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AMERICAN SQUARES

A MAGAZINE DEDICATED TO AMERICAN FOLK DANCING



Volume 5

Number 4



December, 1949



Merry Christmas

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CHARLEY THOMAS

AMERICAN SQUARES

121 Delaware St., Woodbury, N. J.

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Teaching Children Folk Dancing

By RUTH BRITTON

Last summer I worked as a dance, and arts and crafts instructor at Blue Mountain Camps for Boys and Girls at East Stroudsburg, Pa. I taught folk dancing to girls, aged 5 to 6, folk and square dancing to girls from 7 to 10, and folk, square and social dancing to boys and girls from 11 to 16, separately. In addition, once or twice a week I helped to run dances in the evening for boys and girls from 10 to 16.

In working with these children, I evolved the following general rules applying to teaching them all types of dancing:

1. Give directions in simple language and keep explanations down to a minimum of words. Verbosity will either tire or confuse. (When dogs are being trained, the trainers use one-word commands). Be especially careful of your **diction**.

2. Take one of the children as a partner and demonstrate as you explain. Take a different child for each new step so that no one child will feel slighted.

3. After instructing each new step or figure, let the class do the step and then ask for any questions.

4. Before going on to a new figure or step, the teacher should call out the preceding steps that were taught, without the class actually doing them, in order to set the proper sequence of the steps in the minds of the pupils. For example, in the Pattycake Polka, before going into the swing, call out the heel-toe, the slides, the reverse direction, the next set of the heel-toe and slide steps, and the hand clapping.

5. If a dance has many figures, teach figures in groups of 2 or 3.

6. Teach the dance in the correct formation, that is, put them in a square for a square, etc.

7. Once they have learned the steps and their proper sequence, improve upon form.

8. Remember to make a mistake, now and then—it makes the children feel better.

9. Start off with simple dances to avoid discouragement.

10. Last and most important, get in and dance along with them and when they see you are having fun, they will have fun, too.

Before starting to teach a class, I played the music to set the atmosphere and at the same time the children became acquainted with the music.

CANADIAN VICTOR RECORDS

For a long time we have been hearing about the excellence of the Cornhusker's recordings for Canadian Victor. The articles always ended with the lament that the records were not available in the United States. We have been successful in obtaining these records for you. Send your order, **89c each**.

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216575 Cowboy's Reel; Uncle Jim

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In the square dance classes I taught a promenade by crossing right hands over left as the children are not as likely to trip as they would be when using the shoulder promenade. For the swing step I used the Russian waist hold (facing in opposite directions, right arms around each other's waists, left arms raised in air).

Railroad Track was the first square I used for the 7 to 8 year olds as this requires a minimum of instruction and in the short time needed for the instruction, the children gained a feeling of accomplishment.

**Honor your partners, corners same
All join hands and circle left down the lane
Go back home and swing your own.**

**Ladies to the center back to back
Gents go 'round the railroad track
Meet your partner, pass her by
Pick up the next one on the sly
And Promenade THAT lady home.**

(After the 4th time, call)

When you're home, you swing your own. (Chorus)

Repeat with gents going into the center and a chorus. End up with a balance in.

After Railroad Track, I used Form An Arch (a short square) and in this was showed what is mean by head couples and side couples and for good measure explained what couple was what number couple.

**HEAD two couples forward and back
Forward again and bye and bye
And form an ARCH against the sky.**

(Opposite join hands raised high)

**Oh! the SIDE two ladies pass right through
And swing the gent that's facing you
And Every body swing.**

**Repeat with side two couples forward and back.
Then repeat from the beginning.**

After these two squares I used Dip For the Oyster and Take a Peek and worked in the allemande left and a grand right and left.

Editor's Note: Next month Mrs. Britton will explain the methods she used to persuade 14-year-old boys to dance. Decoration courtesy of Howard J. Bernard.

FOLK DANCE FEDERATION OF CALIFORNIA

LET'S DANCE— Monthly Magazine

Includes dance descriptions, calendar of events, folk dance news, Federation and club news, pictures, cartoons, articles by folk and square dance leaders, records and book reviews, costume information, personality sketches and other folk dance information. \$2.00 per 12-month year.

FOLK DANCES FROM NEAR AND FAR

Four bound books of dance descriptions. Each book contains about two dozen dances as issued in LET'S DANCE for a year, plus a reference list (folk dance bibliography), and definitions of dance terms (dance positions, step patterns and common figures. \$2.00 per volume.

**Order from: PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE, 262 O'Farrell Street,
Room 301, San Francisco 2, California.**

One of The Shaw Boys

By VIRGINIA ANDERSON

The Shaw boys (Ray, Glen and Lloyd) could so easily furnish the material for a book, no, several books, as each and all of them are fascinating men. Ray is the oldest and my story with him, although I'd like to mention Glen, considered one of the greatest living authorities on Japan, and at present in Japan acting as Historian for the State Department. Lloyd is of course known to many thousands as "Pappy," the man responsible for the revival and interest in the square dance during the past two decades. Knowing Ray better, I could ask him details about his life and times.



Ray was born of English-Dutch parentage, of a line of folks usually in public life—preachers, actors (olden times), and well educated,

which bring about the wonderful minds the three men have quite naturally.

While born in Topeka, Kansas, Ray was brought to Glendale, California, when about two years old and spent his boyhood here. When time came for him to go to college, his family decided to go with him, so off they traveled to Denver and he attended Colorado College (in fact all three men went there). Later the family moved to Colorado Springs, (have you ever had the joy of a trip with Pappy over that land?)

Ray received his degree as a civil engineer, worked a year for Union Pacific, and finally smelled greaspaint and off he went with the Henry W. Savage Company in the Floradora sextette! Later he joined the original cast of the **Merry Widow** and traveled a great deal in the United States and South America with this company. While on summer vacation, he decided to take up stenography and that summer a Dry Farming Congress was held in Colorado Springs. Men were the only stenographers in those days, and Ray was interested in the project, joined, and within a short while was manager of the organization, with which he stayed for two years. Along the way he just picked up bookkeeping and while in San Diego with the company, he was approached to work for the city, wound up as chief accountant and an efficiency expert!

Through some connection with Glen, Ray went to Japan on a three years' teaching contract. His son, Don, was born there. He returned to California, settled in Venice, and after a few years at other schools, returned to Venice high school as vice-principal, where he stayed

until he retired in 1947.

Naturally, I asked Ray how he started calling square dances. He said he'd helped a bit when Lloyd was busy in Colorado Springs years ago while a conductor on the scenic railway. His job was pointing out the interesting spots. Ray joined, working in the summer. There were parties at Halfway House and Lloyd arranged these—prompting as it was called in those calls—waltz quadrilles, etc. Ray actually started in about 1937, after Lloyd came out to the West Coast and put on an institute with his kids at Scripps College. Ray helped some of the teachers at the Venice high school and the first thing he knew, he was helping groups in Inglewood, Los Angeles, etc.

Ray met his wife, Ethel, during the time he was studying stenography and they were married in Colorado Springs in October, 1911. She traveled with him and was very active with him in his various interests.

With Ray's years of experience in calling he is one of the most challenging of callers to dance to — it is truly a battle of wits between the caller and the dancer, and a great deal of fun! Having learned to dance under Ray, I'm one of his most ardent fans!

Best Sellers for October

1. Charley Thomas's **Twelve Home Made Square Dances**. 50c.
2. Dot Burgin's **America Square Dances**. \$1.50.
3. Frank Lyman's **One Hundred and One Singing Calls**. \$2.00.
4. C. D. Foster **Learn to Dance and Call Square Dances the Foster Way, Part I**. \$1.00
5. Jimmy Clossin's **West Texas Square Dances**. \$1.50.

Do you have all these? Order them from us.

Overheard upstairs above a square dance:

Wife: You come on down and dance with me immediately. I've danced with George so much people are beginning to think he's my husband. I may not have done very well, but I did better than that!

Allemande left and right to your queen
AMERICAN SQUARES is a swell magazine.
Promenade, you hear me hollar
I'll sell you a subscription for a dollar.

The Wilson-Wooders meet every Wednesday eveing at the Wilson YMCA, 1725 W. Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill., at 8 p.m., and both folk and square dances are taught. On the 2nd and 4th Saturday nights the Y holds square dances with instruction from 8:30 to 9 p.m., and dancing until 12. Everyone is welcome.

We want someone to write semi-technically about amplification for square dance callers, orchestras and records. Can any reader qualify? Drop us a line.

Twenty-eight Spokane, Washington, square dancers took a week off to cruise up the Puget Sound on a showboat cruise stopping off at various spots to hold square dances and treat the citizenry to the calling of Thad Byrne and Vince and Don Cooney. The idea came from the fertile brain of Pat Norris who accordingly became first mate with his wife as second mate. The citizenry were so taken up they have been invited back.



Records

CHARLEY THOMAS

Key: TR 50, acceptable; TR 80, recommended;
TR 100 perfect

- MAC GREGOR Album 1.** Les Gotcher, caller and the Jack Rivers Boys. Four 12-inch vinylite. Pretty good job; calling good, balance a little heavy on the caller, the orchestra needs a couple more pieces, playing good, recording good. 392 **Texas Star** Metronome 132. TR79. 394 **I'll Swing yours.** Caller doesn't keep in time. Metronome 140. TR78. 389 **Lady 'Round the Lady,** Metronome 138. TR 79. 393 **Inside Arch, Outside Under,** Metronome 132. TR 81. 395 **Right Hand Over Left Hand Under,** Metronome 132. TR 79. 391 **Take a Peek,** Metronome 140. TR79. 390 **Swing O' Adam,** Metronome 137. TR 79. 388 **Hot Time in the O' Town,** Metronome 120. TR77. We stock this album at.....\$6.95
- MAC GREGOR Album 2.** Les Gotcher calling with the Jack Rivers Boys. Four 10-inch records vinylite. Quality similar to the last album; calling good but uninspiring. 411 **Sally Gooden,** Metronome 126. TR79. 400 **Schottische,** Metronome 146. TR 72. 398 **Varsouvianna,** Metronome 46. TR85. 412 **Swing in the Center and Swing on the Side,** Metronome 133. TR79. 401 **Heel and Toe Polka,** Metronome 124. TR 88. 414 **Cage the Bird,** Metronome 132. TR79. 413 **Dive for the Oyster,** Metronome 131. TR79. 399 **Rye Waltz.** Introduction of an unidentifiable waltz. TR75. We stock this album.....\$4.75
- MAC GREGOR Album 3.** Square Dances. Les Gotcher and the Circle 8 Ranch Boys. Four 10-inch records, vinylite. Very similar to the other albums. The balance is in favor of the caller; playing good; recording good. 607A-6 **Oh, Johnny.** Sometimes the calls are sung, sometimes spoken and sometimes there are none at all. Metronome 103. TR71. 602-1 **Four In Line,** Metronome 134. TR78. 588 **Double Bow Knot,** Metronome 136. TR79. 592 **Ocean Wave,** Metronome 188. TR74. 608 **Forward Eight and Chain Around,** Metronome 139. TR79. 590 **Four Hands Across and Gents Bow Under.** Metronome 136. TR79. 589 **Whirl Away and Resashay.** Metronome 140. TR79. 591 **Two Little Sisters.** Metronome 134. TR80. We stock this album at.....\$4.75
- MAC GREGOR Album 5.** Fenton "Jonesy" Jones. Music by Curley Williams and the Prairie Pals. Two 12-inch records, vinylite. Jonesy is blessed with a good, pleasing voice. A little more enthusiasm and you couldn't beat him. Balance good, playing good, recording fine. 005-1A **San Antonio Rose,** Metronome 124. TR90. 005-1B **Yacaipi Twister.** Metronome 136. TR88. 005-2A **My Little Girl.** Metronome 128. TR87. 005-2B **Texas Tornado,** We had trouble with the timing on this Wagon Wheel chorus. Metronome 136. TR85. We stock this Album at.....\$3.75
- CAPITOL 57-40204—Hell Amongst the Yearlings.** Wade Ray and his Ozark Mountain Boys. Good playing but syncopated. Metronome 138. TR78. **Flop-Eared Mule.** Ditto. Metronome 143. TR76.
- CAPITOL 79-40198.** 12-inch Jonesy and Cliffie Stone and His Square Dance Band. **Lady Goes Halfway Round.** Not up to Jonesy's others. Metronome 130. TR77. **Bird in the Cage and Seven Hands Around.** Metronome 130. TR77.
- 4 **STAR Album 104.** Album of Square Dances. Carl "Doc" Journell, music by Grady Hester and his Texans. Four 10-inch vinylite records. Calling adequate but not spectacular. Playing good; recording good; balance good. 1329 **The Cart Wheel,** Metronome 126. TR78. **Shoot the Owl.** Patter got tangled. Metronome 128. TR77. 1330 **The Route,** Metronome 126. TR78. **Texas Whirlwind,** Metronome 128. TR79. 1331 **Little Sisters Form a Ring,** Metronome 128. TR79. **New Texas Star,** Metronome 131. TR77. 1332 **Arkansas Traveler,** Only the head ladies do the dance. Metronome 134. TR71. **Split the Ring,** Metronome 128. TR79.
- 4 **STAR 13061 Rangers Hoedown.** Heavy on the bass; syncopated. Played in an Irish manor. Metronome 122. TR72. **Big Jim's Reel,** Metronome 118. TR71.

- 4 STAR 1307¹ **Pady on the Turnpike.** The bass is so steady and heavy that one does not notice that the tunes are different. Metronome 118. TR71. **Irish Washerwoman**, Metronome 124. TR77.
- 4 STAR 1308¹ **Granny with her Night Shirt On.** To me it's the Heel and Toe Polka. Metronome 98. TR70. **Silver Bells**, Metronome 90. TR70.
- 4 STAR 1309¹ **Schottische Mixer.** Metronome 84. TR69. **Varsouvienne**, Metronome 42. TR72.
- 4 STAR 1310¹ **Goodnight Waltz.** Metronome 48. TR78. **Bohemian Waltz**, Metronome 48. TR69.
- 4 STAR 1320² **Eighth of January.** Fiddle harsh and strong. Metronome 136. TR73. **Wagon Wheel**³, thirty-two measures of music first. Calling unenthusiastic; balance good. Metronome 134. TR68.
- 4 STAR 1319² **Ragtime Annie.** Metronome 132. TR76. **Double Star**³ Metronome 130. TR75.
- 4 STAR 1318² **Liberty.** Metronome 129. TR70. **Two Stars, Venus and Mars**³, Metronome 132. TR69.
- 4 STAR 1317² **Soldiers Joy.** Metronome 142. TR70. **Bird in the Cage and Seven Hands Around**³, Metronome 136. TR70.
- 4 STAR 1296² **Herr Schmidt.** Metronome 126. TR63. **Ten Pretty Girls**, Metronome 136. TR78.
- 4 STAR 1343² **Kendall's Hornpipe.** Fiddle high and piercing. Metronome 130. TR74. **Durang's Hornpipe**, Metronome 130. TR77.
- 4 STAR 1344² **Over the Waves.** Metronome 44. TR78. **Under the Double Eagle**, Syncopated piano improvisation. Metronome 138. TR65.
- 4 STAR 1345² **Golden Slippers.** Metronome 132. TR70. **Texas Schottische**, Metronome 80. TR75.
1. Big Jim de Noone
 2. Ben Christian and his Texas Cowboys
 3. Ben Christian and his Texas Cowboys, Bill Rose calling.

America Square Dances

Edited by DOT BURGIN

What kind of dances do you want in a square dance book? Easy, Difficult? New? Old? They are all in the 70 dances described in **America Square Dances**, because this volume contains all the dances published during the first year of **AMERICAN SQUARES**. Dances collected by the editors, sent in by the readers and even original dances. Dot Burgin has sorted and arranged them, written fuller explanations where necessary and added a set of general instructions in square dancing for beginners and this is it. Even if you have every issue of the first volume of **AMERICAN SQUARES** you will want the dances in this handy compilation. Postpaid \$1.50

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Twelve Homemade Square Dances

By CHARLEY THOMAS

Are you looking for new dances? These are all new because Charley made them up himself. This collection contains **The Mill Wheel** the favorite dance of thousands all over the country. You will get your money's worth from that dance alone. Complete instructions, calls and suggestions for music for all the dances. Postpaid 50c

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Folk Dance Magazine
Extraordinary

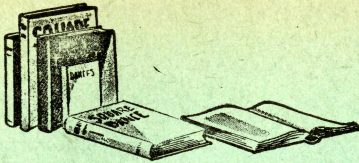
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by C. D. FOSTER

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Book Reviews

A COLLECTION OF YE OLD-FASHIONED DANCES OF 1850,

F. E. Carville, 1926. Lewiston, Me., published by F. E. Carville.....\$.35

This little booklet, still available, contains 56 contra dances a cotillon or so but dismisses the quadrille with, "Sets are formed similar to cotillons, with eight couples instead of four—two first, two second, etc., and the changes are called the same, by the leader of the orchestra." This large square also is found described in *Swing Your Partner, Old Time Dances of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia* by Lois S. Fahs, but I have seen it nowhere else. I presume the geographical proximity of the two books is not accidental.

Historically contra dances do not appear to have been promoted. The method of giving the dances here is by simple statements of action which could be used as calls if desired. Another interesting historical note is that the dances are phased in 20s instead of 16s.

I don't know how many of these dances I shall do, probably very few, but I'm glad Mr. Carville sent me one of the books.

WES McVICAR'S 75 FAVORITE SQUARE DANCE CALLS, by Wes

McVicar, 1949, Gordon V. Thompson Limited, Niagara Falls, N. Y.....\$.75

Wes McVicar states his objects as, "First: to assemble in one collection those dances which have proved most popular with my dancers and with yours truly as [a] caller. Second: to make available a manual which provides easy stages of instruction. Therefore, the dances are, for the most part, arranged in order of difficulty. Anyone, with the knack of teaching can start with the first dance and progress happily and speedily right through the book."

No one can argue that he has not accomplished his first aim. He has also accomplished the second. The book does not achieve any great heights of complexity nor is there a distinguishing Canadian streak as in Harry Jarman's publications. There are a number of dances new to me but their simplicity keeps them from being outstanding.

This is a foundation stone of square dancing, but it is a solid foundation stone.

Meditations of a Square Dance Caller

Theme

Meet your honey in the shade
And promenade, boys, promenade.

Variations

Meet your date and don't you wait
But promenade eight till you get straight.
Lead the ace and trump the king
And promenade home with the dear little thing.
Take that pretty girl home with you
And check the oil and the water too.
Promenade when you meet your sweet
Take her home down a one-way street.
There's your sweetheart by your side
It's much more fun to walk than ride.
Promenade you hear me holler
American Squares costs just one dollar
And well worth it too.

February's Theme

Swing her high and swing her low
Swing that gal in calico.

The Southern California Picture

By CHRIS STUART

"What about California?" people ask. "Has square dancing taken hold there as it has in the rest of the country?"

The answer is definitely "YES"! Speaking for the Los Angeles area the picture is something like this. Back in 1941 we had about five callers and ten square dance groups listed. These groups were part of the California Folk Dance Federation.

In 1946 there were eleven recognized callers and 35 regular groups who did square dancing exclusively. Now, in 1949 there are 120 callers listed and 525 recognized square dance clubs.

Under the enthusiastic and efficient leadership of Virginia Anderson the Folk Dance Federation grew to tremendous proportions. New groups were being organized so rapidly that it was impossible to catch the true sentiment and temperament of the mass. Feeling that they did not get enough consideration as a group and that there was not enough square dancing at the Folk Dance Festivals, a goodly number of the square dance enthusiasts withdrew from the "Federation" and formed organizations of their own. The two organizations are the "Western Square Dance Association of the San Gabriel Valley" and the "Associated Square Dancers" of the San Fernando Valley. The growth in membership has been very rapid and most of the organized clubs now belong to one or the other.

Square Dancing in Southern California has been taken up by every strata of the population and, goaded by a desire to outdo their contemporaries, the pace of the dancing has increased to the unbelievable speed of from 140 to 150 MBM. (Metronome Beats per Minute). At some of the parties the dancers swirl about in what appears to be almost a frenzy, the only sound being the "swish" of the long skirts of the women and the gliding feet on the floor. So intent are they on the words and patter of the caller and the fast rhythm of the dance that no one speaks or laughs for fear of losing the rhythm.

In order to supply the demand for callers, two "schools for callers" are being operated and dozens of young men are entering the time honored "profession."

Few of these have yet had experience enough to add anything to square dancing in the way of real color, although many of them are doing a good job of handling community groups.

Among the more colorful old time callers we find men like Ray Shaw, older brother of Lloyd (Pappy) Shaw, a retired educator. Ray was a principal of Venice High School near Los Angeles. He is an intriguing, old time square dance caller who has done much to establish square dancing in this section. With his shock of white hair and his characteristic stance he gives the impression of being right in with the dancers and ready to enter the figures at any instant! In his youth he was a member of the original "Merry Widow" company and he is still one of the smoothest partners a girl can dance with.

Carolyn Mitchell, beautiful, poised, graceful, she is the answer to the legend that you have to be a man to be a good square dance caller. Her personality invites you to dance and hundreds have learned the joy of square dancing under her direction.

Kash Ferguson is another old-timer who has helped bring square dancing to the Southland. Kash has held a square of oldsters together and kept them dancing every Saturday night for nearly eight years. Twenty or thirty squares of youngsters and "middle-yongs" come and go before his eyes and dance in high spirits to his rhythmic calls but week after week the "oldsters" are there, keeping young together. There may be "snow on the roofs" but there is a pleasant, warm fire in their hearts.

Ralph Maxhemier, a city park director, has among his many commitments the only big commercial square dances in the section; the Sunday Matinee at the Los Angeles Paladium Dance Hall. It is reported that a new commercial venture is about to be launched in Burbank where a large auditorium that is said to be ample for 120 squares will offer square dancing six nights a week and Mr. Maxhemier is to call four of these nights.

J. King Ross, the old-time caller who did much to start square dancing in the San Fernando Valley and originated the Tarzana Squares that appeared in the first Hollywood Bowl exhibition and have become well known throughout Southern California for their exhibition groups, introduced the "mile long

square dance" at Hermosa Beach. With loud speakers set at intervals along the Strand, the dancers were distributed along the ocean front, many of them completely out of sight of the caller. He also called for the Tarzana Girl Scout "DOCEY PLUNGERS," a group of girls 9 to 13 years of age who swim their square dances.

No mention of colorful callers would be complete without the inclusion of Bob Osgood and his Television Square dancing instructions and exhibitions and Fenton ("Call Me Joney") Jones, the very popular singing caller.

An unusual group of enthusiastic square dancers is known as the "Square Wheelers." They are wheelchair cases at the Los Angeles Orthopedic Hospital and under the direction of Peter Terry. They alemand left and swing and whirl, dancing around at a surprising tempo in their wheel chairs, exhibiting a smoothness and precision, the fascination of which can only be matched by the ecstasy radiated in their faces.

Yes, square dancing has certainly taken Southern California by storm. When the peak of popularity will be reached no one can venture to say. That it is still on the up-swing is very evident and observers agree that 1950 will be the biggest year that square dancing has ever known . . . particularly in Southern California.

AMERICAN SQUARES invites "pictures" from other sections of the country. Send us yours.



COMING EVENTS

Send in notices for February and early March before the 20th.

DECEMBER 3 and 4—Holiday Folk Fair, Milwaukee Auditorium, Wis. 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Folk dances, folk songs, musicians, turner demonstrations, square and folk dancing, world market, exhibits, sidewalk cafe.

DECEMBER 10—Houston, Texas. Square Dance Council and Parks and Recreation Dept. Jamboree. City Auditorium.

DECEMBER 18—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn. Folk Dance Federation of Minnesota. 2 to 6 p.m.

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ALL THE COUPLES DO THE SAME THING.**

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with

BAR NOTHIN' SQUARES

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If your local dealer cannot supply these at \$6.50 each, write:

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Homer Howell of Oklahoma City, Okla., suggests the following ending:

Use any visitor type dance and call No. 1 couple out to do the figure as the active couple, then when No. 1 couple gets back home call: **First old gent with your sweet, go over to the wall and have a seat.** This leaves only three couples on the floor.

Send No. 2 couple out as the active couple they doing a figure with No. 3 and No. 4 couples and then back home and call: **Second old lady with your old man, leave the floor just as fast as you can.** This leaves two couples on the floor.

Send No. 3 couple to No. 4 for a figure and then home and then call: **Third old gent with your own little miss, go out in the dark and steal a kiss.** Leaving just No. 4 couple on the floor.

For No. 4 couple call: **Fourth couple balance and swing some more. Now sit right down upon the floor. There's nothing more for you to do; so now I'm thru and so are you.**

Evelyn and Ed Carter, formerly of Tacoma (Washington) Round-Up club are now in Guam and have started squares and couple dances rolling.

Don Mills is the new president of the Folk Dance Federation of Washington. (Or, at this late date should we say "present president.")

Try These

JUST BECAUSE

Singing call. Sheet music of the same name.

**All do-si-do on the corner
Now do-si-do with your own
Allemande left on the corner
Go back and swing your own
Allemande left on the corner
Go on with a right and left grand
And when you meet your maid
You all promenade. Because, just because**

**Two head ladies chain right hands across
And chain them right back to your own
Now two side ladies chain right hands across
And chain them right back to your own
Then you all do-si-do on the corner
Go right back and swing your own little pal
Then you take the corner maid
And all promenade. Because, just because.**

—LOU RUTT, Beaumont, Texas

TEXAN WHIRL

A chorus figure. Any fiddle tune

Gents to the center and back to your Jane
Four gents step to center, then back to positions
**Ladies to the center and form a ring
Circle left and don't get lost
Gents step in with a right hand cross**
Four gents star by the right just in front of their partners
**The ladies turn with a Texan Whirl
Now join your hands and round the world**
Four ladies release holds, pivot left, come back in just behind the gent on your right. Make a four-hand ring again. Keep circling left.
**The ladies turn and come back in
Join your hands and you're gone again**

Repeat

**The ladies turn to the left once more
Join your hands and around the floor
Now the ladies turn with a pretty little whirl
Join your hands but don't you twirl
Now listen gents, cause you should know
To break it up with a do-pas-o
Now back to your own, with a pretty little turn
And promenade and watch 'em churn.**

Contributed by Gus Empie, Boise, Idaho.

OLD GREY BONNET

Singing call. Music of the same name.
Start your figure on the second part of the chorus.

Now the first couple promenade
Once around the outside ring
It's your golden wedding day
All the gents to another set
Everybody cheat you bet
(swing a girl in another set)
Cheat some cutie down the way
All you gents to another set
Everybody cheat you bet
In the good old fashioned way
Everybody on the floor
Everybody cheat some more
Cheat some girlie down the way
Everybody right back home
Everybody swing your own
It's your golden wedding day.

Repeat for ladies after a chorus.

Invented by Bob Wray, Altoona, Pa.

Do you discuss with your square dance classes what is available as helps in the way of records and books? We'll be glad to send you copies of our catalogue as the basis of such a discussion.

We keep trying to bring you the best from all over and in this connection we are proud to announce that Walter Groethe, past president of the Northern Section of the Folk Dance Federation of California has joined our staff as associate editors. Guy R. Merrill, Box 1138, Palm Springs, Calif., Ray "Rawhide" Cooper of Millington, Tenn., and Walter Gordon, 1737 101th ave., Oakland 3, Calif., are also helping us.

Deke Fowler, our Connecticut editor, has stopped farming and has organized New England Folkways with headquarters at 3013 Dixwell Ave., Hamden, Conn.

The National Folk Festival will be held in Kiel Auditorium, St. Louis, April 12th to 15th, 1950. The offices in St. Louis open January 1st. Write for information.

H. A. Leshner claims he sent us a subscription but he gave us no address with his letter so we can't check it. Anybody know him? We also have an order for E. Browne with no address. We'll be glad to send it if someone will tell us where.

Dick Kraus is in charge of the dance program at Teachers College of Columbia University including supervision of all the courses: square, folk, modern dance, social dance, rhythmic, dance for children, etc. He is also dance specialist for the Westchester County Recreation Commission and ran a festival this summer for the children called, "Americans All."

Mark Dannis, our editor from Ohio was recently married to Doris Haimsohn.

Two, four, six, eight
All join hands and head for the gate
Now break and swing, yeh, swing old Kate
And promenade till you get straight.

J. B. Hurst

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Dance 'er to The Ground

By GEORGE SESSIONS PERRY

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Edgar was lost in a section of post oak forest that he knew to be something like fifteen miles long and ten miles wide. It was sleeting, and night would soon be falling, and the prospect of huddling against the side of a ditch all night, trying to keep out of the wind, did not cheer him. Moreover, Edgar was at very definite outs with Clarence, his English setter. It was not that the patrician Clarence had made any such vulgar gesture as chasing a rabbit or chewing a quail, or any of the things imperfect bird dogs sometimes do, for Clarence, if ever one lived, was a purist in the formalized and dignified procedure of hunting quail. It was just that Edgar felt Clarence was baiting him. Clarence knew perfectly well his master was lost, and also must certainly have known the way back to the car. Yet when Edgar had asked him to lead the way back, Clarence had only sat attentively on his silken haunches and smiled obliviously.

For once Clarence was in the dominant role and apparently he meant to stay there, even at the cost of doing without his supper and the solace of his own snug kennel.

"I wish I were mean enough to kick a dog," Edgar said pointedly. "I certainly know where I'd start."

Yet Edgar held no hopes that third-degree methods would succeed with Clarence, and, with considerable effort, he walked on. He had been lost since mid-morning, and fatigue was having its way with his strong young body. His eight-and-a-half-pound shotgun now seemed to weigh eighty. His hunting coat bulged with the legal limit of quail and two squirrels who had disported themselves injudiciously upon the leafless limbs of an old pecan tree. Edgar's cheeks were bright pink from the freezing wind, his nose and ears as brittle as glass. His mind was haunted by thoughts of warmth and food, and that old, too-often-taken-for-granted blessing—knowing where one was.

Except for the green clusters of mistletoe, winter had long since threshed its harvest of leaves from the blackjacks and post oaks and elms, yet an occasional cedar and live oak spotted the woods with green, and the brilliant youpon seemed almost to preen itself in its out-of-season verdure. Suddenly Edgar's eyes fell upon a strange arresting sight. There before him, in the very middle of nowhere, sat a man on a stump, shivering inside an enormous amount of ragged cotton clothes.

Edgar gasped. He was overjoyed. Even if the ragged man were also lost, Edgar would be glad to have someone besides the supercilious Clarence to share his lossness.

"Golly," Edgar shouted, "I'm glad to see you! I'm lost!"

The man, his back to the pelting sleet, looked up, not unfriendly.

"So's my hog," he said. "I turnt 'im out in the fall to range on acorns an' fatten, an' now I can't find 'im an' we done run out of grub an' my folks is hungry."

At once the old light was back in Edgar's eye, his fatigue gone and his nose almost warm, because he saw a suffering brother sitting before him on a stump, and felt that he could alleviate that brother's travail. Some people have to be twelve years old and take an oath and buy a badge to become a Boy Scout, but Edgar Selfridge was born one.

"Would they eat quail?"

"Would who?"

"Your family."

"Right now they'd nelly eat 'em with the feathers on."

"Then let's start to your house," Edgar said. "I've got a dozen quail and two squirrels, and we can pick up a couple of rabbits on the way."

A grin crossed the cold face of the man who had been sitting on the stump.

"My name is Sook Newton," he said, getting up and extending his numb hand. "I'm glad to meet you an' my house is yourn long as you want to stay—even after we've et yore brung vittles."

As they walked toward Sook's house, Sook had difficulty in believing that this generous and winning young man was the nephew of Hackberry's leading banker, Grover ("Ten Per Cent") Selfridge. Though Sook and Grover Self-

ridge had met on several occasions, Grover Selfridge's conversation had invariably been composed almost entirely of the word "no" and only such other phrases as were meant to give this theme added emphasis.

"If you left yore car over by Turtle Creek," Sook said, holding aside a brier vine for Edgar to pass, "you're close to nine miles from it right now. But I'll get my boy Dink to ride you over there on the mule when you get ready to go."

"Thanks," Edgar said, in high excitement at the thought of fire and food and no more sleet in his face.

Sook's house was a one-and-a-half-room structure which stood in a clearing on a clay hill. The clapboard walls were gray and unpainted and fuzzy with age. As to posture, it leaned some ten degrees to the southeast. And even as Edgar and Sook approached a gust of north wind sent three shingles fluttering through the air like petals from a wilted flower.

"Ain't much house," Sook said, "but it'll sort of break the main force o' the wind."

At the window, two panes of which had been replaced by cardboard, Edgar could see noses pressed against the breath-smoked glass.

Then they went inside to meet the family. There was Minnie, Sook's wife, a rather characterless, muddle-headed-looking creature, and the Baby, aged six months, and Walkin' Baby, two and a half years old, and Dink, a boy of twelve, and finally Betty, sixteen, the oldest child, and as pretty as a tree of flowering dogwood.

At sight of her Edgar's heart did a little clog routine and he said, "I'm glad to meet you."

At first the family was somewhat glum over the absence of the pig, but when Edgar began pulling game out of his hunting coat, the atmosphere grew lively with eagerness and excitement.

"I wonder," Edgar said exhaustedly, to Sook, as the women prepared supper, "if you'd let me sleep in your barn tonight. I don't believe I can make it home."

"Barn, my foot!" Sook said. "Why not sleep in the bed?"

Already it was obvious that there were only two beds in the house.

"I couldn't do that. There isn't room. The barn will be perfectly—"

"No such a thing," Sook said magnanimously. "Ain't no company o' mine gonna sleep in no barn. Folks in these diggin's sleeps in beds, if they have to be civered up like stovewood. 'Sides, it's cold tonight, an' they ain't no too much cover, an' the more sleepers, the warmer."

"Thanks," Edgar said. "A king couldn't be any more hospitable, or make me feel any more welcome. I couldn't have gone another mile when I met you."

Betty came in with two cups of hot coffee.

"You're tired and cold," she said. "Drink this while supper's cooking."

Then like a beautiful dream that comes and goes, she was back in the small kitchen, helping her mother.

Sook took a swallow of the steaming coffee.

"We like her too," he said casually.

After supper, Edgar tried to enter into the conversation, but he was so desperately weary that he had to excuse himself and ask to go to bed.

"Right ahead," Sook said. "Probably not a bad idea to get the jump on the rest of 'em that'll come a-oochin' in there after while. . . . Dink, you throw some ashes over that fire so our company can undress in private."

Edgar was in bed quickly, and gave the signal for the ashes to be knocked off the smoldering logs. Then for a brief, delicious moment he felt the luxury of relaxing the cruel hold over himself that had kept him awake thus far and felt himself warmly, safely, sinking into the sleep his body had been pleading for.

The shrill cries of Walkin' Baby, who, with Dink, had shared Edgar's bed, woke Edgar the next morning before sunrise. Except for The Baby, the occupants of the other bed were already dressed and astir. Sook was adding broken twigs to the embers of last night's fire, then lengths of small post oak boughs, until the fire was roaring aggressively against the early-morning cold of the room.

Outside, a thin sheet of ice lay over the red earth.

"You Dink!" Sook called. "Hit the floor."

"I'm comin'."

"An' go out an' fodder old Tom, an' juice Arabella, an' bust the ice off the chicken pan."

Dink had his orders, and was soon outside executing them.

Then, to Edgar, Sook said, "Mornin'. I hope you managed to get a little sleep."

"Like the dead," Edgar said. "Where had I better dress?"

"Right where you're hitched," Sook said. "The women can jess look the other way."

Edgar got back into the natty hunting togs he invariably wore and Dink, blue around the lips with cold, came in with the milk.

While the party breakfasted upon cornbread and fried squirrel, Sook said to Edgar, "I'm goin' out an' catch that pig today, and' there's gonna be a house dance over at Uncle Solon Fagan's tonight, an' since you was so wore out last night that we didn't get to enjoy yore company but a minute, I wondered if you wouldn't stay over till tomorrow."

If Sook had but known, he had struck Edgar in a most vulnerable spot. To refuse a hearty, cordial invitation such as that just given him lay not within his power.

"I'd love to."

Sook was proud that this town boy had accepted his humble hospitality.

"By Jucks," Sook said, "I like a man what don't hem nur haw. . . . My folks 'll try to entertain you twell I get back."

Upon Edgar's insistence, Sook took Edgar's hunting coat and shells and shotgun. Also Edgar sent Clarence, who had been regarding his new acquaintances not without contumely, along with Sook to point any quail that might happen to be on their route.

"And cut out that darned snobbishness," Edgar told Clarence sternly, and out of hearing of the rest. "Anybody would think you were Uncle Grover's dog instead of mine."

But Clarence, the taciturn, set off without making any promises.

Back inside the house Betty said, "We got a checkerboard drawn on the table top, if you'd care to play."

"Let's start" said Edgar with enthusiasm, the same Edgar who loathed checkers per se because of the demands this game made upon his fragile mental equipment.

For an hour, then, Edgar sat in a warm soft dream, playing checkers beside the fire with Betty, sometimes moving her man instead of his own, but principally abandoning himself to a sort of heavenly, idyllic happiness and repose.

Then Dink, who happened to glance out the window, said, "Here comes Aleck on the old jack-donkey that sired his mule colt." Still in an expository vein he added, "Aleck is Sis' sweetie."

Had Dink, with the same casualness, tossed a grenade into Edgar's lap, Edgar could not have felt more ambushed or depressed.

Betty blushed, the coloring in her skin growing softer and deeper than that of any wild rose that had ever been brought to Edgar's attention.

As for Edgar, a sort of automatic animosity rose within him, that of the smitten male awaiting the arrival of a competitor and—so far as Edgar Selfridge was concerned, knighthood was still in flower—that of the protective male sensing the arrival of an unworthy suitor for the hand of his protegee. For Edgar was certain that neither Aleck nor anyone else was good enough for Betty.

Then a strange lively sound began to reach Edgar's ears: an entrancing, eager tune played on a fiddle. Joyous and gay it was.

"That's Aleck playin' his 'Here I Come, Sweet Betsy-do' piece," Dink said. "It's pretty good, ain't it?"

In a sense, Edgar was annoyed. He had planned to dislike and suspect Aleck, and already Aleck's fiddle music had convinced him that Aleck was just the person for Betty; that he was gay and honest and sweet of spirit; that his presence, like his music, would make anybody happy and even good.

The music stopped while Aleck tied old Jack out of the wind in front of the house.

Then smiling, holding his fiddle in one hand and his bow in the other, Aleck made his entrance, singing:

Two wheels up and two wheels a-draggin',
An' you can't ride in my little waggin.

Aleck Dyer, tall, slender, blond, open-faced and dressed in faded cotton rags, shook hands with Edgar as if Edgar's coming was a special treat to him, and he seemed at once to feel that Edgar appreciated his angel Betty as she deserved to be appreciated, and he was grateful to Edgar for that.

Then Alex spied the mailman coming and said, "I better run meet 'im. I had that business letter addressed to me here. That's mainly what I came over for."

He ran to the old lard can nailed to a fence post that served as the Newton's mailbox, took out a letter, and ran back without opening it.

"I'll read it out loud," Alex said in deep excitement. "Everybody hope it's good."

Then he read:

"Dear Sir: I have received your letter in which you inform me that you have a mule colt and the sweetest girl in the world and that, moreover, you wish to marry her and tenant a piece of land, if only I will extend credit to you for a year's supplies. You say you would gladly put up as collateral the mule and the as-yet-unplanted crop on some unknown piece of land.

"Sir, I have had people want to borrow money from this bank on squirrel dogs and even panned possums, but, considering the amount of money desired against the collateral offered, I believe your request is the most preposterous to date.

"When you have some more substantial collateral to offer, I will reopen this question with you. Until that time, I must decline even to discuss it with you.

"Sincerely,

"GROVER SELFRIDGE,

"Executive Vice-President, Hackberry National Bank."

By the time he finished the letter, Aleck could barely speak. Betty turned her face away. As for Edgar, he was both humiliated and furious. Uncle Grover was eternally doing something to inconvenience Edgar's friends financially.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Especially after the generous friendly way you have treated me. But maybe it's not too late yet."

"It won't help none to fret about it," Aleck said, trying to keep up his courage. "Anyway, there's still the dance tonight, an' old Uncle Solon Fagan takes a heap o' pride in them shindigs he gives. I've heard it said he pays as high as two dollars a night for music when he likes it extra good."

"Isn't that the Fagan it told about in last week's Hackberry Courier?" Edgar asked. "The one whose sister left him a farm in East Texas, and oil was later discovered on it?"

"That's him," Aleck said. "He's got so much money now he can't hardly spend it. He bought three new axes an' a barrel o' lamp oil an' a barrel o' flour, an' that didn't even make a dent in his money. Some says he's even figgerin' on buildin' a new house down on the San Pedro, so's he can fish ever' day."

"Maybe he'd loan you some money," Edgar suggested.

"No," Aleck said. "He don't mind spendin' it on a party, but he told everybody, when he came into his money, that he warn't lendin' none of it. Said all o' his friends was so triffin' none of 'em 'ld pay 'im back an' fore long he wouldn't have no friends left. But I'll make somethin' or other playin' for 'im tonight."

"I've heard it rumored," Dink said, "that he's bought a barrel o' grape wine an' that he hired some boys to pick a tub o' 'simmons an' shell 'im a peck o' goobers. An' he said he was goin' to have the outdoin'est party ever held in these sand hills tonight, if it busts him flat broke."

Then Clarence was barking outside the door, and Betty said, "Pap must be comin'."

At once the pig was uppermost in everybody's mind. Did Sook have it or was it still munching roots in some distant dell? Would there be baked spareribs for supper, or no supper at all?

There was a rush to the door.

Sook was coming out of the woods.

"There's a rope in his hand!" Dink shouted.

And now on the other end of the rope a huge hog was coming out from behind a cedar tree.

Immediately everybody became happy. Whatever the future offered or denied, the present was secure. Soon the house would be full of the exciting smell of roasting pork.

As the rest ran out to meet the new arrivals, Aleck snatched up his fiddle and his bow. But the sight of running, shouting people frightened the hog and he broke away from Sook, sideswiping Walkin' Baby in the bargain and sending him winding.

The chase was on. The ordinarily lackadaisical Minnie spread her skirts and ran and shooed the pig towards the lot. Even the haughty Clarence entered sufficiently into the spirit of the occasion to dart in and out, taking random nips at the hog's heels. All the while Aleck was playing a wild, urgent breakdown called "Fox and Hounds," and the others were laughing and shouting as they ran, when Edgar, in full career, drawing on his experience from earlier years, when he had taken the field with Hackberry High's intrepid eleven, made the flying tackle that brought down the quarry.

During the process of hog killin' Edgar sat on a tub bottom and brooded. Suppose Aleck and Betty should one day manage to marry, and secure enough credit to plant a crop. What then?

Finally, when an opportunity came, Edgar called Aleck aside and sympathetically inquired into this matter.

"Why, man," Aleck said, "I wouldn't swap futures with no man that ever wore pants. We gonna be pore, but bein' pore out here is jess sorter expected of you. An' when everybody else is pore, too, it really don't matter. . . . 'Course townfolks call us trash, but we ain't there often an' you'd really be surprised what a lot o' fun country folks can have free."

Edgar pondered these lines and, by straining, saw Aleck's point.

"Side," Aleck said, "there's a sort of secret 'tween me an' Bet. In the spring when all the woods is sap-happy an' the beasts get so cheerful they can't stand it, it comes out through me in fiddle music like steam outen a kittle spout. Lots o' times if I was to 'a' lost my fiddle, I reckon I'd 'a' busted with the happiness o' wild critters and green trees. An' in the summer when rain won't come, I beg it to come with my fiddle music. I couldn't talk folks' talk to the rain boss, but I can fiddle to him an' he understands it plain. Thing is, we just b'long here. Wouldn't fit nowhere else. An' if we get a little hungry now an' then, that ain't so bad as bein'—well, I don't know how to say it except, off in some city, lost. I don't reckon me an' Bet could stand that."

Edgar blinked his eyes and said, "I see."

And, remarkably, he really did.

At seven that evening, everyone was at Uncle Solon Fagan's: The Dyers and the Clampetts and the Crawfords and the Jenkins and the Matthews and the Turners and the McQuirters and the Daltons, their skins tingling with the cold of their journey and the excitement of the occasion.

Uncle Solon was beaming and calling all the men "Neighbor Jim" or "Neighbor John" or just "Ole Pardner," and all the women "Little Lady;" and when he would laugh, the flimsy walls of the old house seemed to flutter at the mercy of these powerful vibrations.

People were still pouring in when Aleck opened the dance with a lively breakdown. And while the dance was yet in its early stages Fayette Wheelus decided Malcolm Clampett was trying to flirt with his girl, and they went outside and fought twenty-three minutes by their host's railroad watch, which Edgar, as a neutral party, was asked to hold.

When Fayette had been whipped fair and square, Malcolm suggested they go inside and drink a glass of Uncle Solon's wine and go on dancing. And that was agreeable to Fayette.

When the dancers were packed like sardines and Aleck hardly had room to work his bow, people were still coming. And Uncle Solon was fit to be tied, he was so full of pride.

Then, as still others wedged in among the dancers, the house began to shake. The boys laughed, but the girls pretended to be afraid.

"What about it, Uncle Solon?" somebody called. "Had we better thin out?"

Here a strange gleam came into Uncle Solon's eye and he held up his hands for silence. Then, when all was quiet, he said, "Folks, I'm rich now an' fixin' to move. I've give lots o' parties an' I always hankered to give jess one rip-snortin' party that folks would remember even after I was gone. Jess to be frank, I wanted it to be downright scan'ulously good. An' now I've thought how to do it. . . . Aleck!"

"Yes, sir, Uncle Solon."

"Iffen you can make these folks dance so hard an' fast that they dance the dadburned house down, I'll give you what's left of it to patch up an' bring yore bride to. It an' thirty acres around it. Then, when I'm gone to glory, an' my name is mentioned, the ole-timers can say, 'Law, don't I remember the night we

danced that ole coot's house down!"

From the crowd a deafening cheer arose. Aleck and Betty and Edgar and all the Newtons were tense with excitement. Surely even Grover Selfridge would regard a farm as substantial collateral.

Betty's face, now deeply flushed with excitement, was lovelier than ever.

"Can you do it, Aleck?" she asked breathlessly.

Aleck himself was so excited that it was difficult for him to speak. "Bet," he said, the words coming out only with effort and at intervals of a second or two, "all you got to worry about any more is jess sidestepin' the roof. Set here by me, whilst I fiddle this here old house to smithereens."

"Give it to us!" the dancers were shouting. "We're a-rarin' to go!"

Down came the bow on the fiddle. And Uncle Solon was shouting:

Now swing yo' pardners to an' fro

An' dance 'er to the ground,

With a do si do!

As far as Aleck was concerned, the dancers were already forgotten. For he was fiddling his pride and happiness and gratitude to all the woods gods and the woods beasts and all the world, telling with his fiddle music how it felt to have just become a monarch, a lord of the woods himself, with fields of his own for the mule colt to plow, with a woods angel by his side to share all these joys with him and to increase them.

He was also playing to that old money man at the bank, Edgar's uncle, telling him in advance that soon, in triumph, he, Aleck, would come a-riding to get seed money and feed money and a little more for the simple "plunder"—a stove, a bed, a table and a couple of chairs—that he and Bet would require to begin housekeeping on. And back from the town the old money man was saying, "All right, son. You can come on now." And the rain gods were saying, "We'll do our part." And the gods of the soil were saying, "We'll see that them ole fields ain't altogether without sustenance for cotton." And the sun god was not saying anything, but he was smiling mighty big and bright and warm; and the bigger he smiled, the worse the boll weevils and leaf worms scurried out of Aleck's new world. And then the wood gods said, "Son, you turn you'self a-loose some little shotes an' I'll make acorns an' grub worms for 'em; an' when you come to get 'em back, they'll done have growed into big hogs an' you'll have lard an' middlin'-meat and feet fried in batter until yore stomach jess puts up its hand an' says, 'I wish that ole woods god hadn't er been so good to Aleck and Bet.'"

And all this time Aleck had been so interested in telling the gods and hearing what they answered that he had felt only subconsciously, perhaps, the mounting joy and enthusiasm in the crowd and the fact that the old house was rocking more and more. Nor had he seen the expression on old Uncle Solon Fagan's face as that moment drew nearer and nearer when he should cease to be mortal and become a man with a deathless legend of hospitality that would live on so long as people continued to inhabit this community.

Wider and wider grew Uncle Solon's eyes; nearer and nearer came that delicious moment. Now the floor was heaving up and down like the chest of a panting dog.

The dancers, bewitched by Aleck's music, and stimulated by the hilarious object of their dancing, were almost in a frenzy of enthusiasm. Then there came a long, heightening, splitting crash, and the floor buckled and began falling to the ground. Girls were screaming in frightened delight, men shouting happily, with a genuine sense of achievement.

Most of the dancers had fallen in piles in the low places. For a moment the crowd remained as it had landed, seeming to devote that moment to realizing the great service it had done Aleck and Bet and Uncle Solon, and also to recovering its breath.

Then Edgar Selfridge was standing in a chair, calling for silence and attention, and people stopped trying to get up, and lay or knelt where they were.

"If you'll excuse an outsider for making a speech," Edgar said, "I'd like to ask if anybody here ever had a better, gayer time?"

"No! No! Shuckins, no!"

"All right then," he went on, "I'd like to make a suggestion. This house now belongs to Aleck and Bet. And I suggest that they give another dance for us next Friday night as sort of a housewarming."

"On what," somebody asked, "when there ain't no floor?"

"Well, my idea," Edgar said, "was for us all to come right after noon and let each man bring a hammer or a saw and some nails, and each lady bring a pie or a chicken. We could have the floor ready in plenty of time to dance on that

night and have our good time all over again."

There was a brief silence. Nobody had ever heard a town man say anything quite so sensible and pleasant before. Then many of the dancers, still prone and perhaps lying under several others began to cheer this proposal.

Happily, Edgar Selfridge was standing in his moment of benevolent triumph.

Betty took hold of Aleck's hand, trying to convince herself that all of this wonderful situation was not a lovely, made dream.

Then, trying to smile, but considerably bewildered from having fallen through a hole in the floor, Walkin' Baby climbed out into the light and, to hide his confusion, looked at Aleck and said, "Play 'Chicken in the Bread Pan,' Aleck."

And he who was so soon to become Walkin' Baby's brother-in-law obliged.

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