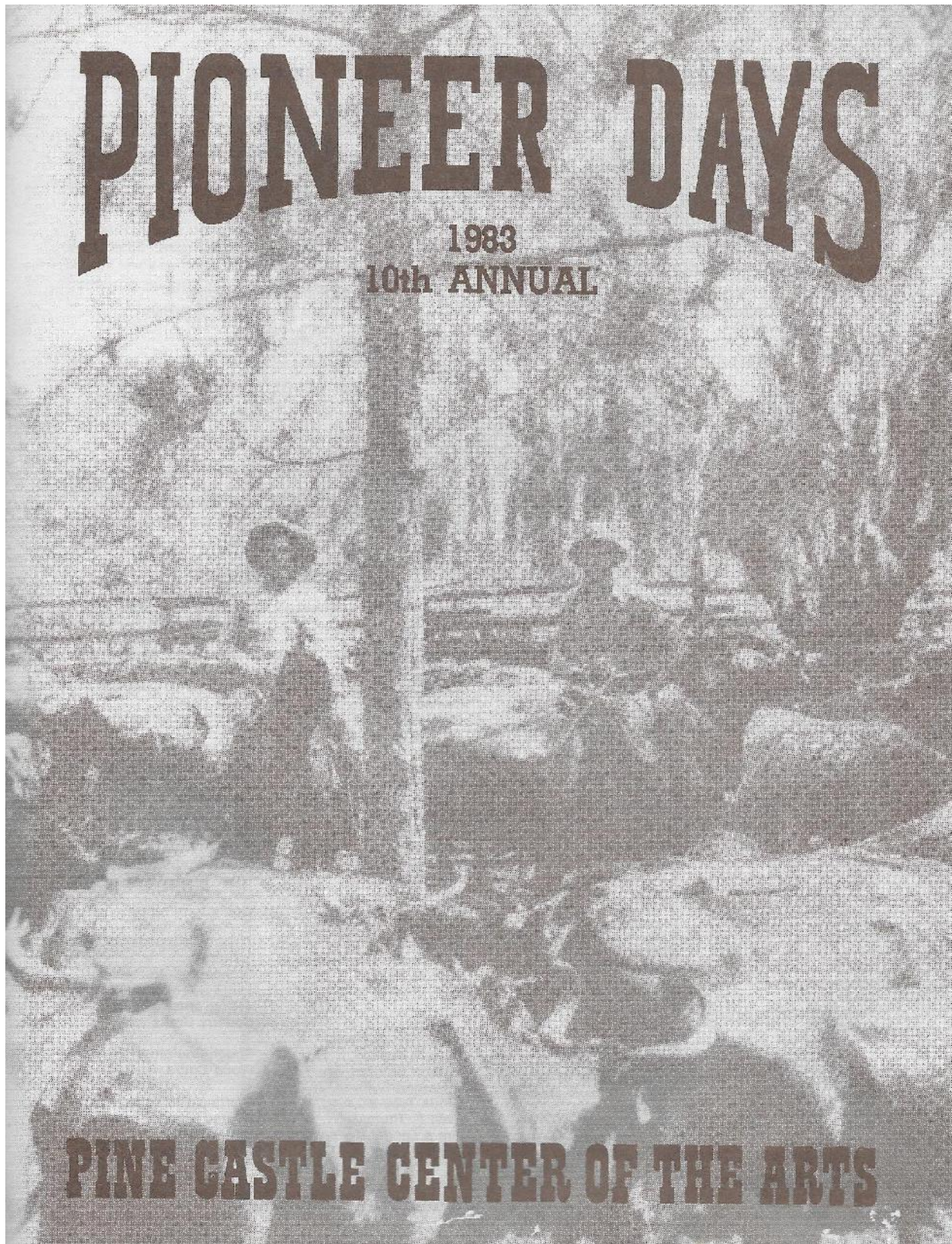


PIONEER DAYS

1983
10th ANNUAL



PINE CASTLE CENTER OF THE ARTS

Festival Highlights



FOLK LIFE AREA

SUGAR CANE GRINDING & SYRUP MAKING	Emmett & Charlotte Tanner & John Canada
WHIP MAKING	Buddy Bass & Christ King
BRANDING IRONS	Beri Wetherbee & Laverne Yates
MEAT SMOKING	Gene Waldron
STORYTELLING & BROOMMAKING	Daisy Tanner
TURKEY CALL MAKING	Barney Barnes
MEAT PRESERVING	Ruby Canada
SOAP MAKING	Bill Costic

Made possible in part by a grant from the Florida Arts Council.

TRADITIONAL CRAFT DEMONSTRATIONS

BASKETRY, Pine Needle	Helen Bishop Constance Palmer Josephine Reicken Betty Mae Jumper Margaret Garrison Jane Rothfuss Gary Wade Florence Fishback Joy Williams Cynthia Gross Doris Graves Phyllis Baumer Martha Vogt Nathetta Patterson Lois Stultz Jack Fowler Minnie Bocter
BASKETRY, Low Country Coll	
BASKETRY, Reed	
BLACKSMITHING	
BROOM MAKING	
BUTTER CHURNING	
CHAIR CANING	
DULCIMER MAKING	
NEEDLE CRAFT	
QUILTING	
SPINNING	
SEMINOLE DOLLS	

JURIED CRAFT SHOW

Frank Abramson	Jewelry
Wanda M. Allen	Metal Sculpture
S. H. Browning	Wood
Ada Cutler	Fibers/Quilting
Pi De Buigne	Pottery
Seal Denning	Fiber/Basketry
Patrick Dragon	Pottery/Sculpture
Tina Bickelhaupt Erwin	Stoneware
Margaret Garrison	Basketry
Susan Hudson	Pottery
Sheryl Krawczyk	Mixed Media
Al Maler	Jewelry/Metal
Charter Murray	Blacksmith
Lynne Owen	Basketry
Lynda Pandolph	Mixed Media
Robert T. Peters	Stained Glass
Fleming Pfann	Fibers
Gloria Robinson	Basketry
Lynn Russell	Mixed Media
Virginia Sadler	Fiber/Basketry
Vincent Sansone	Stoneware Pottery

EXHIBITS

"Quilting Tomorrow's Treasures"
"Arts Center Instructors"
"Pursuits and Pastimes"
Minatures
Antique Engines

FESTIVAL FOODS

Barbeque Ribs
Hamburgers and Hot Dogs
Homemade Biscuits and Sausage
Homemade Taffy
Fresh Cooked Pork Rinds

COUNTRY STORE & SWEET SHOPPE

Pine Castle Arts League

CHILDREN'S AREA

CARNIVAL GAMES Pine Castle Woman's Club
STORYTELLING Voncille Mallory

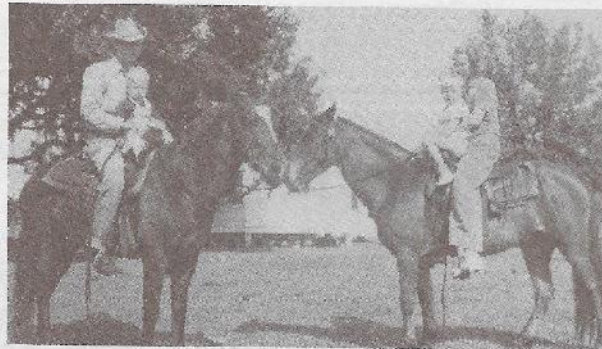
BAZAAR BOOTHS

Susan Anthony	Afgans, Pillows
Any Style Beauty Salon	Haircuts
Linda Beery	Stenciling
Mamie Brown	Handmade Dolls
Sally Browne	Bread Dough Sculpture
Linda Dore	Wood Craft
Mary Ellen Gage	Needlepoint, Quilting
Denise Glover	Floral Design
Lloyd Gore	Christmas Decorations
John Grudette & Gretchen Witherspoon	Stained Glass
Warren M. Hanna	Wicker Furniture
Rick Hervey	Cutting Boards
George & Bera Hassal	Crocheting
Linda Jenkins	Wheat Weaving, Baskets
Marilyn A. Jusczyk	Painting
Connie Kinney	Shell Art
Betty Klebacka	Quilts, Doll Clothes
Patricia A. Lyons	Wood Craft, Toile Painting
Frank Marino	Metal Craft
Ernie Nichols	Wooden Furniture
Jim Phillips	Rope Hammocks
Pine Castle Woman's Club	Children's Games
Pine Castle Garden Club	Plants
Patricia Perkins	Crocheting, Animals
Betty Pool	Santa & Mrs. Claus Corn Husk Wreaths
Jan Quint & Debbie Cromwell	Country Crafts
Jean F. Rosell	Dough Sculpture
Herbert Sullivan, Sr.	Wood Crafts
Herbert Sullivan, Jr.	
Gloria Tyburski	Crafts & Christmas Items
Evan F. Thomas	Routed Wood Signs
Jim & Ginger Underwood	Butterflies
Denise Young	Blankets, Rugs

DEDICATION

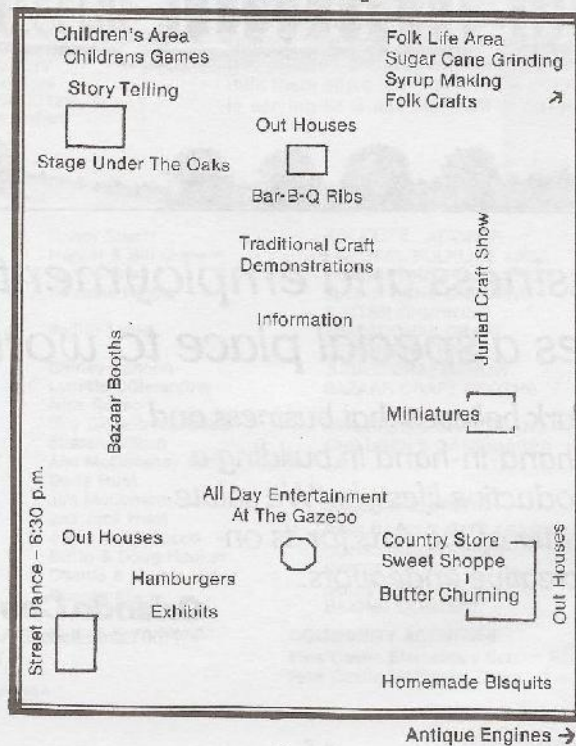
This Magazine is dedicated to all of the early cattlemen and women of this area who were free to let their cattle roam the open range and had no need for fences . . . the Prescotts, Yates, Mixells, Barbers, Tuckers, Wetherbees, Bronsons, Marks, Lassiters, Abers, Hensons, Johns, Smiths, Coxes, Tanners, Drawdys, Browns and others . . . The men and women who worked endless hours and days and years to make this rugged style of life support their families . . . The men and women whose yarns about cattle drives, feuds, and cattle rustlin' have enlivened our collective memories and made us long for the time when men and women had no need for fences.

One of these couples, Vaden and Bert Wetherbee, are our Parade Marshalls for this year's Pioneer Days Parade. Bert's family were cattlemen, whose cattle ranged Orange and Osceola counties, and who are today remembered on our maps by Wetherbee Road (between here and Kissimmee). They still live on that beautiful flat range land bordering Boggy Creek; land, however, which is now fenced and cross-fenced with barbed wire.

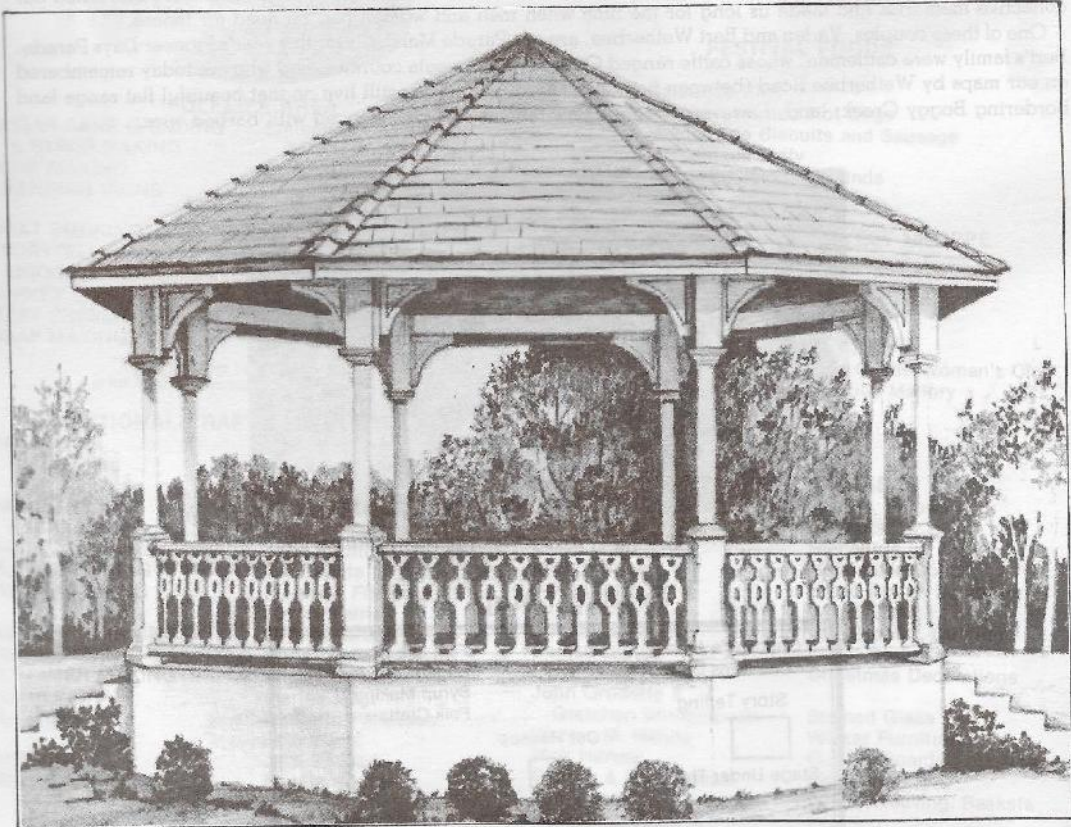


Vaden and Bert Wetherbee and their two children.

Festival Map



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ARTS LEAGUE

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COVER

This photograph was made on one of the far flung ranches that covered the land between what is now known politely as east Orange County and Osceola County but what was known in the early days as Mosquito County. One local wag dubbed these scrawny range cows, "pole and china cows", because he said you had to prop them up with a pole and milk them into a tea cup. It is the property of Mr. Bert Wetherbee who is serving as Grand Marshall of our Pioneer Days Parade this year.

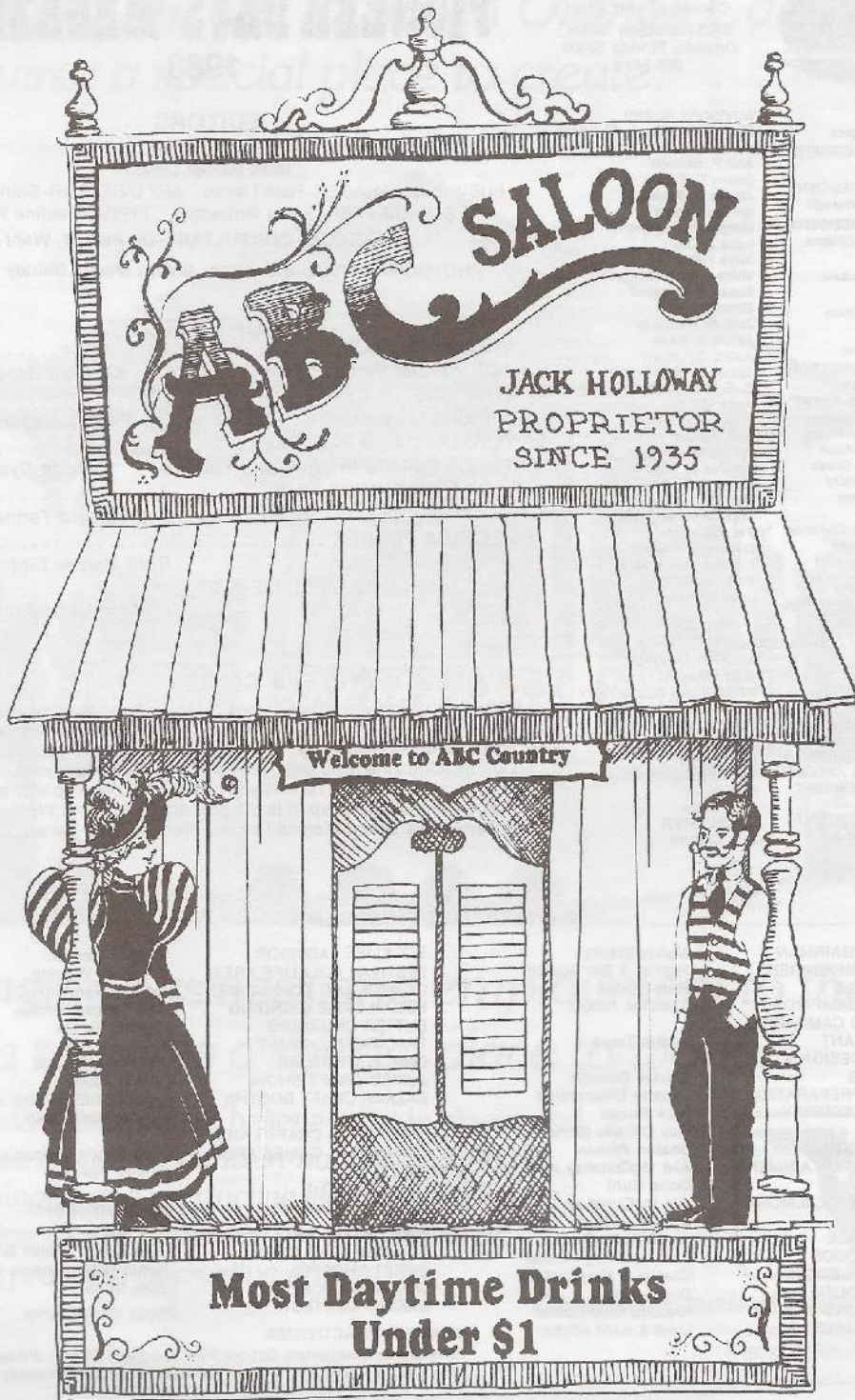
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JURIED CRAFT SHOW
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Pine Castle Woman's Club
Chuck Taulbee
CHILDREN'S CRAFTS AND
Susan Hawkins
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JAIL
GALLERY EXHIBITS
PINE CASTLE ARTS LEAGUE ACTIVITIES
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CONSIGNMENT SHOP
Robin Logie Bonnie Chappo
SWEET SHOPPE
Judy Brifere
COUNTRY STORE
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COMMUNITY ACTIVITIES

Pine Castle Elementary School PTA Spaghetti Dinner (Friday evening)
Pine Castle Methodist Church Pancake Breakfast (Saturday morning)



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Welcome Back 10th Annual PIONEER DAYS



by Cynthia Gross



If you are fortunate enough to have passed a few of your years in Florida, you probably possess a fine collection of memories of a special kind of October day. The kind that carries in the air a subtle scent of pine trees and golden guavas—the smell of the seasons changing, even here. It drops in unannounced and taps your shoulder like an old friend, humming a timeless tune your grandpa knew, and turns your mind's clock to old Octobers almost forgotten. It wheedles you to go outdoors, wearing a sweater you probably won't need, to join the gentle rituals of Florida autumn.

Such is the stuff that Pioneer days is fashioned of—the tastes and colors of our collective childhood—brought out from the family trunk on that right fall day and held up to the light so as to peer back into time and enjoy, once more, that which is uniquely ours.

This marks the 10th Pioneer Days Festival. Ten years is not so long when measured by the count of fine autumn days. But counting up the Pioneer Days past and recalling each for the rare spirit shared by neighbors through each gathering, watching this tradition grow as it comes into its own, is cause for a little extra celebration. Celebration of the history we came from, and especially of where we're going and what we have chosen to carry with us, as our heritage, into the future.

If this is your annual pilgrimage to Pioneer Days, welcome back. Enjoy visiting all those things you love each year—the Country Store with homemade jellies shining on the shelves, the clatter of cloggers in the gazebo, ladies sweeping by with a flounce of old lace, and the ring of the blacksmith's hammer and anvil. Then have a good time discovering some of the ways we've grown. Our juried crafts show boasts work by some of the area's finest artists, and the Center Gallery's "Florida Heritage" exhibit is a unique picture of folks the way they were. You'll want to watch the whipbraider work, and listen in on some tall tale-telling.

To the first-time visitor, we're glad you're here. You have a heap of exploring to do. Head for our special Folklife and Craft Demonstration Area—there's nothing else like it in Central Florida. If you don't know what a dulcimer is, there's someone to show you how to play one and even how to make your own. Take time to discover how a chair seat is intricately caned. Maybe our quilters and spinners will remind you of someone in your family who handed down to you the product of their love's labor. And take your children over to watch the Tanner family grinding sugar cane at our old cane mill and boiling the sweet juice down into cane syrup, the kind you may only taste here, still warm from the kettle.

Smear a hot biscuit with some of our freshly-churned butter, and watch a pile of pine straw grow into a basket in the patient fingers of a craftsman who learned the knack long ago from someone who cared enough to pass it down.

We hope you'll stroll around the grounds and discover some of the tradition preserved here. The tin-roofed houses are made from old Pine Castle, testimony to a day when windows were made to carry a breeze clear through to the back porch, and the front gallery was for sitting out the summer evening listening for a whippoorwill.

All these things, set to the strains of down-home music, should have you ready for dancing in the streets when the fiddlers fire up after dark. And, perhaps, it will remind you how good some simple, old-fashioned things can be.

If your day here can call up for you the fragrant, fond memories of your own childhood's autumns, or simply serve as that thread of continuity that weaves the patterns of our past into the present, then this 10th Anniversary Pioneer Days will be the special page that we at the Pine Castle Center of the Arts wish for your mind's scrapbook—a festival of Central Florida's roots and the crafts that sprouted from them—a nostalgic tribute to the best of the Good Old Days—a moment caught out of time in which to savor and share and celebrate ourselves and all that is worth saving about us.

Thanks for being here.

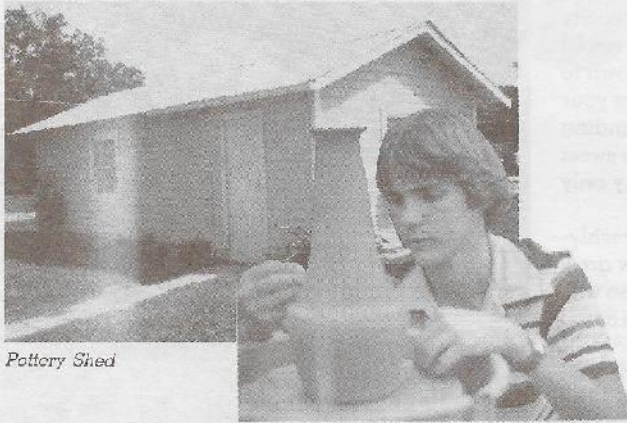


Pine Center of A Living

by Shirley Cannon



Founder's House



Pottery Shed



Day House

Old buildings come alive with new activities at the Pine Castle Center of the Arts and invite the entire community to sample the visual and performing arts.

An old fashioned front porch welcomes visitors to the Founder's House, the main building of the Center located at the corner of Randolph and Waltham Streets. It was purchased in 1973 and for several years was home to all of the Center's music and art classes. Today the matching front parlors house the Executive Director's office and the very active Center Gallery. Visitors are invited to come straight through the central hallway to the secretary's office and a board room where a wide assortment of volunteer tasks are performed. Located at the top of the quaint staircase in the front hall is the Center's collection of historical photographs and memorabilia.

Directly in back of the Founder's House is a garage affectionately known as the Pottery Shed. While the facilities are limited, a steady stream of clay creations have emerged from its humble environs since 1974. Plans call for building a new pottery/crafts facility which will be a reconstruction of one of Pine Castle's remembered historical buildings.

The Day House was the next addition to the center and since 1975 most of the music classes have been held there. There is also a small office for the Director of Music. Classes are offered in piano, voice, violin-viola, flute, clarinet-saxophone, brass, percussion and guitar.

The Fishback House was donated to the Center in 1977 and moved back about 50 feet to its present location in

Castle the Arts Museum

1982. It houses a small darkroom and provides extra classroom space for music and art classes.

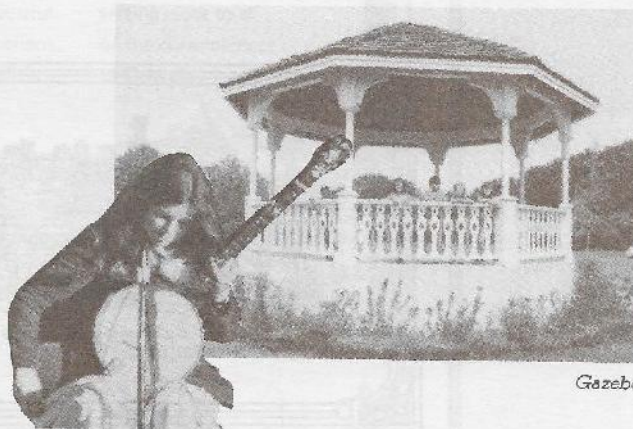
The gazebo, a recreation inspired by one which used to stand at the corner of Waltham and Orange, was built in 1978. It has become the symbol for the Pine Castle Center of the Arts and provides a charming and nostalgic setting for free community concerts, a children's Christmas Party, an Easter Egg Hunt, Pioneer Days and the 3-Arts Workshop.

The Crawford House is the latest addition to the Center's family of old houses. It was donated and moved across the street in 1980. The wide porch and generous rooms provide a relaxed setting for most of the art and craft classes including: painting, drawing, watercolor, stained glass, china painting, tile painting, weaving, basketry, quilting, chair caning and spinning. The two large front rooms are also used for dance, drama, modeling and movement-exercise. A studio added in 1982 makes it possible to offer batik and natural dyeing workshops. In the summer children spend many happy hours there during the 3-Arts Workshop and several times a year members transform it into an old-fashioned setting for dinners and parties. And of course, the Country Store and Sweet Shoppes held there during Pioneer Days are a Center tradition.

Join the other friendly folks who are enjoying music, art, crafts, and drama activities at the Pine Castle Center of the Arts. Visit the center any weekday between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. or call the office, 855-7461, for information on membership and classes.



Fishback House



Gazebo



Crawford House

Pine Castle Memorial Chapel



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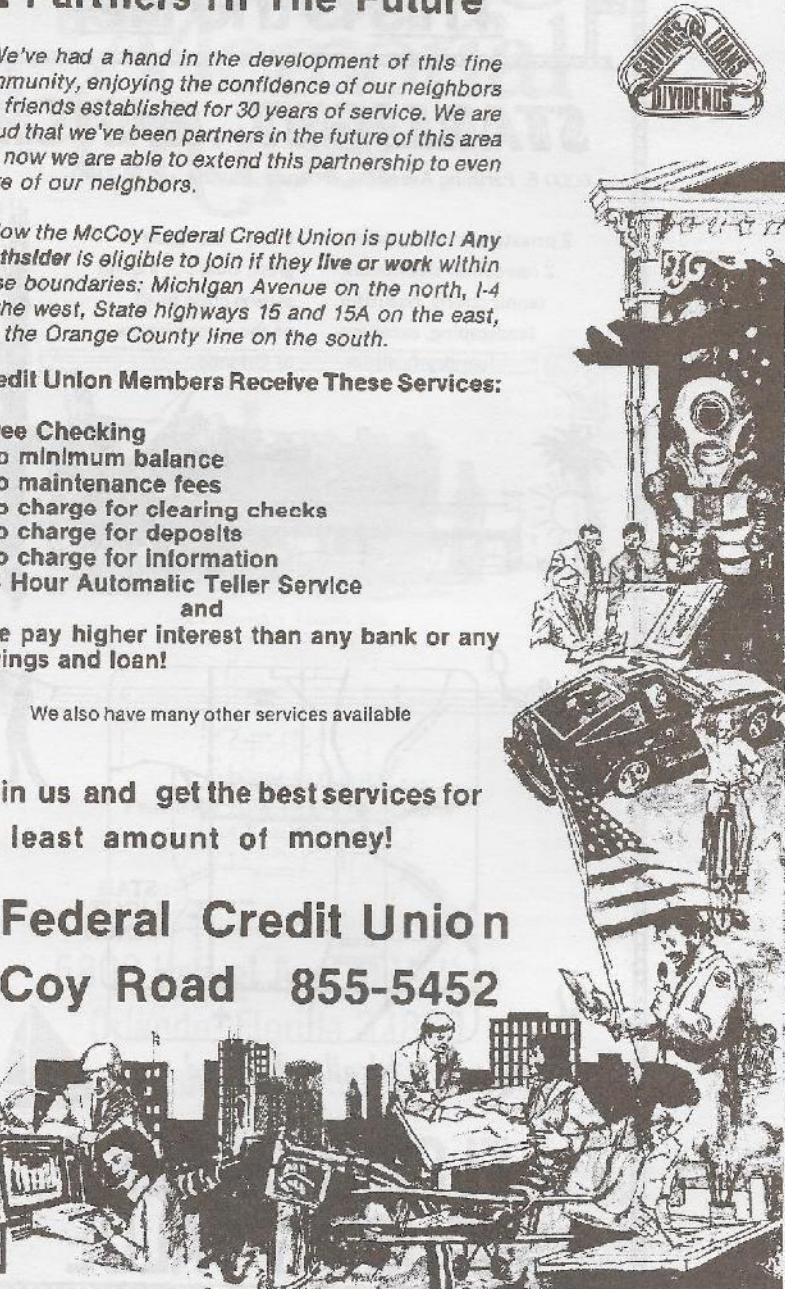
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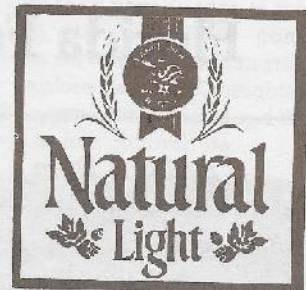
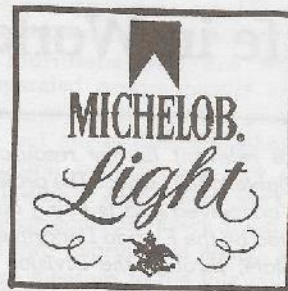
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WHOLESALER

PURSUITS AND PASTIMES

Florida Folklife in Work and Leisure

by Doris Dyan

Bureau of
Florida Folklife Program

The exhibit "Pursuits and Pastimes: Florida Folklife in Work and Leisure" and its accompanying public lecture-demonstration are part of a project to increase the popular understanding of folklife and

make relevant library resources available to the public. The project was conceived and is being conducted by the Florida Department of State, through the Division of Library Services and the Division of Archives, History, and Records Management, Bureau of Florida Folklife Programs. Both the planning and implementation phases of this project have been supported

by the National Endowment for the Humanities. During the planning phase, a survey of folklife resources was conducted, including manuscripts, photographs, sound recordings, and artifacts. This survey, now available in published form as the Florida Folklife Directory, Volume One, helped the staff to design the programming framework.

The term "folklife" is a relatively new one, used to replace and expand on the older term "folklore," in order to encompass a holistic approach to the study of culture. Folklife can be defined as the traditional expressive culture shared within a group. Traditions such as community festivals, domestic crafts, and family singing often develop local character and significance as they pass informally from one person to another. These traditions form the primary sources for folk studies.

The importance of folk traditions is sometimes overlooked because these expressions are the commonplaces of life, so familiar that they may be taken for granted. Yet,

folk traditions are part of everyone's life. They have particular importance in our mobile society because they help to define who we are in relation to other people.

Traditional custom, belief, technical skill, literature, art, music, dance, in fact the entire range of creative and symbolic forms change as they are passed from one generation to the next. Variation occurs because folk traditions are mainly learned orally, by imitation, or in performance. In the process of transmission, history and geography help shape folklife. As a result, folk cultural expression has a local character.

Folklife has been a subject of interest in Florida for over a half cen-

tury. In Florida's many folk communities, people have a deep and abiding interest in those aspects of their heritage which make their culture unique. They also have a great curiosity about other areas of the state. The first serious studies took place in the 1930s when collectors like Zora Neale Hurston, Alton Morris, and Stetson Kennedy documented the songs and stories of people in Eatonville, Tampa, Cross City, Miami, Key West, and elsewhere. Florida folklife today reflects the influence of peoples from the early Spanish, Seminole and Miccosukee, Black, and British to the more recent settlers from Asia, Europe, and North and South America.



The project theme, "work and leisure," was chosen because it shows facets of Florida's particular cultural make-up. Since the time of the first recorded settlements in the state, work has been a principle means for folk expression. There are many vital occupations in Florida which often function below the surface of public consciousness, but which reflect the climate and geography of the state: water-related work, agricultural work, and the work of maintaining a household. For nearly a century, however, large numbers of people have also been coming to Florida for recreation and relaxation. And the recreational aspects of Florida life are highly visible: the leisure-time activities of native-born Floridians or long-term residents; the high concentration of retirees of many nationalities with much leisure time; the more fluid adult population consisting of people who come for part-year vacations; and the many occupations of people who "work to serve others' leisure." The proportion of work

and leisure in the lives of people in the state generates some of Florida's most distinctive folklife.

Floridians who are widely separated geographically in the state, or who live in close proximity but are of different ethnic or cultural backgrounds, are often unaware of each other's work and leisure activities. Every group adds its own imprint and adapts in its own measure to the folk cultural matrix in the state. Folk communities may express their identity one way in work and another way in leisure. For example, a Seminole homemaker sews patchwork clothes, in one style for home use and in another for sale to tourists.

This project is designed to provide both a statewide overview of folk culture and an emphasis on local tradition. The exhibit gives attention to examples of folklife throughout the state. One section of the exhibit deals with examples of people in Florida whose distinctive work and leisure activities reflect aspects of their folk culture.

The other section looks at certain activities where there are folk traditions related to the work of some and the leisure of others. The lecture-demonstrations presented at each site during the exhibit's stay will focus on the traditions of the local area served by each library, encouraging people to become more aware of the library as a resource center for further investigation of local heritage.

Between April 1983 and April 1984, the exhibit and a smaller replica version will travel to twenty-two library sites around Florida. Through their participation in this project, the twenty-two communities served by these libraries will explore ways to heighten public appreciation of local and the statewide folk cultural life.



Please visit the exhibit, *PURSUIITS AND PASTIMES*, which is in the Center Gallery (little yellow house) from October 22 through November 11, 1983. And plan on attending one or all of the workshops.

FREE WORKSHOPS

- WHAT IS FOLKLIFE?** Fri., Nov. 4, 7:30-9:30 PM
An overview of what Folklife encompasses and why traditional culture is important in our technological world.
- FLORIDA PRESERVIN'** Sat., Nov. 5, 10 AM-12 Noon
A demonstration showing how pioneers preserved staples without refrigeration in order to have food throughout the year.
- FLORIDA COWMEN: THE NEGLECTED STORY** Sat., Nov. 5, 1-3 PM
A group of central Florida cowmen will reminisce about ranching days and cattle hunts when the open range was scoured for young calves.

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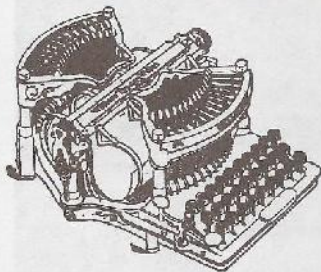
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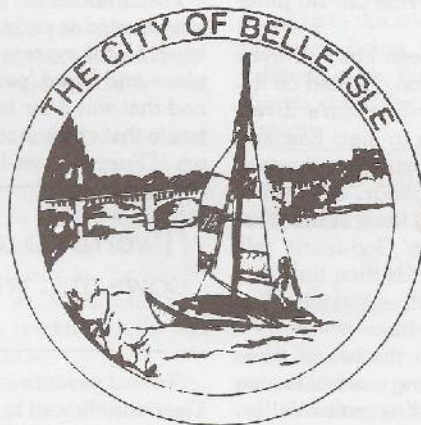
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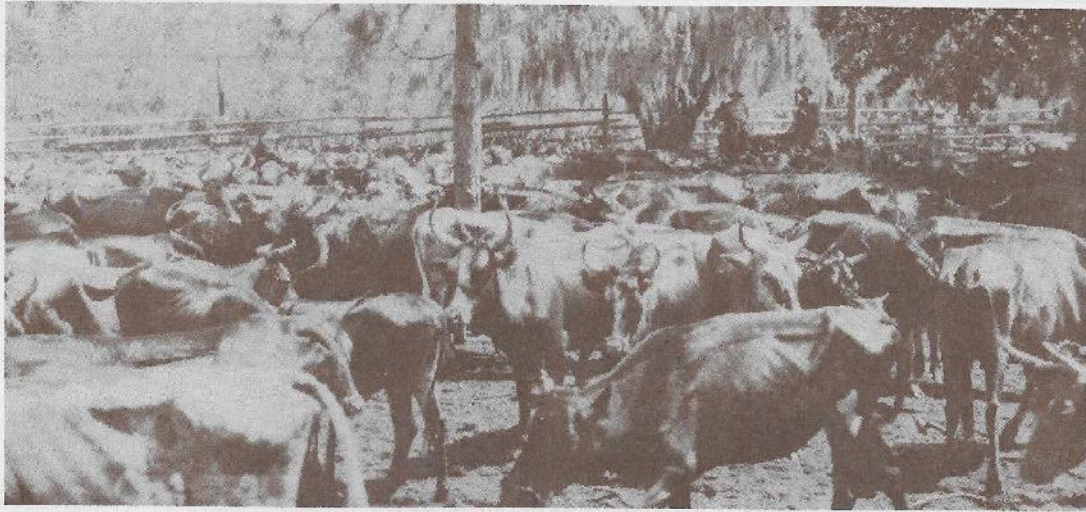
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1924-1983



A CRACKER COW HUNT

by Charlotte Weldon Tanner

'Twernt' like no John Wayne movie. No sireee!
Hard work was what it was. No bunk houses. No chuck wagons. No fancy pony to ride on. No piller to lay yer head on at night.

Dovie and Willis Nettles had been busy all week at the small house they called home, located on the edge of the lush marshes of the St. John's River. Smack dab twixt the large ocean to their East and a settlement of townfolk to the West where they enjoyed the comforts of kin and neighbor. They could not by any means lay claim to any fame in life 'ceptin' to be accounted as hard workin' God-fearin' folk who was able to count more friends than they had fingers on their dirt-covered, callused hands. And they asked fer no more'n that in life.

Willis Nettles was preparin' fer the two or three weeks that was needed fer the Spring cow hunt along the St. John's on back down to the Kissimmee Valley. It were near-bout the only time he had to spend with menfolk like Bill Smith, Gran'pa Tom Cox, Henry Tanner, the Drawdys, Eff Brown, and others. Hard work fer 'em all, but work that needed a doin'.

Willis had butchered a hog last week, layin' up a store fer hisself and his family whilst' he was to be gone on the drive. Not only had he butchered, but a lot o' his time had been spent a mendin' fences around his homestead. They was a needin' fixin' fer

the time the range-cows was herded back to his place fer the brandin' soon to come.

Preparations fer the mendin' of them fences had been started as early as last year, right after the drive, when he cut cypress posts from the ponds around his place and layed 'em flat on the bottom of the creek bed that was near his home. Layin' 'em on the bottom 'o that creek made 'em "hard as rocks," he would say. "Pure pet-ree-fied 'em."

'Twernt no fence law fer range-cows and wild hogs.'

'Twernt no fence law fer range-cows and wild hogs. They was allowed to roam the marshes and flat lands at their choosin'. 'Twernt no need fer any fences. Each man knowed by lookin' what cows was his'n. The cow hunts was for roundin' them wild range-cows up, fer markin', brandin', wormin', and mammyin' new calfs.

Them varmits was plum mean after a year a runnin' wild on them marshes. Had to be, to survive them pesky 'gators that crawled 'round them river banks just a lookin' fer a sick heifer or new-born calf to eat.

And them loblollies . . . well, them was somethin' else. Pure killers if'n you didn't know what to look out fer. (A loblollie is something like quicksand only covered in lush grass.)

As Dovie finished makin' final preparations fer what little food Willis would take with him, Willis began to set aside the few personal belongings he was a takin' with him fer the trip.

When Willis left fer the drive, the clothes he wore on his back was the clothes he wore home. No room fer extras. And clothes, by gum, was sure considered extras. The only consideration a body had fer their protection was a powdery substance that was ground out 'o the arrow root plant that grew down by the creek bank . . . fer under their arms. Didn't work too well, most times. But it helped. They used the arrow root powder to starch their Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes with, too. Made 'em good and stiff. The in-juns also used the arrow root powder fer bakin', but not the Nettles.

Blue grass roots from the swamp was used fer "cathardies"

Blue grass roots from the swamp was used fer 'cathardies' which worked well as a good laxative, 'cepten Willis declared "it would draw a man plum double and the cure was sometimes worse'n the malady it was 'apposed to help". Jerusalem Oak roots was used fer wormin' both animal and man. Trumpet roots was used fer the indigestion. When you chewed the rounded root of the plant the taste was somewhat un-towards, but the results was welcome to a sour stomach.

Whole corn fer the feedin' of the horse was stashed into a 'wallet' that was layed across the rump of the horse. The wallet was made out o' leather, tanned from the hide of a cow or deer. It was about four feet in length and two feet wide. Stitched up sturdy by hand with strips of raw hide on either side, the middle o' the wallet was left open, long-ways, but each side overlapped t'other. The horse's feedin' muzzle was hung on the horn o' Willis' saddle.

What food he took from home did not last long. (When it was gone they lived off the land, killin' a deer or whatever else could be found to eat.) Willis would sling a slab o' salt pork onto the saddle horn. The salt pork was cured with salt they got from the big ocean most times. Whenever it was needed the men from the community would load their wagons with a 'kittle' from one o' the homesteads and set out fer the ocean. Takin' the water from the ocean, they would 'bile' it down and come up with the best salt fer curin' and cookin' any man 'ud want.

Dovie would place her baked biscuits (that would soon become hard as rocks), and sliced sweet 'taters that she had fried in hog lard, into his saddle bags. Ifn coffee was plentiful, Willis' coffee pot was slung in a crocker sack across the saddle horn.

No other utensils, 'cepten his tin cup fer drinkin' was needed. He would make do from the woods. A blanket for wet, cool nights was hung proper, and Willis Nettles was fixed and ready to meet the other men, whose saddle bags and saddle horns carried the same short supplies.

Durin' the cattle drives, as nights was settlin' upon the men, horses, and range-cows, the preparations of food was as sparse as the rest the men got durin' that time.

Each dusk the range-cows was herded together into a central herd, and quieted off fer the night. Camp fires was started, and coffee pots set to boilin'. The horses was tethered off to graze, or tied to the limbs of trees.

As the coffee begun a boilin' and its smell wafted carelessly across the coming darkness, Willis Would get his biscuits and sliced sweet 'taters out o' his saddle bag. Willis would cut a palmetto stick around three feet in length, makin' sure it were good and sturdy. The palmetto stick was laced on one end with a goodly slice of the salt pork. Weavin' it onto the stick, snake-like, so's it would stay put, the other end of the stick was stuck securely into the ground, on an angle, at the edge of the fire.

After stickin' the palmetto frond into the ground, another palmetto stick was cut and the biscuits impaled onto the stick directly below the now-sizzlin' salt port. Below that, perhaps on the leaf of the palmetto bush, the fried sweet 'taters was placed to absorb the drippin' fat that seeped through the biscuits.

By the third or fourth night of the drive the food was molded . . . and would become moldier.

By the third or fourth night of the drive the food was molded . . . and would become moldier. But the salt port drippin's helped to savor the food and the mold was forgotten and tasted very good to a tired and hungry man. When all was done, Willis would eat heartedly and declare, "Ain't no man could ask fer better vittals."

After Willis ate, he would take moss from the trees, wipe what utensils he used, and place them back into the saddle bag to collect more mold fer the next meal, which would probably not be until the next evenin' at dusk. Durin' the ride the next day the men

would chew on beef or venison jerky. Water was got from the river fer drinkin'.

Slow and careful like, the lengths and breadths of the St. John's was covered by the men, on horseback and by foot when necessary, as they searched fer the wild range-cows and the new droppin' o' 'calfs'. Persimmon Hammock, Pine Island, Paw Paw

. . . ever nook and crannie
was searched fer them wiley
animals

Mound, Long Bluff . . . ever nook and crannie was searched fer them wiley animals . . . some that had never seed a man afore and were meaner than a cornered rattle-snake to handle. Each man carried a bullwhip, made by his own hands from the tanned hides that was used fer near-bout everthing a body could make out o' the hides. The crackin' o' them whips could be heard fer miles in the quietness of the mist-filled mornin's and evenin's.

They would begin north o' Willis' place, each man meetin' up with his neighbor along the way, and finally, when the destination of the Kissimmee Valley was reached, each of the men would have his own cows penned, wormed, marked, branded, and ready to be turned loose fer another year of grazin' and raisin' a new crop of 'calfs' that was sure to come forth next year.

As the herd grew each day, careful watch had to be given to the new 'calfs' that had been "dropped" since the last drive. As the large central herd was gathered together, they was separated many times before the last destination was reached.

Each homestead along the way was chosen fer its nearness to the river. Kin and neighbor alike met at those homesteads from all over the community and worked and ate until the separatin' was complete. The men, early on the next sunrise, would move on to the marsh land again and head fer the next homestead where preparations were well on their way to bein' complete fer their arrival.

Each of the men had his own cattle call or yell. As there was no form of communication, exceptin' those yells, a family was knowed by the yell of the man of the house.

The shrill, piercing yells of each man could be heard fer miles through the quite woods and as the men approached their own homestead, they would begin to holler their cattle call (or cow holler), heralding their arrival to those who waited at home.

Those who didn't have their own 'holler' made 'sounders' from the horns of the cows. These 'sounders' had a distinctive sound according to how the man whittled the horn. These 'cow hollers' and

'sounders' not only had their use durin' the drive, but were used all year long by the homesteaders. Ever so often, each family would signal to his neighbor with a call that "all was well."

As the herd approached the Nettle homestead Dovie heard a familiar holler through the stillness of the afternoon's heat. The holler echoed gently through the pine trees and oaks, telling everyone who had gathered at the homestead that the men were on their way back.

It was time to start gettin' the meal ready fer their arrival. Although the men-folk were several miles away, the women knowed that when they saw the dust a stirrin' it would be too late to do any cookin'. A tired bunch o' men wouldn't want to wait fer no pots to boil.

After the cook fires was started, and the pots set to boilin', the women and children listened and watched fer that tell-tale dust cloud. It had been nearly a week since the men-folk had left on the drive, and they had worked their way past every homestead along the St. John's. The Nettle place was just south of Ft. Christmas near Tosahatchee. They was makin' good time.

Throughout the afternoon, the cow holler's was heard gettin' nearer and nearer. Ever so often, one o' the men would let out a hoot to let the women-folk know just how fer they had progressed since the last holler.

Soon the dust and noise of the drive was close enough that the children and women began movin' away from the edge o' the woods back into the clearin'. You never knowed when a wild cow would burst forth, a runnin' ahead of the main herd.

Several of the men had been sent ahead to make sure the pens was opened, chutes in good repair, and wood ready fer the fires that was soon needed.

The excitement of the folks gathered at the homestead began to mount. The gatherin's of kin and neighbor was few and far between.

. . . the animals were sent
into a large holding pen. Each
new calf had to be carefully
"mammyed up".

As the herd approached the homestead, the animals were sent into a large holding pen. Each new calf had to be carefully "mammyed up". The range-cows traveled in rather large circles, but never too far from a man's own homestead. Occasionally a maverick would be found many miles off course, but it was soon placed in the proper hands and they would continue on to the next homestead to repeat what ever was necessary to be done.

The task of "mammyin" calfs to their proper mam-

my was one that was not easily accomplished. Few men had the proper callin' to be able to mammy cows. The few who could were in great demand at that time of the year. Certain traits of the mammy cow, distinctive markin's, how the mammy cow reacted to the calf at her side, all those signs and more was carefully watched fer. A calf without its proper mammy would most likely die or be sickly. It was rejected, most times, by any other cow. A cow without her proper calf was in as big a trouble as was a 'mammy-less' calf. Her bag would become 'strutted' (fevered) and she would most off' times die.

Young bulls was separated from the calfs and yearlings and the selection of next year's brood cows and bulls was done very careful. Consideration was given to those that came from good breeders—if they had been "dropped" from good stock, from a line that was not "stickly". Some of the young bull calfs was selected to be "cul" (made into steers).

Each animal was caught by hand and wrestled to the ground, marked, cut if necessary, wormed, checked for signs of sickness, and then branded.

"Markin" was different from brandin' and was just as much a part of the cattle drive. The ears of the animals was cut in certain "markin's." Just as a mans' brand was registered at the county seat, his 'mark' was registered too. When a man was spoutin' off the names of some o' them markin's, it sounded real purty, like he was a speakin' in some kinda' foreign tongue.



MARKIN'S



CROP—end of the ear cut away



SHARP—ear sliced away to a sharp point on either side



UNDER ½ FLUER DE LOO*—ear cut sharply from 'burr' to tip in a downward motion



UPPER 'FLUER DE LOO*—ear cut sharply from 'burr' to tip in a downward motion



SWALLER FORK—V sideways in ear



UPPER-UNDER BIT—U in middle of top and/or bottom of ear.



SPLIT—split in one end of ear



CROP ONE EAR. SWALLER FORK IN OTHER—crop under bit in one ear. swallow fork in the other



CROP. ½ CROP STAPLE FORK

*spellin' accordin' to how they pronounced 'em

The brands was as different in design as was the markin's. Since stamp brands (store-bought ones with fancy designs and handles) was too costly fer 'em to own, long rods bent in the shape of a shepherds' rod was used. Most of the brands consisted of numbers and initials. The brand was called a runnin' iron.

As the hot brandin' iron was taken from the fire and placed firmly on the "cushen" (buttock) of the thrashing animal, it's cry of pain could be heard far and near. The smell of the seared hair on the hides of the animal was stifflin'. Although the animal did feel the hot iron as it scorched the hair on its hide, and felt the knife as it took away the manhood of the bull-calfs, the pain was not a lingering one. The brands would soon heal, the cuts was soon well, and the calf would be let loose to graze unhindered by man for another year.

The dust from the cow pens covered the men, women, children, and animals. The heat from the Florida sun scorched the men's hide and turned their skin dark.

After the work was complete, the women-folk gathered for meal preparations and a little tender-lovin' care fer their men-folk. The singing of songs and the laughter filled the misty nights, serenading the emptiness and blackness of the outer rims of the campfires and seeping into the minds and memories of the people who shared the hard work and the few restful hours during those long two or three weeks required for the cattle drives.

The marsh, after the drives, would become peaceful and quiet again. The men would move to another season, another planting time, another chore to be done, another year of birth, life and death for the common folk along the St. Johns marsh.

... each man would seem to have a little extra somethin' in his walkin'.

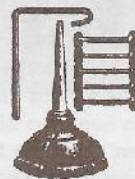
But fer a while after their return 'round 'bout the turn o' the century, each man would seem to have a little extra somthin' in his walkin'. Some declared the little extra somethin' was more'n likely saddle soreness and tired muscles. But if'n I was a bettin' person, of which I ain't, I would belt'cha that the tiredness in their bones and the quietness of their minds was just a time for storin' all the tales and happenin's of the last cow hunt so's they could be brought forth fer next year's drive and next year's camp fires.

Tales and happenin's and happiness . . . all born out of sharin' hard work with kin and neighbor.

But it twern't like no John Wayne movie. No sirreee!

BRANDS

OK	Burl Yates
M	Morgan Mizell
X	M. R. Marks
8	Harriet Barber
FB	Nancy Barber
66	W. P. Lassiter
COD	A. C. Hill
ST.C	Alexander Sinclair Abrams
☆	W. C. Abers
👢	W. C. Heron



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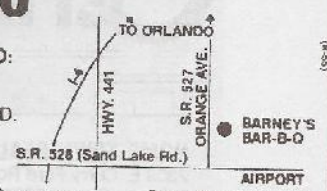
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FLORIDA FENCES

by Ruth Barber Linton

One old timer told me, "Most fences were built for spite and never did make good neighbors." So Florida must have had plenty of good neighbors because in the early days they had mighty few fences.

The stockade fence was probably the first fence built in this part of Florida and was used by the early settlers to protect themselves from the Indians. The settlers actually lived outside the stockade but skedaddled to its shelter at the first sign of trouble.

Later, when Florida became a state, we had what was known as the "open range", meaning of course that there were no fences—except the farm fences, built to keep critters out, not in. And in those days there were precious few critters to keep out, unless you counted deer and wild hogs.

The early settlers were mostly small farmers who came with their families, and sometimes a slave or two, piled into an old wagon pulled either by a mule or a couple of oxen. They usually had one old milk cow tied behind and a couple of hound dogs straggling into the pine woods.

These cows were not like the milk cows we know today. Cattle back then were scrawny and small and rarely dressed out more than 300 pounds. An early veterinarian, Dr. Monroe Lynn, called them "pole and china" cows. He claimed you had to prop them up with a pole to keep them from falling down while you milked them in a china cup.

When the settlers arrived with their precious cow it was usually tethered in the yard or penned in a small area to fertilize the family garden, giving rise to the term "cow pen" farming. What other cattle the settler might have were turned loose to roam the open range, which stretched from Palatka to Lake Okeechobee.

The farm yard fence, built to keep those "range cows" and other assorted critters out, served another purpose—to hang out clothes on wash day. (As a matter of fact, folks in small towns are still hanging their clothes out this way and probably think clothes lines are something needed only by city folks who don't have nice long fences around their houses.)



About 1894 Amanda Ford got tired of not having good milk for her family and had a dairy cow sent from Ohio. That started two industries in Orlando—"cow-sitting" and the dairy industry. A cowboy by the name of Put Myers became Orlando's first cow-sitter. He went around every morning collecting everyone's cow and drove them out of the city limits to graze and then drove them back home before dark. At one time he had about 100 of these cows in his herd.

With Florida being open range they had to devise some way of knowing whose cattle was whose, so they marked and branded them. About twice a year round-up would take place and the men would be gone for weeks at a time. Marking cows usually meant cutting a small section out of their ears. Branding was done with a red hot iron shaped into letters or other symbols. Every cattleman had his own brand, and at that time they were registered at the local court house. Since 1952 they have been registered in Tallahassee. The last brand in Orange County was registered to Mary E. Henson. It was a large "S" bisected by a vertical line. Some early brands and owners were Morgan Mizell, "M", Burrell Yates, "OK", Harriett Barber, "8", M. R. Marks, "X", Nancy Barber, "FB", W. P. Lassiter, "66", A. C. Hill, "COD", W. C. Abers, "5'", W. C. Heron, outline of a "boot."

With the coming of the twentieth century the open range caused plenty of trouble for trains and cars. Trains were always running into cows (or sometimes deer, hogs, and even alligators) and finally they invented the "cow catcher". This was a scooped shaped projection on the front of the engine that pushed the offending animal off the tracks. Motorists also had a bad time of it. Since cows and hogs loved to sleep on the warm roads when the nights got chilly, cars were always running into them. If the motorist survived, he was responsible for paying for the animals. It wasn't until 1939 that a bill was finally signed to end the "no fence" law.

After 1939 barbed wire really came into its own, since it is one of the few things that can keep a cow from going where it wants to go. And that was always rusting out and giving way to cows who found it handy for scratching mosquito bites or just plain ignored it when a bunch of them spooked or decided the grass was greener on the other side of the fence. So barb wire fences were definitely a mixed blessing. They did keep the cows in MOST OF THE TIME but they also had to be built in the first place and then constantly mended.

When I was a child small dairy farms dotted the area. The dairy cows were also fenced in with barb wire. The biggest blueberries and the prettiest violets were always on the other side and we were forever

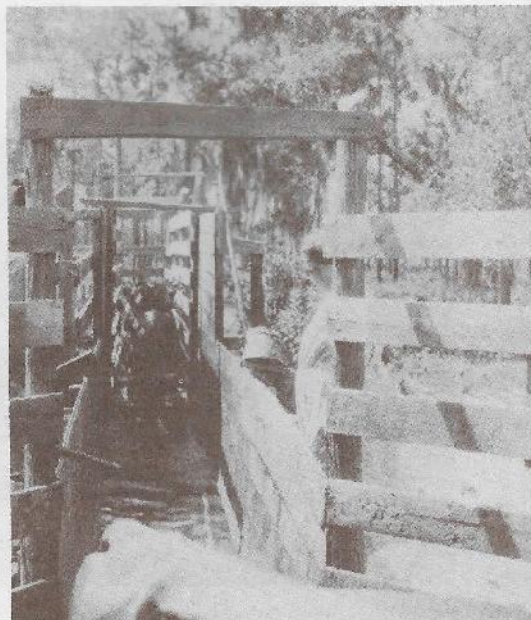


snagging our dress-tails as we climbed through the fence after them.

Throughout the years in Florida, fences have been built from a lot of different materials—wood, barb wire, chicken wire, wrought iron, chain link, and sometimes even brick or stone. I can even remember when bamboo was planted to fence off certain areas.

Some fences worked I guess, but some of them didn't. One early Orlando settler tried to build a fence between his house and that of his neighbor so he wouldn't have to listen to him trying to learn to play the flute. The fence got higher and higher and finally reached the second floor. When it got that high and he still had no peace and quiet he just up and moved his house.

But whatever the fence or the reason for it I'm sure that all of the old time cattlemen would agree with today's famous cowboy song, "Give me land, lots of land . . . don't fence me in."



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We would like to thank all those people who helped to make Pioneer Days the great festival that it has become in central Florida... the businesses, clubs, churches, schools, and individuals who contribute their money, their time, and their talents so that thousands of folks can come together for fun and fellowship.

A special thanks to all of the Pioneer Days Chairmen and their committees, the wonderful advertisers in our magazine, and of course all of the participants in the festival who so willingly share their skills with us.

And of course we couldn't have a folk festival celebrating the ways of the past without those who made that past possible, so we honor all of our "Pioneers", those old timers who have been around longer than most of us like to remember.

And finally our thanks go to all of the members and contributors to the Pine Castle Center of the Arts and contributors to Arts United who provide the base support without which we couldn't exist at all.

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Comfort House "Flash" Gordon

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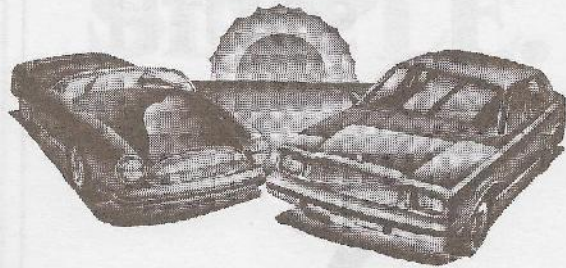
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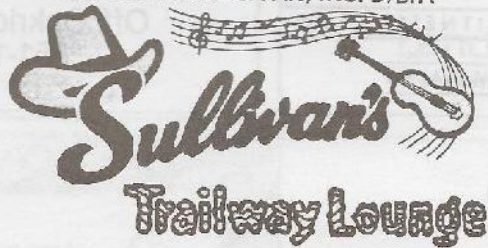
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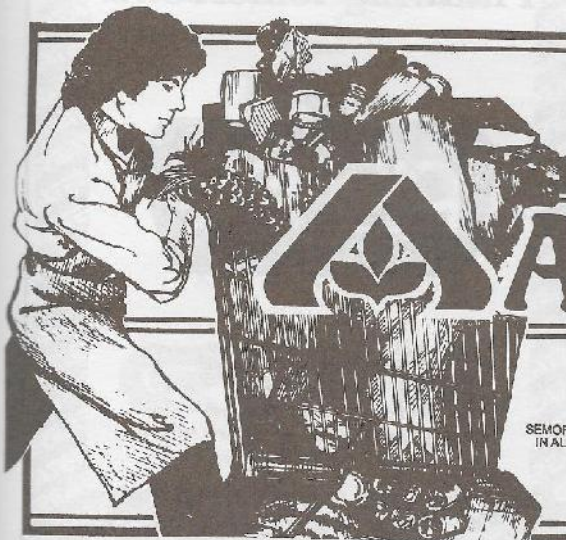
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Touch My Life, Tell Me A Story



by Voncile Mallory

Voncile C. Mallory, is Associate Professor of Education at Florida Atlantic University. She has been a resident of Florida since 1955. Her B.A. degree was received from Blue Mountain college, Mississippi. Having grown up in Alabama she returned to the University of Alabama where she received her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees. She has taught in public school in Florida and Alabama and at the University of Alabama. Dr. Mallory has worked with the Seminole Indians and has written instructional materials, based on their folk lore, to be used in the classroom. She recently had a book published entitled, The Seminole World of Tommy Tiger.

Mallory, an accomplished story teller whose repertoire includes folk tales of various countries, is concerned about the "preservation and perpetuation" of the oral tradition.

A member of the Reading faculty at Florida Atlantic University, Dr. Mallory has been active in state and national reading associations as well as other professional organizations. At the national level she has been a major presenter at conferences, and for four years served as secretary to the National Reading Conference. She is a member of the board of the Florida Folklore Society and been active at the Florida Folk Festival as a volunteer and a storyteller.

In an age when the activities surrounding job, home, banking, car repairs and shopping are synthesized and computerized, human beings feel the need for touching. When even a trip to the doctor involves machine diagnosis, people have a longing for human contact. The loneliness of the dark hours of night, the varied shifts of work, school, vacation, the plastic toys, tools, treasures add to the longing for communication with the real, the warm, the natural. Storytelling in some magical way helps to fill the void that so many people are experiencing.

The magic of storytelling, according to a master teller of tales, Ashley Bryan (2), is "the bridge that connects". It connects parents with children, nation with nation, past with present, and old with young. Someone else has said that the magic of storytelling is that "it makes our lives less daily". Storytelling is a "harvest of closeness" according to Ramon Ross (6). As Ruth Sawyer (7) puts it, it is "to know joy unrestrained". The reaching out, the crossing over, the connecting, are important ingredients of daily living.

But what of storytelling? Where has it been and where is it going?

As one of the forms of communication in ancient times, storytelling was used as a way to perpetuate the ideas, ideals, and standards of behavior of a community. The stories told of wars, hunting, conquests. They were the major means of preserving history. The old tales had common themes from country to country, perhaps indicating the commonality of people, their aspirations and dreams. Within each culture there were stories explaining creation, how the earth came to be, why animals are different, how the birds fly, and even how stories got started.

The American Indian explained that stories came from "story stone" that gave stories to a young Indian in exchange for the birds he had killed. The boy was to become a storyteller but was to always require something in exchange for the stories. Anansi, the spider, out of African folklore, acquired the box of stories from the sky god in exchange for Onini, the python; Osebo, the Leopard; Moboro, the hornet and Mactia, the fairy whom no one has seen.

The legend of The Devil's Millhopper comes alive as Cousin Thelma Bolton, who came into storytelling around the table with the family at sharing time, tells the tale.

A long time ago, a long, long time ago, Ole Lucifer came to earth near Gainesville, Florida, in the form of a mortal man. As he was walking along, seeing what mischief he could get into, he spied a beautiful young Indian Maiden admiring her reflection in the water, and he tried to get her to pay attention to him. Oh, he flirted and flirted, but she wanted nothing to do with him. She was already engaged to a handsome Indian Brave. Lucifer was furious. He stomped back to Hades. Finally, he could stand it no longer, and stole back to where the Indian Maiden was asleep in her chickee, threw her over his shoulder and ran. The maiden started to holler and squall. Her people came in hot pursuit. He knew they would finally catch him, so he changed into his natural form. When he did, a great big hole opened up in the ground and swallowed up all the trees and everything around. Her people turned to stone around the hole. A little cave opened up in the edge of the hole, and Lucifer took the girl in. The maiden has never been seen since. Even though the Indians all turned to stone, their tears flowed down like rivulets, forming a stream which exits through the cave. Hence, the name Devil's Millhopper which has now become a state park."

As a former school teacher, Cousin Thelma's tales have mesmerized thousands of students. Her association with the Florida Folk Festival and Folklife program is in itself a "folk tale".

Charlotte Tanner of Christmas, Florida is recording and putting into a book the magnificent tales of the Tanner Family as told to her by her mother-in-law, Daisy Tanner. The book, *Sade*, will share how Daisy came to be named Sade, how Christmas, Florida got its name (her great grandfather, Tucker Nettles, moved to that community on Christmas Day, hence, the name), that Nettles planted the first orange grove in the area and how great grandfather Nettles died.

"During the Seminole Wars, my great grandfather, Tucker Nettles and some other white men were camped in Paines Prairie. One afternoon as they started out for food, some Indians came after them. My great grandfather was shot in the head with an arrow. The other men tried to help him but he insisted that they go on. When they returned the next morning the Indians had scalped my grandfather. They had his heart on a stick and were dancing around it".

But Mrs. Tanner doesn't leave one with the impression that all the Indians were bad. She tells of a time when her grandfather went out and met some Indians. And though he was frightened he found them to be very friendly and helpful.

Daisy Tanner is one of the true Florida storytellers, whose stories are worthy of recording for future generations, but which, like all recorded stories, will lose much of their magic without the teller. She, like Betty Mae Jumper, does not want the history of her family to die.

These storytellers, along with others such as Peggy Smith of Jacksonville, Gamble Rogers of Orlando and Margie Baldwin, all native Floridians, have their own reasons for telling stories. They have their own style of telling and their own choice of stories.

All people have stories to tell; their own, those from the featured storytellers in this article, and recorded tales ancient and modern. The key ingredient is a desire to tell, to share with other human beings.

Emmett and Charlotte Tanner





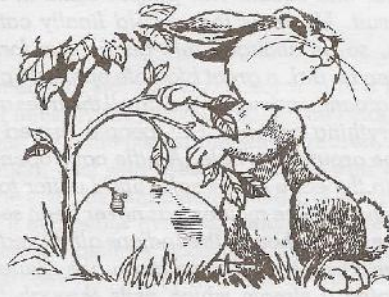
When the "infernal" printing press came along stories were boxed up and restricted. Somehow, as important to us as books are, the magic of the story can be easily lost within the pages. The gesture, the voice inflections, the tilt of the head, the flutter of the eye lid are missing. But more important, the teller of tales, the maker of magic, is not there to verify reality and to respond to the excitement of the listener. Precisely rehearsed stage plays and dance performances, and television and movies with their magnificently talented entertainers invaded the storyteller's world, and as a result, storytelling receded to the shadows, there to lie dormant for a period of time. However, none of these media gave us the experience of being in the presence of a real-live storyteller, and did not provide the intimacy that comes from the sharing of tales old and new. Consequently, a resurgence of interest in storytelling has occurred and continues to inspire young and old alike, not only to listen to stories, but to be tellers of tales as well.

How does one become a storyteller? And what stories does one tell?

When asked how she became a storyteller, Betty Mae Jumper of the Seminole Tribe, Hollywood Reservation responded, "My grandmother was a storyteller and I enjoyed it and now I want to make sure that my grandchildren know about Indian customs and living, and how we got to where we are today." Mrs. Jumper is further helping to preserve that culture through a book she is writing, covering five generations. Her stories are about the Seminole history and folklore. Among the stories she tells is how her grandmother, Mary Tiger, became a medicine woman after her husband, Tom Tiger (a medicine man) was killed by a bolt of lightning.

A mythical tale she tells is about Rabbit, one of the prominent characters in Indian Folklore.

"One day back when animals talked like people, Rabbit went up to a group of men who were around a campfire. He began to brag that he could catch a snake. The men, of course, didn't believe him. They said Rabbit was to bring back a snake before sundown. Rabbit found a snake all coiled up, lying in the bush. He asked Snake why he was like that. 'I've got a string here', said Rabbit. 'Let me measure you and find out if you are longer than it is.' When the snake straightened out, Rabbit tied the string around the snake's neck and choked him. Rabbit took the snake to the men. When the snake found out about the 'brag' he got so mad, that to this day, snakes still chase rabbits."



"Frog" Smith of North Ft. Myers, Florida, says that he always liked to talk, just like his father before him. Mr. Smith only needs to start talking and the memories of "the day the devil went down the Suwanee River in his own boat" along with hundreds of other episodes of his life come forth. It seems that Mr. Smith's father wanted to go fishing, but the banks of the river were so crowded with people that he couldn't get to the river to fish. "Pappy went back to the house and made a lantern to look like the devil, covered it with red cloth, put it on a float and sent it down the river. In no time at all, there was plenty of room on the banks to fish."

One has to but listen to be transported to another time and place as "Frog" remembers.

"My great-grandfather lived to be 100 and was still working at that age, as the jailer in Lake City, Florida. He married his third wife at age 90." "Frog" further relates that "my mother and my father were rescued from Fannin Springs (now Suwanee Springs) by the Chaires Boys after a ferry cable swept them into the water". In addition to oral telling, Mr. Smith has written for magazines and newspapers such as *Railroad Magazine* and *The Tampa Tribune*.

If you are among those of us who feel the need to reach out and tell tales, usually the best place to start is with stories from your own experiences or well-known tales of childhood. You may want to tell stories that you have heard others tell. Perhaps you feel a need for some help in getting started. If so, the following suggestions may be helpful. It's the procedure I use:

1. Select a story that you really like, that "gets under your toenails".
2. Read the story silently a number of times and then read it aloud to get a "feel" for the story.
3. Think the episodes of the story through from beginning to end.
4. DO NOT memorize the story. Good storytellers don't tell a story exactly the same way twice. Also, if you memorize you may forget where you are in the telling. There may be certain passages so beautiful that to change them would destroy them. Memorize those.
5. Tell the story aloud to yourself.
6. If you find you are having difficulty remembering the episodes write them down on a card and use the notes until the story becomes yours.
7. When it is yours, forget yourself and let the story flow from you to your audience.

The resurgence of interest in storytelling is evident through storytelling organizations, such as NAPPS (National Association for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storying), storytelling festivals, library storytime, stories around campfires, and storytimes at folk festivals like Pioneer Days.

Waiting somewhere in the great "out there" are many would-be listeners who are saying in various ways, "Touch my life, tell me a story". DO IT. Happy Storytelling!

1. Baker, Augusta and Green, Ellen. *Storytelling Art and Technique*. N.Y., Bowker Company, 1977
2. Bryan, Ashley. *Beat the Story Drum, Pum-Pum*. N.Y., Atheneum, 1980. N
New collection of African animal tales,—best for read-aloud to upper elementary levels.
3. Bryan, Ashley. *The Dancing Granny*. N.Y. Atheneum, 1977
Humorous folktale from the Caribbean—and featuring the orally Ananse—whose origin stems back to African tales.
4. Chambers, Dewey W., *Literature for Children, Storytelling and Creative Drama*, Wm. C. Brown Co., 1970
5. Hutchinson, Veronica. *Chimney Corner Stories*. illus; Lois Lenski N.Y., Balch (now Putnam), 1926
Old favorites for the youngest listeners who want to hear Peter Rabbit, Henny-Penny, Little Black Sambo, etc.—in brief clear precise language. Large print format could encourage independent reading after many listenings.
6. Ross, Ramon, *Storyteller*. 2nd ed. Ohio, Charles E. Merrill Co., 1980
A source book for the how-to of storytelling, including use puppetry, flannel boards.
7. Sawyer, Ruth, *The Way of the Storyteller*. New York, Viking, 1970
A source book from a master storyteller.
8. Shedlock, Marie. *Art of the Story Teller*. (Dover)
One of the major classic volumes in storytelling—how and why—and a fine collection of tales for telling.
9. Scharlt, Alvin, Comp. *Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark*. Stephen Gammell. Lippincott, 1981
These stories about ghosts, witches and other scary creatures will cause your friends to jump with fright.

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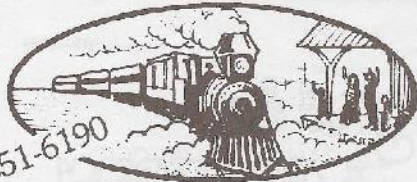
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FESTIVAL SCHEDULE

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21

5:00-7:30 P.M. —Spaghetti Dinner, Pine Castle Elementary School

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22

6:30-8:30 A.M. —Pancake Breakfast, Pine Castle Methodist Church

9:00-12:00 noon —Pioneer Days Infant Care (through age 3)

—First Baptist Church of Pine Castle

10:00 —FESTIVAL GROUNDS OPEN

10:00 —PARADE on South Orange Avenue

11:00 —Bake-off Judging, Crawford House

12:00 noon —Sugar Cane Grinding Demonstration, Folklife Area

1:00 P.M. —Storytelling, Voncille Mallory, Children's Area

1:00 —"T G I Country", Gazebo

1:00 —Bill Snyder "E. Clownibus" Under the Oaks

2:00 —Storytelling, Daisy Tanner, Folklife Area

2:00 —"Premier", Gazebo

2:00 —"Moonlight Cloggers" Under the Oaks

2:30 —"T G I Country", Gazebo

2:30 —Bill Snyder "E. Clownibus" Under the Oaks

3:00-5:00 —Infant Care (through age 3)

—First Baptist Church of Pine Castle

3:00 —Oakridge High Jazz Ensemble, Gazebo

3:00 —Sugar Cane Grinding Demonstration, Folklife Area

3:30 —"T G I Country", Gazebo

3:30 —"Moonlight Cloggers" Under the Oaks

4:30 —"Sunglow Quartet", Gazebo

5:00 —"T G I Country", Gazebo

5:00 —Storytelling, Voncille Mallory, Children's Area

6:30-9:30 —SQUARE DANCING IN THE STREET, Bun Roper, Caller

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23

11:00 A.M. —FESTIVAL GROUNDS OPEN

12:00 noon —Sugar Cane Grinding Demonstration

12:00 —"St. John's-Vianney Children's Choir", Gazebo

12:30 P.M. —Pine Castle Arts Center Music Scholarship Students, Gazebo

12:30 —Bill Snyder, "E. Clownibus", Under the Oaks

1:00 —"Sunny South Bluegrass", Gazebo

1:00 —Storytelling, Voncille Mallory, Children's Area

1:30 —Pine Castle Arts Center Music Teachers, Gazebo

—Michael Stackowicz, Vickie Schultz, Anna Mathews, Katherine Nechaj

1:30 —"R & B Cloggers", Under the Oaks

2:00 —"Sunny South Bluegrass", Gazebo

2:00 —Bill Snyder, "E. Clownibus", Under the Oaks

2:30 —"Premier", Gazebo

3:00 —Storytelling, Daisy Tanner, Folklife Area

3:00 —Pine Castle Arts Center Music Teachers, Gazebo

—Ed Adrian, Carol Wolfe, James Hopper, Deborah Dansby

3:30 —"Sunny South Bluegrass", Gazebo

4:00 —"Cattle Country Cloggers", Under the Oaks

4:30 —Clogging Workshop, Under the Oaks

Accredited Surety & Casualty Co.

918 S. Orange Ave.
H. M. Snow, President