I have often wondered about two angles of this dance business: 1 - Why is it that when a dance teacher is told by another teacher that he is doing or teaching a certain dance wrong, does he blow sky high in anger? I doubt if it is true of any other profession, so why must the dance teachers be so much different from any other profession?

2 - Why is it that so many dance teachers, choreographers, and writers of dance books fail to give credit where it is due? Why not be honest and say that such and such a dance, or figure of a dance, is taken from an old manuscript at least one hundred and fifty years old? Or that you got the idea for your latest dance creation from such and such a folk dance?

If it is true that only the insecure fail to give credit in anything, than the dance world is surely filled with insecure teachers.

Well, as Bill Tyler would say: "It's been a long time since I seen yer last." And so it has. Been over 10,000 miles since the last issue, and you have to stay at home once in a while to get out a magazine.

Sincerely

Ralph
New Hampshire weather was kind to us for the week before taking off for Atlanta, Georgia and the 4th Dixie Folk & Square Dance Institute. At least we thought we were getting conditioned to the weather ahead. Imagine our surprise to find it actually several degrees cooler there than in New Hampshire. More people from New England would come to this school if they knew that Atlanta was 1000 feet above sea level and seldom is unbearably hot.

For the second year we returned to Emory College for the Institute, headed by Fred and Mary Collette, directors, and staffed by Ralph Page, Keene, N.H.; Las & Ruth Woodward, Nashville Tennessee; and newcomer, Don Armstrong of New Port Richey, Florida. This staff of teachers kept the 75 students completely busy, morning afternoon, and evening with dances ranging from couple dances to singing quadrilles to folk dances to contras to Appalachian two couple squares to play-party games - as you see there was a wide range of subjects well calculated to keep everybody on his toes and interested. The students came from 14 widely separated states though of course most were from Atlanta or nearby cities and towns. All were there
with the purpose of getting help in some of the above mentioned forms of the dance, and they did so, for 90 per cent of the dances presented were usable in any group.

Classes began at 9 a.m. and were of one hour length; two classes in the morning, followed by a half hour discussion period. Then lunch at the famous Emory College cafeteria. Food was there in great abundance and variety. We had a choice of four main dishes, at least a dozen different kinds of salads and desserts, plus hot breads or cold, and a choice of tea, coffee, or milk, the first two iced or uniced. We lived like a king for less than three dollars a day. The food was wonderful too, to go along with the fabulous prices charged.

Afternoon classes began at 2 p.m. and again were of one hour's duration, ending with an hour's caller's class. Parties were held every evening from 8 to about 10:30. Then, most of the school and some of the visitors - for the evening parties were open to anyone who cared to attend - adjourned to a nearby soda fountain for refreshments and talk. Then, presumably, we all went home and to bed, but some did not, for Murray Sherman, Leonne Cottle, Martha Furches, Ray Olson and myself often continued the talks while strolling around the campus os-
tensibly walking each other home. The Georgia nights were so delightful that we hated to lose a moment of them with sleep. Besides, as we kept reminding each other - beds are so dangerous, people die in them!

The weather was perfect. Two days of warm rain was followed by days of hot, but not too hot temperature. The last day of the Institute it began to get real hot and muggy, but who could deny them the privilege of one measly day of such weather.

We lived just off campus with Ray Olson of Moline, Illinois, for a roommate, in a nice second floor room with five large windows that provided plenty of cool ventilation. Ray was attending the Institute for the third successive year. He is doing fine work for the Moline Recreation Department and has the whole city square dance conscious. Between he and Murray Sherman of Brooklyn, N.Y. there were few dull moments, in class or out.

A beautiful indoor pool adjoined the gym where the classes were held and this was open to any of us at any time of the afternoon or evening. Many of the students took advantage of the privilege too. In fact the college held one special "splash" party following one of the evening dancing parties.

We did other things besides dance. One afternoon we watched a demonstration of rhythms.
for small children by Nora Belle Emerson who brought in her kindergarten class to show us how children were introduced to all kinds of rhythms. Another afternoon we enjoyed a watermelon "cutting" at the private lodge of Bill & Ila Monroe, home of the Promenade Club of Atlanta - original square dance club there - given by the Monroes, the Carl Knoxes and the Collettes. One afternoon we regaled ourselves with delicious peaches, a gift from Lewis Camp. And Thursday afternoon we participated in a television broadcast over WAGA, the most powerful television station in the South.

After the final party several of us drove out to the Al Collins' for a last party and snack. Marie, talented young daughter of the family, thrilled us with many marimba solos and the young lady is good! And we mustn't forget another late evening snack when we were guests of Robin White and her friend.

With real regret we took leave of our many Atlanta friends Sunday morning, for once more we had but one day to get across the country to California and the California Folk Dance Camp, held each year at College of the Pacific in Stockton.
The flight to San Francisco was negotiated with no trouble aloft. This year we changed planes at Dallas, Texas, for a non-stop flight to the west coast. This took us directly over the magnificent Grand Canyon, Hoover Dam - Lake Mead. This is an awe-inspiring spectacle from any angle of observation and we found it doubly so from a height of 17,000 feet. Arriving at the San Francisco airport 20 minutes ahead of schedule, we were met by friends who drove us the additional 75 miles to Stockton with just time enough to empty suitcases and attend the first - and only - staff meeting in the lounge of the sorority house which was the home of the entire faculty for both sessions.

We were shocked beyond words to hear of the sudden death of Jack Hoheisal who was to have been one of the square dance teachers, a post which he held with honor last year. We were well-nigh inseparable in '52 and to state that we missed the big guy is the understatement of the century. The square dance section felt his loss deeply, for Jack was not only a nice person but a grand teacher. We often remember this simple, sincere little poem when a friend leaves us. Nancy Byrd Turner wrote it:

_Death is only an old door_  
Set in a garden wall,  
On gentle hinges it gives, at dusk  
When the thrushes call.

Along the lintel are green leaves,  
Beyond the light lies still.  
Very willing and weary feet  
Go over the sill.

There's nothing to trouble any heart,  
Nothing to hurt at all.  
Death is only a quiet door  
In an old wall.
The camp this year was on its own - without the sponsorship, real or implied, of the Folk Dance Federation of California. This, we believe to be a step for the better. We had a smaller faculty - 22 as opposed to over 30 in previous years. However, we noticed no lowering of the standards of teaching as a result - quite the contrary. And this is a good time to note that Dale Garrett, who took over in Jack Hoheisl's stead, did a bang up job on mighty short notice. Both camps were slightly smaller than heretofore, although close to 200 campers attended each session.

Each year this camp gets closer to what we Yankees call a folk dance camp and it moved a giant step in '53. We had far more folk singing than ever before and it was quite noticeable during the second session. It came about this way: Monday between camps, a group of 'hang-overs' gathered in one of the class rooms and sang folk songs for an hour. From this initial group grew a folk song choir of some 25 voices that sang at several afternoon assemblies - some thing never done before, and we doubt very much if it could have been done in past years.

Then there was our camp orchestra that played for many dances during the evening parties, and could have played for most every dance every night, but we rebelled, for we wanted to dance once in a while ourselves. We had this instrumentation: trombone, cornet, clarinet, concertina, 4 piano accordions, 4 guitars, 4 harmonicas, mandolin, fiddle and piano. We might not have been good but by God we were loud! Our first public appearance came at the end of one
of the lawn parties when we led the whole camp from the lawn party in a tour of the field and down the street to the gym, a couple of hundred yards away. Another night we led the campers from the gym to the "End Zone" for afterhours refreshment, to the great delight of Thor, the Danish owner of the place.

Our contra classes were as well attended as ever and enthusiasm toward them was even greater. This was especially noticeable at the evening parties on the lawn and in the gym; everybody loved them and rushed onto the lawn or gym floor in true New England style - at times we truly thought for a fleeting moment that we were back home in New Hampshire. Another year we intend taking out some of the old manuscripts we have and holding workshop periods in working out some of the forgotten contras - Bet we'll have fun together, and maybe we will come up with another Sackets Harbor.

The evening parties in the gym were infinitely better this year. Vera Holleuffer was in charge of programming them the first session and Adrienne Munton the second. The Potlatch party ending the first camp was a lot of fun; it had a build-up most of the week - whenever you least expected it somebody had a clever way of reminding the camp that something extra special was going to happen to us 'next Saturday night' and maybe we'd better be around to see it. This sort of appetite-whetting was not only fun but made for interest and a grand party. The second session had a 'Ladies Night' party at which every leader or caller was a lady camper. They did a swell job. And of course we mustn't forget the trip around the world that
we took at one of the parties. As we recall it was at this party that all the lights around that end of the campus went out and stayed out for a half hour or more - we found out later an automobile accident caused it - and what could have been something serious turned into good fun, for the orchestra happened to be playing at the time and we merely kept on but shifted to a series of old time waltzes and then led the campers out the back door where a line of cars furnished headlights for refreshments and Dick Bennett led the group in a community-sing. Nice work, Dick.

And of course there was the big dance in the football stadium the very last night of camp. A beautiful night, a big crowd of spectators and dancers, terrific sound system, all helped to make it a night of memory.

 Vyts Beliajus returned to the faculty this year and was the 'Darling of the Campus', and why not? Two years ago he was so near to death's door it was starting to open for him and here he was, hale and hearty and weighing a healthy 140 pounds.

Gordon Tracie of Seattle was a new faculty member, teaching Swedish dances. Back in the states after a three year visit to Sweden he brought with him many priceless tapes of music that he recorded over there of Swedish dances and folk tunes. We listened to them while
lolling on the lawn in front of the cafeteria right after lunch. Wish you could have heard the one of 30 fiddlers playing for a Mid-summer celebration.

John Filcich, Oakland, California, was also a new full-time faculty member, teaching kolos and Greek dances. We'd say that John did the outstanding teaching job at the camp. Keep your eye on this lad, he's going places in the folk dance teaching world.

Between sessions we hired the boat "Happy Go Lucky" and rode up the Calaveras River to Lost Island and a steak cook-out. The latter was wonderful and everybody had a good time going to and from the island, but we must in all truthfulness report that never in all our born days were we any colder in August than we were on this trip. A bright, clear sky - and a cold icy wind, right off the Arctic Ocean and nothing to stop or hinder it until it hit us! Such things happen, even in the best of climates and it was forgotten next day when we returned to more normal summer weather. But didn't that fire in the fireplace feel good when we got home to the faculty house?

For once, we kept reasonably sane hours. Even after our room-mate - Bob Hagar - arrived in the middle of the first session, we kept to fairly early bed-time. The meals at the college cafeteria were excellent, though for the life of us we never could figure out the dietary laws forbidding us bacon and eggs for
breakfast. A minor detail of course for it did not take very long to find a way around the ukase, and if the head dietician hasn't found out how it was done, far be it from us to betray any secrets.

A fair evaluation of camp would disclose that both sessions were of very high order in spirit, earnestness, and co-operation. Accordingly we believe that this year's California Folk Dance Camp was the best one they've held since we first went there four years ago.

*****

A chance remark during a conversation with Gene Boone while we were chatting together on Lost Island, led to a wonderful trip to Columbia in the Mother Lode country. But first let us tell you about something else.

Sunday was breakaway day for campers and faculty alike and until noon there was more rushing around faculty house than you'd see any place else, unless it was rush hour in the Grand Central Station. The time to pack is before you have to, but few people do that and we have always identified ourselves with the big majority in such a case. So practically every
member of the faculty was right busy as soon the breakfast 'goodbyes' had been said. And beds to carry up two flights of stairs too so let it be said here that we had to carry up our room-mate's bed, for Bob Hagar left before breakfast for San Diego. Last minute purchases of records too, for the three record shops stayed open for business while they were taking down their displays. Finally a score of us ate our last meal together and we were all ready for the trip to Modesto, some thirty or so miles away where we were the guests of the Gene Boone family. Before dark Gene drove us on a tour of the countryside to see the acres and acres of produce being grown for the packing plant of which he is the manager. To anyone who was brought up on a farm as were, this ride was fascinating.

Coming home we drove in to a place that had painted on the roof this slogan "The Best Fried Chicken in the Country". We've seen such places before all over the United States and always view such extravagant phrases with a very jaundiced eye. After all, that was taking in quite a sizeable chunk of real estate, but the Boones seemed to know what they were doing so we went along with only minor protests. It was well that we did so for that meal was out of this world. The name of the place is "Griswold's", and be sure to remember it if you ever find yourself anywhere near Modesto, for here is truly the "Finest Fried Chicken" you'll find in any restaurant in the country.
Next morning we drove to Columbia, one of the 'ghost towns' of California, and scene of a once thriving gold mining center. The state has recently taken over the place and is restoring the buildings exactly as they were one hundred years ago. How fascinating to walk the board sidewalks and visit the stores and bar-rooms - now innocuous soda fountains - and wonder if maybe some ancestor of ours had perhaps walked the same street as a Forty-niner.

And then the big trees of Calaveras State Park - story in themselves - and the ride home through other 'gold rush' towns, Murphys and Angels Camp particularly, made the day one that will linger in our memory forever.

A day in San Francisco, and for once we were almost warm there. A drive around some of the scenic places - and hills!!! Yike!!!! May you never have a New England ice storm - with the George Murtons, and which included among others, the Golden Gate Park, Seal Rocks, and St Marks. And then to a Chinese restaurant with the Murtons, the Jack Sankeys and Peg Allmond where we ate and ate and ate, to adjourn to Peg Allmond's home for coffee and ice cream and to be joined there by Jack McKay. A fine going away dinner.

A night's rest in Redwood City with the Murtons, and then --- San Francisco Airport and a United Airlines Tourist flight to New York with a long enough stop-over in Chicago for a nice dinner. Then, a flight to Boston and the early morning train to Keene and home, all in less than 24 hours.
Once each session we held a special New England Night in our class-room and for one hour - 8:30-9:30 - we did our best to present a true picture of what an old-time kitchen junket was like, even to a folk singer - John Mitchell from Chicago - Of course a lot of imagination was needed to turn a class room into a New England farmhouse, and even more to imagine one big room divided into at least four-kitchen, dining room, front room and bed room. But everyone entered into the spirit of the thing and we had a wonderful time. So many came to the second session party that we wondered if it ought not to be called a "Town Hall Party".

Another of the 'giant steps' were classes led by Gracie Perryman in crafts and related folk arts; such as Leather work, Peasant embroidery, Castanet technique, and a Workshop in Folklore as it may be used for parties.

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SO LONG MARY
by
LOUISE WINSTON

We're told that all good things come to an end, though there are times when we bitterly regret it. One such occasion was on August 11 when the Tuesday night dancers at the Boston YWCA saw "finis" written to a very happy association with a truly wonderful person - Mary Gillette. After eleven years as director of the Health Education Department at the YW, Mary has resigned, to go home to Cincinnati. New England square dancers owe Mary a deep debt of gratitude, since she was responsible for starting the Tuesday night square dances when first she came to the YWCA, at a time when square and folk dances were practically non-existent in greater Boston. Also, she is the person responsible for bringing Ralph Page from New Hampshire in as the caller for the group. She has supported the dance program enthusiastically ever since, and her sincere and friendly greeting at the door each week provided a most gracious welcome to all. We'll miss seeing you there, Mary!

The dance on August 11, planned as a farewell party for Mary brought back many of her friends who have danced at the YWCA during the past years. Over two hundred dancers were present to say good-bye and to present Mary with a few remembrances of the happy years of danc-
ing together—Amelia Earhart luggage, a Columbian style hooded cape, a framed hand-painted scroll of thanks for her contribution to the joy and good fellowship of so many thousands of dancers, and a gold pendant. This last, presented by Jack Kenyon, was the gift of the New England Folk Festival Association, of which Mary was one of the founders, a past president and most ardent supporter.

Earlier in the evening Mary had received a corsage of baby orchids and a lovely hand-printed dance program which was quickly filled with the names of many friends who wanted one last dance with her. She had a gay time dancing to the calling of Abe Kanegson, who was taking Ralph Page's place during the latter's trip to California.

After the presentation of the gifts there was a short intermission for refreshments, with the punch bowl presided over by Hannah Stevens who will succeed Mary as Head of the Health Education Department, and who is already known and liked by the dancers through her work as Mary's assistant.

Following intermission the dancing continued, with the caller, orchestra, and dancers all giving their very best as a well-knit team, in that perfection of folk dance perfection which seems to be inspired and brought forth only on rare and festive occasions. It was a dance to crown Mary's memories of many happy dances in that same hall, and when finally it ended, some time after the usual hour of 11:00 o'clock closing hour, it was followed by a folk sing, led as only Abe Kanegson can lead one. Mary, who loves such sings, found it a fitting ending to a most memorable and exciting send-off.
As one of the outstanding attractions of its summer dance series, the Oxford County Square Dance Association invited to the state of Maine on Saturday, August 15th at the Alumni Gymnasium in Farmington, Michael & Mary Ann Herman of New York City. The Hermans are recognized throughout the country as the foremost authorities on worldwide folk dances. They are the directors of the famous Folk Dance House in New York City where both experienced and beginner folk dancers from all over the world enjoy sharing folklore and folk dances with the Hermans. Michael and Mary Ann are also well known among New England folk dancers, having directed for the past three years the Maine Folk Dance Camp held at Bridgton each June. They are also the publishers of the well known Folk Dancer records and many books on folk dancing. Michael, a graduate of Juillard School of Music, with his folk orchestra, has made many of the folk dance records
for Victor and other record companies.

The program opened at the Alumni Gymnasium at 2:30 p.m. with a workshop session and continued with a picnic supper, followed by a gala party in celebration of the 15th wedding anniversary of the Hermans.

As a special added feature George Mosher Farmington's own champion fiddler was on hand with his accompanist, Miss Zilda Brown, also of Farmington, who played for square and contra dancing. New contras, square dances and the old time Lancers Quadrille helped fill out the fun packed program of the day. Special invitations were extended to members of all the folk and square dance organizations in the state.

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The Oxford County Square Dance Association held a very successful dance July 24th at the Bandbox Pavillion, Norway, Maine, with Abo Kanegson of New York City calling and leading folk singing.

On August 28th the same organization sponsored Mac McKendrick of Kulpsville, Pa. also at the Bandbox in Norway.

The last of the Association's summer series was held September 11 at the Bandbox with Mr & Mrs Brownlow Thompson of Conway, N.H. as guest callers. Previous callers in this summer series have been Ralph Page of Keene, N.H. on May 29th and Mal Hayden of Rochester, N.H. on July 10th. All of these dances have brought a record attendance of square dance enthusiasts from all over New England.
SLOWING DOWN A FLOOR

by DOC ALUMBAUGH

One of the petty, but important annoyances that callers and square dancers have to battle is the problem of "slowing down" hardwood floors that are too slick and fast for square dancing. For years we used grated paraffin for this purpose with varying degrees of success but a recent fire ruling in our area outlawed paraffin because of the fire hazard it created by accumulating in corners and other spots where cigarette stubs and matches were discarded.

After a lot of disappointing and unsuccessful experiments with a host of so-called "answers" to our problem, we finally called in a professional floor maintenance expert who, after a careful study of our requirements, gave us a simple, effective, inexpensive and harmless remedy for too-smooth hardwood floors.

Mix one part cream furniture polish with five parts of very hot water. Almost any good brand of cream (not oil) furniture polish will work, but we prefer Shell Cream Polish, obtainable from any Shell Oil Co. service station or dealer. One person applies the hot solution to the floor generously from a child's toy sprinkling can, or some such receptacle, while a second person follows along immediately with a dry-type mop to spread and distribute the solution evenly over the surface. One pint of pol-
ish mixed with five pints of hot water will cover a hall holding fifteen squares - about 2400 square feet - with an application time of only 15-20 minutes. One application will last through two or even three consecutive nights of square dancing. Within two or three days the "slow down" effects of the application are dissipated and the floor returns to its former state without further attention, or the former hard polish may be restored immediately by a dusting of professional powdered dance wax.

REPORT FROM THE CAPE

Over 500 persons attended the 2nd Annual Lower Cape festival held at Eastham, Sept. 5th. Jay Schofield and Dick Anderson shared honors as M.C.'s, along with guest callers, Gus Walsh, Warren Wardell and Jay Schofield, Jr.

The Promenaders provided the music for the squares and couple dances. Exhibition sets included a Junior set from Eastham with Jay Schofield, Jr. as the caller. The Dennis Polka Dots who danced without benefit of a caller and a mop dance which was arranged on the spot.

As a result of a joint meeting of the Board of Directors and the Policy Committee of the CCSAFDA held recently, a schedule of class-
es were arranged to start early in October.

All classes will be held at Lyceum Hall, Yarmouthport, starting with an advanced class conducted by Howard Hogue, Tuesday, October 6th. This class will be closed and by subscription only. Beginning Wednesday, October 7th, an intermediate class conducted by Dick Anderson. This class is open to all who can qualify as intermediate, or at least not beginners. Interested persons may contact Scott Corbett, Dennis; or Dick Anderson, Box 142, Hyannis. All above classes will be sponsored by the CCSAFDA and subject to the standards established by the Policy Committee of that organization.

Jay Schofield, President of the CCSAFDA announced another meeting would be held Sept. 27th to form plans for the Annual meeting to be held the latter part of October.

Dick Anderson

ANNOUNCING

Hi Folks:-

This is to announce that the Annual Texas Folk Dance Camp will again be held Thanksgiving weekend in Dallas, Texas.

Some of you have attended the camp and
know of the wonderful time that is had. Others may have heard about it from their friends or have received a Xmas card from the Texas Folk Dance Camp. You probably wondered who in the heck sent it to you and why? (Now the mystery is revealed!)

Anyway, here are some pertinent facts about the camp to let you know what goes on and why it is a high light of the year for many people.

The camp was started in 1949 by a group of college students and faculty to bring together people in the south who were interested in folk dances. The group was small then but such a good time was had by all that it was decided to continue the annual meeting. As the years passed, the camp grew larger as the word spread that it was so enjoyable.

It is a non-profit organization that operates solely for the pleasure of those attending. The expense is regulated by what things cost at the time of the camp.

There seems to be no common grouping of those who attend except that of the love for folk dances, fellowship, and good food. There are teenagers to people in their sixties attending - rich and poor alike.

The camp starts Thursday evening Nov. 26th with dinner and getting acquainted. From then on til Sunday afternoon we folk dance - sing-folk dance - eat - folk dance - do hand craft folk dance. Oh yes, and some sleep now and then

It is really hard to put into words all that can be crammed into 3 days of the camp.

Anyway, here is hoping that you will join
us this year for the 6th annual Texas Folk Dance Camp.

Yours truly

Jere & Marty Hinckley
5107 Tremont St.
Dallas 14, Texas

Subscriber Ann Shook, Florida, has these two suggestions: (1) That someone or some group make a reference list giving the various names for each square dance pattern. For example, one pattern has these names: "Sutter's Mill" "Four Gents Star" "Star by the Right" and maybe more names. Sometimes a routine has one name for the patter call and another for the singing call. Quite confusing for beginners. (2) That square dance associations, record companies, and square dance magazines organize into a national group and sponsor a reference collection on square dancing in a state library in a centrally located state. This reference library could include square dance books, magazines, records and costumes.

Also I'm making an index of square dances appearing in square dance books and magazines. I'd be glad to pay transportation within the United States, on any square-dance magazines with which anyone has finished and no longer wish to keep. And does anyone have any second-hand square dance books for sale?"

Ann L. Shook
P.O. Box 1682
Orlando, Fla.
How do, Ralph; --

Will write at greater length shortly, I hope, when I get settled and have more time — am trying to keep a journal of sorts, and will send excerpts therefrom for the JUNKET — but just couldn’t let today pass without sending you a note to let you know I’m thinking of you and wishing you the best of times at this fall’s folk dance camp. I only wish I could be there to join you. On the other hand, I know how many problems there are in the running of one, so would not be surprised if you’re wishing you could be in Denmark, or some such place, along about the time you receive this.

At the moment, I’m spending this Labor Day — you guessed it — laboring. It’s no holiday here on this farm where I’m staying. There’s a harvest to take care of and crops to get into the barn, and I don’t have to speak very much Danish to wield a pitchfork and help with the threshing. Lazy soul that I am, that I should come to this. Tsk, tsk. How did I get here? That’s a long story and I hardly know where to start.

First, I guess, as must be obvious, the American Scandinavian Foundation in New York came through very suddenly, as I had hardly dared hope that they would, with the offer to sponsor me for a winter’s stay here, if I want—
ed to go, and go I went. I dare say by now you have heard of my hasty exit from Boston — man that was a riot. Still don't see how I managed to catch that boat in Montreal and certainly wouldn't have if it hadn't been for all the gang at Old Joe's and the help they gave.

The 10 days on the boat were an experience in themselves — ever try to call a square dance when nothing, dancers, phonograph, records, even the floor itself wouldn't keep still? Woof! The things that recreation work gets you into! I found that by strapping myself to the piano which was bolted down, I at least managed to remain relatively stable — about the only thing to be so.

Once ashore in France, I spent a swell two weeks hitch-hiking around — to Paris, and south to Biarritz for the Folk Dance Festival (a story in itself) a couple of days in Spain, complete with bullfights. Some 22-24 countries at the Conference, many in colorful costumes, breath-taking exhibitions. Met the Von Konsky's who were there representing California Federation, one of Ralph Piper's friends from Minnesota, E.Eddy Nadell from Boston, Edith Ewald from Vermont, and several other familiar faces.

From there back to Paris and on to London thence north to Scotland, where I went to the Scottish Country Dance Society's summer school
at St. Andrew's University - another story there, not organized much like the sessions we are used to, but I learned a lot and had an interesting time, even if I did have to put on a necktie for tea time.

I can see why the Scottish dance teams, be it in Boston or wherever you see them, are generally pretty good, for the course of training that they put prospective teachers through there at St. Andrews is really comprehensive --- and rugged!

From Scotland I hitched back south to London, crossed the Channel from Dover to Belgium and then spent a week hitching through Belgium, Holland, North Germany and Schleswig-Holstein. Remember that fabulous little grey-haired lady at the first Folk Dance Camp at Kezar Lake and whose home was originally in Schleswig-Holstein? I thought of her - wonder where she is now? As I recall, she said she was going to return, so maybe I passed her. Anyhow, I'm more than ever convinced that the way to see the world and meet people is to hitch-hike. Would not have missed it for anything.

Got to Copenhagen the 13th of August, just in time to celebrate my birthday with the new friends I'll be with most of the coming winter. The rest of the month we were busy with orientation courses and language lessons at the Uni
versity in Cop — pardon me, when in Rome, you know — København — then the Foundation arranged for each of the students like myself to spend some time in a real Danish home. So I came to this little town of Hjirm in western Jutland, where I am now practising my "tale Dansk" and generally absorbing Nordic "kultur".

More later

Rich — you should hear the way they try to pronounce my name here — you'd never know it was me!

NEW HAMPSHIRE FOLK DANCE CAMP

Ninety-two campers cannot be wrong; this was a very special camp. From the first it was destined to be so and I'm sure that the experience gained will be remembered by each camper to his or her dying day. Never have I seen a more cooperative or friendlier group of people at any camp in the country. If there is such a thing as "esprit de corps" possible to be attained in four days, then this New Hampshire
Folk Dance Camp achieved it.

What made this camp any different from any of the others held here? There were several reasons and here they are as I see them:

1. We began with a small group of 60 campers and only a half dozen came in until Friday afternoon, consequently, everyone knew everyone else before the first day was over;
2. the camp was equally divided as to sexes from the very first and remained that way throughout;
3. a relaxed staff of teachers who gave their talent unrestrainedly;
4. excellent food and a kitchen staff that was 'out of this world';
5. a dining room with a homey atmosphere;
6. a blazing fire place in the same room around which we could sing folk songs after late evening snack;
7. at least a third of the campers were 'first time campers';
8. the use of live music for the kitchen junket party;
9. the finest folk song leader in the country. When you have a majority of those reasons present in any camp, then you have a good camp; when you have them all, then you have an outstanding one.

Every New England state was represented as well as New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Oregon, and the Province of Ontario, which made for some interesting discussion periods in which every camper had a chance to express an opinion.

We had the following parties: Thursday - a general get-together and meet the staff party.
Friday - committee's choice, in this case a Gipsy Caravan, always on the move, and constantly being ousted from their camp grounds by an unsympathetic landlord;!!! Oops, substitute Wednesday for Thursday, Thursday for Friday & now - Friday - Gay Nineties Party; Saturday - Kitchen Junket; Sunday, Review Party.

Nationality meals: Wednesday nite, Greek; Thursday night, Polish; Saturday noon, German; Sunday noon, Italian; Sunday night, Swedish smorgasbord. Other meals: Thursday noon, Southern; Friday noon and night, New England; Saturday night, New England. Four American meals were an innovation at a Folk Dance Camp, but it seemed to me we appreciated the nationality meals all the more because of it, and who would say that the Southern baked ham and sweet potatoes, or the New England style non-meat meals Friday, and the Traditional Saturday night supper were not on a par with the others? It would take a very brave person to say so.

Two nights we'll always remember. Friday night, when Walter Lob unlimbered his fiddle after the late evening snack and played reels, jigs, and hornpipes for two hours without repeating a single one. And Saturday night when Abe Kanegson really was in a rare mood for singing, and did so, and kept everybody else doing it too for it seemed like hours. About one thirty, when all of us were beginning to think that maybe we'd better break it up and go to
bed, the heavens opened and it rained cats, dogs and large cannon balls for the next two hours. Nobody was prepared for that sort of thing and had left rain-coats and jackets in their cabins. It was warm and dry around the fireplace so there we stayed and sang and sang and sang. A new batch of coffee was brewed up and some cookies and sandwich spread found to take the curse off an empty stomach. Yes, we'll remember those two nights for a long, long time.

It is a good thing that Bob Bennett has broad shoulders for he'll need them to carry all the praises heaped on him for the grand meals he turned out of the kitchen. Lucky day when he called up from Concord and offered to come over and help out with the preparing of the meals. Praise can become embarrassing but before it does we want the world to know that we think Bob Bennett is the finest chef for a folk dance camp that you'll find anywhere. And of course he had plenty of good help from—Alice Eliot, baker; and Angela Taylor & Faith Mattison, helpers. Between them all we had a kitchen crew of outstanding excellence—and cheerfulness.

And throughout the entire camp was a wonderful air of helpfulness; a willingness on the part of more experienced dancers to dance with and help the newer folk or contra dancer. No one felt he was too good a caller or dancer.
and thus above the acts of kindness so necessary for the emergence of the real folk dance camp spirit.

Ted Sannella had charge of the record and book shop and reports a good business. He was also on every party committee - a sort of unofficial steering committee of one! How well he steered is attested by the fact that each party got progressively better.

The American dance hit of camp was undoubtedly the "Loomis Lancers" taught by Jack Kenyon, Saturday afternoon, and danced at the Kitchen Junket Party that night. Jack knows more about this dance than any other leader and we were fortunate to have he and his wife in camp and willing to teach it. Another special class in the Hambo convinced a lot of us that we really weren't such hot hambo dancers as we thought we were - but we're a lot better now!

And we don't know but what our six year old daughter is going to be a leader for before one of the parties she had the whole camp doing play party games that she'd learned in school, and did so well that everyone thought it was part of the program and not her idea of how to start off a party.

Anybody want to argue the question that we had the only chef in the country who is a good square dance caller as well as an excellent chef?

Wondering about a Christmas present for that New England square dancer, far away from home? Send him NORTHERN JUNKET. Only $2.00 for 12 issues. He'll thank you, and so will we.
FOLK DANCE

PUTTJENTER

GERMAN

Formation: Four couples in a square with each lady standing at the right of her partner.

Fig. 1 - All join hands and take eight walking steps to the left. Then take eight walking steps to the right, back to place.

CHORUS. - All face corner and stamp 3 times (L.R.L.). Then clap own hands 3 times. Join both hands with corner and turn once around in place(Cw) with 4 step-hops. All face partner and repeat the stamps, claps, and turn as above with partner.

Men remain standing as ladies weave around the ring(Ccw) with 12 skipping steps
giving right hand to partner in passing and alternating hands with other gents. Upon arriving home, turn partner Cw in place with four step-hops, joining both hands.

Ladies remain standing as gents weave Cw around the ring in the same manner turning partner again at home as above.

Fig. 2 - The four ladies join hands and walk eight steps to the left and then eight steps back to home. Meanwhile the gents clap own hands, one clap for each beat of music.

Repeat CHORUS.

Fig. 3 - The four gents make a right hand star holding wrist of man in front and walk eight steps Cw. Then make a left hand star and return with eight walking steps. Ladies clap own hands throughout this figure.

Repeat CHORUS.

Fig. 4 - All take eight walking steps to the left and back to the right as in Figure 1.

NOTES

Puttjenter is a dance which has enjoyed great popularity among the folk dance groups in this country. It offers a unique contrast between four unhurried figures and a repetitive action-filled chorus. Although the steps and movements are rather simple, the overall dance pattern presents a continuity which will prove to be of interest to even the most advanced dancers. The music alone is enough to make anyone want to learn the dance.

All of the walking steps should be taken
pompously and deliberately. The entire chorus however, should be danced in a gay, carefree, manner and an occasional shout is not out of order. The skipping step is nothing more nor less than a vigorous step-hop forward.

The last portion of the chorus is the only part that ever gives any trouble. It seems that some folks have difficulty getting all the way around the set in the 12 steps allowed. We offer two solutions: first, don't let your set get too big; second, those who remain at home should help those who skip around the set by gently pulling them by when taking their hand. We caution the fellows not to yank the arms of the girls too hard. Remember, they have a chance to get back at you, and might possibly surprise you!

Because of its similarity to American square dancing, Puttjenter is a good dance to try with square dancers as an introduction to folk dancing. More information on German dances may be obtained in "FOLK DANCES OF GERMANY" by Elizabeth Burchenal or "GERMAN FOLK DANCES" and "DANCE LIGHTLY" by gretei & Paul Dunsing.
DOODAR

An Old Time Singing Quadrille from Vermont

Music - CAMPTOWN RACES played one and one

Use any introduction and ending you wish

The Dance

The first lady turns the right hand gent
By the right hand round, the right hand round
Her partner by the left hand round
Lady in the center and seven hands around

Wait while music plays 8 measures of second phrase

Right and left on the corners all
Doodar - Doodar
Right and left back home again
Oh Doodar day
All balance corners, listen to what I say
Swing your partners all around before she runs away

Right and left on the left hand corner
Doodar - Doodar
Dance exactly as I say
Oh Doodar day
All balance corners, listen while I say
Swing your partners all around
Doodar - Doodar day

Other couples do same changes in turn.
Morning Fair Hornpipe

First & every other couple down the outside
And back, down the center with partners
The other was back and cast off (Men with ladys ladies with men)
Ladies chain
Active couples balance and swing to place (on original side)
Into the city, not far from this spot,
A barber he opened a snug little shop.
He was skilled in his science,
His smile it was sweet;
He pulled ev'rybody from out of the street

Chorus: With his lather and shave
Frizzle dum bum

One hard bad custom he thought for to stop:
That no one on credit should come to his shop;
So he got him a razor full of notches and rust
To shave the poor devils who came in for trust.

Chorus
One day as poor Paddy was passing thereby
And his bard had been growing for many a
long day,
He looked up at the barber, set down his hod:
"C'n you trust me a shave for the pure
love of God?"

Chorus:

"Come in," said the barber, "set down in a
chair,
I'll soon mow your bard right down to a
hair."
He spread all the lather on Paddy's big chin
And with his "trust" razor his shaving
begin.

Chorus:

"Oh, murder," said Pat, "sure what are you
doin'? Leave off with your tricks, or my jaw you
will ruin!
Faith, how would you like to be shaved with
a saw
With the power to pull every tooth in my
jaw?"

Chorus:

"Sit still," said the barber, "and don't
make a din,
For by moving your bard I'll be cutting
your chin."
"Not cutting, but sawing with that razor
you've got,
It wouldn't cut butter if it wasn't made
hot!"

Chorus:

"Leave off with your tricks, don't shave
any more."
And Paddy he boosted right out of the door
"You can lather and shave all your friends
'til they're sick;
Bejabbers, I'd sooner be shaved with a brick!"
Chorus:

One day as poor Paddy was passing the door,
A donkey set up with a terrible roar.
"Oh, murder," cried Pat, "you listen and be brave,
He's giving some poor devil the 'love of God' shave!"

Chorus.

Here is another tune for the same song as sung by Etson van Wagner. Words are the same except for the chorus — "With his lather and shave 3
And his fiddle cum bum"!
Evenin' everybody. Draw up a chair 'n set down a while. Ain't seen yer for a month a Sundays. Ayus, I know yer be'n around, but we ain't. Hattie said she'd seen enough colored pictures in the magazines 'n all, ter make her want ter see th' real thing; 'n the time ter go was now stid er later when all we c'd do was wish't we had. So we went - all over the country 'n up inter Canady. Nice folks every where and we min't go agin this winter, specially if it sets in early as it 'pears likely 'to.

Weather men spend a lot er time pooh-poohing th' old weather signs, but I notice 't they ain't forgotten none of 'em. Why'd they bother ter keep tellin' us the' ain't nuthin to 'em 'n then perceed to cite all th' signs known to man fer th' past ten generations? Fur's I know New Hampshire ain't never been classed 's a tropical state, and I'm tellin' yer when yer see the leaves turnin' 's early as they did this year, yer bound to git all the winter yer want long 'fore Spring. You wait 'n sec.

Had a nice time talkin' to people while we was away. Liked ter hear 'em talk. Kept me tellin' so much 'bout New Hampshire 'at I didn't git to listen to 'em 's much 's I'd a liked to. Warn't a night passed by 't I didn git ter swappin' stories with somebody. Say'd I ever tell yer 'bout Reverend Lias Whitto and th' bach?
Seem's like th' Reverend's wife had fixed up a nice biled dinner one day an' that night she fried up a batch er red flannel hash and Lias pitched right in ter it soon's he set down to th' table.

"Why Lias," says his wife, kinder' shocked "ain't yer goin' ter bless th' food?"

"Nope," says Lias, reachin' for th' pickle jar, "blessed it oncet."

This one happened up here in Vermont 'cor din' to Herb Warren.

Sim Durkee was talkin' to his son one day like this: "Son, did you push the outhouse over inter th' brook?"

"No, father," says the boy, "I didn't push th' outhouse over inter th' brook."

"Well, Ben," says Sim, "I want ter tell yer th' story of Gawge Washington. His father saw one o' his cherry trees chopped down one day. He says to Gawge, sezee, 'Gawge, did you chop down that cherry tree?' 'Yes, father,' said Gawge, 'I chopped down the cherry tree with my new hatchet.' 'Son,' said his father, 'I'd ruth'er you chopped down a thousand cherry trees than tell me a lie'."

"Now Ben," says Sim, "I'd you push that outhouse over inter th' brook?"

"Yes, sir" says Ben, "I pushed the outhouse over inter th' brook." Whereat the boy got a whale of a shellacking.

"But Pa," says Ben after a while, "Gawge Washington didn't git whaled fer tellin' the truth."
"Yes, I know," says Sim, "but his father warn't up in th' cherry tree when it fell over".

And as long as we're kinda leanin' to that kind of a story, here's a nuther I'd like to hev yer hear:

Years ago, most people round here was pretty good church goers. Not many backsliders in town 'n what few there was trød a rougher road 'n they do today. One of th' few unrepentant ones was a feller named Cram, who liked ter sleep late on Sunday mornin' but saw no reason ter honor th' day any other fashion. One Sunday mornin' jest when all th' neighbors were a goin' by on their way to church, he set his boy ter chuckin' in wood inter the woodshed.

When th' youngster complained that folks were "gawkin' at him, his father said: "Well, now that's all right 'f they are. Remember that th' Lord sees yer too."

"Sure he does," replied th' boy, inchin' closer ter th' house, "But you c'n be danged sure he won't go yelpin' all over town 'bout it."

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AMERICAN SQUARES
The Magazine of American Folk Dancing
Now Edited by
RICKEY HOLDEN
136 E. French Place
San Antonio 12, Texas
$2.50 for 12 months
This past summer at the California Folk Dance Camp in Stockton, we were genuinely pleased with the way folks out there "took to" contras. Several from Sacramento way asked us to tell them how to put on some real old time parties that they could tie in with their contras and their club dances. So for a few months we will print accounts of some parties that we have attended here in New Hampshire, Maine, and Vermont. We promise that they will be the real thing and not something pretties up for the occasion.

One of the easiest kind of a special party to present is a "Kitchen Junket Party". Right off the bat someone is going to ask, what is a Junket? Well, it's a name that we New Englanders give to a party given in our homes, originally, years ago, in the big country kitchens if there were but six or eight couples invited. A Kitchen Junket could also be an impromptu affair. Say that four or five couples just happened to drop in on you for an evening's visit - and don't think that wasn't done! - after the women folks had completely talked over whatever was dearest to their hearts and the men had decided that it was going to be a hard winter, or a dry summer, or that the trout didn't seem
to be biting as good this year as last, someone would express the wish that they'd like to dance "Money Musk" 'jest once more 'fore I die', and the party was on, as quick as that.

A neighborhood Junket called for more planning than that and it's this bigger kind of a party that we will deal with.

Begin by sending announcements to everyone you wish to come. If you have a club than of course send them to each club member.

Decorations will lend atmosphere and do wonders for the morale of your party. It would be asking too much probably to go so far as to actually change a big room over into four or five smaller rooms to simulate a kitchen, dining room, front room, north bedroom etc. but you can imagine that you are in a dance hall that frequently were built right into many of our big farmhouses. Draw replicas of old-time samplers on construction paper and stick on the walls. A few "authentic" framed pictures of various members of the family hung on the wall also help. These may be drawings of imaginary grandparents. And of course one of your grandfathers was a soldier in the War Between the States, mustache, fatigue cap, hand in coat and all. By all means have his dagguereotype hanging in a conspicuous place.

It's easy to fix up a bench to resemble a kitchen sink - time-honored vantage point for the fiddler - and don't forget the hand pump! If you are using live music, have your fiddler sit there on a three legged stool, preferably, but at least a low chair, with his back to the pump. If you are using records put your record player in the "sink."

Many of our old farmhouse dance halls had
a row of hooks along the side of the wall to hang up our coats and jackets and if you fix something like that along one wall, wonderful. But don't let your grand-dad's picture get covered by somebody's old coat!

We always had refreshments, and they were something more solid than coca cola too. Sandwiches surely, and most always pies - apple and mincemeat were the favorites - and some good "rat-trap" cheese, and coffee, steaming gallons of it. Potato salad sometimes, in fact often enough as to be in no way unusual.

Now all of this food is too much to expect one or two people to prepare, so tell each member or couple just what you want them to bring - so many sandwiches, a bowl of salad, an apple or a mincemeat pie, or maybe a dozen doughnuts, a pound of coffee, a pint of cream or pound of sugar - in other words "share the work".

Have intermission whenever you want it and serve your refreshments then in any way you like. Sometimes we brought in a table and placed all the food on it and let people help themselves to as much as they wanted. This is an easy way to do it. It helps too, if you use paper plates and cups. We used to do that and then toss the used plates and cups into the fireplace and burn them up. Saves a lot of dish washing.

Then for a real honest to goodness kitchen junket, you should have some singing, either group or solo, or both. Some of the songs we sang were old traditional ones, and usually they were sung by one person, either man or woman. Such songs as "Juanita", "There's A Long Long Trail A Winding", "Smiles" and others of like character are wonderful group songs. The
singing always followed the refreshments, and it isn't necessary to have a song leader stand in the middle of the floor and wave his arms around, though someone should start things going. Sometimes we sang with no accompaniment and sometimes we would push in an organ and let someone play the tune as we sang. We did not use a guitar as an accompanying instrument but certainly would have if they had been as popular then as now.

Sometimes, if we'd danced a long time before we ate, and it was midnight or so before we finished with the snack, then we'd have some story telling as we lolled around the fireplace watching the flames, and I don't mean the modern idea of "stories", parlor or otherwise. We'd tell ghost stories, tall stories, or hunting and fishing yarns.

If it was in the fall of the year then we'd have sweet cider as well as coffee as a beverage, but almost never cider and doughnuts as the sole refreshments. If it was along into March then we would have sugar on snow along with sour - not dill - pickles. How you would arrange for sugar on snow in some areas of the country is beyond me, but there must be local favorite dishes that could be used instead.

Contra dances far outnumbered quadrilles at our Kitchen Junkets. The squares were such as "Nellie Gray", "Honest John", "Doodar" etc. and sometimes a "Caledonian Quadrille".

Somebody's birthday was always a good excuse for one of the bigger Junkets, though we seldom needed much of an excuse to hold one.

Next month we'll tell you about a typical TOWN HALL PARTY and some of the special dances we have seen at them.

Friends of big, jolly Larry Collins, well known in folk and square dance circles around Boston, were shocked and saddened recently to hear that he has been stricken with polio. He is in the Haynes Memorial Hospital in Brookline, Mass. Both mail and visitors are welcome, and I'm sure that his many friends are anxious to do all they can to help him through this trying time. Former friends of Larry's in the Seattle Washington area, please notice and pass the word.

R.P.

TED SANNELLA, 16 Pleasant St. Revere, Mass. has a full line of the FOLK DANCER LABEL recordings. The BEST in folk and square dance records.
Dear Ralph:

Judging from the good conditioning in contrast that you gave us at the recent Folk Dance Camp in Stoddard, I'd take it that you might like to hear briefly about the demonstrations of the Ed Larkin Dance Group at the "World's Fair" in Tunbridge, Vermont.

The demonstrations - Saturday forenoon, September 26 - included a dozen regional favorites of a generation or two ago: Pop Goes the Weasel, Chorus Jig, Twin Sisters, Money Musket, Fisher's Hornpipe, The Tempest, Green Mountain Volunteers, Lamplighter's Hornpipe, Arkansas Traveler, Patronella, Hull's Victory, and Portland Fancy. Arthur Wakefield, veteran dancer of the group did the prompting.

You should have been present, notebook in hand. You would have found that you had plenty of reason for urging us at Stoddard to learn different ways of balancing. Saturday, I saw
several kinds, beautifully executed. There was the step-swing, sometimes the foot being pointed straight ahead rather than across the other foot; there was the forward-and-back, especially when that kind led more easily to the following figure; occasionally, there was a step-close, step to the side, if that was more convenient; another case was that of a lady doing a forward-and-back to two gents balancing in place - smooth timing by both parties; a very special balance, new to me, was that of a former Group member, "retired" some years ago, but at it again - tap with the toe on the floor before stepping on that foot, something that the dancer enjoyed, delight to the spectators. How about working up this figure for your balance-minded friends?

Another thing that would have caught your critical eye was this same dancer as top gent going "Down the outside": he went down all right, but only a scant yard or so, "Balancing it" all the way, tap-step-swing, striking example of "easy does it".

There were details on which you and "old-time Prompter" Ed Larkin would agree; on others Ed would likely say you were wrong, period. 'period' equals several emphatic words! The lady and the gent don't touch each other on the "Right and Left"; the inactive person just slips up one place in "Cast Off" - unless it is a special opportunity and he wants to be "helpful". The Sashay is pretty well our "Down the Center", but is still used to cross the set in Twin Sisters - too bad, it has a lilt that is missing in merely "walking it". Possibilities for special footwork for actives and inactives are still strong in patronella - it pays to use your feet now and then, interesting idea to develop among contra dancers. In the
local version of "Hull's Victory", the call before the second "Balance Four" is, "Right to Partner Again, Pass By", and Balance Four in Line" which puts gents side by each, and ladies likewise; it works! (Ed. note: Course it works. That is how it was originally done.) The "Balance Below" in Boston Fancy, is a long full-time balance - "What's worth doing is worth doing well." The Portland Fancy includes the call, "Heads Sashay, Foot up the Outside", and the reverse, which makes for variety, and for opportunity to team up with the opposite number in the next set.

I believe that you would have experienced a thrill from the pleasure of the dancers in their job well done. There are those who maintain that contra dancing calls for too much "precision", but the well initiated insist that finish and close timing have a great satisfaction all their own which the careless ones entirely miss. As I witnessed it Saturday, this contra dancing is no cut-and-dried affair, far from it! I saw chanced taken, for play, not loose play, but say, the gent who "helped" a special lady around in the "Cast Off" - went out of his way to do it, I'd guess - and got a smile, or the gent who apparently got in the way of a lady but got out of it in slip-step time, play-acting "gormin-like", but the feet never missed a beat.

Such details may not appeal to those who have lately come by their contra dancing, but I could easily see that they were a source of great enjoyment to the Ed Larkin Dancers, a mixed group, young married on up to those reaching for the proverbial three score years and ten. There must be something in all this, something that definitely escapes the notice of the casual observer.

The conclusion that I reach from my exper
ience the other day is that you were very much on the right track at Stoddard in bringing out and stressing less-known aspects of contra dancing; I would like to add that there are, I believe, further riches to be mined from our abundant New England dance lore that will give much satisfaction and lasting pleasure to the initiated, Bean-eater or not. To come right down to the point: How about bringing another "find" or two from the place where you got the "Pigeon Wing"?

MARY B. PATTERSON

MARRIED: July 16 in Worcester Mass. Mary Daley and Paul Moss
A square and folk dance reception was held for the newly marrieds at the home of Mr & Mrs Harry Becker, in Paxton, Mass.
BORN: August 1, to Mr & Mrs Geo Baird, NYC, a daughter Bonnie Jean.

MARRIED: October 3 in Drexel Hill, Penn. Elizabeth Moore and Stuart Hamilton.
Born: July 13 to Mr & Mrs Roger Finard, Barnstead Parade, N.H. a daughter, Pamela Jean

Murray Sherman is opening his 8th season of Folk Dancing at Washington Irving High School at Irving Place & East 16th, NYC every Saturday night at 8 p.m.

FUN WHILE LEARNING is the theme for folk dancing at the YWCA, 17th & K Sts, N.W. Washington, D.C. taught by Dave Rosenberg, Washington's best known leader.

The dances which last year were held in the Unitarian Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass. on Saturdays, have changed this year to second and fourth Fridays, with Louise Winston calling. This series begins Oct. 9. Hambo lesson at 7:30 dancing from 8 to 11 p.m.
A colorful demonstration of a folk art, rapidly disappearing, will revive the spirit of the Ukraine, thanks to special efforts made by the International Institute. On October 23, at Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass, the Institute will present the noted Ukrainian Bandurist Chorus that escaped from behind the Iron Curtain after persecution by both the Soviets and Nazis. The Bandura, the Ukraine's national instrument, a lute-harp with 56 strings, has not been heard here as far as the record goes. The Bandurists appearing in bright-hued Cossack costumes, offer a spectacle of the most tuneful songs and representative dances of their country to a bandura accompaniment.

On Wednesday, July 15th, the Department of Parks and Recreation in Schenectady, N.Y. put on a free outdoor square dance for the people of the city. Callers who participated were Gus Root, Dean Bogart, Bill Chattin, Frank Parker, Ray Dwyer, Dick Thayer, and Rube Merchant. Over five hundred attended and the Recreation Department is now making plans for others.
Ahoy, there!

6th Montachusett Folk Festival

City Hall
Fitchburg, Mass.

Saturday Oct. 17
Give One Come All