

Monday, August 11

I arrived at the convent late in the evening, about 9:00pm, and relaxed over a slice of watermelon. Dr. Roberts and a few students were in the dining room. I asked about what the group had been doing in the couple of days I had missed. They had visited a church picnic, looked at log buildings, visited St. Bernard Abbey, a general store and generally looked the area over.

Later, after a shower to cool off the day's heat, I spent some time talking to Libby, Cora, Helen, Paula and Cheryl. They gave me a good idea of how things were working out. It appeared that I could take as much or as little guidance from Dr. Roberts as I liked. I talked to Cheryl and Paula about the informant file. They said they had problems with it because often no addresses or phone numbers were given for informants. We discussed who might know about musicians or people to talk to about folklore in Ferdinand. We tentatively planned to spend some time the next day contacting people like the sisters at the convent, beauticians, barbers, postmaster or anyone we thought might be in a position to know a lot of people and their activities. Since none of us had a car we also discussed things other than music we could explore in Ferdinand. We all felt flexible, or more like confused, and willing to look into any sort of folklore we stumbled upon. But we thought we could make headway by asking about gardening methods, customs and local cooking.

Tuesday, August 12

I got up early and went to breakfast to find out what plans anyone had for the day. About 8:00am most of the group got on the road headed for Lincoln City. We toured the Lincoln Boyhood National Shrine. The exhibits showed as much as historians have been able to find out about Lincoln's early years, partly by studying documents, partly by material culture and partly by educated guesses. They showed things like tools of Lincoln's father's trade, carpentry; the plant that caused "milk sick", the illness his mother died of;

and what sort of toys and books the boy would have had. The hearth from the original Lincoln cabin was an exhibit. The tour guide explained that the beam beam across the top of the fireplace opening was made fire proof by charring. He also said that charred wood was placed between the side of the house and the chimney; in case of a fire in the chimney, the wood would be pushed out and the chimney knocked down to prevent the fire from spreading to the house.

We went on outside to the site of Honey Banks Lincoln's grave and the outdoor living history museum. As we entered the outdoor museum we saw the group of hewn log beams marking the original site of the Lincoln log house. The outdoor museum is a group of farm buildings with surrounding gardens and fields. It is intended to be a reproduction of an Indiana farm in the 1830's. The farmstead included a log house, a smoke house, a barn sort of like a stable, a field with corn, ~~potatoes~~ ^{tomatoes} and some tobacco, and a garden on the other side of the house with corn, cabbage and other vegetables. A woman demonstrated quilting in front of the house. The house contained common household items like a bed, table, spinning wheel, and preserved foods. Two women were at the site dressed in period costume demonstrating household chores and answering questions about the exhibits. The museum contained some amusements as Dr. Roberts pointed out. I noticed that the tool shed had, among other tools, two cross-cut saws which I believe were not commonly used if used at all, before the civil war.

After leaving the Lincoln museum we went to the Gentry House in Gentryville. The house was originally owned by the Gentry family who ~~owned~~ ^{owned} a slave President Lincoln worked in as a young man. The house was built after Lincoln left Indiana, but it is interesting in itself. It is a one story house with a kitchen wing on the back left side. It originally had an observatory above the central hall. The pencil marks which show where the staircase led from the hall to the observatory can still be seen. The caliche and classical style woodwork around the windows and fireplace are still intact and in their original painted color. The wallpaper is mostly gone

off, and plaster has fallen from the walls and ceiling. The brick walls rise directly from the ground without a foundation. Because of this water has seeped up into the walls making the bricks crumble. The house is in very bad shape. Not with a lot of effort and expense a Kensington family hopes to restore it.

We ate lunch on the porch of the Gentry House, and then went on to do other things. First we stopped to see if one of Dr. Roberts' favorite antique stores was open; it wasn't. So we drove along back roads looking for log structures or anything else of interest. Gary pointed out the stream at the side of the road and told us that Tom Miller had told him how to mix the blossoms with water and sugar to make a beverage.

We drove into Santa Claus and stopped in front of a house that had a sign posted on a tree: Broom for sale. Two car loads of people piled out to greet the woman of the house. She told Dr. Roberts her husband hadn't made brooms recently, but that we could go back and talk to him in the new mill. The new mill was powered by a LYN's ^{Co. Inc.} ~~Co.~~ and Cameron steam tractor. Two men worked the mill. The broom-maker was running logs clamped to a cart through the saw. He would throw the waste into a pile; stack boards in another. When finished with ^{one} log he would take up a new one and roll another log onto the cart. The men stopped for lunch; and on the way back to the house showed us the broom-making shop. Outside in front of the shop was a machine to remove the seeds from the broom corn. A pile of seed from recent processing was on the ground beneath it. Inside were brooms and materials in various stages of assembly. To the left of the door hung finished brooms; in front of the door, an assorted pile of stuff; on to the right were uncut brooms; a pile of wood broom staves; then the machine that binds the broom to the handle and the vice for sewing them. Bundles of green and red string hung from the ceiling. Mr. Hefzel briefly explained everything showing us brooms in each stage of assembly. He said that oddly, he has recently had several people ask for uncut brooms. He felt this was a bit strange; but as it

much less work he was perfectly willing to sell them that way. He also showed us freshly needed brooms were left to dry before use. Dr. Roberts and I each bought a broom. Shortly before we left, Mrs. Kestel invited us to come back between 6:30 and 7:00pm on Thursday.

We went on back to ^{Rebecca} Dennis Hall for rest and supper. After supper Sherry allowed us to visit Mrs. Robson with her. Mrs. Robson was a quilter Sherry had met and interviewed last summer. She was quite hard of hearing, so she had her daughter-in-law there to help us talk to her. The house was spotlessly neat and sparkling clean. We talked to both Mrs. Robsons about quilting for a couple of hours while Sherry taped the interview. Often the ^{of} daughter-in-law would explain things when Mrs. Robson had trouble hearing or went out of the room to get something to show us. We sat and talked with her at the kitchen table surrounded by her staid cabinet full of special dishes and drinking glasses, her sewing machine with embroidered and crocheted edged scarf on top, her kitchen appliances, delicate doilies hanging from shelves of cucumber glass, and of course, her quilting frame along one side of the kitchen with an almost completed quilt in it. The quilt was of polyester fabric and batting, bright colors, cheerful and finely stitched. She chooses bright colors, pink, yellow, pastel blue, which give the quilts a cheerful and crisp look. The pattern was the water lily; a pattern she had acquired since Sherry's last visit. The patterns she uses now are appliqued and embroidered flowers or flower baskets alternated with solid colored blocks. Mrs. Robson had done patchwork quilts most of her life, and has done exclusively appliqued quilts since her husband died two years ago. She likes and feels that other people like the appliqued better than pieced quilts. She has made quilts for all of her 21 grandchildren and is beginning on a second round, not to mention her contributions to church raffles. Mrs. Robson's frame was the first of its kind I had seen. It was very stable and ^{easy} easy to adjust. It had coged wheels and slots in the side here to easily roll the quilt to a new area. I asked if she had ever used a quilting hoop, like a large embroidery hoop. She said no. Other women I have asked said they never use a hoop; I believe it

is probably a recently developed quilting tool.

We also talked briefly to her about her other textile crafts such as crocheted edging on table cloths and doilies. When we asked about rug-making she showed us two crocheted rugs one of her sons had made at the age of about 15. We were driven back to the convent by Mrs. Salinas's daughter-in-law, and went to bed.

Wednesday, August 13

I had pancakes made by Gary for breakfast and general confusion about what to do with the day. I finally decided to accompany Helen, Gracie and Libby to Jasper. In Jasper I checked at the Mailly Herald to find out if they were sending our subscription to Madison Hall. They were. Libby and I remained with Helen and Gracie at Bob's bar, and we all went to the Copper Bottle antique store to see what we might find. Aside from antique household goods we found that the mother of the store owner was very friendly and helpful. She suggested that we go to the Senior Citizens Center where some women quilt every Wednesday. We arrived at the Senior Citizens Center at about noon when most of the quilters were leaving for lunch. But a couple of women stayed to we sat down across the frame from them and had a good talk. We talked about quilt patterns, the one they were working on was pieced in small, about one inch, squares. They said no any means made quilting is difficult. They were quilting on a frame like Mrs. Salinas's. I found it to be some type of frame at least in this area. Local lumber yards will cut the pieces and they are assembled at home. There was another frame in the room but it was unstable as they usually didn't use it. The room also had examples of various other crafts, mostly modern, like place mats, pillows, and decorated bottles. The two women talked to Libby for a while about quilting and sawage samples, but they didn't know of any chair covers or carpets. We left just before 1:00pm.

After lunch Libby and I wandered around Jasper some were looking for the Jasper Cabinet Company. We never found it. We had seen it on our way to the

Spain office; but it disappeared. We went to the Jasper Book Company instead to see if they knew of any cabinet makers. Lenny got some information, not much, and we went on back to meet Helen and Corita and came back to the dorm.

After supper I briefly met Mr. Hittner, and old friend and contact for Soldiers spouses, of Dr. Roberts'. We talked about up-coming auctions on Saturday. Then we went up to see the current library, came back and retired for the night. I looked through the informant file and noted some people to befriend to look up just before bed.

Thursday, August 14

About 9:00am, after breakfast Dr. Roberts, Gary, Sherry and I went to the Fetmore farm to look at some old buildings. First we looked around a frame barn in front of the house. We were profusely assisted by Wayne Fetmore, a very talkative cowboy about ~~some~~⁷⁰ years old. The barn had several features of interest to me at my level of experience with material culture. The first thing I noticed was that the hinges were of the old blacksmith made kind I had seen in class. We climbed up to the top of the barn to look around. There were pottery jugs, old furniture, yarn spindles, candle lanterns, trunks and various other things. My skirt brushed a wasp nest, but I was only stung once. I came down by another way. Gary and Dr. Roberts measured and took pictures quite a while. Dr. Roberts told Sherry and I how to tell oak and poplar weathered boards apart. Poplar has a smooth, velvety touch, while oak is grainy and splinters rise up when it is brushed.

We went across the field to look at some log buildings on the property. There were two log structures: a house and a barn. The house was fairly large and of a German design without an over hanging roof. The chimney rose from near the center of the roof and the kitchen was smaller than the other room. It had two doors in front, away from the barn, placed slightly asymmetrically and windows opposite each door on the back side. The outside was partially covered by weatherboard and it was half filled with hay. There was a cellar beneath the kitchen. The original heating in the house was provided by stoves. Gary and Dr. Roberts again made measurements and pictures all around.

As we did the interior measurements it began to rain. We waited out the rain for a while; then Gary and Dr. Roberts went over to take a look at the barn. It was a very small ^{of 2000} simple pen barn, as small or smaller than the house. It was covered with siding. A frame extension had been built on one side to enlarge the original structure. Dr. Roberts pointed out to us a very ancient type of hinge and latch on a small door in the barn.

The rain let up a little, so we went back to the car and came back to the dorm. That evening we went to a church dinner at Holland. It was about the biggest spread of food I've ever seen. There was ham, fried chicken, chicken dumplings, greenbeans with ham, canned peas, omelette, sliced tomatoes, brochettes, cakes and more all in enormous quantities.

We ate ourselves almost sick; then went to watch Lawrence Hestel make brooms. We had to wait for him to get supper and clean up. When he finished he came out to the shop, and we pushed ourselves in to watch. The straw was prepared by ^{cutting} ~~cutting~~ it in boiling water then wraping it in a wet flour sack to make it pliable. First he took a handle and fixed it into a vice. The ^{hook} ~~hook~~ to bind the straw to the handle was threaded through a device that held it taut. He used a treadle to turn the handle vice to wrap the wire around the straw. He wound on thick heavy straw to begin. Heavy straw was used to make the broom stiff. After about 15 minutes he began using lighter bundles of straw. He wound a bunch on either side of the broom backwards from the rest, pointing toward the handle and bent them back away from the handle to make the "shoulders" of the broom. He used light straw to finish the broom. Throughout the winding process he used a leather strap to hold the fixed straws in a bundle out of his way. He had to remove and reattach the strap at intervals, about each time he completed a round. When the straw was all fixed he took a knife and sliced the ends diagonally toward the handle making it tapered. Then he attached the metal piece that covers the straw ends, and secured it with a couple of wraps of wire. Then he put a large rubberband, probably old inner-tube, around the straw and left it to dry. Then he picked up a broom that was already dry but not seen and put it in a special vice to hold it for sewing. He had

a steel seat to the vice that supported his shirt waist level with the vice, he had a needle about 4 inches long and very heavy. Two handles of pre-cut threads, one green and one red, hung from the ceiling within reach of the vice, as he took each thread he threaded it through the needle, tied a knot at one end, and in the other end tied the needle securely. Mr. Betzel had special gloves for sewing which had a metal disc in the palm allowing him to press the needle through the straw with his hand. When the needle was through he dropped it, pulled the thread through and picked up the needle for the next stitch. He sewed four rows on the broom, cut off the ends of the broom sticks and was finished. Helen bought the broom he had seen for me; others also bought brooms. He commented that at a craft fair he attended earlier in the year people had asked for special brooms with the sticks cut out or with no sewing. He obliged but couldn't understand his customer's desire for unfinished brooms. As he worked Mr. Betzel answered questions and told us how the shop was operated by his father. The shop was large enough for three people to work together. Usually the father and two sons would divide the work: one cutting and preparing the sticks, one winding the sticks on the handle and one sewing and finishing the brooms. It was watching Mr. Betzel that made me realize the commitment of a craftsman to his craftsman way of life. Lawrence had stayed on the family farm rather than in factory work. He ran the saw mill, farmed and made brooms for a living. Broom making must have given him some pleasure as well as income because he spends hours planting and cultivating broom corn, harvesting and taking the seeds out, and making the straw; he spends about two hours assembling each broom and some time ordering the materials such as thread, handles and labels that he doesn't make himself. All this he does by himself now that his father and most of his brothers are gone, for only \$2 per broom.

After Betzel's we went to Charles Hall and to bed.

Friday, August 13

The day got off to a slow start. When Paul, Cheryl, Paula and I finally collected ourselves and checked the paper for garage sales, we went to a gas

station to get some gas but ended up spending atleast half an hour getting an oil leak fixed. Then we started in search of garage sales. Dr. Roberts had suggested they would be a good place to talk to people and the three of us women love to scrounge around at garage sales anyway. The first sale was in a new housing development, there wasn't anything there of interest and it seemed not to be as much a social event as some sales I have seen. So we went on to the next sale but couldn't find it at all. Fanni had someone to see in Jasper, Dr. Williams I believe, but ~~was~~ again in Jasper we had car trouble. It turned out to be a minor thing but cost us some time and Fanni went away. He said he would look up his contact later, so we went on. We located a garage sale advertised in Huntington. There were some things of interest: the woman having the sale was friendly and easy to talk to. She had a grape arbor so I asked if she did any home wine making. She said no, but that her mother was a lot of them to make jelly. I took the woman's name and number to contact her later to maybe watch her mother make jelly. Next we went in search of another garage sale in Huntington. We hunted and asked directions, hunted some more and asked more directions. After driving all over the country we gave up and headed back. A house on one of the back roads had caught my eye. It was old and seemed abandoned. I wanted to see if it was a log building, so I left the others and walked down to have a look. It wasn't abandoned; much to my delight the porch was strewn with wood shavings and almost finished cases. He was seemed to be around, so we went up to the next farm to see who owned the house or worked there. I was told that Mr. Taylor lived and worked there and he probably wouldn't mind having some company. We went back, drove down the driveway and as we were looking for Mr. Taylor he came walking out of the woods shirtless, shoeless, with his rifle over his shoulders and a cap on the back of his head accompanied by his dog. He was the stinkiest man I've seen in my life. As we expressed interest in his ~~home~~ making he said, "I bet I know who sent you out here." This threw all of us off a little bit having just met him. But when he pointed to the Indiana University decal on Fanni's car and said he had been visited by Purdue students we regained our confidence

and carpenter. We went into the house and he showed us the Indiana Folklore article about him. He eagerly showed us each step of the manufacturing when asked about a tool or process. He showed us how he splits the history with a tree, measures it by a tape measure lashed next to the floor and cuts the stick off to the correct length. He put the stick in a vice which clamped each end of the stick, perched himself in a squinting position at one end of the vice and showed us how he shaved each ^{down} ~~down~~ with a draw knife. He told us about the process of steaming the beaked end of the cane on a device he has rigged up beside the house. I asked about the use of a T shaped thing standing next to the wall. He showed us that it holds the ends of the draw knives as he grinds a new edge on his grindstone. He remembered that Sylvia had never gotten a photograph of him at his grindstone. Some of us had brought a camera, but he was so anxious to have a picture taken that he worked through some of his stuff and came up with two of the most ancient cameras I have ever seen. He showed us the way up to the attic to see the log construction of his house; I had told him the reason I had originally stopped at his house was because I thought it was a log house.

He was rather quiet and modest, but it was not very hard to get him started talking about his craft and showing us things. When he did open up and understand that we were genuinely interested in him he almost wouldn't let us leave. As we were headed to the car he wanted to show us his sawing machine built by himself of parts scavenged from old ^{automobiles} automobiles. His house was disorderly. That is a euphemistic description, but Howard would have to be seen to be believed. We finally disengaged from Howard's company and headed for Ferdinand.

On the way back we ran across the garage sale we had given up looking for when we discovered Mr. Taylor. After looking around for a while we got into some conversation with the people there. One of the women there was a sophomore at I.U. I was amazed by her thoughts on folklore in Debois County. She told us we should go further to the north to the Ashok and Hancock towns because as she said " . . . actually I don't think you're going to find much culture in Debois County." The family was very friendly and out of the visit we got

a bunch of whisky and a recipe for how to make tea of it. I've tried it since the visit and it is a tasty drink. Then we finally got home, cooled off, and took a nap.

Later in the evening Dr. Roberts, Gary and others with them came back, and we found that they had been to all the places we had either before or after us. I had a very good day. It was in some ways the most frustrating day of fieldwork I have had, but Fred's good nature and the people we talked to made it about the most successful day of fieldwork I have had.

Saturday, August 16

The first thing of the morning was an auction at Satchel. An old woman's stuff was being sold. There was not much of exceptional interest. The customers were very good; Miss and Miss. Around noon or one o'clock we went to another auction at St. Anthony. It was the settlement of an estate mostly attended by relatives of the former owners of the house. There was a lot of furniture, household goods, Helen got a quilt, and old tools and farm machinery. It was ugly, but it was a good occasion to talk to people. I talked with one man for a while about his lumber mill experiences. I also got Jimmy a new set gauge. I heard most of a long conversation Gary had with an older man of the area. They talked about old farming methods, but at one point he mentioned that they used to have barn dances, and I hoped they would talk a bit more about that. The man had to leave before we could get into that. As we lost interest in the auction we headed back to supper and to bed.

Sunday, August 17

I had a breakfast of toast and coffee as usual, and I talked to Dave Wilson about his year of graduate school at Leeds University Department of Folklore and Folklife and my possibilities of going there by self. I went with several others to an auction at Irlisac. It was a town auction and it was attended by a lot of antique dealers. They seemed to be most interested in the depression glassware, some lamps and maybe some furniture such as a pine sofa. I bought a pine table with two drawers, and Fred bid on my Kim clock for me. I helped