Propaganda and Propagation: The Education of Children in South Louisiana Through Their Own Schoolyard Lore

Jeanne Pitre Soileau

Propaganda is more a part of twenty-first century life than ever. Children are every bit as influenced by it as the adults around them. How do children respond to various means they encounter that seek to sway their minds? Through schoolyard games and rhymes schoolchildren show that they are cognizant of all the propaganda they are handed. Their lore reflects both an acceptance of some propaganda ideas, and a cleverly framed rejection of others.

We live in a world where propaganda swirls about us. It appears as television commercials, as political statements, as sitcom formats designed to subtly, or not so subtly, influence opinion. Children are assailed from infancy. The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles cartoon characters eat only pizza, and the mysterious girl from “Stranger Things” pines only for Eggos. As much as twenty minutes of every hour of children oriented commercial television features advertising that promises fantastic fun if one only buys water balloons, plastic automobiles, or puffy, convertible fabric animals.

Children’s lore shows that the young are aware of efforts to sway their minds. I would like to share with you some of the evidence contained in children’s schoolyard games and rhymes I have collected, which contain evidence that young children, from nursery school age to middle school age, are well informed about adult propaganda that nurtures elements of racism, gender conformity, adherence to corporate advertising lures, drug and sex enticements, and images of parenting.

The word “propaganda” is, according to Wikipedia, “information that is not objective, and is used primarily to influence an audience and further an agenda.”

Propagation more simply means “the action of widely spreading and promoting an idea.”

The relationship of these two concepts, propaganda and propagation, are neatly entwined with the underground play world of children. Examples of lore that I have collected over the years in south Louisiana 1970 to 2020, clearly show that anonymous child poets are profoundly informed of adult attempts to influence them. Child lore reflects both an acceptance of some propaganda ideas, and a cleverly framed rejection of others. Schoolchildren have concocted poetry aimed either to perpetuate, or to counteract, the brilliantly designed flood of commercial, corporate, and societal propaganda the young live with every day.

Children are often characterized as innocent, or unaware of the fantasies blaring from the television and blasting from the popular music. However, an acquaintance with the chants and poems shared on any playground can demonstrate that children are much more cognizant of all the folderol they are handed than many adults think.

Children have their own agenda, and it is not always of a type adults would dictate. Boys hold “dozens” contests and tell racist and prurient jokes. Girls encourage one another to adopt popular sexual roles, while at the same time making fun of those very expectations. Children’s playground lore often holds up a mirror to the adult world that shows just how distorted an image we adults present to the young and expect them to adhere to.

Following are some of the questions I devised for my own collection as a frame for demonstrating children’s own propaganda and anti-propaganda aimed at the world they inhabit. From the hundreds of answers to each question, I will select only one or two for analysis.

When I asked children to tell me how they chose who was “it,” my usual first question when recording, I was surprised to see them point to their feet to count. In my

childhood, every time we counted-out, we used our fists, or the tops of our heads. The children in south Louisiana consistently pointed to their feet. Counting-out, or choosing who's "it," is as much a part of most games as the game itself. I watched some boys spend their entire twenty-minute recess period negotiating who would be "it," and what game they would play, then the bell rang. This is one aspect of boy's play that sometimes contravenes the ideas of teachers and other adults. The adult mind says, "Get on with it!" The boy's minds say, "Hey, we could be Cylons and you could be Dracons. And I'm gonna be head of the Cylons. And you can carry the spear. And all you other guys chase us. And . . ." Then an argument erupts over who and what and how, and soon the bell rings and the boys walk off still arguing. Adults see this as unnecessary arguing. The boys see it as satisfying communication.

For New Orleans children, both African American and other, the most popular count-out formula from the 1970s to 2020 was:

Eenie meenie minie moe
Catch a fella (monkey, nigger, teacher, tiger)
By the toe
If he hollers let him go
Eenie meenie minie moe ¹

This simple formula is the most commonly used of all the counting-out rhymes. It is found in England, Scotland, and Ireland, as well as in Canada and New Zealand, and has a racist history going back to the earliest days of the United States. Teachers and parents banning the use of the "N" word have not made it any less popular with children.²

At St. Genevieve Catholic School in Lafayette, Louisiana (1997), I asked a second grader how he chose who was "it", and he told me "We put our feet, our two feet in, and we say, "Mickey Mouse stuck his finger up his butt/ How many inches did it go?" This was greeted by a chorus of hoots from the boys, and giggles from the girls in the

crowd. They all knew this to be a no-no. The boy knew it, too. I asked, "And you count out?" He said, "Yeah, and you pick how many inches you want, and you count, and you say, "You are not it for the rest of your life, life, life." Some rhymes used for choosing "it" also serve as handclaps, for example:

My mama and your mama
Were hangin' out clothes
My mama punched your mama
Right in the nose.
What color was the blood?
Green
G-R-E-E-N and you are not it.
With a dirty dishrag turned inside, outside, double-side out.³

An expanded version of "My mama and your mama," was collected at McKinley Junior High School in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in 1974. Again, it was used as both a handclap and a count-out:

My Mama your Mama
Live across the street
1618 Beeston Street
Every night they have a fight
And this is what they say
Boys are rotten just like cotton
Girls are dandy just like candy
Itsy bitsy soda water
Itsy bitsy pooh
Itsy bitsy soda water
Out goes you.

"My Mama your Mama" includes several threads found often in girl's chants—fighting mamas, rotten boys, dandy girls—images that girls reference repeatedly. This form of subversive family and gender ridicule is a continuing refrain throughout girls' counting-out, jump rope and handclapping verse.

Question two in my list was, "What kind of handclapping game do you play?"

This question elicited hundreds of responses, from lightening fast handclapping performances, like "Slide," where no words were needed, to lengthy chants where clapping and words complemented one another.

Following are three examples of children's propaganda framed as a handclap, poking fun, in one case at a corporation, and in the other, at parents. All were recorded at Camp Ruth Lee, a summer camp for girls near Baton Rouge, Louisiana (1974). Two African American girls chanted:

McDonald's is your kind of place
They serve you rattlesnakes
French fries from your toes
Drinks run from out of your nose
The last time I went there
They stole my underwear
McDonald's is your kind of place

Then, two white girls stepped forward, and sang the following song popular since at least the 1940s. It is called "Playmate," and I recorded it at numerous locations over the years:

Playmate, come out and play with me
And bring your dollies three
Climb up my apple tree
Slide down my rain barrel
Into my cellar door
And we'll be jolly friends forever more
Oh, Playmate, I cannot play with you
My dolly has the flu
Boo hoo hoo hoo hoo hoo ⁴

At this point, two other girls interrupted the song. The new girls asked me if they could sing a second version of "Playmate." They declared that they had made up the second version themselves. I said sure. The two new girls squared off, and began to clap and sing:

Say say say
Hippie Come out and smoke with me
And bring your LSD
Climb up my hashish tree
Slide down my pot barrel
Into my cellar door – KA-POW!
And we'll be jolly friends
Forever more more more

So sorry Hippie
I cannot play with you
My LSD turned blue
And pink and purple too
I got no rain barrel
I got no cellar door
But we'll be hippie friends
Forever more more more!

This is one answer to the parents' and teachers' incessant dinning about the danger of drugs. It also presents a delightful example of child lore parody.

I could cite over a hundred examples of children's answers to drug propaganda, but it is time to go on to the other most propagandized danger in children's lives – sex. This chant was recorded as the answer to question number three: "What do you say when you play jump rope?"

For many girls the answer was a four-line poem, so old and so well known, that my mother recalled chanting it when she played jump rope at Crossman Elementary School in New Orleans in the 1920s:

I like coffee
I like tea
I like the boys
And the boys like me.

Simple enough. For most white children, the rhyme stops there. The jingle supports the propaganda that boys should like girls, and girls should like boys. The jumper jumps

out, a new jumper jumps in, and the jingle is repeated. In 1986, the fifth and sixth grade African American girls at John Dibert Elementary School in New Orleans chanted an extended version of "I like coffee" which pursued "I like the boys/ And the boys like me" to a logical conclusion:

I like coffee
I like tea
I like the colored boy
And he likes me.
So stop that white boy,
Me don't shine,
I'm gonna give that boy
A kick in the behind.
Last night, the night before,
I met my boyfriend at the candy store.
He bought me ice cream,
He bought me tea,
He brought me home
And he try my gate.
I said, "Mama, Mama, I feel sick."
Call the doctor quick, quick, quick.
Doctor, Doctor, will I die?
Close your eyes and count to five.
1-2-3-4-5
See that house on top of the hill?
That's where me and my boyfriend live.
Cook that chicken, eat that rice,
Come on, Baby, let's shoot some dice.

What had been a four-line jump rope jingle for the white girls had become for this group of fifth and sixth grade African American girls a poetic narrative, featuring a beginning, a middle, and an end. "I like the boys/And the boys like me" became a lengthy cautionary tale where liking boys came with consequences. The chanters, like troubadours of old, utilized a repertoire of ready-made set phrases that float from

childhood chant to childhood chant, and propagated a "be careful what you wish for" gem.

Another question I asked was "Do you play ring games?" Again there were hundreds of examples to choose from that revealed the children's clear-eyed awareness of the expectations promoted by their adult society. Here is a transcript of a recording made by a group of girls from Andrew Jackson Elementary School in New Orleans (1976), who had mastered the euphemistic signifying vocabulary for sex, and had accepted (or perhaps were mocking) a particular body conformation viewed as appealing. The girls formed a large ring and clapped from side to side while they took turns entering the ring as central player:

(Throughout the chant, all girls in the circle stepped in time, clapping, right foot first, then left foot, in a jaunty, flat-footed pattern.)

The boys like the bacon

The girls like the eggs

The boys like the girls with the big fine legs.

(All girls thrust right leg forward and touch the thigh on "big fine legs.")

Now here's the captain,

(One member of the ring steps into the center.)

Ain't she fine?

(Center girl struts, friends all strut.)

She gonna turn around.

(Lead turns, all turn.)

She gonna touch the ground

(Lead bends and sweeps hand to ground, others follow.)

She gonna shimmy, shimmy, shimmy,

All the way around.

(Lead shimmies in a circle, others follow.)

To the front

(Hands on hips, jumps forward.)

To the back

(Jumps back.)

To the side, side, side,

(Jumps to the side, all follow.)

To the front,

To the back,
 To the side, side, side.
 She never went to college
(Raises hand, wags finger.)
 She never went to school
(Shows palms of hands to players.)
 But I found out,
 She was a alligator fool.
(Bends forward, wags head.)
 Under my bed I got a big .44
(Makes a "gun" with index finger and thumb.)
 If you mess with me I won't boogie no mo'.
(Turns in circle and points with gun-finger to choose a new player. On "no mo," stops.)

This chant touches on sex preference, body type, personal presentation, education, and bravado. As the chant continues, each girl in the circle got to take the center position and perform. With each repetition the players laughed and jostled one another, rendering the words more ridiculous.

The ring formation lends itself well to encouraging players to imitate and mock the adult world. The following two ring performances, one recorded by African American fourth graders (1976), the other by white second graders (1977), are variations of a very old English game included in Lady Alice B. Gomme's collection, *The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland* Vol.2, 1898. In her nineteenth century fashion, Lady Gomme wrote in her commentary: "It will be seen, from the description of the way this game is played, that it consists of imitative actions of different events in life, or of actions imitating trades and occupations" ([1894] 1898, 372). Here is the group of elementary school African American girls' version of the English game:

When I was a baby baby baby	
When I was a baby	
This what I do	
Unh unh unh unh unh	<i>(Thumb in mouth.)</i>
All day long	<i>(All imitate.)</i>
All day long	

When I was a girl girl girl
When I was a girl
This what I do
Stomp stomp stomp stomp stomp (*Stamp feet loudly on "Stomp."*)
All day long (*All imitate.*)
All day long
When I was a teenager a teenager a teenager
When I was a teenager
This what I do
Woomp woomp woomp woomp woomp (*Shake hips from side to side.*)
All day long (*All imitate.*)
All day long
When I was a lady lady lady
When I was a lady
This what I do
Swish swish swish swish swish (*Sweeping motion.*)
All day long (*All imitate.*)
All day long
When I got married married married
When I got married
This what I do
Smack smack smack smack smack (*Kissing motion from side to side.*)
All day long (*Loud smacking and laughter.*)
All day long
When I had a baby a baby a baby
When I had a baby
This what I do
Unh unh unh unh unh (*Snuggle an imaginary baby in the arms.*)
All day long (*All imitate holding baby.*)
All day long
When my husband died died died
When my husband died
This what I do
Hooray hooray hooray hooray hooray (*Jump up and down with arms raised.*)
All day long
All day long
When my baby died died died
When my baby died
This what I do

Boo-hoo boo-hoo boo-hoo boo-hoo boo-hoo *(Put hands over face.)*
 All day long *(All cover face and boo-hoo.)*
 All day long
 When I died died died
 When I died
 This what I do
 UNH UNH unh unh unh *(Slowly collapse in a heap.)*

The girls ended up flailing around in a pile, laughing and poking at one another.

One year later I recorded another variant of the same ring game. This time it was from white second graders at Happy Face Day Nursery School in Chalmette, Louisiana. Their version of "When I was a baby" recounted very different "events in life" from those lampooned by the girls in Baton Rouge:

When Courtney was a baby a baby a baby
 When Courtney was a baby
 She acted just like this
 Waa waa *(Put hands over face and cry.)*
 When Courtney was a child a child a child
 When Courtney was a child
 She acted just like this
 Brush your teeth and go to bed *("Brush" teeth, put clasped hands on side of face.)*
 Brush your teeth and go to bed
 When Courtney was a teenager a teenager a teenager
 When Courtney was a teenager
 She acted just like this
 Oh, my beautiful hair *(Sweep hand, push back hair dramatically.)*
 Oh, my beautiful hair
 When Courtney was a mother
 She acted just like this
 Brush your teeth and comb your hair *(Shake finger at "child.")*
 Brush your teeth and comb your hair
 When Courtney was a grandma a grandma a grandma
 When Courtney was a grandma
 She acted just like this
 Oh, my aching back *(Hand on back, bend over.)*
 Will you hand me my pillow? *(Creep forward, holding back.)*
 When Courtney was dead dead dead

American and white children in New Orleans used the dreaded word “nigger.” African American kids used it in both a positive and a negative way. If they called each other “nigger” while playing and laughing, it was taken lightly. When there was anger in the voice, or a jeering tone, brutal fights broke out on a playground full of African American kids. I have comforted several very dark children who were being teased by their African American classmates for being “Black like a field hand.”

There are lots of ethnic jokes told on New Orleans school grounds featuring “niggers,” “dagoes,” and “chinks.” Here is a small sampling of elementary school ethnic humor:

From a fourth-grade white boy at Lacoste Elementary in Chalmette, LA. “How many dagos does it take to screw in a light bulb? Three. Two to turn the ladder, and one to hold the bulb.” (I heard the same joke as a Polish joke years ago.) From the same boy: “How many dagos does it take to paint a house? Fifty. One to hold the brush, and forty-nine to turn the house.” From an African American eighth grade boy from Beauregard Junior High School in New Orleans:

There was this white boy walking through the project, and he had to use the bathroom. So he goes up to this house and asks this boy, “Can I use your bathroom?”

The boy goes, “Wait,” and he goes upstairs and asks his mother, “There’s this boy outside wants to use the bathroom, can he?” And since the boy was white and the people was black, the mother goes, “No.”

So he goes finds some black paint and paints himself. He goes back. “Can I use the bathroom?” Kid goes, “Yeah, come on in.”

So he goes up and the maid sees him and says, “Bless my heart, bless my soul, never see a nigger with a white asshole.”

This joke was told in a mixed class of African American and white students, and

everybody laughed. Nobody seemed surprised by the appearance of a maid in the project. Jokes like this one on the theme of black and white conflict, sex jokes, and scatological jokes are favorites among pre-teen and teenage boys. While on the surface they may seem to make fun of sex and racism, their real function, I believe, is to diffuse tension through laughter.

Children often consider racial characteristics funny. It seems that whenever a really ridiculous image was needed, the children called it "Chinese." Here is a short list of games played in south Louisiana using the word "Chinese":

"Chinese stuck in the mud" – A tag game where the children have to run between each other's legs after being tagged.

"Chinese freeze tag" – A tag game in which the child has to hold onto whatever part of him has been tagged while he continues to run after the other kids.

"Ching Chong Chinaman sitting on a fence" – A foot dexterity game in which the players jump from foot to foot in a repetitive pattern until one misses.

"That Crazy Old Man From China" – A lengthy song featuring a dimwitted old Chinaman courting a young girl.

"Chinese jump rope" – A jumping game where a collection of colorful rubber bands is tied together, and girls jump in and out of a circle made by the "rope" around their feet and ankles.

A handclap from Chalmette –

I went to a Chinese restaurant
To buy a ya ka mein
They asked me what my name was
And this is what I said said said
My name is Kasey
The boys say oh oh oh
And I say ah ah ah
Mess with me and I'll mess you up

And finally, a teasing rhyme used by my playmates and me in the 1940s –

“Ching Chong Chinaman eats dead rats/ Swallows them down like
gingersnaps.”

The examples above, from the counting-out formulas to the ethnic slurs, were gathered in schoolyards, summer camps, and classrooms. I stood there, face to face with young people, holding a tape recorder, and scribbling hastily in notebooks. That was then (1970-2017). This is now (2020). We are in the middle of the Covid-19 pandemic. Fear of illness has closed schools, cancelled summer camps, and mothballed play dates from the month of March to the middle of August - so far. Today, while a notebook and tape recorder are still useful, the face to face opportunities have become severely limited.

Luckily for me, I have two of my grandchildren who are with me daily, and while they cannot mix in person with their friends, they still manage to play. How they play is through the miracle of technology. What they play can be surprisingly traditional.

We begin with Max, aged 10, and his friends. I decided to ask a couple of the same questions I had used since the 1970s. I asked Max, who was on the phone with his friend, Mike, “How do y’all choose who is it?” I got two answers:

Mike: “We all yell, “not it,” and the last person to yell “not it,” is it.”

Max: We sometimes say,

Eenie meenie minie moe
Catch a tiger by the toe
If he hollers let him go
My mother told me to choose the very best one
And you are not it.

So, it seems that the most commonly used formula for counting-out is still chanted in 2020.

While I had Max and Mike on the phone, I asked them how they played together while being quarantined. Max said, "On the PlayStation. You create a PlayStation party. When you're on the PlayStation party, you invite people to it. Or they could join in on their own. You play multi player games, or just talk."

I asked, "What multi player games do you play?"

Max answered, "Grand Theft Auto 5 – it's a game where you just race around and shoot people, and have crimes – rob banks – pretty fun."

I asked, "Does your mama know you play Grand Theft Auto 5?"

Max, "Uh, she likes me to play Call of Duty, and Minecraft, but we like GTA5 the best."

The adult propaganda here is that the Grand Theft Auto series is a set of online games full of violence and criminality. It is rated M, for players 17 and over in the United States. Young boys like Max and Mike often find it fascinating, while parents just as often monitor computer use to try to block it.

I asked, "What else do you two do online?"

Max, "We watch silly cat videos, and random stuff on YouTube. We make prank phone calls. You just get a bunch of numbers, and call them, and say something random."

I asked, "Like what?"

Mike said, "Sometimes we call a number, and when the people answer, we say, "I have a message for you from President Trump. And then we go Pftttt, pftttt, pftttt."

I laughed, because I remember that sixty-five years ago, my friends and I used to prank call "random" numbers and say silly things to those who answered. We did this at sleepovers and on boring summer afternoons.

My granddaughter, Monique, walked in, and I cornered her and tried to pick her brain about what she is doing during quarantine. I asked, "Can you remember any

handclapping games?" She looked blank. "Grandma, I'm twenty-eight! I do other stuff now. I never played handclapping games much, but I was in an Anime Club in high school. We met once a month or so, and watched Anime, and talked about it, and put out a newsletter about anime. Now, I still watch Anime, and two of my friends, we read Manga together, and we call each other, and tell each other about different stories. We play Dungeons and Dragons on Saturday night. Me, my mama, my brother and his girlfriend, and some of my friends, all join in on "roll20," and play." I can attest to this, because Monique lives with me, and I can hear her on Saturday nights, laughing, and sometimes shouting, while she conducts the game as Dungeon Master.

Monique began playing Dungeons and Dragons with her father, Richard Soileau, and her mother, Deanne. They used to host games of five to seven people on Saturday nights, when she was a child. My son, Richard, who is now forty-seven, told me in one of my interviews with him, "I learned about Dungeons and Dragons in 1984, when I was a student at Holy Cross High School, in New Orleans. I walked into the library, and saw a group of students playing, and I joined in. That was before it was banned. I had no idea what I was doing then, but I got books and read up. We used to play, two people, and sometimes twelve people. I still have all of my Dungeons and Dragons books." I asked Richard if he still plays Dungeon and Dragons, and he said, "Oh, no. All my player friends are scattered all over. I do play online computer games that are based on Dungeons and Dragons, though. I play "Curse of the Azure Bonds (1989)," and "Baldur's Gate (1998)," and Neverwinter Nights (2002)."

Monique sees her cousin, Max, every day. She has become the mentor for Max into the world of Anime and Dungeons and Dragons. The two of them sit in the T.V. room and watch "Avatar the Last Airbender," and "My Hero Academia," and laugh and kibitz about the series. On his own, Max watches "Naruto Shippuden," "Inu Yasha," and "Attack on Titan". Max sits at his cousin's elbow while she prepares for her

Dungeons and Dragons sessions on Saturday nights. He is learning the basic elements of the game, and will be the third generation of player in my son's family.

Dungeons and Dragons has a controversial history. The teachers at Holy Cross High School banned its playing, as Richard remembers. The teachers claimed that the game glorified the occult. The parents of two of his friends in Violet, Louisiana, who belonged to a conservative Protestant church, claimed that the game promoted witchcraft, and invited demons into the home. The two friends were kept at home when Richard and his other friends played. Richard and his companions rejected the idea that the game promoted witchcraft, or glorified the occult, and happily engaged in a Saturday night ritual that lasted until they parted ways as young adults.

An examination of the child lore above shows most children to be perceptive of the propaganda adults attempt to control them with. It is part of growing up to challenge authority, and to learn to think for oneself. Child lore sometimes perpetuates, sometimes counteracts, the agenda of adults, and provides a platform where children can examine new ideas and pick and choose the elements they wish to retain.

Most adults never enter the world of children's folklore, so they never see the richness and variety expressed there. In many ways children are propagating their own answers to the bewildering swirl of options offered by society, by using sly wit, broad satire, droll humor, and outrageous parody.

Jeanne Pitre Soileau is the 2018 Chicago Folklore Prize and 2018 Opie Prize winner for Yo Mama, Mary Mack, and Boudreaux and Thibodeaux: Louisiana Children's Folklore and Play. She is the author of What the Children Said: Childlore of South Louisiana (2021).

References Cited

Abrahams, Roger D., and Lois Rankin. 1980. *Counting-Out Rhymes: A Dictionary*. Austin: University of Texas Press.

Bolton, Henry Carrington. 1882. *The Counting-Out Rhymes of Children: Their Antiquity, Origin, and Wide Distribution*.

<https://Archive.org/details/countingoutrhymeOObolt>.

Bronner, Simon J. 1988. *American Children's Folklore*. Little Rock, AR: August House.

Gomme, Alice B. (1894) 1898, *The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*. 2 vols. London: Nutt.

Knapp, Mary and Herbert. 1976. *One Potato, Two Potato: The Secret Education of American Children*. New York: Norton.

Newell, William Wells. 1883. *Games and Songs of American Children*. New York: Dover.

Opie, Peter and Iona. 1969. *Children's Games in Street and Playground*. Oxford: Clarendon.

Sherman, Josepha, and T. K. W. Weisskopf. 1995. *Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts: The Subversive Folklore of Childhood*. Little Rock, AR: August House.

Soileau, Jeanne P., *Yo' Mama, Mary Mack, and Boudreaux and Thibodeaux*. 2016. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi.

Sutton-Smith, Brian. 1959. *The Games of New Zealand Children*. Berkeley: University of California Press.

¹ I realize that the words "nigger" and "dago" are unpleasant for many to read. However, the lore recounted in this article comes from actual recordings of children's speech and to eliminate these words would give a less than truthful account of what the children said. Children's vocabulary is learned from adults around them and perpetuated in their schoolyard lore.

² For a discussion of racist elements in children's counting-out rhymes, see: Mary and Herbert Knapp's *One Potato, Two Potato*, "Prejudices: Blacks" (1976, 190-198). The Knapps also compiled further reading references to "Prejudice: Blacks" (1976, 232-233); See also: Henry Carrington Bolton's *The Counting-Out Rhymes of Children: Their Antiquity, Origin, and Wide Distribution: A Study in Folk-Lore*, (1882, 46-51); Josepha Sherman and T. K. F. Weisskopf's *Greasy Grimy Gopher Guts* (1995, 114, 138-140); Simon J. Bronner's *American Children's Folklore* (1988, 55); Roger D. Abrahams and Lois Rankin's *Counting-Out Rhymes: A Dictionary* (1980, 45-68); Peter and Iona Opie's *Children's Games in Street and Playground* (1969, 36, 40-45); Brian Sutton-Smith's *The Games of New Zealand Children* (1959, 70); and William Wells Newell's *Games and Songs of American Children* (1883, 199-200).

³ See Bolton (1882, 95,98,99,102,104,109,111,115). Bolton's book is available online at <https://Archive.org/details/countingoutrhymeOObolt>.

⁴ See: Wikipedia.org "Playmates" song, [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Playmates_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Playmates_(song)). See also: Opie (1969, 474-45); Knapp (1976, 131); and Soileau (2016, 168).