

[Folklore]

S242 DUP

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Alma E. Miller ADDRESS Grand Island, N

DATE SUBJECT Folklore

[Hested's?] Luncheonette Do you want a cup of coffee? Or perhaps a dinner plate? Then hie yourself to [Hested's?] Finer food you [never see?]. Smiling, courteous service, The girls all clean and neat, Ready there to serve you With what you wish to eat. There's Edna, Eleanor, The Braun girl, (Her first name I can't recall) And a number working extra, Nice girls, one and all. For a cook they have a Jewel, 'tis avery fitting name, And if you have [partaken?] I know you'll say the same. Mr. Freeland is the manager, A genial, smiling chap, You'll like him too, I know, I can rest assured of that. I'm not being paid to advertise, This praise comes from my heart, And if you go and try their fare You'll agree right from the start.

Paw Goes Huntin' Well, pheasant season's here again An' Paw git out his gun, He's mighty anxious here o'late To git work all done. His gun's all polished spick an' span, He's bought him shells [?] The Ford's all, filed with gas an' oil An' hittin' aon all four.

[???

First mornin' real early like, Him an' Bill and Dee Set out to give them pheasants heck, An' they cum back with three. o' course they seen a good sight more But never had no chance With hunters cum from miles around — An army in advance. An' each guy so determined like On gittin' him his five, That Paw decided he'd cum home While he was still alive. Good

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gosh, says Paw, I'm mighty glad That I am home, you bet, With fifty men to every bird
Home's shore the safest yet!

Travel Via Motion Pictures With the Amil Johnsons One night I took a journey, I traveled
far and wide, Many others journeyed also, Dr. Johnson was our guide, We went far west
to Oregon, Many sights did we behold Along Columbia River Drive, There's beauty there
untold. We stopped to see the flowers Such gorgeous roses there They grow in great
profusion, We were spellbound, fascinated, When Mount Rainer we did see Covered with
a virgin whiteness Rising high, majestically. Then on we journeyed northward, To the land
of ice and snow, Bu auto, rail, and water, To Alaska we would go. We traveled on the
Yukon To the land of midnight sun, We stopped at towns along the way, Explored each
and every one. Many ghost towns did we visit Build in gold rush time, Now broken down,
deserted,

Towns that flourished in their prime. We could almost hear the noises When the river ice
let go, The loud reverberations At it tumbled in the flow. We crossed safely White Horse
Rapids; Thru Five Fingered Rocky pass; We crossed the Arcic Circle, Saw Indian lad
and lass. We saw the Indian totem poles, Which Deetor then explained, Represents their
family history. (I'd think they'd be ashamed.) We saw Alaskan gold mines, Went on tortous
mountain trails Where many men lost their lives Putting down the rails. We stopped to read
the headstones, Or the whitely painted cross, Of those who went in search of gold And
there their lives they lost. There is much more I could tell you — But perhaps you've seen it
too, Thy just in case you haven't I'd advise then that you do. The Doctor and his “Missus,”
Who share unselfishly Their trips to far off places Now in closing, Doctor Johnson, There's
a point I can't decide, Is your hair parted in the middle? Or is it on the side?

Grand Island Nebraska Sing a song of praises Where songs of praise are due, I'll sing one
for Grand Island, Joing in the chorus, do. I'd like to paint some pictures, Like artist people
do, But since I'm not an artist I'll write in verse for you.

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Our State is called Nebraska, An Indian name is that, From "Nebrathka", or "Flat Water," "Flat Water" is our Platte. Thirty-five courageous colonists Searching for a home, Settled here in 'fifty-seven, And further did not roam. They suffered, labored, prospered, These persevering few, Of hardships had they many, The country was so new. But they struggled on, undaunted, Thru peril and privation, To provide themselves a homeland In this, our own fair Nation. Many years have passed away, Nebraska's forged ahead, Mute tribute to these colonists, Among our honored dead. Our State's now called the "Whitespot," No salestax do we pay, No "tckens" need we carry To take our joys away. Our city is the third in size In this fine western State, We've pround of our achievements, Some of which are great. The Federal Monitor Station, The Nation's Radio Key, You'll find here in Grand Island, If you wish to come and see. Come see our nice new Airport, None finer in the Nation, In the center of the U.S.A.— Ideal for transport station. We have factories, schools, railroads And churches not a few, And publish the best newspapers To bring the news to you.

We have good streets and highways, Modern buildings galore, To take the place of trails and huts As 'twas in days of yore. There are many more improvements, I can't enumerate, In our city named Grand Island, And Nebraska is the State.

Winter's Harbingers The geese are honking hoarsely, Migration has begun, Their lettering spread across the sky From morn til day is done. Guided by the Deity Who watches over all, Thru spring, winter, and summer, And thru the fading fall. Off' far into the night time You can hear their honking call, There's none but Him to guide them When they migrate in the fall. Lacy traveries upon the becoks, Their babbling soon will cease, When winter with a vengeance Lays his heavy hand on these. Trees have lost their rainment Their arms to heaven stretched, Is it in supplication? Or in outraged protest? Yes, all the earth's preparing For the siege of cold and show, For the white and snowy blanket Winter throws on us below.

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The [Bear Went Over?] the Mountain!! The (bear) went over the mountain (Forward three steps) The (Bear) went over the mountain (Backward three steps) The (bear) went over the mountain (Forward to opposite side) To see what he could see (Turn around) To (see) what he could see (Forward [three?] steps) To (see) what he could see (Return three steps) The (bear) went over the mountain (Forward link right arms) The bear went over the mountain (Make a complete circle, and return to original starting position) The bear went over the mountain to see what he could (see)

Coming Thru the Rye

Music: "Coming Thru the Rye"

Formation: Partners form a double circle, men on inside, hands joined all facing line of direction.

1. Seven skips forward, about facing on eighth count.
2. Seven skips opposite direction, about facing on eighth count.
3. (Chorus) partners separate, each taking two slow slides in the side.
4. Two slow slides back.
5. Partners hook right arms and circle around; each then takes two quick slides to the left and bows to the new partner.

Note: Translation and interpretation of the German words of folk game "Ach Ja."

Ach Ja When the father and the mother Took the children to the fair Ach Ja' Ach Ja' They hadn't any money But little did they care Ach' Aj' Ach Ja' Wenn der vater und die Mutter In die Kirche weite gehen Ach Ja' Ach Ja' Und haben wir kein Gold, So hab'n die ander' Leut'

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Ach Ja' Ach Ja' Chorus: Tra la ta, tra la la, tra la la, la la la la Tra la la tra la la tra la la la la la la Ach Ja Ach Ja

The Game: 1. Partners join adjacent hands, the man with the left hand toward the center of the circle and with the girl on the mans right. They walk to right around the circle four slow steps; partners then face each other, release hands and bow very simply by bending at the hips, on Ja' then turn back to back and bow again on Ja'.

2. Repeat from beginning

3. Chorus: Partners, join hands and moving to the man's left, steps to the side, then stop, bring the feet together (step close) and so on for four steps and finish with the bows as before.

4. Repeat, moving [to?] the opposite direction. Then each man moves forward and takes the next girl as partner, and the whole dance is repeated.