

A Polack and a Jew are sitting in a bar, watching a movie and the Jew says to the Polack, "I'll bet you \$100.00 that at the end of this movie, John Wayne rides off the cliff on his horse and kills himself." So the Polack says "okay, you got a bet!" So they were drinking and watching the movie and at the end of the movie John Wayne does ride the horse off the cliff, and kills himself and the Jew looks over at the Polack and says, "no you don't need to pay me, becuse I had seen the movie before." The Polack then looks over at the Jew and says, "no-no, I had seen the movie before too, I just didn't think he'd be stupid enough to do it again."

This joke fits under the sub-genre, the (a) ethnic Riddle joke(oral folklore). It does involve picking on a known stereotype-the Jew as well as the Polack. Glenn had heard this joke last summer at a bar while he was having a few drinks, with his boss. When he told me the joke we were in a car on our way out of town. It more or less served the function of entertainment for Glenn and I, as I'm sure it did for Glenn at the time of being at the bar. When I asked Glenn what he thought the joke meant he said, "The continuation of the on going belief (stereotype), that Polacks are stupid, and that Jews are trying to get more money," this is what Glenn thinks the meaning of the joke is. As for the reaction that I gave to the joke, I really didn't think it was that funny, but I did give a little-"ha-ha!"

There was a kid from a poor farming town, and most everyone who lived in this town were farmers and stayed farmers, throughout their life times. Well this kid's father had gathered and saved enough money to send his son to college, so as his son could make more money, and earn a good living. So this kid goes off to college, and being from a rural farm town he didn't know what city life (college life) was all about. And it turned out that he wines and dines, party's, and takes many women out, he just has a good ol'time, and because this kid has such a terrific time, he spends all his money for the first semester in one month. He was broke, hungover, and down to his last can of beans, so he tries to figure out a way to get more money out of his dad without telling him the truth. So he call's home and say's "dad, I have some good news, I have this Proffesor for one of my classes, and he said that he could teach Duke how to talk", Duke is his dad's best hunting dog. Well, the father thinks this is absolutley terrific, the idea that he could take Duke hunting and be able to talk to him, so he say's "How much do you need, son?" The kid say's " 15,00", so the father sends him the money, and the kid once again spends all the money on girls, partying, etc. So the kid calls home again and say's "dad for another 1,500 my Professor say's he can teach Duke how to read." And once again the father just loves the idea, so he sends his son more money. With this money the son manages until the end of the year. But at the

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end of the year he has to bring Duke home with him, and has no idea what he's going to tell his dad, Why can't Duke read or talk? (I should also add that this kid had a friend who took Duke home with him), Where is Duke? Well, all the way home the kid thought and he thought, and it wasn't until he got off the train that he thought of something. So the kid get's off the train, and he see's his dad, and notices that his dad is looking for Duke every where. Well any way, the father say's to the kid "Son where is Duke?" And the kid say's "Well, dad the funniest thing happened this morning while I was shaving, ol'Duke looked up at me and said so is your dad still fooling around with the maid?" And I reached down and cut his throat. And the kid's father looked at his son and said "Are you sure he's dead?"

This joke, I think, would best fit under the sub-genre of a Numbskull story (a folktale), since it "attributes absurd ignorance" to someone-the farmer. Glenn had heard the joke from his boss at the office, sometime last year. When I asked Glenn what he thought the joke meant, he said "It show's that not all farmers are well educated. I admit it is a bit extreme in that aspect, but..." Also when I asked him if he would tell this joke in the presence of a farmer he said "No, because it would be comparing one farmer with another, and including the farmer in the classification

of being stupid, and most farmers are not."

This joke served as entertainment as well as socialization, because we were in a car and what can you do in a car except talk, so there it served the function of entertainment. Everyone in the car enjoyed the joke, it got a positive rather than negative response. As for serving the function of socialization, since Tami was telling jokes, Glenn decided he would also, -to socialize. Also the son in this joke could be considered a "Trickster-figure."

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This quilt is a "peiced (patchwork) quilt". I collected it from me, but it was a gift to me from my Grandmother. She made it years ago, she said. She also said she learned "quilting" from her mother before her and before her etc, in Germany, (verbally).

She (my Grandma) taught my mom how to do it when my mom was in her twenties. I haven't learned how to make quilts yet (in fact I don's even know how to sew), but I'm sure I will learn how one of these days.

This particular quilt is a "craft", I do use it and hope to keep it in excellent condition always, simply because it means something to me. My Grandmother (like I said) gave me the quilt for Graduation, years ago and it wasn't until I took this class that I realized it may have meaning, that it may "represent" something, so I asked questions about it. My Grandma has since died, so I asked my mom, she said "all the colored peices are different peices of clothing, from when Judy (her sister) and I were kids, some of the peices are from clothes that we wore when we were only months old."

I personally love the quilt. Right now it serves only one function-to stay warm at night, but if it starts to rip or what ever, I will quit using it and it will become a "Folk Art."

Why does a hummingbird hum?  
Because he forgot the words.

This joke could be classified under the sub-genre, the Riddle Joke, as well as, a conundrum. The word play (of the conundrum) being in the answer, "because he forgot the words." Tami said that she thought she heard this riddle joke on T.V., but she's not really sure. When I asked her what she thought it meant she said "It's just a clean, (honest) joke, it really serves no specific meaning." She told us the riddle joke at a party, well a small get together, and it served the function of entertainment. As for the reaction we gave to her (the joke), I was the only person who thought it was "cute", and slightly funny. The guy's who were there didn't really do or say any thing-except maybe a "Ha!"

Mary Jane and her daughter were walking down the side walk one day and Mary Janes daughter saw a shiney object in the middle of the road and said "mom-mom look a quarter in the middle of the road." "Can I go get it?", she said, and Mary Jane said "sure". So the little girl ran out to get the quarter and Splat, she was hit by a bus. And Mary Jane laughs and laughs, and laughs, and say's " Ha-I knew it was just a nickle."

This joke could be a sick joke (sub-genre), because even though it's not as bad as a dead baby and/or a Helen Keler joke, it is sick. Tami heard this joke from her dad (she thinks), she knows that she was at a family gathering when she did in fact hear it. When I asked her why she thought of it when she did she said "bacause we just passed that graveyard, you know, death and all." She also told me that "there are a whole bunch of Mary Jane jokes(a category)." This was the only Mary Jane joke that she could remember at the time though. Again, the function of this joke was entertainment.



I collected the old pottery whiskey type jug from my mom. She does not know how they were(it) made, except she did say "I imagine about the same way they do no-a-day's with clay, heat, and some sort of wheel (back then it would be a wheel that you probably had to pump with your foot)".



She uses the jug (now), as a "folk Art", she puts dried flowers in it as you might be able to see, so she uses it to look at or for decoration. This is material folk because, it was given to my mom from a good friend of the family. She said, "Mable gave it to me probably because she had no children of her own, and she knows I'll take care of it, since I love antiques (old things)." Mom said that Mable's mother used to make them in the 1800's sometime, simply for a hobby. Mable (while cleaning out her antique) found only 3 left and gave them to my mom. I should also say that Mable is now an 84 year old woman, never had any children and is a widow, and that if the tradition is to continue of these jugs (maybe mom or me) should go and learn from her, that is if she herself can still remember how they are made.

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Sciel Test built a house years ago. And after some time passed he either killed his wife or she died and he buried her, more or less, in his home. The story(legend) goes that after she died this man Sciel put her in a glass coffin and put the coffin in one of the rooms of the house and set up blue lights all around the coffin. The house is now vacant and the property(land) all around the house is a make-out place for high school and junior high school kids. At night when you go there, the room that Sciel had put his wife will either have blue lights on or it will just look blue, even though there is no one living there.

I think this story classifies as a legend. The sub-genre being a "Supernatural legend." This story is believed to be true. I asked Tami if she had ever gone there and she had not. She's really not even sure where the house is, just that it's some where in "Indy". It could also overlap into an Urban legend, since it's a story that I would imagine is only known in the Indianapolis area. I myself have never heard of the story, but then again I'm not in any way a "Native Hoosier". Tami said she heard the story from her older brother-Randy, back when she was in Junior High.

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I collected a "calendar custom" from my mom. It is a custom she and my dad have used ever since we (my brothers and I) were born. It was actually passed on to my dad from his parents and I know for a fact I will practice this tradition, when I have kids. The custom involves, as I said Christmas, actually Christmas-eve, and Santa Claus. Every Christmas for the last twenty years Santa Claus has and still will this year come "to our house"; (on Christmas Eve), and leaves gifts, so that in the morning we've got the wrapped gifts under the tree, as well as, the gifts from Santa, but Santa (mom and dad), only leaves gifts for my brothers and I. I suppose he will stop coming when my brother and I have our own families, and/or children, I really don't know when he's going to stop coming. I've asked my mom when she's going to quit leaving gifts from Santa, and she never gives me an answer. I think entertainment and celebration would be the functions of this custom. As for the meaning of this custom I think it can be said in four letters "Love."

We were passing by a grave yard and all of a sudden Tami holds her breath it was like she was getting ready to dive in a pool. And I kept asking her what was wrong, but she wouldn't say anything. It wasn't until we were past the grave yard that she would talk. She said, "When you pass a grave yard you are supposed to hold your breath until you have passed by it." And I asked her "why?" She said, "because it saves your soul."

This belief of Tami's is a superstition. It does describe a condition that of-holding your breath- and it does have magic(sympathetic)-that of Tami actually (deliberately) holding her breath-the result being a "saved soul." I asked Tami if she does this every time she passes by a cemetery, and she said, "yes, if I see the cemetery before I've already started to go by it." She also said she actually believes it. When I asked her where she heard it, she said, "A long time ago when we lived on the farm, the little neighbor girl next door told it to me."

The function of this superstition would be that of saving ones Soul!