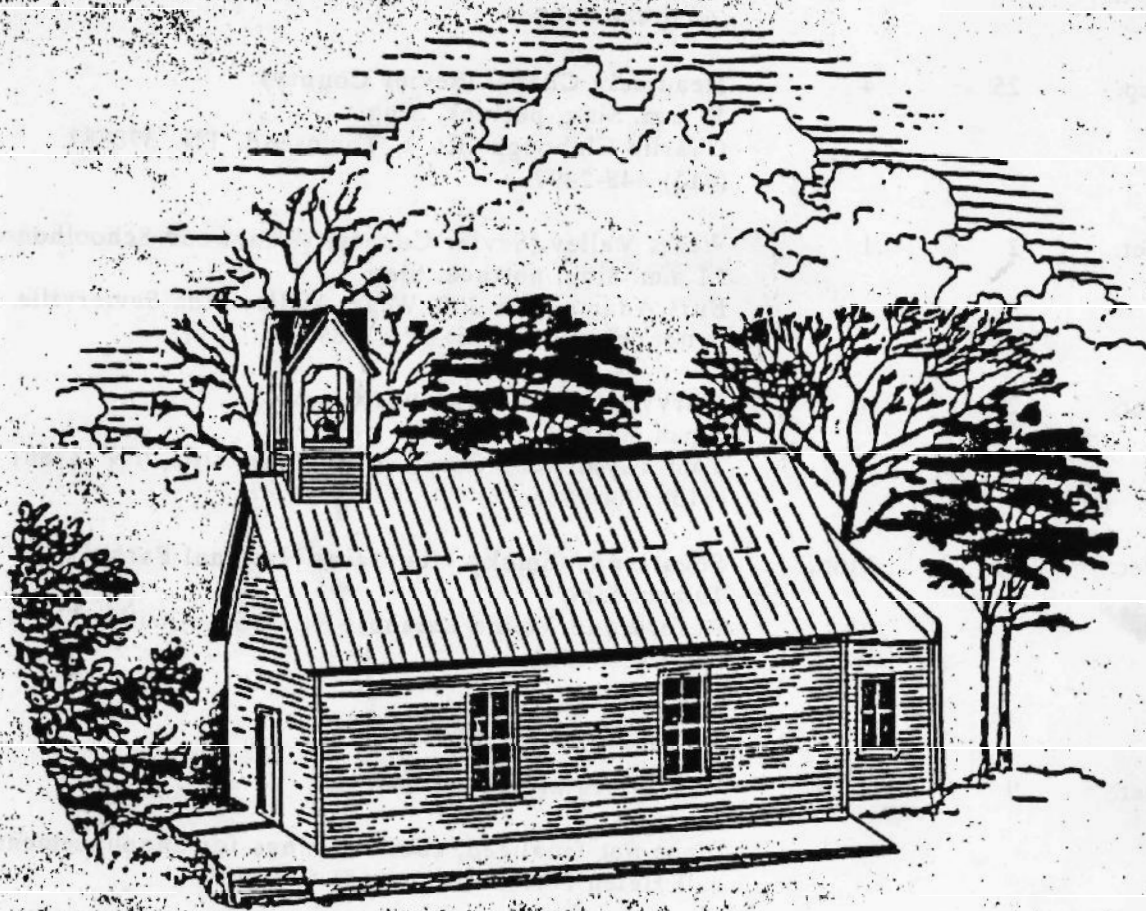


Number 02

Fall 1988

the
New Harp of Columbia
Newsletter



#146

EDOM

C.M.

*With Songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high
Over the heavens he spreads his clouds,
And waters veil the sky.
He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the Mountains crown,
And corn in the valleys grow.*

New Harp of Columbia

by M. L. Swan

7 NOTE SHAPE SINGING

Fall 1988

<u>Month</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Sun.</u>	<u>Place, Contact People and Related Information</u>
Aug.	21	3	Cades Cove Missionary Baptist (Smoky Mtn. Nat'l Park) 2 p.m. Sing John Dunn--Little River Estates, Rt. 1, Townsend, TN 37882 (615) 448-6445
Sep.	25	4	Headricks Chapel (Sevier County) 11 a.m. Sing, potluck, Sing Charlie Clabough--Rt. 1, Townsend, TN 378882 (615) 448-2497
Oct.	2	1	Wears Valley (Sevier County) (Wearwood Schoolhouse) 11 a.m. Sing, potluck, Sing Burl Adams--Box 200, Wears Valley Rd., Sevierville, TN Bruce Wheeler--(615) 974-7089
Oct.	23	4	Maryville College (Blount County) 2 p.m. Sing Tom Taylor--603 Court Street, Maryville, TN 37801 (615) 984-8585
Dec.	19	Mon.	Sugarlands (Smoky Mountains National Park) 10 a.m. Sing Reford and Velma Lamons--Rt. 3, Sevierville, TN 37862 (615) 453-4581
			<u>Other Non-annual Sings</u>
Oct.	9	Sun.	Gatlinburg Methodist Church Evening Plans not finalized; check at sings for announcements or call Helen Hutchinson--(615) 524-3779
Nov.	23	Wed.	Sing at Convention Center for Festival of Trees (World's Fair Site, Knoxville) Potluck at 6 p.m. at Fort Sanders Ecumenical Church Warm-up Sing till 8 p.m. Sing at Convention Center from 8:30 to 9:00
Dec.	6	Tues.	Sing for Historical Society at Customs House (Knoxville) Starts at 7:30 p.m. and should be the whole program for the night. They have asked for a history of the local Sings and singers.
Sundays			8 p.m. 1638 Highland Avenue, Knoxville, TN 37916 Helen Hutchinson--(615) 524-3779 We also try to keep an ad in Sunday's Entertainment section under <u>Music</u> .

NEW "BRIGHT SCENES OF GLORY"

Cades Cove Missionary Baptist Church Sing

Located on the Cades Cove Loop Road in the Smoky Mountains National Park, the third church on the left at Parson Branch Road. Starts at 2 p.m., John Wright Dunn presiding. Has been going on since the early 70s, first by singing Gospel around an old pump organ, and soon after, when the organ wasn't repaired, Old Harp. Not all the early sings had large groups. John didn't think anyone would show up one year and drove over to close the church that the rangers had said they would leave open, and found the largest crowd ever on hand, and has been popular ever since.

This sing is always the third Sunday in August, in this case August 21. It is a good time of the year to head toward the mountains and sing in this old wooden church.

Headricks Chapel

Located at the head of Wears Valley in Sevier County just over the Blount County line on Route 321 (picture on Cover). The Oct. 2 sing, which starts at 11 a.m., has never been filled to the rafters after the dinner on the grounds at noon, as far as one can remember. With Charlie Clabo presiding, the church is turned over to the Singers at 11, lunch on the ground at noon, and sing as soon as the vitals are filled.

My first impression of this sing rests with Dr. Bruce Wheeler, a history professor at the University of Tennessee. He is usually requested to lead #124, "The Saint's Adieu," and in and through those walls this song usually shakes the whole building leaving a resonance that still stays in one's mind.

The view from Headricks Chapel is magnificent, with the mountains to one side, the valley below, our spirits resounding off the walls, and the well-kept cemetery to the other side.

Where are the friends that to me were so dear?
Where are the hopes that my heart used to cheer?
Friends that I loved, in the grave are laid low . . .
Hopes that I cherished, are fled from me now.
Had I repented and turned to the Lord,
Trusted his grace and believed in his word,
Pleasures for me had been placed on record
Long, long ago--long ago.

(from #183 "Long Ago")

Maryville Sing

On October 23, there is a 2 p.m. sing in the Old Post Office in the heart of Maryville College. The sing is hosted by Tom Taylor. This is one of the oldest sings that I know of. Tom believes that singing Old Harp in some form or fashion dates back to the 1790s in the area. (We will try to dig up more information for later newsletters.) This used to be the last scheduled sing in the area until the Sugarlands Sing was started.

The Customs House Sing

The East Tennessee Historical Society has asked the Harp Singers to provide the program on Tuesday, December 6th, at 7:30 p.m. The Customs House is located in downtown Knoxville across from the south end of Krutch Park. They would not only like to have a Harp Sing there, but also to be briefed on the Harp Sings and singers in the area. We would like as many people to attend as possible. Bruce Wheeler presiding.

BURL ADAMS

"If you took music out of my life, you might as well shoot me." With those words, Burl Adams, 91 this September, sums up how much music means to us. Indeed, as we approach another season of harp singing, almost no one can remember harp singing without Burl Adams.

According to Burl, he has always been singing. Born in Blount County on September 5, 1897, Noah Burl Adams was the grandson and son of preachers. His father often left home on Friday afternoons by horse or horse and buggy to minister to four churches. Usually he returned home on Sunday night.

Whenever Burl's father was home, he would gather the family (which included eight children) after supper to sing hymns for an hour or two. "Some people were opposed to singing out of the singing convention books," Burl remembers, "but we disagreed with that. As long as it was religious music, that was OK with us."

Burl started working outside the home when he was 14 or 15 years old, at first keeping up the railroad track for the Little River Lumber Company, and making \$1.00 a day. When World War I came along, the manpower shortage in the logging camps forced wages up, and Burl went to Washington State to work, for the then-unheard-of salary of \$2.50 a day. After the war, he returned to Blount County to become a carpenter, at first for the Little River Lumber Company, but then with other firms.

Burl met his wife Mae almost by accident. "After I came back from Washington, a friend of mine was seeing a girl in Wears Valley and he told me that he also had found a girl for me. The two of us came over in a horse and buggy. She was mine from the first time I saw her." It was love at first sight for Burl Adams and Mae Headrick, and they were married on October 18, 1919.

Burl and Mae moved to Wears Valley in 1927. "Just about everything in the Valley has changed since we came up here," he recalls. There were only two cars in the Valley, no tractors and no electricity. Mules and horses were used for work. That same year, Burl bought a new 1927 Model T Ford.

Burl's family had sung harp after supper, along with other religious music. At that time, harp singings were held irregularly, but in the early 1920s they began to have singings at various churches on a regular basis. Burl was at the first annual singing at the Wears Valley First Baptist Church in 1921 and at the first annual singing at Headrick's Chapel in 1922. Mae was musically talented (she taught piano both before and after their marriage) and quickly learned harp singing too.

In 1932 the famous Adams Quartet was founded, consisting of Burl (bass), cousin Earl (lead), brother Orville (tenor), and Earl's wife Cora (alto). Mae accompanied the group on the piano and, according to Burl, "was the brains of it." That quartet sang for over 33 years, singing in every church in Sevier County, two-thirds of the churches in Blount



continued

County, and travelled as far as Virginia ("where they were standing in the aisles"). They were even on the radio in the 1950s, on WNOX in Knoxville. Their most requested number was "Just As Long As Eternity Rolls." When Earl died, Burl shifted to lead and Luke Headrick (Mae's first cousin) was brought in to sing bass.

Burl has sung with most of the best harp singers in that area. Those he especially remembers include Wes Kirby, James Gibson, Silas Schultz, John Rule, A. B. Shields, Uncle Joe Adams, and Uncle Dennis Adams. After years of singing harp music, his advice to those who want to learn to sing it is simple: "Get a book! Learn the notes! Take some effort!" Strange as it may seem now, Burl says that he had trouble learning the notes in the beginning. But he worked at it and became one of the best harp singers anyone can remember. His leading of Number 112, "Humility," is a musical and emotional high point at every singing.

Burl said that right from the start people worried that the young people would not keep harp singing going. But, he says, they always do. And with the help of singers and teachers and friends like Burl Adams, they always will!

Submitted by Bruce Wheeler

This year's Wears Valley Sing will be held at the Wearwood Schoolhouse on Route 321, in Sevier County, Tennessee. The Sing is always the first Sunday in October (October 2 this year). The largest number of singers and spectators that has been seen in many a year attended this gathering last October, and we hope to see as many this fall.

The Sing begins at 11 a.m. with a break for lunch. And Sing again until the tunes and spirit are as one. Last year, the spread of food on the tables filled the north wall of the school's cafeteria, and not everyone had finished seconds and/or dessert before the singing recommenced.

Burl Adams has appointed a board to help direct and formulate this annual Sing, and they are Johnny Artuery, Paul Clabo, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Headrick, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Headrick, Danny Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lawson, Aida McPherson, and Bruce Wheeler.

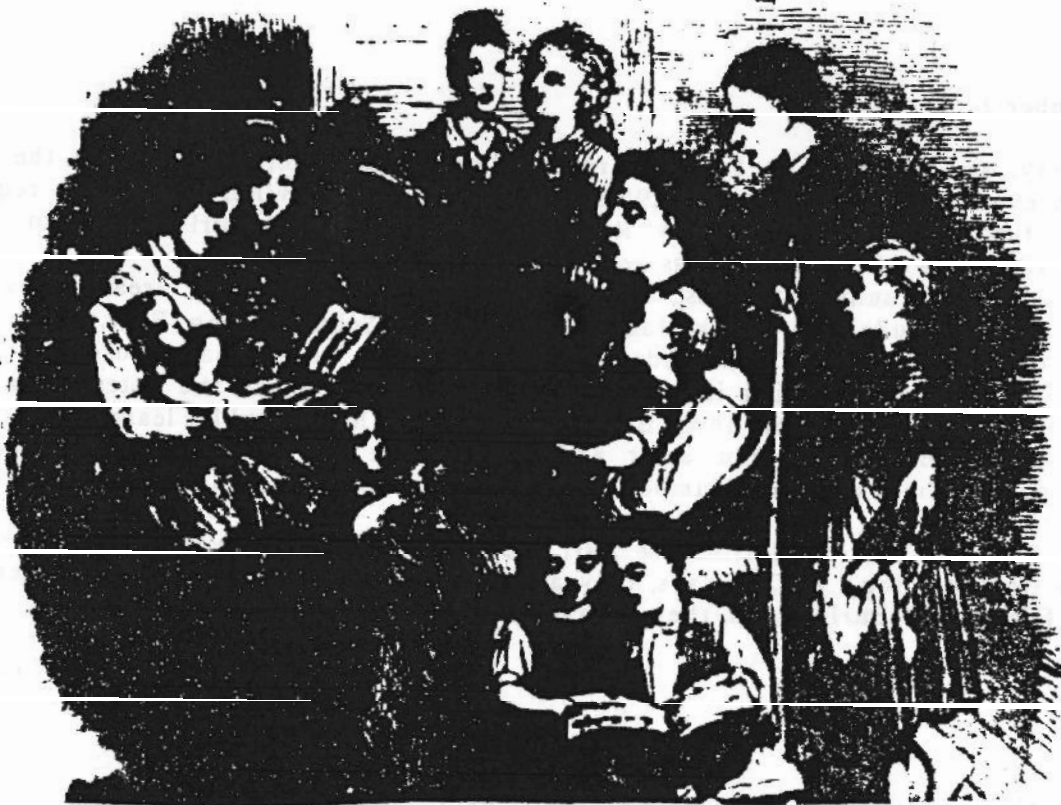
OLD "BRIGHT SCENES OF GLORY"

Beech Grove Baptist Church Sing

Sunday, June 19, 1988

This annual sing was hosted by Shirley Henry, Pastor of Beech Grove Baptist Church in Sevier County. The original church was a log cabin built at this same site over 100 years ago. The morning sing started with 107, "Brethren, We Have Met to Worship," followed by 68, 104, 180, 181, 16, 143, 183, 56, 144, 57, and 84. A generous and delicious dinner/potluck was plundered by all under the wooden canopy and trees on the grounds. The afternoon sing included 105, 107, 117, 69, 11, 87, 98, 99, 15, 146, 68 t&b, 114, 60, 14, 163, 85, 48, 141, 99, 35, 115, 112, and 23b. Jose Abbott and Bo Dunkle, two enthusiastic young singers from Etowah, did a fine job leading 16, 143, 183, 69, 11, 60, and 23b.

As the afternoon progressed, a thought might have crossed one's mind that we might be beginning to drag a bit, maybe because of the amount of food that was devoured at noon. Martha Graham suggested to Reford during #99 to pick up the cadence by suggesting we all should sing as fast as we cleaned our plates at lunch, and this sing went on to eventually a livelier tempo.



The year 1721 was evidently a turning point in the movement for Regular Singing. In addition to Tufts's, there was Rev. Thomas Walter of Roxbury's publication, *The Grounds and Rules of Musick Explained; or, An Introduction to the Art of Singing by Note*, which went through at least six editions, the last in 1764. It was highly regarded and had a wide influence. It was also the first music book to be printed with bar lines in the British colonies of North America. The printer was James Franklin of Boston, in whose shop Benjamin Franklin worked for a time as apprentice.

In spite of scattered pockets of resistance and much heated debate in some congregations, most of the principal towns in New England had accepted Regular Singing by 1750. With the growth of singing societies and singing schools, however, there was increasing emphasis on the social aspects of what we would now call "community singing." Since many singing schools were held in taverns or rented rooms, they tended to acquire a more secular orientation. Moreover, beginning in the last decades of the eighteenth century, public funds for singing schools were often provided by towns, thus diminishing ecclesiastical influence. The prevalence of young people in the classes also contributed to emphasizing the social aspect.

It should be understood that singing schools were not institutional. They had no designated buildings, no permanent staff, and no fixed terms. Singing-school masters were generally itinerant and often self-taught. Armed with a strong voice, some rudiments of music theory, and a tunebook, they solicited patronage in towns, villages, and countryside.

HEAVEN'S GROCERY STORE

I was walking down life's
Highway a long time ago.
One day I saw a sign that read,
Heaven's Grocery Store.

As I got a little closer,
The door came open wide,
And when I came to,
I was standing inside.

I saw a host of angels;
They were standing everywhere.
One handed me a basket and said,
"My child, shop with care."

Everything a Christian needed
Was in that grocery store.
All you couldn't carry,
You could come back the next day for.

First I got "Patience";
"Love" was in the same row.
Further down was "Understanding,"
You need that everywhere you go.

I got a box of "Wisdom,"
A bag or two of "Faith,"
I just couldn't miss the "Holy Ghost"
For it was all over the place.

I stopped to get some "Strength" and
"Courage" to help me win the race.
By then my basket was getting full,
But I remembered I needed "Grace."

I didn't forget "Salvation"
For Salvation, that was free.
So I tried to get enough of that
To save both you and me.

Then I started up to the counter
To pay my grocery bill.
For I thought I had everything
To do my Master's Will.

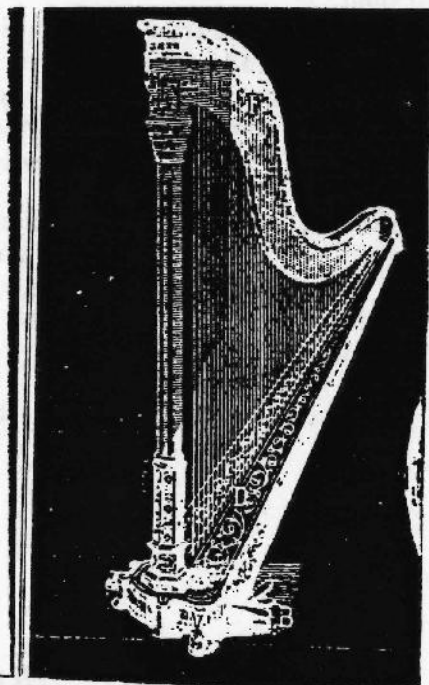
As I went up the aisle, I saw "Prayer,"
Just had to put that in;
For I knew when I stepped outside,
I would run right into "sin."

"Peace" and "Joy" were plentiful,
They were on the last shelf,
"Songs" and "Praises" were hanging near,
So I just helped myself.

Then I said to the angel,
"How much do I owe?"
He just smiled and said,
"Take them everywhere you go."

Again I smiled at him
And said, "How much do I owe?"
He smiled again and said,
"My child, Jesus paid
Your bill a long time ago!"

Author -- Anonymous
Submitted by Art Godfrey



NOTE: This was read to the singers gathered at Fort Sanders Ecumenical Church during the annual Sing held March 27. Art's resonant voice and simple but moving poem were enjoyed by all present. We appreciate his letting us share it with you.

IN THE BEGINNING

In the eighteenth century, the psalm was still in the ascendant. Psalms were not only woven into the fabric of the church service, but they consoled, comforted, and enlivened the lives of individuals and families. Ben Franklin wrote, "One could not walk through the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families in every street."

Some of the early settlers in America could read music. But it also is understandable that if there wasn't a systematic instruction, this skill began to decline until the difficult tunes became impossible and even the easy tunes were difficult or, at least, hazardous. Samuel Sewell was an elder appointed to set the psalms tunes in South Church, Boston. In his diary he records his failures as well as his successes, but the former were more frequently quoted.

February 2, 1717/18 Lord's Day

In the morning I set York Tune, and in the 2nd going over, the Gallery carried it irresistibly to St. Davids which discouraged me very much. I spoke to Mr. White to set it in the afternoon, but he declines it.

P.M. The tune went well.

"Singers in the same congregation have differed from one another in turns and flourishes of the Tune they have sung and have become too discordant." This type of performance became known as the "Old Way." As it became usual, it was defended as the only proper mode of performance.

Thomas Symmes asks the question in his The Reasonableness of Regular Singing 1720: "Would it not greatly tend to promote singing of psalms if singing schools were promoted?" Apparently, two ministers thought so as they published two manuals of instruction and two thin pamphlets to meet the needs. The clergymen were John Tufts and Thomas Walter. Tufts presents his tunes with letters f, s, l and m (fa, so, la and mi) placed on the appropriate line on the space or staff.

Americans took up the study of sight singing with a zest. There was a singing school in Boston in 1717. In 1721 Cotton Mather preached to a singing school on a text from Revelation, "No man could learn that song"--but "the house was full and the Singing was extraordinarily Excellant, which has hardly been heard before in Boston." In 1785, The Rev. Thomas Smith of Portland, Maine, writes, "We are all in ablaze about singing; all flocking at 5, 10, and 4 o'clock to the meeting house, to a Master hired." The teacher (singing master) had become a familiar figure. Such teachers were led not only to write brief digests of music theory for their students, but also to compose tunes for their classes.

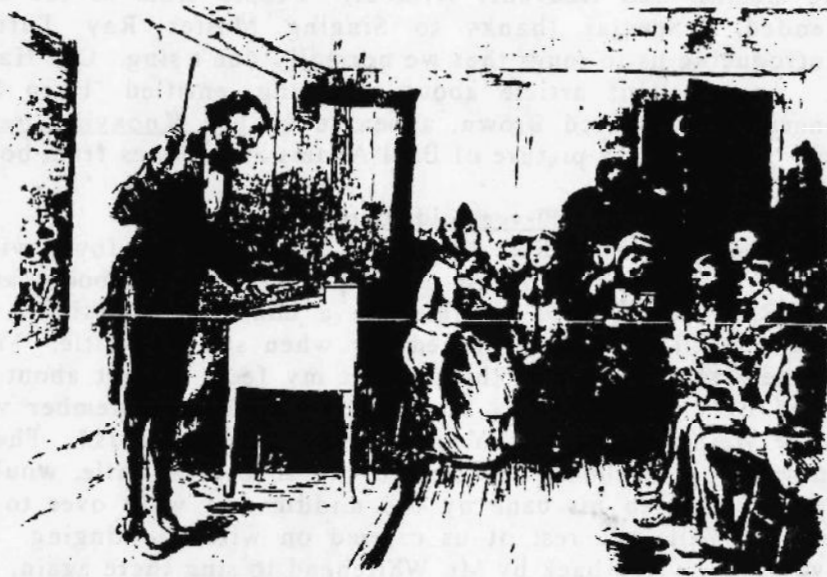
The dramatic rise of the singing master provided not only instruction, but his classes formed a social function for the young people of a neighborhood.

Most of the books were oblong, with their introductions that summarized the rudiments of music followed by a selection of psalm tunes, fuguig tunes, and anthems, printed by singing masters to be sold to their classes. It was noted, "The paper is stout and good, and the size sufficiently large to insure a clear and distinct appearance, which is the more necessary, as the works of this kind are most commonly used on evenings, and of course by candlelight."

The singing master canvassed the neighborhood, assembled a class, and engaged a large room which might be a schoolhouse, a church or a tavern. He taught the rudiments of notation, a method of beating time, and solmization. These principles were applied to psalm tunes, and the sessions terminated with an "exhibition," in which the class sang tunes which they had learned to their assembled relatives, friends, and neighbors.

Excerpts from American Hymns--Old and New by Christ-Janer Hughes & Smith

Singing schools flourished during the Eighteenth Century and not only in New England. During the Nineteenth Century they were widespread in the rural South and Midwest, and in many communities from Maine to Texas. They continued well into the Twentieth Century.



PSALTERIUM Americanum.
namque The BOOK of *Servitium*
PSALMS,
 In a Translation Exactly conformed
 unto the ORIGINAL;
 BUT ALL IN
Blank Verse.
 Fitted unto the TONES commonly used
 in our CHURCHES. Which **pure**
Offering is accompanied with
 ILLUSTRATIONS, digging for *hidden*
Treasures in it; And RULES to
 Employ it upon the Glorious and
 Various Intentions of it.
 Wherein are added,
 Some other Portions of the SACRED
 SCRIPTURES, to Enrich the
 CANTONAL.

BOSTON: in N. E.
 Printed by S. KNEELAND, for B. ELLIOT,
 S. GREEN, D. HENCHMAN, and
 J. EDWARDS, and Sold at their Shops.
 1718.

Title page of Cheney Master's psalter

A singing master teaching a singing school

**"I LIFT MY HEART AND VOICE/OH, LET ME NOT BE PUT TO SHAME"
 #81, Golden Hill**

In 1841 Moses Cheney (1776-1856), who became a singing master himself, wrote an account of his first singing-school experience as a boy of 12 living in New Hampshire. After the master had taught and rehearsed the basic elements, he said, "Come boys, you must rise and fall the notes (i.e., go up and down the scale) first, and then the gals must try." Each pupil had to try it alone, beginning with the oldest. Since Cheney was the youngest, he had time to observe the proceedings (which often caused "great fits of laughing") and to decide on a strategy:

Now my eyes were fixed on the Master's mouth, if possible to learn the names of the notes before he came to me. . . . it came to my mind that I could mimic every beast, and bird, and thing . . . and it was no more to mimic my master than it was anything else. . . . I had only time to draw a long breath, and blow out the flutter of my heart, when the master came to me. "Well, my lad, will you try?" "Yes, sir." I looked him in the mouth, and as he spoke a note, so did I, both up and down. . . . The master turned away, saying, "This boy will make a singer." I felt well enough.

The story ends on a typical note of Yankee self-reliance and will to succeed: "When he left us, he (the singing master) gave me his singing book and wooden pitch-pipe, and told me to believe I was the best singer in the world, and then I should never be afraid to sing anywhere."

OLD "BRIGHT SCENES OF GLORY"

Tuckaleechee Methodist Sing

Sunday, April 24, 1988

John Wright Dunn brought this annual sing to order with a full church and singers in a fine musical and Heavenly Armour. People from as far as Kentucky and North Carolina attended. Special thanks to Singing Master Ray Turner, from Ary, Kentucky, for reintroducing us to songs that we normally don't sing. Old Harp needs to continue to grow.

An excellent article about this sing, entitled "Harp Singers' Music is Poetry of the Generations" by Fred Brown, appeared in The Knoxville News Sentinel on May 2nd of this year. It included a picture of Burl Adams and quotes from both Burl and Russell Whitehead.

Russell Whitehead's 100-year-old Birthday Sing

Monday, March 28, 1988

The Hill Haven Rest Home was packed to the foyer with well wishers and/or Old Harp Singers. There were at least 50 people a'tot'n Harp books and singing the shapes and poetry with Rusty entrenched at times on a chair in the middle of the square. Martha Graham asked Russell if he remembered her when she was little. "Yes, . . . you'd always be the one that be a skittl'n around the floor at my feet." "What about when I was a grown woman and moved back into the area then?" "No, I didn't remember your name, but I knew you were Carrie Weir's little girl. You have a voice like hers." The singing, the bantering, and the fun went on for hours. Russell, every once in a while, would spot old friends coming in the door would grab his cane by the middle and walk over to greet them and make them feel welcome while the rest of us carried on with the singing. We all had a good time and we have been invited back by Mr. Whitehead to sing there again, maybe for his next birthday.

Reford and Velma Lamons' 50th Wedding Anniversary

Sunday, March 27, 1988

Well over 250 people showed up at the Blue Mountain Mist Inn to help share this festive occasion with Reford and Velma. They never did get a chance to sing there, with only enough time to greet everyone for just a few moments and go on to the next set of well-wishers. If they had advertised in the Knoxville papers as well as the Sevier County papers, they could have gotten at least another 50 people or so and made it a two or three day affair. May health, wealth, and peace be with them both.

Epworth Harp Sing at Fort Sanders Ecumenical Church

Sunday, March 27, 1988

A small group of 20-25 singers stopped in for this one. The square was quite small, and the harmonies very tight in this newly rebuilt church. It did not seem to matter if you were leading in the center of the square or sitting off to one side; the reverberations were the same with the vaulted ceiling reflecting the sound equally to everyone everywhere. We had some people lead for their first time, Ebeth McMullen, Ann Strange and Barbara Kemper; we like for different ones to take hold and share with us their favorite songs. We would like to have a homecoming or a Jubilee Harp Sing in March of 1990. Look for more in future newsletters.

Sevierville Sing

Saturday, May 18, 1988

This was a Harp Sing sampler on the courthouse steps with Martha Graham, Reford Lamons and Bruce Wheeler leading a small group of about 15 singers. A shade tree by the name of Larry Olszewski was used by Lena Headrick to the envy of some out in that sun. A call next year will go out for tall Harp Singers to come and join us. (All others welcome too.)

Blue Mountain Mist Inn

Friday, June 17, 1988

A call to arms (voice) by Reford Lamons helped snare 60 people at the Blue Mountain Mist Inn for a good Harp Sing and fish fry. Organized and run in less than a week's time, Harp Singers and guests had a wonderful time at this newly built inn. Rolling hills to the east, Smoky Mountains filling up the south, sunset to the west, and the sky filled with Old Harp. What more could you want?

Hi! I'm Larry Olszewski, a "convert" to Old Harp singers. My friends and I have enjoyed putting together the two newsletters and intend to formulate more in the coming years. But Harp singing is more than the "Epworth Harp Singers" in Knoxville, and more than the singing leaders of Blount and Sevier Counties. We ask to have input from all those who read this newsletter. Where did you first hear "Old Harp"? What do you enjoy most at the sings? Do you have any old letters or newsletters from long ago? (Please Xerox them and cross out any material that you don't want to be printed.) What kind of articles would you like to see in future "New Harp of Columbia" newsletters? We do ask your help. This is not mine or the Epworth Harp Singers' newsletter; it is our "New Harp of Columbia Newsletter." We plan to get only two newsletters out per year and try to capture all those who read this newsletter, non-harp singers and harp singers alike. It is hard to return all the good that singing Old Harp gives, but it needs to be returned tenfold in some way and this newsletter is my way of saying thanks.

Larry Olszewski
 Compiler--New Harp of
 Columbia Newsletter

P.S. I think that it is great to get to sing the ways of the Old Harp while it is still in its infancy. Harp singing fills many a need.

IN THE END

Harp Singing is of people, their voices, the shapes, the tunes, the poetry, and, if you pick the right sings, good food. Harp Singers of old only go back as far as the oldest one's memory; those of the past are gone, only their spirit remains. Burl Adams tells you just to pick up a book and to practice learning the shapes. Reford Lamons tells of sitting under a tree in the summer with a picnic lunch singing those oblong book tunes with a couple of friends. John Wright Dunn mentioned that they started singing with some Park Rangers up at Elkmont. Helen Hutchison talks of John McKutcheon teaching four or five of them to sing soon after he had been to an old Harp sing. That group has now been singing for 17 years. These are the people, strong people, who said, this is what I like, this is what I choose to do, I choose to sing with others who enjoy what I do and that is to sing "Old Harp." These people are not legends; they are people of our own time. They chose; why can't we? Leo and Zurma Caldwell have invited the Epworth singers over to their house every Christmas for a dinner and a Sing for at least the past five years. Is that Tradition? Maybe when we reach the year 2000, and we still are singing in their den? The Knox County singers were retired people who as a group cleaved Old Harp to their bosom 30 years ago, and now only three or four are left. When does something become a tradition? Why does it stop? The Answer is people, you and me. I chose to learn the notes; I chose for Old Harp to help lift up my spirit; I chose to share it with others, and to share theirs. What do you choose? Why? And tomorrow?

* * * * *

Thanks to those who contributed to this newsletter: Burl Adams, Charlie Clabough, Teresa Dickinson, Terry Faulkner, Martha Graham, Mary Jendrek, Bates Elliot, Reford & Velma Lamons, Kathleen Mavournin, Ann Strange, Tom Taylor, and Bruce Wheeler.

"The Mirror"

"There was an old couple that lived away back there in the mountains that had never seen a mirror. And they had what we called "arts" peddlers going through. They had a suitcase on their back; they couldn't talk good English. We called them arts peddlers; I don't know what they were. They'd have things in that suitcase just like you'd seen in the ten cent store--needles and pins, thimbles and mirrors and combs. And this old man, he had whiskers away down here and he was out one day and one of those arts peddlers got to talking to him and he opened up his suitcase and was showing him what he had there and the old man reached there and picked up a mirror and he looked at it and he says, 'Oh, that's my granddaddy's picture. How much you take for that?' And he told him, and he bought it. And he took it home and he locked it up in his trunk and every morning, noon and night, he'd go there and open that trunk up and look at his granddaddy's picture. So his wife got suspicious about it. She didn't know what he was looking at. So she broke into that trunk one day when he was gone and the first thing she saw was that mirror laying there and she picked it up and looked at it and says, 'So that's the old hag he's been looking at all these years!'"

By Bates Elliot as told to T. Faulkner & L. Olszewski
 Transcribed by Ann Strange

ATTN: Larry Olszewski
 New Harp of Columbia Newsletter
 1538 Laurel Avenue
 Knoxville, Tennessee 37916

