

Once there was someone who was going along singing, "Who will marry me, who will marry me?" The owl answered and said, "I will marry you." The man said, "What will you give me to eat?" The owl answered, "I'll give you snakes and mice." "Oh!" he answered, "I couldn't stand that diet," and he went on singing, "Who will marry me?" The frog answered, "I'll marry you." "What will you give me to eat?" "I'll give you worms and flies." "Oh! I couldn't stand that diet," and he went on repeating, "Who will marry me?"

The third time [it is always the third time, Lydia says, in Indian stories] an answer came, "I will marry you." "What will you give me to eat?" "I will give you corn." "Then I will marry you," and he was so delighted, he ran and embraced her. She was corn and he was beans and this is the way the Indians always planted corn and beans. The beans were "pole beans" (they were colored like calico beans, "quail-head beans" some people call them) and they were planted with corn so that they ran up the corn stalks.

HOPE EMILY ALLEN

Kenwood Station, Oneida, N. Y.

"THE BALLADE OF THE SKUNK":—The publication of a version of "Ze Skunk" by Professor E. C. Beck of Central Michigan College of Education, Mount Pleasant, Michigan, in this JOURNAL (57: 211-12, 1944) reminded me that I have a version of that song in my collection. I have no record of its source, though I believe I secured it either in Northern Maine or in the Adirondack region of New York about twenty years ago. As this version has several additional stanzas and varies considerably from that of Professor Beck I submit it here.

"THE BALLADE OF THE SKUNK"

1. I hont de bear, I hont de moose
An' sometimes hont de rat.
Last night I take my axe and go
To hont de pole-cat.
2. My fren, Bill, says, "Very fine fur
An' sometimes good to eat."
I tell my wife I get fur coat—
Some time I get some meat.
3. I walk about two, three, five, six miles
An' then I feel strong smell,

Creation that "she had heard a great many different people tell it. The men used to spend the evenings story-telling and smoking and laughing in the winter—they specially were the story tellers."

Anna Johnson, Lydia's niece, told me that one Nelson Smith used to come to New York from the Oneidas in Canada, visiting. I recorded January 11, 1919, from Anna:

"Once years ago there was a story-contest up at Onondaga and Nelson Smith was to tell a story. He kept thinking and thinking what story he would tell and none suited him and finally he went to the contest without one and when the time come he made one up, but it got the prize just the same." I then added: "Lydia said she knew this man but never liked him."

I recorded on February 28, 1919 that:

Lydia says the Indians were always telling stories. When they went calling they told them. If a new person came into a neighborhood everyone was interested in his stories.

Another time I remember she said that they used to get up and give a bit of a dance or other illustration of the story.

Tink maybe dat dam skonk he die
An' fur coat go to hell.

4. By'mby I see dat skonk
Close up by one big tree.
I sneak up ver' close behind
An' tink he no see me.
5. Sacre blue! I tink I blind.
Jess Crise! I cannot see.
I run roun' an' roun' an' roun'
Till bump in a goddam tree.
6. By'mby I drop my axe
An' light out for de shack.
I tink 'bout ten million skonk
He climb up my back.
7. My wife, she meet me at de door:
She sic on me de dog.
She say, "You no sleep here tonight;
Go out and sleep with hog."
8. I try to get in dat hog-pen,
Jess Crise! Now wat you tink?
Dat gaddam hog no stand for dat
On account of awful stink.
9. I no more will hont de skonk
To get his fur and meat.
For if his pees he smell so bad,
Jess Crise! What if he sheet?

MELLINGER E. HENRY

Ridgefield, N. J.

SOME FOLKSONGS FROM INDIANA:—The following songs are a part of a collection made in 1934-1940, the greater part of which was published in the latter year as *Ballads and Songs of Indiana* (Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind., 1940).

I. THE DUMB WIFE

Communicated by Mrs. J. M. W., of Aurora, Indiana, May 6, 1937.

There was a jovial blade
And he married a country maid,
And so safely he conducted her home, home, home;
She was neat in every art
And she pleased him to the heart,
But alas and alas, she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

A doctor he lived nigh
And to him he did apply
To cure his loving wife of the dumb, dumb, dumb;
He cut the prattling string
And her tongue began to ring,
And it sounded in his ear like a drum, drum, drum.