



"Get to the Bush!" is chapter 2 from Robert D. Bethke's forthcoming book, *ADIRONDACK VOICES: WOODSMEN AND WOODS LORE*, to be published by the University of Illinois Press early in 1981. *ADIRONDACK VOICES* celebrates the storytelling and folksong traditions of men who have spent much of their lives in the "Big Woods" of the western Adirondack foothills. Based upon fieldwork conducted between 1970 and 1977 in St. Lawrence County (New York State's largest), Bethke's is the first book-length study of New York folklife and oral tradition to deal exclusively with woodsmen and lumbering.

Written for the general reader as well as the specialist, Bethke's treatment takes great care to relate these "folk" to their native "lore," to faithfully render the people themselves who embody and give voice to these oral traditions. The stories, reminiscences, and songs recorded by Bethke reflect the woodsmen's love for the spoken word and help recover the traditions of work, recreation, talk, and singing associated with an earlier lumbering era.



A woods crew of the Santa Clara Lumber Company poses at a skidway in upstate New York, ca 1900. All photos used in this article were provided by the University of Illinois Press.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.

# “Get to the Bush!”

## Adirondack Woodsmen and Woods Lore

by Robert D. Bethke

**M**ighty Jesus, get to the bush!” was a cry with which Parishville logging foreman Hadie Brown once aroused his woods crew. It is no longer heard in the western foothills. Hadie has been dead for years. The sleep-in lumber camps are, with minor exceptions, a thing of the past. But memories of the camps endure, and local personalities like Hadie Brown are not easily forgotten. Nor are accounts that express the occupational workers’ strong sense of their experience.

“Back in the late nineties or early 1900s,” seventy-six-year-old Fay Duffy recalled one afternoon,

there weren’t automobiles around. They had these traveler sleighs, two-seated. And they were lumbering in the woods up here in Parishville. Repairing the roadway by hauling up logs. It was a transition road—they’d cut smaller logs and put them in, and then throw water on it. It would freeze overnight. So these fellas were fixin’ up the road. They called them “road monkeys” in those days. And they tell that story about Mrs. Simeon Clark going up there with her daughter-in-law and her husband [S. L. Clark and Son Co. was a prominent Parishville lumbering firm].

So Mrs. Clark was driving along and said, “What are those men there?”

“Why,” he says, “those are road monkeys.”

“Why,” she says, “they look just like human beings!”

Fay Duffy heard that story one day in his Parishville barbershop. Said Fay, “A lot of things come back to you, you know, after you get to reminiscing. Fellas are talking and stories come up. I used to hear some good stories in the barbershop.” And well he might,

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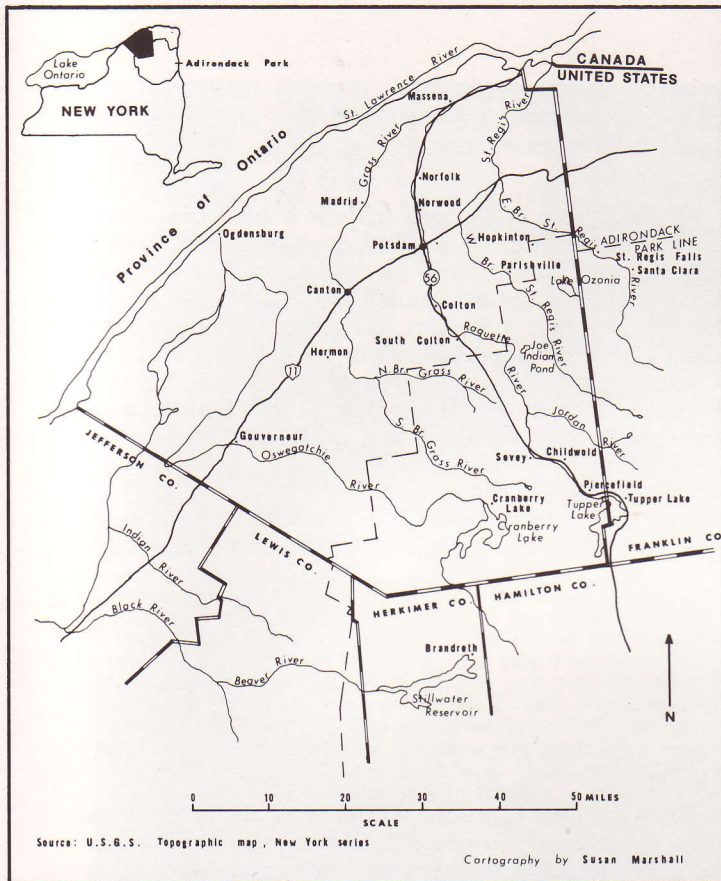


A typical lumber camp in the Adirondack Mountains, ca 1900.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.

for among former loggers there are plenty of experiences to talk about. Take the chronicle of the rise, change, and eventual decline of large-scale lumbering in and around eastern St. Lawrence County. It remains a significant aspect of the area's social history. But it is not history confined to the printed page. Ask any woodsman or listen to the talk when men congregate at spots like Remington's garage, down the street from Duffy's barbershop. For it is in those surroundings, rather than in the halls of nearby SUNY-Potsdam, that the historians of the woods regularly gather. They are the unselfconscious oral historians whose credentials attest to firsthand participation in their own lumbering heritage. To know that heritage is to know them better in the present.

Evidence of lumbering in northern New York dates to the mid-eighteenth century. French-Canadian loggers cut timber near the mouths of the Raquette and Oswegatchie rivers for transportation by raft down the St. Lawrence River to Montreal. During the period from 1790 to 1850 the state gradually surpassed New England in preeminence as the leading region for lumber production in the Northeast. The most extensive operations developed in the eastern Adirondacks at the headwaters of the Hudson River. Glens Falls, in particular, achieved prominence as a lumbering center; its reputation rivaled that of Bangor, Maine. Towns on the opposite side of the Adirondack divide also responded to the economic incentive, but most of their mills were small in comparison to standards set to the east.



Adirondack lumbering prior to the conclusion of the Civil War relied heavily upon virgin timber: white pine, spruce, and hemlock. The resource was depleted rapidly. As it dwindled, the center of the cutting activities moved progressively toward northern New York's interior. By the 1890s, lumber companies operating around Tupper Lake had turned increasingly to second- and third-growth softwood. Nature simply could not keep pace with the heavy timber harvests. Adoption of a "forever wild" statute applicable to State Forest Preserve lands and formation of the Adirondack Park placed new restrictions on long-log cutting. Severe wind and ice storms created additional problems, as did a series of devastating forest fires between 1903 and 1908. The latter were attributed in part to coal-burning railroad locomotives in the service of loggers. This combination of factors together with new demands for paper stimulated the rise of the pulpwood industry in the western foothills. The industry was well under way by 1910, roughly the point at which recollections begin among the oldest ex-loggers in the foothills.

Foothills logging in the years before World War I depended wholly upon manual labor to cut the timber, and upon men, horses, and rivers to move it. By and large, women and children were considered ill suited for the physically taxing work routine and out of their element in the male-oriented environment. Exceptions were made for women cooks and their offspring, and in instances when a crew boss wished to bring his family into the woods. Some men devoted full time to the

## The Lumberjack's Alphabet

**A** is for axes, I suppose you all know;  
**B** is for boys that choose them so;  
**C** is for chopping we first did begin;  
**D** is for danger we oftimes were in.

So merry, so merry, so merry were we,  
No mortals on earth were as happy as we;  
Hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,  
Give a shantyboy whiskey and nothing goes wrong.

**E** is for the echoes that through the woods rang;  
**F** is for foreman, the head of our gang;  
**G** is for the grindstone, so swiftly turned round,  
And **H** is for the handles, so smoothly worn down.

**I** is for the iron that stamped our pine;  
**J** is for the jobbers that all fell for wine;  
**K** is for keen edges our axes did keep;  
**L** is for the ladies kept everything neat.

**M** is for moss that chinked our camps;  
**N** is for needles that mended our pants;  
**O** is for the owls that hooted all night,  
And **P** is for the pine that always fell right.

**Q** is for quarreling we'd never allow;  
**R** is for the river our timber did plow;  
**S** is for the sleds so stout and so strong,  
And **T** is for the teams that hauled them along.

**U** is for usage we put ourselves to;  
**V** is for the valleys we cut our roads through;  
**W** is the woods that we left in the spring,  
And now I have sung all I'm going to sing.

So merry, so merry, so merry were we,  
No mortals on earth were as happy as we;  
Hi derry, ho derry, hi derry down,  
Give a shantyboy whiskey and nothing goes wrong.



## The Roving Ashlaw Man

I am that roving Ashlaw man, and I've roamed from town to town,  
If liquor don't give you the answer, boys, come on here,  
won't you sit down?

With tackle on my shoulder and my peavey in my hand,  
When I reach St. Regis Falls, I'll be a healthy young Ashlaw man.

The author interviewed and photographed many old-time woodsmen during the course of his fieldwork in St. Lawrence County. Above is storyteller Hamilton ("Ham") Ferry in familiar surroundings at Childwood in 1973. Below is Eddie Ashlaw, former logger and accomplished songmaker, at his home near Parishville in 1974.

profession. Others, especially farmers and itinerants, preferred to work seasonally.

**T**ed Ashlaw of Hermon told me a great deal about these kinds of things. Ted spent some thirty years cutting and hauling pulp for various outfits. He was born in 1905 at lumber camp "No. 1," operated by the St. Regis Paper Company. The camp was near the town of Santa Clara, located in neighboring Franklin County. His father, a farmer, worked off and on as a teamster for the firm. His mother served for a time as the camp's cook. Disabled in a log-loading accident in 1947, Ted now lives in relative solitude. His thoughts often return to his past.

Ted recalls that in the early years the mature, married wage earners formed the backbone of most crews.

Back when I was a kid, there wasn't too many young fellas who worked in the woods. I don't know why. And when they started to come in, the younger fellas, most of 'em didn't stay any length of time. They'd work a week and get. The only ones that would stay and work, when you'd stay in camp, were the men with families, the married men. The young fellas, if they did come in, you'd see them this week but you wouldn't see them the next.

Crews ranged from about fifteen to eighty or more men, the number varying with the nature of the operation. While some deep-woods camps were accessible by train, the majority were isolated and difficult to reach. Eddie Ashlaw, Ted's seventy-six-year-old brother who lives near Parishville, remembers walking twenty-eight miles into the wilderness to reach a camp near McKeever. "You had to dodge the mudholes," he told me during one of our many talks, "or they toted you with wagons. You couldn't walk the road half the time. You didn't come out every night! This buddy of mine, Herb McGhee, he'd been in there a year and a half. A lot of 'em had been in there two years, hadn't been out of camp."

A work cycle that varied with wood types and the seasons dictated the daily routine. Softwood sawlogs were cut and "skid" by horse teams to loading sites during the fall and early winter. Pulp was cut and hemlock peeled during the summer, beginning in late May. In either case, in late winter, teamsters hauled the logs along iced roads to rivers or railroad cars. Come spring, rivermen "drove" the softwood down major rivers to mills for commercial processing. Hardwood cutting was more sporadic; because hardwood logs floated poorly, harvesting and transporting them became commonplace only after the advent of truck hauling.

An Adirondack logger's working hours were long and strenuous. Ted Ashlaw knows from experience:

One winter I worked in back of Piercefield for Leo McCarthy. That was supposed to be a one-trip haul, and he made two. We used to have breakfast about one in the morning. The teamsters would get up about midnight to feed their horses. We'd go out and load logs soon after 1:00 A.M. and get our round loaded by about 5:00 A.M.,



Typical bunkhouse living quarters. In addition to the bedbugs and lice, "the place smelled of a good many pairs of socks."

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.

with three or four gangs of loaders. Then we'd haul. We'd be back in camp, eat again, and go in the bunkhouse. Maybe raise hell for a little while, or maybe go to bed about 9:00 or 9:30. Then the first teams would start coming back. As soon as the horses were fed, they'd get you up. And that started another round. 'Course, a lot of times we were loading the sonofabitchin' logs at nine or ten o'clock at night, too, with them old kerosene torches.

We didn't get much money in the woods in those days. We'd be in there with lanterns in the morning and were in there with lanterns at night. I think loading we got seventy cents a day—fifty cents if you were cutting.

The nature of the work required construction of lumber camps from rough-hewn logs, boards, bark, and tarpaper. An average camp consisted of a bunkhouse, eating and cooking quarters, and various outbuildings for horses and equipment. The close living quarters had drawbacks.

One hazard was the continual nuisance of bedbugs and body lice. Men alternately cursed them and made sport of their presence. There was need to relieve the very real anxieties occasioned by the pests. Indeed, loggers were inclined to evaluate operations and indi-

vidual camps largely in terms of the annoyance. I well recall asking Eddie Ashlaw about bunkhouse bedbugs and lice. His response was frank, graphic, and spiced with suitable hyperbole. "We were cuttin' wood for the Newton Brothers at Raquette Lake," he began, his voice intense at the recollection. "The goddamn bedbugs were so thick on the bunks they were hung all on haywires, each of the four corners of the bed. And still they'd run the ceiling and jump on you, them friggin' body lice as big as that." He gestured to indicate the size of his thumbnail. "Some guys would be in the top of the bunk. They'd pick 'em off and throw 'em on the other guy. They'd pet 'em awhile. Why, shit, there's no need trying to get rid of them—too many! But the lousiest camp was Bush LaPorte's, and one camp near Piercefield that Leo McCarthy run. I never seen the lice so big!"

Hamilton ("Ham") Ferry of Childwold had similar exposure in the 1920s. He likes to tell about working one winter at a camp on Little Blue Mountain. "That was a rough winter. Oh, boy, it was cold that winter. They said it was so cold that the thermometer went about a cardboard below the thermometer." And there were lice, "the biggest lice I ever seen in my life.



Winter hauling in the western foothills. Behind the load of logs is the sprinkler wagon used for icing the tote road.

Honest to Jesus, they were almost as big as my little fingernail. Body lice. I was plastered with the god-damn lice."

Predictably, yarns arose about men who were worse off. Ham tells a beauty, often to wrap up his personal experience. I've heard local men challenge the authenticity of its specifics but never once the truth at its core.

Well, this guy comes in from the lumber woods and stops in to Bill Clark's. Clark used to run the gun store in Colton. And he says, "Hi, Bill." (He was very low-spoken.)

He says, "Hi, Joe. Where have you been?"

"I've been working in a lumber camp."

"Working in a lumber camp? How are you doing?"

He says, "All right."

He says, "What do you want?"

He says, "I want to buy some anguinum."

He says, "How much do you want?"

He says, "About ten pounds."

"What are you going to do with ten pounds of anguinum?"

He says, "I'm going to kill lice."

"Ohhh," Bill says, "that could kill all the lice in St.

Lawrence County.

He says, "Bill, I've GOT them!"

**F**ew jobs in the Adirondack lumber woods earned a man more respect than that of river-driver. To be a "white-water man," to use Eddie Ashlaw's terminology, was to be among the elite. River-driving was specialized enough to require a separate crew and fore-

man. Accomplishment as a river-driver demanded considerable agility and stamina, and many of the best were wiry French-Canadians and Irishmen of short stature. Eddie weighed between 160 and 165 pounds as a young man and fit the physical requirements. He speaks with awe of his river-driving in the 1920s. "I drove six or seven springs," he told me. "That was a sonofabitchin' stream, that Moose River. Wide, and she's fast and rough when that water is high and all the rivers come into it. You'd see a little white water there! That was something I wouldn't want to do again. Boy, that's a hard business. Rough work."

Ted Ashlaw was very willing to leave river-driving to individuals like his older brother, especially when the drive involved pulp. Working pulp, a man expected to get wet; there was little of the glamour of hopping and riding the long logs.

A river-drive, I think, they never stopped. They worked seven days. Once they got that going they kept right at it. They pretty near had to or they would have lost a lot of time. And some of them river-drives, you know, went a long ways.

I went up one time on a river-drive for the St. Regis Paper Company and I guess I worked a day and a half, two days at the most. And I quit that. The hell with that! Anybody that liked it, it was all right. There was always somebody there with a basket full of stuff to eat and hot coffee or tea. Or whatever you wanted. But, Jesus, you'd get out sometimes in the morning and there was several inches of ice on there. And you had to wade into that water to push that pulp out of them coves. I said the hell with that—I didn't go for that stuff!

But not everyone shared Ted's view. Irishman Ned Long, who came to South Colton from County Cork at the age of seven, was the kind of man who welcomed the drives. He was eighty-nine when I located him in the fall of 1975, two years before his death. Ned was among the last of the area woodsmen who had participated in the thirteen-foot-log drives around 1912. Speaking of those days with obvious pride, he launched into an animated recollection that captured the essence of one-time white-water work in the foothills.

I was still young, and they were driving the Middle Branch of the Grass River. I saw those guys going around in the spring and I took right after them. The fella that had the job driving it knew me. He was from South Colton.

And he says, "What are YOU doing here?"

I says, "I come over to drive river."

"DRIVE RIVER? You know how to drive river?"

I says, "Yes." I lied to him.

Says, "Where'd you drive?"

So I told him. I'd been to Tupper Lake and knew they had logs up in there. I says, "Tupper Lake."



Ned Long, one of the last of the "white-water men" in the western Adirondacks, was eighty-nine years old when the author photographed him at South Colton in 1975.

## I'm Just a Common Lumberhick\*

I'm just a common lumberhick, and I've made a pile of jack,  
I shot the wad, and now, by God, I won't try to have it back;  
I haven't a pain, so I can't complain,  
but a few things I will mention,  
I won't be long in singing my song,  
if you'll give me your attention.

Well, the first time I went in the woods, boys,  
I wished that I was dead,  
I got in with a bunch of "Frogs" and a dirty, lousy bed.  
Well, the pusher's name was Bush LaPorte,  
he weren't a bad sorter of log;  
You'd always see him smoking his pipe,  
and patting the head of his dog.

When told at camp that the ice was gone  
and a pair of his horses were in,  
He said not a word but kept right on  
a-playing his old violin.  
But this winter was finally over, boys,  
and at last the logs were in;  
We bade good-bye to Bush LaPorte,  
his dog, and his old violin.

Then I went to Beaver River, it's a place just up the line;  
I didn't save much money, but I had a hell of a time.  
I cleaned land by the acre till the fire burnt my shoes,  
I shot the wad in poker chips,  
and had quite a few bottles of booze.

But it couldn't last forever, boys, it finally went on the hog,  
Then I had to hunt for another place,  
well, another place to log.  
Then I went down on the lousy line—  
I made good money, too;

I liked the work, and I liked the place,  
and I liked the whole damn crew.

Old Kelly kept the wages up as long as he held sway;  
But old Creighton cut them all to hell  
when Kelly got out of his way.

Then I went in for the Oval Dish,  
nicknamed by some "The Plate,"  
And when the wages are in style those people are up to date.  
Old Creighton set the wages, and he set them mighty small,  
For all he paid was a dollar a day, and we had to hit the ball.

Then I went down for Sisson and White—  
I think it was the worst of all;  
But what could I do in my summer clothes  
when the time was late in the fall?  
Jim Sullivan was the pusher there,  
with his assistant, Jerry Hayes;  
Of all the pushers you ever saw they certainly had queer ways.

Jim Sullivan was the pusher there,  
he's a grouchy son-of-a-gun,  
If his Indians would ever turn on him  
he'd certainly have some fun!  
But this winter was finally over, boys, and I certainly felt glad;  
But I had to stay in work for small pay,  
and I sure felt mighty bad.

For I've worked through this woods, boys,  
I've worked up and down the line,  
But I've come to this conclusion, and I'll stick to it evermore:  
If your boy wants to go to the woods next fall,  
shoot him the spring before.

\*Sung by Eddie Ashlaw; recorded by Robert D. Bethke, 1974





The Linn tractor, introduced shortly after World War I, signaled growing mechanization in the foothills lumber industry.

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y.

"Well," he says, "all right. Pick up a peavy and follow those guys."

So I started right then and THAT was done. Worked among farmers through the rest of the summer. I went in the woods in the fall. If I worked in one camp and didn't like it, I went to another. They did a lot of lumbering in this country then. I went with them to the Raquette. Woke up in the morning and was eating my breakfast on a tin plate. And this guy happened to spot me. He knew me, too. So he come over and started to talk to me.

He says to me, "What are you doing up here?"

I says "I come up to drive."

He says, "To drive?!"

I says, "Yes, I just come off from Grass River."

Well, he commenced laughing. I had a brother that worked on the same drive, and he come over.

So he says to this fella, "Is he up here looking for a job?"

He says, "Yes."

"Well, don't give it to him. He'll get drowned up there."

"Well, don't worry about it. I'll take care of him."

So I put the drive in. I was young. Take a chance here, take a chance there, didn't know what a chance was.

Ned worked the white water until his marriage in 1914. "That put an end to the woods," he said wistfully, "put an end to the rivers. My wife, she wouldn't stand

for it—do one thing or the other." His solution was to operate log peelers at the Raquette River Paper Company plant in Potsdam for the next two years. He spent forty-four years thereafter as a pipe fitter for the same firm. Ned Long was one among many foothills woodsmen who knew the local lumber industry at its grassroots level. And over the course of his lifetime he witnessed some sweeping changes.

Introduction of the Linn tractor into the lumber woods shortly after World War I had a profound impact upon operations. The powerful tractors utilized caterpillar treads in combination with log sled front-end steering, an innovation that greatly facilitated log hauling. Seventy-five-year-old Harold ("Bub") Stowe was skilled at driving and maintaining them. Bub, who lives in South Colton, recalls that fifteen to twenty-five loads of hardwood logs was an average haul over snow-covered trails in the early 1930s. Typically, the tractors were met at loading sites where gasoline-powered cranes took over much of the log lifting formerly the burden of men alone. Trucks, in turn, transported the logs to mills sometimes many miles distant. It was the beginning of a new era.

The real change, stress Eddie and Ted and others like them, came in the late 1930s and early 1940s with the demise of the sleep-in lumber camps that for so



Eddie Ashlaw provided the author with this photograph of a lumber camp in the 1930s. The gasoline pump to the left was a symbol of the demise of sleep-in lumber camps; roads and autos permitted the men to live at home and drive to work.

many years had brought men together in the woods. Recalls Ted:

At the end of the thirties nobody stayed in camp anymore. Everybody stayed home and drove to it, because then they had their bulldozers, had their roads right into camp where they could drive a car right in. That made all the difference in the world. Hell, years before that, they went to camp and had to stay there or walk out. Log hauling would start right around New Year's time. Nobody'd think of going out till it was all done in the spring. And in the summer, when the bark started to be peeled—in the last part of May, or the first of June—they'd go in there and never come out till the bark peeling stopped. And then they'd probably come out for a week, and have a blowout, and go back and start cutting their pulp up and skidding it. And stay to camp.

My brother was a jobber. And the last camps he built, he said, "I just as well had not built them at all." One or two men might stay in camp. And it was no good with them staying at home. He never knew who was going to be there and who wasn't. In the morning sometimes somebody didn't come, sometimes some of them was late. Oh, hell, it weren't the same anymore when they began to bulldoze those roads and drive cars right to camp.

The days are gone when Eddie, Ted, Bub, and Ned did their part to make lumbering in the western foothills a flourishing enterprise. The whine of chain saws has replaced axe chops and the sound of two-man saws ripping through tree trunks. There is no need to lament that transition; it is a reality that elderly former loggers understand and accept. Lumbering continues in the region, but the company operations are consolidated and restricted to carefully managed timber tracts. Practices such as "integrated harvesting," now widespread, were unknown in earlier times. So were the kinds of technical skills and equipment seen employed as one drives through the backcountry. What hasn't changed much, though, is the response that these sights arouse in elderly woodsmen, some of whom, like Elroy Sochia, still cut timber on an occasional basis. Talk about the camps and associated experiences continues to stir memories and to prompt yarns. □

Much has been written on American and Canadian logging. Most treatments deal with the lifestyle and lore of the workers. For an excellent overview of the Canadian heritage, see Donald MacKay, *The Lumberjacks* (Toronto: MacGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1978). MacKay quotes extensively from interviews with ex-loggers, and his account reveals the close affinities of the premechanized industry in Ontario, Quebec, and northern New York. Note also David C. Smith, *A History of Lumbering in Maine, 1861-1960*, Maine Studies No. 93 (Orono: University of Maine Press, 1972).

Several books, taken together, provide specific information on western Adirondack lumbering from the late nineteenth century to the present: Barbara Kephart Bird, *Calked Shoes: Life in Adirondack Lumber Camps* (Prospect, N. Y.: Prospect Books, 1952); Charles W. Bryan, Jr., *The Raquette: River of the Forest* (Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.: Adirondack Museum, 1964), pp. 101-17; Frank A. Reed, *Lumberjack Sky Pilot*, 2d ed. (Old Forge, N. Y.: North Country Books, 1965); Albert Fowler, ed., *Cranberry Lake from Wilderness to Adirondack Park* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press and Adirondack Museum Books, 1968), pp. 105-53; Floy S. Hyde, *Adirondack Forests, Fields, and Mines* (Lakemont, N. Y.: North Country Books, 1974), pp. 16-83; Louis J. Simmons, *Mostly Spruce and Hemlock* (Tupper Lake, N. Y.: Vail-Ballou Press, 1976), pp. 109-37. See also R. E. Kerr, "Lumbering in the Adirondack Foothills," *St. Lawrence County Historical Association Quarterly* 9 (April 1964): 12-13, 15. Harold K. Hochschild, *Lumberjacks and Rivermen in the Central Adirondacks, 1850-1950* (Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.: Adirondack Museum, 1962), and William F. Fox, *History of the Lumber Industry in the State of New York*, USDA, Bureau of Forestry Bulletin 34 (1902; reprint, Harrison, N. Y.: Harbor Hill Books, 1976), set the foothills industry in its larger context. Periodicals like the *Northern Logger and Timber Processor* (Old Forge, N. Y., 1963-present), which had its inception in the Adirondacks as the *Lumber Camp News* (1939-1952), help keep the history up to date. Back issues are available at the archives of the Adirondack Museum.

Corroborating accounts of the bedbug and lice hazards appear in Harold W. Thompson, *Body, Boots & Britches: Folktales, Ballads and Speech from Country New York* (1939; reprint, New York: Dover Publications, 1962), p. 268; Fowler, ed., *Cranberry Lake*, pp. 147-48; and MacKay, *The Lumberjacks*, p. 233.

For annotation of tale types and motifs, I refer here to Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, *The Types of the Folk-Tale: A Classification and Bibliography*, 2d rev. ed., Folklore Fellow Communications 184 (Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedeakatemia, 1961); Stith Thompson, *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature*, rev. ed., 6 vols. (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1955-1958), and Ernest W. Baughman, *Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America* (The Hague: Mouton, 1966). Motifs represented in this chapter are B874.1, "Giant lice"; J1805.2, "Unusual word misunderstood"; X1291(bb), "Bedbugs drop onto man from ceiling"; X1622.3.1\*, "Cold affects thermometer," for Ham Ferry's winter temperature hyperbole; and X1296, "Lies about lice," for the lice cure yarn.