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Informants: Members of the
Finnish Apostolic Lutheran Church
Marengo, Wisconsin

This will, I think, be my final word on fieldwork amongst these Finns. As my previous notes reveal, the January 24th session at the Finnish Church as both exhilarating and disquieting. For several days following the experience I felt both exhausted and uneasy. Was I pushing too much and invading their privacy, or were they simply so private and suspicious that anybody's efforts might go awry?

Bearing these notions in mind, I decided to make a last try toward documenting the group's song tradition. On Tuesday the 27th I called Charles Karye and tentatively set up a singing session for Friday, the 30th. Karye would check with Mrs. Luoma about whether or not that would be a convenient time for the two to sing. Meantime I called the home of the church' "speaker" and leading song composer, Richard Kumpula.

His wife answered and informed me that her husband was in the hospital. He had been battling the flue and, to boot, had trouble with angina. I recalled that he'd looked pretty washed out and peeked the previous Saturday. At any rate, the doctor had recommended that he stay home from work for a few weeks. He certainly wouldn't be up to singing for awhile. Mrs. Kumpula suggested that "Charlie Karye can sing you Dick's songs from the Red Book." I decided to settle for that and called Karye on the appointed day.

He had seen Mrs. Luoma in the meantime. I'm not entirely sure what passed between them, but Mrs. Luoma, Mr. Karye reckoned, felt that I had recorded enough songs. It didn't seem much good for me to counter that I didn't necessarily have good quality recordings, that I didn't have titles for most of the songs on tape, that I was interested in the background of and their reactions to favorite songs. Instead, I asked Mr. Karye if he, too, thought I'd done enough recording. He said "yes," and we said good bye.

Upon reflection, it's probably for the best. I'm doing a survey of music in the area and, with people whose trust must be gained through mighty efforts, I'm unfortunately going to have to content myself with only learning a little.