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# FOLKLIFE CENTER NEWS

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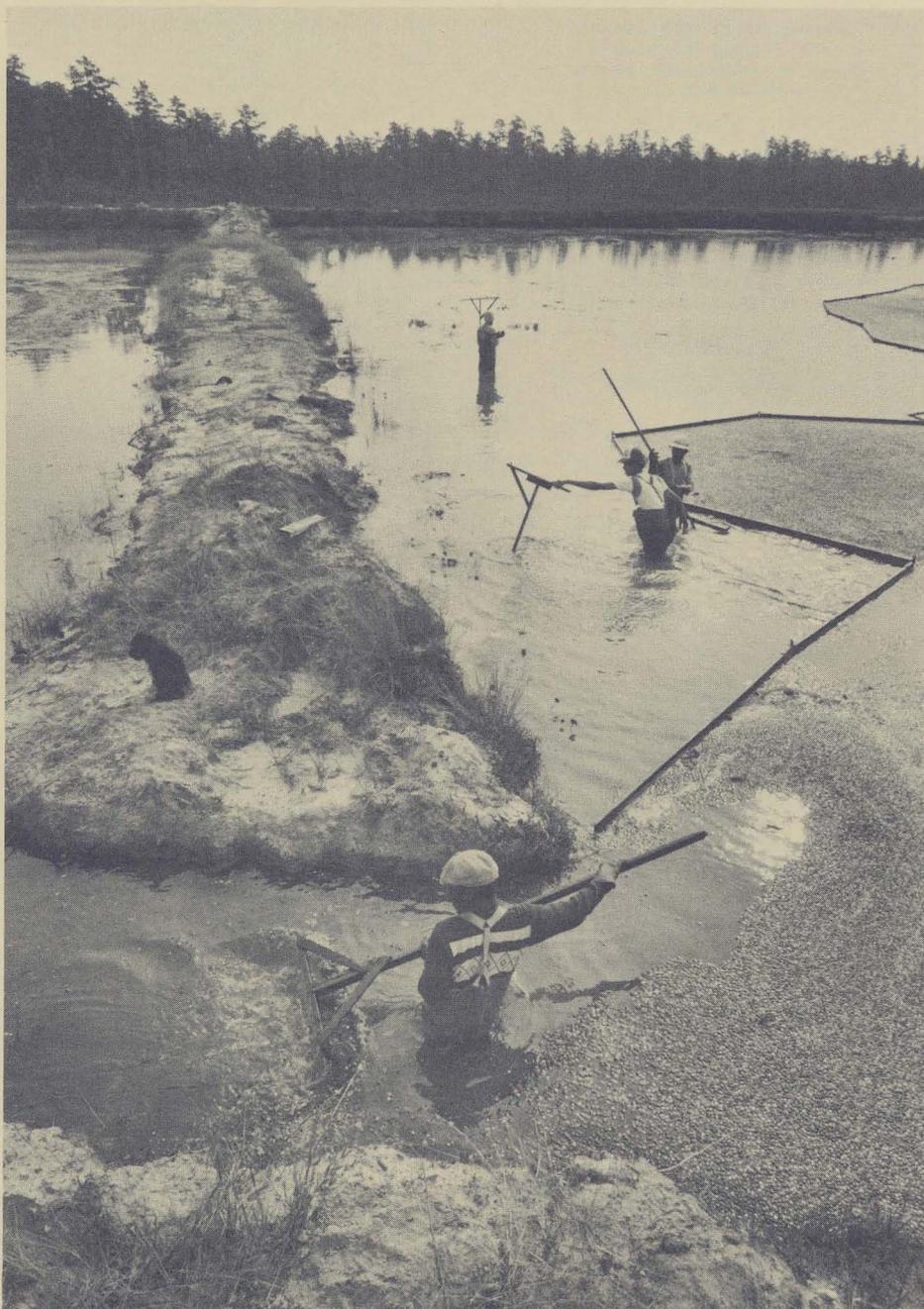
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**New Jersey's  
Pinelands National Reserve**

**Cowboy Exhibit Opening**

**Working Cowboy Symposium**

**Ellen Lovell on  
State Folk Arts Programs**



## FOLKLIFE CENTER NEWS

a quarterly publication of the

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## Director's Column

This column has been devoted to the subject of documentation before. I have been a bit preoccupied with the subject of late, partly because of its place in the Folklife Center's mission, partly because it has emerged as a theme in our Cultural Conservation Report, and partly from an anxiety that professional students of culture had grown so enamored of theory that "mere" documentation was in danger of being neglected. This last concern—that we understand the efficacy of documentation itself in the larger workings of our civilization—was wonderfully pointed up by folklorist Henry Glassie during one of the Cultural Conserva-

tion meetings. He had visited the Choctaw community in Philadelphia, Mississippi, and noticed an old Bureau of American Ethnology report on the bookshelf. Inquiring, he found that they were enthusiastic about having the report in their community. But they had no more enthusiasm than the present generation of scholars for the volume's turn-of-the-century theories about Choctaw culture. Rather, they were grateful for the carefully described and transcribed ceremonies, which would have been lost but now are being relearned.

The documentation, one might say, had outlived the theories for which it had been accumulated, and had been put to cultural uses the earlier collectors never imagined. Though such collectors might have expected that future researchers would use earlier field data to develop fresh conclusions, they can hardly have foreseen that the fieldnotes, photographs, sound recordings, and published descriptions they painstakingly created would re-enter the very cultural process they described, would be prized, studied, and at times readopted by the very people they had studied. To the later 20th century was reserved the gradually dawning realization that we are a part of and thus affect all we study.

The efficacy of documentation was powerfully brought home to me during a recent trip to Nebraska. The Federal Cylinder Project, with the assistance of the L. J. and Mary C. Skaggs Foundation, has recently plunged into its dissemination phase with plans to issue published recordings (in LP disc and cassette form) selected from the early cylinders. Our first published recording will feature Omaha Indian music recorded by Alice C. Fletcher and (Omaha Indian) Francis La Flesche about 1896. My Nebraska mission: to present these historical recordings to the Omaha tribe and to ask their support for the idea of the recorded publication.

I left town on Washington's Birthday, flew westward to Lincoln, Nebraska, and spent the

afternoon at the Nebraska State Historical Society researching early Omaha Indian photographs. The next morning folklorist Roger Welsch drove me up to Macy, a ride of about two hours through the flat-to-rolling countryside of eastern Nebraska. We pulled into Macy, a small community near the Missouri River, and walked into the Omaha Tribal Administration Building to find Dennis Hastings, the young Omaha who has been working on cultural projects for the tribe. He was bustling about getting ready for our presentation to the Tribal Council. We were introduced to a few people, then ushered into the Council's meeting room.

Dennis Hastings gave an initial talk, then I made a fairly lengthy presentation describing the project, the Fletcher/La Flesche collection, and the Folklife Center's publication plans. The Council members seemed interested but were curious to hear for themselves. At that point I excused myself to run out to the car and retrieve my cassette recorder. When I came back, I discovered that the Council had sent for two old men to join us. One of them was 80-year-old John Turner, whom I later recorded. I played examples from the cylinder recordings, concentrating on the *helushka* (warrior songs) category. When John Turner began singing along with some of the 1896 recordings, I knew we were home free. After a few pieces we stopped and Mr. Turner offered supportive comments. The Council members closed the meeting with a resolution for the Vice Chairman, Mark Merrick, to draft a letter of support.

After the meeting we adjourned to the school across the street, where we had lunch in the gym/cafeteria. Then Dennis packed us into the car and drove us to the elderly center. They were having a gathering and had been alerted that we would be coming. I was introduced to the group leader, who in turn translated my description of the cylinder recordings into

Omaha. I played the same batch of *helushka* songs, and they seemed to make quite an impression. I noticed two old men near the back whose hands were beating along with the drum rhythm; they began talking to one another and pulled cassette tapes out of their pockets. It was a fascinating session for me and a good start in our efforts to share the recordings with the tribe. Then we went over to the hospital and—after Roger Welsch regretfully took his leave—repeated the performance for a group gathered for the occasion. I saw that the return of the cylinder recordings to the Omaha was shaping up as quite a community event.

Next Dennis took me to a housing project where we visited Charlie Edwards, a 91-year-old man who had been an active singer for much of his life. We played the same *helushka* songs for him, and I used a Nagra tape recorder to record his responses.

The next day after lunch we stopped by the Tribal Building in hopes of finding John Turner there. Sure enough, there he was waiting in the lobby. I asked if he would be interested in a recording session where he would comment on the cylinder recordings. He seemed quite willing, so we started looking for a room to appropriate for recording purposes. Most of the rooms had ambient noise from the air circulation system, and before we knew it our search became a major project involving several administrators. Finally we selected an office which seemed to have less ambient noise, at which point the Vice Chairman authorized shutting off the air system altogether for a while. I set up the Nagra and Mr. Turner was ushered in, accompanied by Dennis and various other people from the administrative offices. Our recording session had become a public event.

We recorded for over two hours. Mr. Turner listened to nearly all the cylinder recordings on two cassettes which Maria La Vigna (formerly of the Federal Cylinder Project) had selected as a representative sampling from the entire col-

lection. The tapes I recorded with Mr. Turner include the original recordings together with his translations, interpretations, spontaneous songs, stories, and other commentaries. A singer, player of the traditional Omaha flute, and traditionalist in cultural matters, he clearly enjoyed the session, joking and singing spontaneously as the case presented itself. His interpretations (as well as his cautionary words regarding certain sacred or secret ceremonial songs) represent invaluable supplementary documentation for the cylinders. I was thrilled at his interest and secretly began to scheme about recording him again.

The next morning we encountered Mr. Turner again at the Administration Building and expressed a vague hope that we could record him again. We got into a lively conversation where he told

an etiological story about the Omaha flute, using as its hero the ubiquitous Orphan about whom many Omaha stories are told, and shared some of his repertory of jokes. But events prevented our launching another recording session. John Carter of the Historical Society, representing my ride back to Omaha, arrived on the scene, and the next thing I knew I was saying a round of goodbyes.

Two months later, I find myself still mulling over the experience. It certainly confirmed all my beliefs about the cultural power of documentation. The interest and enthusiasm of the Omaha people was electric, and the recording session with John Turner dramatized the fact that the cylinders are not simply documents of the past, but a legacy from the past. My personal presence may have helped—one cannot satisfy the responsibility for dissemination simply by mailing off some tapes. Yet we could not have created such interest if the cylinders were not inherently interesting. The recording session with John Turner in many ways symbolized the whole effort. It yielded precious information about the 1896 recordings, and, as a semi-public event, it dramatized the “living” quality of the traditions preserved on the cylinders. Mr. Turner provided the symbolic link between past and present as he listened, laughed, interpreted, and sang. The turning tape-reels, recording the cylinders side by side with his commentary, attested to the symbolic importance of the event as a contemporary effort toward cultural conservation.

In early April John Turner passed away. Not all that he knew survived him; yet his legacy to the Omaha people is rich. Part of that legacy is imbedded in the recordings he made, and in the memories of all of us who attended that recording session. As I listen once again to the tapes we made, I hear his voice juxtaposed with voices from before his birth—but also juxtaposed with the younger voices of those of us who were there, and whose task is now to carry on.

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## COWBOY EXHIBIT OPENING



(Photo by John T. Gibbs)

President and Mrs. Reagan joined The Librarian of Congress Daniel J. Boorstin in front of a bandana-garbed white marble statue of James Madison on March 24 to open officially *The American Cowboy* exhibition. The President, who toured the exhibit before addressing guests assembled for the opening reception, quipped that he kept looking for a display highlighting his role in the film *Cattle Queen of*

*Montana* to no avail. He went on to comment on the items that were on display, "This exhibit can remind those of us who work or visit here what America is about. If we understand this part of our history and our continuing fascination with it, we will better understand how our people see themselves, and the hopes they have for America." The Reagans were then presented with a specially-bound

exhibition catalog and their own bandanas, replicating a bandana used by Theodore Roosevelt during his 1912 campaign.

The reception was held in the lobby and atrium of the Madison building. An action-filled statue made from painted fiberglass, "Progress II" by Luis Jimenez, greeted guests inside the lobby doors. The statue captures the three elemental figures of the cowboy drama, frozen in perpetual motion—the mounted cowboy plunging after a longhorned cow, which strains away from his lariat with every fiber of her rangy body. Ambient Western music for the evening was provided by Riders in the Sky.

The concept for an exhibition on the cowboy originated at the American Folklife Center four years ago. A generous gift from United Technologies Corporation, a company known for its interest in supporting American arts, assisted the Center and the Library to develop the concept into a major exhibition, accompanied by a lavishly illustrated catalog. Individuals such as the Library's curator Ingrid Maar, guest curator Lonny Taylor, and designers Robert Staples and Barbara Charles were instrumental in mounting the exhibit and producing the catalog, as were many divisions of the Library, including the Exhibits Office, the Publishing Office, and the Information Office. Their efforts were coordinated by Carol Nemeyer, Associate Librarian for National Programs.

Following the reception The Librarian of Congress, Daniel J. Boorstin, hosted a formal dinner. Among the guests were Attorney General William French Smith, Senator Edward Zorinsky of Nebraska, Supreme Court justices Sandra Day O'Connor, Lewis Powell, and Byron White, former senator Eugene McCarthy, Clare Boothe Luce, and former Secretary of State Alexander Haig. Other guests included Francis S. M. Hodsoll, Jr., Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, the Arts Endowment's former chairman Livingston L. Biddle, Jr.,

William Bennett, Chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, and Richard Helms, former director of the C.I.A.

The dinner guests were addressed by Harry J. Gray, Chairman and President of United Technologies, who remarked, "United Technologies has sponsored several shows recently that will reveal aspects of American life to European audiences. Next month, for instance, we are taking a major exhibition of American folk art to Paris and then to Munich, Hamburg, and London. And next year we will underwrite a show of 19th-century American painting at the Louvre, after it has been seen in Boston and here in Washington. But we probably never will be associated with an exhibition so emphatically American as this cowboy show, and we are very proud of that association." Popular western writer Louis L'Amour, whose books have sold nearly one hundred and thirty million copies, said a few words about cowboys. Patsy Montana spoke briefly and sang a verse of "I Wanna Be A Cowboy's Sweetheart," which is included on the jukebox playing in the American Cowboy Cafe display.

The Librarian of Congress then presented a "toast to the cowboy" to which Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige had been invited to respond. Secretary Baldrige is a rodeo-qualified cowboy who has been on the Board of Directors of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. His remarks, reprinted here, included observations about American cowboy culture made over a number of years from many vantage points.

*The American Cowboy* will be on display in the Library's Madison Building between 8:30 a.m. and 9:30 p.m. Mondays through Fridays, between 8:30 a.m. and 6:00 p.m. on Saturdays and holidays, and from 8:30 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. on Sundays. The free exhibition will remain at the Library through the summer months, closing on October 2.



*A portion of Luis Jimenez's fiberglass sculpture "Progress II" looms over guests at the cowboy exhibit's opening reception. (Photo by John T. Gibbs)*

**MALCOLM BALDRIGE'S  
ANSWER TO THE  
"TOAST TO THE COWBOY"**



*From The American Cowboy exhibit: sterling belt buckle awarded to world's champion bull rider Jim Shoulders in 1957. (Courtesy of Jim Shoulders, Henryetta, Okla.)*

The cowboy "mystique," the cowboy "image." Any real cowboy would reject those words outright. He would use "reputation." "Reputation," ah, there's a fine word and an honorable word. You create an image, but you have to *earn* a reputation.

But, however the description runs, a central part of his life revolves around self-reliance and independence. Self-reliance comes first with him; he learns that before he is knee high. Once that is earned, it's never lost and, in and of itself, breeds the independence that we associate with him for his lifetime. A wise man once said: "Good judgment comes from experience; but experience comes from bad judgment." Whatever good judgment a cowboy has, he's learned that the hard way.

If you think that the Cabinet of the United States is made up of independent individuals, you should see the Board of Directors of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association in action. I have been honored to be a member of both groups and, as far as shared independence goes, the latter wins hands down. We had one director for the bronc riders who always cast his vote last, just in case the other eleven had happened to vote unanimously. If they had, even if he favored the decision, he would vote against it. It might look like collusion to his constituency if he didn't.

I can well remember first working as a dollar-a-day cowhand and riding off into the sunrise to find that no one was looking at me. In short, "Goodbye glamor, hello hard work." Cowboys don't know anything about glamor, but they certainly know about hard work.

I can also remember being surprised at how many bachelor cowboys I knew in those days in the '30s. At a dollar a day, a young man simply could not get married unless his wife could get a job as a cook on the ranch, and there was only one of those jobs. As a result, there was more than one generation of men

who could have been led to the altar on a pretty short lead-rope, but never made it simply because of the economic hardships of their lot. A very sad thing, but that was life and they accepted it.

And I remember also, within the last five years, catching a ride from the Amarillo rodeo to the Denver rodeo with a cowboy who was supporting a wife and two kids on his winnings. He had left his last year's winnings at home and taken expense money to get him through the first two months of the new season. He hadn't made a dime. He asked me to fix supper for us in the back of the camper. I found a jar of peanut butter, a jar of jelly, and half a loaf of bread. That's what we ate. He was damned if he was going to send home for what he had worked so hard to save. Luckily, he won some in Denver.

Those kinds of experiences have put into real perspective for me some of the problems I've seen in business and in the government. You know, the vice president who wanted his office closest to the boss's or the bureaucrat who squawked that the square footage of his domain was slightly less than that of his equal in another department. Short shrift was what they got, and what they deserved.

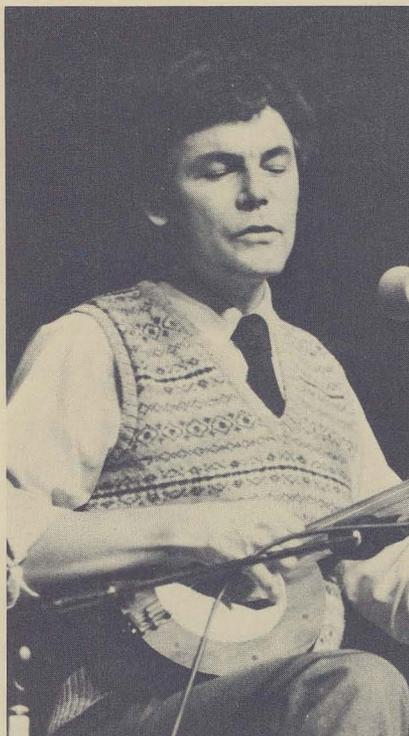
There are more fences now in the ranch country, maybe a couple of pickups near the horse corral, and the lights in town may be neon instead of kerosene. But the life is still not easy. The self-reliance is still taught at an early age. The independence is still there as strong as ever, and the reputation still has to be earned. It's our heritage and this sometime-cowboy never wants to see it denigrated.

Dan Boorstin, we appreciate this party. Harry Gray, we thank you for making this exhibition possible for the thousands that will see and learn something of that heritage.

## ARCHIVE CONCERT



Odetta



Michael Cooney



Joseph C. Hickerson (L), Michael Cooney, Odetta, and Alan Jabbour (R)

On Friday, March 4, the Folklore Society of Greater Washington (FSGW) presented a concert by Odetta and Michael Cooney at Lisner Auditorium "to benefit the Archive of Folk Culture at the Library of Congress." The concert proceeds are to be donated to the

Friends of the Folk Archive Fund.

Odetta, who had expressed interest in doing a concert for the Archive for some time, provided the major impetus for the event. Her appreciation and utilization of the Archive's collections extends over a good part of her career.

During the concert she spoke several times about the materials that she has added to her repertory through researching the collections and listening to the Archive's recordings of folk music. Michael Cooney also performs tunes and songs from the Archive's collections and has been generous in crediting and supporting its work through the years.

The program was hosted by Mary Cliff, President of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington and a folk music programmer for WETA-FM in Washington, D.C. Folklife Center director Alan Jabbour introduced Michael Cooney's portion of the concert with three fiddle tunes, and Archive head Joseph C. Hickerson sang three unaccompanied songs before Odetta came on.

The Friends of the Folk Archive Fund, the beneficiary of all of this activity, was established in 1978 as a source of funds for special Archive projects. The first substantial contribution to the fund was made by Michael Cooney, who has donated amounts equivalent to songwriter's royalties for public-domain folksongs on his LP's published by Front Hall Records (See *Folklife Center News*, Vol. II, No. 2, April 1979). Other special fund contributors have included Carl Gottlieb, Time-Life Books, Toshi and Pete Seeger, and friends and relations of the late C. Robert Keppel. The Folklore Society of Greater Washington contributed \$2,900 to the Archive fund from the concert. A number of direct contributions were made to the fund by others unable to attend the event. As a follow-up, the Society will be communicating with folk arts organizations around the country, urging them to plan similar events. The American Folklife Center and the Archive of Folk Culture are grateful to Odetta, Michael Cooney, and the members and officers of the Folklore Society of Greater Washington for their generosity in arranging the concert.

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## ONE SPACE, MANY PLACES

### The Pinelands National Reserve

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*Orlando Torres, a farm hand at the Birches Cranberry Bog, pictured on the front cover.*

The Pine Barrens of New Jersey—a million acres of sand beneath a stubble of short pine trees and scrubby oaks, broken occasionally by the dark, wet green of cedar swamps—are unremarkable to those whose penchant for natural beauty leads them to the Great Smoky Mountains, the Grand Canyon, or Niagara Falls. Words like “majestic” or “humbling” do not spring to the mind of one confronted with the monotony of a Pine Barrens landscape, a monotony that overshadows its most spectacular features. Minuscule treasures like curly grass ferns and pine snakes are not viewable from highway overlooks.

In fact, if the Pine Barrens are most remarkable for anything, it is their hiddenness. Certain facets of



*Trailing a canine symphony, Jack Davis, Sr. of Browns Mills, N.J. casts his Maryland hounds on the track of a gray fox.*

this hiddenness have been illuminated through the efforts of outsiders over the years, however. In the 1960s writer John McPhee shared his astonishment with the nation that a wilderness could be found at the heart of Eastern Megalopolis—a concealed wilderness that in turn conceals a breath-taking array of rare and endangered plants and animals, and a folk culture that is equally endemic. The astonishment set in motion by McPhee continues to spread, even in North Jersey, where perhaps once every twelve hours someone is surprised to learn about the Pine Barrens.

It has been the part of outsiders to the Pine Barrens to be fascinated with them and to lobby for federal protection of their resources.

There are those who would have the Pine Barrens factored out as a future home for Turkey Beard Grass and Pine Barrens tree frogs, for restored iron furnaces and glass works, and would eschew further disturbance of the landscape by human beings. Others see in the Pinelands a solution to cities' housing shortages and as a source for depleted resources, such as clean water, fresh air, and recreational space.

There is, of course, a third group in all of this, less visible than Pickering's Morning Glory and more silent than the Pinelands' whip-poorwills—the traditional guardians of the landscape. Their patterns of land-use produced the favorable habitats for the distinctive species so prized by outsiders.

In the case of the Pine Barrens, Congress resolved the archetypal conflicts between developers, environmentalists, and landowners by a compromise—it created a new category of public land, a National Reserve. In other categories of public land, such as national parks and forests, private landowners residing within their circumference become inholders who are usually excluded from the interpretive programming and management process for the area. The National Reserve concept eliminates inholders and involves local residents in the management of the land. Programs developed by the Pinelands National Reserve may someday serve as a model for national parks and forests seeking to tap the living cultural resources within and around their boundaries.

The perspectives and values of the two groups for whom the Pinelands are important—the visitors and the natives—are often at variance. The Pinelands Commission, a body of federal, state, and local representatives charged with managing the Pinelands, is faced with a task that is partly ethnographic—that of bridging a communicative gap between land-users with disparate visions.

The National Reserve was established with some awareness of the interplay of cultural and natural resources, and of the need to foster that interplay. Most of what is known, however, has been solicited from biologists, geologists, and archaeologists, rather than from those who now live there, who may possess information essential for conserving the resources. One vital task, then, is to identify a range of living cultural resources, and to discover their links with the natural setting that visitors will encounter.

Visitors and natives can experience the Pinelands as dramatically different places. The casual motorist, passing through the Pine Barrens en route to the shore from Philadelphia, might encounter what folklorist Herbert Halpert described in the 1940s:

It is a desolate and dreary landscape. In many places one can travel for miles on the through highways with no relief from the uniform bleakness save for infrequent gas stations or narrow sandy roads leading off to someone's bog. Houses are few and far between, gray and weatherbeaten, in marked contrast to the well-painted structures of the surrounding farm country. The house usually rests on what seems to be pure sand, and the scrub pine comes up almost to the doorstep. Rarely does one see a garden plot or flowers near a house. The absence of barns is striking.<sup>1</sup>

Consider, by way of contrast, an excerpt from "The Pine Barrens Song," composed by Merce Ridgway, Sr., who could have lived in one of the houses to which Halpert alludes:

I left the place where I was  
born, many years ago,  
For times were tough  
and work was scarce, I had  
no choice but go.  
But I've been back there  
many times, in my memory—  
Of all the places that I've  
been, it's there I'd rather be.

Where the scrub pine, ground  
oak, berry, bush, and sand,  
They never changed—they  
never will—Pine Barrens  
land.

The sweet May Pink and the  
curly fern, leaves all turning  
green,  
And the water running red  
in the cedar swamp stream.

Given Halpert's description, the name "Pine Barrens" is richly deserved. In light of Ridgway's song it bristles with hidden irony. The song is a good starting point for the translation of the native viewpoint to visitors.

Like most of his contemporaries, Ridgway possessed the skills that enabled him to "work the cycle"—

skills such as hunting for deer and rabbits, trapping for furs, and tonging for clams and oysters, along with skills more exclusive to the Pinelands: charcoal making, cranberrying, mossing, pinebaling, and the gathering of a host of plants used in the florist industry. Indigenous tools such as moss presses, pine-cone poppers, rocky dump huckleberry knockers, and cranberry scoops were familiar objects to him. He was a woodsman.

While any number of people who live and work within the Pinelands may be recognized as Pineys by both visitors and natives, the epithet "woodsman" is only conferred admiringly upon one native by another. Woodsmanship, the vernacular management and interpretation of the woods, is not a phenomenon readily observable by outsiders. Its imprint on the environment is subtle, and whatever might be construed as evidence of woodsmanship—a sign posted on a tree, a deer stand, a man-made fox den—is not made to withstand fires and vandalism. These are the products of ephemeral acts—naming the environment, chasing foxes, or searching for "events" in the manner of one Piney described by McPhee:

When he is not working in the bogs, he goes roaming, as he puts it, . . . hiking about thirty miles in a typical day, in search of what he calls "events"—surprising a buck, or a gray fox, or perhaps a poacher or a man with a still. Almost no one who is not native to the pines could do this, for the woods have an undulating sameness, and the understory . . . is often so dense that a wanderer can walk in a fairly tight circle and think that he is moving in a straight line.<sup>2</sup>

Woodsmanship is a cultural resource, just as a restored mansion is, or an Indian shell mound. A definition is offered by one octogenarian woodsman:

You know what I call a good woodsman? Ed Jenkins. Good

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## ONE SPACE, MANY PLACES

*Continued from previous page*



woodsman. I'll tell you why. He can be on a gravel road, foxhunting, and if he knew there was another gravel road—now this was at night—he'd say, "I'll meet you over on the other road." I'll drive the truck and get over there, and here come Eddie walkin' out. When you can get through them places in the night, then's when you're a good woodsman.<sup>3</sup>

In order to grasp the dynamics of the Pinelands as a natural environment we need to understand the perceptions that enable one to search for events there, or to compose "The Pine Barrens Song." We need to appreciate the Pinelands

not only as a place to go canoeing or specimen hunting, but as the cultural statement that it is: the magnum opus of Piney life and values. Ultimately, as human ecologist John Sinton reminds us, the Pine Barrens are not wilderness but landscape:

Pine Barrens landscapes do not exist apart from Pineys. Cedar stands which look ancient have actually been cut five times in the past 200 years; Pine forests were burned or harvested every 15 to 20 years. These are not wildlands, but landscapes, which humans have husbanded and exploited these past 2,000 years.<sup>4</sup>

### Positions Available

The American Folklife Center is seeking three fieldworkers and one administrative coordinator for a field project in the Pinelands National Reserve of New Jersey. The project's goals are to identify, document, and present the folk cultural resources in and around this public landscape. The initial phase of fieldwork is scheduled for September and October 1983.

All candidates should possess advanced degrees in folklore or related disciplines, extensive fieldwork experience, and strong writing skills. Two of the fieldworkers should be capable of identifying and interpreting a broad range of expressive cul-



*Herbert Payne, woodsman and charcoaler, teaches chemistry students at Central Regional High School in Bayville, N.J. the craft of incomplete combustion. Charcoaling entails the construction of a kiln out of pine logs, turf, and sand. Once ignited, the kiln smolders for nearly two weeks. The resulting charcoal was mostly used by industrial refineries.*



ture, verbal as well as material, in multi-cultural settings. The third fieldworker's strength should be in the area of ethnobiology. The administrative coordinator, whose position may run for a full year, should also possess experience with data processing, archiving, and project coordination.

The positions will be filled on the basis of a resume, two references (one from an employer, if possible), and writing samples. If interested in applying, send a letter and resume to: Mary Huford, Folklife Specialist, American Folklife Center, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540, tel. 202/287-6590. Applications should be mailed by July 10, 1983.

Because of their ambiguity, their hiddenness, the Pinelands are multivalent. They can be seen as wilderness by outsiders because it is possible to view their natural resources as having a reality apart from the culture—a view that is implicit in the creation of categories such as “inholders.” Much of their national appeal resides in a pervasive desire for wilderness—for space that is not place, that is freed from the familiarity and constraints of everyday life. “Space,” Yi Fu Tuan tells us, “is a common symbol of freedom in the Western world.

Open space has no trodden paths and signposts. It has no

fixed pattern of established human meaning; it is like a blank sheet on which meaning may be imposed. Enclosed and humanized, space is place. Compared to space, place is a calm center of established values. Human beings require both space and place.<sup>5</sup>

It is possible, then, in certain instances, for one man's space to be another man's place. This duality is dramatically illustrated in the efforts of natives to post places with names, in the hope that others will recognize and accept that imposition of order onto their unnamed

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## ONE SPACE, MANY PLACES

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space. Sometimes others do not, as the experience of another octogenarian woodsman reveals:

The main corner up here by the Fire Tower, I named that Star Tree Corner—it's like a star. I always keep paintin' signs and nailin' 'em up there, and guys steals 'em! . . . I put it there so it'd keep that name, you know—the younger ones don't follow things up like that. Now they tell me that sign is down by a little camp on the hill.<sup>6</sup>

Perhaps the spaces in the Pine-lands should continue to provide a forum for the pitting of chaos against order, but it seems necessary, somehow, to allow people like woodsmen their voices—even to seek their assistance in managing and interpreting the landscape for visitors as well as for themselves.

—Mary Hufford

<sup>1</sup> Herbert Halpert, *Folktales and Legends from the New Jersey Pines: A Collection and Study* (Dissertation, Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University, 1947), p. 18–19.

<sup>2</sup> John McPhee, *The Pine Barrens* (New York: Farrar, Strauss, and Giroux, 1968), p. 9.

<sup>3</sup> Interview, Browns Mills, New Jersey, December 15, 1980.

<sup>4</sup> John Sinton, *Natural and Cultural Resources of the New Jersey Pine Barrens* (Pomona, New Jersey: Stockton State College, 1979), p. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Yi Fu Tuan, *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1977), p. 54.

<sup>6</sup> Interview, Waretown, New Jersey, August 22, 1983.



## AT HOME ON THE RANGE

### Working Cowboy Symposium

The cowboy occupation did not exactly get rave reviews from men who work as cowboys during the Center's March 29 symposium "From Open-Range Cowboys to Rodeo Clowns: The Story of the Working Cowboy." It was characterized at various times as dirty, smelly, hard physical labor that does not pay very well and is dangerous.

Rancher Leslie Stewart from Paradise Valley, Nevada said that he would not recommend that any young fellow go into the ranching business (his son Fred, incidentally, is going to take over the family ranch someday). He feels that old-time cowboys are a vanishing breed and asked, "Why should a fella go into it?" Why indeed? The cowboys, folklorists, historians, and anthropologists who presented the symposium wrestled with that question several times during the day, but it proved to be hard to tie down.

"Personally, I do it because it's my way of life—it's what I chose to do," said Leon Coffee, a cowboy and rodeo clown from Austin, Texas, in answer to why he does it. "High-water herder" Thomas Edison "Brownie" Ford from the flood plains of Louisiana said that he sticks with the occupation because he is too nervous to steal and too proud to beg. Stewart explained, "My grandfather came into Nevada in 1864 with an ox team, and started a ranch known as 96, and we've been there ever since. [There's] a lot of tradition behind it," adding, "That's a hundred and how many years, well over a hundred and twenty years, I guess, and we're not millionaires yet." John Erickson responded by paraphrasing the introductory paragraphs of his book *The Modern Cowboy*, which record a series of interchanges between him and cowboy Jake Parker during the course of a year working ranches in Beaver County, Oklahoma. In mid-winter Erickson is fed up and

ready to quit the whole cowboy scene as they carry out the endless round of winter feeding in the freezing cold. Parker understands completely. In late winter Erickson is convinced they are just not going to make it and will have to find something else to do. Parker has to agree. But by spring roundup time Erickson is truly thankful that someone will actually pay him to do the work he does, and Parker is in complete accord.

The symposium had a broader purpose than simply to investigate why men and women work as cowboys. Folklorist Beverly Stoeltje structured the day's presentation to investigate what it means to be a cowboy, what his pattern of life is, and what regional variations exist. The symposium format called for presentation of scholarly papers in the morning, followed by discussions and demonstrations by working cowboys in the afternoon; but as Jim Griffith, moderator for the afternoon portion, pointed out, both groups are scholars of the occupation, with general or specialized knowledge of the cowboy trade. A fluid interplay between their practical and theoretical perspectives developed as the day progressed.

The morning's presentations focused on the origins of the cowboy occupation and its current economic and social structure in this country. Scholars think that the occupation may have developed originally in North Africa and the Middle East, according to anthropologist John Bennett from the University of Washington in St. Louis. But ranching and cowboy-ing are broadly based phenomena that have travelled literally around the world along diverse cultural routes.

Hispanic settlers in Florida, Mexico, Texas, and California, adapting skills learned on the Spanish plains, had a profound influence on the developing cowboy culture of North America. Histo-



Leslie Stewart explains some features of cowboy gear as Jim Griffith stands at his side and Leon Coffee (L) and Brownie Ford look on from a distance.

rians Joe Frantz of the University of Texas at Austin and Sandra Myres from the University of Texas at Arlington both invoked something of the influence in transmission. Frantz described El Tule, a 600,000-acre ranch in northern Mexico, four hours south of the Texas border. It is a place that recaptures the "amplitude and timelessness" of a bygone era in work patterns that include the employment of a range cook and chuckwagon, and the ritual roping of mounts each morning from the *remuda*. Except for the transistor radios, which have become a vital component of vaquero equipment, life is lived at El Tule much as it was on 19th-century ranches in the western United States before fencing and upgrading transformed the open-range cowboy's existence.

Sandra Myres discussed the history of ranching in the Hispanic Southwest in some detail, describing hacienda siteplans, tools used by Spanish vaqueros, styles of dress, and forms of relaxation. Many of the occupational tools employed by vaqueros are hallmarks of the cowboy as well; their occupational terminology also influenced cowboy usage. One significant example is *la reata*, transposed in English to *lariat*, wielded by the vaquero and cowboy alike with consummate skill.

Certain cultural characteristics that emerged in ranching communities on the plains of Canada and the United States are distinctively North American, however, said John Bennett. One such characteristic is the degree of sharing between the rancher/owner and cowboy/laborer classes that takes place at many levels—sharing of cultural values, technical expertise on the job, and recreational activities. Both groups also pay a high "opportunity cost"—the difference between what one actually earns and what one could earn at another occupation—to continue doing what they do. Leslie Stewart had to agree: "Ranching and cowboying is a way of life, but it's a hell of a poor business."

*Continued on overleaf*

## AT HOME ON THE RANGE

*Continued from previous page*



*John Bennett (L), Sandra Myres, Joe Frantz, and Beverly Stoeltje (R)*

Once the origins and characteristics of the cowboy occupation had been discussed, the cowboys themselves had a lot to say about how they get the job done. Cowboy, author, and roping enthusiast John Erickson discussed ranching on the Texas and Oklahoma panhandles. He talked about how to combine the traditional tools of the trade—the horse and rope—with mechanized transportation to cover greater distances more effectively. He also demonstrated several roping loops—the “header” used to rope the head, the “heeler” for the legs, and the “Hoolihan,” an overhand loop used for horses.

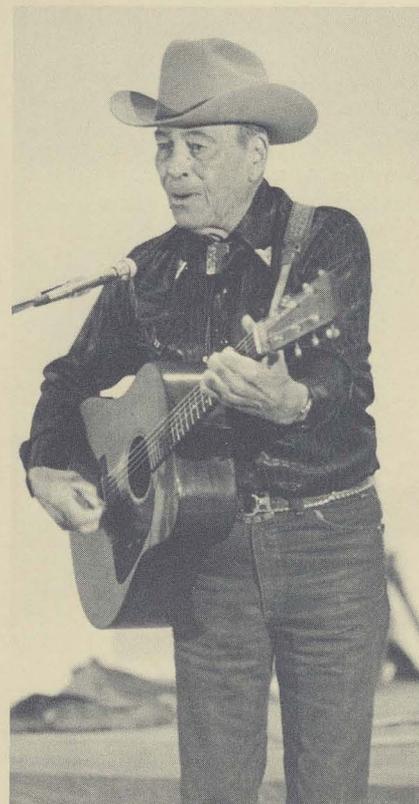
The subject of regional variations in ranching elicited descriptions of differences in terrain between northern Nevada, Leslie Stewart’s home, and the flood plains of Louisiana. The Nevada landscape is dry, with four to eight inches of rain a year, and virtually treeless. Brownie Ford’s area of Louisiana, on the other hand, may get forty-eight inches of rain; there is no dearth of vegetation, and most of it sports thorns. Ford says you can be sure that anything you run across in his part of the country, be it animal or vegetable, will either “stick you, stain you, kick you, or bite you.” Another regional

variation that stimulated heated discussion was the “great dally debate,” transcribed here.

Songs, demonstrations, and stories enlivened the afternoon’s proceedings. Brownie Ford sang a few songs like “The Trail to Texas,” Leon Coffee showed how to throw a “Butterfly” and “Ocean Wave” loop, and all of the cowboys had stories about pranks they had played.

Cowboying is clearly a job that generates intense pride, a sense of humor, and a feeling of tradition. The symposium did not ultimately answer why people choose to be cowboys, nor was it intended to. It did, however, open a small window on a complex and fascinating occupation.

The Center will continue the symposium series with one on the development and perpetuation of the cowboy image on May 17, and a symposium and concert featuring cowboy music on July 21. For further information contact Mary Hufford, Folklife Specialist, American Folklife Center, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540.



*Brownie Ford*

## THE GREAT DALLY DEBATE

This debate took place about half way into the afternoon of the working cowboy symposium. After a calf, steer, or cow has been lassoed, what should a cowboy do with the other end of the rope, the end he is holding as he sits in the saddle? There are two schools of thought on the subject, and both were vigorously upheld at the symposium. Leslie Stewart and John Erickson favored "dallying," wrapping the rope around the saddle horn, while Brownie Ford and Leon Coffee favored tying the rope "hard and fast." During the course of the debate the men demonstrated some ties on the stock saddle that Stewart donated to the Smithsonian Institution, which was cinched onto a model horse. Many of the points they made have been reiterated ever since the two methods of roping emerged over a century ago. The long-standing debate has even been put to music in cowboy songs like "Windy Bill," which comes down on the side of—well, readers will have to find out for themselves.

**Erickson:** I come from the dally tradition. You're going to meet a couple of old hard-headed cowboys in a minute that are in the other school. And the hard and fast boys and the dally boys have been hissing at each other for about a hundred years. There was a time when it was almost a felony to dally in the state of Texas, and it was a criminal offense to tie hard and fast in California and Nevada. It's not quite that serious anymore, but each roping school has its own advantages and disadvantages.

I think, for myself, the dally method is more versatile—you can do more with a horse and a roped animal with the dally method—and I also think it's safer. I've known of several cowboys who were dragged to death on their own ropes, or who were killed when their horse and the critter ran between a tree and they got wrapped around a tree. A dally



*Leslie Stewart branding calves on his ranch in Paradise Valley, Nevada.*

man can drop his rope any time he wants to and get out of a wreck. The hard and fast boys will tell you that if it's worth catching, it's worth keeping, and that anyone who dallies is probably chicken hearted, and that's OK with me—I still dally.

But one of the disadvantages of the dally method is that, every once in awhile, you miss that dally, and when you miss the dally you get your rope taken away from you, and that's very humiliating. I've had that happen to me where I had to chase a couple of heifers around a neighbor's pasture for about six hours before I could get my rope back, before somebody called the sheriff or saw me out there. So I vowed that I would never let that happen to me again. So I carry a second rope, so that if I ever lost my first rope, I could load up and get my first rope back, and at least get home with my pride intact. . . .

**Griffith:** We've been using these terms "tie hard and fast" and "dal-

lies," and I assume that all of you have probably figured out what we're talking about, if you—

**Audience member:** That is not a correct assumption.

**Griffith:** Is that not a correct assumption? OK, well we're going to be shown.

**Coffee:** [To Erickson] You get over there and show them your *dally* roping.

**Erickson:** I might point out that most of the people who tie hard and fast tend to be sissies.

**Coffee:** [Laughs] Oh, no!

**Coffee:** On this horse right here, I've got what we call a "quick release." You got a bull at the end of your line and you want to keep up with him, he can't go nowhere, but you can also get away from him by just turning it loose like that, and you got your dally on

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## Dally Debate

*Continued from previous page*

there too. But we really don't like doing that cause you can just hit that panic button at any time, when you just *think* you're in trouble, and you're going to lose your bull, or lose your cattle, and there's no way that you can get it back, cause we usually don't carry two ropes—we don't miss too often [looking at Erickson].

**Griffith:** Before the shootin' starts, I think probably I'd better interject with a tiny little bit of professor talk and explain that this word "dally" that everyone is using is a nice example of the fact that a lot of the cowboy language comes from the old vaqueros, the Spanish-speaking cowboys. Dally is an Englishization of the phrase *dale vuelta*, "give it a turn," and if you're "taking your dallies" you're giving the rope a turn around the saddle horn. And so what we're really talking about is a system with a loose rope that you can give a quick turn around the saddle horn, or a system where the end of the rope is tied hard and fast to the saddle horn. As one old Texan says, "That means that whatever you catch is yours, and you're its." And the other system is a system worked out in California where you throw your rope or *reata* and you give it a tuck around.

**Coffee:** Dallying is good for one thing, losing your thumbs!

**Stewart:** Well, now he said they're good for losing your thumbs, and that's played right into my hands. [To Coffee] Can I see your rope, just the end of it? See that knot he has in the end of his rope? See, this is a dally rope, you don't want anything in the end of it. Because if you have a knot like that, you're pretty apt to lose your thumb when you come to the end of the rope. With one of these ropes, you can lose your thumb too, I'm sure you can. There's a lot of guys in Nevada

who've only got one thumb, and that's the reason why, they got a little careless with their dallies. . . .

And John [Erickson] and I just had a little disagreement here. You throw rope out there, you hold your rope end in the same hand that you hold your rein. You



*Leon Coffee*

throw your rope out and you put on as many turns, as many dallies as you need—a small calf, maybe only one . . . . One thing John and I was just talking about, in our country, up there they teach us, when you're dallying, don't ever look at your horn, because it's going to be there. Don't look at it, you just look out there where you're throwing your rope, and put your dallies on. The horn's not going anywhere. John tells me the horn will go somewhere, and he always looks at it.

The dally rope is always a lot longer. Now this rope is twenty-eight feet. The dally rope is fifty

to sixty feet long. Now, when I say you have a fifty-five or sixty-foot rope, this don't mean you can throw out there sixty feet and catch anything. This means you can throw about as far as these fellows do, but you've got all this extra rope to take your dallies on. Then when you're branding, if you throw way out there and catch something, drag it up to the fire, you can take your dallies off, get your horse right up close, and take your dallies. You can change the distance if you're roping.

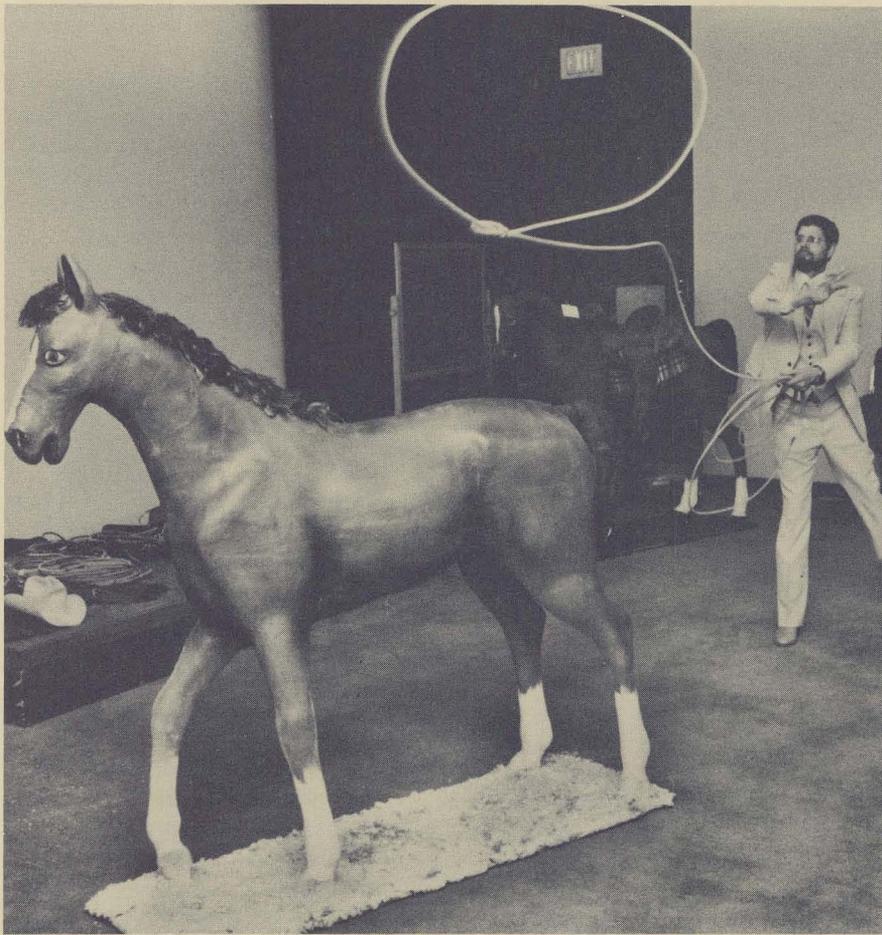
**Griffith:** Brownie, let's hear from you, if you have something to say, and then I'm going to exercise my license to change the subject.

**Ford:** I don't have anything to say, they've explained it. The only thing, Leon, he did the "panic button" [Coffee called it the "quick release"], and this is the "die hard." We used to call it the "tie hard," until we read in the paper where some fellas didn't get back, we called it the die hard now. But you can imagine, if you can, a big animal, weighing eleven, twelve-hundred pounds, and you're riding a horse that don't weigh that much.

**Coffee:** A lot of times you want to get away from the eleven, twelve-hundred pounds, and with that one you *cannot*, and dally, well you're just going to chicken out anyway.

**Stewart:** With the dally, now if I get in trouble, John'll ride up, and I'll just hand him my rope and take the dallies off. And I can get off, fix my saddle, do whatever I have to do, and we've got him.

**Griffith:** Now obviously, it should be obvious to all of you by now that if I only were generous enough to continue this discussion for four more minutes, the problem would be resolved. But I'm not going to do that. I'm going to change the subject—



John Erickson

## STATE FOLK ARTS PROGRAMS

### An Arts Director's Views

On February 4, 1983 Ellen Lovell, Executive Director of the Vermont Council on the Arts, presented the following prepared remarks before the National Council on the Arts, composed of the Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts and twenty-six private citizens recognized for their knowledge of and commitment to the nation's cultural life. The Council helps the Arts Endowment to formulate policy and to assess and develop programming and reviews its budget and grant-giving activities. Ellen Lovell, who serves on the panel for the Arts Endowment's Folk Arts Program, was invited to address the Council on the topic of folk arts programming at the state level. An expanded version of these thoughts will appear in *Journal of Arts Management and Law*, Spring 1983, a special double issue on the arts and public policy developed by guest editor Anthony Keller.

I am here to represent the thirty-four states working together with the National Endowment for the Arts on folk arts programming. Since I am also here to celebrate the art that springs from "a sense of place," I would like to give you a sense of my place and why the Vermont Council on the Arts began this work.

Just over 500,000 people live in Vermont on 9,670 square miles. It is not a large state, though the saying claims that if you ironed out the mountains, Vermont would be bigger than Texas. Four hundred and twenty named peaks rise within its land area; the Green Mountains are part of the Appalachian chain which runs from the Gaspé Peninsula in Canada all the way to north Alabama. Parallel ridges dominate most of the state; only 15 percent of Vermont is described as flat and fertile.<sup>1</sup> Sixty-five percent of our

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**Stewart:** Now I concede this. If you're roping in the rodeo, calf roping, you've got to go that way [hard and fast], that's the only way to go.

**Ford:** I've been around something now over three-quarters of a century and I've heard about them people who had to cut loose and hook 'em. Ain't never yet. I ain't ever quit the cattle on a stormy night. Yeah, I'm scarred up pretty bad, person want to look me over, I'm scarred up pretty bad. And I've looked 'em right in the face and I've said, "Oh Lord, hope that rope don't break" when I was down and the steer was coming right at me. Well the rope didn't break, thank the Lord for small

favours.

**Griffith:** I'm going to change the subject here—

**Stewart:** Hey, Brownie!

**Ford:** Yeah?

**Stewart:** Lose these ropes, they're a lot cheaper than going to the hospital for six months.

**Coffee:** Yeah, but if we're tough enough we won't be going!

**Griffith:** I'm going to try once more, neighbors, to get us off the subject of roping and onto the subject of bits and breaking horses.

## STATE FOLK ARTS PROGRAMS

*Continued from previous page*

population lives in villages of 2,500 people or less.

I live in a place where it snowed hard on October 13, the day after the Canadian honkers passed overhead, over a cloud-cover so dense I could not see them, but only hear their collective cry.

Think of Vermont as an extension of Appalachia and you will remember not only its natural beauty but also its loneliness, its poverty. Vermont is third lowest in the country in per capita income. Here an unusually homogeneous population is scattered widely across a difficult terrain. Less than 1 percent of its people are designated as minorities, and 14 percent speak French.

"In Vermont, despite the influx of newcomers and the booming tourist industry, a traditional way of life still exists. This older way of life is rural and tied closely to the seasons. . . . Sugar is still made in the spring because that's when the sap flows. 'When the wind's in the west, the sap flows the best.' . . . Logs are still skidded out in the snow."<sup>2</sup> My friend Orrin Hunt who worked all his life in the woods of Spruce Mountain where I now live told me about going to the next farm on a Saturday night for "kitchen junkets." I've seen ash baskets for gathering apples, coverlets made from bleached grain bags, carved fish-jigs for ice-fishing, all made of materials found readily at hand, and made with such liveliness that beyond their usefulness they tell about their maker's need for beauty—a need as persistent and urgent as the inventiveness of necessity. At the Vermont Council on the Arts we saw this urge to go "beyond necessity" all around us.

But there is more. After fourteen years of supporting the arts

in Vermont, we realized the tremendous influence we have by recognizing some artists and organizations and by neglecting others. Of course, we nurtured what we had, and we also "imported" a great deal of art from other places. I do not want us to be an isolated province culturally, nor do I want us to be merely a colony or market for art from somewhere else. I did begin to feel that sometimes we were at the "end of the cultural pipeline." And, I wondered, whose culture?

All this suggested that our policies need to grow from the cultural history and heritage of the place. We need to present work that is born out of, reflective of, or relevant to a real place and its people: "a new regionalism," where the particular is so alive that it expresses the transcendent. As John Kouwenhoven, that Vermonter from Yonkers, said, "Humanity is not an abstraction but a set of particulars. There is no way to be universal, as Huck Finn for instance is, without being idiosyncratic, or to be international without being untranslatably localized."<sup>3</sup>

To do this we needed a guide, much as an orchestra needs a conductor. And we needed a patron—the National Endowment for the Arts. Characteristically we found our folklorist-guide, Jane Beck, on the other side of the Green Mountains from Montpelier, in Ripton, equipped with that prerequisite for working for the Arts Council—a 4-wheel-drive vehicle. She has spent four years doing fieldwork, interviewing, photographing, taping, and collecting. I hardly need to tell you that we found a wealth of quilters, carvers, basketmakers, storytellers, fiddlers, singers,

contra-dancers, and folk artists of all kinds. We tapped the still-strong flow of seasonal and agricultural practices; we found occupational lore from Lake Champlain to the Barre granite sheds. This material is now recognized and valued and given back to the people in radio and TV programs, concerts, dances, exhibitions, and festivals.

Just as the traditions we are celebrating spring from a particular landscape and people, so the structures to support the folk arts in the different states take different forms. Most of the thirty-four folk arts programs began with the stimulus or interest of the National Endowment for the Arts. Some were located in state arts agencies, others in state historical societies or universities. Similarly, they have developed in different ways. Many folk arts programs are now fully part of the state arts agencies or historical societies; some are jointly funded with the state humanities councils. While some programs consist of state folklorists personally doing fieldwork, recording an area's heritage, others are grants programs supporting existing local programming. A few are independent state folklife centers, with many sources of support. The Arts Endowment and the states are wise in their approach to this. We have used the very traditions we study—the ways people work together and celebrate together—to support the arts. We do not impose one structure on hundreds of different expressions. It is beautifully untidy.

Vermont's folk arts programming has reconnected our cultural heritage to our contemporary life. We are talking about the arts to people who do not think of themselves as artists and who never went to museums. Now everyone has an entry-way to the aesthetic.

For a long time the control that rural inhabitants, or ethnic or neighborhood groups for that matter, once exercised over their cultural identities has eroded. Strong alternatives are imposed from re-

mote perspectives. Rarely do they accurately portray the local—they make the folks at home feel homeless.

Through the folk arts program we fulfill another essential mission of a state arts agency: to protect the minority from the tyranny of the majority. That means that we will produce images of our own origin, not a city TV producer's idea of backwoods culture. We present the untidy, exhilarating Franco-American traditional music as an alternative to the canned Country-Western sounds put out by the new computer-run radio stations.

However, a living folk culture does not condemn us to the local. It is alive because it has links with the rest of culture, and it maintains itself in the larger context because it has integrity. It is distinct but is not separatist. We can recognize it in part by its ability to absorb so many people who have come from somewhere else into its cyclical patterns and language and practices.

Will we save Vermont from the influence of "flatlanders" and from CBS? Probably not and probably we should not.

The states and the National Endowment for the Arts have talked for years about creating a "partnership." It is exciting to me to see that in this shared program we have been doing it. And we have been doing nothing less than feeding and renewing individual creativity and societal imagination in this country.

—Ellen Lovell

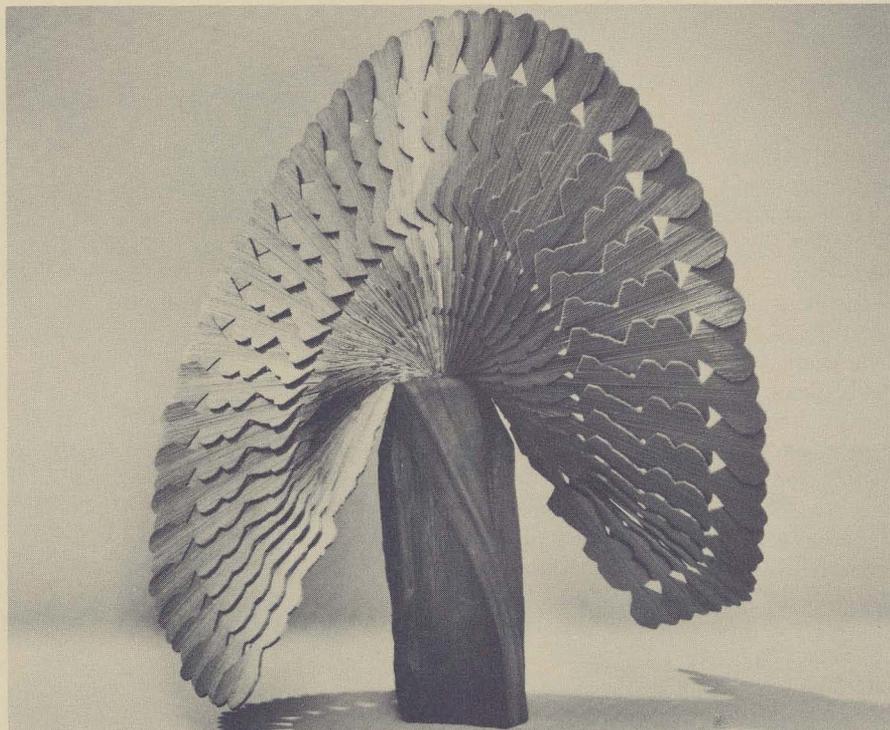
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<sup>1</sup> Charles Morrissey, *Vermont: A History* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1981), pp. 3–4.

<sup>2</sup> Jane C. Beck, ed. *Always in Season: Folk Art and Traditional Culture in Vermont* (Montpelier, Vermont: The Vermont Council on the Arts, 1982), p. 18.

<sup>3</sup> John A. Kouwenhoven, "The Trouble with Translation," *Half a Truth Is Better Than None* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1983), p. 49.

## FOLK ART FOR FUTURE HOMEMAKERS OF AMERICA



A beautiful cedar fan, carved in a single piece from an old fence post by Michigan folk artist Glen Van Antwerp, has arrived at the new National Headquarters and Leadership Center of Future Homemakers of America in Reston, Virginia. It is the first item to be received through a national selection process whereby Future Homemakers will enliven their new center with examples of folk art from every state of the union. Folklife Center Board member Raye Virginia Allen, who is also a Future Homemakers Board member, is coordinating the project. It is designed to encourage the State Advisors and youth members for Future Homemakers, in cooperation with state folk culture coordinators or other specialists in folk art, to select several representative examples of folk art from their state. From these examples a final selection is made by a national panel organized by Future Homemakers. Although the cedar fan from Michigan is the first object actually to arrive, a number of other

state selections have already been made.

Future Homemakers of America is a youth vocational education association with over 400,000 members from all fifty states and territories. As a Board member for both the American Folklife Center and Future Homemakers of America, Raye Virginia Allen conceived the project as a way to honor folk artists and crafts persons, stimulate an awareness of and sensitivity to folk arts among the membership of Future Homemakers, and encourage a process of contact and consultation between folklorists and the national educational network represented by Future Homemakers. The project has already stimulated enthusiasm and useful cooperation in a number of states. Participants can look forward to an official unveiling of the collection during the upcoming national leadership meeting in July, when youth leaders from around the country will be convening to dedicate the new facility in Reston.



*Too Slim (L), Doug Green, and Woody Paul (R) of Riders in the Sky performing at the opening reception for The American Cowboy exhibit. (Photo by John T. Gibbs)*

Front Cover: *A Pinelands cranberry bog in Tabernacle, N.J.*

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