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If you like Polka Music (and who doesn't?) write to Dala Records, P.O. Box 101, Rockville, Conn. requesting their latest lists of same.

THANKS: To Ira Laby, 2 dance programs of the Gay '90s.
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

Save your postage and your time; there has been no issues of the JUNKET since last June. I've been traveling! 35,000 miles of it in fact. Now, with a quieter period coming up you will be getting more issues than before.

Elsewhere you will find an account of the trip to England. I was impressed by several things. Among them was learning that many of the groups had traveled to the Continent to take part in dance festivals in many countries. International folk dancing is not booming in England, but the English dancers are are taking every opportunity to see it done on the "home" grounds, so to speak. At some time in these festivals all groups have a chance to dance the others' dances - and are doing so.

This can't hurt anyone and could be of inestimable value in the future. Training of interested people in the art of dance music and the correct playing of it is even more important. It takes some dedicated people to put the program over. They have them. More power to every one of the.

Sincerely

Ralph
by Dr. HUGH THURSTON

Introduction

Much has been written about Scottish dancing; no so much about the music that accompanies it. But you Editor has hinted more than once that an article on the music would be of interest, so here is one.

The article will fall rather naturally into two parts: the first will be about the tunes themselves, the second about how they are used. And the first part will itself fall naturally into two parts: the first will describe what is common to all the tunes, whether reels, strathspeys, hornpipes, or whatever; and the second will describe the differences between the various categories.

1. Scottish dance music as a whole.

If this were a live talk and not a written article I should now play some typical Scottish dance tunes before saying anything more. As it is not, we shall have to rely on musical examples, so I am going to ask you to look at the first six examples written out; or -- better -- better -- play them over.

It would be pleasant to have two or three times a
many examples, but they are a bit of a chore to write out (especially for Ralph, who has to write them on a stencil). A good source of extra tunes, for those who are really interested, is Kerr's "Merry Melodies for the Violin". These come in four volumes, each containing over 400 tunes (and costing 3/6d - about 50¢ - very good value!).

The High Road to Linton

Now let us see what these six tunes - I have chosen fairly typical ones - have in common. To begin with - they are all straightforwardly diatonic: there is not a single accidental in any of them (the G-natural in (1), and the C-sharp in (6) are not accidentals, because every G in (1) is natural and every C in (6) is sharp. We return to this point later). This is not terribly uncommon in traditional music, but it is one way in which Scottish (and Irish) tunes contrast with the more sophisticated English, New England, and Canadian tunes. The prominent accidentals in "Reilly's Own" and "Falling Off A Log" distinguish them very clearly from Scottish tunes.

A fair number of Scottish dance tunes are in plain major keys, or, to be technically accurate, in the major mode. The other three are, of course, in other modes. Let us call the major mode the C mode (because if it is played on the white notes of the piano, the tonic will be C). Then the minor key will be the A mode,
The Duke of Perth

\[
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\end{align*}
\]

and so on. With this terminology, tune number (1) is in the G mode, which is fairly common in Scottish tunes, though rare in New England; (5) starts in the C mode and ends in the A mode; and (6) is in the D mode. (In case any readers are not familiar with modes, I will mention two well-known modal songs: "Old Joe Clark" is in the G mode and "Drunken Sailor" is in the D mode. It should give some idea of what modal tunes sound like). It is because (1) is modal that the G is always natural; if the tune had been written down by Bela Bartok, it would have been given a key signature of one sharp. And Bartok would have given (6) a key signature of two sharps, instead of writing the C as though it were an accidental.

One of the things that "every-body knows" about Scottish music is that it is Pentatonic. "Auld Lang Syne", for example, is pentatonic; it uses only five different notes and can (if put in a suitable key) be played on the black notes of a piano. As a matter of fact, some people "know" more than is true: one well-known book on Scottish dancing ("Dances of Scotland" in the "Handbooks of European Dances" series) says that the bagpipes are pentatonic. This is quite untrue: the Scottish bagpipes play a full seven-note scale. In fact, although a number of Scottish song-tunes are pentatonic, dance-tunes rarely are. However, a few Scottish dance-tunes are hexatonic: that is, they use six different notes, just one being missing. Our example
(9) is hexatonic: the C is missing. And example (4) is nearly hexatonic: there are, it is true, a total of four G's in the tune (G would be the missing note if it were hexatonic) but they are all in unaccented positions, and the interval $E^\#-A$ in measures 2 and 6 gives quite a hexatonic flavor to the tune when played.

Now let us turn to the structure of the tunes. Each of the six tunes has two parts. Therefore each tune divides neatly and naturally into two. But each of these halves consists of a piece of tune repeated, and so in its turn divided neatly into two. We say that the structure of the tune is AABB. This is a good general rule for Scottish dance music. A few marches have more parts, but the later parts are simply variations on the first two, and very often when such a tune is used to accompany a dance, only two parts are played. When a Scottish dance-tune does not have the structure AABB, it may be a sign that it was originally something else. ("The Dashing White Sergeant" does not have this structure, and was originally an English operatic aria). It is worth noting that in all our examples both part A and part B end on the tonic.

3 2 4 0

Back of the Change House

Each of the parts (A and B) of our first six examples consists of four measures, except for example (5), in which each part consists of eight measures. This is
a good general rule, too: four measures is very common, eight and sixteen not uncommon, any other number very uncommon. About the only well-known tune with another number of measures is "Princess Royal", which is usually written with 12 measures in part B; but this tune is traditional all over the British Isles and is probably of English origin.

At this point we must pause to make a logical point which might at first sight seem pedantic, but whose neglect can cause confusion. It is this: a tune does not have measures or bar lines. These are not part of a tune, but part of a way of writing a tune. Everything I have said until I mentioned measures can be heard in the tune. If the tunes were recorded on a pianola roll instead of being written out in staff notation, the structure AABB would be visible to the eye, but bar-lines and measures just would not be there. Because of this, there is a certain arbitrariness in dividing the tunes into measures. It would be perfectly correct to have written (1) with twice as many measures by drawing a bar-line across the middle of each measure. The time signature would have been 2/4, and there would have been eight measures in each part.

However, the method of barring that I have adopted is pretty well universal: one measure is the right amount of music to accompany two walking-steps (or one pas-de-basque, or one polka-step) if fast, or one Schottische-step if slow. In fact, it is so universal that any exception is liable to cause trouble. There is one notorious exception: "Scottish Country Dance Book" number 3 in which the tune for "The Eight Men of Moidart", has measures twice the usual length. This has caused more arguments in dancing classes between teachers and pianists than I care to think about.
Another thing that is just as arbitrary is the choice of unit. Example (1) has been written with a quarter-note as a unit, but any other unit could have been chosen. If an eighth-note had been chosen as the unit, then every note would have had an extra tail, and the tune would have started as example (7). The time-signature then should really be 4/8 but this is an unfamiliar one, so 2/4 is usually written instead. This way of writing tunes of this type is fairly common, but for the sake of uniformity, I shall describe tunes as though written using the method of example (1). Therefore, if you are referring to a book of music and find, say, a reel written in the other method (which you can pick out most easily by the time-signature 2/4) and if you want to apply to it anything said in this article, you will have to imagine a tail removed from every note (or, alternatively, look in other books until you find it written in 4/4). I have written just one of my examples in the 2/4 method: example (9). Most Scottish books write reels in 4/4 (or in 2/4, which is exactly the same except for the time-signature itself). The Irish use 2/4 rather more often. In fact, on page 35 of Kerr's "Merry Melodies" there are eleven Irish reels of which three are written in 2/4. These three look very
different in character from the other eight (though of course they sound the same). However, if you convert them to 4/4, they will then look like the others.

In example (3), compare the last measure of part A with the last measure of part B: they are exactly the same. In example (5) you will find that the last two measures of part A are the same as the last two measures of part B. Now in (3), each part consists of four measures, and in (5) each part consists of eight measures, so we can say that in each case the last quarter of A is the same as the last quarter of B.

This repetition is surprisingly common in Scottish (and Irish) dance tunes; in fact somewhere between a half and quarter of these tunes have it. By contrast, it is far less common in England, Wales, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and northwestern Germany, and quite rare elsewhere. (It is fairly common in New England, but only because New England uses many Scottish and Irish tunes). The typically American "Hull's Victory", for example, does not have this repetition. Anyone interested in this point will find more details in articles entitled "The Rhythms of British Dance-Music" in the FolkDancer, (starting in vol. 6, number 3).

This repetition tends to give the tune a tightly-knit internal organization. But a good many tunes are even more tightly-knit than this. As examples we will analyse two. First, "The Mason's Apron", example (8). Not only does it have the repetition we have just noticed, (i.e. A7-8 = B7-8) but also the second half of A starts like the first half (i.e. A1-2 = A5-6) and the same applies to B. Thus the structure AABB can be analysed more minutely into

axaz axaz bybz bybz
Example (9) is a march, "The Drunken Piper", equally tightly organized as
\[ axa^*z \quad axa^*z \quad bx^*bz \quad bx^*a^*z \]
(a and a* differ by only one note: so do x and x*).

11. The Individual Types of Tune

Reels

A glance through a collection of reels or a few minutes spent listening to them will make it clear that the main characteristic of the reel is a fast even flow of notes. In fact, in the standard way of writing reels, it is a fast even flow of eighth-notes. Examples (1), (2), and (3) are reels and show this characteristic clearly. In (3), for instance, only two notes out of sixty are not eighth-notes.

It is true that one can find other tunes with a fine flow of eight-notes: some hornpipes, for instance
example (5) is a hornpipe, and has plenty of eighth-notes in its first half—or to go to quite a different kind of music—the main theme of the last movement of Beethoven's seventh symphony. (Actually they are sixteenth-notes in this case, because Beethoven wrote this movement in 2/4 time). But only reels seem to carry this eight-note rhythm through to the bitter end. If you look at the last measure of a reel, you will see that the eighth-note flow continues for about three-quarters of it (in our three examples: for half of it in (1) and (3) and for seven-eighths in (2). In a hornpipe, however, the last measure will consist of three quarter-notes (see example (5), which is very typical). And Beethoven's last measure contains only one note. Now it is very natural for a tune to end with a satisfying "pom" or "pom-pom-pom". And because it is natural for a tune to do so, then the fact that reels do not do so is a characteristic that distinguishes them from other similar tunes.

Haughs of Cromdale

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Haughs of Cromdale} \\
\text{Which are the favorite Scottish reels? This is a matter of personal opinion, but the following list probably contains most of the popular ones.}
\end{align*} \]
Clean Pease Straw  
Wind that Shakes the Barley  
The Fairy Dance*  
The Kilt is My Delight  
Mrs McLeod of Raasay*  
Fife Hunt  
Jenny Nettles  
Loch Earn  
Mason's Apron*  
Rachel Rae  
Roll Her on the Hill  
De'il Among the Tailors  

Muilean Dubh  
Timour the Tartar*  
Glenburnie Rant  
Speed the Plough  
Cabair Feidh  
High Road to Linton  
Kate Dalrymple  
Lord McDonald's Reel  
Perth Hunt  
Reel of Tulloch  
Sir David Hunter-Blair

Those starred are equally well known in Ireland, and no one can say whether they were originally Scottish or Irish. (In Ireland, Timour the Tartar, The Fairy Dance, and Mrs. McLeod of Raasay are called Peter Street, The Fairy Reel, and Miss McLeod). Lord McDonald's reel is also often played by Irish musicians, but they do regard it as Scottish.

Strathspeys.

As you can see from the tempo given in the examples, reels are played at about 60 measures per minute. Sometime in the eighteenth century a variant of the reel arose, played substantially slower. (Nowadays played at about 40 measures per minute). These were called Strathspey reels. Strathspey is a place-name, so presumably this form of reel originated there; we have no direct evidence for this, however. The name strathspey reel soon became abbreviated to Strathspey.

As a by-product of the slower tempo, the rhythm becomes much more angular. That is, the rhythms

become common at the expense of

\[ \begin{align*}
\end{align*} \]
You can see this clearly in our examples by comparing (6), which is a strathspey reel, with (1), (2) and (3), which are ordinary fast reels. This is quite a normal tendency in music — if you look through any large body of music, from Macedonian folk-dances to Beethoven's Symphonies, you will find that on the whole dotted rhythms go with slow tempo.

Of the two rhythms

the second one, with the short note first, is rather rare in music as a whole. However, it is fairly common in strathspeys, and it gives the strathspey a very individual character. It is called a "Scotch snap". Mendelssohn used it to give a Scottish flavor to his "Hebrides Overture".

However, it would be oversimplification to say that strathspeys are full of angular rhythm, and fast reels have none: the amount of angular rhythm in a reel depends to some extent on the instrument it is written for, and bagpipes seem to play more angular rhythm than fiddles. To emphasize the point we give example (10): a reel copied out of a pipe manual. (We have left out the grace-notes for the sake of clarity: they do not affect the rhythm, though they do give the music much of its "bagpipe" flavor).

Theoretically, any reel could be slowed down and played as a strathspey, and any strathspey could be speeded up and played as an ordinary reel. However, any individual tune is usually traditionally either a strathspey or a fast reel, but not both. There are one or two exceptions however. In one case there is a change of name: one well-known tune is called "The
Drummer" when played as a reel and "The Piper of Dun-dee" when played as a strathspey. Moneymusk is particularly interesting, being always played as a strathspey in Scotland, although it is familiar to American dancers at the faster tempo and spelled "Money Musk".

Favorite strathspeys include:

Banks of Clyde
Braes of Mar
Braes of Tulliement
Cameron's Got His Wife Again
Daintie Davie
Haughs of Cromdale
Highland Whiskey
Lad With the Plaidie
Lady Mary Ramsay
Stumpie

Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes
Lord Lynedoch
Marquis of Huntley
Miss Lyall
Rose Among the Heather
Smith's a Gallant Fireman
Stirling Castle (or Grey Daylight)
Tullochgorum

Lady Anne Hope

These are all traditional and "semi-anonymous" That is to say, even if it is known who composed them, no-one cares. In addition there are some very fine, distinctive strathspeys by Scott Skinner which would probably be played more often if they were out of copyright, including:

The Laird of Thrums
Kirrie Kebbuck

The Iron Man
Forbed Morrison

—to be continued—
YIELD NOT

TO TEMPTATION

by Van VanderWalker

Breathes there a caller with soul so dead who never to himself has said, "Oh no, here comes that expert again!"

It seems as though every group has one of these self-appointed individuals who takes it upon himself to keep everybody straight, especially the caller. Regardless of the fact that every other square on the floor came out right, the square that he was in would end up out of gear.

Bang, he comes charging up to the stage, waving both hands in the air and screaming, "It won't work, it won't work". No, Johnny, you can't kick him in the teeth, even though it is the third time in five minutes that it has happened. In the first place, this time he might have a legitimate gripe, and in the second place in your position you can ill afford to become involved in an argument with him. In fact you have no business becoming involved in any sort of argument between people in the group. So what do you do? Well, above all don't even try to be sarcastic. That is like rubbing
salt in an open wound. A person will remember a wise crack or a flip insult long after they have forgotten what caused the incident.

A caller can be very vulnerable by taking sides in any kind of an argument involving anything outside of the right and wrong way to perform a square dance pattern or figure. If he is smart he will give the breakdown on the pattern or figure in question as standardized in his area, in an impersonal manner, especially if the argument is between Mamma and Papa, and immediately retire to the sidelines.

There always is a great temptation to lower the boom when you are forced to contend with a chronic arguer in a group. This is a natural and human tendency, but it also can be a fatal one. Most arguments are caused by misunderstanding, and don't think that people are always trying to start an argument when they ask why or how. Accept their right to ask a question and then proceed to answer it clearly and directly. If you don't know the answer, say so, and promise to find the answer and do so.

Patience and a sense of humor are two very valuable assets in a caller's makeup, and when used in the right proportions can add tremendously in kidding the too serious-minded away from an argument.

Senseless arguments have broken up a lot of once fine clubs, and have also lost many a good caller his job.
Friends and healthy clubs are not created by arguing. They are created by logic, courtesy, tolerance and the ability to laugh at one's own mistakes and take them in stride.

By displaying these attitudes you will make it clearly understood that you will not engage in arguments and that you will not allow yourself to be drawn into one.

- Hooleyann Whirl, July '65 -

Don't ever walk away from a set because some of its members may not be the best dancers in the state. Help them along, and they will be your friends forever. If necessary change partners to further strengthen the set. Do not flaunt your superior (?) dancing skill or knowledge. Remember you were once a "clunk" yourself!

BEAVER MOON:— The November moon is known as the Beaver Moon because beaver pelts are likely to be in their prime then.

Beau Brummel of London may have been responsible for the extinction of the beaver in the Old World. In the early 1800s be popularized the tall beaver hat, and the demand for beaver pelts exhausted the European supply. Pelts from North America soon commanded fabulous prices.

Most of the world's supply of trouble is produced by those who don't produce anything else.

Have you ever noticed that the fellow who has an hour to kill spends it with someone who doesn't?
About 20 years ago my wife and I reactivated ourselves in the art of square dancing. The reactivation consisted of 10 lessons given by members of the club in the town we had just moved to. They had a very healthy organization, dancing at least 14 squares in the Town Hall on alternate Saturday nights to a full orchestra and a hired caller—a different caller and his orchestra each dance.

After the series of lessons were completed we were bona-fide members of the club and could get around with the best of them. Figures were relatively simple and uncomplicated and flowed smoothly with 8 counts allowed for each and every movement. The repertoires of the several callers hired didn't vary greatly from each others so all of us could dance the entire evening with practically no foul-ups or goofs.

Everybody was happy and enthusiastic; satisfied
and contented. We were called the "friendliest square dance club in New England", and it truly seemed to be so. Every member WANTED to be on the hospitality and refreshment committees which changed each month. It was a real neighborly gathering and continued that way until the mid-fifties. Then a few zealots got bitten by the go-go bug and inveigled positions on the committee that hired the callers. In came the hot shot callers and after a couple of evenings of terrific messing around, out went the backbone of the club. Folks stayed home in large numbers. Extra large numbers in fact, until the attendance dropped down to 2 or 3 sets and the treasury became practically depleted.

This is only one example of what has happened to congenial square dancing over the past decade plus a few years. It simply committed suicide in many spots. Today the Go-Go's hunt in desperation for recruits to fill their classes, and the hunting has become mighty sparse over the past two years. Folks wanted relaxation and not frustration.

The attendance figures at square dance conventions given out by so-called experts are as phoney as the Roosevelt dollars and as badly jumbled, purposely, to mislead a gullible public. Attendance at conventions is publicized in loud shouts but analysis of the attendance is skillfully avoided. How many are three-year repeaters - how many are enthusiastic freshmen just new from classes, and the minute percentage of those who have been dancing over 5 years is artfully omitted. The drop out problem is serious and why?

In picking up a square dance magazine the other
day I chanced upon a list of 10 ways to keep dancers contented. One of them really threw me for a complete loss. "Don't let candidates ever attend your club dances until they have had at least 25 lessons". Now I ask you, in what other recreational activity is a series of 25 lessons needed before you can enjoy the fun of playing? Remember, square dancing is a two-some project with the necessity of both He and She enthusiastic. Golf, tennis, bridge, baseball, football, all can be enjoyed as players or as spectators by any member of the family independently, but square dancing requires the interest of both sides of the matrimonial combination, and if either one becomes bored and drops out - inevitably the other one also drops out.

Twenty basic figures can easily be taught in 10 lessons. There are enough pleasing patterns possible containing only the twenty basic figures to keep everyone happy for a lifetime of relaxing square dancing. The succumbing of club after club which attempts to go Hot surely proves that today's complications and tricky figures have exhausted the patience of one or the other of some couple and ended their square dancing days forever more. Certainly the time is upon us to acknowledge this fact. The sights are set much too high and the mark is being badly overshot. Remember, one discouraged participant equals two drop-outs.
Too many folks are being driven out of square dancing by over ambitious callers. What's more, they are spreading the word to their friends that it is something to avoid. Let's get back to the twenty basic figures. The possibilities of properly choreographed patterns and combinations of them run into the millions. So why journey out into the stratosphere to dream up so-called new basics and new language to heckle dancers with to the point where they become bored and disgusted to a point of no return. They could still be with us on a level that they enjoyed.

In many locales around the country far-seeing teachers and leaders are organizing 10-lesson classes, then forming clubs of the graduates who will be exposed only to that which they have properly learned in those same 10 lessons. I prophecy that more and more of these projects will spring up; that more and more figures taken from old call books will be properly modernized through sensible evolution, and that more and more folks will become patrons of this type of dancing. I further prophecy that within the next decade this kind of square dancing will overshadow the Go-Go type -- drive it from the scene, unwept, unhonored and unsung.

Many callers will go back to school to learn the basics of good dancing and good choreography in order to stay in business. The ones who don't will have P.A. systems and synthetic cowboy regalia for sale cheap.
If your sound system fails you when you need it most, it's probably because you failed it when it needed you. Routine maintenance is important, and you don't have to be an electronic wizard to anticipate and prevent a lot of problems. Here are some things that you can do yourself, when you have an hour to spare. Set up your sound system, and here we go.

Check every cord connection. Do the plugs slip into the sockets too easily? This indicates wear. Put a record on, and wiggle the plugs back and forth in the sockets. Does the music cut out? Plugs and/or sockets are getting worn. Now bend the cords back and forth at the sockets, and listen for loose connections and broken cord strands. Bend your mike cord back and forth at both ends, while you speak into the mike. Hear noises? If so, there are broken strands in the shield of your mike cord; better switch to your spare, and get another cord.

Now, without music playing, rotate your volume and tone controls. Hear any static? Do they turn easily? If they are noisy or sticky, get a small bottle of carbon tetrachloride and an eyedropper. Unplug the amplifier,
remove the knobs, and prop the amplifier so that the control shafts point straight up. Turn the shafts while dripping the carbon tet around them, until they move easily, and check them again. It may take more than one application to get them clean; in fact, if they're really dirty, the first application may almost freeze them up completely. Don't wipe off the excess around the knobs until it is dried, or it may soften the paint on the markings.

Now remove the turntable platter. Spin the Wheel. It should move freely. If not, flush the bearing with the carbon tet, and re-oil. Be sure to remove all excess oil, leaving only a film of oil on the idler shaft. With the carbon tet, clean the rim of the idler, and the area where it is in contact with the turntable. Don't get the cleaner on the strobe dots; it will remove them too!

Now put on a familiar record. Set your controls where you usually set them, and listen carefully. Does the music seem to have less brilliance, and sound more bassy than it should? Loss of "highs" in the music indicates needle wear. Get a new needle at once.

Now set your mike controls where you ordinarily use them, start calling, and listen carefully. Do you sound just a bit more "tinny" and have less bass in your voice than you used to have? And when you are calling a dance, does your mike have more susceptibility to feedback than it previously had? If so, the diaphragm is beginning to drag a little, and you might start thinking about repair or replacement.

Your sound system serves you well; give it a little loving care, and it will serve you better — and longer!
Some of the finest contra dancers in the world live in England, and the greatest square dance bands in the world play for them. A two-month tour of Great Britain, during which I covered the entire country in a series of 37 calling dates convinced me that the above two statements are true. A day-by-day recounting of that trip would be dull and boring and much too bread-and-buttery to interest even your best friends. So here is sort of a rambling account of the tour.

Let me say in the beginning that I have nothing but praise and gratitude to express to "Nibs" Matthews for the countless hour of work that went into the planning of the trip. Anyone who has any experience at all with such an endeavor knows the hours of thought and labor that goes into it if it is going to be successful. Jean Matthews first suggested the idea to me at our May
Weekend in the spring of 1965. Immediately following their return to England later that summer when Nibs took over the important position of Artistic Advisor for the English Folk Dance & Song Society the suggestion became a formal invitation and things began to roll.

It was a cool and cloudy morning the day I landed at London airport - and it stayed cloudy and cool most of the time for the next sixty days. It did not rain as much as I expected, but it was cloudier than I ever dreamed it could be! The early morning would be bright and sunny and you would start thinking "what a glorious day this is going to be", but by 10 o'clock it would begin to haze over and by noon the sky was overcast by clouds and there went your "glorious " day.

Most of the traveling was done by train or bus. I kept every date booked and was never late on a job. Met at the railroad station of my destination by someone in the community's dance group or orchestra I would be taken at once to my host's home for a meal before the evening party. I never did learn exactly what was meant by an invitation to "tea". In some homes it meant just that - a cup of tea and a biscuit (cookie to you), and in others it was a complete meal. Guess it varies from family to family. This living with the people certainly provided me with an insight of the English people that cannot be obtained by anyone who stays in hotels and eats all meals in restaurants.

I found them to be without exception very kind and generous - the epitome of kindness in fact. And not because I was a visiting "dignitary", for many times I'd ask directions from complete strangers on the street or from a clerk in a store. To these folks I was merely an American requesting information. In every case the answer was given with a smile and frequently accompanied by an invitation to the nearest "pub" for a "pint".

The English "pub" is an institution all to itself.
We have nothing to compare with it in the States. I am not overly fond of beer, but it didn't take long before I really relished the brands sold in England. It is a mild, refreshing drink and indulged in by practically everybody. From dominee to choirboy; from Member of Parliament to dock-worker. Most of them serve food. From a sandwich to a full meal, depending on the place. Those serving complete meals were immaculate to the smallest detail. Their names are intriguing. I collected over 400 names of "pubs" that I actually saw and I did not start writing them down until I'd been there for at least three weeks. Here are a few names that appealed especially to me. The word "the" should be inserted as the first word of each name. The Rose and Crown, Blind Beggar, Bassett Hound, Fox and Hounds, Captain's Table, Quicksilver Mail, Lass o'Gowrie, Dish and Spoon, Dog and Partridge, Cat and Fiddle, Wagons and Horses, Adam and Eve. Royalty is remembered too as these names show: Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, King's Arms, Crown, Queen, Prince Albert, Princess Beatrice, Princess Alexandra, William the Fourth, King George the IV, Prince Edward, Prince Arthur and King's Head.

Others like The Blue Bell, Bull's Head, Hat and Feathers, Who Would Have Thought It, Cardinal's Hat, Yarn Spinners, Tumbledown Dick, Norfolk Dumpling, Goat and Compasses, Staff of Life, Green Man, Swan With Two Necks certainly show imagination.

The signs depicting the name were many times works of art. One, "Labor in Vain", showed a maid scrubbing a colored baby in a tub. You will have to imagine
the scenes that went with the Saracen's Head, Mermaid, Grasshopper, Angel, Red Lion, Old Bell and Steelyard. My favorite names were: Slippery Sam, Rose in June, Morris Dancer, Rose in Bloom, Startled Saint, Dolphin and Anchor. (they served scrumptious meals!) Welcome to Pilgrims, Elmer's End, Old Mother Red Cap, Load of Hay Dirty Dicks, Leather Bottle, Men of Iron, Fishmongers, Hook, Line and Sinker, Bull and Bush, Welsh Harp, Bundle of Grapes, Ewe and Lamb, Three Horseshoes, Salmon Tail Dusty Duck, Jolly Friar, Duke Without a Head, Crown and Chshion, World's End and Turtledove. But this is not an account of "Pubbing Through England".

At all but two dates there was live music to play for the dancing. Usually members of the group varied in numbers from two to nine. Naturally, some were more accomplished musicians than others, but in all places they were adequate, and played to the best of their ability. At first my biggest problem was to slow them down. For some reason English dancers and musicians believed that if a dance was American it must be played at breakneck speed. If my trip did nothing else than to convince them that New England contras and squares should be played at not over 124-130 beats per minute then it was a success. Word must have spread because after the first three weeks it ceased to be a problem.

A much more difficult task came in convincing the
THE THISTLE

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that any American tune could be played for ANY American dance. A few times when I permitted the orchestra to use a medley of tunes I found myself calling "Lady Walpol's Reel" to such incongruous tunes as "I'm A Yankee Doodle Dandy", "Sourwood Mountain" or "Rose of San Antone"! It led to some interesting discussions believe me. The most heated, and interesting words were with a bosomy pianist who couldn't or wouldn't believe that if a tune was American it could be played for any contra dance. Finally in desperation I told her that "God Save the Queen" was an English tune but not a suitable one for dancing "Newcastle" to. We parted friends - I think.

On twelve dates I had the privilege of working with "The Southerners". (They come from Kent, thus the name). This is the finest square dance band now playing for dancing anywhere in the world. Not a star among them but as a unit they played with feeling for the dance and in strict tempo. Meeting them first at a Square Dance Weekend in Cliftonville, it took but 32 measures of music to know that here was a dream come true. And so, a tip of the hat to all five of them and a few words of appreciation for the wonderful tunes they played for me.

This Square Dance Weekend was a pure delight and a joy. Keith Uttley was the other member of the staff and he concentrated on squares. We would call them "Dances of the Fifties" - and earlier - when square dancing was fun. It rained hard the whole weekend, every minute of it, but dancers have a good time no matter what the weather. It gave rise to the best "bon mot" that I heard on the whole trip. Saturday afternoon until four o'
The clock was free-time. The bass player, Jack Hamilton, accordionist Reg Smith and I took a walk along the waterfront. Jack had an umbrella, and Reg and I borrowed raincoats. Rain was pelting down in varying degrees of drizzle to cloudburst. We were sodden from the knees down. Coming out from a store we met an exceptionally hard gust of rain. Without a smile on the face of him Jack exclaimed: "'Ow. Getting a little less sunny! It was the understatement of the season.

Most of the calling dates were dances, but a few were real workshops. Attendance varied according to the size of the town or group and varied from two-three sets in the case of Newcastle and Bromsgrove, to over 700 at the National Gathering of the Society held in London and 300 in Birmingham, and perhaps 200 in Hull and Bridgewater or Exeter. At the dance evenings naturally I kept the dances relatively easy, yet tried to give them contras they were unfamiliar with. Though we did do "British Sorrow" in all places. They got a kick out of the name, and only in London did it seem to be resented. Workshops were exactly that, concentrating more on correct styling and timing in the early hours before progressing to some of the more difficult contras and squares. Such as, Cocheco Hornpipe, The Witches Brew, Elegance and Simplicity, Banks of the Dee and such squares as Canadian Sett, Forward Five and a few Lancer figures. Incidentally, these last were big hits at the Square Dance Weekend.

I was greatly impressed with what the Society is doing to promote the use of live music at all their dances. Many areas hold regularly scheduled classes for anyone desiring to learn to play dance music. I attended one of the classes the last night I was in England. The Society is fortunate in having such interested peo-
ple as Nan Fleming-Williams and Jean Matthews to instruct at these classes. To be sure, there are others, but these two accomplished musicians happen to be the ones I met. As mentioned before, every dance group has its own group of musicians. They take turns playing for the dancers as the evening progresses, so that they get an opportunity to dance once in a while themselves. Why couldn't this be done in the States? It could if we wanted to badly enough! If that is heresy to the record makers let them make the best of it.

Because there are so many good musicians in the country records are not used for dancing. English record players leave a lot to be desired. All that I saw were set speeds. And all callers know that this is murder. Nor did I care particularly for many of the microphones given me to use. The best were imported from the States. Few of the leaders had ever heard of a monitor. Acoustics were not great but they would have been much improved with better microphones. Still, the acoustics were no worse than they are here at home. This is something that sound engineers have to contend with all over the world.

A two-day break in schedule spent down in Whitbridge with the Douglas Kennedy's was a most delightful interlude. Douglas Kennedy was the Director of the So-
ociety for a quarter-century and had a great deal to do in promoting it to its present status, which is one of envy to the rest of the folk dance world. Now in semi-retirement, Mr. Kennedy spends most of the warm weather days in his boat, which was now hauled up for the winter months. Mornings were spent in strolling around the lovely countryside. Evenings past swiftly as we relived our own early days in the folk dance world. I am a lover of oak trees and I brought back a handful of acorns from the Kennedy's home to plant in New Hampshire. They will be known as the Kennedy oaks. With reluctance I left their idyllic home for London to prepare for a set of six successive dates in the south of England.

I loved Devon in the west country and Kent in the south. Even in heavy rain, Devon was still beautiful. It must be a bit of heaven on earth when the sun shines. You are seldom more than a few miles from a ruined castle or a famous Cathedral and I visited many. Though

I must be truthful and say that buildings, even historic ones, are 'scarcely' my dish of tea. You cannot help though but be impressed with Westminster Abbey, the Cathedral of Canterbury, and the awe-inspiring ruins of Stonehenge and Glastonbury. To say nothing of many more
less well-known churches, such as the gorgeous one Chichester, or Norwich, and the castle in the heart of Newcastle and the ruins of one in Newark. They are all a part of our history too.

I remember the desolate expanse of the Pennine Hills where I saw a sheep dog at work rounding up some dozen or more stray sheep, obeying the whistled commands of his master. I remember the charming villages and their narrow, winding main streets. Especially the lovely old town of Malmsbury on the upper reaches of the Avon River with swans paddling majestically up and down its waters. I remember the historic town of Stratford, famous since the days of Shakespeare. I remember the Sherlock Holmes pub in London, replete with memorabilia of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The centuries old market crosses smack dab in the middle of many of the villages. The 350 year old house in which I stayed the night in Bridgewater. The ruins of the old Roman Wall in the north of England. The delightful pudding sauce called "custard" and the sinus-clearing English mustard. The huge stacks of baled hay built up in the form of a house. The thatched roofs of many of the older country homes.

I remember too, the roses and other flowers still blooming in late November. The wonderful spectacle of the changing of the guard in London. The afternoon in Foyle's, the largest book store in the world. The London underground, where it is next to impossible to get lost. The hundreds of East Indian women cloaked in bright-colored saris. The importable London bobbies. The high cost of cigars. The wonderful "gammon" steak for dinner in Cheltenham and another equally delicious dinner in a "pub" in Chichester. The red two-decker buses everywhere. The "posh" gentleman whom I met on the bus to Charing Cross. He said his name was John Hill, a major in Her Majesty's army but who looked like an
M.P. to me. The almost conductor-less trains. The library at Cecil Sharp House. The women walking their dogs - on a leash, on all the city streets. The shaggy haired young men. Walking around Piccadilly and Trafalgar squares and looking so much like an Englishman that American tourists asked me directions. Wiltshire "bacon" and the many wonderful cheeses. Devon "clotted cream". The Devon cider and the grand eating apples on all the fruit erers stands. The young school boy on my second day in London who, seeing my confusion with the English coinage gave me a shilling for the underground and darted off before I could barely more than mutter "thank you lad".

Most of all I remember the kindness of my hosts everywhere, and especially Nibs and Jean Matthews. They gave me a "home-away-from-home" and key to their London flat to come and go as I pleased. It was my headquarters during my whole stay. Those are the things that I can never forget. I hope that I can repay some of the many acts of kindness shown me.
In Memory

Of

RODNEY LINNELL
died June 15, 1966

JEANNIE CARMICHAEL
died September 6, 1966

HERBERT WARREN
died September 30, 1966
Learned from Ken Clark, Birmingham, England
Music: Jimmy Allen - or whatever you like
Formation: Double circle, men facing out
All facing partners
All do si do partners left shoulder
All allemande left the one on the left
All do si do partners by right shoulder
All allemande right with right hand lady
All balance the same (4-step balance)
Swing the same
All promenade this one you swing (8 measures)
Continue dance as long as desired

This is a comparatively new dance - about 10 years old. It seemed quite popular in the Birmingham area.
CARELESS SALLY  Otsego Mss 1808

Suggested music: "Pet of the Pipers"

Couples 1 - 4 - 7 - etc active. Do NOT cross over

Balance partner
Turn partner with right hand once and a half around
Cast off one couple, and balance again
Turn partner with left hand once and a half around
Cast off another couple
Circle four hands once around (with last couple cast
Up the center with partner, cast off)
Right and left four
SQUARE DANCE

BILL BAILEY
A Dance of the 50's

Intro. break & ending

Sashay by your corners, gents left hand star
And swing with your opposite lady
Sashay by your corners there, gents left hand star
And swing your own little baby
Four ladies right hand star; walk around the hall
Do si do your partners all
Promenade the ring with that pretty little thing
Bill Bailey won't you please come home.

Figure

Head ladies chain across, don't you return
Head couples half promenade
Side ladies chain across, don't you return
Side couples half promenade
Head couples right and left through
Side couples swing
Side couples right and left through
And head couple swing
Four ladies promenade the inside of the ring
Bill Bailey swing that girl so fair
(Gents are home with opposite lady as partner)
Side ladies chain across don't you return
Side couples half promenade
Head ladies chain across, don't you return
Head couples half promenade
Side couples right and left through
Head couples swing
Head couples right and left through
And side couples swing
Four ladies promenade the inside of the square
Bill Bailey swing your own so fair.
repeat figure once more if desired
FOLK SONG

A TRIP TO THE GRAND BANKS

(Maine)

Early in the spring when the snow is all gone,
The Penobscot boys are anxious their money for to earn;
They will fit out a fisherman, one hundred tons or nigh,
For the Grand Banks of Newfoundland their luck for to try.

Sailing down the river, the weather being fine,
Our homes and our friends we leave far behind;
We pass by Sable Island, as we've oft done before,
Where the waves dash tremendous on a storm beaten shore.

Now the vessel is our quarters, the ocean is our home,
And islands, capes and headlands we leave far astern;
We run to the eastward for three or four days,
Then round to and "sound" upon the western edge.

Then we run for the shoals and we run for the rocks,
Where the hagduls and Careys, they surround us in flocks;
We let go our best anchor, where the seas run so high,
On the Grand Banks of Newfoundland the snapeyes far to try.

Early in the morn at the dawn of the day,
We jump into our dories, and we saw, saw away;
The snapeyes steal our bait, and we rip and we rave
If we ever get home again, we'll give up the trade.

In this way we pass the summer, through dread and
through fear,
In fog mulls and gales of wind, and big ships passing near;
They sometimes run the schooners down, and sink them in the deep,
The thoughts of such scenery is horrid to repeat.

Now the salt is all wet but one half a pen,
The colors we will show, and the main sail we bend,
Wash her down and scrub the decks — the dories we will stow,
Then heave up the anchor! To the westward we go.

Never tell a woman you are unworthy of her. She knew it long before you did.

It is much easier to be critical than correct.
BOOK REVIEW

by Dr. HUGH THURSTON

TRADITIONAL DANCING IN SCOTLAND,


Sixty-three shillings (about eight and a half dollars).

Joan and Tom Flett have spent the summer holidays of the past eleven years dancing with, and talking to, everyone they could find who remembered the Scottish dances of a generation ago. The results appear in this book.

The book therefore covers the most interesting period in the history of the dance - the period from as far back as memory stretches (and fifteen of the dancers they found were born before 1870) until the first world war. This period is the one in which the current tradition crystalized. Earlier dances can be studied, true, but only from books and manuscripts, not from flesh and blood; they are "historical" rather than "traditional". And modern dancing has, all too often, diverged radically from tradition. The first world war forms the end of an era in the dancing of many countries, and it forms a particularly definite end in Scottish country dancing because a conscious - and in some ways artificial - revival started in 1923.

The book is written in a scholarly and clear fashion (Tom Flett is a Doctor of Science). One interesting and I think unique feature is that besides a bibliography it has "peopleography" (can you think of a better word for this?), that is to say, a list of informants (with ages, addresses, and other relevant notes) and
these are referred to in the text in just the same way as the books of the bibliography are. There are about 200 informants: this will give some idea of how thorough the Fletts' research has been.

The book tells us —

(a) what dances were known in what parts of Scotland.
(b) how and when the dances spread from one region to another.
(c) how the style varied from one region to another, and from one period to another.
(d) what steps were used where.
(e) on what sort of occasions there was dancing.

All this information fills the first four chapters, which should interest anybody, whether or not he is a particular devotee of Scottish dancing.

The Fletts then turn to the details: the next chapter — a long one — gives clear and precise descriptions of all the steps referred to. Then there is a chapter on that most ancient and classic of Scottish dances, the Scotch Reel. In its best-known forms (threesomes, foursome, and Tulloch); and a chapter on lesser-known reels, a chapter of very great interest for several reasons, one of which is the connection between some of these reels and similar reels which are traditional in Nova Scotia. (The Nova Scotia reels are described in an appendix by Frank Rhodes). Some of the reels described are: The old west highland circular reel; Ruidhleadth Mor; The Eight Men of Moidart (two versions); Cath Nan Coileach; the Six Reel (two versions). The next two chapters describe reels from the Orkneys and from the Shetlands, and include an accurate and complete account of that superb dance the Axum Reel from North Ronaldshay, which no doubt many readers know in an incomplete form.
There is only one chapter on country dancing; the Flatts chose seven dances to illustrate the general development of the country-dance in Scotland. These seven are The Duke of Perth; Jacky Tar; The Rifleman; Quadrille Country Dance; Royal Albert; Merry Ladys of Glasgow (a delightful dance that should appeal to all contra dancers; and The Haughs of Cromdale. The chapter also contains much of interest about country-dance figures, especially poussette, right-and-left, and ladies' chain.

The last chapter, entitled "The Art of Treepling" deals with fancy steps danced only by men and mainly in country dances (only occasionally in reels). Every contra dancer has heard of the famous fancy steps that used to be danced in New England, and every researcher knows that these steps are always just over the horizon; if you ask anyone about them, he will not show you them himself, but will refer you to someone who might. This someone then refers you to someone else, and so on. Well — here are the corresponding Scottish steps for you — clearly and danceable described.

We mentioned earlier that the modern revival had diverged somewhat from tradition. Readers who are acquainted with Scottish country dancing but only through this revival, will find much in this book that may surprise them. Traditional dancers never wore light dancing slippers without heels for country dancing; they did not point their toes in a pas-de-basque; the "skip-change" type of travelling step was very local, and the normal travelling step for country dances was a two-step (with no hop); in the Orkneys the travelling step was a walk (just like New England); the turns in The Duke of Perth were not one-hand or two-hand turns but elbow-link turns.

This clear, accurate, and comprehensive account of the traditional Scottish dance can be recommended without reservation.
A PARODY

To dance or not to dance -
that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler on the
floor to suffer
Rights and lefts of outrageous callers,
Or to take arms within a ring of
dancers, and by chaining confuse them?
To rant, to walk no more; and with a rant
to show we start the knee-ache and the thousand
natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. Tis a consumation
Devoutly to be shunned. To walk, to rant;
To rant perchance to sleep.
Ay, there's the rub;
For in that frenzied rant what corns may come?
When we have shuffled out this deadly step
Must give relief. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the bows and scrapes of Playford
Th' Cupid's Garden, The Parson's Farewell.

The pangs of dispired love. The Dutch Skipper.
The insolence of Phoenix and the spurns
Of patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his own galleys make
with a bare knee-cap? Who would these insults bear.

To grunt and sweat under a pannier
But that the hope of something after agony.
The blessed relief, the rediscovered joy, when
elastic slacks
And zipz do part - frees constriction.
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus panniers do make cowards of us all;
And the complex way of dancing
Is confused by the mumbled chant
Ay "in what calls" of great pitch and moment,
Patterns go awry and lose the name of dance.

M & G

Write to Folklore Productions requesting their program
of outstanding folk concerts this coming season Address
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Morris dancing had a smash appearance in the Boston
area recently when the Pinewoods Morris Men's Club held
their first public tour - in Boston on October 8. Begin-
ing with several dances in the Radcliffe Quadrangle,
they went on to four Harvard Houses, followed by an en-
thusiastic audience and with many residents watching
from the windows. Morris man, Tom Kruskal, deserves
special thanks for having persuaded Harvard authorities
that a morris tour was a desirable activity.

Write to Cantabrigia Bookshop, 16 Park, Cambridge, Mass.
and get their latest catalog of Americana. The shop spe-
cializes on books of folk dance, folklore and songs.

The bagpipe, the favorite folk instrument of Scotland
was first mentioned in Rome during the first century.

Thrift is a wonderful virtue, especially in an ances-
tor.
There are few man-made objects about which such a great worldwide body of myth and superstition has grown up than the lowly shoes worn by Old Dobbin.

The origin of belief in "horseshoe luck" is so steeped in antiquity that its origin cannot be pinpointed with any degree of certainty. Certainly, few superstitions are more universal.

Ever since horses were first shod, these crescents of iron have been considered emblems of "luck" by all peoples, races, and nations and by prince and pauper.

The Chinese mount them above their doors as a charm against evil spirits because of their close resemblance in shape to the arched body of Nagandra, the sacred snake of Chinese belief.

Ask a Turkish follower of Mohammed why he consid-
ers a common horseshoe a luck-bearing device, and he will quickly retort that it is in the same form as a crescent, the sacred symbol of Islam.

A Polish Jew will explain that, at the Passover, the blood sprinkled upon the lintel and doorposts, in the manner directed by ritual, forms the principal points of an arch—hence the value of arch-shaped talismans like horseshoes, obviously.

On the other hand, the stolid Russian peasant will maintain that the luck associated with the horseshoe is due to the metal of which it is forged, irrespective of shape. Iron, you see, is traditionally a charm in Russia, powerful in nullifying the malevolent designs of evil spirits and goblins.

The son of Erin accounts for his liking for the talisman by a quite different story. He will tell you that "Ironclad", or Ireland, had its origin in this manner. The whole of the Emerald Isles were once submerged beneath the sea. Every 7 years, the islands would rise from the foaming waters, but only briefly.

Many attempts were made to break the evil spirit and induce the country to remain permanently above the surface of the sea, but to no avail. Then, one day, a daring adventurer hurles a horseshoe from a boat on the highest peak of Wicklow Mountain, at the precise moment when the auld sod was sliding dismally beneath the sea. The curse was immediately removed. The Emerald Isles at once began to emerge from Neptune's embrace. And to this day, says legend, Ireland has been dry land ever since—speaking of its soil, that is.

Next door, in England, horseshoes to comparatively recent times were used extensively as anti-witch charms. Even to this day, the practice is far from extinct. No witch, it used to be said, could enter a house over
whose portal a horseshoe was affixed. An even surer safeguard were 3 shoes, prongs downward, mounted over the entranceway.

The origin of this English belief goes back to the ancient legend of St. Dunstan. This versatile English ecclesiastic was a skilled farrier in his time. One day while at work at his forge, the "evil one" entered in disguise. He requested St. Dunstan to shoe his single hoof. The saint, although he had recognized his devilish customer, acceded to his plea. But he caused the devil so much pain during the operation that Satan begged the saint to stop.

This Dunstan did, but only after he had made the evil one promise that neither he nor any of his lesser spirits would ever again molest the inmates of a dwelling upon which a horseshoe was displayed!

MARRIED: T.Y. Tanabe and Betsy Western, October 8, 1966 in Weston, Vt.

Jack Sudall and Edna Spaulding, November 18, 1966, in Oakland, California.

THANKS To Helen Orem, dance convention programs.
Leon Cottle, dance programs.
Ted Sannella for "Grandmother's Household Hints".

Remember, these trying times will be the "good old days" of the future.

If you love music, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play for you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light.

Lord Chesterfield
Letter to his son, April 19, 1749
DO YOU REMEMBER?

When the ladies wouldn't miss for the world a moving picture featuring Francis X. Bushman?
When sister didn't go to the party because she couldn't find her bustle?
When you jacked up your automobile in the barn during the winter?
When you had to listen to the neighbor's guinea hens?

or

When to liven up trade a bit the merchants gave away chromos?
When Sunday came all that you could hear would be the church bells ringing and the roosters crowing?
When you had a good mess of fried hasty pudding for breakfast?

or

When old-time winters presented no such anomalies as bare-headed folks wearing ear-pads?
When to be on the safe side you took a few res ears with you to the husking bee?
When pictures hanging in the parlor were embellished with peacock feathers?
When company was coming you got out your best red tablecloth?
When all they did at parties was to play postoffice?

or
When a butcher wearing a blue frock would wrestle with whole quarters of beef?
When you received some of those old-fashioned comic valentines, so-called, which you thought were a little too personal?
When by good luck you happened around just as they were "drawing the center" of a barrel of frozen cider?
When you had to press a button and turn a crank if you wanted to "call" central?

or

When if you could get a pig's bladder at hog-killing time you might have a game of football?
When you fell for the wiles of a peddler who sold you a pair of leather suspenders?
When father went to the store to pay his bill you liked to go too, because the nice grocery man always gave you a bag of candy?

Remember when? It really wasn't so long ago.

NURSERY RHYMES

Children in America and England grow up chanting hundreds of jingles, verses, and rhymes which their great—great—grandparents chanted before them. For though the expression "nursery rhyme," was first used in 1824, such rhymes have existed for hundreds of years.

Nursery rhymes have a great variety of origins. Many of them have grown out of festivals, ceremonies and rites used hundreds of years ago in Europe. Some have
been made to explain the wonders of the world. Some repeat old chants for controlling rains, storms, droughts, and floods.

"London Bridge Is Falling Down" is said to date back to ancient days when a human sacrifice was made to keep a bridge from falling, burning, or being washed away.

Prayer rhymes, such as "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. Bless the bed that I lie on", repeat ancient rites.

Rhymes may come from games centuries old. "Knick, Knack, Paddy Whack, give a dog a bone", comes from a game of knuckle-bones which started in Japan.

Rhymes sometimes come from street cries of the peddlers who called out their services in rhyme. "Hot pease hot. Hot, hot, hot" was one such a cry.

Rhymes stories and songs were printed on long sheets of paper and sold for a penny. "Three Blind Mice" was printed in 1609, and sold in this way. Some rhymes were learned from traveling actors who gave plays in the streets. About half of the 800 rhymes often used today are 200 or more years old. About 300 rhymes have been found in print before 1800 and about 70 were mentioned before 1700. In 1606 children in the streets were singing "Cock-a-doodle-doo".

The name Mother Goose was known to peasants of Europe in the Middle Ages, but the first Mother Goose book was published in London in 1760.

TONGUE TWISTERS: Cheerful Charlie Chan can catch callous crooked criminals.

Chosen contented cows quietly chew cuds in chubby cheeks.
November leaves upon the trees
Foretell a winter when you'll freeze.

Onion skins very thin,
Mild winter coming in;
Onion skins very tough,
Winter's going to be very rough.

Winter is the time of year when you turn up the furnace to keep the house as hot as it was last summer, when you turned on the air conditioner.

As difficult as February is to pronounce, it is even harder to live through.

If there is a ring around the moon, count the stars in it to determine how long it will be before it snows.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter;
A green Christmas, a white Easter.

As November 21st, so the winter.

If on November eleventh the geese stand on ice, they'll walk in mud at Christmas.

If on November eleventh, it is fair, dry and cold, the cold in winter will not last long.

Thunder in December presages fine weather.

A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas, Are signs of a good year.
COME AND GET IT

SYLLABUB

1 quart whipping cream  1 cup sugar
1 cup fresh milk       ½ cup orange juice or sherry
                      1 teaspoon vanilla

Have everything very cold and put into large bowl. With a syllabub churn or egg beater, froth the cream and fill goblets. The cream and milk, with the seasoning, will blend, thus not being too rich. It must be made not too long before serving, else it will fall. If you use sherry, dilute it with a little milk.

SPICED CIDER

Heat sweet cider with a small amount of sugar, stick cinnamon, salt, whole cloves, and allspice. Cool. Then remove the spices and reheat the cider to serve hot.

Martha Washington, according to the records, served spiced cider at Mt. Vernon. It was also made at Monticello Jefferson's home, and kept there in the wine cellar.

Dream of the dead, you'll hear from the living.
Dream of horses, you'll of the death of a friend.
PORK CHOPS WITH SOUR CREAM

8 pork chops
1 pint sour cream
1 horse radish root

Salt and Pepper
Rubbed sage
Thyme

Rub all chops with all seasonings, both sides. Brown in hot skillet. Place chops in broiler pan or large shallow baking pan. Cover with sour cream. Grate the horse radish root liberally over entire pan. Bake 3/4 hour at 375 degrees.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 pint oysters
3 tablespoons cream
1 cup cracker crumbs

1/2 cup butter
Pepper and salt
2 tablespoons sherry
1/2 cup bread crumbs


///

If a cock crows before three o'clock in the morning, it will rain or be bad weather for three days. If a hen crows, there will be a flood.

Sage has a reputation for ensuring old age. Arabs ask, "How can a man die who has sage in his garden?" According to the English, he who would live for aye must eat sage in May.

Lavender will grow only in old maid's gardens. Where rosemary grows, Missis is master.
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