinet*
Gordon Mangum Jr., *blues singer*, Franklin Co.
Rev. Rassie I. Moore, *gospel guitar*, Vance Co.
New Hope Singing Convention, *Black shaped-note choir*, Chatham Co.

Pine Ridge Boys, Surry Co.
 Earnest East, *fiddle*
 Patsy East, *bass*
 Scotty East, *guitar*
 Chester MacMillan, *mandolin*
 Red Clay Ramblers, Orange Co.
 Mike Craver, *piano, guitar & autoharp*
 Bill Hicks, *fiddle*
 Tommy Thompson, *banjo*
 Jim Watson, *mandolin & guitar*
 Dink Roberts, *banjo*, Alamance Co.
 James Roberts
 Lilly Roberts

Smokey Valley Boys, Surry Co.
 Benton Flippen, *fiddle*
 Larry Flippen, *guitar*
 Curtis "Shorty" Spurlin, *mandolin*
 Paul Sutphin, *guitar*
 Gilmer Woodruff, *banjo*
 James "Guitar Slim" Stevens, *blues piano & guitar*,
 Guilford Co.
 Lulu Watson, *accordion*, Chatham Co.
 Bill Watson, *figure caller*, Vance Co.

CRAFTS and TRADES

Sarah & Fox Ayres, *Catawba Indian pottery*,
 Columbia, S.C.
 Leon Berry, *basket weaving*, Mecklenburg Co.
 L.C. Brown, Jimmy Hawks, *horse trading*,
 Orange Co.
 Cyrus Green, *sheep shearing*, Orange Co.
 J.R. Kistler & David Bryant, *oxen plowing & logging*,
 Caldwell Co.
 Robert Melhorn, *milking & butter churning*,
 Orange Co.

Annie Melvin, *soap making*, Durham Co.
 Nancy Sweezey & Vernon Owens, *Jugtown pottery*,
 Randolph Co.
 Robert Walker, *tobacco stringing & twisting*,
 Durham Co.
 Joe & Lila Wheeler, *molasses making*, Franklin Co.
 Thomas Frank Fuller
 Mr. & Mrs. Ricky Thompson
 Clyde Whitted, *ferrier*, Orange Co.

Coastal

MUSICIANS

Henry Parson, *field hollering*, Sampson Co.
 Grayden & Mary Paul, *folksongs & ballads*,
 Carteret Co.
 Terra Ceia Christian Reformed Church Singers,
Dutch psalm singing, Beaufort Co.

Bill & Hattie Thompson, *gospel, blues & medicine*
show performances, New Hanover Co.
 Jake Zwaal, *Dutch harmonica*, Beaufort Co.

CRAFTS and TRADES

Earlie Brantley, *chair making*, Nash Co.
 Luke Dudley, *oyster gathering*, Carteret Co.
 Charles & Mary Ellen Edwards, *shrimping, net*
mending, Carteret Co.
 Mrs. J.P. Fields, *tatting*, Pamlico Co.

Matthew Salter, *net making*, Pamlico Co.
 Valeria Scott, *quilting*, Robeson Co.
 Ethermure Spivey, *dug out canoe making*,
 Columbus Co.
 Ralph Yancey, *fish fileting*, Carteret Co.

Cooking

Helene di Bona, *goat cheese*, Durham Co.
 Nerina Byrom, *Italian cooking*, Cumberland Co.
 Eva Cockerham, *biscuits, zonkers, steamed cabbage*,
 Surrey Co.
 Mary Ellen Edwards, *clam chowder*, Carteret Co.
 Agnes Egsegian, *Armenian cooking*, Wake Co.
 Nerina Gregory, *Italian cooking*, Cumberland Co.
 Lottie McBride, *canning*, Durham Co.
 Annette McPhail, *Scottish shortbread*, Durham Co.
 Robert Melhorn, *butter making*, Orange Co.
 Ahn Nguhen, *Vietnamese cooking*, Durham Co.

Nein Nguyen, *Vietnamese cooking*, Durham Co.
 Gina Poole, *Italian Cooking*, Cumberland Co.
 Doris Schonberg, *pies*, Orange Co.
 Annabelle Selph, *yeast bread*, Durham Co.
 Hattie Thompson, *biscuits*, New Hanover Co.
 Richard Townsend, *sauer kraut*, Avery Co.
 Juanita Tysor, *pickled beets*, Forsyth Co.
 Anne Van Staaldunin, *bean soup*, Beaufort Co.
 Tedd Vavilites, *Greek cooking*, Durham Co.
 Audrey Zwaal, *Dutch pastries*, Beaufort Co.

CHILDREN'S
AREA

SPEECH STUMP

SORGHUM MILL

PIEDMONT
STAGE

PIEDMONT

BUS STOP

ENTRANCE

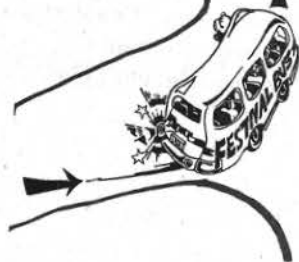
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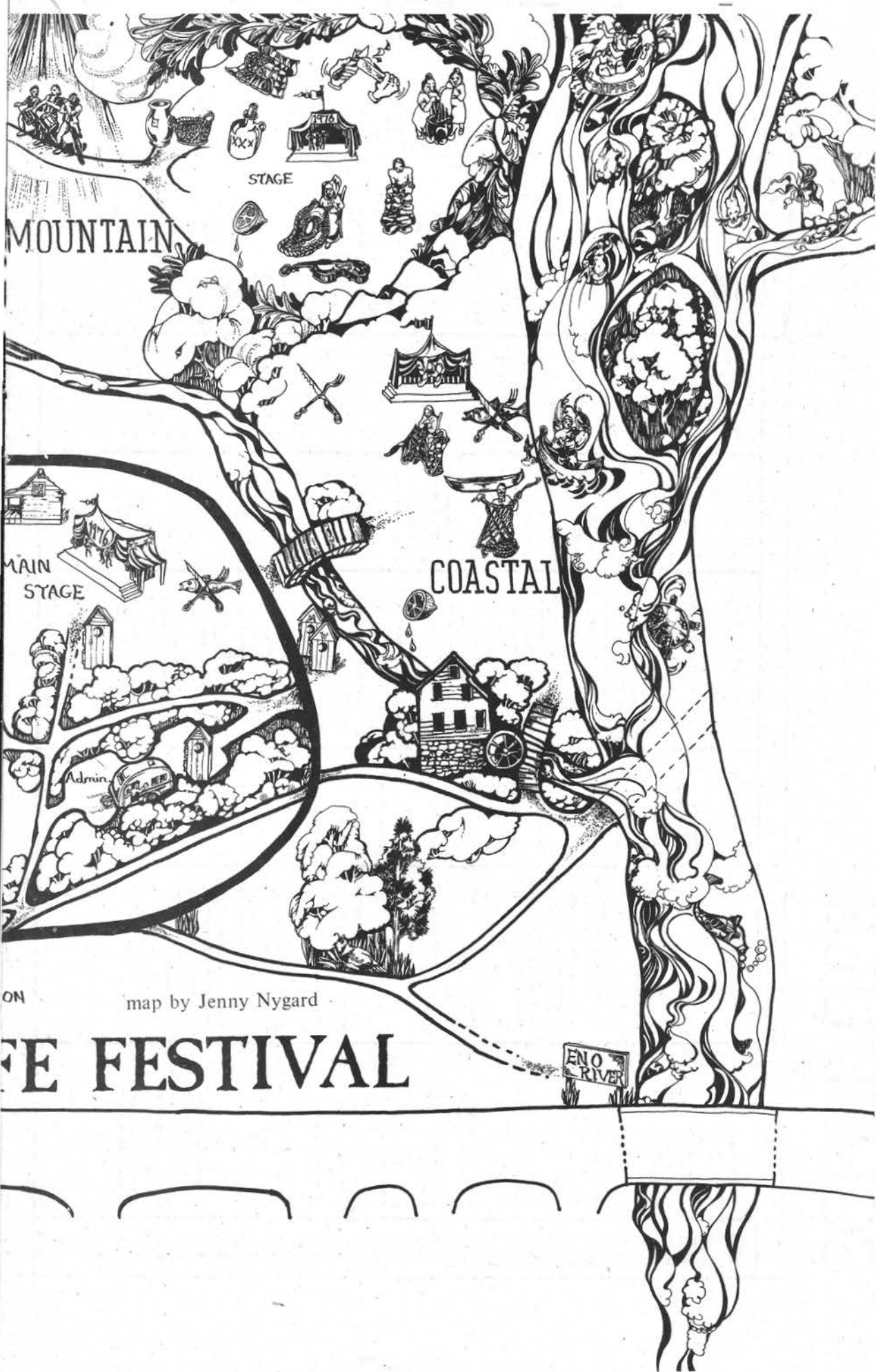
FOOD
DEMONSTRATION

NORTH CAROLINA
BICENTENNIAL

FOLKLIFE

ROXBORO ROAD





MOUNTAIN

STAGE

MAIN
STAGE

COASTAL

map by Jenny Nygard

ENO FESTIVAL

ENO RIVER

SCHEDULE

SATURDAY, JULY 3

Time	MAIN Stage	MOUNTAIN Stage	MOUNTAIN Demonstrations	PIEDMONT Stage	PIEDMONT Demonstrations	COASTAL Demonstrations	CHILDREN'S AREA Pavillion	CHILDREN'S AREA Outdoors	FOOD Demonstrations
10:00									
10:15	Field Hollering		Cherokee Basket Weaving	Old-Time String Band Music: Pine Ridge Boys	Molasses Making	Quilting	Tee Shirt Tie Dying: Peggy Phelps; bring your own shirt or buy one for \$1.00	All-Day Activities: Face Painting, Tom Sawyer Fence Painting, Mural Painting	Vietnamese Cooking
10:30	Old-Time Country Music & Humor: The Hired Hands	Mountain Harmonica & Jew's Harp	Instrument Making	Gospel Accordion	Pottery Making	Fish Fileting		Nature Hikes 10:30, 11:30, 12:30	Green Cooking
10:45				Carolina Swing: Hush House Harvey Ellington	Basket Weaving	Dug-out Canoe Making			Dutch Bean Soup & Pastries
11:00				One-Man-Band Blues	Soap Making	Boatbuilding	Hollering Contest		Canning
11:15	Dulcimers—Strummed, Picked & Hammered	Mountain Gospel & Folk songs: E. C. & Orna Ball	Quilting	Old-Time Gospel Quartette	Tobacco Tying & Twisting	Net Making	Dance & Things—Creative Movement for Kids: Dance Associates		
11:30		Fa, So, La—The Shape Note Hymn Tradition	Woodcarving	Bull City Blues—A Survey of Black Secular Music in Durham: Tom Burke, Odell Johnson, Arthur Lyons, Otha Lyons, others	Sheep Shearing	Tattooing	Story Swap: Ray & Stanley Hicks		Vietnamese Cooking
11:45	Fiddlin' Around—A Survey of Fiddle Styles: Earnest East, Hush House Harvey Ellington, Benton Flippen, Tommy Jarrell, Al McCannless, Pappy Sherrill	Old-Time & Country Music: Old Belle Reed	Stone Masonry	Coastal Ballads & Stories: Grayden & Mary Paul	Quilting	Shrimping	Sing Along: Jenny Knoop, James Borders		Yeast Bread
12:00				Folk songs & Blues: Elizabeth Cotten	Horse Trading	Oyster Tonging			Sauer Kraut
12:15				Music From the Old Country—Dutch	Story Telling				Italian Cooking
12:30	Hammered Dulcimer: Virgil Craven & the Band	Story Swap: Ray Hicks & Stanley Hicks	Cider Press	Old-Time Fiddle & Banjo: Tommy Jarrell	Corn Shuck Chair Bottoming				
12:45	Keeping Time—Folk Rhythms	Old-Time String Band Music: Pine Ridge Boys	Carding & Spinning	Music From the Old Country—Italian					Homemade Pies
1:00			Weaving	Step It Up & Go—Blues Guitar & Piano			3:15—Pappy Sherrill, Snuffy Jenkins, Greasy Medlin		Butter Making
1:15			Natural Dying	Bluegrass Experience			Children's Clogging: Piedmont Foot-Stompers		Scottish Shortbread
1:30	Low & Lonesome—Singing the Blues in N.C.: James Borders, Willie Brooks, Tom Burke, Elizabeth Cotten, Guitar Slim, others	Old-Time String Band Music: Smokey Valley Boys	Hooked Rug Making	"Holy Blues"			Story Telling: Nancy Scott		Clam Chowder
1:45			Cornshuck Crafts	The Wonders of Snake Oil—Adventures on the Medicine Show Circuit: Hush House Harvey Ellington, Guitar Slim, The Hired Hands, Bill Thompson					Biscuits, Zonkers, Steamed Cabbage
2:00	Bluegrass Experience: Green Grass Cloggers	Mountain String Music: Byard Ray							Goat Cheese
2:15	Women in Folk Music: Orna Ball, Elizabeth Cotten, Ola Belle Reed, Lula Watson	Buckdancing, Clogging & Square Dancing							Pickled Beets
2:30									
2:45									
3:00									
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5:00									
5:15									
5:30									
5:45									
6:00									
6:15									
6:30	Festival Concert								

FOOD CONCESSIONS (all three days)

FOOD	FROM	SPONSOR
Barbecue Pork & Chicken	Chatham County	Johnnie & Willie Mae Williams
Barbecue & Stew	Lenoir County	Alex & Clara Barwick (B & S Cafe)
Fish Fry	Wake County	Mohammad's Mosque
Fried Chicken & Brunswick Stew	Caswell County	Jim Harris (Fatboy's Restaurant)
Hush Puppies	Durham County	Hubert Parker (Parker's Restaurant)
Ham Biscuits	Durham County	Eno River Association
Indian Dishes	Robeson & Other Counties	Maxton Indian Community
Dutch Pastries	Beaufort County	Terra Ceia Christian Reformed Church
Potato Latkes	Durham County	Hedassah
Cider & Peanuts	Durham County	Durham Jaycettes
Tacos & Empanadas	Durham, Wake & Orange Counties	Asociacion Cultural Hispano-Americana
Souvlaki	Wake County	"Mr. & Mrs." Club
Egg Rolls	Durham County	Mrs. K.C. Hung (China Inn)

CONTESTS (all three days)

Contests will be open for public participation on Saturday, July 3 from 1-6 p.m. Entries are limited. Register at the Information Booth early Saturday and Sunday for the following contests:

Horseshoe Tournament
Sack Race
3 Legged Race
Watermelon Eating

Indian Leg Wrestling
Arm Wrestling
Tug o' War (teams of ten people)
Human Rooster Fight

Separate children's contests (10 years and under) will be held in the Children's Area. Winners of all contests will be credited in the Durham Herald newspaper.

Farm crops and plowing demonstrations are located to your right inside the main entrance. Plowing will be every 2 hours beginning at 11 a.m. and ending at 5 p.m.

A stump has been set up for speeches, ranting, raving, monologues, diatribes, sermons, spontaneous story telling, etc. across the creek from the Children's Area. The public is encouraged to participate.

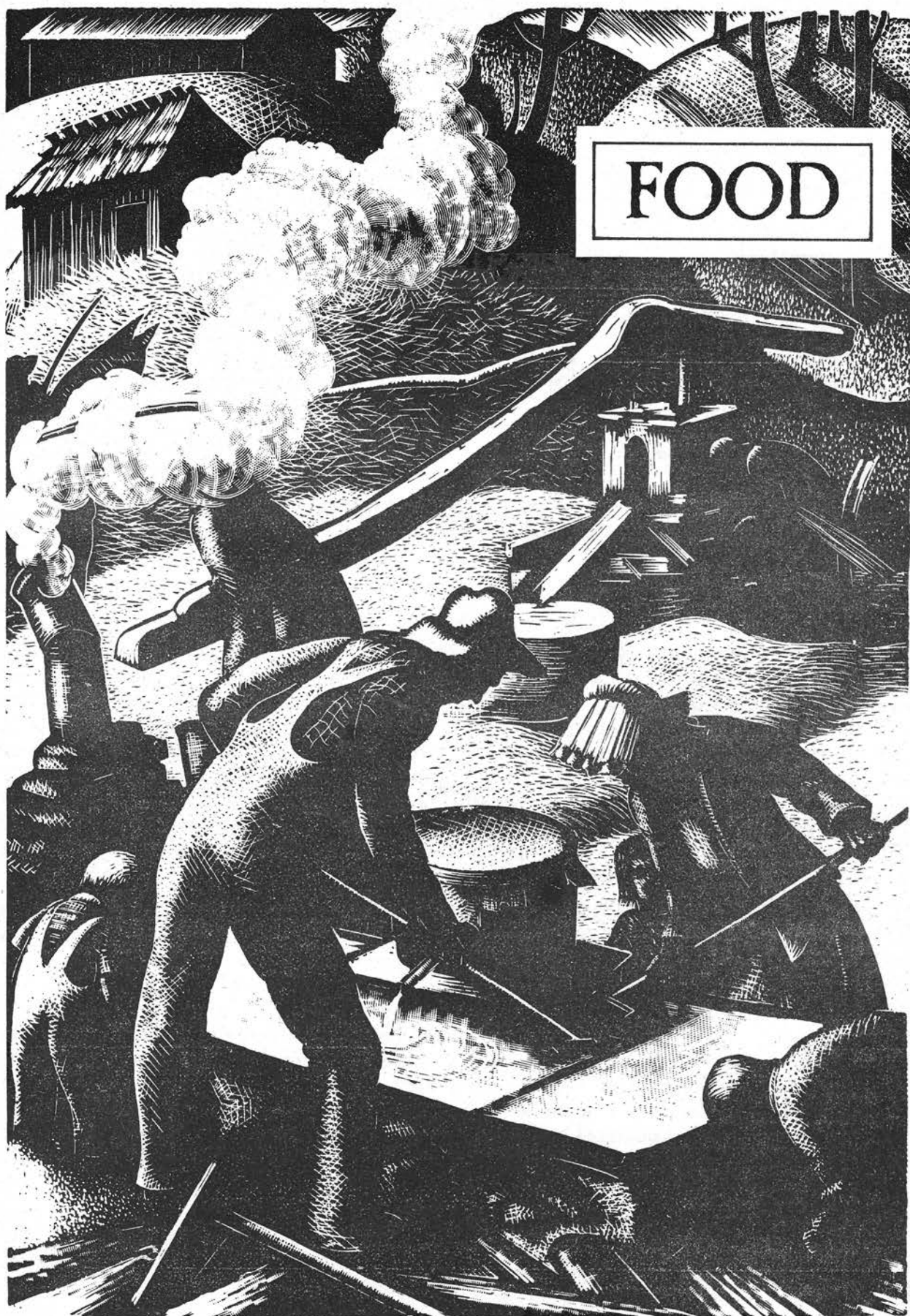
There will be horse-trading and log-pulling in this area. Logging times: 10:30 a.m., Noon, 1:30 p.m., 3 p.m., 4:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, JULY 4

Time	MAIN Stage	MOUNTAIN Stage	MOUNTAIN Demonstrations	PIEDMONT Stage	PIEDMONT Demonstrations	COASTAL Demonstrations	CHILDREN'S AREA Pavilion	CHILDREN'S AREA Outdoors	FOOD Demonstrations
1:00	Mountain Gospel & Folk songs: E.C. & Orna Ball	Fa, So, La - The Shape Note Hymn Tradition	Cherokee Basket Weaving Instrument Making	Rappin' the Banjo - Banjo Styles from Clawhammer to 3-Fingered Picking: Fred Cockerham, Dink Roberts, Snuffy Jenkins, others	Molasses Making	Quilting	Sing Along	All-Day Activities: Face Painting, Tom Sawyer Fence Painting, Mural Painting	Biscuits
1:15							Creative Movement/Drama: Jane Welford	Nature Hike 1:30	Armenian Cooking
1:30	Piedmont Gospel Music	Mountain String Music: Byard Ray	Quilting	Music From the Old Country - Italian	Pottery Making	Fish Filleting	Ola Belle Reed		Canning
1:45			Woodcarving	Hammered Dulcimer: Virgil Craven & the Band	Basket Weaving	Dug-out Canoe Making			Clam Chowder
2:00	Old-Time String Band Music: Pine Ridge Boys	Old-Time Country Music: Scotty & Lula Belle Wiseman	Moonshining	Modern Gospel Quartette: The Golden Echoes	Soap Making	Boatbuilding	"Free To Be... You and Me": play directed by James & Charlene Cullers		Greek Cooking
2:15			Stone Masonry	Music From the Old Country - Greek Bazouki Band: Kombo Elias	Tobacco Tying & Twisting	Net Making			Butter Making
2:30	Coastal Ballads & Stories: Grayden & Mary Paul	Old-Timey to Bluegrass - String Band Music in Transition: Ola Belle Reed, Red Clay Ramblers, Pine Ridge Boys, others	Apple Butter Making	Careless Love - Piedmont Blues: Willie Brooks, others	Sheep Shearing	Tattooing			Canning
2:45	Folk songs & Blues: Elizabeth Cotten		Cider Press	Hollering from Sampson Co. Coastal Ballads & Stories: Frank Warner	Quilting	Shrimping		Old-Time Games & Contests: Paul Kimmel	Italian Cooking
3:00			Natural Dying	Blues and Pre-Blues on the Banjo: Dink Roberts	Horse Trading	Oyster Tonging			Greek Cooking
3:15	Boogie Piano: Guitar Slim	Old-Timey String Band Music: Smokey Valley Boys	Hooked Rug Making	Gospel Accordion	Story Telling		Sing Along: Jenny Knoop		Goat Cheese
3:30			Cornshuck Crafts		Catawba Indian Pottery Making				Yeast Bread
3:45					Corn Shuck Chair Bottoming				Italian Cooking
4:00	Old-Time & Country Music: Ola Belle Reed	Down in the Willow Garden - Ballads and Old-Timey Songs from Madison County			Milking				Sauer Kraut
4:15									Goat Cheese
4:30	Old-Time Music Revival: Red Clay Ramblers	String Music with Swing: Smathers Family Band							Yeast Bread
4:45									
5:00	The Medicine Show: Hash House Harvey Ellington, Guitar Slim, The Hired Hands, Guitar Bill, others	Music From Old Country Dulcimers - Strummed, Picked & Hammered							
5:15									
5:30									
5:45									
6:00									
6:15									
6:30	Festival Concert to 8:30								

MONDAY, JULY 5

Time	MAIN Stage	MOUNTAIN Stage	MOUNTAIN Demonstrations	PIEDMONT Stage	PIEDMONT Demonstrations	COASTAL Demonstrations	CHILDREN'S AREA Pavilion	CHILDREN'S AREA Outdoors	FOOD Demonstrations
10:00	Mountain String Music: Byard Ray	String Music With Swing: Smathers Family Band	Cherokee Basket Weaving	Bluegrass Experience	Molasses Making	Quilting	Doll Making Workshop — Clothespin & Rag Dolls: Judith Peterson & Janice Palmer	All-Day Activities: Face Painting, Tom Sawyer Fence Painting, Mural Painting Nature Hikes 10:30, 11:30, 12:30	Vietnamese Cooking
10:15									Cooking
10:30	Old-Time String Music From Surry Co.	Mountain Gospel & Folksongs: E.C. & Orna Ball	Instrument Making	Music From the Old Country — Italian	Pottery Making	Fish Filleting			Greek Cooking
10:45									Yeast Bread Canning
11:00	Carolina Folksongs & Blues: Elizabeth Cotten	Fiddlin' Around — A Survey of Fiddle Styles: Earnest East, Harvey Ellington, Al McCaless, Tommy Jarrell, Byard Ray, others	Quilting	Coastal Ballads & Stories: Grayden & Mary Paul	Basket Weaving	Dug-out Canoe Making	One Man Band		
11:15									
11:30	Hammered Dulcimer: Virgil Craven		Woodcarving	Mama Let Me Lay It On Ya — Electric Carolina Blues	Soap Making	Boatbuilding	Dance & Things — Creative Move- ment for Kids: Dance Associates		
11:45	"Holy Blues"		Moonshining	Carolina Swing: Hash House Harvey Ellington	Tobacco Tying & Twisting	Net Making			
12:00		Mountain Folksongs: Frank Proffitt, Jr.	Stone Masonry		Sheep Shearing	Tatting			
12:15	Field Hollering				Quilting	Shrimping	W.D. Hill Kitchen Band		Vietnamese Cooking
12:30		Making A Joyful Noise — Sacred Songs: E.C. & Orna Ball, Frank Proffitt, Jr., Ola Belle Reed, others	Apple Butter Making	New Hope Singing Con.	Horse Trading	Oyster Tonging			Italian Cooking Sauer Kraut
12:45			Cider Press	Old-Time Gospel Quartet			Sing Along: Marci Kramish		Vietnamese Cooking
1:00	Step It Up & Go — Blues Guitar & Piano: Guitar Slim		Carding & Spinning	Field Hollering	Story Telling		Bicentennial Puppet Show: Junior League		Italian Cooking Goat Cheese
1:15				Bluegrass Experience	Catawba Indian Pottery Making				
1:30	Old-Time Fiddle & Banjo: Tommy Jarrell	Mountain String Music: Byard Ray	Weaving	Old-Time Music Revival: Red Clay Revivals	Corn Shuck Chair Bottoming				Scottish Shortbread
1:45			Natural Dying	Tickling the Ivories: Guitar Slim, Fritz Holloway, others	Chair Making				Butter Making
2:00	Music From the Old Country — Greek Bazonki Band: Kombo Elias	Legend of Tom Dooley: Frank Proffitt, Jr. & Frank Warner	Hooked Rug Making	Hammered Dulcimer: Virgil Craven & the Band			Bicen- ennial Puppet Show: Junior League	Folk Dancing: Laura Detwiler	Goat Cheese
2:15									Armenian Cooking
2:30									
2:45		Harmonica & Jew's Harp	Cornshuck Crafts	Low & Lonesome — Singing the Blues in Carolina: James Borders, Tom Burke, Guitar Slim, Elizabeth Cotten, Arthur Lyons, others					
3:00	Old-Time Fiddlers Contest	Spirituals & Gospel: Machen Family		Ballads & Folksongs from the Carolina Coast					
3:15		Story Swap: Ray Hicks & Stanley Hicks							
3:30									
3:45		Down in the Willow Garden — Appalachian Ballads							
4:00									
4:15									
4:30		Dulcimers — Hammered & Strummed: Virgil Craven		Keeping Time — Folk Rhythms: Snuffy Jenkins					
4:45									
5:00		Music From Old Country		Banjo Blues: Dink Roberts					
5:15				Square Dance					
5:30					Milking				
6:30	Festival Concert to 8:30								



FOOD

Sweet Process Revived: Sorghum Cane Molasses



by C.W. Cockshutt

The scent of steaming syrup in the crisp fall air, the slowly circling mule, the buzz of bees hovering around the juice trickling from the mill—these sights and smells and sounds of making sorghum molasses were not long ago a part of the fall harvest in rural North Carolina.

Like grinding corn in a grist mill, weaving fabric by hand, and many other traditional, small-scale productions, the making of sorghum molasses, once a process that was part of everyday farm life, is now a rare event. Dying out in many places in the last 20 years, sorghum-making is being revived here and there as a way of producing molasses that relies on traditional skills, home-grown crops, and available manpower and horse (or mule) power.

Unlike some Southern crops, like corn and tobacco, that were first grown by the Indians and later adopted by settlers, sorghum is a relatively new American crop, one that began as a fad. Sorghum cane—once called the “Chinese sugar cane”—was introduced in America when the seed was brought into the country in 1854. The cane was a craze for a short time, because of claims that sugar could be produced anywhere in the United States.

The Tarboro Southerner of Sept. 12, 1857, pointed out, “It is stated that over 100,000 acres of land in the United States have been planted with the Sorghum, or the Chinese sugar cane. This is a wonderful result, when it is considered that only two or three years have elapsed since it was first introduced in the country.” The same year, a friend in Washington, D.C., sent to Thomas Ruffin, president of North Carolina’s state agricultural society, a packet of the novelty seed, with the wish that “you may realize sugar and syrup enough to sweeten the rest of your life.”

As a fad, the growing of the cane for sugar began to die out soon after its inception, since most places in the country were not in fact, suitable for its growth. In the South, though, the climate was favorable for sorghum, and it was cheap and welcome source of sweetening.

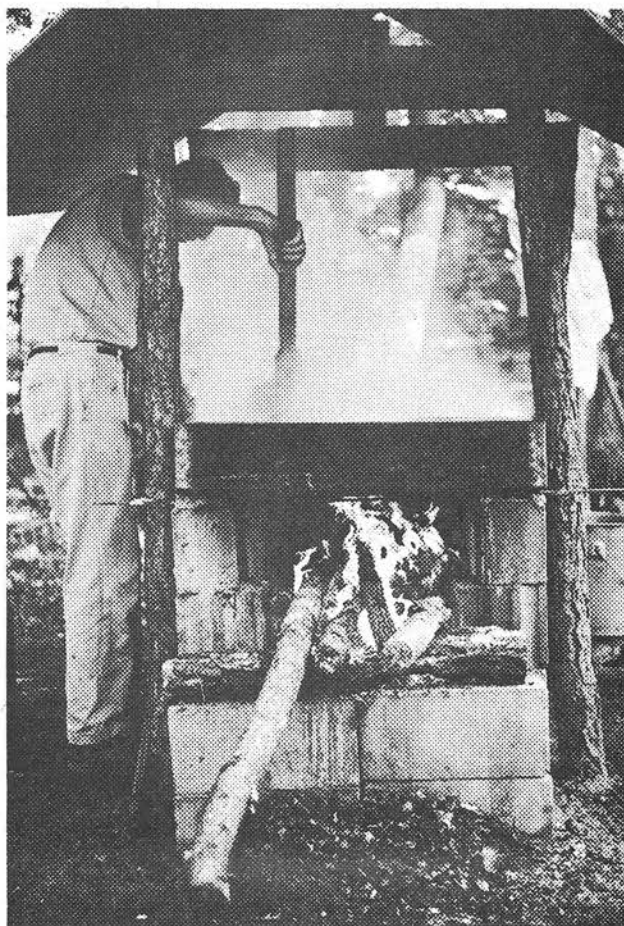


Shortly before the Civil War, the Chinese cane was replaced by the introduction of the Imphee or African variety.

In North Carolina, sorghum production rose rapidly between 1850 and 1860, with farms producing anywhere from two or three to a few hundred gallons of molasses. After the Civil War, and well into the 20th century, production of sorghum from cane continued to be a popular home-grown source of molasses. The techniques were handed down relatively unchanged from one generation to the next, along with other ways of raising crops and making things from them.

This fall, near Hickory Rock in Franklin County, Joseph Wheeler and Randolph Spivey and several friends crushed cane and boiled the juice again the first time on Wheeler's farm since the death of his father over 10 years ago. Spivey, 21, who grew the cane from seed Wheeler gave him, had never seen sorghum made beore. Wheeler, who grew up around the process, borrowed a mill, made the furnace, and supplied the know-how.

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Food in North Carolina

Cooking is a daily practice which is often overlooked as a "craft." Traditional dishes of North Carolina are rapidly being lost through lack of interest in their time-consuming preparation, and their origins are forgotten.

Our state's rich gastronomic heritage is a result of her variety of climates and diversity of cultures. From the clambakes of the coast to Piedmont Brunswick stew to persimmon pudding in the mountains, each area has its distinctive recipes developed from local resources. Indians were cultivating and collecting fruits, grains and vegetables unfamiliar to the first European settlers. Early immigrants adapted their traditional German, Scottish, French and English dishes to the opportunities of new foodstuffs. Black slaves cooking for plantation kitchens incorporated African influences into "traditional Southern" cuisine newly recognized as "soul food." Contemporary ethnic communities in North Carolina—Greek, German, Spanish and Jewish—still practice their native specialties, some represented at this festival. In these communities and throughout the state a sense of fellowship is reinforced by shared traditions, such as food. In the bicentennial experience of discovering and sharing America's origins, cooking is a constant celebration of our traditions.

Indian Bean Bread

4 cups cornmeal
2 cups cooked colored beans
1/2 teaspoon soda
2 cups boiling water

Put cornmeal into bowl, mix in beans that have been drained. Hollow out in meal a place to put in soda and water. Make a dough stiff enough to form balls. Drop balls into a pot of boiling water. Cook about 45 minutes or until done. Serve with cooked greens and pork.

—Mrs. Roy Pilkington

Love Feast Buns

No church service is more distinctive than a Moravian love feast. Love feasts are held in connection with holidays such as Christmas, New Year's, Easter and on days of special significance to the church such as church anniversaries and a day set aside to honor missionaries.

During the love feast, each person in the church receives a large flat yeast bun and a mug of coffee containing cream and sugar.

The love feast is symbolic of the fellowship of the church. The idea behind the simple feast is that those who break bread together are united in the fellowship the way a family is.

Beat 4 eggs. Add 4 cups sugar, 1 cup soft butter and lard (mixed), 2 tablespoons salt, 1 cup warm mashed potatoes, 1 1/2 pints liquid yeast or 3 cakes yeast, and 2 gallons flour. Add lukewarm water to make soft dough.

Turn out on lightly floured board and knead until smooth. Place on greased sheets so they don't touch and let rise until light. Bake until golden brown.

Brush with cream or melted butter just after removing from stove. Makes about 45 buns. At love feasts, the buns are served cold.

—Reprinted from *North Carolina and Old Salem Cookery* by Beth Tartan and Elizabeth Sparks

Waldensian Sausage

10 lbs. coarsely ground fresh pork
6 tbs. salt, to taste
1 tb. nutmeg
2 tbs. cinnamon
1 tb. allspice
3 tbs. coarsely ground black pepper
6 tbs. garlic buttons, chopped fine (optional)

Mix and let sit over night before stuffing into the casings. Take 1/4 lb. casings.

—Mrs. H.F. Martinat

Reprinted from *Waldensian Cooking*

Scotch Shortbread

1 1/2 cup flour, plain
1 stick butter
1/3 cup sugar

Knead ingredients until dough is pliable and starts to crack. Press out dough with hands until 1/2 inch thick. Cut into shapes and put on greased pan; prick with fork. Bake at 350° for 20 minutes. Remove and sprinkle with sugar. Let harden as it cools.

—Mrs. Annette McPhail

Banket

Crust:

1 lb. butter or margarine

4 c. flour

1 c. water

Mix and let stand over night in refrigerator.

Filling:

1 lb. almond paste

2 c. sugar

3 eggs, slightly beaten

1 tsp. lemon extract

Mix and let stand for about 1 hour. Roll out the dough in long narrow strips. Put filling down center. Fold edges over. Seal edges and ends with cold water. Make small slits on top, about 1 inch apart. Brush top with unbeaten egg white. Bake first in 425° oven for 10 to 15 minutes; then lower oven to 350° for 15 minutes until nicely browned.

It is a Dutch custom to give Banket (almond letters) to friends and relatives on Saint Nickolas Day, December 5. They are baked in the shape of the first letter of the last name of the person to whom they are given. For children, they are baked in the shape of the first letter of their first name.

At Christmas, they are baked in round shapes and are trimmed to resemble wreaths. Since most Dutch people in the Netherlands do not have ovens, they are ordered from the baker. Bread and other baked goods are delivered to each home every day similar to a milkman in the United States.

—Mrs. Gerald De Vries

Reprinted from *The Terra Ceia Cookbook*

Greek Souvalaki

1½ lbs. sirloin tip, cut in 1 inch cubes

⅓ cup lemon juice 3 tbs. olive oil

1 tsb. dried oregano

2 cloves garlic, minced

2 small onions, minced

Marinate sirloin cubes in other ingredients for 4 hours. Skewer and cook on grill, basting with marinade. 6 servings.

Greens and Pot Likker

3 to 4 pounds fresh greens—collard greens, mustard greens, beet tops, kale, cabbage, and carrot tops (any or all)

Seasoning: bay leaf, thyme, dill, scallions, tarragon, parsley, cayenne pepper, black pepper, salt (use as many fresh herbs as possible)

¼ to ½ pound diced salt pork, or bacon, or diced fresh or smoked ham with fat, or hambone with some meat and fat.

Wash greens carefully under cold running water. Place in a large, deep pan of cold salted water for ½

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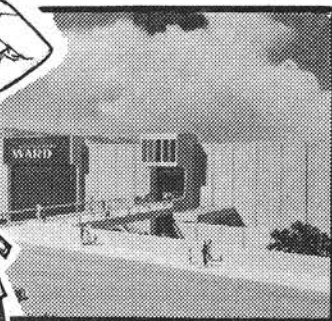


The circle indicates the single room, about twelve by fourteen feet, in which A. Montgomery Ward originated the Mail Order business in 1872



104 years and 1000 miles later...

The road from our beginnings in Chicago to our beautiful new store in Durham was a long one. But, thanks to you and millions of other Americans, Wards is still able to serve your needs with quality merchandise at money-saving prices. Here's to the next 200, America!



**MONTGOMERY
WARD**

South Square
Durham

Barbecue —

Johnnie Williams' doin' the cookin'

by Sarah Morris

"Everybody says it's good. When they find out Johnnie's doin' the cookin', everybody goes to the party," says Johnnie Williams of Pittsboro, North Carolina, who has been preparing barbecue the old-fashioned way for over thirty years.

From observation and experiment he developed his own method and with his wife, Willie, started enjoying backyard barbecues on leave from the service in the forties. Their hobby grew into a popular ritual in demand in several counties, and now "I turn down as many as I take." Johnnie works full-time for the University at Chapel Hill and feeds local gatherings as often as every weekend, sometimes several parties back-to-back. Johnnie and Willie's generous labor are dedicated to pleasing others and preserving a tradition no longer of profit—"It's just a good time."

The tradition of roasting meat outdoors and serving it in a special sauce is called "barbecue" after a Haitian Creole word for a framework of sticks set on posts (*barbacoa*). It has survived most faithfully in rural pork-eating America and is claimed as native in states from Virginia to Texas. But even in the South barbecue has responded to the modern conveniences of portable pits, ready-made charcoal and bottled sauce. A truly "pit-cooked" barbecue is hard to find.

When Johnnie puts on a barbecue, that means starting days ahead of serving time, sometimes in the middle of the night. He serves in any weather and every season, and works around the clock at the pit with his wife, taking turns at cooking and sleeping.

The essential ingredient for genuine barbecue is the fire, which must be hardwood coals, preferably hickory, from several hours of burning. A rectangular pit is dug in the ground, or built up above out of cinder blocks or siding, to hold coals, grill and meat. Johnnie fills his pit with coals, then keeps a hickory fire going nearby to constantly feed the barbecue with coals. Then pork takes three hours to cut up and season, or chicken is quartered and basted. The meat is wrapped in foil to seal heat, smoke and flavor (originally green foliage was used) and laid on the grid. True barbecue is cooked at least twelve hours and usually longer, according to Johnnie, until the meat is sweet and tender with crisp, rich skin. Johnnie deplores commercial barbecues for being undercooked. For the longer meat is cooked, the greater its loss in weight, and the profit-oriented will underfire to sell more poundage. In terms of sauce, too, commercial outfits will skimp outrageously; Johnnie uses the juices of the meat released by slow heat, hickory smoke and salt in his special mixture with vinegar, mustard and hot spices to season the meat. He mops sauce generously while the meat cooks, with the traditional rag on a stick. What is served in restaurants disguised as 'pit-cooked barbecue' is only "pork chops splashed with vinegar that never saw a pit," in Johnnie's opinion. And he used to be in the restaurant business, before he gave up fighting convenience, ignorance and profit. Johnnie works by taste and not measure, like all good cooks, and can never predict the timing and flavor of each feast. This independence and mystery is lost in a restaurant kitchen, where servings must be immediate and continuous.

Along with pork and poultry Johnnie even cooks possum, coon and venison. He remembers fondly the all-night possum hunts of his childhood, when the catch was a more popular dish. He and Willie also prepare boiled potatoes, steamed over a fire with plenty of butter, "better than any french fries." From the chicken necks and gizzards they make a traditional stew, adding milk, butter and crackers to the rich broth from the simmered meat. Johnnie takes pride in his cole slaw, too, insisting on red cabbage for a touch of color. A

continued on page 56



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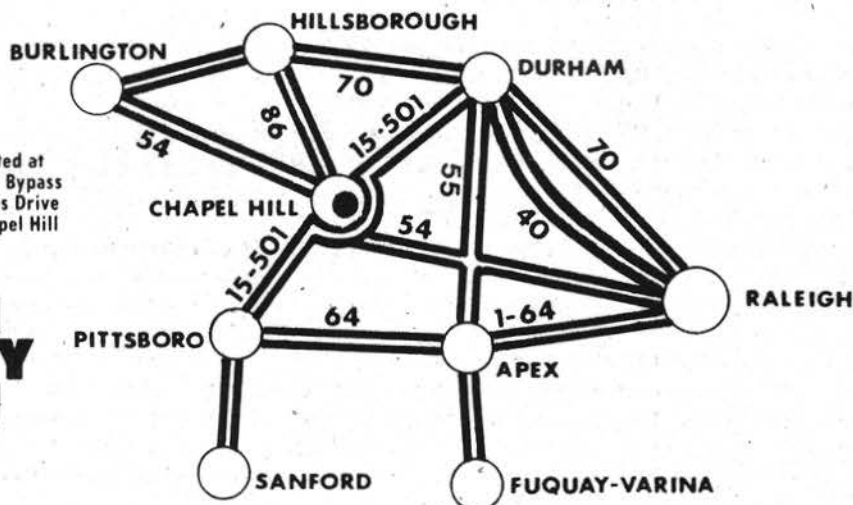
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Bull City Blues

continued from page 11

somebody's life that these songs was made from.
Because all of 'em carried some kind of message.

*I never will forget the day,
they transferred me to the county jail
Lord, I never will forget the day,
they transferred me to the county jail
I had shot the woman I love.
and ain't got no one to come go my bail.*

—"Big House Bound," Blind Boy Fuller

Very few of the blues musicians in Durham were ever recorded commercially. Those who did record did so largely through the efforts of Mr. J.B. Long, manager of a store on Main St. and agent for Perfect Record Co. (a subsidiary of ARC, which has since become Columbia Records). Long began recording the guitarist Blind Boy Fuller in 1935 and continued to do so until Fuller died in 1941. During that period, Fuller was quite a commercial success, recording 135 songs, all of which were released on labels aimed at the Black market. Long also recorded four other Durham musicians—Blind Gary Davis, Sonny Terry, Bull City Red, and Sonny Jones—although much less extensively. At about the same time, the blues guitarists Richard and Willie Trice recorded a few songs for Decca. All of these recordings, however, were made in a six-year period, and there are no recordings of the Durham bluespeople who sang and played both before and after this relatively short time span. Thus, instead of focusing on any particular musician (or group of musicians), it would probably be more meaningful to present a general portrait of those who comprised the area's blues community.

The bluespeople played their music by ear, picking up techniques of playing from family and friends. As often as not, they began at a young age, borrowing instruments or improvising on homemade ones. Almost any available instrument would do, be it a piano or an accordion, a guitar or a ukelele, banjo or a fiddle, a harmonica or a kazoo, a washboard or a pair of bones. As long as it could make a tune or keep time, the instrument could play the blues.

Many of the Durham musicians were among the many Blacks who migrated to the city in an effort to escape the fields sharecropped by their parents and to seek a more profitable means of living. For the most part, the bluespeople had very little education, having had to farm or do "public work" at an early age to help boost the family income. In the city, they generally held a series of low-paying menial jobs during the period in question, being as often out of work as gainfully employed. When they could find no jobs (not uncommon during the Depression years!) the bluespeople would turn to their music to help them eke out a living. Usually, however, this music was a part-time activity that promised nothing more than a little spare change and guaranteed entrance to house-parties and dances.

A survey of some of the jobs held by Durham bluespeople in the thirties confirms this picture of working-class activity. Richard Trice, a guitarist, sharecropped with his family in Orange Co. until the early thirties, when he left to work in a sawmill. When he was laid off, he did "public work"—digging ditches and building roads around Durham. Willie, Richard's brother and also a guitarist, after leaving the farm labored at the same sawmill, laid railroad ties, dug ditches, pumped gas, and did some work in a local power plant. Eventually, he was contracted by some white friends to bootleg whiskey full time, a development that not only guaranteed a job, but also a daily wage four times that of manual laborers. Jesse Pratt, a blues piano player, spent a short time in a cotton mill, and then was hired as a laborer at Duke. From there, he worked in a sawmill, in a cotton mill in Hillsboro, and on the railroad. At one point he was also hired by some whites to moonshine full time. The same pattern repeats itself as we look to other musicians: Odell Johnson, a guitarist, did moonshining, sawmilling, and work in a local steam plant; Piano Red worked as a shoeshine man, a laborer, and a mechanic; etc. None of these bluespeople had a steady job during this ten-year period. At some time during the thirties, each of them was out of work and was forced to turn to his music for a living.

Three of the city's bluesmen were different from those mentioned above in one important aspect—they were blind and were forced to rely almost entirely on music for their livelihood. Blind Gary Davis, Blind Boy Fuller, and Sonny Terry all migrated to the Bull City from other areas in North Carolina. They knew that Durham was one of the Piedmont's largest tobacco centers, and was the home of a sizeable black working-class community. These musicians could devote all of their time to their music because they had to. The Black community realized this, and was glad to assist them.

*I went walking down the street,
if somebody called me now I couldn't stop.
I went walking down the street,
if somebody called me now I couldn't stop.
Yeah, I was broke and I was hungry,
on my way to the pawn shop.*

—"Three Ball Blues," Blind Boy Fuller

The blues were a social music, heard wherever working-class blacks congregated. On weekend nights, the people would gather at house-parties held all over Durham. Here they could relax and unwind from the long week, drinking, dancing, and sometimes gambling. In many cases, these gatherings were actually means of survival, where, as the bluesman Arthur Lyons has said, "People could give a party and make a little fast money." They would accomplish this end by selling concessions and bootleg liquor. "That liquor had to be there," Lyons adds. "That's what carried the party!" Such house-parties were commonly called "sellins" (or "fish fries" or "chitlin struts," depending on what was sold).

Whereas this sort of party occurred on somewhat of a haphazard basis, there were also those places that

could be depended upon to hold a party every weekend. These were the "joints" run by local bootleggers. Their incentive was entirely economic—the parties provided a constant outlet for moonshine and a steady source of income from other concessions. These bootleggers could afford to pay musicians (especially piano players) well to stay with them and to pay off policemen to stay away from them. And of course they also provided a convenient and safe place to gamble, since they were so "protected."

The party might be at a friend's place down in Buggy Bottom, or over at Peachtree Alley, or maybe out at Camel Grove. Or perhaps it's at one of the "houses" run by Minnie the Moocher, Big Mattie, or any of the other local bootleggers who worked in and out of Durham. The room you're in is large, with a few chairs off against the walls and a battered upright piano in the corner. A jar of moonshine for the musicians lays on the piano top. In a small room off to one side there's a table laden with barbeque, fried chicken and fish, chitlins, cakes, and maybe some ice cream, all for sale. Behind that, a woman pours bootleg from a jar into small glasses. There's a one-eyed man tinkling the keys on the piano—that would be Murphy Evans—a guitarist picking a rag lead, a second guitarist playing the bass lines, and a washboard player rubbing his board with thimbles on his fingers. As the night wears on, the musicians take breaks to dance or eat, and are replaced by others with banjos or harmonicas. The room is crammed with people dancing the "Charleston Strut" or the "Hollywood Skip." Every once in a while a man will break into a fast buckdance, and the musicians will oblige him by stop-timing their music.

Arthur Lyons remembers: "Yeah, they'd shake a house, man. It could be a good house, stationary, you know, and they'd make that house pure rock. . . . Along the time you'd get to playing a song and they'd get to dancing, they would never want you to turn them loose. A lot of times I'd be getting ready to sign off and they'd holler, 'Keep it up! Don't stop now!' Lord, I'd be getting so tired seems like I was out of breath. I'd say, 'Y'all must got 'lectricity in your legs or something!' They'd never get tired."

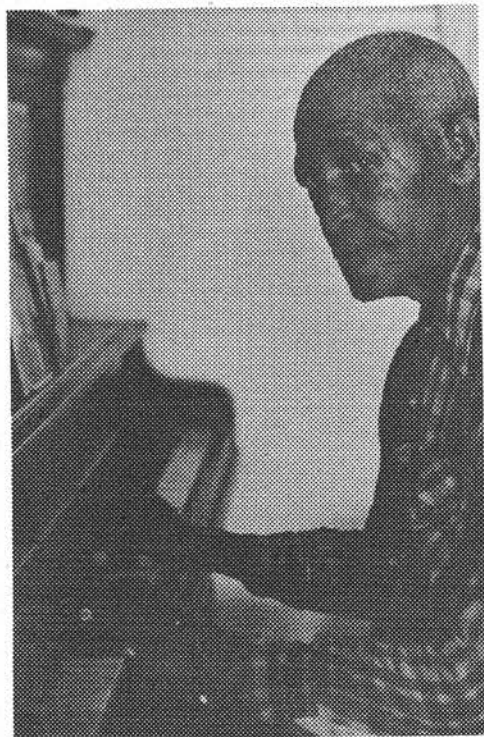
A couple of times in the evening, a hat is passed for the musicians, and it is returned to the top of the piano filled with nickels and dimes. As the night passes, the musicians play fewer rags and more blues. The dances slow down accordingly, and everyone's doing the "mess-around" or the "slow drag." At about two in the morning, the host signals the end of the party, and the musicians close with a spiritual, sung with all the force of the lowest blues.

Says, I'm gwine up town, hat in my hand,
looking for the woman ain't got no man,
It's baby lookin for a needle in the sand,
lookin for the woman ain't got no man.

Oh, rag! Oh, rag! Rag, baby, say do that rag!

—"Rag Mama Rag," Blind Boy Fuller

The tobacco warehouses provided another center of musical activity. There, every tobacco season, Black and white farmers from all over the Carolina piedmont would gather to auction their tobacco. Many of these



farmers would literally spend days in the warehouse, waiting to sell to the highest bidder. They provided a captive (and otherwise bored) audience for the musicians, who were assured of good tips when the tobacco was sold. Peg Leg Sam, a harmonica-player who often played with medicine shows in the Durham warehouses, commented, "Any musician any good would come to Durham to play in the warehouses."

The vast space of the tobacco warehouses engulfs the farmers sitting between the long straight rows of tobacco bails. As these farmers talk amongst themselves, others are arriving with their tobacco-laden mule-drawn wagons or second-hand trucks. They start the long process of weighing the bales and getting them ready for the sales they hope will come tomorrow with the weekend. Many of the farmers have been here since Tuesday, and are still holding out for higher tobacco prices. They've spent their nights sleeping on blankets spread over flattened tobacco bales in the bare quarters on the side of the warehouse. Off near the entrance, two Black men, one with a guitar slung over his back and the other with a washboard under his arm, amble in and take a place against the wall. Within a minute, the quiet warehouse echoes with the sound of an upbeat rag. A crowd, as much Black as white, begins to form around the musicians, urging them on with their cries: "Play that thing now!" "Make that guitar pure talk!" Those who have some change toss it into the cup on the end of the guitar's neck, requesting that a favorite tune be played. The bluesmen play blues, hillbilly songs, and some vaudeville numbers. Within fifteen minutes in strolls Pud Lucas, a warehouse favorite. He tosses his hat on the floor and launches into the fastest buck-dance ever seen in Durham. Quarters fly into his hat, and those that miss are scooped up by Pud, who

Sea Chest

by Lanier Rand



On a stormy day in May, Hatteras Island, on the North Carolina Outer Banks, is scoured by buffeting winds. Dark torrents of rain are broken up by brief respites of brilliant sun. Inside Hatteras School the students are making alternate plans for a delayed baseball game and wondering whether the weather will consider the senior prom coming up on the weekend. Plans are made for after school and juggled with upcoming tests. There are also more unusual activities going on. Working in small groups the students in the *Sea Chest* class are developing photographs and transcribing taped interviews. Others are planning deadlines and discussing allocation of jobs, and new ideas to include in their project.

Sea Chest is a magazine published by these students twice a year. They research and collect materials on the history and life styles of the people from their homes, the coastal area of North Carolina. The project is three years old now and articles have included descriptions of and oral histories of people and institutions, and stories about folklore, dialect, current issues, crafts, foods, music, weather, and nature. Photographs, drawings and other art work as well as poems and essays are creatively used. The students interview and gather information. They transcribe, write and edit stories, type, design, layout, proof the layout, and they take and develop the photographs. They also run the office, learning circulation and marketing skills.

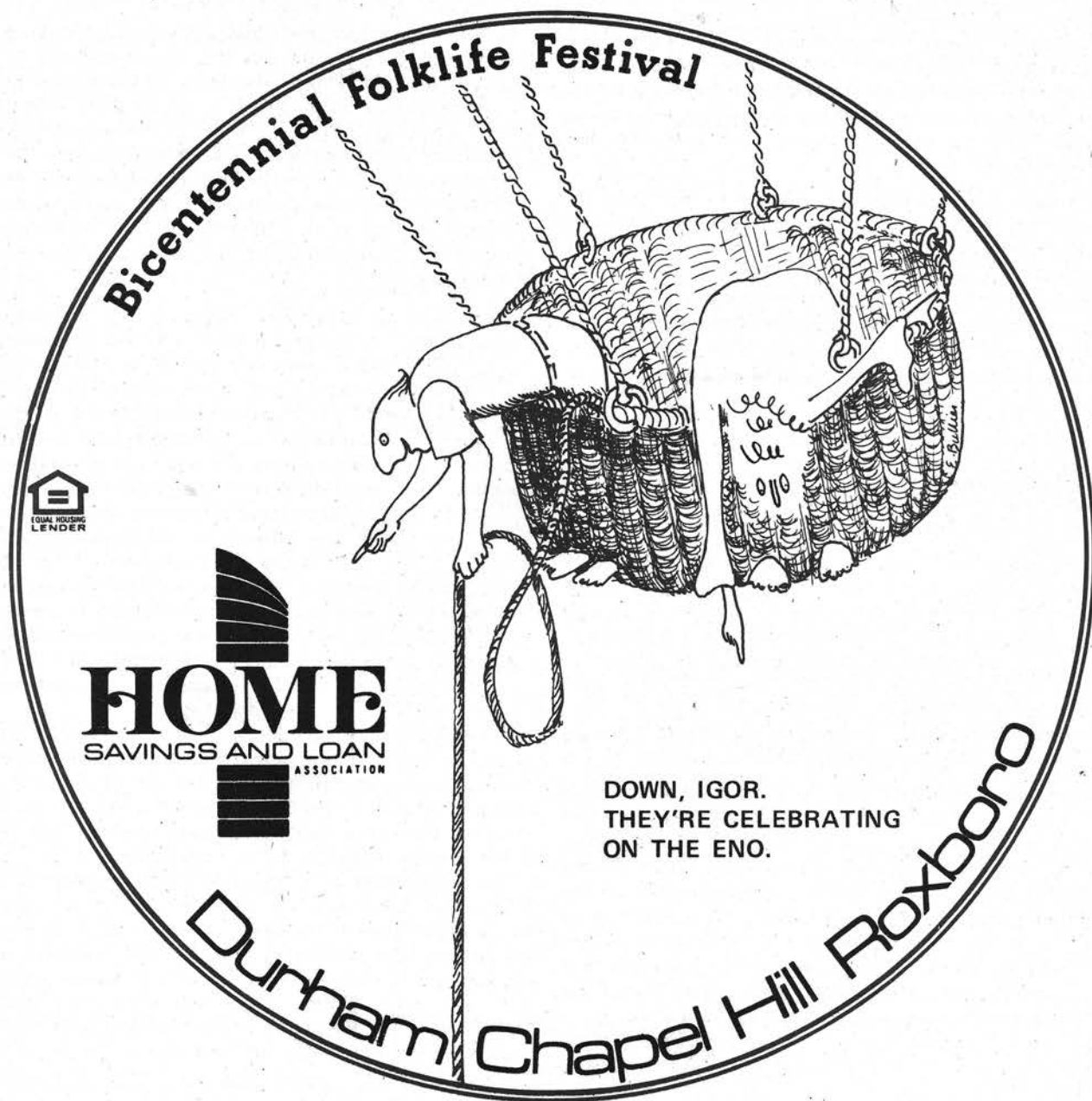
This year, *Sea Chest* is doing a special issue which will come out for the July 4 Hatteras bicentennial celebration. Called "Heroes of Hatteras Island," the issue will have stories about and interviews with a variety of people who have lived in the community. Many are relatives of the *Sea Chest* staff and Laura Midgett and Libby Midgett, two editors, explained that they are especially intersted in families when I visited their class. They were writing a story about "coastal observer" during the WWII offshore fighting. Many of the heros were surfmen, or members of the life-saving service, who tell stories about saving crews of shipwrecks like the *Mirlo* and *Breuster*. Jeanette Stowe, a midwife, delivered more than 300 babies on the islands. Town leaders, the last lighthouse keeper, Unaka Jennette, artists and crafts people, a major league baseball player, a telegraph operator, and fishermen also tell about their experiences and views. One issue pervading some of these interviews is the changes facing the island, and attitudes with a great deal of perspective are explored. This special issue will also be made into a display for the Hatteras festival at the lighthouse.

This special issue is demanding extra hard work and dedication from the small group. In the meantime they are also finishing the spring '76 issue with articles about a Buxton boat builder, and about tying nets, music, carving, and a descriptioin of different ways nets are used today. Since the project has started the group has increased its collective skill by teaching each other and working together.

The students now take a lot of the day to day responsibility for deadlines and decisions as they gain ability to carry out various parts of the jobs. The advisor to the project, Richard Lebovitz, helps find avenues and contacts for financing and expanding projects, and meeting

new people. He is an exceptional teacher in that he is able to encourage self-directed activities and in that his role in the school community broadens to concerns outside of the classroom. The spirit of *Sea Chest* and the Hatteras students is contained largely in their day to day activities and experiences. The magazine is really, as Richard says, "the tip of the iceberg."

Sea Chest is one of six high school magazines in North Carolina which have emerged out of the more well known Fox Fire project in Rabun Gap, Georgia. The *Sea Chest* project needs support from outside the school to continue to grow and to begin some of the projects they are thinking about. Here in central North Carolina *Sea Chest* is especially important because as the planners of the festival have found, the experiences, lifestyles, crafts, and older people of the Outer Banks and coast are uniquely a part of their location and community, and also of a time that seems to be passing quickly with today's rapid changes. *Sea Chest* therefore welcomes and needs our support.



Molasses

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In the spring, Randolph Spivey planted the seed on about one-half acre at his farm in Nash County. In the early fall, when the cane began to redden and the tassels of berry-like seeds turned from green to dark red, he and several friends harvested it with machete-like knives.

The cane was hauled to Wheeler's farm near Hickory Rock, and Randolph Spivey, family, friends and a mule came to work. There Joseph Wheeler had set up on a stand the small cast-metal mill that grinds the cane—made perhaps a century before by the Chattanooga Plow Company, and owned by Sidney Taylor, Jr. Joseph Wheeler, a skilled "country contractor," had constructed a six-foot-long flat rectangular copper-lined vat in which to cook the sorghum. He made a wood-burning furnace on which to set the vat for the sorghum, and fashioned copper implements to use for stirring and skimming the sorghum juice as it cooked.

Sorghum making again in Franklin County attracted attention—from people who had never seen it made, and from old-timers who remembered it. Robert Thorne recalled that "in Hoover days" store-bought molasses was scarce and expensive, and lots of people made sorghum in the fall. Thorne, who was a young

man "when Hoover popped out," remembered that in the Depression years many sorghum mills operated during the fall—at White Level, for example. Billy Eaton Gupton and Rob King had large mills working for as long as two months, day and night, to satisfy the needs of the community: when one mule wore out, another was put in.

The scene was repeated on Joe Wheeler's farm this fall. The operation was in full swing in a grove behind his house, with three processes going on at once. Piles of cane were brought in by pickup trucks. Seated in chairs surrounded by cane, young women chatted and laughed and minded their children as they stripped the leaves and seeds off the cane (if left on, the leaves would soak up the juice and lessen the amount that could be squeezed out).

A few yards away, Randolph Spivey fed the cane continuously into the mill, calling encouragement to the mule, and avoiding the bees that hovered around the sweet juice. Around the mill, attached to a long pole with a weight at the opposite end walked a mule. The circling mule powers the mill, in which clamp the cane while rollers squeeze the juice out of the cane as it passed in one side of the mill and comes out, squeezed dry, from the other side. Into a barrel, covered with cheesecloth, the thin sweet juice poured from the mill.

Over the wood-burning furnace, Joe Wheeler watched the simmering juice from the previous crushing as it boiled down gradually from a thin juice to a thickened, sweet syrup. It takes, he said, about 10 gallons of juice to produce about a gallon of syrup. With a copper skimmer he removed the skin—said to come from the pollen—from the liquid, and watched carefully the slow reduction of the juice. The skim, which can cause a bitter taste if not removed, would be fed to hogs. When the juice thickened to syrup, and the bubbles turned brown, a plug at the end of the vat was removed, and the syrup drained out through a spout—also of copper. Finally, the sorghum molasses was put in glass jars. A plate of it was poured out, and Spivey, Walker, their families and friends who had helped or watched, and the curious from all over the county, tasted the sweet, pungent syrup.

When the days of grinding and boiling and pouring were over, the jars of dark, rich sorghum would be divided. Randolph Spivey, who had grown the cane, brought the mule, and his friends who had provided their work, would take back to Nash County gallons of the first sorghum they had ever seen made.

Joseph Wheeler, who had supplied the seed and the know-how, borrowed the long-idle mill, made the furnace, and cooked the juice, would store away jars full of sorghum made with skill unused for over a decade. In Nash and Franklin Counties this winter, the dark sorghum will be mixed with soft butter and smeared on hot biscuits at many a table. Both men expect to grow more sorghum next year.

Hominy

This is the way my mother made it:

Lye: Take a wooden box that will hold about a half bushel. Make a small hole in one end. Place end lower than the other that has the hole in it. Fill with hardwood ashes. Take a stone or glass jar, tie a white cloth over the top of the jar, and place under the hole in the box. Then pour water on the ashes until the lye starts coming out the hole.

My grandmother had an ash hopper made for the purpose of dripping lye to make hominy.

Hominy: Now shell 3 or 4 ears of corn, white or yellow. Put the corn in an iron pot; cover the corn with the lye you have dripped out of the ashes. Cook until the eyes and outer skin come off the corn. Keep covered with lye all the time. When the outer skin and eyes look like they are all off, pour into a pan and rinse and rub until all the eyes and skin are off, changing water often. Then put in a clean pot, cover with water, and salt to taste. You can eat it this way or fry in grease. It's just fine.

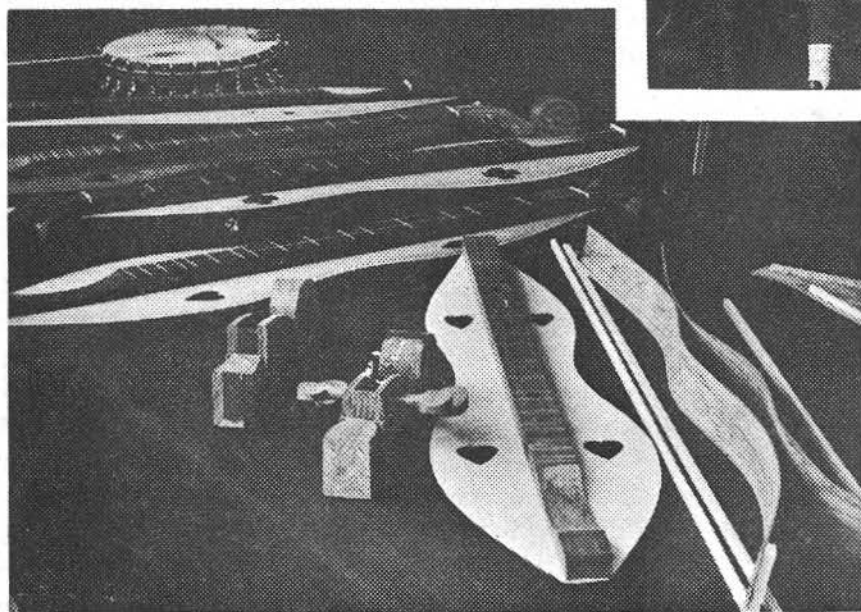
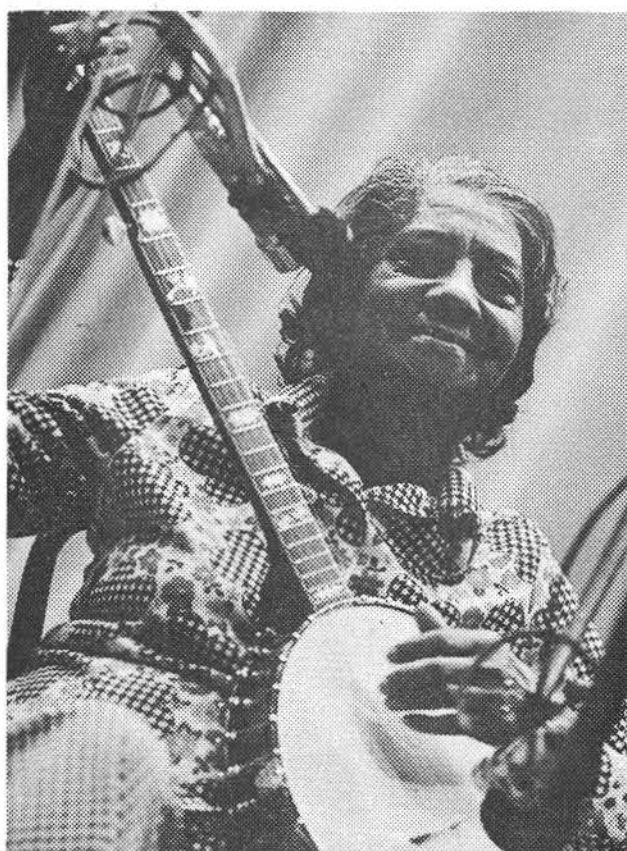
—Mrs. Willard Nations
from Mountain Makin's in the Smokies

Catherine W. Cockshutt is head of the Survey and Planning Branch of the N.C. Division of Archives and History.

With all the influence of phonograph, radio and television even on the most remote rural communities, the soil and the conditions from which folk music sprang have rapidly been changing. What we should like to think of as folk song, a humble, homely expression of shared experience and emotion, has certainly undergone considerable changes. But we also have changed and it is more and more evident that in classical music as in the other creative arts we cannot hope to recover the attitude of the generation from which it sprang. The same, of course, is true of folk music, but we can love it nonetheless.

Today, more than ever before, we are aware of the need of understanding other peoples and cultures as well as our own. We come closer to our progenitors when we become familiar with stories they made up, the songs they created and sang. Stephen Vincent Benet, who has given us many a story based on folklore, wrote once: "It's always seemed to me that legends and yarns and folktales are as much a part of the real history of a country as proclamations, and provisos and constitutional amendments. . . . they tell a good deal about what people admire and want, about what sort of people they are."

—from the Preface, Volume 5
*The Frank C. Brown Collection of
North Carolina Folklore*



outside and when the string was rubbed with resin, the can would emit an eerie screech. "If you didn't know what it was it would scare you to death. . . . you can hear it all over the house and you can't tell where it is."

There was no hollering in church, but when church was out and the people were walking home, they would then holler the tune to one of the hymns in harmony. Leonard Emanuel says that he would be one of a group of men walking down the road hollering in four part harmony and people would come out of their houses to listen.

At the present day a few young people have taken an interest in hollering and have tried to make the sounds like their elders. But the need and the desire to holler just doesn't exist like it used to. Telephones are too handy, and machinery has replaced most of the farm work that used to be done communally. Actually, most people admit that it was pretty hard work and are really glad not to have to do it now. But still, when you hear one of those old timers holler, it's hard not to say those were the good old days, whether you believe it or not.

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Basketweaving

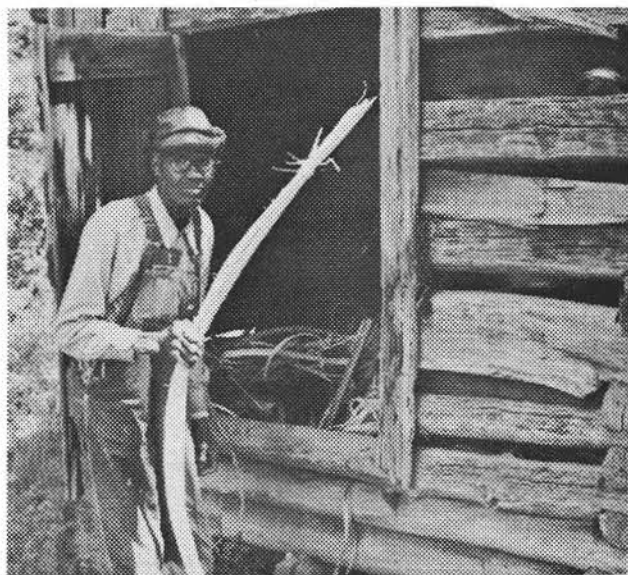
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Well, I'll tell ya, at that time, plenty of people round here made baskets, but they all dead bout. My father learned from his father. His father learned him how to make em—Grandpa William. An he learned how to make em on back from some of the ancestors was still older than him. Thats where he got em. Take in every generation, the older ones that started to do the things like this, the ancestors, they'd get out and go to makin em, and somebody'd come along, maybe somebody in the family, and take it up.

Now, there's three of us boys, and one of em (other than Leon Barry) took it up an made baskets regular. And the other one, he wouldn't make em. Now, he *could* make em. Sometime he'd take him a notion to make him a fish basket, and he'd make him a fish basket maybe this time, and a little later on, when that one about wore out or somebody stole it, he'd drive down here and get me to make him a basket. I'd say, "You can make your own basket." "Yeah, but I don't fool with em. You makin em—go ahead and make me one." "He'd pay me just like the other fella.

I'll tell ya, there's right smart of hard work to makin a basket. You just don't sit down on no ham gravy train and make no baskets. I'm gonna tell you right now, you got to work. Folks come and say, "Oh, I can make a basket." I say, "You oughta make em." I say, "I ain't making nothin to give away, I'll tell you that now." They just see ya puttin the bottom together an plattin, but they don't see the rest of the work. First ya got to carry the tree out of the forest. You take a stick about six inches wide and six inches square and ya got to bust it in half. Then ya got to take that half and bust it into quarters. Then ya got to bust them down again, an keep splittin that stick till it gets down where you want it. And then ya got to trim it down to making splits. If you ain't got good patience, you ain't gonna fool with it.

I have four boys I raised, and none of em will make a basket. Not nary a one of em. Well, they say that's too slow work for them. Seems like people now just aren't patient. They sit down to work and if it doesn't work



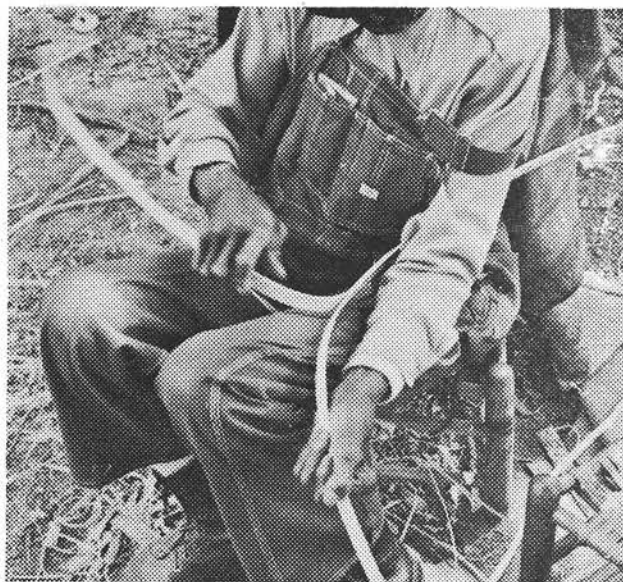
just like they want it, they don't mess with it. But now here in these late years, people done got so fine, by jingo, they bout now eat at the store! Nobody want to cook. "No, you can get that...I can go up to the store and get me a chicken box"—all that kind of stuff...

Yeah, I used to carry baskets to town to sell. I drove a mule to town bout every Saturday at that time. I took many a basket down there. The baskets would be in the back, and we'd taken em right on down the road with us. Somebody'd wave you down at the store: "Hey! What're ya gettin for your baskets?" I'd tell him. "That's too much ain't it?" I'd say, "Already sold anyhow." He'd say, "Well, let me have one of em. I gonna



give you that for it." I'd say, "I sell every one of em for the same price. Don't got nothin to do but just go down there, the man'll ask to take em all if I got fifteen on there." When I first started sellin em, the price of baskets wasn't nothing. But, in a few years . . . well, there's a lot of em, they didn't want to pay it, but the baskets went up.

I used to farm right here, an make baskets. I'll tell ya, we had a certain time of the year we made baskets. We made em in July and August, you see, when you laid by. Well, I made baskets from that time till you get ready to go pickin cotton and harvestin the stuff. We'd make a few right on, but most of the time we didn't make no more till we got through gatherin.



In the wintertime we used to cut cordwood, an stuff like that. We used to cut cordwood all winter. Yeah, an I made baskets in the wintertime. Thats where I made my extra dough. Cause, you know, sometimes cotton wasn't bringin but 6 to 7 cents. A 500 pound bale of cotton wouldn't bring you but \$35! 'it'd take a good many of them to pay ya. Course, then stuff ain't high like it is now. Then things was right down there with the dollar. These things you get now, they're above the dollar. Unless you're makin a whole heap of em. An the fella that's makin a whole heap of em, he's grounded worse than the man that didn't make none hardly.

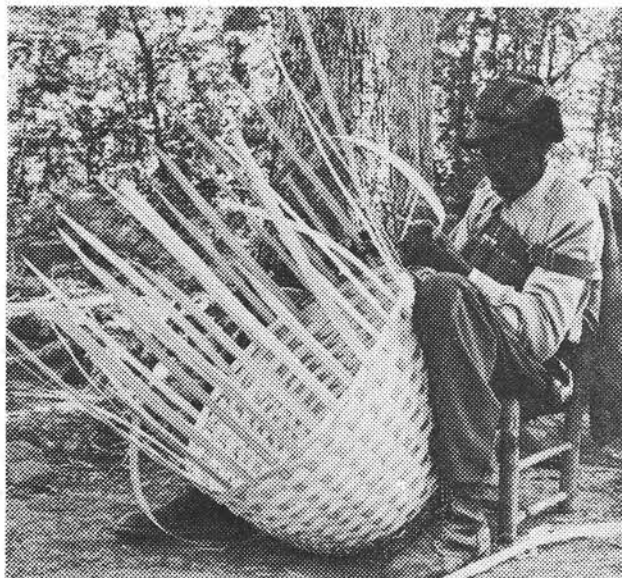
They call this a cotton hamper [referring to the basket he is weaving in the pictures.] I



used to make it the most for a while. It'll hold 75 or 80 lbs. of cotton, an might hold 100 lbs. of green cotton, just first start to pick it, you know. But later on it'll be on around 75 or 80 lbs.

When you'd be pickin, you'd have a sack with a strap on it. You'd pick your cotton, dump it down in that sack, an keep a-goin. Everybody'd have a basket sittin down at the end of the row. The basket was for you to put your cotton in. When you'd get there, you'd empty in it. An sometimes you had two baskets—you'd have one on the other end down there, and when ya get on out to the end, you'd empty in it. When you got back to that one, you'd empty in there. An you'd get

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Swing

continued from page 15

Moonshine in the North Carolina Hills, Leaving Home, White House Blues (about the assassination of McKinley) and *Don't Let Your Deal Go Down* (now a bluegrass standard).

By their teens and early twenties, Ellington, Pridgen, and Poole were out on their own using their wits and music to try to stay one meal ahead. One time Ellington recalls, they played in a field of strawberry pickers then passed a hat for a little spare change. Then they caught a ride to a picnic of tobacco marketeers. They clowning around and made music for a while and came away with over \$40, not a bad evenings work when wages for many jobs at that time were around \$10 a week.

Looking for steadier work, they became the musicians for Doc Haithcock's medicine show which amounted to a small circus complete with acrobatics, ventriloquists, and a flaming knife throwing act. Ellington's job was to play a tune and draw a crowd. Then "Dunk" Poole would warm up the audience with one of his father's old songs. By that time the audience was ready to buy the medicine that Doc Haithcock peddled and Ellington had just mixed up back stage.

The ingredients? Well, for \$6.00 Doc had bought a gallon of cascara or "cascurtis lagrata," some solution from the bark of a tree. From a Chief Stanhansey, a Seminole in the Everglades, he added additional roots and herbs. Taken internally, it cured what ailed you, or so they said, with tongue in cheek. Sold at \$1.00 a bottle it reaped an 80% profit.

These musicians passed in and out of Durham, the home of quite a few fancy guitar players. There lived a friend of Ellington and Pridgen named Ray Williams who was doing things on the guitar no one in Durham had ever seen before. He was learning many obscure

chord positions over the entire length of the fingerboard. To these positions he added a jazzy, syncopated beat which was producing a very exciting sound.

Thus, in Durham, came a mixing of rural hoedown music, the hillbilly songs of Charlie Poole, and modern swing and jazz spirited by the guitar playing of Ray Williams. The sound was irresistible, the two styles complementing each other. A new zip was added to the country tunes and a country flavor permeated the downtown songs like *St. Louis Blues* and *I Can't Give You Anything But Love Baby*. With the addition of chord banjo player Garfield Hammonds this group made it to WPTF in Raleigh and was dubbed "Swingbillies" by the station manager.

Thus the Swingbillies started a two year stint with daily appearances on the radio and nightly in person appearances around central and eastern North Carolina. The Tobacco Tags had been established on WPTF for several years and had recorded numerous records. They liked the young Swingbillies, and when the Swingbillies disbanded, they invited Harvey Ellington and Sam Pridgen to join them. By this time the Tobacco Tags had moved to WRVA in Richmond and were being syndicated nationally over the Old Dominion Barndance, a program broadcast by the Mutual Network from the Mosque Theater.

With the addition of Ellington's fiddling and Pridgen's crooning (such numbers as *Stardust*), the Tobacco Tags were a very versatile group. They added spice to the life of the Mosque Theater, at that time in 1940, one of the largest theaters in the South. With two balconies, it would hold eight or nine thousand people. On a Saturday night it was packed, cigarette girls walked around selling refreshments, and a long list of guest entertainers and regulars waited back stage. Sunshine Sue, the Georgia Wildcats, and the Tobacco Tags were among the regulars. Guests included the Sons of the Pioneers, Minivish and the Harmonica Rascals, the Three Musketeers of movie fame, and Irving Rouse, composer of the fiddle tune *Orange Blossom Special*.

The Tobacco Tags ran through various comedy routines. Bass player Reid Summey would dress up as Delphiney (a forerunner of Flip Wilson's Geraldine). At times they would conduct a womanless wedding, an old and curious comic relief custom in small Southern towns.

After four years in Richmond the Tobacco Tags returned to WPTF in Raleigh, but World War II finally broke up the group with calls to the service. As their career ended they had recorded over 100 songs for the RCA label, Bluebird. There was some playing after the war but mostly the musicians retired from professionally playing.

Of the living musicians Sam Pridgen now lives in Durham and Harvey Ellington lives near Oxford. In the past couple of years Ellington has performed some locally, combining the peppy hoedowns of his youth with swing songs of his later period. Ray Williams, the flashy guitarist of the Swingbillies, works in Richmond and plays on weekends with a Dixieland jazz group.

Barbecue

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favorite dish he serves with his barbecue is fried corn bread, made from a special batter with buttermilk and beer, cooked over the hickory fire in large pans.

All this takes the kind of time and labor no longer in adequate supply nor rewarded. A constant vigil must be kept to season the meat while it cooks, add coals and watch for grease fires. Planning, ordering and creating the feast is all the work of Johnnie and Willie. The cost of meat and wood has more than tripled in thirty years, a severe burden to the tradition. Johnnie's patient coaching of other cooks has not convinced many that the custom is worth the effort. He has plans to teach his grandson, presently just nineteen months old. Meanwhile Johnnie and Willie will stick to their way in spite of its demands; as Johnnie puts it, "that's the best cookin' and that's the best eatin'."



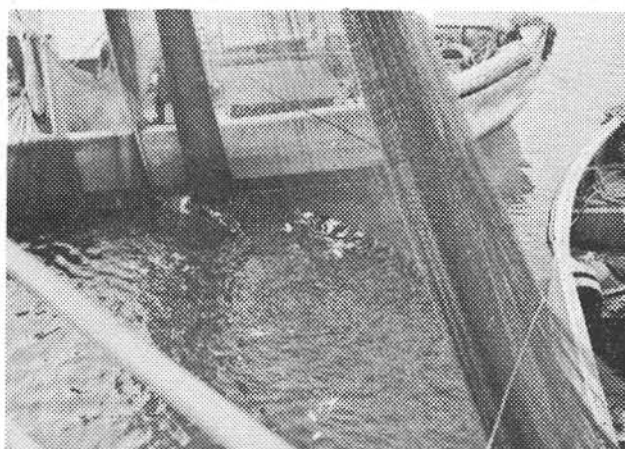
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'Lynn Ann'

continued from page 19

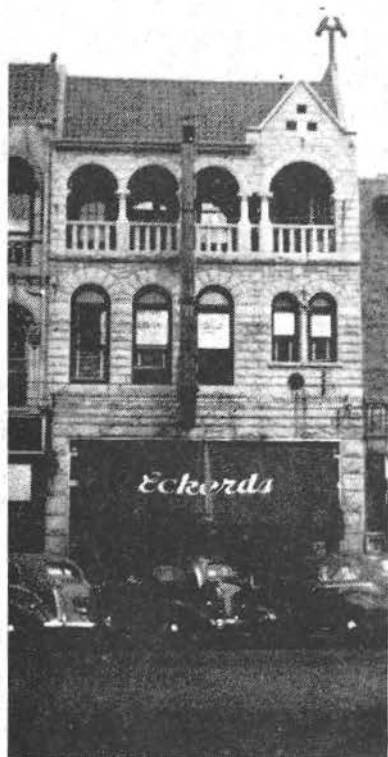
A large hose, 1½ feet in diameter was inserted amidst the nets and for half an hour thousands of silvery shad are pumped into the hold. They spewed forth with great pressure as if from a giant faucet. It was an unforgettable sight. I remember Captain Pittman being insistent that I accompany him on a

trip—I wouldn't believe it from just hearing about it, he said.

The hold is overflowing with some 350,000 menhaden, several sand dollars, a small shark, and one very silly looking fool fish. I assumed that it was back to port, but the chief engineer informed me otherwise. After all it was only 8:30 in the morning and part of the deck was still visible. Planking was erected on the sides of the hold. I began to have visions of fish piled to the crow's nest. The purse boats were not hoisted aboard, but towed behind in the water.

It was some time before we had the opportunity to make another set. The day was warm and sunny and the ocean was placid as a lake. The excitement of the catch had worn off and the trip began to have the feel of a pleasure cruise. Only the cook labored, though Captain Pittman maintained his ever watchful eye for the fish. "He can spot 'em in the dark with sunglasses on," I was told by one crew member.

During the break in activity I talked with the older fishermen and listened to some reminiscences of earlier days. They had seen many changes in twenty and thirty years of working the shad boats. Nylon nets, hydraulic winches, fish pumps, spotter plans—these were inventions of the fifties and sixties. Joseph James remembers when men and buckets did the work of fish pumps and when nets were pulled in by hand. Shad schools were spotted from the crow's nest, now a



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stores in High Point, Asheville and Raleigh, North Carolina. Additional stores were opened in Charlotte where seventeen stores are now located. Other stores followed and in 1954 there were fourteen Eckerd Drug Stores in the Carolinas and Tennessee.

It was in that year—1954—that our company began following the accelerating trend to suburban shopping centers and pioneered one of the first self-service drug stores on the east coast at Providence Road Shopping Center in Charlotte. Since that time, the trend has been toward self-service stores in suburban areas. Our growth in this direction is illustrated by the fact that since 1966 an average of twenty new large self service suburban stores have been opened annually.

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Registered pharmacists are on duty at all times in our stores. This is in keeping with our company's policy of being the finest dispensers of drugs and medicines of any drug store anywhere.

useless appendage on the Lynn Ann. The boats required larger crews in those days; twenty-six men to today's seventeen.

Much of the back breaking work is done with, but so are the old sea chanties the men sung to help pull net in unison. Captain Pittman says they sounded so pretty, it gave you goose bumps. Mr. Jamews and others remembered just a few:

*I got a woman waitin' [heave]
I'll see her before the sun goes down
Captain if you fire me [heave]
Fire my buddy too
Old Jack of Diamonds [heave]
Layin' right there on the bottom*

These chanties or work songs could be heard for great distances across the water. Many older residents of Beaufort fondly recall their beautiful, haunting sound.

We made two more sets before heading homeward, netting an additional 125,000 shad. The day's catch totaled close to half a million fish, a good day, but not exceptional. However, we had fared much better than the other boats. I don't expect that Captain Charlie comes in on the short end of the stick very often. The low man, the single shareman would make close to one hundred dollars for the day's work. The men are

paid per thousand fish caught. The single shareman makes 24 cents per thousand.

We arrive back at the fishery at 3:00 p.m. The fish were pumped from the hold into a large wooden compartment called the raw box. From there they move by conveyor belt into the fish factory for processing. Menhaden are transformed into everything from fish meal and fertilizer to perfume and cosmetics. To produce the latter these fish most certainly undergo a miraculous process.

Captain Pittman and I returned to the house and chatted briefly about the day. I was more tired than he, but I hoped to record an interview to be transcribed for this book. But Captain Pittman is a man of action more than of words. He preferred to let the day speak for itself. After dinner I bade my farewells and headed back to Durham full of feelings and images. I presume the Captain grabbed a few hours of sleep. He would be up again at 2:00 a.m. to catch the weather reports.

Perhaps the command of a shad boat is not the most prestigious of sea-faring occupations. Nevertheless, it brings its rewards. Charlie Pittman will not be trading his job for a desk and a white collar, despite the rough times and stormy weather of the past. His is a profession of increasing uncommonness, like being a cowboy on the range there is adventure and color in the work but not much future.

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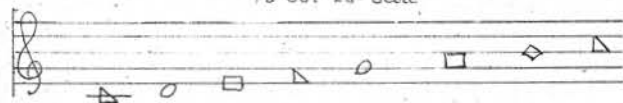
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Fa-Sol-La-Scale



Shape-Note Music

continued from page 13

tunes, except from memory. The general opinion was that musical instruction belonged to the Devil's work. Certainly musical instruments and instruction in their use was not to be tolerated in the churches, where divine worship was conducted.

But Walker had an idea and a dream. He had a vision of seeing the common people of the South singing their own songs, with notes and words, from a book of their own songs and music to the accompaniment of the organ, played by one of their own members. Unlike many dreamers, he was a man of action and determination. He devoted the larger part of his life to making this dream come true.

The tunes and melodies brought over by the early settlers from Elizabethan England were at first sung by a four-note system called "fa-sol-la-me" singing. Walker devised different shaped notes for these symbols, added three others, and placed them on the staff as the present seven note system, so that each

Pot Likker

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minute; then lift out, leaving any remaining dirt or sand in the bottom of the pan. Remove tough stems or fibers. Place loosely in a large, heavy pot and cover with cold water. Chop and add fresh herbs; add dry herbs to taste. Add salt pork or whatever you have. Bring to a boil, then lower flame and let simmer very gently for 2 to 2½ hours or until greens are very tender. Serve in soup bowls as you would soup with plenty of cornbread or biscuits to soak up the pot likker. Besides their good taste, fresh greens cooked in this manner are an excellent way to obtain iron, vitamins and minerals. It is said that if you have even a tablespoon or so of pot likker each day you will never need a doctor.

—Reprinted from *Soul Food Cookbook*,
by Bob Jeffries
Copyright 1969, Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

note was easily distinguished from the others. His first song book, *Southern Harmony*, published in 1835, was a collection of favorite religious songs of the time, many of them of his own compositions, printed in the shaped note system he had devised.

All his books were compendiums of musical knowledge as well as collections of songs. They included explanations of the fundamental principles of music, intervals, chords, keys. He worked out four-part arrangements with the notes on four different clefs. Alto was on top; tenor next; then soprano; and bass at the bottom. The singer was obliged to keep one eye on the notes and the other on the words. He published two revised editions, increasing the number of songs included, including additional compositions of his own and those of other singing masters he had discovered.

"Singin' billy" would move into a community, pick the people who were able to learn quickly and with the most talented voices, teach them his system of notation and then move on to the next settlement. The ones he had taught would in turn teach the other members of the congregation.

Between his singing schools, he worked in a bookstore and as a subscription agent for the local newspaper in Spartanburg, South Carolina. In 1862, during the Civil War, the Spartanburg Soldier's Aid and Relief Association subsidized him in Virginia, to nurse wounded soldiers (which reminds one of the same work Walk Whitman performed). Once a group of badly wounded men were brought into the hospital building, Walker was told not to bother with them too much. They were expected to die soon. He insisted that he be allowed to wash them and give whatever comfort was possible. He found among them one of his own sons with over seventeen wounds. With "Singin' Billy's nursing and love, the boy recovered and lived to an old age.

After this War Between the States, William Walker returned to his song books and his singing schools. By 1873 the sixth and last edition of his song book, *Christian Harmony*, was published, and he had by now well established and perfected the characteristic note symbols for our present day seven-note scale. This last book, *Christian Harmony*, gave its name to the type of singing as a whole.

Each year conventions featuring this type of old-time singing are held at Etowah, North Carolina, in Dutch Cove near Canton, North Carolina, in several other Southern states, and, more recently, in the vicinity of Washington, D.C. Hundreds of people assemble for these song-fests, often traveling for many miles in order to attend. On these occasions, baskets of lunch are brought and shared in picnic fashion by all. Some of the song books brought to these conventions are heirlooms, copies of the original printings being handed down from one generation to another. The same minor-keyed, weird, sad sounding songs, with the same fervor of over a hundred and fifty years ago, often accompanied by one of the organs introduced into the early church by William Walker.

**Dedicated to the memory of
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Sept. 3, 1926 – Jan. 16, 1976**

Zedith Teague Garner was a potter who practiced her craft in the family tradition handed down through generations. Zedith's spirit and enthusiasm provided a constant source of inspiration and encouragement for all of us, and her strong belief in the value of her work helped us to recognize the importance of individual craftsmanship within a folk tradition. It was a joy to know and work with Zedith, and we deeply regret that she is not here to share this Festival with us.

From sickrooms to medical centers

North Carolina Hospitals Evolve

Throughout North Carolina's history, medical knowledge and the need for hospitals have grown hand in hand. When the Moravians established North Carolina's first hospital at Old Salem in 1756, the only available medicines were grown in an apothecary garden. The entire hospital consisted of four rooms set aside to be called sick rooms. The garden and the sick rooms together represented the most advanced medical facilities in North Carolina at that time.

Today, more than two centuries after the creation of the first, North Carolina has 168 general hospitals. Now, instead of apothecary gardens, hospitals are equipped with pathology labs, electronic diagnostic equipment and a vast knowledge of medicine extending beyond the wildest imagination of North Carolina's early pioneers.



**Blue Cross
Blue Shield**
of North Carolina

Craftsmanship

continued from page 21

with careful diamond-notch cornering, it measures exactly 16' by 20' with proportional 10' sheds along the sides and back. While primarily utilitarian in function, this building was clearly erected by someone who possessed a powerful sense of form. Even more finished are the I house, with its balanced fenestration, double chimneys, and repeated roof patterns, and the richly textured, ovoid, grey-green Fox jug. To label these creations "crude" is to ignore the pervasive aesthetic which underlies them: symmetry, repetition, an emphasis on essential form rather than ornament. Examine their opposites—an asymmetrical Victorian house laden with Gothic towers and gingerbread gewgaws, or an elaborately molded, multicolored piece of Staffordshire china—and judge which possesses more art or craft.

A final word on the decline of traditional craftsmanship. From houses to containers, popular culture has provided mass-produced substitutes which are cheaper, easier to use or more efficient. Or they are simply "new." With the gradual erosion of the shared values that characterize traditional life, even novelty becomes a desirable goal. Thus, the stately I house is replaced by the brick ranch house or a split-level or a Dutch colonial. In like manner the clay churn and syrup jar give way to glass and plastic; with the easy availability of commercial butter and sugar, they have already lost their *raison d'être*.



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Certainly, much of value vanished in this transition: a relatively self-sufficient, homogeneous way of life; a somewhat simpler world which lacked the cultural choices and corresponding anxieties that plague most of us. But we must also beware of false nostalgia for the past. As so many young people have discovered over the last decade, this was an arduous, constrictive, even monotonous life for which we are neither physically nor psychologically prepared. Consider the early potter. To create a single jug, he had to dig his thick clay out of pits or streambeds, transport it back to his shop in a wagon, grind and refine it in his pug mill, turn it on a foot-powered wheel, and then fire it for some 30 hours in his wood-burning kiln. Or what was it really like to live in a log cabin? Over one hundred years ago, the traveling journalist Frederick Olmstead found out. During one night's stay in Alabama, his host family began preparing for bed by burning a mixture of corncobs and embers which filled the windowless cabin with dense smoke. Then they offered their guest the use of the one bed and buried themselves under a mound of quilts and blankets on the floor. Olmstead adds: "I ventured to take off my cravat and stockings, as well as my boots, but almost immediately put on my stockings again, drawing their tops over my pantaloons. The advantage of this arrangement was that, although my face, ears, neck and hands were immediately attacked, the vermin did not reach my legs for two or three hours." With experience, the journalist soon learned to join his hosts on the floor.

Like Olmstead, we need to appreciate the harsh realities as well as the simpler virtues and beauties inherent in traditional life. To know the present we must maintain a balanced view of the past. And it is in artifacts such as the cabin or quilt or crock that we can find important clues—provided that we learn to "read" them intelligently—to our own cultural legacy.

Basketweaving

continued from page 55

in that thing and tromp it, just tromp them baskets all that you could get in them. Oh, and way up there, bout sundown I reckon, the man would weigh it up, see how much you had in em, see who beat an who didn't. You see, they always had a prize for whoever picked the most cotton. And that would make folks pick cotton sure nuff! I never did have nobody to beat me, and I'd get the prize bout all the time.

That's the way we had to live. We worked farms, an in the wintertime get out an cut cordwood all winter. Then when we got through cuttin cordwood, the man whose farm you stayed on, he'd put you to gradin up his newground. An I was makin baskets right on. Somebody always wantin something like a basket, you know. It ain't such a hard problem to make em, but the thing of it is nobody just don't like to make em. An they ain't gonna make em, if they can help themselves. I'm tellin you a fact.

Superstition

continued from page 25

to be the most superstitious people on earth. I remember as a boy hanging around old Mr. Sandy Colville, one time Confederate soldier, who had a wealth of these old stories. Yankee bullets had cut him down at South Mountain and left him with "the misery in his hip" so that he affected a walking-stick-aided hobble and used a sheepskin bottomed chair.

Just below his home was Colville's Branch, haunted by the ghost of a man murdered by Gypsies when he made improper advances to a Gypsy girl. Day's later, after the Gypsies had moved on, the man's body was found in a quagmire.

Mr. Sandy hooted as silly the belief his branch was haunted. As he derided this belief as superstition, I spied an inch worm humping its way up his shin. Mr. Sandy made a vicious swipe at the worm with a folded up newspaper and squashed it. He then got up and hobbled his way around the chair three times, sunwise (from east to west direction). "I ain't ready to die yet," he told me. "That worm was measuring me for my coffin."

"I thought you didn't believe in superstition, Mr. Sandy," I observed. "Does killing that worm and going around your chair three times protect you from evil?"

"That ain't superstition, son," he said. "It's just good common sense. My old granma told me about measuring worms and what to do when you saw one. She ought to know for she had the gift of second sight." And he told me what the term meant.

One night sometime later I was riding my bicycle home and keeping on the hogback or hard ground between the wheel rut and the center of the road where the horse or mule walked. Naturally, I was thinking of the ghost of the murdered man and not feeling a bit happy as I neared the branch. I had just crossed it when I spied to my left a skull and crossbones. My bicycle plunged off the hogback. I went over the handle bars and hit the ground, expecting every second to be seized by ghostly hands and dragged screaming to my doom. Next thing I remember I was 200 yards away at the top of the hill with my bicycle clutched grimly in my arms.

Next morning I went back to the branch and found my skull and cross bones to be a large land sale poster

nailed to a tree. My vivid imagination had turned it into a death's head device.

The house in which I grew up was in two sections: the big house in which was the family living quarters and the kitchen and dining rooms attached to it by a dog trot or breezeway.

Nearly every night neighbors would drop in and head unerringly for the kitchen where they knew they would find plates of cookies and pitchers of hard cider in season. The kitchen floor was made of wide boards and in places there were cracks in the floor. Sooner or later the visitors would begin telling stories of "old Rawhead" or "Bloody Bones." Many times I have moved my chair away from a crack. I didn't know what ghostly thing might be oozing up through that crack—maybe Old Clotie himself. All these folk stories were commonplace fifty odd years ago. Today they have practically vanished. Some still survive out in the Sandy Barrens of Western Harnett Co. It is only out there that you will hear about warlocks, wizards, fairies—the Little People and ghosts. In fact they have a real ghost out there if you can believe the stories of people who have seen it, sober people, at that. They call it *The Gourd Springs Ghost*. I've been out there where he has been seen but I never met up with him.

Modern day television and the automobile have practically done away with this folklore, these neighborly gatherings in the kitchens and funeral wakes, and something important has vanished from our lives.

*Adore God. Reverence and cherish your
parents. Love your neighbor as yourself,
and your country more than yourself.
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— Thomas Jefferson

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Ballads

continued from page 16

performance. Traditionally the singer performs alone and with no distracting instrumental accompaniment. His tone often uses an archaic musical scale that does not lend itself to emotionality. The singer in any case avoids dramatising the song or playing up to his audience. He lets the song stand on its own merits.

Though he may not sob and heave and flail about in operatic fashion, the stories mean much to the singer. He usually believes them to be true. The ballads may in fact be based, like *Tom Dula* and *Naomi Wise*, on murders committed a century and more ago in North Carolina, or like *The Bonny Earl of Murray* on a political assassination in 16th-century Scotland. Others are only loosely "true," recording the social aspirations of the working class in 18th-century England in some tale about the love of the apprentice boy for the merchant's daughter. Others of less certain age and origin may not derive at all from historical fact, but from general human experience. The lady who leaves her babe and husband to run off with the Gypsy Davy learns, in many Appalachian versions of the song, stern facts of life:

*She soon run through her gay clothing,
Her velvet shoes and stockings,
Her gold ring off her finger was gone
And the gold plate off her bosom.
"O once I had a house and land,
Feather-bed and money,
But now I've come to an old straw pad
With the gypsens all around me."*

The real truth of the ballads is the truth of art. "There now!" exclaimed one singer when a collector told her of the historical basis of her song. "I always said the song must be true, because it is so beautiful."

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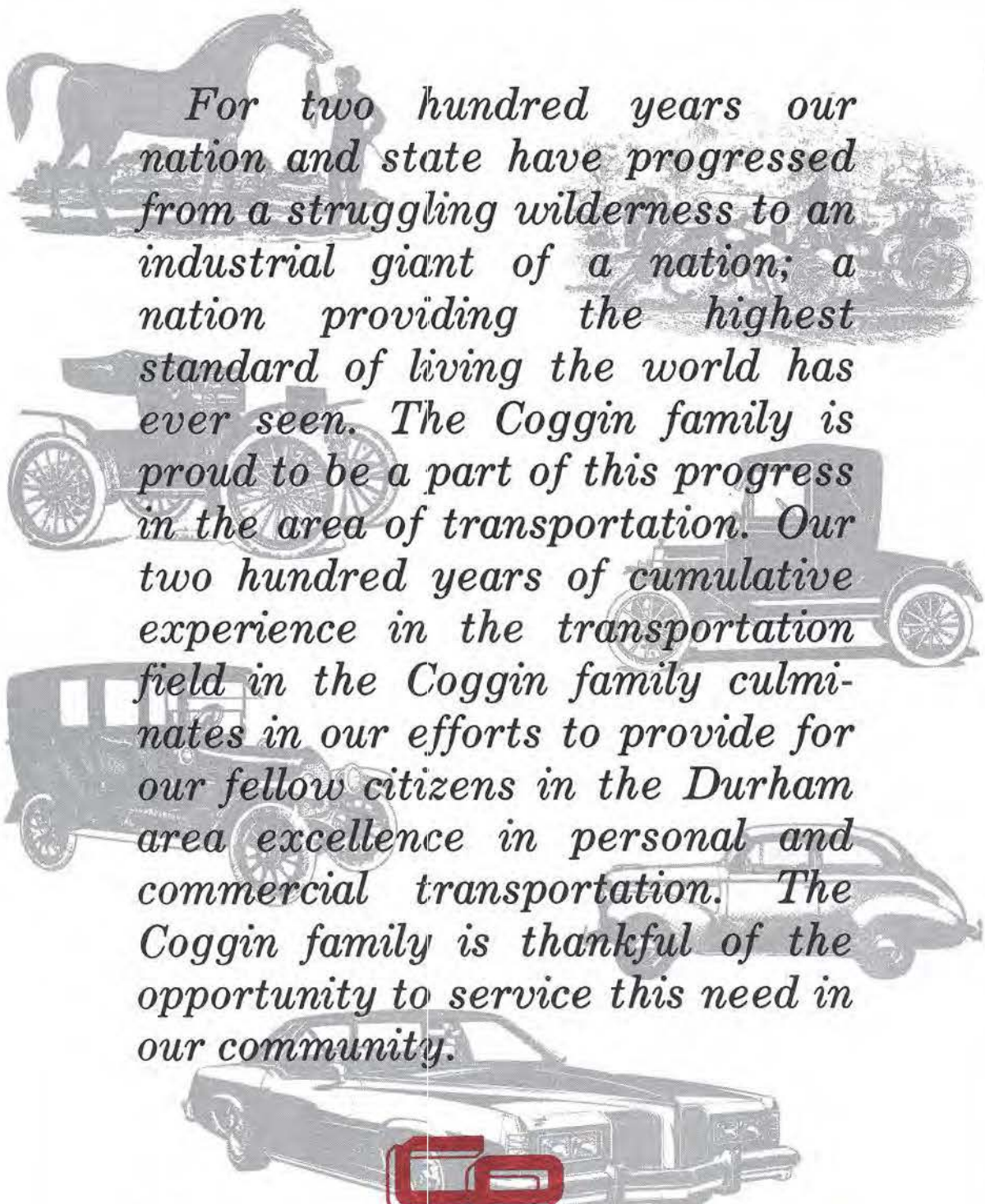
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George Coggin Marks
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Happy Birthday, America.

We've been to a lot of birthday parties.
Now the biggest one of all is coming up.

We're glad to say that, as always,
Coke will be there to refresh you.

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