

Brodie talks about India trip

2015 BHS/PHCC student spent nine months there as a Fulbright Scholar

BY HOLLY KOZELSKY
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Jonathan Brodie doesn't look at life quite the same anymore, after nine months in India.

Brodie was a senior at Virginia Commonwealth University last spring and had been accepted into a master's degree program at the University of Chicago when "Fulbright contacted me out of nowhere" to offer him a 9-month spot in the Fulbright Program in India, he said.

The son of Stephen Byrd Brodie and Karen Davis Brodie and grandson of Geneva Brodie, all of Figsboro, Brodie is a 2015 dual-enrollment graduate of Bassett High School and Patrick Henry Community College.

He has been a legislative aide at the Virginia House of Delegates and had an internship in New Zealand, through the Benjamin A. Gilman International Scholarship.

Brodie jumped on the chance to go to India — even though it meant postponing grad-school plans and reneging on his commitment to an apartment in Chicago.

The Fulbright Program is the flagship international educational exchange program sponsored by the U.S. government, according to its website. Funded by Congress and some other countries, it is designed to increase mutual understanding among the peoples of the United States and other countries. It offers more than 400 teaching, research and combination teaching/research awards in more than 130 countries.

Brodie said he has appreciated the support of Abbie Larink, Nina Huff and Sammy Redd in the process.

He left for India on June 24, and after a tour of various parts of the country, he settled in to teach at Kalinga Institute of Social Sciences (KISS).

He returned to the United States recently and has resumed his plan to study social work in the master's program at the University of Chicago, starting in June.

What he misses, what he doesn't

Being back home, he said, he laughs about some of the aspects of Indian life that he's glad to have behind him: heavy traffic with lots of honking; cows having the right of way in traffic; being touched by strangers; men relieving themselves in public; and chaos to get into places or to place orders at counters because people there don't form lines as they do in the United States but rather struggle through what he calls "a funnel system" in which the loudest and boldest get there first.

However, he said he misses



For most of his time in India, Jonathan Brodie taught English at a boarding school of 27,000 students from 200 tribes. However, he also had several short trips to various regions of the country, including Hyderabad (above), where he taught the subject of diversity in an all-Muslim classroom.



Jonathan Brodie paints an elephant — a regional tradition in times of war and celebration — in Jaipur, Rajasthan.

the students and friends he made on his trip. His misses how much there was to explore; how colorful everything was; the buildings, the temples and the tribal art. He also misses "the random hellos, meeting people on the street and saying hello — they have the biggest smile on their face."

'Justin Beiber Sir' in the classroom

He and his roommate, Brenda Vasquez of Oaxaca, Mexico, taught at KISS, which is a boarding school in Bhubaneswar for 27,000 Odisha students from 200 tribes.

KISS is nearly self-sustaining, he said. They grow their food (which is all steam-cooked), purify their water through reverse osmosis and even make their own clothes.

More than 70 languages are spoken by the students, so when preschoolers arrive they are taught the two base languages for the school, Hindi and Odia, in 90-day intense courses, Brodie said. Students also can learn Sanskrit and other Indian languages.

English, which Brodie and Vasquez taught, is introduced in eighth grade, he said. Each class period lasted 45 minutes, with 50 students.

The pair also taught Ameri-

can culture, such as through celebrating holidays.

Students called him "Justin Beiber Sir," because they thought he resembled the pop music singer, he said with a laugh. Every time he walked into the classroom, they would sing a Justin Beiber song in greeting.

Saying good-bye to his students "was the hardest moment of my life," he said. "Walking inside that classroom every day, just seeing those kids smile, laughing with you ... meant the world to me."

The pair were given a Western-style apartment provided through the university. It had Western-style toilets and air conditioning, but no Wi-Fi. "Something very interesting" was that, in addition to regular overhead lights, each room had colorful strobe party lights, Brodie said.

He and Vasquez would ride an auto rickshaw to and from school each day. That's a tiny vehicle, open on the sides, with one wheel in front and two behind. They would use an app on their phone to summon a driver.

American money went a long way in India. The current exchange rate is one rupee to 1.4 U.S. cents, according to the XE Currency Converter. A

meal big enough to eat all day long would cost only 5 rupees (7 cents), he said.

An auto rickshaw ride would cost 50 rupees (72 cents), but often drivers would try to overcharge them up to 80 or 90 rupees, because they were foreigners.

Beggars also were on the lookout for foreigners to target, Brodie said. A common practice was that a family would send a child over to a target — in a few cases, Brodie — and the child would leap onto the target and wrap his arms and legs so tightly around him the person could not free himself. The child would let go only when given money.

Because the state was on the coast, fish was the most common food in the area, but Brodie said he didn't eat much of it, because it was full of tiny bones. He ate a lot of dal makhani, "a red kidney bean-gravy type thing" he would dip his naan bread into, and egg masala curry, and he drank chai all day long.

"I love spice now," he said. "Since being back in America, our food is very bland. ... My diet's completely changed."

Other cities

Brodie got a lifelong memento of his trip at the "very urban, Western city" of Chennai, Tamil Nadu, the first city he visited: a blue star tattoo on his foot, to represent America. Later he also would get henna designs on his toes and a lotus flower, the national flower of India.

All 25 Fulbright scholars in the program had orientation in New Delhi, where they also visited the Taj Mahal. While there, he dyed his hair blond, and the others christened him with the nickname "Blond Jonathan," or "BJ" for short.

An interesting area was Shillong, Meghalaya, a state bordering Burma and close to the southernmost edge of Tibet. It had "such a strong Chinese

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Life played out on the school bus

The so-called "art" my sister gave me didn't fit in to the décor of my house, but I hung it on the wall anyway out of loyalty.

It was a framed artsy-style photograph of our old school bus, No. 78, parked isolated in a field with weeds growing around it.

She thought it was cute, but seeing that bus just brought back a flood of bad feelings. After about a year of letting it stay on the wall, one day I quickly grabbed it down and shoved it into the trashcan, feeling immense relief to put Bus 78 behind me.

Way back when, the school bus was a microcosm of life. The first time I fell in love happened on the school bus. Some of the best times my best friend and I had were on the school bus. But it also was on the school bus we feared bullies. We even learned about agriculture from inside it.

We lived close to town, so we could walk to school if we wanted. However, since sometimes our parents were stingy about letting us see each other, we would get on the bus when it started its route, at 5:45 a.m., and ride in it all through the country before it passed our houses again on the way back to school.

During the times the bullies on the bus were extra scary, we would drop the bus for a few weeks and walk to school.

There was one other thing that would get us walking again: fertilizing time.

However, with both the mean girls and the fertilizing, we never got advance warning when things would be bad.

We'd get on the school bus before the sun even had risen, cheerful and naïve. At some point in the ride, our chatter and laughter would die down as stark realization shot through us.

Either the mean girls had decided to target us again — or we smelled chicken manure. The fields had been fertilized.

As soon as you caught the first whiff of chicken manure, you knew you were in for it, and there was nothing you could do. It would only get worse, rising to a stench so strong and vile it pushed out any and all thoughts in your mind to those of pure survival.

We'd close the bus windows to keep out the repulsive smell, but the heat would build up inside, and it also would seem as if we had trapped the stink inside, so we would open the windows again for fresh air — a never-ending back-and-forth of trying to find a better way.

Now whenever I clean out the chicken coop (I'm getting behind — and better do it pretty soon) and scatter the old, stinky litter down on the gardens, the smell takes me automatically back to ole Bus 78.

Something else took me back to Bus 78, and in a good way. I was on a school bus for 7¾ hours (a trip that would take 4 hours by car) for a field trip with my daughter.

The other adults joked lightheartedly about how physically uncomfortable it was, but because there were no bullies inside or chicken manure outside, for me it was pretty good as far as bus rides go.

Something about sitting on those brown bench seats took me back to the image of a 14-year-old boy who was all elbows, knees and teeth. Those parts of him gave him an awkward look, but the rest of him, which was trying to catch up in growth, was handsome ("cute" we called it back then), and he enchanted me.

And just as I saw past Chris's growing pains to his captivating personality and smile, he made me feel he didn't notice my braces, tummy and bad perm and instead saw some mysterious good qualities that until then I didn't know I had.

My best friend was a good sport to put up with my divided attentions on the bus, which until then was our special sanctuary with no interruptions allowed. Her patience with my distractions by Chris paid off when he eventually introduced her to his best friend, James — who, in time, would cure her of the dreaded worry of "sweet 16 and never been kissed" exactly two weeks before the deadline, which had been worrying both Kim and me.

Our bus driver last Sunday delivered us safely home from our field trip in much better time than it took to get there, in large part because kids didn't wait for as many bathroom stops.

When my daughter and I got home, my eyes automatically shifted to the place on the wall where the photograph of Bus 78 once had hung.

For a moment, I regretted having had thrown it away.



Holly Kozelsky
From The Newsroom



ABOVE: Jonathan Brodie poses for a class picture in Kalinga Institute of Social Sciences, a boarding school of 27,000 students in Bhubaneswar. RIGHT: Brodie and his roommate took an auto rickshaw between school and this apartment complex, where they stayed.



A LEGEND IS HONORED



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Darryl Holland got Stumpy when she was a year old, after she was hit by a car and thought never to be able to run again. Little did he imagine she would become a world champion hunting dog and the best he'd ever have.



CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

Even at the ripe old age of 11 1/2, Stumpy won 1993 UKC World Champion Black and Tan Female. She is pictured here with (from left) Jimmy Agee of Axton, Leslie "Rip" Allen of Martinsville and Darryl Holland and Brown Clark, both of Horsepasture.

Holland's dog Stumpy inducted into Black and Tan Hall of Fame

BY HOLLY KOZELSKY

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When Stumpy was a year old, she was hit by a car, and it was thought that the Black and Tan Coonhound never would be able to run again.

Nearly 40 years later, she has proven them all wrong — and just has been inducted into the Black and Tan Hall of Fame.

Darryl Holland of Spencer, the agriculture teacher for Henry County Schools, says that no dog of his ever has come close to Grand National Champion Jennings Creek Stump, who lived from 1982-1994 — though he's had generations of her descendants, including three of his five current hunting dogs.



Shown here treeing a raccoon, Grand National Champion Jennings Creek Stump, aka Stumpy, who lived from 1982-1994, had an innate ability to hunt, said Darryl Holland. She was inducted into the Black and Tan Hall of Fame during Black and Tan Days in Flora, Illinois.

CONTRIBUTED PHOTO

A \$50 world champion

As far back as he can remember, his grandfather, the late Spencer Holland, and father, Clyde Holland of Ridgeway, had registered dogs, he said.

While he was a student at Virginia Tech, he and roommate Dan Cline went in together to buy a registered dog name Singer. They bred Singer to General Jackson, a "pretty famous dog" in North Carolina, and the litter was born in 1982, a year after he was graduated from college.

Holland kept one of the litter, and his sister, Vickie Collins, kept the other. However, his puppy disappeared, and when his sister had to move, she asked him to sell her puppy — Stumpy — for her.

"I didn't want the dog," he said, one reason being that Stumpy had been hit by a car, resulting in surgery and a docked tail. It was thought then that the dog would never run again.

To sell a dog, the seller has to be able to describe its bark, so Holland had to take her hunting with him just once to hear it, he said.

He took her hunting with another dog "who knew what he was doing." The two dogs were in a cornfield when Stumpy took off — and beat the experienced dog to a raccoon in a tree by 10 minutes.

He tried it again the next night, and that time "she

was 15 minutes ahead" of the other dog, "standing up to the tree" to show where a raccoon was.

A third time she was out with three grown dogs and still beat them. She was a natural.

"My sister wanted \$50 for her and I sent her the \$50. This is my \$50 world champion," he said. Back then, a going price for a black and tan coonhound would be about \$200 to \$300, he added.

The thrill of the hunt

Raccoon hunting season runs from Oct. 15 to March 10, Holland said, adding that hunters don't usually shoot the raccoons. The thrill is in the chase.

Coonhounds instinctively go after raccoons, he said, though the hunters help them along with training. Some hunters lead their dogs with raccoon scent, but Holland said he simply lets young dogs learn alongside experienced dogs.

It follows a saying, "Good coon-dogs don't need to fight coons. They just do it because they get an adrenaline rush for treeing," he said.

After Stumpy would tree a raccoon, Holland would just pet her, say "good dog," and they'd be finished, he said.

If they pursue other animals, such as opossums or deer, a hunter lets his dog know not to chase them, Holland said, and they generally learn.

Celebrity status

Stumpy became a regular hunting companion and went with him on competitions, often accompanied also by Holland's hunting buddy, Brown Clark. In a competition, four hunters go together, each with a dog, at night "to a place where you suspect there's raccoons," he said.

"You go to a place, turn all four dogs loose, and turn the lights out. When your dog barks, you say 'Strike my dog,'" meaning the dog has struck a trail.

The first dog to strike gets 100 points, the second gets 75, the third 50 and the last 25.

When a dog runs a raccoon up a tree, the dog has to stay in its position, watching the tree, for 5 minutes, and three of the hunters have to be able to see the raccoon. Points add up when the dog has treed a raccoon but are counted against the hunter if the hunters can't see a raccoon or if it's a different animal.

Stumpy's first big win was at the Southeastern Treeing Walker Days in 1986, when she was 3 years old. Most dogs in that competition are Treeing Walker Coonhounds — hounds that are white, black and brown and weigh between 50-70 pounds, as opposed to the Black and Tans, which are dark colored and weigh between 65-100 pounds, according to the Ameri-

can Kennel Club.

It's rare for any breed other than Treeing Walkers to win that competition, and in fact, only five of the 300 dogs in that competition were Black and Tans, Holland said.

"Winning the Walker Days was huge," he said. "It went in all the magazines ... for a Black and Tan to win the Walker Days is just unheard of."

That started a string of wins for Stumpy, including the Purina World Champion Black and Tan in 1988 and the High Scoring Black and Tan Queen of the Hunt in 1992. In 1993 she was World Champion Black and Tan Female.

She won competitions at a relatively old age of 11 1/2, as if she never knew she acknowledged birthdays, he said. Around 8 would be a late age for most winning hunters.

The American Black and Tan Coonhound Association, through the United Kennel Club (UKC), started its Black and Tan Hall of Fame last year, he said. He nominated Stumpy this year for the Hall of Fame, but at Black and Tan Days in Flora, Illinois, where the honor was given, he was told that his legendary dog had been entered automatically.

'She just did'

Stumpy's memorabilia, including her hunting trophies, is displayed in the house he shares with wife Lillian — though Stumpy's Hall of Fame plaque hangs in his parents' house, he said.

Though Holland always has had generations of Stumpy's descendants, none have really come close to her innate abilities, he said, though several of her daughters "were really good," with a couple of outstanding dogs among her grandchildren.

People ask him how he trained the dog to be so good, but she was just "unusual. I never got another Stumpy, and nobody else I've ever hunted with has, either," he said.

"I just took her hunting. ... She knew how to do these things. She just did."

Beware of calling girls pretty

A generation ago, men were having to learn to stop cat-calling women on the street. Just as it seems that society finally has agreed that is inappropriate, now people are faced with new parameters: Don't tell girls they are pretty.

Not even in your own family.

Especially not in your own family.

Just as society is fresh at the tail end of the battle for men to stop seeing and treating women as sexual objects, there's a whole new point of contention. Now — and this is a warning for naïve grandparents and well-meaning strangers in grocery stores — there is a strong parenting movement among millennials not to call girls "pretty."

On the one hand, it's a commonly accepted platitude that the value of a girl or woman comes from her disposition, work ethic and intelligence. We all know we would be considered shallow to judge a woman on her looks. Just take the Miss America pageant's getting rid of the swimsuit competition or the whole body-positivity movement, as examples.

On the other hand, beauty never has been more sought-after and rewarded as in today's society of digitally modified images and the non-stop barrage of selfies and other photographs on social media.

The girl who is told her brain matters more than her looks wouldn't get a fraction of the "likes" on her Facebook page for posting her report card as she would for putting up a pretty picture of herself.

In reaction to society's de facto — despite its vocal denials of — increased focus on looks, the younger generation of parents is banning talk of "pretty" altogether.

Unlike in earlier generations, many dads today take as much care of the children as mothers do. Increasingly, both parents have long lists of rules: organic food only, no GMO-products, no sugar, Sippy cups must be BPA-free, no screen time. Booser seats in the car even after the age limit expires. No going outdoors without sunscreen, bug spray or a hovering parent nearby.

And — the one that's sometimes even harder to rein in, because it comes so natural to do — no calling their daughters "pretty."

When a girl is called pretty, she thinks her worth is in her looks. The more she hears it, the more she craves it.

Think, too, of the context in which we call a girl pretty: often, in interactions full of love, cuddles and attention. She comes to associate being pretty with being loved and having worth.

As a girl gets older and older, this sets her up for disaster. She sees her worth in her looks, and as she enters a world full of physically impossible beauty standards — baselines set now by plastic surgery on women and computer tricks on pictures and video — she's likely to go crazy trying to keep up.

These well-meaning parents, the first generation to grow up with the internet (unrestricted porn from young ages, unrealistic, PhotoShopped images of models) know how damaging unrealistic ideals of women's looks are.

They seek to protect their daughters by instilling in them pride in their inner, not outer, qualities.

Do not ever call their daughters "pretty." We only are allowed to call them smart, clever, caring, responsible — you get the picture.

What these well-meaning parents are missing the boat on entirely is that they can't shield their daughters from the world. They won't be able to micromanage their daughters for as long as they think they can.

Their philosophy is at the opposite of another line of thought, the one that says a girl's father should show her so much love and support that it sets her standards for all men who enter her life in the future. While complimenting her looks is not a major part of that, it still is important part of that.

Across many swaths of society, today's young adults were raised with the claim that men and women are equal, and they say their children should be treated as people, not as boys and girls. They give the boys dolls to play with and the girls, toy cars.

They apparently think that they can completely erase what is an innate female desire to be appreciated, at least every now and then, for her looks. Perhaps if they grow up with no one ever telling them they are pretty, instead of being immune to society's pressures, as these parents appear to hope, they will be suckers for the first smooth-talking, bad-intentioned boys to come along.

It's a tough call, and this new generation of parents has a lot more dangers around which to guide their daughters than the previous ones did.

Just be careful and be aware. What comes so naturally to say, that a little girl is pretty, might get young parents mad at you, right or wrong. And — more shockingly, but it's happening — it might cause them to label you as a danger to their child.



Holly Kozelsky
From The Newsroom

COLONIAL TIMES



Dressed in Colonial garb, Gail Vogler (center) gives instructions on playing Battle Doors, the precursor to badminton, to two women who attended her program recently at New College Institute. The paddles were wooden; the shuttlecock (pictured below) had a cork base and feathers.

BULLETIN PHOTOS BY HOLLY KOZELSKY

Like Mom — cutting no slack

There's an important reverence we must impart upon the younger generation: respect for the fabric scissors.

When we were girls, my sister and I were terrified of our mother's fabric scissors. Just the sight of them would send chills down our spines.

Fabric scissors are special. As we are growing up, the specialness is because we are warned Not To Touch Them. Ever.

As an adult, the specialness is a thrill we can see and feel.

The moment we pick up a pair of fabric scissors, they somehow sit differently in our hands than just some ole' regular pair of cutters. They have a worthy heft and presence.

Then — oh — once you use them: Sheer perfection. Fabric scissors glide right through fabric like a duck gliding across a pond, giving a straight cut that is beautiful.

Facing a length of fabric and picking up those scissors, then making that first cut, brings the entire project in all its glory to life in the mind. As we cut we feel it.

Cutting paper would ruin fabric scissors: They would cut slowly and snag on fabric forever after.

My sister and I were terrified of our mother's fabric scissors. When you think of all the things parents may have in the house that children know are absolutely off limits — those fabric scissors topped them all.

I shudder to think of what would have happened should she have caught me with the fabric scissors in my hands. If we even were in the same room with them we were questioned about them. If our mother asked one of us to bring her the fabric scissors from the other side of the room, I swear she eyed us suspiciously the entire way over to her to make sure we didn't cut some paper with them en route.

There are milestones in life that show us that we are turning into our parents.

The first time I used my own spit to wipe some dirt off my child's face was one (a barrier which before then I was sure I never, ever would cross). (And for when she reads this: I haven't since you were 2, I promise.)

The most recent time has been this past year or so, when I set the fabric scissors high on that mythical pedestal with dire warnings never to use them, then realized I had turned into an ogre over the matter — but unwilling to let down my guard.

When my daughter was younger, she only used child's safety scissors, but in recent years she's moved up to regular ones. That's when the boundaries had to be set.

I don't mind sharing socks, Chapstick, my favorite pillow or my hair items. But the scissors? One day she'll understand.

Bassett's ballerina

My friends and I have been excitedly awaiting Southwest Virginia Ballet's "The Firebird," coming to Martinsville, thanks to Piedmont Arts, on April 4.

Not only is "The Firebird" an amazing show — between the dancing, of course, and also the exotic costuming and the brilliant original score played by the Classic Strings Duo — but it also features Simone Ayres, a teen-aged ballerina from Bassett.

In fact, it was seeing "The Firebird" when she was 8 years old that threw Simone into a dedication to dance, she told me when I interviewed her for an article in December. Now she's in the very show that inspired her.

We are looking forward to the spectacle of sound, and sight and movement, and to seeing Simone. Perhaps we'll see you there too.

Gail Vogler shows how things were done three centuries ago

BY HOLLY KOZELSKY
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Life in Colonial times had many similarities to, and some surprising differences from, life today.

Those were observations at Gail Vogler's program, "Colonial Toys and Their Origins," recently at New College Institute as part of its L.I.F.E. (Learning Is ForEver) series.

Dressed in what would be considered proper Sunday wear, Vogler talked about some aspects of life and demonstrated playing with toys, using reproductions.

A woman would wear a chemise, a sort of short gown or long shirt, day and night. During the day, the gown was worn with a corset or stays over it and a skirt, which then was called petticoat.

It was acceptable to show the bosom, Vogler said, but never the hair nor the elbows.

Most skirts did not have pockets as we know them. Instead, a woman would tie a little pouch, called a pocket, around her waist.

Woman wore round, gathered cloth caps called "mop caps" — less for looks than to cover unwashed hair, she said.

A flower may have been kept in a vase in a woman's cleavage for scent. It also carried a second purpose: If someone a woman didn't like approached her, she would take out the flower and smell it, thus sharing an unspoken message, she said.

The audience laughed in surprise as she took a thin, narrow plank of wood out from her corset. That was a basket, she said, which a woman could smack someone with if needed.

Vogler also carried a haversack, "the original over-the-shoulder

body bag."

In a haversack a person would carry his lunch, dish, spoon and a two-pronged fork, she said. Meat was not cut up, and the two prongs would grab a chunk easily.

Once her outfit was explained, she talked about children's toys and games.

Children's games "were to teach them life skills, how to get along, eye-hand coordination — all the things we hope to teach today," Vogler said.

Common toys and games included:

- "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick; Jack jump over the candlestick." Back that, a candlestick was not a mere candle: It was a long rod, set perhaps about knee-high, over which just-made wax candles would hang to solidify. It would be a high jump to get over it, she said.
- String games, such as Cat-in-the-Cradle
- Tops
- Battle doors, a game much like badminton, played with cork and rubber-like paddles used to wash clothes
- Nine pins: A wooden ball was rolled toward pins (the middle one painted like a king).
- Jump rope, originally was a boys' game — it was not ladylike enough for girls
- Marbles, made of clay
- Jack Straws, similar to what we now know as Pick-Up Stix
- Dice games were a big deal, taken seriously. Some dice were made of hammered musket balls.
- The Jacob's Ladder still around today, a series of wooden blocks connected with ribbons,

was played then. It represents the story from Genesis 28:10-17 of Jacob's dream of the ladder which reached heaven, with angels going up and down it, and God's message.

- Bilbo catchers are still used today. A Bilbo catcher is the little cup with a handle, and the ball attached with a string, which one swings about, trying to catch the ball into the cup.

- Shut the Box, a math game with number-blocks attached within a box and dice to roll

- The horseshoes game we know now comes from a ring-toss game popular then. People who did not have rings (because they were made of wood and expensive) could use horseshoes as substitutes.

- Hoops: A child would roll along a wooden hoop (about hula-hoop size) by patting it with a stick from behind.

- Board games were popular, including one named Jackpot and another called Nine Men's Morris, with similarities to Chinese checkers.

- Graces: Two girls would play Graces. Each would hold two wooden rods or dowels. One girl would have a wooden hoop around her dowels and send it into the air by pushing apart the dowels; the other girl would catch it with her dowels and repeat.

- Dolls: Girls in wealthy families would have porcelain dolls from England. Other girls would have dolls made of knotted cloth, yarn, corn husks or other materials found at home. A "handkerchief doll," also called a "church doll," was lightweight and would not make noise if dropped when played with in church.



Word play

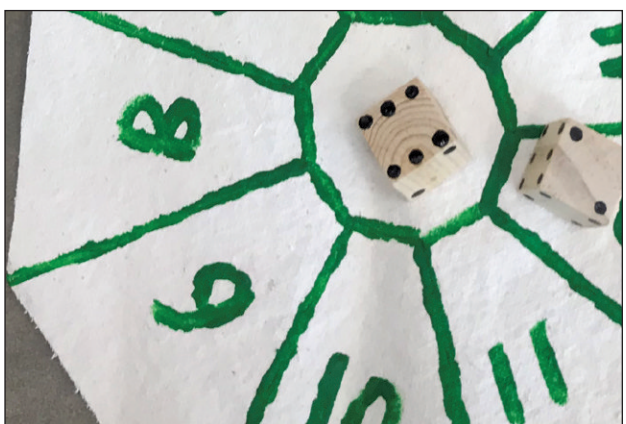
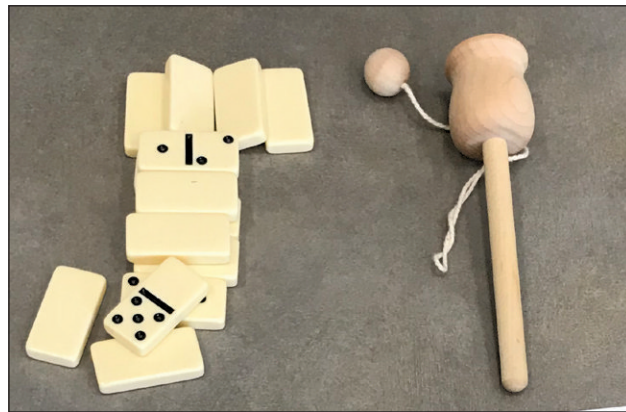
Tongue twisters and riddles were popular in Colonial times, Gail Vogler said. A few examples:

- What flies up but is always down? — goose-feather
- When is a boy most like a bear? — When he is barefoot
- What kind of room is not in a house? — Mushroom
- What has teeth but can't eat? — Comb
- What has a tongue but can't talk? — Shoe
- What has three feet but cannot walk? — Yardstick
- What has a mouth but cannot talk? — River
- What falls down but never gets hurt? — Snow

Origins of common sayings

Many idioms familiar to us now came from Colonial days, Gail Vogler said. They include:

- "Mind your p's and q's," from the pints and quarts in taverns, and also for the printers' blocks of those letters, which would look alike when reversed
- "Rule of thumb:" Women were practically owned by their husbands, but for their protection, there was a law stating that a man could not beat his wife with anything thicker than his thumb.
- "Not playing with a full deck:" A tax was levied against a full deck of cards, so to save money, some would get a deck one card short.
- "Earmarked:" As punishment, a man's ear would be pinned to a piece of wood.
- "Sleep tight, and don't let the bedbugs bite:" Beds of the day were made of a base of rope, which would have to be pulled tighter now and then because of sagging. People shared beds, including in taverns, and bedbugs were common.
- "Get up on the wrong side of the bed:" Colonial folk were very superstitious, and one of their guidelines was to get up on a particular side of bed each day.



Popular Colonial pastimes included (clockwise from lower left) board games, dominoes, Bilbo catchers, jump rope (only for boys) and nine pins.