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MUSICAL MIXER FUN IS AVAILABLE FROM:
This is always the last stencil that gets cut—sort of a "the first shall be last" kind of thing. So I can tell you that this issue of the JUNKET has been ready for two weeks, but serious illness in the family completely tied up all of my spare time and a little bit more. Then too, as if it isn't hard enough to mind your own business I've had to help do it for others, for I got drawn to serve on jury at the present term of court and ever since February I haven't quite dared to say that my soul was my own. It has been said that if you want anything done, go to a busy man, and this is true up to a certain point, after that it becomes just nonsensical wishing.

Things are now better all around; court is over; mother is much better; and my day is now cut back to the customary twenty-four hours each.

From all reports the recent New England Folk Festival, held this year in Exeter, N.H., was a real whizz-bang in every way. Events mentioned in the first paragraph prevented my attending. It was a very stormy weekend yet over 2000, paid attendance despite the weather, is, under the circumstances, a phenomenal number of enthusiasts and throws the lie smack-dab in the face of anyone contending that New England will not support any dance festival. Wonder how many would have been there had it been good weather?

Sincerely

Ralph
With all the talk about juvenile delinquents these days, it's nice once in a while to hear about teen-age groups which are organized for the purpose of furnishing wholesome youth activity. We met up with one such group recently in Central Village, which is a part of the town of Westport, Massachusetts. This group meets at the Community Hall of the Friend's Church under the sage advice and supervision of Reverend George Jones.

Soon after entering the small but attractive hall, we noticed a set of rules posted on the wall and later obtained permission to reproduce them for Northern Junket. Here they are:

"RULES GOVERNING YOUNG FRIENDS"

Our group will be known as YOUNG FRIENDS.
The purpose of Young Friends is to provide clean and wholesome group activity, which will be either fun or profitable or both.

To achieve this Purpose certain rules are necessary:

1. All our members are Polite. Politeness cannot be legislated, but most of you will know how to practice it. If some members should not know Politeness, it will be the job of the others to teach them.

2. All members of the group are Co-operative with the adult counsellors and with each other. No persons sit on the sides, but all participate in whatever the program for a given evening is. If you are not willing to be generally co-operative, do not come. If you do not wish to be co-operative on a particular evening, do not come that Particular evening.

3. All persons remain within the building for the entire evening. Our hours are from 7:30 to 10:30. The kitchen is "off limits" except to one person at a time who wishes to get a drink. The stage curtains are never to be drawn.

4. Smoking and drinking are absolutely and categorically forbidden.

5. You are reminded that love-making in public is in poor taste. While we do not absolutely forbid that the older members hold hands, we recommend that they do so inconspicuously. The older members are asked to keep it in mind that younger persons are present. We are responsible for each other. The general moral tone must be such that it will not give offense either to the younger members or to their parents.

6. You are asked to come to the meetings at least as well dressed as you go to school. The girls should need no advice in this matter. For the boys, blue-jeans, Levis, motorcycle boots, cowboy boots, black leather jackets, etc. are not allowed. Your attire, as
well as the expression on your face, shows what your personality is. Because the floor is slippery and because we will usually do folk-dancing, you are advised to wear shoes with rubber soles.

7. A minimum of modern dancing will be tolerated. Folk dancing is more social. Rock 'n Roll records are not to be played without the permission of the counsellors. That permission will not often be granted.

8. The utmost respect is to be shown for the building and for other property within the building. No property should be marked, scarred or damaged in any way.

9. Your counsellors are not your lackeys. You are asked to be willing to clean up your own dirt.

10. All persons are asked to assume responsibility for bringing refreshments from time to time. You will find your parents willing to co-operate in this matter. It is hoped that you will urge your parents to visit us and to join in the activity. Our group should be one in which all ages participate freely.

If you are not willing to keep both the spirit and the letter of these rules, you are not a member of this group. The rules apply also to occasional visitors. Violation of these rules means exclusion from the group.

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Norman Cazden, 84 Keeler Ave. Bridgeport, Conn.
REPORT FROM THE 'CAPE

by DICK ANDERSON

If my absence from your columns was missed the past two issues it is only of much traveling, and so many other obligations that I just could not meet a deadline.

Reports from the Cape area clubs seems to signify much activity with some lean attendance during the Holiday season. Howard Sherman of Plymouth was the caller for the Falmouth Square Dance Club on their two Feb. dates. They dance every 2nd & 4th Saturdays at the Falmouth Recreation Center.

Dick Anderson called for the Chatham Twirlers on the 1st & 3rd Saturdays of the same month at the Chatham Community Center. Don Heath of Plymouth was the substitute caller for Dick Anderson at the Hyannis Allemanders, Feb. 13th.

Dick Anderson was guest caller for the CCSAFDA Valentine Party, Feb. 14th at the Maritime Academy Bldg. Hyannis. Dick has added two new stops on his regular monthly Virginia trips, now stopping at Boyce and Newport News, Va.

Quincy Newcomb continues as the caller for a group meeting every Monday night at the Harwich Center. Jay Schofield calls for a new series of Teen-age dances every Thursday night at Carlton Hall, W. Dennis, while Dick Anderson acts in the same capacity for an identical program at Brewster school on the same night.
Without going into a complete listing of the week's activities, we can say that there is something doing most every night in the week with much emphasis on young people's programs and plenty of room for attendance on all adult dates.

Reports from the Virginia area signify the completion of two classes in the Richmond area with another under way. Sponsored by the Western Twirlers with Walt Imwold teaching, the new class contains twenty-one sets. So the lack of interest is not universal.

At this writing, as I prepare for my regular trip to Virginia, we are enjoying lovely spring days, and hope the weather will continue so. It has almost become a legend on Martha's Vineyard that bad weather always accompanies Dick Anderson's monthly visit. The same feeling is evident in Virginia.

Al Brundage has been secured for the featured caller or M.C. spot for the second annual festival at Richmond, Va. Nov. 9th at the Arena. After the success of the first festival, extensive plans are under way for this second festival which promises to be a big affair.

Clubs on the Cape continue dancing with good attendance reported at Chatham and Falmouth. The Scargo Squares did not re-organize this season which leaves the Chowder Club and Hyannis Allemanders carrying on in the mid-Cape area. The Chowder Club meets every Tuesday night. The Hyannis Allemanders every Wednesday night. The Chatham Twirlers every first and third Saturdays. The Falmouth Club every second and fourth Saturdays.

Plans are underway for the fourth Children's Festival in Hyannis sometime in May. Nothing is more inspiring than to witness these four to five hundred children showing off their accomplishments gained during the past season of classes. Adults are welcome to attend and pay, but are not allowed to dance. The towns of Dennis, Brewster, Yarmouth and Barnstable all
include square dancing as an active and very important item of their recreation activities.

Dick Anderson is looking forward to a return visit with the Contra Club of Montpelier, Vt. April 11th with another visit with the Ludlow, Hampden, East Long meadow clubs April 13th at Ludlow. Unless spring flood waters and bailey bridges foul up this date it should be a swell time.

"Our world heritage of dance" is the theme for the National Capitol’s Annual Folk Festival of All Nations to be held this year on Friday and Saturday, May 17 & 18, at Roosevelt Auditorium, 13th and Upshur Streets N.W. Washington, D.C. Directed by Dave Rosenberg, the annual Folk Festival is sponsored by the District of Columbia Recreation Department.

Along with the traditional dances of the many nationality groups which are active in the Washington area – the two different programs will include folk music, songs, and costumes. A new addition to the colorful display of folk arts will be booths where authentic nationality foods will be sampled. Audience participation in folk dancing will conclude each evening’s performance, and a folk dance party is scheduled for Sat-
urday afternoon in the Roosevelt Gymnasium.

Representatives of every corner of the earth, now making their homes in the nation's Capitol, will be participating in this lively event. The Chinese Youth Club, the Scottish St Andrew's Society, dancers from the Pan American Union, the Estonian Folk Dance Group, the Latvian Youth League, the German Saenger Bund, the Washington Schuhplattler and Trachtenverein, groups from the Indonisan, Thai, and Phillipine embassies, the Swiss Club of Washington, the Indian Women's Organization of Washington, the National Capital Area Square Dance callers Association, and other ethnic organizations in the Washington community will be taking part in the two-day display of folk arts. Members of the Washington Folk Dance Group, organizers and hosts for the festival, will present a special prologue and a display of dances they enjoy throughout the year.

Each evening's performance begins at 8:15. Tickets (at 90 cents each) will be available at the door. The Saturday afternoon dance is open to the public at no charge.

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It isn't correct to say that square dancing became extinct some years ago - almost, but not quite. In many of our big cities prior to the current revival it had been unknown for some years. But there hasn't been a year since the country was settled that there has not been square dancing in some form or another in the rural sections, particularly in the Granges. This is a fact that you should keep in mind. If it is a city group that is dancing, you will most always meet a middle-aged couple, or an elderly person, who will remember the old days. These people attend a square dance not to learn anything new, but to remember and relive the good times that they had when they were young.

Perhaps square dancing will be and is only a passing fancy to some, but there will always be square dancing, at least in the small towns, and a lot of people will be dancing it and having fun.

There is a history to square dancing, which is a part of the folklore of our country, because square dancing is American folk dancing. Anyone interested in square dancing should be interested in this history and background of our dancing.

The old style of square dancing made it a very stately and polite form of the dance, where ladies were treated like ladies and the men themselves acted like gentlemen. The dances then were quadrilles, Ian-
cers, contra dances, etc. with the heel and toe polka waltz, galops, etc. for the round dances.

To get the story straight though, you must know that even then there was a style of dancing very common in low class dance halls known as "hoe-down" dancing, where most anything went. It made no difference if anyone was in time with the music or not, or if they did a promenade in a certain number of beats, or how many measures it required for a grand right and left. Roughness prevailed, very little thought was given to the other people who were dancing; if anyone bumped someone else it was just a common occurrence. Many people knew no difference, and few cared anyway. This "high, wide and handsome" style did a lot to spoil square dancing for many people.

Thank the Lord the present revival has been, for the most part, a change for the better. More dancers are listening to the music, following the caller, and dancing in time to the beat and really enjoying their dancing. More of the older folks are joining in to have fun with their neighbors.

In our New England towns, where square dancing has been done for generations, there has always been plenty of musicians and callers and this I believe is the answer to the reason square dancing lived in the country and died in the city. The city musicians could not play the reels and jigs and went more for songs—hey, that's what's happening today!

The square dance of today has instilled in everyone a new community spirit. In its earliest conception square dancing was get-together entertainment..... there are still a good many old-timers alive today, who can remember the winter nights that they were bundled into a sleigh, with hot stones and buffalo robes to keep them warm, and taken to one of these kind of
parties, returning home just in time to do the chores.

While today we have our snow-plowed roads and steam-heated dance halls, those long sleigh rides were great fun in earlier days, and sleighing parties were accepted as part of the evenings enjoyment. Those attending these kitchen junkets or dances, usually provided for the refreshments that many times were sandwiches of meat or chicken, pickles, cakes, pie and coffee. Sometimes these were spread out on a table made out of a couple of boards placed on saw horses. The ladies vied with each other to have their food judged the best. At these parties most of the furniture was moved out, the fiddler would get into the smallest place he could find, so as not to take up room that the dancers could use. One fiddle player was usually all that was required, and he often did the calling as well as furnishing the music for the dance. Sometimes perhaps there would be a banjo or another piece of music of some kind; once in a while you found someone who would transport a small organ around with him, or maybe it was a lap-organ that he carried.

Dancing would start about nine o'clock with the refreshments being served at midnight. At one o'clock dancing would begin again and end about four or five in the morning. If the house was large enough a set would be dancing in the kitchen, dining room, front room and bedroom. The number of people who were invited, conformed with the size of the room that was to be had for dancing. A good many of the old houses had a ballroom or a room made special for dancing attached to the house. Today square dancing is no longer a kitchen junket, but a popular form of entertainment joined in by all types of people, both country and city people, young and old alike.

A good many of the old-timers thought that dancing was immoral, so we come to the play-party games, which have contributed a great deal towards preserving the square dance. These play-party games were, and still are dances, but no music is required to execute them since the dancers furnish their own music by sing-
ing as they go through the figures. Religion played an important part in the growth of play-party games in the days of the pioneers. Certain religious groups were against dancing, but they detected nothing wrong in the playing of games by the young people. The old-time play-party began very early with people coming from miles around to take part. Many of these games do not require partners and those that do need them provide for frequent changing, so that a large number of social contacts was made possible. No equipment or anything was needed for play-partying; they can be used most any place, and it is indeed surprising that they are not used more than they are, because they start from the simplest and go on to the more complicated patterns and formations.

Square dancing in one or another way has stayed popular over a long period of years. It appeals to all classes. Most anyone can square dance, to some people it comes natural, to others it comes a little harder. There are folks who are apt to stay away from square dancing because they are a little clumsy, but this need not be the case, for these people can learn to square dance if they wish to and have a real good time. In fact, a large number of people are square dancing who would be lost in a ballroom and wouldn't know what to do.

There is a reason for this; in square dancing there is a freedom of movement that one does not have in ballroom dancing. Dancers move around singly some
of the time, and if anyone can't dance they can walk through the figures, and still be square dancing. A good many of these clumsy dancers become in time good square dancers, by developing a sort of grace of their own. The square dance is the great American dance and became that because it is a good outlet for the social impulses of our people, and the requirements for the square dance remains within the abilities of anyone interested. The calls of the earlier quadrilles and lancers may have been changed around some to conform to the desires of the groups that are dancing, but the basic figures of these dances are the same as always - similar to the dances and games of many years ago.

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Ray Olson, Editor, 3302 15th St "A" Moline, Ill.
Our first date outside the Tokyo area was in Osaka, second largest city in Japan of some four and a half million people. It was an all day train ride and we spent a busy evening packing our bags and sorting out the things we were leaving behind to be picked up when we returned to Tokyo a month later.

In Japan the trains run on time. They boast that you can set your watch by the arrivals and departures of the trains, also, that they would not hold one even for the Emperor! If your train is due into the station at 9:29 a.m. you can bet your last dollar that it will do so to the second; likewise, if it is scheduled to leave at 9:31, that is the exact time it will pull out and it behooves you to move fast if you want to leave on it. Our Baggage would be lined up in a row along the platform and when the train stopped Yamamoto-san or one of the interpreters pushed their way into the car, opened some windows and porters and friends hurriedly handed the bags through to the people inside. Relieved of that performance we pushed and crowded our way through the passengers boarding the train and it didn't seem to matter how you used your elbows in so doing. Once inside the car we sorted our own lug-
gage out from all the others, placed them in the overhead racks and then turned to our neighbors and bowed politely. You have to see it and be a part of the pushing mob trying to edge their way through the narrow doors to really believe it. In other words, don't be polite—be quick! It helps of course, if you have had some experience boarding a New York subway during rush hour.

It was quite an assemblage that met at the station shortly before 9 o'clock that morning. With the red-striped flag of the Asahi Press in the van we followed Yamamoto-san through the crowded passageways, up and down stairs, to the right track. There were the six of us teachers, plus four interpreters, members of the press, representatives of the Ministry of Education and National Recreation Association of Japan, and several dancers from the Tokyo groups who were making the trip with us; all in all nearly thirty of us had tickets for the trip. Then there were at least a hundred well-wishers there to see us off and wish us success on the trip... Of course a crowd of that size will attract another crowd equally as large just to see what is going on!

Accompanied by the excited "sayonaras" of our friends we managed to get on board, found our reserved seats, and began to reply to the folks who were staying behind. Exactly at 9:19 we pulled out of Tokyo, on time to the minute.

This was one of the deluxe trains of the Japanese Railway System, and in the car in which we found ourselves, all seats were reserved. It didn't seem as though we had much more than settled back into the luxurious cushions before two charming young ladies entered and took our orders for lunch, inquiring the hour we wished it served: 11:30, 12:00, 12:30 or 1:00. We
selected 1 o'clock for the simple reason that we had eaten a tremendous breakfast at the Akasaka Prince Hotel, and I haven't mentioned it before, but for every breakfast, after we had eaten whatever it was we had ordered, we were served an additional tidbit, as the waitresses said, "retain your energy, for dancers consume much energy." These extras were steak, liver and onions, ham, roast chicken, etc. This added service was something special cooked up for us in the fertile minds of the members of the Central Committee. So since we had but recently dined on orange juice, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, plus an excellent steak, we did not believe that we would be hungry until at least 1 o'clock.

Beginning promptly at 11:30 a bell rang inside the car and a voice announced - in Japanese, naturally - that all passengers who were to have their lunch at that hour, to please come to the dining car at once. This happened every half hour, and I can recommend it highly. There is no interminable waiting at the end of the car trying to remain upright in a lurching train, and wishing that the old so-and-so's would stop dawdling over their last drop of coffee so you could get a seat at a table.

You have never seen eddicient service anywhere until you have eaten in a Japanese dining car. There is a waitress for each table, and you no more get set down and your napkin opened before your first course is there before you, and you barely swallow the last spoonful of soup before the bowl is whisked away and something else replaces it. I have long since forgotten what it was that I ordered, but whatever it was I remember that I thought it was delicious. At 1:25 we were supposed to leave the diner, which is one of the reasons for the speed of the waitresses.

Time passed pleasantly, for this was our first real glimpse of the Japanese country side. Cherry trees in full bloom like white and pink clouds contrasted sharply against the darker evergreens and great fields of vivid yellow flowers proved upon inquiry to
be cultivated rape, raised for its seed which is processed into a cooking oil.

A day or two before leaving Tokyo we had decided to live in Japanese-style inns as much as possible. We reasoned that it was no novelty for us to stay at western-style hotels and why not try to live as the people of Japan lived? So, beginning with Osaka, we insisted on Japanese-style inns. It was the smartest thing we did, for I know very well that word went on ahead of us that here were six Americans, crazy as all of them are known to be, yet not too bad folks at that, for were we not staying at native inns, eating native food and trying to live like the Japanese? Given another chance I'd do the same thing again. What does it mean to live in a Japanese-style inn?

Many of them open directly on the street but you will find an equal number of them that stand back a little in a high fenced court which gives one a feeling of privacy, even though the main street may be but a few blocks away. Some of the inns will have a small stream of water encircling the house, perhaps three feet wide and half again as deep, and in this tiny rivulet are goldfish swimming gaily around.

While a few of the newer ones were constructed of stucco or concrete, by far the greater number were made of wood, unpainted inside or out. Which reminds me, that I cannot remember of seeing one painted house in the whole country.

Our home in Osaka for the week we were there was "The Inn of the Golden Dragon". The building was enclosed by a small courtyard, complete with gardens, winding paths and a shrine.

The entrance proper to the inn is a roofed space
something between a porte cochere and a vestibule; the front part of it is either hard packed earth or a stone floor - I believe we saw more of the latter kind. The back is a raised platform of polished boards level with the floor of the house. Driving up to the entrance with a blare of the horn, we were met by the manager and a bevy of maids, bowing deeply and exclaiming "Ira shal! 0 hairi nasai" (Enter, honorably enter). Taking off our shoes and tucking our oversized American feet into heel-less slippers we followed the maids down the hall to our rooms. Edle Buckley and I were to room to gether on the ground floor in a large room overlookong the garden. Outside our door we removed our slippers and entered in our stocking feet; you do not walk on their lovely "tatami" covered floors in dirty shoes! Tatami is a rice straw matting woven into lengths divisible by 6 feet and about 3 feet wide. It is perfectly soundless and feels wonderful to your tired feet.

The maid brings in your luggage and arranges it to suit herself along the wall and then comes a custom that I wish was widespread all over the world. She brings in a small wicker basket containing two tightly rolled and faintly scented hot washcloths, with which you may wipe your face and hands. You know how hot and sticky you feel after an all-day train ride? Those washcloths are worth their weight in gold, believe me. Then comes your first cup of hot tea with a sweet cookie.

Your maid is your personal friend and advisor and there are no extremes to which she will not go in seeing to your comfort and well-being. She is always there at the door to greet you when you return to the inn; she is there to wish you good luck when you leave in the morning; she will press your clothes; shine your shoes; keep your room painfully clean and orderly; serve you your meals; run errands for you, and offer
advice on how much to pay and where to get any article you care to mention. All this mind you without tips!
Furthermore, she is not allowed to retire for the night until all of her guests themselves have done so.
The manager assigns your maid to you, and she remains your maid until you leave, and many times our girls accompanied us from the inn to the train or boat when we leaving for the next city.

You will search long and hard to find a chair in a Japanese inn; instead you sit on a silken cushion on the floor. Meals are served at a table which is about fourteen inches high, and each meal is a work of art, for the Japanese say that a perfect meal allows one to feast his eyes as well as to fill one's stomach. Certain inns make specialties of one or another delicacy and it is well to inquire what is the specialty of the particular house in which you are staying. I suspect the secret of learning to eat Japanese food is never to force down anything one does not like; just taste, and taste again another time, and so get over the strangeness, which is more than half the difficulty. People who like Little Necks or Blue Points should have no difficulty in adjusting to red or white raw fish.

Somehow Japanese food never seems to taste quite right unless it is eaten with chopsticks, or "o hashi" to use the native name. You'll be surprised how quickly you will become accomplished with them when you get hungry enough! By the time our trip was over I could use them very well, even to picking up one grain of rice at a time, though I never did get expert enough to manage the last piece of wet lettuce in a salad. Our three maids — one to each room — sat directly behind us during the meal and anticipated our needs.
This was positively uncanny at times. We ate many Japanese meals and found something to rave about with each one. We tried one Japanese breakfast in the Osaka inn, and while it was a struggle, we managed to eat everything brought in and thereby gained the undying gratitude of the chef out in the kitchen, but after that one experience we decided unanimously that we would have American breakfasts thereafter; you see we couldn't quite make soup, cold rice and dried seaweed seem like breakfast. I do not say that in an attempt at humor—it all depends on what you are used to.

It was fresh strawberry season and we drove the maids and managers frantic with our almost constant requests for them. They were big, sweet, and juicy and we often bought some at a grocery store to eat between meals. They came packaged in oblong-shaped wooden boxes in rows of berries, five to a row, and five rows to a box priced at 150 yen which would be the equivalent of about fifty cents in our money. The strawberry jam also was delicious and goodness only knows how many jars of it we consumed. Michael just couldn't seem to get enough of it, though there were others in the party who ate their share of it! We had been warned by the American Embassy in Tokyo to be extremely careful of what we ate, and I must confess that we ignored the list of forbidden foods and ate everything. Not once did any of us become ill from food during the trip.

After eleven o'clock at night it is next to impossible to obtain anything to eat in a public restaurant.
anywhere in Japan. We had our big meal of the day at the inns after returning from evening class. One of the fascinating sounds of Japanese nights is the high sweet piping of the man selling "soba" from his lighted pushcart. Every soba seller has his own area in which to work, and each man has a different aria that he plays, announcing himself and his wares to all late stayer-uppers. Soba, as I have previously mentioned is noodles made from buckwheat flour, and is served steaming hot at a few yen per bowlful. We heard dozens of them, but none piped as sweetly as did the man in Osaka.

Returning to the inn after a brief shopping trip in downtown Osaka one day, Earle and I wondered at the absence of our maid from the entrance. Walking down the hall to our room we heard peals of western laughter, and eastern giggles, coming through the thin walls, and pushing aside the sliding door found the three maids engaged in giving lessons to Mary Ann, Nel da and Jane, in the proper way to bow, and the several ways to bow. I have a picture to prove it too!

There are no doors in a Japanese inn; only sliding panels, and for a window, many will have a whole side open to a garden. In the room itself is no stick of furniture, aside from a low table - only flat silk cushions, and a picture in one raised niche. Never be in a hurry in a Japanese inn, or anywhere else in Japan for that matter; it is quite useless and only gets you a reputation for bad manners.

When ready to retire for the night, the table at which we'd earlier eaten was pushed to one side and the maid opened the sliding panel of a wall closet and
brought out our two mattresses, for in a Japanese inn you sleep on the floor. This isn't as bad as it first sounds, for we had thick mattresses to lay on. Twice, I had inner-spring mattresses, though most of the time they were just ordinary make. The pillows are small and hard, filled with what we were told were dried beans. At any rate they were hard enough to give me a stiff neck, and after the first night I exchanged mine for one of the cushions and got along very well thereafter. The blankets are quilts at least four inches thick and we were always given two of them to a person. I could barely move under mine and soon three one of them aside, and was plenty warm with the remaining one. Called "futons" the top cover reminded me very much of some of the patchwork quilts that my mother makes every winter.

As soon as we returned to the inn after the night class we took off our outer garments and donned a kimono, for we soon found out that you can't live Japanese style and stay dressed in western clothes - at least you can't be comfortable in them. There are two kinds of kimonos that come with each room: a light weight one, made of cotton called "yakata", which is worn in warm weather, and a heavier, quilted one, worn if the day is cold or it is fall or winter. We were expected to use the "yakata" in place of pajamas, and many times did so, though just as often wearing western pajamas, to the great delight of the maids, who chattered excitedly at the bright stripes and figures.

But the thing you will remember the longest is the "ofuro", or hot bath. And I do mean HOT! The one at the "Golden Dragon" was a small sunken, wooden tub, just big enough for us three men to sit in, in comfort. The water is all drawn for you before you enter - by your maid of course, who else do you think would do it? The room is small, maybe six feet square. You undress in an adjoining room, fold your clothes neatly and place them in one of several wicker baskets provided for that purpose, and then enter the room where the ofuro is sending clouds of steam ceilingward. You sit on a low wooden stool, dip water from the ofuro in a
small wooden tub, holding perhaps two gallons, and slosh it all over you, then soap yourself and wash the suds off with another bowl of hot water, and repeat the process until you are clean, and then, and not until then, do you get into the ofuro itself. There will be a wooden bench submerged in the tub and you arrange yourselves along its length, and sit there like wise old owls on a pine limb. The water is so hot it takes away your breath, but as long as you remain perfectly still, not moving so much as a finger, you can take it without too much discomfort — once you've steeled yourself to do so that is — but let one of you move a hand and instantly you are aware of the scalding heat and if much of that sort of thing goes on you jump out in a hurry! I liked them, and found them to be most refreshing, though I could not take them over three or four minutes at a time. Getting out, you find your body a bright red, and you try to dry yourself with one of the Japanese towels, none of which are over two and a half feet long, nor over a foot wide; many even smaller. A man feels like a king in the room of the ofuro, for where lives a man who has not wanted at some time in his life to splash water all over the bathroom floor? The floor here is covered with wooden slats over a tile or concrete under-floor, and any water you slosh around runs harmlessly down the drain. It's wonderful!
Naturally, we found a wide variety of inns, and while we preferred some of them to others, in none of them were we uncomfortable. They ranged from the modest little inns in Tokyo where we spent our last week to the homey one in Osaka, to the spanking new and rather garish nouveau riche one in Hawata. The o- furo here was made to represent a woodland pool, complete with big rocks and a cherry tree in full bloom — only the blossoms were of paper! — and water running down the rocks like a piping hot waterfall! The food was good and plentiful in each one and I now understand how the Japanese got their reputations for being among the world's foremost cooks.

I have mentioned a few times about raw fish, and I hope that I have not given the impression that that is all the Japanese eat, nor the only way they prepare fish, for it is not so. "Tempura" is food for the Gods. Especially that made with lobster or prawns. It is rolled in what seemed like an egg batter, and fried in extremely hot, deep fat; a fat obtained from pressing rape seed. It is always cooked to order, served right from the fire and is crisp and delectable. I could eat it until it ran out of my ears! On the trains we found excellent juicy steaks that almost melted in our mouths. Soups are of two types: "Suimono" or clear soup, and "miso-shirū" a soup with vegetables, fish or meat, flavored with "miso", which is a mixture of malt, salt, and mashed soy beans, which has been allowed to ferment.

Little table salt is to be found in the restaurants. It its place one is served small bowls of soy sauce into which you dip your food. The best substitute for salt that we came in contact with was a chemical salt and I wish I could recall the name, for soon it will be in markets the world over for use in salt-free diets. Unlike all other chemical substitutes that I have tested, this actually tastes like salt.

Sake is the national drink of Japan and is found everywhere. Served to you in tiny earthen vials holding exactly five cupfuls of sake each, and real hot,
it is a very palatable, though rather potent drink. You think at first that it isn't, but take it easy, it will sneak up on you and deliver a wallop with all the finesse of an army mule! Made from rice, it is a colorless wine, and since the government derives much revenue from its sale, you see it advertised everywhere.

The government holds a monopoly on all tobacco products too, and there are many different kinds of cigarettes for sale everywhere. I saw but little pipe tobacco and but one Japanese smoking a pipe all the time we were there. Very few cigars, though I did not suffer any to speak of, for we had been given identity cards, called "I D Cards", and could shop in any army or navy PX we came across, and I could purchase the finest Manilla cigars at a very reasonable price. Heretofore I had believed that Havana cigars were the ne plus ultra of cigardom, and I hasten to say that they are indeed excellent, but so too are the Manilla cigars. Extremely mild and flavorful, even the girls agreed that the aroma was wonderful.

We were bug-eyed at the prices of things in the PX stores. For instance, all brands of cigarettes were $1.00 per carton; the best American whisky at $1.75 per fifth; real American hot dogs .05¢ each; 620 film at .20¢ a roll; Hershey bars at 7 for a quarter, and that is enough to give you an idea. Needless to say, we guarded our I D cards jealously!

Golden-brown rice thatch forms the roof of many of the farmhouses and we were told that it is of high insulating value, keeping the hot summer sun out and the cold winter weather as well. In the towns and cit-
ies most of the dwelling houses had tile roofs.

Man power is still the most important commodity and I remember of seeing but two small tractors at work anywhere along the many miles of farm country through which we traveled. It was rice planting time when first we began the trip, and transplanting time before we left. The grain is sown broadcast by the farmers wading knee-deep in mud and water, and then transplanted into rows, again by hand, and again in water. It is back breaking work and the life of a Japanese farmer must be unbelievably hard. We noted but few horses; mostly oxen, and hitched up single, too. I do not remember of seeing a single yoke of oxen or a span of horses anywhere.

Only in Hiroshima did we see any war damage at all, and the people there told us that it was because they could not get to rebuilding immediately due to radioactivity. In other words, the Japanese have completely rebuilt their country since 1945, a stupendous undertaking. Eighty-five percent of all cities - except Kyoto - and one hundred percent in some, were leveled by bombings and/or fire as a result of air raids, yet everything has been rebuilt with buildings of ultra-modern design.

- to be continued -

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A CORDIAL WELCOME TO BROWSERS OR BUYERS
It is a proveable historical fact that the Monadnock Region of New Hampshire has been the home of more good country dancers than any other region in New England of comparable size. The towns of Nelson, Stoddard, Hancock, Surry, Westmoreland, Walpole, Peterboro and Dublin always have been the home of the most accomplished dancers in the Region. Following are a few excerpts from The History of Surry:

"Abijah Benton, my grandfather, was drum major under Washington at Yorktown and Williamsburg. He taught me to play the drum when I was 10 years old. Years ago I taught the Harvard College students to dance, as well as dancing classes in Boston, Roxbury, Brighton and Clinton. Then I went to California and taught dancing, but after a time returned to Surry. I was taught to dance the Highland Fling, the Sailor's Hornpipe, and the Minuet on a theater stage in Boston by Walburn, who was afterwards manager of the Drury Lane Theatre in London.

"A remarkable case of longevity is that of John Langdon Britton of this city, who danced the Highland Fling at 89. He was born in Chesterfield, N.H. April 25, 1805, was son of a cobbler and farmer, who named him for John Langdon, an early governor of New Hampshire."

- pp 126-127
Writing about the old Harvey House (an inn) - "Here also was the headquarters of Abijah Benton, who taught dancing and etiquette to the rising generation. Where is the native of Surry who does not remember "Bigg Benton's" dancing school? In stepping Durang's Hornpipe and beating the kettle drum, Benton was without a rival; in drinking and swearing (sad to relate) he had no superior."

- p 262 -

Genealogical Register of same book p 451 - "Abijah Benton was the village barber; also a dancing master and drummer."

"Abijah Benton taught dancing school in town prior to 1835, being succeeded by John Longdon Britton, who, by his long experience in and near Boston, was an able instructor. Tradition says none knew the steps better than "Lang" Britton. Almond Stevens opened a school in the village hotel "back room" in 1855 or 56 with 30 or 40 scholars. George A. Stevens had a class of 25 to 30 pupils during the winter 1873-74 and Geo. Long of Alstead kept a school of about the same number of pupils during 1894-5".

p 234.

Steven's Band:--This band was composed of Almond George and Holland Stevens, Nathan D. Reed, John A. Cushing, Hiram Britton and Henry H. Wilcox, although, not all were members at the same time. For several seasons this band went about playing at balls, not only in Surry and adjoining towns, but Windsor and Windham counties in Vermont.

pp 233-234

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From the "Repertory" a magazine once published in Keene, N.H. "Nov. 27, 1807: Mr Dana Parks opened a dancing school in Well's Hall (Ralston Tavern) at 2 P.M. for instruction in 'Country Dances, Cotillions, Fancy Dances, Ballet, Hornpipe, etc."

vol 1, no. 12 p 593
Dancing was popular in New England, in the period between strict Puritan days and the Revolution, which accounts for the many ballrooms in these old taverns. An old account of a wedding dance given in New London (Conn.) relates that it stopped "at 45 minutes past midnight," but before that there had been "92 jigs, 52 contra dances, 45 minuets and 17 horn-pipes", danced by the guests.

"Early American Inns and Taverns" p 96

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On what is now West Second Street, Cleveland, Ohio, Lorenzo Carter, a pioneer settler was an early tavern-keeper. Gilman Bryant tells of a costume he wore at an early ball at this tavern. He dressed his hair with a coating of candle grease and flour, having no powdered wig, donned a suit of gingham, a wool hat and heavy boots, and rode on horseback four miles to fetch his partner, Miss Nancy Doan. She sat behind her escort, spreading her under petticoat over the horse's back, and holding up her calico dress to keep it clean.

"Early American Inns and Taverns" p 245

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"At first, almost all the taverns in this section (Wisconsin) were log or frame houses, but by 1850 they were being built of stone, or brick, substantial, with spring-floor ballrooms such as are found in the earlier New England taverns. These spring-floors are said to have caused some difficulty to "persons slightly inebriated, as they had no supports in the middle." The ballrooms were also used for society and Masonic lodge meetings."

"Early American Inns and Taverns" p 284

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"In the month of January, 1825, when the days were short and the sleighing good, I attended a grand
ball at the town or tavern hall which was densely crowded with belles and beaux from all the region round about for a distance of ten miles; who, taking advantage of good sleighing and a full moon, in every description of vehicle on runners, arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon, and kept it up in frolicsome style by dancing all night in every variety of dance then in vogue in the country, till about five o'clock the next morning, when seemingly without fatigue and as fresh as ever on the breaking up of the ball, the company in their various vehicles returned to their several homes, where most of them arrived, I suppose before mid-day."

...The custom of that day of securing a partner for a dance is then described. Each gentleman and each lady drew a number and then these two had to dance together. As the narrator adds, he would naturally have chosen his own partner. He continues:

"This was my experience, when, much to my horror a tall lady, but by no means pretty, and with an awful squint, placed herself opposite to me. Happily, this chance acquaintance was only a silent partnership, imposing no obligation on either party to speak to the other. My senior partner, however, by the obliquity of her vision, had detected, without my suspicion, my disappointment at my lot; and, crossing over with an air and in a tone of offended dignity, said, "I guess you don't like dancing, do you?" to which inquiry I made answer with all the suavity I could muster, "Yes, I do. What makes you think I don't?" Then came the orders to 'All round,' 'Cross over,' 'Down the middle,' 'Up again' and 'cast off' followed in military precision by a few and by the utter confusion of the rest."

"Taverns and Stagecoaches of New England" pp 66-7 being part of a letter from Mr William Amory to Mr Samuel A. Green, Groton, Mass. concerning a ball at the Groton (Mass.) Inn.

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CONTRA DANCE

Spanking Jack

Suggested music - Quigley's Reel
The dance

1st, 3rd, 5th, etc. couples active
Cross over before dance starts

Right hand star with the couple below
Left hand star back to place
Active couples down the center with partner
Same way back and cast off
Circle four with the couple below
The other way back to place
Right and left with the couple above

"Spanking Jack"! What a wonderful name for a dance! It is a fine dance too with an interesting combination of figures. It well deserves rescue from the oblivion of old dance books and manuscripts of the early 1800's. It was quite wide spread in those days and a majority of our early dance books contain it, usually under the name of "Allemand's Swiss", and frequently with the following statement "With a new figure" or maybe "With a new & easy Figure for the dancer." Here is one of those versions "with a new & easy Figure" found in a copy of "The Sky Lark, or Gentleman's & Ladies Complete Songster, containing a collection of the Newest Cotillions and country dances" published in 1797 by the Isaiah Thomas Press, Worcester, Mass.

Cross four hands at top, half round, back again cast off one couple, set, balance six, and set, then four hands round at the bottom, back again, right and left at top.

There also was a Cotillion called "Allamand Swiss" contained in a book published in Otsego, N.Y. in 1808 which went like this: "All round, first four turn the other four, change places, ladies allamand; turn the other four again, the other four do the same, every gentleman turn his partner into her place." A Cotillion was one of the ancestors of our modern-day square dances. The same book gives it as a contra dance like
this: "First gentleman allamand reversed with second lady, second gentleman do the same with first lady, lead down two couple, up again, cast off one couple, set, hands half round, back again, right and left."

Saltator's book published in 1807 gives the dance like this, under the name "Allemand's Swiss": Mullinett at the top, first couple down the middle, up, cast off, four hands with third couple half round, and back again, right and left.

Dr Hugh Thurston, of Bristol, England, writes that 'Spanking Jack' is the hero of Samuel Dibdin's play "The Sailor's Consolation" and since Dibdin lived 1745-1814, it might well be that his play inspired a tune known as "Spanking Jack."

It was John Griffith, famous dancing master of the era who set the figures given in this issue of Northern Junket, and to name it 'Spanking Jack'. Since most of those old dances were done to tunes of the same name, I believe it is fairly safe to assume that Griffith used a tune of that name for his dance. His book was called "A Collection Of Contra Dances Of Late, Approved And Fashionable Figures." Printed in Walpole N.H. by the Museum Press in 1797 you may find a copy of it in the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass. The figures given there are as follows: First and second couple cross hands half round, back again, lead down in the middle, cast off, four hands round with the third couple, right hand and left with the first.

You will notice that nothing is said about returning to place following the 'lead down in the middle' and before the 'cast off', so again there is the assumption that such was intended and so I have included it in the reconstruction.

"Spanking Jack" is a fairly easy dance to reconstruct since all of the directions seem straightforward and completely understandable to modern-day contra dancers.
SQUARE DANCE

Cock of the North

Any introduction and ending you wish

First couple balance the right hand two
Do si do with the same ones too,
Reel the same with the left elbow
Now your own with the right elbow
First couple duck under those they face (couple 2)
Promenade round to the next in place (couple 3)
Raise your hands while they pass under to right and
left with the ones you left (3 with 2)
You lead to the last and circle four
Then dive right under to your place
All swing partners and promenade

Repeat for the other couples in turn
FOLK SONG

Windlass or Capstan Shanty

Highland Laddie

Solo: Were you ever in Quebec?
Chorus: Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.
Solo: Loading timber on the deck,
Chorus: My bonny Highland laddie.
   Hieho, and away she goes
   Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
   Hieho, and away she goes
   My bonny Highland laddie.

Was you ever in Callae
Where the girls are never slow?

Was you ever in Baltimore
Dancing on that sanded floor?
Was you ever in Mobile Bay
Screwing cotton by the day?

Was you ever on the Brummalow,
Where Yankee boys are all the go?

This song, of course, is adapted from a well known Scottish song. Joanna Colcord, in her book "Songs of American Sailormen" states: "It probably got its sea-baptism in the ships which used to carry lumber between Scotland and Canada. It promptly spread, however, and was a popular capstan-shanty on both English and American vessels."
God bless our old time fiddlers
And the tuneful tunes they gave us,
Which really stand the scuff of time,
From dreadful noise they save us.

A square dance or a contra,
Perhaps a Portland Fancy,
Fiddled in the old time way
To music smooth and dancy.

Music that unlocks the feet
And limbers up the muscle,
Starts your arms to swinging free
And crinoline to rustle.

So — bow low to the rosin,
The fiddle and the bow,
And keep on dancing to the tunes
That grand-dad used to know.

Those masters of the fiddle
Gave us a heritage,
That will outlive tin pan alley,
And endure through all the age.

TED SANIELLA, 135 Parsons St., Brighton, Mass. has a full line of FOLK DANCER LABEL recordings. The BEST in folk and square dance records. NO mail orders.
When you attend your regular square dance club, just how would you like to have the evening conducted? During the two and a half hour club dance about forty-five percent of the time is spent actually doing square dance figures; about twenty percent is spent doing rounds; thirty-five percent is spent off the floor - "free time". During which of the periods do you have the most fun or do you enjoy all of them?

It is possible for several clubs in the same area to use a schedule similar to the one above and yet have the atmosphere which prevails at their dance quite different.

Any club with hard working officers, telephone and mail committees is going to flourish, but I am convinced that, everything else being equal, there is one kind which is consistently more successful. By successful is meant over a period of years - five and more.

This club seems to be the one in which members come to a square dance not just to square dance. The forty-five percent of the time actually on the floor...
for squares seems to have its proper importance. The other parts of the evening appear to have a relative importance. The members of this kind of a club know each other and apparently this is important as I have seen them give awards to those who could name the greatest number of members when name tags were removed. The widespread use of name tags confirms the fact that "getting to know you" is necessary in clubs.

This sort of club likes the occasional new dance, easy or hard, if it is taught and called so that they can dance through it without feeling that they are back at work or in school. I believe that fast dancing and complication fails to please this club because it robs them of the chance to enjoy dancing with their friends as personages. In high speed dancing you literally chain to the opposite lady, or was it a man? You didn't have time to notice. In a right and left grand during a complicated "hash" you literally travel to the fourth lady and promenade. Who was the first, the second, the third? Numbers or blurs?

In the club of long life (with the same members) they have convinced me that they want to, at least subconsciously, chain across to Sue and they want time to smile at her. When they promenade their corner as a new partner, it's more fun to know that she is Helen - married to Jack, two children, mighty pleasant company. This club always insists on a lot of mixers not necessarily man and wife, but moving couples around the floor. This seems to fit in with the atmosphere they want to create. For this club, I feel that it is more appropriate to say "Mr Fox has his hand up over here for one more couple." (Of course with my memory I'll be in a mess if Mr Fox fails to show up some night. I mention this before Herb or some other equally observant character does do.)

I have noticed that the 'free time' is chuck-full of pleasant conversation. It must be pleasant because sometimes it takes dynamite to get them to quiet down and square up. A few minutes later they want to do one more instead of sit down. The answer must lie in the
fact that they enjoy the evening as a whole. Each member comes to be with the others and perhaps feels that the others at least to some degree, come to be with him. As a group of people they enjoy the various parts of the program. I believe that such an approach creates the best atmosphere for a square dance.

For several years in our area we had admission dances which were operated by the caller or a hall owner. They were successful only for a few years. As we look back we know that the evening was lacking in personal touch. It was based on the singular appeal of the actual dancing time. The 'free time' was for recuperation. It was in fact "Lay your money down, see the show, good night."

We once tried to organize a group with the purpose of trying out all new dances and retaining only the most interesting. Dancing was in fixed squares and we had no host couples to see that all squares were filled. Though we had the most experienced dancers in town this operation lasted about three months. A few months later we re-organized in a more conventional manner - host couples - telephone committee - social time with refreshments - and though the dances chosen are still on the 'hash' side, the club has gone along very well for the past several years.

As a professional it might appear that I am talking down my chosen activity. I think not. I believe that the successful clubs of long standing point the way to a lasting activity. For me it adds up this way - the most important part of square dancing is people and not vice versa. The best way known for people to get together for entertainment is square dancing.

-Sets In Order Asilomar Camp Notes 1956-

When Lloyd George was quipped because of his short stature, he replied, "In my native Wales we measure a man by what he has above his ears instead of below them."
CALLING ALL DANCERS

To New England Square And Folk Dancers

Dear Friend:— The Massachusetts Committee for UNICEF has asked us to sponsor dances for UNICEF (United Nations Children's Fund).

Would you like to join us by holding a dance in your community on Friday, May 31st, either by yourself or with other callers in your vicinity?

There may be a UNICEF group in your area which would be glad to help.

The primary purpose of these dances would be educational. Your services need not be donated. After all expenses have been paid, the proceeds may be mailed to the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, United Nations, N.Y.

We are suggesting the slogan, "Understanding Our Neighbors," to advertise these dances. In connection with this idea, perhaps appropriate demonstrations could be arranged.

We believe you will be interested in this program. We await your request for more information. We invite also your suggestions for this novel venture.
"So the youth of America may better understand the youth of other lands, especially those aided by the United Nations Children's Fund."

Cordially yours

Bob & Berda Treyz
RFD West Acton, Mass.

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Ralph Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.
The title of "Mr" was a term of courtesy bestowed first upon well-bred people. The term "gentleman" was seldom used, as was that of "lady". In the Seventeenth Century a distinction was made in social life, and the common folks were designated by a term that was considered to be in keeping with their position. Thus with them the term "Mr" became "Goodman". Sometimes the first was taken away from a person by the courts on account of some misdemeanor. It is related that one of the early settlers stole some corn that belonged to an Indian, and as a punishment he was sentenced to lose his title of "Mr" and thereafter to be known by his plain name unadorned by any title of respect.

- Granite State Magazine, v3n4 1907

BREVITIES

Ringing in the ears or burning of the ears indicates that somebody is talking about one.

The birth of twin calves indicates death in the owner's family within one year.

To cure hernia in a child, split a small tree, pass the child through the opening, then bringing the halves together, fasten with a string; if the halves grow together as one tree, the hernia will be cured, otherwise it will not.
If a death occurs in the family of an owner of bees, they must be informed of the fact by addressing them in a loud voice in front of the hive; otherwise they will die off, make but little honey or produce no swarms.

If one kills a snake by shooting it, that gun will ever after be likely to miss other game. If the first snake seen is killed, that person will have good luck in killing others met with during the rest of the year. This last alludes to the custom among early New England people of killing every snake that is met with.

When one is troubled with cramps, the toes of the boots should be turned toward the street at night, to cure the disease.

Eat dried apple for breakfast, drink cold water for dinner, and let the apple swell for supper.

Children should not be allowed to rap in sport at their own door for admission, for it is a sign of sickness or death in the family.

***************

"To take her down a peg", is nothing but a sailor's direction to the lowering of the ship's colors.

To "have the gift of gab" means the gift of the (use of the) mouth. 'Gab' being the Scotch word for mouth.

"Spick and span" comes from the "spikes" and "spanners", the hooks and stretchers for stretching cloth new from the loom.

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it" is an allusion to the pipes of peace or war that are solemnly smoked by some Indian tribes.

To "dun" a man for debt comes from the memory of
Joe Bun, bailiff of Lincoln, who was so keen a collector that his name has become a proverb.

"By hook or by crock," is an allusion to an ancient manorial custom which permitted the neighboring poor to take all the wood that they could reach and pull down from the forest trees, using only their shepherd's crooks.

To "get the sack" is a fate that sometimes overtook inmates of a certain sultan's harem, who were put into a sack and thrown into the Bosporus when he desired to be rid of them.

"Deadhead," as denoting one who has free entrance to places of amusement, comes from Pompeii, where the checks for free admission were small ivory death's heads. Specimens of these are in the Museum at Naples.

TONGUE TWISTERS

Six thick thistle sticks.
Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.
The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us.
High roller; low roller, lower roller.
Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.
A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed biscuit box.
Two toads totally tried tried to trot to Tedbury.
She stood in the door of Mrs Smith's fish-sauce shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea; swim, swan, swim; swan swam back again; well swum, swan.
A haddock, a haddock, a black-spotted haddock, a black spot on the black back of a black-spotted haddock.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shineth Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for shoes and socks shock Susan.

Robert Rowely rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert rolled round; where rolled the round roll Robert Rowely rolled round?


This story relates to Henry and Lettie Gardner, who lived in this town all their lives. Although they had been married forty-odd years and were undoubtedly fond of one another, they had the usual reluctance in letting the neighbors know it.

There was a time when no church could afford a regular minister, but the desire to hold services did not die; so it was decided that the lay members of the church should be assigned certain Sundays on which they would read the service. On the day that it fell to Lettie to read the sermon, people on their way to church saw Henry in his overalls raking leaves, and someone asked if he wasn't going to church. Henry said he didn't think he would.

"Why, Henry," admonished the neighbor, "you ought to go this morning surely. Lettie's going to read the service."

"Lettie!" exclaimed Henry, with a snort of derision. "I God! She'd be a good one! Why, she don't know whether Jesus Christ died on the Cross, or was 'killed' at the Battle of Bunker Hill!"

Vermont History v23n4
Rod Linnell, popular caller from Maine writes that he has been very busy this winter with many dates along both sides of the border, including Andover, Bath, Florenceville, Centerville, Woodstock, Canterbury, Fredericton, Sussex, Moncton, McAdam and St Stephens. Rod is presently arranging a short spring trip that will include square dance clinics in Fredericton, N.B.; Halifax, N.S.; and Charlottetown, P.E.I. **************

Write immediately to Israel Young, 110 MacDougall St. New York City for a copy of his latest catalog of books on folk song, folk lore, folk and square dance, etc. The catalog lists over 600 items in above categories and is a must for all sincere leaders.**********

Ray Olson announces publication of "Musical Mixer Fun" his second book of Mixers. Available from Square Your Sets Enterprises 3302 15th Street A, Moline, Illinois, or from Northern Junket at $1.00 per copy.**********

Future dance dates of the Fitchburg, Mass. Quadrille Club are: May 4, Annual meeting, Harold Mattson; May 18 with Mal Hayden.**********

Worcester Quadrille Club writes that its next few parties will be on April 22, a Mystery Dance; May 6, Annual meeting, Dick Doyle.

The Seacoast Region (N.E.) Square Dance Association plans to hold dances in Dover City Hall Auditorium, April 13 with Harold Mattson; May 4 with Mal Hayden.**********

The 22nd Annual National Folk Festival will be held this year June 26th through June 29th in Oklahoma City as a major part of Oklahoma's Statewide Semi-Centennial and will be co-sponsored by the Oklahoma Semi-Centennial Commission and the University of Oklahoma.****
The 12th Annual Festival of the Folk Federation of New Hampshire is scheduled for May 24th & 25th at Franklin N.H. High School. 


Send $.50 to Dennisons, Dept. B-572, Framingham, Mass. for a copy of their Summer edition of Here’s An Idea.* 

For a weekend of New England Square, Contra and Folk dancing you will want to attend such at Festival House in Lenox, Mass. under the direction of Abe Kaneegson, Louise Winston and Ted Sannella. Further information may be obtained by writing Faith Mattison, Cantabrigia Book Shop, 18 Palmer St. Cambridge, Mass. Dates for the weekend are May 10, 11, & 12. 

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HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT ATTENDING

CALIFORNIA CAMP - 3 sessions: June 8-14; 15-21; 22-23. Write to Alice Dudley, Bryant Pond, Maine.

CALIFORNIA CAMP - 2 sessions: July 29-Aug 3; 5-10. Write to Lawton Harris, College of the Pacific, Stockton 4, California.

SCHOOL OF COMMUNITY ARTS - 1 session August 19-24. Write to Maurice Hennigar, Box 578, Halifax, N.S.

HAMPshire Camp - 1 session, Sept. 4-9. Write to Ida Page, 182 Pearl St. Keene, N.H.