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Merry Christmas

[Signature]
There's a lot of talk going on these days about juvenile delinquency with everybody blaming everybody else. We too have a comment to make, and how! We think that the press, radio and TV can cure the problem in no time at all. All that they need to do is to re-examine their sense of what is newsworthy. Let's give you an example of a true story and see what you think.

As most of us are by now aware, every exploit of the delinquent is given plenty of space in the press and on the air. From these reports one would assume that young people rarely do anything worthwhile. If as much space was given to some of the good things they do, perhaps being good would acquire the aura of glamour and prestige that right now the young people get only if they do something sensational.

Here is what happened in March in New York City. For the second year the Boy's Athletic League arranged to hold a Folk Festival, using the children from the different settlement houses and recreation centers they sponsor. This in itself might not be anything sensational for newspapers to write about, but let's look a little closer at the picture.
Here were young people mostly from poor sections of the city, dubbed 'problem areas'; many of the kids plenty tough. They represented many races, nationalities, religions. The Festival was scheduled for March and for several months in advance, these kids came to these centers and learned to do the dances of many countries, not necessarily of their own nationality.

Anyone who has worked with children, especially teen-agers, knows how hard it is to get them to do any kind of dancing, let alone folk dancing. Yet they not only came and learned, but made their own costumes as well. What a colorful picture they made on March 30th, when 500 of them appeared in the ballroom of Manhattan Center to dance in unison, and in individual groups.

*Not one sign of disorder...* all moved beautifully, with spirit, with cooperation. Truly the most colorful sight, thrilling to all present. School teachers attending, were amazed to see some of their biggest problem kids behaving like angels.

There were so many good stories that could have been written in the press about this Festival. Someone could have pointed up the amount of work put into the project by children with limited facilities and equipment. Another story could have shown how democracy in America works, with these children doing the dances of the world in an effort to learn and understand about other peoples. There were a dozen human interest stories to be found here.

So what did happen? Nothing! Where was the Press, Radio, or TV? There should have been pictures on every front page with plenty of publicity to make these kids feel that it paid to do something worthwhile. Recognition would have inspired them further along these
lines. Oh sure, there was a paragraph or two in some of the back pages of the papers. One newspaper, on learning that the children were to do a Philippine dance with fans, headlined its one paragraph, "Children to do Fan Dance"! giving the item a different connotation. (Sensation seeking children or adults?).

Then there was the reporter who glibly remarked that if Marilyn Monroe were to attend - as she did on the opening night of the circus - then that would be news, but this way there wasn't too much to write about.

Several months have passed since this Festival and we're still seething about the lack of press response to this event......and mind you, we had nothing to do with this event directly. It isn't only this Festival, but hundreds of other similar worthwhile projects that go unrecorded while the acts of vándals get glamorized with big write-ups.

The kids want attention, recognition. If they can't get it one way, they'll get it another. Give them a break reporters, and you'll be surprised how many good stories can be found in some of the decent things being done by our young people.

Incidently, the Festival was directed by Sally Ray, one of the very fine folk dancers connected with Folk Dance House. Some clever reporter could have spotted a good sissy in Sally, for she is a dainty, tiny, fragile, lovely creature, and to see her handle some of the fellows she worked with was quite a remarkable
thing. That this gentle thing could have directed so well such a tremendous project is quite a feat. Each year Sally carefully goes over the dances with us; plans the costumes, etc. Already the 1956 Festival is being discussed. To her and to the Boy's Athletic League, sponsors of the Festival, congratulations for a remarkable piece of work with young people. And though the New York Press failed to see the importance of this project to give it prominent space, we hope that these words in FOLK NEWS and NORTHERN JUNKET—both of which go all over the world—will compensate and perhaps give food for thought to some of our professional publications.

Let the adults set a standard and an example, and the young folk will come along; we have great faith in them. Let the press, radio, and TV unite in a campaign to report in detail the good deeds of the youngsters, and give just a passing line to the bad. We have an impression that it will make a difference.

((((( ))))))

OBITUARY

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SHANNON KEYES

With great sorrow we report the untimely demise of our correspondent. Arriving at the Atlantic Square Dance Convention from his home in Stony Creek Center, N.H. in good spirits, he was handed a copy of the Northern Junket, one of the N.H. Folk Federation, and one of the New England Caller. In an attempt to isolate the date of the coming N.E. Folk Festival, he dashed madly from hall to hall in search of a calendar and blundered into one where traditional westerns were on the agenda. They needed one man—any man—to fill a set. At the end of the first tip tender hands attempted to unravel and unsnarl Shannon, but the spark of life had gone. REST IN PEACE.

Signed: ED MOODY

P.S. From time to time I may attempt to fill his shoes
The Folk Festival Movement In America

by SARAH GERTRUDE KNOTT

Founder and Director, National Folk Festival

The folk festival movement has contributed greatly to the awakening of interest in the folksong heritage of America. In addition, the recordings of folk festival activities have made available a body of folksong materials that have materially enriched the archives of American folk music. It is, therefore, pertinent to review the objectives, the accomplishments and the shortcomings of the folk festivals in this country, particularly those of the National Folk Festival, with a view to evaluation of the folk festival movement at mid-century.

The folklore of most countries passes through three stages: (1) when it is in its purest form before any outside influence has touched and changed it; (2) after it has been weakened by outside influence but still has sufficient vitality upon which revival can be built; (3) when it has lost much of its fundamental content and substance and there is no longer chance for revival on the old roots.

We are in the late part of the second stage today, as far as most of our folklore is concerned. Many of
the folk legacies known to pioneer forefathers have already passed. There is, however, enough still vital among both old and new American groups that, with proper planning and co-ordinated effort on the part of those concerned with the scholarly aspects of folklore and those whose chief interest is the actual use of it, our democratic country might well become one of the greatest folklore reservoirs in a world of rapid and accelerating change.

At the time of the first National Folk Festival there were few, except those in isolated rural communities, where traditional songs and dances were still cherished, who either knew or cared much about them. The old British ballads, fiddle tunes, singing games, and even the square dances seemed almost to have given way to modern songs and dances. Youngsters scorned them as "old timey" and older people were discarding them. Scholars were rushing to collect what they considered "relics of the past" to put them in books for posterity, sure that in another generation they would be forever gone.

Folklorists were making studies of separate phases of our folklore—religious songs, Indian music, Negro spirituals and others—but almost no attention had been given by people generally to the question, "What should we claim as our own in the over-all national picture?" With the exception of a few scattered local folk festivals, which were dignifying and showing the vitality of the old folk expressions in modern life, little was being done to encourage revival, or to hold them for present recreational needs, or for use in the future.

Cowboys in Montana, Texas, the Dakotas and other western states were still singing some of their old ballards, which had been more widely used in earlier days; but they had no idea what songs the lumberjacks, miners, canalers and sailors had been singing during the same years. Ozark hill-country people knew the
folk songs, dances and other lore brought into their region during covered wagon days; but they knew nothing of the great wealth of Indian traditions flourishing in neighboring Oklahoma, or of the Spanish-American heritages of Colorado, New Mexico and Texas.

A National Advisory Committee of approximately thirty folklorists cooperated in laying the foundation of the National Folk Festival plan. Chief among those who helped chart the original course were the late George Pullen Jackson, Constance Rourke and Mary Austin. Also there were Ben A. Botkin, Arthur L. Campa, May Kennedy McCord, Frances Densmore, Bascom Lamar Lunsford, who, with other scholars and festival participants, form the advisory committee today.

Although the basic policies upon which the festival was founded have been generally followed, it was inevitable that certain expansion, not looked for at the beginning, would be necessary if the festival were to continue to serve, guide and reflect life in the changing transitional period.

The National Folk Festival has passed through two distinct stages and is now feeling the challenge of the third:

The First Stage—The first festival in St. Louis which brought together folk dancers and singers from fourteen states, cut the pattern which was followed for the next six years as an ever increasing number followed the trails to festival cities—Chattanooga, Dallas, Chicago, and on to Washington, D.C.
American Indians opened all programs. Scattered throughout the four days activities were the folk dances, folk music, legends and folk plays presented by descendants of the English, Irish, Scottish, French, Spanish-Americans, Germans and Negroes. Indigenous songs and dances were especially featured by cowboys, lumberjacks, miners, canalers and sailors. Music predominated. Practically all participants came from rural communities, brought by leaders who were specialists in some certain phases of folklore. Many of them were on the National Advisory Committee. No groups nor individuals were particularly taught dances for the festivals. The participants were all born natural-born singers and dancers, who had had a singing or a dancing lesson in their lives. They had inherited the songs and dances and the all important traditional style of doing them. The programs were presented as simply and naturally as possible each group creating its own atmosphere. This general pattern seemed like the logical one to follow then.

The Second Stage—However, and after the first six festivals, it was inevitable that the pattern expand to include the basic cultural offerings of new citizens from Scandinavia, Poland, Lithuania, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Israel, Greece, and other countries. Here were folksongs and dances which would, no doubt, in time, sink their roots in our cultural soil and enrich it as those brought earlier from other lands had already done. They were ours for the taking. More and more they have been included during the past twelve years. For the first several years of these additions, only individuals and groups who had inherited their lore, used it for several generations in the Old World or here, were scheduled on festival programs.
With World War II, our long held isolationist theory was swept aside; nations of the world suddenly became our neighbors. Then it was that we in America began to see how important was the wealth of deeply rooted folk expressions which had poured into our land, in helping us better to understand the folk of many nations with whom our destiny is now so definitely intertwined. Then it was we began to realize more fully how the folk legacies of all our people of diverse cultural backgrounds might be used to aid in breaking down barriers of prejudice and create a better understanding among our own people who, often living side by side, did not know or understand each other.

During the years, as war tension became more intense and a greater demand grew for simple recreational activities for young and old, city and country folk alike, recently and consciously taught folksongs and dances found their places on festival programs, although they were not encouraged as were the survival forms. They were included because they had become a seemingly significant part of the leisure-time activity program in a number of communities in many states. So it was that although newer Americans took their places right by the side of the older ones, every effort was made to keep the balance, to make each program reflect in some proportion at least, the extent to which the traditional heritages had sunk their roots here.

The Third Stage—When World War II ended and the National Folk Festival went "home" to St. Louis, our country as as alive to the value of its folk traditions as it had been indifferent when the festival left there twelve years before; but the situation was
very different. At the first festival we were concerned with finding out what were the most significant folk traditions of the country and arousing interest in their continued use. Now we were amazed at the widespread interest; we were baffled by the ever-growing number of folk activities "running wild loose." It was a problem to cope with varying new opinions. The effect of this new-born interest as far as the National Folk Festival was concerned could not be denied. There was no question that co-ordinating, channeling and directing this new interest was in order - but how? And who was wise enough, strong enough and brave enough to attempt such venture with individualistic Americans, we wondered? Nevertheless, for the past several years we have been more and more convinced it is a difficult job which should be attempted.

To be continued

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WHAT IS SQUARE DANCE MUSIC

by ED DURLACHER

In many sections of the country if you were to ask for a common term for square dance music you would get for an answer 'hoedown', 'breakdown', 'hillbilly', 'corny'. Quite often I wonder to what lengths people will go to dirty-up beautiful folk music. Square dance music IS beautiful music, or rather it was prior to some of the 'Johnny-come-latelies' who have entered into this field in recent years. Those who have absolutely no sense of the necessity for GOOD music. Those who have the misguided belief that music is just something to go BOOM BOOM to provide what they THINK is a 'beat'. If you were to ask these people WHAT beat they couldn't answer if their very lives depended on it. If you were to even intimate that music was 75% or more of the dance, and their job to teach properly, call to the phrase, and to see to the deportment of the floor, they would claim you were undermining their position as 'callers'. Frankly, without the knowledge of the proper place that music has in this field they should never be considered as callers.

In the early days of this country the finest mu-
sicians were brought in from Europe to play for the dances. Along with these learned musicians came the grassroots musicians. When the pioneers left to open up new country the learned musicians, not being of hardy stock, did not go along with them. The grassroots musicians had found a most respected place in their communities and so they too, did not go. The settlers themselves created their own music as well as their own instruments. It is interesting to know that many of our early square dance tunes were made up of parts of the following tunes brought in to this country from across the Atlantic: White Cockade, Soldier's Joy, Haste to the Wedding, Irish Washerwoman, and Miss McLeod's Reel. Good solid music that has lasted through countless generations.

Today as we watch the movies, stage shows, and television, AND some of the so-called square dance musicians(?) we see some character dressed in muddied run down-at-the-heels hobnailed boots, un-clean dungeerees or overalls with hideous patches, a faded plaid shirt with bits of straw coming out of the neck, topped off with a dilapidated straw hat. We can also add a fake beard with a cornpipe pipe sticking out of it. In the crock of his arm he has what he calls a 'feeseedle'. He screws up his face and saws away on it with a raucous screeching sound. What does the average person do on seeing this character and hearing what is SUPPOSED to be bonafied square dance music? He laughs his head off. What is he laughing at? A vulgar mis-representation of American folk dance music. Have you ever realized that we are the only people of ANY nationality who actually ridicule their own folk music? Have you ever watched the un-initiated on hearing this terrible travesty, link arms with each other and go cavorting 'round and round'? How long are we who glory in the beauty of our REAL music going to stand for this? We have no one to
blame but ourselves and our negligence in allowing the music publishers and recording companies to foist upon the American people the shabbiest music ever put together as 'folk music'. Not only have we allowed them to do this, but we have actually ENCOURAGED them by buying it. Not only is this true but just read many of the square dance magazines who print square dance music as 'hoedown'. I have checked the word 'hoedown' and find that in ever so many sections of the country it meant a DRUNKEN BRAWL. These magazines even go to the extent of telling callers to use this or that HOEDOWN.

When the pioneers left to open the wagon-trails, as stated before, they created their own musical instruments and music. If they made a fiddle - and that is the true name for a home-made violin - there was no one there to teach them how to hold it under their chin. So they did the logical thing and held it in the crook of their arm. NOT to be 'corny', but so that they could SEE what they were doing. They learned how to chord the strings; how to put the chords together into strains. Untutored as they were, they instinctively knew the proper number of chords making up a strain; that the beginning of each new strain was accentuated so that the dancers could start the next figure. They played from the heart, and each fiddler vied with the others to produce BETTER music; they were respected for their ability and their willingness to add to the enjoyment of their neighbors. If you have ever heard a real bonafied fiddler you will have thrilled at his inimitable style of playing and even at his partial discords being harmonious.

What have we today? Drug store cowboy hillbillies deliberately destroying this wonderful music and being CHEERED on through terrible ignorance of those who should know better. ANY new tune regardless of whether or not it has good rhythm or construction, comes out as a dance. The jigs and reels, when played at all, are mutilated almost beyond recognition. There is a beginning and praise the Lord an ending, but NOTHING, AB-
SILLY! NOTHING IN BETWEEN. Oh yes, there IS something in between: someone POUNDING on a drum or guitar or possibly a bass viol. THIS is the 'BEAT'. The beat that the vast majority of present-day callers profess to call on. What do they care whether it is the first beat of a measure, or the tenth, or twenty-zillionth? It is a BEAT and that is all they care about.

Square dance music IS music and has been created by the masters of the musical world. Mozart, Beethoven, and Strauss composed music especially for folk dancing: quadrilles, contras, polkas, etc. We have the beautiful popular tunes of the day, NOT the HONKY-TONK ones, but those that lend themselves to GOOD dancing. Today, with trained musicians we need not suffer from the lack of good music. The day of the fiddler is past, or nearly so. Let us then properly train those who would like to play for our dances. Let us once again be proud of our folk music and prove to the world that we too have a musical culture as wonderful as that of any other country on the face of the earth.

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In this world of Square Dancing, we are always looking for ways to make club dances run more smoothly, create a friendlier feeling, and help our new dancers and members feel that they are a very important part of the club. There are many little "tricks" of the trade that are designed to accomplish this goal, and an important goal it is, because friendliness is the essence of square dancing.

A few months ago an idea was suggested that instead of dancing a "tip" (2 dances) with the same partner, each dance be with a new partner. Levis and Laces decided to give it a try, using programs much like the ones used at ballroom dances, to be filled early in the dance. The program was made out in the usual manner, two squares and a round dance, but partners changed with each dance instead of each "tip". This particular club felt the results proved very satisfactory; that it is a very acceptable change from the regular routine, and would be fun for special parties, or when a club felt a special need for getting their members better acquainted with a new group within their club. They felt it should be announced in advance to discourage late-comers since programs are filled early.
in the evening, and stragglers have difficulty in getting dances. This is a sure-fire method of learning the names of the folks with whom you dance, and it also serves to mix up the crowd and get everybody dancing.

There are many "mixers" used by the club, such as having dancers match various numbers, names, colors, or halves of pictures, etc.; also "Scout and Scat", progressive circle dances, and scatter promenades—all very effective methods of getting the entire group acquainted. Name tags for guests and club badges with names are another way to promote acquaintance.

Clubs wishing to promote friendliness should keep in mind the value of having active hosts and hostesses who circulate among the crowd, making people welcome, and greeting them upon arrival and departure. Introductions by "couple-number-one" or a club member in a square, before the tip starts, makes people feel welcome, too.

There isn't really too much time at a square dance to chat and become really well acquainted with the new folks, but many clubs have found that the practice of holding pot-luck dinners and picnics provides a time when people can visit and get to know each other better.

It has been proven that one very excellent way to make new friends is when a large dance or fiesta is in your area, invite an out-of-towner, into your home, or when you are the out-of-towner, accept the invitation to go into a square dancer's home. Many lasting friendships have been made in just this way.

The important thing is for all of us, individually, to do everything in our power to see that square dancing stays the friendliest of pastimes.

from "LOCAL SQUARES"
Portugal in spring, as, our translation of the song "Coimbra" tells us, is all very fine, but summer is the season for dancing. Where the climate is mild and farmers can work all winter, village festivals are held in the summer. So we resigned ourselves to visiting the fine folk museums near Lisbon - some of them sad, the rest of them sadder - and observing the traditional bullfight-on-horseback. The Portugese do not kill the bull, but at the end drive in a drove of old heifers to lure him out of the ring, alive and only a little annoyed at having been ragged for twenty minutes by a mounted banderillo. Not so theatrical as the Spanish fight, but a dazzling exhibition of horsemanship. We found everything about Portugal and its people incredibly fine, but to their regret and ours they could not tell us where to find dancing in May.

Then, as we were practically on our way out, we stumbled on the citizens of Caldas da Rainha, all dressed up for a fiesta that they hadn't bothered to report to the Comissao de Turismo, and all set for one evening of the national dance. No other tourists showed up, and any out-of-town visitors must have stayed with friends, for the only hotel had rooms to spare. Yet the three day fiesta, got up on the excuse that the town was opening a new hospital, was as pretty a thing as one could hope to find anywhere, since Mexi-
cans discovered movies and gasoline. From 7:30 a.m. on the opening day (alvorado, with music and fireworks, followed by solemn high mass) to midnight of the third day, something was set for every hour, even though a lot of it was the standard fiesta fare of futbol, by-cycle races, and roller-skate hockey. The decorations, music, and costumed parades were unusually tasteful and splendid, and the evening illuminations fantastic. For one particularly simple and effective device they had small cans of pitch with lighted wicks all over the city park, so that in the blackness the mirror lake and all the walks were outlined by a thousand twinkling lights. Of course, a careless person could have got burned by an open flame, but nobody did, the crowd being that orderly. And somebody could have been hit too, by the empty case of one of the skyrockets fired promiscuously over the heads of the crowd, and one man was. A chap sitting behind us in the grandstand had his cheek slit open that way, but so what? In an hour he was back with his face all bandaged by the new new hospital.

The folk dancing was strictly for watching. The man who watched on my right assured me that, notwithstanding the abundance of country dancing in Portugal, it is seldom, except at weddings, attempted as a form of social dance. The average villager will have done some of the dances; he will be a knowing and enthusiastic spectator. At private parties he may even dance.
A rough analogy would be the average American's relation to the game of baseball. On this occasion the crowd of over two thousand watching the dancers, whom they greeted as old friends, outnumbered five to one the crowd dancing foxtrots in the casino nearby. Of the performers themselves there were four large groups the most interesting being a gang from the vine-growing village of Cartaxo, and another from the primitive fishing community of Nazare. Portugal has its club-taught dancers and its school kids trained to amuse the tourists - a harmless practice, surely - but these dancers were adults, experts, and plain country folks. The leather-skinned fishermen from Nazare wore their very practical everyday costume, a coarse and gaudily checked garment that fits like a suit of long underwear.

The fishermen undertook the more strenuous and athletic running sets; the Cartaxo bunch specialized in spectacle. I recall one of their dances, a kind of sword-dance figure executed with long sticks representing the knives used to cut down grapes, and another dance in which the ladies finally used the flower baskets they had been carrying all evening. As the girls, at the climax of their dance, circled out in a big wheel, they threw out dense showers of rose petals. The effect was terrific. I was told that the dance is very old and highly symbolical, but of what I'm not sure, because while I spoke Spanish my informant spoke Portuguese. A lot was lost, both ways.

Since we can never lure our American Portuguese out to a folk festival, you may be as ignorant as I was of their dancing, and may not mind a rough description. These particular dances, executed barefoot in a style resembling that of our Kentucky dances, were, with few exceptions, mixed circles, couples facing couples as we do Sicilian Circle. The dancers always held their hands over their heads, palms out, elbows slightly bent, and swayed from side to side as they ran. Even the fandangos, which featured solo couples to "shine", began and ended as circle dances.
The story of how the trombone became a sacred instrument to residents of Bethlehem, is often told during the holiday season around firesides in that highly musical Pennsylvania town. The tale goes that at the
time of the Indian massacre at the Moravian missionary post of Gnadenhutten on November 24, 1775, fugitives fled to Bethlehem, to be protected within the stout walls of the buildings. It is recorded that as many as 208 children were brought in within a single day.

Word had been passed around that the Indians planned to attack on Christmas Day - since they had heard that on that day the people, engaged in festivities, would be less cautious. Naturally there was intense anxiety on the part of the peaceful folk of Bethlehem. At four o'clock of that fateful Christmas morning, a choir of trombones ushered in the day from the roof-terrace of the Brethren's House. Quietly the people rose and went about their daily routine, as the night watch went off duty. Tradition has it that the clear, solemn sound of this trombone chorale, breaking the dead silence of the darkness, caused the waiting Indians to pause in wonder and dread. "The strange, sweet sounds struck fear into their hearts," and they slipped away into the woods, fully convinced that some supernatural power was guarding the town of Bethlehem. They passed the word on to other Indians, who in their turn told the people of Bethlehem.

Thus did the trombone become a sacred instrument to residents of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS & TOYS

The name "Santa Claus" was introduced to America by the early Dutch settlers on Manhattan Island. They spelled it "San Niklaus." While there are no early rec
ords of the use of a Christmas tree in early Dutch Christmas legends, we do know they used Christmas toys and goodies to celebrate the coming of Old Saint Nick, who was supposed to reward all good children with toys, gifts and sweets.

In ancient England, from the days of John Wyeccliffe, the first reformer, a peculiar candlestick was used at Christmas Time called the candle trow. This trow was an upright rod with X-shaped crosspieces of graduated size, from bottom to top, formed in the shape of a tree. Candles were placed along the arms and burned in honor of the Lord Jesus on His birthday. Soon it became customary to place sweetmeats goodies, dolls and gifts around the base of the candle trow. There is more than a legend to the effect that the great Bohemian reformer, John Huss, a follower of Wyeccliffe, introduced the Christmas tree or trow idea as a part of the reformer's Christmas celebration rites. And that would seem to be the quick-fact history of the Christmas tree. They used the actual trees in Bohemia, Germany, Sweden and the Netherlands. They used an artificial tree, in the form of a candle trow, in Scotland, England and Wales.

But that is the smallest part of this story. Christmas sweets, toys and comfits, cornucopias, and other little remembrances were part of the Christmas celebration long before trees became a standard form of decoration in the home.

Since the Pilgrims and Puritans viewed Christmas celebration with distaste, especially in the 17th century, New England has very little early Christmas history. But New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia did celebrate Christmas in the old-time manner, and consequently we find sugar bakers preparing comfits and marchpanes for Christmas use. When the Christmas tree was adopted generally, it was the comfit, the sugar plum, the marchpane and the cornucopia that were hung on the tree. Just when some resourceful observer noticed that the fragile balls blown by glass
makers as window decorations would look well on a Christmas tree cannot be stated with complete assurance. But it is fairly evident that these so-called "witch balls," blown by superstitious glassblowers, were the first Christmas tree balls. The earliest advertisement of Christmas tree balls thus far found is by Demuth of New York, who was a specialty glassblower from the 1850's.

While glass Christmas tree ornaments are interesting, they are as nothing compared to the edible ornaments that, at one time, draped every tree, along with bright candles and strings or chains of colored paper.

At one time almost every American colonial and federal home of any importance had at least a pair of marchpane molds. Every sugar baker had from twelve to fifty, all different. In these molds of carved wood they pressed the confection known as marchpane, or sweet almond paste. These cakes were then slowly baked at low temperature, heightened with vegetable colors, and either hung on Christmas trees or arranged around the festive Christmas board. At the Phillipse Manor Restoration, Tarrytown, New York, there is a Christmas marchpane mold dated 1563.

Marchpane molds, now avidly collected by knowing antiquarians, are a most fascinating memorial of early days and ways. Animals, birds, flowers, fruits, lovely ladies, babies, little children, kings and queens, lords and dukes, are all depicted on marchpane molds. The cakes made from these molds show the design in high relief. Contrary to general belief, quite a number of the early cakes themselves have survived the years.

In the early days, children accompanied their parents on expeditions to cut their own Christmas tree after having helped in the making of the ornaments that would be on that tree at Christmas time. The home made ornaments used on Christmas trees of our now almost forgotten past, were balls of popcorn, chains of
popcorn, chains of peanuts, strings of red haws, strings of crabapples, gingerbread men, women and horses, bright pieces of hard candy in strings, and little wax tapers.

Perhaps the most awesome of the Christmas tree decorations were the "boughten" ornaments of glass or wax or plaster. These were on sale in the shops from at least the 1840's. If, however, we are to believe certain of the Stiegel glass legends, this famous glassmaker produced the deep, colored glass cups, now called Christmas lights, to be hung on Christmas trees to hold a small burning taper.

How many of us remember when it was almost customary to keep the Christmas tree standing for several months — at least until Ash Wednesday or the beginning of the Lenten season?

Superstitions Of Christmas

There is a Scottish belief that to be born on Christmas Day is to have the power to see spirits and even to command them. Sir Walter Scott says that the Spaniards imputed the haggard and downcast looks of Philip II to the terrible visions he was able to see because he was born on Christmas.

French peasants believe that those born on Christmas have the gift of prophecy. In the Vosges a baby born on Christmas Eve possesses the "gift of gab", but a baby born on Christmas Day has less tongue and better logic. Daughters born on December 25 will be wise witty and virtuous.
In Silesia, a baby born on Christmas will become either a lawyer or a thief.

In middle Europe it is said that a baby born at sermon time Christmas Eve portends that someone in the house will die within the year.

In northern England girls placed Holly under their pillows and repeated:

Good St Thomas serve me right
And send me my true love tonight,
That I may gaze upon his face,
Then him in my fond arms embrace.

To accept a bunch of Edelweiss at Christmas in Switzerland is to also accept the man who proffers it.

In Old England a spray of Holly was placed on the hive to wish the bees a Merry Christmas.

In Spain everyone is admonished to treat cows very kindly because it is believed that cattle breathed upon the Christ Child to keep Him warm.

To dream of a black cat on Christmas Eve is the sign of an alarming illness.

A dog, which howls on Christmas Eve will go mad within the year.

At the conclusion of midnight mass in the Tyrols, the congregation often breaks into song, some whistling like birds, so that God's choristers may not be forgotten.

If you steal hay on Christmas Eve and feed the cattle, they thrive and you will be caught in future thefts.

When a Bohemian wife burns a Christmas cake she believes she will die within a year.
Some say that he whose appetite gives out first at Christmas dies first.

In the Netherlands, they tell you to take a Fir stick, thrust it into the fire and let it burn partially and put it under the bed. This serves as lightening insurance.

In Ireland it is believed that the gates of Paradise are always open on Christmas Eve. Dying then one would not enter Purgatory.

In Scandinavia, some families place all their shoes together, as this will cause them to live in harmony throughout the year.

Never launder a Christmas present before presenting it, as this takes out the good luck.

In Middle Europe if your light goes out on Christmas morning you will see spirits and if you burn Elder on Christmas Eve all witches will be revealed to you.

HOW TO MAKE A STRIPED CANDLE

Save your old discarded candle stubs, especially the colored ones. Select red and green ones, or blue and white ones for attractive combinations. Melt the colors separately. Use a bottle of an interesting candle-like shape. A catsup bottle makes a good one. Place a funnel in the top. Suspend your wick into the
bottle by means of a stick resting on the rim of the funnel. Pour in your first layer of wax. Clear the sides of the bottle by heating with a hot cloth. Then set the bottle in cold water to harden the wax each time before pouring the next layer. Thus your layers will be distinct. Cool overnight and the next morning break the bottle and your candle is now ready to be set in perhaps a copper or brass bowl.

COLORED FLAMES

To have beautifully colored flames in your Christmas fireplace there are a number of different chemicals which may be added to shellac as a carrier. Small pieces of wood may be painted with the mixtures or the chemicals and shellacs mixed with sawdust:

- Violet color flame .......... Potassium Chlorate
- Yellow color flame .......... Potassium nitrate
- Orange color flame .......... Calcium Chloride
- Yellow color flame .......... Sodium chloride(salt)
- Red color flame ............ Strontium nitrate
- Apple-green color flame ...... Barium nitrate
- Emerald color flame .......... Copper nitrate
- Green color flame ........... Borax
- Purple color flame .......... Lithium chloride
Christmas gifts from home kitchens are fun to receive and fun to make, especially when everyone in the family gets together to work on them. With the exception of the baby, most everyone can help when it comes to making holiday goodies. By making a party of getting the fruit and nuts ready for cakes, mincemeat, or puddings, an otherwise tiresome chore is done so quickly it's no problem to make extra for gifts.

If you'd like to try something different this year, there are many less usual food treats suitable for family giving. Do you have maple products, home-canned fruits, jellies or pickles to spare? Your town and city friends will welcome them. Homemade sausage, scrapple or bacon falls in the same class.

Those of you with freezer space have many more opportunities. Holiday breads may be baked and decorated, wrapped and frozen until time to send them off for a friend's Christmas breakfast. A yule log dessert calls for a graham cracker crust to line a large size juice can. After baking and cooling, fill with lime sherbet and freeze. It would be thoughtful to warn your neighbors of your plan to supply their Christmas dessert. And it's a good choice for your own family, not too hearty and rich after a big dinner.
You no doubt have many special holiday treats that mean Christmas to your household, and would at someone else's if you shared with them. The children can have lots of fun making snow men for favors or table decorations out of popcorn-ball makings. They will also be able to make various dried fruit and nut candies that don't require cooking. If you're not familiar with this type of confection, here's a good one to try:

**FRUIT PASTE**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup raisins} & \quad \frac{1}{3} \text{ cup dates} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup figs or prunes} & \quad \frac{1}{3} \text{ cup nuts (optional)} \\
\text{Lemon juice to flavor} & 
\end{align*}
\]

Put the raisins, figs, dates and nuts through the food chopper. Add lemon juice to flavor. Roll into desired shapes. These balls may be rolled in chopped nuts or coconut, melted sweet or bitter chocolate, granulated or powdered sugar.

Dress up your food gifts proudly. The cellophane and aluminum foil wraps sold for freezing are both gay and practical for holiday gifts. Then decorate the package with tiny Christmas bells and balls, greens, cones or winter berries from the woods to make the package look festive and bring forth ohs and ahs from the recipients before they even know what's inside.

**OLD-FASHIONED POPCORN BALLS**

\[
\begin{align*}
1 \text{ cup molasses} & \quad 1 \text{ cup sugar} \\
1 \text{ tablespoon vinegar} & \quad 2 \text{ tablespoons butter} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ teaspoon soda} & \quad 12 \text{ cups salted popcorn} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Combine molasses, sugar, vinegar and butter; cook stirring occasionally until a small amount of mixture forms a very hard ball in cold water; add soda. Remove from heat and pour over corn; cool slightly. Butter fingers lightly and mold corn into balls; cool on greased surface. Makes about 18 corn balls.
FFA UOL NRL
AT THE
NH YEAR END CAMP

with
Paul & Gretel Dunsing  Folk Dances
Abe Kanegson        Folk Songs
Ralph Page         Squares & Contras

DEC 29 - JAN 2        23.50
Dear Friends:

Here we go again with our little notice and big anticipation for our THIRD YEAR END FOLK DANCE CAMP. What are you going to be doing on that long New Year's weekend? If you like dancing, singing, parties, good food, with a group of people who like the same things, then won't you join us here in Keene at our YEAR END CAMP?

There'll be FUN FOR ALL and your fun is assured with the following staff: Paul & Gretel Dun singing, of Chicago, who will show us traditional European dances; Abe Kanegson, of New York, who will lead us in folk singing, and the thousand and one things at a camp that only he can do; Ralph Page, of Keene, who will show us contras and squares.

The cost is reasonable too - only $23.50 per person for four full days of camp. This will not include lodging. It will include all meals, including breakfast, snacks, folk, square, and contra dance get-togethers every morning and afternoon, and all parties. We will gladly arrange overnight lodging in Keene for all who register before December 25th. This will cost about $2.00 to $3.00 a person per day. Registration fee of $5.00 per person in advance and please register early while reasonable lodging is available. Send all reservations to:

Mrs Ada Page, Registrar
182 Pearl St.
Keene, N.H.
We are sure you will like our new and more convenient location - the Keene High School Gym, right in the middle of town but a few blocks away from your room. You may register all Thursday afternoon, December 29th with camp officially opening with supper that night at 6:30 p.m. In other years many campers registered early enough so that we had an impromptu dance session operating under a full head of steam at 3 o'clock.

NO DIFFICULT DANCES WILL BE TAUGHT AT ANY TIME DURING THIS YEAR END CAMP. Emphasis will be on FUN FOR ALL. And that means that new campers and inexperienced dancers will be more than welcome. We are planning daily practice sessions for any of you who wish to try calling a square or leading a folk dance. And that reminds us, please bring your accordion, fiddle, guitar, banjo, harmonica, recorder --- or any other musical instrument, you'll find a use for it at the parties or at meal time. And by all means bring a folk costume too, they'll dress up the evening parties wonderfully. Also, bring along any Christmas decorations that you are thinking of throwing away - don't do it! Bring them to YEAR END CAMP INSTEAD AND LET US THROW THEM AWAY FOR YOU.

Camp theme throughout will be * CHRISTMAS AROUND THE WORLD * with special emphasis on northern Europe. Some of our meals will be traditional Christmas meals, and all will be International.
WHAT ELSE TO BRING - A notebook, for we can't promise that we'll have time to get out a syllabus; warm clothes; cameras with plenty of film and flash bulbs; constructive criticism if you wish, for a successful folk dance camp is the result of welding together the ideas of many people; ideas for the evening parties.


HAVE WE FORGOTTEN ANYTHING? - Probably. For instance, if you care to make your own reservation for lodging, feel free to do so - but please let us know if you are doing so. There are two excellent hotels in Keene - The Ellis & The Eagle. Yes, you may come for part time if you wish at $7.00 per day.

And that seems to be the story from here. Won't you come and join us at the YEAR END FOLK DANCE CAMP? Remember, IT'S FUN FOR ALL.

Sincerely

Ralph & Ada Page
MORAVIAN CHRISTMAS COOKIES

Since you have to let the dough stand for at least a week, we suggest you make the cookies a good 10 days before Christmas.

3 3/4 cups sifted flour (cake) 1/3 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup melted butter or margarine 3 teaspoons each of
1 cup molasses, heated ginger, cloves & cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon each nutmeg & allspice
3/4 teaspoon soda 1/8 teaspoon of salt

Sift the flour once, then measure. Combine the butter or margarine and molasses, then add brown sugar, spice, salt and soda. Now add the flour gradually, mixing well after each addition. Let the dough stand in a cold place for at least a week.

When ready to bake, place small lumps of dough on a slightly floured board and roll paper-thin. Cut in fancy shapes, and decorate in any way desired, or leave plain, and bake on a greased baking sheet in moderate oven for about 6 minutes, or until done and slightly browned.

KING'S PLUM PUDDING

This is an English recipe supposed to have been in the royal family's possession since the days of George I. It is called King's Pudding and given here with slight modifications - in amounts of ingredients:

3 cups suet finely chopped 1 cup light brown sugar
1 cup raisins 1/2 cup citron sliced thin.
1/2 cup chopped candied peel 1 teaspoon mixed spices
1 teaspoon nutmeg 1 teaspoon salt
4 cups soft breadcrumbs 3 cups flour
6 eggs 1 cup plums or prunes -
stone and cut in half 1 cup fruit juice

Mix together the suet, sugar and bread crumbs. Prepare raisins, citron and peel and mix with 1 cupful of the
flour. Sift together the remaining flour and spices. Combine with suet mixture. Add well beaten eggs, plums and fruit juice. Last add the floured fruit. Mix thoroughly and pour into two large greased molds and steam six hours. Serves 12.

HOLIDAY CRANBERRY BREAD

This is a quick bread which is both delicious and colorful for Christmas - in fact, good at any time, especially with chicken or turkey.

Sift together 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 1/2 teaspoons double-acting baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt. Combine juice and grated rind of 1 orange and 2 tablespoons shortening and enough boiling water to make a total 3/4 cup. Add 1 egg, well beaten. Blend mixture into dry ingredients; stir only until flour mixture is dampened. Add 1 cup nuts, chopped, and 1 cup raw cranberries, halved.

Pour into greased 9x5x3-inch pan. Push batter up into corners of pan, leaving the center slightly hollowed. For well-rounded loaf, allow batter to stand in pan 20 minutes before baking. Bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F) 60 to 70 minutes. Cool thoroughly before slicing.

ODDS AND ENDS OF CHRISTMAS

Very soon the Christmas lights will again light the world, the divine radiance surrounding the Christ-child's birth will be reflected in the hearts of men, it's Christmas everywhere.

And to each child an old, old question "Have you
been good?" Children for centuries have been asked this question since the first natal day celebration began, in honor of the patron saint of children, Saint Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, born December 6, the fourth century A.D. Gifts of playthings and sweets were left in stockings and shoes for good children by the mysterious messenger of St Nicholas.

As time went by the celebration of St Nicholas became a part of the magnificent celebration of the Christchild's birth. The Christmas tree had its origin in the old pagan reverence for fertility and vegetation when the Romans lavishly decorated their halls with trees and branches on feast days.

Legends abound telling of Christmas trees being used in Germany as early as 1604, decorated with colored papers, sweets and fruits. Early Pennsylvania Dutch settlers in America loaded the trees with sweet cakes baked in elaborate molds, highly tinted with vegetable colorings, decorated in bas-relief with exquisite flower, bird and animal designs. Many early Pennsylvania Dutch Christmas tree ornaments are still in use in the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

Fruits, vegetables and figurines in the mid-19th century, vied with porcelain and plaster-of-paris ornaments for favor. Angels and doves in unglazed porcelain were very popular. Cornucopias filled with candied fruits, seeds and sugar-plums interlaced with colorful swags of berries and nuts, decorated the Christmas trees throughout America.

In the gay Nineties, gorgeous glass balls in dazzling colors festooned the Christmas trees. Highly prized in glass were clusters of silver, gold, purple and green grapes. Plum and berry-shaped glass ornaments replaced the edible sugar-plums of earlier days. Entire villages in Germany were occupied with the making of these fabulous glass fancies for export. Skilled glass blowers fashioned quality wares, many blown into intricate molds, finished with finely embossed brass stems and holders.
Still found today are the lovely early blown glass candle holders, also the ones in pressed glass in colors, in clear and occasionally in the opaque. Tin candle holders are found in great variety, many shaped like hands, doves and other ornately designed cups. Many of the metal candle holders have bright reflectors and golden ball pendants to hold them firmly in place when clamped to the Christmas tree branches.

Collections of old Christmas cards are a delight to see! Cards of the 1880's were very personal affairs many edged in real silk fringe or plush designed almost without regard to Santa and his reindeer. Birds, babies, kittens and richly colored hearts and flowers enhanced the Christmas cards of yesterday.

Again at Christmas-time we think of all the wondrous punch bowls, cups and spoons that graced the tables before the turn of the century. Many of the amberina punch bowls are still in existence, complete with cover, ladle and candlesticks to match! The simple earthenware bowls, surrounded with a lush wreath are truly beautiful. Greens form the base of the wreath and tiny colored fruits - oranges, lemons, apples and grapes - tied in clusters. Some have ears of corn and bright vegetables for accent, others fashion the wreaths for the holiday with vari-colored tinsel balls, or the old ornaments shaped like sugar-plums and fruits.

Let's fill the bowl with delicious fruit punch and light the bayberry candles in the brass candlesticks, and with hot spiced cider in the huge Russian samovár, to each a 'waes hael' and a Merry, Merry, Christmas!
The dance is in large measure responsible for one Yuletide institution that's as close to the heart of Christmas as mistletoe, giving gifts or the Christmas tree itself. Those cherished songs - the Christmas carols - are connected with the dance, and many of them are among its direct descendants. To find out how this came about, we have to go back to the Middle Ages, to the time of dashing knights and beautiful damsels and lofty castles. Here we find a somewhat different carol. It was called Carole, from the Old French verb 'caroler', meaning to dance. And that's exactly what a Carole was - a dance.

If it was a nice day, the Carole of the Middle Ages was invariably danced in the open, often in a near-by field. It's easy to understand why medieval maids and swains preferred to do their dancing out of doors: most buildings of the time - even the stately castles of the noblemen - were rather gloomy affairs, with tiny windows admitting but little light into barren rooms that were perpetually damp and smoky, hardly the right atmosphere for a festive get-together.

The costume worn for the Carole after the 12th century displayed none of the cumbersome bulk that one might imagine. It was actually reasonably styled, and quite comfortable. The ladies wore robes apparently made of a lightweight material. If she wished, m'lady simply tucked her skirt up into her belt and was ready
to trip the light fantastic. And nothing would have warmed the heart of today's choreographer as much as the full-length tights Sir Gawain wore, for the "office" as well as for the dance floor. Even so, he could never allow himself the luxury of relaxing completely; in a society where the lords of neighboring castles were often bitter enemies, it's not all unusual that he would join hands for a merry Carole with his sword resting handily at his side.

Two versions of the Carole seem to have been highly popular. The first, the Farandole, was a throwback to the dances of Ancient Greece. The dancers formed a line in a single file, each holding the hand of the next. The leader took them where he or she willed, perhaps from the field where the dance began down through the paths of the castle garden; across the garden's great lawn, cutting figures as they went; through the very streets of the little town that adjoined the mighty castle towers. Along street after street the festive group went, laughing and shouting around the town square and then finally tracing its way back to the field again. The pace was up to the leader; she could urge them on in a dizzying whirl, or shift them to a sedate walk.

The Round, or Branle, was another form of Carole danced in the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th centuries. The dancers held hands in a circle. The pretty young daughters of a Provence Duke who with golden braids flying had led her companions through their wild Farandole over grass and cobbles, could no longer trace such free flowing figures. But in the Round Carole, if they were good singers, they could display their vocal talents, for this was a dance that depended almost entirely on voice for its accompaniment. In this singing Carole, movement was alternately from left to right, with variations in the rhythm of the steps: three steps in measure to the left, for instance, followed by some kind of marking time in place.

Occasionally the chain of clasped hands broke to
permit gestures to help act out the lyrics of the accompanying song. As for the song itself, again the nobleman's daughters could be leaders, singing each stanza of the Carole as the little circle moved through the dance, answering their "solo" with the refrain of the song and dancing in place the while. Then the circle revolved again to the following stanza and so on.

It was an easy matter to adapt the song-and-dance Carole to the celebration of important religious occasions, particularly Christmas. The original "Christmas" Caroles then, were really popular dance tunes of the day, fitted out with special Yuletide lyrics — as distinguished from the sacred music of the Church. These religious Caroles and other festive dances though, were looked upon by the clergy with a disdainful eye — so much so that in 1209 we find the Council of Avignon restricting church performances of theatrical songs and dances!

With the coming of the Troubadours in the later Middle Ages the Carole as a dance began to lose some of its prominence. These bold, singing warriors came out with a dance called the Estampie, in which the gentleman danced alone with the lady of his choice, or one gentleman with two ladies. This was something of a death-blow to the singing dance, because the new two and three dancer combinations were no substitute for the full chorus of the Carole. The music of the Estampie was instrumental. The two or three dancers moved sideways, but were free to dance forward and back, or to weave patterns among themselves. A 15th century dance master may well have foreseen limitless possibilities opened up by this successor to the Carole.

But now that the Carole as a dance was becoming history, what was to become of the Carole as a song? This Christmas of 1955, the answer lies in the Christmas section of the big song book atop the family piano. There, among the beloved carols, is part of the legacy left us by the dancers of seven centuries ago. The steps of the Carole are almost memory; yet through the
words and music of its modern counterpart, run the same timeless warmth and life which first expressed — in both song and dance — the common emotions of Christmas joy. Theirs was a language to be understood and kept alive by people the world over.

(From "The Dancer's Notebook")

THROUGH MYTH & LEGEND
TO "CHRISTMAS"

The one day in the year most people, young and old alike, would miss most if a day were to be cut from the calendar is December 25. The things that make it what it is have fascinating histories.

Believe it or not, we have to go way back in the annals and thank the pagans for inauguration of the fine old custom. The celebration, like a fabulous snowball, has gathered glamour, tinsel and tradition on its long roll down the centuries.

The saturnalia of the Romans and the Winter festival of the heathen Britons were both celebrated about December 25, the time just after the Winter solstice, when the Sun worshippers witnessed the returning strength and warmth of their solar deity as he started his long trip back into Summer.

It was the turning time — the yuletide — which had been observed by tribal Europeans 2000 years before the birth of Christ.

Not until about 350 A.D. was the date of Christmas set in Rome as December 25 — as much as anything to offset the established pagan festivals with Christ-
mas feasts. Christian and pagan ceremonies gradually blended into the mid-Winter event of events. Many of the Christmas customs of today have their origins in Druid rite or Roman ritual.

The Druids of ancient Saxony venerated the mistletoe, believing it had healing powers. Christianity adopted it as a symbol of the Christchild’s healing touch. Mistletoe once hung over doorways where greetings were given to long-absent friends. And early Christians exchanged the kiss of peace and goodwill under the mystic sprig of mistletoe at Christmas. That is why it’s still good for a Christmas-time kiss.

The sending of gifts can be traced back to the yule gifts of northern Europe and ancient Rome. And the Christian tradition also has the sacred story of the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh brought as offerings to the Christchild by the wisemen of the East.

The mixture of rich spices and other Oriental ingredients in the traditional mince pie of Christmas feasts is symbolic of the offerings of the holy men at the manger crypt of the infant Christ. The crust was made originally in oval form to represent the cradle of the Christchild, and the varied ingredients were symbols of the gifts laid about the cradle by the magi.

Christ’s sacrifice, his wearing of the crown of crucifixion, is brought to remembrance in the holly wreath - the bright red berries, drops of blood upon his brow, pierced by thorns.

England’s hearty yuletide celebration of feasting drinking and merrymaking almost certainly traces back to the more lusty orgies of the Saturnalia of ancient Rome. In early England rich nobles gave Christmas parties which lasted for weeks. The festivities, presided over by a "lord of misrule," were marked by hilarious reversal of behavior during the holidays, when servants bossed their masters and children their parents. The parties were generally loud and lusty affairs, marked by ribaldry and uproar.
But for a long time, this boistrous interpretation of the glad day caused the gay event to be frowned upon among certain religious groups, both in England and America. In fact, Puritans who came to America regarded the Christmas celebration as sacrilegious. In the Massachusetts Bay colony law against its observance was enacted in 1659. It was repealed in 1681, but it was not until 1855 that Christmas was made a legal holiday in Massachusetts.

Even the decorous, candle-lit Christmas tree had a cool reception and tardy recognition in America. In 1851, when Rev. Mr. Henry Schwan, then recently from Germany, spending the first American Christmas with his congregation, set up the first glowing tree at an American Christmas service, in his little church in Cleveland, indignant parishioners protested the unheard-of practice—calling it "Pagan absurdity"—though the custom was common in European countries.

The many and varied versions of why the evergreen has become a part of the Christmas theme surround the aromatic tree with colorful myth and legend. The ancient pagans, at their Yule festival, are supposed to have hung sacrifices on certain trees in which they believed gods or spirits lived, and from this practice our Christmas custom of decorating trees may have come into Tradition.

But during the middle of the 17th century, the people of the German village of Strasbourg (later French Alsace) were credited with being the first in comparatively recent times, to trim a Christmas tree for the seasonal celebration. They went into the woods and brought back a great evergreen tree, decorating it with colored pastries, candles and fruits. In succeeding years the festive custom spread through Germany, Scandinavia, the British Isles and the whole Christian world.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!
The basic step was that of the straight-ahead running (or "Russian") waltz. The figures were not intricate. The music, whether curridinhe, verge gaye, or vira, was in some variety of lively 3/4 time, provided by piano, guitars, and a gadget of two sticks rattled together. This last, the castanholes (Spanish Sastanueles), took the place of the castanets that the gypsy dancers carry in their hands. Each dance received its peculiar character from its song, for the dancers sang vigorously and tirelessly throughout. So don't plan to learn Portugese dancing until you have studied Portugese.

Folk dancing in France is a somewhat specialized hobby, for the French dance, usually a gavotte, or rigaudon performed in a circle to accompany a nursery-rhyme song, does not lend itself to a social evening in the same way as the Anglo-Scottish and American dances. A Limousin dance may bring tears of homesickness to the eyes of a Frenchman who happens to come from Limoges and is likely to be a little too mushy like Jibi-Jibida to provide steady amusement, even for him. Devotion to the French way of life keeps a few groups of dancers alive in each locality, but a casual traveler may visit France easily without ever seeing one. In Paris, the exiles from this or that province organize into clubs, and one activity of such a club may be regional dancing, that is, the dances of that club's region.

Brittany, the originally Celtic-speaking and stubbornly independent peninsular of the northwest corner, is unfortunately no longer an exception to the rule. The Breton tongue - about like Welsh - is spoken only by the old people of a small area, mostly around Finisterre, where a few churches still offer one weekly service in it. The language, and the Breton dance, seem to be going the way of the Irish Gaelic. In a parade in Rennes we saw an educational float urging youth to dance "a la Bretonne", but the lads and lassies illustrating the moral had too plainly never had a lesson. Much regional costume is still worn as a mat-
ter of daily routine, and there are plenty of costumed bands of performers on the bagpipe and the binicou (flageolet), but this kind of activity requires relatively little training.

The Breton dance is difficult, and the few groups who have really mastered it come out mostly in tourist season. We saw one group led, and obviously trained by a grim-looking maestro. Actually, he had two groups, one a small core of experienced adults and the other a crowd of untrained adolescents, coached specifically for the occasion. They all joined in the same line, like a kolo line, but while the front dancers did the whole dance, the adolescents did only the rudimentary footwork, omitting the difficult hand movements. In case you have not seen this kind of dancing, with or without partners, stand shoulder to shoulder, as for the kolo, except that they raise hands shoulder high and hook little fingers with neighbors. As the bagpipes and reedy pipes drone what we shall courteously call a tune, the line moves sideways with crisscross steps and sometimes — for the men — high kicks. Nothing to it, except at the same time the line of hands, in unison, must describe forward and backward circles, large and small, changing direction on unpredictable off-beats. The hands keep one rhythm and the feet another. If you have tried to pat your head and rub your stomach at the same time, you have only a vague inkling why more people do not dance the Breton dances.

— to be continued —

ROPLS OF OLD RECIPE BOOKS, THE PRIVATELY PRINTED ONES, GATHERED TOGETHER BY LADIES’ AID GROUPS, REBECKAHS, GRANCES, 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.
SQUARE DANCE

CLIMBING UP DE GOLDEN STAIRS

Recorded on FOLK DANCER MH1517 by Don Armstrong's Quadrille Orchestra - Don Armstrong calling on MH1515

It's left hand round your corner
Right elbow swing your partner - SING
Climbing up de golden stairs
Then left hand round your corner
Two hand swing your partner - SING
Climbing up de golden stairs
Now right hand round your corner
Left elbow swing your partner - SING
Climbing up de golden stairs
And do si do your corner
And do si do your partner - SING
Climbing up de golden stairs
Swing your corner lady round - sung slowly
Then promenade your square. " "
Let's sing that crazy song again "
Climbing up de golden stairs

Repeat entire dance three more times, 4 times in all

"CLIMBING UP DE GOLDEN STAIRS" is an old-time minstrel song and we've heard many an "end man" and chorus sing it in old-time minstrel shows - a bit of musical Americana that we'd like to see revived once in a while. Don Armstrong has done a superlative job of calling on the record, and we'll go out on a limb and state that it is going to be around for a long, long time. If you use the record do not try to use an introduction or an ending; if you use live music either or both are optional.
CONTRA DANCE

NEWLYWED'S REEL

1st, 3rd, 5th, etc. couples active. Do NOT cross over.

Right hand to partner, left hand to opposite
Balance there four in line
Turn with the left hand all the way around
Girls (active) walk up the center, gents (active)
walk down the center – at same time.
Turn around and come back to place
Allemande left your partner
Swing the opposite
Walk around the couple above – actives only
It's lady round the lady, gent around the gent
(ladies pass right shoulders, gents left)
Do si do your partner.

Suggested Music - Reel Ti Jean
NEWLYWED'S REEL was originated by Mr & Mrs Ted Sannella, Revere, Mass. in June of 1954. At the time they were on their honeymoon - hence the name. The first time it was danced in public was at Maine Folk Dance Camp, June of the same 1954, for Ted & Jean came to camp for part of their honeymoon. It was an immediate hit and has spread all over the United States and Canada and promises to live a long and hearty life and become a part of our contra dance heritage.

Many tunes have been tried for it, but Reel Ti Jean seems to fit it the best of all. You can get a splendid recording by the Bob Hill Orchestra featuring the three Carrignan brothers, on Folk Dancer label MH1505, 12" at 78, or 10" 33 1/3 LP.

And speaking of Ted reminds us: -- Ted is serving at Fort Devens and the army has its own ideas about how much time he has to himself, and this month Ted writes that there has been precious little of it and none to send in a folk dance for the present issue. So perhaps now would be a good time to call for suggestions: what folk dances would you like to see in Northern Junket during the year ahead? Do you use the dance? Do you use the music? Do you want more detailed dance directions, or less detail? Background material? Bibliography? Record list? In other words, what do you want? Incidentally, we'd welcome letters and articles from leaders who have made use of the folk material to let us know how and what they are doing. Write to Ted Sannella, Box 430, South Acton, Mass. or to Ralph Page, 182 Pearl St, Keene, N.H..
DANCES FROM WOODLAND by Norman Cazden, 48 pp photolitho- 
print by Cuching-Malloy, Inc. Ann Arbor, Michigan, 
$1.00 from the author, 84 Keeler Avenue, Bridgeport, 
Conn. or Northern Junket.

DANCES FROM WOODLAND, collected and arranged by Norman 
Cazden, is an enlarged edition of an earlier work and 
contains 43 calls and music to 63 tunes. These are for 
the most part traditional dances and airs of the Cats-
kill Mountains of New York and as such this book be-
longs in the library of every serious-minded caller or 
teacher of American folk dances.

Mr Cazden has aimed at accuracy of style in re-
gard to the tunes and has done a remarkable job in so 
doing. I would disagree with his interpretation of 
Money Musk and the second phrase of Life on the Ocean 
Wave, and the keys in which some of the traditional 
tunes are pitched; also I cannot go along with the 
version of Portland Fancy - the music, yes, not the 
figures given, they are a combination of Monadnock Mix-
er and Double Scotch Reel - and I can see no earthly 
reason to perpetuate in print and pictures how to do a 
"bull-by-the-tail swing" because it leads to rough-
house dancing and is too reminiscent of old-time drunk-
en hoedowns.
However, in these days of "Allemande x sub l" and "turn back 3 to an allemande whee", as well as "Cage the mosquito" and sundry "do splasho's" it is good to find someone with the courage to bring out a book containing such figures as "Samsonville Lancers" "The Silent Couple" "Do Si Ballinet" "Catskill Breakdown" "The Skimmelton" and "The Needle's Eye" to say nothing of such contagious tunes as "Woodland Jig" "Take a Peek" "Mollie O'Hara-(Fairy Dance), "Van Kleeck's Jig" "Cartwright's Jig", "Hornbeck's First Reel" and "Hornbeck's Second Reel". I wish Norman had included "Little Sally Waters", my favorite Catskill tune, but one cannot expect everything in one volume. You would do well to purchase this book.


It was with no small degree of trepidation that I accepted Dr Thurston's request to review his book SCOTLAND'S DANCES. I have no intention of attempting to pass myself off on the unsuspecting public as an authority on Scottish Dances, and am reviewing the book as one who loves Scottish Dances - Country and/or Highland - from a spectator's viewpoint and because of the influence of Scotland on our own New England contra dances. Perhaps that viewpoint is well, for I have no doubt but what the book has received its share of specialized criticism.

I found the book extremely interesting and with reluctance came at last to the final page. An enormous amount of research went into its preparation, to say nothing of plain, honest hard work. Dr Thurston has marshalled an imposing array of evidence to back up his interesting deductions. And had done this in a most readable manner. Too often does a researcher become lost with the power of words and confines himself with mere mouthing of platitudes and high-sounding phrases that mean next to nothing to the ordinary reader. I found none of that here.
Of special interest to me are the chapters "The Evolution of Country Dance Figures", and "The Reconstruction and Editing of Dances, as well as the first three chapters in Part IV: Country Dances.

I wish more space could have been devoted to the dance music, but that of course, properly belongs in another book. I await such book by Dr Thurston for any man who can write so well and straight-forwardly about SCOTLAND'S DANCES, can do equally as well about its dance book.

R.P.

Atlantic Square Dance Convention

by

JOHN YOBROCK

The first Atlantic Square Dance Convention in Boston, Mass., is now a matter of history. Official greetings were extended by Mayor Hynes of Boston, Governor Herter and Senator Saltonstall of Massachusetts. The two day attendance was between 5,000 and 6,000. The dancers enjoyed themselves according to their own choice of square, folk or round dancing at any time of day or evening. Original dances at the convention were introduced by their originators publicly for the first time, including dances by Rose Zimmerman of New York City, Howie Davison of New Castle, Maine, Dad Brundage of Danbury, Conn. Ed Gilmore of Yucaipa, Cal-
ifornia, Pancho Baird of Santa Fe, New Mexico and others. Several new recordings were also introduced at the Convention. Music in the evening in Neptune Hall - the largest hall used - was furnished by the Pioneer Square Dance Recording Orchestra of Connecticut.

The opening event each evening was a mass exhibition of the Massachusetts clubs jointly with "Hello" as a greeting to the visiting square dancers. The exhibition groups included the Trained Seals of Pittsburgh, Pa. with Rickey Holden calling; Foot 'n Fiddle Square Dance Club of Arlington, Va. with Pat Paterick calling, the Rock Candy Workshop from Long Island, New York with Paul Hunt calling, the Wheel-a Capers of Boston with Dick Delery calling, and the 48 Girl Scouts program sales-girls - the Programettes, with Rose-Lee Magee calling.

The program ranged all the way from conferences and panel discussions to simple question and answer periods on such subjects as Teaching Techniques, Music, Program Design, Club Activities, etc. The Arnold Bakers, Inc. of Port Chester, N.Y. awarded four $250 scholarships to four callers for attendance at the 5th National Convention in San Diego next June. Those were selected by the dancers at the Convention. The scholarships were won by Al Brundage of Brookfield, Conn. Dick Doyle of Milton, Mass. Earl Johnson of Rockville, Conn. and Warren Popp of North Abington Mass. A show of hands on the last night indicated an unanimous desire for a repeat performance a year from now. Next year's Convention, same location, October 12th & 13th, 1956.

ROUND THE SQUARE .................. BASSETT, IOWA
Published by Lloyd & Eudora Frazee
News About Square Dancing In Northeastern Iowa, &
Published In The Interests Of Square Dancing EVERYWHERE
Subscription, One year (10 issues) ........ $1.50
From Lloyd Frazee, Bassett, Iowa
"Yes, and the snow was whiter then, too!"

OLD TIMES IN
NEW ENGLAND

UNCLE BILL AND 'LIASES' BEAR by HERB WARREN

Several years of summing at Samson's Point - it's 3 miles to the Bay, and 3 more uphill miles to the city - St Albans - had brought me in close chin-nning touch with Uncle Bill Samson, long-time owner of Samson's Point Farm.

Uncle Bill had a decided flair for "visiting" - felt equally at home with summer and winter residents. He kept well primed with information about the region,
and was much in the know about its people, both in and out of their working hours. Through the years he had picked up a goodly number of items of human interest, and had run into situations with definitely humorous aspects — mostly matters having to do with the frailty of the flesh, or of the mind. He had a lively way of retale-ing that gave his auditors the feeling of having been spectators; "bin round quite a spell, en seen quite a lot", he gave as the source of his better than average copy.

It was early summer that day that I got around to my first annual "visit" with Uncle Bill, and got briefed on the winter's "doin's" Town and City. We had pretty much covered the general situation, when Uncle Bill opened up on the bear, the "Zoo" of the crossroads gas station north of the City, new attraction that made most motorists take a second look, and a goodly number stop.

"Guess I didn't tell yer how Lias Haskins, up there at the fillin' station, tried to unload his bear on me last fall?"

Well, to make the story go further, I said, "Not yit".

Why, Lias come down here to the farm, en sez to me, sezee, 'Bill, I wanta sell ya ma bear; put him up there in the haymow, he'll den up fer the winter, en not cost ya a cent, not a cent' en so forth, en so on.

"I heard him through, then I sez, s' i, 'Lias, course it don't make a dam's odds t' me what you do with ya bear, but ken you tell me what'en creation I ken do with ya bear, down here on the farm, come spring and warm weather?' He couldn't tell, en that's the way we left it then en there. I've got enough t' do without nursemaidin' a bear."

An interruption of the moment put off more bear talk for several days, but some time later we got to
talking again and he brought me up to date on the latest bruin items.

"I wuz goin' up ta Swanton th' other day, so I druve in to Liases' gas station en cabins to pass the time ov day, en see how things wuz. 'How's yer bear?' s'il.'Wonderful' sez Lias, 'wonderful, he's pullin' in the crowds great; sellin' a lot ov gas, en I'm gittin' rid of my skim at er fancy price, enda lot ov it. Course, it does take a little talkin', at times. When a fella comes long, wants to set up the bear, en asks fer er bottle ov pop, I jest tell 'im, pop ain't no good fer bears, gas in it yer know, they ain't used to it; but, I tell 'im, I've got some milk, healthiest thing in 'th' world fer bears, and this one likes it. I say milk to them fellas, Bill, but I jest's lives tell you, it's nothin' more'n skim, watered down fer all t'ill take. Well, I ain't complainin' none, Bill; you didn't buy th' bear last fall, en I'm glad ov it, all-fired glad; right now he's my money-maker, th' most valuable animal I've got on th' place."

And that was that, at least for that day.

But the bear wasn't dead yet; might have had a sinking spell, the way Uncle Bill told it, near the end of summer. Matter of fact he did.

"Guess I didn't tell yer what happened to Liases' bear last week. Well sir, a coupla fellas come down outer Canady, see the bear at Liases' gas station, en stopped. They went round to Lias en sed, 'We want to treat yer bear two bottles of pop.' Lias give 'em his usual sales talk, 'bout pop's bein' no fit drink fer bears, but he'd sell 'em some milk, nothin' better. Two bottles of near-skim changed hands in a jiffy.

"The two fellas moved round th' corner ov th' station, outa Liases' sight, let out bout a third ov th' milk', en filled th' bottles back up with whiskey, oh, mebbe, harf-pint. They tried out one bottle en got a bear customer in short-order — took right to it in fact, en asked fer more. Didn't take 'im long ter down
them two skim-milk cocktails.

"The two ov 'em hung round ter watch goin's on - didn't hev ter wait too long, the bear wuz soon gittin' restless - they could see he wuz uneasy bout somethin', en a mite unsteadily. Fritty soon he begun ter totter; then he begun to totter; all at once, down he went, in a heap. Bout that time Lias come along, see th' shape th' bear wuz in, en got terrible upset. He lit out fer the house crost th' road on th' hotfoot, en called up the hoss doctor ter rush up to the station jest's fast's he could. In a few minutes old Doc Peters druve into the station, en Lias started in tellin' him about his 'most valuable animal', he know-ed wuz all done fer, en so forth. Old Doc could hardly put his mind on th' bear fer Lias's talkin' s'much. However, Doc did skirt round the bear a few times, viewin' him front on rear, Lias followin' en talkin'. The old Doc smelled a rat; sniffed again to make sure. Quietly he turned to Lias, en sed in his most serious tone ov voice: 'Lias, yer bear's going ter be all right, yes he'll be all right, jest's soon's ho....... gits over his jag. Glad yer called me up. That'll be ten dollars, please.'

YOU'RE AN OLD-TIMER IF YOU REMEMBER WHEN

In zero weather granddad had to wait for his false teeth to thaw before he could eat breakfast...... the postman blew his whistle and you had to run out to get the mail......you wore stiff bosomed shirts with collars to match......your painter or paperhanger promised to come to work for you on a certain day, but went on a job for some one else that day because times were so busy.......with what awe we youngsters regarded old ladies who indulged in a quiet smoke from a clay pipe after meals.......boys who used oil to sleek their hair were called dudes.......night caps were generally worn, and "nighties" always had long sleeves and yokes.......fire engines went to fires with horses galloping at
full speed.....we used the pinch type of tie clips instead of the sliding kind.....we gathered discarded hoop skirts and tossed them over the cross arms of the telegraph poles.....there was a hitching post in front of every home.....we had to gum our own stamps a long, long time ago?

xxxxxxxxxx

Winters on the Farm
by ELVIRA MORSE

I can think of no more enjoyable occupation than recalling the piquancy of a Maine winter. Judging from reports of relatives during the past few years, we must assume that the old state of Maine has gone "soft" on the subject of winter. Why only a couple of years ago we heard, about the first of January, a report that bumble bees were buzzing in the sunshine of the barn windows. That isn't the way it used to be!!

Man, those winters - the wind whistling a weird glissando around the corners of our home, piling the snow in drifts that covered the fences and the small out-buildings and at times even covering up the west windows of our story-and-a-half frame house - and then when the snow ceased to fall, the thermometer hitting bottom as though on skids. The coldest I can remember it going is 52 below zero. In all fairness though, such temperature was unusual even in those days. I
can still hear the crunch of my footsteps on the frozen snow and feel the sub-zero cold congealing my nose inside and out. I remember my father coming into the house like a blast from the North Pole - fur-lined cap pulled low over his ears, frozen breath hanging in icicles from his mustache - to get a pail of boiling water with which to thaw out the "sink spout".

In the evening after all chores were done and supper was over, the family gathered in the large, comfortable "sitting" room, while outside the wind blew and the snow fell steadily. The fire in the chunk stove roared brightly. Grandmother dozed in her rocking chair by the stove, occasionally rousing herself to quote the old Scotch woman who said to her husband: "Geordie, gang oot and get a scuttle o' coal; it's nae fit for a dog to gang oot!" Father stretched out in his morris-chair reading the Kennebec Journal. My older brothers, sisters and I played games: Flinch or Parchesi or Steamboat's Coming or Authors. Mother usually played with us.

Sometimes we popped corn; sometimes we made fudge and molasses candy; but always, there were apples. It was my task to go down into the pitch blackness of the damp unfinished cellar and bring up a milk pan full of Blue Pearmain, Northern Spy or Baldwins. After a short sojourn in the catacombs, I came leaping back up the stairs, clutching the pan of apples in one hand and the kerosene lamp in the other. The lamp usually managed to get blown out on the return up stairs.

Much too soon, mother would announce that it was "way past bedtime". Going to bed in icy unheated rooms called for courage, but we had prepared for this moment. Each member of the family took his brick from the oven of the kitchen stove, wrapped it in several thicknesses of paper or cloth and placed it in the foot of the bed, which remained warm and cozy for the most of the night.

These bricks were necessary equipment when we
rode any great distance in an open sleigh. Such trips were infrequent because, like the squirrels, we were very provident; we carefully hoarded the fruits of our own industry. Those staple products which we could not raise were supplied from the general store at Head Tide, only two miles away. When we needed "Sunday Clothes" however, we went to Wiscasset or Damariscotta a distance of six and eight miles. Then the heated bricks under the buffalo robes made the long ride in the sleigh more comfortable.

It really had to be a blizzard of great magnitude to prevent us from traveling the two miles to the little one-room schoolhouse on the hill in Head Tide. My parent's requirement of unbroken and punctual attendance at school was like the laws of the Medes and Persians - it altered not! The same requirement also, regarding attendance at church and Sunday School in the little chapel on the way to Sheepscott. Sometimes the roads had to be "broken" before we could get thru. I heard my father say, on one occasion, that he walked on the hard packed surface of the drifts while the oxen with the road-breaking equipment were a good ten feet below him, wallowing along through the snow.

I loved those Maine winters. There were so many wonderful things to do. After a heavy snowfall when the drifts were hard enough to walk on or when a bit of rain on the snow had frozen and made a hard crust form, we could slide anywhere, down through the fields over fences, bushes and stone walls.

Skating was a favorite sport, and not exclusively for youngsters. Our favorite rendezvous was the old Mill Pond. In the evening when the older young people came out, big bonfires burned on the ice, bright flames darting high into the night sky and flickering on the faces of the boys and girls sitting on logs in front of the fire. The dark woods lining the pond on either side, where the big pines and firs and hemlocks mingled with white birches, oaks and maples, echoed with songs and merry laughter.
"Evenin' friends. Glad ter see yer. Set down and rest yer weary feet. Been readin' in some mighty interestin' books from th' Green Mountain Folklore Society, "Green Mountain Whittlin's" they're called; Sell fer a dollar apiece and wuth it too. Lissen to this:

"The female teacher of a country school once said to one of her visitors: "It's but little they pay me, and it's but little I teaches 'em"

"Too Much Pepper: - At a revival meeting in one of Vermont's small towns, the Evangelist repeatedly asked for more people to pray. Finally there remained only one man. The Evangelist insisted that he, too, must pray. The man said he didn't know what to pray for. "Oh, just ask for any good thing," advised the Evangelist. So the man got down on his knees and started to pray. "Oh Lord," he prayed, "Send me a barrel of flour. Oh Lord send me a barrel of sugar. Oh Lord send me a barrel of pepper." A pause then, "Oh hell, that's too much pepper."

"The Secret: - Years ago when Thomas Edwards, Sr. lived in East Fletcher he had quite a large sugar orchard. One year he lost a quantity of sugar from the camp, but he didn't say anything about it. Along in the summer, one of his neighbors commented: "I hear you lost some sugar last spring. That's too bad." Mr Edwards replied: "Well, don't say anything. Nobody knows it but you and I".

"And here's another one I liked: 'When Castleton
was first being settled, a man named Keasel lived under the shadows of Bird's Mountain. One night a stranger wanted a night's lodging. Keasel told him he would keep him overnight, provided he would write him an epitaph. One half was to be written that evening and the other half the next morning. Supper was prepared for the weary traveler. When it was over the stranger wrote:

"There was a man who died of late
The angels did impatiently wait,
With outstretched arms and wings of love
To bear him to the realms above."

Keasel was so pleased with this part of the epitaph. The next morning after breakfast the stranger, with pack on his back, leaned against the door casing and repeated the rest of the bargain:

"While they disputed for the prize
Still hovering round the lower skies
In slipped the Devil like a weazel
And down to Hell kicked Old Keasel.

The stranger got through the door, but only just a foot ahead of old Keasel's boot.'

"And I get a kick out of this one too; know just how he feels: 'There was a man who was asked if he was going to another man's funeral. 'Wai, I don't know yet. I've seen many times when I would like to.'"

"Say, why don't yer send a dollar to Miss Carol Wheatley, 14 Patrick St. South Burlington, Vermont, and join the Green Mountain Folklore Society? Be doin' yerself a favor if yer did. Wisht we had somethin' as good over on this side of the river. Leavin' so early be yer? Wai, be sure yer fire's banked good fer it's goin' to be no night to sleep out with a screen door over yer. G'bye now. Come agin when ye can stay longer"
MARRIED: Ann Shock and Bruce Stephens, Sr. Sunday, October 16th in Rollins College Chapel, Winter Park, Fla.
BORN: To Mr & Mrs Harold Mattson, October 12th, a daughter, Barbara June.
MARRIED: Betty Jennings and Marty Cohen, November 26th, in Yonkers, N.Y.
The Country Dance Society, Boston Branch, announce the continuing of their Square Dance "Drop In" evenings at The Union Boat Club, every Thursday, 7:45-10:00 p.m.
Admission 75¢. During the first half hour of each evening the fundamentals of square dancing will be taught. Beginners are welcome.................................
If you live near San Francisco or are visiting there you might like to visit John Skow's Balkan classes at 580 Eddy St. every Thursday night......................
Just of the press: "The Handbook of Favorite Dances", by Ed & Elsie Bossing, containing 34 singing calls, 4 background dances, 11 fillers, 36 patter calls, full details, clear drawings and diagrams of steps. Order from Ed Bossing, Box 96, Western Springs, Illinois, at $2.50 paper bound, $3.00 cloth bound........................
Good news for square dancers wintering in the St Peterburg, Florida, area. Hal Brundage will be at Craft Village in the Hayloft, 2710 4th St. North, every Thursday night this winter starting November 24th..........
The Folklore Press, 509 Fifth Avenue, NYC announce the publication of Francis James Child's standard work on Folk Songs "The English and Scottish Popular Ballads," in a re-print limited edition of 500 sets. This will be brought out in January, 1956, and at $37.50 per set we foresee no frantic rush amongst the common run of interested people......................
The December meeting of the Naragansett Callers Association was held Sunday, December 4th, 1955, at the Rocky Hill Grange. Officers elected to serve for the coming year are: President, Bob Burgess; Vice President, Dick Leger; Secretary, Rosemary Dunn; Treasurer, Charles McTammany, Jr.

NORTHERN JUNKET is proud to announce the arrival of a new journal in the square and folk dance field from Canada: QUÈS 'KIA, editor Michel Cartier, 184 rue Victoria, Longueuil, Quebec, is but two issues old and is a fine lusty youngster. Write to the editor for a free sample and you will see what we mean.

Friends of Steve Bochkor will be glad to know that he has won a scholarship and is in Rome, Italy, for a year, all expenses paid. How lucky can you get? He'd like to hear from anyone caring to write him at American Academy in Rome, Via Angelo Masina-c, Rome, Italy.

New officers of the New Hampshire Folk Federation elected at the annual meeting, October 30th in Boscawen, are: President, Miss Caryl Jones; Vice President, Neil Barden; Secretary, Mrs Roger Pinard; Treasurer, Edward Moody; Directors, Hervey Gardner, Phil Johnson and Philip Chase.

Joe Perkins, popular Topsfield, Mass., caller, says he has another dance scheduled for Abbot Hall in Marblehead, Mass. January 7th. Joe also will call for the annual New Year's Eve Dance in the First Church in Salem, Mass.

December 1955
Send subscriptions to-
Ralph Page, Keene, N.H.

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ATTEND THE CONCERT OF THE DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY TAMBURITZANS - at The Palace Theatre, Manchester, N.H. Monday, January 30th, 1956

SEND ED MOODY, RFD, EAST PEPPERELL, MASS $1.00 for membership in the NEW HAMPSHIRE FOLK FEDERATION.

YOU WILL NEVER REGRET DOING ALL FOUR!
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April 20 & 21

New England Folk Festival

Worcester Auditorium

12th Annual