Bingo

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Bingo
Games

Informant:
Carly is a friend that I met while attending Utah State University. She is 21 years old, and is originally from Wisconsin. Her family moved to Sandy, Utah when she was in middle school, and that is where she currently lives. Carly grew up with a mixed faith of Lutheran and Catholic, but currently does not define herself with any specific organized religion. She has explored other religions such as Daoism throughout her life. Carly is part time nanny and helps her neighbor with his rocks and minerals business. A few hobbies of hers include painting and drawing, reading, writing, listening to music, and taking her dog Max for walks.

Context:
I met Carly though a mutual friend. She had told our mutual friend about this game in a context that is unknown to me. The game was then shared with me, at which point I reached out to Carly for the rules directly. I interviewed Carly in my apartment while we shared a cup of tea. We both sat on the couch facing each other. The friend that introduced us, Christine was present, but remained silent as an observer to the telling of the rules. The setting was extremely relaxed, and the interview felt much more like a conversation than anything else. The game was introduced to Carly’s family by her younger sister and has become a part of any and all vehicular travel. It is an extremely competitive game, especially to Carly’s father, Scott. The informant has no idea why it is called Bingo.

Text:
My sister started the game after going on tour with her orchestra, and it works that every time you see a yellow car you get a point. You are supposed to be able to punch everyone, but we are not about that [laughter] and my dad always rewards himself when he “wins” [air quotes used] but other than that nothing happens, its just a time waster. If you are in the car with my mom, the count resets every time you get in the car. If you are with her dad, the count continues every time. He likes to lord his points over you. All the cars count for 1 point, except school busses that count for 2 points, and construction vehicles don’t count. My dad claims that jeeps up your score, but he cheats so none of us count it.

Texture:
Carly laughed throughout her explanation of the game. It was clear the game was something that her family greatly enjoyed playing together, and that the rules are something to be taken seriously. Her tone
conveyed the seriousness of the competition associated with the game, especially when her father was present. The game was originally meant to be a time passer, but it has since become a serious ongoing joke.

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