NORTHERN JUNKET

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While in New York recently, we visited Michael and Mary Ann Hermans workshop group. Sixteen couples there that snowy & slushy night. It's been years since we've been so enthused over a dance group. This group was the dancers' idea, in fact neither Mr nor Mrs Herman have anything to say about who shall or shall not belong. It is a group of ordinary people who want to do the dances perfectly, and are willing to work at their idea. They are willing to learn easy dances; learn all there is to know about them and their different backgrounds.

Such a group is going to have a great influence on all folk dancers with whom they come in contact. Here were the leaders of the folk dance movement of coming years; folks with a vision and willing to work to achieve that dream as a reality.

We have seen better dancers. We have NEVER seen such cooperative spirit anywhere. It was almost a folk dance camp every week. There ought to be a carry-over of the camp ideals and it seems to us that such a workshop idea is the way to do it.

Sincerely

Ralph Page
Dr. J. Howard Schultz

When we travel, every time the train stops for a couple of hours, we get off and ask where's a square dance? Well, it stopped in Montreal for ten days this Christmas vacation. What we found in the way of a Canadian city square dance may be old stuff to you, but it was a new kind of fun for us. I don't mean the square dance with the night-club caller in a straw hat on the Mount Royal roof. I don't mean the hall where a Frenchman called elementary squares for 'teen-agers in English. I don't mean a crowd of dubs in the Set Canadian, a big square around the room for a lot of people with time to waste. This so-called Set American we found has been danced nightly for at least thirty years—same dancers and their old folks. The crowd was about what is found at the Boston YWCA dances—a couple of hundred of clean, homespun, friendly people, pore like us.

Like I say, they dance in the hall every night, from eight until two, one square and three or four round dances, including whatever couple dances are popular. Since two bands alternate, saxes yielding to fiddles for the squares without intermission, square dancers get all the necessary workout they can take. Most dancers get there twice a week, same faces all the time with that turnover. Friendliest folks we've ever run into. When they found we were strangers who did not speak good French, the only trouble we had was seeing to it that they didn't do too much for us.

We were taken back when we saw five cops.
in the hall, but not for long. Their only function seemed to be to serve as floor directors. Came time for a square, they started calling in very small shouts for sets—on the floor—only it sounded more like 'Set aw flow'! They were careful to see that every set contained one caller at least, which was easy to do, since most sets contained four callers who rotated the honor from dance to dance. The fiddles furnished music for the entire hall; each caller, dancing, set the figure for his square. It might even be a contra. Once the music started, nothing could be heard but the music, the shuffling, and the soft barking of callers all over the floor, each setting a different figure. They expressed some dislike for the regimentation of a single caller for the hall. They saw to it that we danced in the best set with their best caller, one Armande LaRocque whose fluid patter was endless—"Prom'nez vous chez vous chez vous; prom'nez vous donc!"—and who picked his set out of the hopeful aspirants with baronial condescension.

I finally caught on that the band started with some tune like "Beeg Dam'Badger" played for three times as long as one of our squares takes and then, after a medley of a dozen tunes, came back to whatever they started with. That was the caller's signal to go into his closing turns. In my turn to call I had to fall back on the American figures I know, but though all were polite I could see that the only one that excited them was my (slowed down) version of Golden Slippers. They like 16 measure swings with lots of partner changing. They swing in very close position, squarely face to face, or more exactly, forehead to forehead. The tempo is about our contra speed—everything is unhurried. If a couple swings too long, the caller waits politely to start the promenade. On a right and left four they weave in and out with a smooth tango style, leading
with the shoulder. On a grand right and left, each gentleman hands his lady politely by. If somebody misunderstands and goes wrong, the caller is close enough to set him right with a smile and a gesture.

Every dance **must** start with four steps left, circle eight, and back; allemande, grand right and left. From there on you have to be on your toes. The allemande is followed by an allemande right, allemande left, then grand right and left half way round, meet your own with the right hand around, corner by the left, right hand to partner and proceed to place with the grand right and left. That much is statutory. One popular figure is split the ring, divide at the head and circle three with the sides in a row—the two circles crossing and recrossing while circling—promenade four direction. Then the head gent and head lady (trailing) pass to the left and circle three again in a row, crossing and recrossing. Then the heads circle four with the right hand sides in a row. Right and left four, half ladies chain and swing. Promenade the gal you swung Home, and ladies chain back. Swing partners. Second couple down center and cast off four. This time the figure changes, but I could go on like this until you run out of patience.

Dip and dive is done by couples 1, 2, and 3, then 1, 3, and 4. I couldn't find that the do si do is done at all, or known, no matter how I pronounced it. The price? Two bits except Friday (50¢) and Saturday (75¢).
This group was started at the Norfolk County Agricultural School, Walpole, Mass. back in 1942 by some boys who liked to sing. Until that time all the dancing done at the Aggie was three or four class dances a year—ballroom dances.

The Glee Club met weekly, and after one evening fun they were asked if they thought they would enjoy square dancing to singing calls if permission could be obtained to ask girls to enter as their partners. Before we go on perhaps we should explain that the Aggie is a boys high school with only an occasional student of the fairer sex. The boys thought the idea a good one and with the ready consent of the school director, Mr. Kemp, some high school girls who lived in the town were asked to join. So it happened that one wintry night of 1942 eight enthusiastic members started the club. The group has grown steadily, and now has an enrollment of over 150.

The club meets weekly from October til the middle of April with at least one new dance being taught each time. Each member of the club is placed on some committee and has to share in responsibilities he can do best. This year there is a fiddler, drummer, pianist, accordionist, and harmonica player along with some callers. All do their part each week. There are also rules and regulations as to age, physical fitness, regular attendance, parents written consent for their daughters to attend.
During the year as many members as possible are given opportunity to go on demonstration trips to P.T.A.s, Grange, Rotary, Church and Youth Groups. Participation in the New England Folk Festival and the University of Mass. Recreation Conference have been red letter days. And each member worked diligently in an effort to dance well enough to be chosen as a participant.

The biggest night of the year is our own Festival which takes place at the Norwood Junior High School in Norwood, Mass. due to the fact we have outgrown our own quarters. This year it is to be held March 17th, St Patrick's Day. At that time every member of the club will take part in the program, and in true festival style the audience is invited to join in the dancing with us. See you then.

While spending a Christmas vacation in Florida I saw something which struck me as interesting and I'm curious as to how far it has gone. They call it the "Rhumbadola". It is done by two couples dancing a fast rhumba step to the music of an equally fast rhumba. As they dance around or around each other, one man who is the leader gives a call as "swing your opposites" or "swing your partners". Actually they don't swing in a buzz step, but walk around in a fast rhumba step which they have been doing. He calls all the other calls, as a right hand star, left hand star, or a do si do. But in the do si do they do it as couples and not individually. In the star they hold onto their partners, the men have their arm around partner's waist.

Murray Driller
VERMONTER INVESTIGATES
NEW HAMPSHIRE
PARTY
or
"You Can't Trust Nobody"

Anxious to see how a
well known square dance caller
takes with country people, Herb
Warren attended the annual New
Year's Night Party at the Town
Hall, Nelson, N.H.,-12 miles up
out of Keene-old home town of
the man being investigated,
Ralph Page.

The set-up is country as country can be,
from the soft pine dance floor up. The New Hamp-
shire Register lists the population as 282 "When
they're all there" adds Mr Page. The village in-
cludes the Town Hall and several dwellings; the
Register reports 'Postmaster discontinued'.

But on to the party! Comfortable size, pass-
ing the word along got the right number of folks
together. Mostly old Nelson hands, sort of a big
family affair. The program, squares and strings-
Vermontese for N.H. contras-fifty-fifty. The orch-
estra, three fiddles supported by double bass &
piano. Old time fiddler Quigley, on his annual
come-out from retirement, special occasion, "sort
a ketched me in the left arm"; he remarked "no
practice since the last one, year ago." Not that
anyone had noticed it!

Informality gave the evening a homey atmos-
phere. No tickets, no "hat"; one wondered. After in-
termission somebody got up: "Dividing the expen-
ses by the number present, it comes to about a
dollar." Everybody stepped up to the calculator
with his dollar. Wrong answer, or wrong something "Seven dollars shy" added the calculator, after a bit of deliberation. Several had brought an extra dollar anyway; they stepped up again and it came out right this time.

Impressive to the observer was the friendly rivalry between caller and dancers: who had the edge on whom, and when, was anybody's guess. A good natured smile was a signal to look around; perhaps somebody was off beat, or just about getting back on. A dozen and a half square and contra dances gave a quick-witted caller a lot of chances. R.P. took a few.

By no means a one-sided affair, this home town party! On the call, "First couple 'Cheat or Swing'" each partner may pick anybody in the hall to swing with—there was a flash of high school feminine pulchritude heading for the stage, arm outstretched in an "or else" gesture. Down off his high perch behind the mike, came her partner for the swingingest swing in sight. Nor did the "life of the party" fare any better, when in order to have a dance with an old friend he switched partners of a few couples to get young "Donnie" another high schooler and, by the way, brother of the freshman, to call the dance. "Donnie" took over old-hand fashion and called a modified version of "Cheat or Swing"; all swing and no cheat, and never a chance for a breather. A swinging good time all round. Everybody walked to his seat; that is, everybody but that blithe spirit, the late caller. Half prostrate on the floor he sat. And sat. A dazed look in his eyes, the center of sympathy of admiring friends. But not for long! Soon he was back behind the mike again, calling his version of Darling Nellie Gray, putting thrills in that grand finale of the party.

All of this brings up the question: should the Monadnock Region and nearby cities monopo-
lize the good qualities of this one-time Nelson-ite? It's high time for him to be heading North, up country; there are plenty of good New Hampshireites up state a piece, who would relish a party-Nelson style—with that good natured amused smile behind the mike. And what's more, across the River to the west, there are quite a number of Green Mountaineers who know what to do when they hear "Swing"! For a certain party they'd get Gramp and Grandma out of an evening to demonstrate their version of a Vermont dance, perhaps even good enough to be included in a coming new album of dance records; that would make a second entry from Vermont in a collection of foot-loosening square and contra dances described by the producer as "the way we call 'em a-round here", meaning Nelson and nearby towns.

The New Jersey Square Dance Callers and Teachers Association was formed Dec. 3, 1949, for the purpose of promoting and raising the standards of square dancing, calling and teaching in the state, and to provide an organization to promote square dance activities. Two officers elected to serve without pay until such time as new elections are held were: "Bill" Person, chairman, and Joseph Rechter, sec. The secretary acts as temporary treasurer. Regular meetings will be on the 1st Sunday of the month, and will be held in different areas.

Eligibility for membership (not limited to N.J.) are: 1, Be in sympathy with aims of organization. 2, Be able to call 15 basic changes, only one of which is "swing" in rhythm. 3, Attend three meetings. An eligible caller can be voted into membership by a majority vote of the membership committee, which is composed of five members of the Association. Four members of the committee are a quorum.
Seems 's if the foregoin'investigation calls for a bit of rebuttal."You cawn't trust nobuddeh!" So says Dicken's character Barsad in The Tale of Two Cities.

Herb Warren 'just happened to drop in' to our house the afternoon of the party. Stayed to supper. Ate well and seemed in the best of spirits. We phoned the committee and out of the kindness of their hearts they invited him to attend the party.

He didn't dance any to speak of; just set there on a settee viewing the party with a critical eye. During intermission he came up to the stage, and the following conversation might and some of it did take place.

"Nice party," says he.

"Seem t'be havin'a good time, don't they."I answered, recognizing the standard round about way of approaching what he had in mind.

"Pretty good fiddle Dick's got there. Talks right up."

"'T ain't bad", says I."draws a strong bow."

"Don't he! Last tune was sorta familiar".
"Pig Town Fling. Put's just the right yank to it so a body c'n step 'er out in good shape".

"Fiddlers most all died off up my way. Young folks ain't takin' it up."

"Thicker'n snow fleas in March round here. That's why there's so many good dancers round".

"Could be. Ever call over in Vermont?"

"Some. Not much though. Man gets paid more'n three dollars a night they figure he's overpaid"

"Fairlee's different. Might go five."

"Don't know's I could make it. Dates pretty well filled up."

"Happen you have a Wednesday night open let me know."

"Ayus. Try to remember it."

And that is how come Dick Richardson and I found ourselves driving up to Fairlee on about the coldest day of winter. Up through Bellows Falls with its five traffic signals and a stop sign within an eighth of a mile. Sure want you to remember the town.

The old timers around Fairlee dance beautifully. Easy, relaxed and graceful. So do the grammar school kids. Plenty of room for improvement on the in-between ages. That part of the state ought to be good Folk Dance Camp country. Herb is working on the idea, and more power to him.
ONE CALLER'S EXPERIENCE
by
Ted Sanella

Here's an interesting experience that happened to me a short while ago:

On January 7th I called a dance for the N. E. Zionist Youth Commission at Temple Kehillath Israel in Brookline, Mass. The occasion was the 7th Annual Zionist Youth Leaders' Educational Institute, a three day affair, Friday thru Sunday.

Arriving at the hall early I took myself off into a corner to read the program of the entire week-end's activities, which had been handed me on entering. I was pleasantly surprised to find printed there-sandwiched among many speakers, discussion groups and forums-five separate sessions of "Folk Singing" or "Dances of Israel" in addition to "Folk Dancing led by Ted Sanella and his orchestra". These folk-minded people certainly had the right approach to entertainment. Suddenly an awful thought occurred to me: "I don't have any knowledge of Hebrew dances. Suppose they ask me to lead them!" Consoling myself with the thought that "I can probably get by with kolos", I decided to wait and see.

Soon, people began flowing in and milling around in anticipation. Upon the arrival of a young man wearing a 'yamelka' (skull cap) and two girls with candles, the lights were extinguished and everyone gathered around in a large circle with arms around the waists or on the shoulder of the one beside him. I was invited to join. Reading from Hebrew scripture by the flickering candlelight, the young fellow chanted in a clear voice while the rest of us swayed gently and rhythmically side to side. This religious cere-
mony I learned later is called "Havdallah". The word means 'separation' and the ritual designates the ushering out of Sabbath at Saturday sundown.

Upon completion of the ceremony the leader broke the circle at one point and led the long line along a tortuous path, winding in and out between pillars; everyone doing a modified Hora step and singing in Hebrew. Then heading toward the stage, the line wound in and out along the rows of chairs assembled in a semi-circle. Upon a signal from the leader, when each of us had a chair behind him, the dancing stopped and everyone was seated.

A girl in her twenties appeared and gave a brief and interesting talk of a recent trip to Israel, emphasizing the cordial hospitality tend ed her during the visit.

I took over immediately afterward and delegated volunteers to move the chairs while the orchestra tuned up. From the very first dance I knew the evening would be a success. I announced, "Solomon Levi" and someone yelled out, "Oh, a Jewish dance?" The crowd, numbering over 200 was in high spirits. They ranged in age from 15 to 60. You never saw such enthusiasm! When I began explaining how to "Dive for the Oyster," some joker called attention to the fact that "Oysters aren't kosher." Thereafter I called "Dive for the Herring".

They never rested. As soon as I finished a square or folk dance, they were back on the floor waiting for more. During intermission a youth leader took over the "mike" for some organized Israeli dancing. My worries were over. Why they don't even need music! They provide their own by singing the tunes while dancing!(I love those minor keys) Later, they told me they NEVER use music.
One dance which interested me was a cute little flirtation dance called "Bo Dodi", meaning "Come my love". The couples stood in a big circle facing clockwise with girl on boy's right. To a very catchy tune the girl dances forward several steps enticing the boys while the latter stood still. The boys then, with a gleam in their eyes, caught up to them while the girls stood in place. This was repeated. Then the girl danced around the standing boy—giving him the "once over". The boy then danced around the girl, nodding in approval. The girls all ran into the center of the circle (giggling) and stood there. The boys followed after. The girls, yielding to masculine charm, turned around and danced a fast hands on shoulder polka step with her partner. Upon returning to the first strain, the circle is formed again, each boy moving up to a new partner.

I was informed that dances such as this could be learned by anyone interested enough to visit the Israel Folk Dance Group which meets in The Zionist House on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, every other Tuesday evening.

Yours for better folk understanding.

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"I am a person born to live in a skin with a different color from yours. I could not choose my parents, nor could you. The color pigments embedded by Nature in your skin are perhaps white, while mine are black, brown or yellow. But underneath I am the same as you. I reach out just as you do, in aspirations of the soul. I love, hate, hope, despair, rejoice, and suffer along with you. When my children lose their fair chance of life and become aware of the bitter road of prejudice they must tread, then I know what my color has cost. You and I can make the world better than we found it. I am a person of a different skin".
I first saw the light of day Dec. 25, 1869 in Putney, Vermont and still smile when I see on every calendar my birthday printed in red. The Vermont side of the Connecticut River I call the sunny side, for the sun smiles the year round when his first rays paint the rugged hills of Vermont with a golden brush, caring nothing if the thermometer hits 95 in the shade of summer or 40 below zero in winter.

Sixty years have come and gone since I left the old fashioned farmhouse and the "Deestrick skule" where I learned the "three Rs" to the tune of a hickory stick.

"Turn backward, turn backward, oh time in your flight, Make me a boy again just for tonight"

Time does not turn backward, but the treasure chest of memories is filled to overflowing until I became a man. I quit the farm before my 18th birthday and became a 10 hour a day shop hand, and at age 23 was promoted to a department foreman at $9.90 for a 60 hour week. We had depressions in those days, and from Nov. 1893 to April 1894 I had NO JOB and NO MONEY. Money was as scarce as hen's teeth, and half the town could not dig up 50¢ for a kitchen dance. Wood was 3.99 a cord, potatoes 50¢ per bushel, milk 5¢ per quart, and eggs 15-30 ¢ per dozen. We Banked our houses in October and with a well stocked cellar we huddled around the kitchen stove and waited until pussy willows, robins and bluebirds and maple sugar time brought Spring to us.
About this time I earned half my living playing semi-pro ball as a catcher with many of the fast teams of the area.

Prior to World War I, I feel sure that I lived in the best period of American life. Home Sweet Home in reality and song was heaven on earth. Now I wonder if we have gained more than we've lost; I do not know. Life was more relaxed and quieter, and the air was not filled with the rau cous din of machinery.

Thus far I have said but little of "Ol' Fiddler Bill", who, past 4 score years gets a kick out of the tunes he first began to play way back in the mid '80s.

At age 14 I bought a $6.00 fiddle, and age 16 found me acquiring a piccolo, and a year later a flute. I had no music lessons, but learned what little I know about music the hard way.

The standard four piece orchestra sixty or so years ago was violin, cornet, clarinet or flute, and bass. No mutes were used in the cornets. The bass was bowed, not twanged. With the advent of modern instruments, many books of old time music have changed the key, so that the devil himself couldn't play them on a fiddle.

From 1905 to 1930 I did not own a fiddle. Since 1940 I have attempted a come-back, and six National Folk Festivals, and several local festivals lead me to believe I am not a dead one yet. And so, if God lets me reach my 100th birthday in 1969, I hope I can draw a strong bow and tickle the strings as in the "days when you and I were young, Maggie".

"Ol' Fiddler Bill"
HONEST JOHN

Part 2

The first two give right hands around
Keep your steps in time
Left hand back the other way
And balance four in line.
SWING (usually, but not always, spoken)
The head two ladies chain
Head two couples half promenade
And half right and left to place.

The next two give right hands around
Keep your steps in time
Left hand back the other way
And balance four in line.
SWING
The side two ladies chain
Side two couples half promenade
And half right and left to place.

Repeat same changes for other couples
an ending

Allemande left your corner girl
A right hand round your own
You do si do your corner lady
And promenade your own.
The Dance

The first lady and third gent step to the center of set, join right hands and walk once around; releasing right hands they join their left hands and walk back the other way. They keep hold of left hands, join right hands with partner and balance that way four in line. This balance step is a short step forward and one short step back. All swing partners. Couples 1 & 3 do a regular ladies chain. Same two couples promenade across the set, turning around in the opposite couples place and do a right and left home to place.

Then the second lady and fourth gent give right hands around, etc. Side two couples ladies chain, half promenade and half right and left to place. Other couples do similar figures in turn.

In Orford, N.H., we found an extremely interesting variant of this second part of Honest John. Everybody up that way, on both sides of the Connecticut River say that only the Orford dancers do it this way. It is VERY VERY slow. The set that we saw dance were excellent dancers, and it was ceremonial in character. It was solemn and stately, and we caught a breath of
sadness about the dance. It was truly 'out of this world' and like no other American dance we have ever seen. Here is the way they danced it and the music to go with it. REMEMBER IT IS SLOW!

The Dance

The head two give right hands across
Take your steps in time
Left hand back the other way
And balance four in line.
Swing your corners (spoken) Swing partners.
The head two couples promenade
Right across the set
Then right and left right to your place
The same two ladies chain.

You have a beautiful variant, Orford. Please keep it. Don't yield to the blandishments from across the river to speed it up. There is plenty of room in the square dance world for both variants of Honest John; especially yours.
Formation: Groups of two couples, ladies on partner's right.

Figure 1. Each circle of four joins hands and take six polka steps to the right. Stop, facing center, strike hands three times (Own Hands). Repeat circle moving to left and starting with left foot.

Figure 2. Men place hands at partner's waist ladies place hands on partner's shoulders. Polka round the room sixteen steps. Stop in groups of four again. (This figure may also be done by dancing polka around the other couple instead of moving around the hall)

Figure 3. All join hands (right) in center, men with men, ladies with ladies, forming a mill. In this formation all dance six polka steps clockwise. 
wise. Stop facing center and strike own hands three times. Repeat figure, joining left hands.

Figure 4. Regular social dance position; the outstretched hands are held with palms together NOT clasped. All waltz around the hall sixteen waltz steps. Find a new couple and repeat the entire dance as many times as desired.

Sudmalinas (pronounced Sood-mah-linyas) is a nice little dance. The figures, while not complicated, are interesting and fun to do. It is a characteristic of Latvian dances for the hands to be clapped together, palms and fingers flat and not grasped or joined in handshake position. Sometimes the dance is done with a changing of partners just before the waltz thus filling the need of a social mixer. The name Sudmalinas is translated "The Little Mill". Along with Ackups, Jandalins, and Trisparu doja, Sudmalinas was one of the favorite dances done around Saint John's Night (June 24) bonfires.

The stamps and the striking of hands ought to be done vigorously. Stamp from an upright position, don't crouch. When hitting your hands together, remember that it is more of a strike than of clapping. In other words you are not playing patty-cake. You are doing a vigorous, manly dance; see that you do it like one.

In this supposedly enlightened age, it's time the prejudice of race, color and crees be abolished. Nature does not ostracize by saying: "I'll have nothing to do with the lily because it belongs to the lilum genus, nor will I have a maple on my estate because it's an acer". Neither should we shun Ivan because he is of Russian descent, or Joseph because he's a Catholic, or Frank because he's a Protestant. There are nice people of every nationality and we have learned that they are as honest and as good a friend as if we were the same color or creed as they.
I'll sing to you of the good old times
When people were honest and true;
Before their brains were addled or crazed
By everything strange and new;
When ev'ry man was a working man
And earned his live-li-hood;
And the women were smart and industrious
And lived for their family's good;
Of the days of Andrew Jackson
And of old Grandfather Grimes;
When a man wasn't judged by the clothes he wore
In old pod-auger times.

Our young men loaf about the streets
And struggle with bad cigars,
They stay out nights when they should be home
With their daddys and their ma's;
They wear tight trousers, likewise tight boots
And guzzle lager beer;
And when their daddys foot the bills
They find them pesky dear;
But when we old men were farmer's boys
We'd neither dollars nor dimes,
But we worked from daybreak till candlelight
In old pod-auger times.

Young gals didn't hug nor kiss their fellers
Whenever they came to court,
Nor paddle around on roller skates,
Nor pound on the pianyforte;
They kept their men at a good arm's length,
And made 'em know their place,
They played on washboards and kiddles 'n
With amazin' skill and grace;
They didn't lay abed till eleven a.m.
But got up in the mornin'betimes,
And they didn't elope with the old man's
In old pod-auger times.

The old men didn't drive fast hosses,
Nor gamble with keerds and dice,
Nor they didn't run church lotteries,
For it warn't considered nice;
But now they'll gamble and drink mean rum
And lead hypocritical lives,
And wives run away with other's husbands,
And husbands with other men's wives;
The folks didn't have delirious trimmin's,
Nor perpetuate horrible crimes,
For the cider was good and the rum was pure
In old pod-auger times.

A pod-auger was a huge bit used to bore wooden piping in early water systems. They used to say a man was a "pod-auger lawyer" or a "pod-auger farmer" meaning that he was old fashioned and behind the times. This song was written by Comical Brown, an itinerant entertainer who was a wellknown figure all over the East. It was a favorite song of my parents who sang it many a time at grange meetings or town "socials".
Come in folks. Come in and set down. Want to tell you about Selim Barnes. Lived down below here a ways. Trade anything he had Selim would, but he was better at shiftin' hosses than anything else. Never traded even'n never give boot is the rule he always went by.

One time he owned a Morgan mare. Kept her quite a while too; longer'n any other hoss he ever had. Pretty as a picture and spunky as all get out. You know how Morgans are—high steppers and dainty like. Proud's Lucifer, 'specially in a good rig. Selim always kept his harness dressed up in good shape and that mare was something to see I tell YOU, sorta pickin' her way along 's if she was too good to trot over an ordinary piece of road.

One Saturday mornin' long in the fall, Selim took the mare and his best Concord buggy 'n set out for Bradford, eight-nine mile up the road. Told his wife he didn't have nothin' particular in mind. Just felt like shiftin' hosses.
Hadn't gone more'n three miles when he saw Ase Holt drawin' in 'silage to his silo. Now Asehel had admired Selim's mare from the first time he saw her, and noticin' the smart rig knew that Selim was out tradin'. So he waved his arm and called out real neighborly:

"Mornin' Selim."

"Mornin' Ase," Selim replied, pullin' up the mare. "Goin' t' be a nice day, ain't it?"

"Shouldn't wonder. Tell better by noon. Nice mare you're drivin' there. Had 'er long?"

"Bout three months. Awful handy'n gentle's a kitten. Wife likes her. Drives 'er all 'round."

"High minded prob'ly. Morgans 'r apt t' be."

"Not this one. Never see her shy at anythin'"

"Got a nice hoss in th' barn. Like t' show 'im to yer."

"Like t' see 'im. Same one you got off that feller down t' Brookses?"

"Judas Priest, no! Didn't keep HIM long. Got this one down t' th' Falls."

So Selim cramped the buggy wheel so's he could get out, hitched the mare 'n walked in to the farmyard as Ase brought out his hoss. Good enough hoss too; bay with nice markin's. But anyone could see he warn't in the same class as the mare.

"There 'e is Selim. Some bigger'n yourn."

"Hm", said Selim critically. "Maybe two hun-
dred more in a couple or hands."

"More'n that Selim. Like t'let yer have 'im. Hadn't ought to though. Girls kinda like 'im."

"Lame forrard ain't he?" said Selim, gentlin' him before pickin' up the near front foot and pokin' out an imaginary stone.

"No, he ain't. Six year old. How old'd you say th' mare was, twelve?"

"Didn't say, Ase. Go look at 'er."

So the two men looked into the mouth of the other's hoss.

"Trade even, Selim," said Ase, biting off a corner of Climax.

"Can't do it, Ase," says Selim, whittlin' off some Mayo's Dark into his pipe.

Well, they dickered about half an hour and Selim finally agreed to trade for sixty seven fifty and a couple bushels of corn thrown in for good measure, and drove off toward Bradford with his new hoss.

He put his hoss up at Davis' livery stable and set down in the sun with a half dozen other fellers. Saturday used to be a great tradin'day in Bradford. Folks'd come in from miles around an' do their shoppin'. So 't warn't no bother at all for Selim to trade his two bushels of corn for some hens and two pounds of butter to boot. The hens he swapped to a pedlar for some calico
cloth and some 'notions'. Traded the 'notions' for some Northern Spy apples and a jack-knife. Then he set to work on the hoss, and before the middle of the afternoon he's shifted hosses four times, gettin' good boot each time.

And believe it or not, but when he got back to Ase Holt's again damned 'f he didn't trade the hoss he was drivin' then for the Morgan mare he'd shifted off that mornin' gettin' a Brahma rooster to boot.

Drivin' into the yard his wife met him at the stable door.

"Thought you was goin' t'shift hosses Selim"

"Did", said Selim startin' to unhitch.

"Didn't neither," said Mis'Barnes. "That's th'same hoss you started out with this mornin'.

"May be th' same hoss," replied Selim, "but it ain't th'same money." And he pulled out a big wad of bills from his pants pocket.

"Got some apples for pies too. And a Brahma rooster for Thanksgivin' and a good hand knife. Got some calico in th' buggy. Figured you could use it."

"Hmf," sniffed Mis'Barnes. "Must 've met a lot of folks foolisher'n you be."

"Nope. Shifted 'round some though."

Pretty good trader Selim was. 'Never trade even 'n never give boot.' Want to remember that next time you want to swap something.
GAMES WE USED TO PLAY

Fox and Geese

In this mild and near snowless winter it is nice to remember some of the things we used to do when the snow was 'clear up to here'. One of the favorite games during school recess and at noon hour was Fox and Geese.

Any number can play. The more the merrier. The pattern was tramped out in the snow by forming a train of kids who followed the leader around in a big circle in a fresh unwalked area. After we had tramped out the circle 30 to 40 feet across, we crossed it with four spokes, and then divided it again into eighths. The areas where the spokes touched the rim of the wheel were safety zones where the geese were safe. The fox stood in the center at the hub and the rest of us kids were the geese who ran around the rim and across the spokes if we could jump that far without stepping into the snow. If we did touch the snow outside the paths we had to take the fox's place in the center and he joined the others who were dashing around the rim yelling loudly and calling the fox various scatological names. When the fox tagged a goose, he was it.
But too many of us played at one time we used to make another circle outside the original and extend the spokes and chose another fox to help out the first one. Two foxes didn't stop the yelling any to speak of, but it certainly put a decided damper on the sassy remarks from the sidelines. A particularly fresh goose was sure to get his face rubbed with snow.

Saturday afternoons meant a hare and hound chase on snowshoes, or perhaps we might start early in the morning for a hike and 'cook-out lunch', or perhaps we would have a sliding party coasting down any one of a dozen hills in town. Before the days of automobiles and plowed roads this was perfectly safe. We used the packed down tracks made by log teams or sleighs, and the only hazard was to the unwary sleigher. Some how or other horses didn't relish meeting double runners loaded with yelling youngsters and some close escapes were recorded, as the horses would prance and paw the air and the man at the reins would heap sulphurous maledictions at his steed and at us, and the world in general for allowing us to careen at breakneck speed down "his hill".

The age of skiing was in the future - thank heavens. Though we would occasionally get out the wooden runners and step into the straps and slide down an open mowing. We treated skis with respect and went quite fast enough as they were without coating the under surface with a coat of gloss. And hills so steep you wouldn't think of negotiating without a double set of runner chains on were left to the birds and the wind.

Maybe we were cowards. I wouldn't know for sure. But at least our casualties didn't run to broken legs and ribs and fractured skulls.
These cold winter days seem to call for hearty food and the following is a marvelous recipe for the people who find fresh fish hard to obtain. In fact there are thousands of folks who feel that a chowder made from salt codfish is superior to one made from fresh cod.

Soak one pound of salt codfish for two hours in cold water; overnight if fish is very salty. Meanwhile, dice and try out 1/4 pound of salt pork until golden yellow. In this fat cook 1/4 cup sliced onions until yellow. Add quart of raw sliced or diced potatoes. Cook in kettle with enough water to cover the potatoes until potatoes begin to soften. Then add the fish and cook 20 minutes slowly. Move to back of stove; add 1 quart of milk and 1 can of evaporated milk; lump of butter (don't stint) and pepper to taste. No salt. Let it keep hot and blend for a few minutes. Serve piping hot with crisp crackers. Double the recipe for a large family. With crisp sour pickles (vinegar, not dill) then some apple pie with a good slab of "rat trap cheese"; or baked Indian pudding; and a pot of fragrant coffee, you have a meal fit for a king.

Sliced apples, fried in butter and sprinkled with brown sugar, are delicious served with crisp bacon strips for people suffering from a "jaded breakfast appetite."

The word "cocktail" is said to have originated during the American Revolution from the habit of a barmaid in Elmsford, N.Y., who decorated her glasses with rooster's tail feathers.
There is an inborn thriftiness in our Yankee make-up that isn't confined to being "careful" with money. The true New Englander hoards words—when talking to 'outlanders'. The old timers of this section practice an economy of talk which makes the Texan and Midwesterner appear like a spendthrift sailor on shore liberty.

Part of this characteristic is due to the fact the Yankee has a definite sense of self sufficiency and he doesn't need to build up his ego or make an impression on his neighbors. A stranger in a community who has more than a dozen words to say on any given occasion is marked down as a "chatter box" or an old talking machine. Also there is a bit of sly humor involved. We take an unholy delight in teasing strangers with this bucolic silence. "Put'em in their place".

We are reminded of a story fast becoming part of Maine's folklore. The incident took place between a Maine caretaker and Frank B. Kellogg when the latter was ambassador to Great Britain. It seems that Mr. Kellogg was visiting some friends and he was met at the station by his host's handyman. When the visitor's bags were all stowed away in the buggy they started the five mile trip to the summer home of his friend, and the handyman broke a long silence, asking:

"What be yer business?"

Mr. Kellogg decided to get the old fellows reaction to his full title, so he rattled off: "I am the accredited ambassador extraordinary from the United States of America to England, Ireland and India and the Dominions over the Seas and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James." The handyman looked straight ahead, spat over the dashboard and observed: "Be ya?"
NEWS AND PLANS OF N.H. FOLK FEDERATION

The New Hampshire Folk Federation recently established itself as a permanent organization adopting by-laws and electing the following officers: Pres. Brownlow Thompson; V.P. Arthur Tufts; Sec. Mrs. Malcolm Hayden; Treas. Reid Allen; Executive board, Miss Julie Engel, Mrs. Ruth Rollins and F. Howard Taggart.

A new feature of the Federation program is a monthly publication, "The Yankee Dancer", under the editorship of Mrs. Dorothea Thompson. Membership in the Federation includes a subscription.

Meeting in Concord the Executive board and the Festival Committee Chairmen planned the program and established policies for the Fifth Annual New Hampshire Folk Festival to be held at the Mount Belknap Recreation Area, May 19 & 20.

This Festival will bring together some of the finest square dance groups of the state. Other features will include folk singing, exhibits of resource materials, craft demonstrations, workshop for dance leadership, square dance photo contest and plenty of general dancing.

The Festival Executive Committee consists of: General Chairman, B.L. Thompson, Business Manager, Edmund Dearborn; Secretary, Mrs. Howard Taggart; Dance Chairman, Mrs. Dorothea Thompson; Music Chairman, Arthur Tufts; Crafts Chairman, Miss Julie Engel; Traditional foods chairman, Mrs. Lilly Allen; Resource & research, Miss Pauline Remick; Publicity chairman, Malcolm Hayden. Additional committee chairmen and members to be announced.

Save the date, May 19-20, Gilford, N.H.
CLUB ACTIVITIES IN RHODE ISLAND

John T. Kenyon reporting

The Old Timer's Club of Swansea held a very successful Xmas party at their hall on the evening of Dec. 17. The committee arranged for a sleigh and bells for Santa's arrival. On Dec. 31 they had their annual New Year's party, with the usual decorations and noise makers.

The Square Dance Club of the Second Congregational Church, Attleboro, Mass., has had a very good season, holding several special parties: A School Days Party; Hallowe'en Party, etc. At each special party they had a different guest caller among them being Lawrence Loy, Charley Baldwin and Howard Hogue.

My own pot group, the Pawtucket, R.I. Y.W.C.A. Dancers, have also enjoyed a successful season. We, among other groups, participated in the Duxbury Days Festival and the Brockton Fair Festival, not to mention our own Spring Festival held last March. Again this year, on March 23, we are sponsoring the Second Annual Spring Festival in this section. Last year we had eight exhibition groups with us, and this year we are hoping for bigger and better things. Among them we are hoping to get at least one National group showing us their national dances, something we did not have last year.

Jan. 21 we held a Poverty Party. The idea: to wear old clothes and bring your own lunch in a paper bag or handkerchief. Part of the admission price was some article of old but usable clothing (particularly shoes) which will be sent by the Y.W.C.A. to aid in foreign rehabilitation programs.
Born: Feb. 6 a daughter, Elizabeth Cazden, to Mr. & Mrs. Norman Cazden, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sat. Feb. 18 began the year 4647 of the Chinese lunar calendar, and there were all day celebrations and parade in many of America's little Chinatowns. If you live near one of them plan to see the next celebration. Look especially for the famous "lion dancers"; you'll like Square Dancers of the Seacoast Region of New Hampshire have organized the "Seacoast Region Square Dance Association. It is a non-profit club and was formed by people who wanted more adult square dances in and around Dover. Since the first party in October it has grown rapidly to a membership of over one hundred. The officers are: Pres. Kermit Carlson; Sec. Virginia Begley; Treas. James Ames. Executive board includes the above officers and their spouses, also Mr. & Mrs. Mal Hayden, Pauline Fogarty and Walter Vander Weel.

The Vermont Country Dance Festival is planned for April 22 in the Auditorium at Barre.

The New England Folk Festival is planned for April 29 & 30, somewhere in Boston. See next issue of Northern Junket for definite plans.

The Harvard Folk Dance Society presented a Czechoslovak Evening Friday, Feb. 17 at the Boston University College of Physical Education, Sargent. Directed by E. Eddy Nadel the club offered to a large audience as a special feature The Beseda, National Dance of Czechoslovakia. There were also periods of general folk dancing for all and general folk singing as well.

The Fitchburg, Mass. Quadrille Club plan their annual square dance festival for April 15. As always the event will be held in the E. F. Brown school building. This is one of the MUSTS.
Charlie Baldwin calls for square dancing at the YMCA Boston, Mass. every Wednesday evening 8:30-11:30 in Bates Hall, Huntington Ave. Branch.

A new exchange to come to Northern Junket is a publication of the Folk Dance Federation of Minnesota, "The Roundup". Price $1.00 a year, 15¢ per copy. Address 406 11th Ave. S.E., Minneapolis 14, Minn. Better request their Directory, too. It has the dance groups of the state as well as teachers, members and non-members alike.

The Milford N.H., Woman's Club recently heard Mrs. Carol Auburn Brown of Ipswich, Mass. lecture on New Hampshire legends. She related tales of Portsmouth, Isle of Shoals, Hampton and Renniker.

New York Folklore Society presented a program of "Folklore of Three Continents" at New York's Historical Society's Auditorium, Feb. 11. Arthur S. Alberts played and discussed his recordings of "Folk Songs from West Africa". Richard Lee and Paul Walters gave a dialogue-recital of "Folk Songs along the Pan-American Highways". Carl Carmer related experiences and folk tales "Baying down a York State Folk Trail".

Frank H. Wardlaw, director of the University of S.C. Press since 1946, has been appointed director of a new book publishing division that will be instituted by the University of Texas Press. Mr. Wardlaw will develop a program of publication for books written by University of Texas faculty members. This new division, for which an initial appropriation of $20,000 will be made, will be concerned with publication and distribution of books on Texas and Southwest history, folklore, plant and animal life.

Oxford County, Maine, has formed a new Square Dance association with over one hundred members to replace their Recreation Council. Membership is open to all residents of the county.

Folk and Square dancing at the Hartford, Conn. Y.M.C.A. every Wed. night. Individual instruction in squares, polkas, schottisches, and hambo 7:30-9:00. One type of dance each period.
Joe Perkins is calling for the Topsfield Town Hall Hoedown in that town, Sat. Feb. 18. Also at First Church, Salem, the last Sat. of each month. "The Fairy Doll", most popular of all great ballets was the first offering of Boston's school, 'The Ballet Center', opening Feb. 21 at the John Hancock Auditorium.
The New York Public Library is sponsoring a series of seven Monday evening lectures on the history of the dance by Curt Sachs, whose book "World History of the Dance", is one of the classics in its field. Lectures are at 8:30 in Room 213 of the main library at Fifth Ave. & Forty-second St. This series is virtually a must for all students of the dance.
Four couples of the Fitchburg Quadrille Club recently held a square dance in the trailer of Mr. & Mrs. Ray Comstock. They report a space eight ft. square is available; plenty of room for one set. Bowls of potato chips, pop corn and peanuts were easy to dip into during every promenade—provided your hand got there first. Real handy like & neighborly, The Town Crier thinks.