NORTHERN JUNKET

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20¢

5 squares contra

Folk Songs

Halloween
Mark These Dates!

APRIL

27 & 28

12th Annual

New England Folk Festival

Dorchester Auditorium
As our friend Bill Tyler would say: "Howdy, everybody, long time no see". Since last May, in fact. Well, here we go again. The thing that impresses me most about modern square dancing is—there are many square dance singers but too few square dance callers; too many imitators and too few leaders.

Singing calls are a "dime a dozen" and that is just about what most of them are worth; anyone who can carry a tune in a handbasket is now a square dance caller—he thinks. Just sing the words from the call sheet that comes with the record. Nine out of ten callers are merely parroting what somebody else has recorded; they have no knowledge of the dance and consequently couldn't be original and set square dance figures to music any more than they could jump to the moon.

Too many leaders are not leaders but simply followers, ready to jump on any kind of a dance band-wagon that promises to keep them leaders. We are losing the faculty of thinking for ourselves, and are too prone to let others do the thinking for us. Nobody got to the top of any profession by imitating some one else; you don't ride to fame on the coat-tails of the man ahead of you. He might decide to change his coat and then where would you be? If you would be a leader, BE one; if you are not able to be one stop cluttering up the stage and get down on the floor and dance.

Sincerely

Ralph
CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

SQUARE DANCE 1955

Extension of Remarks of
HON. D.R (Billy) MATTHEWS
of Florida
In The House of Representatives
Wednesday, March 30, 1955

(Mr. Matthews.) Mr. Speaker, the 3rd annual Florida square and folk dance convention will be held in Miami Beach, April 29 and 30, 1955. Sponsored by the Florida Square and Folk Dance Callers and Teachers Association, the convention will present a full 2-day schedule of activities at the great Miami Beach City Auditorium, with the high points the dances on Friday and Saturday evenings.

An anticipated 2,500 dancers from the eastern seaboard and southern States will attend. A considerable number of dancers will attend from Florida's 8th Congressional District, among them Prof. Ernest R. Bartley, of the University of Florida's political science department. Professor Bartley, presently on leave in Washington, D.C., under a Ford Foundation grant, is an ardent square dance enthusiast with a hobby of calling. The
intricate figures. He is very active in the Florida Caller's Association.

There is much misunderstanding of what square dancing is like today. The material by Dr. Bartley attempts to dispel some of this misunderstanding and shows square dancing as the healthy and moral activity that it is:

SQUARE DANCE, 1955

(By Dr. Ernest R. Bartley, member, Florida Square & Folk Dance Callers & Teachers Association, associate professor of political science, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.)

There are millions of square dancers in the United States today - just how many millions no one can say with accuracy. It is certain, however, that there are few forms of recreation which have shown such a phenomenal growth in the past 10 years. Prior to World War II, square dancing was found in small, widely separated areas of the United States. These areas were, with some exceptions, rural in character. Today square dancing has come of age and is found in every part of the Nation - every State, every large city, and most of the smaller communities and rural areas.

Yet with its size, the square-dance movement is much misunderstood by many persons. Some self-styled sophisticates view it, incorrectly, as a hayseed proposition, fit only for the unintelligent, unlearned, back-country character. Others imagine square dancing as nothing better than a knockdown, dragout, foot-stomping and applejack-whicky swigging contest with nothing of grace and devoid of morals.

Today's square-dance movement is a far cry from either of these ideas. Picture, if you can, one mammoth dance attended by all the devotees of this healthful form of recreation, gathered together from all over the Nation. No Madison Square Garden or Cow Palace can hold even a minor fraction of the multitudes who attend. Nothing
but soft drinks will be sold for the quenching of thirst — no beer, no wine, no hard liquor. Modern square-dance figures will not permit participants to indulge even a bit in alcoholic refreshment; drink after the dance if you will, but there is an alcoholic taboo on drinking at or before our gargantuan get-together.

The floor will be a colorful affair. Our millions of persons will be garbed in typical western dress or casual attire. You'll find no suits, no starched collars, no conventional formal dresses — and no bib overalls. Many of the men, who never rode a horse in their life, will be wearing cowboy boots.

The ladies will be wearing dresses with color variety to rival the rainbow, and with enough yards of filmy material in the Petticoats to circle the earth at the Equator. There'll be very few, if any, plain gingham or calico dresses; milady's square-dance fashions are of the highest order, breath-taking in their beauty. Dresses, hats, boots, neckties, jewelry, shirts — a whole industry has been created in the United States to cater to the dressing needs of these many dancers. Millions of dollar's worth of square-dance clothing — are sold every year.

And who will our dancers be? They will come from every state, every county in the United States. The Majority who come to dance will come from homes located in the urban areas of the Nation, for contrary to popular belief the major centers of square dancing in the United States are no longer in the rural areas. Many of our dancers will be farmers, of course — producers of cotton, corn, tobacco, rice, wheat, cattle, hogs, sheep — producers of every known agricultural commodity. But dancing with our farmers will be professional persons; doctors (why here's a famous surgeon), lawyers and judges (one from the Supreme Court of the United States), politicians (look, there are some 80 Congressmen of the United States and their wives), scientists, that one over there had a leading role in the development of the atomic bomb), Government workers (the Do-
partment of State is well represented), educators (if they were all wearing caps and gowns, we could hold an academic procession that would be blocks long), members of the military (you can't tell the chiefs from the Indians for square-dance regalia has no place for insignia of rank). No profession will be unrepresented. Dancing will be the businessmen of the Nation's communities - the bankers, grocers, auto dealers, shoe clerks, jewelers, purveyors of hardware and TV sets, photographers. With us will be labor - the skilled and the unskilled - the carpenters, bricklayers, painters, boiler makers, truckdrivers.

And here, too, will be many ministers of the Gospel, for these men of God of many faiths have come to realize that square dancing has outgrown paganism and left its less-moral days behind. Square dancing is an integral part of many religious youth programs. Some of the callers on the program tonight, and they are good ones in more than the spiritual sense, will be men of the cloth. Here also will be the recreation leaders of the Nation - the city and county recreation people, the leaders of the $H and Future Farmers of America, the county agents, the service club people - all utilizing square dancing as a part of the broad scale recreation programs available to all classes and ages of American society today.

Off to one side, and yet a part of the mammoth dance, will be a small and pathetic group of participants. They are the lame, the halt, and the blind. These handicapped persons will not perform the more complicated figures, of course. But paraplegics in wheelchairs will dance and enjoy themselves, wheeling their chairs in rhythmical patterns, their faces wreathed in smiles. Here, a few squares of blind persons will amaze you with their ability to see as they fuse themselves into the great mass of swirling dancers. Some other squares will feel the rhythm through the floor as they dance for they cannot hear either music or calls - they are deaf. Some squares will be composed of persons sick in mind, lifted for a few fleeting moments to a realm of forgetfulness; square dancing has proved to be of the-
ractive value in many of these pitiful cases.

Our callers and musicians for the dance will be as conglomerate a group as our dancers. A few will be professionals, making their living by teaching, calling, and playing for square dances; but most of the callers and musicians are hobbyists, finding in their hobby relaxation from the cares of State, litigation, tending shop, teaching, doctoring, laying bricks, or using a rivet gun. Their pay is the most precious coin to be found anywhere in the realm - the knowledge that they are bringing healthful enjoyment to the groups with which they work.

These callers invest scores of thousands of dollars annually in public address systems, tape recorders, records (to be used when "live" music is not available) books, and magazines. A whole new phase of the record industry is devoted to square, round, and folk-dance music. Special public address systems built specifically for square-dance calling constitute a small but significant part of the sales of the electronics industry as do tape recorders. Square-dance magazines, numbering their circulation in the scores of thousands - slick-paper jobs, artistically put together - keep the caller and dancer up to date on the latest developments in the square-dance field. Books by the tens of thousands are sold annually.

Yes, square dancing has come of age. And in this complex century, that fact means commercialism, a facet of square dancing that has both its good and bad aspects.

But the square dance today is far more than numbers of dancers or financial returns. Today's square dance continues a basically American contribution to the general world of dance, for square dancing is a fundamentally American institution. Square dance is a part of 20th century American culture, as it was of 19th century life.

And it is one of the very few media in the Nation to-
day which provides recreational outlets without regard to class. Labor, agriculture, business, the professions - they meet on common ground, without talk of shop, in a square-dance group. Here is a manifestation of American democratic principles so close to the heart of all of us. There is no question of position in the community; this is fun and fellowship based on a common interest. And when the evening of fun is over you will be surprised that our great square dance closes on the notes struck by this little couplet:

"May the good Lord bless and keep you,
No matter where or when;
May the good Lord bless and keep you,
Till we meet again."

Tonight there were no cares; we are better prepared to meet the cares of tomorrow.

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REPORT
FROM
THE CAPE

Needless to say, the Cape enjoyed one of the best Summer seasons of square dancing ever. Five towns sponsored free, public, out-of-door dancing where before never more than two existed. All callers report good attendance and participation with much help from visiting callers and the local dancers. The Annual Summer Festival and the Lower Cape Festival both enjoyed good attendance in spite of unpleasant weather.

Plans are really shaping up now with all groups
for what appears to be a very active Fall & Winter season. Dick Anderson's Clubhouse opens with Fred & Georgia Bunker teaching couple dances every Monday starting October 10th. Every Wednesday, starting October 12th, Ginny & Manny Corwin will meet with persons interested in folk dancing at the same place. Every 2nd & 4th Thursdays, Dick Anderson will conduct a record workshop for experienced dancers only. All sessions are limited to fifteen couples and will continue for a ten week period.

The CGSAFmA announces an active season with many new members responding to a series of nine dances at the Barnstable Women's Club with Charley Baldwin calling on September 22, October 13, January 12, March 15, & May 17. Dick Doyle on November 19, December 15, February 16 & April 19. The Association also voted to sponsor a class for beginners with Dick Anderson teaching at the Maritime Academy Bldg. in Hyannis for a period of ten weeks. This class is badly needed in the Hyannis area although open to any and all interested persons. Help the Association and yourself by bringing your non-dancing friends.

The Chowder Club enjoyed a fine season of dancing playing host to many out-of-town dancers and callers with almost every state represented. Their new chairman, Arthur Lohr, announces extensive plans for the coming season with their club caller, Gus Walsh, filling out the month of October, to be followed by a fine schedule of top-notch callers, interspersed with local callers. Gus Walsh is now conducting a beginner class on Thursday nights. The club dances regularly every Tuesday night.

The "Youth Night" program at Lyceum Hall will continue as usual every 1st & 3rd Mondays starting October 3rd. The Town of Barnstable Recreation Commission will present their usual Junior program every Friday starting October 28th at Barnstable High School. The Dennis-East Dennis Recreation Commission will continue their Junior Program starting September 21st at Sears Memorial Hall, East Dennis. Members of the adult beginner
The class sponsored by the same Dennis Recreation Commission will meet October 5th to form plans for continuing their instruction with Dick Anderson teaching. This class is open to newcomers from any town on the Cape.

The Bourne Rotary Club met October 19th with Dick Anderson to form plans for sponsoring a beginner class in the Buzzardis Bay area. Details of the night and place have not yet been arranged but will be announced shortly.

Hope you Cape Codders have all sent in your registrations for the Atlantic Convention in Boston, November 11th & 12th. It appears to be something worthwhile and warrants your utmost support. Will see you there.

Dick Anderson will continue his regular monthly trips to Virginia starting at Warrenton, October 19th, Bon Air, October 20, Ashland, October 21, Richmond, October 22, and Warwick, October 24.

DICK ANDERSON

The time nears and we are smack up against it and have a decision to make.

Shall we boot tradition out the window and rearrange some of the old contras, giving them new names if necessary, in order to have interesting fast dances to give to a waiting public? Or shall we stick to...
tradition and try to crowd the lazy, draggy old relics written for a past generation down the eager throats of today's alert dancers, thus stymieing ourselves completely? Shall we continue to scare them into thinking it is stupid dancing by using the terms "Active" and "Inactive"?

Our folk dancing went west with the wagon trains, both quadrilles and contras. I now quote from a western novel recently published. The speaker, an Indian attached to our army as a scout had just finished dancing at a general dance at a trading post: "No like Yankee dances - too much back and up - too much stand still". Well, the author didn't pick that one out of the air did he? He is either a square dancer or heard it said somewhere!

Let's live with it for the next six or seven paragraphs. Our western pioneers, God bless 'em, dared to do many things untraditional, to the benefit of this nation, and one of the minor things was to revamp our square dancing. We moss-backed Yankee callers refused to recognize it so have had it shoved down our traditional throats lately. There's none so blind as them that will not see. These migrating easterners who pioneered westward were a restless, alert, ambitious, eager lot who just couldn't bear standing still. They began to discard the old visiting couple dances and created patterns where all were moving at once. They made but one mistake - they increased the tempo about 20 to 30 beats above our tempo.

Naturally changes were made on the quadrilles as they were easier to revamp, and they tossed the contra dances out the tepee doors - very few had windows to
toss anything out. The yak-yak didn't come until the advent of the PA system, when callers suddenly found out they could outshout their fiddlers if their sets were properly wired. And then the question arised: to whether some of our synthetic Yankee cowboys were not as much to blame as anybody else. Surely we can't blame everything on the west, though speed has seemed to have become in with western patterns.

I read once where a band of outlaws, Jesse James or equal, descended on a river show boat one afternoon and commandeered the orchestra. Half the men tied handkerchiefs, to denote femininity on their arms instead of over their faces and line danced all the afternoon demanding that the Wheelygo call nothing but fast ones with no standing around. Then, they dropped cash on the piano and disappeared as quietly as they had arrived. (Note, a Wheelygo was a nonpromiscous mistress of ceremonies of those times — if the term is bothering you).

As there are hundreds of millions of possible patterns which can be fitted into the cycle — 48 to 64 counts now generally used in our present day squares — yes, I said hundreds of millions — it is no wonder we have to wade through scores of stinkers before we stumble onto a good one, but good square patterns will continue to be choreographed, created and adapted from slow moving oldies, even if we do have to choke on a flying saucer or a carousel spin during the elimination process.

I drift here and there in my travels around New England, poking an eye into that and this dance. Swallow this, if you can — I saw it from my usual point of vantage way back in the hall. One of our most traditional N.E. callers of the most conservative type, prompted an 'all-moving pattern' which only needed 20 to 24 more beats per minute and a little yak-yak to be THE CLUTCH pure and simple.
I repeat, pure and unadulterated step for step — and his Bostonese dancers applauded vigorously, which is the dancers way of saying 'I enjoyed that one'. If any of those dancers were asked if they ever danced the CLUTCH they would look down their Bostonese noses at you in horror.

Thus I conclude so far that the only difference between Western and Yankee dancing is 20 to 30 beats per minute, and with or without ear-splitting yak-yak. Let's accept this — the westerners are slowing down a little, the yak-yak callers are fast becoming itinerant novelties with no home club as no club wants to listen to ear-insulting jargon hour after hour, and that the Yankee prompters are slowly and against their will adopting the western patterns because the dancers like them.

What's all this to do with contras? Well, history will repeat itself, that's what.

The dancers are ready and anxious to look over contras, for they too are fed up with the hash and trash now being thrown at them while exploring square dance possibilities.

Are we going to let them look over some of the dragged-out oldies dear to some of our hearts because they are traditional, or are we going to be salesmen and show our best wares? Are we going to proceed to show them what they expect to see, for their local callers have told them contras are slow and uninteresting. When they go on an exploratory hunt shouldn't we show them some interesting all-moving, lively dances? Haymakers' Jig, you can't beat it and everybody moves. Maple Leaf Jig, easy but interesting — who's inactive?
Paddy On the Turnpike, that old man Page fixed up into a fast moving dance. The Judge's Jig, this double cast off deal is the swiftest moving of them all. And so on down the line. Give the old stand-arounders the heave-ho. Turn some of the slow triple-minors into duple-minors. For instance, Chorus Jig. True, a little standing around, but when you do move, OH MY! Look over your repertoire and brush up on the interesting ones and put the slumberers into moth balls. Look over some of the new ones - Newlywed's Reel got its first public airing at Maine Folk Dance Camp last year, and has hit the Pacific coast already. New yes, but a dandy. Yes, the Reel of Sir Archibald Grant of Monie Musk and Sackets Harbor and a few of those triple-minors will survive because even if you do stand around a couple of cycles, you really go to town in a most interesting way when you do move; but most of the stand-arounders are dead ducks - treat them as such.

True, we will get an influx of stinkeroos as this contra revival gets under way, but as in quadrilles, we will also get a few dandies.

So, let's simplify our tuffies. Let's use some of the old proven patterns, changing them to eliminate the tiresome waits and giving them new names if you wish. Let's create some new interesting ones like Newlywed's and The Gay Divorcee. Let's find new nomenclature for "Active" and "Inactive" and give the Doubting Thomases who are peeking, the surprise of their lives. We will keep the Old Traditional ones to dance ourselves at our contra workshops. Let's not "Too much back and up - too much stand still."
The 10th Annual Maine Folk Dance Camp opened—and closed—with a full enrollment of nearly 100 campers of all ages and conditions of servitude from various parts of the States, Canada, and Puerto Rico. From the beginning we knew we were going to have a wonderful camp, all signs pointed to it; Mary Ann Herman forgot the keys to her costume trunks, Ralph Page barely set foot in camp when the rains came down in buckets, "Dusty" Steensland waddled in with a weird character trailing along behind, Henry Lash missed the last bus out from Portland and while wandering around the streets went into a grocery store—where else would a chef go?—and bumped into Michael Herman buying provisions. With all of those favorable omens happening before camp officially opened it just had to be one of the best—and it was.

Let us speak first of the first session—after
all that's the normal place to start. Nationality meals were: Swiss, German, Norwegian, Arabic, Jewish, Italian, New England, Romanian, Yugoslav, Puerto Rican. And it seemed to us that Henry Lash, Lillian Abbott, and Ragnhild Olson outdid themselves with each meal seemingly better than the previous one. The only one we didn't particularly care for was the Israeli breakfast consisting of tomatoes, scallions, cucumbers, radishes, hard-boiled eggs, sour cream, and cottage cheese all cut up together in a bowl—a combination that curled the hair of some of the hardiest and most experienced campers. Yet there were some who liked it. Evening parties started off with a humdinger "Barn Raisin" get together. A real nice way to open a camp too it seemed like. Followed a "Viking", "Purim", "Flag Day", "Saint Jean Baptiste" and a "Puerto Rican Carneval" parties.

Now all of the parties were exceptionally good. All were well planned and carried out with few if any slow points, and best of all every one ended with the campers wanting just a little bit more. How much better that is than to have half the camp muttering "Wow, am I glad that's over with!" But there's always at least one party that is remembered long after the others have faded into forgotten memories. So it is that we'll long remember the "French-Canadian" party in honor of Saint Jean Baptiste. Headed by Michel Cartier, and ably assisted by Jean Louis Cardin, Jean Carrignan, and Bob Hill; how could it miss? Such enthusiasm, such gaiety and laughter we've seldom seen. There wasn't a dull moment from the time Maire Michel Herman opened the proceedings with a timely welcoming speech—which nobody heard completely since the enthusiastic campers continually broke into spontaneous cheers—and continued throughout the evening. In fact Ted Mauntz hasn't caught his breath yet! Michel and Jean Louis danced a thrilling "Sash Dance" in the mosttraditional woods mens manner. We danced "Reel for Sixteen" and "Brandy"—certainly the most interesting "Virginia Reel" type of figure we've ever danced—"La Coquette" and several ex-
citing French-Canadian quadrilles called in French by Bob Hill, and took time out to listen to Jean Carrig-
nan fiddle as we’ve never heard anybody fiddle before.

That was "Binge" night too, and for the very first time most of the campers preferred to stay in the dining hall and listen to a fiddle concert with guitar accompaniment by Jean and Bob. Between them they kept us spellbound, for truly we were hearing the "Paganini of Square Dance Fiddlers". Not only is Jean the best French-Canadian style fiddler we’ve ever heard, he is also the best Scottish style fiddler, and as if that wasn’t enough, with his playing of "Bird In the Tree" and several other Coleman tunes he proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is the finest Irish style fiddler in North America. We could go on for hours about these two lads, but superlatives pall after a while. Let us end by saying they are "the greatest".

SECOND SESSION

This session started off with a bang the first night, with the most hilarious bullfight in recorded history at the "Plaza de Toros Recjal" under the management of Juan Williams. Many of the simpaticos were undecided whether Ferdinand the Bull (V. Steensland) or his calf "Dudty" put up the better fight, but all agreed it was a rip-roaring tussle that the brave Matador, Roberto McCune, managed to win only by virtue of the fact that the whole deal was rigged from the start. There was some disappointment over the failure to observe tradition - cutting off the bull's ears and tail and awarding them to the matador. But you can't have everything.

Other parties on succeeding nights were "Italian" "Olde Tyme Dance" "Balkan Fair" "Folkmania", "Maine" & "Dance Marathon". Nationality meals were: Spanish, Ukrainian, African, Yugoslavia, German, and the traditional last meal of camp, a sumptuous "Smorgasbord".

All evening parties at this session were hilarious to say the least. What camper can ever forget the
mysterious disappearance of one of the gay blades' waxed mustaches at the Olde Tyme Dance night? Or the wonderful hilarity of the Balkan Fair? Or the outrageous spoofing at the Folkmania Party?

Abe Kanegson and Dick Crum joined the staff at the beginning of this camp and added much to the general gaiety of all occasions. And right here would be a fine time to make a note of appreciation to Ed Moose and his outstanding contribution to camp life by way of decorations for the dining hall and parties. They ranged all the way from scenic panoramas at each table for the Swiss meal to clever little toadstools and June bugs decorating the sugar bowls at the Austrian meal to a desert mural for the African meal, and a Yugoslav ikon for the Yugoslav meal.

The camp newspaper "The Pioneer Press" got into the mood too, and outdid itself with a 10 to 12 page issue daily without missing one deadline — suppertime. True a couple of times we got it as we were leaving the dining hall, but it was there, and that's what counts. Ted Mauntz again was editor and we are happy to salute genius when we meet up with it.

And we'll close this account of the 1955 Maine Folk Dance Camp with mention of the folk singing, especially at the second session. As Abe says, "It takes a while for a group to become a choir". It may be stretching a point to say that we finally became a choir the third night of camp — but at least that was the first time we've ever seen any activity going on after midnight when at least a few didn't quietly steal away to bed. And the night we had the hurricane threat that finally resolved itself in a rip-snorting thunder storm while at supper — we had the most
hilarious and entertaining sing-song we've ever taken part in anywhere, and we've been in some beauts. Not only was Abe in rare form, but the Sing had two highlights—and we really mean high points. Any higher and we'd all have been nursing sore ribs for weeks. One of course was Jo Bemis' on-the-spur-of-the-moment lyrics to the tune of "The Man On the Flying Trapeze", which retold the side-splitting story given us earlier in the afternoon, after considerable egging-on of Dick Crum, by Dick himself of his adventures with a lost sock in Belgrade. The other high point was the duet by Abe and Dick of a Slovenian ballad, the title and ten-off of which we're afraid to explore.

The auctions at the end of each session swelled the scholarship fund over $400.00, and with that happy note we take leave of Maine until next Spring.

THIRD
PAIRS 'N SQUares
SUMMER DANCE SCHOOL

Four days of rest and we were off again. This time to the Third Pairs 'n Squares Summer Dance School held at the YMCA camp, Geneva Park, on lovely Lake Chiching, for 10 days – June 30th to July 9th.

The more Canadians we know the more we love and admire them all and the more we see of Canada the better we like it. This was a fine camp with wonderful spirit and versatility. They didn't care what they danced, they just wanted to dance. They accepted the
latest Singing Quadrilles from California, Patter Squares, Contras, Couple Dances, Folk Dances and some of Canada's own traditional Rounds with equal fervor and if anyone sat out a dance it was not because of the type of dance but because they wanted to rest their weary feet. This camp is ready for a top-flight international Folk Dance staff member and may we hope it has one next year?

The staff was composed of Harold Harton, Director, Bill Castner from Alameda, California, Rickey Holden of Arden, Delaware, and Ralph Page from Keene, N.H. It was an able staff in every way and there was never a dull moment from start to finish.

Actually there were two camps here; the first session for the Dominion Day weekend, and the second camp the following week. Some of course registered for full time, and there was no actual break in the days schedule. Waitresses and maid service were an innovation to us at any dance camp. The reason is obvious: this is a YMCA summer-long camp and requires quite a staff of young people to keep it going - and since the waitresses and maids were exceptionally nice looking girls no one protested! It was one of the first camps where we made every breakfast on time - we had to, because our room-mate, Ren Gregor, nagged us until we were glad to get up. Ren was assistant to the director, Harold Harton, and being an experienced accountant of the Canadian Pacific, saved a lot of worry for Harold.

The staff, members of the camp committee and other leaders stayed in one big house on the lake shore known as "The Wigwam", and a couple of comical stunts were engineered by the inhabitants, to the great delight of the other campers. At one evening party there suddenly appeared a "set" fully attired in the opposite sexes clothes. To say that they were a sensation is the understatement of the year - especially some of the men!! Another time, at supper, most of the "Wigwamites" appeared garbed as Indians, and danced an "authentic" Indian dance around the dining
We'll never forget Bill Castner's get-up, complete with built in tom-tom, nor the look on one of the waitresses' face when, at the conclusion of the meal Ralph, with a yell that would have scared all the banshees in Ireland, grabbed her and carried her out of the room.

One day two young lads walked into camp with an accordion and a fiddle. They intended staying but that one day, but were such talented folk musicians we kept them for three. You'll hear a lot of Per Norgaard and Verne Mikkelson, fiddler and accordionist respectively in years to come. Still in their late teens both were extremely versatile and furnished the classes and parties with some grand dance music.

And we mustn't forget to mention the two Irish step-dancers who visited us one hot day and initiated us into the fine art of balancing, step-dance style.

We got a big kick out of Maurice Hennegar's stirring rendition of a Prince Edward Island ballad "I'se the Bye", and of the soulful tones of big Jim Pullen when he called to his room-mate "Oh Sidneyyyyy!" It became a rallying 'cry for the entire camp.

There were many other things to write about too. Such as the night we thoroughly loused up one of Bill Castner's pet calls. It happened this way. We were dancing with one of the waitresses in an otherwise highly experienced set. The young girl just about knew the difference between "right and left" and "ladies chain", and Bill went into one of the new singing calls which he does extremely well. It was "Shady Lane" as we recall, and while not particularly difficult, it needs but one confused person in a set to throw the whole figure into utter chaos. It began, as we remember - with the men making a star in the center, going once around with it, and going back the other way. Then came an allemande left with your corner lady, but we were so busy turning that star back to place that all of us went right by our corner lady and the one we did
the allemande left with was our original right hand lady. From that point on the Shady Lane got shadier and shadier until it was as dark as the inside of your hat. Everybody was real helpful though and we shook hands with everybody in the set alternating right and left hands with equal abandon, until in self defense we went around with both hands shoulder high, on the theory that somebody would grab the correct hand and give us a spin in the right direction - it worked and we shouldn't wonder but what that was the way to do many of the so-called "modern" squares! Well, it was all in fun and at the last campfire it inspired a lim- erick by Mary Moss:

"There was once a young man named Page,
Whose contras were always the rage;
But Page in a square
Looks just like a bear.
But recently loosed from a cage."

Cute, eh?

DIXIE
FOLK AND SQUARE DANCE INSTITUTE

A week around home and then off again, this time to Emory University, Georgia, where for the sixth year we were on the staff of the Dixie Folk & Square Dance Institute. There are always "regulars" at any folk and square dance camp anywhere, so it was like a reunion to meet and dance again with our good friends Ray Olson, Mr & Mrs Carl Knox, Lewis Camp, Harriette Lapp, Robin White, Al Weston, Wally Carroll, Reonne Cottle, George Hoyt, and many others.
We enjoyed the annual watermelon cutting out at the Bill Monroe's, and are happy to report that the melons this year were as sweet as ever; but we can't say the same for the famous Georgia peaches since a spring freeze ruined this year's crop, and hurt the crop for several years ahead too.

We were surprised out of a year's growth to meet Mr & Mrs Ed Durkee of Pennsylvania there but a short while after arriving on the campus ourselves. Ed, of course, knew we were going to be there, but had kept a dark secret the fact that they had registered for the session. It was nice too, to meet big Jim Wagner from Columbus, Ohio, and together with the Durkees we shared many hearty chuckles over some of the capers we all taken part in at other camps.

What started out as a small camp ended up by being far from that - 60 some-odd campers makes a nice sized group with which to work. Maybe the number of campers had something to do with it, or perhaps it was an accumulation of several years enthusiasm, but we felt that contras went over best this year that they ever have, especially "Queen Victoria".

Thanks to a lot of cloudy weather we found it the coolest camp we've seen here. Had one terrific cloud-burst that lasted for nearly an hour and never have we seen it rain so hard for so long.

The "Pass the Glass" game we learned up in Ontario - correct name "The Slaves of Job" - whiled away many happy if noisy moments down in the drug store after the evening parties, and Norman Lindsay, Marie Armstrong and Rose Chiazza kept our spirits up by lead-
ing impromptu singing around the tables while waiting for the owner to close up shop every night. And we must not forget the after-hours gab sessions held on campus by a goodly number of campers, though we sorely missed Murray Sherman this year who had to stay at home due to the serious illness of his mother.

We had our faith in human nature restored here when on Friday night we thought we'd call the airport to confirm our continuing flight to California. We hunted high and low and no ticket could we find, but we called the office anyway and during the course of the conversation were told by a most pleasant young man that our ticket had been found in the lobby of the airport and was waiting for us at the Delta-American counter. Our sigh of relief could have been heard way back home in New Hampshire. Yes, there still are many honest people in the world, and some of the most honest live right here in Atlanta!

CALIFORNIA

FOLK DANCE CAMP

While the east coast was sweltering in humid heat we were basking in the most wonderful weather imaginable - only twice did the temperature go much above the very low 80's during the daytime and the nights were so cool that everybody was complaining about the "cold" summer.

Each year this camp gets bigger and there must be a limit somewhere, but not yet has it been reached.
Each session was bigger than any previous corresponding period. First session had 169 campers plus staff, and the second session had well over 300 - so well over indeed that with the staff we numbered close to 400.

Several innovations were tried for the first time, and some proved so worthwhile that they will be retained. Crafts got a real big play this summer, especially the stone jewelry of George & Ada Wells; Larry Eisenberg proved a man of many and varied talents, ranging from song leader to class instructor for church recreation groups. For the first time a real serious effort toward folk singing was made under Larry's leadership. Our group numbered from 6 to 60, depending on how wide awake any of the campers were at that time of the night. At times we felt that we were being "uplifted" but on the whole a lot of good was accomplished and we truly let our hair down at a couple of impromptu sessions. An "after hours" dancing party every night in Music D and Pavillion satisfied the more vigorous campers who could dance in either place until they dropped. It was almost as though every night was "binge" night and if some way could be found to serve coffee in each of the rooms the idea would have been even more startlingly popular than it was. A couple of times some of the campers brought in some pizza pies and they disappeared real fast."Once Over Lightly" took place every night at 10 o'clock and once tasted it proved extremely popular. Each teacher had his class take the floor and then led them through one of the dances they'd done that day in his particular class. At first, too many campers tried to use this period as an opportunity to get in some more dancing, but as the dances got progressively more difficult and done with no "walk through" nor "talk through" it was confined pretty much to those who had actually taken the class, which was what the idea intended from the first. The Lawn Parties each night were moved up to 7 o'clock and lasted for an hour, then two class periods followed until 10 p.m.

The meals this year were extraordinarily good and if you left the table hungry it was your own fault; it was definitely now a camp for one trying to lose
weight and along with Bruce Johnson we must have added at least five pounds, and we didn't see Jack Sankey nor Raphael Spring fainting from hunger either!

We had fewer parties in the gym than heretofore. Heck, there wasn't time for any! But we did have a bang-up "California Party" one night, and of course the "Yugoslav Fair" Saturday night of the first session was something to write home about. Dick Crum, John Filcich, and Anatol Joukousky, outdid themselves on this one. It was through John that a fine Tamboritza orchestra from Oakland played for the general dancing throughout the evening. Dick engineered the "fair" angle of things and we had kissing booth, fortune telling and palmistry tents, games of skill and chance and all in all a rousing good time. Anatol brought up from the city two groups of excellent dancers, and led one of them in a thrilling Greek dance for men, which we never did learn the name of, but from the moment they single-filed into the room, to the time Anatol gave his big bass drum a mighty thump, to the final step we were positively hypnotized - it was that good.

Between camps two bus loads of campers plus several private cars made a pilgrimage to the Mother Lode Country - notably Columbia and Murphys, with a stop at a museum in Angels Camp. A delightful break to camp routine and the barbecue steaks would melt in your mouth they were so tender and tasty. Some waded in the cool waters of the creek, and all got a kick out of the "Jumping Frog" contest. Later we drove another two or three miles up into the hills to a gorgeous dance
hall beside a small pond of water and danced for an hour or two, including a short time out to watch the Murphys dance team do a couple of exhibition numbers in real old-time style, and even tried to do some of their figures ourselves as Mrs. Wilder called them for us - well we really tried, mam, honest we did!

0/0

The second session was more of the same but more so! Four hundred campers and staff engender a lot of spirit and enthusiasm, and this became evident right off with half the camp gathering for impromptu singing outside the cafetaria and then marching over to the lawn party held between the End Zone and South Hall to a rousing marching song.

Speaking of singing reminds us that we have not mentioned Mr. Burke, that "small-sized giant" from Stockton, who attended every late folk song session in Music C, and added a great deal to our enjoyment with his musical saw. At first, it sounds like a strange instrument to use at a song fest, but it was real nice and we liked it a lot.

The night of the Yugoslav "Zabava" we were in our room enjoying an after-supper cigar, and talking with Dick Crum - our room-mate - when he nonchalantly said: "Gee, it would be wonderful if you'd wear a costume just for tonight". Expressing it that way, how could we refuse? So Dick pawed through his maze of costumes and selected one, told us how it was worn and left for the gym. Man, that costume must have weighed a good fifteen pounds, and it fitted Dick who has a 30 waist while ours - well let's not mention it!!! The thick felt gaiters were the worst to don and frankly we couldn't make it by ourselves, so on the way out of the building we begged the assistance of two of the "house mothers" there, and after much pulling and tug-
ging they got all of the hooks fastened securely. Dick said it was a Montenegrin costume and we'll take his word for it, but we felt some like a Mexican general with all that beautiful silver braid. We were running one of the games at the fair and attempted to stoop to pick up something from the floor, and twice as quickly straightened up and you know the reason why! We'll bet that night was the first time a "Montenegrin" ever called a New England contra dance, but there's a picture to prove it and we'll bet all the gold in Fort Knox that that is one shot that will get used on next year's advertising folder.

The closing night festival in Baxter Stadium was more colorful than ever under a gorgeous full moon and luxurious weather. All too soon it was mid-morning and we found ourselves madly folding shirts and exchanging last minute comment with Dick, who was even more madly stowing away costumes and clothes into three or four trunks. Yes, we both were invited to return for next summer's camp and expect to be there. That will be seven years for us; we're beginning to feel a bit like a 'native son'.

Followed three lazy days in Redwood City at the home of George Murton. Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Haskins, of San Diego were there and what a wonderful time we all had together; especially the four men, for we did not have to get our own breakfast, and Mrs. Haskins is a master hand at making coffee.

Had dinner one night with the Lidsters over in the nearby city of Palo Alto; spent the best part of one day sightseeing around Stanford University where Miriam Lidster teaches; and friends, Stanford is one
of the nicest big schools we've ever visited. Unless you have lived under the pressure of staff life at several successive folk dance camps you can have little idea what it means to have a quiet place to rest and loaf around in for a few days.

Next to our last night we gathered with about 20 friends in a Chinese restaurant and gorged ourselves with good food. We'll not mention what the weather was outside that night, for inside there was nothing but warm lights, laughter, and the happy talk of good friends together again for one last hour. And so, to the Dan Allens, the Jack Sankeys, the Buford Bushes, the Rev. Haskins, the Murtons, Chuck Utterback, and Gracie Perryman, a fond so-long until next year.

Two medium-sized camps each of one weeks duration were held in the Peterboro Town House. Each session was slanted toward the needs of school teachers who are teaching folk and square dancing in our public schools and since forty percent of the enrollment were public school teachers it was the correct slant to take. Any time of the year will be the wrong time of the year for someone, but mid-August is a grand time to attract this group of eager-to-learn people.

Our staff was the most varied and versatile we've
ever gathered together: First session, Don Armstrong, squares and callers workshops; Michael & Mary Ann Herman, folk dances; Ralph Page, contras; Lilian Ross and Jeannie Carmichael, Scottish Country Dances; and Abe Kanegson, folk songs. Second session, same as above with the exception of French-Canadian Dances with Michel Cartier, replacing the Scottish dances.

How fortunate we were to have Lilian and Michel with us. We loved them both and loved their dances too even though we did discover different and unused muscles we never knew were there.

Any folk dance camp if filled with friendly cooperative people, and these camps were no exception. In fact it was noticeable right from the very first supper together and carried right through the entire session each week.

Don held a workshop for embryo callers every morning, and by golly several people got so they could call a real good square dance. We had other workshops too, in contra calling and leading folk dances as well as a couple of worthwhile workshops in folk singing led by Abe. Another on "Party Planning" brought up some new conceptions of the theme.

The evening parties this year were open to the public and as the days went by more and more of the region's dancers joined us, and it was very gratifying to have so many spectators up in the balcony each night. It would have been interesting to have had a sampling of their thoughts as they watched the antics
of the dancers on the floor below, especially on the night of our "Foreign Intrigue" party! The townsfolk who joined us in the dancing had a fine time, as evidenced by their laughter and happy smiles, and the campers were grand in the way they invited our guests to join them in the dances.

All of the parties were good, yet it seemed to us that the "Country Fair Party" of the first session and "Canadian Night" of the second were the best of the lot. This is in no way derogatory toward the others, merely that they seemed to stand out above the rest.

"Country Fair" had everything imaginable, from bobbing for apples, ring-toss game, kissing booth, strongman stunts, dancing ladies, and a swell magic act by Norman Epstein — the lad is really good. The "Canadian Night" directed by Michel Cartier, found us dancing to his infectious calling in French such dances as the Waltz Lanciers, Gigue a Neuf, Patronella — called in French yet — and improvising a dance to the record of "La Bastringue", as well as a jig contest for men and one for the ladies; also pantomiming a French-Canadian folk song.

From the first we were captivated by Lilian Ross and her Scottish Country Dances. We tried hard to master what was to us rather tricky dance steps, and even though some of us didn't quite do it, the spirit was there and we proved it the last night when we insisted that Lilian keep leading us in several of her dances. We are more convinced than ever that our original premise of the great influence of Scottish dancing on our New England contras is correct. We had occasion to compare notes with Lilian many times during the week and she was much interested in reading some of our copies of old-time dance manuscript, especially with the Muzzeys' manuscript, copied for us by Ronald Pitkin, of Plainfield, Vt., and the shorter one of Asa Wilcox from Connecticut, copied for us by Ted Sannella from the original in the Boston Public Library.

Gay-hearted Michel too was a delight and joy to
us all, and added just the right sparkle and lift to the whole session. If anything, his dances were more vigorous than the Scottish - ask Dick Keith or Herb Warren! - but we were given a new insight into the character and general makeup of our French-Canadian neighbors. And given it by a masterful teacher. You will be hearing much more of Michel Cartier from Long-euil, Quebec, as the years go by, and we consider it a privilege to have studied under him at his first United States teaching experience.

Abe outdid himself too at these sessions and we had some outstanding song sessions at the late coffee snacks after the evening Parties. Lilian and Michel too contributed greatly at these song fests with some unknown Scottish and French-Canadian folk songs.

Marie Armstrong served some hearty and unusual snacks each afternoon and evening and led the song sessions on the two Tuesday nights that Abe was down to Boston.

And how can we ever thank Michael for his inspired folk dance teaching? Mary Ann had to leave early in the first session to carry on Folk Dance House, which meant that Michael taught the folk dance periods all by himself. His choice of easy and useable folk dances caught the teachers' fancy and folk dancing in general in our public schools of New England was given a tremendous lift by his teachings.

Between camps thirty-five of us 'hang-overs' visited Camp Merriwoode of a Sunday afternoon and played volley ball, went swimming, danced with Duke Miller, and enjoyed a smorgasbord lunch. Sensation of this trip was Ralph attired in flaming red Bermuda shorts, enhanced by a red and blue striped shirt borrowed from Tom Bolton for the occasion. Yike!!!
FLORIDA
DANCE
CAMP

Anyone naive enough to believe that America is run on a split-second schedule should travel a long distance by any public transportation system. To be more specific, travel by air; and to pinpoint the idea take an air-coach flight coast to coast or New York to Florida.

You are assured by the smiling young man at Idlewild's ticket counter that your baggage will be checked through to Tampa, even though a change of planes in Atlanta is necessary.

You are among the first to board the plane for experience has taught you not to dally too long and get caught as a middle man in one of those three-in-a-line deals on the starboard side of the ship.

Leaving New York but fifteen minutes late you spend the next three hours of smooth, effortless flight engrossed in a fascinating "who dun it" made the more enjoyable by frequent cups of hot coffee urged upon you by a handsome hostess. You ignore the steward who stalks up and down the aisle waiting for an opportunity to catch you unawares and turn off your reading light while you rest your eyes a moment.

An hour's wait in Atlanta - your schedule reads thirty-seven minutes - and you board another plane for Tampa, and on this short flight you catch a little shut-eye. It is now after five a.m. and you dash hopefully into the airport lunch room, ready and able to
battle through a big breakfast. A brief and one-sided argument with a very tired waitress dispels any idea of food.

"I'm sorry, suh" she withers you, "no breakfast served before six o'clock."

So, kind-hearted like, you leave her with a torn-off and blank sales slip in her hand and going out the door you are dimly aware of her final bit of repartee: "Everything is closed up. You'll get nothing to eat for an hour." You shrug it off philosophically. After all, all honest people are home and in bed at this ghastly hour of the morning.

Your baggage, you discover a few minutes later, was not on the same plane. How interesting! But it comes in on the next flight, and off you go into Tampa. An all night diner! Heavenly day! You haven't eaten for hours. The place is clean, and while well filled there is a vacant table for four which you help fill.

A smart gal comes with the menu and a glass of ice-water, a swallow of which convinces you it is poisoned! Your table companions decide quickly upon a variety of dishes, the main constituent of which is eggs. Now there's nothing against eggs for breakfast for those as likes 'em, and years ago you gave up as a lost cause the argument that a no more gruesome-looking breakfast dish exists than a couple of apologetic eggs staring you in the face. So you suggest to the waitress that it would be nice if she would bring you a dish of oatmeal to take the curse off an empty stomach while you waited for a more imaginative meal of "Three Golden Brown Hot Cakes with Maple Sirup."

The cards are stacked against you, for after a moment your waitress returns saying: "We're sorry, suh, we have no more oatmeal this morning." You take this as a hopeful sign, for if it hadn't been good it would
not have disappeared so soon, and tell her not to bother: "Just bring the hot cakes and sirup."

In the middle of loud animated yak-yak going round the table you become aware that the girl has returned, this time very quietly. "Please don't get mad mister," she says sorrowfully, "but the chef says the hot cake batter has gone sour." It was funny, and the peals of laughter made even the waitress smile. At least you helped to make her day brighter. So you settle for a dish of cold cereal - waitress' choice, for you don't dare another try. There are times when it doesn't pay to leave home!

xoxox

But it was a fine camp directed by Don Armstrong, and staffed by Marie Armstrong, registrar; Michael and Mary Ann Herman, folk dances; Don, squares; Ralph Page contra; and Rose Chiazza, folk songs. We found it hot and humid during the daytime. The heat we can take in large quantities but not the humidity; yet the nights were so lovely, the lake so delightfully warm, and the spirit of the campers so high that most of the time we forgot all about the weather and just had ourselves a whale of a good time.

This Florida Fellowship Camp was the first in the state run along the lines of a Jane Farwell type folk dance camp. It didn't take the people long to catch on to the idea and this camp is going to grow in future years, mark our words on that. The first opportunity we had to really put across the idea was second night of camp when we had a "Gay Nineties" party, complete with dance programs, floor managers - and now! we'd like to have Wally Carroll, George Hoyt, and Horton Briggs as floor managers for every Gay Nineties party - pictures of our 'ancestors' pinned to the wall, barbershop quartet. Every lady, upon entering the hall was taken to the stage where craft material was placed to make hats - we beg your pardon, bonnets - and each man was escorted to the barber shop where four expert barbers provided them with mustaches and beards, some
of which were positively fetching. And along toward the end of the dance when we were supposed to be tired we danced the Doublebeka Polka, not once, but four times! The first encore we cheered as loud as the rest, the second we mildly applauded, the third we maintained a loud silence, and for the fourth we were helped off the floor. Gad, they just wouldn't stop, but kept right on singing and dancing after the music stopped. We believe that this dance sold the campers on the idea that folk dances are also fun.

And while on the subject of parties we must not fail to give loud applause to the "Mexican Party" the very next night. Don was sure that the peak had been reached the previous night, but instead we were merely warming up. You could have heard us in that reception line half way to Tampa against the wind, and when it came time for the Dance of the Cascarones, you could have heard us the rest of the way! The latter was a 'smashing' success - remember? And we never want to hear "Manana" called anywhere again unless it is done by Florida's own Fred Kelley. Man, he was out of this world "I theenck". Remember the haunting beauty of that long line of lights stretching all the way from the dance hall to the dining room? It fair made you choke with emotion as we snaked our way in and out among them on the way down for late coffee and snack.

By this time we had a folk dance camp and it was no trouble at all to decorate the place and the campers for the last night's "Hawaiian Party". Hibiscus blossoms and leis; palms and a golden moon were all there.

Again, the contras seemed to go over well and
they particularly liked "Queen Victoria" and the "Judge's Jig".

After the dancing this last night, the entire group gathered on the beach to share the last hour together. During the day small paper sampans - one for each camper - were made, complete with small candles. While the group watched from shore, the candles were lighted and the tiny boats set afloat on the lake. As we watched these tiny floating lights and sang together with hands joined "May the Good Lord Bless and Keep You", we knew that the Florida Dance Fellowship had truly found a wonderful fellowship; we had learned here the true meaning of the term.

And thus endeth the saga of the summer of 1955.

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SQUARE DANCE

CANADIAN LANCERS

Obtained from Norman Lindsay, London, Ontario, who says this is a real old timer, close to 100 years old.

Suggested music - Any good marching tune

The Dance

Head couple bow and swing
Promenade a half way 'round
And back up center (between # 3)
The side two couples fall in behind
Four steps forward, four steps backward
Ladies 'round the gents (single file, following #1 lady)
Gents go 'round the ladies (single file same as ladies)
Head couple down the center (others follow after)
Ladies left, gents go right
Make new lines of four
Face your own - go forward and back
Forward again and swing partners into place
Square your sets

Repeat for other couples in turn. Using any chorus figure you wish. Also any ending, after all have done the figure.

We learned this figure at Dixie Folk & Square Dance Institute 1954, and danced it again to Norman's calling this past summer. It's a wonderful dance for a Gay Ninety Evening - or any other kind of a square dance night. It would seem in better taste to use comparable music, rather than the latest razzamatazz, but you are the one to call so let your conscience be your guide.
To be danced to the tune of "Hunt the Squirrel"

We gave you this fine dance a few months ago, remember? But no music, and none of the notes. So here it is again with both music and notes. (T.S.)

Music, A1, 1-4. First man & first woman lead down between second couple & cast up to places

" 5-8. First & second men, joining hands (inside) lead between the two women and cast off back to places.

" A2, 1-4. Second man & second woman lead up between 1st couple & cast down to places.
Music, 5-8. First & second women, joining inside hands lead between the two men and cast off back to places.

" Bl,1-4 First man sets to second woman, moving forward, and falls back to place turning single.

" 5-8 First woman sets to second man, moving forward, and falls back to her place, turning single.

" Ba,1-4 First & second couples hands-four half-way round.

" 5-6 Partners set

" 7-8 Partners change places (Progressive).

Explanation -

Formation: any number of couples, gents in one line facing partners in another line,(as in contra dancing) Odd numbered couples active and designated here as the "First" couple. Inactive couples are "Second" couples.

The dance: Active couple down center, separate, and go round the person below, walking up outside to place.

Both active and inactive men walk across the set going between their partners and separating, each around his own lady, returning to place.

Inactive couple walk up the center, separate, and go round the person above, walking down outside to place.

Both active and inactive ladies walk across the set passing between their partners and separating, each around her own gent, returning to place.

Active gent advances toward inactive lady below with two pas-de-basque or "setting# steps (three light step to right and three to the left - each group of three is one pas-de-basque), then return to place with solo turn to the right taking four walking steps.

Active lady do the same, advancing toward gent below.
Both couples join hands and circle left halfway around.

All dance two pas-de-basque steps in place (RLR, LRL)

All walk forward across the set passing partner by the right shoulder and then turn to face the opposite line ready to repeat dance (active couples with next below)

NOTES

This month instead of merely presenting the music and description of a Folk Dance, we are also including a nearly exact duplicate of our reference source for this dance. The page reproduced here is taken from Part VI of "The Country Dance Book" by Cecil J. Sharp. This volume contains the notations for 177 dances and is accepted the world over as the foremost authoritative work on the subject of English Country Dancing. Our dance this month, THE GEUD MAN OF BALLINGIGH was first described by Playford in the 10th Edition of his book "The English Dancing Master", published in 1698. This is one of many dances which Mr Sharp interpreted from the sketchy Old English language of Playford, retaining insofar as possible the original figures and style.

So here we have a folk dance which has truly passed the test of time, a dance which is enjoyed today in much the same form as it was nearly 300 years ago. THE GEUD MAN has always been popular among English Country Dancers. Now with the increased interest in folk dancing, this dance is one of many of the English Dances which is being added to the repertoire of folk dancers throughout the country.

Just a word or two regarding the style: "The characteristic of an English Country Dance is that of gay simplicity. The steps should be few and easy, and the corresponding motions of the arms and body unaffected, modest and graceful."

Notice the similarity between the formation and figures of this dance and those of contra dances en-
joyed today - then doubt if you can that the English contributed anything to our dance culture! Note the use of the words "cast off" to indicate walking around a person and observe the description of the "set" — could this be the origin of the "balance" which we use in square dancing today? We recommend that all square dancers (especially the leaders) spend a little time browsing through folk dance literature and learning some of the dances which can shed light on the origin and background of our American dance form.

Aside from it's historical significance, THE GEUD MAN OF BALLINGIGH is recommended as a beautiful dance that is fun to do. It can be used to introduce folk dancing to square dancers who enjoy contras and, conversely, as a medium through which to present contras to a folk dance group. Indeed one caller (a frequent contributor to these pages) changed the figures a bit and produced a contra which he calls "Goodman's Fancy" - a good dance but not to be confused with it's English ancestor. (T.S.)

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FOLK SONG

FAREWELL AND ADIEU

Fo'castle Song

Solo: Farewell and adieu to you, fair Spanish ladies,
    Farewell and adieu to you, ladies of Spain;
    For we've received orders to sail for old England
    But hope in a short time to see you again.

Cho. We'll rant and we'll roar all o'er the wild ocean,
    We'll rant and we'll rave all o'er the wide seas;
    Until we strike soundings in the Channel of old
    England,
    From Ushant to Scilly is thirty-four leagues.

Solo: We hove our ship to, with the wind at Sou'west
    boys,
    We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear
    Then filled the main topsail and bore right away
    boys,
    And straight up the Channel our course we did
    steer.

Cho -
The signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,
We clewed up our topsails, stuck out tacks and sheets;
We stood by our stoppers, we brailed in our spanker,
And anchored ahead of the noblest of fleets.

Chorus:

Then let every man here toss off a full bumper,
Then let every man here toss off a full bowl,
For we will be jolly and drown melancholy,
With a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul.

FORECASTLE SONGS: During leisure hours at the end of
day, the men sang sea songs of a sentimental nature.
No work was done to these songs; the lyrics told stor-
ies of wives, sweethearts, or mothers, and were usual-
ly much longer than the chanties. During the "dog-watch"
in the early evening, both watches were on deck, gath-
ered about the main hatch in pleasant weather, or stow-
ed away in sheltered spots when it was bad. Singing,
dancing and story telling were then the order of the
day; perhaps a squeaky fiddle or an accordion or con-
certina were produced and used. Songs popular ashore had
their place in these evening concerts, of course - but
never the sailor songs so favored by amateurs ashore.
The songs of all lands had their part in these musical
evenings, and many old English ballads were treasured
in the sailor's memory; patriotic ballads of early Am-
erican history were highly esteemed in the forecastle
and such songs as "The Parliament of England"," The
Constitution and the Guerriere", "The Countersigns", and
"The Stately Southerner" were very popular. Many a fore-
castle has echoed to the endless verses of "Captain
Kidd" and "The Flying Cloud". Happy the "crowd" that
had a "nigger singer", for he had a repertoire all his
own. (Condensed from "Songs of American Sailormen").
The visiting caller's quite a boy,
Who comes across the valley
With do-pas-ohs and wagon wheels
And stuff not up our alley.

He calls the hardest dance he knows
To make a grand impression,
Full of gimmicks, twists, and turns;
Creates an awful session.

He doesn't think he did a job,
He doesn't feel success
Unless he fouls up every one
And leaves the floor a mess.

If he can't show the homefolk up
He thinks that he's been cheated;
He ought to call a well-known dance,
Grab his applause and beat it.

'Twas me that asked this strange boy up
"I'd like to have you call, sir".
And now he's angling for my job,
The dirty double-crosser.
The host has asked me to perform,
To call a single tip;
I'll pick an easy one I know,
Give forth and let 'er rip.

Now this one isn't very hard,
At just the speed they're reaching;
They ought to coast the whole way through,
Without a lot of teaching.

By Josh, three sets are now fouled up,
I should have walked them through it;
But the pattern is so goldarned plain,
I felt that they could do it.

The pink is crawling up my neck,
I hate what I have done;
I'll struggle through this hectic square,
Then leave the mike and run.

Their caller is a darn fine guy,
He rates this group - stupendous;
But I wouldn't call in this here town,
For a fat and juicy bonus.

Pat Pending

COPIES OF OLD RECIPE BOOKS, THE PRIVATELY PRINTED ONES, GATHERED TOGETHER BY LADIÉS' AID GROUPS, REBECKAHS, GRANGES, CHURCHES; ETC. also FOLK TALES FROM ALL SECTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES PUBLISHED BY THE SAME OR SIMILAR GROUPS.

Ralph Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.
Evenin' folks. Come in and set a while; take a load off yer feet. Ain't seen yer in a coon's age. Be'n gallivantin' off all round the country I s'pose? Ayup, I heard yer hed. Had an awful hot spell o' weather this summer, never seen anything like it round here. Whuts that, yer say? Warrn't too bad out in Californy when you was there? Humph! Be'n willin' to send 'em out some summer weather 'f they'd only let us know! How's 'at pop corn comin', Hattie? Most ready fer me to shake the butter an' salt onto it? You fellers wait just a minit. Help yerself to some sweet cider, an' I'll bring yer back a pan o' corn.

There, now, I guess I c'n talk a little better. My cousin Will was down a while ago, visitin', comes from up round Frankfort, Maine, yer know. Sold his farm down th' river an' bought a place in th' village. Be handier come winter, 'specialty for the women folks.

Say, didja know Ed Parker hed sold his place up on the hill to a city feller? Will said he got a good price fer it too. Feller'd bought it had more money than brains I guess. Will said he'd had a big crew of men workin' round the place all summer, and had got the house all fixed up in what the feller called 'Early American', whatever that is. Farmhouse must a be'n clus to a hundred 'n fifty year old as it was and that'd be 'Early American' enough for most folks. Had a big coal furnace put in to the cellar and plans ter
live there th' year round. But I don't know as he will for from what my cousin said he'll hev ter change some ter git along with the people round there.

Will said that one night 'long in July the feller - 's name is Brown by the way - come down to the store in his Lincoln, and went inside an' bought food enough ter feed a small regiment. An' when he come out, he set down on the steps 'long with the rest of the boys, and went to work right off tellin' what he was goin' ter do with the place he'd bought. Nobody objected to his doin' what he wanted to with his money and the men listened politely.

After a while he changed the subject and begun to try to get the others to jine in the conversation. No-buddy 'd had a chance to before, and by that time they didn't feel much like talkin' to Mr Brown at all. So they kep' quiet. Couple of 'em whittled off some Mayos Dark for their pipes, an' one or two others bit off a corner of Mechanic's Delight eatin' tobacco, so they was too busy to talk.

Brown kep' right on tryin' though, but ' couldn't get a word out er anyone. Finally he got disgusted and said: "Say, is there any law against you men talking?" "No law," said Cal Jenkins, "just a rule that we don't say anything 'less we c'n improve on the silence."

And somehow or other that reminds me of an old timer round here named John Scribner. John was a awful hand to cuss 'n swear, and sometimes folks goin' by would stop and lissen to him 'f it seemed he was in trouble. Never had a place of his own; 'd ruther work fer someone else he said, an' he was a darned good worker too, and warn't out of a job very long at a time. Worked for years for old Deacon Wright and Caleb allus said he never had a better man to work round his place. 's funny too, in a way, how well John an' the Deacon got along, f' r as I said, John was a most wonderful hand to cuss, and Deacon Wright was a very pious man. Prom'nent in town 'n church affairs, an' able to make a good prayer, sometimes a elegant one in meetin's.
Well, Caleb tried hard to get John to stop his swearin', but he might as well a talked to the wind, for I b'lieve that John enjoyed blasphemy and wouldn't a stopped if he could. Well one day some of us men was down there helpin' to boocher some hogs and the Deacon really went to work on John about his promiscuous talk. Finally John turned to him an' said: "Now Deacon, it's like this, you pray some and I swear some, but God knows neither of us mean anything by it."

Ughta be a man, name of Deacon Jenkins live here in town. Had a big family of kids—twenty-three of 'em, all livin'. His wife used to get pretty tired and cross with so many young ones under foot. One day she was carryin' on about what a nuisance such a big family was, while she was gettin' a mess of the young ones ready for church.

"Now, now, mother" said the Deacon, "simmer down. You know the Good Book tells us we should multiply and replenish the earth."

And quick as a wink she snapped right back at 'im "Well, it don't say anywhere that I ever saw that old Deacon Jenkins had got to do it all!"

A clue to the original significance of Hallowe'en is found in the Gaelic name which in Ireland is 'Samhain' and in Scotland 'Samhuinn', meaning 'Summer-end', with a secondary meaning of 'assembly' or 'festival'. In ancient Ireland there was a great gathering at Tara on November 1, as there was a 'Cet-shamain' or 'first festival' on May 1. According to the lingering folklore connected with the old Celtic agricultural calen-
der there were two suns - 'the little sun of winter' and 'the big sun of summer.' The winter sun began to shine and exercise control over the elements on the morning after 'summer-end eve,' and the big sun arose whirling round three times 'by the right' on the first morning of May, when the magical 'white fires' (in Irish 'bealteine') were lit and cattle and human beings went through their smoke and over their embers to secure protection from evil influences. Hallowe'en bonfires similarly brought good luck.

At the times of solar change in May and November it was generally believed that there was a great deal of flitting about of supernatural beings. Fairies and demons, temporarily let loose, roamed around without restraint, and with malice aforethought entered those houses which were not protected by herbs, evergreens, religious symbols, certain colors and iron. At such times too, it was believed to be possible to look into the future.

Hallowe'en practices still surviving, or on record, have no relation to any dictates of Scripture or classical deities. So we must look for their explanation in the folk-life of pagan times in western and northern Europe.

Until recently in the Scottish Highlands it was the custom to light Hallowe'en bonfires. These were placed on hills and opposite houses, and there was much rivalry as to who should have the largest and most brilliant. These fires were lit in the evening, and were accompanied by fun and laughter, including dancing to bagpipes. While the fire was burning some of the men would seize flaming faggots and run with them around the house and around and across the fields to bring good luck to the tenants. The ashes of the fire were raked into a circle, and each person then placed in them a stone. If next morning it was found that a stone representing an individual had been moved it was believed that he or she would be faced with bad luck during the coming season. A house fire kindled by a brand from a Hallowe'en outdoor bonfire was kept
burning day and night until May Day.

Apples and hazel nuts figure prominently in English, Welsh, Irish and Scottish Hallowe'en festivals. In pagan beliefs these were 'fruits of longevity.' In many old Celtic folk-tales and folk-poems the departed eat golden apples and golden hazel nuts. Avalon, the name of that 'land of youth' indeed signifies 'apple land,' and the stories connected with it tell that as a piece is bitten from an apple it is immediately replaced, the fruit being inexhaustible. The apple is also referred to as a symbol of love. It was also used for purposes of divination.

A tub is filled with water into which girls drop apples with secret marks, each representing a young woman concerned regarding her future. The young men are called in. One by one they kneel beside the tub, trying to catch an apple by mouth alone, for hands must not be used. In this way the girls discovered the man they were to marry. Another custom is to pare an apple and throw the unbroken skin over one's left shoulder. The initial formed or suggested by it when it falls is supposed to be that of the Christian name or surname of the future wife or husband.

The hazel, like the apple tree, was sacred, and the fact that it was deified is not only suggested by folklore references, but the plain statement in an old Irish narrative 'Coll (hazel) indeed was god to Mac-Cuil.' Fire-sticks of hazel were used to make fire by friction for the purpose of lighting bonfires at the Hallowe'en and other festivals. Forked hazel sticks have long been used by water-diviners and metal-deviners.

It is apparent that there is a long history reaching back to pre-Christian times behind the Hallowe'en customs of burning hazel nuts and 'ducking for apples.' Two nuts are placed on the upper bar of a grate, or on burning coal, one representing a girl and the other an admirer. If they burn well together, it is believed that the pair will remain faithful in courtship and married life; but if one of the nuts should dart side-
ways, the lad or girl it represents is supposed to have a secret desire 'to look elsewhere.'

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**THE TOWN CRIER**

BORN: June 9, to Mr & Mrs Ralph Sweet, a son William.
MARRIED: June 18, Donna Ho-yer and Len Weis, in First Unitarian Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota.
BORN: August 2, to Mr & Mrs Connie Taylor, a daughter, Michelle.
MARRIED: September 2, Carolyn Gove and Frederick Pulsifer, in Laconia, N.H.
BORN: September 20, to Mr & Mrs Ted Sannella, a daughter, Marianne.

The new address of the New England Folk Festival, Inc. is 30 Pemberton Square, Boston 8, Mass.

International Folk Dancing will be conducted each Monday night, 8 P.M., at the BAHIA MAR Recreation Center, opposite Bahia Mar Yacht Basin on the ocean, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, beginning September 19th, led by Annette & Tommy Thompson, and sponsored by the City Recreation Department.

Make plans now to attend the 6th International Square Dance Festival, November 5, at the International Amphitheater, Chicago, sponsored by the Chicago Park District and the Chicago Area Callers Association.

Also coming up is the "1st Northwest Square Dance Convention" in the Field Artillery Armory, Seattle, Washington, October 28th & 29th.

NORTHERN JUNKET would like to call to your attention a most interesting new publication, "The Rocky Mountain Folk Dance Crier" issued quarterly by Harold & Lois Ryan, 3231 Acoma St., Englewood, Colorado. Send $1.00 & receive the next years' issues.

The Cumberland (Me) County Recreation Council sponsored "A DAY AT FOLK CAMP" at Pioneer Camps, Bridgton, Maine, on Saturday, October 8th, with a full days program beginning at 3:30 p.m. to midnight, and included Folk Dancing, International Supper, Square Dancing, "Old Tyme Dance Party", Folk Singing, and Danish snack.
Have you danced to the new Don Armstrong recordings on FOLK DANCER label yet? "Climbin' Up de Golden Stairs" MH 1515 promises to be a real square dance hit. Others are "Animal Fair" backed by "Bell Bottom Trousers" MH 1514. Reverse side of MH 1515 is "Two Gents Swing."


Send .25¢ to Folk Dance House, 108 W. 16th St. New York City for their catalog of FOLK DANCER records.

Annual meeting of the Green Mountain Folklore Society will be held in Burlington, Vt. October 29 at 2 p.m.
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