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A COMPARISON OF A SCOTTISH AND AMERICAN STORYTELLER AND
THEIR MÄRCHEN REPERTOIRES

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There have been many attempts made by folklore scholars from the late nineteenth century to the present to formulate a classification system in folklore that would make it possible to clearly define folklore genres. Limited success has been achieved always to be blocked by a look at the problem from yet another angle.

In identification problems relating specifically to folk narratives the earlier scholars recognized myths, legends and folk tales as general categories to be found universally in all cultures, but they made no attempt to clear up the blurred lines between and within these divisions. Comparative folklorists arbitrarily divided prose narratives according to themes or subject matter. They assumed that similar themes constituted a single genre. Roughly, stories of ritual and belief that explained origins of a people, related adventures of their gods, gave spiritual guidelines to day to day living and were believed were considered myths; other "true" narratives about people and places in the recent past, but not having to do with religion were loosely gathered under the heading of legends; and tales of make-believe told mainly for entertainment were called folktales or Marchen. Certainly the examination of themes is important to the study and comparison of prose narratives. However, as a method of classification on its own it produced confusion.

Folklorists found that a theme considered in one culture to be a myth, might well be treated as a folktale in another culture and that even within a given culture a particular narrative could change
categories as over the years a shift in social perspective developed affecting people's views towards their own traditions.

The premise that thematic similarity implies generic identity may be valid in regard to the oral literature of a single culture within a definite period, but it is simply incongruent with the facts of folk literatures of different peoples or of the same society during different historical periods. (Ben-Amos 1981: 219)

The Types of the Folktale (2d ed. Folklore Fellows Communications, no. 184; Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1961) produced by Aarne and Thompson of the Finnish school in folklore was an important attempt to rectify the lack of indepth classification hitherto devised by folklorists. Aarne and Thompson, however, were not so much interested in specific genre as they were in "types" of folk tales--"animal tales", "ordinary folk-tales", "jokes and anecdotes", "formula tales" and "unclassified tales". Their Index does not attempt a world view of folk tales, but includes types from Ireland to India, and lands settled by Indo-European people. It is designed to enable folklorists historically and geographically to trace the origins of tales and compare tales and their variants. As such the Index has become a valuable filing system that cross-references narratives with similar plot content, themes and motifs. However, this is accomplished "without regard for the cultural perception of genres nor for their intrinsic literary qualities." (Ben-Amos 1981: xvi)

Other scholars such as Carl W. von Sydow have used the Aarne-Thompson classification system as a starting point and then gone on to find their own direction. Von Sydow regards each individual genre as language bound and operating within specific confines. An example is Marchen which is Indo-European in type. Von Sydow contends
that genres become muddled once they leave their indigenous culture and are translated into other languages. Where Aarne and Thompson assume that genres are analytical conceptual categories and Lauri Honko sees them as ideal types crossing all boundaries, von Sydow's theory implies that genres "have a historic and linguistic reality in cultures and societies." (Ben-Amos 1981: xx)

Valuable as classification by types is, some scholars have found this system limiting in that it tends to impose ideal models from without instead of examining the inner structure of tales and drawing conclusions from what the tales themselves offer.

An objective and scientific approach to the examination of oral narratives is classification of prose narrative by structure. Two distinguishable types of structural analysis are represented by Claude Levi-Strauss and Vladimir Propp.

In the early years of the twentieth century Propp, a Russian folklorist, was dissatisfied with attempts of earlier scholars to categorize oral narratives by vaguely defined divisions or by different themes or even by more specific tale types. He saw flaws in these methods and sought to design a classification system that would objectively examine the internal structure of the fairytale and in so doing avoid previous external approaches that tended to be subjective and unscientific. In 1958 Propp's important work, Morphology of the Folktale, first published in 1928, was translated into English. Propp presented an examination of the linear sequence of fairy tale or Marchen texts showing the consistancy of minimal units of action (functions) and sequential order from one Marchen to another.
In 1955, before Propp's book was translated into English, Levi-Strauss, in his "The Structural Study of Myth" (JAF 68:428-44), made a study of the pattern which he saw as underlying myths. Levi-Strauss was not interested in linear sequence as was Propp, but rather he plucked key patterns out of their sequential order and rearranged them in logical groups for analysis. This pattern or organization focuses on polar oppositions such as good/evil, male/female and life/death, the very elements that undergird all cultures. According to Dundes whereas Propp is only analysing the chronological order within the text-- its compositional structure, Levi-Strauss's vision is broader in that "...he is analyzing the structure of the world described in myths." (Dundes 1978: 190)

Morphology of the Folktale was first published in 1928. When it was finally translated it had an enormous impact on European and American folklore scholars. Here at last was a logical and objective system of classification that offered order where chaos had existed.

Propp isolated out the fairy tales from non-magical folk tale types in his study of tale structure. His method of procedure was to break down Russian Marchen into precise chronological single unit components relating them to each other and to the tale as a whole. Propp began with character types or "Dramatis Personae" typified in Marchen and by taking individual tale examples he worked out the step by step functions and actions that could be attributed to these recognizable characters. He established that the names of the dramatis personae changed from one tale to another, as did often their attributes, but that their actions did not alter. From his study Propp concluded that all fairy tales can be deemed to have the same basic
Propp's series of single unit components represent the morphological foundation of Aarne-Thompson tale types 330-749 linking his work with all Indo-European Marchen. His structure has also been applied at least in part to narratives from other cultures, e.g. African tales (Paulme 1967: 5-21) and North American Indian Tales (Dundes 1964).

Many folklorists have been influenced by the Levi-Strauss and Propp schools of structural analysis. Some take the view that the structure within a given genre is particular to a specific culture while others like Alan Dundes and Robert Georges are convinced of the universal existence of genre. (Dundes 1965: 112 and Georges/Dundes, JAF 1963: 57-72)

The weakness with Propp's structuralistic approach to defining and explaining genres is that it concerns itself solely with text. As such it is an end in itself and fails to take into consideration such things as the storyteller, the function of the story in performance, the audience and the whole social and cultural setting. However, as a framework from which to begin a study of fairytales it is, according to Dundes and many like-minded scholars, invaluable.

Inasmuch as structural analysis is essentially a form of rigorous descriptive ethnography, it is potentially of great interest to those folklorists concerned with genre theory. It is almost impossible to define an item of folklore in terms of origin (especially since origins are almost always unknown despite the centuries of speculative historical reconstruction efforts). It is equally unsatisfactory to try to define a genre in terms of function for it is not uncommon for different genres of folklore to fill the same functional slot...Since structural analysis is concerned with the item itself rather than factors external to the item (factors such as its origin or function), it is more
likely to be of assistance in determining the morphological characteristics of that item, characteristics which may be criteria to be used in defining a genre. (Dundes 1978/180,1)

In recognizing the danger of structuralists clinically analysing text while ignoring textural and contextual elements, Dundes gives this warning:

The point which is crucial is that structural analysis is not an end in itself. It is only a means to an end, that end being a better understanding of the nature of man, or at least of a particular society of men. (Dundes 1978/194)

In other words, Dundes sees the existence of universal structural principles as a first step in the methodical study of prose narratives, but he would not wish to exclude the important study of culturally related content. In his articles "Metafolklore and the Oral Literary Criticism" and "Texture, Text and Context", both published in his book Essays in Folkloristics, Folklore Institute, 1978, Dundes makes a plea for folklorists to pay more attention to oral literary criticism emphasizing the study of texture, text and context in relation to items of folklore.

(1) **Texture** and verbal language are linguistic features including stress, pitch, juncture, tone, and onomatopoeia;

(2) **Text** is the single telling of an item of folklore which may be subjected to structural analysis as well as an analysis of style and form;

(3) **Context** is the specific social situation in which a particular item of folklore is actually employed. Context includes details about how, when, where, to whom, and by whom an item of folklore is uttered on a given specific occasion. Related to context is genre function calculated on the basis of a number of contexts. (Condensed -- Dundes 1978/25-27, 40)
As regards point (3) Dundes contends that folklorists in the past have erred by simply collecting texts while ignoring the informant's opinions on the significance of his material in performance. By reversing this trend, "...the vital relationship between folk and folklore, now virtually ignored by text-oriented folklorists, may finally be given the attention it so richly deserves." (Dundes 1978/37) This does not mean to say the field worker leaves the job of text interpretation solely to the storyteller, but certainly his/her opinion is a vital factor in assessing the function and uses of a tale told to an audience on a particular occasion.

Before Dundes made known his theories, anthropological folklorists such as B. Malinowski and William Bascom were interested in asking questions about the functions of folk narratives in a social and a cultural context. Malinowski, writing back in the 20's, 30's and 40's assumed that functions were universal and was hopeful that a functional system of genres could be devised. (Ben-Amos 1976/xxv) Bascom, many years later tried to formulate such a system but concluded that though certain attitudes such as belief and disbelief were universal, their application between different cultures was not. Bascom acknowledged "native categories" within specific cultures as existing alongside of analytical concepts, which applied cross-culturally. (Bascom 1965/3-20)

Most modern day folklorists accept the fact that functions do indeed overlap different genre and that one genre can have several functions and these can change from one culture to another. With this in mind questions concerning the recording of native categories of folk narratives are necessary if we are to understand why some people tell
stories and why other people listen and what is gained from the experience. Bascom suggests looking at the social context of storytelling: the time and place of storytelling performance; identity of the narrator; composition of the audience; the factor of private ownership of tales; style of recitation; participation by the audience and the functional and psychological meanings of tales told. (Bascom 1954/334,5)

He classifies four key functions of folklore which apply particularly well to storytelling: (1) folklore mirrors culture; (2) folklore validates culture and justifies its rituals and institutions; (3) folklore educates in so far as the information it contains is held in high regard; (4) folklore helps to maintain conformity to excepted patterns by exerting social pressure and exercising social control. (Bascom 1965/292-294)

Making use of sociological, psychological and structural approaches to the study of fairy tales, Max Luthi views oral narratives as works of art. Luthi applies the principles of literary criticism to folktales which he divides into (1) realistic stories; (2) fairy tales (Marchen); (3) novella fairy tales without magic, but unrealistic and stylized; (4) saint's legends, and local legends. In examining these genres in terms of style and content he concludes they "have taken shape in the course of millennia and have been retained in quite pure form for many epochs. Each of these genres seems to serve an elementary human need. They may deal with similar themes, but they do it in a different way." (Luthi/1976/36)

Luthi sees the fairy tale as:
...a poetic vision of man and his relationship to the world—a vision that for centuries inspired the fairy tale's hearers with strength and confidence because they sensed the fundamental truth of this vision. (Luthi 1976/19)

This vision is inherent in both the Marchen and the legend, but as contrasting symbols, according to Luthi. The latter depicts the harshness of the world outside of self, whereas the Marchen encompasses the world of the self. (Ben-Amos 1976/xxxiii)

Though Luthi questions the Jungian interpretation of fairy tales—"C.G. Jung and his school consider the most significant achievement of the fairy tale to be the depiction of processes within the soul. An interesting and fruitful theory, but whether it is correct cannot be proved; at best, it can only be established as probable." (Luthi 1976/65)—he does not dismiss symbolic interpretation out of hand. Luthi himself recognizes the rich symbolism in fairy tales that is reflected in a personal style, national style and Jungian universal.

In its heroes and heroines the Marchen delineates man as isolated and, because of this, capable of universal relationships. The hero of the Marchen is isolated but not at the mercy of the world; instead he is simply the gifted one, who receives gifts and aid at every step and is able to accept them, in contrast to his unendowed older brothers and sisters... Because this representation of man results from the whole style of the Marchen, it recurs in each tale. Psychologists, who try to interpret the Marchen symbolically, refer to particular statements of different tales, to maturation and growth processes, to struggles with bonds to mother or father, to the search for the core of the true personality, to the devotion to unconscious spheres and neglected possibilities, to conflicts within the unconscious. We completely believe that such things are reflected in the Marchen. It is indisputable that the Marchen plainly invites symbolic interpretation. Everyone sees that the beautiful princess symbolizes a high value and that dragons, witches, and ogres symbolize evil powers. But the interpretation of special traits can differ, and arbitrary judgment easily slips in. However, the general picture of man, which is peculiar to this genre can be immediately gathered from the tales. (Luthi 1976/23,24)
Luthi examines the style of the Marchen and within its shape he finds meaning that speaks symbolically to its narrator and audience. He recognizes cultural differences and interpretation of delivery by individual performers. Personal and cultural style helps to keep the Marchen alive so that tales continue to relate to the needs of their listeners.

There are different ways to tell fairy tales, and each has its own charm. Years ago, when the fairy tale was a part of the evening's entertainment in the villages, one could hear some storytellers who embellished their tales and others who gave concise and forceful accounts. Some changed the story each time they told it, and others kept the same wording intact, as if the words were sacred and inviolable—and both versions were acclaimed...

Also, in regard to the contents, the tales conform to the character and imaginative faculty of the various storytellers. The Spanish shepherd who is given a magic fife makes his sheep dance; but the goatherd from the canton of Grisons has his goats line up for close-order drill...here the military tradition of the Swiss intrudes upon the fairy tale...Such national, regional, and individual characteristics are among the finest, liveliest, and merriest elements in fairy tales. But beneath the superficial dissimilarities, one detects a common style underlying all European fairy tales, which asserts itself time and again despite all the deviations and ornamentation. [This style includes as] we have previously observed the fairy tale's love of action, clarity, precision, and compactness. (Luthi 1976/71,72)

Taking the theories thus far mentioned, we can see that prose narrative study has covered many important aspects of concern. Concern has been shown for tale types and their variants, inward structure of the narrative text, outward form, literary style, texture and context. Dundes' discussion of texture and context also takes us into the very crucial realm of folklore performance. Malinowski also talked about context in the light of performance.

The text, of course, is extremely important, but without the
context it remains lifeless. As we have seen, the interest of the story is vastly enhanced and it is given its proper character by the manner in which it is told. The whole nature of the performance, the voice and the mimicry, the stimulus and the response of the audience mean as much to the natives as the text; ... The stories live in native life and not on paper, and when a scholar jots them down without being able to evoke the atmosphere in which they flourish he has given us but a mutilated bit of reality. (Malinowski 1948/104)

Since Malinowski expressed this view, there have been many scholars who have urged more serious attention be given to the study of performance in a social and cultural setting. Roger Abrahams, Dan Ben-Amos, Alan Dundes, Kenneth Goldstein, Dell Hymes, and many other folklorists have been shifting their attention to a performance-centred approach to folkloristics. (See Folklore Performance and Communication, eds. Dan Ben-Amos and Kenneth Goldstein. Mouton, 1975)

These scholars are concerned not just with the analytical worldview of genres, but the too long neglected ethnic taxonomy as discerned through native performance. Ben-Amos summarizes the differences between analytical and ethnic taxonomies of genres in this way:

The former (analytical) is concerned with the ontology of literary forms. Its ultimate objective is the definition of what a folklore genre is, the description of its literary "mode of existence" in either thematic, morphological, archetypal, or functional terms... Native taxonomy, on the other hand, has no external objective. It is a qualitative, subjective system of order. The logical principles that underlie this categorization of oral tradition are those which are meaningful to the members of the group and can guide them in their personal relationships and ritualistic actions. (Ben-Amos 1981/225)

The important distinction is that native categorization of folk narratives is particular and subjective and is not influenced by outside objective analysis.

The ethnic system of genres constitutes a grammar of folklore, a cultural affirmation of the communication rules that govern the
expression of complex messages within the cultural context. It is a self-contained system by which society defines its experiences, creative imagination, and social commentary. It consists of distinct forms, each of which has its particular symbolic connotations and scope of applicable social contexts. (Ben-Amos 1981/225)

Each society defines its folklore genres according to a combination of many factors all integrally connected with performance. Ben-Amos recognizes three distinctive attributes of speakers of folklore that can be analytically analysed within a performance situation. They are:

prosodic, thematic, and behavioral. The conception of the prosodic nature of an expression is a function of the perception of the relationship between verbal sounds and time; the formulation of the thematic attributes is dependent upon the relationships between actions, actors, or metaphors; and the recognition of the behavioral characteristics derives from the potential social composition of the communicative event. An ethnic definition of a genre may incorporate distinctions made on all three levels. (Ben-Amos 1981/227)

Ben-Amos's conclusions concerning genre are not unlike those made by Dundes. Both these men place emphasis on ethnic taxonomy defined through the oral word.

*   *   *

Keeping in mind the varieties of oft-times overlapping approaches to the study of folk narrative genres cross-culturally and culturally, I should like to examine the important folkloristic terms that appear in the following chapters of this thesis.

It must be said that for all the serious attention given to genre study, scholars have failed to produce universally accepted definitions of genre categories.

- 12 -
Francis Lee Utley, perhaps in his own frustration to seek clear definitions, put it that "...all a definition can do is help us to work better; nature has no fixed categories unless one is a Platonist." (Utley 1961/197)

I can in no way presume to match the scholars who have dedicated years of work in solving definition problems. Rather, I must agree with Utley, and in so doing I shall take the liberty to borrow from the scholars and offer the definitions most useful for my comparative study of two culturally different storytellers and their tale repertoires.

These working definitions of genres are analytical and cross-cultural. They are based on the internal structure and literary style and form of the text. However, within the comparative study which appears in the following chapters, ethnic taxonomy is taken into consideration. In other words, a tale I would by an analytical definition place under Märchen, might be labelled a legend or memorate according to the attitude of the storyteller towards that story and what he considers its use and meaning in a performance situation.

Unfortunately, the recording sessions with my informants were artificial in that there were rarely others present besides myself and maybe one or two members of the family. But even in these circumstances the storytellers were able to define the story categories as they interpreted them at least in terms of belief and tell me much about the function, meaning, and use of the tales that they told.

The following are definitions of prose narrative genre I found a help in my work.

Prose narrative is a term suggested by William Bascom to cover the
widespread category of verbal art which includes myths, legends, and folktales. (Bascom 1965/3)

Looking at more specific categories, Katharine Briggs employs folktales to mean "Folk Fiction, told for edification, delight or amusement." (Briggs 1970/1). I also would add the shorter term tales to have the same meaning. In this way I am distinguishing folktales and tales which are pure fantasy from legends and myths which have a belief element to them. Under folktales I am including the general headings of: Märchen/fairy tales, novellas, schwanke, joke tales and nursery tales.

Because fairy tale implies the inclusion of fairies, most folklorists employ Märchen, magical or wonder tale as a substitute expression meaning, as does fairy tale, a fictional narrative filled with incredible marvels. Thompson defines Märchen as a:

tale of some length involving a succession of motifs or episodes. It moves in an unreal world without definite locality or definite characters and is filled with the marvelous. In this never-never land humble heroes kill adversaries, succeed to kingdoms, and marry princesses. (Thompson 1977/8)

Propp defines fairy tale/Märchen as a tale classified by Aarne under numbers 300 to 749. The action in these tales moves in expected sequential order from an ordinary human being's humble beginnings to a hero's success. (Propp 1968/19)

In this thesis there are included a number of Scottish traveller wonder tales as told by Stanley Robertson. They do not fall into Aarne/Thompson's international Märchen classification because the stories are unique to Robertson and Stewart travellers from
Aberdeenshire, having been made up by their people in the past and orally transmitted through family lines. I am considering these as Märchen because their structure, style and form are the same. They may lack direct international links, but they are magical hero tales nevertheless. Other traveller storytellers like Duncan Williamson tell family created wonder tales, and these Märchen appear to be as privately owned as those told by Stanley.

As with Propp, Linda Degh categorizes Märchen according to AT numbers 300 to 749. She sees these magic tales as centring on a single hero who journeys from the real world into the world of the supernatural. There, guided by magical helpers, he meets challenges, performs impossible tasks, overcomes dangers and finally wins "the beautiful heroine's hand, a kingdom, and marriage" before returning to the human world to live with his princess happily ever after. (Degh 1972/62,63)

Luthi defines fairy tale/Märchen in terms of its artistic style and universal symbolism. "The fairy tale is an initiation...It depicts processes of development and maturation." The hero starts in the real world and moves out into the unreal world of suffering, want, privation and malice. He overcomes the evil forces he meets by his own perseverance, humility and trust, and the help of nature and supernatural helpers. In the end he reaches the highest attainable realms. "To be a king is an image for complete self-realization: the crown and royal robe which play such a great role in the fairy tale make visible the splendor and brilliance of the great perfection achieved inwardly." (Luthi 1976/61 & 139)

All these definitions are supportive of one another, each adding
its own dimension to give a fuller concept of Märchen. None of these definitions takes into consideration (a) tales of magic which include the hero's journey and magical donors, but omit the romance interest, and (b) supernatural tales which omit the hero/heroine journey altogether, and where donors and helpers play no role in the plot action. Such folk tales are not easy to categorize. The (a) tales I have placed alongside of Märchen because the hero does travel between two worlds. In the case of the (b) narratives some of these are sheer luck or trickster tales. Most, including these two categories, take place in the real world with less attention given to fantastic other-worldly story elements. For this reason I feel justified in placing most of these tales under novella. Those that retain a magic core, I have labelled as simply other supernatural tales.

The novella is closely related to the Märchen. It is defined by Luthi as a complex tale without the central element of wonder but with a similar style to the Marchen. (Luthi 1976/18) Degh takes this definition further. In the novella the fantastic plays a lesser role, and the plot action takes place in the real world at a definite place and time. Heroes and heroines tend to be simple people who are identified with individual names. There is more emphasis on human qualities like cleverness, wit, wisdom, trickery, and endurance than on heroism. "With the exception of Divinity and Devil [and I would add Death], the representatives of superhuman power in novellas belong to this world. Antagonists are not demons and monsters, but rather ruthless human characters whose cruelty has always a human motive."

(Degh 1972/67)

Included among novellas are tales centered on riddle-solving and
the giving of witty answers to tricky questions. In most of these tales the hero never leaves the real world, but must solve the problems with his own wit or by sheer luck.

Little attention has been given to the trickster hero by folklorists. Rather, studies of complex Trickster tales have mainly come from anthropological sources. Trickster tales, both those in which the trickster hero faces a human adversary and those in which he faces Death or the Devil, are already mentioned as probably belonging in this category since they are anchored mainly, if not wholly, in the real world. The trickster hero has no donors or helpers to aid him. He overcomes dangers and wins great rewards by his artful trickery which can be very humorous or very cruel. Always his actions are justified because his adversary is himself cruel or selfish or stupid or all three. Trickster narratives are so clearly distinguishable from other hero tales, they could well deserve to stand separately on their own.

An interesting point which will be fully explored in the chapters to follow is that the Marchen hero and trickster hero found in the repertoires of Scottish traveller and Appalachian highland storytellers have the same name: Jack. Such Marchen are called Jack tales or tales about a boy named Jack or the Jack, Will and Tom tales by the traveller and highland storytellers. Only the boy is given a name in their hero tales. The heroine is never named. This, according to Stanley Robertson, is because traveller society has always taken a chauvinistic view towards women. This same attitude prevails in Appalachian mountain society.

An elaborate genre of the humorous narrative is Schwank. "This is
a relatively long, well-structured, realistic narrative without fantastic or miraculous motifs. Its humor is obvious and easy to comprehend and the action is funny in itself without a punch line...The target of the Schwank is human frailty." (Degh 1972/70) Schwank include numskull stories about ridiculous characters who do stupid things, joke tales about parsons and other important personages, and stories about clever persons who dupe deserving victims. This last example can take the form of a humorous trickster tale. The anecdote is not as developed as a Schwank, but as a brief and funny experience story it is related to this genre.

The tall tale or lie has elements of a formula tale. Its features are very distinctive and as a type it could stand on its own. However, because of its broad humour I prefer to place it under Schwank. The narrator tells a string of exaggerated, absurd experiences that he swears happened to him or in some cases to someone he knows. The experiences are in the realm of reality rather than fantasy, and the humour comes as a result of how far the narrator can stretch the truth and not cross over into fantasy. Trickster tales and tall tales are well represented in the repertoires of Appalachian storytellers.

Jokes can be simple with a quick punch line or elaborate and strung out like a shaggy dog story which ends with an anti-climactic punch line. Jokes poke fun at real or imaginary personalities and they bring out the ludicrous occurrences in everyday commonplace situations. They are similar to Schwank, but unlike Schwank, they count on a punch line for their comic effect.

On the side of belief are legends/sagen and memorates. A legend purports to be an account of an extraordinary or memorable happening
believed to have actually occurred. Travellers have their own local legends known only among themselves, and they also tell ones that are known elsewhere in Scotland and beyond. These latter are migratory legends, variants being found in many cultures. (See Christiansen's The Migratory Legends, 1958) The legend in style as well as content is different from the folktale. "[I]t is more local than the tale, more likely to develop local patterns in spite of its tendency to migrate and spread cross-culturally." (Degh 1972/73)

A legend may be explanatory-- to explain a place-name or a natural phenomenon. It may also "be a report-- sometimes quite formless and unpolished-- of a weird and frightful event..." (Luthi 1976/85) In the legend, unlike the fairy tale, according to Luthi, a hero is not out seeking adventure, but an ordinary man is suddenly thrown into strange, and sometimes terrifying events which he is helpless to change. There are no magical helpers to guide him, but he must wait out the experience till it, of its own accord, comes to an end. Unlike myths that are fixed in the distant past, legends may refer to historical events in the far past, the near past or even the present (Georges 1971/1-19). New legends are being created every day which makes this genre particularly rich.

To indicate how wide a variety of subject matter is covered in the legend genre, Briggs names the following categories she uses in her A Dictionary of British Folk-Tales: "Black Dogs, Bogies, Devils, Dragons, Fairies, Ghosts, Giants, Historical Legends, Local legends, Origin Myths, Saints, The Supernatural, Witches, and a few unclassified Miscellaneous Legends." (Briggs 1970/3)

Americo Paredes notes that there is a marked difference in the
telling of legends and the telling of wonder tales in terms of the composition of groups participating, the events immediately preceding and following the narration, the style and pattern of the narratives and the emotional tone of the whole performance. He sees legends as:

...ego-supporting devices. They may appeal to the group or to individuals by affording them pride, dignity, and self-esteem: local or national heroes to identify with, for example, or place-name legends giving an aura of importance to some familiar and undistinguished feature of the local landscape...

Legends...are important in providing symbols that embody the social aspirations of the group... (Paredes 1979/98)

Closely related to the local legend is the memorate, a term first coined by Carl Wilhelm von Sydow (see his Selected Papers on Folklore, 1948: 73,74) to refer to a narrative of actual personal experience. I have used memorate like most modern folklorists in a wider sense to refer to experiences an informant tells as having happened to a member of the family or a friend, thus separating out such stories from the personal experiences of the informant. There is often a fine line between a memorate and a legend and the former can certainly feed into the latter. A family "happening" is told down through many generations until it becomes less personal and more abstract, taking on the guise of a legend which is passed from group to group, each claiming it as its own.

There are many varieties of legends and memorates told by the travellers and highlanders. Some, which are regarded as actually or symbolically true, are taken very seriously and would fit into Paredes' description of legends as "ego-supporting" devices. Others are treated more lightly by the narrator and his audience as the belief element in these stories has long since been discarded, leaving the legend to live
on more as a tale, but still, by tradition, told as a legend.

Now with this brief background regarding genre study and definition, I will make a few comments on the study which is to follow.
INTRODUCTION

The Wonder Tale or Märchen is ubiquitous. It contains elements that are personal, social/cultural and national while its central message is symbolically universal dealing with the very essence of the nature of man himself.

Until relatively recent years it was believed that English speaking tradition bearers in Lowland Scotland and England who could relate the long international wonder tales were no longer to be found, and that in the past they were a rarity. There was, of course, the printed record of folktales, but most of these were translated from other languages. Only a small body of English folktales were printed in chapbooks and a few slender collections.

As late as 1966, in his Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America, Ernest Baughman made the following assessment of folktales found in British and American oral traditions:

Many observers have pointed out that both countries [England/Scottish Lowlands and America] lack tales of the longer, more complex kinds such as the elaborate Märchen or the serious hero tale. Folklorists have often noted the scarcity or even the lack of folktales in both countries. Since English culture has been dominant in North America in spite of large admixtures of peoples from every country of the globe, it should follow that English folklore is also dominant. In support of this assumption, it has been found that English ballads are well represented in North America... there are similarities in the tale-telling traditions of the two countries. The characteristics of these traditions are briefly: a lack of Marchen and other complex tales; a preference for short rather
than long tales; an interest in local stories; a lack of interest in the religious tale; and a common interest in supernatural phenomena, especially witches and ghosts." (Baughman 1966/vi,vii)

However, long before Baughman began collecting printed folktales in 1944, orally transmitted wonder tales were beginning to surface. In 1927 Mrs. Isobel Gordon Carter collected several Jack, Will and Tom tales from Jane Gentry, granddaughter of Council Harmon from Beech Mountain, North Carolina. The tales were published in the March, 1927 issue of the _Journal of American Folklore_. Little more was done with these Marchen until Richard Chase, another collector of American lore, happened upon a young school teacher by the name of Marshall Ward from Banner Elk, North Carolina who could recite not only the Jack tales but other wonder tales as well. Chase took down stories from Ward and his relatives on Beech Mountain, edited and published them in three books *The Jack Tales* (1943), *The Grandfather Tales* (1948), and *American Folk Tales and Songs* (1956).

Jack Tales and other Marchen appear in collections of Kentucky folklore by Leonard Roberts and Marie Campbell published between 1955 and 1974. Roberts was the first Appalachian folklorist to collect among his own people and record his results in a systematic and scholarly manner. Since the 50s there has slowly developed an interest among Appalachians to preserve folktales as told by traditional storytellers of the mountains. Reflecting this interest, the entire autumn 1978 volume of the _North Carolina Folklore Journal_, edited by Thomas McGowan, is dedicated to an excellent study of Jack tales and their tellers from Beech Mountain. Since this journal came out, the key storyteller featured in the issue, Marshall Ward, has died, leaving Ray Hicks, his nephew, Frank Proffitt Jr., Stanley Hicks, and his sister
Hattie Presnell as the last known remaining oral tradition bearers on the Beech who still tell the wonder tales and especially stories about Jack.

Across the ocean in Scotland, the only Märchen being collected in the 30's and 40's were in Gaelic. Then in the early 50's Hamish Henderson, renowned folklore scholar from the School of Scottish Studies, discovered that the Scottish travelling people still maintained a strong oral tradition in English. This tradition included the telling of international tales with a strong emphasis on Jack tales.

[The Scottish travellers] have preserved many of the international folktales, rootless wanderers like themselves, which other Lowlanders have lost... And both in range and style this is the richest repertoire of these international folktales yet found in any variation of the English language...(Bruford, 1982/Intro. p. ix)

The School of Scottish Studies staff and students have been collecting from the travellers ever since. Not all travellers are storytellers, but among these people are recognized raconteurs who command a high place of respect for their skills within the family and social group. The collecting, preserving and study of their stories is a very important addition to the whole field of English language oral traditions. In the past few years interest in the Scottish travellers and their life-style has spread beyond the folklorists to the general public. In 1979 Betsy Whyte presented an intimate first hand picture of traveller life in her autobiography, The Yellow on the Broom. The following year Hamish Henderson collaborated with film maker Timothy Neat to produce The Summer Walkers, a very sensitive account of the ways and traditions of the travelling people. Then in 1981 the British
Broadcasting Corporation presented a documentary on the life of the Stewart of Blairgowrie, a travelling family of pipers, singers and storytellers. Even more recently two doctoral dissertations on traveller families and their music and storytelling traditions have been completed, one at the School of Scottish Studies and the other at Stirling University.

The Scottish travelling people and the Appalachian mountaineers, or highlanders as they are also called, are commanding a good share of attention and deservedly so. If their stories and songs are to be preserved and perpetuated then outsiders too must give their support and encouragement by paying honour to these tradition bearers and the rich heritage they have so proudly and tenaciously retained. It is to our benefit as well as theirs that their heritage is not lost.

The fact that two very distinct sub-cultures of English speaking tradition bearers still remain gives us a unique opportunity to compare their storytellers and story repertoires in the light of their past history and their present day social environment.

Travellers and mountaineers have historically, by choice, lived outside mainstream society. While oral traditions have died out elsewhere, these groups have managed to keep storytelling alive. Perhaps most surprising is that they claim the same hero, a boy named Jack whose stories comprise the centre core of their repertories. The travellers and Appalachians live an ocean apart and each has developed without any cognizance of the other. There is no evidence to show that either culture has ever had any direct contact at any point in time. However, they do share a common link through the oral traditions of Great Britain. Looking at the genealogy of Beech Mountain storytellers...
memories, being able to recall the longer Märchen from their childhood. (4) They both have large repertoires of personal experience narratives, memorates, legends and wonder tales. Many of the wonder tales are international tale types; some they have in common. (5) They both are members of a minority culture historically scorned by members of the outside community. (6) The cultures have much in common in that they isolate themselves from the rest of society as much as is possible, live close to nature, and have their own set of mores and traditions and patterns of speech. (Scottish travellers have a secret language called "cant"). Though generally poverty stricken they retain a rich folklore heritage which, sadly, is wearing away at the edges with the onslaught of mass media and improved educational opportunities.

Over the years there has been a shift in the approaches to the study of folklore and more specifically prose narratives. The stress is now on the oral performance of individual texts by an individual storyteller in a natural social setting before a native audience. The traditional tale lives because someone tells it and someone listens to it; otherwise the story has no purpose, therefore no excuse to exist. Luthi quotes Gyula Ortutay, Ungarische Volksmarchen, 1957,

We have...learned that a ballad or a tale begins to degenerate, to become bad, when the audience is no longer present, when the item is preserved only in the individual memory, which becomes more and more unsure. (Luthi 1976/18)

It is difficult for a field worker to record an ethnic performance today as described above. Too often recordings are artificial. Often I was the only one present at the time of taping Stanley Robertson or Ray Hicks. In most instances the setting was natural. Ray I recorded
in his livingroom or on the front porch of his farmhouse. Here as a child he heard many of the tales he tells now. I recorded Stanley in front of his fireplace in his Aberdeen council house, a reminder of his wintertime storytelling experiences as a boy. But because Stanley felt I was missing out on the summer camping atmosphere, he insisted on taking me, along with his two young daughters, to the different family campsites between the Dee and the Don Rivers. At each stop he would tell me a tale that he associated with that place. Association of place and story is very important to Stanley. This is true with Ray too, who would describe in detail a winter's day at his Grandfather Ben's fifty years ago and all that happened leading up to the telling of Indian or ghost tales or tales about Jack.

In the case of Stanley, he does not camp any longer and there is no one at the old campsites, closed now to travellers, to hear his stories. In his own home his children are all grown except Nicole, age twelve, who still does enjoy listening to her father's tales at night. Ray's children are also grown up, and most are married and living in a neighbouring state. Natural audiences are, for these storytellers, in short supply. Stanley admitted that it was my asking for tales that got him thinking about ones he had not heard since his own childhood. He had regularly told tales to his own children when they were young, but a limited number, all that seemed called for. Nicole and her older sister Gabrielle have most benefited by Stanley's effort to recall family tales as he has shared them all with these two daughters who, these past years of storytelling upsurge, have been a rapt audience.

Ray and Stanley are asked to tell their tales to collectors and students like myself who use the resulting recordings for research.
purposes and/or to store away in archives. As field workers, we are outsiders to their cultures, and the context of the tales we tape cannot help but be distorted in such taping sessions. There is no realistic social setting of place and time or native audience to affect the choice of story, how it is told and why it is told. There is just the storyteller, the microphone and the field worker. What in essence we are recording is oral text and texture, which as Dundes has said can and should be assessed. Even here, thinking of texture, it must be noted that the raconteur has no gathering of listeners with whom he can interact to influence his performance.

The Folk Revival in Britain and North America has produced new audiences for traditional storytellers. Where telling stories and singing ballads in the past was a family and social affair with immediate and personal significance, it now has been carried onto the stage to entertain large gatherings of people who more often than not come from outside the culture of the tradition bearer. Ray and Stanley see such opportunities of telling stories as a chance to share their heritage, to keep it alive by passing it on. Here the field worker has a dilemma. An audience is present, but it is not native and its purpose in being there—entertainment? curiosity?—puts a different complexion on the storytelling performance.

If we are to understand and compare storytelling and storytellers from two specific cultures as this thesis is attempting to do, then I agree with modern folklorists that the analytical approach is too narrow. We must look closely at ethnic or native taxonomy. As Ben-Amos has said, it is this latter approach, qualitative and subjective, which is meaningful to the members of the social group and
therefore can give us insight we, as outsiders, would otherwise miss. The societies being studied are changing rapidly as are the external influences upon these societies. A collector must count on his informants to define the place of folklore performance within the social framework as it existed in the past and how he sees it existing in the present. To try and interpret the present without an understanding of the past would result in a study lacking vital underpinnings.

Keeping in mind the difficulties faced by a field worker in changing social times, I will concentrate the direction of my comparative study on three levels that I feel are possible to assess with the help of my informants.

First — the raconteurs themselves:

(1) their cultural and family backgrounds;

(2) their beliefs and traditions;

(3) the reasons they became and remained tradition bearers for their people.

Second — prose narrative repertoires and most especially Märchen texts:

(1) similarity of repertoires between the cultures;

(2) the sharing of a Märchen hero with a common name;

(3) style and form of Märchen showing personal, cultural and international influences.

Third — relationship of storytellers to performance:

(1) the function of a prose narrative genre within a social setting or the general use or purpose of that genre as understood by the storyteller and collector;

(2) meaning, and symbolic connotations of a narrative as
expressed by the storyteller;

(3) specific use of a narrative heard by the informant as a child;

(4) How informant sees a narrative's meaning and use today when he tells it (a) within his own family or (b) to audiences outside his social framework;

(5) the effect of beliefs, social attitudes, and different audiences on the choice of story repertoire;

(6) the role that performance style, oral language, invention and memory play in the art of each storyteller.

Finally I would ask why Märchen, other folktales, and legends have been preserved in traveller and highland societies, and what today is the effect of modernization on the perpetuation of Scottish traveller and Appalachian highland oral traditions.
Chapter 1

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND: BEECH MOUNTAIN SETTLERS

General History

Specialists in the history and culture of Appalachia differ in their opinions as to who in fact were the earliest settlers to stake land in the mountain regions of the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee. John C. Campbell had this to say:

For an explanation of the first large movement into the mountain country, we must turn from the South to Pennsylvania. Hither, between 1720 and 1770 approximately, came many thousand Germans from Palatinate, Ulster Scotch or Scotsh-Irish from the north of Ireland, and immigrants from other countries... They were on the whole a sturdy, virile people, fitted by nature and experience to meet the hardships of pioneer life. (J. Campbell, 1921/23)

Campbell states that these very early arrivals found Philadelphia the only port willing to take them in. The English settlements already established along the coast did not encourage the newcomers to stay in the area, but rather to move on westward so they might act as a protective front against the Indians. This arrangement suited these adventurous people as they found the Eastern seaboard too populated for their liking. They preferred risking the dangers of Indians, fierce animals and the wilds of an unknown wilderness in order to find and eventually settle land they could claim as their own. These very first adventurers were mainly hunters and traders. They didn't establish communities, but they opened up trails for others to follow. Waves of pioneers did just that. These consisted of more arrivals from abroad.
as well as first and second generation Americans.

Horace Kephart also agreed that the first frontiersmen of the Appalachians were Palatine Germans and the Scotch-Irish, and that both were drawn by "democratic institutions and religious liberty."

(Kephart, 1922/438) Kephart describes the Ulster Scotch-Irish in this manner: "...if any race was ordained to exterminate the Indians that race was the Scotch-Irish. They were a brave but hot-headed folk...They were quick-witted as well as quick-tempered, rather visionary, imperious and aggressive." (Kephart, 436) When eastern Pennsylvania became crowded they pushed on through southward and westward across the Blue Ridge Belt into the southwestern corner of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee and finally into Kentucky. "There were representatives of other races along the border: English, Irish, French Huguenots, and so on; but everywhere the Scotch-Irish and Germans predominated." (Kephart, 437) Their earliest settlements were established in the Shenandoah in 1732, and in the North Carolina Mountains in 1729.

In 1760 Daniel Boone after crossing the Blue Ridge began exploring the Watauga region in western Carolina. He sent word back describing the natural beauty and abundance of game to be found in the area and families from the two settlements converged on the region and established the first permanent community to penetrate so far into Indian territory. This was in the winter of 1768-69. Though the land was originally part of North Carolina the settlers drew up their own constitution and proclaimed themselves the first republic of America. This little free state community was called Franklyn and later was to became part of what is now eastern Tennessee.
Both Kephart and Campbell were firmly convinced that the main strands of earlier pioneers that started the westward movement were Germans and Scotch-Irish seeking to escape economic and religious oppression in their own countries. In the latter case countless numbers of lowland Scots had originally crossed to Ireland when the English crown opened it for immigration. As Presbyterians these people were anxious to escape persecution from the Church of England. During twenty-five years in Ireland, despite harassment from an alien Catholic population, they did well as farmers and landholders, much to the displeasure of the Anglican Church leaders and the English government. When their leases ran out they found themselves once more facing impossible oppression, including having their land taken away and religious conformity foisted upon them. Determined not to give in to these unjust restrictions they uprooted themselves, and this time they sailed for America—and freedom.

Through the years there have been those who adhere to the theory that in fact the first mountaineers who settled in North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee were primarily English rather than Scotch-Irish, and that they came mainly from the city slums of England. They were often debtors and criminals and undesirables and according to Harry M. Caudill, a recent advocate of this theory [and author of Night Comes to the Cumberlands], these wretched outcasts came to America as indentured servants tied almost as slaves to southern planters. Once freed they moved to the frontier areas of the Appalachians and became the "seed stock" of the mountains. (Caudill, 1962/3-7)

Kephart strongly opposed this theory which had already been voiced by others in the early part of the century. He contended that such
people as Caudill describes when they had served out their indenture had neither the intelligence, the ambition, the training, the courage or adventurous spirit to move into unknown mountain wilderness. Coming from urban backgrounds they would not even have known how to farm the land in such harsh surroundings. Rather they stayed in the lowland valleys, became squatters, and degenerated into what are known as "the poor whites" today. The men and women who elected to take the mountain routes were of sterner stuff and their rural backgrounds allowed for them to succeed in the wilderness despite incredible hardships and dangers. (Kephart, 428-34)

Neither Campbell nor Kephart gives much consideration to the Highland Scots and the part they played in the conquering of the wilderness. Dr. W. E. Weatherford in his article "The Scotch-Irish" (Mountain Life & Work, 1954) describes them as the second important group of Scotsmen to emigrate to America. (Weatherford, 1954/25-31) In fighting for the cause of the Stuart family they suffered major defeat at the hands of the British crown first in 1715 and then disastrously at the battle of Culloden in 1746. After this the persecution inflicted on them by the English was so dreadful that there was an extensive migration of Highland families to America. Many of these Jacobites, according to Weatherford, made their way into the interior, "the hill country of North and South Carolina, and into the hills of Georgia." They established their first settlement in North Carolina at Cross Creek on the Cape Fear River. It was called Campbellton and later changed to Fayetteville in honor of Lafayette. (Weatherford, 25)

What is important about the many waves of immigrants to America is that usually these new arrivals stayed for awhile along the Eastern
seaboard, mainly in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia. Some were serving indentures; other families needed time to gather money and resources before moving westward in search for land. During this time there was much mingling between nationalities. Intermarriage also began between different families. In some cases it would be the second generation which made the move across the Blue Ridge.

Early Settlers of Beech Mountain

In the Beech Mountains of western North Carolina cutting across the counties of Avery and Watauga the family names of Hicks, Ward, Presnell, Harmon and Proffitt are a familiar sight on the road-side mail boxes. The two ancestors, original Beech settlers, that unite all these families by blood and marriage are David Hix and George Hermann.

David Hix was born in England and came to America with his wife and young family probably about 1764. It is unclear how long the Hixes lived in Pennsylvania and/or Virginia before moving to North Carolina. It is known that upon arriving in North Carolina David Hix (later to be changed to Hicks) first settled in Wilkes County, moved to Surrey and finally to Watauga County in 1778. He and his wife had six children—David Jr., Samuel, Catherine, Sarah, Dinah and one other unnamed daughter. David Hix died in 1792. (The Heritage of Watauga County, North Carolina, Volume I. 1984.)

George Hermann, son of John Hermann and Kindigunda Regis, was born in Wurttemburg, Germany in 1710. He and his six brothers left Germany in the mid-1770's. They sailed from Wurttemburg to America via the Isle of Man, arriving in Philadelphia (then called Germantown) in
January, 1726. They stayed there for eight or ten years and then George and all but one of his brothers moved to Maryland. There George met and married Margaret Wiley who was American born. From Maryland the Hermann brothers and their families journeyed down the Shenandoah Valley and into Strasburg, Virginia. The three oldest brothers stayed in Virginia, two others moved into North Carolina or Kentucky, and George settled in Randolph County, North Carolina. Not much more is known about the brothers except that several of them, including George, fought in the Indian wars. George and Margaret had six children—George Jr., Cutliff, Mathias, Philip, Elizabeth, and Katharine. The spelling of their name had by this time been changed to "Hannan" and would in another two generations be spelled "Harman". George Harman died in 1787.

Two other early settlers who were to become neighbours of the Hicks and Harmon and through marriage help to tie the families together were James Presnell III and Benjamin Ward.

The earliest tracings of the Presnell family go back to 17th century France. In the latter part of that century Jacques (Jacob) Presnell, the first, was a member of the Huguenot army. In order to escape persecution he and his wife Sarah, also of France, and their children, moved to England. Later they emigrated to Jamestown, Virginia and from there to Middlesex County, Virginia. Their son Jacob Presnell (II) was born in France in 1679. He went with his parents to Virginia and there met and married a French girl Mary Julie Maupin. It was their son, James Presnell (I), born in Middlesex County in 1708, who with his wife, Mary Ann Daniels, moved to Chowan County, North Carolina and established the Presnells in that state. James Presnell (II) was born
in 1736 in Chowan County, fought in the American Revolution, and
married Sarah Harvey in 1759. They had one son, Nathan Presnell, who
married Mary Whitehead and moved to Chatham County and then on to
Alexandra County. One of their sons, James (III) married Susan Benfield
and moved to Wautaga County. It is their children who married into the
families of Hicks, Harmons and Wards.

As James (III) is considered the ancestor of the North Carolina
Presnells, Benjamin Ward is "patriarch" of the North Carolina Wards. He
was born in England circa 1750 and emigrated to Virginia in 1775. Again
there are no accurate records as to how long Benjamin Ward stayed in
Virginia. We know he fought in the Revolutionary War and that on 7
August, 1787, the State of North Carolina granted him 300 acres of land
on the south side of the Watauga River opposite Cove Creek for the sum
of fifty shillings for every hundred acres. Later he was to buy land
from Samuel Hicks I which he traded for a dog, a rifle and a coonskin
cap, and with this transaction the two men and their families became
neighbours. In These My People, Wards of Watauga County, North
Carolina we read:

Just down Watauga River from Valle Crucis is a settlement called
Watauga Falls. Among the first to settle there was Benjamin Ward
who had seven sons: Duke, Daniel, Benjamin, Nicodemus, Caleb,
Jesse and James. He also had three daughters, one of whom was
named Celia [Selah]. Benjamin Ward, Sr. was a most enterprising
and worthy man, and his widow, Selah, lived to be 105 years of
age, while their son Ben lived to be 110." (Issacs, 1977/372)

Cutfiff Harman, son of George Harman and Mary Margaret Wiley, who
was born in Rowan County in 1748, married Suzan Fouts after his first
wife died. Cutfiff was at this time employed by Daniel Boone to help
transport goods from Yadkin Valley, N. C. across the mountains to the
state of Franklin (now eastern Tennessee). On one trip Cutfiff passed through Wilkes County, (later Ashe Co. and now Watauga Co.) He liked the area so well that he decided to move there, and in 1791 bought 522 acres of land and settled his wife and six children in what is now Cove Creek in Sugar Grove, N.C. Cutfiff's new neighbours were Benjamin Ward and Samuel Hicks and a few years later James Presnell (III) joined the settlement. And so began the intermarrying of the offspring of these four men. Samuel Hick's daughter Sabra married Cutfiff's son Andrew Harmon and Benjamin Ward's son Duke married Cutfiff's daughter Elizabeth. Both Elizabeth and Andrew died young and Sabra Hicks and Duke Ward became man and wife. It was a generation later that the Presnells entered this growing family. The daughter of James Presnell (III), Nancy Presnell, married the grandson of Samuel Hicks I, Andrew Hicks. The intermarrying between Hicks, Harmons, Wards and Presnells continued so that all families can claim direct relationship to Council Harmon, considered the finest exponent of Jack tale telling that ever lived in Avery and Watauga Counties.

The Proffitts are very recent additions to this growing family tree with its interlacing branches. Frank Proffitt Sr. was born just over the Tennessee border in 1913. His father was Wiley Proffitt, his mother Alice Creed. His grandparents were John and Adeline Perdue Proffitt who moved from Wilkes Co., N.C. to eastern Tennessee just after the Civil War. Frank's grandfather crossed the state line and fought for the Northern cause (as Frank sings in "Going 'Cross the Mountains"). His grandfather's brother joined the Confederates. When Frank Proffitt was still a young boy his family returned to North Carolina and settled in the Beaver Dam section of Watauga County where he lived until his death in 1965. Frank claimed his heritage to be pure
Scotch, and contended that many of the ballads he learned from his father and his aunt Nancy Prather came directly from Scotland.

Eric Olson, archivist of the Center for Appalachian Studies at Appalachian State University, came up with some interesting findings concerning Frank's heritage that support his claim. According to The Heritage of Wilkes County the first Proffitt to settle in Wilkes County, N.C. was John Proffitt, Sr. He and his wife Susana Arrington were baptised into the fellowship of Mulberry Fields Church 28 November 1773. John was the son of Sylvester Proffitt, the immigrant, and his wife Alice who had been granted land in Goochland Co. Virginia in 1738. John Proffitt and his wife had a large family. One of his sons, William, born 1759, also married, resided in Wilkes Co. and had many children. William's children all settled in Wilkes-Watauga-Ashe County, NC and East Tennessee. In the genealogy chart Mr. Olson worked out for Frank Proffitt he left a gap between William Proffitt and Frank's grandfather John H. Proffitt. And he has this to say, "There is no doubt in my mind that John H. Proffitt is a direct descendant of William Proffitt Sr. or one of his brothers." (Olson, letter/August, 1985)

Included with Mr. Olson's letter was a print out from Directory of Scots Banished to the American Plantations 1650-1775 It included the name of one "Sylvester Prophet, Jacobite captured at Preston. Transported from Liverpool... 29 June 1716 landed at York, Virginia - unindentured." (Dobson, 1983/180) Mr. Olson made this assumption:

It would seem quite probable to me that the Jacobite, Sylvester Prophet, ... is the same Sylvester Proffitt who was granted land in Gouchland Co., Va. (about 100 mi. inland from Yorktown, on the James River) in 1738... I think that the present evidence
would reasonably support the conclusion that the Proffitts came from Scotland. (Olson, letter/Aug. 1985)

Frank Proffitt Sr. married Bessie Hicks, daughter of Nathan and Rena Hicks. That makes their son, Frank Jr. a great, great, great grandson of Council Harmon, which also means he is a direct descendant of David Hicks and George Harman on his mother's side. This is interesting because Frank Jr. is the youngest tradition bearer in the Watauga/Avery Counties who is making a sincere effort to preserve and perpetuate the storytelling and ballad traditions of his family.

The forebears of the Hicks, Presnells, Harmons, Wards and Proffitts were a tough, courageous, freedom loving and determined people. They proved that they were among those made of "sterner stuff" by their willingness to face the unknown wilderness of the Southern mountains fully cognisant that they would be putting their lives at risk. Each family settled on what bottom land they could find near a creek or spring of clear water. Game was plentiful, but the heavily wooded land had to be cleared in order to have wood to build a cabin and land for planting. Families lived in isolated hollows and mountain valleys and formed a physically loose-knit community of scattered homesteads composed of an ever growing kinfolk structure built up over several generations of intermarriage. Referring to an article James Brown wrote in 1952 called "The Farm Family in Kentucky Mountain Neighborhood," Helen Lewis writes,

Brown described the traditional mountain family structure as a "family group", conjugal families living in family kin groups which formed small neighborhoods. The kin relations were extensive and complex and neighborhoods acted as mutual aid societies. The groups were isolated, stable, self-sustaining, localized groups. (Lewis, Kobak, Johnson, 1973/132)

So it was in the case of the Harmons, Wards, Hicks and Presnells
who found themselves "neighbours" in the Sugar Grove/Valle Crucis area of Watauga County. Since those early days when these families began to intermarry, the grown offspring spread out on both sides of the Beech in order to claim their own land, and some left the area altogether. Those that stayed continued to produce large families so that cousins married cousins and with the exception of new incoming families, family names remained constant right on up until the present generation of off-spring.

The isolated life-style of these people demanded that they be self-reliant, independent but cooperative. Both men and women were all these things, husbands and wives each carrying their share of hard work. When it came to illness, bearing a baby, raising a cabin or a barn, clearing new ground, and harvesting the crops, a family had to be prepared to go it alone as a nuclear unit, not be dependent on others. They preferred it this way. Their pride did not allow them to be beholden to anyone. On the other hand neighbours, part of the kin network, would not hesitate to give of themselves when help was needed and asked for. Often such times were also good excuses for social get-togethers. Women would gather in each others' homes for quilting, weaving, and drying fruit or they would answer the call of an elderly or ill person or perform the duties of midwife. Whole families would gather for such major chores as clearing new ground or shucking the corn or building a log cabin for a newly married couple. On these occasions the women were sure to lay out plenty of good food, and once the work was done there would be games, singing and storytelling, and the cares of a harsh life would be forgotten, at least for for a while. In a taped interview Ray Hicks said,
...my great grandfather down there, my grandfather Ben told me that he, the way they lived they kept a cow and clearin' new ground. When a couple would marry and start out...their people on both sides would go in and build that young couple a cabin on their property whar it was another spring or close enough where they could carry water out of their spring...Build it in no time. The whole community of stout men would go in. And the old ones helped that could hew a log with a broad ax, and build [them] a little nice log cabin free of charge. No money involved. They had no money. Wouldn't that be wonderful to live back like that? It was hard in ways, but it's hard yet, ye know. They helped, ye know. Neighbours, my great grandfather's time. (BmD 1982/1)

Isolation also meant that the early Beech settlers were responsible for their own home entertainment, and even to a large extent the education of their children. Though it has been proven that many of the first pioneers were literate, and in some cases well educated, their chosen lifestyle made it impossible to provide schooling for their children. Perhaps this is a major reason why the folktales and ballads that crossed the ocean with the immigrants found a ready reception on the Beech. Books were rare in the home, but parents did remember the old folk and fairy tales, riddles, games and songs from their childhood, and these were passed on for the enjoyment of young and old alike. The folklore and music that crossed the ocean became the building blocks for the establishment of an Appalachian oral tradition. Old Scottish and English ballads were sung, but so too were new ones composed about important events that took place in the mountains. Other songs as well as beautiful hymns reflecting present day life, needs and beliefs were added to already rich repertoires. Stories about a boy named Jack became widespread on the Beech and elsewhere in the mountains. The tales kept their European flavour with talk of kings and queens, giants, witches and beautiful princesses, and the inclusion of magic and trickery. Songs and stories grew up among the highlanders about "real" confrontations with witches, ghosts,
hints and the devil, and these reflected superstitions of very ancient origins. Such a strong folk tradition was preserved and fostered by the isolation of the region that kept these tradition bearing people almost in a world of their own while the rest of America moved swiftly forward into modern technology and industrialization.

It is not surprising that the family unit was the solid central core for the individual. It was the organizing force of social life and the economic unit whose influence affected every aspect of mountain life. The needs of the family always came before the individual. (See Eller, 1982/28) From the beginning the family structure was patriarchal, with the father having the last word concerning family decisions. Though subordinate to her husband, the woman as wife and mother was highly respected in her family and the community. All home chores and the job of raising the children—often as many as twelve or more—were her responsibilities, along with tending the garden and looking after any cows, pigs or chickens her husband might own. Besides being very much loved and wanted, children were needed to help in running a homestead. Each member of a family unit was expected to pull his weight. The very fact of working so closely together as a family produced strong ties of loyalty. Such loyalty was extended to include cousins, aunts and uncles and grandparents.

From the start religion played an important role in the lives of the people. Informal services held monthly at meeting houses were Calvinistic with a strong fundamentalist interpretation of the Scriptures. Circuit preachers preached lively, emotional sermons and led the singing of hymns which the congregation particularly enjoyed. For the mountaineers such meetings were a time for spiritual renewal
and also an excuse for social interaction--this being one of the few regular times when kinfolk and friends who lived at some distance got together, and weddings and funerals could be conducted and feuds between families settled in a democratic way. The church acted as a second support unit after that of the nuclear family. Though loosely structured with no real demands made on the parishioners as in modern day churches of mainstream America, its presence and the promise it offered of a better life in the next world found a ready response in the highlanders whose daily life was harsh to the extreme and very precarious. The religion of the Appalachians was then and still is realistic, admitting man's weaknesses and failures and predicting no hope for him unless he accepts Christ as his Saviour.

Down the years little changed for the highlanders. Children and grandchildren married and in turn had children and still the highlanders of the Southern mountains continued to live their cocooned existence on their self-sufficient farms. What they needed they made themselves--wooden chairs, tables, bedsteads, tools, homespun clothes, woollen garments, boots and even their musical instruments were handcrafted with pride and artistic skill. A few items from outside such as iron pots and kettles did manage to find their way into Appalachia where a very occasional trading store might exist.

But for the most part the rest of the world was virtually ignored until the Civil War broke out, and these independence loving folk had to decide whether to fight with the Confederates or the Union. Physically located in the South, the Appalachian lowlanders tended to side with the Confederates, but many of the mountain men, opposed to slavery and feeling strong Union loyalties, crossed over state lines to
join the "boys in blue." The destructive effect was to turn brother against brother, family against family, causing bitter disputes and bloody clan feuds.

As a result of the Civil War, a chink in Appalachia's mountain armour was permanently opened, making it impossible for the people to ignore the America that existed beyond their borders. Appalachia with its untouched beauty and rich natural resources was about "to be discovered". This meant the beginning of road construction, however primitive, the opening of small stores for trading (money was not a commodity at this time since holdings were not run commercially, but simply for family subsistence), and by 1890, the opening of the railroads. With the railroads came ruthless big city industrial giants who had the money and the power to exploit the Appalachians' dearest possession--their land. Land buyers and financiers bought up millions of acres of mineral and timber lands at shamefully low prices and then sold them at exorbitant profits to developing companies. Thus lumbering and coal mining entered Appalachia on a big scale, not to make money to better the condition of the indigenous people, but to line the pockets of already wealthy outsiders.

With the railroads and the industrialists came the missionaries. Their objective was to establish proper orthodox churches in order that the poor, ignorant, superstitious mountain people, as they saw them, might be converted to the God of mainstream America. There were also women teachers among them that started schools with the purpose of educating the highlanders' illiterate and backward children to "the standards of conduct of the outer world." (Fox, 209) These zealous women were well meaning. They sincerely wished to raise the standards
of these forgotten people, feeling it was their duty to help bring them into mainstream twentieth century America. Certainly in some cases they lessened the burden of the mountain women and introduced the rudiments of education, health, and social service systems. However, their efforts in general lacked sensitivity and understanding of the needs and wants of the people themselves.

In the process of entry, both the missionaries and the industrialists were amazed by what they found. They sought to understand, to categorize the mountain people and culture... Some were horrified at the illiteracy, the lack of schools, medical facilities, limited diet; appalled by the lack of roads, isolation, lack of conveniences and the hard life of the women; intrigued by the songs, beautiful weaving, quaint language, marriage and funeral customs and unorganized church meeting; admiring of their courage, honesty, directness and lack of sophistication. But always they were compared with "back home": the middle-class, professional, urban, educated homes and situations from which they came." (Lewis, Kobak, Johnson, 135,36)

Stories circulated back home in newspapers and magazines described the Appalachians as quaint and peculiar relics of a past era living a frontier existence. Comparison with middle-class, urban America produced obvious results—the misunderstood, "different" people of Appalachia were stereotyped as a race of lazy, ignorant "hillbillies", excellent targets for ridicule and scorn as well as exploitation. A few voices did cry out in protest.

"The mountain people are suffering from the ruthless exploitation of large financial interests. These foreign juggernauts may have secured their coal and timber lands for a song, but taking money from those that have no special use for it is not a fatal damage. The deadly sin is the thrusting of a ferocious and devouring social system upon an unprepared and defenseless people. (Council of Women for Home Missions and Missionary Education Movement of the US and Canada. 1924/ 236.)

Inroads made by missionaries and educators to "convert" the
highlanders met with resistance. To counteract the establishment of "proper churches", the communities formed their own autonomous sects, built their own churches and found their preachers from among their own people. They did send their children to the schools, but they were not happy with teachers who taught their children to scorn the ways of their parents, to speak "correct" English, sing modern songs, play modern games, join the modern competitive world, and for the bright ones, to look beyond Appalachia to this world for their future. For the first time among the Appalachian people there was a feeling of inferiority in the face of outsiders. Many were made to feel embarrassed by their poverty and their feeble attempts to cope on their own when trained missionaries could do the job so much better. Their confidence was shaken even as regarded the worthiness of their cultural traditions, their beliefs and superstitions. The very heritage they had once prized, that had been a sustaining force in their lives, was now in question.

Not all highlanders gave in easily to the new ways. Many fought to hold on to their life style and their treasured past. Families grew even closer together; parents became even more protective towards their children. The natural openness and generosity with which they greeted the first strangers to enter the mountains turned to suspicion as the highlanders saw their birthright slipping away from them. Children were taught a double standard—to be "proper" at school and "hillbilly" at home. At school they might learn to read and write, but at home the true education took place just as it always had. Here Appalachian values of equality and non-competitiveness still held sway—values the outside world ridiculed as laziness. The way that highlanders worked just hard enough to meet family needs and no more, thus allowing them
time for leisure and socializing, was totally alien to a changing world that literally revolved around ambition to get ahead at all costs. Appalachian parents continued to teach religious, ethical and moral principles; to emphasize qualities of family love and loyalty; to encourage individualism, self-reliance, pride, but modesty too in a realistic assessment of one's abilities; to stress the need to be generous and hospitable and caring about one's neighbours, and to honour the age old traditions of their forefathers.

Here is how Cecil Sharp after a collecting trip in 1917 described the inhabitants of Laurel Country, North Carolina, an inaccessible and secluded region with only a few mud tracks connecting communities.

Their speech is English, not American, and, from the number of expressions they use which have long been obsolete elsewhere, and the old-fashioned way in which they pronounce many of their words, it is clear that they are talking the language of a past day... They are a leisurely, cheery people in their quiet way, in whom the social instinct is very highly developed. They dispense hospitality with an open-handed generosity and are extremely interested in and friendly toward strangers, communicative and unsuspicious... They have an easy unaffected bearing and the unselfconscious manners of the well-bred...In their general characteristics they reminded me of the English peasant...There are differences, however. The mountaineer is freer in his manner, more alert, and less inarticulate than his British prototype, and bears no trace of the obsequiousness of manner which...characterize[s] the English villager...

A few of those we met were able to read and write, but the majority were illiterate. They are, however, good talkers, using an abundant vocabulary racily and often picturesquely. Although uneducated, in the sense in which that term is usually understood, they possess that elemental wisdom, abundant knowledge, and intuitive understanding which those only who live in constant touch with Nature and face to face with reality seem to be able to acquire...The reason, I take it, why these mountain people, albeit unlettered, have acquired so many of the essentials of culture is partly to be attributed to the large amount of leisure they enjoy, without which, of course, no cultural development is possible, but chiefly to the fact that they have one and all entered at birth into the full enjoyment of their racial heritage...handed down generation by generation. It must be remembered, also, that in their everyday lives they are
immune from that continuous grinding, mental pressure, due to the attempt to 'make a living', from which nearly all of us in the modern world suffer. Here no one is 'on the make'; commercial competition and social rivalries are unknown. In this respect, at any rate, they have the advantage over those who habitually spend the greater part of every day in preparing to live, in acquiring the technique of life, rather than in its enjoyment." (Sharp, 1932/xxii-xxiv)

After World War I with the ever increasing demand for coal and timber, the rich industrialists consolidated their power over the mountain people, wooing many, especially the young, away from their independent life-style to dependency on the bosses who paid their salaries, the welfare officers who gave them food stamps and approved their unemployment cheques at lay-off times, and the health officials, ministers and teachers who told them what was best for them.

The mountains were changing rapidly. Better roads and cars opened up communications. Electricity brought the radio with its up to date world news, popular music, information programs, soap opera dramas. And more recently television has reached mountain homes dominating leisure time once spent in traditional families activities.

Leonard Roberts, folklorist and Kentucky mountain man wrote in his introduction to South from Hell-fer-Sartin:

The significance of these changes for the folklorist is tremendous. The old ways of entertainment have been almost forgotten. The haunting tunes of the folk songs have given way to whining hillbilly music, and the barn dance has replaced party games. People no longer gather for an evening of storytelling... (Roberts, 1964/11)

The changing scene Leonard Roberts describes has grown even further today than it was in the fifties. However, as Dr. Roberts discovered through his own continued field work in the Kentucky mountains, not all highlanders wholly succumbed to outside influences.

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Deep down the shaping of the highlander character has remained intact, though perhaps forced underground. Many mountaineers fear their cultural heritage is being threatened by the onslaught of modern change accompanied by a lack of respect for their culture. Certainly the Beech is caught up in the present swing toward modernization. On the other side of the mountain from Ray Hicks rich outsiders are buying up all available land for winter skiing and summer holiday making, with no benefits to the local farmers and their families. In fact the result is that land taxes and prices are being pushed up until the poor farmers cannot afford to live on their own land nor can their children afford to buy land themselves. More and more mountain young people are leaving home to find work in the cities and mines because the mountains can no longer support them.

Ray was offered a tempting price to sell a piece of his land to a northern couple who wanted to build themselves a summer home. I was with Ray the day the husband returned to get Ray's answer. He told the man no, that he wouldn't sell. After he left Ray said it was a hard decision because he desperately needed the money, but he could not sell away even a part of the family land to an outsider. This land had to be passed on to his youngest son, to Ted, who had stayed on the farm to help him run it.

And so there still remain pockets of mountaineers, men and women, who have not forgotten their ties with the past. They maintain their small landholdings in much the same manner as their parents and grandparents before them. Improverished by the encroachment of modern social institutions (the paying of taxes, social security, medical bills, etc.) these highlanders have, in spite of soaring costs and
complicated legalities inflicted upon them, tenaciously remained independent. They are family centred and have not wavered from the values of their forefathers. Their religious faith remains strong, fatalistic, and sustaining. Though they work hard they enjoy their leisure times when they proudly carry on the family oral traditions. Sadly much of this tradition has been lost, but what remains they regard as a precious gift, an integral part of their lives, which they in turn are passing on to their children.

**Beech Mountain Family History**

Such a pocket is Beech Mountain in Watauga County, North Carolina, and one of its finest tradition bearers is Ray Hicks. Ray Hicks was born on Beech Mountain in 1922 in the house his father built as a young man. His parents, Rena and Nathan Hicks, were first cousins. Their fathers were Andrew and Benjamin Hicks, sons of Samuel and Rebecca Hicks. Rena was one of fifteen children and as the oldest had the most work to do. There was no chance to go to school, and she only learned the bare rudiments of reading and writing. Some of her regular chores were to milk the cow, feed the pigs and chickens, gather galax leaves, herbs and ginseng to sell and strawberries and huckleberries for canning, help hoe corn, set traps for birds, pick beans, make butter, cook and look after the babies. They were fortunate in having a store only two and a half miles away to which they walked to buy their sugar, coffee and calico and do their trading. It was a hard life, but a secure one within a loving family. Rena married at thirteen and had thirteen children of her own, three of whom died when very young.

(Warner, 187)
Ray's recollections of his own childhood were similar to those of his mother. Little had changed in their remote community, though change was on its way and would be felt by Ray and his brothers and sisters in the years of their growing up. Childhood meant hard times and happy ones for Ray. Some of the happiest times for Ray were in the evenings when his father might play his dulcimer or Ray got a chance to visit his grandparents and hear Grandfather Ben tell Jack tales or on a Sunday when it was visiting time for the neighbours and the children could listen to the stories and music and join in the clog dancing.

These were precious times for Ray, but mostly his childhood represented harsh living.

I can look at it and think...I can tell it all when it comes to my mind I've told my kids and my wife that they don't even know [Ray's wife Rosa is twelve years his junior]: me just comin sixty now in a few days, 29th of August 1982, and what a change it's been in life in the last forty, fifty years. Well, fifty, that'd make me ten years old and I could remember good, being sixty now...I can remember good back to when I was seven, five. (BmD 1982/14)

I remember the last log cabins built in this mountain an was with the people in 'em, with the little girls and the little boys an their parents and their neighbours comin in playin their old time-- we called 'em fiddling, but the real name is violin, and their fretless banjos and their dulcimers makin the mountain music. I remember, like I said, the last log cabins was built in these mountains was a-standin yit when this house was built when the steam engine hit the mountain with two men that sawed these boards in this house that my dad built. And this house is about seventy four years old, sawed with a steam engine, the first 'un entered the mountain...And my grandfather, Grandfather Ben made the tools, made the tools my dad used to make the doors and the windows and the cupboards...We lived, but it wasn't so close by to each other ye know...They couldn't dig no wells by hand. Anymore they got 'em a jack hammer drillin. [But back then] they had to build whar the springs were at. And a lot of it come to be fer apart, the neighbour's was. Now my Grandfather Ben was just a mile away...Most was farther... (BmD 1982/19)

Work was what Ray remembers most in his childhood. Everybody in
his family had to do his part. "Young'uns and all was trained... they was all made to work. Had to be a-doin something would help out to live. Like carryin trash off of the new ground, something, or helpin the mother, the girls in the house keepin a-goin." (BmD 1980/1)

Ray told how the little ones, even as young as four, would help with the berry picking, simple tasks like that just to get them used to working. The following is one of the earliest experiences he remembers.

Dad out thar at that apple tree run a tea-berry still just 'fore the 1929 [depression], run it right along 1929, [started] before I remember...And so he wanted some tea berries, we called it mountain tea. And there was them rattlers, snakes in this country then...And [my older brothers and sisters and me] went around yander, the Daisy Patch they called it, nobody lived there. That road up there, the state road was just a little ol hand built dirt road, rocky, just used wagons and sleds on it. And we went around there and Dad sent me with 'em to get what I could pull. I was about five years old, goin on five. And he sent me to pull, git me started to work. And they thought they heerd a rattler singin and they run out and left me. And I had about that much tea berry in a twenty five pound flour poke, and they run off and left me and scared me a-hollerin rattler snakes. And I can remember that same as right now. And I cried and cried and my eyes swelled and they wouldn't go back and hunt my sack. And [when I got home] Dad whooped me cause I didn't have my sack.

Ya see back then they se whoop a young'un, beat him up bad for losin a flour poke. They needed it so bad to strain milk in and sech...What little [flour] they could [afford to] buy wouldn't git a poke what every two or three months. And they have to eat cornbread for breakfast. And in some way they got it teached through a lot of people that it was a scandal to eat cornbread for breakfast. [Serving cornbread meant a family was too poor to afford flour made bread]...And oh, gosh, I'd like t've had cornbread for my breakfast. What hurt if you didn't even have it every time. (BmD 1982/14)

Family discipline had to be strict of necessity. Though only five, the "whoopin" his father gave him taught Ray a lesson that you don't let fear make you forget your responsibilities. Even the work of
a little child was important, taken seriously, and counted for something. He had to be taught to do it right. That was part of the training.

Ray recalled another occasion collecting berries when he was older, and this time he didn't let fear get the better of him.

And so mother said we had to go back in there and pick some blackberries...Now me and my sister May we lit out together in that hard times and had to. What kept us again, mother was sick a lot. We went and we clumb on the lowest pinnacle ridge and the biggest longest berries was up in there...And I was a-pickin and I kept to sister May, I'd say, "May, what do ye reckon tore down these blackberry [bushes]?” See a bear likes blackberries, huckleberries, really loves 'em...And finally I went around at the right and doggone I got out whar that torn down and here come the bear! Right in on me, close. I just stood, had a gallon bucket. I was about eleven or twelve years old. And I just stood and looked at the bear. It looked at me. I wouldn't go and it wouldn't go. Neither way. I just stood in my tracks and it stood in its. Directly I thought about readin a story...about Davy Crockett. It said he grinned a coon to death, just started grinnin at it and hit died...And so I just started grinnin at that bear. And it turned around and left me alone, went back out the way it came in. And I grinned one away adder comin down the road one night....We still have some bears now. Black bears. Several now. (BMD 1982/20)

The depression was a hard time for all mountain families since they, too, were now controlled by government and the fluctuation of the economy. When Ray talked about his childhood the dividing line of events was always the depression. The impact of those devastating years in the late twenties and early thirties left its mark on the children of the times as well as the adults.

They was livin good at that time [before the depression] when Bessie and my older brother was young. Here Dad, Mother--I can't remember it but they was a-runnin a little store and a-buyin herbs. And Dad always got on mother sometimes and said it's makin so much she let a cow eat a ten dollar bill of money! And then it come out to depression and he'd say, "Hell, is she eatin it up now?” Mother went up to milk with the bill in her apron,
ye know. And it blowed out and ye see it's salty and they're starved for salt. So she ate it up...

And it went on. We was livin good then. Dad was stillin tea berry oil, mahogany oil, birch oil, right out there. And we was livin good. And the cow eat up that ten dollar bill right along there somewhar. Called him rich Nathan Hicks cause that was, a-goin on. [Ray chuckles] So directly [the depression] came and that's what I believe made him crack up. He felt so 'shamed of it. Poor feller. Worked hard. Killed himself a-workin, Dad did. He'd 'ud really work. Carried big birch logs. He was strong. (BmD 1982/19)

One of the worst times for Ray was when his father went to pieces, just couldn't cope with the damage the depression was causing his family and so he just went away and left Ray and May (the older ones were married now) to help their mother and take care of the younger children.

And so Dad, he'd cracked up. Dad had left and me and my sister May, and Mother she hooked rugs and sell what she could and make chair mats, and sell 'em to an old woman out here at Banner Elk...And we got up here in the sugar maples making tree syrup they called it. Got started to sellin, to cake it in a muffin pan; brought a nickel a cake adder ye took it to the store. And to make it pure tree sugar you'd starve to death. You had to mix brown sugar in it. And they liked it better and didn't know. The tree sugar was strong and burn ye, and we got ta mix brown sugar in it...And I learnt, my grandfather down here he showed me how to make an elder spout to drive in the tree, ye know, a'ter ye bore a hole; tap 'em and then carry in; try and shed [shelter] it from the rain, carry it to the house, about two big bucketfuls with blackish looking water and thin it down ta sweetish ye see. And she'd stew it all down in the cook stove and mix the brown sugar with it, and they carried it down to the store and got ten cents a pound, and that was a-makin a little help ye see. Ye see buyin brown sugar at three cents a pound and gettin ten cents for hit. [Appreciative laughter from Ray's family] (BmD 1982/20)

Ray was only seven when the full impact of the depression hit. There were many days in the ensuing years when the Hickses had to go hungry because there just was not any food in the house. The word "pete" was used to mean food in Ray's family and the term for an empty larder was: "No pete on the table".
...and they started up what they called pete. Well now pete, that meant nothin on the table, when he got on it, but when he was in the yard, like I said it was three or four meals left yit. Git on in the sittin room it was about two left, two meals. and they called it pete and when it got on the table meant it was nothin just lookin at the tablecloth. (BmD 1982/19)

Even when life was a little easier, everything that could be made by hand was and it was a rule in the house that nothing got wasted.

Everything was used and used in a helpful, not a frivolous way.

Here in the mountains come the money was hard to git, my grandmother down here knitted me two pairs of stockins to help grandfather get wood--he got disabled--to help him get some wood fer winter. With her hands with the knittin needles, twisted the wool with her fingers out of a mess of sheep wool they kept for clothes. Her spinnin wheel had tore up, hit got broke, and she just twisted that yarn with her fingers and made my stockings ...

...An they was still a-makin their homemade soap yit with the lye out of their ashes. They had a wooden tub a-settin on the porch. an hit was there yit on their porch when I was about ten or twelve years old, 'fore they went to buyin the lye out of the store. The Red Devil lye. Had a red devil pictured on the can with two horns on it. And I was about twelve. An matches, 'fore that my grandfather struck his fire with the black powder they used in their hog rifles. An it went on then whar they got to buyin a few matches, what we call the nickel ones. They made one of them nickel boxes of matches last twelve months. If you went in there an you used tabaccor an asked for a match, they'd say, "Light it by the fire." Grandmother'd say, "I can't waste my matches." An they wouldn't let you have a match hardly, less they knowed you was needing hit, to help ye, but not to play with. ...An that's the way people lived back then. (BmD 1982/1)

Particularly because Ray's childhood coincided with the depression there was little time for him to go to school. He missed more days than he went because of his parents' need for him at home. This didn't happen in the case of the two oldest children, Bessie and Lewis. They managed a few more years of schooling before the depression effected them. The youngest Hicks, not yet born, also escaped the worst of the bad times. The North Carolina law insisted a child attend school until the age of fourteen. Ray presumably did this, but with his prolonged
absences it is not likely that he attained higher than a second or third grade education.

Oh, gosh, that's what ruined it with me. See I would work good and [my parents] kept me out till the teacher would send a note goin to put Dad in jail. Then I'd [hide] up 'hind the cook stove, counta I lost out on my grades. See, got behind the other kids and I'se kept back and can't learn good. Mother'd beat me in the head with a stick of stove wood. And she'd say, "You've got to go or Nat'll be put in jail." Then go a day or two and then keep me back out. That's the reason I didn't learn nothin. (BmD 1982/20)

Even with the slow improvement of the roads, such improvements were long in coming as far up the mountain as where the Hickses lived, and though eventually the family got a buckboard and later still a model T, most getting around when Ray was little was by foot.

Oh, gosh, we had to [walk to school] and face them thar bears and panthers and bobcats and... through them storms barefoot. O my gosh, you talk about walkin. That's what ruined my body I think... froze so my toe nails come off in the snow and ice. See we never did get a pair of shoes till Christmas, if we got 'em then. I'd run through the woods up yander, a drivin the cattle in all them chestnuts when they'd crack out and fall to the earth. And they stuck my feet bad... Hit bleed, black blood would run out, God you talk about hurt!... (BmD 1982/20)

Illness and death were realities the mountain people lived with daily. To lose three children out of twelve or thirteen was expected. Women often died young from constant child bearing and endless hard work. Neither doctors nor hospitals were readily accessible. If somebody became ill or had an accident it usually fell to the wife to administer the needed care. Certainly mountain women, and men too, had a wide knowledge of herbs and their medicinal uses. Many of these they gathered for trading and selling purposes—ginseng, spignet, gillycoy, catnip, pennyroyal and sarsaparilla. They also kept a ready supply in
the home. The practice of collecting herbs for selling is still an important means of livelihood for Ray, and Rosa is well skilled in the use of them as medicines. Should an illness occur in the family where the wife alone could not cope, the neighbours could be counted on to help. Only as a last resort, mainly because of the distance, and also a certain mistrust of modern institutions, would they try and get the patient to the hospital.

Ray described some of his mother's homemade remedies which showed the resourceful and quick thinking required of the women. One time Ray's little brother NA [Nathan Jr.] took a spoonful of mountain tea oil. The oil in its concentrated form is highly poisonous and was only kept in the house because it was good medicine for healing bruises.

...and here went mother with the lard to git it down [his throat] and to git him to vomit, or [she'd use] a piece of dishrag. Cram an old piece of stinkin dish rag down their throats. [laughter from Bessie and Ray] (BmD 1982/20)

Evidently NA liked to put things in his mouth. On another occasion he swallowed a short stubby nail.

And mother she had that old rough, what they'd call anymore rough wheat bread the way she baked, livin poor in that depression, lucky to have any...And so she tol NA that wheat bread could get around that nail, now that was the teachin then, and save it from gettin hooked in his gut. And NA he just cramned them big ol rough biscuits. Now a fella will eat stuff when he thinks he's goin to die! He cramned it in. And he'd watch outside, come in with hit, said he found her when it come out of him. And mother kept it. Had it wrapped up in a little paper. [More laughter from the family] (BmD 1982/20)

Stanley Hicks, Ray's cousin, had this to say concerning health care among the mountain people:
Oh, yeah. Oh, Lord, yeah. Your neighbours come and help ye. Somebody got sick. They'd go and cut wood and set up with 'em, carry food and stuff like that. But there wasn't no doctors wasn't about, as I know of when I was a kid. About three doctors all there was...There was an old hospital in Boone. But the oldest hospital's here at Banner Elk. Had two doctors and one nurse...Then you had to walk. Dad cut his hand real bad at the saw mill...We had to walk twelve miles across the mountains. They kept him two weeks and me and my brother used to visit him, twelve miles there and then twelve miles back, twenty four miles. It cost $700. Back then $700 would be like about $7,000 now. They let him pay a little at a time as long as he could. (BmD 1982/26)

Religion continues to be the foundation upon which many mountain people base their values. Ray is no exception. Though neither he nor Rosa, nor his grown children as far as I know, attend church now at all, they profess a strong faith and they live according to their convictions. In fact Ray's basic philosophy of life can be summarized in terms of his interpretation of the Bible.

The verse is 'Seek the Kingdom of God first, and the rest would be added.' That's work. Like they told Adam in there, make a living by the sweat of your face. Work and remember, and not sleep on the job and let the storm come. God created the storms and he created us to watch 'em, be prepared for 'em an not to lay back. (BmD 1982/20)

Ray thinks the Bible was 'taught wrong' in some churches and still is. He doesn't agree with preachers who say the birds didn't have to build any barns or store any food in them and God fed and loved them more than he did people. That, says Ray, gives the impression God doesn't expect a man to work for his living. (Same tape)

Ye see they're teachin them that in the churches and some does hit yet and that's wrong...Now I've seen a lot of birds froze to death...Now God ain't goin to keep ye out of everything if you go along headed the way He teach ye. He gives ye knowledge. And that's what hurt a lot of people. They didn't use that knowledge. They take the wrong road...Now the Holy Book says, 'Narrow is the gate that leads to Life.' Hit a hard thing to
find. I know, I found it. 'Broad is the way that leads to destruction, many go in there adder.'

I've got to go through life here. I don't know what's ahead of me next time. That's God to be the judge of that. What's the head of me next time, adder I'm dead. I'm to watch here with God ahead. And it said if you would ask for wisdom in the right way to live, He would give it to you... Ask God fer it, and if He gives it to you, you're suppose to share hit with others an not be jealous, not git out boastin to other people about what you got." [Bessie: "Can't be selfish with hit"] (Same tape)

The narrow way that leads to life for Ray means working hard now on this earth and trusting in God to look after you in the next life. But Ray is also careful to point out that too much work is equally displeasing to God, if that work means abusing our bodies. "He said if we mistreated our bodies we was the temple of hell." And so Ray believes, "We should work the way we feel we can stand and then wait fer another day. Another day's comin, so ye don't need to know how, ye see...and the Sabbath, God said that's for rest." (Same tape)

And finally the fatalistic aspect of Ray's faith surfaced when he warned about today's ready cash tempting a person to think he should buy things he could do without.

An when ye got money in the crock--see back yander people lived there wasn't any money a-circlin in that. It was just all to share with one another an swap food...And when it got money involved, a man says, 'Oh, gosh, I've got to git my fertilizer,' and he's backin out with his hind end stickin out and the rain a-pourin! Or he says, 'I've got to git me a pair of overalls.' And he did. And what was a pair of overalls? He just die anyhow! (Same tape)

As far as the present and the future are concerned Ray has his doubts whether life will get any easier for the mountain man.

Well now to get on it I can put it there's some things now rougher than it was then. But a lot of other points we got now are way better than it was then. But you take now, if you ain't
got nothin-- no land, no insurance, the hospitals will ruin ye. And buyin land and taxes, payin your taxes. Ye see now that's all that saved us back then was little tax...maybe about three dollars is all. But they had to save pennies to git it, to have it at the end of the year...But you think now the way it's goin, it's goin to be worse than it was back then. Good gosh, a man won't even live, if it ain't some change pops in, won't even make it, the poor ones...I'm own $2400 dollars out here at the hospital, and no way to git it...I'm lettin God take it through. (Same tape)

Ray Hicks' upbringing was typical of all mountain people in the more remote areas of central Appalachia in the early years of this century. His cousins, Stanley Hicks and Hattie Presnell, both older than Ray, also speak of hardships and good times remembered in their childhood; the close family ties, good community spirit, the poverty that all suffered especially during the depression, the importance of their religion, and their pride in their heritage. Here are some comments made by Stanley recalling the childhood he and Hattie shared.

When we grewed up as kids we lived pretty hard, but thank God we made it. We didn't have nothin to go on. Nine of us got grown, there was eleven. Two died. One sister about nine she had worms, choked to death, come out her nose and mouth adder she died. I had to go about eight miles to get the country doctor, but by the time he got there she was dead.

Back then people went to help one another out. They had log rollins, corn shuckin and all this stuff they don't have any more. We just lived off the land, what we grewed and what we got and ate. We had cows, hogs, chickens. Mother she would parch chestnuts and make coffee out of 'em. My grandma she would take the pith out of the corn and make her sody out of it. They made their butter, put it in crocks and poured beef tallow on the top to keep it. We made our wheat and had it ground. Dad had a mill. My daddy made all the tools he worked with. He made dulcimores too. And my grandpa made the first pair of shoes I ever wore. I painted 'em red. And I'se playin outside and the cow eat my shoes up. And I said I wished she die. You know how a young'un is. So she got in the mill house and eat enough chop and choked herself to death....and I got to laughin cause she died. Dad, he broke me off a switch and whipped me awful hard. He gave me a good lickin so I learned a lesson not to laugh at something like that any more...

We'd go an run the cows up in the fall of the year, and the frost on the ground. And we wouldn't have any shoes on. And we had to
walk to school, two miles, and I'd get to go two or three days a week, had to work at home, dig up new ground—and they learnt us more a-goin to school in the fourth grade than you learn now goin through college. I went six months a year. six months is a God's plenty school. That's enough for anybody... [Today] it's too much education. I told that teacher back at Boone that come out here, I told her, what young people need today is be told how to live off of the land. I said they all can't live out of a book...they need a good solid teacher to teach them sense.

Now my wife's daddy's brother was as good a preacher as you ever heard and he couldn't read a lick, carried his Bible with him and couldn't read one lick, but it was brought to him through his heart and his mind and he kept it there when he preached...Now the Bible, God's prophecies, they're comin true just as God said they would. If everybody'd take this book it'd be a better world. There'd be no fightin; there would be no uproars and this and that and we'd all have a good place to live. But no they don't listen to it none. There's some. There's a lot of good people yet...Changed, everything is changed. Where it's gettin better, it's gettin worse...and now then they want to live more higher than they got. But it'll never get no better till the people turn back [to the old ways]. (BnD 1982/22,23,26)
The Hicks

David =
Hicks
b. in England
came to America probably between 1740 and 1750
first settled in Wilkes Co. N.C.
moved from surrey co. to Washington Co. (now Watauga co.) in 1778
d. in that county 1792

David Jr. Catherine
Samuel = Sarah
Sarah Dinah
Another daughter
name not known

Samuel = Nancy
Hicks II
b. 1800
d.

Andrew = Nancy
Hicks
b. 1821
d. 1893

Council = Elizabeth
HARMON
b. 1809/10
d. 1850-53

Samuel = Rebecca
Hicks III
b. 1848
d. 1919

Roby = Bona Vista
PRESNELL
b. 1888
d. 1984

Andrew
Hicks = Susana
Jackson
Presnell
b. 1878
d. 1949

John
Benjamin
Hicks = Julia
b. 1870
d. 1970

Hattie = Dewey
Hicks
b. 1907

Stanley = Virgie
PRESNELL
b. 1911
d. 1978

Rena = Nathan
Tolbert
Hicks
b. 1899
d. 1945

Rosa = Leonard Ray
Harmon
b. 1931
d. 1922

Bessie = Frank
Proffitt
b. 1914
d. 1965

Nell
Proffitt

Frank = Nell
Proffitt Jr.
THE HARMONS

JOHN MICHAEL HERMANN = KUNOIGUNDA REGIS
b. ca. 1670
WURTENBURG GER.

MARY MARGARET
WILEY
b. 1720-1725
FREDERICK CO. MD.
d. ca. 1789 ROWAN CO.
N. C.

GEORGE HERMANN
(HARMAN)
(d. 1710
WURTENBURG
ROWAN CO.
NOW RANDOLPH CO.
N. C.

MARRY
HARMAN
FOUTS
d. 1751
d. 1817

SUSAN FOUTS
ELIZABETH PARKER
(SECOND WIFE)

SUSAN = JOHN
HARMAN
MAST
1790-1868
ROWAN CO.
(raised council
Gould after death
of their father Andrew)

ANDREW = SABRA = DUKE = ELIZABETH
HARMAN
HICKS
WARD
WARD HARMON
(2nd Husband)
(Duke's
1st Wife)

Gould = RACHEL
COUNCIL
HARMAN
B. CA. 1807
D. CA. 1896

CELIA
WARD WATSON
2nd Wife

LOUISA JANE = ELI
HARMON
PRESNELL
1828-1898
1831-1903

REBECCA = SAMUEL = CAMERLINE = ANDREW
HARMON
HICKS
WARD
HARMON
1842-1919
1848-1929
1850-1944
1848-1944

EMILY = RANSOME
HARMON
HICKS

JENNIE HIX = N. J. GENTRY

MADISON CO. N. C.
MARRIAGE RECORDS
1880

IT APPEARS, THOUGH THERE
IS NO ABSOLUTE PROOF
THAT JANE HICKS AND
JENNIE HIXS ARE THE
SAME PERSON

MAUD GENTRY = GROVE LONG
THE WARDS

BENJAMIN = CECELIA
WARD = DUKE

born 1755 in England
came from Eng. in ca. 1775
to Virginia, then to WAT.
CO. N.C. by bought land
from Samuel Hicks I
traded a dog, a rifle, a coonskin cap
d. 1820 in Ashe Co. N.C.

CATHARINE = BENJAMIN
HARMON = WARD JR.
(daughter of
cutliff
born 1780
d.

DUKE = LUCY
WARD II = TESTER
born 1799
d. 1803

OFF = CELIA
WATSON = (1st. husband)
born (2nd.
wife
for C.H.)
d. 1819
d.

COUNCIL = ELIZABETH
HARMON = TESTER
(2nd. husband)
born 1807
d. 1809
c. ca. 1853

SARAH ANNE CAMELINE = ANDREW
HARMON = JACKSON
born 1848
d. ca. 1944

MONROE = CALLIE
WARD = WOODY

MILES A. = HESSIE
WARD = TRIVETTE
born 1877
d. 1956
c. 1920

CLARA = LEONARD
WARD = GLENN

MARSHALL = THELMA
WARD = CHAPPELL
born 1906
d. 1981

CABRA HIX (HICKS)
(widow of
son of cutliff)

born 1827
d. 1900

born 1827
d. 1900
THE PRESNELLS

ORIGINALLY FRENCH HUGENOTS CAME TO VIRGINIA VIA ENG., MOVED TO
CHOWAN CO. N.C.

JAMES = Susan
PRESNELL III
D. 1794
FAMILY CAME TO
WAT. CO IN 1796
D. 1885

ELI = LOUISA JANE
PRESNELL
HARMON
D. 1885
D. 1885

ANDREW = NANCY
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1821
D. 1848

NATHAN = SARAH
PRESNELL
SHUPE
D. 1838
D. 1840

JAMES = HANNA
PRESNELL III WARD
D. 1842
D. 1920

ANDREW = JANE
PRESNELL
EGGERS
D. 1855
D. 1931

SAMUEL = REBECCA
HICKS III
HARMON
D. 1842
D. 1917

BUNA VISTA = ROBY
PRESNELL
HICKS
D. 1888
D. 1957

ANDY = SUSANA
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1878
D. 1925

BEN = JULIA
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1870
D. 1927

SARAH = NATHAN
PRESNELL
D. 1879
D. 1945

HATTIE = DEWEY
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1907
D. 1911

STANLEY = VIRGIE
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1899
D. 1945

RENA = NATHAN
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1896
D. 1918

NETTIE = EDD
HICKS
PRESNELL
D. 1913
D. 1965

FRANK = BESSIE
PROFFIT
HICKS
D. 1913
D. 1914

RAV = ROSA
HICKS
HARMON
D. 1922
D. 1931

FRANK
PROFFIT JR.
THE PROFFITTS

TRANSPORTED FROM PRESTON ENG.
LANDED AT YORK VA. 1716
GRANTED LAND GOODHILL
CO. VA. 1738
MOVED TO WILKES CO. N.C.
CA. 1771

SYLVESTER = ALICE
PROPHET

JOHN
PROFFITT
D. 1727
D. 1814

SUSANA
ARRINGTON

WILLIAM = ELIZABETH
PROFFITT SR.
D. 1759
D. 1832

ELMORE

REV. WAR SOLDIER
SERVED UNDER
CLEVELAND, LENOIR

WILLIAM = PHEBE
PROFFITT SR. (EMOLINE?
D. 1839?
D. PERDUE

JOHN H. = THEB
PRArrHER PROFFITT

SERVED IN 13TH TN. RGT. U.S.A
MOVED FROM WILKES CO. N.C.
TO JOHNSON CO. TN. AFTER
CIVIL WAR

NOAH = NANCY

WILLIAM = REBECCA

PRATHER PROFFITT

WILEY

PROFFITT

AUNT NANCY
TAUGHT FRANK
SONGS

D. 1875
D. 1954

DALE

FRANK = BESSIE
PROFFITT SR. HICKS
B. 1913
D. 1965

FRANK
PROFFITT SR.

* YOU WILL NOTE THERE IS
A GAP BETWEEN WILLIAM
PROFFITT SR. AND JOHN H.
PROFFITT; THERE IS NO DOUBT
IN MY MIND THAT JOHN H.
PROFFITT IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT
OF WILLIAM PROFFITT SR. OR ONE
OF HIS BROTHERS.

ERIC OLSON, ARCHIVIST
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UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Chapter 2

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND ON THE SCOTTISH TRAVELLING PEOPLE

General History

The travelling people of Scotland, as they prefer to be called, were, and to some degree still are, free-spirited wanderers. Travellers as recently as three generations back lived in tents moving from place to place as their needs required. Today approximately two thousand travellers still live in tents or caravans. The other twenty thousand, forced by the shrinking countryside, governmental edicts and economic circumstances, have moved into cities and towns. Used to the freedom of their old way of life close to nature, some of these travellers take to the roads during the summer. They can still be found in large gatherings for the berry picking and potato lifting, and in smaller groups or singly, helping farmers with the planting and harvesting. Some still play their bagpipes for the tourists.

The more sedentary travellers for whom there are no accurate statistics, have settled for jobs related to their past interests in tinsmithing and mending work. Some who live in caravans have become scrap merchants and even own their own profitable scrap metal yards. Others have shifted their interests in the direction of old cars and old furniture, which they repair and resell. In all these cases the travellers are their own boss. That is, they are not tied to an employer who demands they clock in at a specific time and work a specific number of hours.

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Then there are those travellers who have, at least professionally, integrated with the mainstream community. These travellers tend to be embarrassed by their traveller connections. Those who have married non-travellers usually try to hide their own traveller origins. When this happens we see the breakdown of the Scottish travellers as a separate culture in their own right. Fortunately, there remain those among them who still proudly and openly retain their identity. They congregate in housing developments with relatives and close friends. They keep many of their traditions, beliefs, and even some of their secret language, cant. These men and women along with the smaller minority that still wander the roads and camp in the few sites now left open to travellers are the custodians of an ancient and incredibly rich culture.

Traveller origins remain a mystery to this day, though much conjecture has been made as to who those people are and where they came from. It is generally accepted that most of their ancestors were indigenous to Britain, and most probably had distant links with the itinerant bands of early Ireland. Certainly right up to living memory the life-style of travellers was nomadic, reminiscent of ancient hunting societies who worked when food was needed and relaxed when enough had been laid by. Travellers have never coveted land, house, possessions or responsibilities that would tie them to one locale. It is as though the travellers, loth to relinquish their natural inclinations to move freely from place to place, were not able or willing to adapt to an agricultural society and finally industrialization and urbanization.

For hundreds of years right up to present times groups of
itinerants in England, Ireland and Scotland were known as "tinkers", a term which stems from the verb "tink" to mend, solder. The Scottish National Dictionary defines "tinkers" as a class of itinerant traders and merchants or as nomadic huxters or pedlars who might or might not have gypsy blood in them, but live a similar life-style to English gypsies. "Tinkler" is an old descriptive term which was used in Scotland in the past for many centuries to refer to itinerant tinsmiths and pedlars. (SND V. IX, 337-8) Though the original usage of words like tinker, tinkler and tink were descriptive of the people so called, the terms themselves have come to have derogatory connotations and are thus no longer acceptable and, in fact, are resented. Rather, this special class of people have renamed themselves travellers. Because many travellers even today work in some capacity with metal and many more were tinsmiths until mass production and the introduction of cheap plastics made them redundant, Dr. Hamish Henderson from the School of Scottish Studies suggests travellers "are the descendants of a very ancient caste of itinerant metal-workers whose status in tribal society was probably high" (Henderson, 1981/377). Dr. Henderson goes on to say that metals because of their magical associations and their powers especially as weapons of warfare, gave smiths a certain aura, and that "consequently, both 'black' and 'white' smiths for long enjoyed immense prestige, not only as craftsmen but as wielders of secret powers" (Henderson, 377).

However, if this is true then traveller artistry in metal work, all but dead now, is only a shadow of its former greatness, the ancient skills of the past long forgotten. Even in the 19th century and early years of this century when travellers were still making and selling tin utensils, their wares held no glamour or magic to please a great
chieftan. They were crudely and quickly produced to satisfy a penny-thrift housewife.

The long hero tales once told in Irish and Gaelic are rarely heard in oral tradition today. But Scottish travellers, both of the Highlands and Lowlands still tell traditional Märchen. These stories were once well known by the settled community, and they have links with traditions from many lands. It appears that today only the travellers still remember these old stories and consider them of value to preserve. In fact the oral traditions (both song and story) are still flourishing among certain of the travelling people.

When a traveller is asked about his origins, his answer is usually vague. He may talk about some of his people having descended from Jacobite noblemen, maybe even related to royalty, who were defeated at Culloden. Stripped of all their rights and possessions these men were forced to take to the roads and eventually they integrated with the existing traveller sub-culture. Others to join were the many crofters evicted from their homes during the highland clearances. These conjectures were put forth by Stanley Robertson and they are views held in common with many other travellers. One informant, Duncan Williamson, when asked about his origins answered quite seriously and with unabashed pride that his people were the oldest race in the world going all the way back to Adam and Eve. Adam and Eve, he said, became the first travellers when God ordered them out of the Garden of Eden. Again we are offered a theory of travellers being descended from "displaced people", a reflection on how the travellers view themselves? Certainly it is commonplace for travellers to liken themselves to the Jews who like themselves have been dispossessed,
hated, spat upon, and cruelly treated.

Thus the theories mount, both fanciful and plausible. There is one point on which the travellers agree. They are not in any way connected to the gypsies whom they consider to be of inferior blood. According to David Clement, linguist at the School of Scottish Studies, this is not wholly true. He bases his findings on linguistic evidence. Bands of gypsies arrived in Britain from Europe and the Middle East in the 15th and 16th centuries, and they spoke a language called Romani. When David Clement collected cant words from among the lowland Scottish travellers during the mid and late 1970's he found that between 25% and 35% of their vocabulary was Romani related. Clement conjectures that when the gypsies began to have serious trouble with the authorities in the 16th century, "a significant number joined the indigenous travelling peoples of Scotland at the fairs and on the roads, and became so completely assimilated that neither the well known Gypsy names nor the classical "Indian" features have survived."

(Clement, 8) The contact between the two cultures, who did have much in common as to their nomadic habits and superstitions and taboos, mainly took place in southern and central Scotland.

The Highland Gaelic speaking travellers evidently were a different matter. The Gaelic cant that David Clement collected produced no intruding Romani words. Rather this cant was related to a form of Shelta, one of the secret languages of travellers from Ireland. This seems to further indicate that the gypsies limited their contact with Scottish travellers to the lowlands and that they did not penetrate far into Scottish territory. (Clement, 18)

Though the origins of Scottish travellers have been lost in the
mists of time, much is known about their more recent history. Their itinerant life-style has always been at odds with the settled community, but in spite of this they managed to play an important role in the smooth running of country life. For centuries before modernization changed the face Scotland, the "tinkers" were the welcome news-bringers to isolated hamlets. They were basket weavers, hawkers, beggars, pearl fishermen, entertainers, fortune tellers, tool and clock mendes, and of course tinsmiths. They were Jacks-of-all-trade, adaptable to all situations, ready to turn their hand at any job called for. To the country folk who could not leave their crofts, the travellers brought goods, much like travelling salesmen today. Travellers were also welcomed by the local lairds for among them were fine pipers, storytellers and singers, and entertainment was at a premium. The farmers, too, were glad for a passing traveller's help to bring in the hay or help dig up the turnips and potatoes.

Reception by the "country hantle"--a traveller's name for country folk--has traditionally been friendlier than that received from townspeople who have always despised the travellers. In the country in the days before modern communications, transportation and the introduction of cheap mass produced goods, travellers at least served useful functions, which they did not have in the towns.

It was the habit of travellers to move within a set familiar area. Stanley Robertson in speaking about his father and grandfather said that taking to the road was never done on the spur of the moment. Always the men would plan in advance exactly the route they would take and decide where they would set up camp. And the women were given enough time to prepare provisions for the trip. Stanley's father's
family comes from the Donside and his mother's family are from the Deeside. It is between these two rivers that he and his brothers and sisters and parents trekked along their camping routes every summer. In Stanley's childhood his father owned an open cart which was horsedrawn. They would pile their belongings and provisions in the cart, and with his father at the reins, his mother and the older children walking, they would make the long trip from Aberdeen to their camp grounds. His father, with the help of the older boys, would erect three bow tents. One would be for the parents, another for the boys and a third for the girls. The bow tent is an ancient structure used by travelling people for centuries. Rowan or hazel saplings were used to form an arched skeleton over which were thrown heavy skins, or canvas in more recent times. The tent was amazingly strong and secure against weather. The winter ones would contain a homemade potbellied stove and the stovepipe would protrude out a hole in the center roof. This method of heating kept the tent very warm while the fire was used for cooking. In summers, the fire was made outside the tent. It, too, was used for cooking and as focal point for socializing evenings with neighbouring campers.

Travellers never travelled beyond certain known limits. According to Stanley this was deliberate, as it was essential to know you could count on being well received by regular customers, and that in the area there would be sources for scrap metal and berry picking and perhaps pearl-fishing. Also important was knowing which farmers would sell you milk and eggs, let you camp on their grounds and graze your horse. Two of the Robertsons' favourite camp grounds were at "The Waa Steadings" at Dyce and "The Old Road" of Lumphanan, both used by family members for generations back. Here they would meet up with the same friends
and relatives every summer. These were their "havens" free from the critical eyes of the scaldies.

Travellers in their camping habits have always kept themselves to themselves and outside hawking or begging or doing odd jobs would have nothing to do with the nearby townspeople. Even the men would not gather in the pubs, but rather buy their beer and take it back to the campsite. The children too were discouraged from playing with scaldies or going into town. By staying safely in the camp they could not get blamed for mischief not of their doing. Even then town youths would try and lay blame for any trouble on the tinker children. Once Stanley recalls a policeman came to the family campsite at Lumphanan looking for a certain boy who had been accused of thieving. To the embarrassment of the officer, the boy turned out to be no more than three years old!

Travellers never "mixed" with the country hantle. There might be a certain "friendliness" between an individual farmer and the travellers he accepted as "regulars". He might even let certain families camp on his land and turn a blind eye to a little poaching. But farmer and traveller each knew his place and friendship did not go beyond a given point. Though some of the country hantle looked forward to the coming of the travellers for the reasons already stated, others treated them badly and would have nothing to do with them. Strangers were not as welcome as regulars, and problems certainly did arise when travellers would camp illegally, let their horses trample gardens and fields, or when they would leave a campsite littered with filth. Most travellers were not destructive, however, and they prided themselves on their clean habits in spite of difficult living conditions. Travellers
looked down upon the few among their ranks who broke traveller codes of behaviour. Such individuals were punished by their own families, even sometimes made to leave the group.

The general treatment of the travellers through the years has been continued widespread intolerance and prejudice. In the 16th century the persecution of the travelling classes resulted in the execution of many gypsies and travellers of the road. According to a survey on travellers taken by Gentleman and Swift in 1971, in the 18th century travellers and gypsies alike were banished in large numbers to the New World and Australia and many more were forced into factories and labour colonies. In the 19th century the Prevention of Crimes Act made it an offence to be found wandering with a tent or without visible means of subsistence and the Scottish Trespass Act of 1865 made camping on private land without the owner's permission a criminal offence. (Gentleman and Swift 1971-74)

Some of the worst persecution against the travellers was levied by the townspeople who could not abide these people whom they saw as slovenly, lazy, and thieving. When laws came in requiring traveller children to attend school a certain number of days in the year, that meant travellers had to move in or near towns or villages during the winter months, and nobody wanted "dirty tinks" living near them. They were the scum, the lowest caste in society. Townspeople even fought against having their children in the same classrooms as tinkers. Even as recently as Stanley Robertson's own childhood he mentions the terrible treatment he received from both teachers and fellow pupils in the Aberdeen schools he attended. At one point he was ostracised and made to attend a class for slow and retarded children even though his
work was of high quality.

Even today the hand of prejudice leaves travellers no peace whether in their living arrangements, religion, education or work. The established church prefers not to recognize the travellers for the most part, and schools by law accept their children, but make little effort to understand, much less minister to their special needs. Travellers have a fierce love of freedom and a need to live close to nature, yet in recent years the majority of their campsites have been closed to them, forcing them into drab urban council flats. The Robertsons were one such family forced into the city before Stanley was born. Though Stanley grew up in Aberdeen, summers were his escape and still are now. "The only time I come alive as a person is in the summer when I can escape from my city prison and take my family out into the country."

Such prejudice has only served to bond travellers closer together. In fact they view themselves as being very much superior to the "scaldies", a general term covering all non-travellers. Travellers look upon scaldies as naive and enjoy showing them up by means of their quick-witted style and artful conniving. It is hard to beat a traveller in a bargain. He is a master at getting the best end of a trade. In dealing with scaldies, travellers do not regard a little exaggerating of the truth or trickery as cheating. They feel if the customer is gullible he deserves what he gets.

Travellers also brag that they are in a superior position to scaldies by having their own independence. They are not tied down to a piece of land or a house with taxes to pay or a lot of meaningless possessions and the need to "keep up with the Joneses", nor do they
hold a regular job under another's authority. This last has always been traditionally avoided as it was believed that submitting to such employment was a sign of failure. With the modern complexities closing in around them, and the general move to urban dwellings, this custom is breaking down among the younger travellers, some of whom have married partners outside their social group and accepted regular employment. Stanley Robertson is one such example. Stanley married a non-traveller woman, but from the outset he made clear his pride in his heritage and his intention to bring his children up as travellers. Johann has always backed her husband in this regard, and just recently discovered that she herself has traveller connections on her mother's side.

Even with changing life-styles and in the face of continued adversity and social rejection, travellers share a sense of group history and kinship, and pride in their ancient culture is maintained. The present is their daily concern for survival, the future is the unknown to be faced but never planned for, and the past is the old ways yearned for, their much loved and highly respected heritage.

Close kinship marriages between cousins are still fairly common among the travellers, another bonding device. [See Robertson genealogy charts] In the past when a young man and woman wanted to marry they simply moved into a tent together. Since World War II church and registry marriages have become increasingly common. This is primarily because the legal status allows couples to take advantage of financial aid through social welfare and social security. (Rehfisch, 280)

Traveller children are desired, well treated and even indulged. They are raised in an atmosphere of love and protection, and within this framework they are given a great deal of freedom. According to
Betsy Whyte, Montrose traveller,

Travellers simply adore children and to them no fate could be worse than being childless. Such couples were greatly pitied and more than often a sister of either of the woman or man would give them one of their own children to rear...All travellers spoil their children. They rule the roost from the minute they come into the world... (Whyte, 20)

Education has two sides to it. There is the formal school which by law children must attend. Then there is what traveller parents consider the real education which takes place in the home. In the first instance the majority of travellers want their children to learn to read, write and do simple arithmetic. Beyond these basic skills most older travellers see no value in the school curriculum. In fact they resent some of the teaching which runs counter to their way of life. The result is that children are taught a double standard--to behave in the correct manner of scaldy children at school, and to be themselves at home. We see this same double standard existing in Appalachia.

Another problem is that children are only required to attend half the number of days in a year that are required of scaldy youth. This puts traveller children who takes summers off at a disadvantage, and makes it impossible for them to compete with their peers. School learning has definite limitations for traveller children who need practical skills to succeed in their own culture. For such skills and for their moral and religious training children rely on the education supplied to them within their family unit.

Survival, especially in the past when travellers were on the road most or all of the year, depended on a pulling together of all members
of a family. Families worked and played together and there was a close bond between members. Loyalties were strong, and that included the extended family of grandparents, uncles and aunts and cousins. Often several related families would camp near one another for companionship, mutual aid and protection.

The family structure was patriarchal. The husband, according to Stanley, has always been principal bread-winner and acknowledged head of the household. His decisions are law. His wife, though she may express her opinions in private, must never do so in public if they run counter to her husband's. Otherwise her husband would lose face in front of his friends, which must never happen. Though in principle this is the situation, some traveller wives have had to take a more dominant role when their husbands proved irresponsible. A wife's duties include the management of the household chores and the bearing and caring of children, sometimes in the past as many as eleven or twelve. There would also be those among the women with special knowledge of herbs and healing skills and they acted as midwives and often were called upon to care for sick children and even sick animals. Women, too, have always done their share to help make ends meet. In past days they hawked besoms, clothes pegs, baskets and the like made by their husbands, begged for food and old clothes and went berry picking.

Children were expected to help too. The boys joined their fathers hunting, pearl fishing, hawking, collecting and sorting metal—all the while learning skills they would be needing as adult travellers. The girls also started early in their training. The older ones helped with the cooking, cleaning and caring for the younger children. Sometimes
one or two at a time would accompany their mother hawking in order to elicit sympathy from scaldy housewives. All the smaller children, boys and girls, would help at the berry picking.

Thus work was a family activity. It was done when needed and when natural opportunities arose. Its purpose was both practical—to supply the family with food, shelter and clothing. Any extra money that they make they usually share in good fellowship with family and friends. Travellers are generous and hospitable. They are sociable and enjoy the company of friends and relatives. In camping days travellers would draw together around a fire in the evenings, often sharing each other's food and drink as well as entertaining one another with stories, songs and music. Again such gatherings, always spontaneous, were family affairs as the children would partake in the fun along with the adults. These were the best times when everyone could relax and let the cares of the day fall away.

Disputes, whether they occur within a family or within a band of families have always been settled by the travellers themselves. Outside law and order has never been welcome even in the case of violence within a campsite. Jealousies between different traveller families and branches of related families did exist and still do. From time to time there is a blow up usually settled by a fight, which often involve the women fighting along side their men. These "family scrapes" are strictly internal and are felt by the travellers to be their own private business. There is no internal political organization within a campsite of travellers to settle such disputes or establish strict rules and regulations. With the travellers' love of freedom this would neither be desired or possible. However, usually
the strongest male traveller is loosely regarded as camp leader, at least when it comes to camp protection. Also, the oldest men and women of the camp are given special respect and honour, and their wisdom is often sought by the other travellers.

Families have as little to do with outsiders as possible, preferring to live in close proximity to their own people. Children are taught from their earliest years the dangers of the outside world, that they are really only safe with their own kind. Strangers are viewed with suspicion. Partly this is the result of ill-treatment by police and other officials, but there also lingers a strong belief in "Burkers" or body snatchers, who in the last century killed their victims and sold their bodies to medical centres. The travellers say their people were often victims of the Burkers because they were not officially registered and therefore not as easily missed. A large collection of folklore has built up about the Burkers and is still told as legends and memorates within the group. Despite some fantastic elements to these legends they are implicitly believed by all travellers. They serve to keep children from wandering from the camp, and make travellers distrust doctors and hospitals.

Travellers are religious, usually claiming to be Catholic, or in some cases Church of Scotland, though generally they avoid organized churches. Most families own a Bible and are familiar with Bible stories, having heard them orally even if they have never read them. The two ceremonies of the church travellers consider of vital concern are baptism and funerals. According to Betsy Whyte it was a belief in her family that until a baby was baptized it was in danger of being stolen by the fairies. Baptism gave the baby its name and protection
from God. Though belief in fairy lore has virtually disappeared among today's travellers, there is still a certain superstition concerning baptism that continues to make it important to the travellers.

Regarding death, Stanley Robertson speaks about the importance of having a priest or minister to say a blessing at the graveside of a traveller. Without such a blessing the man or woman can not rest in peace. Many tales and legends are told by travellers of individuals who were cursed with having to haunt their place of burial until finally a man of the clergy gave them a blessing so their spirits might sleep undisturbed.

Travelling people adhere to a strong moral code that is instilled from a very early age. Since they live close to nature, they play by nature's rules. This reflects in their religious outlook which has ties with ancient pantheistic beliefs. In talking about the Old Road of Lumphanan, Stanley's older sister Janet had this to say:

Our family camped along the Old Road as far back as I can remember...It was a refuge, a haven. They could identify themselves as children of nature. And they lived close to nature. And the travellers I knew would not break a living thing because they believed that Queen Valledore, Queen of the Moorland Fairies-- which really I suppose meant the Goddess Flora--they had the feeling that if they destroyed that, they would no longer be in tune with nature. Everything had a spirit. The tree has a spirit. They believed if you cracked a branch off a tree it would scream, but because of our ears we couldn't hear it. Their senses were sharpened...(SA 1981/1)

Children are raised to love God, the creator of all nature, and fear the devil. They are encouraged to be strong and independent, giving and generous, but at the same time, sharp and aware so as not to be taken advantage of, to be proud, self reliant and resourceful. Life is hard. Nature may give with one hand and take with the other. The
traveller must be prepared. As an ostracised culture in an uncaring society, travellers must have all their wits about them in order to survive against a powerful majority.

Robertson Family History

Stanley Robertson is a modern traveller who has retained the deep convictions and ancient traditions of his people. In his incredible storehouse of ballads and songs, tales, legends, memorates, experiences, beliefs and superstitions, we see reflected the rich heritage that belongs to travelling people. In days past such oral literature supplied the educational tools by which traveller parents taught their children important lessons regarding values, morals, behaviour and attitudes. As Stanley repeatedly said these lessons were far more meaningful and useful than school textbooks which reflected a life-style alien to travellers. Stanley has faithfully passed on his traveller upbringing to his own six children all of whom share their father's pride in their culture.

Stanley was born in Aberdeen 1940 just after the war started and he was christened William Stanley Robertson, the second youngest of eight children. His mother, Elizabeth Macdonald was born on the Deeside in 1901. His father, William Robertson, came from the Donside and was born in 1897. As in the case of many traveller families Elizabeth and William were not only husband and wife, but also second cousins sharing many relatives in common. Granny Rebecca Stuart, Stanley's mother's mother, and Granny Maria, his father's mother were first cousins. Elizabeth's father came from England, a non-traveller by the name of Joseph Edward Brooks. When he married Elizabeth's mother he adopted her name and became known as Geordie Macdonald. Another
non-traveller that married into the family was Mary Croll, a minister's daughter, Stanley's great grandmother and Granny Maria's mother. Stanley's family tree is a complicated maze of interlocking kin marriages between large families. Stanley, like many travellers, is able to relate his family lines, including naming many of the offspring and their marriage partners, at least back to his great-great-grandparents. These records are not written but have been passed down through oral transmission from one generation to another. Stanley believes that to preserve one's family genealogy is to preserve one's heritage.

Though Stanley's family stopped travelling on a regular basis before he was born, Stanley still has vivid recollections of summers packing their goods into a horse drawn wagon and taking off to his parents' favourite grounds.

An ma mither aye said, "The black Don is the warlock, and the Dee, the silvery Dee is the witch. An the twa are the man and his wife, and the land in between is for us. That's oor land"...An I can mind gaun oot intae the country before I went tae school. I remember one particular time my faither had his horse and cairt at the door and we loaded aa his stuff ontae the back. An our family walked awa up the road. We were gaen tae Watertoon an Echt. An me an Robert were sittin on the horse an cairt. My faither was drivin it. An aa the lassies was walkin. An ma mither an another woman Robertson was both walkin taegether. An I aye mind the road oot tae Echt. An it was a beautiful summer's day. (SA 1981/26, 89)

To Stanley it was always a relief when summer came and he could leave the city, the schools that taught him next to nothing, and the teachers and children who ridiculed him because he was a traveller. He was equally glad to escape from the dreary council house and the neighbours who were also cruel tormentors.
In the winter time you would sit in this classroom and you would long for the summer days comin in. An seein the first days of spring and the tulips that grew you could smell them. And you'd start smellin the broom an the heather an my hairt yearned tae get awa. An A would a' went awa in April but my father didnae like takin us off o school though we didnae learn nothing at school...I loved gaen oot tae the country, I aaways loved it. Though maybe I didn't do an aafae lot o' travellin I aaways loved the summer I did travel. I would have never denied the heritage o bein a traveller because nothing ever has come intae my life that has ever given me the joy o travellin the road. I aaver had my hairt yearned tae get awa and in the road an share these happy times because they were something beautiful. (SA1981/26)

The way of the traveller on the road whether by foot or horse and cart had a familiar pattern to it that did not change much until very recent times. Betsy Whyte, in her autobiography, The Yellow on the Broom, when speaking of her childhood, contrasts her dread of winter months, living in a grim, flea-ridden one room house so that she could attend a school which she hated, with the beauty and happiness of being on the road in the summers with her family. Her experiences and reactions were very similar to Stanley's.

Most of the year we lived in tents but we spent the winter months in an old house. Mother called it 'a dark wee hole' and we waited impatiently for the spring and our escape into the open air again...I hated [school], especially as there were no other traveller children at it for us to play with. The other children avoided us and taunted us continually and we were not allowed to sit on the same seat as a 'country' child. Of course we were behind with our lessons, but most teachers more or less just suffered us in their classes. (Whyte, intro. & 16)

Stanley's childhood was sharply divided between spending the winters in Aberdeen and camping during the summers. It was no wonder he dreaded city life. His home situation was not a happy one in most places where Stanley lived as a child. As a family the Robertsons were very poor, and they constantly suffered abuse from the neighbours. Stanley's father was often drunk when they lived in the city. Stanley
attributed this to the fact that his father hated the city and felt trapped by it. He was never drunk when they were travelling in the summers. It was at such times living close to nature and among his own people, that he was free truly to be himself.

Often in the city the family had to go without food or coal on the fire. When things got really bad Stanley's mother would use her talent as a clairvoyant to earn money to feed her children. Like many traveller women Stanley's mother had psychic powers. She was loth to use her powers telling fortunes except when absolutely necessary. Betsy Whyte speaks about her mother having the same powers which she likewise used sparingly.

During the hard times there was little joy for the children except that which could be found within the immediate family. Janet, one of Stanley's older sisters, spoke about the grim winters as a time the family drew together for mutual support and strength.

It was this spiritual feeling within a family. People tried to find their own identity and sticking to their own culture and their own heritage. And also where we lived in Aberdeen many people with their bigotries and their persecutions made us stay close as a family. (SA 1981/85)

One pleasurable memory Stanley does have is that of his mother and sisters sharing stories with the younger children.

The winter time stories was an escapism, the only thing good in winter. I can remember the aul fashioned mantelpiece, never coal on the fire, an really depressed times. It was dull and dismal and very hungry, and it was a relief when they tellt ye [a story]. My sister Janet was a super storyteller. She wud tak ye awa intae a world o mak believe. My sister Christy cud do the same...sometimes you became a character or you visioned up your ain character. It was super. (SA 1981/89)
Camping summers, especially in The Old Road of Lumphanan, was a very different matter. The Old Road was the only really happy home Stanley remembers. Though the family stopped at other grounds during the summer, they always stayed longest at Lumphanan. "It was our favourite camping ground because it offered seclusion and security, and we knew everybody that lived along the road and everybody that camped there." (letter, 1981). Stanley goes on to describe the road:

The Old Road is an aul drove road where the travellers used to bide, where my family bided. From een side you can come in to Lumphanan off the Glenn Mellan Road, through the village and up tae the kirk where the Old Road begins. It meanders on fer about twa or three mile past the ol spring well and up tae the campin grounds. The first part of the road at the Lumphanan end is very lonely. At een side you've got a wee den jus full o trees and burn come doon at the bottan. And t'other side past the kirk yard you've got the hill risin and trees all along the road. The road's quite narrow there and its thick wi shrubbery and bushes and all manner o wild herbs grow there. The other end of the road's up at the Tarland end. And the road there is slightly wider and there're twa or three hooses comin doon that way, where aul Maggie lives. (SA/981/23)

Stanley's mother was born and grew up near Lumphanan. His father came from Roquharrold near Kemnay not too many miles away. The members of Stanley's family have camped at the Old Road for over a hundred years.

My father and mother camped on The Old Road, and my Granny Maria, and their parents in their day. Both my mother's people and my father's people have sojourned on The Old Road. The Road has a very special place in the hearts of my people. I try to instill in my children the great love and affinity that I have for The Road. It is a tradition in my family to make a pilgrimage to The Old Road every year. By doing this we re-capture the spirit of the travelling peoples' past, and this ensures that the heritage lives on true to form. (letter '81)

Stanley's description of a typical day for his family camping in the Old Road back in the 1940's could just have easily have taken place
in the time of his grandparents.

My father would rise up at about seven in the morning, and likewise my mother. The first thing that father would do was start a fire from the vast amount of rooted broom, while my mother would go down to the spring well and fill two large enamel pails full of water. One pail was a clean pail, which was for drinking water and cooking. The other pail was water used for washing, shaving and other general purposes. There would always be bacon, eggs and fresh milk for breakfast in the morning. The children would lie in their beds until the breakfast was ready. You could hear the eggs frying, and you could smell the savour of the bacon sizzling. There was always plenty to eat at the camps.

Father would attend to his horse and cart. He would take the horse down from pasture, and then saddle and bridle it on to the float. By the time that was done, the breakfast was ready for him to come back to. Father was always served first as custom demanded it, but he always made sure that the children had plenty. He would never eat past his children. The food really tasted good cooked over the open broom fire, and the kettle boiled black full of tea.

They called the tea "slab", and they always filled your enamel jug to the brim with all the ingredients—"yenn" (milk), "sweetnie" (sugar), and left it to brew like that. My father was very particular about his tea. It always had to be "as sweet as honey, yellow as gold, and strong as tar." If it was not to that requirement, it would have been thrown out, and the kettle replenished for a fresh brew.

The children in the morning combed the campsite picking up all pieces of paper, as my father was regimental about cleanliness. He was a disciplinarian. He never beat children, but he commanded deep respect. When my father shouted for you, you jumped to attention, and would do whatever he wanted you to do, immediately.

My mother usually stayed at the campsite all day, cooking, cleaning and washing, as well as doing general things around the camp. Sometimes she would pick cranberries from the hill, and sometimes she would go shopping down to the town, or she could go to Aberdeen if she so desired. If she went to Aberdeen, she would bring back stock for my father's basket.

The girls usually picked berries. It was also their duty to go and get the eggs and milk from the farm. My brother Robert and I alternatively went out hawking with my father with the horse and cart. My father would sell good clothes, and stock from the basket. He would collect woollens and rags, rabbit skins and horse hair and usually barter for these things with the stock of the pack. The float would be packed to capacity coming home.

If we did not go with my father it would be our duty to get a
large coggie of sticks to last the whole day and the whole night. We would also check the snares to see if there were rabbits caught, and also replenish the water pails. In the evening, after supper Father always attended to the horses. Supper usually consisted of boiled oats and carrots mixed into some form of gruel. The late evening was free, and you could either ramble around the Old Road or go fishing or pearl fishing. You could go hunting with dogs, or wood cutting. Mostly the evening was spent in sport and play, with games like "pitch and toss", "knife", "hounds and hares" or generally listening to the old folks having a crack.

Some evenings there would be ceilidhs, story telling sessions and music, prompted because it may have been the first time that families coming to camp had met for a year. Such evenings would be big family gatherings, and rabbit stew, scones, pan cakes would be on the menu. Men would have friendly competitions on their pipes joined by the fiddle players and accordionists. Singers and dancers would join in the throng as well. And there’d be storytelling. (letter '83)

At the Tarland end of The Old Road is a big farmhouse where Maggie MacGregor and her family lived. They moved into the house when Maggie was only fifteen years old. She and Stanley’s mother were neighbours and played together as children. Maggie is now eighty-eight and still lives in the farmhouse. She talks about the good days when travellers camped down her road.

The best days of my life fan there were travellin people stayin along the road. They were a friendly lot and of course I was friendly among them. We looked forward ta them comin every summer...And they were all good ta me. Mony a night they’d come and tell us fat was deein through the country, if anything extra was happenin...There were a lot of 'em camped here; they jus came and went...And a few days before the Aboyne Games, maybe a week before—they were in September—ye saw 'em camped right doon, all the way doon ta the stane stile. Easy, easy. And fat fun it was when ye went doon the road in the rcnrnin, and all o em says hello or somethin like that. They were all friendly. It was mair friendly times. Not the same now. Not since aabody was stoppit from campin in the road. That was 1954. You weren’t allowed ta camp. The Grunders bought over the fairner, and of course he [Mr. Grunder] stopped the campin. But it was fun before. They’d come ta the hoose. [Maggie played the piano.] Aye, onybody that was musical. There was some rare players. They’d come with their instruments. And aye, Donald Macdonald was afully good on the piano. Nae every night, but jus some nights. It was jus grand. (SA 1981/24)
When I asked Maggie if she ever went down to the travellers' camp in the evenings when they were playing and singing and telling stories, she said she could hear the music from her house but never went down. This evidently was true with the other farm folk that lived along the road. They were friendly enough, and the children played together, but the adults never joined the travellers socially on their own turf.

Though a line of difference did exist between Maggie and the travellers, both Stanley and his sister Janet described their relationship to this 'country' woman as being exceptional, so much so that Stanley and Johnann and Janet still visit Maggie regularly, as do Ina, their oldest sister, and Ina's husband Albert, who also camped along the road in his youth.

Stanley: We used ta get all our milk and eggs and stuff from Maggie. Ken, we depended on Maggie fir these things. Aye, onything ye wanted ye jus went up ta Maggie's fer it. And I'll say this aboot Maggie, she never gae ye old milk. She always gae it fresh. And she was a fine woman. Ye got on rare wi her. And she had a rare relationship wi all the travellers. And awbody kent her and she kent everybody.

Janet: Oh, Maggie was different. She was a person apart. She's one of these beautiful people who had the wisdom to see good in folk, and to accept them for what they were, and not for what other people made of them. No she was a lovely person. (SA 1981/24)

As far as the country folk in general were concerned Stanley said they did not hold the same strong prejudice against travellers as did the city people. But Janet was quick to point out that their relationship with the cottar families had definite limitations.

You sold them your wares. And you bought milk and cheese from them and things like that. You did that, because this was just more or less how you earned your living. But they never mingled...The travellers were a race apart...There were some nice
country people, but they very seldom ever came to our campfire. They kept themselves to themselves and you kept yourself to yourself. (SA 1981/24)

A close association of families annually appeared at The Old Road. Each family was an autonomous group, but there was much sharing and good feeling throughout the whole campsite according to Stanley.

The other families that regularly camped along the road were the MacDonalds, the Whytes, the Keiths, and the Kerrs. There was a good relationship between all the families, and each woman treated other women's children like their own. My father was highly respected by the other travellers. We in return gave reverence to all the older travelling people. You could get your dinner or supper from any of the women of the camps. Some evenings a communal pot was set up, and we would all eat at the one camp. The families usually camped quite near each other, probably for protection, and there was little rivalry or friction amongst them. In the evenings the men would talk about their day's work and the good deals they had made. The men were chauvinistic, and tended to show off while the women quietly carried on their work regardless. The women never contradicted their husbands in public. Many times the women ruled the roost in private, but it was virtually unknown for the woman to be foremost in public. As regards leadership, each father was head of his own camp. Usually the strongest man would be respected, and he would do much speaking in times of trouble or a threat to the encampment. (Letter, April, 1981)

The travellers were always on the alert lest some man should come into the camp to attack one of the women or to steal something. There was also a haunting fear of Burkers even though they have not existed since the early 19th Century. Fear of the Burkers also rubbed off on traveller attitudes toward doctors and hospitals. Both were to be avoided if at all possible. Travellers looked after their own. Granny Beck was one of many women who had the reputation of being a healer. "Now," said Janet, "you've got my Granny Beck. She was a great herbalist. She was just a small woman. But she was famous for her skill and knowledge of medicine, first aid and homemade applications. Her remedies were much in demand by cottars with ailing animals." (SA
Both Stanley and Janet spoke about their father being very strict in regard to keeping the camp site clean. There were rules about cleanliness and many other customs and taboos kept not only by the Robertsons, but generally accepted by all travellers.

Separate basins had to be used for washing clothes and for dishes. Dishes couldn't be wiped, but had to be dried in the open air and kept in a covered basket. No one was allowed to comb his hair while eating or drinking. No one ever showed a baby his face in a mirror or took his photograph before he was a year old. Shoes were never allowed to be put on a table. It was considered unlucky if a girl whistled in the morning. You could not comb your hair after ten o'clock on a Friday night. Certain songs were not allowed to be sung, and certain tunes for the pipes or fiddle were likewise considered unlucky. The names of certain travellers were unlucky and never spoken aloud. An example was the family "MacPhee". It was also unlucky to have particular travelling people living near you. These taboos were held by travellers in general and some still abide by them today, or at least some of them. (letter, April, 1981)

Superstitions like the above were an important part of the traveller's belief system. Another time honoured belief is in the reality of the Devil, which will discussed in a later chapter.

Beliefs and superstitions were passed down to Stanley by his parents along with the teachings of the Bible. It was Stanley's mother who was most concerned with the spiritual growth of her children. But Stanley credits both his parents with having a strong influence in shaping his character. His father taught him to be physically strong in the face of adversity, to stand for honour and truth, to be ready to fight for his rights if necessary and always remain true to his heritage. His mother gave him an inner spiritual strength based on the love of God and family as well as strong moral teachings to guide him in his daily life. And to balance the need for physical strength she
taught him the power of gentleness and forgiveness.

As a traveller Stanley has found both the spiritual and the physical are vitally important to possess if one is to survive in a world of prejudice and persecution. In his youth Stanley had always been interested in religion and diligently studied his Bible. Eventually he joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, whose teachings he found compatible with his own love for family genealogy and family traditions. The Mormons were the only religious sect that would accept him as a traveller and not try to change his ways or denounce his culture. Today Stanley is a high priest in the Mormon Church where he and his entire family are all active members.

Today more and more travellers are moving into the urban areas. Many of the younger ones are marrying non-travellers, getting city jobs and adapting to the ways of the scaldy. Stanley, Betsy Whyte and other older travellers see their old way of life being threatened by outside influences that they can do nothing about. The travellers as with the highlanders are caught up in the whirlwind of modern change. It is damaging their sense of solidarity and weakening their pride in their heritage.
BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE = KRISTY CAMERON (his mistress)

JAMES STEWART =

JAMES STEWART =

JAMES STEWART =

CHRISSE ROBERTSON = LAIRD OF STRUAN'S SON (Robert J. Robertson) (father of William Robertson)

ELIZABETH = JAMES STEWART

HALF BROTHERS

WILLIAM ROBERTSON = ? (sister to her husband's step-father, James Stewart)

JENNY, THE DEVIL KELBY

MARI A M C P H E E = JAMES STEWART

MARRY = WILLIAM (AUL BILL) STEWART

DONALD ROBERTSON = ?

MARI A STEWART = SOLDIER DONALD ROBERTSON

WILLIAM ROBERTSON = ELIZABETH MACDONALD

STEWART ROBERTSON
STANLEY'S MOTHER'S LINEAGE

(As it connects to his father's line.)

RED RORY OF THE GLEN (1700's - murdered at Glencoe)

RED RORY MACDONALD

MARY GRANT = RODERICK MACDONALD • ALAN STEWART

RACHEL MACDONALD D: 1911

DAVID STUART (Hughey Dites)

BONNIE = DONALD JAMES ROBERTSON

STUART? STEWART?

ISAAC HIGGINS =

(REMINDER "Brooks" from England, a non-traveller. Took wife's mother's name "MACDONALD")

JOSEPH = REBECCA = ? MARIA = SOLDIER DONALD = JAMES HIGGINS

EDWARD MACDONALD STEWART ROBERTSON (MARIA'S SECOND HUSBAND)

MAXWELL KEITH = CHRISTINA "TEENIE" MACDONALD

ELIZABETH = WILLIAM ROBERTSON

WILLIAM STANLEY ROBERTSON

MAGGIE = WILLY HIGGINS
ISAAC = AGNES
HIGGINS NEWLANDS
(Isaac originally came from Ireland
at the time of the potato famine
around 1840)

ISAAC = CHRISTY
HIGGINS STEWART

JAMES = MARIA
HIGGINS STEWART = DONALD
ROBERTSON

WILLY = MAGGIE
HIGGINS WHYTE
(Stanley's
mother's
half sister)

JENNY = JOCK
STEWART HIGGINS

ANDREW = MARY
HIGGINS STEWART

ELSIE = ROBERT
HIGGINS ROBERTSON

JAMES = CHRISTINA = LIZZIE
HIGGINS STEWART AND
ROBERTSON

JEANNIE = ANDY
HIGGINS HIGGINS

DONALD = JEANNIE
HIGGINS ROBERTSON

BELLA = SANDY
HIGGINS WHYTE

LIZZIE
HIGGINS
Chapter 3
RAY HICKS: HIS STORY AND MUSIC TRADITIONS

Historical Background of Family Tradition
Bearers: Music

Ray Hicks comes from a long line of oral tradition bearers. When he was growing up storytelling, the singing of traditional ballads, and the playing of traditional music were the main entertainment for the people of Beech Mountain. The music was considered for everyone; the stories were mostly for the children.

Ray Hicks's own father Nathan was not interested in telling stories, but he was a musician and a very fine instrument maker.

My father never did tell stories, Nathan... He played [the dulcimer]... He made the first dulcimore that was shipped. He shipped the first dulcimore and fretless banjer that was ever shipped from this mountain, my dad did... Others had made dulcimores and fretless banjers years before but he was the first one that shipped one when he got acquainted with Mr. Frank Warner and Anne in New York... (BmD 1982/1)

Actually almost everyone in Ray's family took an active interest in music. Ray recalls the importance of music to both his grandfathers and their brothers.

My grandfather on my mother's side, his name was Andy Hicks. Both [my grandfathers] were Hicks. And Andy's brother was my dad's dad. They married a whole lot of kin back then, people did, cause they couldn't get out, ya know. They was in log cabins and
they couldn't get out, and they married a lot of kin...and my granddad on my dad's side was his brother. His name was Benjamin...Yeah, he didn't [make instruments] at that time, but he went on up in later years and built a few dulcimores. Ben did. But Andy on my mother's side he never did make, build nothin. But now he could pick one. Oh my goodness, yeah, now he could pick [a banjo] and sing, my goodness, fretless banjer. You talk about gettin it. He could make her talk and sing them old songs...Ben couldn't play no music of no kind. Now Roby was his brother too. That's Stanley's dad. Now he could play. He was their brother. And Brownlow was their brother back over yonder on the hill. He couldn't play nothin, but he made a few dulcimores on the last...Now he made one they tell, the first one. Some say he made the first one on this mountain, Brownlow did. But they tell it different. The way the others tell it there was an ol fella stayed in yander, Eli Presnell. Eli. Eli Presnell made the first dulcimore ever been made in these mountains. Yeah, he was a relative. He was in the mountains back in the hills over this a-way. Eli. Then Brownlow made the next one to him. And then Roby and then several got to makin 'em, ya know. (BmD 1982/1)

Ray, though firstly a storyteller, has always loved the music of his people. On his harmonica, or 'harp' as he calls it, Ray plays the old tunes he learned from his parents. He also enjoys singing ballads he remembers from his mother. These in turn have been recorded by his nephew Frank Proffitt Jr. who sings them as part of his own repertoire along with songs taught him by his father.

Nathan Hicks's farmhouse, which he built on the South Pinnacle of Beech Mountain, was and still is an open door for all relatives, neighbours and friends, and even strangers, who come and want to make music and tell stories with the Hicks family. Ray and Rosa live in the house now, having moved in as a young couple to stay with Rena, Ray's mother, after Nathan died in 1945.

Sundays have always been set aside for visitors, and Ray as a young boy especially liked the impromptu musical sessions that so often took place on his parents' front porch or out under the trees. Anne and Frank Warner, collectors and close friends of the Hickses recorded
many such get-togethers on their visits to the Hicks homestead in the late thirties and again after the war in the fifties. The songs from these occasions have been gathered in a book by Anne Warner entitled TRADITIONAL AMERICAN FOLK SONGS from the Anne & Frank Warner Collection and was published in 1984. This superb book includes two chapters (pp 185 - 318) on traditional musicians from the Beech Mountain counties of Watauga and Avery. Anne Warner's approach combines a sensitive presentation of the individual artists as well as scholarly analysis of their songs.

The Warners' recording sessions brought to light some excellent instrument makers, players and singers, all related by blood and/or marriage to Ray Hicks. In fact it appears that an incredible number of Hickses, Wards, Presnells, Hamons, and Proffitts were traditional musicians proud of their heritage and eager to preserve it. Musical families married musical families increasing repertoires, passing on instrument making skills and sharing banjo and fiddle playing techniques.

All of the musicians interviewed by the Warners and other collectors who found their way up Beech Mountain were quick to give credit for their musical knowledge to past and living members of their families. Roby Hicks (Stanley and Hattie's father) was the son of Samuel and Rebecca Hicks. Not only was Rebecca a vast repository of tales and legends, but according to Roby she knew and sang many songs which in time became the main building blocks of his own repertoire. Roby's wife Buna Vista (Presnell) Hicks was raised on traditional songs and ballads much as her husband was, according to collector Thomas Burton:
She grew up with these old songs. First she learned from her family: "My daddy sung all the time; my mother never sung much." Then she learned from her husband (whom she married when she was thirteen): "Now Roby, some of them songs I learned hearin' him singin', that his mother sung; he learned 'em from his mother, 'Becca Hicks, that was his mother. I learned of him and he learned of her." After marriage Mrs. Buna kept right on learning the old songs. "Some of them songs I learnt maybe a' ter I was up, say, maybe thirty or forty year old; but those are old." Old songs were a part of the family life. "Sometimes we might get up pretty soon from supper; we gonna try to play a little music or somethin' else we had to do. We'd sing and learn 'em that way more, and these stories that you hear told back in the old times. Roby's mother and all of 'em--they said after supper they sit around at the fireplace and tell them tales. Now Roby he knew a lot of 'em, but I never was much on th' stories. I reckon I wasn't much interested in 'em, or somethin', didn't catch on or somethin' r'nother like I would a song. And Father, he didn't tell many stories; he's a preacher and read his Bible a lot, and he didn't tell many of 'em." Apparently she learned mostly spiritual songs from her father and the lovesongs--"that's what they went by"--from her husband. (Burton, 21-22)

Both Hattie Presnell and her brother Stanley Hicks spoke of their parents as being fine singers and instrumentalists, and it is from them Stanley and Hattie picked up their love for mountain music. As Hattie said:

We didn't get out much and I just liked sittin listenin' to them stories and songs. That was all the entertainment we had...there wasn't nothin else. Now they played that music on Saturday night until I was up about grown. People'd come in and we'd dance a little, somethin' like that. From the time Pap and Ma was married I guess they'd play that music. She'd play the dulcimore. She could play the banjo some and the fiddle. Pap played all them too... She didn't sing so much till later with Rose and me...My daddy was a singer. I mean he was a singer! (BmD 1982/28)

Buna Hicks' father was Andrew Jackson Presnell and his brother was Lee Monroe Presnell who like Andrew was a preacher, a singer and a banjo player. It was their father Eli whom Ray Hicks credited with making the first dulcimer on Beech Mountain, and their mother, Elizabeth Harmon, was one of Council Harmon's daughters. Lee Monroe
Presnell was in his eighties and still singing at the time the Warners recorded him in 1951. "He was handsome, with white hair and a drooping moustache. He had a gentle, courteous voice and manner and, as we later discovered, a magnificent singing style. He was loved and admired by all who knew him." (Warner, 236)

When the Warners asked him about the sources for his songs he said he learned most of them from his mother, but that his father sang too. Some he learned during the many years he lived in Arkansas, and still others came to him by way of a legendary hobo type character known as "Lie-hew." Lie-hew's real name was John Calvin Yance, but since he was always making up tall stories and claiming them for the truth he became recognized as a colourful liar. He was known and spoken about by Ray Hicks, Stanley Hicks, Hattie Presnell and Marshall Ward. To them and others on the Beech he was a valuable source of both traditional music and stories.

Hattie Presnell spoke of learning songs from Lie-Hew and from Uncle Monroe, but mostly Hattie's repertoire of songs and stories were handed down by her parents. She especially liked singing with her mother and her sister Rosa. Hattie has an impressive repertoire of old songs and hymns. Her favourites are the story ballads and she sings them with the same lively spirit with which she tells a tale. In fact Hattie finds remembering ballad words easier than recalling the tunes. This could well be because of her love for storytelling.

Yeah, I see the story...Ya got an idea ya know about what all happened when you tell a tale or whenever you sing or anything. It'll always come to you like that; if it didn't I don't guess anyone could tell a tale or sing...But I always could see anything like that. (BmD 1982/4)
Ray's mother Rena was a ballad singer in her youth until a goiter operation put an end to her singing. According to Thomas Burton Rena wrote down the words of her favourite ballads and kept them in a cardboard box. The songs she loved best were those that reflected life past and present in the mountains. Their stories spoke of love gained and lost, of great joys and deep sorrows, of tragic deaths both natural and violent. These were stories that for Rena Hicks evoked her deepest feelings.

I think it's the story more than the tune 'cause the tune of 'em mostly is all--kindly what you call melody, the tunes I'd call it--sung about the same, nearly all of them is, just a little different whirl about 'em where you raise and low on 'em, or it is with me. It's the words; it ain't the tune. The feeling of the song, the feeling of the people that was in that place when the songs was made, even if it was death or life. (Burton, 1)

Thomas G. Burton, professor of English at East Tennessee State University and long time collector of traditional Appalachian music, wrote and edited Some Ballad Songs in 1981. It presents five singers from the Beech Mountain area of North Carolina, all related to the Hicks family. They are Rena Hicks, Buna Hicks, Hattie Presnell, Lena Harmon and Bertha Baird. The thrust of Burton's book is not to present a volume of ballads, though a selection is included with excellent scholarly analysis, but rather to introduce the ballad singers and let them express in their own words what certain songs mean to them. This could be a valuable source for anyone particularly interested in the meaningful place held by traditional music on the Beech since the early years of the 20th century as seen through the eyes of these tradition bearers.

The mountain women generally were better known for their
unaccompanied singing than the men. The five women Thomas Burton recorded for his book were among the very finest. The men did their share of singing, but usually accompanied by a banjo or guitar. Even more the men were the instrument players and makers.

As already mentioned Ray Hicks both plays the 'harp' and sings. Marshall Ward, when he was alive, liked to tell stories and make music. He played the harmonica with some skill and enjoyed singing whenever the opportunity arose, including teaching shape note singing at the Bethany Baptist Church where he was a member. Thirty years of teaching at Banner Elk Elementary School presented him with the advantage of a natural stage and a regular turnover of enthusiastic young listeners. Jane Stephenson, a former pupil of Marshall Ward writes:

I have been hearing Mr. Ward tell Jack Tales since I was in the first grade at the Banner Elk Elementary School which would have been approximately in 1944. A few years later he was my fifth grade teacher. Although I heard more stories from him while in the fifth grade, all children heard him because he would tell Jack tales at our "chapel services' on a regular basis. He would tell these stories from the stage which gave him plenty of room to move about. Usually he would sing a song and possibly play the harmonica also...I would also like to say that Mr. Ward taught us many songs that I remember still. He was a very religious man and we started each day with a Bible story and songs (hymns)... Not all songs he taught us were religious. For example, he taught us one called "Oh, Those North Carolina Hills." Unfortunately I can't remember the words and I don't know where it might be written down. Mr. Ward loved to sing...
(Stephenson, letter/March, 1985)

Marshall Ward speaks about the influences of oral tradition in his home when he was a boy:

...And back when I was a boy we didn't have any television or radio or any music boxes or anything to make music. And, you know, when these long, cold winter nights come, you couldn't turn
on anything to entertain yourself, you see. The only music we had in our house daddy made. He made a banjer and he made a dulcimore. He could pick the dulcimore and the banjer, and when he'd make music, he could sing several songs he knew. We liked that for a while, but, you know, that got old after a while, and then we'd get to begging him to tell stories. (McGowan, 51)

Stanley Hicks is equally a superb storyteller, clog dancer, musician and instrument maker. In the last instance his Appalachian dulcimers and banjos are beautifully crafted and have sold all over America. He learned instrument making from his father and his grandfather. The Hicks craftsmen representing three generations within a family are typical of the do-it-yourself attitude found in the mountains. If a person wanted something, there was only one thing to do-- make it himself.

You know, back in them days, we made alot of stuff. My grandpa made the first pair of shoes I ever wore. He was a shoemaker--made dulcimers, banjos, shoes, anything. First pair of shoes I ever wore, my grandpa made 'em. Mother made our clothes, knitted our stockings and knitted our gloves and all that. Daddy sharpened mill rocks and made mills and made banjos and dulcimers. My daddy was Roby Hicks. And that's where I learned to play the banjo and make all this stuff.

I made my first banjo when I was fifteen years old and I've made them off and on ever since. I'm sixty-seven now (1979). You could figure, I'd say, about fifty-two years. We used to use cat hides for banjo heads. Now I use groundhog hides in mine. I still use cat hide though. The cat gets to messing around and I get ill with it and put its hide on the banjo. If it's a good old cat, I don't do that, but t"aint many good cats. (Foxfire Records/ 8.)

Stanley believes adamantly in the importance of his mountain traditions and is determined to preserve these traditions in as like a manner as they were passed down to him as possible. He recognizes and appreciates the differences found from one community to another, one family to another, but is very suspicious of any drastic change to "new ways."

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These tales now, a lot of people in the communities now, you take the communities is different. It'd be the same tale in a way, same song and the same tune, but they, each community is a little different... Might run into the same thing but it's a different way to tell it. It's a different tale and a different way they play their music. And I play much different. Now my dulcimer and my banjo in there... I play different from others cause I've never changed. I play the way they played back in the old days in the beginning. Most try and get ye to know a little bit more, a little bit more and change a song and all this. (BmD 1982/26)

In an interview with Charles Joyner, Stanley Hicks had this to say on the same subject:

Whatever you grow up with, that's what you like...I think it should keep the old tunes, the old songs the same as they always was...if they keep a'changing and keep a'changing the first thing you know they h'aint got none of the old. It's all gone...We won't have none of the old-time songs, we won't have none of the old patterns, or nothing like that...you ain't got nothing but just the new. (Joyner/351)

For the mountain men making their own instruments was a matter of necessity as well as creative and artistic satisfaction. Mountaineers in the early days of settlement right down to the present day live on the border line of poverty. Buying an instrument was, and still is, considered by most an unaffordable luxury. With a little ingenuity, sensitive hands, and guidance usually from a relative, a man could make his own banjo or dulcimer-- these being the oldest and most popular.

A particularly fine banjo and dulcimer maker who lived on the Beech was Frank Proffitt, Bessie Hicks's husband. Frank Proffitt was born in 1913 and died tragically in 1965. He spent almost the whole of his life in Watauga County, North Carolina. Besides making instruments he was also a musician, singer and song writer, and still today he is considered one of the greatest traditional folk artists America has
ever produced. It was he who first sang "Tom Dooley" for Frank Warner in 1938 which eventually led to the Kingston Trio's famous recording of the song in 1959. Frank Proffitt's grandmother, Adeline Perdue, grew up in Wilkes County, the home of Tom Dula, for that was his real name. She knew Tom and Laura Foster, the sweetheart he murdered for another woman. He was convicted and hanged in 1868. Frank Proffitt had been told Tom's story as a child and the story and song as sung by his father, Wiley Proffitt, had great meaning to him. For Frank, Tom Dula embodied both the strong independent spirit of the mountaineer and his emotional instability. "Tom Dooley" was the first song Frank remembers hearing his father pick when he was a boy and the first song he learned to play.

It was Frank Proffitt's first meeting with Anne and Frank Warner in 1938 that made him realize the songs of his forebears were important not just to him but to the outside world too. The Warners encouraged Frank to write down his songs and ballads and this he did, passing on handwritten notebooks filled with versions of old Scottish and English ballads he learned from his Aunt Nancy Prather, and his father, religious songs his mother used to sing, work songs, crime and murder ballads and songs of his own making.

On the first page of one of the notebooks he gave to Frank and Anne Warner he wrote these words:

To all of those who's mind reaches above the hard facts of life does a Ballad have its meanings. With these songs did our Forebears cheer their weary hearts in the New Ground clearings. Life to them was not dull, for in their imagination they had a world of their own. This world they built is not for thouse who see only the dull drab facts of their surroundings, but only for folks of kindred minds, seeking to preserve and exault a people of undaunted spirit who excepted (accepted) Life in a singing
spirit, reaching in their hearts for these things to brighten the
days and years.

I may nea.ver see the Lochs or Braes of my people. But in my
amagination I have this world of old castles and of high Lord
Chieftans, of those who used the sword... To thouse who sleep in
the soil far from the Bonnie Braes, my hope is they have not
lived for nothing. (Warner, 260)

Frank Proffitt Jr. is a tradition bearer proudly following in the
footsteps of his father. Born and raised in Watauga County he was
early on exposed to the music, songs and stories of his people both
through his father's line and his mother's, Bessie Hicks. The stories,
Jack tales, mainly came from his uncle Ray Hicks. The music he learned
mostly from his father. Frank admits that as a young boy he didn't pay
that much attention to his father's playing or singing. There were too
many other childhood activities that occupied his time. Also, there
was a stretch of years when he was a boy when Frank Sr. was so poor he
had to sell his banjo and dulcimer and couldn't afford to make new ones
for himself. The house was sadly silent when Frank Sr. was forced to
give up his beloved music. Then in 1958 when the Kingston Trio first
sang "Tom Dooley" there was a demand to hear the song played and sung
the original mountain way and the door was open for Frank Sr. to start
singing again and making his instruments. It was at this time when
Frank Jr. was in his early teens that he became seriously interested in
his father's music.

I was so proud of what my father was doing and what was happening
around me, that I got the deep desire to want to sing and pick
like my father...[My father] encouraged me to develop what
talents I had to their fullest and do all I could to learn all
the music and songs I could to keep the tradition alive. I came
to realize very deeply the importance of these old traditions.
There was a natural desire and love in me for the music and what
it meant. (Proffitt Jr., November 1983, letter)

Frank Jr. has over the years developed himself as a unique
talent. After his father's death in November of 1965 he had to stand on his own two feet as a performer. Though very much his own man, he has not forgotten his father's ways and gives them every respect.

I try to stick to my father's picking, or I should say, I really don't try, I just do it without thinking about it. For, of course, so much of him is in me naturally! It seems on some songs and instrumentals I perform very close (of course not exactly) to my father's voice and patterns and on others, I get pretty far off (though still very traditional sounding) from him. We have very similar picking styles, so I couldn't get 360 degrees away from my father. No way! But you realize that I have a lot of Hicks and Harmon, and Creed blood in me. And my method of picking a dulcimer is a blend of my father's and my grandfather's, Nathan Hicks. Of course, I guess, my singing is too. It seems that these two forces or pressures are working on me at once (Proffitt Jr., letter)...

Since 1978 Frank has been a traditional folk performer for the North Carolina Community Colleges' Visiting Artist Program and in this position has shared his cultural heritage with thousands of people. This is more than a job for Frank. His work is also his mission--the preservation and perpetuation of his heritage.

Mountain music has a different sound from other folk music. It is hard to describe real original Appalachian music. Songs tell the history of the mountain people. We learned our music through our own families, our heritage, and our own backgrounds. If we lose sight of this past, we lose a lot in the future. (Nash Technical Institute, brochure)

Appalachian Songs and Ballads and Their Function

Music and song are close to the hearts of Appalachian highlanders. In a 1961 radio interview Studs Terkel made in Chicago which included folk artists Frank Proffitt, Frank Warner, both from North Carolina, and a blind traditional singer from Virginia, Norton
Barker, all three guests talked about how natural singing was to the mountain people. In the old days before the banjo and dulcimer and guitar gained popularity, singing was unaccompanied. Men at their jobs, women at their chores would sing almost unconsciously. It was something they couldn't help. It was their way "to give into their feelings, their emotions," as Norton Barker expressed it. Singing was as natural as breathing. Mountain people lived in lonely places and singing helped to make their lives less lonely. It was, as Frank Proffitt pointed out, a very personal matter. You didn't sing for an audience, but rather to please yourself when alone and to share tunes with family and friends on social occasions. In a letter Frank Jr. wrote in November 1984 he described his father's singing as a reflection of his moods. "You could always tell when he was happy because he'd sing and play the "foot patin" tunes, and if he was in an inbetween mood (if he was too depressed he didn't sing anything) he would sing the murder ballads, and hard luck and trifling women songs."

The variety of songs known in the mountains run the gamut from hymns and spirituals to songs about loose women, courting and love, ballads of conflict, murder and betrayal, nonsense "rigmarole" songs for children, hard luck songs and prison and work songs, and songs both serious and comic concerning the highlanders everyday life. All seem to have their place and purpose. Many of the older women, like Frank Proffitt's mother, sang only hymns, and didn't approve of other more popular tunes. "They described [these other songs] back when I was young as "jig songs" or something of a worl'ly nature, of love and of hate and of tragedy. They thought it was a bad example to sing of a tragedy. Might influence someone to commit something." (Frank
Proffitt in his interview with Stud Terkel)

The old hymns were introduced throughout the Appalachians usually by circuit preachers who carried songs with them as well as sermons. Even today for singers like Hattie Presnell, Ray Hicks, Stanley Hicks and Frank Jr. hymns make up a substantial part of their song repertoires, and it has already been noted that Marshall Ward was particularly partial to church music. For the highlanders the close presence of death is a reality, and when cares get almost too much to bear hymns are a gentle reminder that there is a better life to come "Over Jordan."

Where mountain hymns are meant to give comfort and strength, other Appalachian songs realistically reflect upon the difficulties, disappointments and hardships of mountain life. Song titles tell a great deal. "Short Life and Trouble," and "It's Goin down This Road Feelin Bad," for example, are favourites of Ray Hicks. In Frank Proffitt Sr.'s repertoire "Poor Man," a song Frank wrote himself, and "Hard Times on the Beaver Dam Road," are both associated with the Depression.

But there are happy times too when folks get together to make music, sing and dance, and then what Frank Jr. refers to as the "foot patin" songs take the stage. These are old tunes rooted in the mountains. Many are humorous, all of them are light with a fast lively rhythm-- songs like "Fly around My Pretty Little Miss," "Cluck Old Hen," "Johnson Boys," and a children's favourite that is also a popular banjo tune, "Groundhog," "Round and Round Old Joe Clark," and "Frog in the Spring," are well known in Watauga County. The mountain singers also take delight in comic satirical songs-- two especially popular
with British roots are: "Six Drunken Nights," (Child 274 "Our Goodman"), and "The Devil and the Farmer's Wife," (Child No. 278, 'The Farmer's Curst Wife'). A more local subject is "Moonshine," a tongue in cheek bragging song about the potency of the corn liquor produced in illegal mountain stills. And another favourite song topic is the woes of married life which express both pathos and humour. Two popular examples are "I Wish I Was a Single Girl Again" and "When I Was Single". These songs are part of Frank Sr.'s repertoire and are printed in full in Traditional American Folk Songs, Warner/300-302.

Songs did in fact cover practically every aspect of mountain life past and present. But perhaps the most beautiful and meaningful songs are the old ballads, both of local and British origins. One of the bloodiest murder ballads Frank Sr. sang is "Bolamkin," (Child No. 93). He made this interesting comment concerning it:

I want to say that I never gave much thought to Bo Lamkin's feelings until I too got to building. It seems he got angry because "pay he got none." I have had a occasion or two of this kind, not much I am glad to say. I don't claim that I had murderous intent, but how I would have liked to take a big stone hammer and undone the work that pay I got none for. Old Bo, if he had only done this to his work would have had my admiration very much. Perhaps we would not have heard of him, then, which perhaps would have been just as well. I like to think of just where the place is now where he built the fine castle. For I believe it really happened as all the old ballad things. The older folks wanted a fact, then they went all out in building a legend around it, but never to destroy the fact that planted the seed. They kept it intact and thank God for it. (Warner, 261.)

Frank Proffitt's concern for Bo Lamkin as a man who committed an unpardonable crime even given the injustice done him and Frank's belief in the truth of the story turned legend, is echoed by other ballad singers on Beech Mountain. Thomas Burton in Some Ballad Folks records comments made by Rena Hicks, Hattie Presnell, Buna Hicks and others all
indicating belief in the stories told by the ballads and a show of empathy with those individuals whose sufferings are captured in song.

The 'old people's songs,' for Mrs. Rena...were a mirror of reality, not just of universal truths, but of real people and events. (As Rena Hicks herself said,) "It's the same thing as they really was alive, that's what it is, I figure it; it still would have gone on, just like they was really alive...courtship or the loveship or the murder either one--it was really alive at the time." For example when she thought about "The Brown Girl" ("Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," Child 73), she talked about the characters of the song as though they were people she personally knew. (Burton, 1)

After singing "The Hangman" (Child Ballad No. 95 "The Maid Freed from the Gallows"), Hattie had this to say,

I guess that was a true song. The man who come here to get us to sing "Pretty Polly" and "Naomi Wise" and all these others, I told him what I believed that they couldn't write much then, and they sung songs to keep that in a song instead of writin it in a letter. I just believe that all these old songs were made like that, tell the news. They couldn't write back yonder much. Well, when they done that, they kept that a-goin and kept that a-goin when they couldn't write it down. (BmD 1982/28)

The mountain women who sang the old story ballads, as Dr. Burton was to discover, not only believed in their reality, but related the story tragedies to the harshness of their own mountain lives. They thought about the stories they sang, their innate cruelties and ethical conflicts and they saw that life was not much different for them.

Even though the ballads narrated some hard experiences, [Rena Hicks] didn't think that the ballad folks had life any harder than that with which she was familiar: "I feel like life is carried on the same way today, seems like, not right around me; but still I feel it's the same way right today, as it was then." Mrs. Rena lived a hard life, but not a self-pitying one, as her statement "seems like, not right around me" implies. (Burton, 18)
The stories contained in the ballads carry a strong ethical and emotional impact for the singers and the listeners. Thomas Burton again:

Rena Hicks approached them much as she did her Bible—to understand what the text revealed. Furthermore, for that knowledge she gave God the credit, "God give them the knowledge." And that knowledge in her mind had a purpose. "I give Him the credit fer it—for the knowledge, for the understandin, for makin the songs and all, and for the bearin on people's hearts and minds." From her point of view, this purpose partially explains why the ballads have endured, as well as why they are important. "God wanted them handed on down; and all them's his creations, just the same as our Bible, is the way I understand it, now." She was aware, however, that not everyone had the same view as she, and that the ballad subjects and persons were sometimes reproached. "I've heard of mothers not wantin them sung, but I don't feel that way about that." To her, ballads were of the highest order. "I feel a good clean lovesong is just's near to your heart as a spiritual song. A pure, clean lovesong really pure and clean, would be a part of God's creation." (Burton, 11, 12)

Rena's almost spiritual regard for the ballads is very similar to her son, Ray's view of his highly prized Jack tales.

Like the Jack tales, the ballads were meant to be shared and were considered an important contribution to family entertainment.

Even though Hattie perceives the ethical dimensions of the ballads—still further their didactic possibilities—it seems that the ballads are, for her, basically entertainment with emphasis on the narratives, which she is capable of mentally animating. 'I can see 'em and ever'thing. If I sing a song, it comes up just like they's there. There's one girl said she just sung to get through with it, and I said I wouldn't sing a song if it didn't come to me that I could see this all a-happen'... wouldn't be no joy in singin.' (Burton, 32)

Many of the ballads known and sung on Beech Mountain have very old roots and obviously were brought to North Carolina by Scottish and English settlers. A number of these songs were collected throughout
Appalachia in the early part of this century by Cecil J. Sharp and are found in his collection *English Folk-songs from the Southern Appalachians*, published by Oxford University Press in 1932. A later collector of songs and ballads from North Carolina was Frank C. Brown. The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore was published in five volumes by Duke University Press in 1951 and contains many ballads still sung on Beech Mountain.

Among Hattie Presnell's favourites are "Two Sisters" (Child 10), "George Collins" (Child 85 "lady Alice"), "The House Carpenter," (Child 243 "The Daemon Lover"), "Pretty Crowin' Chicken" which she learned from Lie-hew Yance (Child 248 "The Gray Cock"), and "The Golden Willow Tree," (Child 286 "Sweet Trinity" or "The Golden Vanity") Among Rena Hicks' collection are "Young Behan," (Child 53 "Young Beichan"), "The Brown Girl" already mentioned and "Little Mathey Grove" (Child 81 "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard") Text and music for these ballads can be found in Some Ballad Folks.

A ballad that Ray Hicks particularly likes to sing and that he learned from his mother and grandmother was "Black-Jack Davy" (Child 200). When I told Ray I had heard a version of the song in Scotland he said, "Well I'll bet it's went from there whar I sung, ye'll, years back; it's got over there [to Scotland]. Yeah, I'd say it got over there, ye see I sung that and taped it I guess now about twenty, twenty some year ago, started it." (BnD 1982/14)

Ray has only a hazy idea of where Britain is located or Scotland's relationship to England, Wales and Ireland. He is equally hazy about his own personal roots and can only talk about his close relatives back as far as his great grandparents. Being practically illiterate and
having lived a very insular life, concepts of time, distance and past family connections are distorted in his mind.

Frank Proffitt Sr. knew many ballads and took pleasure and pride in singing them. It is now Frank Jr. who carries on the family tradition of ballad singing. "Bolamkin" is certainly one ballad well associated with the Proffitts. Others are "Dan Do" (Child 277 "The Wife Wra in Wetherskin"), "James Campbell" (Child 210 "Bonnie James Campbell"), "Lord Randall" (Child 12), and "A Song of a Lost Hunter" or "My Love Heneree" (Child 68 "Young Hunting").

For many generations Appalachian ballads have been composed by the highlanders themselves to commemorate local happenings. "Tom Dooley" is one such song. Three other popular murder ballads all supposedly related to actual past tragedies are "Down in the Willow Garden" or "Rose Connally" which I first heard sung by Ray Hicks (BnD 1982/14) and "Pretty Polly" and "Naomi Wise" (Hattie BnD 1982/28 and Frank BnD 1982/39). Three other interesting local history songs sung by Frank Sr. are a jailhouse song called "The Court House," a song about feuding "Don Kelly's Girl" and a song about a bloody courthouse massacre that took place in 1912 with the title "Hillsville, Virginia" or "Sidney Allen." The text and music of these ballads are printed in Traditional American Folk Songs.

And so the old hymns, songs, laments and ballads were a vital part of Appalachian life and still are for those tradition bearers who continue to keep the music alive playing and singing not just in the home but further afield in the community and beyond.
Family Tradition Bearers: Storytelling

When Ray Hicks was a boy the main entertainment for children was storytelling. It was rarely the parents that told the stories, but rather the grandparents, the parents being too busy raising their large families.

Well they told 'em, (says Ray,) it was more for their grandchildren. They raised so many children back then ye know. Then they'd have a lot of grandchildren and that was all the entertaining the children had was to go to their grandpa and grandma... The tales was to their grandchildren, handin it down to the grandchildren, havin the treats with 'em when they'd come, ya know. (BmD/1982/1 & 9)

Ray and his older sister Bessie can remember hearing tales from both grandparents on their father's side--Benjamin, or Grandpa Ben, and Julia.

My Grandparents would tell Jack tales on a cold winter night. We all would be setting before the fireplace with a good hot fire and my Grate Grandfather [Samuel] would make ash cakes in the hot ashes and we would put them in milk and boy they where good. I wish me and you had some now I just would like for you to know how good they where. (Bessie, letter/Dec. 1984)

When I asked Bessie if she could remember any of the stories she said they were "all gone from memory."

I can remember when I told the Jack tales to my brothers and sisters. (Bessie being the eldest child was often required to look after her younger siblings.) And Wiley Proffitt, he was my husband's daddy. He would tell ghost tales and he would tell some that would make the hair stand up on your head. And you would be afraid to go outside by yourself for a long time. I would tell them to my children when they where growing up. But I had such a hard time doing for them I forgot them all. I just cannot get it all together so I can tell them any more. I wish I could have remembered them now. (Bessie, letter)

Ray's memories of storytelling are also associated with wintertime
and his grandparents. Both his grandfather and grandmother were
memorable storytellers according to Ray. However, in the case of his
grandmother and all the women in Ray's family it was the time women
stopped spinning wool and knitting that storytelling was dealt a hard
blow.

Well, now I'm goin to tell ya about the women tellin
stories...Some way or some how when the spinnin quit. Now ya see
I watched it, and remembered it when a lot of people didn't. Now
my grandmother down here on my dad's side was yet a knittin, was
yet a knittin in the mountains when I was big enough to get 'em
some firewood. Log it in with Dad's steers. And she'd knit me
two pair of stockins fer winter so'd I have a pair ta wash. Her
spinin wheel got broke and she twisted the wool with her
fingers, washed it and picked it... And I helped ta pick a lot
of wool.

Now that's what the grandchildren would enjoy a lot would be ta
get to their grandpa and grandma and when they'd put away the
apples to eat and play these games and help their grandma pick
this wool, so ta give her a speed up, ya know. And so now
grandmother at that time she told tales, stories to the children
while she'd be knittin. Oh they was wonderful. Gosh, I could
listen ta 'em...Now she'd usually tell Indian tales ta the
children...while Grandfather was out a-gettin wood, and bringin
it in. Grandma'd be there a-knittin a stockin or a glove and
tellin this story...and the snow flakes a fallin that big. I
used ta know a lot of 'em, but I forgot 'em. But then it went on
like the knittin quit like my sister Bessie and others. It quit
that knittin, and their life changed. Different. Wasn't at home
like that as much. And so memories changed. What now the reason
my sisters didn't tell no tales, and my brothers..." (BrM
1982/2)

When Ray was growing up on the Beech it was the men he remembers
telling the Jack tales rather than the women.

Yeah, oh, (the women) didn't tell Jack tales--not too much.
They'd tell 'em some when the men were gone. But it was these
other tales, hainted tales, ghost tales, the women told more, and
Indian tales. Now ghost stories the younguns would say they
loved 'em cause it scared 'em...Then when they would go home of a
night they'd just take a hold of ye and say, "Gosh hits a hold of
my leg!" (BrM 1982/2)
Ray gives Grandfather Ben credit for teaching him most of the Jack tales he knows. Neither grandparent on his mother's side was known as a storyteller even though Grandfather Ben and Grandfather Andy were brothers and presumably heard the same tales as children.

Now Andy on my mother's side he didn't never, he told the other tales some, but he never [told the Jack tales.] But maybe he could of told 'em an quit. See a lot would quit, ye know, a lot of times. Git into different livin an quit. (BmD 1982/1)

A third brother Uncle Roby (Stanley Hicks's father), was recognized as a teller of Jack tales and Ray can remember hearing his renditions at family gatherings. Ray's own parents did not take up the art, but rather left that to their elders.

"My dad never did tell me nothing that way. It was my grandfather, my grandmother. My mother, mother didn't tell me no stories like that way. She teached me Bible stories...out of the Holy Bible, Mother would." (BmD 1982/9)

Ray also talks about hearing versions of Ben's stories from many different sources among his neighbours and relatives. Storytelling was a favourite pastime when Ray was growing up on the Beech and the Jack tales were the common property of all the locals. Everybody had the opportunity to hear the tales; only a few took up the actual art of telling them publicly in homes and at family get-togethers. "[Aunt Nettie] told some stories to her kids. Just never did tell 'em out none in public. There's a lot told stories, but they didn't tell 'em out in public. Just to their kids, ya know." (BmD 1982/2)

Swapping stories was an important way in which tales were passed along between families especially within the same community. Difficult travel conditions and lack of affordable transportation up until as
recently as World War II made visiting further afield than one's own community very difficult. It was not until stores were established and trading started that men from different communities — often related to one another — were actually able to meet from time to time, exchange news, tell stories and play tunes together.

"[Marshall Ward] knew some gooduns, but he passed away about not quite a year yet... So he was the son of Miles Ward down here on Beech Creek that told Jack tales back in the times of my great grandfather [Samuel] and my grandfather [Ben]—Miles, Miles R. Ward. His name's in [Richard Chase's]The Jack Tale Book, ye know, an my grandfather Benjamin was in it down in here... They were related, but back at that time, back at that time hit was, there was no way ta ride an that fer was bad a-walkin, ye know. An they didn't see none another too often. Ya see all of it was walkin. It wasn't no ridin. Not even a horseback at that time. ...[Families] did [get together] in the same community, yeah. But whar it was out of another community always they swapped stories and songs. It was a man usually when he went on his journey for food, for clothes a-walkin, a-carryin it from the nearest store... After it got started tradin in stores it was about all whar they got acquainted with one another." (BmD 1982/9)

The Jack tales were a part of Ray's childhood associated mostly with his grandparents. They were not the first stories he heard, however. Indian legends are an even earlier memory. They were told to Ray first by his great grandfather Samuel III, father of Benjamin and Andy. He is the oldest member of the family Ray remembers telling stories. By the time Ray was of an age to want to hear stories Samuel was in his eighties and not really up to telling Jack tales. Perhaps by then he could no longer recall these lengthy tales from memory, but Ray assured me he was still able to tell a few. Mostly, though, it was his wife Rebecca Harmon who told the Jack tales and she died before Ray was born. Instead, Samuel used to thrill Ray with his large repertoire of Indian tales. What made these stories particularly exciting to a child was Samuel swore they were true and had happened to him or to
friends. He was old enough to be able to recall the days when the last of the stray Indians still roamed the mountains not far from his home.

Now my Great Grandfather. I just got ta remember him. Mother said that I couldn't, but I was just five years old when he passed away, or goin on six. An my great grandfather Samuel Hicks he had a white beard down ta here. An goin "Yaaaaaaa." He didn't like a youngun that was rowdy or pickin in his stuff. He loved me cause I was a quiet little boy, an he come in when he was huntin with his hog rifle an give me some wild chestnuts, ya know. Just loved me 'cause I wouldn't bother his stuff... He couldn't make a livin so he come ta stay with his boy, his son, Benjamin, my dad's dad. An that's where he passed away at. He lived to be eighty some years old, right close to ninety I believe it was...He told stories...He told a few Jack tales. But hisuns was Indian tales...So he'd get in a good mood, but he was gettin old an feeble, ya know, when I remember him. But still he had a lot of courage left on him. (BmD 1982/2)

Ray loved the Indian tales Samuel used to tell him, but regrettably he forgot most of them over the years, especially as Jack tales more and more commanded his attention and loyalty.

See the history give, ye know, they stole one of Daniel Boone's daughters. Yeah, stole Daniel Boone's daughter. Ya know they was the frontiers of the history, Daniel Boone and David Crockett. An [Samuel] told that one and the way he told it was good tales, but I can't remember only little places in it. Ifin I'd kept tellin 'em I'd a-knowd 'em. But ye see well I told 'em on up till I got tellin Jack tales. Knowd 'em. An you can't hold it all. You can't hold everything. Something's got ta go...Yeah I knowd them Indian tales...till I got tellin Jack tales. (BmD 1982/9)

Indian tales, as well as ghost stories, continued to be favourites of Ray's throughout his boyhood. After Samuel's death it was Grandmother Julia who told these exciting stories to Ray and his brothers and sisters. And according to Bessie sometimes the only way she could get Ray to go to bed - he was not the most obedient of children - was to "scare him into bed with a haint tale." But as Ray grew older it was the Jack tales that captured his imagination. He
loved to hear these stories over and over again, never tiring of them, 
and equally he grew to love telling them to others. His brothers and 
sisters did not share his enthusiasm, at least not to the point of 
taking the time to learn the stories and the art of the storyteller.

It's just me still tells the [Jack tales], just me cut out by 
likin 'em when I was a little boy. Reason I like ta tell 'em 
yet. I just love 'em, ye know. And ye gotta love little 
children. Ye gotta have a love for everybody...I've told 'em ta 
little children till they get up ta each leg, one hangin here, 
just had ta get their head on me. One would say, 'move a little, 
I can't see Ray's mouth.' Ye know you can get more out of a tale 
if you can see the actions of their mouth and their mind as they 
tell it and their eyes as they come with the sentences... And 
that's the way I done Granddad Ben. I'd get on his leg and 
Grandmother and him...See I'd set down with 'em and let 'em tell 
the tale. And say, "Tell that again, I'd like ta learn how ta 
tell hit." Then I'd ask 'em a question what hit meant. And that 
was the reason hit got on up. But [my brothers and sisters] just 
wasn't interested and forgot 'em, ye see. For me hits inherited 
I think, inherited in the people... (BmD 1982/2)

Ray is able to recall the members of his family that most 
 influenced his own storytelling--Great Grandfather Samuel Hicks, his 
grandparents Ben and Julia, and to a lesser degree his Uncle Roby. 
Beyond these known relations, Ray is vague as to the origin of the 
tales and how they were passed down. In a letter he dictated to his 
wife, Rosa, Ray made the following observations:

As far as I know both sides of the family told Jack tales...I was 
told that the tales was made up sitting around doing their work. 
Such as stringing beans to dry... and peeling apples to dry.

So they could gather in to help each other. Of course they had 
to bring the children and to keep them quiet they would start 
telling tales. One told as far as it could and another person 
would take over telling and tell as far as it could on the same 
tale and pass it to others if they could think of any thing else 
to add to it. This is the way I was told how the Jack tales was 
started. They still was telling tales when I grow up when they 
gather in together grandchildren to their grandparents to hear 
tales. (Hicks, letter/Oct. 1984)
Stanley Hicks and his sister Hattie present a more realistic view concerning Jack tale origins within the family. Hattie explains:

Every night when it was cold in the winter [my daddy] build a big fire and sit and tell tales till bedtime...He heard 'em from his mother...It was my daddy. See my grandma [Rebecca] learned it from Grandpa Council, Council Harmon. (Actually, Council Harmon is Hattie's great grandfather.) Now she just went round the stories. Now she just had the one hand. And got her corn cob pipe...and sit and tell them tales. (BMD 1982/28)

Ray never spoke about his Great Grandmother Rebecca as having been a storyteller. If he ever knew she told Jack tales, he has long forgotten the fact. On the other hand neither Stanley or Hattie ever mentioned Samuel, but spoke only of the tale telling skills of Rebecca.

Stanley, when discussing storytelling in his childhood made the following comment:

We'd get Dad started, ye see, tellin these tales and if we got him started he went all night about it. And my grandma [Rebecca] told 'em about it. They just [told], you know, lots of 'em...I did know about forty or fifty of them tales, but you know you just get started tellin 'em and they come back to you, some of 'em. (BMD 1982/23)

It is Rebecca's father Council Harmon to whom Hattie gives credit for being the greatest repository of the Jack tales. It was he who passed them through Rebecca down the Hicks' line to Hattie, and through another daughter Cammoline they filtered down the Ward line to Marshall Ward, who is probably the most renown teller of Jack tales after Council Harmon. Hattie says:

Now Council Harmon was the oldest storyteller that they traced back now. That's her daddy. Now my mother never did tell a tale...It was my grandmother, Becky, Rebecca Harmon. She married Sam Hicks. I've got her picture somewhere. Her arm was cut off.
She'd sit and tell tales and Pap, he'd tell 'em to us, you know. It was awful what he could sit and tell. Why he could go on and on. He never did get the last of 'em told. Marshall Ward. Council Harmon would be Marshall's great grandpa. Council Harmon's girl [Camoline] married Jackson Ward. [Council] would be Marshall's great grandpa and my great grandpa. (BmD 1982/28)

Stanley also recognizes the relationship between the Hickses, Wards, Harmon's and Presnells. But he credits his great great grandfather David Hix as being the first Jack tale teller in the family, the man who originally passed them down the family lines.

"I learned most of [my stories] from my dad and my grandma. And they learned me, you know, back... These were handed down from England and on down. You see my great [great] grandpa he come from England, from London, David Hix, the one that settled in Valle Crusa. Back in them days it was spelled H-I-X. It's C-K-S now... The Hixes and Wards, first people settled in Watauga County. David Hix brought a lot of these stories with him, and the dulcimore with him... And my grandma she could sing them old songs. Often I heard her sing them old songs. Them songs were sung and they wasn't in no book. And that's the way now the stories, a lot of 'em, come over seas and places. (BmD 1982/22 & 24)

It is unlikely just one individual brought the Jack tales over from the "old country." The Hicks--Ward--Presnell--Harmon interlocking family lines offers many possibilities for speculation about story origins. The most prominent name among the early storytellers was Council Harmon. He was a focal point, having received the tales as a boy possibly from numerous sources and then having himself in turn spread the seeds of tale telling among his children and grandchildren, the results of which can still be seen on the Beech today. According to Marshall Ward who died in 1981, the tales were actually brought over from England by Council Harmon. This is not true, but it indicates in what high regard Marshall held this great storyteller.

[I've] been tellin [these Jack Tales] for about sixty-five years...
or older. And my daddy told them to me...he was the awfulllest
storytelling man you ever heard tell of... And he said he learnt
these old stories-- they's just handed down, there wasn't any
books then-- learned them from his great-great-uncle Counce
Hammon. Council was his name, but they just called him "Counce"
for short. He went by Counce everywhere around there. Well, he
claimed they came from England. He came over from England I don't
know how many generations back. But that's where they came
from. Well, he'd [my father] get to telling those old stories
and he'd just keep a-telling them over and over. I knew everyone
of these stories before I went to school a day in my life...
(McGowan, 51,52)

It has already been noted that the Harmons originally came from
Germany and that Cutfiff (Harmann) Harmon settled his family in Cove
Creek in 1791. The second inaccuracy here is that Council Harmon was
not Marshall Ward's great-great-grand uncle, but rather his
great-grandfather.

Cutfiff's new neighbours [in Cove Creek] were Benjamin Ward Sr.,
a Revolutionary War veteran living on Watauga River, and Samuel
Hix, a Tory seeking refuge in the Hix Settlement in Valley
Crucis, North Carolina. Down through the generations, the
descendants of these three men have intermarried time and time
again. Either Cutfiff Harmann or Samuel Hix was the first person
to bring the "Jack Tales" to this area, learning them from the
early pioneers of America with whom they had become acquainted,
and perhaps adding their own German touches. (Hammon, 17)

George Hamann, Cutfiff's father could have brought tales over
with him from Germany. He also had plenty of opportunity to hear
stories while living in Pennsylvania and Virginia. He might well have
passed his repertoire on to his children. Cutfiff certainly was known
as a storyteller. It is very likely he shared his tales, and perhaps
swapped tales, with his neighbours, the Hixes and Wards. All of this is
speculation. As for David Hix, there is no proven evidence one way or
the other that he settled first in Pennsylvania or Virginia before
moving into North Carolina. However, most new comers to America did
spend time on the East coast before venturing further west and south.
The first documentary evidence of David Hix Sr. is in the Washington County, North Carolina taxables for the year 1778. We know he was born in England and Stanley Hicks places his arrival to America as 1770. "The Jack tales were handed down from England on down...My great grandpa come from England, David Hix in 1770 and settled in Wilkes County." (BmD 1982/22) David Hix's date of arrival is family hearsay with no actual proof of its authenticity. However, should Stanley be correct, David Hix probably spent the intervening years in Virginia or Pennsylvania where he could have easily entered into storytelling exchanges building up a repertoire of Jack tales he then took with him to North Carolina.

Trying to prove the origin of the Jack Tales that are still told on Beech Mountain can only result in a stalemate. Terry Harmon takes the position that the tales could have as easily come from the Hicks as from the Harmons and might well have been a mingling of the two. We do know that Samuel Hicks I and Cutfiff Harmon were near neighbours and friends and saw their children intermarry. Samuel's daughter Sabra married Andrew Harmon, Cutfiff's son. Andrew died when Council was only five and his mother remarried and moved away leaving Council and his brother in the care of relatives—Andrew's sister Susan Harmon and her husband John Mast.

The Masts were close neighbours of both Samuel Hicks and Cutfiff Harmon and it can be assumed, according to the custom of mountain people, that much visiting went on between the families. Also, Cutfiff actually lived with the Masts the last years of his life. Council, exposed to both grandfathers throughout his growing up years, would have had ample opportunity to hear tales told in much the same manner.
as Ray Hicks was entertained by Great Grandfather Samuel and Grandfather Ben.

Through testimony reportedly given by Mrs. Jane Gentry and some years later by her daughter Mrs. Grover Long, we are once more lead back to Council Harmon as oral tradition bearer of the Jack tales and further back to his mother as a tale source. Richard Chase in his article "Origin of the Jack Tales" says:

An interesting development in our experience with the tales took place this past summer (1938). Isabel Gordon Carter (JAFIL, March, 1927) recorded a number of 'Jack Tales' from Jane Gentry, the 'little old bent-over lady' of Hot Springs, N.C., who had the unusual record of some 60 traditional songs for Cecil Sharp when he visited her in 1916. Jane Gentry has been dead now for some years. But her daughter, with whom I have corresponded lately, Mrs. Grover Long, still lives in Hot Springs, and writes me that not only does she herself know her mother's tales, but that Council Harmon was also her mother's grandfather. (Chase, 1939, p.189)

Isabel Carter writes: "Jane Gentry was born in Randolph County, N.C. She heard the [Jack, Will and Tom] stories when she was a child from her grandfather who had learned them from his mother." (Carter, 340)

W.F.H. Nicolaisen in his article "AT 1535 in Beech Mountain, North Carolina" is also convinced that Council Harmon is the pivotal point from whom the main body of the Jack tales spread. He points out that Jane Gentry is a cousin of Monroe and Miles Ward as well as Roby and Ben Hicks and that her mother was married to a Hicks. (Nicolaisen, 104)

The Ward brothers, Monroe and Miles, were the biggest contributors to Richard Chase's book, The Jack Tales. In speaking of the Wards, Chase has this to say,
Twenty-five of these traditional [Jack] tales have been recorded from the Ward family. Twenty-one of them have been traced to English, Celtic, or German sources. After careful investigation, there seems to be no possible chance that any of these tales have come to the Wards through print. They say the 'Jack Tales' came from Andy Harmon, their grandfather, who had them from 'Old Council' Harmon... (Chase, 1937, p.35)

In the same article Chase goes on to point out the closeness between story versions told by storytellers from related families.

"The Ward family retold ten of the tales which Isabel Gordon Carter collected from Mrs. Jane Gentry...in the summer of 1923. The Ward versions of the tales are practically identical with those of Mrs. Gentry."

The same could be said about the Hicks. Versions of their Jack tales are very close in content and style to the stories of the Wards and of Jane Gentry, thus indicating they came from the same source. That source was most certainly Council Hanron.

Roby Monroe Ward gives his account of how he learned the Jack tales:

To whom it may concern:

As to the Jack Tales and others told by R. M. Ward of Watauga County in the State of North Carolina, P.O. Beech Creek: I did learn the most of these tales from Council Harmon, my mother's Daddy, in the year of 1886 and '87 and '88. He was about 80 or 85 years old when I learned these tales from him. He told me he learned the tales from his grandfather and he said the tales was learned from the early settlers of the United States...

Council Harmon was a farmer and did work on a farm as long as he was able to work and after he quit farming he came to our house and did stay with us about 5 years and he told us these tales at night. R.M. Ward (Chase, 1939, 187-191)

Certainly it is important to note such direct influences as having a retired grandparent actually living in the family when presumably he
would have plenty of time to share stories with the grandchildren. It is to be recalled that Outilff Harmon spent his final years with the Masts and told stories to his grandchildren who included Council. In the above case we have Council living in with his daughter, Cammoline Harmon Ward, and her family, and Ray Hicks talked about his Great Grandfather Samuel living with his son Ben with whom Ray spent much of his early childhood.

It was Marshall Ward, Monroe's nephew, who told Richard Chase about the existence of the Jack tales and invited Chase to come to Boone to hear his uncle tell his stories. In a short biographical sketch written by Thelma Ward after her husband Marshall died, Mrs. Ward says:

Marshall grew up in Beech Creek and was a very rambunctious young boy. As he was growing up he was intrigued by storytelling--specifically what we know as Jack Tales as told to him by his father. Marshall's childhood and adolescence were filled with the flavour of the Jack Tales and his own escapades of a country-mountain boy's experiences of life. (Heritage, 373)

Perhaps it is this feeling, that the childhood of an Appalachian mountain boy is "filled with the flavour of the Jack Tales" which accounts, at least in part, for the widespread popularity of these adventurous stories. Richard Chase discovered that knowledge of the tales was not limited to the narrow confines of specific families, though, of course, certain families had the reputation of being the community's tradition bearers.

As time went on and I found myself near Boone at last. I went to 'Uncle Monroe' and soon found out that not only the Wards but also many of their neighbors knew about 'Jack' and seemed to get great enjoyment in telling about his various scrapes and triumphs, even to a grown-up who sat and scribbled while he
listened. (Chase, 1939, p. 187)

Henry Glassie expresses his view concerning the origins of the Jack tales:

By 1800 the inhabitants of the Valley of Virginia, the same Germans and British who had settled along the Blue Ridge, were described as having lengthy dramatic narratives with 'a considerable range of incident' which dealt with Jack and the giants or knight errantry. The great strength of the Jack tale cycle, first pointed out by Richard Chase, is owed to the Southern Mountain settlement period during which several foreign groups combined their traditions to produce the remarkable Appalachian folk culture. The popularity of Jack may reflect the ethos of the Southern Mountains, as the elements which combined to form his cycle combined in roughly the same proportions to produce the Southern Mountain population, that is, equal proportions of Scotch, Irish, English and German, with some Indian and French infusion. (Glassie, 88)

The hero character Jack, often, but not always portrayed as a trickster, has been well documented in Scotch, Irish, and English folklore, and is found under many familiar names in the oral traditions of countries around the world.

As was outlined in the case of the Harmon and Ward families, and might well be true for the Hickses, the first settlers in these families spent a number of years on the East coast, in Pennsylvania and Virginia before moving on to the greater wilderness and isolation of western North Carolina. Henry Glassie observes in the same article that the first stop over afforded the opportunity for stories to be swapped between the different families.

The hardships endured during the earliest settlement period (c. 1732-1790) caused a great amount of borrowing and meshing of the elements of Scotch-Irish and German folk cultures. The Scotch-Irish adopted the German construction techniques, the Germans adopted the Scotch-Irish music, and the similar folk tale traditions of each, with a trickster hero at the center, were combined. The Germans had quickly adopted English and easily
translated their tales, with the results that in a survey of printed versions of Southern Mountain Jack tales only one does not have German parallels. (Glassie, 88)

Tale Genres in Beech Mountain Oral Tradition

Indian Legends and Memorates

As previously mentioned Ray heard Indian tales first from his great grandfather Samuel and later from his grandmother Julia. In fact Indian tales seemed to have been popular fare when Ray, Hattie, Stanley and Marshall Ward were young, though it is equally true that relatively few are remembered and told today.

From the legends and memorates still told we can see the pride today's mountaineers retain for their own past history and the role their explorer/pioneer ancestors played in the settling of the Appalachians. The picture one gets of the Indians is that they were the 'bad guys', brutal and cruel and not to be trusted, while the mountaineers were strong, worthy heroes protecting their property and families from destruction. Legendary Indian fighters like David Crockett and Daniel Boone were cultural heroes to be honoured and emulated by young mountain boys like Ray. Ray has gone so far as to liken these "real" heroes to his folk hero Jack. Like trickster Jack, Crockett and Boone knew how to use their wit to outsmart their enemy.

The following is one short story Ray remembers hearing from his great-grandfather:
Another [Samuel] told about was whar the whites was so much sharper like Jack was. [The Indians] stole one of their girls, the parents' girl. An all the men went ta hunt the Indians up. And the Indians laid they said with their head to the fire whar we lay with our feet ta the fire. Said them white men went in there and flipped that girl out while they was asleep. An [the Indians] didn't know head nor tail when they got her-- slipped her out and got her away with 'em! [Much satisfying laughter from Ray] (BmD 1982/9)

According to Hattie Presnell her father knew a vast number of Indian tales, most of which have not survived. "Now the Indian stories, I used to know a whole lot of 'em, hundreds of 'em. But I don't know just now if I can think of any of 'em." (BmD 1982/27)

Hattie managed to remember four short ones and concluded her tellings about the last Indian seen in the area:

I heard them tales. I guess now, a lot of 'em was so. I don't know, it was awful the way my daddy told those Indian tales. He told Jack tales and giant tales, just every kind of tale. Now the Indian tales was awful. But I'd say part of 'em was so. My mother she said she seen one Indian. And they got to shoot him, shot him in the back. Guess they killed him. Ye see the cave's right up there where he stayed. (BmD 1982/26)

The fact that these adventure stories of the Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett type were told as actual memorates made them particularly exciting for young listeners. Certainly these stories were told as entertainment. They also bragged of the prowess, courage, and resourcefulness of the early settlers, the children's own forefathers, thus promoting family pride. Perhaps, too, there was an edge to these often hair raising stories, a warning if you will to the children to beware of possible dangers lurking out beyond the safety of the home fireside. The last of the Indians were gone from Watauga County by the time Ray was born, but the memory of them was still fresh in the minds of the older folks, like Grandfather Samuel, Eli Presnell and even
Hattie's mother, Buna Hicks.

In these early Indian legends and memorates we can see a definite similarity to the Scottish traveller Burker legends which will be discussed in the next chapter. In both cases there is an enemy out to destroy people by cruel and devious means. Isolated settlers just like isolated traveller families had to defend themselves, and in most stories came out the victors.

Ghost and Witch Legends and Memorates

Other legends and memorates that were told both to entertain and to act as a warning to children were stories of the supernatural about ghosts, haints and witches. Belief in apparitions and in witches still exists among the elder members of the community for whom old superstitions die hard.

Ghost stories are definite favourites among mountain storytellers. They are always ready to tell "true" episodes that happened to them or people they knew. According to Ray there are ghosts that only are seen and those that can also speak. Haints are different. "A haint can be anything... something you could imagine an be scared, ya know. Some would see it an go tell it fer the truth an it wasn't nothin but a rabbit a pattin in the night, or a lot of things when the moon's shinin." (RmD 1980/2)

Stanley Hicks defines a ghost as a spirit you can only hear and a haint as a spirit you can see. Stanley tells about a personal experience he had with a haint and how it proved an old legend to be true. According to the legend a man back in the Civil War days had
been caught up in the fighting and his mind went. He cut off the head of his wife and killed their baby and then buried both in the Marshes Graveyard. It was said that some years after the war was over two "niggers" were hunting and cut through the graveyard. Their dog chased something up a tree. It turned out to be a tiny baby. It escaped them, ran back to the graveyard and vanished.

Still many years after that Stanley was walking past the graveyard one evening when he saw a headless woman. At first he thought it was some boys playing a trick, but when he tried to touch 'the woman', there was nothing there.

So I took off a-runnin... And Grandpa now always said if you go through water a haint wouldn't follow you no further (a belief also held by Ray)... so I come to a little ole creek. I just run on through it and looked back and it gone... Now what that is it ain't nobody, it's a spirit. It's just a spiritual body, that's what it is...You couldn't see through it, just snow white and no head, and nothin there. (BmD 1982/26)

Ray, Hattie and Marshall Ward also give numerous personal accounts of seeing ghosts or haints. Ray told a typical mountain ghost experience that supposedly happened to the friend of an old woman Ray knew as a boy. A young couple moved into a haunted house and the husband had to go off to find a job leaving the bride alone for a week. Others in the past who had seen the ghost were frightened away, but when the ghost appeared and motioned to her, she bravely followed him. He led her to an outbuilding where he vanished. When her husband returned they dug the ground where the ghost disappeared and found over a thousand dollars. Ray said because the woman showed courage and was the first person to be willing to follow the ghost, she got the money. (BmD 1980/3)
Ray also went on to tell about his two experiences meeting the Devil— a very real being to Ray, Stanley and Hattie— who is capable of taking different forms as well as appearing as himself.

Besides meeting the Devil, Ray has also met witches. On one occasion when he was fourteen a witch actually offered to make Ray a witch, but he turned down the offer.

Hattie takes ghost and witch stories as seriously as do her brother and Ray. Hattie tells a story associated with the Civil War days she believes to be true.

Now them haint and witch tales that people used to tell I believe them was so. One time back in the Civil War when the war was over so many men met goin home. And they were [staying] in this house, this ole house till daylight. And they got in there and said they was building a fire in the chimney. And said in come a black cat and sat down beside the chimney. They reckoned another black cat come in. So directly anothern come in, and said directly another cat come in. So one of the soldiers said, "Them black cats come from hell." So he took his whip where he had it at his side and struck them black cats, and said they never knovld another thing. And next morning that man come to about ten mile from there, from where he hit them cats. He said they thought it's witches. That's all they knovld what it could be. (BnD 1982/34)

I recorded approximately forty supernatural experiences, memorates and legends from Ray, Stanley, Hattie and Hattie's cousin, Arlie Presnell and I have on tape at least another dozen told by Marshall Ward. Of this number eighteen came from Ray Hicks. One interesting point is that with the exception of one witch legend told in common by Hattie and Stanley, all the stories told by these close relatives were different. Whereas there are overlaps in ownership with the folktales, the "true" stories seem to be individually owned.

The telling of supernatural experiences and memorates appears to
have a function deeper than just stories told for entertainment. Certainly such stories entertain, and Ray and other talented storytellers take pleasure and satisfaction in gripping an audience with their highly dramatic and suspenseful renditions. They were, however, also told to the children as warning stories to keep them close to home and frighten them into obedience. Bessie Hicks used to tell ghost stories to Ray when he was a boy in order to get him go to bed, or as she did on one occasion, threaten to send the Devil after him if he continued to disobey her. According to Ray these stories were also told to tell you not to be afraid of ghosts, that ghosts can't hurt you, and if you show courage when facing a ghost and not run away you can be richly rewarded.

These stories also have a spiritual significance for the older mountain people anyway. In Chapter 6 supernatural stories will be discussed in terms of how they reflect Ray's belief system.

Schwanks

Joke tales and anecdotes are popular with all the older storytellers. There are numerous short comic "lies" associated with Lie-Hew. One that is told by Ray, Stanley, Hattie and Marshall Ward is called "Chased by a Grizzly." [App-66] Lie-Hew said he was crossing the desert and there was not a tree nor even a bush growing anywhere. He got half way across when a great big grizzly bear started after him. It got real close and the only thing that saved Lie Hew's life was climbing up a tree. The children caught him up and asked where the
tree came from. He said he had to make one or that bear would have eaten him up!

Humorous ghost tales are told right alongside their more serious counterparts. Once, according to Ray, a man bet a friend he couldn't spend the night in a haunted house. He gave the friend a skillet and some food and left him at the house. Very late that night the man heard noises and then a voice said, "Believe there are two of us here tonight." And the man said, "Hell, yes, but as soon as I get my shoes on there'll only be but one, and that's you!" Ray added, "I believe I'd run without any shoes!" [App-59]

Another humorous ghost tale Ray calls "Run Big Fraid, Little Fraid'll Catch Ye." [App-27] This story is the same AT type 1676A as "Ghost at the Crossroads," a popular jocular tale told among Scottish travellers [Stan-33]. In Ray's story a father tries to frighten his young son and ends up frightening himself.

Both Hattie Presnell and Stanley Hicks tell the old favourite children's comic scary story called "The Big Toe." (AT 336) [App-31] Their version is similar to Stanley Robertson's song/story "The Old Woman Sat Alane". [Stan-34] At the end of the story the monster's final response to why he has big eyes, tail, teeth and claws is "TO TEAR YE ALL TO PIECES!" And the storyteller makes a pretend attack on a member of the audience. "That's where the young'un gets caught," says Stanley. This kind of story is told strictly for fun and is especially popular with children even when they know how the story is going to end. It could as well be considered a Nursery Tale as a Schwank.

Two other pronounced categories are Irish and Negro anecdotes.
These short joke tales ridicule the minority in Appalachia, making them out to be naive and simple minded. The tellers are not trying to be cruel, but are just having a good laugh at the expense of people with whom they rarely come in contact. The preacher also comes in for his share of ribbing. Perhaps because religion holds such a close grip on the lives of the highlanders a little harmless joking allows for much needed comedy relief. The Gospel teachings offer mountain followers the promise of a good after-life with Christ, but first they must endure an earthly existence of hardships, toil and suffering. When Ray Hicks was asked why so much good humour was found in mountain tales and songs he said,

It was good to have it. To keep them a-goin. It builds them up to have all that [humour]... Ye see when ye git down and out workin so hard and the young'uns a-givin up, and pretty near a lot of elder ones 'ud give up. Say like it looks like it's over. Then this here'un could step in could joke and come out like that an have 'em a-laughin and get 'em back a-goin to work. Whar they're so tired and wore out and give it up. And then another thing when their loved ones 'ud pass on. Hit help out to have somethin like that. It would git something funny a-goin was better than tears. And just keep it a-goin. Ya know that'll kill ya, keep buildin it on up in the inside if you can't get a break. It's heartache they call it. (RmD 1982/14)

Irish and Negro anecdotes, typical numskull stories, are often shared in common among the storytellers.

One such story concerns three Irishmen who chase a red squirrel up a tree. Two go off to get a bag, and the third is left to watch that the squirrel doesn't run away. The third man decides to climb the tree after the squirrel. He thinks he can jump where ever it does, but he misses a branch and falls and kills himself. Blood is running out of his mouth. When the others return one says, "Gosh he's caught it and ate it blood raw!" (AT 1227) [App-63]
One of Stanley Hicks's tales "The Preacher and the Bear" is an excellent example of the typical mountain humour in which the storyteller pokes fun at religion. A preacher takes a short cut through the woods on his way back to church one Sunday afternoon. He's badly mauled by a bear and when he finally reaches the pulpit says, "People," he said, "I've got a little somethin to say to you." He said, "I've been a preachin the Lord protect ye and save ye and took care of you as long as you done His will. As as you obeyed Him and done the things you're suppose to done. But," he said, "I changed my mind just a little bit." Said, "He ain't worth a damn in a bear fight!" [App-68]

Lies or Tall Tales

The "lie" or tall tale is technically a Schwank, but because of its importance in Appalachian story tradition, I feel it deserves special attention. The "lie" is a type of story the Appalachian storytellers are past masters at creating and telling. These stories are often short. They can be local in origin or have international roots. Alsways the action takes place in the real world. Exaggerations as a plot device can be found in longer complex international tales such as Jack tales. The device is also incorporated in Marchen but its application extends beyond the realm of the tall tale by including elements of fantasy. Lopnger tall tales will be discussed later in this chapter. But as for the short "lie" the master exponent of this genre was Lie-hew Yance. Lie-hew is the recognized source of many of the comic tall tales still told on the Beech.
Of the present day storytellers the most creative liar and the storyteller who most relishes this kind of tale is Stanley Hicks. Some of the stories he tells about himself are difficult to label as truth or fiction. Once, for example, Stanley told me he was out hunting raccoons. His dogs trapped one which he knocked over the head. Assuming the animal was dead Stanley proceeded to skin it. He had no sooner hung up the skin to dry when he turned around to see a very naked-looking coon running for its life! Stanley swore this really happened and would not budge from his position.

In some instances Stanley Hicks will admit to making up his own tall tales. In fact he takes pride in his ability to do so. His method is to take a true situation and add some fictional colouration and the story is born. But says Stanley, "Ye have to have something to start from...That's how tales get made up." One such story is about an old man who kept pigs. A pig went missing. It had fallen into an old used up gold mine. There it stayed for days with nothing to eat but gold dust. The man finally found the pig and rescued it but by then it had eaten a lot of gold and the man figured it was valuable. He and his wife kept the pig in the house after that and took the very best care of it. Then one day the house caught fire and by the time they got the gold hog out it was squealing, melting from the heat. Off the pig ran leaving a trail of gold behind and a pile of gold at the spot it gave its last squeal. "And [the old woman] said, 'Law, law, what in the world will we do now? The house, everythin we've got is burned up. What will we do?' He said, 'Honey, don't worry a bit. We're goin to start breakin that gold up and pilin it up. We'll have enough to build us a nice house and us to live off of [the gold]. And we don't
have to worry about us workin no more.' And as far as I know that's what they done." [App-35]

Jack Tales and other Folktales

Of all the fictional tales told among Beech Mountain storytellers the "Jack tales" are the most popular and numerous type. Ray Hicks expressed the mountain enthusiasm for these stories when he said that when he was a lad growing up Jack tales were his favourites, and when he became older these were the stories most asked for by audiences both young and old.

In past generations especially, the highlanders saw Jack as their hero. He was one of them, a product of rough highland pioneer living. He knew poverty and hardship much as the early settlers did, but instead of buckling under these conditions, Jack was a survivor. He exemplified the attitudes that prevailed in those early difficult days, the belief among the settlers that they too could be winners. In some adventures Jack had magical helpers to guide him through impossible challenges and in other adventures he had to use his own intelligence and artful guises to win success. In either case he was always the winner. Frank Proffitt Jr. has this to say about the view of Jack and the function of Jack tales past and present:

Jack in these stories he was the strongest and so he survived...[He was] a kinda hero character to me. Kinda like Superman would be to others. He never gave up. He would always overcome his obstacles whatever challenges life threwed at him; he never gave in, kept at it. I think that's what a lot of the pioneers used him for, moral lessons. Or maybe they didn't do it on purpose, or thought about it all that much, but it turned out to be that way... Also, I think [Jack] represented to them, he had such a hard life, I think people tried to release some of
their hardship, tried to make life a little bit easier to tell his stories. And it kinda gave them strength to carry on, how Jack could overcome his hardships. I think that had a lot to do with it, the way they were passed down. He was a kinda outlet hero figure to the early settlers. People didn't have that many heroes back then...Daniel Boone he wasn't a hero then when he was doin all those things, just another feller...it was just an outlet I think, more than anything. An entertainment, an emotional outlet, just to make life a little more bearable...

I guess I did kinda identify with Jack. I think Ray kinda identifies with Jack. How the hardships Jack went through and we kindly grew up hard. Of course I [didn't have] as hard a life as my father or Ray or my grandfather even. But still it was pretty rough. (BmD 1982/35 & 38)

The Jack tales are on the whole the most fully developed stories in the repertoires of Beech Mountain storytellers. This is least true with Hattie Presnell. Hattie can remember more tales than either her brother Stanley or Ray, but she has no memory for intricate plots. Her tellings are more like brief outlines, hints at what the stories might have been when she first heard them as a child.

Ray Hicks is able to remember and still tell fifteen long Jack tales that he learned as a child. All but one of these, "Sop Doll," are international Marchen.

In his wonder tales such as "King Mark" (AT 313C), "Fire Dragon" (AT 301A), "Hardy Hard Head" (AT 513B), and "Sing a Bowl of Lies" (AT 570), Jack is a lowly hero of questionable talents who defeats his adversaries and achieves success with the aid of magic and what might be called fate or good luck. Ray tells other stories about Jack where there are no supernatural marvels, and Jack has to count on his wits or pure luck to win his fortune. Such trickster tales and also tall tales about Jack are prevalent in Appalachia, but they have their roots in Europe and are found in the repertoires of present day Scottish and Irish travellers. An example of one of Ray's trickster tales is "Jack
and the Heifer Hide," (AT 1535 "The Rich and Poor peasant), and "Jack and the Hunting Trip," (AT 1890 "The Wonderful Hunt") is his most humorous tall tale.

Exaggeration, the basis of the tall tale, lends itself well to stories about Jack. Other humorous Jack tales told by Ray where this device is effectively employed are "Jack and the Wild Boar" (AT 1640), "Jack and the New Ground" (AT 1088, 1060, 1045) and "The Three Sillies" (AT 1450, 145, 384).

Frank Proffitt Jr. wrote once, "I think the original Jack tales that came from England were about a human Jack and everyday situations he got himself in and out of. Over here the tales kept developing and getting taller and taller. And when they came from the imagination of my ancestors in North Carolina, they really were taller than the hills! And they are still developing. Seems like everybody wants to out lie everybody else, so I add a few things Ray didn't. So that is how it goes!" (Proffitt, letter, 1981)

The Jack tales told by the other Beech Mountain raconteurs include some, and in the case of Marshall Ward, all of the stories in Ray's collection. Marshall Ward has the largest repertoire of Jack tales including some not found in Chase's book. Like Ray Hicks, Marshall Ward's Marchen are very complete and well detailed, an example being "Jack and the Clover Patch," (AT 530 "The Princess on the Glass Mountain"), which compares favourably with the Grimm version.

Basically Stanley tells the same stories as Ray Hicks, and other than lacking Ray's strung out elaborations and repetitions, his versions are similar. Two stories in Stanley's repertoire that Ray does not tell are "Jack and the Robber" (AT 130 "Animals Go A-journeying") and "Jack and the Beanstalk" (AT 328 "The Boy Steals the Giant's Treasure"). A third story is "Jack and the Northwest Wind."
563) which unfortunately I was not able to record in the brief time I had with Stanley. All these stories are told in full by Marshall Ward, and as fragments by Hattie Presnell.

Other international tale types are told in the mountains. Richard Chase collected a very interesting variety of local and international tales from some of the same storytellers who told him about Jack. He put these other stories into a book entitled Grandfather Tales. (Boston, 1948)

Not as many of these stories have remained in the mountain repertoires. Perhaps most popular is "Wicked John and the Devil" (AT 330), a long humorous trickster novella which Ray Hicks tells especially well. This is the only non-Jack tale of any complexity that is told by either Ray or Frank Jr. Other tales of the supernatural include a mountain version of "Hansel and Gretel" entitled "Cook-a-pea and His Sister" (AT 327 and AT 1119) is told by both Stanley Hicks and Hattie Presnell, Stanley's being the more complete of the two stories. Marshall Ward and Hattie tell versions of "Gallymanders," a parallel of Grimm's "Mother Holle" (AT 480). This story and "Cook-a-pea" are particular favourites with children. Hattie Presnell's best telling story is "One-Eye, Two-Eyes, Three-Eyes" (AT 511), (which is closely related to a more complete version collected from Betsy Whyte, a Montrose traveller.) Hattie also tells the children's story "The Mother Who Kills Her Son" (AT 720 "My Mother Slew Me; My Father Ate Me", a story Stanley Robertson taught to his children.) Marshall Ward told the heroine wonder tale "Whitebear Whitker," (AT 425A and AT 425C). (A variant of "Whitebear Whitker" is known by Stanley Robertson and Betsy Whyte as "The Black/Red Bull of Norway.") And finally
another international tale type told by Marshall Ward is the trickster tale "Bobtail and the Devil" (AT 1030 and AT 1036). The Ward story is a variant of Grimm's "Peasant and Devil" only in the case of "Bobtail" there are two added competitions: the dividing of the hogs and tossing the hammer. When Bobtail threatens to toss the devil's hammer up to heaven the Devil knows he's been beaten and in a great fury grabs his hammer and heads back to hell.

Function of Storytelling

All of these imaginative folk tales with their distinctive Appalachian character have endured generations of family tellings with the occasional individual storyteller's invention to keep them fresh for up and coming audiences of children. Mostly the stories have been told for entertainment. Frank Proffitt Jr. sums up the general attitude in this way:

I think the stories were used a lot of the time to have something for bored old folks and to get wriggling young'uns to settle down. So that would be for entertainment. Also, according to my uncle, Ray Hicks, they were used for another purpose, to get kids to work better. "You kids shuck corn, hoe the garden and chop the wood and I'll tell you some Jack tales." (Proffitt Jr., letter, 1981.)

Ray Hicks too regarded the first function of storytelling when he was a boy as entertainment which existed mainly for the enjoyment of children as well as to keep them quiet.

...all men and women nearly was a-tellin stories because that was their entertainment. Ye see they had to dry everything and they raised so many kids to a family and that's when they would, women would all go in to each ones cabin and go through when one's first beans got ready, the pumpkins to dry. And they'd start at
Life was hard and survival meant everybody had to pull his weight, even the children. Storytelling became a reward for work well done. As Ray said,

"Younguns...they was all made to work. Had to be a-doin something would help out to live. And their playin was nothin back then only just when they'd tell these tales. The settin of a night or maybe have a break at the weekend. Sabbath, rest on the Sabbath for they teach'd it out of the Holy Bible. [The stories] like I said awhile ago, it was to entertain them. The rest periods, and then they'd tell 'em to keep 'em down while they was a-workin, whar they'd git rowdy, ya know. But it was more for entertainment to rest 'em adder they done their work. They always said 'Now do that work good and when we git it done we'll tell a tale.' Boy, that'd make 'em work. And they'd say to one another, 'Oh, gosh, lets work. They're goin ta tell us a Jack tale or a ghost tale or an Indian tale.' (RmD 1980/1)

Ray also spoke of storytelling as a family affair. As already mentioned the grandparents would amuse the children by telling them stories, which allowed their parents time to get on with their own chores. There were also periods when everybody relaxed. A family would gather by the fire after a hard day's work, or as was also common, grandparents, parents, children and other relatives and friends would get together on a Sunday evening after a hard week's work. And along with general conversation and perhaps some music there would be storytelling for the pleasure of all present since according to Ray many of the adults enjoyed hearing the stories along with the children.
There was storytelling in the evenings, up in the night, after supper was eaten and their work done up. The parents would come with the boys and girls and the boys would help the father bring in the firewood and the girls would help the mother and then they'd tell stories, and they all was tickled. (BMD 1982/7)

For Stanley Hicks and his sister Hattie Presnell storytelling was also associated with family good times. Again, stories were for entertainment. Other motives such as to educate or present moral teachings were not a conscious consideration. When Hattie Presnell was asked whether the Jack tales or any of the other stories she remembers as a child were ever told to the children to teach them lessons, her answer was emphatic. "No, I don't believe they did. I never did hear no tellin of it. Just for fun, I mean keep the young'uns I'd say satisfied." (BMD 1982/30)

Stanley talks about summer get-togethers and how work and play were combined.

It was isolated. It wasn't particularly settled when I was a boy. You'd have to walk five or ten miles to your neighbours or your kinfolk, something like that...But ye got together about, through the summer time they'd get together about every weekend, ye know... Makin music and tellin stories and stuff...And they'd have log rollins, ye know, where they cleaned up new ground, and they'd gang in and roll logs and stuff...People back then helped one another out... They'd tell stories, play music, dance and all that, and the fall of the year we'd have corn shuckin when everybody'd gather in, pull the corn off. You'd [work hard] but have a lot of fun too. And you'd have games they'd play to shuckin the corn. They'd put a gallon of whiskey, an old corn jug down right in the bottom part of the corn, about the middle ways of it. And who ever got it first got the first drink of liquor. And you talk about shuckin corn! They'd shuck all right to get into that jug of corn. Take a big drink of it and then they'd pass it around. (BMD 1982/26)

Though the main family get-togethers occurred in the warmer months, winter was not without its good times. Usually it would just be the immediate family that gathered around the fire of an evening to share
music and stories. But there was always a chance that Saturday night might bring a gathering of nearby neighbours and kin when the weather wasn't too fierce. Hattie: "Every night when it was cold in the winter [my daddy] would build a big fire and sit and tell tales till bedtime. Saturday night somebody'd come in. They'd play the fiddle, the banjo, the dulcimer and we'd dance. We enjoyed ourselves." (BmD 1982/28)

Marshall Ward associates his first hearing of tales with bedtime stories told by the fire. These evenings his father would get started telling tales and "he wouldn't quit till midnight!" And according to Marshall Ward, as a boy, he'd stay up till the last story was told. In this way Ward claimed he learned all his Jack tales by the age of five, just by hearing his father, and also his uncle tell them so often. (McGowan 1978/52)

Ward in his turn told the stories to entertain his own children, which is also the case with Hattie, Stanley, Ray and Frank Jr. But Marshall Ward was also a teacher for thirty years and during those years he told his Jack tales to generations of young children in a school setting. Certainly the tales entertained. His fifth grade classes could look forward to a story or two from him on a Friday afternoon to end the week. But, perhaps because he was an educator and also a pillar of the Baptist church, Ward saw the Jack tales as more than just make-believe fun. Mrs. Jane Stephenson remembering her school days at Banner Elk observed "...he would tell Jack tales at our "chapel services" on a regular basis." But Mrs. Stephenson was also quick to point out that as a child she thought of the stories as entertainment and was not aware they were used as an educational tool.
Personally, I think [Marshall Ward] just enjoyed telling stories for he was good at it and obviously enjoyed watching children respond to him. I am not sure that he thought of the stories as educational but he would occasionally moralize after one. Mostly, I think he entertained us—or rewarded us with a story. (Stephenson, letter/Mar. 1985)
Chapter 4

STANLEY ROBERTSON: HIS STORY AND MUSIC TRADITIONS

Historical Background of Family Tradition Bearers

Tradition bearers are to be found among both Stanley's father's and his mother's people. Perhaps the most famous storyteller going back on his father's side was William Stewart, known as Aul Bill, who was married to Mary Croll. Aul Bill was Stanley's great grandfather. His great great grandfather was James Stewart, a noted piper. James Stewart's wife was Maria McPhee who was regarded as the family storyteller. We can assume that at least some, if not most, of Aul Bill's extensive story repertoire could be attributed to his mother, Maria McPhee. It must be remembered though that stories were constantly being told at campfire gatherings where several families would share their songs and tales. This meant Aul Bill could have drawn upon many sources for his stories. Stanley has said himself, not all of his story repertoire can be attributed to his parents. Many of the tales he knows were first told to him at impromptu ceilidhs by storytellers he has long forgotten.

Another son of Maria McPhee who was known as a storyteller and proceeded to produce a line of raconteurs was John Stewart, familiarly known as Jock. Jock Stewart settled in Perthshire establishing what is best known as the Blairgowrie branch of the family. Three of his sons,
Andrew, John and Alec, became well known for their storytelling skills and for their storehouse of Marchen and traveller legends. (See Shiela Douglas's doctoral thesis on the Stewarts of Blairgowrie, Stirling University, 1985). Though Stanley Robertson and the Stewart brothers are direct descendants of Maria McPhee, the Stewart and Robertson story repertoires are quite different. They have versions of some international tale types in common, but there are enough totally different stories to point up the fact that John Stewart's travelling territory in Perthshire did not overlap much with William Stewart and his descendants in Aberdeenshire. In fact down through the years there has been a certain rivalry between these two family branches, and they have not always been on the friendliest of terms.

James Stewart and all of his sons were well known pipers— Jock, Duncan, Aul Bill, Robin, Andrew and Donald. According to family claims Jock became "piper to the Duke of Athol" and John and Alec developed into fine pipers like their father. However, the recognized champion piper of the family was Donald Stewart.

Following down Aul Bill's line, his children were all talented tradition bearers. Aul Bill's son James Stewart of Forfar was, according to Stanley, a rare storyteller with a natural comic flare. Stanley heard his great-uncle tell stories many times and managed to tape record him once before he died. Two of James' sisters, Stanley's Great Auntie Maggie and Granny Maria, not only were fine storytellers, but they had a considerable repertoire of songs which were passed down to them from their mother, Mary Croll.

It was Maria's daughter, Jeannie (Regina) Robertson, who became the most famous unaccompanied ballad singer in Scotland at the height
of the folk revival in the sixties. Jeannie learned a good part of her repertoire from her mother. This was a conscious effort on Jeannie's part. She would listen to Maria sing the same songs over and over again. "[Jeannie] picked up the airs first, and then learned words. Maria sometimes helped her with the words, and Jeannie would practice them while doing house chores, when no one was around." (Smith / 49)

Both of Jeannie's grandmothers, Bonnie Annie Stewart and Mary Croll, were reputed to have been exceptionally beautiful ballad singers. Unfortunately Bonnie Annie died in her thirties. Maria Stewart might well have known Annie when she was a child and learned some of her songs. More probably she would have learned most of her songs from her own mother.

Jeannie was an accomplished storyteller as well as singer. Stanley recalls how his aunt, as one of the bolder traveller women, would sing and tell stories at campfire gatherings. She knew many Marchen, and was a master at telling shaggy dog stories and comic tales. Though Jeannie could be counted on to tell a good story, her first love was singing. She was regarded by her own people as having a great talent, without her equal when it came to interpreting the "big" ballads.

Jeannie's daughter, Lizzie Higgins, grew up hearing her father's piping and her mother's singing and developed a love for both pipe music and traditional songs. Lizzie began to sing at an early age, her father having taught her her first song when she was four. Lizzie learned many songs from Jeannie as well as her Granny Maria and in the process imitated some of their singing style. With encouragement from both parents she has gone on to become a successful singer of ballads.
in the folk revival scene.

Stanley, in the tradition of his family, has developed into an excellent unaccompanied ballad singer. He has been exposed to a number of musical influences throughout his life. His Aunt Jeannie was one of the first to encourage his singing when he was a little boy, something Stanley has never forgotten. Stanley loved and admired his aunt very much and grew especially close to her toward the end of her life when she was very ill. He learned some of Jeannie's songs from hearing her sing at family gatherings, but Jeannie never taught Stanley specific songs, nor did Stanley deliberately go out of his way to learn them. In fact he was discouraged from doing so, as Lizzie felt her mother's songs belonged to her. She did not want Stanley singing them, at least not in public. This is an example of the kind of cousin rivalry often found between branches of traveller families. Stanley feels jealousy and rivalry of this kind is damaging to the solidarity of the travellers as a culture. But regrettably, it is a fact of traveller life that is not going to go away.

Stanley's own singing style is unique to him, and yet he has a rich vocal quality similar to Jeannie. However Stanley credits his mother, father and his Great Aunt Maggie Stewart for contributing most to his musical development. From all three he learned a vast repertoire of songs and ballads. Stanley was very close to Maggie, who lived near his family in Aberdeen for many years. She not only taught him many ballads, but her own special style of singing.

The Robertson line produced their tradition bearers too--pipers, singers, and storytellers. Stanley's own father, William Robertson, could claim all three talents. He was most noted for his piping having
been a regimental piper in both World Wars. Stanley's grandfather Donald Robertson, known as Soldier Donald, was also a military piper and a fine singer. In fact pipers and singers come all the way down the Robertson line. Stanley learned piping from his father, and he in turn has taught his eldest son, Robert, the skills of the piper. Father and son have often piped together both in marching bands and at family ceilidhs.

There were also pipers and storytellers on Stanley's mother's side of the family. Both Elizabeth's great-grandfathers were excellent pipers--Roderick MacDonald and Alan Stewart. Alan Stewart's son, David, who spelled his name 'Stuart', was a piper like his father. It was his sister, Bonnie Annie Stewart, who married Donald James Robertson, thus connecting the Robertson, Stewart (Stuart) and MacDonald lines.

It is not known whether David Stuart or his wife Rachel MacDonald were storytellers, but their daughter Rebecca Stuart, Elizabeth's mother, was an excellent teller of tales as was her husband Joseph Edward MacDonald. Joseph MacDonald, known as Old Geordie, was formerly a Brooks from England, a non-traveller. He took his wife's mother's name MacDonald and adopted the traveller life-style. As a former circus man he associated with English gypsies and picked up many stories from them as well as other people he met in his travels with the circus. Stanley remembers his grandfather well because the old man lived with the Robertson's the last nine years of his life. Stanley found his grandfather's stories unlike any others in the family and he delighted in hearing them when he was a boy.

Elizabeth MacDonald, Stanley's mother, was a lovely singer of ballads. She was a shy woman and had a soft, gentle way of singing.
Unlike her bolder and more colourful sister-in-law, Jeannie, she rarely sang at campfire ceilidhs, but rather saved her songs for her immediate family. Elizabeth also had a large repertoire of stories which she told her children when they were young.

Stanley views music, singing and storytelling as equally valuable aspects of the traveller culture. Stanley is as much a piper as he is a singer and a storyteller. His pipe tunes and song repertoire run into the hundreds. He knows many of the very long classic ballads which travellers have preserved perhaps more completely than most of the settled Scots-speaking population.

How much borrowing of oral material went on between the early travellers and the country hantle is a matter of speculation. However, we can see by the large number of classic ballads that are in traveller repertoires and the number of Marchen the two groups have in common that there must have been some degree of interaction between these groups at one time. Or perhaps, as Stanley suggests, the songs and stories entered traveller tradition as dispossessed highlanders and other malcontents joined the ranks of the travelling people, adding their oral traditions to those of the travellers. An example could well be Stanley's grandfather, Old Geordie MacDonald, a non-traveller who contributed numerous tales he had collected on his travels throughout Scotland, England, Wales and the continent that have gone into Stanley's traveller repertoire.

Today traveller songs and stories are being recorded by collectors in an effort to preserve them. The folk revival which began in the sixties and is still flourishing is giving some notice to traditional performers like the Stewarts of Blairgowrie, Duncan Williamson, Betsy
Whyte, Lizzie Higgins and Stanley Robertson. These talented travellers are being heard, appreciated, and even imitated, as was Jeannie Robertson before them.

It was Hamish Henderson from the School of Scottish Studies who discovered Jeannie Robertson and was instrumental in promoting her appearances before a non-traveller audience. Jeannie's success and popularity opened the door for other travellers to follow.

Lizzie Higgins did not start to sing professionally until 1968 when she was thirty-nine years old. What delayed her decision to go professional was first the problem of giving up a good steady job for an uncertain future, and second the worry of having to compete with a famous mother. However, with much encouragement from both her parents and many friends, Lizzie left her job in the fish house and began to take professional singing engagements at clubs and festivals. After a difficult start and periods of illness and discouragement, Lizzie has won recognition as one of Scotland's finest women ballad singers.

Stanley, like his cousin, did not begin to sing in public until he was in his thirties. Both Lizzie and Stanley were shy about exhibiting their talents before scaldie audiences. Taking the big step from spontaneous ceilidh singing to a staged performance was awesome. Among their families, friends and relatives at home gatherings singing and storytelling was something natural. Everybody participated and each person was warmly received for his or her contribution to the general entertainment. To go before a paying audience and be critically judged for one's performance was altogether a different matter.

Even now, Stanley does not see himself as a professional singer.
It has never occurred to him to leave his long standing job cleaning fish in a fish house and throw his lot in with the commercial revival as his cousin has done. A family man with six children could not take such a risk. But there is another reason for not going professional even more important to Stanley. There are aspects of the commercial side of the revival that he views as potentially damaging to travellers.

Stanley looks upon his oral traditions as an integral part of his culture. He certainly wants to see them preserved and is very open to collectors taping his songs and stories. He also believes in sharing his traditions with a wider audience, and in this regard he feels the revival has been a positive force in opening up such opportunities for travellers. He does perform for his church, and he regularly enters folk festival singing and storytelling contests. He also accepts occasional invitations to perform at folk clubs and universities. He has been once to Denmark and twice to the States and Canada on lecture and performance tours. All this he has enjoyed tremendously. It gives him a great deal of satisfaction to be able to share his traveller heritage with others. None of these experiences have been commercial ventures, nor has he sought out such opportunities. In each case he was an invited guest with his expenses covered, but a commercial fee was not included.

Stanley regards these kinds of public appearances as a major step away from the campfire gatherings so important in his childhood. He prepares for them in a way not called for among his own people. When he is on stage he must project his personality and dramatically enlarge his performance style to reach out and capture an audience of maybe
hundreds rather than the handful of family members he was used to.

Though Stanley can accept this, for him, entering the sphere of commercial folk singing adds a further risk for a traveller singer. When financial gain is the prime motive the performer must naturally think first of pleasing his paying public. Stanley fears that in the case of a traveller being regularly exposed to Scaldie audiences' latest popular demands, he could well end up sacrificing his own unique traditional way of singing and turning his whole performance into an untraditional "folksy" style. In so doing the traveller loses his identity and becomes just another "folk-singer" out to make his living.

Already Stanley has observed imitation between traveller and revival unaccompanied singers. He feels it has resulted in a blurring of the distinctive vocal styles of certain traveller singers.

Stanley also sees the danger of traveller performers being exploited by commercial agents and musicians. At one time Stanley gave forty of his songs and ballads to a well known professional revival singer. The singer has since used his material in live performances and recordings and never even acknowledged his contribution. Stanley has also been recorded on commercial records with only token recognition. Stanley's attitude toward the commercial revival from his own experiences is one of suspicion.

Music and Storytelling in Stanley's Childhood

When given a choice, Stanley still prefers piping, singing and storytelling with his family and friends. This is the way it was when
he was a child and the magic of it has never left him.

As a small boy camping at Lumphanan, Stanley especially enjoyed the evenings when the different traveller families gathered around the fire.

They didnae say there wis goin tae be a ceilidh. They would just go tae the fire and sit aroon and by this time it was late on. And the old folk would start speakin and tellin stories. They aye started off wi stories. And after the stories would finish, the creepy, very creepy stories they used tae tell. And maybe somebody would tell, "A queer thing happened to me such and such a time." Somebody else spoke up, "Another funny thing happened," and ye'd got aa these strange stories. And after ye got these stories somebody would say, "Never mind telling a story, let's have a song." Somebody 'ud sing a song. Next thing folk 'ud get their fiddle and start playin. Aye, aaways pipes, fiddles and accordians. They seemed tae appear fra noohere. And they'd play spoons and jews harps and the strangest things they used. (SA 1981/84)

It was at such occasions that Stanley learned most of his songs and stories. He admits that as a child he was more interested in tales than he was in learning to play the pipes or sing. In fact he learned the stories to the ballads before he heard them as songs. His mother told the ballad stories just as she would any other traditional tale. Stanley particularly recalls his mother telling him the fairy ballads. She would highlight the story by singing a key verse or two to make the telling more dramatic. Stanley felt she did this because some of the stories like "Tam Lin" were so long and complex that if she sang all the verses her children would not be able to follow the complicated action or would lose interest before the story's end.

The songs, most of my songs I got them off o my mother as stories fan I was a bairn. Ken, my mother used tae tell us the stories. Later when folks sang ye the songs I knew 'em, but I never was interested in the song...Even yet there are ballads I dinnae ken. I can tell ye the story of the ballad though I never sang
the ballad in my life. But if I hear the ballad sang very quickly I'll pick up the tune, because it's just like somebody echoing something auld back in your past. Something sparks off in your mind and ye say, oh, I ken that. (SA 1981/84)

Stanley views the ballads in a different way from the stories, though they are two arms of the same tradition.

The ballad was a more personal thing than a story. The story was open, for everybody. And it could change with each storyteller like with the Jack tales. Now you might not think of this, but the ballad usually was aimed at you, because... occasionally a person would stand up and sing a ballad tae abody, but usually fit would happen say I was over at my Auntie Jeannie's camp, an maybe she was washin somethin or cleanin tatties at the burn, she would say tae ye, "Do you ken this song or this place over here?" And she'd point tae something, maybe a tower. Well, then she'd say, "Well, laddie, I'll tell ye the story of this place, and I'll sing ye the song tae it." And it was very, very personal. And then maybe she'd sing ye, "My Son David." (SA 1981/26)

It was not until Stanley was an adult that he sensed the true importance of the ballads sung by his people.

The ballads played a great important factor in my life because they taught history lessons actually on location. It was lovely to be at Drum and then hear the ballad, "The Laird of Drum", or to be at Udny and hear "Bonnie Udny" or Fyvie and hear "Tifty's Annie" or at Tarland and hear "Corachree" or Monymusk and hear "Johnnie o the Brine." As a child I thought everybody knew these songs, their stories, and I did not realize until a later age just how precious these gems were. I loved to hear Auld Maggie Stewart sing some of these ballads. She had such a love for them. My mother would sing them as well, though it was my Auntie Jeannie who had such beauty and skill with the classical ballad. I gained more knowledge from the teachings of the ballad stories than I did from the history teachers at school. I was taught very little from school. My father also sang ballads and he was a good singer. Between both parents I gained different versions of the same ballads. (Letter, Oct. 1981)

The notion that the old ballads told of true historical happenings is echoed by other travellers. When Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger were collecting traveller songs they visited the Hughes family camp in
Dorset. Old Mrs. Hughes sang a number of ballads like "Lord Thomas and fair Ellender," "Barbara Allen," and "Little Sir Hugh." She referred to them as 'relegends'. When asked what she meant by the term, one of the travellers replied, "Relegends is our history, like. Take 'em away and what we got? We got nothing." (MacColl / 15)

When Stanley was a child singing, music and storytelling was for him a way of life. Less went on in the wintertime because families rarely got together for ceilidhs. However, for one happy period his parents moved to an old tenement in Hanover Street where his father's youngest sister, Auntie Bella, lived. All the neighbours were poor, and kind to one another. This was also the time his mother won 500, worth a tremendous amount at that time, and she was able to decorate their flat. His father completely stopped drinking and a beautiful harmony existed at home. At this period too traveller friends would come by for informal parties. The men would go to the boxing on Friday nights and then come back to his parents' house.

Great fun! Piping, singing and especially storytelling— that was the natural thing. Ghostie stories. But the Jack tales was more in the country than the toon. But ghostie tales was super an that. 'Ken, these people wud enthral ye... an sometimes they told religious stories. I can remember greetin, an...right enough they were shapin your character. (SA 1983/47)

It was a wonderful period the few years it lasted. "Television killed it," according to Stanley. Stanley's mother was one of the first people in the neighbourhood to buy a set, and the travellers would come on a Friday and watch it instead of telling stories. The novelty of the television was more interesting. Then the travellers started getting television in their own homes and that stopped the visiting on Friday nights. "But," said Stanley, "in the country there wasnae any
TV. That's fan the travellers aa got taegether again. But it killed the art o storytellin in the houses. Before we got the TV stories was telt aa the time. 'Ken, it was non-stop.' (SA 1983/47)

Stanley even now as an adult does not like living in the close confines of a council block in Aberdeen. He does so because he has to earn a living and because his wife has the responsibility of looking after her aged parents who live near them.

Stanley's happiest times were his summers up until the age of fifteen when his family camped along the Deeside and the Donside. Most cherished of all are his memories of their regular long stays at The Old Road of Lumphanan. He was the second youngest child, but the older siblings one by one had to quit travelling in order to take jobs in the Aberdeen fish houses. Stanley's mother in the last few years also stayed home. She was not a well or strong person and the camping was hard on her. She also felt it was her duty to remain in Aberdeen and look after her working daughters. Even then she and her daughters would take the bus out to Lumphanan and join the camping side of the family for weekends. Stanley's father refused to give up travelling until 1954 when the Old Road of Lumphanan was officially closed to travellers. The closure was a terrible blow since the family use of the road by both Robertsons and MacDonalds, had extended back well over a hundred years.

Stanley's attachment to the Old Road is such a part of his own inner being, his own philosophy of life, if you will, that too much stress cannot be laid upon it. Virtually, Stanley views his oral traditions and The Old Road as inseparable. The road influenced his traditions and his traditions have added their own special colour to
On one occasion when Stanley took me to see The Old Road and we were standing at the camping grounds, he had this to say:

I'm here half way in the Old Road of Lumphanan right under a tree I call the Tree of Life because it was a tree I used tae stand beside fan I was a bairn. It's far we used tae pitch oor camp. And my mither used tae aye say that this was the best tree in aa the wood because if I lived a good life I would grow up fine and strong like this tree. This is the part far aa the auld travellers used tae camp.

To me it's a great road. It's a road A dearly love. It's a road that has played a lot in shaping my character. It's a road far the Jack tales became alive. It's a road far I sat and listened tae the old travellers gathered in a circle and the wee bairns would gather in an outer circle and listen to these auld tales, sometimes of the supernatural, sometimes the fairy tales. But no matter fat they tellt ye they held ye enraptured with aa.

Ye didnae need any visual aids to ken what they was sayin because Mother Nature was a visual aid tae ye. An aa roon aboot yir environment there was nothin but beauty. Ye could see the yellow in the whins, the green ferns and the fir trees and the larches, and aa the bonny beauty, the blue forget-me-nots, the rose bay willow-herb. All the beauty o nature just unfolded. And to me it will aalways be a beautiful part o my life. (SA 1981/23)

In Stanley's words we detect the strong affinity travellers have for nature, a spiritual affinity drawing man and nature into one accord.

**Ballads and Ballad Stories**

As already noted Stanley was more interested in stories as a small boy than he was in songs and singing. However, music was as much a part of his life as breathing. Even in Aberdeen his mother would sing throughout the day while she was doing her housework and other chores. Her mood would be reflected in the songs she sang. They were not
always traditional songs. She also knew the popular tunes of the day and would sing her favourites. Most often, though, Stanley remembers her singing spiritual songs and hymns. Perhaps they gave her comfort as life in Aberdeen was for the most part very grim.

The longer Child ballads and the fairy ballads were saved mostly for the summer. In the evenings in Lumphanan Elizabeth would gather the young ones to her and enthral them with the stories of the fairy ballads which were filled with magic and other-worldliness. The natural setting amongst the trees with the sun low and the shadows long made a perfect mood backdrop for her storytelling. As a boy Stanley was so enraptured with these supernatural tales that to him they were more real than they were make-believe. Elizabeth sang the fairy ballads too, but mostly among her immediate family or for the traveller children.

One fairy song his mother taught him when he was very young and which he in turn used to tell and sing to his own 'wee bairns' was "Tammy Toodles." This is the story of a 'poor wee menny' with a huge hump on his back who is ostracized by the townsfolk because of his size and deformity. The fairy folk feel so sorry for him that they build him a little house in the woods where he lives happily beside the fairy folk for the rest of his life.

On the surface this song appears to be no more than a nursery ballad. Actually it is one of a type Stanley refers to as "songs of rejection." The hunchback Tammy is rejected by society because of his deformity. He is ridiculed and considered inferior, just like the travellers. The message is clear even to very young children who like Stanley and his brothers and sisters were subjected to prejudice from
their earliest remembrance.

One of Stanley's favourite songs is his mother's version of the fairy ballad "Young Tam Blain," ("Tam Lin' Child 39). Stanley tells "Young Tam Blain" partly in verse and partly as a prose fairy tale. He recites or sometimes sings certain key verses in order to increase the supernatural and dramatic effects of this magical tale. He has never sung this ballad in its entirety but prefers his mother's interpretation. Here Stanley's excellent talents as storyteller and singer are given full scope.

Stanley's father loved every kind of music. Stanley grew up hearing his street songs, classical ballads, bothy ballads, broadsheet ballads, music hall tunes, and Irish songs. He could even sing songs from operettas, as he performed in a number of musical shows when he was on military active service. Like many travellers William had a particular liking for cowboy songs. These American ballads told of the life of men, free-spirited like the travellers, who "hit the dusty trail", chased wild horses and drove cattle across the prairies. Stanley recalls the time his father was hawking along the Donside. It was a beautiful day and he was feeling good, and as was his custom on such occasions he sang aloud to the happy-go-lucky rhythm of his walking. He happened to be singing the cowboy song "When It's Twilight on the Trail". One of the country folk stopped him and said, "Willie, you couldn't have picked a better song, 'cause you certainly look as pleased and content with your life as that cowboy you're singing about." (story told by Stanley, not taped)

Maggie Stewart was a storehouse of old ballads and she also wrote songs herself. Stanley is particularly grateful to his great aunt for
all the songs and stories she shared with him over the years.

The songs of Maggie's that meant the most to Stanley were the supernatural ballads. The strangest in her repertoire was called "Lady Marcia". Stanley describes "Lady Marcia" as "a tale and song of very, very ancient witchcraft with a horribly weird tune." Maggie told the story and only sang the last verse. Stanley in turn presents the piece in the same manner. "Lady Marcia went for a walk, doon by the hollow tree, And there she saw a young man as plain as plain can be." Thus starts a supernatural legend that supposedly took place hundreds of years ago.

Lady Marcia was the wife of a rich earl. One strange night when the sun had set in the East and the moon was high in the sky, Lady Marcia took a notion to walk through the garden down to a hollow tree. There she saw a handsome man. They stared silently at each other and then the man galloped away. A second and a third night Lady Marcia went down to the hollow tree. For these two more nights the sun set in the east and she saw the man. By now she was deeply in love with him. On the third and last night he stood clearly in the moonlight and she could see he was only half a man. The bottom half of his body was that of a beast. So beautiful was the man, that the fact he was a demon did not matter to Lady Marcia. She wanted him desperately, but had to wait seven months until again the sun set in the east. And so it was on a Halloween Eve Lady Marcia met her lover at the hollow tree, climbed on his back and they rode away into the night.

The final verse which Stanley sings to a very eerie tune is:

The earl went lookin for his lady
As the sun set in the East,
But she was never seen again,
With her half man and half a beast.
(SA 1979/26)

Stanley also sings a number of Maggie's supernatural murder ballads. One such is "Hate Goes Beyond the Grave." A boy gets a girl in trouble. He rejects her as a suitable wife in favour of another girl. To be rid of the first girl he murders her. Her hideous apparition appears in the dark night and asks him to repent and she will forgive him. When he refuses she tears him into pieces and hangs his body parts on a stile.

Another favourite Stanley likes to sing is "Young Hugh" or "The Jew's Daughter" (Child 155). This is both a murder and a rejection ballad. In teaching "Young Hugh" to Stanley, Maggie reversed the standard interpretation of the character of Hugh. In the Child versions Hugh is a good Christian boy who is lured away and viciously murdered by Rebecca, the Jewish girl who lives next door. The song evolved out of an old legend where it was claimed Jews in Lincoln stole a Christian boy each year and tortured and crucified him in the manner of Christ.

Maggie and Stanley see the boy Hugh as selfish and cruel. Rebecca, in their song version, is the victim of his insensitivity. Rebecca loves Hugh deeply, but because she is Jewish, Hugh rejects her and ridicules her in public. She is driven to despair, and finally when the opportunity arises she invites him into her house and after making love, stabs him and throws his body down a deep well. She is guilty of murder, but Hugh is far from blameless himself. Though Hugh's body is never found, his father orders the slaughtering of two hundred Jews in reprisal. Here we have the travellers' example of the early persecution of the Jews. A Jew commits a crime of passion and
frustration against a member of the ruling society. That same society retaliates by murdering two hundred innocent Jews. One could easily draw a parallel between the persecution of the Jews and the persecutions of another minority group, the travelling people.

Songs of murder and the supernatural comprise a major portion of Stanley's ballad repertoire. Though many of these songs came from Great Aunt Maggie, he learned others from his mother and Jeannie. Stanley sees these ballads as historical legends. Some examples are: "The Selkie of the Sule Skerry" (Child 113), which his mother taught him along with "The Cruel Mother" (Child 20), "Proud Lady Margaret" (Child 47), "The Night Visiting Song" (Child 248), "Young Kenneth" or "The Unquiet Grave" (Child 78), and "My Son David." (Child 13). "My Son David" Stanley heard sung by his mother, Jeannie and Maggie. He learned all three of their versions. Jeannie's version is full bodied and well paced in its rhythm. Elizabeth's interpretation is slow and solemn, giving it almost the feeling of a religious song, and Maggie sang it to a quick upbeat tempo that made it into quite a lively piece.

There are also ballads not found in Child's collections which have been passed down within Stanley's family for generations. One such ballad is called "Lord Donald." Stanley took the tune of this song from Jeannie and the words from his mother. Elizabeth never sang this particular song but recited it as a poem. The song tells the story of Lord Donald who was murdered by his sweetheart for witchcraft purposes.

Another less grim example from his mother is "The Fair Maid of Glenshee." This is a love story with supernatural undertones. A boy sees a beautiful girl tending her flocks. He falls under an
enchantment and is convinced that he cannot live without her. When he tells her this she warns the boy not to court her because she is regarded by the villagers as some kind of witch or nymph, a child of nature. An interesting point here is that Stanley often refers to travellers as "children of nature." The girl feels rejected by society because she is 'different' and presumably warns the boy so he will not suffer the same rejection by associating with her.

A particularly fascinating murder ballad Stanley learned from his mother is "The Two Little Boys." Elizabeth believed this song to be very old, dating back to the 12th century. It is the story of twin boys whose parents have died. They are left in the care of their mother's second husband. He wishes the twins dead in order that he might keep the inheritance left them by their mother. When the boys are returning home from school one day they each take a different route in order to race one another. The stepfather catches the boy on the low road and drowns him. The twin brother witnesses the murder from the high road. That night he poisons his stepfather and thus gets his revenge. This is an interesting reversal on the usual Marchen where the stepmother is the villain.

Finally, another category of ballads that tie in with many of the above mentioned songs, are the love ballads. Many of these end in death either due to murder or pining away for lost love. "Young Emslie" is an example of the latter. It tells the story of a young girl in love with a sailor lad. Her parents murder and rob the boy, and the daughter sees that they are exposed for their cruel crime. An example of the former is "Lord Lovat" (Child 75). It was sung by both Stanley's mother and Jeannie. The versions were similar, but not quite
the same. Stanley accepts his mother's story of Lord Lovat and Lady Nancy Bell as the true one.

Though Stanley's repertoire includes all kinds of folksongs these legend ballads are the most meaningful to him.

Ballads that were garbed in the supernatural, that sang about strange and gruesome happenings, were obvious extensions of the eerie tales told around the campfire. Their themes and even story plots were very similar, so much so that the travellers, at least in Stanley's family, told the ballad legends as stories as often as they sang them. For Stanley these legends were an expression of his traveller beliefs, not far removed from his own psychic experiences, and if they did not actually happen they were symbolically true.

**Stanley Robertson's Story Genres**

As with music, stories were told the year around in Stanley's family, but there were definite differences depending on whether the setting was their city flat or their country camping grounds.

In the former case, as already mentioned, "wintertime stories was an escapism". The Robertson children found city living dismal and depressing. To entertain themselves the older children would make up stories and tell them to the younger ones. Stanley also remembers that when there was no coal for the fire or food in the larder, his mother would read her own favourite stories from Grimm as well as tell the traditional nursery tales like "Nippit Fit and Clippit Fit," and "Wee Appelie and Wee Orangie." to help the children forget their cold and hunger. (SA 1981/89) On the other hand--
Lumphanan was a natural settin', right for the stories, for the supernatural... and maybe after a creepy story you'd be told, "Go doon and fill the jongs." An you heard the crinklin' of the leaves an' the funny sounds in the nicht, and ye thought of aa the things that happened in the stories, aa these things became very much alive tae ye. [And instead of the children telling stories,] the summer time was mair a listening time. (SA 1981/89)

When we were children living in Aberdeen we lived in very poor circumstances. We didnae have no wireless. There was no television in that day. Sometimes we'd go tae the pictures if we were lucky. Normally fait would happen is my mother--my father was usually drunk; when he wasnae drunk he'd aye come an tell ye stories--but my mother used tae sit and tell ye stories every nicht. An my grandda bade with us, an he wis an aul, aul man. An he sat an tol't us stories aa the time, ye ken. An we aa used tae sit an tell each other stories that we knew and heard and kent. An it was jis' a case where your repertoire built up aa the time. Same as my wee bairns can sit an tell ye hundreds o' stories oot o the blue, ye ken. An it used tae be fun... an when times were really bad, no food, cold, my mither would cheer a'body by by tellin' stories. And Janet and Chrissie, they tol't super stories... An aa my brothers and sisters could mak up stories and write poetry. We aa took turns tellin'. An my bairns tell me tales same as my parents would sit an listen tae me tell them a tale.

But the best stories was fae you were in the country, fae maybe you were bidin in some aul road, the Waasteadins or the Aul Road of Lumphan. An aa the travellers used tae sit in a circle. An it was jis' like Indians. An the bairns jis' sit very quietly an' ye listen, every word. Ye jis' sort o luxuriated in every word, ye ken. An ye got some super stories!... They didn't only tell creepy stories, though ye liked them the best. But they used tae tell ye their adventures, queer happenings an aa things like that. (SA 1979/29)

As Stanley said, hearing stories all year round he naturally built up his own repertoire. By telling stories as a child he also learned the art of the storyteller.

Of all Stanley's brothers and sisters and cousins, he is the only one who made a serious effort to remember and pass on the stories they all heard in childhood. Janet and Ina will tell an occasional story, but Stanley is the recognized master storyteller in his family. He, in
turn, has been passing them on to his own children, for storytelling in Stanley's house is a regular nightly event in spite of the television set.

Just as the folksongs and ballads Stanley sings are expressions of his traditions and beliefs, so too are his oral narratives. Stanley's repertoire is vast and includes personal experiences, dreams, family memorates, legends, religious tales, tales of the supernatural, joke tales, children's stories, and hero and heroine wonder tales.

Many of these stories have circulated from family to family, camp site to camp site, until they are recognized as the common property of all travellers-- at least from the same general area. "Jack and the Factor" [Stan-32], "The Ghost at the Crossroads" [Stan-33], "The Red Bull of Norway" [Stan-9] and "The Black Magic Bull" [Stan-10] are several that fall into this category as well as most of his joke tales and children's tales. The list is considerable since there was so much sharing between families.

However, certain stories appear to have been privately owned in that they were associated with individual storytellers. For example, "Tam o Pitsligo" [Stan-3], and "The Angel of Death" [Stan-65] were told to Stanley by his grandfather, Aul Geordie. No other member of the family ever told these stories, nor did Stanley ever hear any traveller outside his family tell them. "Aul Maidie" [Stan-37], "Jack and the Blessings" [Stan-38] appear to be the sole property of his mother; "Jack and the Snow Mountain" [Stan-45] belonged to his father, and "Baby John" [Stan-22] and "The Steel Line King" [Stan-25] he only ever remembers his Auntie Maggie telling.
The content of a storyteller's repertoire has a great deal to do with what stories he or she heard as a child. Another factor is the personality and character of the individuals he heard them from. For example, Stanley distinguishes the type of stories his mother told from those that came from his father. Elizabeth was the philosopher of the family. Her stories usually contained a moral message, implicit or explicit. She had a tendency to soften the cruel parts of the tales and even at times alter their endings to allow for forgiveness of the evil-doers. Her stories served two purposes-- to entertain and to teach.

On the other hand Stanley's father told lustier stories and never softened the action. He was also very humorous on occasions and very dramatic in his style of presentation. He would tell many supernatural memorates, legends and true experiences that in their own way served as lessons to his children. Certainly they provided insight into the hard life of the travellers.

Within my father's tales and my mother's tales was-- there's a difference in their culture. It's hard to describe but though you enjoy them equally listenin tae them, my father's tales aye seem tae have a cruel streak through them. An they were pitiless and there was nae remorse. Where in many o my mother's tales there was a gentleness came through. An there seemed to be mair forgiveness. There was aye a chance tae dae things again. There was aye a sort o repentance thing gaen on. (SA 1981/26)

My father telt a lot o funny tales like "Jack and the Enchanted Turd" that are typical o my father. An sometimes my father cud be very, very comical. An sometimes he used tae be scary... Very entertaining, my father. But if he telt ye a serious story, it was serious, ye ken. There was nae room fir humour in it.

I've haid sometimes my mother tellin the same story, but my mother aye philosophized, no matter fat she was tellin ye, every time without fail there was a moral in it. There were occasions where she said, "Now in this tale A'll tell ye there's a hidden moral." An it was very interestin 'cause you had tae find oot. An maybe there were four of us and each one wud find a different
moral tae that story. An she'd say, "Well, if you discovered that moral, then that's what you got oot o the story." (SA 1981/89)

Going back to earlier storytellers on either side of the family, Stanley credits his mother's father and his father's grandfather as two master storytellers who had a strong influence on him, even though in the case of the latter, he died before Stanley was born.

My granddad was a storyteller extraordinaire, an he was superb. See all my folk are great storytellers. There's my grandfather—ye see some o my stories are so different in context because I have the MacDonald side. My granddad claims the name o MacDonald, but he wasnae. He was really a Brooks. He run awa as a little boy. He was an Englishman, an he run awa as a little boy with the circus an he met wi the travellin people and changed his name tae my granny's name MacDonald. But he aye telt us his name was Brooks, an his people was hoteliers. An he telt us very little about his people. But he was a master storyteller. My Granny Maria's faither was Aul Bill, and he was a master storyteller. An aa these stories come doon through this other line, two master storytellers. An there wis nothing in common tae their stories. They were so different. (SA 1979/12)

Influenced by two very different story traditions, and having the strong personalities of his parents feeding Stanley stories, plus exposure to other equally individual raconteurs, it is not surprising that Stanley's stories show a wide variety of type.

**Supernatural Dreams, Experiences, Memorates and Legends**

Stories of the supernatural, be they dreams, personal experiences, memorates, legends or folktales make up the bulk of Stanley's repertoire.

Stanley tells his dreams, both sleeping and waking ones, in the
same style as he would a folktale. His dreams appear to him as complete stories, but they are very real to him and he feels they come to him with important messages that he should heed. One time for example he dreamed that he and his wife and children were staying in the country in a caravan for their holiday. Near the caravan were two houses, one neat and attractive, the other ugly and in terrible condition. The nice looking couple in the clean house warned Stanley that evil people who practiced witchcraft lived in the old house and he must keep his children away from them. In the end Stanley heard a voice warning him that the evil was in the nice house and the couple were black witches, servants of the devil. When he looked up he saw the devil himself dancing on the couple's roof. He was just in time to save his daughter Gabrielle from being sacrificed by the witches.

When Stanley finished telling this story he said he had learned a lesson by it, never to judge things by how they looked. "The basis of the thing was, I was so sure the evil was at this side, but the devil was across at that side. Appearances aren't always fit they seem tae be." (SA 1979/31)

Interestingly this theme comes up again in a Jack story called "Jack and the Seven Giants" (Bib-Stan No. 27) which will be discussed in a later chapter.

A second type of dream story Stanley tells is what in his family is called an "Indian death." This is a waking dream, for Stanley a psychic experience that actually happens to him. He has had numerous such experiences. One he tells about occurred twelve years ago when his children were small and his youngest was just a baby. He and his family rented a haunted cottage for a summer holiday. The children
slept in one room and he, Johnann and the baby shared a big bed in the
main bedroom. The bed was next to an old fashioned fireside which was
blocked up. Stanley woke in the night and suddenly felt very cold.
The end of the fireside slowly opened and a hand with Celtic rings on
its fingers reached out across his chest. Stanley was unable to move
until seconds later it went away and the fireplace closed up. The next
night he woke to hear footsteps coming up the stairs. The door opened
and there stood a handsome young man but with an aura of evil coming
off him. He was dressed in an old fashioned black priest-like robe
with a hood and on his fingers were old Celtic rings. He started
towards Stanley and as he came closer his face became hideous like the
cold clay face of a corpse. He grabbed Stanley's right wrist and his
grip was icy. Stanley fought the evil with his own evil words and the
figure vanished. But the evil was left behind in Stanley who bit his
wife in the neck drawing blood. Johnann woke up screaming. When I
asked Johnann about this experience she swore it really happened and
that it had been terrifying. (SA 1979/11)

I have recorded at least a dozen dreams and Indian deaths that
Stanley has experienced and he assures me that in his years of keeping
a diary he has recorded easily a hundred more.

Stanley and members of his family have also had innumerable
supernatural experiences. These fall into a number of categories. One
eexample are stories dealing with witches and witchcraft. Stanley told
of a friend who only a few years back got involved in witchcraft. Soon
afterwards his car became haunted by a couple who kept appearing in the
back seat. Every time he sold his car and turned it in for another,
the couple appeared in the new vehicle. The curse only got worse until
he finally crashed his last car. (SA 1979/134).

In an incident that happened about fifteen years ago, Stanley was working at the fish house with his sister Ina and his cousin Janet. They were talking about witchcraft when Stanley drew the sign of a witch on Ina's cutting board. Seconds later they saw the frightening figure at the half opened door of what appeared to be a witch dressed in a long dark robe. It totally vanished before Stanley could open the door fully and there was no place on that empty road it could have hidden. (SA 1979/30)

A few years after that Stanley and his family were visited with an evil curse put upon them by a hateful black witch. According to Stanley, the curse caused Johnann to miscarry three times and himself to lose his job before it finally spent itself. (SA 1979/11)

Other experiences and memorates tell about ghostly happenings. Every member of Stanley's family I have met had their own ghost stories to tell, personal experiences that have happened to them. As in the case of witches, there is a strong belief among travellers in ghosts and in the visitation of dead spirits, especially spirits of members of the family that have passed away. Ghosts are not generally categorized as evil and actually in many cases appear in a reassuring garb. For example, Stanley and his sister Janet have both spoken of times they have heard the loving voice of their mother calling to them on the Aul Road of Lumphanan. Stanley has also spoken of visitations he has had from members of the family who died long before he was born like his Granny Beck.

Such experiences with spirits of the dead are common among
travelling people who seem not to regard the line between the living and dead in as rigid a manner as non-travellers tend to do. Stanley told of a traveller man, the father of a woman he knew, who died suddenly leaving behind a wife and family. The daughter saw her father at night. He would often appear to her. She was never afraid because she knew he was there to protect her. Later when she got married she and her husband had a terrible row and he pushed her. The lad slept in another room that night and was visited by an angry man who warned him not to touch his child in such a way again. When the husband described the man to his wife the next morning she said he was her father. (SA 1979/143)

Stanley has not only seen spirits related to his family, but he claims to have the psychic power to see strange ghosts in haunted places. To test his ability a friend took Stanley to visit a huge mansion house on the Deeside for which he had been given the key while the owner was away. Stanley was only told the house had a "strange aura" about it. It was about 12 o'clock on a bright summer's night when Stanley was led through the house. Nothing happened until he was led down a back stairs to an old fashioned passage way with a toilet at the end. When Stanley opened the door to the toilet he was hit with a blast of icy air. He saw a tall young woman dressed in old fashioned clothes run past him. His friend saw nothing but was terribly frightened. Later Stanley told his friend the mistress of the house used to be a young woman who was pregnant and used to use this toilet when she had pregnancy sickness. These were the servant quarters, and she hanged herself on one of the overhead beams. The friend told Stanley only the owner, his wife and himself knew that story and now Stanley knew it! (SA 1979/11)
These stories are believed by Stanley to be absolutely true. There are older memorates and legends told in the family that might be a little more questionable because they happened, in many cases, before Stanley was born and have just been passed down as part of his heritage.

One tells of an experience Stanley's Granny Beck had as a young girl. She got herself a post as a servant in a mansion house on the Donside. The owners had many house guests and one of the girl's jobs was to answer any bells that rang late at night which would light up in her room to tell her from where the call was coming. Two consecutive nights a bell rang for an empty room. Each time she entered the room she heard a voice crying "VIOLA, I WANT MY VIOLA. BURY ME BY MY VIOLA." The third night the voice and the feeling of a presence entered the girl's own room and she screamed. When the mistress of the house came young Rebecca told her what had happened. It turned out a great viola player died in the now empty room, but when they buried him they never could find his viola. Rebecca warned the mistress that the poor man would never be able to find rest unless he got his viola. They searched the room and it was Rebecca who found it in a hidden cabinet at the back of the wardrobe.

Stanley has also told many memorates in connection with the camping days of his family. These include experiences of crying banshees, horses that have been spooked by evil spirits, haunted roads and haunted camp grounds, meeting the Angel of Death, ghost replays and innumerable psychic experiences of different family members.

Stanley's grandfather, Geordie MacDonald, told the story of a
traveller, Davy Stewart, and his wife and son who lived in a caravan near Ballater. The son, about twelve years of age, was walking home late one evening after a long day of hawking. He got a lift by a tall dark man driving a horse drawn coach. It did not take the boy long to figure out he was riding a death coach and the driver was the Angel of Death! [Bib-Stan No. 57] Another traveller story, supposedly true, that also took place about a hundred years ago is "Rob Haa." [Bib-Stan No. 56] This story tells of an evil Laird of the Black Arts who before he died cursed the local undertaker. Using his power as Keeper of the Grave, the black laird entered the body of a traveller, Rob Haa, with the idea of killing the undertaker. Fortunately, Aul Morag of the Glen died just in time to save the undertaker by herself assuming the power of Keeper of the Grave.

One of the strangest stories Stanley has told me is also the very oldest memarote/legend in his family. The story is about Red Rory MacDonald, an ancestor of Stanley's who was the son of Red Rory of the Glens and lived in the 18th century. [Bib-Stan No.61] Red Rory was a traveller and earned his living hawking and piping. This day he was travelling in a part of the country he had not been before and he was lucky enough to arrive at a castle where a wedding was about to take place and they were needing a piper. No sooner had the ceremony taken place when the bridegroom died having, as it turned out, been poisoned. Red Rory felt terrible and was going to leave without pay, but the lord insisted on giving him a gold sovereign. When Red Rory finally made his way home he was shocked to find he had been away three years rather than the three months he thought he had been gone. When he examined the gold sovereign it was dated a hundred years before even that time.
Traveller legends about the dreaded Burkers and body snatchers also go back many generations. They were associated with the infamous pair William Burke and William Hare who murdered men and women and sold their bodies for medical dissection in the early 19th century. Burke was hanged on January 28, 1829. According to Stanley:

Travellin people were a great target for the Burkers, because they were never registered in any of the parochial records, nor neither in the churches. And because travelling people moved from place to place, people didn't notice they went missin. Many a time by the lonely side of the country a camp has been found with all the people's belongings, and the people were never seen again, presumably taken by the Burkers... The Burkers became very proficient about their trade. They knew how to kill without damaging the body. They knew the trade secrets how tae keep the body fresh, if maybe they took someone from the country and had a long journey to get into town. They used tae put forth plans how to come intae the camp. They used to oil their wheels and put "moggans" (old stockings) round their horses' hoofs so you couldn't hear the noise of their hooves coming along. And it was very frightening. (SA 1979/131 - from a talk Stanley Robertson gave at the School of Scottish Studies)

The Burkers were also in league with folk in many houses. These people would welcome the travellers, give them drugged tea and send for the Burkers to come and take them away while they slept.

The travelling people still tell many memorates and legends about the Burkers. There is no traveller family that does not have its own collection of "true" stories telling of Burker atrocities. These legends are taken very seriously. Like the Indians as seen by the early Appalachian pioneers, the Burkers are the evil doers to be feared and to be defeated. Burker legends point up with pride the cleverness and bravery of travellers who have tangled with the Burkers and lived
to tell their stories of near escape. The dread of Burkers lingers even today though there is no evidence of murders in order to sell bodies to anatomists since Burke was alive. There is certainly no likelihood that Burkers were medical students as some travellers believe them to be, but many travellers are still suspicious of doctors and hospitals because of the stories told about Burkers.

One example of a Burker legend told within Stanley's family tells about a traveller who was warned by a song. This little story also highlights the value of the travellers' secret language, and the cleverness of travellers in beating the Burkers. One evening a traveller lad asked for lodgings at a house near Banocry. Unknown to this young man the people were in league with the Burkers. They invited him in and gave him food and a big bowl of tea. But there was a traveller laddie who was a bonded servant in this house. To warn the man that the tea was drugged he started to sing in "Romany." The woman of the house told him to stop singing. She did not understand the strange language, and did not like him to sing. But it was enough to warn the man. When no one was looking he poured his tea in the flower pot, pretended to be sleepy and was shown the way to the barn where they locked him in. The traveller looked through a crack in the barn and he could just see the Burkers' carriage coming. "He just heard the dull, dull thump of the muffled hoofs. He broke a bit in the barn and climbed oot. An he got awa intae the fields wi just minutes tae spare." (SA 1979/30)

Schwank, Joke Tales, Jokes

Jokes are very popular among the travellers. Men tend to tell
them more than women. Certainly the longer "off-colour" joke tales are
ones reserved for them. Otherwise jokes seem to be popular with
everyone. As a teenage boy at Lumphanan Stanley used to like to listen
to the traveller men who would gather away by themselves for a good
joke telling session. This is how he learned many of his comic tales.
Some travellers have the reputation of being able to create their own
"shaggy dog" jokes which can become so long and complex as to be tales
in their own right! According to Stanley his Auntie Jeannie was
particularly clever at making up shaggy dog jokes. Given the most
mundane of situations, she could exaggerate it into a comic story,
whose proportions got ever bigger as the tale grew longer.

Stanley describes a typical traveller joke as something very
different from ordinary non-traveller jokes. From his description one
can see a strong resemblance between these joke tales and Appalachian
tall tales. "They get bigger in the telling."

...the traveller jokes that was the ultimate of jokes. It took
ye an aafa long time tae tell ye [one]. Travellers were aafa fir
exaggeratin things. Ken, everythin is heightened oot and drawn
tae its very length. My Auntie Jeannie was a champion at deein
this...When she was tellin ye a story, my goodness, she wud hold
ye in suspense and she'd held ye that long, by the time she took
tae tell ye, ye sometimes forgot fat the story was aboot! (SA
1980/56)

A particularly long "shaggy dog" tale that Stanley says is typical
of the jokes he heard at Lumphanan is called "The Traveller's
Parchment." It tells of a wealthy traveller who took a trip around the
world. In Eypgt he saved a man from a band of Arabs. Out of gratitude
the man gave him a parchment written in hieroglyphics which he said
might save his life some day. But the man would not tell the traveller
what the parchment said. After that the traveller had one impossible,
hair-raising, near death experience after another. Each time he showed
the parchment, and was immediately set free by his captors who wanted
'nothing to do with him or his parchment. But still no one would tell
him the meaning of the hieroglyphics.

Finally he caught a ship bound for England, and the captain
mentioned he could read hieroglyphics. The traveller showed him the
parchment and the horror stricken captain told him he must leave the
ship at once and finish his journey in a row boat. The captain would
not tell him the meaning of the words, but agreed to translate the
passage into English and put it inside the parchment, only he must not
read it until the ship passed over the horizon. Keeping his promise,
the traveller at long last took out the parchment and held it up to
read, but before he could, a gust of wind came and whipped the
parchment out of his hands and it was gone.

Stanley calls "The Traveller's Parchment" and other stories like
it "inventive" joke tales. The longer and more impossible and
outrageous the storyteller could make his story the more acclaimed it
was. "The first time I heard ['The Parchment'] it lasted about four
hours... An we were enthralled. An everybody was aghast. An you were
gettin built up, built up, waitin for the climax, an then fat an
anti-climax!" (SA 1980/56)

Inventive tales were not only fun and funny, they served a useful
purpose.

The beauty o this tale is it gives children, aabody, a chance tae
use their own creative genius. Because this tale is so open
an... ye keep inventin, inventin places, situations, sae no two
travellers wud tell that tale the same way twice... Jist the basic
things, the parchment, ye haav tae save somebody's life tae
According to Stanley travellers did invent tales as well as passing on the old ones. Besides Auntie Jeannie, his sisters Janet, Charlotte and Chrissie were good at this, though theirs were not necessarily comic. The comic inventive genius in the family seems to have been Stanley’s great uncle James Stewart, who could enthrall adults and children alike around a campfire with his strung-out humour.

A Schwank typical of another kind heard often among travellers is "The Ghost at the Crossroads" which I first heard Bessie Whyte tell and then later Stanley. Stanley said he heard it originally from his father, but that it was in his Auntie Jeannie's repertoire too. The story is a traveller version of the international tale "Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid" (AT 1676A), which is also found in Ray Hicks's repertoire.

Finally there are the "off-colour" joke tales. These tend to take the form of the conventional fairy tale. An example is "The Fairy of the Wishing Well" which in this case Stanley heard from a female member of the family, Granny Maria, and also from his father. It starts out as a very typical fairy tale in every way. A young Irish girl finds an enchanted wishing well and wishes for a handsome princess to come and marry her. An ugly wee dwarf man who claims to be the fairy of the well tells the girl she can have her wish if she pays a forfeit. The forfeit is to live with him, clean and cook and lie in his bed for a month. When the ghastly time is finally up and she is taken back to
the well, the little man asks the girl her age. When she says nineteen, he says, "But jeepers, aren't you a wee bitty auld tae be believin in fairies?" (SA 1979/24)

Very often these stories are about a boy hero, Jack. Two examples are "The Princess That Couldnae Be Satisfied" and "The Enchanted Turd". Both these stories Stanley heard from his father. The first one was about a princess with an insatiable sexual drive who would only marry a man who could satisfy her. After his older brothers fail, Jack, with the help of a fairy, succeeds in a very humorous way and wins the princess for his wife. In the second tale Jack leaves home to find the most beautiful woman in the world to marry and unhappily for him ends up literally stuck with a magical singing turd!

When Stanley was a child the travellers' moral code concerning male/female relationships was very restrictive. Such joke tales as the above mentioned ran counter to acceptable behaviour within the group, and perhaps for that reason gave storytellers and listeners a chance to "let off steam" while having a good laugh at themselves.

Nursery Tales

Within Stanley's repertoire are stories especially for children. Interestingly these do not include Mother Goose nursery-rhymes or Aesop's animal fables for the very young. According to Stanley traveller children miss the "baby stage of Baa Baa Black Sheep," and are offered more "gutsy" stories and songs from their first experiences with oral traditions.

A particular favourite of his own when he was small and one that
he found his own children wanted to hear again and again is the
cante-fable "Wee Appelie and Wee Orangie" (AT 720) which tells the
rather gruesome tale of a mother who kills her step-daughter and serves
her cooked for dinner!

This is the first story I ever heard Stanley's daughter, Nicole,
tell seven years ago when she was five. It was a very spirited
rendition spoken in a combination of Aberdeen dialect, baby talk, and
traveller cant. Since then Nicole has been learning her father's
stories and telling them at every possible opportunity.

"The Twa Humpback Brothers" has already been mentioned as a
popular story for small children. A third one that like "The Twa
Humpback Brothers" is "scary" and humorous is the song-story, "The Aul
Woman." It has a chorus which allows the children the fun of joining
in. This story ends with a surprise:

"Oh great big fearsome bogglegadgie* wantin a heid,
what have ye done comin visitin a poor aul woman
sittin alane taenight, on a cauld winter's nicht?"

"I've oome tae get ye!" (SA 1979/25)
[*"Gadgie" is a cant word for man so "bogglegadgie" would mean
the bogeyman.]

Another one that has a surprise ending is "The Wee Bannock." This
is a very clever and funny traveller rendition of the well known
nursery story "The Little Gingerbread Boy." After many adventures in
his effort to escape being eaten, the "wee bannock" is finally rescued
by a "puddock". When the bannockie told him the people wanted to cut
him in half and devour him, the puddock said, "I'd never do that to
Stanley said that when he told this story to his own children, he did so in a dramatic style that encouraged them to cheer the little bannock on from one near escape to the next.

Stories of this kind were meant to introduce the under-sixes to the oral tradition in a manner in which they could participate themselves. Perhaps, too, it was a way of introducing them to "scary stories" to prepare them for the real supernatural stories yet to come.

Heroine Wonder Tales, Functions, Meanings and Uses

Longer fairy tales were introduced fast on the heels of the nursery stories. Even at the age of five Nicole had already heard many of Stanley's Jack tales as well as his other tales of magic, though she was probably several years older before she fully appreciated them.

Stanley admits that travellers are male chauvinists and that this is reflected in the fact that most of their stories tell of the adventures of heroes rather than heroines. The same situation exists in the Appalachian culture where women have always been subordinate to men and have been expected to remain passive while the men were regarded as strong and aggressive, the providers and protectors of the family. Within the story traditions of the mountaineers and the travellers there is no female equivalent to Jack.

Upon reflection Stanley did remember a few stories that traveller women used to like especially to tell their daughters. Among those that Stanley heard his mother tell his sisters were "Nippit Fit and Clippit Fit," (AT 510B) about a brave princess who leaves home when her
father tries to force her to marry somebody she does not love; "The Black Magic Bull" (AT511A) and "The Red Bull of Norroway" (AT511A + 425B) in which the heroine must marry an enchanted bull, lose him, and undergo difficult tests of courage and fortitude in order to find him again, a full man released from his curse; and "The Twelve Seasons" (AT 480) which tells of a cruel stepmother who sends the heroine out into the freezing snow to find strawberries. This last story originally was told by Elizabeth's father, Aul Geordie.

These stories had a more important function than just to entertain. They were educational for the girls. There were important lessons to be learned from these tales according to Stanley.

Fat I think as I look back on [these tales] now as an adult I think they were given tae give the young lassies hope and encouragement for the future. Because here were wee traveller lassies shunned by society jis like the girl was with the aul witch. Ken she was jis doon tae the lowest [before she won back her husband]. An it was tae give them hope tae say, well, dearie, though you're just a poor wee hawker lassie there's nothin stopping you from one day becoming a princess... One day you'll emerge tae be somebody...These stories give encouragement and hope for the lassies just like Jack tales give it tae the laddies. (SA 1982/79)

On further reflection Stanley added what he thought was perhaps an even more important lesson for the girls.

I suppose metaphorically it means you're going to get nothing sittin on your backside. Ye got tae go out an attack in this world...That makes me think of auld Maggie Stewart. She was tough when she was young. She was on her own fan she was thirteen years of age...My mother was the same. My mother could look for a livin when she was a wee lassie. My sister Ina could look fir a livin fan she was a wee lassie. It's jis the way a traveller was brought up. Traveller women never depended on a man. My mither never needed my faither tae mak a livin.

An it's the same with these lassies. These lassies [in the "Bull" stories] wud go oot an they dinnae depend on a man. They
loved their men, wud dee anything for them, but they managed very well with their own resources. An I think this is another thing 'at they instilled in the bairns. These [same] lassies even though they were doon an they were lookin fir [their husbands] they workit, they workit even though they didnae want tae...

They were just very good teaching methods...ye see I have taught my children this way. Right enough Gabbie, Gabrielle works in a shop...I don't give her any money. She earns her own and that makes her independent... (SA 1982/80)

Jack Tales: Functions, Meanings and Uses

Finally, there are the wonder tales of magic and the supernatural about a boy named Jack. Jack was a traveller hero. Stories about Jack have been collected from Stewarts, Whytes, Williamsons, Higgins and Robertsons. These stories were for everybody, children and adults alike. For the listening adults they were popular entertainment. For the children these stories not only entertained, they were considered an important part of their education.

In discussing the importance of Jack to the travellers, Stanley had this to say:

The Jack tales tae me, I enjoyed them. I enjoyed them because you can get something oot o them. An these stayed in your mind perhaps much better than fit any o the other tales did. Usually Jack was stupid. He aaways, usually was stupid. But aye by the end o the tale he was well respected in the community. An ye know many travellers associated themsels wi Jack, as Jack. Jack is as good as his master. Ye know like if a traveller man is gaen up tae this toffs hooses. He's mixin wi these better class people, he was jist a Jack. An he was gaen in as a fool. But I assure you Jack aaways come oot a master in the end. He knew fat he was deein. An fan some o these travellers tellt the story they were the hero. They used tae see themsels as Jack... These Jack tales are very, very real tae ye. Somehow or other they've aaways been preserved among traveller people. I never ever knew a travelling family that didn't have a Jack story... (SA 1979/142)
Duncan Williamson, another traveller with a vast collection of Jack tales echoes many of Stanley's views.

Jack was the great man...tae the travellers he was their hero...They visualized themsels as Jack...The only way they could compete and be superior tae the settled community, tae the landowners and the farmers, wis be somebody. So in their beliefs they were Jack. They were gettin their own back at the other side. That's why there're so many Jack stories around today. (McDermitt, Tocher 33, p. 144)

Stanley and Betsy Whyte both talk about the educational contribution of these tales.

Stanley: My mother used tae use the Jack tales as a great moralizing tale. Every time she told ye a Jack tale it was aye to show ye how good conquered evil, that it didnae pay ye tae be greedy, but tae share aa and tae share small an you wud reap in the harvest fan it came.

Betsy: Well, ye were speakin aboot Silly Jack stories. Well there is an aafae lot o Silly Jack stories among my family... Now they've aa got the same sort o theme tae them. The good one always comes oot best in the end, the one that's supposed tae be silly and stupid like this communicated tae oorsels ye see. 'Cause we were this, who were supposed tae be stupid, mad and dirty like Silly Jack. And we were eventually tae come good in the end like Silly Jack...

The stories was an education because it instilled in ye the fact that if you [kept] daen good you'd come best in the end. Ye got that intae ye through the stories and it never left ye. (SA 1980/49)

Travellers told the wonder tales for entertainment, but it is obvious they considered the stories to have an even greater purpose--that is to teach the children traveller morals and traditions. To these ends Jack served as a perfect hero. He was the "odd een oot", [See Stan-41], the underdog-- a description of how the travellers view themselves. Jack faced impossible odds and won out by his courage, faith, hard work, self reliance, humour and shrewdness - all important
traits for traveller children to emulate if they were to obtain success and happiness in their own lives.

Frank Proffitt Jr. in talking about the function of Jack tales to the early settlers in Appalachia, also spoke about Jack as a hero who set an example for the children. "He never gave up. He would always overcome his obstacles whatever challenges life threwed at him... I think that's a lot of the pioneers used him for, moral lessons." (BmD 1982/35)

Ray Hicks claims the stories were for entertainment and "keeping the children quiet" and yet he also admitted that they contained important moral lessons that he himself took seriously and that he thought were important to pass on to children.

The function of Jack tales as viewed by storytellers in both cultures is virtually the same. Only the stress appears to be different. The mountaineers would say the first function of storytelling is to entertain. The second function is less consciously recognized, but exists nevertheless, and it is educational in that Jack is held up as an exemplary hero for Appalachian children to emulate. Stanley Robertson and many other traveller storytellers would agree on both these functions, but would reverse their order of importance.

There is a third very important function of the traditional stories. They represent to Stanley a large chunk of his family heritage and traveller culture. Keeping the stories alive is one way to insure the preservation of the traveller "race" and its sense of history. The old stories and songs of his people help to bind travellers of the present with the spirits of those who have gone
before. Stanley cherishes the stories that have come down in his family as well as the early storytellers who told them. He feels it is his duty to preserve them and pass them on to his children. He is proud of the fact that all his children can tell at least some of the stories and Nicole is making an effort to learn them all.

This third function has also been expressed by the Appalachian storytellers. Ray considers it his mission to tell the stories passed down through his family, and that in doing so he is helping to preserve a rich culture in danger of extinction. Stanley, Hattie and Frank Jr. take this same attitude and like Ray they accept all invitations that come their way to tell the old traditional stories to mountain children and adults in schools, libraries and at festivals. "It's magic for today's children. Something from a long distance past, and their eyes brighten when they hear an old tale like those kids generations ago..." - Frank Jr. (BmD 1982/35)

Duncan Williamson expresses the feelings of many travellers when he says:

Today children get so much - toys, everything. But toys get broken. But a story can be passed on. They're never lost. Stories are kept for ever and ever. When they grow up the toys are gone, forgotten. But the travellers couldnae give anything. But they could give stories. It planted a seed in their minds 'at lasted forever. Betsy's goin tae tell the tale tolt her as a child and pass it on. I have given her something that was not bought. Something passed on for everyone. Not a toy, but a gift. That's what the travellers wanted in their families. (McDermitt, Tocher 33, p. 147)

Stanley Robertson and Ray Hicks both consider the Jack tales the stories they most enjoy telling. Where Ray can only remember fifteen, Stanley has twenty six Jack tales in his repertoire.
Structurally Stanley's Jack tales are similar to all hero Marchen. A boy Jack is the only or youngest son of a poor widow. He can be silly or stupid or he can be helpful and wise. He goes off to seek his fortune, meets with challenging adventures receiving help along the way, and in the end wins fortune and usually, but not always, a princess.

Despite the similar structure, very few of Stanley's Jack tales are conventional versions of Aarne-Thompson wonder-tale types as is the case with Ray's stories. Stanley's do have many of the recognizable elements and some give the impression of being a mixture of more than one story type. There are also family Jack tales that have in all likelihood been traveller invented as they have no parallels among the international Marchen. These have passed down side by side with the more universal tales. There is also natural change as each storyteller adapts the stories to his or her own personality and storytelling style.

Since the Jack tales will be discussed in full in the next two chapters I will end by quoting Stanley's remarks when I asked him whether he grew up with the concept of Jack tales as a body of stories separate from other wonder tales told at family ceilidhs.

It's only since I had my association with you, Barbara, do I realize these tales as "Jack tales". But when I think back now, they didnae actually say they were gaun tae tell ye a Jack tale. They'd start oot tellin ye a story, but the laddie's name was aye Jack...An it's very seldom in a story a princess gets a name. 'Ken, but it's aye important that Jack gets a name, and this could almost be like the traveller chauvinistic way. That the women didnae really get the same say as the men get.

But though I haid many, many tales o this laddie cried Jack, remember, I never seen Jack the same pairson twice. An this was the amazing thing about Jack. He could be cried Jack of a Thousand Faces. (SA 1985/233)
Ray, his wife Rosa and his son Ted on their front porch
Ray storytelling in his house
Stanley piping beside the photograph of his grandfather Soldier Donald, an excellent piper in his day.
Stanley telling “Jock and the Water Horse” on location beside the River Dee to Gabrielle and Nicole
Chapter 5

A COMPARISON OF WONDER TALES AND OTHER INTERNATIONAL TYPES
FOUND WITHIN RAY HICKS'S FAMILY AND STANLEY ROBERTSON'S FAMILY

PART 1: A COMPARISON OF THREE MÄRCHEN

The combined and overlapping repertoires of Beech Mountain storytellers: Ray Hicks, Stanley Hicks, Hattie Presnell, Frank Proffitt Jr. and Marshall Ward compare most interestingly with Stanley Robertson's family repertoire which represents, besides himself, both his parents, his grandfathers and his great aunt, from whom he learned most of his stories. Here we have two different family units-- the first, mountaineers from North Carolina and the second, travellers from Aberdeenshire. Each family, which includes closely related kin, is physically situated in a locale that has been the family centre for generations. In each case a particular storyteller has been credited with having been the master raconteur in the family responsible for passing on the bulk of the stories associated with that family. In the case of Beech Mountain that person was Council Harmon, to whom the Hickses, Presnells, Proffitts and Wards are direct descendants. In the case of the Robertsons and Stewarts of the Aberdeenshire travellers that man was William Stewart, Stanley Robertson's great, great grandfather.

When looking at a breakdown of the mountaineer and traveller repertoires the most outstanding feature they share in common is a
large body of stories about a boy named Jack. (In two stories told by Stanley Robertson, John is substituted for Jack, but the traditional structure of the these stories indicates the desirability of their inclusion in the Jack tale genre.)

The Beech Mountain Jack stories include thirteen international wonder tales that follow closely the Aarne/Thompson tale type assigned them. Another eight international folk tales include five trickster, and three luck and stupidity types giving a total of twenty one stories about Jack associated with Beech Mountain. On the other hand fourteen international Jack tales are known and have long been told within Stanley Robertson's family in Aberdeenshire. These wonder tales do not, on the whole, conform structurally to Marchen types as do their older European equivalents, and often they mix more than one AT type or add episodes that traditionally do not belong. There is only one trickster tale in Stanley's repertoire, and two tales involving sheer luck. All three are international. Besides the international Jack tales, Stanley can claim another thirteen traveller wonder tales about Jack. These are particular only to Stanley's family circle and have no obvious international connections. The female equivalent to Jack tales is also evident in the two sets of repertoires, only to a far lesser degree. Four heroine wonder tales have survived on the Beech and seven are told by Stanley.

Stories about Jack were presumably first established in Scotland, England and Ireland with historically older links to hero Marchen in Europe. Later Jack tales travelled to America with the early settlers where they quickly adapted to pioneer life. Stanley Robertson's family's Jack tale versions are less traditional by international
standards than what now exists in North Carolina, and for that matter, other parts of Appalachia. Looking at Appalachian history and the pattern of Beech Mountain settlements one can conclude that the isolation of mountain communities and the rarity of contact with lowland town and city life helped to keep the stories from changing over the generations. The intermarrying of kin and the settling of newly established families within accessible reach of one another also contributed to ensuring that story repertoires remained fairly constant. One need only look at fifteen international folk tales from Jane Gentry, a granddaughter of Council Harmon's, that were printed in the 1925 JAFL. All but one of her stories are represented in the collective repertoires of Ray, Stanley, Frank, Hattie and Marshall Ward. Ray alone tells eight Jack tales found among the Gentry collection.

It must be said that the Jack tales and other international tales in the Beech Mountain repertoires are not restricted to the one area, but as evidenced by two Kentucky collectors, Leonard Roberts and Marie Campbell, both of whom started publishing in the fifties, it is clear that many of these stories found acceptance in numerous mountain pockets. The variants do differ between one far distant community and another. This is either because the stories have changed as they have moved around, or the original pioneers that settled in the different mountain valleys brought their own local variants with them when they immigrated or picked up different variants while living on the east coast before moving inland.

Beech Mountain is unique in that there still remains a strong nucleus of family story tellers that pride themselves on their memory
of the old stories and on their skill as raconteurs. Certainly Richard Chase recognized the uniqueness of the Beech which was where he collected practically all of his stories for *The Jack Tales* and at least half of his stories for *Grandfather Tales*. Prominent in his credit list of informants were names like Ben Hicks, Roby Hicks, Stanley Hicks, Miles Ward, Monroe Ward, Marshall Ward, Jane Gentry and Mrs. Gentry's daughter, Maud Long.

International wonder tales are universal in appeal and in recognition. The national, regional and personal elements of the different variants gives each version a unique charm of its own while its traditional structure and style link it to the world scene of Marchen. All Marchen have certain characteristics in common. An excellent indepth description of fairy tale structure, style and symbolism is to be found in Max Luthi's *Once upon a time: On the Nature of Fairy Tales*, 1970.

Briefly here, I should like to highlight some of the important characteristics of wonder tales. To begin with structure is bare-bone. The opening scene is set usually in the home. The hero/heroine's decision to leave and the journey follow. Episodes, always filled with action, are sharply defined, concise, and leap from one to the next without explanation, not unlike the traditional ballad. Success comes at the very end. The good are rewarded-- the evil punished and life gets back to normal with the promise of great happiness ahead.

The inner shaping is highly stylized. This is heightened by the use of repetition, often in threes. Three sons go forth. The first son responds incorrectly to the tests of the donor/s and fails the
three tasks assigned him. As a result he is usually beheaded. The
second son repeats exactly what his brother did, and he fails. Often
the narration as well as characters' speeches are repeated too. The
third son follows the exact steps but he responds correctly and
succeeds.

Story characters are an important part of that shaping. They are
mainly one-dimensional and represent society's extremes: a poor
woodcutter, a poor widow, a handsome prince, a lazy clout of a lad, a
beautiful princess, a cruel stepmother or sister, an abused step-child,
a giant, an ogre, a witch, a helpful old man or woman, and so forth.
Each character represents a 'type' and is immediately recognizable.
Each is both specific and universal. Names are rarely assigned
caracters. 'Jack' is easily interchangeable with 'the boy'. Such
names as Cinderella and Rushie Coat simply describe the character as
sitting in the cinders or wearing a coat of rushes.

Settings are also specific and abstract, and therefore universal:
the woods, a castle, a peasant's cottage, a blacksmith's shop, down a
well, on top of a glass mountain, and so forth. These appear
repeatedly in wonder tales. As settings are recognizable so are
objects, especially objects of magic and special power or incredible
beauty-- gold and silver, jewelled balls and crowns, the coat of
darkness, shoes of swiftness, a sword that cuts by itself, tools that
work themselves and a wishing ring to name a few.

There is a hero or a heroine who leaves home, usually voluntarily,
but sometimes under threat, and he or she enters a world where magic,
talking animals, strange beasts, mysterious helpers and strange
happenings are the acceptable way of life. Such fairy tale analysts as
Max Luthi, and Marie Louise von Franz (a Jungian) *Interpretation of Fairytales* define the central figure as the immature sleeping male or female entering an initiation period of "development and maturation". This is the period of growth and self discovery when a person must do battle with inner shadow forces aided by positive aspects of self not yet recognizable. This journey into the unknown and fantastic is then a courageous and at times even painful change toward wholeness. It takes many forms: A maiden rides off on the back of a bull chosen to be her husband; a young lad leaves his poor widowed mother to make his fortune; another may go off to find the ideal wife or the Golden Bird in the land beyond the sea; a kind girl could be sent out in winter to pick strawberries by a cruel step mother who hopes she will freeze to death; and a girl or boy may undertake a dangerous trip to find the water of life at the world's end. Though many young people undertake such journeys, most are doomed to failure -- especially older brothers or step-sisters and numerous unnamed only vaguely referred to. It is the predestined chosen few who become successful heroes and heroines. These youths, may exhibit sterling qualities of courage, strength and intellect at the story's outset, but more usually they appear the least deserving of success. It is not their starting point that counts so much as what they accomplish while on their journey.

The journey, central to all *Marchen*, is undertaken alone. Though donors and companions may take part along the way, they never stay with the hero or heroine through to the adventure's conclusion. They, too, seem to exist in isolation -- appearing suddenly and disappearing just as quickly. The exception to this is the helper who is present throughout the journey and ends up marrying the heroine or hero. This helper both aids the boy or girl and is the reward for achievement.
The case of the travelling hero may or may not have a specific destination in mind but he usually knows what he wants. He travels through uncharted lands, often down untravelled paths into deep forests and generally uninhabited stretches of nature. Often, though not always, he will meet an old man or woman or animal in need of food or help, and he responds unselfishly to whatever request is made. This is one of the first signs of a developing hero, where he displays an attitude of humility and kindness. An even earlier sign could be accepting a small amount of food from the mother with her blessing or taking the advice of a bird how to fill a sieve with water needed by the mother to prepare the required bread. Having trust or faith in a donor is crucially important.

When a boy gives help to a stranger, he neither asks for nor expects anything in return. However, gratitude is forthcoming in the form of a magic gift(s) and/or wise advice. Another sign of a hero is that he follows the advice and uses his gifts in the right way and at the right time as he meets the challenges ahead. Challenges vary. An over-protective king might demand the hero accomplish impossible tasks before he will relinquish his daughter; an ogre or giant or dragon might threaten the life of a princess and have to be killed or outwitted; an enchanted or imprisoned girl might have to be rescued; healing water might have to be secured to save a life. The hero could be requested to scale the highest mountains, go down to the depths of hell, or travel to the very end of the world. Whatever he must face he does so without hesitation or show of fear. He must win, and he does.

Heroines show the same courage and perseverance. During the search for a lost or enchanted husband the girl must give up her
children, work at hard, menial labour, scale a glass mountain, confront and bargain with an evil witch, and for all this it is not until the very last moment victory is hers. Where there is a cruel stepmother the girl might have to travel to the worlds end or be sent out into bitter cold weather in winter in order to accomplish impossible tasks.

The donors, be they animal or human, appear at just the opportune moment, as though they have been waiting for this hero or heroine to come along. In the case of a hero, they might even call him by name. They give exactly what help is needed and then are forgotten, left behind in the world of magic after the boy or girl achieves his goal. Once success is rewarded heroes and heroines have no further need of magical assistance. They have proved themselves and grown in the process. They are now able to settle back into the real world, equipped to face ordinary challenges as mature men and women.

Ray Hicks tells six complex wonder tales about a boy named Jack. One of these, "Jack and the Fire Dragon" [App-2] has very old and widespread roots. Stith Thompson in discussing the story's tale type 301 'The Three Stolen Princesses,' said it is "one of the most popular in the world. It is scattered over the whole of Europe, being especially well known in the Baltic states and in Russia. It is found in the Near East and North Africa...It is very popular among the French and Spanish who have taken it to America, where it has been adopted by American Indian tribes and also is told by the French in Canada and in Missouri." (Thompson, 1977, p.33)

Thompson mentions nothing about variants of 'The Three Stolen Princesses' turning up in Appalachia, but several have, one being "Jack and the Fire Dragon" which has long been known in the Beech Mountain
area. Probable forerunners to type 301 tales recorded in Appalachia were collected in Ireland and Scotland. "The Golden Bird" was told in Irish by storyteller Paddy Sherlock in 1929 to Seamus O Duilearga and published in the 1962 issue of Bealoideas. The storyline of "The Golden Bird" is so similar to a Kentucky version called "The Bird of the Golden Land" as to leave no doubt the roots of the latter is Irish. The Kentucky version was collected by Marie Campbell in the mid 30's and is published in the Tales from the Cloud Walking Country. An old Gaelic version was told by Donald MacNiven from Islay to collector Hector MacLean in 1859 and was subsequently published in Popular Tales of the West Highlands.

Donald MacNiven's story called "The Rider of Grianaig, and Iain the Soldier's Son" is in many ways similar to Ray Hicks' "Fire Dragon." Where the two differ has much to do with national and regional styles and the individual storytellers' personal ornamentations. "The Rider of Grianaig" begins with the introduction of the central problem which is mysterious and otherworldly. There is no question we are at the start of a wonder tale.

The knight of Grianaig had three daughters, such that their like were not to be found or to be seen in any place. There came a beast from the ocean and she took them with her, and there was no knowledge what way they had taken, nor where they might be sought.

Iain, youngest son of a soldier, offers himself and his two brothers as volunteers to search for the sisters. A ship is built for them in seven days and in seven days sailing they arrive at the place where the daughters are held captive. The girls are about to be wed to three giants. To reach them means going up in a creel against the face
of a towering rock cliff. First the oldest brother and then the second
go in the creel, but half way up they are attacked by a large raven,
are sorely wounded, and have to return. When it is Iain's turn he too
is attacked, but he orders those below to hoist him all the faster so
he might reach the top. The raven asks Iain for a quid of tobacco and
promised to help him.

The first two lads have failed the test. Iain perseveres in spite
of the raven and wins the bird as a helper. He tells Iain he will find
the eldest knight's daughter in the first giant's house sewing, "and
her thimble wet with tears." And indeed it is so.

"What brought thee here?" said she.
"What brought thyself into it that I might not come into it."
"I was brought here in spite of me."
"I know that. Where is the giant?"
"He is in the hunting hill."
"What means to get him home?"
"To shake yonder battle-chain without, and there is no one
in the leeward, or in the windward, or in the four brown
boundaries of the deep, who will hold battle against him, but
young Iain the soldier's son, from Albainn, and he is but
sixteen years of age, and he is too young to go to battle
against the giant."

Out he went. He gave a haul at the chain...he gave the next
shake at the chain, and he broke a link in it. The giant heard
it in the hunting hill.

The scene is set for the prophesied hero to meet his first
adversary in this kingdom of giants high in the sky.

In comparison, below, is a transcript of Ray Hicks's opening to
"Fire Dragon".

Now Jack and the Fire Dragon, the way it was told at that time as
nigh as I can tell it. They was three brothers, Jack, Tom and
Will. Now their dad...he had two tracts of land, and he said,
"Now boys," he said, "you'ns is lousin around here, a fightin and a rackin around and we need some new ground cleaned up for next year's croppin." They wuz a lot of boys raised back then, more boys than they wuz girls. It must be because the Creator (God) needed the boys, needed the stout men to work, to clean up the new ground, do all that very heavy log packin.

He sent them over; they took the ox and the sleigh and went over to the other tract of land. They notched them up a shanty. That's notched up a little cabin out of small timber, sapling, quick, notched them up a shanty and so they took, they made them a dinner bell out of two boards they hewed out, or what you'd call, they hit it together, to tell one would leave to get dinner. And so they got the shanty done and the fireplace built, they built em a rock fireplace you know. See, it was cold in the winter time, a cleanin up that ground.... They done all the clearin in the winter time. When spring come you didn't have time, you couldn't wait till spring to clear your new ground up, you had to clear it through February and March. If you waited till spring it took so long to clear the land up you couldn't get your corn planted and it was too late...

And so they left, they got rigged up and they left Will to get dinner the first day, left Will to get dinner the first day. An he wuz to beat them boards together when dinner was ready at 12.00...so the sound would go up the holler and they could hear it. So a' ter he hit that together in come a man, gosh, what a man come in. Had a blue beard and uh pipe, had uh pipe in his mouth that would have hid a half of pack of tobacco, would have hid a pack. It was that big around, that deep and a stem that long and his beard was blue, and spit balls of fire, spit balls of fire if he got angry...burn a blister, burn you up with it.

When Tom and Jack arrive home for their dinner there is nothing on the table and they find Will hiding behind the door. Will tells them about the giant, Fire Dragon, coming and eating all the food. The brothers don't believe him. However, the next day Tom also meets Fire Dragon face to face and he is so frightened, he hides under the bed while the giant eats up all the food laid out for dinner. When Jack hears what has happened he laughs to think his big brothers are so easily scared.

And Jack really got tickled. He said, "You'ns is two men, by dad, you'ns is two men." Jack was the youngest lookin; he was slim and poorish looking, kindly and catty. He was quick as a cat, Jack was; he was lean and skinny. Kindly you could put him like I was back. I'm heavier than I used to be. I was thin,
really thin, my weight wouldn't pass for the army. I just weighed 159 pounds...(Ray Hicks is 6'8" tall.)

And so he said, "Now, Jack, you're laughin, you'd better laugh while you can, tomorrow is your turn."...

When the next day comes Jack is ready for Fire Dragon. He is not going to run and hide as his brothers have done. Instead he uses his own wits to foil the giant's plan to steal a third dinner. His method is simple and shows a typical mountain sense of humour. Jack welcomes Fire Dragon and invites him to join him for dinner. This totally non-plusses the giant who is used to stealing what he wants and terrifying his victims. He awkwardly turns down the offer, takes a coal for his pipe and leaves, followed at a distance by Jack.

In both stories the hero comes from humble beginnings-- the son of a soldier and the son of a farmer. The older Scottish story is closer to what is thought of as the European wonder tale style, but typical for Gaelic tales it includes the named place-- Greenock. The sense of "Once upon a time" is projected in the first opening sentences. With the exposition of the problem comes immediate action including the introduction of the hero and his pledge to rescue the daughters. Setting the adventure across the sea would be natural for an island storyteller. Characters, settings and action are given bare-bone treatment. The listener is presented with the suspenseful picture of three sisters with beauty unmatched, on the brink of disaster, who sit sewing, each in a giant's house, awaiting her fate. Dialogue between the hero and the oldest sister is precise and ritualistic. Feelings are expressed through action starkly described. Episodes leap, are quickly paced and precisely carved. There are no digressions to "muddy the waters". A sense of wonder and destiny prevades all the episodes. Magic enters with the introduction of the raven who promises to help
the hero. The fact that Iain is the predestined hero is further verified first by the raven and later by the first daughter who announces that only Iain, son of a soldier, could defeat the giant.

"Fire Dragon" is very much a different story. The underlying structure is that of the wonder tale, but much of the style, especially Ray's elaborations is strictly local. Ray sets his scene in the familiar Beech Mountains of his own boyhood. He establishes some important facts from a mountaineer's point of view. In so doing we have no feeling at first that we are into a "fairy tale". His description of a father wanting to push his restless sons out of the nest and get them working on their own could have been his own father sending him along with his older brothers out to clear land. At one point when Ray is describing Jack as lean and skinny, he compares himself to Jack back when he was a young lad. This gives a sense of immediacy to the story rather than suggesting something that happened a long, long time ago and in a far off land. Details are plentiful, casual and realistic even to "notching up a crude shanty". There is no sense of wonder; no feeling of a destined hero. These inland mountain boys do not sail across the ocean to begin their adventure; they just go over the next hill to clear a wooded patch for planting.

Ray's tale bears the clear stamp of his Appalachian upbringing. This does not mean to say that the wonder and the magic of the European tales have diminished under mountain influence. The magic is there all right and in sharp relief set against the mundane everyday happenings of mountain life-- building a cabin, clearing new ground, cooking beans and baking cornbread. In this everyday setting Fire Dragon arrives suddenly and without warning. Here is a formidable foe in the best
fairy tale tradition. As in the case of the three brothers being attacked by the raven first Tom, then Will and finally Jack are visited by the giant. The first two brothers are thoroughly frightened and hide. Jack cleverly handles the situation so that the giant loses. It is clear from this point on who our hero is.

So we have two similar and yet different examples of how a hero Marchen begins its shaping. Stanley Robertson represents another live tradition and it is interesting to see how he handles the beginning of an altogether different Marchen, "Baby John." This story has no clear-cut parallel among international wonder tales. Central is type 577, 'The Three Tasks', but only one of the assigned tasks is readily recognizable as appearing in other European tales. It also contains the journey episode found in type 480, 'The Kind and Unkind Girls', when the two girls are asked along the way to help animals and inanimate objects. Only in "Baby John" it is three brothers who meet with these requests. The following is Stanley's opening to this story.

Once upon a time there lived an old woman and she had three sons. There was Tom, William and the baby son was called John. And John, though he was called the baby, he'd be a young man of sixteen or seventeen. But he never ever had to do anything for himself. All he ever done was sit at the fireside and he just lay at the fireside. He never had tae go out anywhere; he never had to go intae the woods; he never had tae look after himself. His mother jist connached him. He lay at the fireside and jist the ashes, the hot ashes used tae fall over him. He never moved fae the fireside, jist sat at his fireside. He's been a useless, feckless kind o laddie.

The mither had some chickens which she kept for their eggs. She had a milkin coo and a stirk and she had very little but she managed jist tae keep her weys o daein. But it came tae be she grew aafie hard up and she says tae her auldest laddie, "Look, the time has come when I cannae pay the rent to the factor. We'll get put oot the hoose. You'll need to go and see if you can find a job. It's time you went intae the world at least to
try and mak your fortune."

The mother sends the son to fetch water in a bucket and she bakes him a bannock and fried him a collop, gives him her blessing and away he goes to seek his fortune. Now Tom is not a bad lad, but it becomes quickly evident he does not have the makings of a hero. He refuses to share his food with a starving dog and laughs at a thin cow that begs to be milked. He ridicules an old horse who asks to be ridden, calls him a 'rickle o banes' and says he is good for nothing but the 'knackeryard', and he soorns a poor rusty field gate that wishes only to be swung upon. When Tom reaches the castle and asks for a job he is told he can have it, but if he fails to do the work his head will be cut off. It is a good thing Tom turns down the offer for he has already spoiled any chances he might have of success.

When Tom does not return, the old mother sends the second son out to try his luck. As expected William does not fare any better than his brother and for the same reasons.

Then the poor woman has nothing. So she has to sell her milkin coo and she has to sell her chickens. She has got nothing, she's absolutely destitute, she has only got about one chicken left, one egg a day. And so she says to her baby son, she says, "Now John, it's an aafie thing. I ken A've connached you and spiled ye. But you have to go into the world to see if you can mak a livelihood for yourself and something for the faim to keep me going, because if you dinnae I'm goin to get flung oot o here and I'11 get put tae the poorhoose."

So, for the first time in his life, he got up and he gings ootside and he shaks aa this ashes aff hissel and he covers the countrysid wi more ashes and ashes is blawin aff oot o him. An she says tae him, "I want you tae ging tae the [river], get a bucket o water and take it ower tae me."

So Baby John gings oot, disna ken nothing, stupid, never been for water. He picks up a riddle, ye ken a riddle is a thing full o holes. And he takes a riddle to the water. And he's trying to fill this bucket up and he's trying to fill it up but the water is running oot as fast as it can. He says, "Oh," he says, "I
dinna ken how tae get water."

And there was a wee doo-doo sittin in a tree - the wee doo-doo - and it says, "You seem to hae a bit o a problem there, John."

He says, "I dae." He says, "My mither's gaun tae bake me a bannock and fry me a collop, but she canna mak it till I tak back the water..."

He says, "Well, look," he says, "I'm nae such an aafa wise doo-doo, mind you," he says, "but why do you nae get some o that clay? See the clay that's lying roon aboot the bank, and stick it in the bottom o your riddle..."

The little bird calls John by name, telling us this "oracle" knew the boy and was expecting him to come. The bird then advises John how to make his riddle hold water and John does as he is told. This is the scene that first hints at John's destiny as a future hero. He takes the water back to his mother who is both surprised and delighted.

So she makes him his bannock and she fries him his collop, ...and she pits him awa with her blessing. And he was aafie dirty because he's aa this ashes that he hasna the sense to wash aff o him. And he goes away into the world tae mak his fortune...

Stanley's beginning contains aspects of the old world Marchen and yet is not far removed from Ray's Appalachian format. In the first instance Stanley begins with the very traditional 'Once upon a time' opening associated with European Marchen. What follows is an ordinary setting of a poor family consisting of a widow and three sons who work the land as tenants. There is a sense of timelessness to the characters and to their unnamed locale.

At the same time we see a parallel to Ray's approach. There is another quality woven into this pictorial fabric that reflects the Scottish and even more precisely traveller character of the storyteller. Like Ray, Stanley adds his own personal strokes of colour to the opening scenes. The setting could well be Aberdeenshire in the
last century when it was common for a poor crofter family to face the threat of eviction from the factor if the rent could not be paid. Stanley punctuates with details that lends a certain believability to what we know to be make-believe. The poor woman has some chickens, a milking cow and a stirk. After the first son fails she has to sell some of her chickens and the stirk. By the time John leaves home she is down to one chicken, and sees the poorhouse looming before her. The fate of having to end one's days alone and without family and friends in a poorhouse was also feared by travellers back in Stanley's great grandparents' day as the worst humiliation for a freedom loving traveller. Many of Stanley's descriptive words also add to the local flavour. For example, when he describes Baby John he uses the North Eastern Scots word "connached" meaning spoiled and the Scots expression "feckless", meaning useless. A "stirk" is Scots for a young steer and "rickle of bones" is a favourite expression of Stanley's.

As with "The Rider of Grianaig" magic in "Baby John" is introduced so naturally as to be almost not noticed. The oldest son leaves home, meets three talking animals and a talking gate and accepts it all as a matter of course. The journey, in actuality, becomes the magical testing ground for the would-be heroes. The older brothers fail every test. It is left up to John, the youngest and least able, to succeed.

Iain, Jack and Baby John are the typical hero underdogs. Each is younger than their brothers, therefore less strong and less experienced. Yet each is destined to come out the winner. How in the above stories do they manage?

Iain shows self confidence from the outset. It is he who draws the knight's attention to his brothers and himself, and it is he who
volunteers the three of them for the dangerous mission of rescuing his daughter. Though he can not know where to find the girls, he sails away through unknown waters with no doubt that he will come to the right land, which of course he does. He arrives at the crucial moment to save the girls. First, though, he has to prove his courage and perseverance to the satisfaction of the raven without whose help he can not succeed. Here is a lad fulfilling his destiny by taking positive and fearless action. He does not hesitate or weigh the dangers; he goes to meet the first daughter and shakes the battle-chain to call forth the giant.

The giant comes striding in, but Iain is not admitting that he is the prophesied hero. The two wrestle and the giant puts Iain on his knee in the first round. But the second round is won by Iain who throws the giant to the ground.

He wished that the raven were at him. The stumpy black raven came, and he fell upon the giant about the face and about the ears with his claws and with his wings until he blinded him, and he deafened him.
"Hast thou got a nail of arms that will take the head off the monster?"
"I have not."
"Put thy hand under my right wing, and thou wilt find a small sharp knife which I have for gathering briar-buds, and take the head off him."
He put his hand under the raven's right wing and he found the knife, and he took the head off the giant.

The hero faces the battle alone, but the raven comes at the end to punish the giant with a vicious attack and to supply the knife for the final beheading. The action and the dialogue have a ritualistic feel to them. This scene is repeated, including the same dialogue, each time the hero calls forth a giant. The meeting of the second and third
daughters is also an exact word-for-word replica of Iain's meeting with the first girl. The pattern of three is highlighted by the use of this kind of memorized ritualistic repetition. These set pieces become the lingering moments before the leap into direct action, that is, the battles between Iain and each giant.

Iain sends each daughter down in the creel to the waiting brothers below. He keeps the diamond studded cap of the youngest daughter as a token before letting her down. Nothing is said between Iain and the girl concerning their feelings, but rather Iain's action in taking the cap and the cap itself symbolically expresses their pledge of love. Once the daughters are all safely down, the deceitful brothers leave Iain stranded with no apparent means of escape.

Escape eludes Iain while he has to first face a series of dangerous challenges. Until now Iain has always obeyed the counselling of the wise raven and he has had great success. Then something in his hero's journey goes terribly wrong; he appears to lose his way and becomes overconfident. He fails to follow instructions, gets further into trouble, and each time the raven has to bale him out. A second donor comes to help-- a horse who like the raven gives him instructions that would save him. But he fails the horse too. It is not until Iain learns humility that he finally takes advice and things begin to come right for him. He makes his way back safely to his own land, cuts off the heads of the raven and horse breaking the enchantment placed on two lovers, and then sends the diamond cap to the youngest daughter just before she is to marry another. With the cap comes recognition; the true hero is revealed and a joyful wedding between Iain and the youngest is celebrated.
Jack, like Iain, has tests to pass even before his actual journey begins. He takes his first winning step by means of quick thinking and cleverness in turning the tables on Fire Dragon. There is, at this point, no sense of the hand of destiny upon this ordinary mountain lad as is so strongly felt with Iain.

Jack's curiosity is roused when he meets the giant. He follows him to the entrance of his underground hideaway. When Tom and Will come home the boys rig up a basket. The older brothers go only part way down the hole, too frightened to go further. Jack makes it to the bottom. Another hero's test is passed. Now is the start of the real hero's journey. As with Iain in the sky kingdom, Jack in the land below the ground has to go it alone except for the donors he meets along the way. Jack spots a large log cabin and a barn.

He pecked on the door, pecked and pecked. The door opened and he wasn't spectin to see a beautiful girl like that and he just stared in wantin to make a date right then. They called it courtin back then...

The girl tells Jack to look in the next room where he will find a younger sister even more beautiful than she. Jack does and that girl sends him to a third room where he meets the youngest and prettiest of the sisters.

And so he pecked and pecked and Marie opened the door and he just couldn't keep his hands off of her. And directly she just begin to love Jack, and directly said now, said, "Old Fire Dragon, you're up agin it young man."

[Then she told Jack how to kill the giant.]

"He spits balls of fire and if he comes and finds you here he'll burn you up. Burn you up," she said. "Now all that will hurt him is silver. All that will hurt him is silver." And said, "I'm gonna give you a silver knife," and said, "and some mutton
tallow, that's sheep tallow. And when one of that fire balls tries to hit ya, you rub that tallow on it quick as you can."

So that Old Fire Dragon come in and found him and they'd bounce over the floor and go pop! pop! pop! And he hit Jack with him a dodgin and a-stompin them [fire balls] with his feet and a-makin at him with that silver knife, and a-rubbin that sheep tallow at the burnt places that he got - he didn't get burned too many times. Then directly Jack got a swing in and sliced Old Fire Dragon's head off his shoulders with that silver knife and killed him dead, and his head rolled over the floor. Out come the girls, tickled all three of them!

Then the youngest girl, Marie, ties a ribbon in Jack's hair and gives him one to tie in hers and she also gives him a wishing ring. No diamond cap for Appalachian youths, but a simple ribbon does just as well. There is also the added magic of the wishing ring, which becomes a quick and easy device for saving the hero.

Jack sends the girls up in the basket. Both Jack's brothers want Marie and when she says she is promised to Jack, they leave him in the hole to die. For a while Jack loses his way just as Iain had. He forgets about the ring on his finger and wanders underground thinking himself trapped forever. It is not until he runs out of food and the ring becomes loose on his finger that he remembers help is with him. He rubs the ring and wishes himself back home. Deservedly, Jack gets his girl in the end. His brothers marry the other sisters and they all build shanties on the new ground and raise big families.

This Appalachian Jack tale lacks the picture book splendor associated with older wonder tales from Britain and Europe. It is a rough, gutsy rendition both in language and action. Personal touches of realism and local humour suit the temperament and life-style of rugged mountaineers. Patterns of word for word repetition are missing, probably having been dropped from tales when they were brought across from Europe to the new world. However, repetition is used effectively
by Ray to give a sense of rhythm to his rendition, to build suspense, and also to emphasize story episodes that repeat themselves in threes. Each time Jack comes to a room in Fire Dragon's log house he "pecked and pecked" on the door. Unceremoniously he tries to court each pretty girl and the last "he just couldn't keep his hands off of her." At very crucial moments Ray repeats phrases either exactly or with variation. The effect is rhythmic and emphasizes key action-- "He'll burn you up. Burn you up." She said, "Now all that will hurt him is silver. All that will hurt him is silver." And said, "I'm gonna give you a silver knife."

Of the three heroes-- Iain, Jack and Baby John, it is John one would least expect to succeed. But where his proud and thoughtless brothers do everything wrong, John does everything right. He shares his food with the little dog and shows kindness and consideration towards the cow and horse and even tells the old field gate he will gladly swing on it. The cow, horse and gate tell John to wait and fulfil his promise to them when the time is right, and in that way they will be able to help him. Timing is crucial in a wonder tale, as is following a donor's advice.

The central helper throughout this story is the little dog who instructs John as to exactly what he must do in order successfully to carry out each task assigned to him. The first task is to fight a powerful knight. John is warned to take the oldest set of armour and ride only the old horse in the field. A similar task shows up in another tale Stanley tells: "The Steel Line King" [Bib No. 25]. In both cases the hero climbs on an old nag that turns into a powerful stallion and his armour and sword take on magical, unbeatable qualities.
John's final tasks, filling twenty buckets of milk from milking one cow and rebuilding the castle gate, are easily accomplished with the help of the old cow and the broken down field gate. There follows great rejoicing in the castle; John has followed all directions correctly and has succeeded in breaking the enchantment. The horse turns out to be the king, the cow is the queen and the gate all of the people of the court. A magnificent feast is prepared in John's honour and the king asks him what he would like for his reward. With a humble heart, and thinking only of the reason why he set out in the first place, John answers, "Do you think you can give me a coo, and maybe some chickens to take home to my mither, because my mither's waitin' on me comin' back and she hasna got naething?"

There was still one more matter to be resolved— the little dog. She follows John when he goes for a walk in the king's garden and begs him to cut off her head and throw her in the well. Tearfully John obeys, as he has trustingly obeyed all other instructions. Before him stands the princess, who tells him she loves him in spite of his filthy appearance and simple ways. She sees through to his kind heart and wants him for her husband.

As with Jack and Marie feelings are expressed in words rather than just actions and objects, i.e. the diamond cap. This lends a sentimental and personal touch to the characters that breaks with the traditional style of old-world wonder tales. Humour, too, is woven into the story fabric. Throughout Stanley plays on the humorous aspects of poor, dirty, naive John while still recognizing the boy's goodness. There is John's simple request for a reward which is ridiculously out of keeping with his achievements, and even earlier,
the description of how he looks covered in ashes when he leaves home to go on his journey. More humour comes when the princess tells her father she wishes to marry John. "... the father thinks the world of this idea. 'But there's only one thing wi you, John,' he says, 'you're an aafa mess!' And so they scrubbed this ashes aff him, and see, when aa the ashes was scrubbed aff him he was a bonny loon!"

Royalty, royal celebrations and weddings, the poor boy hero making good and marrying the king's daughter-- all traditional aspects of European wonder tales-- are retained in Stanley's traveller story "Baby John." Other very traditional elements can be viewed within the framework of style. Characters and episodes go by the magic numbers of three-- three sons, John is the youngest and three repeated episodes of preparation for the journey in which the mother insists each son fills a bucket of water for her to bake bannocks. The third repeat is varied in that John mistakes a riddle for a bucket and needs the help of a bird to fill it.

Three sons go forth. Each son's journey which includes four crucial tests is described in concise detail-- (1) meeting the hungry dog; (2) the thin cow; (3) the bony horse; (4) the rotten field gate. The first two sons' experiences and responses are the same, but Stanley does not repeat exact conversations or exact patterns of description as in "The Rider of Grianaig." His style is freer, less ritualistic and more spontaneous; closer to Ray Hicks's only with less sidetracking elaborations. John follows the identical route to his brother's. The difference comes with his responses which set him on the path of success. The story's structure is that of the traditional European wonder tale; style is achieved by the storyteller and the storytelling
tradition out of which he came.

The inclusion of the test for carrying water is frequently found in wonder tales. In "Baby John" the mother asks each son to bring a bucket of water, rather than the more common request for a riddle of water. Only John uses the riddle and that is because he is stupid and mistakes it for a bucket. However, the magic bird comes to help him, and John takes its advice, thus passing the first test of a promising hero. In Ray Hicks's tale "Hardy Hard Head" the mother uses the riddle test for all three sons as a means of delaying their departure. The first two sons ignore the bird and only Jack follows its advice and fills his riddle easily and quickly.

An unusual feature in "Baby John" is that John's older brothers turn down the job at the castle, and by doing so they avoid the risk of failing and losing their heads. In more typical wonder tales the overconfident older brothers accept whatever challenge is presented them positive that they will succeed. Instead they end with their heads up on spikes. "Baby John" was told to Stanley by Aul Maggie Stewart, who it seems had a tendency to soften the harsher aspects of her tales as did Stanley's mother, thus the brothers in her story are allowed to live.

Common to traveller wonder tales is such stylized exaggeration as Stanley's description of John when he goes outside for the first time and "He shaks aa this ashes aff hissel and he covers the countryside wi more ashes..." Betsy Whyte in her tale "The Cat and the Hard Cheese" (AT 560) describes Jack's stirring from the fire with equal exaggeration: "So he got up an he gien he's sel a shake, an there was mair -- as much stoor aff him as would ha' blin't ye, an ashes an
things." (Tocher 23, 1976, p. 267)

There is one final touch to "Baby John" worth noting that is particularly typical of traveller storytelling. In the case of Iain and Jack, once the boys leave home their parents are virtually forgotten. This is not so in "Baby John." John is careful not to forget his widowed mother. His first thoughts after his success are of his responsibility to her. Once he and the princess are married he sends for "his poor auld mither...and she was made a lady in this castle." Family loyalty and solidarity is strong among the travellers. The mother is always the son's first concern, but siblings are very close too. In "Baby John", once John has seen to the needs of his mother, he then thinks about his brothers. "...and his brithers finally got back to the cottage where they had nothing. But [John] liked his brithers and he sent for them and got his brithers and he made them the twa heid foresters o his place."
International tales told by Ray Hicks and others on the Beech have structurally travelled well from their Scottish, Irish and continental homelands. We saw, however, in the example of "Jack and the Fire Dragon" that local influences have at least partially overridden the traditional character of the old tales. Now I would like to look at the central and secondary figures in Appalachian tales so as to identify the cultural and personal changes affecting them, while at the same time not forgetting similarities that allow these figures and their stories to remain clearly cousins to Scottish traveller and European Marchen.

Characters in the Jack tales

In both the traveller and Appalachian cultures Jack is held up as a hero figure. When Ray was a boy he thought of the storyteller as having been Jack when he was in his youth-- of having had the luck Jack had-- a transference of hero traits from the make believe to the real. Ray insists this belief in the storyteller was very important to him, as was, and still is, his belief in Jack himself. The way Ray views it, a small boy has to depend on the strength of his elders. If they have luck that gives the young ones the hope that they might have luck
too. In this way the admiration for Jack became the admiration for the storyteller.

Yeah, ya think of [the storyteller] as Jack; that's how ya figured it. An then you were small ...and by bein a kid an them adults it looks like they is doin things that's lucky ye see...an you 'pend on 'em...Ye see you're that young you can't make a livin an you were pendin on them, you were trustin 'em...You see you believe 'em when you were kids...And I had a feelin I wanted ta tell the stories an be like Jack, have that luck. That's the reason you really like ta hear 'em. If ya didn't you'd be like the otherns that lacked something...(BmD 1982/9)

According to Ray, Jack won his success through luck. An example is "The Cat and the Mouse" [Bib-4] A poor farmer who has managed to save just a little money gives it to his sons and sends them out into the world to make something of themselves and to report back their accomplishments in a year.

The ole way of "Cat and the Mouse" now...Jack, Tom and Will, their dad give 'em a hundred guineas apiece, which that meant a dollar, a dollar apiece. Says, "Now you three go and be gone one year, twelve months. An if you live, see which one has put the most to it, when you get back--"

Now another way now that they tell it...he give 'em a hundred guineas which was about fifteen or twenty dollars, was the way they told it, and I think that's more right because Will and Tom struck off with theirn to go buy them a suit of clothes and go hunt 'em a girlfriend an git married...but Jack was young yit. He was jist in his teens, startin in his teens...

Cleaned and newly outfitted Will and Tom start off on their journey followed by a ragged and filthy younger brother. Naturally Will and Tom do not want their dirty little brother tagging along to embarrass them. Jack refuses to go his own way and the brothers finally beat him up, steal his money and leave him for dead. The beating is vicious and they bury him under a mound of stones and mud, but Jack is more resilient than they realize and he survives. He is a
month healing, during which time he lives in the woods on wild fruit and nuts. This is a good beginning to a hero's journey and surely toughened Jack for the challenges that lay ahead. When Jack feels strong enough he starts out again, dirtier and even more ragged. This time he is ready to make the journey alone without the need for his brothers.

An so he was a-walkin that road an he come to where it was three forks, was three roadways, three intersections, one a-turnin left, one right, and one straight ahead. And he said, "Aie." An he had his cap where they tore it up. It was tore into pieces kinda about that broad. He says, "Aie, I don't know which road to go, and like my luck has always been I'm goin to throw my cap up in the air an go which ever road my cap hits in." An it hit in the righthand road, come down an hit in the righthand road. "Well," he said, "That's the one I'm goin." He said, "I don't never throw it twice." He said, "I go with the first throw fer my luck."

Young Jack makes a decisive move and with it he demonstrates his superstitious trust in his own good luck.

Deep in the forest Jack comes to "a big rich man's house" encroached upon by trees and thickets until it is almost hidden from view. In the house lives a cat who claims to be a girl enchanted by a witch. Only her beautiful voice and beautiful girl's fingernails are left to prove her words. She begs for Jack's help, but warns if he takes on the challenge and fails he will be bewitched too. Jack asks what he must do and the tasks the cat outlines are awesome enough to send anyone less than a hero running for his life.

Perhaps it is "luck" that brings Jack to this house filled with magic and enchantments. Certainly Jack believes so. Yet "fate" might easily be substituted for "luck". Appalachians are strong believers in fate, the will of God. Ray has always thought of himself as one of the
chosen "lucky ones" like Jack. Ray also talks about God controlling his life. Still again he will insist he made his luck through hard work and by his being clever when cleverness was required. Ray is a firm believer in the adage, "God helps those that help themselves." In other words to think of the typical Appalachian Jack hero as nothing more than lucky is to underestimate him.

Jack in "The Cat and the Mouse" like the hero of any European fairy tale does not stop to think through the possible consequences of battling beasts sent by the witch. He simply accepts the challenge and immediately begins his preparations. Jack makes clubs, a different size for each type of animal and vermin he will have to fight. For four nights he bravely stands his ground against one wave of attack after another. Each morning the girl becomes more human, until Jack kills the witch herself and the girl becomes whole. As in "Baby John" where a little dog assisted the hero with advice, so too does the cat counsel Jack. However, the actual battles Jack has to face alone. This is, you might say, his initiation into manhood. As a boy he is unable to stand up against his big brothers. Now he is being asked to battle a far more treacherous foe. He does not cringe from the responsibility even though his own life is at risk.

"So he got in the doorway an them started, hornets, yellow jackets, black jackets, honey bees and ever kind of stingin bee there was was a-comin. An so he beat there all night a-knockin them bees and them a-stingin him. He was swelled up bad next mornin, but he was still a-goin. Wasn't none of them in the yard, and the cat come out an she was just nearly a full beautiful girl. Her hair hanging down, black, shiny, jet hair, and a beautiful girl. "An so," she says, "now you're through with all her plagues. Now tonight, this evenin...you'll have to go through the ole witch in person." Said, "You'll be with her in person. Now one thing about it," said, "don't let her do one thing fer ye, not one thing." Said, "If you do, you're gone with."
Jack's final challenge, actually facing the evil being behind the plagues and the enchantment and matching wits with her, is more demanding than physically fighting off wild beasts. The latter, like killing the fiery dragon or two headed giant, is the secret dream of every little boy. It is proof of strength, power and courage. On the other hand to face a clever adversary like a witch, one must have a certain maturity and levelheadedness—not the attributes of a day-dreaming boy, but rather the qualities of a maturing young man. Jack follows the cat's instructions and succeeds in killing the witch. The enchantment is broken, not only for the girl, but the forest surrounding the house gives way to a magnificent ranch with horses, sheep, and cattle. Jack wins all this and the girl too. The girl is not a princess nor is her house a palace, but in Appalachian terms Jack's rewards are certainly equal to such fairy tale winnings. After all, what good is a castle to a farm lad? He would much rather have a ranch of his own and a beautiful wife.

Jack enters into a world of magic worthy of the most imaginative of European wonder tales. The timing of his arrival is precisely at the last possible moment to save the girl. One more night and she would be turned into a mouse like her parents and sister and that would end her chances to be rescued. Jack fights and conquers evil forces in the true style of an international hero while still retaining his Appalachian character. This story has a foot in both worlds which doubles its charm as a wonder tale.

The final episode brings Jack and his brothers full circle back to their parents, each man with his wife. Will and Tom do find wives—simple, plain peasant girls, and by ordinary mountain standards they
are doing all right, just making ends meet and no more. After Jack has a little fun first appearing alone in his dirty rags, he and his wife ride up in a fancy surrey—replacement for a royal carriage. To the family it is "rich folk coming!" This prompts a touch of Appalachian humour when the embarrassed brothers hastily hide their wives.

Jack's wife said, "Will, Jack told me that you was married," Said, "Where's your wife?"

Said, "Mine's behind the door." An she come out.

Said, "Tom," said,"where's your wife?"

Said, "Mine's under the floor." She come out with chicken feathers an chicken manure in her hair, an all over an the sheep had laid under there!

An interesting parallel to this scene was recorded in 1957 from Aul Bill Stewart's granddaughter Andra Stewart of Blairgowrie. Andra Stewart tells "The Three Feathers" (AT 402) in which a king has his three sons compete for the throne. The youngest son is poor dirty Jack who is ridiculed by his older brothers. To their dismay he actually wins the first two contests. The final contest requires each son to bring home a wife and the son who presents the most beautiful wife wins the throne. With magic help from a puddock Jack comes home with a beautiful princess and himself dressed like a king. When his brothers see Jack and his beautiful royal wife, they are so ashamed of their ordinary wives that "they went an took their two wifes an they pit them intae the lavatories an locked the door. Haud them oot o the road... they shoved them intae the lavatories." (Tocher 14. 1974, p.234)

At the very end Jack forgives his brothers and holds no grudge against them. To his parents he says, "I'm a wealthy young man now."
An said, "You'ns ever gets disabled..., you'ns come on if you need me to help take care of you'ns." Here we see the caring, kindly side of Jack where he does not just go off and forget his parents, as happens in most Appalachian wonder tales. He does leave them on their own farm, however, as mountaineer pride is strong and parents would not want to move in with their grown children unless they were physically unable to care for themselves. Family loyalty does exist among Appalachians as with the travellers. Jack's generous attitude towards his brothers points this up. Jack also forgives his brothers in "Jack and the Fire Dragon." In fact after the boys marry the three sisters they all settle down to share the same land as neighbours. In Stanley Robertson's story of "Baby John" John's feelings of love for his brothers have already been noted. This attitude comes out in many of Stanley's traveller wonder tales, for example: "Jack and the Quoits" (Stan-46), "Jack and the Three Jewels", (Stan-20), "Jack and the Princess and the Warlock" (Stan-23), "Jack and the Two Headed Giant" (Stan-36), "Jack and the Odd Ben Oot" (Stan-41).

Ray made a few interesting comments about his perception of Jack in this story.

[Jack] didn't hold nothin agin his brothers...That's where Jack got his luck from. It means in every tale he didn't hold no grudge. He still had a humble heart...That's where it was put in Jack, that made his luck, by bein good and then tricky, ye know...like people yet today, good but still tricky yet on the other side...And ye see Jack was taking a risk just ta try and help the girl ta get out of [her enchantment]...He was brave, courage ye know, brave. Wasn't scared ta try it ye know...He had the nerve, the wit to try it, ta risk gettin [witched] himself. (RmD 1982/5)

Ray is giving Jack full credit for his success. Luck—perhaps, but luck brought on by Jack's own actions: (1) being able to face the
dangers of the unknown alone; (2) showing perseverance; (3) being in the right place at the right time; (4) trusting in wise advice and following directions; (5) acting swiftly with courage; (6) showing forgiveness, kindness and humility. Excellent attributes for any Marchen hero. Attributes held up to every Appalachian youth if he hopes to have any kind of "luck" in the hard and demanding struggle of mountain life.

Whereas in European wonder tales it has already been noted that the hero is an universal abstract figure with easy access to all cultures, Jack in "The Cat and the Mouse" is less abstract. Rather, he is personalized, certainly in his early struggles with his older brothers to whom he is an annoying pest and then in the final episodes when he takes delight in getting back at Will and Tom with a joke of his own. In Stanley Hicks' version of this story there is a further element in that Jack's wife owns a silver fox. When Jack first goes in his parents' house dressed in rags he takes the fox with him. While his brothers are laughing at him, Jack brings out the fox and squeezes him so he says, "Gold a plenty" and Jack says to his brothers, "Not for you, boys." An added touch of humor, but where the fox actually first originated nobody seems to know. Jane Gentry also included it in her version of the story.

In "Jack and King Mark" (AT 313C) [App-1] Ray does not tell us anything about Jack's family, but immediately plunges Jack on a journey with the opening sentence. "Well, now this here is one about Jack; he was going along a-walkin', a-huntin', talkin' to what few people he could meet to try to find him somethin' he could do to get him a little hay or somethin' to live on." -- a very Appalachian way of describing a lad
going off to seek his fortune. One also gets the feeling that Ray sees no need to introduce Jack properly. He is such a familiar character that he can get on with the story without wasting time with preliminaries.

In the second sentence Jack meets a "tall, dark-haired, dark-skinned complexioned feller"...who was "talkin fast and snappy and he said, 'Young fella, have you ever played any poker?'" The description is striking because the tall dark man is often used by Stanley Robertson and other travellers to describe the devil or a black laird.

It is clear the dark stranger called King Mark is no ordinary man, but a magician. This is proved when Jack beats him at poker, winning all his money and his daughter too.

Well they played it and Jack...got the daughter...and when he turned his head he looked and King Mark was gone, and didn't know whence nor where he went. He was just gone. Jack never seed no shadder of him, no sign of his coat tail, and no nothin...and so Jack knew then that it was his job bein was to find out where King Mark lived.

So Jack starts his journey with the purpose of finding King Mark. Unusual for Appalachian tales, Jack's donor is a witch. He is called Freezewell because of his ability to freeze liquids. In this case he freezes a man's beer so Jack can secure the information he needs to find King Mark's daughters' bathing place.

When Jack sees the three sisters take off their greyhound skins to go swimming, he knows without being told he must steal the skin of the youngest. She realizes Jack has her in his power and she is fated to become his helper and eventually his wife. She flies Jack over to her
father's place but warns him not to tell that she helped him. She also warns Jack not to make any reference to God at the dinner table or it will go badly for him. [This could be another indication that King Mark is either the Devil or one of his followers.]

Jack proves to be an immature hero who does not always follow the wise advice given him. He makes mistakes as did Iain in "The Rider of Grianaig," and he has to pay for them. Like many a young person too sure of himself he thinks he knows better than others trying to help him. He listened to Freezewell: that was crucial. He heeded the daughter's warning never to tell her father she was helping him. Had he failed, it would have meant certain death for both the girl and himself.

His first mistake is is to forget about mentioning God. Breaking that taboo angers King Mark who gives him three impossible tasks to do on pain of death as punishment. This is an unusual excuse for handing out tasks. In most Appalachian versions the evil magician needs no excuse. He simply orders the tasks out of malice knowing full well an ordinary lad could not possibly fulfil them. Jack's mistake, in Ray's telling, simply is a device to move the plot forward commanding what has to happen to happen— that is, the presenting of the hero's tests, which is at the heart of the wonder tale.

Jack's helper for the rest of the story is the youngest daughter. Here we have a Jack who needs a lot of help. The girl warns him every time which tool to use to get the job done and he chooses otherwise. Jack never believes her until she prove him wrong.

Regarding the girl as helper in "Cat and the Mouse" and "King
Mark" Ray has this to say:

"...yeah, oh yeah, like "Jack and King Mark" that's in them tales, the help of the girl, ta help out ta take it through...And in the "Cat 'n the Mouse," this tale here, with the help of the girl; now that's the reason Jack got through this 'un, her a-helpin, ya see, tell him what to do. Tell him what the witch would put up ta be whooped out each night...She warned him...That was in all the tales now. Back if you let a witch tech ya or do anything fer ya, you was bewitched..." (BmD 1982/4)

It should be noted that the youngest daughter is never referred to as a king's daughter or a princess. Perhaps originally King Mark was a throw-over from British royalty, but through the years he lost his royal connections. "King" is used not so much as a title but more as a first name. He is a magician, and an evil one at that, but he certainly is not a king.

According to Stith Thompson (The Folktale, p.90) tale type 313C is widely distributed throughout Europe and is one of the most popular tales brought over to America. It is found among the English, French and Negro traditions in America's South and at least twenty-five versions have been noted from American Indian tribes. A number of excellent Scottish and Irish variants have been collected. [See notes for App-1] One of the more recent versions is "The Green Man of Knowledge" which was recorded in 1954 from the traveller, Geordie Stewart, a relative of Stanley Roberston.

Whether a Marchen hero is poor, ragged and useless or of noble birth the hand of fate directing the chosen one is evident. Three other of Ray Hicks's wonder tales add the traditionally important feature of the hero's kindness. In "Sing a Bowl of Lies" (AT 570) [App-3] a cruel, overly possessive king offers his beautiful youngest
daughter and a pot of gold to anyone who can keep a rabbit from running out of a circle for ten minutes. Should a contestant fail he loses his head. Many heads are lost including Jack's older brothers. When Jack strikes out to try he meets an old man with whom he shares his food. His reward is a magic drill which when placed in the ground keeps the rabbit running around it indefinitely.

Likewise in "Hardy Hard Head" (AT 513B) [App-5] Jack shares his food with an old man he meets. But before he leaves home he also listens to a little bird who tells him how to fill his sieve. Jack's older brothers before him failed both these tests and so failed in their mission. The old man in both the previous tale and this one insists on testing Jack's faith - his trust in what he is to tell him. This test is a prerequisite before he will give Jack the magical gift that will help him beat the king in the first tale and the witch in this one. The test is the same in both stories: Jack is given an ordinary stick and told he has to believe he can turn a stream of fresh water into wine by stirring it with this stick. This Jack does successfully.

In "Jack and the Magic Bull," (AT 511) [App-7], Jack is described as a young orphaned boy who is cruelly treated by the farmer's wife and his three daughters, One Eye, Two Eyes and Three Eyes. He is incapable of making any move to change his situation by himself. Whereas the last two Jacks make a definite decision to leave home, thus themselves initiating change, this boy grows thinner and thinner as the old witch starves him. His only reaction to such cruelty is to cry and lament his fate. The thought of finding another job or demanding food does not enter his head. Jack in this tale is a passive hero. It is only
when he is helped by a black bull that he gains courage and finally becomes an active hero who willingly takes the journey towards maturity.

Still another different type of Marchen in the Beech Mountain collection is Ray's "Whickety Whack" (AT 330 + 332) [App-6]. This is the only story where Jack appears as a full grown man who has served thirty years in the army. On his way home from service Jack shares his bread with two old beggars, the second of whom, grateful for Jack's generosity, gives him a magic sack and a magic vial. With these two objects and only the clothes on his back, Jack sets off to make his fortune. We are told nothing of Jack's younger days, what journeys he might have had. But we see him now as a man in middle years having to make a new start after thirty years in the army. Change, challenges and adventure are not just reserved for the young. Even a man in his fifties can become a hero, which is exactly what Jack does in this story.

This tale is also worth noting because Jack is a cross between a Marchen hero and a trickster which points up the difficulty of rigidly trying to place tales in separate categories. In "Whickety Whack" Jack shows kindness and receives help from a donor in true Marchen fashion. He next shows courage by staying in a haunted house and facing three devils. This aspect of the story is similar to "The Cat and the Mouse" where for three consecutive nights at an enchanted estate Jack fights a witch disguised in different animal shapes. Soldier Jack proves to be just as fearless in the face of the evil devils. After beating the imps at cards he tricks them into his sack with the magic words, "Whickety Whack devils into my sack!" Later he goes to the rescue of a
dying princess. Again he uses magic and trickery. Looking into the vial he sees Death standing at the head of the girl's bed. As with the devils he simply orders Death into his sack and then ties him high up in a tree and promptly forgets about him. Many many years later, too many for Jack to count, an ancient, rattly-boned woman tells him how cruel it is not to be able to die. Jack remembers he still has Death tied in a sack hanging from a tree, and he realizes it is wrong to keep him there. So Jack frees Death and he is the first one Death takes.

An interesting parallel to this story entitled "The Tale of the Soldier" was recorded in 1860 from John MacDonald, an Inverary tinker. This story tells of an old soldier, John, who leaves the army and his first night on the road he is offered free lodgings in a haunted castle. Instead of meeting with devils, he is faced with a dead man, old and hoary. He offers the corpse a "pipe and baccy and a cogie of drink," which the dead man lets fall to the floor. The old soldier spends three nights in the castle and the same scene repeats itself. The third night John decides the corpse should pay for the baccy and drink. He ties the corpse to himself and when the cock crows and the corpse tries to leave John makes his demand. It is then John is told of buried gold and what the dead man wants done with it including giving a fair share to John.

In the second half of "Whickety Whack" Jack tricks Death into his sack. In the second half of "The Tale of the Soldier" John tricks the Devil into his abersgaic (back-pack) after having earlier promised to be his servant. The Devil, like Death, is unable to get out of the sack unless released by his captor. John has the sack threshed by twelve men and then beaten with hammers by twelve smiths until the
Devil, tired of the beatings, agrees to release John from his bargain in exchange for being let free from the sack. In this version as in "Whickety Whack" Jack is a Marchen hero who uses clever tricks to succeed.

"Wicked John and the Devil" (AT 330) [App-26] as told by Ray Hicks, humorously portrays episodes where a wicked blacksmith outsmarts the Devil by the use of magic objects. This international folktale portrays a common, rather uncouth and unworthy hero. The first little devil sent from hell to collect John finds himself stuck to a rocking chair; the second one is stuck to a hammer, and when the Devil himself comes for John he ends head down in a prickly fire bush. The Devil is thus defeated, and John is left in peace for the remainder of his life. However, when John dies he finds he cannot get into heaven and the gates of hell are also locked to him. As is standard with this story Wicked John is given a live coal from the Devil and told to make his own hell. John Stewart, Scottish traveller and son of Auld Maggie Stewart, tells this same tale in identical sequence of episodes, but claims he made it up himself to tell his children.

As the statement made by Ray in the beginning of this section indicated, Jack is regarded by Appalachians as lucky. In introducing another Jack tale also in Ray’s repertoire [App-8] Marshall Ward says,

Well, this Jack, now I've been a-tellin ya about a lot of Jacks, ya know, this is different generations. One Jack'd come on, an Jack number one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, right on up to twenty Jacks. Ya know, they named Jack after Jack because he wuz lucky. Well, this wuz about the fifteenth Jack and he lived with his dad an mother for a long time,...So, said, 'cided he git out an try his fortune... (B-M Coll 1969/59)

When Ray speaks of Jack, he talks of a composite of men past and
present who have shared in Jack's good fortune. Ray Hicks considers that he is himself a lucky Jack, and that telling these stories insures his continuance of luck.

To summarize the character of Jack found in Beech Mountain Marchen: Jack represents a very definite type of international hero found in continental European, Scottish, Irish and English tales. He is the poor country lad, either the only son or youngest son in the family. He can be useless, naive and often is ragged and dirty [App-4 & 9]. Even in this low state he eventually manages to do the right thing at the right time, though he may make mistakes along the way. He listens and follows advice; he shares his food; he is kind and has a humble heart; he shows courage in the face of danger; he acts when he must. Most importantly he is not afraid to change, to risk facing the unknown which is crucial to change.

A second type of Jack, also useless and naive, is a passive and self pitying hero, unable to remove his own suffering without outside help from a magical donor. Only one such hero appears among Ray's Jack tales. [App-7]

A third type, which like the first two, is part of an older tradition, demonstrates more positive initiative towards action from the story's outset. Jack, always from a poor farm background, makes his own decision to leave the security of home and venture forth into the unknown. He is determined to succeed, quick to solve a problem for himself; he uses his wits to tackle his foe as well as his strength. He still needs help as do all Marchen heroes, but when help is not available he works things out for himself. This Jack is in a better starting position than the slow-witted Jack who requires constant
guidance every step of the way. However, where he has to be careful is not to become over confident and disregard helpful advice. [App Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15, 16 and 17]

It is interesting that clever Jack far outweighs the immature, slow-witted Jack. This is not surprising when you think of the hard life of the early Appalachian settlers. To survive hardship, to make any kind of success called for a man to keep his wits about him. He faced risks and dangers on a daily basis, put in long hours of toil breaking new ground, planting his crops and caring for his animals. Like Jack he worked mainly in isolation unless he had sons old enough to give him a hand. In a crisis he could count on help from a relative or neighbour in the community. He also gave help when called upon to do so. When it came to luck he believed he had as much chance as the next man. But he was also a realist and instead of sitting around and hoping good luck would fall in his lap, he went out to find it for himself.

Both the slow Jacks and the clever Jacks are the lucky chosen ones. The guiding hand of destiny, in some stories more than others, is obliquely felt rather than clearly expressed as it is in many European Marchen. There is a fourth Jack in British tales who is noticeable for his absence in Appalachian tradition. He is the son of a king. The concept of king is translated in Appalachia as a rich man, usually a successful farmer who owns a great deal of land, cattle and horses. No hero comes out of a wealthy class background. Though the girl he marries may be the daughter of such a person.

Secondary characters such as parents and brothers play their role. They represent the hero's childhood world before starting out on
his own. In Appalachian wonder tales, if the parents are mentioned at all it can be either the mother or the father who sees the sons off to find their fortune. The father tells the boys they are now of age and should leave, be independent and fend for themselves [App-2, 4]. If the mother sees the boys off, her attitude is different. She may even on occasions try to prevent their leaving, knowing they are facing dangers that could well result in their death. [App-3, 5] Her method is to order each boy to bring her enough water in a sieve for her to make a certain number of loaves of bread. Departure can not take place without the ritual baking of the bread which the lad must take with him. On the whole the parents are forgotten once Jack leaves home and starts his own independent life. In actuality grown children do not turn their backs on their parents. Usually they establish their homes in the same community and there is much visiting back and forth. Storytellers do not feel it is necessary to draw attention to family solidarity; it is understood as a fact of Appalachian life. Perhaps this is because the focus must be on Jack and his journey.

Parents and brothers are not always forgotten in the stories, however. This has been noted in Ray's "The Cat and the Mouse" [App-4] and "Jack and the Fire Dragon" [App-2]. Jack also takes very good care of his mother in "Jack and the North West Wind" (AT 563) [App-9]. He even makes sure she has plenty of fire wood when he goes out to try and stop the North West Wind from blowing. In the end he makes her rich with the three magic gifts he receives from a donor. In Marshall Ward's Marchen "Answer the King's Daughter's Question" (AT 853) [App-16] and "The Clover Patch" (AT 530) [App-17] Jack's concern for the welfare of his family is very similar to what is found in many traveller wonder tales. In each of Ward's stories Jack marries a
princess. He brings his parents to live in the castle and finds good jobs for his brothers. Because Marshall Ward was educated, unlike Ray, Stanley or Hattie, one wonders if he picked up the traditional convention of Jack marrying a real princess from his reading of European fairy tales.

Jack's brothers represent the unlucky ones-- the failures or ordinary fellows who just get by and no more. It is certain they will never enjoy real success because, like the majority in this world, they lack the qualities that make a hero.

Donors and helpers are traditional conventions of Marchen, and one or both are found in most of the Appalachian Jack tales. These appear as strangers-- male, female or animal. They usually possess magical qualities and are all ready to back a hero, even if he should be immature or over confident. They are necessary aids to see the hero through his rite of passage into manhood.

In three of the Beech Mountain tales the helper is a girl whom Jack ends up marrying. She is a key figure and without her the hero would have no chance of success. In "The Cat and the Mouse," "Jack and King Mark" and "Jack and Fire Dragon" the girl gives step by step advice. In the last two stories she also has magic powers of her own. Marie in the second gives Jack a wishing ring before she is raised out of the hole in a basket. In the first the daughter of King Mark has obviously learned some of her father's magic which she uses to help Jack and eventually to ensure that the two of them make a successful escape. It is interesting that such a powerful female character should exist in stories told within a male chauvinist society. Jack is still very clearly portrayed as the hero, but just as clearly he would fail
without this female help. From a psychological point of view it might be said that the male aspect of Self is coming to terms with its female half. On a practical level we may simply be seeing an acknowledgment of the important role of women in mountain life which has already been discussed in the first chapter.

Helpers in the Marchen also include extraordinary men—Hardy Head, Drinkwell, Eatwell, Seeowell, Runwell and Shootwell in "Hardy Hard Head" (AT 613B) [App-5]. In "Jack and the Lion's Den" (AT 559) [App-15] Jack carries his helpers in his pocket at all times which shows he certainly is well prepared for any emergency. They are a doodle bug, a pet mouse, and a June bug all of which possess magical powers.

There is only one animal donor among the tales Ray tells—the black bull in "Jack and the Black Bull" (511A) [App-7]. This donor sacrifices his life for Jack. Max Luthi refers to the helping animal in the fairy tale as the embodiment of unconscious forces within us. This helper acquires a special sense: "our feelings, bound to nature and not yet distorted by the intellect, can nourish and guide us." (Luthi, 80) The black bull nourishes Jack when he is starving. He gives him bread and milk for his body and spiritual food for his soul. The bull knows he must die, but he also knows Jack has not grown enough to stand on his own two feet. He leaves him with part of his own body which retains his spirit displayed through magical powers. Jack must go on without the physical presence of his supporter with his wise counselling and practical help. From now on Jack must make his own decisions, but he is not left defenseless.

In "King Mark" told by Ray the donor is a witch, Freezewell. Marshall Ward's version of the same story features the wind as donor.
It freezes the beer as does Freezewell, and it also flies Jack to the river where the daughters bath. There are five old men donors, two of whom appear to be the same character. There is the old beggar in "Whickety Whack" [App-6] who gives Jack two magic objects; the man who comes late to have his corn ground in "Sop Doll" (cf. Legends W30, W1 and Baughman Motif Index G211.1.7) [App-8], and the old man in "A Bowlful of Lies" (AT 570) [App-3] and "Hardy Hard Head" [App-5] who first tests Jack's faith before giving him magic gifts. In all these cases Jack was rewarded with the donor's help because he initiated a kind act, usually sharing his food. The fifth old man donor appears in "Jack and the North West Wind" [App-9] and he gives help to Jack out of his own kindness not because of any action on the part of Jack. In each of these cases the donor gives Jack exactly what he needs and no more.

In the last story the donor has to give Jack a magic gift on three occasions before he learns to take care of himself. He is rewarded with all three gifts in the end.

There are no female donors in the Beech Mountain Marchen, only the three mentioned helpers. There are also three stories that contain neither donor nor helper. Jack succeeds without such help. These tales are: "Jack and the Bean Stalk" (AT 328) [App-10], "Answer the King's Daughter's Question" [App-16], and "The Clover Patch" [App-17]. Though "The Clover Patch" has no donor characters Jack finds magical gifts-- three horses and three suits of armour-- that serve the same function.

A mention should be given to the evil characters in these tales. With the exception of a thieving family in [App-9] and a dishonest old man in [App-15] all the adversaries are supernatural beings. The witch
is most prominent, featuring in [App Nos. 4, 5, 7 and 8]. There is a magician in [App-1], a cruel king in [App-5] and in [App-2] there is Fire Dragon who is not really a dragon, but is vaguely described as a giant. Another giant is Jack's adversary in [App-10] and finally we have devils and Death in [App-6]. Thus there is a wide range of evil types in the Appalachian Marchen. What seems to be missing is an actual dragon. Fire Dragon is the closest to fitting the role. Like the traditional giant, Jack must kill him in order to save in this case the three sisters.

The characters thus described are recognizable international types. Even though Ray clothes his figures in very definite mountain garb, he has not tampered with the character stereotypes as such who are as much at home in Europe as they are in the mountains of North Carolina.

Characters: Trickster Jack and Tall Tales

In the wonder tales just discussed Jack moves through a world of magic. Fate and luck together guide his steps into manhood. Luck is defined in Appalachian terms as a complex collection of important traits without which no mountain lad could possibly hope to succeed.

Trickster tales emphasize one of these traits associated with good luck-- cleverness. As Ray Hicks comments:

Success, well they call it, they always called it luck. ...Now it looks like now in life some people is luckier than others. But I think it's just their wit, that they know more how to go at hit. There ain't no luck in that, It's just the way they watch and how they go at it... Jack, now he's clever... There's one [story] about Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack. [Bib-App No. 23]...
That's one now that I don't think Jack done no wrong. He was just gettin even ta what was done ta Unlucky Jack. So'd I knowed that all of my life in people -- ye see I just got even with 'em an that's a-goin on yit, people get even...[When I was a boy] ya had ta watch or you wouldn't have made it. Now you take your herbs that you sold...If you didn't watch on 'em they'd weigh ya out of several pounds of good dry herbs. An I' se always was like Unlucky Jack. I hated ta speak up, but I learnt, I tried it out. I learnt ta call 'em...what I was sellin the witch hazel bark, gaylack and May apple root, an I would get extra a pound by fixin it good, fair.(BmD 1982/16)

Trickery is not unknown in Appalachian life and a lad had better be prepared to match trick for trick if he does not want to be a loser in the hard battle for survival.

"Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack" (AT 1000, 1007, 1011) [App-23] is an example of a trickster tale in which Jack uses clever tricks to teach a cruel king (farmer) a lesson. Ray justifies Jack's action on moral grounds. The king is sadistic and vicious in his treatment of Unlucky Jack and, he believes, deserves the punishment he gets. This is the Old Testament law of "An eye for an eye" which was adhered to by mountaineers back in the early days before law and order was established in the outback communities and the people had to defend themselves or go under.

One of the best known and furthest travelled trickster tales is "Jack and the Robbers" or "The Doctor's Daughter" (AT 1525A) [App-22]. In Ray's version, which is set in the familiar Beech Mountains, Jack begins as the underdog, badly treated by, in this case, a rich doctor. Jack's family are poor share croppers renting a little house on the doctor's place. He is a hard task master and the family barely manages to get by on the paltry sum he pays them. When Jack wants to court his beautiful daughter, the doctor sets him an impossible task. Jack has to produce a thousand dollars-- "You could call it, but it was a
thousand guineas back then"-- before he could even look at his
daughter. Jack has to make good if he is to win the girl. No magical
donor will come to his aid in this tale. He has to count on his own
native wit. Jack makes the decision to leave home, though he has never
been away before and has no idea where he is going. The first night he
loses his way in a forest in drenching rain. He asks to stay at a
house that turns out to be owned by robbers. When the old woman warns
him that staying could mean his death, Jack takes a mountaineer's hard,
realistic attitude, that not to stay could also mean his death. He
enters the house knowing he is taking a risk.

As it turns out the robber chief offers Jack a chance to save his
life and coincidentally earn the money he needs to court the doctor's
daughter. His task is to steal three steers from a farmer. Jack has
to do some fast thinking. He first tries the shoe trick where he
leaves one shoe in the road and its mate further along. The farmer
sees the second shoe, ties his steer to a tree, and goes back to get
the first shoe. Next day Jack uses the hangman's rope trick. He
pretends to be a dead man hanging from a tree and the farmer ties his
second steer to a tree and runs for help. Both tricks work. Thinking
up a third trick comes harder for Jack.

So he laid that night a-studyin. and he slept a pretty good nap
an then wake up, woke up and he'd study agin an go back to
sleep. An the night seemed long... Well all he knowd to do that
time was go back there an sit side of the road. He had no
slipper; he had no rope. He had nothin in his mind that he would
get that'un with. What would he do? An he heard the ole farmer
a-comin. "Sook buck," on that ridge same, "Sook buck, saw buck
let's git to town." An he said, "I have to think of something." An it happened, just clicked.

His idea is to run deep into the bushes at the side of the road
making noises like the steer so the farmer will tie up his third steer and go looking for his other missing two.

Jack, in this story, becomes a thief out of necessity rather than desire. In fact his life depends on his being clever enough to steal the three steers. Though he is forced to rob, he is careful not to hurt the farmer. After telling me this story, Ray said that he was sorry the farmer had to lose his animals as he probably had a family to support. On the other hand Ray's Jack does not show any remorse about taking the man's live stock. Farmers on the Beech lived at a subsistence level. They grew just enough food to feed themselves and trade in for other necessary supplies. The steers would have been a severe loss to this farmer. It is interesting to note that in Marshall Ward's version of this story Jack sends the farmer three steers to replace the ones he has stolen. Perhaps Mr. Ward felt the need to correct this oversight regarding Jack's character because he told his Jack tales to the children in the school where he taught. He would not have wanted to give the wrong opinion of Jack's morals to impressionable young minds.

Even though Jack has the required thousand guineas, he is not to win the daughter so easily. Impossible tests of thievery are demanded by the doctor in order to keep Jack from marrying his daughter. They are: (1) steal the doctor's horse from his barn, (2) steal a rabbit from the doctor's cooking pot, and (3) steal his wife's shimmy (nightgown) while she is sleeping. Using his wit, Jack succeeds every time and finally the doctor has to give up.

This story borders on a tall tale in that it tells a series of fantastic "lies", all of which are quite humorous. Another such
version is told by Frank Proffitt Jr. Frank's Jack is more mercenary than Ray's. To begin with this Jack makes the decision himself to become a thief. He wants to steal money from the rich man whom he and his mother worked for. The rich man, like the doctor, decides to test Jack's ability to steal. He makes impossible demands on him and ends each demand by saying, "And if you don't do it I'll have you hung or shot tomorrow morning." Jack agrees to enter into the bargains but only if he gets to keep what he steals.

Keeping the stolen goods is a new twist not included in the versions told by Ray and Marshall Ward. Jack's motive is twofold— to get even with the rich man who has mistreated his mother and himself, and to make as much money as possible so he can be independent and not have to work for anyone. In this version there is no girl or love motive. There are four tasks assigned Jack. One of the most amusing is to steal the rich man's brother's money. Jack does this by pretending to be the angel Gabriel and offering to take him to heaven in exchange for all his money. The foolish man agrees and allows himself to be carried away in a sack and dumped in the pig pen. The story ends with a very successful Jack richer than the rich man. Important as, achieving financial rewards is, the fact that Jack is now independent is even more important. Appalachian highlanders would rather be poor and free than dependent on their livelihood on another man. We find the same attitude among Scottish travellers to whom the idea of working for an employer runs counter to their love of independence.

"Jack and the Rich Man", as this last story is called, is the only Jack tale that comes from the Proffitt side of the family and is an interesting addition to the other Beech Mountain variants of (AT
A comment should be made here concerning how Frank Jr. came by this tale. He did not get this story directly from his father. In fact Frank has no memory of his father ever telling stories. According to Frank his father learned the tale from Grandfather Wiley Proffitt.

And [my father] wrote the words down to it. Anna, my aunt, Anna Presnell, she copied the words where Daddy had wrote them down and then copied off of his writing and gave them to Richard Chase in 1946. And Chase put it in an appendix, a parallel, of "Jack and the Doctor's Daughter". And that I never did hear my father tell it. (BmD 1982/33)

Here is an example of oral tradition going into print and then being extracted and fed back into the oral tradition. Frank is very much a cross-over storyteller. Where Ray, Stanley, Hattie and Marshall Ward, all a generation older, learned their stories strictly from oral transmission, Frank's sources go beyond the spoken word. Frank considers himself an oral traditionalist rather than a modern folk revivalist. The only tales he tells, even those from print, are ones handed down through his family lines, and as such are part of his personal heritage.

Another delightful version of 'The Master Thief' is "Quare Jack," which was collected by Leonard Roberts in Kentucky. Jack, the youngest son, is considered a fool and queer in the head. His father divides up his inheritance giving three hundred dollars and a fine horse to each of the older boys and nothing to Jack. When his brothers go off to make their fortune, Jack follows on foot. He ends by proving himself to be the clever one when at a rich man's house the master sets up contests for the boys to try. First they have to out wit his daughter at verbal repartee (AT 853), then fill a sieve with water, steal the master's horse locked in the barn, and lastly steal the sheet from under his
wife as well as her wedding ring. Jack, who has been considered too stupid to deserve an inheritance, ends up winning four hundred dollars and his brothers go away penniless and minus their horses! Through more adventures of attempted thievery and some humorous trickery on the part of Jack, the brothers finally admit their younger brother is not such a fool after all and they all join to live together quite happily. This story and several others that Ray Hicks and Marshall Ward tell end with a reconciliation between the brothers which is a reminder of the strong loyalty that actually does exist within Appalachian families as already pointed out in the wonder tales.

In all of the above stories of Jack as a master thief, he is fun loving for the most part; his cleverness displays a sense of humour; and though he leaves his victims unhappy, he does not kill or physically hurt them but only causes some material loss and personal embarrassment.

The Irish traveller variant "Jack the Highway Robber" which is found in To Shorten the Road is a close parallel to "Jack and the Rich Man" told by Frank Proffitt Jr. Jack and his poor widowed mother are tenants of the King. Like the rich man he works them hard for miserly wages. Jack chooses to become a highway robber and the first person he robs is the king himself. He wants to get back at the king for the cruel way he has treated his family and he wants to ensure that neither he nor his mother will have to work again. The king sets Jack a number of tests to prove his robbing ability. These tests coincide with those in Frank Jr.'s story. The endings of the two stories are similar too. In Frank's the rich man loses his money and Jack becomes wealthy, and in the Irish version the king loses all his money and Jack becomes
These stories are obviously told for their entertainment value rather than for any lessons to be learned. Yet certainly the spirit of this clever Jack is very characteristic of Appalachian mountain people who have always had to confront impossible problems. With no help available for ready answers, they have had to use their own creative wits to solve them.

There is another trickster Jack whose tricks are not only clever, but sometimes cruel. In stories like "Jack and the Heifer Hide" [App-20], "Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack" [App-23], and "Jack and the New Ground" [App-24], Jack's cruelty is pointed towards those who deserve the punishment they get. The cruel, rich and greedy suffer the most at the hands of the trickster. The foolish and gullible come in for their share too.

In "Jack and the Heifer Hide" (AT 1535) [App-20] Jack, the youngest brother is considered too stupid and useless to receive any more than a little heifer for his inheritance while his brothers are given fine steers. Jack refuses to help his older brothers clear new ground so they kill his heifer leaving him with nothing. But Jack has the hide from his heifer. With that he goes off to seek his fortune, and through a series of clever tricks he gets his own back at his greedy and heartless brothers. This version includes the segment where Jack catches the adulteress with her lover (AT 1358B). Jack subsequently carries out the paramour in a locked trunk, and after getting him to pay money through the key hole on the promise not to drown him, Jack leaves the poor man to suffocate. The final trick ends in the brothers being thrown in the river convinced that they will find
sheep and other treasures at the bottom of the river where they think
they threw Jack the day before.

Jack is not really a nice fellow in this story, and Ray does not
give us very much to go on to justify Jack's harsh measures other than
to say the brothers are mean themselves and actually very stupid and
gullible and therefore they deserve what they get. "The Heifer Hide"
is told by Stanley Hicks and Hattie Presnell and is in Marshall Ward's
repertoire too. Only in Marshall Ward's version is stress laid on
justifying at least some of Jack's dirty tricks. For example, Jack has
to leave the paramour in the chest because the man has a gun and would
shoot Jack. Marshall makes sure the man is rescued, however, after Jack
is safely away. As for the old shepherd who takes Jack's place in the
sack, Marshall makes him an old man over ninety who really wants to
die. The brothers are warned by Jack not to shoot their horses and try
and sell their skins. Jack even offers to share the money he got
through selling the heifer hide. The brothers are so convinced they
can make triple what Jack made that they refuse to listen to him. At
the end when they ask Jack to throw them in the river, Jack offers to
divide his three thousand sheep equally three ways if they will forget
about the river. The brothers, however, are so greedy, a thousand each
is not enough for them. They are sure they will find more in the
river. Even with the added justification for Jack's actions, Marshall
Ward has not softened the tricks Jack plays.

Perhaps here we are seeing the very hardest side of Appalachian
life. Its people have had to endure cruelties both natural and
man-made since they first settled the area. Survival was and still is
the number one priority.
Another culture that has survived through its wits is the travelling people of Scotland and Ireland. Trickster tales certainly have their place in traveller tradition as already noted with "Jack the Highway Robber." Duncan Williamson, Scottish traveller, tells a version of "The Heifer Hide" called "The Poor Brother and the Horse's Skin" (SA 1978/ ). Justification for dirty tricks is firmly established in the beginning. Poor Jack is cheated out of his wages by his rich and greedy brother. This same brother out of pure viciousness kills Jack's poor old horse leaving him penniless with no means of support. Jack's only defence is through trickery and this he uses ending in the brother's death by drowning.

The characters in all these trickster tales are very recognizable. Jack, the hero, is both a survivor and a realist. He knows the cards are stacked against him. He can not fight injustice with money or power-- he has neither. All he has is his wits. If it is not his brothers who mistreat him then it is the king or rich man who lords it over him. Jack's reaction is (1) to get even with his tormentor(s) and (2) to secure his independence and financial future. Sometimes, but not always, there is romantic interest too. The tormentors are stereotyped "baddies" just like Jack is a stereotyped underdog trickster hero. There is nothing likeable about the tormentors and one can not really feel sorry for them when they meet with downfall and even death. Frank Proffitt Jr. made this comment about Jack as a trickster:

Well, when I heard Jack tales told or tell them I kinda took Jack as a moral character although he done things in the stories that wasn't moral. He stole. But he usually did it just to survive...I stressed that he had to survive. And that's a kinda lesson that human beings will do anything to survive, or any
animal; the fittest or the strongest will survive. So Jack in these stories he was the strongest and so he survived. (BmD 1982/35)

As I have mentioned there is a link between trickster tales and tall tales in that the former have fantastic tests of robbery that are definitely "bigger than life" which is what a tall tale is all about. These stories enjoy widespread popularity and are the first type of tale we associate with the tradition of Appalachian storytelling. Americans like things big. This is certainly true with highlanders who are surrounded by huge mountain ranges, great forests and vast open spaces all of which lend themselves to the telling of "big lies."

Jack in a tall tale is unbelievably lucky. One of Ray's favourite tall tales that he claims he made up to amuse his children when they got tired of his other Jack tales is "Jack and the Hunting Trip" (AT 1890, 1895, 1895, 1900) [App-21]. All the Beech Mountain storytellers have a version of this story and there are many parallels throughout Appalachia. This is a kind of story that each raconteur can make as tall as he wants, adding in as many episodes as he cares to. Marshall Ward's version is the longest and actually includes two separate hunting trips. Ray's is unusual in that he tells the story as though he is going on the hunting trip with Jack. He tells the story in first person, reporting all the marvellous feats of his hero Jack. The story is told in a casual manner and exact details are given such as the numbers of turkeys, ducks and trout caught. This of course is done to give a sense of reality to the lie and to heighten the humour. Everything that is reported to have happened is bigger than life as no man could possibly have the luck Jack does on this trip. Some of the most common episodes found in this tale include Jack wading in a river to tie the legs of fifty ducks and finding he has not only caught the
ducks but thirty trout in his trousers. He bends his rifle so he can shoot a deer and a grouse at the same time. The gun blows up and kills a rabbit and a squirrel as well. He puts his gun back together and with his last bullet he shoots the limb on which are perched twelve wild turkeys. The bullet opens a split in the wood which promptly closes, trapping the feet of the turkeys. By the time the day is finished Jack kills and captures so many animals that it takes several wagon loads to get his catch home.

**Characters: Heroine Wonder Tales**

In trickster and tall tales girls are very much in the background, if they are mentioned at all. In hero wonder tales girls take a more prominent role. Either a girl is the object of a hero's quest or the incidental reward the hero receives once he has succeeded or, as sometimes happens, she is the hero's primary helper. In these roles she may be the daughter of a rich man or king, the devil, a giant or an evil magician, or she herself may be enchanted as a deer or cat or dog. In all cases she invariably becomes the hero's bride.

In heroine stories we see girls in a different light. They take the leading role and are the pursuers of their destiny. When I asked Ray Hicks if he knew any stories about girls he told me he could only remember knowing one, but it had long left his memory.

A story now where a girl come out from her three sisters. It was a good 'un. She was called - there was three sisters and they laughed at her cause she wore cat skins. 'Cause of them ole cat skins they wouldn't let her go with them to get the king's prince. Then it went on and they changed it ta Cinderella. It's older than Cinderella...It was told Catskins at the start. Ole feller told me. An so in that tale now the way they had it, the
girl wins over her two sisters, wins the prince. [She didn't win] over a man ya know., I've never known nary one where the girl wins over the man. [BmD 1982/4]

It is interesting both that Ray could remember that such a heroine tale as "Catskins" existed, but not the story itself, and that he felt it important to make it clear the heroine won against her two sisters, not a man. In the male dominated society in which Ray grew up heroes were far more important than heroines. Girls could help heroes as in "Jack and King Mark." In fact it was their duty to do so in the same way a good Appalachian wife loyally stands by and helps her husband. On the other hand a heroine's role did not extend to winning over a man, showing him up to be of less ability than herself. This same attitude is prevalent in traveller society and is reflected in the role of women in Stanley Robertson's wonder tales.

When I asked Hattie Presnell if she remembered any stories about heroines she said, "Nearly all of 'em are about the boys, not none about no girls." Actually, Hattie managed to remember two tales, though somewhat fragmented. One is "Old Gallymander" [App-13] which was also told, but with a moral twist to it, by Marshall Ward. The other is "One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes". [App-12]

This second story is also in the repertoire of Betsy Whyte, the Scottish traveller. [Bruford, 1982, p. 1-8] Betsy's version is more complete than Hattie's though the two are very similar. In both stories the little girl is rejected by her mother and two sisters because she has two eyes which makes her like other people. The girls, like Jack in "Jack and the Black Bull" are passive and incapable of changing their sad state. They are being worked to death and half starved and can only cry and lament their fate.
One day Hattie's Two Eyes is out in the fields tending the sheep and crying for lack of food when a fairy godmother appears and tells the girl what she should say to make a table of food appear, and after eating, what she should say to make it go away.

In Betsy's "Two Eyes" a little man comes to her while she is looking after her goats and he gives her rhymes to say:

'Bleat, little goat, bleat,
And bring me something nice tae eat!'

'Bay, little goat, bay,
And take the nice things all away.'

Similar rhymes might have once been known by Hattie. The closest she comes is 'Table, table appear with my dinner,' and 'Table, table disappear.'

The scenes of spying by the other two sisters are the same in both stories as is the cruel mother who kills the animal which actually causes the food to appear. At this point there is a missing piece in Hattie's story. Betsy's Two Eyes is so upset at her goat getting killed that she runs off not knowing where she is going and meets the little man who first helped her. He tells her to bury the goat's heart in the garden and she will feel better. This she does and the next morning there stands a tree with pure golden apples.

Hattie could not remember Two Eyes burying the sheep's heart. She did know about the tree with the golden apples, but she did not know how it came to grow in the garden. Both stories end with Two Eyes winning the prince.
Here is an example of a passive, but good and kind heroine. She needs help and wise advice from a magical donor to bring her through a painful initiation and growing period. Little Two Eyes never complains about her poor treatment. She is obedient to her mother and has not the courage to talk back or stand up for herself. However, she does show some gumption when her sisters come to spy. She knows perfectly well why they are there. She sings One Eye to sleep and she thinks she has sung Three Eyes to sleep, but one eye, unnoticed, stays open. Two Eyes fails with this sister, but to fail at this point is part of her destiny. Had she not the mother would never have killed her sheep/goat and the golden apple tree would not have grown, nor would the prince have appeared. Each action is contingent on what preceded it.

The disclosure of little Two Eyes and recognition of her as the tree's owner is handled slightly differently in each story. In Betsy's version Two Eyes is standing at the back door watching as her mother and sisters try unsuccessfully to pull apples from the tree. When the prince asks if there is anyone else in the house, the stepmother lies and says, "Naebody but us." At that moment an apple falls from the tree and rolls right up to where Two Eyes is standing. She picks it up and gives it to the prince. The prince asks her if she can get any more; she opens her apron and the apples tumble into it. The hand of destiny helps Two Eyes until her success, as symbolized by marriage to the prince, is assured.

In Hattie's version, the cruel mother hides Two Eyes under a big pot when the prince comes "to claim a sweetheart." The prince asks for a golden apple but the mother and two daughters fail to grab one as the branches keep swinging out of reach.
Well this girl under the pot she'd make a noise. And that man said, "What is that?" "Oh, ain't nothin." He says, "I hear somethin." "Oh, its just a mean girl, a little mean girl I put there to keep her out of trouble."

Well, he raised the pot up and Two Eyes come out. He says, "I'm goin to see if you can get me a golden apple." She went up and they fell in her hand. So he took her and left the rest of them there.

Two Eyes shows her own determination to be recognized as the tree's owner by making enough noise for the prince to know of her existence. The Grimm version is very similar to Hattie's in this particular episode. Two Eyes is hidden under an empty barrel. She is annoyed by her mother and sisters lying and rolls out two golden apples from under the barrel which the knight sees. She too determinedly makes her presence known thus taking a hand in her own destiny.

Other variants are told in Kentucky, Scotland and Ireland. [See notes for No. 12]

Though Hattie's story of "One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes" has certain gaps and is told in an almost skeletal style, it is intact enough to see how closely rooted it is to European wonder tales. This story is related to "Cinderella", AT 510. It is likely that the fairy godmother was actually lifted from the latter. The idea of a handsome prince coming to carry off the cruelly treated youngest sister is very old world, and Hattie's telling is free from direct Appalachian local colour as is so prevalent in Ray's Jack tales. It has the feel of a true Marchen.
Chapter 5

PART III: STANLEY ROBERTSON

Characters: Hero Wonder Tales

As already noted Stanley Robertson's repertoire comprises mainly wonder tales whose hero is Jack. Unlike Ray Hicks, Stanley does not tell any trickster or tall tales though such tales do exist among travellers.

It rather surprised me not to find more trickster tales since the travelling people I have met have been open as to their general low opinion of non-travellers when it comes to matching wits in a bargain--bargaining being something travellers enjoy very much. The traditionally accepted traveller attitude in trade and business has always been that there is no harm in a little conning, and if a scaldy is fool enough to fall for a travellers's line then more is the pity for him. He gets what he deserves for being a fool.

On the other hand, matching wits is really not the same thing as playing dirty tricks. Travellers, and certainly this seems to be true in Stanley's family, would rather use their quick thinking and creative talents to win over an opponent. This comes out time and time again in Stanley's wonder tales.
Looking at Stanley's Jack, we see less sign of the hero journeying down a road guided by destiny than we do in the older traditional wonder tales. That element is present in some of Stanley's tales, but more often the hero actually participates in the decision making along the way. Tales that have passed through the hands of generations of travellers, or have orginally been invented by them, promote a Jack who is very much their image of what a traveller hero should be. The traveller and Appalachian developments of Jack as a hero figure have more in common than they have differences. This might well be due to the fact that the travellers and mountaineers have, as cultures, many points of agreement and so would design their hero in a like manner. Since the wonder tales from both cultures share the same roots, they would also share a common influence-- all combining to make the two Jacks more similar than they are dissimilar. On the other hand, the differences are there and in themselves tell us something about the character of the individual storytellers and the people to whom they tell their stories.

So saying let us have a look at Stanley's traveller concept of Jack and the other characters featured in his wonder tales.

Jack is the boy stretching towards manhood. His starting point, as is shown in Ray's tales, is not always the same. Little John, the first of Stanley's heroes that we met, is immature and totally lacking in any kind of sophistication. About all he has to begin with is an ability to trust totally in his donor and follow helpful instructions. That, along with his kindness, gets him through his ordeals as a winner. The princess, well aware John still is not fully mature, nevertheless has come to love him for his good and generous nature and
decides he will in time make a worthy husband for her.

Another of Stanley's immature heroes is described in "Jack and the Blessings". [Stan-38] This Jack is a thoroughly unlikeable character. He lets his poor widowed mother support him and never lifts a finger to help. He possesses an excellent talent at shooting with a bow and arrow, but he only uses his skill for his own pleasure, not to bring food home for the table. Jack's mother warns him over and over that if he does not change his ways the day of reckoning will come.

That day does come when the factor evicts the poor woman for not paying her rent. She goes to live with an old aunt and tells Jack he is on his own and will have to find a job. She will not give him her blessing nor will the village priest. Jack is lost and does not know what to do. Finally he goes to his uncle, who likewise refuses to give his blessing because of Jack's selfish behaviour. However, reluctantly he writes Jack a letter of introduction to the laird in which he warns the laird about good-for-nothing Jack, but asks him to give the lad a chance. The uncle is not a magic donor as is common in wonder tales. His gift, the letter to the laird, holds no special power. This Jack does not deserve magical help to save him. He is in for a tough journey where he will have to pull himself up by his bootstraps and make his own success.

The laird gives Jack three tasks; he fails all of them and is severely and painfully punished. Even in failure Jack is beginning to show signs of improving. He is becoming aware of just how badly he has treated his mother and for the first time in his life he feels ashamed. He is also genuinely sorry for his failures and wants to do better. The laird says he will give him one final chance. He will
send him to the king. But he warns Jack if he fails the king it will mean his death.

The king says he has no time for lazy, selfish lads. Unless Jack can show he has some talent and is not totally useless he will be banned from the kingdom. Jack says he can shoot with a bow and arrow. In a contest the king orders, Jack out-shoots all his best marksmen and the king is impressed. Even though the king knows of Jack's bad record, he gives the boy an opportunity to go on a hero's quest. His only daughter has been kidnapped by the Witch of Ender and the king wants Jack to secure the witch's oath which is the only thing that will release the girl.

From this point on in the story Jack begins to behave like a positive rather than a negative hero. He courageously goes forth alone carrying nothing but his bow and arrows. He finds the princess who is held prisoner in a chamber at the bottom of a well. She gives Jack vital information about the witch, but no magical formula or wise advice for securing the crucial oath. This is Jack's problem. Only he can solve it. In the end he finds the answer, and using his skill as a marksman, he traps the witch into giving him the magic oath and frees the princess.

Typically for tales Stanley learned from his mother, the evil witch is not killed, but banished from the land for seven years. For his reward Jack is given a big farm with servants so he will be able to look after his mother, his great aunt and his uncle for the rest of their lives. Jack does not win the princess as might be expected. According to Stanley he is not ready for such a high reward.
These Jack tales you sort o know the outcome. But there was
times fan there was a sting in the tail o the tale...Ye get a
sting sometimes cause you're expectin a different outcome...like
in this tale everybody expects Jack tae get the princess, but he
doesnae, because he hasn't merited her at this particular
time...He's only reached the level of a normal person. He's nae
classed as great brightness, but he, he's beginnin tae apply
knowledge, tae turn it intae wisdom. So in future he cud use the
knowledge that he's gained and he can then apply it tae the
future things he's gaen tae dee. (SA 1981/89)

The reward that means most to Jack is receiving the king's
blessing, and on the way home, the laird's blessing, his uncle's and
the priest's, and of course, most importantly, his mother's.

Fen he comes hame noo, his mither's so happy. She said, "Now I
will give ye a mather's blessing." And she said, "Blessings are
not given freely, but blessings are arned. And to receive the
blessing ye have tae...do aa things right. And the greatest
blessing ye get is tae work things oot fir yourself. Tae have
the knowledge tae work things oot for yourself. And fen ye apply
knowledge, knowledge is nae a blessing on its own, but fen ye
apply knowledge, it becomes wisdom. And any time you'll be able
tae go tae the laird and receive knowledge. You can go tae your
uncle and receive knowledge and you can come tae me. And you
will become a very good man and good provider." And Jack and his
mother lived happily ever after. (SA 1981/88)

Here we have a Jack who is considered thoroughly worthless. His
wise mother tries to warn him of trouble ahead. His priest scolds him
and sends him packing to solve his own problems. Both voices he needs
to hear if he is ever to make a change. Then the uncle, the laird and
the king give Jack a chance to reverse the negative path he is on.
They do not make it easy for him. He has to do all the work himself
and be ready for harsh treatment if he fails. In the end he sees the
errors of his ways and justifies the help that is given to him. This
exemplifies for Stanley a very important lesson his mother taught him.

It was a philosophy we've been taught. How certain people did
certain things...Instead o condemnin the person fir fat he's
done, the traveller can cure it at the place where it began...Some folks wud say, 'That's a bad brute of a bairn.' An my mother used tae aye say, "No, no, folks, that's nae a bad bairn. It's the thing that he does that is bad. But the bairn's nae bad." An my mother aye went by this kind o things. (SA 1981/88)

Notice too, that he receives wise advice from his mother and the priest and is helped by another relative, his uncle. The other helpers, the laird, the king and the princess, are not strangers that appear mysteriously and then disappear, but, though much higher in rank, they are part of the same Scottish society as Jack.

Such a Jack is not known among Appalachian tales and there is no international equivalent type to link it with older European Marchen.

Stanley rates his Jacks according to their maturity at the outset of each story. Expectations of achievements and fitting rewards come into Stanley's assessment of each hero. A particularly intriguing story Stanley tells is "Jack and the Golden Key". [Stan-35].

Here is another story that is traveller invented, but has the feel and magic of a European wonder tale. Jack is a royal prince who is about to come into his birthright. On his twenty-first birthday his father is going to present him with a special box locked by a golden key that the fairies made. The box contains the king's will stating that Jack is to become the next king. But the king's evil brother instigates the double murder of the king and queen the night before Jack's birthday celebration. He plans to destroy the papers inside the box and make himself king. Instead the fairies steal back the key so nobody can open the box. That still leaves the brother as temporary king until the box can be opened.

Jack is young, and powerless. He fears his uncle and flees to the
safety of his old nurse Norris. She sends him on a voyage around the
world to seek certain ingredients she will need to help restore his
kingdom to him. Jack is young with much to learn, but he has the
makings of a worthy hero. Following his nurse's instructions, he sets
off at once.

Enroute to the ship he offers to carry a very old and weak man who
turns out to be the Old Man of Wisdom. The man refuses to get off
Jack's back until Jack nearly drowns him. In exchange for his life he
gives Jack three hazel nuts, each of which when cracked and eaten will
give needed knowledge. This is not a typical donor in that Jack shows
kindness and is ill treated in return. He only receives the magic nuts
when the old man's life is threatened.

Thus armed, Jack sails the seven seas. He stops at three islands
each ruled by a king as young and inexperienced as himself who is faced
with an insoluble problem. With the magic nuts Jack is able to give
the kings wise advice that shows the wisdom of why their fathers before them did things in certain ways and why the changes they
are making are the cause of their problems. In exchange for Jack's
help, the grateful kings supplies the missing ingredients he seeks.

Back home Jack is able to win back his rightful throne and oust
the evil uncle. A traditional wonder tale ending would have been to
kill the uncle. Instead he is only banished from the land. Again we
see the softening influence of Stanley's mother. She would rather have
him banished in the hope that he would repent and live a better life.

Whereas in "Jack and the Blessings" emphasis is placed on the
wisdom of the boy's mother, it is the father who is regarded as the
wise one in "Jack and the Golden Key."

Jack's father the king must have been a very wise man. He must have had some foreknowledge that his brother was going tae make treachery upon them. And probably the aul king had got in touch with the wee fairy folk. And the fairy folk came knowing the brother had stolen the key and took it back fae him. But they left aul Norris wi the mould. So fen she got the ingredients which made the key again it would be able tae open [the box]. But the father must ha known. Jack's aye tellin the rest o the kings, "Your father's a very wise aul man."

The three young kings that Jack meets on his travels reflect his own position-- that of an inexperienced prince about to take the throne. All three are seeking important knowledge without which they cannot properly fulfil their duties as kings.

See Jack - this actually has been a testin ground fir him. He has much wisdom at the end o his journey. He's a much wiser man. He went awa a boy, but he's come back a fully fledged man wi knowledge tae rule. An probably this is part o his father's strategy as well...A think it was an interestin point. Because why is every king jist like Jack, in a similar position? None o that kings have any guidance. Sae they rely on somebody else tae gie them guidance. An Jack's the same. Jack is without guidance. Sae he has aul Norris tae help him. But he mus go in search fir further knowledge. An aa these other kings sort a tell ye that...maybe they havenae listened carefully enough tae their fathers. An through in this tale you can see a sort o age barrier or a generation gap here as well...

Stanley has made an interesting assessment of Jack, Jack's father and the other kings and their fathers. Parents are greatly respected in the traveller culture. In Stanley's own family when he was growing up he revered his mother for her spiritual strength and gentle nature and his father for his physical and moral toughness. Stanley learned from both parents, taking knowledge and wisdom from each. We see this close parent-child relationship reflected in Stanley's different Jacks and how each relates to his mother and/or father in the story.
Note, too, Stanley's stress on gaining knowledge as one matures and learning to apply that knowledge wisely. We see this in "The Blessings". In "The Golden Key" Jack is of noble birth and of good character to begin with, so he ended his journey on a far higher plane than did Jack in "The Blessings". It was crucial that he should do so as he was facing the arduous responsibility of kingship. One final point regarding donors. In death Jack's father was his most important helper. He laid the groundwork for Jack's journey to prepare the boy to take the throne. He knew his son would need guidance, that every young man growing up needed wise counseling. He also knew Jack would turn to the one person he could trust—his old nurse Norris. She was somebody the king could trust too. Only the third donor in this story was a stranger—the Old Man of Wisdom, and he did not volunteer. Jack had to win his help by outtricking him. Only then did he give Jack the crucial magic nuts. He entered Jack's life as a guide to his destiny. Without his magic gifts Jack could not have succeeded. In true wonder tale style, this mysterious donor disappeared as quickly as he appeared and was never heard of again.

Another interesting Jack appears in the tale "Jack and the Seven Giants." [Stan-27]. Jack lives on a farm with his widowed mother and his two older brothers. Jack does his farm chores, but his heart is not in his work. He prefers juggling, a skill he taught himself as a boy after seeing jugglers perform in a travelling show. What Jack really wants is adventure. He is bored with farm work and wants to travel, see new things, learn new ideas. Jack is different from his brothers who are satisfied with their lot in life and happy just to work on the farm. Jack wants something more for himself.
Jack's mother wisely suggests that in order to cure his restlessness he ought to go and find himself a wife. Then he will be able to settle down and be content. Jack decides to take her advice. She bakes him a bannock and fries him a collop and sends him away with her blessing. On and on he travels until he meets an old woman with a heavy cogie on her back and he offers to carry it for her. The poor woman lives in a dirty hovel and not having any food, Jack shares his. Jack spends the night and the next morning he notices the old woman looks younger and a lot cleaner and so does the house.

When he said this to her, she said, "Well, lad, sometimes things arenae aye fit they appear tae be. Sometimes things are far better than fit ye thought."...She says, "There's no muckle A can gie ye, but there's one thing I can dee. A gie ye ma blessin. An I shall bless you with the power that you may be onything that you want tae be durin this time. An that you'll find the tools that you need tae help you wi the tasks that you have tae dee."

Blessings release power that travellers believe works for the good of the person blessed, just as a curse inflicts bad luck on its victim. It is common among Scottish and Irish wonder tales that when the older brothers leave home they greedily ask for as much food as their mother will bake even if that means she is deprived and will curse them. Jack always asks for a small amount as he prefers to have his mother's blessing on his journey. Jack, in "The Blessings" knows the power of being blessed and feels lost having to go off on his own without his mother's or anybody else's blessing to wish him well and bring him luck.

Now this strange woman offers Jack her blessing to be what he needs to be and find the tools that will win him success. It is a good omen for Jack. He realizes this and thanks her. "That's good o you tae
gie me that. A'm fine and pleased with that." She also gives Jack some words of wisdom and a hint at what is to come when she warns that not all things are what they first appear to be.

Jack walks along roads and moors. He stumbles against a stone and under it he finds a rusty sword which he decides to keep. He comes to a castle with a high tower and a beautiful girl standing in it. She asks Jack to rescue her and she will be his wife. She warns he will have to kill seven black giants (sometimes referred to as knights by Stanley). Jack agrees. Now he knows as an ordinary lad he cannot just go and fight these giants, but will have to defeat them by using his wits and outsmarting them. For each giant he has to think up a different surprise plan of attack. One giant he stuns with a sling shot and then stabs him through the heart with the rusty sword; for the second he uses an old spear he found; then he dresses as a girl and offers the third unsuspecting giant some poisoned wine; and for the fourth and fifth giants he uses a bow and arrow and a snare. All the giants Jack kills mysteriously vanish.

For the sixth giant Jack remembers the old woman and her blessing and goes back to see her. She looks younger and her house even prettier. Jack reminds her that she has blessed him with the power to be anything he wants. He wants to be the same size as the next giant so he can fight him equally man to man. She gives him a magic jacket to wear that makes him appear big and tells him to sharpen his sword on her grindstone which will give it a double edge sharpness. So Jack kills this giant too and he also disappears.

The princess warns Jack that the last giant has the power of all the rest put together. Jack knows he has to think up a very clever
trick to beat this great knight. He thinks about his one really outstanding talent—his juggling—and feels it must serve some purpose. Then he gets his inspiration. He borrows seven piggy jars from the old woman and puts a poisonous adder in each one. He talks his way into the castle and tricks the giant with his juggling act and the snakes. The giant admits defeat and the princess is Jack's. It turns out that the last giant is her father, the Great Laird of the Black Arts, a prince himself. He has set up these challenges in order to find a worthy husband for his daughter and an heir and successor to his power. The old woman is the girl's mother helping Jack throughout his ordeals.

Jack asks about all the giants he has killed who vanished. The laird explains they were merely "shades" that he conjured up. They were soulless images that looked real and felt real to the touch, but were not really there.

Here is an example of the traveller's notion of the use of trickery to outwit an enemy. Seven times Jack had to face an adversary more powerful than himself and it was cleverness that enabled him to win. The laird was particularly impressed with young Jack.

The laird said, "Naebody else has ever showed the courage that you have... You showed us outstanding courage and such trickery! I was completely unaware!" And he says, "...an you'll be the next laird after me. An you're gaun tae practice aa the airts that A ken, nae fir fit they are, but fir fit they can dee. Because you can tak many folk an teach them the airts an they become evil wi it an use the power unwisely. But you are one o the chosen an one o the good yins. An you'll ken how tae use it wisely. An aa ye got tae dee noo is progress an learn in your work. An you'll find a knowledge an you'll find a pleasure an you'll never ever be bored again. An your juggling will be for tae help ye in another time an another purpose."
Here in the final words of the laird that end the story is the story's moral. Jack has proved himself worthy through his courage and trickery, which included the clever use of his talent. These are traits highly admired by travellers just as they are by the Appalachian people. Now the laird is telling him he is a chosen one, but he still has much more to learn to make him truly wise and content. Jack is not going to be allowed to bask in his glory of success, but is yet to be challenged to even higher realms of further knowledge and wisdom.

This again reflects Stanley's own family attitudes. His parents continually challenged Stanley and his brothers and sisters to stretch themselves mentally, spiritually and physically at all times when they were growing up. Education in the home has always been a high priority among travellers. Children had to be taught traveller morals, traditions and beliefs, as well as ways to survive and succeed in a non-traveller world. Such lessons they could not learn in ordinary schools. As already noted Stanley's mother used the Jack tales as one teaching device. The above is a good example.

Jack starts his journey with the blessing of his mother. The old woman he meets along the way appears at first to be the usual wonder-tale stranger sent to help the hero. She certainly is no relative of Jack's, but she is the mother of the princess who is to become his bride. The princess is the decoy and plays only a minor role in the story. Most of Stanley's Jack tales give minimal attention to the females. Exceptions are made for Jack's mother who often plays a prominent role, at least at the start of the story. Stanley comments: "The mother figure is very important because she doesnae only represent the mother figure: she represents Mother Earth. She's
everything; she's the very essence of his being. An without her Jack is lost." (SA 1982/29)

Other exceptions are white witches with magical powers like Aul Maidie in Stanley's story by that title [Stan-37] and Mother Kirsty in "The Girl with the Golden Mask" [Stan-24], Aul Megum in "Jack and the Snow Mountain" [Stan-45] and the old witches in "The Princess and the Warlock" [Stan-23], "Jack and the Three Jewels" [Stan-20] and "Jack and the Medicine that Cured All IIs" [Stan-26]. These older women are all key donors in Stanley's tales. They have received training in the black arts, but use their magical powers as a force for good against evil.

And finally there are the spaë wives who do not possess the same supernatural power as white witches, but they have inherited certain skills-- such as second sight and healing-- to set them apart from ordinary folk. Spaë wives were held in high regard among travellers, and as already mentioned several existed in Stanley's family. These women are donors in "The Laird of the Black Arts and the Servant Girl" [Stan-7], "Jack and the Seven Giants" [27], "Jack and the Land of Shadows" [40], "Jack and the King of the North Wind" [39], "Jack and the Liar" [30], and "Jack and the Golden Key" [35].

Stanley admits such women are important in the Jack tales. However, girls mainly play a subordinant role to men, as is the case among the travellers themselves. "A didnae think any laddie amongst the travellin laddies would see the female element quite in the same eyes as the male element. But then we were just a chauvenistic race o folk. That's exactly fit it was." This, of course, is the same attitude already expressed by Ray Hicks. We also see Ray's description
of the place of women in Marchen in the following words of Stanley's.

Mostly [traveller lassies] stay hame. But there was one or two girls that were adventurous. An even in the tales you'll get tales with an adventurous girl. But usually in the tales the girl is just like a helper. Like in "Jack an the Three Jewels" there's aa the skivvy lassies that help him tae do the bakin an aa that. So there certain things that Jack doesnae do, but the women folk dee. They're important in the tale tae help him. He needs this help. But the women folk never have the strength as fit the auld woman has tae dee, the mother figure. The auld woman that he meets along the road, wha usually represents, ken, the moral choice. An she also has the magic power tae supply [help]. Other times he meets an auld man. An usually the auld man's powers is aye stronger than an old woman's powers. If he meets an auld woman she usually is an old witch, but if he meets an auld man it's aaways usually some high rankin wizard. (It is interesting to note that Aul Maidie, Mother Kirsty, and the witches in "Jack and the Warlock", and "The Medicine that Cured All Iills" are all ranked as having equal powers with their male evil counterparts when these women are on their own territory. Mother Kirsty, for instance, is even able to hold off the Devil from entering her realm of power.) (SA 1982/29)

Another tale in which Jack goes out to seek a wife is "Jack and the Fawn". (cf. 401) [Stan-19]

"Mother, tell me, gie me your good advice fat kind of a wife should I get?" "Oh," says the mother, "she doesnae have tae be jist a beauty, but as long as she's comely lookin. Tak a lassie fit can cook and clean and scrub, a lassie that's nae feart o deepin a bittle hard work. Tak a lass fit will sit at nicht and laugh wi ye. And what ever you do tak a lass wha will nae answer ye back. "Well, mother," he said, "that's guid and sound advice," he said. "A'll go awa in the mornin, and I'll see if I can find my fortune and find a braa wife."

In this short conversation we are given a description of the ideal traveller wife and we once again see in what high regard a traveller son holds his mother.

The first thing I think about in this particular Jack is his obedience tae he's mother. Now he didnae pick oot the conditions for picking his wife. He's mother picked out the conditions of the wife...An Jack wouldnae tak a wife unless she had the
qualifications, Ken, specified by his mother. An to me Jack here is very obedient and he's been also a listener, and he's taken in a lot of knowledge by listening. So fen the time comes tae do the richt thing he has had the knowledge beforehand... He took the wife that he could finally take home to his mother. And fen he does get her he does everything he can for her. He works very hard for her.

The meaning of a wife that winnae speak back tae ye doesnae mean a wife that doesnae have a mind of her ain. It means a wife who won't contradict ye in public. Though she feels different, the man must get respect at the time needed... 'Cause this was the custom of the travelling people... Ken it was just a sort o law that, tae keep the husbands sort o high, [wives] aaways agreed wi them... in public. (SA 1983/50)

Jack in this story goes out and after much searching does find the exact wife his mother described. Only in the case of this girl she can not talk back because she is dumb. It turns out she is a princess who has been enchanted by a cruel wizard and is a fawn at night and a silent girl by day. Jack goes on a quest to get the magic spring water that will break the enchantment. The wizard refuses to give it, but he is willing to make a condition which means Jack's journeying to the wizard's brother and asking him for a bottle of his fine red wine. That wizard places another condition on Jack. He has to go to the third brother and bring back a bottle of his special goat's milk. Yet another condition placed on Jack by the third brother means the lad has to descend to hell and ask the devil for a hot brick. The devil agrees to give the brick only on condition Jack outwits him in a contest. This Jack does and from there he is able to fulfil all the conditions and rescue his wife.

"Conditions" are central to the theme of this story. The making and upholding of conditions within Stanley's family is part of a moral code preached mainly by Stanley's father. "I think this is strictly within oor family. Because there are a lot of travellers who are roguish and don't have the same strict morals." Stanley goes on to
My father never believed in giving gifts... Usually when my father gives ye anything, ken, it was upon a condition that ye done something... He didnae believe in onyone gettin anythin fir nothin. An he thought everything had tae be worked for. He said if you're given something 'at's not worked for, then ye never appreciate it... He said everybody had to work, contribute something fir the well bein of the whole community... The travelling people themsels dinnae get nothin for nothin. Onythin they got they had tae work fir it... so they had this strictness - nae cruelty - but a strictness that you observed and that you could give great reverence to your parents because of it. (SA 1983/50)

This last Jack rates high with Stanley because he is respectful and obedient to his mother and he is a good husband who does everything he can for his wife, even going on a quest that could cost him his life.

The Jack Stanley most admires is in the story "Jack and the Land of No Death". This wonder tale, perhaps Stanley's most fascinating, takes forty-five minutes to tell and is composed of two stories interlocked. First we are introduced to a Jack who already exhibits qualities of a responsible and mature young man, far more than with previous Jacks.

Awa hiney back many, many moons ago in a wee village by a great northern sea there lived an old woman and she had a son called Jack. Now this old woman lived at the end of the village on the road goin to the market toon... Her son Jack was a very good livin laddie, very obedient and wis a good worker. He could dee aathing roon his mither's hoose. He could work the land, he could milk cattle and he kent how tae keep animals. Beside that he was a bit of a Jack of all trades, inasmuch as he was able tae use the bow an arra, he was able tae use the spear, an he could fish. So he provided his mother very well, an he had a good wey o livin. Also, every Friday mornin Jack used tae go tae the market toon and he would dee a bit o trade an a bit o barter, an he would aye come hame aboot denner time.
This is a very detailed introduction for a wonder tale, but the information supplied becomes important to the main action of the story. Stanley is always careful to lay the groundwork for his plots. In "Jack and the Blessings" it is stressed that Jack's only talent is marksmanship with the bow and arrow; in "Jack and the Seven Giants" Jack is a juggler; in "Jack and the Fawn" Jack has firm directions from his mother regarding the wife he should choose. Such pieces of information presented in the beginning are like dropped hints of what is to come. They also can justify future action.

In "Jack and the Land of No Death" [Stan-28] Jack is faced with two dilemmas. The first comes when a magpie warns him that Death plans to take him before the day is out. According to travellers and some non-travellers, a single magpie seen first thing in the morning is a bad omen. This bird takes the unusual position of playing a helpful role because Jack had saved his life when he was a fledgling. His news, however, is ominous. Jack immediately turns to his mother for help. His father is dead and so it is the mother who assumes the role of the wise counsellor. Jack can count on her to know what he must do. She sends him to his uncles who, we learn, have certain magic powers taught them by a great wizard. Each brother has faced Death and defeated him. The youngest uncle offers Jack all the protection he can, but it is not enough. He sends Jack to a second uncle who also offers his protection as far as it will go. Jack is not out of danger yet so the second uncle sends him to his Uncle William, the oldest and wisest of the three. He tells Jack he will have to find the Land of No Death. But first he must say goodbye to his mother and get her blessing. This Jack does and then his uncle ties him in a sack full of bones and an eagle comes and carries him across the sea.
He does not arrive at the Land of No Death but in a country whose princess is under a terrible enchantment. She lies in a deep sleep all day and can not be wakened and then mysteriously disappears at night, only to reappear the next morning with no one the wiser as to where she has been.

Jack is asked to try and find out where the princess goes every night. He tries but has no more luck than others before him. Jack refuses to give up. He is determined to persevere until he finds the answer and breaks the enchantment. While wandering in the woods trying to work out his next move, he meets an old man fishing. Being a good fisherman himself, he offers to help. The man turns out to be the great wizard and friend of Jack's uncles. He tells Jack his Uncle William wrote of his coming on the bones that travelled with him in the sack. With the old man as his donor and with skills he taught himself or learned from his uncles in their businesses - blacksmithing, carpet making and carpentry - Jack is able to work out a daring plan that requires precision skill and hair-line timing to save the princess. He carries the plan off successfully and the whole castle celebrates. Jack and the princess are married. However, Jack's first dilemma is still not solved, and the wedding feast has to be postponed. Jack has to return to his own shores and face Death.

His uncles are waiting for him ready to support him within their limited power. They can give him wise advice on how to catch Death and hold him for twenty four hours. They can also give him a special sword they made him, but Jack has to battle Death alone. Once Death is caught Jack will have to bargain with him for his life. In the story's introduction it is mentioned that Jack is a trader and regularly
barters in the town market. Here his skills and his maturity are put
to the utmost test. He does brilliantly and even surprises his uncles
at how well he outwits Death, forcing Death to promise not to lay a
hand on him or go near the land where his wife lives unless summoned.
So Jack, his mother and uncles all sail across the sea to celebrate
Jack's wedding properly.

An there was a great feast went up an everybody wis so happy and
the wise old wizart came an he [was] united wi he's friends. An
Jack's mother stayed there. An the king promised Jack would have
the kingdom after him. An at the end everybody was very, very
happy. An at the end Jack had truly found the Land of No Death.

Whereas Stanley classed the hero in "The Blessings" as a very
young Jack at the beginning of his development, Jack in "The Land of No
Death" is altogether a different matter.

He is a very mature Jack worthy o reaching a high status. You
can see how he's built his sel up. Nobody ever tells Jack in
"the Land of No Death" what tae do. He already knows. He can do
everythin. He goes tae receive knowledge from the wise aul
wizart... sometimes he goes in pure faith... He doesnae ken--
like goin intae the bag sewn up wi the bones-- He doesnae ken why
he's doin that, but he does it. He has tae use faith a lot. But
it's faith in his kin... He had faith tae believe in his
uncle... He did everythin his uncle - he was obedient an then he
finds oot there times when he can do things hissel. An fen it
comes tae the climax when he has tae fight Death he's received
instruction but he also has tae apply the knowledge he's gained,
gathered through the years. He's augmented his great knowledge.
An some o the knowledge he gains he doesnae ken fit it's for.
But when the time comes he has it at hand.

It's jist like traveller bairns is often showed how tae fish and
shown how tae mak fires and showed how tae mak bow tents an aa
that. It wasnae interestin at that time, but fir later times in
their life there wis this parallel came again. They wud have the
knowledge tae use it. Jist the same as my mother taught me how
tae read fortunes when A was a wee, wee bairn. A assure ye if my
bairns was starvin an A had nothin I wud use it. (SA 1981/89)

This story is significant as a moral and instructional tale
certainly within Stanley's family. Here is a hero travellers can admire. He lives by traveller laws. He honours his old mother and in the absence of a father he takes the full responsibility of looking after her. Jack is a hard worker. He evidently learned a wide variety of skills from his father before he died. The story goes on to say that his uncles are important teachers and from them he accumulates knowledge of their particular trades. Jack is open to new ideas and is always increasing his knowledge and applying it. But Jack is also humble. He is quick to admit when he needs help and he trusts the counselling of his family and people - his mother, his uncles, and his uncles' good friend the old wizard. His faith is strong enough so that when his uncle says he has to be sewn in a sack and flown across the sea by an eagle, Jack never questions the wisdom of this command, but obeys at once.

In camping days traveller children were taught all their survival skills by their parents and adult relatives there at the camp grounds. Children were expected to listen, learn, trust and obey their elders and apply their learning in a helpful way as part of the community.

Throughout Jack's momentous ordeals he never lacks for courage or determination even though the odds are against him from the beginning. This never stops him nor shakes his confidence. Traveller life could be brutally hard in the camps. Death was always close at hand, a known fact, but not one to stop travellers from living life to the fullest and fighting on even against impossible odds. In this way the travellers were not unlike the mountain settlers in Appalachia. They too lived constantly in the shadow of death from both natural and man made sources. When tragedy struck a family they accepted it as fate.
knowing life for the living had to go on. The travellers and the mountaineers were tough people who like Jack did not give up.

Part of traveller children's education for survival included dealing with non-travellers. Going to fairs with their parents or going hawking to scaldie houses children soon learned the fine art of trade and barter--how to come up trumps in a bargain. Significantly it is this skill that in the end saved Jack's life.

Children were also taught that evil was as much a reality as death. In the Jack tales evil is almost always placed outside the family centre, often in a different country. The evil that traveller children confronted existed for them in the other world outside the family circle. Here would be found the evil black lairds, witches and warlocks, the frightening giants and the destructive magicians and wizards and even the Devil that Jack had to defeat on his journeys into other lands. It must be pointed out that not all lairds of the black arts, witches and wizards were evil. In some cases such people used their magic powers for good. For example there are the noble lairds of the black arts in "Jack and the Seven Giants" [Stan-27] and "Jack of Clay" [Stan-43] and the good wizards in "The Land of No Death" [Stan-28] and "Jack and the Seven Plagues" [Stan-21]. The featuring of white witches has already been noted. Perhaps these stories where the traditional evil characters were given good and helpful roles mirrored the earlier statement made by the old woman in "Jack and the Seven Giants": "Well, lad, sometimes things arenae aye fit they appear tae be. Sometimes things are far better than fit ye thought." Here was a subtle warning to children not to assume someone was evil because traditionally he was in a role considered evil.
Morals were a high priority in Stanley's home education. Evil was not shoved under the table but discussed openly. Evil within one's self and evil outside in the community and beyond had to be recognized and combated by building up the good within oneself.

"Jack and the Blessings", "Jack and the Golden Key", "Jack and the Seven Giants", "Jack and the Pawn" and "The Land of No Death" all show the traveller hero Jack in various stages of development from boyhood to mature manhood. In the first three stories especially we are left with the impression these Jacks have not reached their full maturity as yet, but still have more growing ahead of them before they ever achieve the higher status of a Jack in "The Pawn" or "Land of No Death". Such stories are encouraging to poor children of a minority group who are always being put down by outsiders. They may not have wealth or power, but neither does Jack. They may be as lowly as the lowliest Jack, but even he finds happiness and fulfilment. Jack becomes a success by working within the laws of his people. The children are told they can do the same, become a Jack, and succeed.

Well, to me, Jack fan he's travellin is just like the travellin people's aspirations an their dreams an their hopes an potentials. That in Jack they cud see how he's progressin, fit Jack's doin tae comin from rags tae riches. A think this is everybody's dream. But even though Jack comes from rags tae riches he aye retains things that he had, he aye treasures the things that he had at the beginning... he very seldom thaws awa his auld roots.(1981/88)

Comparing the traveller's Jack with the Appalachian highlander's Jack, the latter is telling its listeners the same message-- that a lowly mountaineer can grow up and find happiness and success there in the mountains that he loves. The lessons concerning maturation are not as pronounced as they are in Stanley's family stories, but the
implications are intrinsically there. Really, apart from Stanley's focus on the gradation of Jacks, this hero in the traveller culture is in most cases the same as the Jack Ray Hicks admires as his hero. Certainly this is true within the framework of the wonder tale.

**Characters: Other Jack Tales**

Stanley has two Jack tales in his repertoire that deal with an incurable Silly Jack. There is no hope that this Jack will grow up and make something of himself. Yet something seems to always protect him from failure in spite of his bumbling ways.

"Silly Jack and the Princess that Couldn't Smile" (AT 1696) [Stan-31] is a well known international tale. Stanley's version is almost an exact replica of "Jock and His Mother" recorded in Chambers' *Popular Rhymes*, p. 101. In both stories a poor widowed mother has a fool of a son whom she finally orders to go out and earn some money or goods to help her make ends meet. So the Silly Jacks go off and in exchange for a day's work are given something in return. Every day the Jacks carry home their earnings in a most inappropriate manner, to be told their mistake by their mothers.

It is when Chambers' Jack rides his newly obtained cow backwards down the road, and Stanley's Jack does the same with a pig, that each makes the daughter of a grand gentleman/king laugh and is rewarded with her hand in marriage for doing so.

In both stories, by pure luck, Silly Jack wins the princess. However, his obvious mental limitations do not go unnoticed. In Stanley's case Jack is given a job in the royal gardens-- about all he is fit for. Chambers' version is less kind. Poor Jack ends up
drowning on his wedding night all because of his own stupidity! This hero is more of a comic character than a wonder tale Jack. In fact it contains no magic. Stanley sees it as a humorous story for children, but not to be taken seriously.

Comparing Stanley's Silly Jack with Marshall Ward's hero in a similar story [Types 571 and 599] there is an important difference. Ward's Jack is consciously trying to make the princess laugh when he rides past her on the back of a heifer. His role is that of a humorous lighthearted trickster hero. There is no magic in the first half of the story. After Jack wins and marries the princess the story becomes a wonder tale. Jack is thrown in a lion's den for displeasing his bride. Through very funny and clever trickery carried out by Jack's three magical friends - a mouse, a doodle bug and a June bug - Jack is freed and reunited with his wife. This Jack is clever but luck must be given some credit. When Jack climbs on the heifer to ride it past the princess in the hopes of making her laugh, he gets himself twisted around by mistake and bounces backwards past her clinging to the tail of the frightened animal. It is his ridiculous posture that brings on her shrieks of laughter. However, it is not luck that helps him win back his wife - magic and trickery do that.

A second international Jack tale widely told in Stanley's family is "Jack and the Factor." (AT 1600) [Stan-32] Stanley claims to have learned the story from his father, grandfather and Auntie Jeannie. Jeannie Robertson's version is recorded in Scottish Traditional Tales, p. 77. The two are virtually identical. Silly Jack in this story is backward and totally lacking in sense. But his old mother loves him, so when the boy kills the factor by accident [he is trying to get rid
of a fly on the factor's head and he hits the fly with an ax] she is
determined he will not go to jail for murder. This story could be
classified as a trickster tale, but not in the ordinary sense. Jack is
not the trickster hero. It is his old mother who is the clever one.
After they bury the dead factor, Jack's mother kills their goat called
Factor, reburies the dead man and puts the goat in his grave. She also
makes Jack believe it is raining porridge and milk down the chimney.
These clever tricks ensure that Jack is found innocent of killing the
factor and the mother gets to keep the dead man's money.

Many variants to this story are found in Gaelic which use one or
both of the same tricks to safeguard foolish Jack. Two stories, one
from Harris and the other from Uist involve a priest being killed
rather than the factor. [See No. 32 for parallels]. In all cases we
are dealing with what amounts to a Jack who is soft in the head and
needs his mother's protection. The story itself is told as a comic one
by Stanley.

This story does not seem to have found a place in the Appalachian
storytelling tradition.

Characters: Heroine Wonder Tales

Stanley's heroine wonder tales are recognizable international
types with little of the invention and elaboration found among the
traveller hero wonder tales.

One such story is "The King's Daughters" [Stan-4]. (Story
transcription and tape included in appendix). This is an example of
the 'Kind and Unkind Sister', (AT 480). A queen hates her beautiful
step-daughter and resents that she is a royal child by birth where her
own rather plain daughter is a princess only by adoption. Once when
the king is away inspecting his kingdom, the cruel queen sends the
step-daughter to the end of the world and she is not to return until
she brings a jug of pure spring water to prove she has been there. The
poor girl has no choice but to obey.

So begins this maiden's initiation into the outside world. Like
Jack she has to leave home and start her journey towards womanhood.
Sometimes a young person has to be thrown out of the nest if the youth
is unable to take the plunge of his or her own volition. The poor girl
has only the clothes on her back and a little food, but she is not
without help. She meets a pretty pony who knows her and knows her
mission. The pony tells the princess to put the heavy saddle on his
back. She obeys. Then he tells her to climb on his back and he will
ride her to the end of the world.

Already it is clear we have the makings of a true heroine. She
obeys her step-mother even though the orders are cruel. She obeys the
animal helper. In neither case does she question the orders given
her. This is her destiny and she has the courage to follow it no
matter what dangers and hardships might lie ahead.

At the well she finds "three slimy, filthy, dirty little men." They ask the king's daughter "to wash an scrub them an dry them wi her
golden hair." She feels sorry for them and when she does their
bidding, they give her the water and the traditional magic gifts.

When the daughter arrives back at the castle she is ten times more
beautiful than when she has left, jewels drop from her lips when she
speaks and gold and silver shine in her hair when she combs it. Finally she shows her father her beautiful sheltie pony. The pony asks her to kiss him which she does and he turns into a handsome prince. This completes the dream of a young girl to marry a prince.

The greedy queen is jealous of the princess's success and orders her daughter to make the same journey. Everything happens in reverse starting with the fact the girl does not want to go nor will she obey the horse and put the saddle on his back. A man passing by has to do it for her. When she arrives at the world's end she is disgusted by the dirty men and will not touch them. Their magic gifts to her are in keeping with her ill manner. So she comes back a failure, ten times more ugly than when she left.

A very similar version appears in Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, 1841. An interesting editorial comment followed the story.

[This peculiarly weird tale, in some of its features, reminds us of the common fairy stories; and yet it probably is of great antiquity. A tale of the "Wolf of the World's End" (wolf being doubtless a misprint for well) is mentioned in the Complaynt of Scotland, 1548.]

An international Marchen popular in Appalachia that has the same tale type as "The King's Daughter" is "Gallymanders" [App-13]. Hattie Presnell tells this story in a stark, but lively fashion. The kind and unkind girls work for an old woman. The latter is not happy and wants to go home. The old woman asks the girl if she will mind the house until she can find another girl to replace her, but forbids her to look up the chimney. She disobeys and finds a leather bag filled with gold and silver, and away she runs with it.
What follows is the Mother Holle sequence where animals and inanimate objects ask for help from the fleeing girl. A similar episode appeared in Stanley Robertson's "Baby John." The girl being unkind and in a hurry, refuses to help. The old woman comes running after her crying, "Gallymanders, gallymanders, all my gold and silver gone, my great long leather bag!" The old woman finds the thief in the peach tree, cuts off her head and takes back her money bag. The episodes for the second girl are identical only this time because the girl has a kind heart, she willingly helps the horse, cow and peach tree and so successfully makes her escape. The old woman is so upset she goes home, bakes herself an ash cake, chokes on it and dies. Hattie does not say the old woman is a witch or treats the girls badly, but perhaps we are meant to assume this by the cruel punishment she inflicts on the first girl. The woman's death at the story's end could be her own punishment coming back on her.

In Stanley Robertson's tales, though heroines appear only in a limited number they are positive figures. Their method of fighting evil or cruelty or finding a husband is to take the journey and trust in donors for guidance. They are not passive but take active moves to gain their ends.

An example is "The Black Magic Bull" (AT 425) [Stan-10]. The wonder tale structure is very traditional and shows certain similarities with the Jack tales, especially in the beginning. Three sisters reach marriageable age and each in turn wants to leave home to make her fortune and find a good husband. The mother prepares the traditional food for them and gives each her blessing. The local washerwoman/spae wife finds satisfactory husbands for the older girls
and they ride off with them. The heroine's lot is not so easy. She is fated to marry a bull. Sadly she accepts her fate and decides to make the best of it. All goes well for the girl and the bull until she forgets her promise not to move from a certain rock while he fights the devil. This mistake costs her the loss of her husband who upon beating the devil has broken his enchantment.

Anyone less than a heroine would give up and go back to her mother. This girl is determined to find her husband and for seven years she searches, takes menial work to survive, climbs a glass mountain and finally get a job with the old washerwoman. She washes out the blood stains from a shirt belonging to the prince her husband, but the washerwoman's daughter takes the credit so the prince will have to marry her. Using the magic fruits given to her years ago by her sister-in-laws she bribes her way into her husband's bed chamber three times, recognition follows and they are happily married.

Forgetting her promise is what gets this heroine in trouble. As a result she loses her way temporarily. We see this happen to numerous Jacks. The important thing is that she perseveres until she gets back on the right track. By this time her suffering and hard toil has strengthened her resolve to be reunited with her lost husband at all costs.

This traditional tale seems to be popular on both sides of the ocean. Marshall Ward tells the story "White Bear Whitker" [App-18]. It has elements of AT 425A 'The Monster as Bridegroom', 425 'Search for the Lost Husband' and 511A 'The Little Red Ox'.

A father's youngest daughter is fated to marry a white bear
because her father has picked forbidden roses and unwittingly pledged his most beloved child to the bear. Like the last heroine she too accepts her fate and rides away on his back. The bear, unlike the bull, is a man by night and a bear by day. He and his wife have three beautiful boys and she wants to take them back home to show her father and sister. The bear agrees but makes her promise not to tell his name or she will lose him. She tries to keep her promise but finally gives into pressure and tells her father. At that very moment she sees her husband riding away across the hills. She has broken a taboo and she is about to lose her husband because of her fatal mistake.

She has to decide then and there whether she will let him go or follow after him. She decides on the heroine's journey. Like her Scottish counterpart she shows determination and courage not knowing where the search will lead her and how dangerous the quest will be. Like Jack in the wonder tales she does not question, she pursues her goals. On and on and on she walks following his trail. Finally she comes to an old woman's house and in exchange for helping the woman, this donor gives the girl three magic nuts. With them the girl eventually reaches the bedside of her husband and after the third try he recognizes her, and they are reunited.

Chambers' Popular Rhymes provides two tales concerning a girl fated to marry a bull. They are both so strikingly like the tales Stanley Robertson tells as to leave no doubt as to the close link between them. "The Black Bull of Norroway" (p. 95) starts out exactly like Stanley's "The Black Magic Bull" with a poor widow's three daughters one after the other preparing to go off and "spotch their fortune". The episodes follow the same sequence of events as Stanley's
version including the securing of the magic fruit and the accompanying rhyme the girl uses to rouse her husband and cause him to recognize her.

The second story, "The Red Bull of Norroway" is virtually identical to Stanley's by the same title, [Stan-9]. Chambers adds a revealing comment which connects the black and red bull stories to the same roots. [The following is evidently the same story with the above ("The Black Bull of Norroway") after undergoing changes in the course of recitation. It has reached the editor in a more English form than its counterpart.] (Popular Rhymes, p. 99-101)

In both these stories we are dealing with three princesses, the youngest of whom says in a rash moment that she would be willing to marry the Red Bull of Norroway (Norway--Stanley's spelling). No sooner said than he comes roaring up to the door demanding his bride. Off the girl rides on the back of her husband till they come to a grand castle with crowds of people gathered. In the version from Popular Rhymes the girl sees a pin sticking out of the bull's hide which she pulls out, and in doing so breaks the enchantment. In Stanley's story this action is lost and the bull becomes a prince as soon as they enter the gates of the castle. In both stories the bull mysteriously disappears just before the wedding and the girl must journey far and wide to find him. The episodes follow in the same order as the above tales.

Stanley makes an interesting observation regarding the two heroines in his bull tales.

Both these lassies came from different walks of life...Different
versions, one version given tae the toffs and one version given tae the poor. Tae the poor folk there's aye the opportunity that one day they will become wealthy, an tae the rich folk tae me it would be like if ever a time comes fen ye do lose your riches and become poor there's aye a chance you can get up again...I think [these stories] were given tae inspire lassies that their environment wasnae goin tae shape their character. It would influence them but there was aalways a chance they cud grow out o any circumstance. Both these stories showed how these lassies faced up to it and won. (SA 1982/80)

Betsy Whyte also tells two related tales that were popular in her traveller family when she was growing up. Her version of "The Black Bull of Norroway" (SA 1981/83) is comparable in almost all details to Stanley's "The Magic Black Bull". When I asked Betsy where she got the tale from she said that she heard bits and pieces from different travellers. Her cousin from Blairgowrie remembered some of it and his wife - Cousin Jessie - remembered more of it. This version must be common among travellers in order for the 'patched story' Betsy tells to follow so closely the episodes found in Popular Rhymes' "The Black Bull of Norroway".

Betsy's second tale is one she remembers her mother telling when she was a young girl. It could well have originated from a printed copy of Perrault's. It has the same title-- "Beauty and the Beast"-- and it does have the same beginning as this traditional fairy tale, as does Marshall Ward's "White Bear Whitker". In fact Betsy's tale and Marshall Ward's story have a number of similarities that Stanley's stories do not share. The beast/bear in both is a handsome prince by night. He and his wife love one another and live happily together in spite of the oddity of their situation. Betsy's story has an unusual taboo. The curse upon the prince is that he has to forever remain half beast, half man and under no circumstances let light touch him or he will turn into a bird and have to fly around the world for seven
years. The taboo is broken when the enchanted prince and his wife are on a visit to see her father. The wife leaves their two daughters with her father and follows after the white bird, just as the heroine in "White Bear Whitker" leaves her sons to follow her husband. In the latter story the husband also takes the form of a white bird by day. Both birds drop feathers so their wives can follow.

In some of these heroine tales the daughters are being cared for by their widowed mother, in others by their father. When the girls talk about seeking their fortunes they mean finding husbands. The notion of going into the world to win gold and silver is a hero's quest. A heroine will go to all lengths to rescue her lover or husband from a witch's enchantment. She never physically fights her enemy, but rather uses her magical gifts and her persuasive powers to bargain her way to success.

The heroine described in all of the above stories is a very constant figure. She is good, kind, unselfish, brave and beautiful. The parents are important at the beginning of each story to see the daughter(s) off to seek their fortunes. Only in "White Bear Whitker" and "Beauty and the Beast" does the father reappear briefly a second time. In the first instance he becomes instrumental in the wife breaking her husband's taboo by telling his name. In the latter the tabu is also broken while visiting the father, but the cause is a maid's forgetfulness. Mothers and daughters are not described as having as close relationships as mothers and sons in the Jack tales. Where there is a father, he is devoted to his youngest daughter, and is sad to lose her. Donors are always strangers to the girl. They are the hand of destiny guiding the heroines towards their success. The
donors are always female except in Betsy Whyte's "Bull of Norroway" tale. That heroine's donors were her brothers-in-law, rather than sisters-in-law in Stanley's version. Evil figures are female, never masculine. It is always an evil witch who enchants the husband; often it is her daughter trying to secure the prince for her own husband. As Ray Hicks said he never heard of a girl hero winning out over a man. She only won over other girls. Stanley Robertson views these female tales in two ways-- they give hope to the dreams and aspirations of poor traveller girls. They also tell these girls not to expect good things to come to them for doing nothing; they must go out into the world and like the heroines in the bull stories work and sacrifice to make their own luck.

According to Stanley there were many stories for the girls though he could only remember relatively few. "These were tales heard around the campfire. These were very typical girl tales told by the old wifies."

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Chapter 6

PART I: BELIEFS AND STORIES: RAY HICKS

Both Ray Hicks and Stanley Robertson speak about the moral and spiritual values of many of the stories they tell. Ray even looks upon his storytelling as a mission sent to him from God.

If God wants me to live he'll take care of me I believe till my time is over. I was teached that God will see ta me as long as he has somethin fer me ta do. An maybe this is what it is like I'm a-talkin ta ya right now fer as I know. It's somethin for me to tell these tales is reason I was left for my country and other countries. That's why it's put in me ta tell it. An I can't resist [telling the tales] a lot of times an me sick. I figure if they could do me right an help me I want ta help others. But other people don't see it I believe like me. They just want help themselves and forget me when they go... But I got somethin I've got to put in anyhow, cause it could be good when I'm gone. (RmD 1982/12)

Ray's moral and spiritual views are reflected in his "true" stories, supernatural experiences and memorates, and in his Jack tales.

The older generations had strong supernatural beliefs. Ray, Stanley, Hattie and Marshall Ward grew up at a time when ghosts and haints and witches were accepted as a fact of life. Their numerous tellings of their own unique experiences and family memorates testify to this. Frank Proffitt Jr., a product of a more modern society, does not share the superstitions and supernatural experiences of his older relatives. That does not mean Frank did not enjoy hearing "scary stories" when he was a boy, but he could not enter into them as a
personal participant who had had first hand experience with other-world spirits. Perhaps this is why such stories are not a part of Frank's storytelling repertoire.

Ray Hicks has this to say about his own and all other mountaineers' belief in ghosts:

And so we have a lot in this country, used to have who believed [in ghosts and witches] but we don't any more. We don't have much of that no more. And so now with this one now, Ray Hicks, I used to believe in it, but in the latter days, our latter days we believe it's changed. And it's tryin to whoop me out. It's tryin to whoop me out to not believe in this. But it's somethin in there yit that I got to believe a little. It's tryin to whoop me out to say there ain't nothin like a ghost nor fairy. But seems like there's somethin in there yit with me that it feels like it is from when I growed up in the mountains of the ghosties. Now we used to have ghosts, plenty of 'em. (BmD 1982/12)

Ray acknowledges the existence of several types of ghosts. There are "ghosties of the spirit... A ghost, a spiritual ghost, just means spirit from God," says Ray. But then Ray also talks about more ordinary ghosts and these fall into two categories, those that can only be heard and those that can also be seen. "Now there are a lot more of the hearing kind than it is what you see. Hear the dishes rattlin in a hainted house. Hear him eatin. Hear him goin upstairs, but you can't see nobody. Just hear their footsteps... and then anothern can go by and that one can be fixed so you can see it." (BmD 1980/2)

Ray believes that an ordinary ghost, either the kind you can see or only hear, cannot hurt you. He tells the story of the time when as a young fellow he was dating a girl and was warned a ghost woman had been seen along the route he was taking to the girl's house. Ray did not take the warning seriously until one night as he came out of the
woods into a clearing he saw an old lady dressed in a long old-fashioned skirt picking apples and putting them in her apron. Ray was about thirty yards from the woman and he watched closely. When her apron was full she walked right past Ray and she was not making any noise. When he looked closer he saw she was "pedalling about eight or nine inches off the ground" and there was "light under her feet." Ray was not scared. He knew she would not harm him. "Dead'uns won't hurt ya. If you'll stay with them, a ghost won't hurt ya. Mother teached me that, but I couldn't see it till I got nearly grown. A ghost won't hurt you. Live ones what can hurt ya. Dead people, animals won't hurt ya." (BmD 1982/12)

On another occasion Ray had an unusual experience with good spirits from God, but he was too young and inexperienced at the time to know how to handle the situation. Ray was in his late teens when he was asked to sleep in a haunted room and he accepted the challenge. During the night he awoke to feel his bed skating across the room. Ray believes spirits do not actually have the power to physically move beds, but they can fool a person into thinking a bed is being moved. The bed landed right up against the fireplace. The next morning Ray told the man what had happened. He did not believe Ray until years later he was repairing the fireplace and found $1500 buried there.

Ray told the story of the haunted room and the buried treasure to an old woman who lived near his sister.

Well that woman told me if I'd of said, "Oh, Lord, what are you appearing to me fer?"... Showed I wasn't scared... that spirit would a speak with a voice and say what [the money] was fer. See, [it would have said], "I was killed fer this money an you git it, cause you wouldn't run. You wasn't feared of my spirit. You git the money an use it." "Well," I said [to her], "I didn't
"Well," she said, "you know now!" (BmD 1980/3)

This story is particularly interesting because it parallels an important aspect of Stanley Robertson's belief system-- that is the belief in the power of waking dreams or what Stanley refers to as Indian death experiences. Stanley told of two similar Indian deaths where spirits moved his bed. One situation occurred in Inverness when he felt his bed moved and himself drawn into the fireplace in the room where he was sleeping, and the second experience happened when he was spending the night in a mountain chalet in Idaho. This time his bed was drawn up against a picture window. In both these cases the spirits were evil rather than good.

The most vivid and meaningful supernatural experiences Ray has had are those that deal with holy and evil spirits. White represents the former and black the latter.

An then the Devil was teach. An they said where you'd be a mean person you might see the Devil... An some just naturally seed the Evil Spirit, the Devil. Now the Evil Spirit comes in black. An the Holy Spirit, the Holy Spirit from God, comes in white, whiter than anything you've seen on earth... Now when you see God's white it'll make you know it's God. You won't have to wonder. You'll know it's God sent it. But gettin anyone else to believe you unless they're one of [God's chosen ones]...(BmD 1980/2)

Ray believes that people who are chosen of God can themselves come back to earth after they have died as good and helpful spirits.

Now where they teached the spirit of God, if you was one of them people that passed away, a chosen one, they teached that you could send a spirit back, that you could come back in the spirit. If you was one of them chosen vessels with God... If you passed away that somebody could see you there in that spirit. I was teached that from all of my people. Of ghosties of the spirit... a spiritual ghost from God. (BmD 1980/2)
An even higher spirit, the highest spirit coming from God according to Ray, is the Holy Ghost Dove. Here we see the meshing of Evangelical mountain influences with Ray's own family superstitions.

One of my little brothers died out here buried about two or three years old. That was one of those Holy Ghost Doves they called it [that came before he died.] Mother, Mother was the one [who saw it]. She was religious, had the spirit, that side of my people. Mother did. She was different from a lot of other women, mother was. She was different. You could feel it. You could feel the spirit from her. Now she was just warned, warned by God before [God took him]. The Holy Ghost dove. Warned by the Holy Ghost Dove. That's a beautiful thing. I've seen two. That's somethin that's white, whiter than any cloth or anything you've ever seen natural on earth, a dove is that God sent. An it goes like a streak. It comes out of the East an hits one of them winders there just like it'd break every glass out of it an hit ain't tetched... an then [after] ten or fifteen minutes it comes back an hit a winder on the west side. If they go quick they die. They're gone, done passed out in three days...

Then Mother's dad brought one. Grandfather Andy brought one. He was in bed expectin to go any time and they sent fer Mother to come to help... So he brought a dove. And nobody knows, nobody ever knowed what kind of people that brings this. Hit will never be known. There's a few people brings that, mighty few. And he's counted to be a rough man, Grandfather Andy was. But they's fools. Ye know God is the judge. (BmD 1982/20)

Ray saw the Holy Ghost Dove for the first time when his grandfather was dying. He saw it a second time just before the father of a close friend died.

Brushes with evil are as real for Ray as his religious experiences. The Devil could appear as himself in black--red to some people--or like the Holy Spirit he could take other forms, except for that of a dove. The dove was a sign from God, and beyond the power of Satan.

Ray's first encounter with the Devil was when he was a small boy. His parents were out and his sister Bessie was looking after him. He
was being naughty and would not go to bed and Bessie yelled to him up the stairs that the Devil would get him. Ray looked up and there standing in the door stood the Devil.

He's black and red eyed, the Evil Spirit. He had horns. He wasn't, his horns, he didn't look like he was a full grown Devil. He looked a Scratch. Some of 'em called a Scratch. He looked like he could be a junior Scratch. Hit was there an from that day till now I was a different person. Hit was fer me to see it, to change me. And I've heared a lot of people say they'd seen the boogerman. They's a lot called it the boogerman in the mountains... Now some seed him and said he was red, his face. The Red Devil they called him. Some did. But now with me he was black, black in the face and red shiny eyes. I can see it yit when I go to thinkin about it. Ya see it was fer me to see that to change my life... There's a lot of people need to see the boogerman. It'd help 'em an they'd quit what they's a-doin [bad], change 'em. (BmD 1982/15)

Years later when Ray was a young man he again met the Devil.

I've had the Devil to jump, straddle my shoulders here, sit on me... jump off of the bank and was sittin on my shoulders and spoke with a voice... said, "Ray, you've got to kill yourself." Commit suicide it means, ya know. Said, "You've got to kill yourself." Hit spoke sittin there like that. And I got down and prayed an I said, "Lord, I don't want to die yit." And that got off of me. And when I prayed it was gone... He never bothered me since. It takes that in ya if you watch it to whoop the evil off. That's in the Holy Bible. That goes back to all that, "Get behind me, Satan." That helps ya get Satan behind ya, not take none of his dealings... And that wasn't too long a'ter Dad, my Dad hung his self ya know. And probably that was the same thing that got him was gettin me. (BmD 1980/2 and 1982/15)

Ray also tells memorates of others who have met the Devil in different forms. He remembers hearing many people speak about seeing the Evil Spirit in the shape of poisonous snakes that settled on the grave of a bad man who had done evil all his life. Ray knew the man as a child and he said no one could get near his grave because of the evil spirit snakes. Then Ray said, "There was anotherm said he rode up on [the Devil] and shot hit with his pistol and balls of fire flew all
over. Shot the Devil with his pistol and said, 'Balls of fire flew all over me, red hot, like fire, but hit wasn't fire.'" (BmD 1980/2)

Another form the Devil was known to take in the mountains was that of a black dog, a familiar shape, too, in Scottish traveller lore.

Now an animal, if you see a black dog that's the sign of an evil spirit; somethin evil done that. There's been somethin evil done there in the back times I know nothin about in my memory. Ya know the Indians called it evil spirits. It had a curse on it...

An so I was comin up that holler one night an I looked up. And hit wasn't too dark... An there come a black dog. Now hits, hits the colour of a dog so black jet you've never seed that colour on earth of a natural dog black. Well, this here black dog started and I stepped out at the side of the road and I says, "That's no natural dog." I said, "That dog's not in the flesh." And oh, its eyes was a-sparklin and black and its hair was a-shinin. And if that's a natural dog it's purty; it's beautiful. And I just stepped back out in the road whar I could just stand there and look at it and see what it done. So I couldn't be tellin nobody no tales. I always checked it out to see if it was real or not real... And...it just come arisen from there over my head and vanished. Just raised up like that...
Left with a streak across the top of my head. And I got up and turned around and I was all alone.

An my grandfather come over an said another man shot a man with a shot gun in the road, (the same road where Ray saw the black dog) and said when they come to his body to git yit, hit was a black spirit dog layin on his breast. Truthful men told that. And I asked 'em adder I got grown was that so? He said, "Yeah." Said, "When we come to git his body there was a black dog." An from that day till now people see that black dog. (BmD 1980/2 and 1982/13)

When Ray details a supernatural experience he is always quick to point out that he does not run away from the ghost or spirit, even an evil spirit, but faces the apparition with courage in an attempt to find out the truth, whether what he is seeing is real or other-worldly. Ray believes with absolute conviction that God will see no harm comes to him until He is ready to take him to His Kingdom. In the meantime Ray must carry on the job God has put him on this earth to
do which is to tell the stories of his family in order to preserve his culture and his religious beliefs. To Ray his experiences with the Holy Dove and with the Devil are spiritually founded and carry messages of import from God. They test his faith and his courage, and they make him a stronger and more worthy Christian.

Witches figured in the folk traditions of Ray, Stanley, Hattie and Marshall Ward when they were growing up and are featured in both their true and fictional tales. Witches, according to Ray, have supernatural powers. Some are kindly beings and others evil. Ray tells three Jack tales about the evil variety—"The Cat and the Mouse," [Ray-4] "Hardy Hard Head," [Ray-5] and "Whickety Whack Into My Sack." [Ray-6] In two of these stories the witch tries to interfere with Jack's work on the pretense of helping him cook or sew. Jack always refuses such help and in the end kills the witch. According to Ray both in stories and real life witches can get power over a person by doing something for him. "Back if you let a witch tech ya or do anything fer ya you was bewitched. You had to keep 'em from ya. If you let 'em tech ya or do something fer ya you had it. Or even let 'em speak to ya." (BmD 1982/4)

Ray believes that witches had the power to look into the future. He told of the time when he was nineteen and he and his girl friend and another couple went to see an old woman who could tell fortunes for a nickel. Hattie referred to such women who used to live in the mountains as "gypsies" or fortune tellers, but to Ray they were witches. This particular witch warned the other boy with Ray that there was to be a fight to the death at the tavern he went to Saturday nights and that he should not go. He took her advice and the following
Saturday two boys "sliced each other up with knives" and were killed. The same fortune-teller told Ray he could not marry until the girl intended for him grew old enough to marry. She was only nine at the time and lived quite a distance from him. He met Rosa, his wife, seven years later when she was sixteen and he was twenty six.

According to Ray witches who had the ability to tell the past and foresee the future were well known to the mountain people before he was born and even when he was a boy... "There was several. Several at that time back when I was real young and before I could remember it that told fortunes. But it come on an it got where there wasn't-- she [the above mentioned witch] was the last one that ever told anything with the teacup." (BmD 1982/5)

When I asked Ray about some people having second sight, he agreed this was the case in the mountains. And in fact he saw the phenomenon as having a spiritual basis. "That's right. Our Bible talks about that. That's to look ahead... We've got 'em today, that looks ahead, way ahead. And that's been taught to me ever since I've been a little child. An it reads in the Bible ya know there in Joseph, the story of Joseph..." And Ray then related the story of Joseph interpreting dreams for the Pharaoh. "...So that goes back to God. He gives the power to know. He give him the power to interpret dreams, to go through it..." (BmD 1982/5)

As Ray uses his personal experiences and family memorates to express his beliefs and superstitions, so too he uses his Jack tales to underscore the moral principles by which he lives. The spiritual feel of his "true" stories is also reflected in these fictional tales which are very much at the heart of Ray's oral repertoire.
For Ray it is vitally important to get himself and his audience in the right mood when he is tells a Jack tale. In this regard television for a long time made telling stories impossible for Ray.

Television ruined it. They got me to come to some of their homes. An I got there, and they got television an they got it turned on so loud, they quit listenin to me an I couldn't tell no tale, an I quit. An they just thought they wanted me to tell tales. You can't have a tale with a television a-goin. And you can't do nothin like that when your audience is lookin at somethin else. You've gotta have the spirit workin both ways. That's how I learnt how a bishop was, a preacher. That's what was makin 'em when I used to go to the ole timey revival in the mountains here, when they'd make your hair stand up. (BmD 1982/11)

On another occasion Ray again likened telling Jack tales and getting the right mood and spirit to a revival meeting. Once when he was a lad a preacher was giving a series of three revival meetings in his community. The first two were quiet; they lacked excitement. The preacher announced that a bad spirit clouded the congregation-- some little hate between people that had to be mended before he could preach properly. It had to be cleared up right away. The antagonism was relieved, and the third night the spirit was right. That night's meeting "set the place rocking!" "So," says Ray, "that's the way tellin a tale is!" (BmD 1982/21)

When I asked Ray which Jack tale was his favourite, he said:

I like 'em all, if ya get 'em told right. A difference in tellin 'em, the tales. Ya gotta, ya got the mood of each tale, ya have to figure out to tell hit in your voice or you're thinkin of what words to put in to make hit sound good. You don't tell the tales just from the way they was put down; ya tell 'em to suit your own, your own feelins, the way I tell 'em.

Much as Ray loves the Jack tales, he pointed out that not everyone
shared his feelings. For example some of the parents used to give him trouble when he told stories.

Yeah, the audience makes a difference how they're teached in that words of a religious system, ya see, of their children. An ya see that's what hurt back yander a-tellin 'em [stories]... Now back when I first started tellin tales there was a lot of families or parents wouldn't let me tell 'em a Jack tale and some yet won't let you tell their children no Jack tales. That's cause they want 'em to be brought up different. They don't believe in [the Jack tales] where they go to church, ya know. (BmD 1982/15)

When I told Ray that Leonard Roberts lost one of his best Jack tale informants because she refused to tell any more "untruthful" stories after she was converted to the church, he said: "That's right! Ya see [the church] tried, it tried ta tell me ta quit 'em!" (BmD 1982/15)

The evangelical churches round about where Ray grew up were opposed to the tales, and there were people in the past and today who feel Jack tales are wrong.

Some people say tellin a Jack tale ain't the right spirit, back an some yet. That ain't right, they say. Ye need to be teachin somethin to the Lord, tellin the people. But now I believe that the spirit in a tale as long as you was givin people ease, long as they war given ease, an you were helpin them with their feelins. I believe anything is good to the Lord. There hain't nothin wrong in tellin a tale. (BmD 1982/21)

The conflict between church views about Jack tales and Ray's views is of serious concern to Ray, and yet he does show a sense of humour about the problem. Once Ray got invited to tell a Jack tale at the opening of a new Lutheran church. It was a social event, and the preacher wanted Ray to entertain the children. Afterwards the preacher said to him, "Mr. Hicks, I believe you've told those Jack tales so long
you believe in them." And Ray said, "Yeah, an you've preached so long you believe in hit!"... "And," says Ray, "They never did call me back no more!" (BmD 1982/15)

Ray does not feel the tales are morally bad for children. "It's just that it's not true, that's what the church has against it." (BmD 1982/15) Yet Ray insists that a narrator has to believe in the tale while he tells it in order to capture the magic. But even afterwards, outside the narrative context, he thinks some of what is in a Jack tale is somehow true.

The real conflict centres on the character of Jack.

[The church] didn't approve of the Jack tales, an don't yet, some people don't. Says they ortn't ta be allowed [because Jack] he done them things, cheatin people. And the Bible it don't give that to do nobody wrong. To snow 'em under you'd call it. They feared the children would learn to cheat an outsmart people. (BmD 1982/15)

But Jack, in Ray's mind, is not really a cheater; he is clever all right, but morally not a bad man.

I think Jack was a whole lot like that, in some of the tales. Now you see they all tell it different. In the sense it was goin in. Was do good fir evil an not turn railin fir railin. An Jack I think like I said, he was the kind a man if ya hit him on one cheek, he'd just turn the othern, an say, hit it. An then he'd just change around there, an then outsmart 'em, an git it back! Is the way I think Jack was now. Outsmarted 'em. (BmD 1982/21)

Ray admires Jack's cleverness on one hand, and on the other he admits his own conscience does not allow him to outsmart people the way Jack does.

It goes in the tales that Jack was an upright young man. He
would help people in the tales, in places. Do good. He was kindly. I put it it's like the story of Jesse James. He would rob from the rich and give to the poor. Jack was a feller like that. (BmD 1982/21)

In actual fact Jesse James was an outlaw. He was not known for his generosity to the poor.

Ray gave for an example the tale, "Unlucky Jack and Lucky Jack." [Ray-23] (recording of tale and transcription in appendix) The man hiring Unlucky Jack "outsharped" him by having him sign a contract he did not understand. Under this agreement Jack had to work without getting fed, and if he got angry the man could cut strips out of his back. This cruel man treated Jack in a bad way and finally did lacerate Jack's back. Lucky Jack came along and found Unlucky Jack bleeding to death in the road. He took the injured Jack to the doctor and saved his life. Here Lucky Jack showed his good nature.

Ray insists "Jack was an upright man," but also admits, "and in other ways he was pretty rough... There are lots of people like that. Would do you bad in ways. When comes that you were helpless, they'd help ya quicker than one of the others. Now that's the kind of feller I think Jack was." (BmD 1982/16)

Ray looks to this particular tale to explain himself. He sees himself in both Unlucky Jack and Lucky Jack. Ray said that as a boy he was like Unlucky Jack. He hated to speak up and would be cheated often. He said when he picked berries, the men who weighed them often cheated him out of pounds, but he did not have the courage to say anything. Finally, as a grown man, Ray learned to stand up for himself and for what was his, and he found people respected him more for it. He believes,
Everyone's out to hold up fer himself, but not go fer cheatin. There ain't nobody goin to hold up fer ya. That's what hurt me so bad and made me suffer as a kid. I didn't know to hold up for myself. I was like Unlucky Jack. An I didn't learn to do it till just a few year ago. I was about forty year old... Lucky Jack wins out by holding out fer himself. (BmD 1982/16)

Ray also likens Will and Tom, the losing brothers, to Unlucky Jack. He says that they're always unlucky because they "try and grab luck too quick. They don't think it through... They're too greedy, a-wantin to take it all like the sheep in "The Heifer Hide"... and they're too trusting. The lucky ones are more careful." (BmD 1982/16)

Ray in his own life used to think everyone felt as he did about being honest and honourable in treating people right and keeping promises. He had to learn the hard way that this was not always the case, just as Unlucky Jack did. But Ray still hates to "pop it back" when someone's treated him badly because it goes against the Bible teachings.

After telling the story "The Cat and the Mouse," Ray was fast to point out that in this tale Jack got his luck because of his generosity and courage, his willingness to help an enchanted girl even though it meant risking his life and not even knowing there was going to be any reward at the end. Also, at the story's conclusion, he did not hold a grudge against his brothers who had tried to kill him. Instead he forgave them and still had a humble heart. "That," says Ray, "that's what made his luck, by being good, and then in some stories by being good and then tricky." (BmD 1982/4)

It was the "tricky" side of Jack's character Ray felt he had to defend. When talking about the cleverness of Lucky Jack and justifying
the mean tricks he played on the sheep owner and his wife he said,

[Lucky Jack] starts out as a dummy and acts like a dummy. That's the way he outsharped 'em... The feller who had the sheep said to his wife, "We got another sucker, we got another sucker." He says, "He don't know nothin."... But he found out [Lucky Jack] knew more than he thought he knewed. Lucky Jack was just actin like a dummy, to get the heels of him the way he done Unlucky Jack. To make him pay. Just like it says there in the Old Testament, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." And so what was so good about it, Lucky Jack paid the doctor, credit, told him he didn't have it. And he took the hide out of the man's back and give it to Unlucky Jack... (BmD 1982/16)

At another time when Ray was talking about Jack as a trickster, he explained that Jack's actions could be justified under Old Testament teachings that were prevalent when he was young.

Back in the old days in the mountains people were taught more of the Old Testament law than they are now. People was teached an eye fer an eye and a tooth fer a tooth, an so that made Jack raised up like that. It was tough. You had to do things to live that your heart desire or your conscience didn't want to do because you had your families and the food was so light. (BmD 1982/21)

Ray does not mean by this that anyone could just steal from his neighbour.

Now robbin, that ain't God's law to rob somebody out of their work... Well now Jack, what I was a-meanin, he didn't go an bare face rob nobody, ya see. He talked 'em out of it. That's what I'm a-gettin to. Jack didn't go in an pull a gun on 'em an say, "Give me that." Like the robbers told him [in "Jack and the Three Steers" or "Jack and the Doctor's Daughter"], he had to steal the steer to save his life or the robbers would kill him. The farmer's three steers. Jack wasn't a man like the robbers was, holdin a gun... Jack just took it by talkin hit out of 'em. He wouldn't hurt nobody. He ain't wanted to steal the steers. He just got caught in it. Course that farmer needed his oxen paid bad, him and his wife and children. Probably had several children, and they needed it bad. Well Jack needed it too. Worse than they did because he was goin ta get killed. (BmD 1982/21)
To Ray Jack has always been a hero: "I felt that he was a hero. That's the reason I know the tales to tell 'em. I felt I wanted to be like Jack." (BnD 1982/2) He was like Jack even as a little boy. Ray describes himself as being always dirty and grubby, not well thought of by his father or well looked after by his mother— the least favourite of the children. Often he was left behind by his parents because he was too dirty to go with them, just like Jack in "The Cat and the Mouse" [Ray-4] who was too dirty to go with his brothers when they left home to seek their fortune. Ray and his family were poor like Jack. He can remember his mother crying because she had no food to feed the children, like Jack's mother. And Ray would tell his mother not to worry; he'd go out and find some kind of job and bring in some food or money, just like Jack. In other words the boys grew up in similar fashion. The main difference is that Ray's conscience did not allow him to cheat people, and Jack sometimes did cheat people. He "outsharped them," and Ray could not do that.

...that's the way it was when I grewed up... when you git like I tell it I'm Jack. Everybody can be Jack. Jack ain't dead. He's a-livin. Jack can be in anybody... Like I tell 'em sometimes, I'm Jack. I've been Jack. I mean in different ways. Now I ain't everthing Jack has done in the tales, but still I've been Jack in a lot of ways. It takes Jack to live. Now I wouldn't have been a-livin a-probably if I'd not been Jack's friend... A lot of people would have, when I was a little boy, they would help me. They would give me some wood. Then others they wouldn't let me tech it. Well, that's where Jack comes in. A lot of times you have to go get it, slip an get it, if you live. Hit says ask first fer everthing ya git, but I'll tell anybody one thing if you have to ask fer everthing ya git ya'll live hard cause there ain't enough of 'em to let ya have hit. They won't see it right. (BnD 1982/3)

Ray admires Jack and wants others to feel as he does about this hero. Jack is the symbol of how Ray has tried to pattern his own life. He is realistic about Jack's strengths and weaknesses-- but in
spite of the latter, sees Jack's basic good character and it is this he
wishes to share with his audiences.
PART II: BELIEFS AND STORIES: STANLEY ROBERTSON

Just as the folksongs and ballads Stanley sings are expressions of his traditions and beliefs, so too are his oral narratives. Even Stanley's dreams, his ability to interpret dreams and his psychic experiences are significant ramifications of his traveller beliefs in similar fashion to the supernatural ballads.

A spiritual link connects the various appendages of Stanley's belief system. Whereas some ill informed non-travellers look upon travellers as vile and evil, Stanley contends that traveller folk are actually, "very psychic and in tune to things of the spirit both good and evil." They are thus more able to distinguish between what belongs to Satan and what comes from God.

Though many travellers are religious, few embrace the organized churches whose leaders in the past traditionally treated them as outcasts. However, they have long been familiar with Bible stories. Biblical legends were passed on orally through family lines the same way as memorates and supernatural tales. Magical as well as spiritual elements of these legends had a definite appeal. Older traveller beliefs were simply incorporated into these newer patterns each enriching the other. Such a blend forms much of the core of traveller folklore.
This 'blend' certainly describes Stanley's situation as he and his brothers and sisters were raised on a steady diet of both Biblical and traveller beliefs. Many of the women in Stanley's family were known for their spirituality, and perhaps for this reason— that is that they lived close to God and to Nature— they developed psychic powers which Stanley and his sisters have inherited.

My mither was a aafae psychic. She wis aasae a spiritual woman. An my Granny Beck was the same, because she had lots o experiences that I heard passed doon through the years...[My mother] if she never met you in her life before, she could tell ye your name and age an everything aboot ye. She really had this gift. (SA 1979/13)

Stanley tells of a true experience that happened when he was fifteen. He took his mother on a bus ride and they passed the Old Mill Hospital that catered for the elderly. Elizabeth said to her son, "Stanley," she says, "ye see that place over there?...I'm gan tae die in there on Christmas Day."

Ye ken this, it maybe took twenty year to pass. Twenty year passed and my mither was ill and the doctor thought, seeing it was Christmas time, too much drunk folk, "I'm gan tae put your mother into hospital for a week till the festive season is over. That'll give your sister a break for a week looking after her." My mother died Christmas day in that hospital. She never came out; she telt us twenty year beforehand. Ye see some people have this gift. Unless you experienced something similar, ye ken, ye're nae in tune with it. (SA 1979/13)

According to Stanley psychic powers are not just limited to his family.

A great majority of the travelling people are very, very psychic. They're in tune to evil spirits an demons, and they're also in tune tae things that are good. And you know the difference by the different shudder you take. If something's good it comes from God. I tak a shiver down my spine. It's a
similar shiver tae fit I get when I hear a beautiful singer, something that testifies that there's beauty and truth there. But fan A tak a shiver further down, a shiver of revulsion, it's really a nauseating feeling. And A know this is evil. (SA 1979/11)

Stanley has had a number of "brushes with evil", often when he is in a state his grandmother, Rebecca, and his mother termed Indian Death.

Indian Death is a term I use and my granny and my mother used. It's when you go tae bed at night an suddenly you waken up an the room is icy cold an things happen, an you're aware of it. A could get up. Say that we're recordin here, and I maybe just close my eyes for a second. An I fall asleep, and I waken up like that... The tape recorder would be gan on. You'd be sittin there; Heather would be playin with her cards. But the room would be icy cold. An I'd say tae myself... I'm in an Indian Death and that's aa richt. But it's fit comes in the door, that's the horror. Fit comes in the door. Sometimes you get wonderful experiences, but there's times when you get horrific, and fan I say horrific I mean horrific! It cud be a wakin dream. But tae me I think it's hittin another dimension. 'Ken, I think there's a dimension in man's mind, 'ken, in people's minds that's never been opened. (SA 1979/21)

On one occasion Stanley was invited to spend the night in a house in Inverness after having performed in a folk concert. He woke up suddenly in the middle of the night, and he could hear the high pitched sounds of demons.

I always know when there is demons around. Demons have a sensitive high, high pitched frequent noising sound, "Puuu puuu puu puu puuu!... There were hundreds and hundreds o them. I felt as though my brain was gan tae burst. And just in front of me was the fireside and I felt I was being drawn... and A must have gone intae an Indian Death because I cud see for miles and miles. It was like a great big long tunnel... so icy cold, you could feel it... And I seen millions an millions and millions o these wee white creatures... and they was haudin my hand an runnin with me... sae A started tae concentrate on gan back... An the next minute I could come back. But I come back as fast as a went oot, ye ken. It was astral travellin... An I come right back intae my bed...

And I woke about four in the morning. A felt the evil in the
hoose. Even though my train wasnae till 6:30 I decided tae get oot o that house... An I walked about two mile to the station. I felt someone behind me. I could feel breathing doon my neck. A thought maybe I'd taken something from the hoose. I started runnin. I felt a horde o demons behind me. I had about a hundred yards tae the River Ness. A kent fine they cannae cross the river after me. As soon as A run across the river, half way across the river, the feelin left an it was aa right. I got tae the station and had to wait over an hour, but it was better than bidin in that hoose. (SA 1979/21)

As already mentioned Stanley's Indian Death experience in Inverness is not unlike Ray's experience in the haunted room. The other belief they share in common is moving water as a natural barrier against evil spirits.

Even though Stanley has a strong affiliation with the Church of the Latter Day Saints, he has never denied his psychic powers nor his experiences with the supernatural. Instead he has reconciled his traveller experiences and his Christian beliefs, each reinforcing his deep spiritual commitment.

Two aspects of the Mormon Church that attracted Stanley at the time he joined were its practice of baptism for the dead and its interest in promoting family genealogy. Stanley tells this memorate of the ring he wears on his finger:

This is the ring my mother wore. It also belonged tae her mother and her mother's mother. You asked me why I joined the Mormon Church particularly. Well, I'd like tae tell ye a wee story aboot this woman [Stanley's great-grandmother, Rachel MacDonald Stuart, mother of Granny Beck]... This aul woman, she was married to a Stuart an he was a piper... An she lived on her own in Glen Muick after her man had died.

An it came tae be she kent she was dyin. Aa travellers ken fan they're dyin, like Indians and Eskimos, just the ancient races. An she didnae want tae die alone, in the cauld; it was November. An her body maybe selt tae the college [a reference to body snatchers], or worse still maybe bein buried in a place where there was nae priest tae shovel in the dirt. 'Cause they were aafae superstitious about bein buried in hallowed ground, ye
ken. So fat she done was tae pack up her wee bit o belonging. She was gaen tae a wee toonie cried Maud, because there was a poorhoose there an she wanted tae go tae the poor's hoose tae die.

An when she came tae Maud she found where her family campit... One o the granbairnie's seen her. This was my Auntie Teenie, my mother's sister. So Teenie went tae her granny an cuddled her. She says tae her granny, "Where ye gaen, Granny?"

An Granny says, "Oh," she says, "dearie," she says, "A'm gaen awa haem."

But Teenie says, "But ye dinnae bide this way."

She says, "Oh, but A'm gaen tae my other haem."

And she says tae her, "Well, can I come with you, Granny?"

She says, "No, dear," she says, "ye cannae come with me."

So she took oot her bits o jewellery an her wee Bible an aa that. An she gives these things to Teenie... Fan she said goodbye tae the barn and she walked awa, the wee lassie says, "Granny, fan will A see you again?"

She says tae her, "The next time I see you, Teenie, you and I will stand side by side tae be baptised before the eyes of our Saviour," she says. "That's fan you'll see me next time."

Sae the wee barn went awa an the granny went tae Maud's poorhoose an died two days later. An so the aul woman was deid, and the parish gave her a pauper's funeral. (SA 1979/13)

Now according to Stanley he heard this story told often by his Aunt Teenie. The ring Stanley wears was one of the pieces of jewellery given to Teenie from her Granny Rachel just before she died. Teenie in turn gave the ring to her sister, Elizabeth, when she knew she was going to die. Stanley was twenty-one at the time and remembers her words to her sister. "I'm so happy just noo," she says, "A'm gaen tae my ither haem. An I ken A'm gaen tae meet ma Granny."

Stanley was not sure whether his Aunt Teenie's story was true or just a legend, so he wrote to Maud Hospital, and though the poorhoose had been destroyed in 1916 the hospital registrar found the old records in the archives. Among them was the death certificate of one Rachel
Stuart, homeless pedlar, and the names of her parents.

Ken this, Teenie an Aul Granny were baptised by proxy taegether at the same time at the temple. An yet that was prophesied seventy odd year ago... It's really amazing. If oor folk cud prophesy things like that they must ha had the gift o prophecy. It's just that naebody recognized it. See folks taeeday often say gypsy people must be with the Devil. But if they kent, they were so close tae God. An A ken they were so close tae God 'cause I have seen that aul woman, I've met her an I've spoken tae her an she died in 1911. (SA 1979/13)

Stanley has innumerable stories that, like the above, show just how close all members of his family are, past and present. His mother dreamed once that she was on a bridge between earth and heaven. On one side stood her granny and her sister calling her to join them. On the other side stood Stanley begging her to come back. She was very torn, wanting to be with all her loved ones. Finally, she chose to return to the living, as she felt her children still needed her.

Stanley, too, claims to have been on that bridge in an Indian Death experience. He, however, crossed all the way over into heaven before being sent back because his work on earth was not finished.

Stanley's sister Isabel told him of a vivid dream she had in which her two dead children came back to visit her because she was not well. They were worried about her and wanted her to know they loved her and could not wait for her to join them. They left lollipops for Isabel's other children, kissed their mother goodbye and left. When Isabel woke from her nap, she found the lollipops on the mantelpiece where the children had left them. Was it a dream, asks Stanley, or a psychic experience?

Traveller children were taught to accept death as something
natural, not something to fear. Stories like the above are lessons in what Stanley calls "death appreciation". A story particularly told for this purpose by Stanley's mother was a legend called "Warlock Craggies." [Stan-56] Once there was an old woman who had a young daughter who grew weak and sickly by the day. The mother noticed the girl regularly watching a rider on the Warlock Craggies. The mother knew who it was and forbade her daughter to watch for him. She obeyed for a while and her health improved. Then one chilly misty night the girl had a great urge to look up the Craggies again, and she saw the black knight riding down towards her. When the mother came to the door she saw her daughter riding away sitting on the back of Death's stallion.

Here we have "a wee story that tells how the lassie waited for Death an how the mother tried tae keep him back." Stanley says this is death appreciation, that death must come to all of us and we should not fear it or think it ugly or horrible. (SA 1982/26)

In two traveller legends Death appears in one as a stunning multicoloured bird - "Bird of Paradise" [Stan-83] and in the other as a strange man dressed in black with a lum hat riding an old fashioned bicycle - "Follower of the Cart" [Stan-84] In "The Angel of Death" [Stan-65] he is a coach driver and in "Jack and the Land of No Death" [Stan-28] he is an old man with a scythe. The very fact that Stanley has so many stories featuring Death points up how fine a line travellers place between the world of the living and the dead, and how realistically they accept death as a natural extension of the life cycle.

One belief of the travellers already mentioned is that if a dead
person is not buried in hallowed ground, his soul cannot rest in peace. A Christian burial is very important to travellers whether they belong to a church or not. A legend Stanley tells is "The Story of Rosehearty" or "The Grateful Dead" [Stan-60]. It tells of a traveller lad who spends several nights in a farmer's barn and each night he hears a voice demanding a Christian burial in order to get rest. The farmer, the minister and the lad dig under the barn floor and find the bones of a man. They bury the bones in the graveyard and the minister blesses them. That night the ghost returns for the last time to thank the lad because he has found eternal peace.

Travellers also believe in "ghost replays" in which the dead return briefly to the world of the living to replay an aspect of their life. Stanley's sister Ina tells of the time when she was in the Women's Royal Army Corps and a ghost nurse dressed in an old fashioned uniform was seen in the corridor of a modern hospital which once was the hospital of an army barracks. It was where the dead bodies were laid.

Annie, Stanley's sister-in-law, told of a queer experience she had as a child when camping with her family in Ireland. They needed milk to make tea and Annie was sent up the glen to the nearest farm. In the middle of the glen she saw two giants, easily twenty feet high and dressed in old fashioned Irish clothes, fighting with swords, and they were chained together. Annie told the farmer what she had seen. He said the giants had lived centuries ago and used to fight then, even after the local people managed to chain them while they were sleeping. Now they return once a year and have been seen by many people.

Closer to home, Stanley talks about the Old Road of Lumphanan
being haunted by family ghosts and spirits both harmless and sinister. In recent years on return visits to the road Stanley claims to have heard the voice of his dead mother call to him just as she used to do when he was a "bairn". He believes the spirits of his mother and father and many of his forebears have claimed the road as their heavenly place of rest, and when he dies he will join them there.

As already mentioned in an earlier chapter stories of "queer happenings" on the road were popular fare at evening campfire ceilidhs. Stanley's father and other campers told of having sighted the ghost of a murdered traveller woman whose killer was never found. Stanley reported witnessing a ghostly band of pipers dressed in ancient tattered kilts marching down the road. He also tells the ghost legend which as a boy he heard frequently repeated at campfire ceilidhs.

It seems a traveller woman was walking up the Old Road one summer's night. She saw a beautifully dressed woman come out of the church cemetery gate just ahead of her. The traveller called to the girl twice and getting no answer said, "It's all right, Missus. I'll no ask ye a third time or ye might be aul Hoodie hissel!" [Travellers are superstitious about asking the same question three times running for fear they are talking to the Devil or some kind of an evil spirit which will then reveal itself.]

Just then the girl turned around. "And [she] screamed like a banshee and it wasnae a person, just a skeleton's face. Just this hideous face with sockets and long skeleton hands. She screamed past the woman and just nipped back through the cemetery side gate. And the woman got the shock of her life... and ran back tae the camp." Her husband did not believe his wife's story, and wanting to prove his
courage in front of the other travellers, went back to investigate for himself. "When he didnae come back, twa or three o the traveller men went doon this aul road and they found him, and he was hideously beaten up. An he never seen naebody. But his wife said, 'I kent fat it was. There was a power of evil doon that road!'" (SA 1979/131)

All of these family stories and the many more Stanley tells reaffirm the travellers' strong traditional links with their past and with each other. They belong to all the people. Men and women tell them equally. Even members of a family not known as being "storytellers" know and tell the ones belonging to their family. Such stories are bonding in their effect. They have been an important spiritual and moral force and have played a key role in supporting a sense of cultural pride. The 'true' adventures told by the travellers, the memorates handed down and the legends shared often by many families clearly reflect the customs and beliefs of travelling people. As Stanley has said as well as Betsy Whyte, Duncan Williamson and other travellers I have spoken to-- when traveller parents want to teach a lesson to their children they use a story.

In looking at the different story genres that comprise Stanley's repertoire one feature particularly stands out-- evil in all its guises is ever present and traveller children must be made aware of it and be given guidance in how to confront and overcome it. The spiritual theme of good fighting evil is explored in Stanley's "true" stories and equally so in his wonder tales.

The Devil appears as the purest and most destructive evil force in traveller stories. As regards the origin of Satan, travellers I have spoken to, including Stanley, adhere to the Biblical legend which
describes Lucifer's fall from favour with God and his descent into the underworld. Stanley also takes the view often found in Highland lore, that the devil did not journey to hell alone.

My beliefs are that all these fairy creatures are from the hosts of heaven that were cast out with Satan before the world was. These creatures have been seen but it may be only a form of mirage. They only appear to have tangible bodies but truly are just spirits. In traveller mythology many of these creatures were seen to be kindly. Of course there were the evil agents that had skirmishes with the humans. I have witnessed many strange manifestations. There are more mysteries in the earth than in the heavens. (SA 1979/13)

It is the evil spirits - the devil's spirit agents - that Stanley refers to when he has had his "brushes with evil". Stanley believes these imps or demon spirits roam the world looking for bodies to occupy. No one, no matter how spiritual, says Stanley, is free from these evil demons. "Brushes with evil can happen to the most righteous. This is where the travellers are better able to cope than non-travellers. Travellers... can sense when a place is evil or a being is in league with Satan." (SA 1979/23) Already noted was his experience spending the night in Inverness. He had to use all his mental and spiritual energies to fight the demons, and in the end he had to run from them to make his escape finally across the safety of water.

As for the Devil, escaping from his grip often requires beating him in a game of wits or skill. Sometimes the hero/heroine wins, but not always as already noted in the Bennachie legends (No. 57, 58) In these stories as well as a number of others the Devil appears as a physical being working his mischief here on earth.

It was once generally believed that the Devil could be seen as a
ram, bull, or goat or even a black dog. This superstition has not altogether died out. Stanley believes the Devil is not restricted to these forms but can take any shape, animal, beast or human—any shape that is except a white dove.

There are certain things Satan cannae dee. Evil can never come in the shape of a white dove, neither Satan or any of his agents. Because fan Christ wis baptized the Holy Ghost descended as a dove. The sign o the dove is a holy sign. It's the sign o good sa no evil can come as a dove. (SA 1979/23)

This is a belief Stanley holds in common with Ray Hicks. Ray refers to the white dove as the "Holy Ghost Dove". This bird appears when God wants to send out a warning that a certain person is to die soon. Ray also believes the Devil can appear as a physical being, and in fact he personally has claimed to see the Devil twice. Equally, Ray has spoken of the Devil taking other forms like a black dog or poisonous snakes.

Bryce Whyte tells a legend in his family that shows the Devil in the guise of a black bull. It seems a very strong traveller man was coming home drunk one night through Cothal Woods when he saw a small black heifer in the road. Instead of letting the heifer pass, he picked it up by its horns and threw it into the ditch. A little later he met a half grown black bull and threw it into the ditch. The third time he met a full grown bull,

his eyes was blazing like motor lamps! Spittin fire it was! And he started tae fight wi it. An the mair he was fightin wi it the bigger it was gettin. It was gettin bigger it was. And it throwed him into the ditch! And six weeks after that he was in his coffin. It was the Devil in that bull and it gave him sich a lickin it killt him. He started fightin with the Devil and the Devil beat him up!
Bryce accompanied this tale with a strong warning.

If ye see a black thing at night, it's evil, it's the Devil. Get off the road. Don't challenge it. And never look after where it's gan. Otherwise it will get bigger and bigger until it kills ye. If ye meet somethin black, let it be a cat or dog or any image, it's the Devil and stay away from it. But a white thing again, it could be a ghost, but white will not touch ye. It won't hurt ye. (SA 1979/1)

Stanley also contends one should "never look after where [evil's] gan." He says,

If you feel evil emanating from a place never look back upon it... Just walk awa. The evil will remain. If you look back it'll come upon you... Bein told never to look back is aafee common among travellers. Because if you look back you're lookin at trouble. (SA 1982/81)

Stanley also agrees with Bryce that it is far better to walk away from the Devil or one of his demons than to tangle with such a powerful supernatural force. He claims the more you fight evil the stronger it becomes. Stanley tells the legend "Exorcising the Evil Spirit" (Stan-54) about a colonel and his wife who buy an old uninhabited mansion house in the highlands only to discover it is haunted with spirit imps. They get a priest to exorcise the spirits only to have them return as "a horde of demons". A second exorcism brings the Devil himself and the couple has to vacate the house. This belief is reflected in many international wonder tales. One example from Stanley's repertoire is "The Steel Line King" when Jack fights an evil dragon who grows in strength after each battle. [Stan-25]

Besides imps and demons Stanley's stories warn of the Devil's human agents that work havoc in this world. These are men and women who have sold their souls completely to Satan, have made a covenant with the Devil in exchange for knowledge of the black arts on earth as
well as high position and power in the underworld. These are the black witches and warlocks and the evil magicians or black lairds as they are often called in traveller tradition. Their power is far worse than the demon spirits because they already have human bodies to operate in. Other human agents of the Devil, but not possessing supernatural powers, are the Burkers. "To me," says Stanley, "the very fact that they have shed innocent blood makes them sons of perdition so they must wholly love Satan before they could do that. So they belong to Satan. They'll be in with his crowd." (SA 1979/133)

Belief in witches and witchcraft may not be as strong today among the travellers as it once was, but it still has its place in their traditions. A personal experience has already been mentioned in an earlier chapter in which a black witch placed a curse on Stanley's family. There are also white witches in traveller traditions. These women have knowledge of the black arts but prefer to use their knowledge for good rather than evil. However, says Stanley, one should beware of white witches when their anger is roused.

Stanley tells the story of an old traveller woman who was hungry and knocked at the door of a house hoping for a cup of tea. A young "skivvy" (servant girl) answered and the traveller offered to tell her fortune for some tea. The skivvy invited her into the kitchen and was about to give her something to eat when the house's owners, two unmarried sisters, came in. They were highly annoyed to find the tinker woman in their kitchen. When the skivvy said she was going to tell her her fortune the sisters ridiculed the poor woman, making her out to be a fool. The skivvy was thoroughly ashamed, and when the old traveller left without having got her cup of tea, the skivvy gave her
sixpence. The woman thanked the girl for her kindness and told her that in a year and a day she would be far better off than either of the rich sisters.

During that year a scoundrel of a man got the older sister pregnant and absconded with the younger sister's money, and a well-to-do young doctor married the servant girl. (SA 1979/133)

A white witch might be moved to use her powers in an unkindly way, but this is due to outside forces rather than an evil within herself. It is the black witch who really is dangerous. One black witch Stanley heard of caused a bothy to burn to the ground because the farmhands who lived within had been responsible for the death of her son. Fortunately for the men they all escaped. (SA 1979/26)

In traveller lore many a "true" or fictional story is told about warlocks and black lairds. A typical story Stanley tells which is supposed to have basis in truth is "The Laird of the Black Arts and the Servant Girl." [Stan-7] It tells about a poor innocent girl from Glasgow who becomes servant to a black laird. When she discovers who her employer really is she wants to quit, but he will not let her. With the help of a young lad and his mother, a spae wife, she finally escapes. The spaewife tricks the laird into changing himself into a puddock; he is trapped in a glass bottle and thrown into a deep river there to stay for seven years.

All the story examples I have so far given from Stanley's repertoire have been on the side of "having happened or possibly happened." Finally, it is interesting to see how Stanley's fictional wonder tales reflect his religious and moral beliefs and traditions.
Stanley considers his wonder tales, especially the ones about Jack, as entertaining stories with a high moral value. His use of Jack tales for teaching, as already indicated, came from his mother. Though these stories are enjoyed by all ages, Stanley feels they have special meaning for adolescent traveller children who are soon to leave the protection of home to start their journey into adulthood. Like Jack, they will be searching for happiness, success and fulfilment. A few will reach their goals; some will achieve in part and many will fail.

Stanley has described Jack as "a man with a thousand faces." No two Jacks, like no two people, are exactly alike. Each has his own mixture of strengths and weaknesses. Not even Stanley's most mature Jacks are without their imperfections. The journey's struggles and hardships are the challenges sent to turn a hero's weakness into strength.

Stanley sees Jack's journey as a testing and growth period for the hero. He also sees it as a spiritual journey. The first job of the hero is to look honestly within himself at his own defects. Once he has identified his weaknesses, he must strive to overcome them. Even the lowliest Jack has proven he can do this and come through his journey a winner. There is help for him along the way. Within himself he can call upon his own wits, talents and humbleness of heart, and all around him are close family and friends ready to encourage and advise. All the while he is struggling with his own dark shadows, he is building up his moral character till he is strong enough to face and conquer evil in the outside world. Only then can he truly become a mature hero.

In "Jack and the Three Jewels" [Stan-20] Jack is a very immature,
coddled lad, the youngest of three sons. He has never been asked to do any work or develop any skills or in any way face the realities of life. On the other hand his older brothers are fine upright young men who have been a great help to their father. Jack has within him one saving trait—generosity. It is this that puts him successfully on his journey and wins him the donors he needs to achieve success. In the process of the journey Jack overcomes his immaturity. He is forced to grow up, and learn to use his own intelligence to solve problems and make important moral decisions.

An even lowlier hero is described in "Jack the Liar." [Stan-30] This young lad is a braggart and a liar. He thinks the only way to impress people is to make them believe he is a great man capable of impossible feats. In fact he has lied so often he has come to believe his own claims of greatness. Unfortunately for Jack the king hears about his talents and thinks he is the very one to save his daughter by solving three riddles. The king sends for Jack and tells him he has three days to solve the riddles or lose his head. Jack is really frightened but he meets an old woman in the woods, shares his food with her and tells her his predicament. Though she will not give him the answers to the riddles, she does give him wise advice on how he might go about solving them himself. Again, generosity helps the hero. But along with generosity Jack has to humble himself and admit to the old woman, and at the same time admit to himself that he is not the great man he has led everyone to believe. This honest admitting of his defects is really what makes it possible for him to succeed—and with that for the first time in his life he truthfully faces a challenge and uses his own skills to meet it. As a result Jack learns that he can win the respect and praise of his friends without having to make up
stories.

Evil in the outside world takes many forms in the Jack tales just as it does in traveller memorates and legends. Perhaps most common is the Black Laird who is trained in the black arts and uses his magic for destructive purposes. He appears in "Jack and the Medicine that Cured All Ills" [Stan-26], "Aul Maidie" [Stan-37], "The Jack of Clay" [Stan-43], and "Jack and the Snow Mountain" [Stan-44]. There are also evil magicians, black knights and warlocks Jack must conquer. They are his adversaries in "Jack and the Seven Plagues" [Stan-21], "Jack and the Water of Life at the Rainbow's End" [Stan-51], "Jack and the Fawn" [Stan-19], "Jack and the Princess and the Warlock" [Stan-23], and "Jack and the Land of No Death" [Stan-28]. In this story Jack has an unusually powerful adversary—Death. Giants, witches and demons are also found in "Jack and the Blessing" [Stan-38], "Jack and the Two Headed Giant" [Stan-36] and "Simple Jack". [Stan-42] Finally, a most horrendous adversary is the Devil himself. Jack uses his wits to beat him in "Jack and the Fawn" [Stan-19], "Jack and the Quoits" [Stan-45], "The Girl with the Golden Mask" [Stan-24], and "Jack and the Devil's Auntie" [Stan-6].

According to Stanley "Aa Jack tales have a powerful moral in them." It is these lessons he tries to emphasize. When entertaining an audience Stanley does so by letting the characters and their actions speak for themselves. He counts on the power of the story and his own dramatic presentation to carry the message. On other occasions he is more explicit about the tale's message. In recent years he has been called upon by his church to give talks to various groups within the membership. At such times he always tells a Jack tale which he uses as
a the focal point for his theme. For example he might tell "Jack and the Water of Life at the Rainbow's End" [Bib-Stan No. 5] to bring out the message that when you have a job to do and have been given specific directions you do not allow yourself to be tempted by other paths that look more glamorous and profitable. The message he stresses for "Jack and the Golden Key" [Bib-Stan No. 35] is that children should recognize the wisdom of their elders and when they run into trouble "maybe they havenae listened carefully enough tae their fathers."

Commenting on "Jack and the Old Windmill" [Stan-16] Stanley says, "That one was tae teach ye not tae be greedy. There's another meaning for it too. It meant dinnae waste a good gift if ye got it. Ken there was aye different meanings." Stanley went on to point out that Jack did not use the windmill, which would give out anything he asked for, in a greedy way. He controlled his own use of it. Also, he never showed off his new wealth in front of others.

Stanley ended the tale "Jack and the Three Jewels" [Stan-20] by saying, "The moral of this story is that sometimes you possess the most priceless things on earth and you sometimes look further afield for them and you got them right at your hand."

And so it goes. As Stanley has said there is more than one message to these stories. As a boy, he enjoyed hearing the stories told many times because with each telling he found some new meaning to think about.

Stanley has also pointed out the meaningful use of numbers in some of the Jack tales. Numbers such as three, four, seven, twelve and thirteen often have magical implications in folk tales. Stanley sees a
spiritual value in numbers too. In "Jack and the Seven Plagues" [Stan-21] the number that constantly crops up is "seven". In the story there are 7 ears of corn, 7 pills, and 7 plagues. Each plague is represented by a 7 foot tall giant of a different colour, and Jack puts a 7 year curse on the plagues. Finally, the old woman puts a curse on the evil magician for 7 years. After telling this story Stanley pointed out the Biblical parallels as he saw them: 7 days of creation, 7 churches of God referred to by Paul, the 7 plagues, the 7 leagues of hell, the 7 deadly sins and the 7 rivers of hell.

In "Jack and the Odd Een Oot" [Stan- 34] a couple have 12 tall, handsome sons, each named after a chief of one of the 12 tribes of Israel. The thirteenth son, who was short and puny, was called Jack. The twelve sons are taken into the king's army as soldiers. Jack is too small to be a soldier, but he is allowed to be the cook's assistant. Since he is not permitted to wear the king's uniform his mother makes him a special uniform of his own in the colours of gold, silver and white. Again, in this story Stanley pointed out Biblical parallels. The 12 tribes of Israel were already mentioned. Jack's uniform Stanley likened to Joseph's coat of many colours. The battle scene where little Jack fights the army of the enemy single handed is not unlike David and Goliath—weakness wins over strength. Here, says Stanley is a fairy tale with distinct Biblical parallels.

It is not surprising that Stanley sees such parallels between the Jack tales and the Bible legends. Both sources had always been used as important tools for moral and spiritual instruction in Stanley's childhood, and Stanley is carrying on this tradition in his own family.
As is evident in the case of Stanley Robertson, traveller beliefs and superstitions are integral to traveller experience narratives, memorates, legends and tales. Stories seem to have borrowed from beliefs and beliefs from stories. Which came first one cannot say. Each has enhanced the other, and together they have evolved into vital aspects of traveller tradition.
Chapter 7

PART I: MEMORY, INVENTION AND STYLE: RAY HICKS

Memory

Ray Hicks has been telling Jack tales, Indian legends, ghost stories, personal experiences and memorates for fifty years. I recorded Ray on the first occasion in the summer of 1980. I recorded him again on an extended visit in 1982. In the 1982 sessions he repeated "Jack and the Wild Boar," "The Cat 'n the Mouse," "Hardy Hard Head," "Whickety Whack into My Sack," and "Big 'Fraid, Little 'Fraid." In all cases the stories had remained intact. There were small changes among the less important scenes. For example in the 1980 "The Cat 'n the Mouse" Ray included a short humorous scene in which the older brothers get a job working for a stingy farmer and end up marrying his old maid daughters. This scene was in all likelihood Ray's own invention as it does not appear in any other Beech Mountain recordings of the story. Also, Ray himself did not include it when he told the story to me two years later. In a reverse situation, in 1980 Ray made very little of the scene where Jack, in the beginning of the story, follows his brothers and they kill him and steal his money. In 1982 Ray stretched out this episode to include several warnings by the brothers and subsequent beatings before the boys totally lost their temper and thought they had killed Jack, leaving him buried in a muddy
Small changes of this kind are very noticeable with Ray Hicks's stories. "Hardy Hard Head" [App-5] gives us another example. The first time Ray told me this tale, the witch had a beautiful girl under enchantment. The men in the community tried to beat the witch jumping on the hackerd [steel-tooth brush for combing wool] in order to free the girl and marry her. Two years later Ray introduced the same story by saying a whole community was witched. When he finished telling the story I asked him if there had been any girl involved. He paused for a moment to think and said that yes he had forgotten the girl and Jack probably got her, but he was vague and showed no real concern about the matter. This aspect of the story just was not that important to Ray. What he cared about was Jack and his magical helpers defeating the witch. That was the essence of the story for Ray. Though the girl was forgotten in the 1982 telling, no detail of the involved plot and numerous characters was left out. The little sparrow (robin in another telling), the old bearded donor, the magic ship, Hardy Hard Head, Seewell, Hearwell, Runwell, Drinkwell, Eatwell, Shootwell and all the contests in which they were involved were well detailed. Concerning the same story, Ray compared his telling with Richard Chase's version and had this to say:

"[Richard Chase] got it wrong in the book. Missed out telling it right. The good part that's in that [story] ain't in the book is about the little bird, the little bird that helped Jack, said, "Spread it with moss and daub it with mud and it'll hold water."

(EmD 1980/4)

There are aspects of the story that are important to Ray and he does not like them to be tampered with or the story is "not told
right." After Ray told me "Hardy Hard Head" he admitted he knew another version of the story - the real mountain version - called "Hardy Hard Ass." After some persuasion he agreed to tell it to me.

Now Franklin's [Frank Proffitt Jr.] got it the real rough way where it's told the roughest way. I'll not tell it [to you] the real rough way, but I'll tell it rough. Now the way they told it in the mountains in different places where the parents would allow it was "Hardy Hard Ass." And it was a mountain word, ass. It was Hardy Hard Ass. He had a hard ass is what it was." (Much laughter from Ray) (BmD 1982/8)

In the telling of "Hardy Hard Ass" Ray played up the comic aspects of the witch's competition to see who had the hardest ass. He made Jack's brothers out to be clumsy 300 pound men with big soft spreading asses that got ripped apart on the razor sharp hackerd. The rest of the story Ray told in the usual manner, all episodes intact. Again, in this story no woman was mentioned. The whole community was enchanted. He tried to explain the form the enchantment took, but he was very vague. The people did not always know each other, or themselves and sometimes they thought they were animals.

Ray tells fifteen Jack tales. He said he used to know many more but over the years he "lost the telling of 'em." Unless he tells the stories regularly they slip his mind. On two occasions when he was wanting to tell a particular tale he could not recall how the story began. Rosa, his wife, had to help him out with a gentle reminder. Once he began a story Ray was fine; he needed no more prompting.

There were two periods in his life when Ray did not tell stories. The first period came in the late fifties when television was introduced to the mountains. The children were no longer interested in hearing his stories and Ray lost his primary audience. For a number of
years Ray just did not tell stories and some must have been lost at that time. Finally the novelty of television wore off and once again parents wanted Ray to come and tell the old stories to their children. It was about this time back in the sixties that a new interest in ballads and stories inspired professional and student collectors to come and record Ray, Stanley, Hattie, Marshall Ward and others. Ray started to tell his stories to a wider audience, drawing on his memory of earlier years when he told the tales continually to his own children and children in the community. Then, in the seventies, Ray had a road accident and was very badly injured. He was in hospital for a long time and the healing process was slow. Even today he suffers pain almost constantly as a result of the accident. For several years he told no stories, but as his health improved more and more visitors arrived asking for his stories and he began again.

When I saw Ray in 1982 I asked him if he knew the story "Jack and the Black Bull." He was sure he did not know it. I tried to refresh his memory by telling him how the story began. He still assured me it was not one of his. Yet in 1961, before his accident, Sandy Paton of Folk Legacy Records recorded Ray telling a very detailed version of that complex story.

When I talked to Ray about remembering stories, he took great pride in his ability to keep alive the very long Jack tales of his childhood. He said he never memorized his stories.

You can't tell 'em the same way. Only what you can tell 'em the same way is write 'em down and maybe study on 'em a long time. Memorize. That's wrong. They said what I've been at that bunch that checked on me [folk collectors] said I had a mind - your mind can make a tale, that is if ye got a startin place. That I had that mind. To think of my words ahead of time an make it as
I winged it [improvised]. (BmD 1980/5)

The first time Ray told a tale in front of a big audience he had
his story selected in advance and when he was about to go on stage he
blanked out and had to tell another one. "An I got to goin from that
time to this day that I don't even plan my tale, I just tell the one
that hits my mind when I get up on stage. The first one that hits it.
I don't plan nary tale ahead."

Ray said that some folk could not believe he did not have his
stories written down, because nobody could remember tales that long.
But Ray has never written down a tale.

[Stories] are only wrote down in my mind and my feelins wrote in
there...One woman I knowed tells me that my book was a book of my
own; it was greater than all the books that she read. Hearin my
stories. (BmD 1980/5)

When I asked Ray whether he told his stories differently in front
of a modern audience, or the same as when he told them to local
children he said,

Yeah, yes, the same way. That's what they want. That's the way
they want it. That's the way they got it a-goin. No they don't
want ya to tell it no different. All it is if you tell any
different it's just that way you can think of extra words along
when you tell it. And you can't tell it the same way exactly
nigh every time ya tell it...It ain't like a song ya see. A song
ya have ta memorize ta make it sing on its tune, ya see. An a
tale, there hain't nary, you wouldn't get it telled as that.
You'd get it close. An then you'll think a lot of times in the
mood you're in to add funny words an then agin you won't be in
that mood an you won't think to put them in. Like down there ta
Jonesboro. I forget whether it was last year or the year before
I'd told it several times, "The Heifer Hide," an I never did git
it skipped by me ta put in it that Jack throwd his voice ya know
through the hide. An this here lady had been here at my home an
I told it to her. A' ter I was through she said, "Ray, boy, you
really put it to that tale." Said, "That's the first time I ever
hear that." An I had it - it was in it all the time. (BmD
1982/7)
When I asked Ray how he first learned his tales and then kept them in his mind, he said that as a small child he would ask his Grandfather Ben to tell the same stories over and over again "See I'd sit down with 'em and let 'em tell the tale. And say, 'Tell that again, I'd like to learn how to tell it.'" (BmD 1982/2) But the real learning came when he was a teenager and began to tell the stories himself. Telling the stories helped him to remember.

I wanted to hear 'em when I was little an then I wanted to tell 'em and be like Jack... An at that age [teens] it's hard to remember. Ya just have ta get a [tale] in. Keep pressin to tell it. An keep addin to it, ta keep tellin and think of the words. Tellin a tale you can't remember, you've just got to get it to whar them words will come to you when you need them... An it helps - you see pictures when you come to those places [in a story], yeah you see that. (BmD 1982/9)

When Ray said he saw pictures as he told his stories, I asked him if Jack looked like someone to him, a man with a particular face. His answer was interesting because instead of saying either yes, he had a face and looked like... or no, he was just a vague figure, Ray described the Jack he visualized in terms of the hero's actual character. Ray strongly identifies with Jack. He knows Jack personally and inwardly, almost as part of his own being. He has been Ray's hero for sixty years. Ray is not concerned with the outward Jack, only his inward self.

Yeah, he looks like a person ta me that could, that would, but he wouldn't exactly cheat ye, but if he was without anything he would take... somethin off ya. An then if he had like that 200 guineas an then he met up with ya, he'd give ya a hundred of it, is the way Jack was. An then if he had a person, and [this person] wanted to be selfish, ya know and wasn't with him, he might rob him, take what he had... I've been with Jack several places. An I was Jack, when I growd up... (BmD 1982/9)
Ray's memory for these stories is tied closely to his association with Jack himself. Ray pictures himself in the tales, moving through a part real and part make-believe fantasy world.

**Personal Style, Invention and Creative Elaboration**

Invention and the shaping of each individual telling of a specific story to a specific audience are two creative aspects of Ray as a storyteller.

Ray mentioned himself that he had the ability to "wing it." This is his way of saying that he could match a story to his audience. With some audiences he could be comically rough. He could tell tales where Jack uses trickery to win and does things that really are not morally acceptable like stealing or playing dirty tricks on someone. With other audiences he is careful to tell the safer wonder tales and avoid any rough language.

[How I tell a story] depends on my mood and then your audience. That cheers ya up that ya see they're a-likin you... I tell 'em as I remember 'em told to me, but sometimes now if I thought - if a word hits me - it's the way my grandfather and the others told their stories. Now they must've just told it the way it hit them with different words each time. Just the way it hits ya. And the people is listenin whichever way they'll let ya tell... Well now if there's a few in a bunch won't allow ya to put it rough ya can't put it ya see. Well if you're in the other bunch where you can, then you put it in. (RmD 1982/7 & 15)

Ray is capable of extending and shortening different scenes within a given story. He also likes to add extra description and define words the audience might not know which can be a pleasant and at times humorous digression. When I heard Ray tell "Jack and the Wild Boar" [Bib-App No. 19] at the Jonesboro Storytelling Festival I was amazed at
his creative handling of the story. I had taped him telling it in 1980 and 1982 and I have a third recording that Sandy Paton made in 1961. In all three taping sessions Ray's audience consisted of only a few people. The tellings were very consistent apart from changes of phrases and minor shifts in the emphasis given to different scenes. They were good tellings, full and lively. But, though I did not realize it at the time, I had not heard Ray at his best.

At Jonesboro in the autumn of 1982 Ray was one of the guest storytellers as he is every year. He was decidedly unwell, but forced himself to make the three hour trip inspite of a great deal of pain. He had to walk with the help of a stick and be assisted on to the platform. The tent was packed, about 175 people. Ray sat on a wooden folding chair, stick across his lap, and he began to tell his story.

He began slowly, almost hesitatingly, his stick sliding back and forth between his hands to the rhythm of his voice. He set the scene of Jack starting off to get some kind of job as he and his mother were so poor. Then his voice started to get stronger and the pace picked up. I knew he was fully into his story when he humorously described Jack coming across a ripe sunburnt cake covered with hungry flies, and then picturesquely defined 'sunburnt cake' for those city visitors that might not know its meaning. The audience laughed and so did Ray. His pain was forgotten. Ray, the master storyteller, was in his element. As the story unfolded it picked up pace and humour. The more the audience laughed when Jack tried to escape from one of the charging beasts and cheered when he accidentally caught one, the greater became the elaboration of the scenes. A tale that Ray usually tells in twenty-five minutes was expanded another quarter of an hour. He put in
his own side comments about each situation. He used digressions to build suspense leading to each capture including the final episode when poor Jack ended up riding on the back of a lion. Now this lion was so big and so ferocious that when it first roared at Jack it created such a gale force wind it sent Jack flying through the air and he landed up in a branch of a huge tree. That lion had such teeth it started chewing the tree down and would have finished the job except it got tired and decided to take a nap.

Details like this were less in evidence in the previous recordings made in Ray's livingroom. The exaggerations at the Jonesboro telling were far more outrageous. As Frank Proffitt Jr. would say, "These tall tales get bigger in the telling." The Jonesboro audience brought out Ray's finest creative skills as a storyteller. He displayed incredible dramatic instincts, using voice changes to indicate the charging beasts. His rhythm and timing were perfect, and his colourful language captured every aspect of humour and excitement in this story. Ray was every bit as caught up in the story as his audience, laughing as heartily as anyone in the room. On three separate occasions the master of ceremonies had to pull Ray's chair back because it had crept to the edge of the platform due to a rocking motion Ray uses when telling stories, and even that action failed to break the magic spell Ray had cast in that tent.

What struck me was that the stick ceased to be a stick. At the beginning I had feared the walking stick would be a distraction and take the focus away from Ray and the story. Instead Ray used it as an extension of the story action. It became the paddle Jack used to kill the flies; it also became the boar, the unicorn and the lion in turn.
and the tree Jack had to climb. Ray struck it on the floor and waved it in the air or slid it rhythmically back and forth on his lap. It was rarely still except at the most suspenseful moments such as when Jack sat terrified in the tree, the lion beneath him, and wondered how on earth he could possibly get out of this one. When Ray finished his story he received a well deserved standing ovation.

This is the kind of "invention" at which Ray is brilliant. It cannot be prepared in advance. It is spontaneous. He also cannot repeat exactly what he said or did on another occasion. He was improvising in the best theatre tradition.

Ray only tells a set repertoire of stories, all learned in his childhood. He knows what stories are contained in Richard Chase's book, but he has never been interested in learning tales from a book. For example, he says that a popular Beech story is "Jack and the Beanstalk." When I asked him to tell it, he said it was not one of his. It was Marshall Ward that told that one and he learned it from his father who gave it to Richard Chase. As already stated, Ray learned most of his stories from his grandfather. However, Jack tales were told by many different people on the Beech, each with a slightly different version. Ray listened to all these storytellers as a boy so his tellings are probably not strictly the versions of any one raconteur. Much as Ray admires Richard Chase and is proud that his grandfather contributed stories to his book, Ray has had no desire to tell his tales in Chase's mould. The changes Chase made were artificial to Ray. He excuses Chase by saying he had to make these changes because the old tellings had some rough words in them and some of the sentences did not work right in print. The changes were all

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right for Chase, but not all right for Ray. He prefers the old way of
telling his tales and along with his own elaborations, that is the way
he tells them today.

As far as I know Ray has made no effort to learn new stories as an
adult. The ones he knows are all he can handle. His repertoire was
larger at one time, before collectors started to tape him. He admitted
to having learned many, many Indian legends and ghost stories as a
youth that he had to let go to make room for the Jack tales. Over the
years some of his wonder tales have failed to weather the test of
time. He has told me short fragments of three wonder tales, two of
which were Jack tales, which regrettably he has forgotten. "Catskins"
(AT 510) was one of his story fragments. He also told a portion of
"Fly Away Club" or "Jack and the North West Wind". (AT 563) [App-9] His
third fragment is particularly intriguing because I know of no other
tale like it collected anywhere in Appalachia. Ray calls this story
"Jack and the Lost Mountain." Jack has a set of iron teeth made for
himself and his two dogs. He goes to the Lost Mountain and a panther
attacks him. He calls for his dogs to come and save him. That is all
he can remember.

When Ray gets together with other members of the family who tell
stories, he is not interested in learning their tales or their versions
of tales he tells. He remains surprisingly free from influence. I
noticed the same with Stanley Hicks whose tellings of the Jack tales
are as unique and excellent in their way as Ray's are in his. Stanley,
for instance, does not indulge in creative elaborations as Ray does.
His tellings are tighter with less diversions. He punches his humour
rather than elaborating upon it and uses more vocal changes, especially
to imitate animals. According to Stanley he has not changed the stories from the way he first heard them as a boy.

I store [the stories] in my head. I mean it just comes back to ya when ya start. I remember 'em when I was a kid, ya know. An ya never forget nothin. An then when ya start tellin 'em, it would come back, store it back in your brain, ya know... I always tell 'em the same whether I'm in front of a big audience or just a few people. Just the same. (BMD 1982/24)

In fact Stanley, as is true with the Scottish traveller Duncan Williamson, feels tampering with the old stories is wrong.

And so a lot of these tales you'll hear, a lot of the songs you hear, a lot of the music you hear is not like it was in the old days, when my grandpa grew up and my grandma and all that. And just like Ray Hicks he said he never did tell the same tale exactly alike twice, you see mine's all the same, made no change in 'em cause I tell 'em like I heard 'em when I was a kid. That's the right way. But a lot of 'em change, ya see. (BMD 1982/26)

Hattie's stories and style of telling are again different. Her renditions are closer to outlines and told in one enthusiastic lightning burst. She shared the same childhood storytelling experiences as her brother, but has forgotten the fuller versions that Stanley is able to tell. Hattie as a girl concentrated her interests on the family music and unlike Stanley and Ray was not known as a storyteller. Before collectors started asking for stories, she had not told any in probably as long as twenty-five years.

Marshall Ward added his own interpretations to some of the tales. The episodes of the international tale types that he told remain fairly consistent with the versions told by Ray and Stanley. He did not soften the rough scenes in the trickery tales, but he did feel compelled to justify Jack's actions that were morally questionable. He did this by
emphasizing that the recipient of the dirty tricks very definitely deserved what he got. An example is "Jack and the Heifer Hide." Jack cons a man out of $3,000 for a hide Jack claims can talk. Mr. Ward described the man as a drunken brute who beat his wife. No one could feel sorry that he had been cheated.

Mr. Ward insisted on his own special touch to the endings of all his hero wonder tales. He allowed Jack and the girl he had won for his bride to have a proper courting time in which to fall in love before they were married. In "Answer the King's Daughter's Question" [App-16] Jack and the king's daughter liked each other right from the start, but the king insisted they "go around together" for a month or more before he would let them marry. "They got to knowin each other better all the time, and, finally, at last, they really got in deep love with each other. So, they got ready and they had a big weddin, the finest weddin you ever saw." (B-M 1969/66)

On one occasion Marshall Ward seems to have purposefully tampered with a wonder tale. "Old Gallymander" [App-13], which is told in a straight traditional way by Hattie Presnell, became a moral tale in the hands of Marshall Ward. In the former case two different girls, one unkind and the other kind, steal the money purse from the old woman for whom they work. The first girl gets caught and is beaten; the second escapes. Actually, both girls are thieves, which must have disturbed Mr Ward. His version, which I suspect is his own invention, has one unkind girl stealing the purse pursued by the kind granddaughter of the old woman. The granddaughter catches the thief, gives her a beating, and takes the purse back to her grandmother. She and her grandmother live together happily thereafter.
Frank Proffitt Jr. makes a conscious effort to tell the Jack tales as close to the way Ray does as possible, even to imitating his accent. With Frank, though, unlike his older relatives, modern touches creep into his tellings. In "Wicked John and the Devil" [App-26] when John dies and decides to try and get into heaven, he walks on and on until he sees a huge sign saying PEARLY GATES all lit up with neon lights. Then when St. Peter goes over the record book and tells him there is no way he can get into heaven, Frank tells us: "Wicked John flew mad then, cussed St. Peter up one side and down the othern. And says, 'If there's this much red tape to get into heaven I'll just go and get into hell, and the heck with you. You can just take it and shove it!'" (BmD 1982/33) "Neon lights", "red tape" and "shove it" are expressions today's audience would immediately relate to.

Like Marshall Ward, Frank is more willing to experiment with adding permanent changes. Stanley Hicks claims never to add any changes; Ray admits to "adding words as it hits him". Frank deliberately makes certain changes that he thinks go over well with a modern audience. An example is "The Three Sillies".

This now is a tale I learned from my Uncle Ray... I pretty well try to stick to the way he told it as much as I can, like I do most of the stories I tell, what ones I know.

Frank goes on to add a complete new episode which is his own invention, though one can see the "Li'l Abner" influence. In Ray's telling the couple, Jack and his girl just decide to get married. But Frank begins with the humorous scene of the girl chasing Jack down a dead-end canyon where she corners him with a double barrel shotgun. She points the gun right at his head and asks him if he's going to
marry her. He agrees, not really having any choice in the matter. The
girl snaps her fingers and out from behind a tree steps a preacher, and
marries them there and then.

Where Ray and Stanley are satisfied with the way they tell their
stories and have no intentions of purposefully tampering with them in
order to make permanent improvements, Frank is still finding his way as
a storyteller and is willing to learn from any source he can as well as
add his own inventions. He has read Chase's book and he has used it to
help him learn stories - something Ray or Stanley would never do even
if they could. (Stanley is illiterate and Ray can only read a
little.) As a boy Frank heard Ray tell Jack tales. Since then he has
taped Ray and Stanley and listened to the Folk Legacy recording of Ray.
Frank's stories are still in a fluid state, open to change as he
masters them.

Ray has admitted to some invention of his own in Jack tales. When
his children were young he said that they would get tired of hearing
the same tales every night. He liked to surprise them once in a while
with a new story or a new twist to one of his regular stories. In this
way he added what he says is his own ending to "Soldier Jack" or
"Whickety Whack". He tells the story once the old way that he learned
as a youth where Jack unties the sack and is the first person Death
takes. In the second telling Jack goes on up to heaven but is not
allowed in because he had kept Death in a sack for so many years. Jack
asks St. Peter if he would just hold his sack for a minute. St. Peter
obliges and Jack says, "Whickety Whack Jack in my sack." With that he
flies into the sack and thus successfully makes his way into heaven.
This type of ending has been used in various similar forms to end a
number of trickster tales. Ray has produced his own twist.

"The Hunting Trip" is a very well known and popular tall tale on Beech Mountain. It is sometimes told as a Jack tale, but not always. The actual episodes within the story can vary according to number and order. Included are certain set episodes like AT 1895 'Man wades in water, catches fish in his boots' and 1900 'How the man came out of the tree stump.' Usually it is a single hunter that goes out. Ray invented his own version of AT 1890 'The Wonderful Hunt' and called it "Jack and Ray on a Hunting Trip." In this story Ray becomes his hero's companion. All the impossible exciting adventure happens to Jack. Ray tells the story as though he were actually witnessing the events taking place thus verifying the truth of this incredible hunt.

Stanley Hicks, Marshall Ward and Lie-hew Yance are the storytellers known for their skill at story invention. Lie-hew told his own short comic tall tales, several of which have been described in an earlier chapter. In the tradition of Lie-hew, whom Stanley knew in his younger days, Stanley invents tall tales. They are longer and more complex than Lie-Hew's, but equally funny. When he spoke about making up the story "The Gold Hog" [Bib-App No. 35], Stanley commented that "you have to have somethin to start from." He claimed the first part of the story was true. Evidently there was a man back in his grandfather's day who lost a pig and after many days found him still alive at the bottom of a disused gold mine. From this beginning evolved one of Stanley's funniest stories. Marshall Ward's invented stories were most often about Jack. One of his was "Jack and the Watermelon." Bib-App No. 40] It begins like "Jack and the Bean Stalk," but the seed grows into a gigantic watermelon rather than a bean.

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stalk. This story lacks the structure of a true Jack story. There is no evil to overcome, no impossible tasks, no donors or helpers; in short no hero's journey, unless you count eating your way through a gigantic watermelon a journey fit for a hero.

I have already spoken about Ray Hicks's personal storytelling style in front of a large audience, the example given being Jonesboro. When Ray tells stories at home for a few friends and relatives or for collectors, he still gives a dramatic and spirited rendition. Under these circumstances his elaborations are certainly evident, but they are more set, less open to improvisation and creative invention. To enter into expansive verbal play, Ray seems to require a large responsive audience. However, even his set elaborations are colourful and add a great deal to his basic stories.

Ray always sits when he tells a story, but his body is never still. His long arms and enormous hands punctuate the story with strong gestures. With his voice he weighs his words and phrases, stretching out the final consonants on key words to build suspense. He has a subtle way of changing his voice to indicate special characters like the little bird that helps Jack at the beginning of many of the stories, and the witch in "The Cat 'n the Mouse". He makes no attempt to change his voice for all the different characters, just the ones he would like to stand out within a particular episode. Ray wants his audience to get inside his story, the characters and their actions, and think about them as he does. He consciously uses his expressive voice, face and eyes to draw them in. As he said himself, "Ya know you can tell more out of a tale if you can see the actions of [the storytellers'] mouth and their mind as they tell it and their eyes as
they come with the sentences." (BrD 1982/2)

Rhythm is an important audible and visible part of Ray's storytelling technique. Visually, he gestures and rocks his body to the rhythm of his stories. Verbally he likes to repeat phrases using the same or slightly different words, which results in a chant-like effect or he will half chant, half sing rhymes actually built into a given tale. Following are two examples of Ray's spontaneous rhythmic speech and one of a specific story rhyme which Ray actually sings.

Directly it got peck, peck, peck, peck come on up. An the door opened an there stood a cat, a black cat, an spoke and said, "Hello young man." And he said, "Gosh, be-dad, I've got to a country where cats is a talkin, black cats is a talkin." ["Cat 'n the Mouse" App-4]

He was goin along a walkin and he come where a cow had been, a cow had been and done her business in the little old road they used, the haul road, she'd done her business...and the sun had baked it and the flies sucked it, and they called it a sunburnt cake to tell it at that time. Some called it a cowpile, and my grandfather called it a sunburnt cake to tell it back at that time when I was that young, and some had called it cow hockey... ["Jack and the Wild Boar" App-19]

Oh, the oldest daughter she came out all for to buy my drill.  
I fooled around and kissed her well, fill bowl fill.

Oh, the youngest daughter she came out all for to buy my drill.  
I fooled around and kissed her well, fill bowl fill.

Oh, the old lady she came out all for to buy my drill.  
I fooled around an ki------

"Hush, Jack, hush Jack, just cut my head off." He couldn't stand for Jack to say he'd kissed his wife. ["Sing a Bowl of Lies" App-3]

As I am impressed with Ray's impromptu use of the the walking stick at Jonesboro, I am equally impressed with the way he is able to
turn any situation into an advantage to his storytelling technique.

The first time I visited Ray in the summer of 1980 we sat inside to hear his stories. As already mentioned, Ray is approximately 6ft 8in tall. Even seated he is very tall. On the floor beside him, Ray kept a plastic container, its top cut off, for use as a spittoon. Like most mountain men and many women, Ray chews tobacco. As he told his stories he would periodically spit the long distance down into his homemade spittoon, miraculously never missing. Like every other aspect of his storytelling, there was a rhythm even to his spitting. It never interrupted the flow of the story but became part of it—a kind of audible exclamation mark.

On another occasion two years later Ray and I were sitting on his open porch. It was a hot day with many flies about. Ray was waving his fly-swatter in an attempt to keep the pests away when he began to tell the story "Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack." As he started his tale he was still swatting flies. (Listen to enclosed tape of story.) Once into his story, he forgot about the flies and used his swatter as an extension of his rhythmic gesturing. In this way he paced the slow and faster parts of the story and punctuated crucial moments by hitting the swatter on the arm of his wooden chair. As listener I found myself responding to his visual and oral pacing. I was being drawn in but not only rhythmically. There is an intimacy to Ray's storytelling. He makes you feel that he is sharing something of himself right along with the story. "Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack" is an example. When Unlucky Jack accepts a job herding sheep, he is given a contract to sign by a ruthless farmer who plans to cheat him. Ray describes what happens and then interjects his own comment admitting to having been as naive and
foolish as Unlucky Jack in his younger days.

[Unlucky Jack] was so high to git out fast to make money... he'd trust in the man that he wouldn't do him wrong. (An I've always been like that. I've found out any more and learned I can't trust everybody like I did.)

Ray not only invites listeners to share the practical meanings of his stories, but the good humour and fun. Ray loves to laugh when some story action strikes him funny. In this same narrative you can hear him laughing uproariously at his own description of the scene where Lucky Jack replaces the farmer's prize plowing horse with a small donkey. His laughter is infectious and the audience is quickly drawn into the joke, sharing it with the storyteller.

These sharing techniques used by Ray (consciously or instinctively) help his audience see the meaning of the tales he tells in the same light as he sees them. This is important to Ray as it is to Stanley. Both these storytellers agree the wonder tales are excellent entertainment, but they want their listeners to take the tales seriously too by seeing the hidden truths within them.

One finally word— Ray's unique storytelling style is closely linked to memory and creative invention. As Frank Proffitt Jr. still does today, Ray imitated the storytellers he heard as a boy, especially Grandfather Ben. He also developed a style of his own as he mastered the stories and felt comfortable with them. From having heard Ray tell in his home and under festival conditions, it seems to me that the latter has had a definite influence on the further refining and development of his ability spontaneously to invent and expand his stories far beyond their original shape.
Chapter 7

PART II: MEMORY, INVENTION AND STYLE: STANLEY ROBERTSON

Memory

Stanley Robertson has a phenomenal memory for the stories and ballads of his family. His stories alone amount to over one hundred and fifty which include fifty wonder tales, another forty-five traveller tales, traveller and non-traveller legends and tales of the supernatural, and approximately sixty memorates, personal experiences and dreams.

Stanley, like Ray, has always been recognized as a storyteller among his people. Both these men learned and told stories as children and are still telling stories today. To the general public Stanley was known as a ballad singer long before his storytelling abilities surfaced. Up until 1979 only a few of his stories had been recorded in the archives of the School of Scottish Studies. Perhaps this was because collectors were more interested in his songs and did not realize he was a repository of a vast story collection.

Most of the long wonder tales Stanley tells he learned directly from specific family members. In some cases he associates a story with a traveller whom he recalls from his childhood camping days. There are also stories he considers general tales told by many different people,
and these stories are part of his rich heritage but with no particular
attachment to an individual storyteller. In reference to "Jack and the
Golden Key" Stanley commented:

This is typical of the stories my folk tellt. Ye see my family's
all so interrelated. When ye say it's my father's tale, it cud
come through my mother's lineage jist as quick. There are one or
two tales that I mind because of incidents— jis like "Aul
Maidie" A recalled the incident, the day fen we were in
Pitsligie. An there's definite days when my father tellt me aboot
the spae wifie an aa them different things. A recall the
incident immediately. But there's other eens it starts jis bein
your birthright. They're jist part of you. Jis like Jack's left
a birthright [in "Jack and the Golden Key"] I'm left a
birthright, an I can tell a story in turn. An they're beautiful
tales. An they must have had deep significance somewhere in my
life. (SA 1983/49)

Stanley's introduction to "Jack and the Seven Plagues" is a good
indication of how he connects a specific storyteller with a given
tale.

This next tale I would like to tell is a Jack tale and it wis
telt tae me long, long ago. Sae I just mind it in bits, but
it's my ain personality goes upon it. Fen we were bairns and
camit oot at the drystane dykes at Aaford they had a big bell
tent and they used tae put the bairns intae this tent at nicht.
An the bairns used tae sit and tell stories, sing and carry on.
An aye later on at nicht an aul traveller woman came in. But she
was an ill-natured cullich, very crabby. And she'd a staff. An
you used tae bide like a roose when she came in, or she'd hit ye
wi a staff. But this aul cullich could tell ye stories. She
used tae tell ye the bonniest things. She used tae tell ye,
fascinate ye, wi these stories. This was one of her tales. I
could just remember. I'd only been aboot maybe five or six, just
like dreams. The story, the incident, I remember well cause I
remember the camp and I mind aa the bairns singin. It's cried
"Jack and the Seven Plagues." (SA 1980/54)

"Association" is certainly key to Stanley's incredible memory for
stories. Time, place or specific situations are at different times
used by Stanley to recall early storytelling experiences.

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From my very earliest recollection I remember my father, my mother, my grandfather, my grand aunties, my uncles when they told children tales especially maybe at the time you were at the flax. We used tae go tae the flax a lot up at Lumphanan. An at night you would maybe get, apart from the ghost tales, but earlier on in the evening you would maybe get someone sittin wi the younger members o the family an they wud start tellin ye a Jack tale. It was literally hundreds o these Jack tales. Many o them repeated over and over again till ye got tae know them. An there was even that time I remember this woman. Her name was Maria, an aul traveller woman, an she had a way of gettin the children tae play out these tales... the bairns used tae enjoy—the tales came alive. (BmD 1979/142)

Here Stanley mentions two other aids to early memorization—

hearing the same tales told many times and actually acting them out.

As children in the camps Stanley and his brothers and sisters were learning the stories in a pleasurable and effortless way.

Over the years there were certain stories he told quite frequently, mostly to his own children. Many, many more stories seemingly were forgotten over the years. However, in recent years Stanley has been making a concentrated effort to draw back into his memory some of these supposedly lost tales. When I asked him how he managed to do this he told me that by concentrating hard on actual happenings of his childhood, maybe an event or a season or the smells of camping in the woods or of growing things like wild flowers or flax, he could call back into his memory a precise situation when a story was told him, and often with it, the actual storyteller. Such recalls most often happen, according to Stanley, when he is lying in bed at night or working undisturbed at the fish house. At such times he lets his mind wander to the past— to people and places— and the stories just come back to him. He believes that nothing is ever lost. Once he learns a story, he can recall it under the right circumstances.
One day I was in my work [at the fish house] and I was thinking upon where to go for a holiday, and I thought upon the Shetlands and it put me to a time when I was in the Shetlands and the man was cutting peats and I went over and I watched him cuttin the peats for a while. And wi thinkin o that I thought upon Pitsligie, ken Pitsligo, 'cause there's an aafae lot of peats in that area. The folk aa cut peat roon there. An I mind one time I was in Pitsligie with my mother. I think we was goin tae Fraserburgh, but on route the bus stopped at Pitsligie. And it stopped for aboot half an 'oor in Pitsligie, longer than it would normally stop. So me and my mother had a walk aroon Pitsligie. An she showed me the green and told me of when the travellers used tae camp there. An it was a aafae fine smell of the peats burnin... An I says tae my mither. "Fine smell of peats burnin." An my mother started to tell me about the Robertsons—there's an aafae crowd of Robertsons bide up there, uncles, and aunties. And she started tae tell me a story about an aul woman cried Aul Maidie. Now my father had a great auntie cried Aul Maidie just by a coincidence. An my mother started tae tell me about my great auntie, Aul Maidie. And she says, "But I ken a story [about another Aul Maidie]." Sae she started tellin me this story. (BMD 1983/46)

From Stanley's introduction to the story "Aul Maidie" we can follow his thought process which builds one association upon another until he rediscovered a story he had not heard in twenty years. What is interesting is that Stanley's mother also used association to recall the story. For her it was thinking about all the Robertsons that used to camp in Pitsligio, one of whom was Stanley's Great Aunt Maidie.

One final example of recall demonstrates how a person can remind Stanley of a long forgotten tale. One day four years ago Stanley was riding the train down to Edinburgh with a member of his church who came from traveller stock. They began talking about stories and the young woman said she could only tell him the beginning of one story she vaguely recalled hearing as a young child. She called the story "Jack and the Land of No Death." All she could remember was that Death was coming to take Jack but how he saved himself she did not know. According to Stanley it was as if a flash went off in his head. The whole story came back to him and instead of the girl telling it to him,
he told it to the girl, and she confirmed that indeed, it was the same story she had once heard years ago. This is particularly amazing because "Jack and the Land of No Death" is Stanley's longest and most complex wonder tale. He knows he heard it as a boy camping, but beyond that he is not sure exactly when or who told him the story originally.

When I asked Stanley how with so many stories in his repertoire he was able to remember them on a day to day basis, he said that numbers helped to keep stories clear in his mind—three impossible tasks in "Baby John;" three helpers and three magic objects in "Jack and the Water of Life at the Rainbow's End;" the three magicians in "Jack and the Fawn;" the seven plagues, the seven ears of corn and the seven pills in "Jack and the Seven Plagues;" the three riddles in "Jack and the Devil's Auntie;" seven years in "The Girl with the Golden Mask;" the three islands, three kings, three magic nuts, seven seas and seven years in "Jack and the Golden Key;" seven giants and seven piggy jars in "Jack and the Seven Giants;" twelve maiden sisters in "Aul Maidie," and twelve handsome sons plus Jack the thirteenth in "Jack and the Odd Ben Oot."

Numbers hold both magic and spiritual significance for Stanley and are key elements in his wonder tales. The importance of numbers to traveller beliefs were discussed in the last chapter.

Finally Stanley told me the tales easiest to remember are those that contain rhymes, riddles and jingles. "If I remember the rhyme or riddle, the rest of the story's easy. It just comes." (BmD SA 1985/)

The first story Stanley's daughter Nicole learned to tell at the age of five was "Wee Appelie and Wee Orangie." Stanley said she learned
to sing the little rhyming song with him before she learned the story:

My Mammy killt me,
My Daddy ate me,
My sister Jeannie pickit my bones
And buried me neath the marble stones,
And I grew and I grew
Into a wee Doo Doo.

Rhymes are found in several of Stanley's stories such as the fairy's warning cry to the prince in "Nippit Fit and Clippit Fit;" the swan's dying song in "Jack and the Land of No Death;" the witch's oath in "Jack and the Blessings." Riddles are also featured in a number of Stanley's stories. In "Jack the Liar" the king gives Jack a set of three riddles he must answer in order to save the princess. They are: what is whiter than white?; what is redder than red?; what is blacker than black? In "Jack and the Princess and the Warlock" Jack solves three riddles given him by the princess. In "Jack and the Devil's Auntie" the three riddles set by a black laird can only be solved with the help of the devil. The devil himself sets the riddles for Jack in "The Girl with the Golden Mask."

Creative Invention and Style

Stanley will often start a story by saying, "This is a story my mother told me (or my father or grandfather), but of course I've put my own personality on it."

Stanley does honour the stories of his family. He tells the basic story as he remembers it, but much of the coloration is his own. He believes past storytellers had their individual manner of interpreting
a story, and he must have his. In this regard he is very similar to Ray Hicks.

I can't stand a naked story. I like plenty of elaboration. It must be purposeful, but I like to be colourful in all aspects, especially narrative descriptions. My parents and grandparents didn't have much formal learning. I had some learning and so I think about these stories differently than they did. They told them more simply and didn't think so much about how the words and phrases came out. I do. It's important to me to add myself into a story, to be creative with my own elaborations. I love to elaborate and flourish upon it and make things beautiful. I like to embellish, put in grace notes to enhance the stories. Auld Maggie Stewart told them child-like with very little decoration. I never take away from her stories. I add on to bring out different levels. I try an improve upon a story as I keep telling it. I always put myself into the story. I'm inside my story, a part of it. That way I can elaborate and expand the action as I feel. The story basically is the same, I just add my own creativity and that can change depending on the audience I'm telling it to. (Letter, Oct. 1985)

Stanley notes the importance of the audience to his creative act of telling a story. Being in tune with his audience is vitally important to him. He does not care if the audience is one person or a hundred, he must feel they are with him, that their concept of the story is the same as his.

How I tell a story depends on my mood and who my audience is. To really do my best I have to have a responsive audience, one that feels like I do. I like eye contact. I need to see faces and how the people are responding. I always have mental pictures when I tell my stories. I want the audience to have the same pictures. I can tell by their expressions if they are seeing and feeling what I am. (letter, Oct. 1985)

Stanley like Ray does not feel bound by a definite set telling of each story. I have heard Stanley tell the same stories in a variety of settings from his living room to a large festival hall. Like Ray, Stanley is definitely affected by his listeners. He becomes more expansive in the elaboration of scenes, especially humorous or
suspenseful ones, when there is a strong, positive reaction from his audience. Where this chemistry does not appear to be present between himself and his listeners, the elaborations are cut back and the telling is more straightforward. Stanley's art of improvising within a given story is as well honed as Ray's. This skill is one of the reasons why both these master storytellers are so dynamic and exciting. In their skilful hands, the stories they tell always remain fresh and alive.

Though Stanley freely colours the episodes within his stories, the stories themselves are tightly shaped.

Everything in a story must have a purpose. For instance in "Jack and the Snow Mountain" [Stan-45] Jack never tells anybody what he is doing or thinking. From the very beginning he kept his own counsel. He never told the black laird anything and he even kept secrets from the king. Aul Megan taught him never to tell anyone his business. There was a good reason he kept quiet that came out in the story. In "Jack and the Seven Giants" [Stan-36] Jack has one talent, to juggle. That's all he can do at the beginning of the story. And he uses this talent to win the princess. Every story's like that. I cannot suffer loose ends. Whatever you're told in the beginning is used in the end. There's always a purpose to everything. And you must have a climax so a person goes away satisfied. (Letter, Oct. 1985)

Stanley does not claim to make up stories from scratch, but of necessity he has had to do a certain amount of story reconstruction. Some of his tales such as "Jack and the Medicine that Cured All Ills," "Jack and the Water of Life at the Rainbow's End," and "The Girl with the Golden Mask," he remembered first in fragments which he had to piece together. When I asked him how he managed to do this he said:

First I try and recall the actual place where I heard the story, maybe Lumphanan, or some place camping. I try to remember the setting, everything, even the smells, everything to do with the senses. I try to picture the storyteller, the voice, gestures,
maybe rhymes or riddles. As I picture the actual event the missing parts of the story come back to me. It's a fusion of fragments. But sometimes I still have to add in pieces I couldn't recapture. Most comes back. Once I heard a story, it's never really lost. (Letter, Oct. 1985)

Using his inventive skills, Stanley helps to keep his family stories from falling into oblivion. He is realistic enough to realize some of these stories where he has been obliged to do a fair amount of "pasting together" have altered from their original state. On the other hand these stories physically moved around from traveller camp to traveller camp for many generations and had in all likelihood undergone changes before Stanley ever heard them in his boyhood.

As has earlier been pointed out the wonder tales told on Beech Mountain are recognizable international tale types in structure and content. Very little tampering with the stories is in evidence other than adding local colour. On the other hand Stanley's traveller tales tend to be more fanciful, and except in a few instances, cannot be slotted neatly into Aarne/Thompson tale types. One reason for this might be that the traveller tales have travelled over far greater distances than the Beech Mountain stories and have come under the influence of travellers and non-travellers alike. Present day Beech Mountain highlanders have inherited a relatively isolated culture. As a result of close kin marriages and little movement in and out of the area until recent years the stories handed down within families underwent very little change from one generation to the next.

According to Stanley Robertson all the "big tales" he learned came from a close unit of family and relatives camping summers between the Dee and the Don rivers. These stories, he assured me, belonged to the Aberdeenshire Robertsons, MacDonalds and Stewarts. When he was a boy
and even when his parents were young, travelling in his family was restricted within set limits. However, Stanley also admits that in past generations there were travellers and non-travellers alike that came from very different parts of Britain and married into the family. Stanley's grandfather came from the south of England and Stanley's great great grandmother was a minister's daughter from Inverness whose husband was descended from Red Rory of the Glens, murdered at Glencoe in the 1680s. Stanley's own Granny Beck spoke Gaelic and she as well as other Highlanders who in the past became part of the family brought Gaelic tales with them. Lowland, Highland, English and even gypsy influences affected the story repertoire Stanley inherited. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the stories told by Stanley often appear to be a combination of elements from several tales rather than one clear cut precise Märchen. Change and invention have played a more noticeable role in forming Stanley's repertoire than is the case with Ray Hicks.

As with Ray, Stanley's personal style of presenting wonder tales and his creative act of improvising and embellishing his stories to fit a particular audience go hand in hand.

The way I would tell a story to a child is different than an adult. I try and capture a child's imagination. If anything the way I tell it is more delightful and colourful with more child-like innocence. An adult must be led through the deeper levels of the story to get full understanding of it. (Letter, Oct. 1985)

Stanley is a visual storyteller. He sees all the characters and action as really happening and it is the visual picture he strives to portray for his audience.
I see [the story I'm telling] as though I was watchin a film or a play. My Jack isnae the same Jack in aa the plays. Ye ken fan I'm tellin my story I have different Jacks. Like Jack in "Jack and the Factor" isnae Jack in "The land o No Death." Humpback Jack isnae the same Jack wi the wee carties an aa that... ("Humpback Jack" [Stan-48]). I have different characters playing his part.

Jack tae me is a very important person. As many times I identify myself with Jack. Sometimes A'll tak a traveller pairson, a laddie I've kent from years ago as bein Jack. Sometimes A'll tak an older man as Jack. Sometimes I tak a young teenage fellow as Jack. I sometimes see him in different attire, clothes. But I see him an if I could mak a film oot of it I would ken exactly fat Jack tae put intae which play. (SA 1982/28)

When presenting the Jack tales Stanley tries to put himself fully into the stories so that he is able to interpret his picture of Jack for the audience. "I become the hero, heroine, helper, and even the villain. I know how they're feeling... When it's a quiet Jack, I become quiet and a cunning Jack, I become cunning." (Letter, Oct. 1985)

Stanley's visual images extend beyond the characters to the actual flow of scenes.

The landscapes are sae very vivid that A can see 'e castles exactly as they are in my mind, an this is fit A'm tryin tae relate. A'm tryin tae relate til the people this scenes that's in ma mind. A'm actually daen like direction, producing and daen the backstage work at the same time while tellin a story, so that the person listenin could follow through tae try and build up their imagery. An I would like tae think the images I build up in ma mind, that they're goin tae get similar pictures tae fat I built up. Now my descriptions, they've got tae be very vivid so the listener can follow completely through with them. Sometimes fen I'm nae successful the listener's nae gaen tae get the same mental pictures as I'm gettin. But fen they do get the same mental pictures an the same sort o ideas then they can follow right through wi the tale an reinact it wi me.

Every castle that I go to is entirely different. Like the Land of No Death castle you're sort o walkin alang a road by 'e sea, the sweep o the sea an ye got 'e woods an ye got the castle as it starts tae climb high an the village doon below. An so that's a different type o castle, the castle that wis fir "Jack and the
"Three Jewels," you've got a very beautiful almost like European-type castle. I see something like yon beautiful French courts with a lovely garden like Fountain Bleu or somethin like that... The castle and scene an even the colours. Sometimes I'll see Jack dressed in green an 'e next time in black, dependin fit he's portrayin. (SA 1982/28)

Stanley is not only a visual storyteller, he is also a highly dramatic one. He attributes the foundation of his skills to the old storytellers he heard as a child. When he recalls his parents, grandparents, Uncle Jimmy Stewart, Aul Maggie and others of his relatives, he feels he picked up something from each one. "I heard different techniques, dramatic and quiet, all part of my culture that rubbed off on me. I learned from all of them." He talks about the traveller's power of drawing people to a story. As a boy he was thrilled by the dramatic techniques used by some of the storytellers, and especially their use of voice and eyes when telling truly frightening stories. "Some of the old traveller women they could fix you with their eyes. The effect was hypnotic." (Letter Oct. 1985)

Stanley, too, is capable of "fixing you with his eyes." He has strong, piercing and expressive eyes and a voice of equal strength and flexibility. He uses both in a skilful manner. Actual gestures he uses sparingly, giving most of his artistry to concentrating on his voice and careful phrasing of language. Add a perfect sense of timing and Stanley can capture and hold an audience of any size. He is as capable of sending shivers up your spine as he is of moving you to feelings of tenderness or rocking you with laughter. He is an exceedingly versatile storyteller who uses subtle voice intonations, eye movements and facial expressions to indicate the different characters in his stories. There are times I have seen Stanley's whole face transform as he changed from portraying Jack to portraying the
Black Laird or from being an old woman chasing a runaway bannock to being the frog who eats the bannock in the end. At the same time his voice becomes utterly different.

Perhaps Stanley's most outstanding qualities are his vocal versatility and his effective use of colourful language to depict character and character nuances. In his tale "The King's Daughter" [Stan-4] (See enclosed tape), Stanley distinguishes between Princess Mary, the good, obedient and kindly daughter of the king, and Princess Jean, the snobbish, spoiled, unkind daughter of the queen by both his careful selection of words spoken by these characters and his dramatic interpretation of their dialogue. When Princess Mary sets off to walk to the World's End she meets a pony who asks her to fit a heavy saddle on his back. Her answer, spoken by Stanley simply, quietly, and unaffectionately is, "My goodness, A thought you wouldnae have wanted a heavy saddle on yir back," she says, "but I'll try an lift it an A'll pit it on yir back."

On the other hand, when later Princess Jean meets a pony and he puts the same request to her, her answer is cut out of ice both by Stanley's voice and the words he has selected for her to speak. "Most certainly not!" She says, "I'm a princess," she says, "I'm nae goin tae put a saddle upon you!" And when he begs her a second time she repeats in just as disdainful and haughty a tone, "No, sairtainly not." She says, "I'm not takin you. I don't want to take you." Each word is given its own weight and the consonants are pronounced with a sharp, uncompromising edge. The effect leaves no mistaking this princess's character.

Besides colourful and expressive dialogue, Stanley is a
descriptive storyteller. He can bring a character into full focus with the use of a few choice adjectives and phrases. For example, in the same story he describes the three guardians of the pool at the World's End in this manner,

"An standin beside the hole was three ugly wee baldy-heided men. An they were dirty an they looked like wee beasties, they were 'at clarty. An, aw, the very dirt and slime an things was hingin fae them."

In this case he has delighted the listener's visual imagination. The oral is just as important. There is the fun of hearing the "wee mannies" at the World's End give a happy little dance to celebrate having been washed by Princess Mary. Stanley proceeds to diddle a very merry diddling tune. And directly afterwards what follows is: "And the three men started talkin together in a funny wee language, 'Blah, blah, blah, blah...!' which is spoken by Stanley in a happy sing-song voice. Later when the second princess refuses to wash the once again dirty little men, and demands that they fetch her water from the pool, the men's response is very different. "Sae the three wee mannies, they speak taegether. An they were in an aafae rage, in an ill temper. 'Bli, blu, bee, bli....' [an unpleasant high-pitched chattering]. We can feel the anger of the three mannies in the tone of their nonsense sounds.

Finally, I would point out how in this story Stanley uses colourful adjectives, nouns and action verbs to produce a comical scene that is a delight to the senses and to the imagination. When Princess Jean returns from the World's End the king asks, "Whit did Princess Jean get?"
When she starts to speak then aa this puddicks faa oot her mooth, an the newts, an the slugs an aa, horrible things. An they flatter aa roon the castle, the folk's aa screamin wi this ugly things jumpin aboot 'e castle. An fan she combs her hair big poolichers and parries an aa kind of ugly things jump oot her held an they're jumpin on tae the folk, the folk's aa runnin fir their life, this clarty parries aa runnin aboot them, flechs an lice!

When Stanley pronounces "puddicks", "newts", "slugs", "poolichers" and "parries" he spits the words out making them sound as ugly and repulsive as they are. "Poolichers" and "parries" are actually red and black lice in traveller cant. Even without knowing the meanings of these words, by sound alone we know they must be horrible. Stanley also carefully paces the action with a quickening of his voice that turns the scene into a frantic nightmare in just three sentences. The scene is so real, listeners are made to feel these "beasties" jumping all over them and want to run too. This is an example of how Stanley is able to totally draw in his audience. Even against their will, they find themselves involved.

Of all the storytellers I have recorded in Appalachia and Scotland Stanley has the most unpredictable voice. Within any given narrative it ranges from a quiet "stage whisper" to a sudden roar. To tape Stanley telling stories is very difficult. Setting an average sound level for his voice is impossible. There is no "average" with him. He can soothe you with smooth pastoral tones only to shock you with a terrifying shriek. He is one storyteller who with voice alone is capable of expressing the full impact of a story. Though I naturally prefer hearing Stanley tell his stories in person, he is exciting on tape.

Whereas Ray Hicks prefers to improvise the telling of each story
depending on his own mood and his audience, Stanley admits that he thinks about his stories in advance of telling them. He calculates how he is going to use his voice and he thinks in advance about just the right words and expressions that would be most effective for his purposes. To Stanley the art of the storyteller is something to be taken seriously. Like Ray he wants his audience to "get inside his story" and feel the way he does about it. He prepares his tellings to accomplish this aim while at the same time he gives the listeners some exciting and dramatic entertainment. Stanley is more than a storyteller; he is a talented theatrical performer and his stories are his vehicle.
Chapter 8

CONCLUSIONS

It has already been pointed out that the Scottish travellers, though they talk about themselves as a "separate race", are made up of a wide-spread mixture of non-traveller and traveller strands. Such a varied input into the making of family traditions has had its influence on the repertoires of the traveller storytellers.

Looking at the Appalachian mountaineers, the strands feeding into this culture that relate to the families on Beech Mountain are primarily English, Scottish, German and French. Two of these early pioneers were David Hix from England and George Harmann from Germany. Both have been credited with being the most likely tradition bearers to have brought wonder tales to Beech Mountain.

Given the evidence presented in this thesis it is not difficult to see how the Scottish travellers and the Appalachian highlanders came to know many of the same stories.

As to why these Marchen and other tales and legends have been preserved in these cultures, availability, opportunity, demand and need would appear to be four reasons.

In the case of the mountaineers it has been said by Ray, Stanley, and Hattie that entertainment in the pioneer days right on up through their own growing up years was by necessity family created. The
highlanders, isolated in the mountains, used what was available to them-- the stories, songs, dances, riddles and games that the first settlers brought from their home countries. These were shared with their children and passed on to their grandchildren and great grandchildren. Storytelling, always popular entertainment with children, remained so until very recently when books and modern media [especially television] replaced family story times.

In Ray's childhood if the parents were too busy to tell stories, the grandparents could be counted on to do so. In the winter after chores were done and in the summers at community and family gatherings, storytelling delighted children and adults alike. These were the occasions for raconteurs to display their skills and pass on the traditions of their own childhood. The wonder tales were magical fare, and as Frank Proffitt Jr. said, must have been especially welcome as an escape from the harsh reality of life which remained the lot of the mountaineers generations beyond the first settlers. On the other hand the local legends and memorates which were constantly feeding into story repertoires thrilled listeners young and old with "true" accounts of the lives of their forebears who bravely confronted supernatural spirits and witches and fought ferocious animals and wild Indians to make the mountains safe for their families.

Today mothers read storybooks to children to meet their craving for fantasy, and school books give the facts of Appalachian history. This was not possible in the mountain until schools, roads and transportation were established to reach these far flung areas. Schools were opened for mountain children at the turn of this century but they were few, poorly taught, and their distance from many homes
made attendance very difficult. Besides, children were needed at home to work and for the parents that was the first priority. The result was that Ray Hicks, Stanley and Hattie, as well as most of the other highlanders of their generation, received only a minimal schooling. Their children were really the first generation to attend school full time at least until the age of fourteen. At this time, in the 50's and 60's, roads were improved and the flatlands with their modern towns became more easily accessible to the highlanders. This brought the mountain people into more direct contact with the outside world including better schools, hospitals, libraries, movie theatres, and modern stores. Such influences were the beginning of change for the highlanders and their family structured life-style.

For all the intervening years between the early 18th century and the mid 20th century, mountain families, for the most part, continued in their set habits of looking after themselves. The more remote mountain communities such as those on Beech Mountain were by-passed by the first waves of modernization that hit the lowlands with the coming of trains. In this way highlanders were able to keep the old ways and traditions without outside scrutiny and ridicule for a longer period of time.

But as even these people found the strong arm of government and commercialization creeping up on them, the older folk simply refused to have anything to do with the new ways. The younger parents took much the same attitude and resented being forced to send their children to schools taught by outsiders to learn skills and gain notions that ran counter to highland ideals and beliefs. Parents became more protective of their children and perhaps felt an urgency to keep alive the old
traditions of their people as one means of binding families together -- a solidarity they saw threatened by outside forces beyond their control.

When the present day Beech Mountain storytellers were themselves young they not only heard the old stories often, but loved them. Not all tellers of tales performed publicly, but most parents, if not recognized raconteurs, still shared stories with their own children according to Ray. Ray remembers the stories being told for entertainment by mothers to keep young ones quiet, and as a reward for putting in a good day's work. Ray also talks about the important meanings of the tales he heard and how he applied those meanings to his own life. The story heroes he idolized -- Jack, Daniel Boone and David Crockett are still his heroes today -- his way, perhaps, of holding on to the past and resisting the encroachment of modernization into his mountain life-style. Hattie and Marshall Ward recall evenings in front of the fire listening to their fathers or other relatives telling Jack tales till late into the night. And Stanley reminisces about the barn raisings, corn shuckings and family reunions that would end in singing, storytelling, clog dancing and play party games.

Children did not have toys back when Ray and Stanley were boys as today's children do. They had no chance to go to films or the theatre or read books. But diversion they must have and parents found that for this reason it was advantageous to keep the stories alive and keep telling them. Children also needed the opportunity to stretch their imaginations and satisfy their dreams. This too was fulfilled by hearing the old wonder tales. It is not surprising, as Hattie has said, that she and her brothers and sisters would beg for the stories
to be told over and over again, never tiring of them. Ray expressed this same sentiment when he said he would ask his grandfather to repeat the same tales about Jack until he was sure he knew them by heart.

Looking at the Scottish travellers we find availability, opportunity, and demand and need were also important in helping perpetuate their oral traditions. The majority of travellers as recently as three generations back [Stanley Robertson's grandparents] lived in camps and spent the greater percentage of the year on the road as had their forefathers before them. Travellers isolated themselves from a society that did not want them anyway. They moved about in family units, often meeting up with relatives at favourite campsites. As in the case of outdoor summer social gatherings among the mountaineers, the travellers enjoyed spontaneous sharing of music, songs and stories around the campfire. Such a setting, as already explained by Stanley, was perfect for the sharing of stories of all kinds—Märchen, schwänke, legends, memorates and true experiences. Stories were always available as travellers are natural storytellers, and though they would leave the complex wonder tales to recognized raconteurs, the majority of them were always ready to contribute their own personal experiences and family memorates to a campfire gathering. The telling of supernatural experiences was particularly popular and the sharing of ghostly happenings bonded the listeners closely together as night drew in around them.

Lack of education meant that stories had to be told since they could not be read. Memories were sharp among the travellers, sharpened by hearing and learning stories and songs as well as being taught the family genealogy. Stanley has often said he needed only to hear a
story once and he could remember it to tell to another. He was not exceptional in this; other travellers interested in storytelling could do the same.

Opportunities for hearing stories were plentiful among camping travellers. The children were told stories regularly not just as entertainment, but as a way of teaching moral values and traveller beliefs. Parents felt the children learned lessons best when told them in story form rather than being preached or lectured to. When traveller children were first requested to attend school for a minimum of half a year the parents had the same reaction as Appalachian parents. They were disturbed to find their children being taught non-traveller values, and they feared this could break down family solidarity. Also, where the mountain children were at least in schools with youngsters from their own community, travellers had to suffer the humiliation of being placed in schools with non-traveller children. In such situations they often suffered ridicule and scorn from pupils and teachers alike. In this way, as Betsy Whyte and Stanley both commented, non-traveller education had an adverse effect causing them to look to their families and traveller ways with greater appreciation and pride.

Travellers traditionally did not mix with non-travellers, preferring to keep to themselves, though some limited interchanges did take place in the country. Even here traveller parents were protective of their children and kept them close to camp and away from the settled community and possible bad influences. Solidarity and loyalty were and still are of crucial importance to travellers. They have used their cant, customs, beliefs and tales as unifying forces to bind their
people more closely together. Stories have played a particularly important role as teaching tools in support of the traveller life-style which schools and churches in the settled community have openly opposed. Unfortunately the move of present day travellers away from campsites to permanent urban council dwellings has caused a breakdown of these traditions among many of the travellers.

Stanley belongs to the first generation in his family to be raised in the city. He considers himself fortunate in that the summers of his youth up until his mid-teens were spent on the road camping. He admits the best story times were at campsites in a natural setting conducive to spontaneous sharing of oral traditions. Such memories are unforgettable for Stanley, especially the evenings when his mother or one of the old women would come to the tent where the children were bedded for the night and tell them stories. Such "magic" experiences fixed many a tale firmly in Stanley's mind to be recalled years later.

But already in the late fifties when Stanley was still a boy television began to have its damaging effect. Once it was introduced into the homes the demand for storytelling fell sharply. Only when the travellers were back on the road in the summers did people want to hear the stories again. Urban living also brought easy availability of films and live entertainment, and better education meant stories could be read and need no longer be told. Modernization and change came to the Appalachian mountaineers and the Scottish travellers just about the same time.

Both the traveller and Appalachian cultures have adopted Jack as their hero and have concentrated the bulk of their tales on him. As to why this should be so, Frank Proffitt Jr. gives us our first clue
concerning the early pioneers. He points out that the early settlers had no hero to admire, to give them courage in their isolated existence, so they created their own hero by taking the Jack tales they knew from childhood and turning Jack into a good pioneer hero for themselves and most importantly for their children. He represented their aspirations and dreams of success. They could take pride in Jack. He was a fighter, an underdog who came out on top in the end. The settlers were the same. Their struggles seemed as momentous as any impossible tasks set before Jack. Of course Jack was only make-believe, but what he stood for was very real and could be translated into pioneer terms. Frank Jr. feels the stories were told mostly for entertainment but that Jack personally had a deeper meaning for the people. Jack taught the children independence, courage and perseverance. He told them that if you want to have luck, you have to do something about it-- go out and dare, take risks, and work for what you want. With the failure of Jack's older brothers came an added warning which Ray is always fast to point out. Be independent, but don't be greedy, don't forget others, especially family. Responsibility to the family is the golden rule among mountaineers.

A very important part of Jack's character as disclosed in many Appalachian tales about him is the fact he 'outsmarts' his adversaries. He is a trickster, sometimes humorous and sometimes he can be very hard and even cruel. Frank and Ray both defend trickster Jack. Appalachian children have had to realize that to survive means they can not always be "nice guys". They have to be ready to defend themselves and give "as good as they get". Ray talks about having to learn as a boy to be like Lucky Jack and stand up for his rights and if that meant having to "outsmart" someone who had cheated him, then he
had to do it to survive. Jack provides the lessons in survival which has always been the first concern of the mountain people.

As Jack moulded himself to the character of the highlander, so did he do the same for Scottish travellers. In much the same way Jack was an ideal hero for them. Travellers have always been considered outcasts with everything stacked against them. Having an underdog hero who could represent their own feelings and dreams of achievement was important. Duncan Williamson said he saw Jack as a traveller, as himself. Jack, to him, represented his own people getting back at those who had treated the travelling people so miserably and unfairly.

Both the Appalachians and the travellers have always lived close to Nature. Their lives have been basic, bare-bone with no extra frills or unnecessary possessions. The form of a Jack tale is as bare-bone and stark as has been the life-style of these two cultures. Märchen characters are black and white, extremes, as are the challenges they face and their means of resolving them. This format found a ready acceptance among people of like thinking.

Both Ray Hicks and Stanley Robertson talk about the moral issues raised in the Jack tales. In Ray's case he is not aware that such issues were deliberately pointed out to him. However, as a boy, he insisted that his grandparents not only tell the Jack tales, but he asked them to explain the meanings of the tales. Stanley remembers well the moral training he received from his mother telling the Jack tales. Jack was held up to him as a model of right and wrong for his own life. According to Duncan Williamson this was also true for him. Jack held the key to success for traveller youth for many, many generations-- that is before education and city "advantages" offered
them new modern heroes to emulate.

If we compare the Jack tales of Ray Hicks with those of Stanley Robertson, there is an interesting difference between their repertoires. Ray's tales, as is also true with stories told by other Beech Mountain raconteurs, are mostly recognizable international tale types. Stanley Robertson's stories have been handed down in a freer, more inventive style. Only a handful can be assigned an Aarne/Thompson number and even these contain elements that do not fit. We can only surmise why this might be so.

In the case of the Appalachian culture the early isolation of the mountaineers could account for limited repertoires of certain tales being known. Ray mentions that until the stores were established and the roads were begun there was very little visiting outside one's own community. The same stories were repeated within home and community and committed to memory generation after generation. I see two possible reasons why the storytellers felt no need to change the stories or make up new ones. First, the stories that they had satisfied their needs. Over the years Jack was garbed in mountain clothes, but the story tellers saw no necessity to alter the plot structure or in any way tamper with the fairy tale style of the stories. When transportation improved and there was more visiting of relatives between communities, then more stories and story variants were heard, but even these would be limited to stories coming from similar British and European sources. The Beech storytellers I interviewed remarked that when they were young they knew many more Jack tales and other wonder tales that have been lost with the passing years. The impression I have is that a large storehouse of Märchen
once existed and they were told by such tradition bearers as Council Harmon and his daughter Rebecca. The stories that survived we can assume were the most popular, the most often told.

The second reason why the stories altered so little could be the result of a pride in one's heritage. The first pioneers offered the stories as remembrances from the home country and from parents left behind whom they would never see again. They would have most likely been passed on as something special, and each succeeding generation would have seen the stories as part of their treasured heritage. As Stanley Hicks says, he tries to tell the stories exactly as they were told to him. He is suspicious of change, especially when it affects traditions from his heritage. This does not mean the mountaineers were opposed to invention. Stanley Hicks is one of the most original and inventive storytellers the Beoch has produced. Marshall Ward was creative in his time. These men had no aversion to making up new stories. That was legitimate; tampering with family stories was another matter.

Travellers also take pride in their traditions and want them to remain constant and intact. Duncan Williamson, like Stanley Hicks, is adamant that he must try and tell the stories exactly as they were passed down to him, otherwise he would be doing the old storytellers a disservice. Not all travellers take this view, however. Moving around so much as travellers did in the past they met up with many combinations of families at the various camp sites. Families had certain areas that were like "home turf" to them. But individual travellers would from time to time move away even as far as England or Ireland perhaps for the potato season and then come back again bringing
with them new songs and stories. Whereas there was a definite limit to
the number of Märchen types told on Beech Mountain, there was an
endless supply of stories that changed hands in traveller camps. It
makes sense that through the generations many of these stories would
have borrowed from each other until they no longer could be identified
as clear cut international types. Stanley has said that he could
recall occasions in camp when the same story was told differently by
three or four storytellers. "Jack and the Three Tasks" was an example
Stanley gave of a tale that took many forms depending on the individual
storyteller.

Since the days of Stanley's parents travellers have not moved as
far afield because of the loss of opportunity for families to meet on
camping grounds closed to them. This meant a tightening up of the
story and song repertoires within families. However, by then the
borrowing and meshing process had already affected the direction the
tales were taking. Along with this, in Stanley's family at least,
children were encouraged to make up their own tales, be they about Jack
or any other characters they wanted. Presumably this encouragement of
the young to be creative story inventors as well as storytellers did
not just start with Stanley's generation, but was the custom with his
forebears.

Since traveller parents used the Jack tales and other wonder tales
as part of the children's education, it might also be assumed that they
would make or alter tales to suit the particular lesson they wanted to
put across. It has already been shown that Stanley's mother often let
the evil adversary off with a very untraditional light punishment. Her
reasoning was that there was good in everyone, and she wanted to give
this character the chance to reform. Travellers would not see this as
tampering with the precious gems of their heritage, but rather putting
this heritage to a useful purpose. It is interesting that Jack is
never referred to, at least in Stanley's stories, as a traveller lad.
The older setting of the Jack tales is retained even if the story is
not international. But wonder tales and tales about the supernatural
have been invented by travellers in which the hero is a traveller.
Stanley tells a number of such tales handed down in his family.

Storytelling today in both cultures is radically changed.
Opportunities for telling and demand for stories within families have,
with rare exception, diminished to the point of almost disappearing.

Today's children on Beech Mountain are bussed to modern schools
down in the valleys. They are involved in school activities. Their
heroes are sport champions or movie stars-- all very glamorous as
compared to simple Jack. For the younger children there are libraries
with shelves of picture books of every description which satisfy all
their needs. Cheap toys are available, too, for the young ones. The
older children as soon as they are able to ride a motor bike or find
someone with a car find their way into town for sport events, movies
and dances. The home is no longer the absolute centre of family life.
Frank Jr. remarked that he showed no interest in his father's banjo
playing or singing when he was a boy as there were too many
distractions far more interesting than hearing old meaningless
ballads. Fortunately in Frank's case he did come back to his
traditions in time to learn musical skills and ballads from his father
and Jack tales from his Uncle Ray.

Appalachian families are more scattered today than used to be the
case. Land is so expensive that grown children cannot afford to buy any and must move down to the flatlands to take factory jobs or work in the coal fields. Like the travellers many of the younger highlanders are taking up residence in towns and cities. They are associating with urbanites and being exposed to a new set of values. The effect has been detrimental to the preserving of mountain traditions that pale beside the excitement of city life. Family loyalty does still exist, however. Sundays remain 'family day' and Ray and Rosa can count on one or more of their children who live and work in Tennessee to make the long drive home to spend the day with them.

There is an effort being made, backed by state, private and government funding, to try and keep alive the oral traditions of Appalachia. Under such funding Frank, Ray, Stanley and Hattie still tell Jack tales publicly. All four have appeared on radio and television. As recently as two years ago they were filmed by Alan Lomax for a special television series on American heritage. Ray has also been filmed telling stories by Appalshop Media Center in Kentucky and by the English Department of East Tennessee State University. Stanley, Ray and Hattie have all made commercial recordings of songs and/or tales. For nearly ten years now Frank Jr. has been a full time performer for the Visiting Artist Program sponsored by the North Carolina Department of Community Colleges. As such he has moved around the state giving concerts of traditional music and stories in schools, libraries, community centers and colleges. All these artists have performed at the Jonesboro Storytelling Festival in Jonesboro, Tennessee, a national festival that draws hundreds of visitors from all over the States and Canada. In 1983 Ray and Stanley both received the prestigious National Heritage Award in a ceremony in Washington D.C.
This award is presented annually by the Folk Arts Program at the National Endowment for the Arts and the Smithsonian Institution's Office of Folk Life Programs. It is presented to sixteen Americans "who have contributed to the shaping of our artistic traditions and to preserving the cultural diversity of the United States."

Hattie, Ray, Stanley and Frank are dedicated tradition bearers, proud of their rich heritage and determined to do everything within their power to see it does not die. Hattie, however, laments that her own children and grandchildren do not take an interest in preserving traditions in the same way that she does. Hattie finds a better response to her songs and stories outside the mountains and especially at major festivals that draw people from a wide spectrum of the population.

Seems like [modern audiences] enjoy it... Ya see we were raised up on 'em like goin' to the table fer eatin'. We were used to something like that. Well these people, it's new to them... Everywhere we go, I mean they just enjoy it so... them stories and old timey songs... That man (who recorded Hattie for an album) said he hoped the rest of the people would take it up. I said nobody around here will never. When the old ones are gone there'll be no more tales, old songs or nothin'. Ain't nobody. Not one young'un would tell a tale. I hated it because that man said, "Ya got any grandchildren or children [that tell stories or sing?]" I said not nary one of 'em, not one of 'em would tell a tale nor sing, won't do nothin like that. I had two that danced and they quit that. (RmD 1982/30)

Stanley is not altogether pessimistic. He opens his doors to school children to visit and hear his stories. High school youths come to learn how to make dulcimers. Stanley believes there are always the few that will be touched and want to preserve their heritage. The majority of young people, he is realistic enough to admit, will only scoff at the old traditions. "If I let the young people know what
happened back in the old days, maybe some of 'em'll pay attention to it. Some come to care about the old ways-- and some laugh at it, they're goin their own way." (BmD 1982/26)

Frank Proffitt Jr. first became aware of the importance of preserving his family stories when he was in his teens.

I could sense the importance before the scholars--there was something about what Ray was doing and what he represented, what he was preserving. I had a feeling about it all. I can't put it into words, but something stirred my blood there when I heard all these old stories and I wanted to learn them. (BmD 1982/35)

Every year Frank reaches many hundreds of children and adults with his music, songs and stories. He feels encouraged by the interest shown in the lowlands especially by the young, but he would like to see more of a revival in the mountains. Not enough mountain schools call upon his free services to entertain their children and talk about their heritage, and this saddens Frank.

It's magic for [today's children]. Something like something from a long distance past, and their eyes brighten like my ancestors' eyes did. And that's magic to me to see their eyes brighten when they hear an old tale like those kids generations ago, like Ray did when he was a little boy. And that's what it's all about. When they grow up maybe they'll learn 'em and tell 'em to their kids, hopefully in the mountains. I wished it would be anywhere, but I really wish there'd be a revival in the mountain children. I think there's certain degrees of that, but I'd like to see it bigger. But there's so much [more] to get their attention, to distract them now than there was. (BmD 1982/35)

Ray remains optimistic. His own children really enjoyed the Jack tales when they were growing up. His eldest son told the stories to his buddies when he was in the armed service and stationed abroad. Ray now has several very young grandchildren who will soon be of age to hear tales from their grandfather. Ray is convinced that all his sons
and daughters will tell stories to their children after he is dead. They would never attempt this while he is living, but prefer to give him the pleasure of passing on the stories to the grandchildren himself.

Ray's optimism extends beyond the family. He agrees with Hattie that some of the best responses come from audiences outside the mountains.

Why [storytelling] it's becoming popular now. You'd hear about Jonesboro, Tennessee? Well, now you see, I'se the one who really got it started, now to Jonesboro, the storytelling of the story, Jack tales, was Ray's. I was the lead teacher. Now there's lots of storytellers, ye see. (SmD 1982/2)

Festivals like Jonesboro are important in that they awaken an interest and appreciation for our oral traditions. Needless to say, any festival or public event is artificial by its very nature. It is contrived, planned and laid out in a commercial manner. The setting is not the natural one of the communal campfire or the home fireside or the front porch. Instead of family and friends, the storyteller faces a crowd mainly of strangers.

In spite of the drawbacks of such events, Ray, Stanley, Hattie, and Frank Jr. support them. They feel very strongly that if the stories are not to die out, if storytelling as an art is going to survive then it is vital to reach out and tell stories to as many people as possible. They are also supportive of young modern storytellers. Ray feels good about these enthusiastic revivalists that he has met at Jonesboro. He thinks they "have the right spirit" and "really care" about wanting to help preserve the old stories. Many of them have come to him to learn the stories and find out from a master
the art of the storyteller. Ray also enjoys the modern audiences at festivals whom he sees as the new converts to storytelling, a real hope for the future.

Stanley Robertson is every bit as dedicated to the preservation and perpetuation of his people's stories as the Beech Mountain raconteurs. Within his own family he has made an effort over the years to share stories, songs and music with his six children. The result has been very rewarding. All six show a true appreciation for the customs, ideals and traditions of their heritage. They all like singing songs and ballads along with their father and several play musical instruments. The eldest son Robert is a very good piper and he and Stanley enjoy playing together. Gabrielle who is eighteen and sings very well has started entering folk festival contests and has received encouraging praise. Nicole, in her first year of secondary school, not only sings ballads with exceptional control and style, but she is showing signs of becoming the next master storyteller in the Robertson family.

Again, Stanley would agree with Ray that it is important to keep story traditions alive even if that means telling the tales to outside audiences. To this end Stanley readily accepts invitations throughout Britain and abroad to present the music and stories of his people and talk about their treasured history and traditions. He has also given hours upon hours of his time to be recorded for the archives of the School of Scottish Studies. All this he does in order to preserve the oral traditions of his people.

A new and different outlet for his tales has presented itself in recent years. This is his church. As a high priest in the Mormon
Church Stanley is often called upon to give talks to the many membership groups. He begins each talk with a hero or heroine wonder tale to illustrate a particular theme. Once more his tales have become the focus for moral teachings as they once were when he heard them as a boy told by his mother. Stanley has found a modern day call for his stories, and a ready audience who appreciates the tales and their deeper meanings. In this instance the tales are being performed in a purposeful social setting, however different from the settings of Stanley's childhood.

This must also give us pause for thought regarding other outlets for today's storytellers like festivals, fairs, schools, clubs, and universities. The existence of these audiences gives the possibility that the stories will continue to be told orally, if not for the same reasons as in the past, then for reasons that meet the needs of a changing world.

Nevertheless, there is still the problem of retaining cultural traditions within their rightful ethnic settings. Just as there are only a few traditional Appalachian storytellers still actively telling the old stories of their forebears to their own people, so, too, are the numbers of raconteurs diminishing among the Scottish travellers. Betsy Whyte feels that with each succeeding generation of urbanized travellers there will be less demand among the children to hear the stories told. No demand means no opportunity for the storytellers to keep the tales alive. It is only a matter of time, Betsy fears, before both the stories and the tradition bearers will be a thing of the past.
In my family, I find the first generation that's quit travelling is not sae bad, but the second generation that's brought up in the toon, they're jus' pure scaldies. (SA 1981/81)

Stanley also sees the pessimistic side of present day traveller life. However, he, like Ray, holds out hope that not all is lost.

There are many changes in the traditions of the travellin people due tae the fact that the scaldy influences came upon them. The majority of young travellers are married tae scaldies an they're ashamed o their heritage. Because A know, A have hundreds o cousins that refuse tae even mention Romany. Ye know, utterly ashamed if ye dare mention, if ye dare say a cant word... And ye see these stories and that. Well many o these travellers they're forbid the use o them... Tae me these things are almost like sacred. But I have found this sort o social intercourse with another type o people has ruined the aal tradition. But there are many young travellers that have been brought up wi traveller people that have preserved their ways. Even though my children are half traveller and half scaldy I still preserve their stories... and they in turn can do the same thing. Johann's a scaldy but she hasn't interfered with the way I've taught my children o the traveller things... I keep saying tae my children, "Your father's name is William Robertson and his father's name is William Robertson. And his mother's name was Maria Stuart and her father's name was William Stuart and his mother was Old Maria McPhee." And I keep deen that aa the time so they'll know at least who their people are. (SA 1979/133)

One can hope Stanley is right, that it is possible to perpetuate the traveller culture even in an urban environment. But it must be remembered that his children are the first generation in his family to be totally raised in the city. They appreciate their heritage and are proud to be travellers. They know many of their father's songs and stories and are aware of their value. But they are also well educated and the older ones are competing exceedingly well at scaldy jobs. When they marry, will they choose traveller mates? And what about their children? Will they be traveller or scaldy?

It appears that both the Scottish traveller and the Appalachian mountain culture are in parallel periods of change. Each culture chose
to live apart from the mainstream society and so developed its own system of beliefs, values, customs and traditions. These they have carried virtually unchanged into the 20th Century. Both cultures have suffered generations of ridicule and scorn, and both have been under pressure to integrate into the larger community.

Today in 1986 we are at a good vantage point to view and assess the current positions of the travellers and highlanders in the context of the wider community. Firstly we are able to see traditional aspects of the two cultures still intact; secondly we can see signs of erosion, modernization, outside influences, and economic problems destroying the heart of these cultures, and thirdly, based on changing patterns within and without the groups, we can foresee that in the future the travellers in Scotland and the highlanders in Appalachia will probably end up merging in the mainstream community. Should this happen, cherished customs and traditions could well become relics of the past, to be read about in books, but no longer experienced first hand.

However, there is a ray of hope in the tenacity of such dedicated tradition bearers as Ray Hicks and Stanley Robertson. As long as there are even a few who remain loyal and proud of their heritage and determined that their children know their roots and the stories of their forebears, then there is a chance that these stories will not die, but will continue to delight traveller and mountain children, and even outsiders for that matter, for many, many generations to come.
Appendix A

TALE TYPE NUMBERS

The following type numbers are arranged numerically according to the Aarne-Thompson The Types of the Folktale. Story numbers follow the type description, as well as storytellers.

124, Blowing the House in. App-34 (Ward)
130, Animals in Night Quarters. App-29 (S. Hicks, Ward)
212, The Lying Goat. Stan-29 (Robertson)
300, Dragon Slayer. Stan-25 (Robertson)
301, The Three Stolen Princess. App-2 (R. Hicks, Ward, S. Hicks, Presnell)
313C, Girl as Helper in Hero's Flight. App-1 (R. Hicks, Ward)
314, The Youth Transformed into a Horse. Stan-25 (Robertson)
328, Boy Steals the Giant's Treasure. App-10 (S. Hicks, Presnell, Ward)
330, The Smith Outwits the Devil. Stan-7 (Robertson)
330, The Smith Outwits the Devil. Stan-26 (R. Hicks, Proffitt Jr., Ward)
331, The Spirit in the Bottle. Stan-7 (Robertson)
332, Godfather Death. App-6 (R. Hicks, Proffitt Jr., Ward)
336, Death Washes His Feet. Stan-34 (Robertson)
366, Man from the Gallows. App-31 (S. Hicks, Presnell)
366, Man from the Gallows. App-32 (Ward)
401, The Princess Transformed into a Deer. Stan-19,28 (Robertson)
401, The Princess Transformed into a Deer. App-4 (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Ward, Presnell)
402, The Cat As Bride. Stan-20 (Robertson)
402, The Cat As Bride. App-4 (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Presnell, Ward)
425, Search for the Lost Husband. Stan-10 (Robertson)
425A, The Monster (Animal) as Bridegroom. Stan-9 (Robertson)
461, Three Hairs from the Devil's Beard. Stan-6 (Robertson)
480, The Kind and Unkind Girls. Stan-2, 4, 22 (Robertson) 
App-13 (Presnell, Ward)

501, The Three Old Women Helpers. Stan-12 (Robertson)
503, The Gifts of the Little People. Stan-13 (Robertson)
507A, The Monster's Bride. Stan-28 (Robertson)
510B, Dress of Gold, of Silver and of Stars. 
Stan-11 (Robertson)
511, One Eye, Two Eyes, Three Eyes. App-12 (Presnell)
511A, The Little Red Ox. Stan-10 (Robertson) 
App-7 (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Ward)
513B, Land and Sea Ship. App-5 (R. Hicks, Proffitt Jr., Ward)
530, Princess on Glass Mountain. App-17 (Ward)
551, Sons on Quest for Wonderful Remedy for Father.
Stan-5 (Robertson)
555, The Fisher and His Wife. Stan-15 (Robertson)
559, Dungbeetle. App-15 (Ward)
563, The Table, the Ass, and the Stick. App-9 (Proffitt Jr., S. Hicks, Presnell, Ward)
565, The Magic Mill. Stan-16, 17 (Robertson)
570, The Rabbit-Herd. App-3 (R. Hicks, Ward) 
Stan-18 (Robertson)
571, Making the Princess Laugh. Stan-31 (Robertson) 
App-15 (Ward)
577, King's Tasks. Stan-22 (Robertson) Stan-28 (Robertson)

673, The White Serpent's Flesh. Stan-26 (Robertson)

706, The Girl with the Golden Mask. Stan-24 (Robertson) 
720, My Mother Slew Me, My Father Ate Me.
Stan-1 (Robertson)
App-14 (Presnell)

851, Princess Who Can Not Solve the Riddle.
Stan-30 (Robertson)
851A, Princess Sets Riddles for Her Suitors to Be Answered on Pain of Death. Stan-23 (Robertson)
853, Hero Catches the Princess with Her Own Words.
App-16 (Presnell, Ward)
859, The Penniless Bridegroom Pretends to Wealth.
App-73 (Presnell)

900, King Thrushbeard. Stan-8 (Robertson)

1000, Bargain Not to Become Angry. App-23 (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Presnell, Ward)
1007, Killing Livestock. App-23
1011, Tearing up the Orchard. App-23
1030, Crop Division. App-33 (Ward)
1036, Hogs with Curly Tails. App-33
1045, Pulling the Lake Together. App-24 (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Presnell, Ward)
1060, Squeezing the Stone. App-24
1063, Throwing Contest with Club. App-24
1063A, Trickster Shouts. App-24
App-33

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1088, Eating Contest.  App-24
1121, Ogre's Wife Burned in Her Own Oven.  App-24
1187, Permission to Live as Long as Candle Lasts.  Stan-3  (Robertson)
1227, One Woman to Catch the Squirrel; Other to Get the Cooking Pot.  App-63  (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Presnell, Ward)
1287, Numskulls Unable to Count Their Own Number.  App-67  (Rosa Hicks)
1335A, Rescuing the Moon.  App-67
1335, The Eaten Moon.  App-25  (R. Hicks, Proffitt Jr.)
1384, Husband Hunts Three Persons as Stupid as the Wife (Reverse in this case)  App-25
1415, Lucky Hans. (Foolish Trades)  App-25
1525A, The Master Thief.  App-22  (R. Hicks, Proffitt Jr., Ward)
1535, Rich Brother, Poor Brother.  App-20  (R. Hicks, Ward, Presnell, S. Hicks)
1600, Fool as Murderer.  Stan-32  (Robertson)
1626, Dream Bread.  App-71  (S. Hicks)
1640, The Brave Tailor.  Stan-30  (Robertson)
      App-19  (R. Hicks, Proffitt Jr, Ward, S. Hicks, Presnell)
      App-24  (same as £19)
1641, Dr. Know-All.  Stan-30
1676A, Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid.  Stan-33  (Robertson)
      App-27  (R. Hicks)
1696, What Should I Have Said or Done?  Stan-31  (Robertson)
      App-15  (Ward)
1791, The Sexton Carries the Parson.  App-28  (R. Hicks)
1833, Application of the Sermon.  App-77  (Ward)
1890, The Lucky Shot.  App-21  (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Ward)
1890A, Shot Splits Tree Limb, Catching Bird's Feet in Crack.  App-21
1895, Man Wades in Water, Catches Fish in His Boots.  App-21
1900, How the Man Came Out of a Tree Stump.  App-21
1970, Unnatural Natural History.  App-30  (S. Hicks)
Motif: X946, Lie: Fish Trained to Live on Land Falls into Water.
(Motif addition, Leonard Roberts)
2025, The Fleeing Pancake.  Stan-14  (Robertson)

Baughman Motif Index G211.1.7, Witch in Form of Cat.  App-3  (R. Hicks, S. Hicks, Proffitt Jr., Presnell, Ward)
Appendix B

TALE LIST; RAY HICKS and other storytellers from Beech Mountain

INTERNATIONAL WONDER TALES

NOTE: "*" before a narrative means a variant exists in Stanley Robertson's repertoire.

Ray Hicks

1. "Jack and King Mark" (BmD 1980/3 & 1982/1)
   Type 313C 'Girl as Helper in Hero's Flight'

   **Summary:** Jack beats King Mark in game of poker, wins daughter in marriage. King disappears. Jack meets Freezewell who freezes beer of man to make him tell the secret washing place of the king's 3 daughters. Jack hides greyhound skin of youngest who must then fly him over to her father's place. King Mark gives Jack 3 impossible tasks: find granny's lost thimble in deep well; find wedding ring in a thorn thicket; build a 12 story house cut out of a big cliff with 12 rooms 12 feet square on each floor. Jack succeeds with youngest daughter's advice in selecting magic tools. King furious. Says Jack can have daughter if he picks her out from her sisters. He dresses girls in identical greyhound suits. Jack picks his girl when she licks her lips.

   Flight follows, episode of forgetfulness and memory restored, ending with Jack and the girl getting married.

   **Other Appalachian Sources:** (1) Marshall Ward, (B-M Coll. 1969/58) Version is similar to Ray's with a few interesting exceptions. King Moracco arrives magically out of the sky, lands where Jack is fishing and challenges him to a game of poker. When Jack wins all his money plus the promise of one of his daughters, King Moracco bolts in the air and vanishes. Jack walks a year looking for the king and finally the wind freezes the beer in an inn to make some one tell Jack where the king lives. It is across the North Pole. The wind flies Jack to the river where the daughters bath. The rest of the story is the same only it has no loss of
memory sequence. Once the couple make their escape the enchantment is off and they are able to marry.

(2) Roberts, Greasybeard, Kentucky, p.14. "Raglif Jaglif Tetartlif Pole" Similar to the above three. In this case though, Jack's poker opponent is a farmer. Also, Jack finds his house by simply walking several months till he comes to the house. The rest of story follows same sequences as first two. (2) No.13 and (3) No.16, also from Greasybeard, are interesting variants. In the first story Jack is so hungry he says he would be willing to go to hell for a piece of meat. The meat appears and leads him down a hole straight to the devil. The rest of the sequences are as expected; there is no forgetfulness episode. In the second story a poor couple are helped by a giant but must promise their next boy child to him. This boy is raised by a giant as are three girls. Episodes follow above patterns and include forgetfulness with recognition coming when girl shows her missing little finger. (4) Campbell, Cloud Walking, p.132 "The Jay Bird that Had a Fight with a Rattlesnake" combines characteristics of "King Mark," "The Green Man" and Roberts' No.16. In this variant Jack is king's son who saves a jay bird from being killed by a snake. The bird rides him to see his three sisters, the third gives him a little case which when he opens produces a castle. Because he stops on a giant's land he must promise his first son to him and the story goes on from there; (5) Chase, No.15. Similar to Ray's telling.

British and other sources (6) "The Green Man of Knowledge" 

2. "Jack and the Fire Dragon" (BmD 1982/2)
Type 301 'The Three Stolen Princesses'

Summary: Jack's father gives Jack and his brothers a great track of new land to clear. Boys take turns cooking while others work. A great giant with a long beard called Fire Dragon comes and scares Will and Tom in turn and eats the dinner prepared for the others. When it comes to Jack's turn he invites Fire Dragon in for dinner. He refuses. Jack follows giant to a hole where he disappears. He gets his brothers to lower him down in a basket. Finds three lovely girls. Falls in love with prettiest, Marie, who promises to be his. She gives him a silver knife to fight Fire Dragon and healing ointment to cure the burns when he throws his fire balls. Jack kills giant. Then Marie gives him a ribbon as a token of love to tie in her hair, and a wishing ring. Jack sends three girls up in basket. When brothers see Marie,
they both want her, so cut rope to basket leaving Jack stranded in the hole. Days pass. Eventually Jack remembers the ring, wishes himself home, claims Marie and Will marries Martha and Tom marries Mary.

Other Appalachian Sources: (1) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/23) He tells the same version only Jack never goes back to see his brothers or claim his girl; (2) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/31) Her version is very short, but details coincide with Stanley's. (3) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/55) Same full story as Ray Hicks; (4) Jane Gentry, recorded by Carter in JFL 1925, p.341. Similar to the above as is (5) Chase, No.12; (6) Roberts, Greasybeard, p.53 All three boys go down the hole and the hero, Merrywise kills Old Greasybeard and gets an eagle to fly the three of them and the three girls out of the hole. (7) Campbell, Cloud Walking, "Bird of Golden Land," p.78. King of Ireland sends 3 sons to find golden bird. Youngest son goes down a hole, meets talking mare who helps him get bird and disenchant 3 queens who eventually the boys marry.

Other parallels: (8) Beal, Irish, 1962, p.21 "The Golden Bird," Basically same as "Bird of Golden Land"; Campbell, Tales of W.H. III Scottish, No.47 "The Rider of Grianaig, and Iain the Soldier's Son"; Thompson, Hundred Folktales, French, "John the Bear" Hero half bear and half man; Addy, "The Little Red Harry Man", No. 52, Scottish; MWHT II, 190; FTFL: 40

*3. "Sing a Bowl of Lies" (BmD 1982/3)
Type 570 'The Rabbit-herd'

A king offers his youngest daughter and a pot of gold to anyone who can keep a rabbit from running out of a circle for ten minutes. If man fails the king gets to cut off his head; if he succeeds he can cut off the king's head. All the young men in the community have failed, including Jack's older brothers, Will and Tom. Finally Jack goes off to try. Unlike his brothers he shares his food with an old man he meets. When the old man orders Jack to take a stick and stir water in a certain spring to turn the water to wine, Jack has the faith to believe it will happen and it does. In return the man carves a drill out of wood and tells Jack to put it in the center of his circle and the rabbit will stay as long as it is in the ground.

All happens as the old man said. The king, seeing he is going to lose, tries to get Jack's drill by sending out his daughters and then his wife to buy it, but Jack will not sell and when king sees his head must come off he asks Jack to sing a bowl full of lies. He sings about his daughters fooling around with him. When he starts singing about the queen doing the same, the king makes him stop. So Jack kills the king, marries the youngest daughter and gets a pot of gold.

Appalachian sources: (1) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/69) King bets men $1000 they can not keep a rabbit in a circle. Rest of story
the same; (2) Jane Gentry, as recorded by Carter, JAFL, 1925, p.350. Same as "Sing a Bowl of Lies." For other parallels see [Stan-18].

4. "The Cat and the Mouse" (BmD 1980/5 & 1982/4)
Types 401 'Princess Transformed into a Deer' and cf 402 'Cat as Bride'

Summary: Father gives three sons each 100 guineas and sends them off to see who could make the most of the money in a year's time. Older brothers want to marry so spent money to buy suits and find themselves wives. Jack being young is not interested in a wife, so keeps his money and remains ragged and dirty and follows after his brothers. They are ashamed of him and tell him to go away. When he refuses for the third time they beat him up, steal his money and leave him for dead. But Jack is still alive and after tending his wounds and getting his strength back he starts out walking till he comes to a crossroads. Tosses hat which lands on dirt road, follows it deep into the woods.

Jack comes to a rich man's house, door opened by a cat with female voice. Says she and her sisters have been bewitched. Sisters are mice and can not be saved; She can be saved if Jack is willing to fight witch for her. Jack agrees and the cat tells Jack exactly what he must do and how he can beat the witch. For 4 nights in a row Jack must fight off great wild beasts, smaller animals, insects, and finally stinging bees. Each time he succeeds the cat becomes more human. Last ordeal is facing the witch herself. Jack must not let her help him in any way or cook for him or he will lose. When witch tries to take frying pan from him, Jack throws her in the oven. The enchantment is now off and the girl has come out a beautiful woman. The house and grounds have been transformed back into a magnificent farm. The girl and Jack marry and Jack works the farm and does well.

When the year is up Jack takes his bride back to his parents. Brothers and their wives are there too, but they have not done nearly so well. Jack forgives his brothers for what they did to him. Says now that he is rich the family can count on him if anyone needs help.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/32) shortened version of Ray Hicks's story; (2) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/23) "Jack and the Fox," Same story as "Cat 'n Mouse" only Jack is not beat up by brothers, but chooses his own road. Girl has beautiful pet fox they take with them when they visit Jack's parents. When squeezed he says "Gold a-plenty" and Jack says to his brothers, "Not for you boys."; (3) Marshall Ward, (B-M 1969/63) Cat-girl as disenchanted first becomes a little girl, then a bigger girl, and finally a beautiful woman whom Jack marries; (4) Jane Gentry, as recorded by Carter, JAFL, 1925, p.349, Also "Jack and the Fox" Only the fox belongs to Jack rather than girl. Sequences follow same course as Marshall's version; (5) Campbell, Cloud Walkingp.151 "The Snake Princess"
Girl enchanted as a snake instead of a cat, but sequences the same; (6) Chase, No. 14.

Other parallels: Thompson, Hundred Folktales, p.88, Norwegian, "The Three Princesses of Whiteland" They are in the ground up to their necks. Hero fights troll and girls slowly rise out of ground at each of hero's successes. For other parallels see [Stan-19].

5. "Hardy Hard Head" (BmD 1980/4, 5 & 1982/4)
Type 513B 'Land and Sea Ship'

Summary: Witch has the whole community enchanted, including a beautiful girl. To break it a man has to compete with her jumping head first on a steel hackard. The witch always bounces off unhurt, but the challenger always ends up fatally injured. Tom and Will each in turn try, but because they refuse to listen to bird who tries to tell them how to fill their sieves with water and they won't share their food with a hungry old man, they fail and die.

When it's Jack's turn to go, he listens to the bird, gets water so his mother can make him bread, and shares his food with the old man. Old man gives Jack a stick, tells him if he has faith and can turn stream of water to wine he will be helped. Jack has the faith and the old man gives him a folded up land ship. Tells him to fly over trees and pick up every man he sees on route to the witch's palace. He picks up men of extraordinary talents as their names imply: Hardy Hard Head, Drinkwell, Eatwell, Runwell, Seewell and Shootwell. With the help of his friends, the witch is killed and the enchantment is ended.

Parallels (1) (BmD 1982/8) "Hardy Hard Ass" a version Ray saves for his men friends. The contest has to do with who has the hardest ass rather than head. Otherwise the same; (2) Frank Proffitt Jr. (BmD 1982/36) Same as Ray's "Hardy Hard Head"; (3) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/59) Same story as Ray's only Marshall has it that the king's daughter is enchanted and offers his daughter's hand and half his kingdom if any man can defeat the witch; (4) Jane Gentry, JAFL, 1925, p.246. Story begins in same manner as Marshall Ward's and sequences follow as expected; (5) Campbell, Cloud Walking, p.143 "Three Boys with the Journey-cakes" Three giants steal king's three daughters, only a land/sea ship can find the girls. Youngest boy gets ship with extraordinary helpers and defeats the three giants. He marries the youngest; (6) Chase, No.11. Other Parallels: (7) Campbell, Tales of W.H. I, No.16 "The King of Lochlin's Three Daughters" same as "Three Boys with the Journey-cakes"; (8) MWHT I: 48; (9) Thompson, Hundred Folktales, French, p.194. Must build a self-propelled carriage to gain princess for wife
Summary: Jack served thirty years in the army and all he got was a suit of clothes and two loaves of bread for his pay. On his way home he gives each loaf to a beggar. Second beggar gives Jack a sack which will catch anything he wants in it and a glass vial which when filled with spring water will tell if a person is going to die or not. Looking in Jack will see Death standing at the foot or head of the bed. If the head, the person will die.

Jack decides to sleep in haunted house with promise from owner of a deed to the house and land and plenty of money if he can stay the night. Three little devils come in the night. He beats them at cards and then orders them in his sack. Next day owner signs deed and gives him money. They take the sack to the blacksmith who leathers it till there is nothing left of those devils. Jack lives well for next few years. Hears about a dying princess and goes to see what he can do taking vial and sack with him. Sees Death standing at the head of the bed and orders him into his sack and the princess gets well right away. Jack ties sack up in a poplar tree and forgets about it.

Years pass but Jack does not keep track of them. Finally meets old, old woman who says she wants to die but some fool has Death tied up in a sack. Jack opens sack, lets Death out and Jack is the first one he takes.

Appalachian parallels: (1) Frank Proffitt Jr. (BmD 1982/35) Same version as Ray Hicks's; (2) Marshall Ward, (B-M 1969/58A) Jack comes out of army and gets a magic sack from man he gave food too. He gives another man a ride to his daughters and finds everyone in town is dying of disease. Jack orders death and disease into his sack. After 300 years town misses funerals and ask for return of death. Okay with Jack, but he gets away first. Next Jack stays in haunted house and puts two devils in his sack, then saves a princess who is dying by putting her disease in his sack. Later he marries the princess.; (3) Chase, No.18; Campbell, Cloud Walking, p.185, Story has same episode of Death at head/foot of bed as found in Ray Hicks story. (4) Also, see [Stan-28]

7. "Jack and the Black Bull" (Sandy Paton's tape, 1961)
Type 511B 'Little Red Ox'

Summary: Jack hires himself out to a farmer. Wife and three daughters dislike Jack. Wife decides to starve him to death. One day a black bull comes to Jack and offers him food. Tells him to unscrew his right horn and he will find fresh bread and his left horn he will find milk. Jack grows healthy again. Woman sends
out her first daughter, One Eye, to find out where Jack is getting his food. He fiddles her to sleep. Second daughter, Two Eyes, tries and he fiddles her to sleep. Third daughter closes two eyes and keeps the third just slightly open so she sees Jack get his food from the black bull and tells her mother. She orders the black bull killed, but Jack kills her instead and rides off with the bull.

Jack and the bull ride into the forest where the bull must fight three different bulls and be killed by the third. Tells Jack once he is dead to cut a strap from the tip of his tail to his nose, cut off his horns and take them with him. If in trouble Jack is to say, "Tie hide tie and beat horns beat" and the strap will tie up anyone he wants and the horns will beat anyone he wants.

So Jack does as he is told and finds himself a job with a witch. She tries to beat him up and he says the magic words and gets what is coming to her. This happens twice and each time the old woman gives Jack what he asks for. So he goes away from there with a bag of gold, wearing a new suit, and riding a beautiful horse. Uses up his money and gets a job with a farmer. Uses bull strap and horns to catch a thieving witch and is handsomely rewarded. This time uses his money to buy a new farm and does well for himself.

Other Appalachian Parallels: (1) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/27) Similar version to Ray's except it ends with Jack and the bull going off together after Jack kills the witch and does not include bull fight scenes; (2) Marshall Ward, (B-M 1969/58) Similar to Ray's; (3) Maud Long, Jane Gentry's daughter, tells same complete version, Library of Congress LP recording AAFS L47; (4) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin No. 20b "Jack and the Bull's Horns" Same beginning. Later bull fights a bull, a panther and finally is killed by a lion. Before he dies he gives Jack a magic sword and a magic cord. Jack uses cord to kill a giant and win the king's daughter; (5) Roberts, No.20d "Jack and the Bull Stripe" Jack's pet bull is about to die and tells Jack to cut a strip of hide down his back after his death and use it to wish on; (6) Roberts, Sang Branch Bull fights bear, lion and panther and Jack cuts strips out of dead bull's back; (7) Chase, No.2.

Other Parallels: (8) Norwegian: Thompson, Hundred Folktales No.41 "Katie Woodencloak" Starts as Type 511A only it is a step daughter who is helped by a bull. When cruel mother has ordered bull to be killed, girl and bull run off together and pass through woods of copper, silver and gold where trolls live and must be fought and killed by the bull. Later bull orders girl to cut off his head, but first gives her wise advice. Rest of sequences follow Type 510B (Cap o'Rushes); (9) Briggs I, 380-83; Note partial parallel between this tale and Stanley Robertson's bull tales, Nos. 9 & 10

8. "Sop Doll" (BmD 1982/14)
Type Baughman Motif Index G211.1.7 'Witch in Form of Cat'

Summary: Jack and his mother are very poor so Jack goes out to try and find a job. He is told about a haunted gristmill and begs the farmer who owns mill to let him run it. Permission granted, word gets and a lot of customers come. Jack is just shutting down the water at the end of the first day when a little grey bearded man arrives with a little bag of corn to be ground. He appreciates Jack grinding it even though it is after closing time. He gives Jack a silver knife and says it will protect him against the witch gang.

That night while Jack is frying his meat 12 black cat arrive. The largest jumps down, comes over to Jack and tries to take a swipe at the meat. Jack cuts off its paw with his silver knife and the paw turns into a woman's hand with a gold ring on her finger. The cats vanish with a screech. When the farmer comes the next morning Jack shows him the hand which he recognizes as his wife's.

Back at the house the farmer asks his wife, who has taken to her bed, what women she would like to have come and help her. She asks for 11 from the community. Jack and the farmer round them up, lock all 12 women in the house and burn it down, thus putting an end to the witches.

Other Appalachian Parallels: (1) Stanley Hicks, (BmD 1982/26) A witch tale where the miller stays in his haunted mill overnight after other men have been killed there. A black cat comes, the miller cuts off her paw and it turns into his wife's hand. He makes his wife confess and name six other witches. All are hung; (2) Frank Proffitt Jr. (BmD 1982/33) Similar to Ray Hicks's version; (3) Hattie Presnell, (BmD 1982/22) "Murder at the Sawmill" Same version as Stanley Hicks; (4) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/59) Same as Ray's only 8 cats come to torment Jack and Jack uses a meat cleaver to cut off paw. No helper comes to give him a silver knife; (5) Jane Gentry, JAFL, 1925, p.354 Very similar to Marshall Ward's version only many, many more cats appear; (6) Maud Long, Library of congress AAPS L47. Her version is closer to Ray's than to her mother's, Jane Gentry; (7) Bogg, "N.C. White Folktales," JAFL, 1934 A man begs lodging and is put up in a haunted mill. He cuts off the right paw of a black cat. When he says goodbye to his hostess next morning her right hand is missing; (8) Frank C. Brown Collection of N.C. Folklore, p.660 Miller marries a woman who unknown to him is a witch. Strange things happen at night in the mill. He decides to stay overnight there, 40 angry cats appear, he cuts off the paw of a vicious old cat. He chases after the cats and then runs home to find his wife is missing a hand. Wife escapes as a cat and he is drowned when the mill pond floods over; (9) Chase No.8

Frank Proffitt Jr.
Summary: Jack and his mother are living on their own and the winter is bad with the north west wind blowing hard and cold. Jack cuts a pile of wood for his mother and goes off to try and stop the north west wind. Meets an old man who tells Jack to stop at his place for a meal before going on. Jack does and the man gives him a tablecloth that when asked to gives a table full of food. Old man tells Jack he can not possibly stop the wind from blowing and he should take this gift home to his mother. He also warns Jack not to stop down the road where a rowdy family lives that might steal his tablecloth. Jack thanks the old man and starts for home. He forgets the warning and stops at the house for the night. He shows them the magic cloth; they steal it replacing it with an ordinary cloth.

A second time Jack goes out to stop the north west wind and again he meets the old man who gives him a rooster that lays golden eggs. This too is stolen when he stops at the house. The third time the old man gives him a club. Jack takes it to the house and orders it to break up the place and not stop till they give back his tablecloth and rooster. This they do as fast as they can and Jack goes home with his three gifts.

*Ray Hicks remembers only a fragment of this tale. It used to be in his repertoire, but as he said he "lost the telling of it."

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/28) A shorter version, but similar. Only storyteller to give a reason for the old man trying to stop Jack from stopping the Northwest Wind. He said nobody would be able to breathe without the fresh air and so offers Jack treasures instead; (2) Marshall Ward (B-M Coll. 1969/58) In Marshall's telling he names the rowdy family that steals Jack's gifts as the Hickses!; (3) Jane Gentry, JAFL, 1925, p.363 Same version but second magical gift is a sword that cuts 40 inches through anything; (4) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, No.23a "The Magic Bag" A bird gives an old man a magic bag that spreads a table of food; it's stolen. Bird gives another bag and inside are two little men who beat up the thieves; (5) Roberts, Greasybeard, No.24 Boy steals magical gifts, a mare and a tablecloth, from an old woman and takes them home. Third time he steals a stick which beats him; Also from Greasybeard (6) No.23 "The Man and the Devil's Daughter" Story starts like "Northwest Wind" The two magic objects are a money giving marble and a club the man earns through hard work. The first is stolen; the second recovers it. Second half Jack stops at the devil's house and courts his youngest daughter. Rest of story follows AT 313C 'Girl as Helper in Hero's Flight'

Other Parallels: (7) Gmelch, Shorten Road, Irish, p.62 "Jack from Tubberclare" as told by Irish traveller Oney Power. Jack, son of a widow, goes to town once a year to trade a cow for rent money. A little man gives him a fiddle that plays by itself; the second time a magic tablecloth and lastly a cord to tie and a
stick to beat. This time Jack uses the cord and stick on the little manny and gets him to return the three cows and give him a crock of gold. Second half of story follows AT559 'Dungbeetle'; (8) Jacobs, English, p.206 "The Ass, the Table and the Stick"; (9) Grimm No.36; (10) Mackay, More West Highland, p.78 "Domhnall Dona, Mac Na Bantraich"; (11) Asbjornsen, Moe, East of Sun Norwegian, Boy goes straight to North Wind's house because wind has blown away his meal. Wind gives gifts that are stolen and recovered by a stick; (12) Lang, Brown Fairy Book, p.77 French "Father Grumbler" F. G. is poor with many children goes to holy man for help and is given magic basket and magic cock both stolen at inn. Holy man then gives him magic bag out of which comes a switch that beats F. G., innkeeper and wife. Holy man appears and removes all three magic objects and F.G. is left with nothing; (13) "Habie's Whistle", SA 1956/124; Gaelic ver. from traveller Alexander Stewart, Muir of Ord, SA 1955/132; Briggs, I: 141, 169, 478

Stanley Hicks

10. "Jack and the Bean Stalk" (BnD 1982/25,26)
   Type 327 'Boy Steals the Giant's Treasure'

   Summary: Jack's mother finds a great big bean when she is house cleaning; gives it to Jack who plants it in the back yard. Three times Jack checks his bean tree. First it is almost as tall as he is, then as tall as the house, and finally it goes clear out of sight. Each time his mother does not believe him and gives him a thrashing for lying. When she sees he is telling the truth she gives him bread and butter.

   So Jack climbs the tree and finds a house at the top. Inside is a bedroom with a giant asleep and a beautiful quilt with tiny bells on it spread over him. Jack steals the quilt and runs as fast as he can, the giant close behind him. Gets to the bottom of the tree with the quilt and cuts it down killing the giant and his wife and getting the gold and silver that falls with them.


   Other Parallels: (4) Jacobs, English, p.59; Briggs, 3 vers. I; pp 316-326

11. "Cook-a-Pea and His Sister" (BnD 1982/23)
   Type 327 'The Children and the Ogre' and
Summary: Cook-a-Pea's parents are very poor, can no longer feed children, so leave them in forest to die. Cook-a-Pea drops stones on the way and he and his sister find their way home. Again they are taken out. Cook-a-Pea crumbles bread, which is eaten by birds and they are lost. Come to a giant's house. Wife hides children, but he finds them. He puts red night caps on his own two children and black ones on Cook-a-Pea and his sister when they go to bed. Cook-a-Pea exchanges caps and giant kills own children. Brother and sister escape and hide in a little cave. Giant discovers his mistake, puts on clip boots which let him step a mile a clip and takes off after the children. Finds them but cannot get to them. When he finally falls asleep, Cook-a-Pea cuts off giant's head with sharp knife he took from giant's house. He puts on boots and returns to giant's house, tells wife her husband has been caught and needs $600 to free him from jail. She gives him the money. Jack goes and collects his little sister, and with the clip boots they are back home in no time. Their parents are glad to see them, and they have enough money to last them the rest of their lives.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/30) Same as Stanley's; (2) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, No.10a Three brothers stop at witch's house. Cap exchange episode and boys escape. One picks up an egg, another a stone and the third a hickory nut. Witch chases them in her seven-mile-step boots. Magical objects hinder witch, but she finally chases them up a tree. Holds out a magic bag and orders the brothers to jump in. The youngest refuses, eventually gets his brothers out and the witch in. They drown the old witch.

Other Parallels: (3) J. Stewart of S. Uist, Tocher, No.31 p.56 "Tom" A very poor couple has 7 sons and not the means to feed them. They leave boys in the woods to die. Stop at a house where the kind wife of a giant gives them a basket of food and a lantern, but warns not to light the lantern until well away from the house. They light it too soon, giant sees light Jumps into big boots, catches up to them, but falls over a cliff and is killed. Youngest boy Tom takes boots off giant and when they get to king's palace they give boots to him. King takes the boys in and their parents; (4) Perrault, French, p.91 "Little Tom Thumb" Similar to "Cook-a-Pea" Littlest and youngest child the hero; (5) Briggs, "Black Brottie" (Banffshire), p. 154; Tocher 18:76 "Kitty Ill-Prets", and "The Boy and the Bruni" Sc. Trad. Tales; Gaelic incl. PIWH I: 259 and MWHT II:294
has two eyes and the other has three. The old woman hates the one with two eyes and makes her do all the work in the house and tend the sheep every day. All she ever feeds her is bread and water. The poor child nearly starves. One day when she is with the sheep a fairy godmother comes and she tells the girl what to say so a table of food will appear and then vanish after she is finished eating. (Later Hattie added it was a sheep that produced the table of food when the right words were spoken.) So now Two Eyes is well fed. The witch mother sends One Eye out to see where the girl is getting her food, but Two Eyes sings her to sleep. Then she sends out Three Eyes. She keeps her third eye open and sees one of the sheep produce the food.

Three Eyes tells her mother who orders the sheep killed and cooked. An apple tree comes up in the yard with golden apples on it. A king's son comes to claim a sweetheart and says he will marry any one who can give him a gold apple. The old witch hides Two Eyes under a pot and has her two daughters climb the tree. Neither is able to grab an apple. Two Eyes makes a noise and the prince raises up the pot. She goes to the tree and the apples fall into her hands. The prince takes her away with him to become his bride.

Parallels: (2) Bruford, Green Man, Scottish, p.1, Same story as told by Betsy Whyte, but more complete in detail than Hattie's including a rhyme to produce the food and make it disappear rather than just a simple statement. Other differences — a little man comes to the girl's rescue not a fairy godmother and a goat, not a sheep, produces the food. Also in Betsy's version the little man reappears after the goat is killed to tell the girl to bury the goat's heart in the garden. It is from the heart the tree with the golden apples grows. The final sequences are virtually the same.

Appalachian Parallels: (2) Campbell, Cloud Walking, p.43 "A Silver Tree with Golden Apples" Similar to Betsy Whyte's version; (3) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, No.19b "The Three Sisters" an interesting variant in that the two older sisters were normal, the youngest is plain and only has one arm. she is despised and neglected. Sequences follow as in Betsy Whyte's version, but instead of burying the dead goat's heart, little Mary eats it and receives a gold coin under her pillow every night. She saves up her money and leaves home.

More Parallels: (4) Thompson, Hundred Folktales, German, p.188. Same title and same story. (5) Campbell, Tales of W.H. L, p.300 "A'Chaora Bhiorach, Ghlas" Begins as Type 511. Step daughter of cruel queen is fed by a sharp horned grey sheep. Queen has sheep killed, but it comes alive and still looks after the kind step daughter. Last sequences are AT 510B ending with the step daughter marrying the prince; (6) Gneich, Shorten the Road Irish, p.83 "Fresh Loaf or The Three-Legged Lamb" Step daughter of cruel queen is fed and looked after by a lamb who really is her dead mother. Queen has the lamb killed, daughter saves as many bones as possible and the lamb comes to life again, but missing one leg. Sequences of enchantment and breaking of enchantment follow and good daughter marries a prince; PIWH II:300; Grimm 130.

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"Old Gallymander"  (BmD 1982/32)
Type 480 'Kind and Unkind Sister'

Summary: An old woman decides to hire a girl to live in and do the housework. After a time the first girl says she wants to leave. The old woman asks her to wait while she goes and hires another girl and not to look up the chimney. The girl agrees, but when the old woman goes she looks up the chimney and sees a long leather bag, knocks it down and finds it is filled with gold and silver. Girl takes the bag and runs away. First she meets a sheep with a sore back who asks for help, but the girl refuses. Then a cow asks to be milked and the says she is in too much of a hurry. She comes to a peach tree covered in peaches and the tree asks to be pruned, but the girl says she will only take off the peaches she plans to eat, climbs up in the branches and begins to eat.

The old woman comes home and sees her purse is missing and cries, "Gallymanders! Gallymanders! All my gold and silver's gone! My great long moneypurse!" And crying that over and over again she starts out to find the thief. The sheep and cow point the way and the peach tree tells the woman the girl is in its branches. The old woman drags the girl out of the tree and cuts off her head.

The second girl works for a long time and wants to leave. Again the woman asks her to wait and not look up the chimney while she goes to find another helper. The same sequences follow only this time the girl helps the animals and prunes the tree and the tree hides her. The old woman goes home empty handed. Makes herself an ash cake, chokes on it and dies.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) (B-M Coll. 1969/63) Marshall Ward's "Gallymander" has a moralistic slant to it. The first girl runs away with the money and is caught by the old woman's granddaughter. Whereas the first girl is unkind to the animals and the peach tree, the granddaughter is kind and so receives help in finding the thief. The granddaughter replaces the second girl in Hattie's version. She gives the thief a whipping and sends her running away with the promise never to steal again. The peach tree, after the granddaughter shakes all the excess peaches from its branches, generously gives these peaches to the girl. The horse she helped tells her where to find a wagon and he pulls the girl, 10 bushels of peaches and the leather bag back to the grandmother. The peaches are shared with all the neighbours and the granddaughter volunteers to stay with her grandmother and look after her so she does not have to hire another girl.

(2) Jane Gentry, JAFL, 1925, p.368 Similar to the two above except there are three hired girls and the stealing was justified because the old woman was so mean and stingy; (3) Roberts, Greasybeard No.21 "The Old Witch's Gold" An interesting variant.
First sister hires herself out to a witch, looks up the chimney, finds bag of gold and runs away. She is asked for help by a cow, sheep, horse and mill and says no every time. Witch catches up with her and turns her into stone. Second sister comes, looks up chimney, takes bag and runs. She answers all calls for help and the animals lie to witch to protect girl. The mill asks the witch to "get up in the hopper" so it can hear her better and then it grinds her up. The stone is turned back into a girl and the sisters live happily after that.

Other Parallels: (4) Thompson, Hundred Folktales, Norwegian No.35 "The Two Stepsisters" Combines aspects of pursuit of kind and unkind girl and Mother Holle; see [Stan-2]

Supernatural Tale

*14. "The Mother Who Kills Her Son" (BmD 1982/32) Type 720 'My Mother Slew Me; My Father Ate Me'...... NOTE: This is one of those supernatural tales that has no journey or magical helpers. Therefore it stands apart from the hero/heroine Märchen.

Summary Follows type exactly except after bird drops millstone on the mother, bird does not become a boy again.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Roberts, Sang Branch, No.141 Same telling as Hattie's; (2) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin No.27a a particularly savage variant. Mother kills and cooks daughter because she ate the rabbit that was supposed to be for her husband's dinner. Girl comes back as a bird, sings her fate, sends down gifts and a millstone on her mother.

Other Parallel: "Appalzie and Orangie" collected by Hamish Henderson as told by Scottish traveller Andrew Stewart in conjunction with his sister Bella (SA 1955/ ) This version includes episode where the stepdaughter has to get milk in a jug which she breaks and the mother uses as an excuse to kill her. Sequence of events and singing rhymes are same as Stanley Robertson's version. For further parallels see [STAN-1].

Marshall Ward

*15. "Jack and the Lion's Den" (B-M Coll 1969/66)

Type 559 'Dungbeetle'; 571 III (c) Making princess laugh by foolish acts of hero; 1696 'What Should I Have Said or Done?'.... NOTE: The first half of this tale could well be defined as a Schwank, but the second half takes it into the world of magic which ends in Jack proving himself a true Märchen hero. Thus I am placing this tale in the wonder tale genre.
Summary In this version the hero tries to make the princess laugh by doing stupid things for which she corrects him but does not laugh. On his last try he makes a mistake that wins the princess's laughter. He wants to ride his heifer, but has trouble seating himself on its back and ends up facing backwards. He rides past the princess holding on to the cow's tail comically up and down. The princess laughs uproariously and the two are married.

An old man offers Jack $3000 if he does not say a word to his wife for three days. Jack, being poor, agrees. The princess does not understand why he does not speak to her and has him thrown in the lion's den. Jack has three friends he always carries with him— a doodle bug, a pet mouse and a June bug. He sends his friends to find out why he has been thrown in the pit. In the meantime he puts a glass jar over the mother lion's mouth and ties her legs together and he shares the food dropped down for the cubs. When he finds out the old man is marrying his wife, the first night he sends his friends to smear the man with fresh manure. The princess is highly annoyed with this smelly man. The second night they fill the room with manure. The girl is disgusted. The third night Jack orders the girl smeared, and the man untouched. The girl wants Jack back again. The old man is thrown to the lions and Jack becomes the princess's rightful husband.

Parallels: Gmelch, Shorten the Road, p.62 "Jack from Tubberclare" Irish traveller story begins as Type 563. Second half is AT 559. Jack makes princess laugh with magic objects he has received: a fiddle that plays by itself and makes people dance, a magic tablecloth and musical bee and dancing mouse, and a tying cord and beating stick. He marries princess, is imprisoned with a wild bear, wins his freedom and his wife back with the help of the bee and mouse; Briggs I: 314 (gypsy) AT 559; MWHT II:84 AT571; see [Stan-31].
his parents to the castle to live with them. When the old king dies Jack frees all the slaves. They still work for him but at good wages, and everybody is happy.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Hattie Presnell (BnD 1982/29) "Jack and the Riddle Contest" Similar to above only shorter. Jack finds crooked stick, a cow pat and pheasant eggs on the way to the castle, and has to answer the king's questions; (2) Roberts, Greasybeard No. 39 "Square Jack." Begins as AT 853. Jack picks up a duck's egg and stick and catches the princess with her own words and wins $100. Sequences that follow include AT 1525A, 'Theft of Dog, Horse, Sheet or Ring'; 1515R, 'Robber Brothers'; 1653B, 'The Brothers in the Tree.' Where older brothers fail, Jack is successful and makes a lot of money. His brothers realize little Jack is not so square after all; Briggs II p. 397, "Daft Jack and the Heiress" Jeannie Robertson, (SA 1959/15) Note similarity to Stanley Robertson's "The Princess and the Warlock"

17. "The Clover Patch" (B-M Coll. 1969/70)
Type 530 'Princess on the Glass Mountain'

Summary: A farmer is upset because some animal is getting into his clover patch every night and eating big sections out of it. The two oldest sons in turn try to guard the field but are frightened off by something like a typhoon. Jack tries and succeeds. Finds a beautiful copper coloured horse and a beautiful suit of copper. Takes them over to another barn and beds horse and hides the suit. The second night he finds a silver horse and silver suit and the third night a horse all golden in colour and a suit of gold.

The king of the land places his lovely daughter on top of a mountain of glass and declares the first rider who can ride up the hill at least half way will have three golden balls rolled down to him and will marry the princess. The first day jack, unknown to his family, rides up on the copper horse and wins a golden apple. The second day he rides the silver horse and the third day the gold and is rewarded an apple each time. Jack presents himself and his three balls to the king. He and the princess like each other at once. They see each other for 30 days and when they are sure they are in love the king orders the wedding. Jack gets good jobs for his brothers and his parents and they all live happily.

Parallels: (1) Scottish traveller version: Duncan Williamson, (SA 1976/45) "Princess on the Glass Hill" Jack is lazy, only sits by the fire, but when brothers fail at guarding a corn field he gives it a try. Following sequences are similar to the above. (2) Thompson, Hundred Folktales, No. 45 Norwegian, "The Princess on the Glass Hill" Younger son Boots is the usual lazy, dirty lad at beginning of story. Sequences very similar to "The Clover Patch".
Summary: A man goes on a trip and his youngest daughter asks him to bring her back a white rose. He sees a rose bush and picks some stems, and a voice tells him he can have as many roses as he likes but he must give up whatever comes out to meet him first when he gets home. The man agrees being sure that will be his dog. Instead his youngest daughter is the one. That night the voice comes demanding payment and will accept nothing but the daughter. She goes out to find a white bear waiting for her. She rides on his back but cries so hard her nose bleeds and three drops of blood fall on his back. Once at his house, the bear turns into a handsome prince. He tells her his name is White Bear Whitker and he will be her husband, a bear in the daytime and a prince at night. They have three fine boys and live happily together.

One day the wife wants to take the boys and visit her family and the bear agrees, but warns her not to tell his name or he will have to leave her because of the enchantment he is under. She breaks the tabu and tells her father. She sees her husband walking away over the pine mountains, leaves the boys with her father and goes after him. On and on she walks. She stopped at different houses and is told a man with three drops of blood on his shirt has recently been there. Every day a little bird drops a feather with a drop of blood on it so she knows she is going in the right direction. Stops at house of an old woman, helps her clean, card and spin her wool and is given three golden nuts. Nut sequence follows, visits to husband's bed, and recognition on the third night. Prince goes to father of the false bride and asks him which he would prefer to keep a new key or an old one that works well but had been lost and then found. The father says the old one. So the prince explains about his enchantment and the fact his daughter had stolen the shirt away from his rightful wife and he did not want his daughter any longer. The father agrees to take her back and the prince and his wife go to her father's, collect their children and go home.

*For parallels see [Stan-10].

OTHER INTERNATIONAL FOLK TALES

Ray Hicks

*19. "Jack and the Wild Boar" (BmD. 1980/5, 1982/3)
Type 1640 'The Brave Little Tailor'
NOTE: This novella employs the exaggeration plot device of the tall tale, and it has a hero who journeys from home to find his fortune as in a Marchen. However, other than the
inclusion of a mythical unicorn, there are no supernatural elements in this tale. No magic help comes the hero's way; luck and quick thinking win him his reward.

Summary: Jack leaves home to try and find a job. He whittles a paddle while walking along. Comes to where a cow has left a "sunburnt cake" in the road. It is covered in flies; he kills 7 with one stroke of his paddle. Goes to the blacksmith's and has a belt made which reads, "Big Man Jack Killed Seven at a Wack." The king sees Jack's belt and hires him to kill a wild boar, a unicorn and finally a lion. With luck and some last minute quick thinking Jack manages to capture all three and is well paid in guineas.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Frank Proffitt Jr. (BmD 1982/38) Same as the above; (2) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/24) A shorter telling than Ray's, less elaborate but complete as to necessary details. (3) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/29) Same as above but short; (4) Marshall Ward, (B-M Coll. 1969/59) "Lazy Jack" Well detailed and elaborate, similar to Ray's; (5) Chase No.58. (6) Jane Gentry, JAFL, 1925, p.355 "Old Stiff Dick" Hero kills a "unicorn", wild boar and bear. Rides bear as a ridey horse. Story similar to Ray's. For other parallels of the 1640 type see [App-24] "Jack and the New Ground" and [Stan-30] "Jack the Liar."

20. "The Heifer Hide" (BmD 1982/8,9)
Type 1535 'Rich Brother, Poor Brother'
NOTE: An example of a trickster tale (novella).

Summary: Older brothers kill Jack's heifer. Jack skins it; dries it and stuffs it with straw till it looks roughly like a heifer. He puts it on his back and goes off to seek his fortune. A woman lets him sleep the night in an attic room over the kitchen. Through a crack he sees her entertaining the parson. When she hears her husband coming she hides the food and wine and locks the parson in a chest. Husband invites Jack to come down and eat with him. Wife only offers bread. Jack pretends his heifer talks, and tells him where meat, corn whisky and wine are hid. Husband starts to drink a lot, wants to buy magic hide and offers 100 guineas. Jack agrees but takes the chest too. He stops at a well and threatens to throw it in. Parson pays him 100 guineas through the key hole for not doing so. Jack takes the money and forgets to unlock the chest so the parson dies anyway.

When the brothers see his money they shoot their steer, and go off to town to sell their blood raw hides. No one wants them and the boys are so angry they go back to kill Jack. They tie him in a sack, take him to the river, and leave him for a short time. Jack changes places with an old man who thinks this is his chance to get to heaven. He gives his hundred sheep to Jack. Jack goes off home with them and the brothers drown the old man. When they get home they are shocked to see Jack who tells them he found the sheep at the bottom of river where they threw him in. The brothers beg Jack to throw them in so they can get some sheep.
too. Jack does, they drown, and Jack does well for himself after that.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Stanley Hicks (BnD 1982/22) Same story as Ray's. (2) Hattie Presnell (BnD 1982/31) same, but very short. (3) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/56) The same, but Marshall Ward justifies Jack leaving the man in the trunk as he has a gun and plans to kill Jack when he is freed; (4) Jane Gentry, JAFL, 1925, p.343 "Lazy Jack and his Calf Skin" Same, well detailed and money that changes hands is guineas as with Ray's story; (5) Roberts, Greasybeard No.40, A poor brother outsmarts the rich one after the latter kills his horse. Same beginning as other versions, followed by killing mother-in-law episode, then poor brother in sack who claims to have found cattle at the river bottom and drowning of rich brother. (6) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin p.97 "Dirty Jack" Similar to preceeding story; (7) Boggs, 'N.C. White Tales,' JAFL 1934, p.308 "Jack and the Devil" Jack marries Devil's daughter which displeases Devil. Jack plays tricks on him, i.e. hides bladder filled with blood under wife's skirt, pretends to kill her and bring her back to life. Devil goes and kills his wife. Last episode, Devil tries to drown Jack, the exchange sequence follows and Jack is given hogs. Jack tells Devil he has been to Hell and got the hogs there; (8) Chase, No.17.

Other Parallels: (9) Duncan Williamson, Scottish traveller, (SA 1979/) Rich and poor brother, first kills the latter's horse. Episode of poor brother tricking man into buying a magic talking horse skin handled differently. He spies through the window before knocking at door and then uses what he sees to convince the man his horse skin can tell him anything he wants to know. Expected sequences follow ending in drowning of rich brother; (10) Yeats, Irish, p.270, "Donald and his Neighbours" Similar to (5) and (6). (11) Gnelch, Shorten the Road, p.126. An Irish traveller tale: "Buddy" Jack plays one nasty trick after another on a gullible neighbour until the neighbour ends up killing his wife and drowning himself and Jack is left rich. (12) Briggs, short gypsy ver. II: 262; (13) PTWH II: 232. with 3 var., 7 Gaelic var., archives, Sch. of Scottish Studies.

21. "Jack and the Hunting Trip" (BnD 1982/10)
Type 1890 'The Lucky Shot'
  1890A 'Shot Splits Tree Limb Catching Birds' feet in Crack'
  1895 'Man Wades in Water, Catches Fish in his Boots'
  1900 'How the Man Came out of a Tree Stump'
NOTE: Popular tall tale (Schwank)

Summary: In Ray's version Ray accompanies Jack on the hunting trip. He reports the incredible catches Jack makes-- 50 ducks and 30 trout caught in his trousers when he wades in a river, a wild turkey, a grouse and a squirrel with one shot of his rifle; twelve wild turkeys with their toes caught in a tree limb, a mother bear he jabbed with a fork and so forth. When Ray and
Jack run out of bullets, they shoot peach pits at passing deer. Some years later they come across the same deer who have peach trees growing out of their backs.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/23) Not told as a Jack tale and includes only some of the episodes. (2) Marshall Ward (B-M Coll. 1969/65) Very long tall tale in two parts, similar to Ray's version, but even more fantastic and detailed and with added individual touches; (3) Roberts, Greasybeard, No.43 Boy goes hunting, has wonderful luck. (4) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin Nos.70 & 71a, Two more tall hunting tales similar to the stories above. No.70 is not a Jack tale; 71a is. (5) Shetland version: "Ramrod Shot" AT 1894 SA 1975/163. Similar to the Appalachian tall tales.

22. "Jack and the Three Steers" (BmD 1982/11)
Type 1525A 'The Master Thief'
NOTE: Trickster tale, novella.

Summary: Jack and his parents work for a rich doctor. Jack wants to marry the daughter, but doctor insists he must have 1,000 guineas first. First half of story Jack ends up forced to work for thieves. By clever tricks-- putting a shoe in the road, pretending to be hung and imitating the sound of lost steer he steals three steers from a farmer.

The doctor then makes Jack prove he is a master thief before he can have his daughter. He steals the doctor's horse, a rabbit cooking in a pot over the doctor's fireplace and his wife's chemise. Finally he wins the girl.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Frank Proffitt Jr. (BmD 1982/33) "Jack and the Old Rich Man" This version, which was his father's, Frank Sr., does not include the first part of Ray's story where Jack gets involved with a gang of thieves and steals three steers. The steer episode Frank tells as a separate story entitled "Jack and the Robbers." In "The Rich Man" Jack and his mother work for a stingy, rich man. Jack steals his money, quits work and becomes a thief. Rich man makes him prove his abilities by stealing his horse, his brother's money, 500 head of cattle and his wife's nightgown. Succeeds in each case and gets to keep his winnings; (2) Marshall Ward (B-M Coll. 1969/69) Similar telling to Ray's; (3) Boggs, JAFL, 1934, p.308. Only includes steer stealing episode; (4) Campbell, Cloud Walking, p.170. A lazy boy decides to become a thief. His mother hires a master thief to train him. Boy out steals his master, tricks him and kills him; (5) Roberts, Greasybeard, No.39 "Quare Jack" plus cf.../AT853; (6) Chase, No.13

Other Parallels: (7) Campbell, Tales of W.H. I, No.17 "The Tale of the Shifty Lad, the Widow's Son" As in No.4 above lad decides to become a thief and apprentices himself to a master whom he out steals and out tricks and finally kills. Later he steals from the king, marries his daughter and dies a violent death. (8)
W. H. II, No. 50 "The Son of the Scottish Yeoman Who Stole the Bishop's Horse and Daughter, and the Bishop Himself"; (9) Jacob's More Celtic, No. 28 Jack falls in with six thieves and proves to them he is the better thief and becomes their leader; (11) "Fear a'Goid Muilt" (SA 1953/75) Oban, Archie Cameron; (12) "Mac a' Bhutlair" (SA 1953/158) Landlord makes butler send his son to Glasgow to learn art of thieving; Briggs II: 386, 392, 408, 413 (last two gypsy, all 4 with Jack as hero); 164 ("Lothian Tom", from a Glasgow chapbook)

23. "Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack" (BmD 1982/16)
Type 1000 'Bargain not to Become Angry'
1007 'Killing Livestock'
1011 'Tearing up the Orchard'

NOTE: A trickster tale. See transcript and enclosed tape.

Unlucky Jack gets a job with a rich farmer who makes the bargain that the first one who gets angry the other can cut three strips of flesh cut from his back. Not written into the contract was any mention of Jack being fed. Eventually Jack gets very hungry and loses his temper. The farmer cuts the three strips and sends him away sorely wounded. When Lucky Jack sees what has happened to Unlucky Jack, he vows to beat the farmer at his own game. This he does by cruel and humorous tricks.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/21) Same as Ray's; less elaboration, but all important details included; (2) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/29) Same as Stanley's only shorter; (3) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/68) "Big Jack and Little Jack" Similar to Ray's version only Big Jack sees that Little Jack gets help at the doctors for his wounds; (4) Chase No. 7; (5) Campbell, Cloud Walking, p. 165 "The Boy that Was Foolish-Wise" An interesting variant. Two brothers work for a mean, slave-driving farmer who cheats them out of their wages. The youngest brother gets himself hired with the idea of outsmarting the farmer and getting his brothers' lost wages. The farmer is no match for the clever lad who goes away with a pile of earnings plus all the money the farmer owed the brothers; (6) Grimm No. 90 Includes bargains and nasty tricks between employer and employee; PTWH II: 318

*24. "Jack and the New Ground" (BmD 1982/18)
Type 1640 'The Brave Tailor'
1088 'Eating Contest'
1060 'Squeezing the Stone'
1045 'Pulling the lake together'
1063 'Throwing contest with club'
1121 'Ogre's Wife Burned in her own Oven'

NOTE: Trickster tale, novella

Summary: Begins same way as "Jack and the Wild Boar." [App-19].
King sees Jack's belt, hires him to clear his new ground and offers him 1000 guineas for each giant's head he brings back. Through clever tricks, Jack manages to kill four members of a family of giants. The father giant he allows to go free and Jack collects enough money from the king to go home a rich man.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/27) Same telling, less elaboration; (2) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/31) Very short with only key action described. In the last scene where only one giant remains alive, Jack says he will spare the giant's life if he gives him a ship that will go on land and sea. The giant gives it to him, and the rest of the story is Type 513A 'The Land and Sea Ship'. Basically story of "Hardy Hard Head." Giant tells Jack to pick up everyone he sees on the way--extraordinary men-- and beats witch at all her challenges winning as his reward the king's daughter and a pile of gold.

(3) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/68) "Jack the Giant Killer" Sequences follow much the same as in Ray's story. Like Hattie, Marshall has a different ending. The last giant offers Jack bags of gold and a magic suit of darkness if he is allowed to go free. Jack agrees as long as he leaves the country for good. The king reckons he owes Jack $11,000 for all the giant heads he brought in. To try and get out of paying, he offers Jack a bargain. If he can out trick his witch three times he can have his daughter and half the kingdom. If he fails he forfeits the $11,000. The witch hides three different items in her locked chambers and Jack must produce each one in turn within 24 hours. He succeeds using the suit of darkness, marries the princess and becomes king when the old king dies. Hattie Presnell tells a fragmented version of the second half of Marshall's story. In "Jack Wins the King's Daughter" (BmD 1982/31) Jack must outsmart the king's giant to win the princess. The giant hides three different items (not the same as those the witch hides) and Jack finds them using the cloak of darkness; (4) Jane Gentry, JAF, 1925, p.351-5 Similar to Marshall Ward's. She, too, has a different ending. The last giant begs to have his life spared and gives Jack his suit of invisible clothes. Jack puts it on and goes over to the giant's house and takes everything he wants including a sword which he uses to kill the giant.

(5) Roberts, Greasybeard, No.17 Jack is a professional giant killer. Goes travelling just find giants to kill. From one giant he gets a suit of invisibility and that makes his work even easier; (6) No.32 and 33 Different episodes, but same kind of story.

Other Parallels: (7) Aitken, Scottich, p.90 "The Red Etin," Scottish version of Jack the Giant Killer. Two brothers go off to seek their fortune and are turned to stone by the evil three headed giant Red Etin because they can not answer three questions. The third lad shares his food with an old woman who gives him a magic wand and the answers he will need for Red Etin's questions. He defeats the giant, cuts off his three heads, saves his friends, a princess and many noble women. Wonderful rhymes in this story; (8) Jacobs, English, p.99 A young Cornish giant killer in the days of King Arthur; story similar to
25. "Jack and the Three Sillies" (BmD 1983/39)
   Type 1450 'Clever Elsie'
   1415 'Lucky Hans' (Foolish Trades)
   1384 'Husband Hunts Three Persons as Stupid as his Wife' (Reverse in this case)
   1335 'The Eaten Moon'

NOTE: This complex humorous tale which deals with stupid people who do very foolish things fits probably best under Schwanke.

Summary: Jack gets married and after the first year things go poorly. Jack's wife wants him to take the cow to town, trade it and bring back $50 or $50 worth of supplies. On the way Jack makes one foolish trade after another and returns home with neither cow nor money and only a stone to give his wife. Exasperated, she leaves home to find three more foolish men than her husband. She finds them, earns $50 for herself and goes back to Jack. He wises up and they live happily together there after.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Frank Proffitt Jr. (BmD 1982/35) Same as Ray's only Frank adds his own original beginning where girl chases boy with a shotgun till he agrees to marry her; (2) Roberts, Greasybeard No.38 "Foolish Jack" Type 1415: Goes to borrow money from his mother's relatives, makes trades all the way home until he arrives home empty handed.

Other Parallels: (3) Campbell, Tales of W.H. II "The Three Wise Men" AT 1450 A very interesting version. Girl cries when peat falls on her and she worries what would happen if she was married and pregnant. The farmer who thought of courting her rides off to see if he can do better. He meets three wise men; ends up marry the daughter of the third one; (4) Jacobs, English, p.9 Starts like (3) only the girl cries because of a mallet hanging from a beam over her head. Rest of episodes follow traditional version of "The Three Sillies" where man goes out to find three more foolish people than the girl; (5) Briggs, II: 135, AT 1415; 548, AT 1384, same, pp. 144, 299, 301; (6) PTWH II: 388 Gaelic; Briggs II:67, 192, 387 AT 1335

26. "Wicked John and the Devil" (BmD 1982/15)
   Type 330 'Smith Outwits the Devil'
   NOTE: Trickster tale, (novella) - hero's adversary is the Devil.

Summary: Ray starts story by apologizing for Wicked John's cussedness. He describes how hard, hot and grimy the work was, enough to make anyone grumble. John and his wife are always cussing at each other for one thing or another and she warns him
that one day the old devil would come for him.

John feels sorry for a poor old man that stops at his shop and gives him a plate full of good food. The beggar reveals himself as St. Peter and tells John he can have three wishes. Jack wishes that if anyone touches his sledge hammer it will keep hammering until he tells it to stop, that if anyone sits in his rocker he will be stuck there until allowed up and finally if anyone touches his firebush it will suck him right down to its center. Now as John gets older he gets meaner and more cussed until just as his wife had warned the devil sends first one and then a second of his children to bring John down to hell. John out tricks the boys with his magic hammer and rocker, and so the devil himself comes to take John away. They fight and the devil grabs for a switch from the firebush and gets drawn in. John makes him promise to go away and leave him alone before he lets him loose.

John finally dies and finds he is locked out of heaven and hell. The devil refuses to take him in, but gives him a live coal and tells him to make a hell of his own, which John does.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Frank Proffit Jr. (BmD 1982/33) Same as above; (2) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/28) Shorter version of the above; (3) Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/66) Same as Ray's as is - (4) Chase, Grandfather Tales No.3.

Other Parallels: (SA 1982/76) (5) John Stewart, Scottish traveller and son of Maggie Stewart, Stanley Robertson's great aunt, tells almost the identical story. In his version, though, John keeps the devils in torment for a full day before he releases them. Also, it is not the idea of Satan to order John down to hell, rather Satan receives the orders directly from God; (6) Yeats, Irish, p.214 "The Three wishes" (7) Beal, Irish, 1962 "Jack, the Widow's Son," (8) "Jack and the Devil's Purse" Duncan Williamson, traveller (SA 1976/63). Jack secures a purse always filled with money. Turns out the devil gave it to him. Henwife tells him to have blacksmith beat devils out of purse. He does, goes to hell and tricks his way back to earth; (9) Briggs, "The Smith and the Devil" p. 493 and "Dule upon Dun", p.221.

*27. "Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid" (BmD 1982/27) Type 1676A 'Big and Little' 'Fraid' 
NOTE: Example of Schwank.

Summary: A young boy is sent out each day to mind the cows, but he always wanders off from where he is suppose to be. It never seems to worry him that something might happen to him or to the cows that are not being well tended. His father decides to teach him a lesson by giving him a bad scare. He takes a sheet and goes to a shed in the woods where the boy often goes. His idea is to jump out at him with the sheet over his head. Unbeknownst to him their pet monkey takes a towel and follows. When the man puts the sheet over his head and makes ghostly noises the monkey
does the same thing, and the man gets a terrible fright to see what he thinks is a real ghost standing behind him. Terrified, he runs for his life and the boys shouts, "Be careful Big 'Fraid, Little 'Fraid is after you!"

Appalachian Parallel: (1) Roberts, Sang Branch, p.278 "Big Frait and Little Frait"; (2) Dorson, Negro Folktales, No.151; (3) See [Stan-33].

28. "The Graveyard"  (BmD 1982/13)
Type 1791 'The Sexton Carries the Parson'
NOTE: Example of a Schwank

Two Negro boys have been gathering chestnuts near a graveyard. It is late in the day and they start dividing their take. "One for you, one for me," etc. One of the chestnuts rolls down the hilly slope of the graveyard to the fence by the road. A middle aged darky is walking by, coming home from work and he happens to overhear, "There's you the last one, and I'll take the one down by the road." The poor man is startled and runs all the way home, doesn't stop till he falls in the door. Family wants to know what is wrong. He tell them the Lord and the devil were dividing up the dead at the graveyard just as he passed by. He heard one or the other say he would take the one down by the road. He figured that was the devil talking and he had better get out of there fast!

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Roberts, Greasybeard, No.42, "The Devil and God Counting Souls" same as above; (2) Roberts, Sang Branch, p.278, Two men carry a crippled man to a graveyard at night as he wants to show how brave he is. Two boys are counting nuts and the cripple and his carriers think they are hearing God and the devil and run for it. The crippled man beats the other two home; (3) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, similar to Ray Hick's version.

Other Parallels: (4) Addy, Household Tales, No.2 "The Bag of Nuts" ('Parson on Sexton's Back') Derbyshire, Two lads, the first one digs up a bag of nuts buried under his mother's head in the graveyard. The second lad goes off to steal a fat sheep. Sexton comes into the church yard to ring the bell, hears the nuts cracking and is frightened so he goes to the parson. Parson will only go with him to the graveyard if the sexton carries him. The lad with the nuts sees them approaching and thinks its his friend with the sheep on his back. He shouts out, "Is it a fat one?" And the sexton answers that it is, and he can take it if he wants it. With that the sexton drops the parson and runs away; (5) Gaelic ver. (SA 1969/135) Berneray, Instead of nuts the boys are counting stolen turnips and carrots; (6) Also Gaelic (SA 1976/171) Harris; Briggs, II: 14, 36, 193, 211, 338; Sc. Studies I:38, John Elliott, Yarrow, 21 Gaelic ver. in archives; Bruford collected var. in Stronsay, Orkney in which stones replaced nuts; Henderson collected var. from Johnnie Stewart, son of Bella Whyte, Aberdeen.
Stanley Hicks

29. "Jack and the Robbers" (RmD 1982/5)
Type 130 'Animals in Night Quarters'
Motif B296 'Animals Go A-Journeying'

NOTE: Only tale in both Beech Mountain and Stanley Robertson's repertoires that features animals. But because the narrative centres on a hero figure who goes out to seek his fortune and because the action takes place in the real world despite the fact that the animals talk, I am placing this tale under novella.

Summary: Jack goes off to see if he can make himself some money. Along the way he is joined by a number of animals-- a mule, ox, Tom cat, rooster and a dog. All are afraid of being killed by their masters because they are old and useless. They come to an deserted log house and decide to make it their home. When Jack looks in the window he sees booty lying about and knows robbers live here. so he suggests the cat get in the fireplace, the dog sit by the door, the mule on the porch, the ox in the yard, the rooster on the roof and he will sit and wait in a corner. When the robbers return Jack and all the animals attack and the robbers are so scared they run out of the country and leave all their gold and silver behind for Jack and his friends to enjoy.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Marshall Ward (B-M Coll 1969/68) A Jack tale version similar to Stanley's; (2) Chase, No.4, also a Jack tale; (3) Roberts, Sang Branch, p.236 animal version; (4) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, No.1, also an animal version; (5) Campbell, Cloud Walking, p.226 "The Cat that Went a-Travellin" A cat with her kittens pick up various animals and they house in an empty house and meet up with robbers whom they scare away.

Other Parallels: (6) Grimm No.27 "The Bremen Town Musicians"; (7) Campbell, Tales of W.H. I, Scottish, No.11 "The Story of the White Pet" Animal version; (8) Kennedy, Irish Celts, p.5 "Jack and his Comrades," a Jack tale version with a different ending: Jack and his animal friends return the robbers' gold and silver to the Lord of Dunlavin and Jack is made steward of the castle and the animals are kept and well treated on the lord's estate for the rest of their lives; (9) Dànaher, Irish Countryside, No.38, a Jack tale version; (10) Jacobs, English, p.24, also a Jack tale version; Briggs, I: 174. Gaelic, one from Aonghus Barrach, Benbecula and one from "Brian" Stewart, "Sgialachd a' Chait Ghlais"

30. "My Pet Fish" (RmD 1982/22)
Type 1970 'Unnatural Natural History'
Motif X946 'Lie: Fish trained to live on land falls into
water (Motif addition, Leonard Roberts)

NOTE: Tall tale, (Schwank)

Summary: Stanley tells this "lie" as though it happened to him. He said once when he was a boy he went fishing and caught a catfish. He took it home to keep as a pet. At first he kept it in water, but later it got used to being on dry land and preferred it. Stanley tied a string around its neck and it used to hop behind him to school every morning. Then one icy winter day the catfish slipped on the bridge and fell down a crack between the boards. Before Stanley could do anything about it, the poor catfish landed in the creek and drowned.


*31. [No.34 S.R.] "The Big Toe" (BmD 1982/27)
Type 366 'The Man from the Gallows'
Type 336 'Death Washes his Feet'
NOTE: Nursery tale-- favourite "scarey" joke told to children

Summary: A poor old couple has nothing to eat. They go for a walk and find a great big toe which they take home, cook, and eat. That night they hear a voice demanding his toe. Husband looks everywhere but can not find anyone until he looks around the chimney corner. There stands a horrible monster. Old man asks him why he has such big eyes, tail, teeth and claws. The monster's answer to the last is "Tear ye all to pieces!"

Appalachian & Southern Parallels: (1) Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/31) Same version as Stanley's; (2) Botkin, Southern Folklore, p.516, Negro version similar to above. (3) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, 12C "Big Black Toe," Instead of old man being eaten at the end the black creature falls down the chimney and is burned up. (4) Roberts, Sang Branch, p.235 "The Devil's Big Toe" Same. (5) For further parallels see [Stan-34]

Marshall Ward

32. "I Know, You Know, and TaIIiope" (B-M 1969/56)
Type 366 'The Man from the Gallows'
Note This story and "The Big Toe" are similar to Stanley Robertson's "The Aul Woman Who Sat Alane," AT 336 'Devil Washing his Feet.' See [No.34 S.R.] In all three instances the stories are meant to scare listeners. See Thompson, The Folktale, p.40-42 for discussion on these types.
NOTE: A complex supernatural tale which takes place in the
real world but whose plot centres around an other-worldly evil being. Unlike "Big Toe" this is not considered a nursery tale, nor is the ending that of a joke.

Summary: An old man lived alone far up in the mountains. He had three dogs: I Know, You Know and Tailipoe. One cold wet night the man and his dogs sat by the fire warming themselves when their came a tapping at the door. It was a strange beast, monkey like in appearance with a long, long tail, and the dogs took off after him. Chased him across the mountains and came back exhausted. Later the creature came back and the dogs chased it for miles, returning even more tired. The third time it came inside and started running about the room. When it knocked the hat off the old man, he got angry and threw his ax cutting off its tail. The creature screeched waking up the dogs and a third chase began. This time the dogs never returned. The old man was so hungry by now he skinned and cooked the tail. Off in the distance he heard a voice crying, "I Know, You Know, I Want my Tailipoe!" And the voice got closer and closer. He figured the creature had eaten his dogs and was now after him so he hid under the covers. Creature came in and clawed him to death. But the voice can still be heard on that mountain when the wind blows.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Roberts, Greasybeard, No.5 Same as above; (2) Roberts, No.4 Wife, highly annoyed by cruel husband cuts his head off. He comes back to haunt her; (3) Roberts, Sang Branch, p.255 "Tailipoe." A female version. (4) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin, No.12a "The Golden Arm" Two brothers; one with a golden arm, dies. The other brother digs up the grave and steals the golden arm. Ghost comes back for it and kills him. (5) Campbell, Cloud Walking, Another golden arm story. Doctor digs up the body and cuts off the arm. The ghost comes back to claim the arm which the doctor returns. He is not killed, but loses his sanity. (6) Marshall Ward (B-M Coll 1969/56,57) "I Want Maggie's Ring" In this version a jealous girl digs up her dead sister and steals her engagement ring. Her sister's ghost comes back to get it.

Other Parallels: (7) Jacobs, English, p.138 Another Golden Arm story; (8) Jacobs, p.57, "Teeny Tiny" A children's tale about an old woman who finds a bone in a graveyard and makes soup out of it.

33. "Bobtail Beats the Devil" (B-M Coll 1969/65)

Type 1030 'Crop Division'
1036 'Hogs with Curly Tails'
1063A 'Trickster Shouts'

NOTE: A comic trickster tale, a Schwank rather than a novella.

Summary: The devil comes up from hell and decides to do some farming and hopes to find some sucker to be his partner. Old Bobtail agrees to farm with him. Bobtail plays the crop division trick on the devil two years in a row. Finally the devil
suggests they raise pigs. When they grow big enough they divide
them by throwing them into different fields, but a hole in the
fence brings them into one group. Bobtail claims all the curly
tailed ones are his. The devil is furious and suggests a
throwing contest to decide who should get the pigs, and he brings
up his favourite hammer from hell. When Bobtail threatens to
throw the hammer up to St. Peter, that is the last straw for the
devil. He grabs his hammer and goes back to hell as fast as he
can.

Parallels: (1) Chase, Grandfather Tales No. 9; (2) Grimm No. 189,
"The Peasant and the Devil," similar to Chase's and Ward's.

34. "The Old Sow and the Three Pigs" (B-M Coll 1969/65)
Type 124 'Blowing the House'
NOTE: Nursery tale. Only folktale in Beech Mountain
repertoires that contains just animal characters, though
even here it is told as a Jack, Will and Tom tale which
shows the popularity of tales about Jack and his brothers.

Summary: The story of 'The Three Little Pigs' told in the
traditional Jack tale style. A widowed mother sow has three
sons-- Tom, Will and Jack, All three go off to seek their
fortunes. Tom and Will are influenced by a friendly fox and wolf
to build their houses out of straw. When a bear tries to get
Jack to do likewise, he ignores the bear and builds his house out
of stone. The wolf destroys Tom's house and joins the fox in
blowing down Will's place. The two brothers run to Jack. The
bear joins the first two animals, all trying to get in the
house. the two smaller animals enter by the chimney and land in
a pot of boiling water. The bear enters by the door but is
tricked into the butter churn and promptly boiled to death.

Appalachian Parallels: (1) Roberts, Sang Branch, p. 269
Another Tom, Will and Jack version. First Tom and then Will go
out to build a house, but each is caught and eaten by the fox.
Next Jack goes and he tricks fox into a chest and boils him
alive; Roberts, Greasybeard, No. 1 female version of (1).

LOCAL FOLK TALES

Stanley Hicks

35. "The Gold Hog" (BmD 1982/22)
NOTE: Hare-spun tall tale

Summary: An old man had a sow that disappeared. She fell in the
shaft of a deserted gold mine. The man hunted and hunted for
that hog and during the weeks it was stuck down the mine it had
nothing to eat but gold dust. Finally the man found her and with help got the sow out of the shaft. By then that pig had eaten so much gold dust she was a gold hog, a real valuable animal. To protect her, they kept her inside the house and took very good care of her. One day the man and his wife went up the hill to check one of their fields. Looking back the wife saw their house on fire. They ran back home but by then it was too late to save it. They opened the door and the gold hog ran out squealing and started to melt leaving a trail of gold behind her and a pile of gold where she died. And this was enough to keep the couple for the rest of their lives.

Marshall Ward

36. "Sody and Salt" (B-M Coll 1969/65)
NOTE: Nursery tale, a Schwank

Summary: A children's story about an old woman who wants to bake biscuits but hasn't any soda and salt. She sends members of the family to go to the store and each is swallowed by a bear on the way home. The old woman suffers the same fate. It is their pet squirrel that comes and rescues them. Note Chase has the same story in Grandfather Tales, No.7 called "Sody Sallyraytus"

37. "The Old Woman and the Green Gourd" (B-M Coll 1969/68)
NOTE: Nursery tale, a Schwank

Summary: An old woman raised green gourds and made containers out of them and sold them. One year she grew a great big one and it was witched. It beat her and when she ran away, it chased her. She ran to Mr. Polecat, Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf who all tried to battle the gourd. Finally Mr. Bear who sat on it and squashed it all to pieces. She rewarded the animals by helping each steal the food he most wanted. Then she burned up all the gourds in her garden and she could hear the witches burning. She never grew another gourd after that. Note This story is also printed in Grandfather Tales, but Mr. Chase said he got the story from Mr. Ward, who was the only one he ever heard tell it.

38. "Little Willy" (B-M Coll 1969/71)
NOTE: Supernatural tale

Summary: Little Willy is stolen by a great giant who lives on an island. Ten years pass and Little Willy would be twenty-two years old, but inside the giant's cliff cave he remains ten. A voice tells the blacksmith he can rescue Little Willy if he goes to the cliff at midnight and the door will open and only stay
open until dawn. Inside the blacksmith finds hundreds of boys working for the giant. They have all been given medicine to stay young. The giant lets the blacksmith take Willy if he can identify him from all the other identically dressed boys. If he fails he forfeits his life. He succeeds and takes the boy home to his delighted parents.

39. "The Little Princess of the Forest" (B-M Coll 1969/70)

Wonder tale

Summary: Marshall Ward thinks he might have read this story in a book when he was a boy, but he could not sure. A little girl named Mary is stolen by an eagle and she is raised by Momma and Pappa Eagle who call her Princess of the Forest. Just before her eighteenth birthday the two eagles fly off to India to get her a diamond ring. Through misadventures she is put into an enchanted sleep by the poison claw of a witch's son. When the eagles return they think her dead and place the ring they brought her on her finger and fly away.

A prince finds the beautiful sleeping girl, takes out the poison claw and she wakes up. They fall in love and the prince takes her to his parents' castle. His evil mother and a girl he had once courted try to kill the princess, but she keeps reappearing in different forms until she falls into the lap of her real mother as a fruit. She eventually becomes herself again and the prince finds her. The prince marries Mary and takes her parents to live at the castle. The evil queen, and girl are thrown in a dungeon.

40. Jack and the Watermelon Seed" (B-M 1982/70)

NOTE: A story which begins like a traditional supernatural tale, but ends with the feel of a children's literary fantasy.

Summary: A rather fantastical story that starts like Jack and the Bean Stalk. The seed Jack plants grows into a gigantic watermelon that grew and grew until it spread five miles around the mountain and is still growing. It takes twenty five men to cut a hole in it. Jack decides to eat his way through it, and after six months he comes out on top of the melon. He finds a kingdom of thousands and thousands of little people. They make him their king and he lives with them happily ever after.


NOTE: Home-spun tall tale
Summary: Jack and his mother are suffering a really cold winter and they have very little wood on hand. They go looking for a tree to chop down and high up on the hill behind their cabin they come across a gigantic dead chestnut tree, hollow inside. Jack suggests they cut it down and let it roll itself to their cabin. They do this, but the tree rolls so fast it flattens their cabin. Looking over the damage, Jack decides the hollow tree would make a better house than the cabin and it does.

LOCAL GHOST, HAUNT AND WITCH LEGENDS

42. "Legend of Laurie Foster" Ray Hicks (BmD 1982/5)

Summary: A witch fortune teller who had the powers of second sight helped the police find the body of Laurie Foster murdered by Tom Dooley. Tom first hid Laurie's body in Wilkes County by the side of a pine field. He was afraid it might be discovered and reburied it where a new road was under construction, and was to be tarred in another day or two. The fortune teller led the police to the road, and unfortunately for Tom, the rain came before the tar could be put down. A piece of Laurie's dress showed, and some quick digging revealed the missing body.

43. "The Black Cats" Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/29)

Summary: Civil War soldiers coming home after the war stopped over night in an old deserted house. One black cat after another appeared. One of the soldiers whipped the cats. He woke up ten miles from the house the next day and had no idea how he got there. He figures those cats had to be witches.

44. "Murder up Laurel Creek" Marshall Ward (B-M 1969/71)

Summary: A group of Southern sympathizers worked on a new road that crossed through Watauga County and on down into Wilkes and Caldwell. A "damn Yankee" came along in a cart. They murdered him and stole his money. They they dug a hole up Laurel Creek and buried him without saying anything to anyone. But people coming down the road at night reported seeing a man in a cart ride up Laurel Creek, jump out of his buggy and disappear up the gorge. So many people saw the man that finally a crowd started digging at the spot he would always disappear. They soon discovered the man's bones. By this time the rumour of the murder had spread, but until the skeleton was exposed nobody believed it. After that the ghost was never seen again.
45. "The Headless Woman and her Baby"  Stanley Hicks  
(BmD 1982/22)

**Summary:** A soldier in the Civil War days went insane and cut off the head of his wife and killed their baby, and buried both of them in the Marshes Graveyard. It was said that some years after the war was over two "niggers" were hunting and they took a short cut through the graveyard. Their dog started chasing something that went up a tree. It turned out to be a tiny baby. The baby escaped the dogs and the men who tried to climb the tree to grab it. It ran back to the graveyard and vanished into the ground.

46. "Following the Ghost"  Ray Hicks  (BmD 1980/3)

**Summary:** A long time ago there was a young couple who moved into a haunted house. Previous families who had tried living in the house had been frightened away by the ghost. In every case they reported he would appear and motion to them to follow. The couple were sure they would not be so easily frightened. No sooner had they moved in when the husband had to go away to look for work. While he was gone the young wife saw the ghost and instead of running away when he motioned her to follow, she took off after him. The ghost led her to an outbuilding where he vanished. When her husband returned they dug the ground where the ghost had disappeared and found over a $1000. The ghost was never seen again after that.


**Summary:** A young man left his fiancee to ride from North Carolina to California to try and make himself some money in the gold rush. He struck it rich and he made over $2000 in gold. He took the gold and filled his saddle bags and started back for North Carolina. On the way thieves who knew about his money, waylaid him, and shot him dead. They took the gold and killed the horse and dog. In the mean time the murdered man's fiancee was worried because a year passed and he had not returned. She knew deep within her that he had met with foul play. She convinced her father and some friends to ride back across the trail to look for him. When they got near to the murder spot they saw John get on his horse and with his dog start down the trail. Suddenly he fell off his horse and vanished before their eyes. A few yards later the horse disappeared and then the dog. When they dug in the three spots they found the bones of the man his horse, and his dog.
48. "The Black Dog" Ray Hicks (BmD 1980/2)

Summary: According to Ray as he learned it from his grandfather there is a certain place in a road near the Hick's farmhouse where many years ago a man was murdered, shot dead. They said that when men came to collect the dead man there was a black spirit dog lying on his breast. And ever since then that black dog has been seen by passing folks late at night. Ray saw him once too.

49. "Witch Kills her Husbands" Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/26)

Summary: A young witch married a wealthy man who died mysteriously soon after. She married a second time, also a rich man and the same thing happened. People were sure she killed the men, but they did not know how. A third man decided to marry her and find out how she killed her first two husbands. Just after marriage the witch appeared to the third husband in the form of a black cat and meowed two long and one short which the man took as a warning. After that he was very much on his guard. One night after six months he was pretending to sleep when she pulled the hair back from his ear and started to pour hot lead into it. He kicked her across the room, hot lead flying and killed her.

50. "The Witch and the Cow" Stanley Hicks (BmD 1982/26)

Summary: There was a witch who had children and she went to a man who owned a cow and asked for some milk. He said he had children of his own and could not spare any. She witched his cow to give bloody milk. He went to her and told her if she would stop the cow from giving bloody milk, he would give her a third of all the milk she gave. The witch demanded a half, one milking for him and one for her. She also said that she would have to do the milking herself. He did not want to do this and said no. But the bloody milk kept coming and so finally he gave into her offer and the milk flowed pure after that. And there was enough milk to feed both families.

Note: Bryce Whyte, Scottish traveller, tells a similar legend about a witch who had the capabilities of producing bloody milk and proved it when a certain farmer challenged her to do so. (SA 1979/)

51. "The Ghost Light" Ray Hicks (BmD 1982/13)

Summary: Once an old woman saw a ghost and followed it to an old smoke house. The ghost's body was burning a strange unearthly golden-white light. It went to a far corner in the shed and the
light went and the ghost vanished. When her husband returned at the weekend, they went to check the shed. Buried in the very corner where the ghost had stood was $1600 in gold coins. The ghost was satisfied and never appeared again.

INDIAN MEMORIALS, AND LEGENDS

52. "The Cow that Disappeared" Ray Hicks (BmD 1982/9)

Summary A man and his wife owned one milk cow. One day she went missing and the wife could not find her anywhere. She was gone three days or more and one morning the wife saw the cow coming down the mountain. She wanted to go out at once and milk her. But the husband looked out and saw the cow pick a little bit and lie down. He told his wife that that was not the way a cow behaved and not to go out. He took his hog rifle and shot the cow. A dead Indian rolled out of it. An Indian had come and stolen their cow, eaten the meat and then covered himself with the hide so he could steal the wife. Note Hattie Presnell tells the same story.

53. "The Stolen Girl" Ray Hicks (BmD 1982/9)

Summary: The Indians stole a white girl. All the men went looking for her. Late at night they came to the Indians' campfire. Now Indians sleep with their heads to the fire and their feet out. The white men flipped that girl out while the Indians slept. This showed "where the whites was so much sharper just like Jack was."

54. "The Bee Tree" Ray Hicks (BmD 1982/9)

Summary: A story that Ray's great grandfather, Samuel, told on himself: An Indian told Samuel where he could find a bee tree, about a three mile walk off in the woods. He got to the spot and found yellow jackets (wasps). Yellow jackets sting something fierce. They nearly stung poor Samuel to death. So he walked all that distance for nothing, got fooled by an Indian.

55. "Indian Attack" Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/31)

Summary A man who used to own a store and trade with the Indians dreamed his horse had been stolen. So one morning he went up on
the hill where he kept his horse and sure enough it was gone. When he returned to his house he found it surrounded by Indians. They would not let him go to the house, but kept shooting at him. Finally he had to back off and hide. He saw them set fire to the house killing his wife and children. He was sure they were all dead, but that night he heard his little boy crying out for him. Somehow the child had escaped. The man took him to a neighbour to be cared for. Then he got him all the gun shot he could find and vowed he would spend the rest of his life killing Indians, and this is what he did.

56. "Threshing Buckwheat" Hattie Presnell (BmD 1982/31)

Summary: It was time to thresh the buckwheat and they brought it inside to do it. Some Indians arrived and said they wanted to watch. The men said they could come in but they had to leave their guns behind. More and more Indians came, but always they had to leave their guns before entering the threshing building. Then the white men locked the doors and shot them all because they knew the Indians had really come to kill them.

MORAL TALES


Summary: There were two men, Bill and John. Bill lived a good life, he was kind and generous and a fine husband and father. John lived a bad life, he was mean and wicked and caused his family and neighbours a lot of pain. One day John met Bill heading for heaven. He told John he was tired of this life and ready to meet his Maker and he had a ticket to let him in the heavenly gates. John said he would like to go too, but because he has lived a wicked life he does not have a ticket, could Bill give him half of his? Bill does. Then John asks for half again, and Bill gives it to him. When they reach heaven, Bill gives St. Peter his ticket which opened up is in the shape of a cross and he is admitted. John's ticket portions spell out Hell and that is where he's sent. Moral: "It don't never pay to borrow a ticket; always work yours out."


Summary: Three little girls who were good friends were playing beside the road. There was a fourth little girl who was poor and ragged and they would not play with her. The other three girls began to argue as to which one had the most beautiful hands. An old woman passed by and asked if one of the girls would help her carry her package. The three rich girls ignored her, but the
little ragged girl ran up and took the package. Then the old woman said that she would tell the girls whose hands were the prettiest. When the three girls held up their hands she said no, not them. The prettiest belonged to the little girl who carried her package. Helping hands were always the prettiest.

SCHWANKE, ANECDOTES AND JOKES

Ray Hicks

59. "Two Tonight" (BmD 1982/9)

Summary: Once there was a haunted house and a man bet the owner he would stay in it all night. He did not believe in things like ghosts. After the man had been in the house a short time he heard a tapping coming out of the attic. The ghost came down the stairs and said that it looked like there would be two of them there for the night. The man grabbed for his shoes and said, "Hell, yes there's two of us. You wait till I get my shoes on it won't be but one, an that'll be you!" And Ray added had he been the man he would have run without his shoes.

60. "The Irishman and the Turtle" (BmD 1982/6)

Summary: An Irishman back in log cabin days saw a turtle in the road and he had never seen one before. He ran into a nearby church and told everyone to come out and see a cow paw (dung) walk!

61. "Three Irishmen and the Train Engine" (BmD 1982/6)

Three Irishmen were walking along the railroad tracks. They saw a bull and mistook it for an engine. They tried to hook the bull up to a train. When they finally managed, they jumped on it. The bull started to pee and one of the men said this engine was useless because it was leaking oil!

62. "Three Irishmen Chased by a Train" (BmD 1982/6)

Summary: Three Irishmen were walking along the tracks when a train came. They started running, two jumped off and ran towards the woods. The third stayed on till the train sent him flying into a swamp. When his friends found him, they asked why he had
not jumped off when they did. He said because if he couldn't out run the train on the smooth track he certainly could not have out run it on rough ground.

63. "The Irishmen and the Mountain Boomer" (BnD 1982/6)
Type 1227 'One Woman to Catch the Squirrel; Other to Get the Cooking Pot' [A numbskull story]

Summary: Three Irishmen were walking along and saw a boomer (red squirrel) up in a tree and they wanted to catch it. One stayed to guard the boomer and the others went off to find a bag to put it in. After a while the fellow watching decided to climb the tree himself and get the squirrel. He thought he could jump where ever the boomer could. When he tried he missed the branch and fell to the ground killing himself. The other men came back and saw him stretched out on the ground. They thought he was asleep and when they saw the blood running out of his mouth they thought he had caught the squirrel and eaten it blood raw.

Note: This story is also told by Hattie Presnell, Stanley Hicks and Marshall Ward.

64. "The Big and Little Negro" (BnD 1982/14)

Summary: A big and little Negro went fishing. Neither had education, but the big one was smarter than the small one so he divided up the fish after their catch. He said the big fish would go to the big man and the little fish to the little man. The little Negro not knowing any better went home with his small fish quite satisfied.

65. "Rabbit in the Tree" [A Lie Hew story] (BnD 1980/5)

Summary: Lie Hew was out hunting and he saw a rabbit sitting at the very top of a tall tree. He aimed his hog rifle to shoot it when the rabbit jumped a limb higher. Now the children hearing the story asked him right away how it was possible for the rabbit to jump to a higher branch when he was already at the top of the tree. Lie said that he had to make a limb or he would have shot it. As it was the higher limb saved his life. It put him just out of reach of his rifle.

NOTE: A joke using exaggeration as in the tall tale
Summary: Lie Hew said he was crossing the desert and there was not a tree nor anything growing. He got half way across when a great big grizzly bear started after him. It got real close and the only thing that saved Lie Hew's life was climbing up a tree. Again the children caught him up and asked where the tree came from. He said he had to make one or that bear would have eaten him up!

Note: This story is also told by Stanley Hicks, Hattie Presnell and Marshall Ward.

67. "The Moon in the Water" Rosa Hicks  (BmD 1982/6)
Type 1335A  'Rescuing the Moon'
1287  'Numskulls unable to Count their own Number'

Summary: Twelve men went along and they saw the moon had fallen in the river. They tried to get it out, but could not. So they climbed a tree and made a chain holding on to each other to reach the moon. The top man's arms got tired, so he went to spit on his hands for a better grip and all the men fell in the water. Later they tried to count their numbers to be sure nobody had drowned. They kept coming up with eleven as the counter always forgot to count himself. A man came along, saw the problem and made them bend over a cowpaw and push their noses in. Counting the indents they at last got the right number.

Stanley Hicks

68. "Preacher and the Bear" (BmD 1982/22)

Summary: A preacher and the sexton were returning to church for the afternoon service. The preacher wanted to take a short cut through the woods, but the sexton warned of bears living in the woods. The preacher insisted the Lord always looked after his own and was adamant in taking the short cut. So the two men parted company. The sexton arrived at the church first and wondered where the preacher could be. People arrived for service and still no preacher. Finally, the preacher came hobbling in the door, his clothes torn and his face badly scratched. He climbed up to the pulpit and said he had something important to say. He reminded the people he had always preached that the Lord protected His own, that he always took care of those who did His Will. Well, he added one thing to add to this, "I've changed my mind just a little bit. He ain't worth a damn in a bear fight!"

69. "Ditto" (BmD 1982/23)
Summary: Years ago a young fellow was courting a girl. He told her he loved her and she would always answer with "Ditto." The boy did not know what that meant and asked his father. The father said he would show the boy what it meant. He took him to the garden and picked up two heads of cabbage exactly alike. The boy went back to courting the girl and again told her he loved her. When she answered, "Ditto," he got furious and told her to stop calling him a cabbage head!

70. "The Fish and the Lantern" (BmD 1982/24)

Summary: A man in Boone liked to fish. Once he claimed he had caught a fish that weighed a hundred pounds. Stanley told him that was nothing, he had been down to Watauga Lake fishing when his hook caught on something and he pulled and pulled and finally the mud came up. Then he saw bubbles starting to come up. He said he finally pulled the thing out. It was a lantern and it was still burning yet. It had been there since 1800 and it was still burning. The Man accused Stanley of telling a lie. Stanley replied by saying that if he cut back on his fish tale a little bit he would blow out his lantern.

71. "The Possum" (BmD 1982/26)

Summary: A Negro man caught a possum. He decided to cook it with sweet potatoes. He figured he would sleep before eating the food so he could dream about eating it and that way get the goodness of the food twice. Another Negro followed him into the woods and watched him cook the food. When he was asleep, this man ate the meat all himself and smeared grease on the first man's mouth and hands and left the possum bones right beside him. The man woke and saw the bones, thought that was the least goodness he had ever gotten out of any food.

72. "By God, By God" [A Lie-Hew story] (BmD 1982/22)

Summary: Preacher Eli Billings on Beech Creek tried to get Lie-Hew to stop swearing. And always Lie-Hew would answer by saying, "By God, by God, I'm a-quittin right now, not goin to say by God any more." But of course he never did quit. One day the preacher asked Lie-Hew where his wife was. He had not seen her in church for a long time. Lie-Hew told him they had been having hard times and no food in the house. One day his wife got so hungry she ate some buckeye, swelled up, busted and died!
73. "Cold Kale and Cow Curds"  (BmD 1982/28)

Summary: A girl was engaged to marry a man. He always drove up in a beautiful surrey and was dressed in fine clothes. She always offered him brandy and gave him something good to eat. One day the girl followed him home. She saw him leave his clothes at a house and come out in rags. Then he left his surrey at another house and went on foot. He got to an old dirty cabin. She heard him call out to his mother what she had for his dinner. Her answer was, "Only cold kale and cow curds." The next day when the man came to visit her again she did not offer him any brandy or food and he commented on this. She said all she had was "cold kale and cow curds!" She never did marry him.

74. "The Preacher and the Devil"  (BmD 1982/28)

Summary: Every Sunday the preacher would shout to the congregation that if the devil poked his head up through the floor boards he would squash it down. A couple of the congregation dressed up like the devil and poked horns up through the floor boards right in front of the pulpit. The preacher was so frightened he told the devil that though he had been talking about him, he was with him all the time.


Summary: Lie-Hew and his brother Jim, stole some vegetables out of Hattie's grandfather's garden one night. The next day her grandfather was telling the men about the thieves and he said, "I can tell ye one thing, if my gun had gone off last night I'd of gotten someone stealing my vegetables."

Lie-Hew looked up and he said, "Aintchou glad, Jim, the damn thing didn't go off!"

Marshall Ward

76. "The Rattle Snake"  (B-M 1969/56)

Summary: Mike and Pat are walking out in the country. They are warned about the danger of rattle snakes and this scares them especially since they are barefoot. They come to a high fence and Mike says he will climb over first to check whether there are any snakes on the other side. They aren't any so Mike starts to
climb and his big right toe goes through a knot hole. Pat sees the toe and thinks it is a wriggling snake. He tells Mike not to move, gets a big heavy stick and hits the toe with all his might! Poor Mike screams with pain thinking a snake has bitten him!

77. "What Has Thou in Abraham's Bosom?" (B-M 1969/57)

Summary: Mike and Abraham had not been long in America and had not found jobs yet. Passing a window where a woman was setting out freshly made pies made them hungry. There were six pies altogether and Abraham figured she wouldn't miss one, so he stole it and hid it in his shirt. A little ways down the road they came to a church and a meeting was going on so they went in. The preacher's text was "What has thou in Abraham's bosom?" Twice he repeated his text each time with more force. Finally, Abraham couldn't stand it any longer. He stood up and said, "Christ m' shadows I'll just tell ya, says, it's pie!"

78. "The Stolen Goose" (B-M 1969/71)

Summary: Once a little "nigger" boy was playing in the creek. It was March and very cold out. The preacher saw him and told him he had better get out of that water and take something quick or he would be laid up. The boy promised the preacher he would do what he said. He took off down the road and the first thing he saw was a big, fat, grey goose sitting near the road. He took the goose under his arm and went home with it. Then he killed it, cleaned it and ate it. The old farmer had seen the boy steal the goose and told on him. When the boy had to appear at court the judge asked him why he had taken the old farmer's goose. And the boy replied by telling the judge exactly what the preacher had said to him. He explained he was only obeying his minister!

79. "The Bear Hunt" (B-M 1969/66)

Summary: In the olden days men used to go bear hunting up in the mountains. Often they would find a bear in a cave, run him out and then shoot him. One time a group a men were going bear hunting and they took a young lad with them, Jim, who had never hunted before. They wanted him to learn how it was done so he was told he had to go into the cave with one of the men to run the bear out. Jim did not want to admit he was frightened so he agreed. As the two came running out of the cave, the bear went right past Jim and Jim got so terrified he was sure it had torn him to pieces. He could feel the cold blood running down his legs. "When they got his breeches down to see what the blood was, it wasn't blood. It was somethin else. You can know what it was."
Appendix C

TALE LIST: STANLEY ROBERTSON

WONDER TALES AND OTHER TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

1. "Wee Appelie and Wee Orangie" (SA 1979/12)
Type 720 'My Mother slew me, my father ate me'
NOTE: A supernatural tale, but lacking the elements of a wonder tale.

Summary: Appelie and Orangie are stepsisters. The mother hates Appelie because she is more beautiful than her own daughter. She kills Appelie, cuts her up, cooks her, and serves her to her father for his supper. At Christmas a wee doo doo flies over the house and drops nice presents down the chimney to the father and Orangie and an axe to kill the mother.

Parallels: (1) Grimm, No. 47; (2) Roberts, Kentucky, Hell-fer-Sartin No. 30; (3) Aitken, Scottish, p.76; (4) Douglas, Scottish, p.5; (5) Jacobs, English, No. 3; (6) Briggs, English, p.26; (6) Campbell, Kentucky, p.212; (7) Roberts, Greasybeard "Little Paggy's Bones" p.118 and "The Three Pears" p.119; (7) Hattie Presnell, Beech Mountain, "The Mother Who Kills Her Son"; (8) An unusual version from N.C., Boggs, JAFL, 1934, No. 14 Man goes away to look for work, wife is very hungry, kills her youngest child, cooks him, eats him and buries his bones under the doorstep. Father comes home, goes out the door and hear's "Father, father, don't step on me." Wife confesses to murder; husband kills her; (9) Tocher No.4, p.124, Perthshire, similar to "Appelie and Orangie" as is (10) Chambers, Popular Rhymes, new ed. p.49, "The Milk White Doo", boy killed rather than girl. (11) Briggs, from Norton Coll. Vol. I, p.441; (12) (SA 1955/151) version told by Andra Stewart.

2. "The Twelve Seasons" (SA 1979/32)
Type 480 'The Kind and the Unkind Girls'
(See tale No. 4)
NOTE: Heroine international wonder tale

Summary: Cruel step-mother and step-sister make kind sister do
all the hard tasks. Finally they decide to get rid of her.
First they send her into the woods in winter to get strawberries, daffodils and pomegranites. Each time different months of the year help her. Unkind daughter goes out. She is rude to the Months, gets no reward and is sent away. Girl is lost in March storm. Mother goes looking for her. Neither's seen again.

Parallels: (1) Grimm No.13 "Three Little Men in the Woods" Same as above only 3 little men living in the forest help the kind sister, reward her and punish the cruel sister. Later kind sister marries a king and has a child. Mother and sister murder queen, false sister takes her place, queen is revived and murderers punished; (2) Campbell, Cloud Walking Country, Kentucky, p.221, "Queen That Got Her Just Deserts" Evil queen sends step-son into woods to find brambles and blackberries in mid-winter. A giant helps the boy. Boy eventually marries giant's beautiful daughter and giant kills the evil queen; (3) Grimm No. 24 'Mother Holle,' Kind stepdaughter sent down a well into another country. Girl gives help along the way to all who ask, works well for Mother Holle and is sent home with rewards. Unkind daughter makes same journey, fails and is punished; (4) Thompson, Hundred Favourite Folktales, Norwegian, "The Two Stepsister" p.150, 'Mother Holle' type; (5) Danaher, Irish, p.82 same; (6) Briggs, Vol I, p.517; (7) Campbell, Cloud Walking, Kentucky, p.249, same.

3. "Tam o Pitsligo" (SA 1979/20)
Type 1187 'Permission to live as long as candle lasts'

NOTE: The hero's adversary, the Devil. Story takes place in the real world, but supernatural plays central role. I'm calling it a supernatural tale/legend. Stanley does not exactly say the story is a true one, yet he tells it as a legend and says it might be true.

Summary: A poor young man is dying of consumption. He makes a deal with the Devil that in return for having his health back he will have to forfeit his soul if ever he lets a candle go out. He almost loses the bet but at the last moment he swallows the candle so it can not go out.

Briggs, Sampler; Campbell, Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands p.286

4. "The King's Daughter" (SA 1982/105)
Type 480 'Kind and Unkind Girls'
NOTE: Heroine international wonder tale. (See tape and tale transcription)

Summary: Princess, is sent by cruel step-mother to the World's End and must bring back water for proof. She is helped by pony who carries her to the World's End on his back. There she is
asked to wash three ugly "wee mannies" which she does in a kindly way. She is rewarded with the water and gifts of beautification, jewels to fall from her mouth and gold from hair. When she kisses the pony he becomes a handsome prince. The sister tries to repeat the same journey but because of her nasty nature all goes wrong and she is punished with ugliness, toads from mouth and vipers in her hair.

Parallels: (1) The actual journey to the World's End and the request to bring back water from the well is also to be found in the Jack tale version of AT 551 as illustrated in next story, No.5; (2) Chambers, "The Wal at the Warld End", p.105 - very similar to Stanley's version; (3) Jacobs, English No.41, Girl helped by a frog rather than pony. Frog turns into prince. End of story follows AT 440 'The Frog Prince' and (4) Jacobs No.43 King's daughter washes 3 heads at well, is handsomely rewarded; unkind sister meets with opposite fate; (5) "Nighean Righ an Domhain Mhoir," S. Uist. (SA 1960/1) King's second wife is cruel to step daughters. Sends one to a deserted island for a year. Girl shares food with kitten who sends her home more beautiful than ever. Queen sends unkind daughter, is cruel to kitten and dies; (6) "Sgialachd Nan Cat", Tocher 13, p.184-8; (7) Roberts, Greasybeard, Kentucky, No.11 "Rushycoat and the King's Son" Begins as "Cinderella," {AT 510} but step-mother sends Rushycoat to World's End so she will not be there when prince brings the slipper. Rushycoat gets to the well, washes 3 bloody heads, and returns. The last part of story is same as "Nippit Pit, Clippit Pit." {510B}; (8) Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin No.18 Princess bewitched into wearing a donkey skin. Enchantment broken by a diamond ring that fits her finger. First recorded in George Peele's play "The Old Wives Tale" (1595)

5. "Jack and the Water of Life at the Rainbow's End" (SA 1982/105) type 551 'Son on quest for wonderful remedy for father'

NOTE: Traveller version of a hero international Märchen

Summary: In this unusual version Jack is the son of a poor widow. A girl, her goat and her dying father come to their cottage. When the girl says only the water at the rainbow's end will save her father, Jack agrees to go. He meets an old woman, old man and a lad all needing help which Jack gives. In return each gives him a container for carrying water and magic objects to help him on his quest. The old woman knit him "munnies" to wear so as not to slip off the rainbow; the old man gives him a broom; the lad gives him a whip. He comes to a crossroads with four gates: silver, gold, jeweled and wooden. He goes through the wooden gate, reaches the rainbow, secures the water with the help of a knight, John, and rescues John and other knights from the rainbow.

Jack and the knights start back home with the precious water. To protect the water, Jack must meet and fight the evil keeper from the silver land, the gold land and the jeweled land. With the help of his magic objects he succeeds, rescues more knights,
returns magic objects to their owners along with a gift and reaches home in time to save the dying man. He turns out to be the king, his daughter, the princess, and the goat his youngest daughter. John and Jack marry the princesses.

Parallels: (1) Campbell, W. H. Tales, No.9, "The Brown Bear of the Green Glen", as told by John MacDonald, tinker. Youngest prince of Erin helped by brown bear to seek water of the green Isle; on route passes three nights each with a different giant who dares not hurt him because of bear. Reaches green Isle, gets water, explores house in which he finds magic bottle, bread, cheese, and in another chamber a beautiful woman whom he sleeps with. An eagle flies him home stopping at the giants where he gives one of the magic gifts to each to be saved for his first sweetheart. Meets his brothers who steal the water and leave him for dead. In meantime the beautiful girl gives birth to a baby. A hemwife gives her a bird who will identify her husband. She passes by the giants, collects her magic gifts, arrives at the King of Erin's court and the bird identifies John who is then given his rightful credit for getting the bottles of water.

Two variants of AT 551 that are more conventional: (2) Tocher 31: John Stewart, Perthshire traveller, tells this tale. Jack is the youngest son of a king who is dying. Helped by a wee bird, a red bull and two old sisters, the second of whom gives him the cloak of darkness and the shoes of swiftness, Jack is able to climb the glass mountain, get the water of life, kill the evil giant and return home. The bird is an enchanted princess who becomes his wife; (3) Duncan Williamson, Argyll traveller tells the story about a peasant Jack, son of a poor widow who has to go to the World's End in order to get magic water to save his mother. He is helped by his aunts.

Irish variant: (4) Gneich, To Shorten the Road, p.79 "The Story of the Omadaun Laois" as told by Irish traveller, Oney Power: 3 sons are sent for remedy at world's end. Jack, the simpleton, goes down a trap door, tells brothers he will meet them in 3 days. Jack is helped by 3 old brothers. First two give him a magic belt and hoop to speed his journey; third man sends for eagle who carries him to well at world's end. Jack sees beautiful sleeping princess, steals ring from her finger, and eagle flies him to trap door. Jack hands up jar of water, brothers steal it, lock him in and take remedy to father. Eagle flies Jack out. Father does not believe Jack until giant comes and demands that man who stole his daughter's ring must marry her.

(5) Another Irish variant: Thompson, Hundred Favorites, p.237-240, King ill, sends sons to well at world's end for healing water. First sons are unkind to beggar woman, dismiss her advice, make crucial mistakes at brass castle where well is guarded, and end up prisoners. Youngest son does everything right, gets water, rescues brothers and enchanted princess. Brothers steal water and princess. Youngest son proves water is his when only his giving it to his father makes him well. (6)
Campbell, Cloud Walking, Kentucky, p. 183. Same as last Irish tale except king's sons meet dwarf. He hinders the older brothers from getting to castle where the well was located, and helps youngest one with wise advice and magic gifts. (7) Briggs, p. 355-363, Eng. ver., p. 560-1, Robert Stewart, Fetterangus; (8) Gaelic ver. (SA 1953/233), Duncan MacDonald, South Uist; (SA 1966/51), Peter Stewart, Lewis; "Sgeulachd air mhathghamhain donn a' Ghlinn Uaine", John MacDonald, Campbell, Pop. Tale (1:168-80)

6. "Jack and the Devil's Auntie" (SA 1984/26)
Type 461 'Three Hairs from the Devil's Beard'

NOTE: International hero Marchen

Summary: Jack has gone hunting for a stag, is about to shoot one when an old woman asks him to spare its life and she will help him one day. He agrees and goes off looking for another stag. Sees a beautiful princess held prisoner by a Black Laird. Challenges the laird to a card game. Wins, and the laird says if Jack can solve 3 riddles taught to him by the devil, he can have the girl. Jack goes to the old woman for help. She is the devil's auntie. Takes Jack down her cellar stairs, hiding him under her skirts. Wouses the devil and asks for answers to riddles she has dreamed. And so Jack gets the answers he needed and saves the princess.

Parallels (1) Grimm No 29, "Devil with the Three Golden Hairs," A child of good fortune was prophesised to marry princess. King tries to kill child, fails and boy marries princess. King sends him to get 3 golden hairs from devil in order to keep his wife. He succeeds with help from devil's grandmother. Also finds answers to 3 riddles asked him on his way, is richly rewarded. Greedy king wants gold too. Ends up forever rowing boat between mainland and devil's island for his punishment; (2) Duncan Williamson's traveller version similar to Grimm. See Tocher 33

7. "The Laird of the Black Arts and the Servant Girl" (SA 1979/133)
Type cf. 330/331 "The Smith Outwits the Devil" and "The Spirit in the Bottle"

NOTE: Traveller supernatural tale with international links

Summary: It tells about a servant girl held prisoner by the Laird of the Black Arts. She is rescued by a young man and taken to his mother's who is a spa wife with magic powers of her own. She tricks the laird into taking the shape of a puddock and traps him in a bottle which is thrown in a river. Seven years later a fisherman finds the bottle and opens it, releasing the puddock and the laird has his evil powers back again.

Parallels: (1) Grimm 29, "The Spirit in the Bottle"; (2) Stanley: "Jack and the Seven Plagues" (last episode)
8. "Old Wash-a-Dish" (SA 1983/51)
Type 900 'King Thrushbeard'
NOTE: Where 'King Thrushbeard' is a novella, this traveller rendition includes Märchen motifs which places the story in the wonder tale genre.

Summary: Starts in the conventional manner. Haughty princess rejects all suitors. Her father makes her marry the first man to come along, a dirty, ragged pig keeper. Jack takes her to his poor cottage. She fights all the way. Scorns wild fruit trees, especially one ugly dried up tree. She's told the witch, Aul Wash-a-Dish cursed it leaving it blighted. When princess sees how dirty Jack's humble cottage is, she refuses to clean it. Says she would rather be servant to Aul Wash-a-Dish for 7 years. With that the witch appears and takes her away. She is made to wash dishes from morning till night and beaten if she breaks one. With the help of a wizard Jack finally rescues the princess and she is so grateful that she becomes a good wife. The ending of the story is the same as "Thrushbeard". After being told she must work in a king's kitchen, she finds out it is Jack's real home and they have a proper royal marriage.

Parallels: All similar to the above with exception to episode with the witch. (1) Campbell, Scottish, More W. H. Tales No. 13; (2) Grimm No. 52; (3) Yeats, Irish, p.263; (3) Campbell, M., Cloud Walking Country, Kentucky, p.244.

9. "The Red Bull of Norway" (SA '82-79,80)
Type 425A 'The Monster (Animal) as Bridegroom'
(See Tale No. 10)
NOTE: International heroine wonder tale

Summary: Youngest of three princesses is willing to marry the Red Bull of Norway. Bull comes to take her away. He treats her kindly. Takes her to his castle, turns into a handsome prince. They are to marry, but he vanishes and she must journey forth to find him. An old spae wife gives her three magic nuts. She works for a washerwoman, hears prince is to marry a new bride. Returns to castle to get a job near him. Magic nuts used for buying three nights to sleep with husband, then recognition, and couple are reunit.

Parallels: (1) Grimm No. 127 "The Iron Stove" (2) Campbell, Cloud Walking country, Kentucky, p.59. "The little Old Rusty Cook Stove in the Woods." In both these parallels the enchanted prince is locked in an iron stove. Only the youngest princess can free him. She does so and the same sequences as above follow. (3) Chambers 95-99, 99-101; (4) Briggs, p. 271-73) "The Glass Mountain", two stories, Eng./Irish
Types 511A 'The Little Red Ox' and 425 'Search for the Lost Husband', variant - "Red Bull of Norway"

NOTE: International heroine wonder tale

Summary: Youngest of three daughters is fated to marry a black bull. He carries her to the castles of his three brothers. Each sister-in-law gives her a magic fruit. Bull fights the devil and tells girl not to move, but wait for him. She forgets and so loses her husband who is now free from the devil's enchantment. Princess must search for husband, climbs a glass mountain, gets job with a washerwoman, and washes blood out of shirt belonging to the prince. The washerwoman's daughter claims credit and the rest of the story follows same sequences as "The Red Bull of Norway."

Parallels: (1) Betsy Whyte tells almost the identical story which she calls "The Black Bull of Norway". (2) She also tells version of "Beauty and the Beast" (AT 425C) which includes the heroine's journey to find her lost husband who had been an enchanted beast. She offers magical objects to bed with her husband and the second night he recognizes her and they are reunited; (3) Beech Mountain: Marshall Ward, [B-M Collection], East Tenn. State U., "White Bear Whitker," version similar to Betsy Whyte's "Beauty and the Beast." (AT 425C) Beast is a white bear. Wife breaks taboo and tells her father husband's name. Leaves three boys and journey's after husband. Washes blood from shirt; gives three magic objects to false bride, recognition, wins husband. [B-M collection].

(4) N.C.: Carter, JAFL, 1925, No. 9 "Whiteberry Whittington," as told by Jane Gentry. Omits the conventional beginning of tale where hero appears as an enchanted animal or beast. Starts with Whiteberry (no longer 'Whitebear') Whittington letting hired girl and king's daughter wash blood from his shirt. He knows hired girl will win, marries her, has 3 boys. But then the king's daughter makes the claim she washed the shirt and Whiteberry Whittington goes off with her, forgetting his wife and children. Wife gives away her 3 boys for 3 magic objects and advice. Wins back husband in traditional manner, and gets children back; (5) Bolte & Polivoka XCIII, CXXVII, similar; (6) Campbell, Cloud Walking Country, Kentucky. "A Bunch of Laurel Blooms for a Present" AT 425C, Girl as Bear's Wife, with a man-sized frog instead of the bear as husband.

*Other Variants on Bull Tales (1) Briggs, English No.1 (AT 425C); (2) Grimm No.88 & 127; (3) Roberts, Kentucky, Greasybeard p.86; (4) Campbell, West Highland I, No.3 (Enchanted prince a hoodie crow) and No.12 (Enchanted prince a dog); (5) Kennedy, Irish, p.57, Wife breaks taboo by burning the bear skin of husband before the 5 year enchantment is up. Journey follows, magic items given to girl by her husband plus half of his wedding ring; (6) Gnech, Shorten the Road, "Roarin' Bull of Orange" as told by Irish traveller, Oney Power. It is father of wife who breaks taboo and burns bull's skin. Bull must travel, but first he fathers 3
babies, all are taken. Wife follows husband who takes shape of bird. Wife gets magic objects at each stop, scissors, comb and needle. Uses these as barter with witch to see husband. Final sequence, man is not free until he finds where witch keeps her life and destroys it. (7) Campbell, Kentucky, p.147. (Enchanted man a hound-dog); (8) Roberts, Kentucky, Hell-fer-Sartin, No. 15; (9) Jacob, Celtic, No. 11 (10) Jacobs, More Celtic, Nos. 48 and 50 (11) Perrault, "Beauty and the Beast"; (12) Curtin, Myths, p.50; (13) Chase, Grandfather Tales, No. 5; (14) Carriere, Missouri, Nos. 25 & 26. (15) From School archives; (SA 1956/174) Bella Higgins, "The Stove", (SA 1958/82) P. MacDonald, South Uist, "Nighean Chruinn Donn", (SA 1969/98) Ann MacDonald, Uist, (SA 1957/40) Ali Dall "Cu nan Cluasan Dearga", Sutherland, (SA 1974/32,3) "Brian" Stewart, Easter Ross; Campbell, Pop. Tales (1:208-19)

11. "Nippit Fit and Clippit Fit" (SA 1982/81)
Type 510B 'Dress of Gold, of Silver and of Stars' ('Cap o' Rushes')
NOTE: International heroine wonder tale

Summary: King wants daughter to marry a rich ugly duke. She refuses. Spae wife advises princess to tell father she will only marry the duke if he will make her a coat of gold. He does this. Next she asks for a coat of bird feathers, and finally a coat of reed and rushes. In despair she takes her coats and runs away. Gets job in the king's kitchen in another land. A fairy man cooks for her on Sunday so she can go to church in her coats. The prince falls in love with her. She leaves her slipper behind. Search brings prince to spae wife. Daughter curls toes inside shoe. Prince is riding home with this ugly impostor when the fairy man calls out that he has got the wrong girl; the right one is behind the cauldron. He looks in his own kitchen and there he finds his beautiful princess.

Parallels: (1) Grimm No.65 (2) Bolte-Polivka II, No.45 (3) Campbell West Highland I, No.14 "The King Who Wished to Marry His Daughter," Similar, girl charms with beautiful dresses. Bird tells prince where to find girl to whom the slipper belongs; (2) Chambers, p. 66, same version as Stanley's; (3) Douglas, Scottish, p.17; (4) Briggs, English, p.16; (5) Marwick, Shetland, p.165; (6) Campbell, Cloud Walking Country, Kentucky, pp. 30, 82, 196, 161-- In this last story princess' stepfather wants to marry her. Princess is helped by a little mare who gives her a rabbit skin dress for a disguise. Later he produces the beautiful dresses her father had made for her from out of magic nuts so she can go to the play-party and meet the prince; (10) Carter, JAFL, 1925, p.361. As told by Jane Gentry, N.C. Catskins puts on mother's wedding dress and it fits perfectly so her widowed father wants to marry her, and story runs to form. Ending recognition of Catskins is by the ring she puts in cake baked for the prince. (11) Buchan, Scottish, p. 29 "Rashen Coatie"; (12) Briggs, p. 137, 138, 460 (Aberdeen), p. 164 and several Eng. gypsy vers.
12. "Aul Toodles" (SA 1984/26,27)
Type 501 'The Three Old Women Helpers'
NOTE: International heroine wonder tale

Summary: Useless girl marries prince after telling him she can card and spin and do all practical things. Because of a bet the prince made with friends she must spin a whole lot of wool in a week. She meets 5 old witches in the woods who say they will do the spinning for her if she gives them what they ask for when they ask for it. She agrees; the job is done. The princess has a baby and that is what the witches ask for unless the girl can tell the order of their ages. Girl meets an old woman with a twisted mouth, Aul Toodles. She finds out the witches ages, but makes the girl promise to tell her husband the truth. Aul Toodles is there when the princess confesses she can't do any practical work. The prince is disappointed that she lied to him, but pleased she can at least spin. Then he asks Aul Toodles why her mouth is twisted. She tells him from spinning. There and then he decides his wife is never to spin again. After that the princess goes back to her mother, learns the skills she should have learned and becomes a clever wife.

Parallels: (1) Aitken, Scottish Forgotten Heritage pp. 61, 65, and 70; (4) Douglas, p. 109; (5) Jacobs, English, p.1; (6) Briggs, English p.10; Campbell, Cloud Walking Country, Kentucky, p.241; Three deformed women help girl and attend wedding, and girl shows pride in the 3 aunties; (7) Grimm No.14; (8) Kennedy, Fireside Stories of Ireland, "The Lazy beauty and Her Aunts." (9) Chambers, p. 76

13. "Twa Humpback Brothers" (SA 1981/12)
Type 503 (twisted) 'The Gifts of the Little People'
NOTE: Traveller version of an international tale of the supernatural.

Summary: First humpback brother adds "Thursday, Friday, Saturday" to the fairies song. They take him to the devil who likes the verse but must punish the man for doing good by taking away what he most loves. Man says his hump, and he goes home happy. His rich brother tries the same. Adds "Sunday". The Devil is furious. For doing a bad thing he must be rewarded. Devil says he can have whatever he wants. Forgets about his hump, thinks only of his money and asks for twice as much as he's got. He gets a second hump.

Parallels: (1) Jacobs, More Celtic p.156; (2) John Stewart tells the conventional version in which the fairies decide the fate of the two humpbacks, not the devil, "The Hump at the Heid of the Glen and the Hump at the Foot of the Glen." (3) Scottish Studies X, p. 89; (4) At least 24 Scottish Gaelic vers. in archives.
Type 2025 'The Fleing Pancake'  
NOTE: Nursery tale, international. Might also be considered a Schwank.  

Summary: A poor old woman gives a fairy man a jug of water in exchange for some fairy flour. Makes a bannock that runs away. It has many very funny adventures escaping from people. Finally rescued by a puddick who eats it.  

Parallels: (1) Briggs, II:p. 540, 575 (Scottish); (2) PTWM III p. 112; (3) Chambers, p.82, Ayrshire; 85, Dumfriesshire; 86 Selkirkshire; 7 Gaelic ver. from archives  

Type 555 'The Fisher and his Wife'  
NOTE: Nursery tale, international tale of the supernatural  

Summary: Poor fisherman and his wife live in a vinegar bottle. Fisherman catches a magical fish and lets him go. Wife sends him back to demand a better house from the fish. Wish is granted. Wife is not satisfied. Keeps wishing for bigger and fancier homes. Wishes always granted until the fish gets impatient and returns the couple to their vinegar bottle.  

Parallels: (1) Grimm No.19 Same story; Also similar is (2) Gaelic ver. (SA 1973/126) and (3) version told by Bell Stewart, Scottish traveller, (SA 1956/176/177); Briggs I: 436  

Type 565 'The Magic Mill'  
NOTE: International supernatural tale with elements of the Märchen. Ends like a legend as it explains why the sea is salty. Used as a moral tale by Stanley  

Summary: There are two brothers, John is rich and miserly and Jack is poor and kindly. John's good wife gives Jack a baked ham to feed his children. Jack gives ham to a goblin for a little magic windmill. Windmill gives Jack anything he wants. He is not greedy but only asks for what he and his family need to survive. Jack has a small grocery business and begins to prosper. Jealous brother does not like this. Jack shows his brother the windmill and tells him how to start it. Brother steals it, deserts his own family and runs away to sea, thinking the mill will make his fortune. On board there is no salt for his meat. He orders the windmill to grind out salt, which it does. John can not stop the salt flowing as he never learned the
words to turn the windmill off. Captain throws the windmill overboard and puts John in rowboat to row his way home. The salt is still grinding making the sea salty.

Parallel (1) Grimm No.103; (2) Rugoff, World Folk Tales, Scandinavian, p.672 (3) Tom Wilson, traveller, Gairloch(SA 1957/26). (All similar); One Gaelic from S. Uist indexed; also connection with Orkney tradition of Grotti Finnie and Grotti Minnie, based on older Norse Fenja and Menja and the mill grinding under the Pentland Firth creating the whirlpool known as the Swelkie.

17. "The Rich Brother and the Poor Brother" (SA 1982/30)
Type 565 'The Magic Mill'
Summary: Story is similar to "The Old Windmill," but instead of a windmill, the poor brother secures a magic horn of plenty. The rich brother is shown how to start it. He steals it and goes to sea. There's no wine on board so he asks it to give him red wine. The captain throws the horn overboard when it won't stop, and that is why the Red Sea is red.

Type 570 'The Rabbit Herd'
NOTE: International hero Märchen, traveller version
Summary: Stanley told two slightly different versions. In the early one, a helpful bird suggests Jack make a pipe with one of its tail feathers. By blowing on it the hares would follow. In the later version the bird advises Jack to tell the hares a story, and they would not leave him. In both cases he wins gold and the princess whom he frees from her enchantment as a cripple hare. The rest of the hares turn out to be members of the court.

Parallel: (1) Grimm No. 165 incident C; (2) Carter, JAFL, 1985, No.5 "The Enchanted Lady" as told by Jane Gentry, N.C. Jack given a magic drill by an old man he meets on the way. It is to keep rabbit in sight. King sends out his daughters and wife to try and buy the drill. Jack won't sell and wins wager. King asks Jack to sing a bowl of lies. He sings about the women kissing him and hugging him to try and get the drill. King makes him stop when he starts to sing about the queen's advances . Jack kills king as was part of the bargain and marries the youngest daughter; (3) Ray Hicks, Beech Mt., "Jack and the Bowl of Lies" This version is very similar to Jane Gentry's; (4) Chambers, 103-5 "Jock and His Lulls"

19. "Jack and the Fawn" (SA 1983/50)
The Princess Transformed into Deer

Summary: Jack goes off to find a wife. Meets a beautiful girl who can not speak. Marries her. At night she vanishes and runs off as a deer. He follows her each night a little further until she leads him to her parents' castle. Finds she has been enchanted by an evil wizard who wanted to marry her and was refused. She is a girl by day and a deer by night. Jack is told the only antidote for the curse is spring water from the wizard.

Jack treks a day's journey to the mountains where wizard lives. He will give Jack the water only on condition Jack secures a jug of red wine from his brother the second wizard who lives higher up in the mountains. Next day Jack starts the hard climb to the second wizard's house. He agrees to give the wine only on condition Jack secures a jug of goat's milk from his brother the third wizard who lives at the very top of the tallest mountain. Next morning Jack sets off on the hardest climb of all. It is bitterly cold on the summit and the wizard's house is cold too. He tells Jack he will give the milk if he goes down to hell and gets him a hot brick to heat his house. So Jack descends to hell and in order to get the brick he has to enter into a contest of wits with the devil. He wins, gets the brick and heads back up the mountain. He then secures each item in turn including the magic spring water to cure his wife.

Parallels: (1) Ray Hicks, Stanley Hicks, Hattie Presnell and Marshall Ward all tell similar versions of "Cat 'n the Mouse" which is also a type 401 story. In this case the heroine has been enchantested into a cat by a witch. Jack has to spend three nights driving away wild animals and insects and then must face the witch and kill her before the girl is completely free from the enchantment; (2) Carter, JAFI, 1925, p.349 "Jack and the Fox" as told by Jane Gentry is another telling of "Cat 'n Mouse"; (3) "Princess under Spell as Deer" (SA 1958/89) Boy takes wise man's advice, takes feather from yellow bird, then steals burning ember from castle. Burns feather with the ember under deer's nose and spell is broken.

"Jack and the Three Jewels" (SA 1981/20)

Summary: Jack is the youngest of three sons. Each is to take a beautiful fish to the king as he has a mania for eating and likes good food. The father is hoping to get his sons accepted in the king's service. The first two bring beautiful fish, but because they refuse to share their fish with a cat, the fish is spoiled and the king angry. Jack gives his tiny fish to the cat and she helps him bring a good dish of food to the king. King and Jack
become friends. King tells Jack he's cursed to keep eating non-stop until someone brings him the three most precious jewels in the world. Jack agrees to go on a quest for these jewels.

Before Jack begins his journey, the same cat who first helped Jack takes him to a witch who tells him where to find a woman who owns the most valuable gems in the world. Witch asks Jack to bring back water in a goat's skin from the home of the richest woman in the world. By stopping at the cottage of a peasant woman who considers herself rich because she has three beautiful daughters, Jack discovers the three greatest jewels must be the king's three missing daughters. Jack brings back the water in a goat skin given him by the peasant woman. The witch gives the water to the three cats and they turn into the princesses. Jack marries the youngest, the one who had helped him; his brothers marry the other two and all are happy.

21. "Jack and the Seven Plagues" (SA 1980/54)
NOTE: Traveller wonder tale

Summary: Jack seeks fortune, helps old woman, shares his 7 ears of corn that his mother had given him. Old woman gives him 7 pills to protect him against 7 plagues which a powerful wizard has placed on the kingdom because the king's daughter will not marry him. The princess has vanished. No one knows where she is. Jack tells king he will try and rid the land of the plagues and find the princess.

Jack goes back to old woman for help. He now has 6 pills left. She says for him to use 5. Each will let him change his shape for 5 minutes when fighting the wizard. He must save the last one for her. She gives him her black cat to go with him as companion and helper. Jack first changes himself into icy North wind and freezes the 7 plagues for 7 years. Then he meets the magician and they each change shapes and fierce fighting follows. With last pill Jack becomes an elephant, the magician a mouse. The cat swallows the mouse whole. Jack had forgotten about the cat and is grateful for her help.

Back at the old woman's, she puts bottle with cheese in it to mouth of cat and the mouse runs in and so the evil magician is trapped. Old woman condemns him to stay in bottle and float down river for 7 years. Then she gives last pill to the cat who turns into the king's lost princess, and the old woman turns into a handsome man, the good son of the evil magician. The magician's son and the princess are married and the king gives Jack the choice of any girl in the court to be his wife and a castle of his own.

22. "Baby John" (SA 1979/24)
Type cf480 'Kind and Unkind (Boys)' and cf 577
'King's Tasks'

NOTE: International hero Märchen

Summary: A poor widow had 3 sons, John being the youngest and laziest. First the oldest, then the middle brother go out to seek their fortune. A dog asks for food, a thin cow to be milked, an old horse to be ridden and a broken gate to be swung on. Both brothers in turn refuse all requests. At a castle each is told there is a job but in case of failure the applicant loses his head. Neither brother want such a job and turn it down. Finally it is Baby John's turn to seek his fortune. He feeds the little doggy and fulfills the three other requests and takes the job at the castle. He is given 3 impossible tasks to perform and the dog advises him what to do. The old horse, cow and gate help too and Jack completes the tasks successfully and breaks the enchantment of the castle. The horse turns out to be the king, the cow the queen, and the gate is the people of the castle. The little doggie asks Jack to cut off her head and she becomes the princess whom Jack marries.

Parallels: (1) Betsy Whyte, "The Noble Jack of Clubs" (AT 560) begins with an AT 577 sequence. Jack the youngest son is kind to a little dwarf who gives him a magic box. Jack accepts the challenge to try and fulfill the king's 3 impossible tasks that his older brothers have already failed. A tiny man, the Noble Jack of Clubs, comes out of the box and fulfills each task for Jack. See Tocher's 23, 24; (2) Jeannie Robertson, "Silly Jack and the Lord's Daughter", Scottish Trad. Tales Booklet No. 14, (SA 1954/90)

23. "Jack and the Princess and the Warlock" (SA 1979/132-133)

Type 851A 'Princess Sets Riddles for Her Suitors to Be Answered on Pain of Death'

NOTE: Traveller wonder tale with some international links

Summary: Jack's two older brothers each in turn go out to seek their fortune. They meet old woman and will not share food; arrive at castle where the heavily veiled princess offers 3 riddle tasks. Both men fail and are thrown in prison. Jack goes out, shares his food with old woman and is given a magic stick that can tell him anything he needs to know. He solves each riddle with help of stick and the king grants him 3 wishes. Asks to see the princess's face. She reveals a pig's head which was a curse laid upon her by a warlock who usually took the form of a 7 headed dragon. She refused to marry him and he punished her with this curse. She had hoped the solving of the riddles would break the enchantment. Now she did not know what to do.

Jack pledges to do battle with the warlock and try and free her. Goes to old woman who is a white witch. She gives him a magic sword. Says the warlock is not all bad and asks that he only knock off a few of his heads so as to weaken him, and then make him take off the spell. Jack does this and marries the princess. The warlock and the witch get married and all are happy.
24. "The Girl with the Golden Mask" (SA 1984/24)
Type 706 'Maiden Without Hands' (In this story it is the maiden's face that has been mutilated.)
NOTE: Traveller wonder tale, loosely linked with international type

Summary: Janety is an orphaned girl in the care of a mean heartless couple who work her very hard. A beautiful girl, they decide to sell her to the devil for 1000 gold pieces and sign a contract to seal the bargain. The poor girl follows barefoot behind the devil. Finally he lets her stop and wash her feet in a stream. She notices a fairy circle in the ground and quickly jumps in it for the devil can not enter a circle, especially one with so much magic. Devil is furious, tries to frighten her out, but must leave before the cock crows. Curses girl by taking away her beautiful face and leaving her hideous.

Janety taken in by old Mother Kirsty who has a cottage in the woods. Tells girl curse will take 7 years to heal. She can stay with her safe from the devil. Jack, oldest son of king, falls in love with Janety even without seeing her face. Makes golden mask for her and marries her. Devil comes again and demands Janety. Jack challenges him to contest of wits. Devil gives him 3 riddles which Jack solves, thus winning Janety. Then the devil claims Janety's first born baby. But Kirsty comes, delivers baby and takes it away where it's safe.

When 7 years are up all are free from the devil's power, and Janety has her beautiful face again. The devil is furious and blames the old couple who sold him Janety in the first place. Takes them down to hell to work for him for 7 years.

Parallel (1) Grimm No.31 "The Girl Without Hands," Similar in that girl forced to go with devil by parent(s). Girl in "Handless Maiden" washes her hands, makes a circle and sits in it. Devil can not touch her, but demands her hands are cut off. Janety washes her feet, finds a ready made fairy circle and enters it. Again, devil cannot force her out, but can disfigure her face. Both girls go into the woods, the former after she marries king, the latter before, and both find a cottage with a caring person (or angels) to protect them. The healing takes 7 years, after which the curse is finished; (2) Buchan, p. 25 "The Cruel Stepmother", Briggs, p.201 - (Davis Stewart, SA 1958/68); Martha Reid, "Daughter Doris", (SA 1956/181); 4 Gaelic ver.

25. "The Steel Line King" (SA 1979/132)
Type cf 314 'The Youth Transformed to a Horse'
(Story learned from Stanley's Great Aunt Maggie Stewart)
NOTE: International hero Marchen

Summary: John, son of poor parents, goes out to find a job.
Meets the Steel Line King who tests him to see if he can stay awake at night and guard a loch so nothing falls in it. John falls asleep twice, once letting his finger fall in the water and the second time his hair. Both finger and hair turn golden. The Steel Line King decides John has not done badly, gives him a magic pin cushion which if shaken will bring help. He sends John to get a job as the laird's undergardener. Jack puts cap on his head to hide his golden curls, goes to laird and is hired.

There is to be a battle where a knight must fight to save the princess from a dragon. John wants to go, but only has an old nag to ride. Shakes pin cushion and the S.L.K. appears, turns nag into a chestnut stallion that can fly, and gives him a sword that can fight itself. John fights dragon, neither wins and the dragon tosses up a fiery ball which John catches and takes home. No one recognizes who the knight is. Next day battle continues. The dragon is stronger but so is the black stallion John is riding and the sword he is carrying. Again no one wins and the dragon tosses John a second fiery ball. The third time the S.L.K. gives John a white stallion and a sword that cannot be beaten. John defeats the dragon and catches the third fiery ball.

Jack's identity is revealed. The S.L.K. tells Jack he's broken the enchantment and he can leave the forest and go back to being king again. Jack marries the princess, daughter to the S.L.K., gets a castle of his own and brings his poor parents to live with them.

Parallel: (1) Dasen No.44, "The Widow's Son"; (2) Grimm No.136 "Iron Hans" Grimm's story is remarkably similar to the "S.L.K."
The similarity begins with the titles, one referring to 'steel' and the other 'iron'. Iron Hans is an enchanted wild man living in the forest, but actually he is a king.

Both Iron Hans and S.L.K. test the hero (prince in the former case, a poor boy in the latter) to see if he can stay awake and guard a body of water. The boys fall and end up with a gold finger and golden hair. Both put hats on to hide their hair and get jobs as undergardener. In "Iron Hans" the youth receives a powerful stallion and an army of iron troops and defeats the king's enemies. He is not recognized, but the king is anxious to know who the hero is. He holds a great feast three days running, and has the princess throw a golden ball each day in hope the mystery hero catches it. The youth disguised as a knight does catch the ball each time, but he rides away before anyone can see who he is. On the third day his helmet falls off showing his golden hair. The princess guesses who he is and reveals his identity. At the marriage feast of the youth and the princess Iron Hans appears and tells him he has broken the enchantment which had made him a wild man and he is now a king again.

26. "Jack and the Medicine that Cured All Ills" (SA 1985/232)
Type 673 'The White Serpent's Flesh'
NOTE: Traveller wonder tale with international links

Summary: The king's daughter is close to death, made ill by the Laird of the Black Arts who threatens to let her die unless her father pays all the kingdom's taxes to him. Jack agrees to go on a quest to find a remedy for the princess's illness. He apprentices himself to the Black Laird for three years, but not before he is warned by an old spae wife he befriends that the laird always kills his apprentices the last day of their service.

Jack learns a lot in three years. For his final assignment he is sent to find the medicine to cure all ills. He must go to the deepest river in the far North and to the deepest pool in that river, and kill the huge monster snake who lives there. With the help of the old spae wife who knits him a special rope of great strength, he kills the snake and drags him back to the surprised laird.

The laird orders the snake boiled until it becomes oil; warns Jack not to taste the oil as it's poisonous, that only he knows how to use it safely. A drop of the boiling oil falls on Jack's finger and without thinking he licks it. Instead of dying he finds he can see into things and through things. He realizes he has the power to cure all ills because he can see them. He does not tell the laird, but keeps the secret of his new power.

The last day the laird tries to throw Jack into one of the pits of hell, but instead Jack throws him in. He takes a vial of the snake oil back to the palace. Examining the princess he sees a ball of hair inside her stomach, put there by the evil laird. He cuts it out and she is well again. Jack marries the princess and all are happy again.

Parallels: (1) The segment of the story where Jack boils the snake, licks his finger after a drop has fallen on it, and is rewarded with magical knowledge, is reminiscent of the legend of Michael Scott who killed a monster snake, which when tasted as it was boiling on the fire, endowed him with all knowledge of good and evil. (See Douglas, Scottish, p.81)

(2) Another parallel to this portion of the story is found in the legend of "Saint Fillan and the White Snake." (SA 1972/Duncan Matheson, Kintail, recorded by D.A. MacDonald and I.A. Fraser);
(3) PTWH II:380 = Gaelic var.; (4) Chambers, p.77

27. "Jack and the Seven Giants" (SA 1981/24)
NOTE: Traveller wonder tale

Summary: Jack leaves home to find himself a wife. Stops to help a poor old woman who invites him to her cottage for the night and gives her blessing that he might be successful in his quest. He comes to a castle with a beautiful princess held captive in a high tower. She begs Jack to rescue her but warns him there are seven black knights (giants) he must kill first. Jack goes back
to the old woman and with her wise advice he manages do away with six of the giants, one at a time. Each vanishes as soon as he kills it. The old woman says she can not offer any help in killing the last giant. Jack must find the way himself. He thinks of his greatest talent-- juggling, secures 7 piggy jars from the old woman, puts an adder snake in each, and goes and challenges the last giant to a juggling contest. Once in the castle the giant claims Jack his prisoner, so Jack smashes the jars and the adders poison the giant with their deadly bites. The giant promises the princess to Jack, but begs him to get the antidote which he does.

The princess appears and congratulates Jack. Explains the last giant is her own father, a prince and great laird of the Black Arts who set up this challenge in order to find a worthy heir and son-in-law. The other giants were only "sheeds" (shades)-- spirit, mirror images of her father, but not real-- and the old woman in the woods is the queen, her mother.

28. "Jack and the Land of No Death" (SA 1981/9,10)  
Type Cf 401 'Princess Transformed into Deer'

NOTE: Traveller wonder tale with loose international links

Summary: There are two parts to this story. Jack receives a message that Death is coming for him. Jack's mother sends him to his Uncle Tom who in turn sends him to his Uncle Dick. Each is able to offer temporary protection against Death. Jack is then sent to Uncle William who tells him he must seek the Land of No Death. He must tell his mother to wait by the door when Death comes looking for him and look him straight in the face. In the meantime Jack is to climb in a sack of bones there on the beach by his uncle's house and he will be carried by an eagle across the sea.

Jack finds himself in a strange land and is told to see the king as all strangers must try and fulfill a task set by the king. Jack is ushered into the princess's bedroom where she lies in a mysterious sleep. He is told that she vanishes at night and returns in the morning, still asleep, but nobody sees her leave or return. He's to stand guard and watch. The little dog and blue bird in the room with the princess get very excited and when Jack looks at the bed the girl is gone. He and the guards must have fallen asleep for a split second. The same thing happens on her return. Jack tells the butler he's not giving up, but must go off by himself to think what to do.

In the woods Jack meets an old man, a wizard, who tells him the princess turns into a swan and that Jack must shoot the swan upon its return, listen to the words of its dying chant, and then he will know what to do.

Jack hides in the vines outside the bedroom window, sees swan fly away, waits for its return and shoots it just below the heart. Swan falls on balcony and sings that a feather must be plucked
and put in her wound. Jack does that and the swan becomes the princess, awake and well. The dog becomes the king and the bird the queen. The enchantment is broken. Jack and the princess are married. But Jack tells princess he must go back and battle Death. If he fails, she must consider herself free. If he succeeds, he will return and they can celebrate their wedding feast.

The wizard sends Jack on a large turtle back across the sea. He immediately goes to his mother and finds that she is dead. Her eyes fall from their sockets and Jack puts them in his pocket. Goes past his two uncles and sees the protection they set up for him is nearly run out. Runs to Uncle William and there all three uncles are waiting to help him. They made him a magic sword that attracts metal, sticks to it. Jack must use it to snatch Death's scythe from him, and throw it in the sea. When Death goes in the water for his scythe, Jack is to throw a sack over his head and carry him to the house where they will have a ring of salt in which to sit Death. He will be obliged to stay there 24 hours during which time Jack must bargain for his life. All goes according to plan, and Jack outwits Death, wins back his mother's life and sight, and a promise from Death not to touch those that live in or near his wife's castle. All go back across the sea to celebrate Jack's wedding feast.

29. "The Goat that Told Lies" (SA 1979/29)
Type 212 'The Lying Goat'
(Stanley learned this tale from Duncan Williamson)
NOTE: Supernatural nursery tale, international

Summary: Father sends his three sons to pasture the goat and with each son goat claims he has been ill treated. Father beats sons and sends them from home. Then he takes the goat out and the goat tells his wife that the old man was cruel to him. Then the father knew the goat lied about his sons and he beats the goat and sends him away. Goat creeps into a fox hole. Mother fox is furious. A bumble bee comes, proclaims the goat an evil, lying witch, gets every bee in the area and they attack the goat sending it across the mountains never to be seen again.

OTHER INTERNATIONAL FOLK TALES

30. "Jack the Liar" (SA 1983/45)
Type 1640 'The Brave Tailor' and Cf 851 'Princess Who Can not Solve the Riddle' and 1641 'Dr. Know-All
NOTE: Traveller novella with international links.

Summary: Jack always brags about his deeds. Once he killed 7 flies with one blow, gave impression he had killed 7 men.

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Another time he stepped over an ant hill, claimed he had jumped over a mountain. Word of his "great deeds" reaches the king and he calls Jack to the castle. The princess is prisoner of the Black Knight and can only be released if 3 riddles can be solved. King wants Jack to solve the riddles, and he gives him 3 days in which to answer each one. Jack is worried, his lies have caught up with him as he knows he's not clever at all. Goes to woods to think and meets an old woman with whom he shares his food. He tells her about the riddles and she gives him wise advice that helps him solve the first two. The third she makes Jack do on his own. He succeeds, the princess is freed and Jack is made a hero.

Parallels: (1) Grimm No.20; (2) Jacobs, More English 78-81; (3) Carter, JAFL, 1925, Kentucky, p. 355-7 "Old Stiff Dick" and (4) Ray Hicks, N.C. "Jack and the Unicorn" and Yeats, Ireland, p.372 are all similar-- In these three stories the lad's bragging gets him a job killing dangerous animals for the king. Only sheer luck saves his life. (5) Ray Hicks's "Jack and the New Ground" also begins as AT 1640 as do two similar stories (6) "The Tailor and the Giants, Roberts, Hell-fer-Sartin No. 62b. and (7) Danaher, Irish, No.32. In these stories the bragging hero ends up killing giants for the king, but he must use his wits to beat them; Roberts, Greasy Beard No.25; Briggs, 341 (Aberdeen) "John Glaich, the Brave Tailor", Gaelic ver., in archives.

31. "Silly Jack and the Princess that Couldn't Smile" (SA 1982/105, 106) Types 1696 'What should I have Done?' and 571 'Making the Princess Laugh'
NOTE: International schwank

Summary: Everyone comes from all over the kingdom to try and make the princess laugh, but all fail. Finally the king goes to see an old spae wifey who tells him his daughter should sit beside her little cottage where she will see any funny happenings on the road.

Down the road from the spae wifey lives a thick headed boy named Jack. Every day his mother sends him to market to earn a little something. Each time he comes home carrying his earnings in a most stupid manner and his exasperated mother tells him how he should have carried each item.

On the day the princess is sitting by the spae wifey's cottage Jack receives a smelly old pig from the butcher as payment for his work. He decide to ride the pig home, but gets on the beast backwards. The pig jumps all over the place with poor Jack bouncing on its back. They go up the road in this manner and of course everybody laughs. As they near the princess she starts to laugh too. In fact she laughs louder than anyone. Jack and the princess marry and they all live happily ever after.

Parallels: (1) Jacobs, English No.27 and (2) Chambers pp.101-3 "Jack and his Mother", similar as is (3) Chase, Jack Tales No.9;
For type 571, see: (4) Grimm No.64; (5) Bolte-Polivka, II, pp39-44; (6) Jacob, Celtic, No.26; (7) Kennedy, Fireside Stories, pp.103-13; (8) Kennedy, Irish Celts, pp23-31; (9) Campbell, Cloud Walking Country, p.100. The last two mentioned are interesting in their similarities. The Irish tale is called "Adventures of Gilla Na Chreck An Gour (The Fellow with the Goat-Skin). The Irish "Gilla" meaning boy has been translated into "Gilly", the name of the boy hero in Campbell's Appalachian tale, "Gilly and the Goatskin Clothes." In both stories the boy is very poor but finally his mother is able to make goat skin shorts and jacket for him. He goes to collect wood and three times must fight a different giant, each time winning a magic item--a club that can beat anyone, a flute that when played makes everyone dance, and salve that will heal all wounds. He uses these items to whip his enemies and make the sour face princess laugh.

(10) Even more unusual but related to the above is "The Seven-Year-Old Child," Beal, 1962, p.2. In this story the boy must make the King of England laugh three times in order to marry the daughter of the King of Ireland. As in the above, he defeats three giants, wins three magic objects and cuts off their heads. Each time the giants' heads are whipped off and kicked by the youth, the King of England gives a mighty laugh and the youth wins the princess.

(11) A short but very funny Appalachian version of Type 571 is found in Boggs, JAFL, 1934 p.297, No.13. This tells of a farmer whose daughter never laughed. He offered a big reward to anyone who could make her laugh. A boy fed a gallon of buttermilk to a hog and then set a monkey to chasing the hog around the house. The monkey caught the hog's tail, and the buttermilk began to fly out of the hog's rear end. When the girl saw this she laughed heartily. (12) Marshall Ward, EM Coll. 66/A, "Jack and the Lion's Den" Type 571 and 599 Dungbeetle; For Type 1696 see: (13) Grimm No. 143; (14)Bolte-Polivka, III, 145 ff; (15) Kennedy, Irish Celts p.33-42; (16) Kennedy, Fireside Stories pp.30-33; Marwick, (Shetland) p. 172; Briggs I: 134, 150, 284 (all Eng.)


Summary: A poor woman has a fool for a son called Silly Jack. She is out selling cheese to pay the factor, when the factor arrives at the house. While he sits at the fire to wait for the old woman's return, Jack, as instructed by his mother, sees that he is comfortable. The factor falls asleep and a big fly lands on his head. Jack goes to swat it with the only thing he can find--an ax. Naturally he kills the factor. When his mother comes home and sees what has happened she and Jack bury the factor. Then mother drops porridge and milk down the chimney so Silly Jack will associate this strange happening with the factor's death. Later she kills their goat called Factor and puts its
body in the grave, burying the real factor elsewhere. These actions assure Jack is found innocent of killing the factor, and his mother gets to keep the factor's money.

Note: Same story also recorded by Jeannie Robertson. Stanley learned the story from Jeannie and from his father.

Parallels (1) "Sagart am Muile," Harris, (SA 1969/87) and (2) "An t-Amadan's an Sagart," N. Uist, (SA 1971/181). In both stories a priest is killed rather than the factor; (3) Nan MacKinnon, Vatersay, SA 1980/ ) "The Old Man Who Found the Factor's Purse" Wife knows her simpleton of a husband will tell the factor about the purse full of money that he found. She insists he go to school the next day to learn to read and write. When factor comes looking for purse, husband says he found a purse the day before he started school; (4) Briggs II, 265 Jeannie Robertson (SA 1955/153), Bella Higgins same story; Shetland and Gaelic ver. in archives; (5) Briggs II (Denham Tracts) amnd 594 (Scottish)

33. "The Ghost at the Cross Roads" (SA 1979/24)
Type 1676A 'Big 'Fraid and Little 'Fraid'
NOTE: International Schwank

Summary: A certain man was a terrible drinker. His friends decided the best way to cure him was to give him a real fright. Every night he went to the pub, got drunk and walked home past the crossroads which was reported as being a haunted place. This particular night one of his friends put a sheet over his head and hid at the cross roads with the idea of jumping out and scaring the man. All happened as planned. The drunk stopped at the crossroads to light his pipe and the friend jumped out and went, "00000000000000000!" The drunk said, "Well, I've come along this road 25 years and every time I've stopped to light my pipe, and I've looked up at the crossroads and seen the ghost. But that's funny the night, there're twa o them!" And the friend turned around and behind him stood a real ghost going "000000000000000000!" And he dropped dead from the shock he got.

Parallels: (1) Betsy Whyte tells the same story; (2) Ray Hicks tells a version he calls "Big 'Fraid, Little 'Fraid." In this story a father is trying to teach his son what it is to be afraid and instead he gets a fright.

Type 336 'Death Washes His Feet'
NOTE: Nursery joke tale

Summary: A little old woman is sitting home alone when in the door comes parts of a body until at last comes the head. The old woman asks the stranger what he uses each part of his body for and finally when she asks why he's come visiting he says, "I've
"Jack and the Golden Key" (SA 1983/49)

Summary: Jack is a royal prince who upon his 21st birthday is to receive his birthright, his inheritance which his father kept in a special box locked by a golden key made by the fairies. The day before his birthday the king's evil brother kills Jack's parents with the idea of destroying the papers in the box so he can be king. The fairies steal back the key so no one can open the box, but until Jack can prove his inheritance, his uncle takes the throne. Jack flees to the safety of his old nurse who tells him he must sail around the world and find three ingredients to make a new key: the driest food in the world, the wettest food and a mystery ingredient.

On his way to the seaport, Jack picks up a poor old man all bent and crippled and offers to carry him on his back to his house. But the moment the man is on his back he becomes very heavy and starts nipping Jack's ears. Tells him he's the Old Man of Wisdom and Jack must carry him 7 years, at the end of which he will be a little wiser than he was. Jack crosses a river carrying a reed in his mouth so he can breathe and the old man can not. The old man begs to get down and gives Jack 3 hazel nuts. Tells him if he cracks a nut when he needs it and eats the fruit he'll gain the knowledge that he wants.

So Jack gets a boat and sails the 7 seas. He visits three islands, ruled by a young king who is faced with a terrible problem. In each case Jack is able to crack a nut and find the answer to the king's problem. In return Jack receives an ingredient he needs. On the first island, the Island of the Golden Turkeys, Jack is given a beautiful golden turkey to accompany him on his voyage. After Jack succeeds in his mission he and the turkey hurry back to Jack's nurse. The nurse is pleased Jack brought the wettest and driest foods and discovered the third mystery ingredient was boiling water. Mixing the three together she was able to fill a mold and make a new golden key for Jack so he could open his inheritance box.

Jack challenges his uncle to a sword fight, beats him and banishes him from the land. Jack is so happy he kisses his nurse and then the golden turkey who turns into a beautiful princess. She explains that she was a king's daughter and she and her
sisters became golden turkeys until they were ready to marry and receive their love kiss. Jack and the princess marry, Jack becomes king, and all ends happily.

36. "Jack and the Two Headed Giant"  (SA 1981/12)

Summary: Once there was a young king who lived in a land with many witches and demons. He fell in love and married a young maiden from another country. He warned his bride never to venture beyond the palace grounds without at least two ladies in waiting with her and always to go heavily veiled. She obeyed until it came close to their first anniversary and with just her trusted handmaiden she went to a big open market to look for material to make the king a new robe. She found what she wanted but the old man selling the material said his price was to kiss her on her cheek. The handmaiden was at another counter and heard her mistress scream. The man actually bit the queen's cheek with his sharp teeth. By the time they returned to the castle the enchantment had taken effect for it was a demon who bit her leaving her face ugly and shrivelled.

The chief wizard told the king only the ground tooth of a giant would save the queen. Word was issued that whoever could save the queen would be handsomely rewarded. The nearest giant, a two headed one, lived hundreds of miles away. Jack's older brothers decided to try. One of the giant's heads was deaf and dumb and the other head was blind. The brothers attacked the giant with their clubs, but were caught at once and thrown in a dungeon.

Next Jack went to try his luck. He walked behind the giant where he could not be seen and talked to the head that could hear. Found out the other head had a terrible tooth ache and that was what put him in a bad mood. Jack had a knowledge of herbs and potions so he gave a sleeping potion to the blind head and told it to give it to his other head. Once done Jack examined the sleeping head's throat and found a bone lodged there, which he took out, looked at his ears and found great lumps of wax which he also took out and then pulled his tooth. The head woke up feeling better than it had in years. Then Jack examined the eyes of the blind head and they were covered in a scab of skin which he pulled off, and that head could see perfectly.

The two-headed giant was so grateful he gave Jack the tooth to take back to the king and let his brothers go free. The enchantment was broken and Jack and his brothers were rewarded with gold and a new farm.

37. "Aul Maidie"  (SA 1983/46,47)

Summary: A kind and wise woman called Aul Maidie lives in the woods near a little village. She has special healing wines and everyone in the village comes to her with their ailments. One
day Aul Maidie digs up a large alabaster jug. Inside is a lad, perfectly formed but only 3 feet tall and naked. He tells her that he is Prince Jack and was supposed to marry the beautiful golden haired princess, youngest daughter of the king of the land. Three times the king gave permission for his daughter and Prince Jack to marry and then changed his mind. The Black Arts, a neighbour of the king's, wanted the princess for himself. Twice a valuable item belonging to the king went missing and was found in Jack's bedroom and the third time the king's stone ring, symbol of peace and prosperity for his people, vanished and was not found at all. The Black Arts convinced the king Jack was the thief, and Jack was made to leave the castle until he could find the ring and prove his innocence. Later when Jack tried to see the Black Arts and make him give back the ring which he knew he had stolen, the evil man put an enchantment on Jack and threw him in a jug which he buried in the ground.

Aul Maidie orders Jack to stay in bed and drink her special green wine which in time will break the enchantment. She promises to go match her magic powers with those of the Black Arts and try and retrieve the stolen ring. She succeeds and by the time she returns to Jack he's back to his full size, and together they race to the king to return his ring. The Black Arts arrive soon after and the king, who now knows the truth, has him put in the highest tower. There is only one way he can escape and that is climbing down a rope made of the braided hair of ten virgins. That night his servant wearing a cloak of darkness cuts off the long hair of each of the king's ten maiden daughters, braids their hair into a rope and throws it up to the Black Arts. As he climbs down, the rope suddenly breaks at the braid of the golden haired princess, and he falls on top of his servant killing them both. The king is very upset because the fact the braid broke meant the golden haired princess was not a virgin. Then Jack confesses he and the golden haired princess were secretly married by a priest before he was sent away. So the king gives the orders for a proper royal wedding and Jack and his bride and all the kingdom have a grand celebration.

38. "Jack and the Blessings" (SA 1981/88)

Summary: A poor hard working old woman has a totally lazy, good for nothing son named Jack. Jack's only talent is shooting a bow and arrow, but he uses his skill to no purpose and does nothing to help his mother. Finally she can no longer pay the rent and is evicted. She goes to live with an old auntie and tells Jack he will have to fend for himself. He asks for her blessing before he starts out to look for work, but she refuses saying that blessings have to be earned. He goes to the priest for help and his blessing, but he too refuses because Jack has done nothing to deserve either. Finally he goes to his uncle who makes him feel ashamed for the first time. His uncle refuses to grant his blessing, but reluctantly he gives Jack a letter of introduction to a rich laird. The laird sets Jack to some tasks, all of which he fails and is severely punished. The laird offers
Jack one more chance; he will send him to the king. But he warns Jack if he fails the king it will mean his death.

The king tells Jack unless he can prove he has at least one talent, he will banish him as he does not deserve to stay in the kingdom. Jack enters the royal archer's competition and wins. The king is impressed and says he will give Jack a chance at a task. It seems the king's daughter has been kidnapped by the Witch of Enders. The only way to free the princess is to find out where the witch keeps her power, trap it, and make her tell what the witch's oath is. It is a dangerous quest as the witch is evil and very powerful. Jack accepts the challenge and goes off to the witch's house carrying only his bow and arrow.

He comes to a well and in the water he sees the face of a beautiful girl. She is the princess and tells him she is not really in the well, it is just an illusion, but that to reach her he must come down the well and she is down the right hand passage. She explains the water will vanish if he climbs down the well; he will have a few minutes with her and the water will flood back in again. Jack succeeds in reaching the princess and there is a big mirror on the wall. She calls her father and he appears in the mirror, delighted to see Jack. Tells Jack the witch entered the princess's bedroom through this mirror and now he could only see her using the same mirror.

Jack finds out from the princess that the witch keeps her power in her hat. His time is up in the well and he races back through the tunnel, climbs up a rope, the water just behind him. He then goes to seek the witch, sees her starting to fly off, aims his arrow at the center of her hat, and the arrow pins it to the tree. Jack climbs the tree before the witch can arrive and armed with her power he makes her tell him the oath, which he promises only to use the once and not tell to anyone else. Once he has it he banishes the witch for 7 years and then runs back to the king having succeeded at his task. Alone in the princess's bedroom Jack says the oath, reaches his hands through the mirror and takes the princess through. There is much rejoicing and the king rewards Jack a new farm for himself, his mother, his old auntie and his uncle.

On the way home Jack receives blessings from the laird, his uncle, the priest and finally, the most important blessing of all from his mother.

39. "Jack and the King of the Northwind" (SA 1983/70)

Summary: The King of the North Wind steals the king's beautiful daughter. Knights ride up the mountain to the North Wind's castle to try and rescue the princess, but are blown back down by the force of the wind. One day a poor lad, Jack, decides he will try his luck. He climbs the mountain on foot with no armour or weapons. The King of the N.W. is curious who the boy can be and lets him come all the way. Jack tells him he is there to
rescue the princess and bets the king he cannot make the wind blow off his coat. Jack wins the bet and the king tells him if he wants the princess he has to bring him the fiercest lion in the land.

Back down the mountain Jack meets an old woman whom he helps. She advises him to wait until the end of the month when the lion is at his weakest. The right day comes and she gives him a net to catch him. He is very weak and Jack drags him up to the castle. The lion turns into a lamb, and the king explains that this is March. It comes in like a fierce lion and goes out like a lamb. Jack takes the princess home, and the king rewards Jack with the princess for his bride.

40. "Jack and the Land of Shadows" (SA 1982/82)

Summary: A widow woman has three sons, all gardeners to the king. The older boys are lazy and poor workers; the youngest, Jack, is a hard working, good lad. A poor old woman passes the gardens and asks the brothers for a little posy of flowers to put on the grave of her dead cat. The older boys refuse and laugh at her; Jack gives her the flowers. She curses the brothers and blesses Jack. Next day all the flowers in the brothers' garden are dead and the king is furious and threatens to fire them. That night out of spite they destroy Jack's garden and the king fires all three of them and makes them and their mother leave their house.

They meet up with the same old woman who asked for the flowers. She offers to take in Jack and his mother. The brothers must go off and fend for themselves. The boys travel for miles and come to a happy kingdom where everyone is content. The brothers plant seeds of greed and jealousy among these happy people. Tell them they are foolish to work for a rich king, when they could be rich themselves. The Wise Old Wizard warns the people if they insist on having more than they need, they will never be satisfied or content. The people refuse to listen to the wizard. He turns everyone into shadows except the king and queen and the gate keeper and his daughter. They must remain shadows until somebody pure of heart places the white flower of peace before them.

Jack eventually comes looking for his brothers and finds the kingdom of shadows. The gate keeper's daughter tells him about the enchantment and the need to find the white flower of peace. Jack takes up the quest, finds the flower with the help of the old woman, and places it in the heart of the square. At once all the shadows become human. Jack marries the gate keeper's daughter and is given a fine house for himself, his bride and his mother. The brothers are repentive and thus given jobs as gardeners for the king.
41. "Jack and the Odd Ben Oot" (SA 1980/51)

Summary: A couple has 12 handsome sons, all over 6 feet, strong, fine workers. Their 13th son called Jack, was very short, but a fine worker too. War broke out with a kingdom on the other side of the "Heavy Plains," neutral land between the kingdoms. The king has to raise a special army and sends for the 12 tall sons. Jack is too little to qualify but his mother insists he be taken, and he becomes the cook's assistant.

The first day he sees three fairy men sitting under a tree drinking whiskey. Each in turn runs out of drink and goes to the cook for more, but he kicks them out. The fairies put a curse on his soup, his potatoes and his loaves of bread. Jack tells the fairy men to come back later, and that evening he fills their bottles. Each gives him a gift: tattered gloves for protection, a little 6 inch knife, and a wee shield. Before the first battle all the soldiers are fed, but the soup, potatoes and bread make them too ill to fight. The king is furious. Only Jack is left and he volunteers to fight for him. The fairies, when they see what has happened, tell Jack to wear his gloves for strength, bandish his wee sword that though it will not draw blood will knock all the other swords down, and wave his shield 3 times in the air and that will put a protective enchantment on him.

The enemy naturally laugh at the boy until he waves his tiny shield. It grows into brilliant, blinding metal, that so blinds the enemy they have to surrender. No one knows how Jack managed to win the battle, but the king is delighted and gives him his youngest daughter in marriage and a castle on the "Heavy Plains" since he after all won the land himself.

42. "Simple Jack" (SA 1983/51)

Summary: A widowed mother and her son Jack live in a land which is suffering from blight. Finally Jack says they would have to move to another country. With their few possessions they journey to the next land and are allowed to live in a delapidated croft on the edge of the village. The rich people snob Jack and his mother and refuse to buy the three legged stools and straw mats Jack makes or the fine vegetables he grows. A huge worm that lives in the garden is allowed to eat the vegetables so they do not rot.

Word comes to the king that a giant is coming to take away the princess. A brave man is needed to fight him. Jack volunteers. He helps an old woman who gives him 3 nuts. Tells him he must hit the giant's Eye of Life, his Seeing Eye at the back of his head. If he can do that the giant would lose his power and could be easily defeated. She also says that the only thing the giant fears is the great 99 legged hairy monster of the North. Though the giant has never seen this monster he knows it could kill him.

Using his own wits and talents, Jack decides to make a monster by
tying 33 of his 3 legged stools together, getting the huge worm to lie on top of the stools with a painted face and covering him with all his straw mats. The effect is a terrifying monster clanking down the road. The giant is horrified when he sees it coming and starts to run. Jack throws the first nut which clips the giant's right ear with a sharp knife. The second nut clips his left ear with a sword. Out of the third nut shoots an arrow which goes straight to the giant's Seeing Eye and hits it dead center. The giant falls to the ground powerless. The king gives the giant a choice, either leave the land never to return or be killed. The giant leaves and Jack is rewarded with the princess, riches and land.

43. "Jack of Clay" (SA1984/25)

Summary: Once a king had a son named Jack who was handsome and a good and wise lad and the king adored him. The time was about right for the king to retire and turn the throne over to Jack. Now the king had many magicians one of whom, unknown to him, was evil. He had a son as ugly as Jack was handsome. He was determined that his son would be the next king so he used his magic to create the illusion that Jack's face had lost its flesh and looked like a hideous skeleton. On the other hand he made his son's face look exactly like Jack's. The king did not recognize his own son and banished him from the castle.

Jack put a basket over his head to cover his ugliness and headed off for the country hoping to beg for food. He came to a cottage where a lovely peasant girl invited him in. When she saw his face she knew the Black Art was upon him. She dug up red clay by the burn and molded a face on Jack and had him bake in the sun until the clay fired. Jack stayed with the girl and they fell in love. She sent him to the Master of the Mountains, the only one powerful enough to help him. This great king made Jack work hard for a year and only when Jack did well did he agree to help him. He gave Jack the mirrors of truth—two little mirrors joined together. One showed things as they were; the other as they should be. Jack thanked him, got the girl from the cottage and together they went to the king.

Jack presented the mirrors and told the king that he was Jack, his son and for proof he needed only to look in the mirrors. Doing so, the king saw the truth and ordered the magician thrown in prison. The magician laughed and said he was too powerful for the king. Jack's girl declared he was not too powerful for her because she was the daughter of the Master of the Mountain and knew far more magic than he did. The magician knew he was beaten, and he and his son left the kingdom for good. Jack was amazed to find the peasant girl he loved was actually a princess and they married and lived happily there after.
44. "Jack and the Coo" (SA 1983/69)

Summary: Jack lives with his poor widowed mother. Their milking cow is old and his mother sends him to market to buy another one. Jack meets a young man who has a thin, sickly looking cow, but she gives incredibly rich creamy milk. Jack pays everything he has for the use of the cow for one year. The cow does well by them and Jack does not want to part with her at the end of the year. The man explains she belongs to the devil and Jack will have to fight for her. Jack agrees. The first year he fights a black man and wins; the second year, a black bull, and the third year he must face the devil himself. Devil says Jack can keep the cow for good if he can beat him in a contest, but if he loses, then he forfeits his soul. Jack agrees and challenges the devil to a plowing contest to see who can plow the straightest line. Jack takes the right hand side of the tree knowing there is a hidden boulder on the other side, and he wins the contest.

The man tells Jack to take the cow to the nearest spring well to drink water. He does and she turns into a beautiful princess. She and the man were to have been married when a jealous black laird took her away to hell. The man was able to retrieve her in the shape of a cow only for a year and afterwards only if someone was willing to fight for her. Because Jack saved the princess, he is rewarded a new farm and enough gold to keep his mother and himself for the rest of their lives.

45. "Jack and the Snow Mountain" (SA 1985/232)

Summary: A land once owned by an evil black laird was now happy and prosperous thanks to a white witch, Aul Megan, who used her magic to put snow on the mountains behind the king's castle to protect the land against evil. But after her death a young laird came to reclaim the land of his ancestors and to demand that the king's daughter marry him. The king sent him away saying he had no power to rule as long as the snow remained on the mountain top. The laird said he would return at the end of May and by mid-summer the snow would be melted and the kingdom would be his.

First of June was very, very hot and the following days were even hotter, and the snow started to melt quite rapidly as mid-summer approached. The king was worried and having heard about a wise man called Jack, who had trained under Megan, he sent for him. The day Jack arrived the laird met him on the road, knowing exactly why he was going to see the king. But when he tried to get information out of Jack, Jack would say nothing. There was only a week left till mid-summer so if Jack was going to save the kingdom he had to work fast. He packed a huge wagon and covered it with canvas. The laird saw him leaving the castle, and curious as to what he had in the wagon he followed along with him. Jack took a steep route up the mountain where they had to pass through a melted hole in the ice with water running on all sides. The evil laird could not pass through this water and had to turn back which is the reason Jack took this path. But the
laird sent first a black bird, then a crow and finally a raven to tear the canvas on the wagon. Jack had larger birds that killed those of the laird.

Mid-summer's eve came and from the castle only a tiny bit of snow still visible on the summit, and the heat was unbearable with the smell of growing evil in the air. Next morning, to everyone's surprise a little snow still remained, and throughout the day, as steaming hot as it was, the amount increased. By the end of the day the laird had to admit defeat. The king and all the people cheered Jack when he came down the mountain, but when the laird asked how he did it, Jack said nothing. Later he told the king, it was not snow he put up there but salt, that he had carried up in the covered wagon. Salt would always remain and the winter's fresh snow would cover it. So Jack won the princess and all lived happily free from the evil of the black laird.

46. "Jack and the Quoits" (SA 1982/29,30)

Summary: Once there was an old woman who had three sons. The two older ones, James and John were lazy and just played quoits all day. They were champion players and took the the challenge of a dark stranger. They lost everything they had to the man and finally lost their souls, for he was the devil and took them to hell. Jack tried to save his brothers, but not being a good player, he lost too. The devil set the brothers to hard tasks, but because Jack was a good, hard working lad on earth he took him to a place with beautiful surroundings and an elf maiden for his servant. He told Jack he could stay there or go back to earth for seven years during which time he would have to think of a game he could play to beat him. In this way he could win his freedom for good.

Jack went back to earth and met a funny bent man who taught him a game to play against the devil. Jack called the devil to earth and said he would play to release each brother and then the elf maiden and only then would he try and save himself. Jack won all four games and the devil was furious, but had to let them all go. The maiden turned out to be a princess and when she kissed the funny bent man who helped Jack he became a handsome prince who had also been enchanted by the devil. Jack was richly rewarded by the king for saving his daughter, and his brothers had learned their lesson so were ready to work hard on the farm, and all lived happily together.

47. "The Laird of the Black Arts and the Sheed" (SA 1980/54,55)

Summary: A young farm servant and his wife managed to save enough money to buy their own tied cotter's house in a part of the country unfamiliar to them. While the husband worked, the wife took long walks to explore the area. One day she came to a big
mansion house and in the field beside it stood a beautiful silver dappled horse. The girl was admiring the horse when a dark, handsome laird, the owner of the horse, approached. He invited the girl to meet his mother. She had a pleasant time with the old woman and the young laird invited her back. She went many times but never said anything to her husband. She was drawn to the handsome man and knew she should be careful or she could destroy her marriage.

At night she began to hear the man ride by the cottage. Each time he came closer and closer until she could hear his footsteps and even feel his presence in the bedroom, but her husband neither saw nor suspected anything. The man told the girl he practiced the black arts, that he loved her and wanted to marry her. She protested that she was not free to marry, but he assured her she would be free by the end of the month. On the last night of the month a wild horse was heard outside the cottage. The husband insisted on going out despite the protests of his wife and the horse trampled him to death. The wife blamed the laird's silver horse, but the authorities found the laird innocent.

The wife felt remorse and guilt. The laird offered to bring back her husband if she would be his mistress, but because he was coming from the Land Beyond, no one must see him but her and himself. She agreed and was happy with the arrangement.

One day the widow's sister came for a surprise visit when she was not home. Finding a window open, the girl climbed in the house to wait for her return. There was a terrible smell in the house and she followed it to an upstairs bedroom. When she opened the door there lay the rotting dead body of her sister's late husband. She ran screaming from the house as the laird and her sister arrived. At once the laird used his power to make her forget what she had seen, and he sent the dead man back to the land of the dead where he belonged. Later after the sister had left, the laird convinced the widow that what she had been seeing all along was only a sheed, a conjured up image of her husband, and that her real husband was better left to rest at peace. She agreed, and she and the laird married and had a happy life.


Summary: Once there lived a wealthy man and his wife who were so in love that when the wife had a baby boy they did not want to share their love with him, but gave him to a passing gypsy. The gypsy called the boy Jack and took him to a queen at the other end of the land who was barren and wanted a baby. The queen had just had her own baby, however, and was angry to see that Jack was more beautiful than the prince. She decided to keep him as servant to her son. She ordered her physicians to disfigure the baby so he would be ugly and deformed. Jack grew up to be a freak, the fool of the court.
The queen died and the prince took a wife, but she hated the sight of Jack and ordered rid of him. The king, who liked Jack, was sorry to banish him, but he sent him to a deserted woodcutter's cottage in the forest. One day Jack saw a tiny man riding a tiny horse pass the house when all at once a bolt of lightning knocked the man from his horse. Jack carried him inside and nursed him. The little man, no more than a foot and a half high, stayed with Jack a month and then invited Jack home with him for a month. He led Jack down a hidden staircase in a hollow tree to a beautiful land. Jack was well received and had a wonderful time with all the little people, none of whom seemed to notice his ugliness. On the last day, the Queen ordered Jack a special heated mud bath after which to his delight he found his body tall and straight making him as handsome as he was meant to be in the first place. As a final gift the queen gave Jack 7 ears of corn. The kernels when thrown would produce vegetables and fruit trees.

Back in his own cottage he found the place in ruins. What he did not know was he had been away 20 years, though in fairyland it was only a month. He did not age, however, and so appeared to be only about 20. He walked to the castle and all the land was dried up; the people starving. At the castle the king was very old, the prince looked about 40. He had a beautiful young daughter. Jack did not tell them who he was, but offered a solution to the country's famine. With his ears of corn, Jack saved the whole kingdom, people and animals alike, including his own real parents who were now old and lonely, and glad to see their son. Then Jack told the king who he was, and he married the princess and they all lived happily.

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALES

49. "Wee Humpie" (SA 1979/32)

Summary A woman had 3 daughters she loved, but the youngest was a problem because she did everything so slowly. Her name was Slow Sara. One day a little man with a hump on his back came to the house asking for some food. When he heard of Sara's problem he offered to cure her. "Wee Humpie" as he was called took Sara out to a well in the woods, pushed her in the water and she sunk down to the bottom of the well. A door led into another land where people like tortoises lived. Sara stayed 6 months with these people who all moved painfully slowly. Sara began to get faster in her actions and swore if she ever got home she would not be slow again. Just then "Wee Humpie" appeared at the well's door and said she had learned her lesson and he was here to take her home. There after her mother called her Swift Sara.
50. "The Little Fairy Man" (SA 1984/27)

Summary: A poor widow lived with her three children and she hardly had enough food to feed them. One day a little fairy man, poorly clad, came to the door and begged for food. The woman invited him in and shared all she had. He thanked her and said because of her kindness he would hide with her and do all her work and she would prosper. His only condition was that she must never give him anything. The arrangement worked well and the woman and her children grew very fond of the little fairy who helped them so much. After a year it came to a special holy day and though the woman knew she was not to give the fairy man gifts, she thought the least she could do was sew him a new suit of clothes. This she did with the help of her daughters and she put the clothes on his bed. When he saw them he got very upset and told the woman he would have to leave. She had broken the condition. Away he went. They missed him sorely, but he left them better off than they were.

51. "The Brownie of Hilton Hall" (SA 1979/21)

Summary: Once there was a very, very poor traveller family. They had no horse or cart or meat or money. All they had was a little bough tent. One day the wife was begging for food when a head cook gave her a big ham and some potatoes in exchange for having her fortune told. That night the wife stayed up to roast the ham and called her family when it was ready. Just then a tiny man calling himself the Brownie of Hilton Hall appeared and asked for the ham in exchange for 3 wishes. The husband agreed and asked for a horse, a cart and money, and the brownie went off with the ham.

Next day luck was with the traveller family and they were given a cart and horse that had been left in a farmer's field and the kindly farmer gave them money and food too. The brownie appeared again that night and said they would supply him with a ham every night he would see their wishes were granted. All went well until one day the wife could only get a salted ham and she roasted that for the brownie. The brownie was furious because there was no water in elfin land and all the brownies were dying of thirst after eating the salted meat. So the angry brownie put a curse on the poor travellers. After that everything went wrong. They lost their cart and pony and all their money and ended as they had started with only their little bough tent.

OTHER TRAVELLER TALES OF THE SUPERNATURAL

52. "John and the Two Shadows" (SA 1982/82)

NOTE: Tale sounds like it might be based on a literary work
Summary: There once lived a rich man named John who was good and kindly. One day he noticed he had two shadows and it continued this way until one night he heard someone rummaging in his room and he saw it was his second shadow. The next night when he came home from work the shadow was sitting in his chair and announced he was moving in. At first John liked the company, but soon he found the shadow getting stronger and he was getting weaker. Some days the shadow went into work for him because they looked just alike. The shadow even courted John's girl. On the wedding day John was too weak to go and the shadow married her. Finally out of desperation John tried to stab the shadow, but he only laughed at him. He told John that he was his evil side taking over and now John was the shadow, and was so weak he faded away.

53. "The Mermaid"  (SA 1979/32)

Summary: A fisherman off the Orkney coast walked to a cove where he had not fished before. There on a rock he saw a beautiful mermaid with sea green hair. He was enchanted and watched as she dove into the water and disappeared. On the way home he noticed a cavern leading to an underground sea. The tide was low and inside he could see hundreds of mer-people. He decided to swim in in the hope of finding his mermaid. There she was sitting on a rock. She swam towards him and others did the same. Up close she was not pretty. Her hair was just seaweed, ugly scales covered her and she was like a shark when she opened her mouth. The fisherman turned and raced back out of the tunnel. He made it just as the tide was coming in.

54. "Proud Lady Margaret"  (SA 1982/27)

Summary: Lady Margaret was a proud, haughty woman who treated suitors scornfully. One evening she was standing high up on the castle wall when 7 knights rode by. The 7th stopped and called up to Lady Margaret to open the doors and let him in as he was the man she loved. Lady Margaret was pleased with his boldness and opened the doors. He looked familiar, but she did not know who he was. He ordered her; to get on the horse behind him. She did and they rode fast through the night. They passed through one river after another, the lady always staying dry. At the 6th river however, she felt cold water on her feet, which made her angry. But the rider insisted they cross one more river. The 7th was deep and they sunk down to their necks. The rider turned to Proud Lady Margaret and asked her if she knew him now. Then she recognized a young man who had once loved her. She had treated him cruelly and eventually caused his death. For her punishment he was taking her down to the 7th league of hell. The horse plunged under the water with rider and girl and neither was seen again.
55. "Exorcising the Evil Spirits" (SA 1979/29)

Summary: A former colonel and his wife returned from India and bought an old mansion in the Highlands that had not been occupied for many years. They repaired the house and moved in with several servants. The place was soon discovered to be haunted with strange noises and accidents. The couple called in a priest to exorcise the unwanted spirits. It was peaceful for a few weeks, then the situation worsened and the servants all quit. Again the couple called for the priest. His exorcism helped for a while, but suddenly all hell broke loose in the house.

Desperate, the woman went to see an old spae wife and was told that it had been a mistake to have the house exorcised. Each time the priest came he got rid of one evil only to have it replaced by a more terrible and powerful evil. A mischievous spirit was replaced by a demon, a demon by a horde of demons and after that the devil himself. She warned the woman that she and her husband must leave the house immediately and not spend another night there. They left and the house has not been lived in since.

TRAVELLER LEGENDS OF THE SUPERNATURAL

56. "The Warlock Craggies" (SA 1982/26)

Summary: A mother saw her beloved daughter growing weaker day by day. There is a black rider up on the Warlock Craggies that the daughter watches from the door. The mother knows it's Death. She tried to keep her daughter safely closed in the house, but one morning she found the door open. In the distance her daughter was riding away on the back of Death's stallion.

57. "Green Lady of the River Dee" (SA 1982/26)

Summary: About the 12th century there was a group of men called the Knights of the Templars who took oaths of chivalry to fight for the Christian cause. They fought in Eastern countries and slaughtered the heathen without pity. In the bloody battle of the Saracens, one knight, severely wounded, was left behind. A Saracen chieftain's daughter rescued him. He had to return to
Scotland, but told her if she agreed to become a Christian he would send for her to be his wife. She never heard from him, however, so journeyed to Scotland on her own. She found him living with other Templars by the River Dee. The lad did not want his friends to know he had anything to do with a Saracen woman. He hid her in an out of the way cottage, lived with her in sin, then brutally murdered her, and buried her by the river bank. He eventually hung for the murder, but the lady in green, as she is referred to, still haunts the area to this day.

58. "The Devil and Benachie" (SA 1979/131,132)

There was once a young girl engaged to marry a soldier boy named Sandy. While he was away she met a handsome stranger who flattered her with his attention. Even the girl's parents were impressed with the lad until the father noticed he had a cloven foot. The girl told the devil she could never marry him. He challenged her to a contest. If she made 200 girdle scones before he cut a road over Benachie she would be free to marry Sandy and have much wealth. If she lost she came under his power. She agreed to the contest and was winning with only a half dozen more scones to make when Sandy came over the hill, took her in his arms and would not let go. She saw the devil coming and finally broke away, but it was too late. The devil won and turned her into a stone statue, known as 'The Maiden Stone'. The ring the devil had given her fell off her finger and turned into a worm and went into the ground; the bangle fell from her arm, became a snake and crawled into the heather. To this day the stone statue is still on Benachie and so is the Devil's Road.

59. "The Devil at Bennachie" (SA 1980/52)

Note Sister tale to "The Devil and Benachie"

Summary Peggy was engaged to a poor cattleman named Sammy whom she loved very much. He drove cattle to Aberdeen each week and was gone Thursday through Monday. A handsome gentleman courted Peggy in Sammy's absence, but she was not interested. He took her to see where he lived on Benachie, which was inside the mountain itself. He told her he was the devil and his magnificent palace in the mountain could be hers if she would marry him. She refused so he let her go. Outside they met Sammy who said people were talking because she had been with this man for three days. Peggy assured him it had only been ten minutes and that she was loyal to him. He believed her, and the devil challenged Sammy to a race. If he could run a certain distance in a given time he could keep all the gold he and Peggy could carry away. If he lost, Peggy would be his.

Sammy was a champion runner and knew he could win easily. Just before the race he took a rest, and while he slept the devil tied
an unbreakable string around his two big toes. When Sammy started to run he realized he had been tricked. He hobbled the distance to the bank overlooking the burn and saw Peggy down below and heard the devil coming behind him. Thinking fast he rolled down the bank into the water, but his toes got stuck on a rock and when the devil pulled the string his toes came clean away. But the devil admitted defeat and rode away leaving gold for them to gather in the river.

60. "The Story of Rosehearty" or "The Grateful Dead"  
(SA 1979/21)

Summary: A traveller lad was given lodgings in a barn. In the night he woke to find a young man standing beside him. The man asked for help. Said he had been murdered many years ago, his body was under the barn and he could not get any rest until he had a Christian burial. The next morning the traveller lad thought it had been a dream, but he told the farmer anyway. The second night the same thing happened and again the lad told the farmer. The farmer went for the minister; the three dug under the barn, and they found the bones of a man. They took them to the graveyard and saw that the man received a proper burial. That night when the lad went to sleep the man came back and thanked him. The next morning the ladie "rose hearty", and that is how the little village two miles away got the name "Rosehearty."

61. "The Traveller Piper and the Fairies"  
(SA 1984/14)

Summary: Once about 100 years ago a poor traveller, who earned his money piping, was near the Deeside when he saw a big mansion house up the mountain side all lit up as though a party was going on. He thought he would try his luck for a job. They were delighted to see the piper and he played the pipes for the party guests the whole evening. He noticed that the people took a drink from a punch bowl in the middle of the table, but no drink was offered to him. The head man paid the lad 5 pounds and told him to come back the next night. So he did and continued to do for two weeks, and always he was well paid. Then one night he was particularly thirsty and took a drink from the punch bowl. No sooner done when the guests started screaming. The head man told him he ruined everything and he was immediately struck blind. It seemed the folk were dead people and the living could not drink their special water without being punished.

The poor lad dropped his pipes and staggered from the house, feeling his way. He finally made it down the mountain to a farm. The farmer told him that a 100 years ago an evil laird held a banquet in that house and poisoned everybody and that it has not been lived in since. He then took the traveller lad to a spae wife who told him he had to go to the crossroads at midnight.
and drink from the horse's trough in order to get his sight back. This he did and when his sight returned he put his hand in his pocket to take out his money but it had turned to brown leaves. When he went back up to the mansion house he found it empty and delapidated.

62. "The Birthmark" (SA 1980/52)

Summary In the days of harsh laws where travellers could be hung at the whim of a judge, there lived a poor traveller couple. The girl had a baby and it had an unusual birthmark just at the back of his neck—a black mole with a red scab ringing it. The couple loved the baby but could not afford to feed it, so they left it at the door of a rich man's mansion house.

Twenty-five years passed; The couple were arrested as poachers though they were innocent. They appeared before a particularly hard judge known as a hanging judge. Instead of ordering them hung he freed them. He was angry at himself for doing so and did not know what came over him. As he walked away, the woman noticed the black birthmark at the back of his neck—it was her very own child. She knew that for some reason the ties of his kinship to them were still felt, even though he did not know why he was so affected.

63. "The Selkie of the River Dee" (SA 1979/20) Legend F 75

Summary A man named Stewart was walking by the River Dee when he saw a young woman coming out of the water. She took off a sealy hood and went to collect berries. The man picked up her sealy hood and hid it. When she came back and could not find it she began to cry. The man came and covered her with his coat for she was naked, and he took her home to his cottage. They married and had 3 children. For 7 years they were happy. Then one day the children were playing by the river. They dug up the sealy hood and brought it home to their mother. She took it and told the children to go tell their father supper would be ready in 10 minutes. When the husband and children returned the wife was gone. The man ran to the river where he saw his wife taking off her clothes and putting on a sealy hood. Before he could stop her she waded into the water, dove under, and disappeared. She was never seen again.

64. "Rob Haa" (SA 1979/20)

Summary About 100 years ago there lived a traveller man by the name of Rob Haa. In once village he visited he agreed to help the local undertaker to put a dead Laird of the Black Arts into his
coffin. The laird was buried and became Keeper of the Grave. In other words his soul remained above the ground, his evil powers intact. That night he used his evil powers to enter the body of Rob Haa with the intent of killing the undertaker whom he hated. His attempt failed because he lost his powers when Auld Morag of the Glen died suddenly making her Keeper of the Grave. At that very moment the laird's earthly power was finished.

65. "The Angel of Death" (SA 1979/2)

Summary Not far from Ballater a traveller, Davy Stewart, and his wife and son lived in a beautiful caravan they called "The Evening Star." The son, about 12, was already capable of hawking on his own. He was out late one evening about six miles from home and hoped for a lift. A horse drawn coach pulled up with a tall dark man in a high hat driving it. The boy was grateful for the offer of a ride until after some miles and several stops to pick up strange-mannered passengers, he realized the driver was the Angel of Death. When they got to Ballater the boy wanted to get away as quickly as he could even though the family camp was way across the other side of town. As he left he asked the driver where he was headed and he said to "The Evening Star." The boy was terrified and ran the whole way to warn his parents. But he was too late. The caravan was in flames. He started to scream and then he saw his parents alive and safe. When he told them what had happened they said the Angel of Death had spared them in the fire, but took his dog, Prince.

66. "Jock and the Water Horse" (SA 1979/12 & 27)

Summary One hot summer's day, Jock, a young traveller, decided to pearl fish in the River Dee. As he waded in the water he saw a tall good looking man about ten yards away on the other side of the river. He shouted across to the lad that the best shells were on his side and he should come over. Jock started across. He was almost there when he looked down in the water where the man was standing and saw he had a cloven foot and when he looked up the man stood 9 feet tall. Terrified, Jock turned and ran through the water as fast as he could go and when he got to the bank and looked around there was a great brute behind him half man and half horse. And this water kelpie shouted after Jock that he would get him next time. But Jock made sure he never went back there again.

67. "The Wheelter" (Cant for Whistler) (SA 1980/53)

Summary Once there was a young traveller lad who whittled his own whistles and went busking at the big houses, fairs and town
markets. One day he cut a piece of rowan to make a new whistle. When he played on it he got the strangest notes—two scales he had never heard before in his life. Suddenly a most unusual and attractive woman appeared and told him that he had summoned her out of her world when he played the scales not of this world nor of the next, but of the inbetween world. Now she was his and would be his wife for 7 years when she would have to go back to her world and the power of the whistle would be exhausted.

They were very happy together and did not want to part when the 7 years were up. She told him that his only chance of ever getting her back was to make another whistle with the same scales, but she warned this was next to impossible to do. After she left, the man never remarried, but spent all his days trying to find the scales to call his wife back. Finally in his fifties he took ill and lay dying in a poor house. One day the nurse noticed a tall attractive woman slip behind the screen that covered his bed. Later when she went to look the man and the woman had vanished.

68. "Jack and the Flesh Eaters" (SA 1983/45)

Summary Long ago in Scotland when travellers were persecuted and suffered harsh laws there lived a family of travellers that included three sons: Willy, a piper, Bobby, a fiddler, and Jack, the youngest, a tinsmith and mender. One day when they were working at a fair the servant of a rich nobleman heard Willy and Bobby play and saw the excellent workmanship of Jack and asked the lads if they would come to the castle for a few days where they would be handsomely paid for their skills. They hesitated because in those days a nobleman could hang a traveller, but finally agreed. That night Willy and Bobby entertained the nobleman's guests and Jack repaired their jewelry. They were well paid and given a jug of port to enjoy before going to their beds. The next morning Bobby was gone. The servant said he had asked to leave. Willy and Jack thought this strange but decided to stay on. The second evening went well and again they had port before retiring. In the morning Willy was gone and Jack was given the same explanation. He agreed to stay on just for the grand feast at the end of the week.

The night before the feast a young serving lassie told Jack she knew what happened to his brothers and that he should meet her at midnight and not drink the port as it was drugged. At midnight she led him through a dark dungeon that smelled hideously. When they got outside she told him the people of the castle were flesh eaters. They hired travellers, murdered them, and served their flesh to their guests. The human bones were thrown in the dungeon they just passed through, and here also lay the bones of Jack's brothers. Just then a cry went up in the castle and the dogs started to bark. Jack's absence had been discovered. The lassie and Jack just managed to escape, and they made their way safely to Jack's parents where they told their sad tale.
69. "Red Rory of the Glens" (SA 1979/20)

NOTE: This is a family legend as Stanley claims Red Rory as an ancestor.

Summary Red Roy, a traveller, was a tinsmith by trade, but during the summer holidays he made extra money as a piper. This day he was walking down a road in a part of the country he had not seen before and he came to a large mansion house. He asked if they needed a piper and was told he was just in time as the lordship's ward was getting married that day and he would be paid a gold sovereign for playing at the wedding.

That evening when the groom arrived he looked sickly and pale. The wedding took place, but several hours later the groom collapsed and died, evidently having been poisoned. Red Rory felt terrible. He did not wish to stay and certainly was not going to ask for his fee. The lord, however insisted on giving it to him.

Red Rory crossed some fields in heavy mist and settled himself among some hedges with his plaidy wrapped around him. In the morning the sun was shining, but he saw no sign of the castle, which he thought was odd. Walking on he came to crossroads and realized he was near his home so headed that way. His wife was washing clothes. A small child he did not recognize was playing beside her. She demanded to know where he had been the past 3 years. This surprised him since he had been gone only 3 months. She pointed to the child and said he was only a newborn baby when he left. Red Rory was stunned. He told the story of the castle and the tragic wedding and pulled out the gold sovereign as proof. It was dated 100 years before even that time.

70. "The Selfish Farmer and the Travellers" (SA 1979/13)

Summary A traveller, his wife and 7 bairns went camping near a farm in Harford. In the night their horse got into the farmer's field and ate some grain. The farmer was furious and demanded immediate pay. The traveller only had a half a crown to his name and that was meant for feeding his children. The farmer had no pity but took the money. The traveller told him he would never have the power to spend it or use it. A few hours later the man had an attack and went into shock. The wife begged the traveller to take the curse off him. But the traveller told her it was no curse just the Lord punishing her husband for his selfishness.

71. "The Ghost on the Old Road of Lumphanan" (SA 1979/131)

Summary: Many, many long years ago there was a beautiful wealthy
young woman who lived in Lumphanan. She was engaged to a young man who was below her station, but she thought the world of him. Not long before they were to be married there was a big ball, and he was to take her. He jilted her that night, and ran off with another woman. The girl was heartbroken and committed suicide. She was buried in the cemetery of the Lumphanan Church just at the head of the Old Road. Her ghost has been seen many times coming out of the cemetery gate that opens onto the road.

72. "The Warlock Laird of Skene" (SA 1979/11)

Summary: Once long ago the man who was laird of Skene Castle was a warlock, very high up in the Black Arts. The laird had made some kind of pact with the devil. It was winter and the loch was frozen. The laird and his wife were riding across the loch on the night the pact was to end. The laird told the driver to hurry as they had to be at the castle by midnight. Looking back they could see the devil coming, a huge demonic shape flying across the ice. The driver raced the horses, but the devil kept gaining on them. Just before they reached the shore the ice broke. The driver just managed to save himself but the laird and lady were drowned. Their bodies were put into a thick iron vault in the castle with four soldiers guarding the door. In the morning the laird and lady were gone. The soldiers were accused of stealing their bodies in order to sell them, but they always swore their innocence.

TRAVELLER BURKER LEGENDS

73. "The Traveller Man Warned by a Song" (SA 1979/30)

Summary: A young traveller lad asked to spend the night at a farm house. Unknown to him the people were in league with the burkers. They invited him in and offered him soup and tea. A young bonded servant in the house was a traveller himself and sang a warning song in Romany to tell the lad the tea was drugged and the burkers would be coming for him later. The lad managed to pour the tea in a flower pot unseen by his host. Then he pretended to be tired, was taken to the barn and locked in. Soon he heard the dull thump of muffled hoofs and looking out a crack saw the burker’s carriage coming. He tore open the crack far enough to get out and made his escape just in time.

74. "The Traveller Sisters and the Baby" (1979/30)

Summary: One summer’s evening two spinster travelling women, lace
makers, were on the road selling their wares. They had a 6 month old baby with them that one sister had been given to raise. It was getting late so they stopped at a farm to ask for lodgings, and they were shown to the barn. As soon as they realized they were locked in they knew they were at a burker house and had better get away fast. The only window was high up and they had a hard time getting themselves and the baby safely outside. No sooner had they done so when they saw the burker's coach coming and ran for their lives. They hid in a corn field for hours as the burkers looked everywhere for them. Finally when it got dark, they made their escape.

75. "The Lassie Goes to the Burn and Meets Burkers" (SA 1979/30)

Summary: There was an old traveller who had a lovely daughter. They were camping together when one day the girl went down to the burn to wash some clothes. She looked up to find several tough men with clubs staring at her. She knew they were burkers and as they started to run through the water towards her, she raced back to camp to warn her father. He grabbed his steel line whip and was waiting for them when they arrived. He threatened to cut off the head of any man who approached. One man did and the old traveller whipped his right ear clean off.

76. "The Burkers Get a Fright" (SA 1979/30)

NOTE: According to Stanley not all Burker tales were horrible, there used to be humorous ones too. This one is an example, but it is also told as having actually happened.

Summary: There was a traveller couple both of whom were very ugly, and they had two repulsive looking children. One time they were camping when the burkers came in the middle of the night. They shined a light in the tent. It was bad enough seeing the faces of the parents, but when the children sat up the burkers got such a fright that they ran off as fast as they could.

RELIGIOUS LEGENDS

77. "Saint Nicholas Church" (SA 1980/53)

Summary: In Aberdeen long ago the bishop lived within the church and he had an apple tree which he prized. Some apples went missing and when none of the monks would admit stealing them the bishop picked on one young lad and had him severely flogged. The boy insisted he was innocent and the bishop said if he was may the rats come and devour the guilty man. The real culprit,
knowing the power of a bishop's curse, came forward and confessed. Even then he was found one morning eaten by rats. Only his bones remained. The bishop was horrified because he had put on this curse. A month later the plague of rats came upon the bishop himself and devoured him as they had done the lad.

78. **"The Boy Who Didn't Know How to Pray"** (SA 1982/105)

**Summary:** Once a young lad quit school at 16 and got a job. Near his bus stop was a tiny wayside chapel. He had never been brought up to go to church or pray, but he decided to go in the chapel. He knelt down and said his first prayer: "Jesus, this is Johnny. I have not forgotten thee this day." A beautiful calm came over him and after that he stopped in the chapel daily to make the same prayer.

One winter's day he was running for his bus when he slipped in icy water and was run over. His friends took him inside the chapel and laid him on a pew. As he was dying he suddenly heard a voice loud and clear, "Johnny, this is Jesus and I have not forgotten thee this day."

79. **"The Woman Expecting a Visit from Jesus"** (SA 1982/105)

**Summary:** A good Christian woman had a dream one night in which an angel appeared and told her Jesus would come for a visit the next day. The woman woke in the morning highly delighted. She immediately started cleaning her house and preparing a fine dinner. Three times during the day she was disturbed by different neighbours needing her help and she turned them down explaining she was expecting an important guest. But the day wore on and night came and still Jesus did not come. When she went to bed that night the angel visited her again and told her Jesus had knocked on her door three times and she had turned Him away.

80. **"Billy's Rose"** (SA 1979/29)

**Summary:** About 100 years ago in Glasgow there lived a very poor family in the worst slum part of the city. The youngest boy was dying of galloping consumption and one of his older sisters was caring for him. She asked him if there was anything he wanted. He told her he would like to have a rose like the one the minister had shown him the one time in his life he was taken to a park. It was middle of winter, but the little girl went out anyway to try and find this park. She finally did, but the ground was covered in snow. She prayed that somehow God would send her a rose. Just then a carriage was passing over a bridge
under which she was standing. The couple inside were having an argument, and the woman, who was wearing an imported rose in her hair, threw it at the man. It went out the window and landed by the little girl. Grateful her prayers were answered, she picked it up and ran back to give it to her brother.

81. "The Washington Story"  (SA 1979/32)

**Summary:** There is a certain upper class church in Washington D.C. where all the senators and congressmen and wealthy people are members. One Sunday some years back a poorly clad young Negro boy came to worship. All the people were highly annoyed to see him and so was the minister. After the service the minister spoke to the boy, told him he did not belong in his church and suggested he should stay in his own parish. The boy explained he had always wanted to see this beautiful building and worship here. The minister told the boy to go home and pray to Jesus and ask Him whether he should come to this church or go to his own, and not to come back until he had an answer.

The next Sunday the Negro boy was back much to the annoyance of the minister. He greeted him at the door as the others were coming in and asked him whether he had prayed or not. The boy said he had and that Jesus had told him not to come to this church. This pleased the minister and he asked whether Jesus had said anything else. The boy told him yes, that Jesus said He had been trying to get into his church for the last 2000 years and he did not let Him in either.

82. "The Old Hermit of Powys"  (SA 1984/27)

**Summary:** Long ago there lived a handsome knight, Lord John. He fell in love with the daughter of his stable man. He could only take the girl as his common law wife because she was below his station. They were very happy together. Then Lord John received a letter from King James ordering him to command troops against the English. He was successful in battle and returned to Edinburgh a hero. The king's illegitimate sister adored him and demanded that James make John marry her. John confessed he already had a common law wife and James told him to get rid of her. John felt terrible as he truly loved his wife and she was expecting their first child. He wrote and told her the situation and promised her a house of her own with servants. She was heartbroken by the news and sat on the cold stoop of the castle every day waiting for John's return. One day she caught a chill and died. John was crushed. He gave up his knighthood and lands and became a lonely monk living in a tiny hermitage where he died at an old age. The hermitage mound is still to be found in Powess.
83. "Bird of Paradise" (SA 1979/141)

Summary: A young traveller couple were getting ready to start the day. The sun was shining. It was the middle of summer, a beautiful day. Suddenly a most unusual and stunning multicoloured bird appeared out of nowhere and perched on the man's shoulder. He kissed the man's cheek. Half an hour later the man was dead. The bird seemed to be a messenger from paradise.

84. "Follower of the Cart" (SA 1979/141)

Summary: A traveller couple were travelling in their cart in the Peterhead area and the woman noticed a strange man dressed in black with a lum hat riding an old fashioned bicycle was following them. Her husband could not see him and though his wife was acting crazy. The stranger followed them back to the camp and went in where the husband was sitting. He was only in the tent for a few seconds and then went away. When the wife went to call her husband for supper he was dead.

85. "The Spider Woman" (SA 1979/142)

Summary: A woman ran a boarding house in Paris. In her attic room a man was found dead. He had committed suicide. A second man stayed there and he too committed suicide. Finally a third man was willing to take the room free in exchange for keeping a diary. He too was found dead. His diary spoke of a beautiful woman who appeared at the window of the next door building. He described himself as somehow under her hypnotic power to do whatever she did. He was found with a black widow spider clenched between his teeth. The police investigated and the house opposite had been deserted for 25 years.

86. "Out of Gas" (SA 1979/142)

NOTE: Stanley heard this from a French girl who swore it was true and had happened to a friend of hers.

Summary: A boy and girl were out on a date and ran out of petrol. The boy goes for some leaving the girl locked in the car. Hours later he still did not return. Then she heard bumping sounds on the car roof. Other cars drove up and search lights beamed in her direction. There was also an ambulance with
men in white. Over a loudspeaker a policeman told her to walk towards them, but not look back. She did so but at the last minute she turned around to see a mad man on top of the car hitting the roof with her boy friend 's head.

87. "The Hitchhiker and Travelling Salesman" (SA 1979/142)

Summary: A travelling salesman picked up a girl one night in the pouring rain and gave her his jacket to wear over her flimsy party dress. He dropped her off at her house and said he would be back the next day to get his jacket. When he returned the girl's mother told him her daughter had been tragically killed in a car accident just a year ago. She took the man to see the grave and there on the tombstone was his jacket.

88. "Warning on the Road" (SA 1981/12)

Note: Stanley was told this story by a girl he met and she swore it was true.

Summary: A girl was hostelling with a friend in Germany and along with another German girl they decided to hitchhike since it was pouring with rain. After driving some time the girl sitting in the front noticed an old woman in just a dress standing by the side of the road. No one else saw her. A little later she saw the same woman and thought she looked like her own granny. The third time the woman frantically motioned to her. So she told the driver to stop the car and got out despite protests of the others. The car went on, and around the very next bend it had a head on collision. The driver and the girl who had now moved to the front seat were both killed.

89. "Johnnie's so Long at the Fair" (SA 1979/29)

Summary: At the turn of the century a young couple got married and went to Paris for their honeymoon which coincided with the World's Fair. On the second day the husband went off to the fair to buy blue ribbons for his wife, to fulfill a love promise. He never came back. The wife went out looking for him. When she came back to the hotel the manager said he did not know her or her husband and they certainly were not staying in his hotel. She called for the police and made a big fuss. When she demanded to see her room, it looked altogether different. A psychiatrist was sent for and he said she needed a rest in the asylum. There she stayed a month when she was told she could leave. Her husband had taken ill at the fair and it was diagnosed as smallpox. If word had gotten out there would have been a panic. He did not have smallpox as it turned out so they were free to go. The manager of the fair paid for them to have a new honeymoon at
their expense.

90. "The Spirit Mixup" (SA 1979/32)

Summary: Once a young girl missed her bus and got a lift from a young man, a stranger. It was pouring rain and as they went over a bridge the car went out of control and plunged into the river. The girl died and the man lived. When he came to his senses he did not recognize his wife or family or friends. He told the doctor he was the girl and the man whose car it was was killed. He knew everything about the girl and her family and even recognized her parents when they came to see him in the hospital. He claimed the two of them must have died at the same moment and one spirit went back, but it went back into the wrong body.

SCHWÄNK & JOKES

91. "William Tell" (SA 1980/56)

Summary: Once long ago William Tell, who lived in the mountains of Switzerland, decided to visit his cousin in Scotland, Big Rob Roy McPhee from the coves of Caithness. Willy stayed a month with Big Rob and his family. The last weekend while Rob was away hunting he ravished his pretty daughter and raped his handsome wife before making his escape by sea. When Big Rob got home and found out what had happened he was livid. He ran down to the shore and roared across the waters to Willy who was at a safe distance in his boat. "Willy McTell," he shouted, "have ye anythin tae say for yoursel for rapin my beautiful dochter?"

An William Tell yodelled back as loud as he could, "And your auld lady too!"

92. "The Monastery" or "The Traveller's Message" (SA 1980/56)

Summary: Long ago in a remote part of Scotland there was a high towered monastery where the monks lived. There were 6 flights of stairs. The abbot lived on the very top floor and his personal messengers stayed on the floor below and on all the other floors were different ranks of monks. Late one night there was a banging at the door. A messenger went down and there stood a man badly wounded with blood pouring from his wounds. He said he had to see the abbot as he had an important message for him. The messenger climbed the 6 flights of stairs to tell the abbot about
the man, but the abbot did not want to be disturbed and told him
to see the friar on the second floor. The friar sent him to
another monk on the fourth floor. This monk went to the door and
the man was in even worse shape with several arrows sticking out
of him, but he would only see the abbot.

The poor exhausted messenger climbed the stairs back up to the
abbot, but again he refused to go, and the messenger had to keep
going up and down the stairs to find someone to go to the door.
Finally the friar went, but the man, who was practically dead
now, still would only see the abbot. At long last the abbot went
to the door, and this poor man had arrows sticking in him
everywhere. The abbot asked what his message was. But before
the man could speak he dropped dead, and nobody ever learned what
he wanted to say.

93. "The Traveller's Parchment"  (SA 1980/56)

Summary: A wealthy traveller decided to take a trip around the
world. While crossing the desert in Egypt he saved a man from a
band of attacking Arabs. Out of gratitude he gave the traveller a
special parchment written in hieroglyphics which he told him
could save his life. He would not tell what the writing meant,
however. The traveller would have to find that out himself. As
it happened the traveller had many adventures crossing Africa and
many near close calls with death. The parchment saved him
every time, but he still did not know what was written on it.

Finally he caught a ship back to England and it turned out the
captain could read hieroglyphics. When he read the parchment, he
was very upset and told the traveller he could not stay on his
ship. He would give him a boat and provisions and he would have
to take his parchment and make his own way home. He refused to
tell what the hieroglyphics meant, but said he would write a
translation under the letters and he could read it when he was
alone at sea. Once settled in his boat the traveller took out
the parchment and held it up to read the translation, but before
he could a gust of wind came and whipped the parchment out of his
hands and it was gone.

94. "The Horn"  (SA 1980/57)

Summary: A traveller lad bought an Austin and wanted just the
right horn to go with it. He went to a Glasgow shop with 6
floors of horns, described the sound he wanted, and the salesman
spent two hours racing from floor to floor trying to satisfy his
customer. The traveller lad was about to leave when the manager
said a large shipment of horns had just arrived and was in the
basement. The poor salesman looked through hundreds of boxes.
In the last one he found the horn with the right sound and
triumphantly took it to the customer. The lad was delighted. It
was perfect. Salesman started to wrap it and traveller said, "Don't bother, I was only looking."

95. "The Minister Married the Farmer's Daughter for 2000 Pounds" (SA 1979/13)

Summary: An old farmer thought he might be dying and called for the minister to hear his last will and testament. He told the minister he was going to leave 1000 pounds to his daughter and another 1000 if someone married her before he died. The minister told the farmer that to relieve his mind about his daughter he would marry her, but he would need the 2000 pounds right away because he was so poor. The farmer agreed he could have it 3 days after the wedding. When the minister went to collect the promised amount, he found it was not money at all, but 2000 pounds of horse dung.

96. "The Old Woman Sold Her Soul to the Devil for Three Wishes" (SA 1979/13)

Summary: An ugly old ill-tempered woman who lived alone with her old Tom cat was approached by the devil who offered her 3 wishes in exchange for her soul. She wished to live in a magnificent castle, to be made young and beautiful, and to be courted by her Tom cat turned into a handsome, wealthy nobleman. All the wishes came true. Her handsome suitor arrived that first night and as they were kissing and hugging in bed he turned to her and said, "There is just one thing I've got to tell you. Do you remember that time you took me to the vet?"

97. "The Fairy of the Wishing Well" (SA 1979/24)

Summary: A young rather plain Irish girl was walking in the woods and came to an enchanted wishing well. She threw in a coin and wished for a handsome prince to marry her. She opened her eyes to find an ugly little man who said he was the fairy of the well. He told her she could have her wish but must pay a forfeit which was to live with him a month cleaning his dirty house, cooking for him and sleeping with him. She reluctantly agreed to this horrible ordeal. When it was at last over they returned to the well. The little man asked her her age and when she said 19 he said, "But jeepers, aren't you a wee bitty old to be believing in fairies?"

98. "The Princess that Couldn't Be Satisfied" (SA 1979/142,143)
Summary: An old woman had 3 sons—John, James and Jack. The older lads were tall, handsome and strong; Jack was a puny fellow, a bit of a fool. First John and then James went off to seek their fortune. Each in turn came to a castle advertising for some man to satisfy the princess. John was sure he could make the lady happy, but he failed, and when James came along he too failed. Finally Jack set out to make his fortune. He met an old man as had his brothers, but where his brothers refused to share their food, Jack was more generous. The old man gave him a special stone he was to hold on to when he met the princess. Jack, so young, innocent and puny ends up satisfying the princess with the help of the stone and the outcome is very funny.

99. "The Enchantment" (SA 1979/31)

Type 402 'The Mouse (Cat, Frog, etc.) as Bride'

Summary: A handsome young knight rode off in quest of a beautiful maiden to marry. He came to a castle where he heard incredibly lovely singing coming from a tower window. He called up and a young woman's voice answered and said she was being held prisoner by a black knight, and her chains would not allow her to come to the window. She begged him to save her and promised to marry him if he did. He fought the black knight, beat him, and took the key to the tower prison. Still hearing the beautiful singing he rushed up the tower stairs. When he opened the door he was met by a terrible smell. There sat a huge enchanted turd singing and steaming! He ran for his life, the turd jumped on too shouting for joy that she was free again and promising never ever to leave his side, but stay with him always.

Parallel Briggs I, p. 486 "The Singing Bride", Bella Higgins. In this version a king sent his threes sons out to find wives and the one who brought back the most beautiful singer would have the throne. The youngest prince took a country road and ended up staying at a croft where he helped the old man with the haying. After a while he heard beautiful singing coming from the next room, and the old man told him he could marry her, but sight unseen. He agreed and found he had married a reeking curd. He took the curd home with him but hid it in the garden, being too embarrassed to show his father. His brothers were home and their wives were singing for the king when an even more beautiful voice came from the next room. The youngest prince recognized the turd's voice and tried to stop his father from opening the door. But he opened it anyway and there stood the most beautiful girl, singing like an angel. So the youngest son won the kingdom.
Appendix D

LUCKY JACK AND UNLUCKY JACK

Story told by: Ray Hicks [App-23] (BmD 1982/16)

"Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack." That's the way I always heared it told. But they got it headed up any more "Big Jack and Little Jack," the way they've got it, ye know. The way I always heared it told was "Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack"...

Well now, this'n here's about "Lucky Jack and Unlucky Jack" now, if I can git it told. Now Unlucky Jack he, he was a, he was easy to lose out... Now Lucky Jack he was slow and sharp... he didn't build fast and git carried away. (Ya know you can build fast with somebody tellin ya about a good bunch of money. An build ya up, ya know, or just anything an lead ya off and it winds out to nothin and ya got the heals of it... got ya out there and ya went fer the bad. That's unlucky. Ya see you went with the wrong luck, with the wrong people, carried away.)

So Unlucky Jack he said he was gonna take off. An anothern had told him, had built him up that there was a man out yander that he could go hire out to herd sheep and make a, make a good easy bunch of money, to herd fer that feller. So he took out to hunt him up. An so he finally got there an asked him. He said, "Yeah, I always is a needin a man to herd sheep. But that was the reason. He always needed one because he wasn't a-treatin them right. And so he was out sharpin them. And Unlucky Jack he was always fast to grab and not git nothin fixed up right. An, an so he said, "Well, we'll sign a contract." An he wrote out a contract and Unlucky Jack signed it, but he didn't git it read good. He was so high to git out fast to make money he didn't--he trusted in the man that he wouldn't do him wrong. (An I've always been like that. I've found out any more an learned I can't trust everybody like I did. I hoped they all felt like I did, but, but Unlucky Jack he's learned it out of that too.) He thought that everybody felt like he did. An so he signed it. But he went on an took--he counted the sheep out, a hundred head. And he went on a-herdin 'em all day an comin in late in the night and counted 'em back in. An said, "A good job, Jack." Now this is Unlucky Jack. "Jack, it's a good job." Said, "You ain't lost a one. A hundred head back in."

An his wife said, "Jack, your bed's ready." Never mentioned no food. An they fixed it in the contract the first 'un that got mad the othern was to take enough hide out of his back to make a pair of shoe strings an pour salt in the gash.
An so next mornin he hollered him out of bed, said, "Jack, your sheep's ready." Never made no breakfast. An there was supper an breakfast done gone an nothin to eat. Well he eat a few berries, messed around, herded the sheep that day. Brought 'em in, he counted 'em in. Said, "Boy, you're the best sheep herder I've hired in a long time." Said, "Here is on the third day you ain't lost none."

So she said, "Your bed's ready, Jack." An he went to bed then.

Took 'em out the fourth day. Hollered, "Sheep was ready." An no breakfast. An the fourth day he come in that night. Next mornin was the fifth mornin. An he said, "Jack, your sheep's ready."

He said, "Ain'tcha goin to give me nothin to eat?"

"Well," he said, "let's look at the contract." Looked at the contract an he'd signed it an it didn't say give him nothin to eat. "Well," he said, "Jack, are you mad?"

He said, "Yeah, I'm mad an good an mad."

An so they went in to it an the man whooped 'im an got 'm down over a barrow. Bend'm over a barrow an took the knife an cut out a strip in each side fer two shoe strings. An then poured salt in the gashes. An so he drugged off in the laurel thicket an was a bleedin bad when he went in there. An Lucky Jack he was out walkin around an goin an happen to run on this blood. An he 'gin to track it to see. He smelt of it an he said it's human blood. An said, "I wonder what happened." Said, "There's somebody hurt bad." And he tracked it, kept trackin it. An he finally got down in that thicket, down in there. An there lay Unlucky Jack unconscious. He was alive yet. An so he 'gin to mess with him. An got him up an washed him with water, doctored him some. Got 'im to where he was mumblin an got 'im to tellin who had done that. Was a sheep herder, hired people to herd sheep. So he took Jack on to the nearest place where they doctored people. He said, "Now, Doc, I ain't got no money now. But," he said, "you cure this feller if you can an help him up, an I'll pay ya soon as I can."

An so he told 'im he would an he left Unlucky Jack there. An he went on inquired a-huntin a job or inquirin where he could find a job to herd sheep. An the people he would meet would tell him. An so finally he got there. He could see him a-comin this man did who had the sheep to herd. An told his wife,, "Yen a-comes another sucker, yen a-comes another sucker. Nother sucker a-comes. We've got another sucker a-comes."

An so, Lucky Jack got on up and said, "Hey, hello there."

Said, "Hello." Said, "Are ya wantin a job?"

Said, "Yeah, ya got one?"

Said, "Yeah, I've got a job." Said, "To hire men to herd a hundred head of sheep." He said, "Do you want it?"

He said, "Yeah, I'll take ya right up."
An so he fixed a contract. Lucky Jack just knowd all about it. But he just up and signed it quick. He just signed it what it said anything to eat or not.

An so he said, "Your bed's ready." And they never offered him no supper. Next mornin, hollered an said, "The sheep's ready." Never offered him no breakfast.

An so he went that day an herd them an come in. An he counted 'em an said, "Oh, you've lost one, ain'tcha?"

He said, "Yeah, I lost one." Jack had killed one and eat all he wanted out of its ham, an left all the rest fer the coyotes an the animals to eat.

An so said, "Your bed's ready." An Jack watched that time. He knowd it be better, the meat would, to have a little salt an bread. An so he ere he went to bed, he slipped down through in the kitchen an got some salt and a pone of bread was left over an took it back up. Fixed it up where his bed was at.

An next mornin hollered, said, "Get up Jack, your sheep's ready."

And he said, "Okay, on my way."

He took the longest till he got to the pasture. He knocked another good, another good ewe in the head, a good fat un. Built 'im a fire an broiled that ham, the lean of it. An gosh that was good. (I like sheep meat too, the lean. I like the lean of the mutton.)

So Jack, gosh, that corn bread. He eat a real breakfast then, an left the rest of that for the coyotes an animals to eat. Give them somethin where they was hungry. Went in. That left, that left ninety-eight.

"Oh," he said, "You've lost anothern."

"Well," Jack said, "Ya mad?"

He said, "No." Said, "Ah, two ain't bad." Directly said, "Your bed's ready now."

An he slipped down ere they got to sleep and got 'im some more salt. That was the third day and he hollered, "The sheep's ready."

An he went out, got to the pasture and he knocked the third'un in the head. He et a good breakfast, broiled it. Left the rest fer the coyotes an the hungry ones, the animals to eat.


He said, "Maybe you'd be better, eh plowin." Said, "I believe I'll hire ya to plow. Need some plowin started." Said, "Ya ever
plow?"

He said, "Oh, gosh," he said, "I've plowed."

So he put him out in a big field with a big fine team of horses. An Jack ere he left he just loosened the bridle rings. Lucky Jack just loosened the bridle rings an just plowed in that pretty field just which ever the horses picked. An that would be any lookin way. An he come back an he said, "Jack, that ain't the way ya plow."

"Well," he said, "That's the way we always plowed. It's a good way."

An he said, "No." Started him in, an he went back in.

An about that, it wasn't long ere, here come by a little ole fella on a donkey. An Jack hollered out, stopped the horse and hollered out, Lucky Jack did. Said, "Hey, there," said, "boy, I'd like to swap one of these horses fer your donkey."

He said, "You makin fun of my donkey?"

"Oh," Lucky Jack said, "no." Said, "I just want that thing."

"Oh," he said, "well if you want it," he said, "I'd swap."

So got out there and Jack got them there harness, or put the saddle off the donkey on that ole horse an had to piece the gird with a piece of hickory bark. An when he put the harness offa that big horse on that donkey to put the saddle on, the britchen of the harness drug way down under its feet, it was so big a harness. An so every time he'd call, "Pull!" that big horse 'uld jerk that donkey an smack its face right in its butt. Every time he'd come back with that face right in its butt seesawing. An so directly Jack, Lucky Jack flew mad. An he said, "Ah, that won't do." He just went around with a single tree an knocked the donkey in the head, killed it. An hooked the big horse to it. Was left draggin it out, wearin its l:xxly out over the ground, a-hurrin down knockin all that rough down where he'd plowed already what he'd plowed.

An about that time the man come. He said, "God, Jack," he said, "what are you a-doin?" He said, "Where's my horse?"

"Oh," he said, "I thought you'd like it." He said, "This little ole feller went by with a donkey." Said, "I swapped 'im fer it." An he said, "It couldn't pull." An he said, "I flew mad and knocked it in the head with a single tree, an dragged it out over the field." He said, "Are you mad?"

"Oh," he said, "no, I ain't mad. But," he said, "maybe you'd be better pickin apples." He said, "I've got some apples need pickin."

"Oh," he said, "yeah, I'm an awful apple picker."

An so he took him an started him pickin apples. An Jack went back to the house and got the ax an cut down three trees while the man was gone.
He came back and he said, "God, Jack, what are you a-doin?"

"Oh," he said, "that's the way I always pick." Says, "It's easier to cut the trees down to pick the apples." Says, "Easier than climbin up the ole ladder you give me."

"Oh," he said, "Jack, gosh," he says, "I won't have none another year." He said, "Ya cut all my trees down. Oh," he said, "you just didn't understand." Said, "Let me take the ladder and show you how to pick apples." An so he climbed up to pick and Jack just jerked the ladder out from under him when his hand was on a limb and there he hung. "Oh," he said, "Jack, put the ladder back!" Said, "Gosh, put the ladder back!"

He said, "I'll put it back when ever you holler an tell your wife to fix me something to eat."

He hollered as hard as he could. So Jack, Lucky Jack run down there an she hollered back. She says to Jack, "What's he tryin to tell me?"

He said, "He said fer, he's a-sayin fer you to kiss me."

She hollered up to him, said, "I ain't a-goin to do it."

He said, "You do it or I'll kill ya if I live to get down from here."

Well she smacked Jack a kiss on the cheek, an Jack run back an put the ladder under him and let 'im down. He was about ready to fall. His grip was just about done. So he got down to the house and his wife said, "Gosh, you devil you." Said, "You made me do something I'd never done in my life."

He said, "What did ya do?"

Said, "He told me you were a-sayin fer me to kiss Jack."

He said, "Jack, oh my gosh, you've lied to my wife an got her to kiss ya an I wouldn't have that done. He clinched Jack, Lucky Jack. An they went into--An Jack was awfa quick, Lucky Jack was. But the man was so big, he was just about to git him, but Jack out winded him an got him over the barra an cut enough hide off that man's back to make a pair of shoe strings. An so he went back by with the pay he'd got. He got the pay out of it. Or he told him he'd just finish him on out. An he went back by and paid the doctor. Unlucky Jack was just about well. An he paid the doctor and got out a little walkin where they went away from one another when they was a-partin at the end of the way, 'fore Unlucky Jack went to his home an Lucky Jack went to his home. Lucky Jack said, "Oh, wait a minute, Unlucky Jack." Said, "I'm, forgettin something."

"Hold it a minute." Reached in his pocket. Said, "Here is your shoe strings back that I got out of his back." Said, "They pay fer the ones he had."
An so fer as I know Lucky Jack is a-cuttin shoe strings yet!

Comments made by Ray

Now that's the way I always heared hit...Now they call it luck. They call it, hit looks like in life some people is luckier than otherns. But I think it's just their wit, that they know more how to go at it. That it ain't no luck or nothin. It's just the way they watch an how they go at it...So that's a tale now that I don't think Jack done no wrong. He was just a-gettin even. I mean Lucky Jack didn't do no wrong. He was just a-gettin even from what had been done to Unlucky Jack...An that's a-goin on yet.
Appendix E

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

Story told by: Stanley Robertson [Stan-4] (SA 1982/105)

This is an aal fashioned story that I haerd many, many years ago. It's probably one o the aal family stories. The moral behind it is far they're trying tae tell ye nae tae be oer selfish 'cause ye might get a lot waur 'an fit ye gotten. Be glad o fit ye got already.

Eence upon a time awaa, 'wa long time ago there lived a king an he had an aafely bonny lassie an her name wis Mary. An Princess Mary wis just a picture tae look at. Noo Mary's mither died an the king remarried. An his new queen she hed a dochter. An her dochter's name wis Jean. Noo Jean wis made a princess. Finever the king marriet the queen, she was made a princess, aathough the ither lasssie was a royal princess.

The king gev aa the privileges that Mary got Jean got. But there was still that wee natural feeling the king hed fir his ain dochter. And the queen of course felt the same about her dochter. There was a kind o rift grew between the lassies. 'See Mary was brought up as a royal princess, and she did nearly aa things richt. Far the ither lassie was made a princess an she hed her ain wee fickle weys o daein things. An there was this wee bickerins between them. But naturally the king liked his ain dochter while the queen liked her dochter. But the queen was a powerful woman an she had a lot of power in the land. In that days fan a king marriet a queen she became law along wi her man.

Ae day fan the king was awa lookin over his lands an daein his kingly duties the queen was left in full command o power. An Princess Mary she did something wrang that offended the queen. An the queen was aafae sair vexed wi fit she'd done. An the queen wanted tae git rid o her.

An the queen says, "Well, Mary, A'm gaen tae banish ye tae the end o the world. An you maun go now an you daurna come back to the castle tae such time that you've been tae the end o the world. An you must tak me something back tae prove you've been tae the end o the world."

Mary wis aafae disappointed because she didnae hae her faither to turn tae. But the puir lassie gyangs along the road an awa she goes walkin doon the road. But the queen an Jean wis fair glad tae see the back o her 'cause they thought that would be the end o her. She said,
"By the time she gets tae the end o the world, she'll never come back."

But Mary gans walkin wearily along the road wi just a wee bitie o meat in her hand cairried intil a bonny hanky an a wee suppie o wine in a bottle, an that was aa she had. But she walks an she walks an she kens she hed tae find the end o the world. But as she's walkin alang the road she comes tae a great big park. An intae this park wis a beautiful powney. Whit a lovely sheltie it was. It hed bonny broon markins on it, an its mane was long. Oh, what a bonny powney it was. An lying beside the powney was a big saddle. An fin Mary comes along she says to hersel, "Be my, fit a bonny powney this is."

An the powney turns roon an says til her, "My dear lady, would you lift that heavy saddle an pit it upon my back?"

An Mary looks an says, "My goodness, I thought you wouldnae ha' wanted a heavy saddle on yir back." She says, "But I'll try an lift it an A'll pit it on yir back." So Mary lifts this heavy saddle, throws it on the horse's back. With aa her might an power she dis it an she ties it underneath the horse.

Then the powney says tae her, "Will you jump on my back, ma dear an ride me as far as you can an A' 11 tak ye tae the world's end."

She says, "Well," she says, "how did you ken I wanted tae go there?"

He says, "Oh, I ken, I ken aa thing tha' happen." Sae Mary jumped on his back an the saddle is the most beautiful an comfortable tae sit on. It was jist like a cushion. An away this horse goes very gently but steady. An he takes her tae the world's end. An on 'e wey it stopped at aa the bonny pools fir refreshment an tae the fruit trees. An she got aa manners o fruit, tae she got tae far she was gaun.

Noo fan she comes tae the world's end there was a big deep pool. An aa the waters o the world poured intae this big deep pool. An standin beside the pool was three ugly wee baudy heided men. An they was dirty an they looked like wee beasties, they were aa clarty. An, aw, the very dirt an slime an things was hangin fae them.

An fan Mary come tae them she says, "My goodness, whith gentlemen are you?" 'Cause remember, she was well-manner't.

An they says, "We are the guardians o the world's end."

An the first yin says til her, "Will ye wash mi?"

An the second een says, "Will ye rub me an clean mi?"

An the third een says, "An will ye dry me wi yir hair?"

An Mary felt sorry fir them 'cause obviously they couldnae wash theirsels though they stood beside aa the waters. Sae she comes an she says, "Well," she says, "I have a big joug here." (She carriet a big joug wi her 'cause she kent that at the end o the world she hed tae tak back some o the water fae the end o the world. An this water, ye kent
it 'cause it was sae pure blue an cleansin water, an if she can get this water she can prove to the queen she was at the World's End. But she looked doon 'e deep pool and she says tae this men, she says, "Well, I'll wash ye," she says, "but if I wash youse wi the water fae the pool will you get me water at the world's end? Sae I could bring it back an fill ma joug?"

An they says, "Yes, we'll do that fir ye, lassie." Sae she gets the clean water fae the top an she starts washin them doon. An then she starts rubbin the dirt aff them so they're bonny an clean. An then she dries them aa with her long golden hair.

Now fan she dis that the men are so happy, these three wee mannies, an they did a wee dance, "Idle Diddle, diddle di diddle da, Da rum pay diddle diddle da rum da." An they were very happy. An they says, "Ken, it's nae often we get folk tae dae this for us," he says, "But we'll help you ma dear. You winna go awa unrewarded." An the three men started talkin together in a funny wee language, "Blah, blah, blah, blah...." Speaking this funny language. An they says, "Weel, fit we're gaun tae gie her fir tae ging hame wi?"

An the first een gings o'er an he looks aat her up an doon, an he says, "A'll mak ye ten times bonnier than you ever wis before."

An Mary says, "Well, thank you most kindly ma dear." Suddenly her appearance was so beautiful. Her skin was radiant, her figure shaped in, her very clothes turn't beautiful, her hair, everything was sae--she was ten times bonnier than she wis before.

An the second yin come o'er an says tae her, he says, "Every time you speak or sing pearls and diamonds an rubies an emeralds is gaen tae faa oot o yir foth sae you' re gaun tae be very, very wealthy.

An the third een says, "Every time ye brush your hair, gold an silver 'ill faa oot yir hair, so you' 11 have everything you' 11 need in this world."

So she says, "Och, this cannnae be." But the moment she speaks the gold!...

An he says, "It'll only come if you really want it." He says, "Fin ye dinna want to hae this fin you speak then you winnae hae it; wehn you want this jewels to appear the whole'll fall out your mouth."

So away she goes on her horse again. An the horse taks her back tae her castle. An her father was so gled tae see her. He says, "Where have you been?"

She says, "Oh, the queen put me away to the world's end. She banished me. But," she says, "I've been an I have the joug tae prove it." She'd a joug o water, 'is bonny blue water from the world's end. An she says tae the queen, "Well, there's yir joug o water. And A've gotten, A've done as A've been asked tae dae." An then she speaks tae her father an aa this jewels faa oot her mouth. An she says, "Father, this is fir you." An she gies some jewels for til her mither an some jewels til her sister. An she says, "Any time you want at tae."
An her father looks an he says, "But you're so beautiful now." An she combs her hair an gold an silver comes faein oot her hair intae big dusts o straws. "My goodness," he says, "you've got everything!"

But tae mak things worse he looks an he sees this bonny horse an his saddle. An fen he comes doon she says, "An look at this lovely horse an saddle I've take' back."

An 'e horse says, "Will ye kiss me?"

An she looked an she says, "Whit a silly thing fir a horse tae say." An she kisses the horse. Immediately he turns intae a handsome prince. Oh an everybody was enthralled. He'd been under enchantment an he became aa richt.

Now fin the queen sees this she's very annoyed. She's ten times mair jealous than she was before. An she says til her daughter Jean, she says, "Now you, midden, you ging awa, you go an dee better than fit your sister done. The king's highly delighted fit Mary's done. "The Princess Mary could do this an the Princess Mary could do that." She gets a handsome prince. You go out an you do better!"

An she says, "But oh, Mither," she says, "I'm a princess, I don't want tae dae that."

An she says, "Well you'll go an you'll prove that you can do better than fit ever Mary can dae."

Sae this princess, Jean, she gings awa noo. But she has tae walk. But she's got...best of everything... She hes to walk... but she's got the best o food, best o wine, an everything she's got in a wee casey wi her. Awa she walks doon the road. An she walks fir a few mile, nae walkin aafae fast, an she comes tae a field, an she sees a bonny black horse in 'e field. An as she comes near the black horse, this black horse-- an there was a saddle an aa fully black saddle almost like satin. This black horse says til her, "Excuse me ma dear, but could you kindly pit this saddle upon me?"

She says, "Most certainly not." She says, "I'm a princess. I'm not goin tae put a saddle upon you."

Says, "Please," he says, "It's heavy gaun, but jist pit it on my back."

Says, "No, sairtainly not." Says, "I'm not takin it. I don't want tae take it."

An he says, "I cud tak ye tae the world's end, the end o the world."

An she thinks, she says, "Well," she says, "I'm not puttin it [on]." Sae she's lookin along the road, she sees a young fella walkin by. She says, "Hi min," she says, "put this saddle upon this horse fir me." Sae this fella pits the saddle on 'e horse fae her. An she says, "Carry me upon its back." So the laddie carries this princess upon its back. An away the horse rins wi her.
But she was a heavier princess, an 'e horse didnae like her. The horse wisnae happy at aa wi havin her on his back. But the horse takes her tae the world's end. An fin she gets tae the World's End far she comes ta... far the deep blue waters rins doon the big deep hole... this three aald men's there. An they're dirty again, 'cause a lang time has passed since she was there.

An the aal men says til her, "Excuse me lassie, but will you wash hiz doon?"

An 'e other een says, "Will ye rub doon the dirt aff o uz?"

An he says, the third een, "Will ye dry us wi yir hair?"

An she says, "How dare you!" She says, "I am a royal princess. I am Princess Jean and I've no intention o washin dirty men down like you." An she says, "A'm certainly not rubbing the dirt aff ye an gettin my beautiful hands aa messed. An A'll not spoil my lovely hair that I have. How dare you ask me to even dry you with my beautiful hair?" She says, "What I want you to do, I want you to go down this hole and get me water, 'cause I mak the laws here." Sae she gives... this men the joug an aa.

So the men tak 'e joug an they take up the water, but instead o bein bonny water, it's dirty lookin water. It didn't even look like water from the World End. An she wouldnae wash the poor men. She would dae nothin to help them.

An the very horse, it has tae be fair scunnered wi her. An the horse says tae the men, "No," he says, "she's a lazy midden, she'll dae nothing."

Sae the three wee mannies speak taegether. An they was in a aafae rage, in an ill temper (?), "Bli, blu, bee, bli....." [high-pitched chattering]. An they turn roon an says, "Fit are we giein her? Will we gie her a reward?" Says, "No, we're nae giein that yin nothin, selfish cratur that she is."

Sae the first een says til her, "Ye're goin tae be ten times uglier than you were before."

An 'e second yin says, "Aye, an every time ye speak puddicks an newts an slugs 'll come oot your mooth."

An 'e third yin says, "Aye, an every time ye comb yir hair lice and flechs an poolichers is gaun tae jump oot o yir heid."

Why she's so haughty... she jumps on her horse like the very thunder an lightning. She jumps on her horse an away she goes back hame wi her joug of clarty lookin water. When her mither sees her, her mither says, "Oh, lassie," says, "that disnae look like the bonny water your sister got!"

She says, "Oh, well," she says, "it is from the world's end." She says, "That's the best water they had."

But fin the father comes in, aabody comes to see her an he says,
"Whit did Princess Jean get?"

Well, she starts tae speak an aa this puddicks faa oot o her mooth, an newts an the slugs an aa horrible things. An they flatter aa aroun the castle, the folk's aa screamin wi these ugly things jumpin aboot 'e castle. An fan she combs her hair big poolichers an parries an aa kind of ugly things jump oot o her heid jumpin on tae the folk, the folks aa runnin fir their life, this clarty parries aa runnin aboot 'em, flechs an lice.

Ah, an she wisnae pleased. But the folk went ootside, an the queen says, "At least ye got a bonny, bonny horse, yir horse is beautiful. Ye've got that. Noo whit happened tae Princess Mary when she kissed a horse, she got a handsome prince."

Sae she gings doon, an 'e horse says til her, "Princess, will you kiss me?"

She says, "Most certainly not. I'm not going to kiss you."

He says, "Well," he says, "I canna change, I canna brak the enchantment till you kiss me."

Sae she spits in her hand an she pits it in his mooth like that, touches his lip. An immediately he turns intil a grea' big fat knight. But he was an ugly knight. Ah me, he was big an fat an fosie. An he says, "Well," he says, "A've got you an you're nae captuir! An I hev tae mairry ye 'cause you broke oot ma enchantment. An A'm bound by the laws o chivalry. I have tae mairry ye."

So he marries the ugly princess.

So at the end o the story wis, the yin 'at wis good an did 'e good things got well rewarded an she'd a heap o nice wee bairns, an they lived happily ever after. But the ither princess wi the fat knight she'd a grea' big garooshk o big fat bannocks o bairns, an ginn't aa day, mornin, noon an nicht. An she lived unhappily ever after!

*CANT WORDS:

Poolichers and parries are red and black lice.

Fozie means lazy, useless.

*SCOTS WORDS:

Clarty means dirty, cloudy.

garoosk (from Aberdeenshire) means a huge number.

scunnered means sickened
Appendix F

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