social history of the area, and with her fairness in addressing questions of religious rivalries. Her word is to be trusted (she will freely admit ignorance in cases where she is not sure of her facts), and what she has to say is well worth hearing.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in visits to Mr. Roy Haake (editor of the Ferdinand News; rather brusque, and not particlularly knowledgeable in matters of folklore, as far as I could determine), and to the Ferdinand branch of the County library. At the library, a young woman apologized for the extreme scarcity of local historical books, and referred me to the rectory of the Ferdinand Church, where, she said, were sold more local history books than can be found in the collection of the library. I drove by the rectory then, but, as it was supper hour, I was afraid to bother the priest.

Returning to the convent, I attempted to get in touch with many informants --Mrs. Gilbert Schipp (who is supposed to have some knowledge of magic spells), Mr. Olinger (recommended by Mr. Haake), and Mrs. Mason of the Herald--but I was unsuccessful in all cases. This lack of appoinments disturbs me; I don't know if I will be able to set up any interviews for Friday or Saturday.

Friday, August 12, 1977

My dismal predictions for the weekend were dispelled by a very exciting day--a day far richer in contacts than in interviews, but so rich as to give me great hopes for the coming week.

About 10 a.m., I took off for Huntingburg in hopes of finding Mrs. Helen Mason, of the Dubois County Herald, whom I had met at the square dance Wednesday, and who promised to be a rich source of contacts in addition to being a charming and friendly lady. Unfortunately, when I arrived at Huntingburg, Mrs. Mason had gone on to work at the Jasper office, and I was once more desparate.

Walking down 4th St. from the Herald office toward Jackson St., I saw a number of good-looking ceramic pieces on open air display on the front lawn of the Southeast corner of the intersection. The pieces seemed well made, and I immediately thought of buying a beer mug capable of putting in the freezer, so that beer poured cold into it would be cold that much longer. A wooden shingle hung out in front of the house stated Kempf's Ceramics; I soon found Mrs. Kempf. I told her what I wanted, but she informed me that ceramics--though capable of withstanding great heat--tend to crack in freezing temperatures. The cracks not only tend to ruin the mugs, but also release lead into them, and make their contents poisonous. Mrs. Kempt was very friendly (and nonpartisan as well), for she told me of a place named Yellow Banks, North of Selvin in Warrick County, where a young couple made clayware (which is resistant to cracking in freezing temperatures). She said that this couple began making pottery three years ago, when they discovered

that their land was resting atop one of the purist deposits of yellow clay ever found. Thanking Mrs. Kempf, I bought two of her blue ceramic coffee mugs, and drove on quickly to Jasper hoping to find Mrs. Mason at the Herald office there.

When I arrived at 4th St. in Jasper to search for Mrs. Mason in the Herald buildings, I found she had just left, and started back toward Huntingburg. I was extremely unhappy--another morning seemed wasted, and I drove up to the Older Americans Center, the last resort of the helpless field worker in Jasper. There was no one there--not even "Bess" Dupps, so I went on to the Jasper library to kill what time remained between 11:30 and the 12:45 appointment with Mrs. Cavenaugh.

The Jasper library is on Main Street (U.S. 231) about 3 blocks north of the Square. Surrounded by a level park, it is perhaps the flatest point in the County. The library is a relatively modern structure, and in entering it, I had the feeling that I was leaving Dubois County behindd. Nothing, however, could have been farther from the case.

After asking for Mrs. Doane, I was led to "an average librarian," a woman perhaps in her late 50's, neatly dressed in skirt, blouse, and jacket, with her well curled hair pressing close to herhhead. I asked her about John Weber, and she replied that he is in excellent mental health with a lucid, expressive mind and impeccable penmanship (she corresponds with Mr. Weber regularly). She gave me his address at the Madison rest home and suggested that I write him before visiting.

She assured me, however, that he would be willing and happy to talk at great length about many different topics.

Then I asked Mrs. Doane if she the library had a copy of the Seventh Book of Moses. She answered, "no!", with a powerful emphasis. But she didn't stop there, "It's an evil book. No one should have it. I have heard what it has done, and it's best to leave it alone." Mrs. Doane went on to tell me of a "pious old woman," the second wife of a very strange man. The woman " would rather cut off her finger than tell a lie." It seems that the old woman's husband was a devotee of the black arts, who had used the Seventh Book to procure uunspeakable supernatural powers. When he died, a copy of the Seventh Book was found, wrapped in a strange-looking cloth and secreted in the old man's room. His survivors had thrown the book into a stove to dispell the evil attached to it; and, as the book hit the flames, it exploded, blowing the lid off the stove and sending a shower of black soot through the room.

Mrs. Doane continued: the old man used to have a very strange and unpleasant smell about him when he awoke in the morning, and he would scrub himself with dew-soaked rags to claean the smell away. He used to go to the Church bazaars, and buy chances on the quilts and other items which were auctioned by the turning of the "wheel of chance." As the wheel was spinning, he would stand still and stare fixedly at it, muttering incomprehensible words under his breath. If someone would come up and speak to him during these times, he would get very

angry, and mumble something half-aloud, something that sounded like, " You ruined it; now it won't work!"

"I won't say he was an evil man," Mrs. Doane said, "but he was very strange and often mean." She would stake her life on the testimony of the strange man's pious wife. The woman had shown Mrs. Doane the book after the old man died; she asked Mrs. Doane what to do with it. Mrs. Doane, being too young and foolish to understand the magnitude and nature of its powers, looked at it; she herself had read the section which described how one uses dew-soaked rags to wash off the evil smell one acquires from using the book. "I would not even touch it now," Mrs. Doane said. And she described a short incident of an evil nature from Louisville Kentucky. A woman who used the Seventh Book had died there some years ago, and witnesses reported that they had seen the Communions flying out of her mouth as she died: she had never been able to digest the Sacred Word, so she vomited it up. "I don't know if these were really communion wafers, or if you could somehow see the communions," she told me.

Very excited, I tried to contain myself, and succeeded in scheduling a meeting for 10 a.m. Monday. Then, finally under control, I asked Mrs. Doane to show me some of John Weber's books, and to xerox a couple articles for me, such as the article on Enos Lammers in the Huntingburg Independent of the previous May. After she left, I recorded her stories on paper as best I could remember them, and only then did I look

--very briefly--at the books by Mr. Weber. Time had come for me to meet Mrs. Cavenaugh at the

Older Americans Center. From there we drove to the Good Samaritan Nursing home, a mile or more north of the town square, just West of U.S. 231. It is a clean place, well taken care of' The staff seems capable and friendly. Strangely enough, it is a Lutheran institution, though Mrs. Cavenaugh told me, the Catholic Church and many others contribute substantially to its maintenance. Mrs. Cavenaugh found Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Woodward eating together, and invited them to join us in the lobby when lunch was finished.

Mrs. Woodward, now 95, is suffering from arthritis, and her eyes are failing more than ever (a cataract growing over her left eye can be easily seen). Her mind, however, still functions very well, and she was, as before, quick and witty in her responses.

Mr. Mack Tucker, born in 1890, in the Eckerty area of Crawford County, sat down with us to talk about old times. Mr. Tucker and Mrs. Woodward had known each other since childhood, and were related through the marriage of Mrs. Woodword's uncle to Mr. Tucker's aunt. Mack Tucker is also famous in the region as the man who had several tombstones made for unmarked graves in the area. He had worked at one time as a salesman for Schumm Monuments; it was doubtless his profession that turned his philanthropic interests toward grave markers. His major contribution was the "vengence is mine, saith the

Lord" tombstone of John Davidson. It was with the Davidson story that the conversation began. Mr. Tucker gave us a rather full account of the Davidson legend. Mrs. Woodward filled in certain aspects of the story, some of which were in contradiction to Mr. Tucker's. She mentioned that there was a song about Davidson--"Let's Hang e John Davis from a Sour Apple Tree"," sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body." This song was . obviously based on the "Jeff Davis" song on the Civil War, and I couldn't help wondering if Davidson's nickname, John Davis, did not evolve from the parody song--where it was forced to meet certain metrical requirements, and where the last name, "Davis," already had established a tradition in singing.

We talked together for over an hour, but the conversations were less productive that they should have been, for three reasons. First, Mr. Tucker did not want to be tape recorded, and spoke too quickly for me to record all the details of his stories. Second, he spoke so softly that Mrs. Woodward could not hear him, and our conversation degenerated into a monologue. Finally, Mack Tucker is a very scholarly man, and he is more proud of his intellectual achievement as a physics student tha of his "folk roots." Therefore, the conversation often turned to an academic autobiography--beautiful in its own right, but not exactly what I was trying to get at.

Mrs. Woodward soon grew tired, and Mrs. Cavenaugh led her back to her room. Then, as I was alone with Mr. Tucker, he "finished" the Davidson legend: Davidson had apparently been castrated by the Whitecaps, and that was why the coffin had been closed, and why the whitecaps stood guard over it with their guns.

Mrs. Cavenaugh returned and led me quickly out of the home. She was anxious to get back to the Center. I felt I had missed two prime opportunities because of the way the interview had been set up. But there was no way I could ;have known this in advance.

Returning via Huntingburg, I stopped once more to look for Mrs. Mason, and this time the lady at the Herald office directed me to the Mason home, just two blocks away. She was home.

We had a good talk together. Mrs. Mason is a Kentuckian very interested in her own family roots, and only slightly less interested in the folk heritage of Jasper, which she regularly communicates in a column titled, "What I Hear," in the Herald. Her 25 years of experience as a columnist in Dubois County have given her some very rich contacts. Among the references she gave me were these:

1. Balladeers. Mr. Lammers (whom I had already known for a year!) recently recited "Barbara Allen" for Mrs. Mason's chapter of the DAR. I couldn't help but wonder if Mr. Lammers had gotten the song from his wife, a Pike Co. girl by birth (I later learned from Mr. Lammers that

he knew and had recited many popular songs of bygone times, but that he had never known "Barbara Allen").

A second Balladeer was mentioned: Mrs. Dot Schnarr of Portersville, who was reputed to sing a song which her mother had written. I resolved to go see Mrs. Schnarr.

2. The Occult. Mrs. Mason had not heard of The Seventh Book of Moses, but she surely had heard of a Devils Church, operating out of Petersburg. She was very shocked at the existence of such a thing--more shocked than one would expect of a cosmopolitan reporter in the Age of Anton LeVey. But like most of her fellow citizens of Dubois Co., she is deeply religious--in her community, Christianity is not superficial.

3. Crafts. She gave me the name of 3 craftsmen. Mr. Roy Kellam was supposed to know aou about basket weaving (later, when contacted, he revealed he knew nothing about such things; he has caned chairs for many years, but has not woven baskets); Urban Dick is reputed to know about caning chairs, as well.

4. Cemetaries. The county's leading experts include: Mr. Kellam; Mr. Crowder, a heraldry expert with a strong side interest in graveyards; and Mr. John Fierst, a boy Scout leader currently involved in a project to record the names of all those buried in Dubois Co. through a systematic search for hidden stones. The Scouts help him in this project.

Mrs. Mason also referred me to Mr. Emil Menke, a man who would know much about the Old German traditions in Dubois Co.

After leaving Huntingburg, I drove home via the Ferdinand State Forest road (which makes the shortest line between Mr. Kemper's gunshop and the convent) and saw on the crest of the last large hill before entering Ferdinand, a barn with a Gaelic cross carved out of the wood above its main door.

After dinner, Ginny and I drove South through the low-hanging clouds and thick curls of fog to Tell City, where the Schweitzer fest was in full swing. There was an open-air auction of appliances on Main Street; a nimble tongued auctioneer called out the prices. The main action was in a huge fenced-in outdoor beer garden; liquor was served only within the confines of the fence, and a very versatile band entertained (with waltzes, polkas, country, hard rock, dixieland, alternating quickly). There were many game and sales booths; funnel cakes were served in one corner; carnival rides threw airborn screaming children almost against the walls of the towering town hall. Square dances called live to recorded music were featured on the northern end of the grounds (and were poorly attended), while off to the West an outdoor disco with strobe lights was attracting the teenagers. Several craft items could be found in various places--most notable were the pottery wares of Brother Kim (St. Meinrad monk) and the butcher blocks and cutting boards made by a Fulda man whom Ginny had interviewed earlier that week.

We headed back about ten, and spent the late hours drinking

in Fleig's Bar, talking about almost everything except field-work. The bar seemed more sexually integrated than Melanie and Nancy had earlier reported it; but this was Friday, and the Weekend may well have brought out a different and a larger crowd.

Saturday, August 13, 1977

A late-starting day: I had drunk much the night before, and slept in Saturday. About noon, I had just started writing up my fieldnotes when Ann McMillan arrived; she had come down to visit me. Andreas and Olga Polemitou, who had driven her down here, drove off again immediately: this time to visit New Harmony before sundown.

Ann and I devoted the day to old-fashioned tourism, with some left-handed fieldwork thor thrown in. We explored the grounds of the convent, then drove out on State Rd. 62 west beyond Dale, to Selvin in Warrick Co., to visit the fabled Yellow Banks pottery store. It's quite an outfit, and the presiding owner (wife of the potter) is quite an entrepreneur. She knows little of the beauty of clay, but she is well aware of its economic advantages. Her husband, Jim Marshall, on the other hand, is a self-made craftsman. He started throwing pots only 3 years ago (on a wheel he had made himself), but he has filled a giant shed with impressive evidence of his abilities--there are pots, churns, crocks, plates, mugs, cups, bvowls, most of which were quite well made, and some of which were splendid. The secret of the man's success lay in the amazing purity and suppleness of the yellow clay; apparently

cut short her shoulder-length hair. Larry paraded out a mass of arrow heads, and showed us a few that I had not seen before. He also showed us the long rifle which Mrs. McEntire's father had used to hunt: "he scarcely left the house with that on his shoulder, that he didn't come back with somthing to eat (Mrs. McEntire)". Joyce and Sandy and Wayne were as friendly as ever, and they all competed at once for attention. Mr. McEntire was quieter than usual, and that made me feel bad, but if he had added his voice to theirs, the resulting polyphony would have broken my eardrums.

Mrs. McEntire, over my gentle protests, prepared us a quick but excellent cold meal, with tomatoes and bread cooked together, baloney, crab apples, apple sauce, fresh tomatoes, and iced tea. The feast was perhaps unneeded (after last night's feast), but much enjoyed.

We stayed and talked for about an hour and a half, and then--after a detour through Pike County to check out the coal fields, Stendal and the jungglelike woods near the old Houchin home, we went on to pick up Dr. Roberts in Jasper. His will for travelling hadn't been broken by the incredibly circuitous bus trip from Bloomington, so we shot straight down to Mariah Hill, just in time for me to catch the last bowl of turtle soup to be found on the grounds. In an attempt to answer some questions about the turtle catching-and-cooking ritual (which Jens Lund had asked me to find out), I went over to the cooking area, where 20 giant kettles were being cleaned out. Mrs.

Julietta Keller, Mrs. Martina Williams, and Mrs. Zelma Grunhoefer, the chief cooks, gave me a detailed recipe, and a short description of how the massive preparations are made. Vegetables are picked and frozen all summer--there are far too many plants required to enable people to harvest them and throw them into to the pot at the last mintminute. The turtle meat itself amounts to only about 350 lbs. --on the hoof--in 1400 gallons of soup; there is probably less than a tenth of a pound of turtle to a gallon. The turtles are all caught by one man, a Mr. Lange, who captures them bare-handed (yes, he has been bitten many times) and follows a special route through several Southern states to find the prize snappers.

Returning to the soup: when the water is set to boil, the meat is thrown in first-- turtle, beef, and chicken, all wrapped in separate bags--then after being cooked soft, the meat is removed and put through a grinder, while the vegetables, spice bags, and beef bones are put in the simmering soup. After being thoroughly ground, the meat is thrown back in, and the whole mixture is set to simmer for about 12 hours. No one at the pavilion where the meat was being cooked knew anything about traps used for catching snapping turtles.

After the soup, and a brief look at a fine kaleidescopic rainbow of quilts hanging in the raffle booth, I went on the Mariah Hill Cemetary. Here, perhaps more commonly than anywhere else in the region, are found the iron crosses which mark the poor

the Fulda cemetary in the obvious concern shown for the birth-places of the dead.

Tuesday, August 16, 1977.

My first visit took me to Portersville, at the other end of the County, where Mrs. Jess "Dot" Schnarr lives alone, surviving brothers, sisters, two husbands and her only child. Now 87, Mrs. Schnarr keeps close to her roots, spending almost all her time at home, just a few feet from the White River and the bridge (made by her first husband) which spans it.

I had gone to Mrs. Schnarr looking for ballads, but was not to find any. The "ballad" written by Mrs. Schnarr's mother was a plotless satirical piece called "The Song of All Songs" in which the titles and first lines of several contemporary songs--"Sewannee River," Maud," "Old Black Joe," etc.--were fit together to create a nearly formless whole. Mrs. Schnarr sang the entire piece into the tape recorder, revealing a clear, well-tuned singing voice. She sang expressively and her performance created a continuity in the piece that could not have been created by the words and tune alone. Mrs. Schnarr told me that she had been a performer early in life. With her sisters and brother, she had toured the neighboring country on the periphery of the German-speaking region, and had performed dialect monologues. The Dutch Dialect Book had provided her texts, which she had memorized, and which she still faithfully remembered after perhaps 75 or 80 years. During the interview, she recited the beginnings of three such dialect stories

for me. She said she remembered them perfectly, as she did most of the other things she had learned in her youth. All in all, she has an incredible mory--she had retained that very long song written by her mother for 60 years before writing it down.

Mrs. Schnarr is also an occasional poet--she has a book of original pieces which she has written over the last 60 or 70 years. She recorded some of them for me. She described life in her community as very united, very homogenous. The one local church, which had been Lutheran, Presbyterian and Methodist once, bears the Presbyterian name now, but there has been no religious friction resulting from the change. In my opinion Mrs. Schnarr's early life was influenced much more strongly by the English than by the German tradition. She does not recall anyone speaking German in Portersville, even before World War I. Her own accent may be described as rural Southern--there is no hint of German in it.

Mrs. Schnarr is a very kind and pleasant woman. I felt guilty about having to leave her, after only two hours, because she grew more friendly and more animated as time went on. It would be a great personal error if I were to return to Dubois cCounty and not see her again.

From Portersville, I cut Southeast back toward Jasper on the old Portersville Road (probably the most direct and fastest road to Portersville, as my morning's drive from Haysvile, due West, was desultory and confusing).

Stopping in town for just a few minutes, I bought some charcoal for more tombstone rubbings. From there, I headed South on U.S. 231 until I hit Division Road, turned west and drove to Howard Taylor's

place. This was principally a visit of friendship-- I had some canes to buy from Howard and a copy of Indiana Folklore for him-- the issue in which Sylvia Grider's study of Howard appears. He had asked for this article last Tuesday, when I talked to him, and since this is the only time I'd ever heard him ask for anything, I was glad to oblige. We talked together for about 45 minutes, and Howard embroidered a little on the "scary stories" he had told us last week. The priest at ST. Anthonys who used the Seventh Book of Moses to change the wind, did so with a good end in mind. A huge fire was threatening the town's crops, and he felt impelled to use magic to prevent the poverty and hunger of his parishioners. Howard said that he wondered if the spells in the book were really that powerful--if one could change the wind with the Seventh Book, they sure could use one now, to stop those fires raging out of control in California (when I visited Howard, massive forest fires were burning in Northern CAlifornia).

I told Howard some of the stories I had heard about the Book since I'd seen him last. When I mentioned the episode of the Book which exploded when tossed into the fire, Howard was cynical:"It's only paper. You could memorize the spells, and then you wouldn't need the book at all." Howard has an oral mind; the printed word is not sacred for him.

He went on to explain another story he had heard from a farmer of German descent in the area(a Mr. Kluesner): if you watch a group of chickens long enough, you will invariably see a few of them jumping straight up into the air very suddenly, for no apparent reason. The quick jumps, according to this farmer, are caused by invisible brownies who hit the chickens. To me, this story sounded like a didactic

dite of one sort or another, of the type used by peasants to scare or mystify little children. But Howard seemed to take the statement more seriously that than that. The presence of invisible men seemed reasonable to him--if they existed, one could more easily understand why horses are afraid to cross certain bridges: the little men--which could be felt, if not seen, by the horses, would frighten the animals and make them wary of making the crossing.

After buying a couple canes from Howard, I drove on--fast--to St. Pauls Church in Holland, where I suspected Mr. Hilgeman would have been waiting for me a long time. When I got there, I found that my fears were unfounded: he had been busy too, in the morning and early afternoon, and shown up at the Church a just a few minutes before I did. I gave Louis a cane for his wife, Mabel who seemed considerably more hobbled than she had been the year before. Even a year ago, the arthritis had been painful to watch; she walked bent over with her back almost parallel to the ground,

Louis gave me a tour of the cemetary, supplying me readily with the stories behind the headstones--who died of what, what the funeral was like, who carried the coffin, and what the coffin was made of.

Then I attempted to make a rubbing of one of the smoother, less weathered, less moss-grown stones--but the new charcoal I had bought ("soft"--because it was the only texture available in the large size) crumbled to pieces almost before it touched the paper. All attempts at rubbing were failures. Mr. Hilgeman had wanted to show me one very old cemetary near Mr. Emil Menke's house--but when I found that I could make no rubbings, I told him that I would try to make it out

there some other time.

Louis and I talked a while before I left. I recorded a very short discussion of supernaturalism. Louis believes that once people begin to read the Bible strange superstitions and magical practices will begin to disappear. Louis believes in the power of evil; but he thinks that God's power is much stronger. Louis had never heard of the Seventh Book of Moses, or of the Devil's Church, which is supposed to be situated not far from his country. But he did have one story of a family troubled by evil spirits; the trouble finally ceased when the family, following their pastor's adv read a certain verse from the Second Book of Timothy, started attending church regularly, and began to live pious, moral lives.

I left Mr. Hilgeman a little after 4 p.m., and returned to the Convent at Ferdinand.

Wednesday August 17, 1977.

We arose early, and went en masse, about 9 a.m., to see Mr. Heidat, the local blacksmith. He looked even stronger and healthier than he had the year before--though he soon told us that such was not the case--he had nearly died over the winter.

Mr. Heidat's procedure was, as might be expected, no different after 53 years of smithing than it had been after 52, when I first recorded his techniques. But he did give me an interesting folk cure I had never heard before from him, or from anyone else. Not too many year s ago, women who were nursing children would come down to the blacksmith's shop very early in the morning and gather up the water