

Journal of Tar Heel Tellers

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Spring 2011
NC Storytelling Guild
Official Newsletter

Less is More—More is Less by Ann Mendenhall

An interesting consideration as I write an article for the journal about the 2011 Guild Winter Workshop with Antonio Rocha. We were encouraged to go 'Beyond the Voice' throughout

and he expertly taught workshop participants some of the hows and whys of helping others to see us and our stories more clearly.

'Share not impose' was one of my first notes and is my chief reflection of my time with Antonio Rocha. He cautioned us against comparing ourselves with others. In those comparisons we're either harassing ourselves or putting down the others. Antonio is a master of his craft who humbly shared his insights and techniques with us. Plus we got to see photos of his brand new baby.

Each session began with warm up exercises and mime techniques. We were instructed to always stand tall with stomachs pulled in to provide good body alignment. One's true height is



Antonio Rocha

the weekend (good for me since I was continually using cough drops). Antonio could certainly add COACH to his titles of Storyteller, Mime and Actor. He was very focused on helping us increase our awareness of using our bodies to create characters and objects. Antonio can make the invisible visible



Charlie St. Clair, Alisah Horne,
Sherry Lovett



Priscilla Best

achieved by slightly tilting the chin down so that the crown of the head is extended upward. We were challenged to always maintain our good posture and continue being aware of our bodies and movements. After all, the workshop isn't over on Sunday...

(Continued on page 3)

Tales Cast a Spell at the Burgaw Depot by Ray Mendenhall

A small but enthusiastic group gathered Friday night, February 11th, in the art gallery at the newly renovated Burgaw Depot. The Burgaw Arts Council was sponsoring "a Night with the Arts" featuring art by local artists and Storytelling. The air was thick with anticipation as the crowd waited for what for some was a first time exposure to storytelling. Scott Davis of Wilmington, Priscilla Best from

Goldsboro, and local teller and award winning liar Ray Mendenhall headed the fare. From Africa to Wilmington's mysterious Maco light, from skinny dipping to a talking mule; Priscilla, Scott and Ray took turns sharing tales of wonder, wisdom and outright hilarity. At the end of the evening, the invitation was given to the audience members for any stories they wished to tell. A young woman got up and shared a personal

story that had the audience in stitches. John Rau, speaking for the Arts Council, shared appreciation for the evening and event and hoped it was the first of many other such events. Everyone there, tellers and audience alike, cherished the same hope.

Ray Mendenhall, former NCSG President, is a frequent contributor to JTHT. He may be contacted at rwmend@juno.com.

JOURNAL OF TAR HEEL TELLERS

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Mission of the North Carolina Storytelling Guild:

- ☺ to celebrate the various cultures of NC,
- ☺ to promote excellence in oral tradition,
- ☺ to foster an appreciation and acceptance of the
art of storytelling,
- ☺ to affirm the value of story and the importance
of story listening,
- ☺ to nourish the development of emerging and
established artists.

Correspondence should be addressed to the editor
and will be considered available for publication, un-
less noted, "not for publication". The editor reserves
the right to revise contributed articles for style and
length.

Spring Cast of Characters

Sylvia Payne - Editor

Jo Ann Dadisman, Maurice D. Ewing, Brenda
Gilbert, Mary Gray, Charlotte Hamlin,
Michael Reno Harrell, Joan Leotta, Sherry
Lovett, Ann Mendenhall, Ray Mendenhall,
Doyle Pace, Henry Vogel, Mary Ann Wharton -
Contributors



Here's what's happening with your
storytelling friends around the state!

Andy Offutt Irwin recently released his new CD: *LIP SERVICE* is a music CD featuring whistling/mouth noises on every track, several guest musicians including fellow storyteller Kim Weitkamp and a bonus DVD of Andy whistling with the Kandinsky Trio . . . **Connie Regan-Blake** will be a featured teller at the Ocala Florida Storytelling Festival, April 28-29th . . . **Alan Hoal** is the official 'Bold-Faced Liar' of the South-east in 2011, after winning the *Fourth Annual Bold-Faced Liar's Show-down* on January 22nd in Laurinburg, NC . . . **Janice Davin** wasn't far behind Alan when she was named 'Second Runner-Up' Bold-Faced Liar. Watch out folks, don't believe a word they say from now on . . . **Michael Reno Harrell** was the featured teller at the 2011 Virginia Storytelling Association Spring Gathering . . . Condolences to **Gwenda LedBetter** and family upon the recent death of Gwenda's husband John.

"In seeking truth you have to get both sides of a story."

-Walter Cronkite

Imaginations in Motion

from the editor's desk

Today I came across these words by Lynn Joseph - "*But a good storyteller stirs up de old words to make new soup.*" Her words reminded me of the importance of keeping our imaginations in motion.

Spring is a time not only to enjoy new growth that nature provides but an ideal time to activate our own growth by discovering new story images. Recently I enjoyed a fun weekend in Laurinburg at their Storytelling Festival of Carolina. As I listened to so many wonderful stories I found myself envisioning new 'soup' of my own. I jotted down a few notes before my new ideas became misplaced among too many thoughts.

When trying too hard, I achieve zero results. I sometimes find my brain bubbling with new ideas when I'm in the shower. This may seem like a strange place to think, but it just happens and without force. Allow your thinking to flow into imagination. You may be surprised at what will create new 'soup' for you.

Many storytelling activities are happening this spring across the Carolinas and in other states. The NCSG website 'Events' page is being updated at least once per month. Remember to click on the events page often and support storytelling in the Carolinas: <http://www.ncstoryguild.org>

Submit Stories, Articles & Calendar Events to:

Sylvia Payne, JTHT Editor, 1621 Nathaniel Street, Newton, NC
28658. E-mail: sylpayne@bellsouth.net

Deadline for Fall 2011 Issue: August 15, 2011.

President's Message by Sandra Gudger

Dear Members,

Spring is such a wonderful time of year! Everything seems refreshed and ready to grow, and that includes our Guild. I'm happy to report that our membership is increasing, thanks to the members who renewed and also to those of you who have been encouraging friends to join. Our new website has brought us six new members and the return of a previous member since it went live in December. The website committee of Janice Davin, Sylvia and Jim Payne, Frankie Adkins, and Wade Gambrel did a terrific job in coordinating with Karen Wollscheid on its design. Our treasury is also increasing, not only

because of an increase in membership, but the Winter Workshop made a profit of over \$300 due to the efforts of Dianne Hackworth and Terry Rollins. Antonio Rocha's workshop was great! It was amazing to see how the incorporation of even a small amount of motion took each of our stories to a higher level. Our next event is the Spring Retreat at Wildacres, May 27-29. Space is limited, so send in your registration immediately if you plan to attend. Janice Davin will present the workshop, "Active Imagination—The Mysterious World of Storytelling". It's going to be an enjoyable weekend and I hope to see you there.



Thanks to all of you for being a part of NCSG.

Sandra

You may contact Sandra at gudgers@bellsouth.net.

(Less is More...continued from front page)

It is always important to ask if the movement adds to the story. We pulled ropes, held spears and walked across bridges. These actions require 4 steps to achieve 'point fix.' 1. See it. 2. Extend hand. 3. Form around object. 4. Hold object. Movements have to be crisp and specific. We were warned to always let go of a doorknob after moving the door.

"The child opened the door saw a monster and ran away!!" Reading these words on the white board seemed innocent enough. Then Antonio explained that we were to move beyond the words and express a story with movements and only using the 11 words he provided. Each 'story' was unique with some quite funny and others rather scary.

Francois Delsarte's Aesthetic Centers were discussed and used for the development of human statues by pairs of participants to express a frozen moment of an event. We functioned as film directors as we analyzed the mental, emotional and physical centers that were emphasized in each scene. We were pretty accurate in our assessments of the situations and emotions being expressed.

All the discoveries and insights of the workshop came into play as each participant shared part of a story. Antonio was a superb coach. I believe each person felt affirmed and challenged by Antonio's suggestions. I wanted help with a wonderful story by Frank Asch entitled Popcorn. Sam, a young bear, has a party at his house while his parents are away for the evening. I needed to fill Mama Bear's great big kettle with all the unpopped corn that the guests brought

to the party. Of course, the popcorn soon filled the kettle, the kitchen, downstairs and the whole house. I was amazed at my movements in the popcorn and how the guests and I ate it all.

I am very pleased that I was selected to receive the scholarship for 2011. Lung congestion kept me in bed on Thursday and away from work for Thursday and Friday. Knowing that it was too late to find a replacement I decided to shower, eat and see how I fared at noon. By Jove, I was able to accomplish that and to attend the workshop with my husband, Ray. He never got sick and I trust I was having allergy problems instead of viral ones. Ray requested that I not spend time helping to prepare the food and beverages, which



I usually do and enjoy. Luckily for Dianne and all of us, there were several new folks who were very capable and willing to do KP. The amount of donated food was well beyond my expectations. We could have eaten another meal and still had leftover food for the journeys home. Antonio had a fine sandwich to eat while waiting for his flight in Raleigh on Sunday.

As Youth Services Specialist for the Pender County Public Library, Ann Mendenhall shares stories with young and old. She was the receiptient of this year's NCSG Winter Workshop Scholarship. You may contact her at acmend2003@yahoo.com.

Linda Donnell practices walking the rope bridge. Above photo.



Lona Bartlett works on her story with movements.

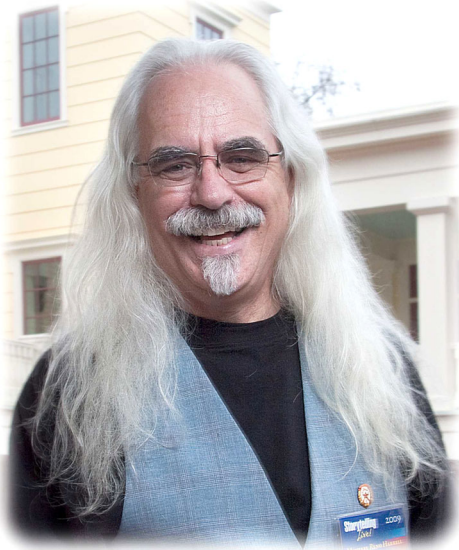
Write Your Own Folktale

http://www.thestorytelling-resource-centre.com/write_a_folktale.html

If you've always wanted to write/rewrite a folktale but have never done so, you may find some tips on this webpage that will help you get started.

The Home of Storytelling?

by Michael Reno Harrell



When I state that it's just possible that North Carolina is the real home of storytelling in America, some folks might say I'm blowing our own horn. Oh, I know all about which state over there to the west of us hosts the National Storytelling Festival and in which town that lovely center for the art sits. And sure, that festival way out there in Utah is amazingly huge and attended by tens of thousands of storytelling fans. Why, they even have one of those humongous TV screens that make Bil Lepp look eighty feet tall. And for sheer beauty the Forest Storytelling Festival in Washington State or the Four Corners Storytelling Festival in New Mexico are hard to beat. But, I would argue that having the biggest festival or the nicest facility or the highest tech or the most scenic location aren't the only criteria for the honor of which I speak. Let's look at a few reasons why good old NC should definitely be in the running for Home of Storytelling.

Let's take a moment and examine some storytelling genres. First we'll look at African Folk Tales. Now, these stories are filled with wit, humor and moral lessons galore and are most entertaining to audiences from all over the nation when a really good teller gives us one. I'm a big fan myself. How about Jewish tales, you may ask. Ancient lore

that comes from Europe and can be traced back to the holy land. Again, wonderful stuff. Lots of wisdom there. And there are the Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Native American and all the other ethnic tales. A listener doesn't have to be of the same country or of the same cultural background to enjoy any of these or maybe even to tell them well for that matter. And what about the most popular type stories told by tellers from all parts of the good old USA, the personal story. These tales appeal to each of us and touch our lives in a very real way. Personal stories are as American as apple pie and originate from all areas of the country. That's countless American tellers telling all types of stories. Tales and tellers that come from states all across the nation, including ours.

Wait a moment. Didn't we forget a genre that many acknowledge as the very backbone of what we know as the renaissance of American storytelling? That category of stories that run the gamut of emotion from humor to pathos. The one that teaches wit as well as wisdom, failure and hope. Those stories which always teach a moral. That group of tales which delight young and old alike. You know the ones about that wise and wacky boy who got into and out of the most amazing situations in a seemingly endless diversity of stories. Oh, yes. I'm talking about that category of story known as Jack Tales! Heck, everybody knows that Jack experienced all those wonderful adventures right here within spitting distance of where I sit as I write this, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina. Just ask anyone who ever listened to the king of Jack tellers, Ray Hicks. For you see, Ray knew Jack personally and Ray was as North Carolina as they come. Why, it's rumored that Ray may even have been Jack. So, there you are. Our state is the only claimant of an entire, nationally recognized story genre. Fact.

And what about places for stories to take place? Geography is crucial to good stories. Mountains...check

(among the most beloved, historic and scenic). Rolling farmland...goes on for miles. And a coast to rival any (did someone mention the Outer Banks?). Big cities, neighborhoods, pastoral settings, seaside towns...we've got em all.

History? How about the first powered flight? Conquistadors?...had em riding right through my home county. Pirates?...too many to count. The Trail of Tears...sadly we were the embarkation point. We lived through slavery and went on to host the first sit-ins. Mystery? How about the Lost Colony or the Brown Mountain lights or Frankie Silver? Why we even kicked off the folk revival in the 60's with the story of Tom Dula or Tom Duly as the Kingston Trio called him. Stories by the million.

Sports stories? Carolina and Duke basketball have spawned thousands around kitchen tables over the years. Racing...come on, go talk with any NASCAR fan about Charlotte, Wilkesboro and Rockingham. Then there's pro football and basketball. Heck we even won the dang Stanley Cup!

Characters? Well, Junior Johnson and Popcorn Sutton certainly fit the bill. How about Thelonious Monk, the Greensboro Four, Jesse Helms, Sam Ervin, Andrew Jackson, Dolly Madison, Cecil B. DeMille, Andy Griffith, Blind Boy Fuller, Earl Scruggs, James Taylor, Doc Watson, David Brinkley, Charles Kuralt, Edward R. Murrow, Dale Earnhardt, Richard Petty and Billy Graham and thousands of your neighbors and most of your family.

What about talent? I'd put our tellers up against the best out there. If the number of nationally known tellers who make their home in our fair state and who have traveled the breadth of this great land spreading the art of storytelling count as proof, then the Old North State wins Home of Storytelling in the USA hands down. Here are just a few names that readily come to mind. *The Grandfather of Appalachian Folk Tellers...Mr. Ray Hicks (may as well include the whole Hicks clan in that one), the late and beloved...Jackie Torrence, Mr. Storytelling...Donald Davis, Folklorist Extraordinaire...David*

(Continued on page 5)

A Trip To The Bold-Faced Liars Contest

by MaryAnn Wharton

Back when I was a newly married bride staying at my in-laws for the summer, on a Sunday afternoon, while the women were washing and drying the dishes in the kitchen, the men were in the living room a'rocking and a'lying. I had never experienced such a thing in my life! Well, I got used to it and loved it.

On January 22nd at the Bold-Faced Liars' Showdown in Laurinburg NC the only thing missing was the rockers. There were twenty men and women showing off their skills by telling fascinating whoppers. For just under seven minutes each, they kept us in suspended disbelief. This went on from 2:00 pm to almost 5:00 pm. Our own Charlie St. Clair led the way with his story about a horse who wouldn't race and a jockey who couldn't ride. Tyris Jones had a dream about 5 look-a-like Chinese brothers. Lane Hudson invited us to his grilling fire but warned us to stay waaay back. Randy Rayfield told us how Clemson got their Moon Rocks from NASA. Martha Johnson could soar like an eagle when she left home. How people came down from the Tower of Bable was Anthony Butcher's story. Alan Hoal reintroduced us to Dry Fry and his love of fried chicken and how he could fish. Bob Robbins explained

how a Michigan fish got its name. Michael Fox showed us how green his banjo is.

After a short breather (we needed a break - the room was sweltering because of all that hot air), Janice Davin described what happened to her Momma one Fourth of July. Next, Drag Kimrie explained how his patent was going to make him a billionaire. Ted Feitshans told how a fondue parlor disappeared in a flood of runny "Artesian" fondue. Sarah Belle Hill was so scared of people coming to her door that she bought a sireen to scare them off. Gayle Webber had the worst day of her life till an inebriated biker showed her the silver liner. Ed Duke's trained possum raised havoc. David Baxley's wife drove a hot car. J.A. Bolton had the most marvelous garden. Fred Pack hatched a fowl wonder that was upside down and right side up at the same time. Ray Bitty had a collard plant that could only lie. Mike Pierce's bulls wanted to share their cows. I was exhausted from so much laughing. So, we made a pit stop at the motel, and then had a refreshing meal and conversation.

By 7:00 pm we were ready for more. Each lying participant received a

Certificate of Participation. There were awards for 3rd, 2nd and 1st Place and the People's Choice.

Suzi Whaples delighted and tickled everyone with her West Virginia family stories.

There was a Story Slam that each teller told using the prompt "That's going to hurt!" Five tellers gave us tales that were "so true". An Intermission was needed to stretch our legs after all that sitting!

Settling in again, the winning Liar, Alan Hoal repeated his Dry Fry story and then Gayle Webber, as People's Choice, repeated what happened on her worst day. The Story Slam Winner was awarded to Mike Hill who explained what happens when you fill plastic bags with natural gas and then light a match!

Suzi Whaples wrapped it all up with the continuing saga about her family and the West Virginia State Fair..

Laurinburg is a friendly small town with a lot of gifted folks backing up the tellers in front of a well-entertained audience. I sure want to go next year!

MaryAnn Wharton is a member of the Asheville Storytelling Circle, currently serving as Vice President. She may be contacted at maryannwharton@charter.net

(The Home of Storytelling? Continued from page 4)

Holt, *The Folk Tellers*... Barbara Freeman & Connie Regan-Blake, *Grand Dame*... Gwenda Ledbetter, *Mr. Natural*... Doug Elliott, *Poet Lauriat*... Mitch Capel, *Ms. Mountains*... Sheila Kay Adams, *The Cherokee Teller*... Lloyd Arneach, *Mr. Too Much Fun*... David Novak, *Ole Thankful To Be From Here*... yours truly and a whole bunch more! Just name me another state that can claim as many national tellers. Ain't one.

Guilds? Take a look at how many out of state tellers proudly belong to our state Guild. I know I'm tickled to say I belong to one of the most active and just plain hard working bunches of storytelling promoting folks in the country.

And what about the fans? When you look at the success of our own Storytelling Festival of Carolina, The Toe River Storytelling Festival, the Brevard Storytelling Festival, Stories from Asheville's Front Porch, and the various Tellebration events across the state as well as being the home to the Annual Southeast Liars' Competition, I think the fans would say we're a shoo-in.

Okay, I may be just a bit biased...but given all of the above, who wouldn't be? All in favor...blow our own horn! HOOOOOT!

Michael Reno Harrell is an award winning songwriter and storyteller, hailing from the Southern Appalachians. He is a frequent contributor to the JTHT. You may contact him at joan@michaelreno.com.

Your Stories and Articles Needed for Fall JTHT

What storytelling happenings are going on in your neck of the woods? What have you experienced that would be of interest to our readers? Maybe you have a storytelling tip that you learned the hard way - send it! If you have stories, articles or an upcoming event (*send name of program, time, location, and contact information*) open to the public, please send it for our fall issue of the *Journal of Tar Heel Tellers*. Don't depend upon those other storytellers out there. We are seeking new contributors as well! Deadline is August 15, 2011.

The Old Flag by Maurice D. Ewing



Never had the slightest thought about Flag Day. Like wearing green in March, on June 14th, I never bothered to dig out the flag we bought back when the children were children. Who knew that Flag Day was established by Congress in 1777? Like many American's I tend to think that if gifts aren't involved, a holiday can't be special. I've changed.

Recently, I wrote a few lines about the legacy of America's Greatest Generation, the generation of the World War II era. My father and uncles, all stalwarts of that historic time, are gone now, but they were the keystones of a family that learned the hard way about loyalty to America. One uncle, a hero of the Pacific, did not return.

I never questioned my dad's reluctance to discuss the War. He never joined the VFW or celebrated his time in the military. I rarely asked him about those experiences. He never mentioned them to me. I regret that now.

Still, I grew up with a respect for those who served in the "Great War." A little military training and newscasts from Viet Nam gave me some understanding of what war might be like, but I was never a real soldier. On this day, however, I would finally realize what their courage and sacrifice really meant. After the World Trade Center tragedy, our family began regularly flying an American flag. The current one had become faded, so I bought a new one.

I remember commenting that \$24 seemed high for an American flag made in China, and casually tossed it aside with little thought. Several weeks later, I awoke on a damp, sleepy Sunday. The only sound was the rhythmic tick-tock of the old clock in the living room. For no particular reason, I was drawn to replace the flag.

Bringing the old flag in, I removed the wooden staff and laid the damp, dingy, fabric on the table. I thought, "Why not just pitch the old thing in the garbage. Who would care?" The conscience of my youth intervened however, and I was compelled to treat the old flag with dignity.

Growing up in Augusta, Georgia, my high school was the Academy of

Richmond County. Created in 1773, it is an old school with a proud military tradition. Originally private, it is a co-educational public school, but in the 1960's JROTC was required of all male students.

One of my occasional duties as a cadet was the color guard, which raised the flag in the morning and lowered it in the afternoon. I remember how inconvenient it was to get there early on those winter mornings, and staying after school was for beloved athletes and maligned incorrigibles. I was neither. Flag duty...ugh!

One thing we learned from flag duty, however, was the proper way to fold an American flag. We'd never match the sharp crispness of a real color guard, but under the watchful eye of Sergeant Watkins, we would finally make a decent star-studded triangle. Soon it became a boring chore performed without thinking.

Reaching for the tattered old flag, I made a few folds here and there. I remembered how it was supposed to look, but no matter what, I could not



get it there. I had forgotten how to fold the flag!

The struggle to get that triangle right continued as I was overcome with a frightening emotion that was part guilt, part shame and part sadness. If I had forgotten how to fold the flag, something I had done unconsciously as a teenager, had I also forgotten what the flag meant to my family and to all the soldiers of this nation—both then and now? Had I forgotten what those long past heroes had given for the honor of that flag...what they had given me?

Had I forgotten the gift of freedom that none of us would have, had tyranny not been defeated by heroic Americans sixty-four years ago? Had I ever

considered what it was like for my wife's 21-year-old dad who, with only five training jumps, parachuted into the chaos of D-day only to be shot, evacuated, patched up and returned to the front just in time for the Ardennes and Bastogne?

Had I ever considered Americans at home, struggling to keep families together during those terrible times? Sadly, it had never occurred to me what it must have been like for my family to live every day and every night with the gripping fear that a telegram would arrive announcing "We regret to inform you..." I had not then and cannot now imagine the day that fateful message arrived at our Augusta home.

Even with 10 years of military training, I was never much of a soldier. After high school and college ROTC, plus six years in the National Guard, I lost all connection with the military. A long family tradition of military service ended with a whimper as I gladly turned my back on the National Guard Armory that last time. I'm not so proud of that now.

Yes, it's selfish I know, but I am grateful my children have not been required to serve. They are wonderful young people, grown now, and making their own unique and worthy contributions to this country. I wonder though if our children...if I...am too far removed? As the last of the Greatest Generation pass from us, will we completely forget that once they were called to save the world? To preserve freedom, so that my \$24 flag can wave in winds blowing over a sovereign nation whose citizens like me can casually take for granted the

(Continued on page 11)

Why I Became a Storyteller

by Henry Vogel



Seven and a half years ago, I attended Meet the Teacher Night to meet my son's second grade teacher. She had over 20 years of experience, so her presentation was concise and to-the-point. Everything she said sounded good and she turned out

to be one of the two best teachers my son has had thus far. But what really piqued my interest was her Friday afternoon Story Time. A parent signed up for one date during the year to bring snacks and read a couple of books to the children. Now *that* was the kind of parents-in-the-classroom activity I loved! I couldn't wait to get to the list and sign up for the earliest possible date. The line moved slowly along until I finally got to the sign-up sheet and discovered the earliest open date - December 5.

That was four months off! I felt like a kid who is told Christmas is just around the corner at the beginning of September. So I waited. And waited. And waited. And eventually December arrived. On Monday, I started going through my son's books, narrowing down the selection pool. On Wednesday, we had a parent-teacher conference, after which I asked the teacher some questions about my Friday reading.

"I'm so proud of you for remembering!" she said. "All of the other fathers who do this have to be reminded again and again by the mothers."

"You don't understand my husband," my wife told her. "He's been looking forward to this since the day he signed up!"

On Thursday, I still had a bunch of books I was trying to choose from. At that point, I sought expert advice; I asked my son which books he thought I should take. He looked through the books and pulled out *The Day I Swapped My Dad for Two Goldfish* by Neil Gaiman and Dave McKean. He liked the story well enough but knew it was a particular favorite of mine.

"You want to read this one, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied, "but only if it's okay with you."

He looked thoughtful for a minute then said, "Okay, you can read it. But only if you tell *I'm in Charge*, too."

I'm in Charge is an original story of mine. I made it up when my son was four as a bedtime story. I have no idea how many times I had told him the story over the previous three years, but it was (and still is) a particular favorite of his. What parent can turn down a request like that? I agreed.

Friday afternoon, I arrived at the classroom carrying juice pouches and snacks. Seeing I had brought only one book, the children made sure to tell me that parents were supposed to read two stories, not just one. As I was

passing out snacks and drinks, I told them that my son had asked me to tell a story I had made up as the second story. That really seemed to intrigue them.

I took a seat at the front of the room, with my son seated next to me, and read *The Day I Swapped My Dad for Two Goldfish*. Apparently, my son's opinion of the book was more in line with the typical second-grader than mine was. Oh, the kids enjoyed the story just fine but the artwork was puzzling to them and not easy to make out when I turned the book so the students could see the pictures. In other words, there was the typical rustling and squirming you get when a bunch of second-graders are asked to sit still and be quiet for fifteen minutes.

After finishing the story, I let the children get the wiggles out for a minute or two before starting *I'm in Charge*. Prior to this, the largest audience I'd had while telling the story was three; my son and the two children of some close friends. I wasn't nervous but did hope the story would appeal to this much broader audience.

I launched into the story and made the discovery all storytellers eventually make. *There was no longer a barrier between me and my audience.*

I know most people wouldn't think of a book as a barrier, but in that situation it really was one. The book occupied at least one of my hands, limiting the gestures I could make during the story. Worse, while reading the words I couldn't really make eye contact with the children. I could flick my eyes up briefly, but then I had to look back at the book so I wouldn't lose my place or stumble in my reading. Without having to refer to a book, I had the luxury of extended eye contact. I could make the story truly personal for the children just by focusing on each of them for a few seconds. Without the book, I didn't have to worry about stopping the story every two pages to show pictures to the children. The flow of the story was not interrupted. As an added plus, without pictures to rely on, the children's imagination took over, creating their own pictures and making the story even more personal.

Looking over faces filled with shining eyes, watching them laugh or gasp or simply smile, I knew I had discovered something special. I had made a direct connection with each child that day; something I could never have done had my story simply been read to them.

This one event changed me, broadened my perspective. While I still wanted to write stories for children, I had another dream to pursue. I wanted to be a storyteller even more.

And that's exactly what I became.

Former comic strip writer, Henry Vogel, specializes in stories for children with an emphasis on noodlehead stories. He performs at many regional storytelling festivals in the Raleigh area. He may be contacted at henry.vogel@gmail.com.

For My Father by Mary Gray

The first chill snap of Fall is on us
and you reach for my father's jacket –
the one you have worn
these thirteen years –
before the winter really bites.
Outside the kitchen door
calendulas are blooming
but the white pine needles
are drifting down
and I feel, beyond them,
the cold of that February,
a gale rattling the windows
and remember how we lurched
about that house, deprived
of our mooring, my cat
I had left with him, so forlorn
beside the cold hearth and
empty armchair, he tried
to climb into the grate
as I coaxed a flame
into damp kindling.

I found his jacket
where it always hung
under the stairs,
stiff with mud,
reeking of cow dung.
I washed and rinsed
and washed and rinsed again,

mended the rips, sewed on
the missing buttons,
brought it all this way for you.
You said it smelled of cows.

And I recall the sweet security
of his return each evening,
the kitchen door swinging wide,
as in he came shrouded
in a bulky mackintosh, so heavy
a child could scarcely lift it,
laden with rolls of maps and plans
and a thick, leather briefcase,
wearing muddy, high-laced
boots and leather gaiters,
britches and a jacket with
leather patches at the elbows,
and waistcoat, all of Harris tweed –
no longer made on Harris –
pockets bulging with pipe and
tobacco pouch, surveyor's tape,
strands of paper clips, an eraser
studded with thumb tacks, a jumble
of elastic bands around his left wrist,
ever ready for the swift securing
of plans of farms and streams,
woodland and moors and
in his waistcoat pocket
sharpened pencils and

the spare, white handkerchief
he always carried for a needy child.
“Don't cry, don't cry” he'd say
even as he reached for it.
But I will cry now,
I will let fall these tears
I have held these thirteen years.
I will keen like the loneliest of gulls
launching across a bleak and wintry
sea –
for thirteen years are nothing
in a love so rich and deep –
tears for the smell of cold cow sheds
and the warm breath of cattle,
for the rasping of a calf's rough
tongue,
the whinnying of ponies,
the welter of sheep milling
and the contented grunting of pigs,
for the rich Welsh voices
of farmers and drovers,
for the lush Welsh fields
of my childhood and
for my father as you leave
the house in that jacket
that no longer smells of cows.

In 2010, author and storyteller Mary Gray, was selected as a finalist in NC's Poet Laureate Award contest. The poem above placed her as a top ten champion. She may be contacted at penysgwarn@yahoo.com.



Well, I've done it—I have started a blog on combating bullying with storytelling. The blog documents the project I undertook with Brunswick County Communities in Schools (afterschool program) with a grant they received from the Brunswick County Arts Council.

I presented stories in two schools. The program was rated as well-received

Combating Bullying by Joan Leotta

on the telling but the teachers said they did not fully understand why I used some stories that did not seem to have as direct a connection to the problem of bullying as they would like. SO, I am adding a series of follow-up questions and activities (beyond what I initially provided) so that the benefit can be intensified.

I chose to present stories in three categories—direct anti-bullying, presentation of good values in a situation, presentation of stories that required creative thinking skills since creative thinking will often prevent bullying or preserve the person being bullied from suffering lower self-esteem.

I do not believe in negative presenting—“Don't do this or that.” I think that leaves a vacuum unless the presentation also includes the positive value that should be used.

But while using storytelling to teach values is time honored, in the situations

where it is a part of a culture, the stories are repeated time and again—that is part of the teaching and learning process. We did try to video the stories for showing again and again to the students and I taught the students to tell some of the stories and gave them puppets to encourage re-telling of the stories at home, but these efforts were not a central part of the project.

The project is finished but the blog is not. I am adding more to the follow-up for the teachers and explaining each step of selection so that other tellers can build on what I did in using storytelling to combat the problem of bullying in our schools. This will include suggestions for other stories that are even more to the point than the ones I suggested and how to interact with the teachers and students before the telling (if possible) to make the students more receptive to the lessons.

(Continued on page 9)

TELLABRATION AT MAST STORE by Doyle Pace



For the first time ever, on November 20, 2010, Tellabration occurred at the original Mast Store in Valle Crucis, North Carolina, sponsored by the Watauga Arts Council. However, in a sense, Tellabration has been happening there since the store first opened 128 years



Glenn Bolick

ago. Yarn spinners have always held forth around the big old wood stove in the middle of the store. Not the least of these, of course, was the legendary teller of Jack Tales, Ray Hicks, who lived a half dozen miles from the store, straight up Beech Mountain.

It was a clear, breezy Saturday afternoon in our northern mountains

(Combating Bullying continued from page 8)

Check out the blog for yourself at: <http://penandperformance.blogspot.com>.

My biggest problem with blogging is that I am not doing it on a regular basis so check it periodically for updates. This blog is devoted to this project and I welcome your comments!

Award winning story performer and author, Joan Leotta is a former NCSG Board member. You may contact her at: joanleotta@atmc.net.

when listeners gathered around to hear three very fine storytellers, all Appalachian born and bred. There was Tammy Sanabria who calls herself Mountain TLC and descends from generations of Beech Mountain natives, though she now lives down the mountains at Granite Falls. Orville Hicks, who holds multiple awards and accolades such as the prestigious Brown-Hudson Award and the North Carolina Heritage Award, has inherited and is carrying on the Hicks-Harmon



Orville Hicks

legacy of the Jack Tales. Glenn Bolick has been rightly called a mountain Renaissance man. He is not only a master storyteller, but also a pottery artist, author, musician, and songwriter. Orville and Glenn are Guild members, and Tammy is a prospective member.

There are some drawbacks to having a storytelling event at an active general store, such as ambient noise from the shoppers and limited space.



Doyle Pace

But having a ready-made audience more than made up for the inconveniences. As folks wandered around examining the myriad of goods displayed throughout this venerable marketplace, some would pause to hear a tale, then a little later come back for another, while others sat right down as soon as the tellers began and stayed for the entire two hours that the stories lasted.

Doyle Pace was the emcee and told a couple of stories himself, and Mark Freed, folklorist for the Watauga Arts Council, helped pull everything together. The staff of Mast Store was very helpful and hospitable, making us feel most welcome.

For most of his life Doyle Pace has been interested in collecting, preserving and telling stories. He was instrumental in organizing this Tellabration Festival, and currently serves on the NCSG Board. You may contact him at bmonkus.pace@gmail.com.

Feed Your Mind

"Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited, imagination encircles the world."
Albert Einstein

"The imagination exercises a powerful influence over every act of sense, thought, reason, over every idea."

Latin proverb

"Humankind has not woven the web of life. We are but one thread within it. Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves. All things are bound together. All things connect."
Chief Seattle

Who is This Remarkable Man, Called “Superfan”?

NCSG Superfan: A Tribute by Charlotte Hamlin

Working behind the scenes quietly, efficiently, and patiently, cheering on tellers and festival planners, is an unsung Superhero that I call NCSG’s SUPERFAN. For many, many years, he has...

- Fixed computer problems for publication of the Journal
- Taken countless photos of NCSG Fall Storytelling Festival events to share and keep a historical record
- Completed countless small but important back up tasks no one else wants
- Attended festivals, workshops and board meetings to support and cheer and assisted Sylvia with membership records... and anything else she asks

YES, you have guessed it! *The wonderful SUPERFAN who has supported the work of the North Carolina*

Storytelling Guild for more than nine years is... JIM PAYNE! Not a storyteller himself, he has been a major force behind the scenes of NCSG activities across the state for many years. NCSG



folks working on festival planning and production, workshops and board activities know what a treasure Sylvia Payne is as Membership Chair and Editor of the *Journal of Tarheel Tellers*, but I’m unsure that even careful

observers are aware that her husband JIM puts in countless hours of skilled volunteer work and technical assistance without ever taking center stage to be recognized. I can attest to Jim’s important work as a volunteer in past years at Greensboro storytelling festivals in whatever essential but unheralded work that was asked.

NCSG President Sandra Gudger says, “Jim’s contributions of his time and talents have helped to establish NCSG’s prominence in the storytelling community. Thank you, Jim.”

SO, here’s to NCSG’s own super hero/SUPERFAN, JIM PAYNE! Thanks from all of us.

Storyteller Charlotte Hamlin, Ph.D. is a former teacher, administrator, and trainer. She currently serves on the NCSG Board and is President of Triad Story Exchange/NC Storyfest. She may be contacted at chamlin1@triad.rr.com.

The Life and Times of Ray Hicks: Keeper of the Jack Tales

Reviewed by Jo Ann Dadisman (Originally printed in the Fall '09 issue of “West Virginia History Journal.”)

This work on the legendary storyteller Ray Hicks comes from Lynn Salsi, oral historian and North Carolina writer. She crafted this biography as “a suitable tribute to a notable and well-loved man—the Jack of his stories and also of our times.” With Hicks as her primary source, Salsi has previously published two books for young readers, *The Jack Tales by Ray* and *Young Ray Hicks Learns the Jack Tales*. Stories of Jack, the sometimes-trickster-always-adventurer, were carried across the Atlantic from the British Isles to find a new home in the Appalachians where they changed to reflect the mountain culture. Families like the Hickses and Harmons kept the Jack tales of hardship and survival alive in the oral tradition before Ray Hicks earned a national reputation in the storytelling community. Hicks says that “it is impossible to separate me from Jack.” Throughout the book he claims that he

is Jack or “just like Jack,” for he says that “I feel every word of my stories in my heart.”

This biography joins a solid body of literature about the legendary Hicks and his contributions to the storytelling community. Since the 1960’s he has been the subject of numerous publications, and his stories have been preserved in recordings, videos, books, and scholarly works. Unlike the other biographies of the Beech Mountain Hicks family, this one reads like a memoir. Those who have heard his recorded voice or seen him perform on the National Storytelling Festival stage in Jonesborough, Tennessee, can recognize Ray Hicks’s unique turn of phrase and dialect from the opening sentences of chapter 1: “I’m lucky one of my legs hain’t shorter than the other’s. That’s cause farming’ on the side of a steep mountain is something ya don’t get used to.”

Because this work conveys a picture of life in rural North Carolina during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, it offers some appeal to a broader audience than the storytelling community. Salsi has shared the accounts of those who grew up on Beech Mountain in North Carolina through the voice of Hicks who claims that “the Jack tales are part of who we all are—all our history, ‘specially if ya was ever related to anybody who come to the mountains. I just want to tell the ol’ way to preserve the history.” It is a history of Appalachian culture and daily life, from farming to schooling, folk cures to religion, and courting to cars.

True to the subtitle, Salsi weaves into the family accounts frequent references to Jack and specific stories by name, although no complete stories are included in the biography, nor does she provide a list of Jack tales for which

(Continued on page 11)

American Indian Pow Wow by Sherry Lovett



The best-kept cultural event in Spruce Pine took place last September – a Pow Wow. This is a gathering of American Indians and others to celebrate, honor, and teach about the Native American way of life. Mabel Benjamin, a local business person, organized the event, as she has for several years. I was asked to be one of the storytellers at the event, which was a great honor. I am a professional storyteller who also loves Native American culture, and I have a nine-year-old daughter whom I homeschool. Friday September 10 from 9 – 2 was kids' day and there were hundreds of children from area schools that came to experience Native American culture, my daughter was among them.

You may wonder what a Pow Wow looks like and what happens at one. Pow Wows are set-up in a circle representing that we are all connected. There is a center circle marked by rope

where the dancers, storytellers, and speakers perform. Others enter the circle when invited, such as for the friendship dances where everyone at the Pow Wow who wants to may come into the circle and dance. My daughter and I did this twice. It was a powerful experience of community coming together. Dancing, music, and storytelling are integral parts of a Pow Wow. Around the center circle there is an outer circle where two American Indian lodges were set-up for all to visit and many other tents with vendors of Native American crafts and food.

There were many tribes represented – Cherokee, Lakota, Apache... The MC was Dave Trezak, a Lakota and he was wonderful with the children. He dispelled many myths surrounding Native Americans and taught the children about things like the three sisters, and how to say hello in many different tribal languages, none of which was "How". Burke Lemons was head man and Brenda Bowlin was head lady. These are the two main dancers who dance traditional Native dances and lead the friendship dances. JJ Kent played the Native American flute, the Ridge Runners drummed and sang for the drummers, and I was one of a few who told Native American stories. This

event gave people an opportunity to learn and participate in the rich history of the American Indians. It was entertaining, fun, and educational for the hundreds of children who came out.

The Pow Wow wasn't just for children though. It went on all weekend and was for the benefit of the entire community. I attended Friday evening's events, one of which was honoring the veterans. It was a moving sight to see warriors from all backgrounds come together in the circle and to honor them with prayers and music. There were many dances that night. Dances to honor the women. Dances to honor the men. Dances to honor the bonds of community. Teaching, music, and stories were again a part of the evening.

If you didn't make it to this event, but are wishing you had, please add this website to your favorites <http://www.powwows.com/>, so that you can keep an eye out for next year's Pow Wow. This is a site that has a calendar of all the Pow Wows going on in the country. It is an amazing opportunity to experience first-hand the rich history of our American Indians.

Sherry Lovett has been a storyteller for twelve years, starting when she was a middle school teacher. She lives with her family at the Wildacres Retreat Center in Little Switzerland, NC. She may be contacted at thelovetts3@gmail.com.

(The Old Flag continued from page 6)
freedom that was earned in a forgotten time.

On that quiet Sunday morning, I was haunted by the thought that if the generations were reversed...if the America we are today were to face what our fathers faced, would the outcome be the same? It is a troublesome thought.

What I know now is that we will always owe the least of those who answer the call a debt that can only be repaid by our leaving the next generation a free, secure nation that honors the legacy left to us.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and continued to pull and tug at the faded fabric until finally it looked something like I thought it should. Though I was grateful Sergeant Watkins wasn't there to inspect.

They say, "There are no accidents." As I opened the package containing a now priceless new American flag, manufactured not in China after all, but "in America, by Americans, of 100% American material", a brochure describing how to fold an American flag floated to the floor. Had I opened the new flag first, I may have missed a thoughtful experience that in my busy yet not so important life may have slipped by unnoticed.

I did not refold the old flag. It remains askew and untidy like the failed patriot that folded it. It will be put carefully aside and soon, from the security of fall's first fireside, I will gently lay the tired fabric in the flames with a newfound reverence. On this Flag Day and for each day that follows, I will see every American flag, whether bright and new or worn and torn, for what I could

not see on those cold high school mornings. The flag of my country, which remains today as it has for 300 years, the symbol of a price paid by others for the life I enjoy today.

Maurice Ewing is President & CEO of Union County Partnership for Progress, Monroe, NC. He may be contacted at mdewing1@windstream.net.

(The Life and Times...book review continued from page 10)

Hicks was most noted. Although loosely chronological, most of the biography covers family history and Hicks's early years. Only a few pages are dedicated to the last thirty years of his life; however, this account does include more than two-dozen photographs and a Hicks genealogy.

(Continued on page 12)

WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH OUR STORYTELLERS

JOAN LEOTTA TELLS AT CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATION



Joan Leotta told traditional Chinese stories during the annual Chinese new year celebration at the Burroughs and Chapin Museum in Myrtle Beach, SC. Photo credit Matt Silfer from the Sun News, Myrtle Beach SC.

NEW WORK COMMEMORATING THE 150TH CIVIL WAR ANNIVERSARY

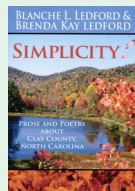
Tim Lowry received a commission from the city of Kiawah, SC to write and produce a one-man show commemorating the sesquicentennial of the Civil War. The performance had its world-premiere on April 7, 2011, which was just a few days before the anniversary of the fateful Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter. The working title for this new piece is "Civil War Portraits" and features stories of several Civil War figures, some well-known and others largely forgotten. "The Civil War," says Tim, "was the first major conflict in US history in which photographers were able to document the personalities and events of the war." The show is one of several events linked to Tim's advertising campaign "Picture Yourself Making History!" www.storytellerinlowry.com.

ST. JOHNS RIVERKEEPER ECO- HERITAGE CRUISE

Jane & Wayne Sims performed as America's first travel writers aboard the St. Johns Riverkeeper Eco-Heritage cruise on April 7th and 10th. Wayne portrayed naturalist William Bartram, while Jane portrayed author Constance Fenimore Woolson as they swapped centuries and reminiscences of the St. Johns River. St. Johns Riverkeeper, Jacksonville, Florida, sponsored this 'sold out' performance.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER PUBLISH BOOK

Award-winning writers, Blanche L. Ledford and Brenda Kay Ledford, have collaborated on a collection of prose and poetry about the culture of Clay County, North Carolina.



This book coincides with the sesquicentennial celebration of Clay County in 2011. The county was established in 1861.

At 89, Blanche writes with knowledge about growing up in Clay County during the Great Depression. She recalls planting her vegetable garden by the signs, and wearing sinful red shoes to a mountain church. Her stories about the Blue Ridge Mountains will bring back memories of by-gone days.

Her daughter, Brenda Kay, is a member of the North Carolina Storytelling Guild. She's won awards telling stories at the annual Lies & Pies Jamboree held on the square in Hayesville, NC. She's told stories at the John C. Campbell Folk School, at festivals and she gives poetry readings throughout the Southeast.

She's received the Paul Green Award from the NC Society of Historians for her poetry chapbooks: *Patchwork Memories*, *Shew Bird Mountain*, and *Sacred Fire*. She also won the award for collecting oral history on Velma Beam Moore, a prominent citizen of Clay County.

Brenda writes about her experiences as a native of Clay County. This book, *Simplicity*, describes the culture of Clay County, NC honestly and with humor. It brings the reader back to a slower-paced period, when folks sat on the front porch swapping tales with neighbors, and savored the good sense of a simple lifestyle.

You may order copies of *Simplicity*, from: www.catawbapublishing.com.

Story Lover Resources

Go to: <http://www.story-lovers.com>
Alphabetical book indexes, have your business card, website, email address posted on this site and more...

Scotland County Festival Captivates Crowds by Brenda Gilbert

The fifth annual Storytelling Festival of Carolina attracted hundreds of story lovers to hear some of the best professional tellers in the country, talented regional tellers and, for the first time, a group of four New Voices. Headliners Michael Reno Harrell, Bill Lepp, Barbara McBride Smith and The Healing Force performed for 1,800 students on Friday, April 1st.

On Saturday and Sunday, they were joined by regional tellers Martha Johnson and Tyris Jones and four New Voices – Judy Baker, J.A. Bolton, Janice Davin and Ed Duke.

Another new addition to the event was the Story Studio, where anyone could have a DVD of themselves made during the festival. Experienced tellers and novices took their turns at the mic on the Sharing Stage. The Saturday evening gala, at the Storytelling & Arts Center, featured the tellers and the April Fools Band. All went home looking forward to next year's festival.

Brenda Gilbert is co-founder and Board Chair of the Storytelling Arts Center of the Southeast (SACS), in Laurinburg, NC. As a former school teacher she has been involved in storytelling for many years. She may be contacted at Brenda@gtg-pe.com

(The Life and Times...book review continued from page 11)

While *The Life and Times of Ray Hicks* is intended to be appreciated by all those interested in Appalachian history and culture, the storytelling community will find it most appealing. Because Hicks was a lifelong storyteller, he spun the traditional Jack tales and his life on Beech Mountain into what Salsi has crafted into "the final tale of the real Jack."

Storyteller Jo Ann Dadisman currently serves as secretary of the West Virginia Storytelling Guild. This article is published with her permission. She may be contacted at jdadisman@aol.com.



2nd Monday of each month - *The Regulator Bookshop*, Storytelling for Adults. 7:00pm at 720 Ninth Street, Durham, NC. Contact John Benedetto at: johnmbenedetto@cs.com.

2nd Thursday of each month – *The Storytellers Guild of Charlotte*. 7:30pm at Barnes & Noble, Arboretum Shopping Ctr., Charlotte, NC. Contact Robin Berkman at 704-756-2919.

2nd Wednesday of each month - *The Inner Banks Storytellers Group* at the Beaufort County Arts Council building. Washington, NC. For more information, contact Terry Rollins at 252-402-8595.

3rd Monday of each month - *The Asheville Storytelling Circle* meets at 7:00pm, Asheville Terrace, 200 Tunnel Rd. in Asheville, NC. Contact Sandra Gudger at: gudgers@bellsouth.net.

3rd Monday of every month, Sept. through May. *Story Spinners Guild Meetings*. Come listen or tell stories at the Storytelling Arts Center, 131 S. Main St., Laurinburg, NC. Free to all. 910-277-3599.

On going. Terry Rollins leads the *Historic Washington Ghost Walk*. Washington, NC. For more information, contact I Can't Believe It's a Bookstore, at 252-946-0855.

April 2011

29-30 25th Stone Soup Storytelling Festival. Featuring Ellouise Schoettler, Hawk Hurst, Chetter Galloway, Slash Coleman, Linda Stout, Pete Koschnick, and others. Contact 864-476-8770 or go to: <http://www.stonesoup.com>

May 2011

1- *Blackbeard and William Parker: the story of two dastardly figures from Beaufort County's history*, as told by storyteller Terry Rollins. Washington Marine Market by the Waterfront. Washington, NC. Contact Beth Byrd at 252-946-3969.

6-8 *Story Treasures, Writing and Telling Our Stories* with Connie Regan-Blake. A celebration of stories and creativity. By writing, telling and listening to our personal stories, we will come to know the universal language that encompasses all of human experience. Asheville, NC. www.storywindow.com

13-18 *Donald Davis* will be the *Teller in Residence* at The Swag, the Great Country Inn of the Smokies. Waynesville, NC. www.theswag.com

19- Monthly Gathering: *Triad Story Exchange* 7:30 p.m. City Arts Conference Room: Greensboro Cultural Center, 200 North Davie Street, Greensboro, NC. Contact Charlotte Hamlin at 336-855-1266.

20-21 *University of North Alabama Front Porch Storytelling Festival*. Some featured tellers include Donald Davis, Carmen Deedy, Syd Lieberman, Bil Lepp, Andy Irwin, Dolores Hydock, Sparky & Rhonda Rucker, and Kathryn Tucker Windham. Florence, Alabama. Co-sponsored by the Alabama Humanities Foundation, a state program of the National Endowment for the Humanities. <http://www.una.edu/storytelling>

21- *Music & Mud*. *Michael Reno Harrell* will perform on Saturday from 5:30 to 6:30pm. Newton, NC. 828-464-8100 or www.newton-conoverauditorium.org

27-29 *NCSG Spring Retreat & Annual Meeting*. Workshop: Active Imagination, the Door to the Mysterious World of Story with Janice Davin. Wildacres Conference Center, Little Switzerland, NC. Contact

(May continued)

Dianne Hackworth at: dianne@diannehackworth.com Or go to <http://www.ncstoryguild.org/events.htm>

June 2011

2- *Michael Reno Harrell* will perform at the Rodi, Gastonia, NC, Thursday 8:00 to 10:00pm. Contact: 704-864-7634 or www.rodeworld.com

3-5 *The 12th Annual Ocracoke Music and Storytelling Festival*, Ocracoke, NC. Call 252-928-3411 or www.ocracokefestival.org

11- *Appalachian Lifestyle Celebration*. *Michael Reno Harrell* will be one of the performers. Waynesville, NC. Saturday. Festival is uptown from 10am to 5pm. Free. Contact: 828-456-3517 or www.downtownwaynesville.com

16- Monthly Gathering: *Triad Story Exchange* 7:30 p.m. City Arts Conference Room: Greensboro Cultural Center, 200 North Davie Street, Greensboro, NC. Contact Charlotte Hamlin at 336-855-1266.

24- *Priscilla Best shares stories* at the Brown Library. Washington, NC. Call 252-946-4300 for details.

29- *Terry Rollins shares pirate stories and more* at the Brown Library. Washington, NC. Call 252-946-4300.

July 2011

2-8 *Storytellers Wild Week*. Wildacres Retreat Center, Little Switzerland, NC. Contact Dianne at: dianne@diannehackworth.com

8-10 *Make That Puppet Dance!* Led by Pete Koschnick. Will include essential mechanics of marionette manipulation and simple tricks to give your puppet pizzazz, along with storytelling basics and character voice development. No experience required. John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, NC. 800-FOLK-SCH or www.folkschool.org

14- *Michael Reno Harrell* will be performing at the Cook Shack, Union Grove, NC. Thursday 7:30pm. Email: cookshackshows@roadrunner.com

15- *Michael Reno Harrell* will perform at Concerts on the Lawn, Boone, NC. Friday 5:45 to 6:30pm.

15- *Ron Jones shares stories and songs* at the Brown Library. Washington, NC. Call 252-946-4300 for details.

16- *Toe River Storytelling Festival*. Telling takes place on the banks of the Toe River at Riverside Park in Spruce Pine, NC. 10am-4pm. Contact 828-765-3008, spmaint@bellsouth.net or www.sprucepinefestivals.com/storytelling.html

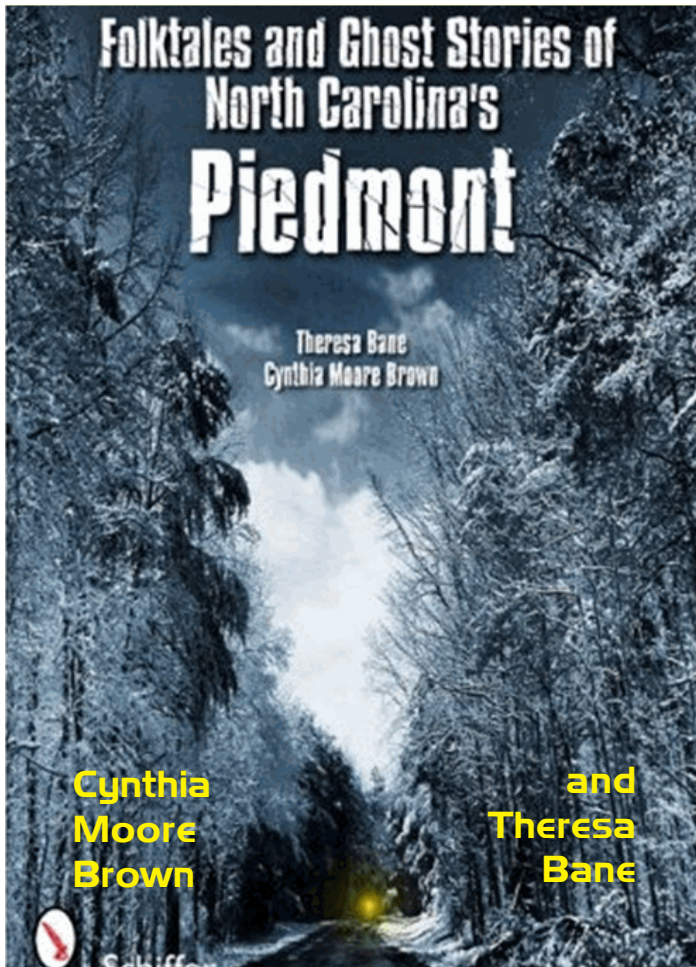
17-23 *6th Annual Storytelling Retreat & Adventure* with Connie Regan-Blake. Seven days of practice and performance, day-trips and discovery. It is an in-depth storytelling and story-listening workshop, designed for all levels of expertise; from beginner to experienced teller. More details at www.storywindow.com

24-30 *The Basics of Storytelling*, led by Elizabeth Rose. A lively class designed for those interested in the power of stories and storytelling. All levels welcome. John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, NC. 800-FOLK-SCH or www.folkschool.org

29- *Dianne Hackworth shares stories* at the Brown Library. Washington, NC. Call 252-946-4300 for details.



*Sylvia Payne, Editor
1621 Nathaniel Street
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New Book - Coming this June

Cynthia's spine tingling original and adapted Southern ghost stories as she's told them for decades, now for the first time in print.

Special section on storytelling featuring quotes by NCSG members.

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