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# AMERICAN SQUARES



*A Magazine Devoted to American Folk Dancing*

January, 1952

Price 15 Cents



# Why Callers' Organizations?



We spent quite some time over our purposes in writing the constitution of the Square and Folk Dance Leaders of the Delaware Valley. We finally decided on a three-fold project:

1. "To encourage and promote interest in square and folk dance forms.
2. "To increase the knowledge and improve the techniques of its leaders.
3. "To add to the enjoyment of the dancers." (Reread these.)

Recently a spy attended an organizational meeting of an adjoining callers' association which used our constitution as a basis for writing their own. Their first reaction to our purpose, which is given for its humorous appeal rather than in envy or malice, was, "It's easy to tell that a lawyer wrote it."

Next they resented the implication in paragraph two that they were not as good as they might be. Accordingly that was dropped. If they were good, it followed that the dancers were having as good a time as possible, so number three was dropped.

There seemed little point in including the emasculated purpose in their constitution so they are now purposeless. They do intend to run one festival a year.

In addition to the festival and monthly workshops of our neighbors, we have a number of projects:

We have a clearing house for events. We had five square dance festivals on April 21st last. All drew from the same general square dance area. Now planners can contact the clearing house and find out whether there are any conflicts.

We have a program of business exchange. It is not only self preservation that requires that extra jobs be given only our own members. We naturally want a qualified substitute to take the jobs we get but can't take ourselves. Our entrance examination insures that members are qualified.

Further, the caller who gives a job retains an interest in that job and that contact. The substitute may not do any advertising on his own hook at the affair and the contact may expect to get any repeat business. Further, the caller who got the job is entitled to a commission for handing it to a substitute.

We are setting up a committee to handle requests for callers coming directly to the association, including gratis jobs.

We have recently published a list of the square and folk dance groups in this area.

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Vol. VII

## AMERICAN SQUARES

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OUR COVER: This picture illustrates Ladies Bow, Gents Know How in Stars Fell on Alabama and we got permission to reprint it along with the story.

# Ladies Bow, Gents Know How

FROM STARS FELL ON ALABAMA

By Carl Carmer



KNOX met me at Springville. The trip from Birmingham had been dusty, and my shower had reddened the clay road just outside of Springville and my tired eyes were refreshed with the white gleam of the dogwood trees in the greening woods along the way—like foam in falling green water. We passed a clump of honeysuckle—a pink cloud hovering close to the ground—and we caught a fragrance too sweet for a Yankee to smell—too lacking in subtlety and restraint. I drove faster, gazing eagerly down the straight road to the point where it lost itself beneath the curving slopes of the mountains. Somewhere among those purple acres against the late afternoon sky we would find Knox's friends awaiting us.

"I reckon we'll get there before sundown," said Knox slowly, and he was again obligingly silent. When he spoke once more we were rolling along between two mountains following the pass made by a sturdy yellow river and the only evidence of sun was a crimson cloud silhouetting the pines far above our heads.

"We turn off here for the ferry." We bumped down a ragged track that wound among the trees and suddenly we were beside the river. On the bare clay incline stood a shack. In New England weathered boards turn dark gray, but unpainted homes in North Alabama, taking color from the red soil and the yellow sedge, are mellowed into soft deep browns. The crimson cloud had set ablaze the glass panes of the one window we could see. Out on the water a few yards from shore a small rectangular raft was moving toward us. A tall man in blue overalls, khaki flannel shirt and black felt hat was pulling on a cable that had been stretched from one tree trunk to another across the stream.

"Be there toreckly," he called. "Howdy, Mist' Knox, Howdy, perfesser."

"How does he know who I am?" I said to Knox.

"I told Jim we were coming in when I saw him in Anniston. Isn't a family in these mountains doesn't know who we are and why we've come. If there is we'd better not meet 'em. Strangers are revenuers in these parts. But word gets around the mountains faster than you'd think, so we needn't worry."

The ferry grated on the shore and with many shouted admonitions from the ferryman I drove aboard.

"Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hightower," said Knox. "I reckon you heard we was comin' through, Mr. Hightower."

"Howdy, perfesser," said Mr. Hightower again. "Yes, I heerd you was on your way up to Henry's." He began heaving at regular intervals on the cable and the water gurgled protestingly against the logs of the raft.

"We'll be seein' you at the singing tomorrow," said Knox.

"I reckon not," said Mr. Hightower grimly. "My wife, she ain't so good right now. Not but what I could leave her for a while except for somebody come up to the door night afore last while I was cross the river. She heerd him movin' around outside and he tried the door. Ain't nobody we know been here. I been askin' round, so I give her my pistol and I got my shotgun right here." He pointed to where it rested on a square beam laid by the log surface. "I reckon one of us'll kill him next time he comes."

"Maybe he ain't comin' back," said Knox.

"He'll come," said Mr. Hightower with a sort of disinterested certainty. "What'd he come the first time for? Well, he didn't get it."

"Maybe it was just a neighbor."

"I don't have neighbors," said Mr. Hightower, and I looked back at the little deep brown dwelling and saw it standing very lonely.

I drove the car off the raft and Knox paid Mr. Hightower a quarter.

"We'll be seein' you," said Knox.

"They's a fiddlers' convention at Valleyhead," said Mr. Hightower. "I reckon Henry's be carryin' you to that. Wisht I might could go, too. But my wife, she ain't so good."

"I hope she'll be better soon," said Knox, "and I trust you'll extend to her my sincere good wishes."

"Now that's right polite of you," said Mr. Hightower, moved by the courtliness of the speech. "I'll try to remember to tell her what you said."

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Twilight was beginning. The narrow mountain road dipped, then climbed upwards. Near the top of the rise Knox saw the fork he was expecting.

"Right," he said.

I turned right and the car climbed a moment desperately in a shower of stones. Then we were in a clearing. In its center stood a "saddlebag" house. A Ford car stood in the clearing, its back to us. Knox and I climbed out and walked toward it. Just as we reached it I realized that a man was sitting in the driver's seat. And I was painfully aware that I was looking into the barrel of a gun. A long revolver lay across the steering wheel. It was held, carelessly, it seemed to me, in a bony hand. I felt a hard close scrutiny from dark eyes under a black felt hat. Suddenly the eyes softened and the man chuckled.

"Damned if I didn't take yuh fer a couple o' revenuers. Howdy, Knox, how's your pap? Howdy, perfesser?" He put the revolver down on the seat beside him and slowly climbed out of his seat and down.

"Didn't expect you quite so soon. Hey, Mattie Sue. Here's Knox and the perfesser—lookin' mighty hongry. Reckon we better feed 'em 'fore they git so empty we'll hev to shoot a hawg." A pleasant-looking girl of about twenty-five appeared from the doorway and stood silhouetted in the wooden frame of the house. She wore a clean red and white checked gingham dress but no shoes.

Some day I hope an American painter will do justice to the loveliness of the masterpiece of the backwoods architects of Alabama. A long roof line slopes in a gentle undulating curve from the ridge-pole down, down until it is finally met by the upright pillars of the porch. The stone chimney rises in uneven outline from the center at an end wall. The right wing, usually one room, is a complete unit. So is the left wing—which usually contains the kitchen and chimney. Between the two wings—with the roof above and the porch floor below—is nothing. A big square hole through the center of the house, sometimes called the "dog-trot." To the passer-by the house seems a wooden frame set about a landscape. Sometimes it rims a view of tossing green corn leaves; sometimes, when the house is on a ridge, there is a perspective of a distant hill and the tufted tops of lolly pines—such as we looked on now.

"Howdy, perfesser. Howdy, Mr. Knox. I reckon you caught me 'fore I had a chance to red up a bit. Supper's most ready, though. Come right in."

We walked up two steps to the porch and Mattie Sue led us into the left room. Salt pork was making a great to-do in a pot on the box stove. And the odor of corn bread came from the oven.

"You'll sleep t'other side of the dog-trot," said Mattie Sue, "though I reckon they won't be so much sleepin' tonight You might come look at your bed."

We crossed the dog-trot to the right wing. It was a long low room. In a corner lay a great rectangular burlap bag. A patchwork quilt partially covered it. Beside it was a pile of quilts. Beside that pile was another. The whole wall was lined with them. There were at least a hundred. I gasped. Knox laughed.

"Do you reckon we'll have enough cover?"

He turned to me: "Henry married Mattie Sue to get these quilts."

Henry laughed self-consciously.

"Don't let Mr. Knox deceive yuh, perfesser. Mattie Sue's pap and mammy, they made each one o' their gals (they had three) make a hundred 'fore she could get married. They was quite a few waitin' 'round for Mattie Sue to finish. The preacher was visitin' her pap when she took the last stitch. He was expectin' to stay another week but the old man told him he better go his way a-preachin' of the word. Reckon he ain't never had the word gobbled up more eager. First house he stopped at was my pap's. 'How's Miss Mattie Sue gittin' on with her sewin'? I says. 'She jest stitched her last quilt,' he says and I hit out"

Mattie Sue giggled. "'T was your pap's liquor did it. We sent that preacher off in t'other direction but he heerd your pap had some corn in the charred keg."

"Well, I got the quilts," said Henry; "here they is."

"They're beautiful," I said, "and the patterns are all different."

"They're piled up accordin' to patterns," said Mattie Sue. "This pile's all from the Bible. Here's Garden of Eden and Star of Bethlehem and Tree of Paradise. Then there's Golden Gates and Solomon's Temple and Forbidden Fruit and Joseph's Coat."

"What's this pile?" I said.

"Them's all politics," said Mattie Sue. "Hobson's Kiss and Lincoln's Platform and Wing Rose and a lot more."

"Hearts an' Gizzards, an' right beside it is Hairpin Catcher an' Tangled Garters, Drunkard's Path, Devil's Claws, Crosses an' Losses, Odds an' Ends, Air Castles, Wonder of the World, an' Aunt Sulky's Patch. They's lots more but we better cat if we're goin' to carry you to the fiddlers' convention."

We went back to the kitchen and sat down to a steaming mess of salt pork, collard greens, cowpeas and corn bread.

"Where's the convention?" said Knox.

"Valleyhead," said Henry, piloting a well-forked bale of greens into his mouth.

"Biggest this year," he continued, "Fiddlers from all over the state. Ez Cowart and his boys—'Cowart's Hell-Raisin' Quintet' they call 'emselves—be comin' through the country from Lawrence County. They say Bob Taylor is comin' by train from Tennessee. Then there's Monkey Brown from Tuscaloosa County and the Rice Brothers an' Chun Gizzard an' a heap more. Let's get movin'. I'm as nervous as an old woman in a Mother Hubbard standin' on an anthill." He rose and went into the other room, returning soon in a blue suit and stiff white collar with a black tie.

A very round and incredibly red moon seemed to be rolling along the top of the ridge beside us as we four rattled along toward Valleyhead. The air was cool and full of mist that smelled of sweet woodlands. Henry brought out a bottle from the hip pocket of his suit, Knox tilted it upward.

"Reckon you inherited that charred keg," he said.

"Been in there three months," said Henry. "My own run. Have one, perfesser?"

I tilted the bottle but, alas, I was too unaccustomed to white lightnin' to treat it so cavalierly. I choked and gasped. My throat was burning. I could not speak and Knox laughed at me. But a pleasant heat had attacked my stomach and I laughed, too. Mattie Sue giggled delightedly, but she did not touch the bottle.

"Most there," said Henry as a cluster of four bright lights in the distance indicated Valleyhead.

Three of the cluster illuminated the shiny filling station. The fourth hung over a doorway just beyond it, the entrance to a long boxlike frame building. "Under-taker's Parlors" was the sign on the glass window of the ground floor. The parlors were entered by another and grander door. Beside the building was a wide stretch of barren red-clay ground and almost every inch of it was occupied by mules and wagons and Fords. We left our Ford farther down the street and returned to the lighted door. It led to a narrow straight staircase. As we climbed it, Mattie Sue in the lead, we could hear a man talking. Henry turned to me.

"That'll be ol' fatback Shelton. Hope he's got through his Ford jokes an' started on the women. Maybe he's got's fur 's the Bible."

Apparently he hadn't, for as we came to the top of the stairs and could see his ungainly burly figure on the platform at the end o' the room we heard him saying: "I sure like to do the speakin' at meetin's like this 'un. It's about the only chance I git tuh say suthin' thou bein' broke in on. Not that my good wife talks any more than the next one. Why, I remember a fellow that didn't say nothin' for six years 'cause he was raised polite and didn't think he ought to interrupt."

A guffaw came from the front row. A wave of tittering swept over the audience. The long room was crowded and hot. Men and women sat on chairs brought from the rooms below. As we turned to go toward the back a lanky youth rose and sidled to the wall not apparently aware of Mattie Sue's look of gratitude. Knox and Henry and I took our places beside him as Fatback went on:

"Now just afore this convention gits started I want to urge you all to read the Good Book." He talked faster now as if reciting and wanting to get through. "I reckon if we all'll do that an' keep on a readin' of it most ever'thin' 'll come out all right. And now—ladies and gentlemen—I wish to announce two of the prizes that's already won. The fruitcake baked by Miz Turnipseed fer the biggest number comin' in any conveyance goes as usual to Mr. and Miz Ventress and their family, all twelve of 'em havin' come in a 1925 Model T Ford. The other prize is a box of seegars for the person comin' the longest distance, and goes to Monkey Brown who's brought his fiddle all way from Tuscaloosa County. Now jest as soon as these fiddlers can tune up we'll have the first number, which will be Hell After Yearlin' by the entire lot of 'em."

With a loud scraping of chairs about a dozen men rose and walked to the platform. Some carried their fiddles in cloth bags under their arms, others had attained the dignity of violin cases held by handles. Fatback was pounding an insistent A on a battered piano. There was a great squeaking of pegs in resined holes—now and then a snatch of melody. Eager supporters were placing chairs on the platform for their favorites.

"Now, boys," said Fatback, "ever'body start together when I say go. Hell After Yearlin, member." Each fiddler tucked his fiddle against his upper arm (no real fiddler places his instrument under his chin), settled back in his chair,

freed his right foot ready to pat the rhythm.

"Go!" said Fatback.

It was evident after the first few bars that unison was not contemplated. Each fiddler was playing his own way, the only right way. Every foot was patting a different rhythm and the notes were leaping from each fiddle in separate cascades. It was a bedlam and like all bedlams permeated with a tremendous vitality.

"Whoo-oo-p." Somebody in the audience was licked and lettin' go. "You show 'em—Monkey—show 'em yuh kin play better 'n they kin behind yo' back."

One of the fiddlers flipped his fiddle behind the back of his chair and saved away. The crowd laughed and the licked one shouted again. "Play that fiddle all over the lot, Monkey. Show 'em you kin." Monkey raised the fiddle above his head and went on playing. Then he lifted his left leg, put the fiddle under it and still his fingers flitted on the strings, his bow kept moving. Suddenly the beating feet sounded a swifter tattoo. The bows and fingers moved faster—and then one by one the fiddlers ceased to play. One started on as if to begin a new movement, then thought better of it and stopped.

"That starts us off in great shape," said Fatback. "The judges goin' to have a hard time decidin' this contest. Chun Gizzard'll do the first fiddlin' for the prize. Set out here, Chun. What ye goin' to give us? Chun's reg'lar guitar picker couldn't come, so old man Ventress'll beat the straw fer him."

A grizzled veteran of a thousand contests brought his chair forward, placed it carefully, sat back in it until its front legs left the floor.

"Devil's Hiccup," he said shortly, patted his right foot and was off. As the first notes raced from his fiddle, old man Ventress stepped up to him. In his left hand he bore what was apparently a broom straw. This he placed across the strings of the singing fiddle. Then with the straw between the second and third fingers of his right hand he began to bounce it up and down on the strings. He was drumming out an accompaniment on the same instrument that carried the melody. Chun was in full swing now, the notes flying from his fingers. But the swifter his pace, the swifter and merrier rose the jiggig accompaniment. Loud whoops sounded from the audience. Everybody was getting warmed up. Then a tall man rose in the aisle and very solemnly did a shuffle, his big brogans banging on the wide-plank floor.

Suddenly the tune stopped—as if broken off in the middle—and Chun and his accompanist retired. The audience applauded loudly, clapping and stamping with their feet.

"Next'll be Monkey Brown, champeen of Tuscaloosa County," said Fatback. "Monkey's brother is his guitar picker. Monkey kin play that fiddle o' his'n in any conceivable position o' the body. We look to see him try. What'll it be, Monkey?"

Monkey, an angular young man, brought his chair to the platform. His brother, obviously younger, followed.

"Old Cow Died in the Forks of the Branch," said Monkey.

For almost two hours the convention went on. Glasscock and Norris and Dunnaway and Houze, Taylor and Atkinson, and McClesky and Bowers—all had their turn. And the five Cowarts, playing like one man, brought the program to an end quite different from the dispersed melodies of its beginning.

We heard Wolves A-Howlin'; Jim Along Josy; Chaw Roast Beef; Circus Old Time Sorghum Mill. Then came the old favorites Leather Breeches and Mississippi Sawyer. Then Who Bit the Tater; Uncle Wash Washed His Corn; Mustard Plaster Hurts; Whole Hog or None; I'll Never Get Drunk Any More; Alabama Gals; Bobbed-Tail Buzzard; Bucking Mule; Billy in the Low Ground; Cotton Choppin' Dick; Black Bess (the name of a famous train); Dead Up the Stump; Danny in the Cotton Patch; Double-Headed Train; Horse Shoeing; Mountaintop Cabin; Methodist Preacher; Rabbit Plowed the Possum; Shout Lula; Corn Shuckling; Three Nights in the Piney Woods; Throw My Fiddle over the Fence; River Bridge; Sugar in the Coffee; Rocky Hollow Hard Times; Wooden-Leg Diana; Third Party; Waggoners; Went Down to the New Ground; Wild Horse in the Canebrake; The Old Water Wheel; Wild Goose; Old Mollie, Here What You Doin' There; Such a Gettin' Upstairs; Mister Chicken; Set My Trap in the Old Straw Field; Black B'ar'll Git You, Honey.

"Time for the judges to retire an' consider theid de-cision," said Fatback. "Let's clear this floor and get ready for a little dance."

The fiddlers of the Alabama hills have translated the life they and their neighbors live into notes. Fiddle songs are the folk music of their generation, ballads the relic of the past. From the names of these rollicking tunes much of the course of the mountain living may be read. To the uninitiated ear the melodies sound very much alike. There is the same breathless, tumbling pace in all. But the mountaineer dancer can recognize each one by a phrase. He hears in them the cries of the wild beasts in the woods, the creaking of axles, the

sounds of work, the crescendo and diminuendo of the express train roaring through the pass.

"The judges have decided," said Fatback ponderously, "that it was a purty close contest—best we ever had in these parts. Ever'body played good but on account of havin' had a little more experience and playin' extry good, Old Man Ventress gits the five-dollar gold piece." There was perfunctory clapping from the audience now standing about the walls of the long room—their chairs having been removed to the parlors below.

"He needed it wuss," said Henry to me softly.

"Let's play," yelled Fatback, "Start it off again, Chun. Fust couple on the floor."

There was excited pairing. Couples walked about self-consciously, impatiently. Suddenly Chun struck up fiddling and singing at the same time.

"Tune up your fiddle  
Resin up your bow  
We'll knock the devil  
Out'n Cotton-Eyed Joe."

"Swing four," chanted Fatback in a high voice.

"Swing your partners one and all  
Swing that lady in the checkered shawl."

The room was a checkerboard of moving squares made by dancing couples, four couples to a square. The men were stepping in perfect time but dragging their feet a bit in a syncopated shuffle. They "promenaded" with sidling gait, proud of their skill. The girls stepped briskly. Fatback's voice rose high above the fiddler and the noise of feet:

"Gents, hands in your pockets, back to the wall  
Take a chaw of terbacker and balance all."

Swinging the ladies was becoming more and more exciting. Now and then feet left the floor in a flutter of skirts to the accompaniment of hearty shrieks.

"Quit that huggin'. Ain't you shamed!  
Promenade, O, Promenade.  
Chicken in the bread pan peckin' out dough  
Monkey on a fence rail, here we go  
Promenade, O, Promenade.  
If it hadn't been fer Cotton-Eyed Joe  
I'd 'a' been married long ago  
Promenade, O, Promenade.  
Walk and talk  
Partners swing  
Chicken in the bread tray peckin' out dough  
Sally, will your dog bite, no child no,  
Dance the Ocean Wave,  
Swing your partner  
Ladies bow  
Aud Gents know how—  
All run away."

The dancers were skipping merrily. Now and then a gent got so licked up that he had to express himself in a superfluous "Pigeon-wing"—while other dancers waited patiently for him to wear down. Chun stopped playing. Immediately Fatback began promoting the next dance. "Monkey Brown'll fiddle this 'un."

Mattie Sue stood before me. She was smiling and Henry was standing beside her smiling, too.

"Come on 'nd play, perfesser. You know how to play."

I shook my head.

"I can't fiddle."

They shouted with laughter.

"Ain't what she means play," said Henry. "She means dance with her."

"I could'nt," I said—but I felt myself being propelled toward the middle of the floor.

"Rufus stole a pumpkin, he took it down to town.

Policeman said, Hey Rufus, just lay that punkin down."

Monkey was in full swing. I felt awkward and fearfully self-conscious. I bowed and swung my partner as I had seen the others do.

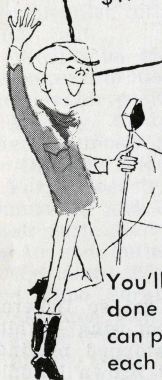
"Promenade, O, Promenade," sang Fatback. Suddenly I was aware of the irresistible rhythm of the music and of the people. I could feel something of it in me. I took courage and danced boldly. I made mistakes but I muddled through. The perfesser was a proud man when he led Mattie Sue back to her

(Continued on Page 12)



**SQUARE DANCES**  
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**IMPERIAL** 1212 **Harley Luce** and his orchestra. Recording worse than fair, balance heavy on the drums, orchestration includes wind instruments, playing enthusiastic but that's all that can be said. **Oh dem Golden Slippers** Metronome 136. TR 70. **Chicken Reel** Introduction. This tune is not always recognizable either. Metronome 118. TR 68.

**MAC GREGOR** Fenton "Jonesy" Jones, no orchestra given. Instructions included. Recording good, calling fine, playing good, balance good. **655 Jessie Polka Square** Metronome 133. TR 93. **Yes Sir That's My Baby**. This type of song does not fit Jonesy's voice as well as the other side. Metronome 134. TR 84. **656 Hurry Hurry** Metronome 136. TR 93. **Turkey in the Straw** (Three's a crowd) Metronome 132. TR 89.

**MAC GREGOR** 657 **Frank Messina** and the **Maverick's**. Playing good, recording good, balance good. **Hurry Hurry Hurry** Metronome 134. TR 88. **Jessie Polka Square**. I still like **Gold and Silver** Metronome 134. TR 84.

**MORRISON** We were introduced to this line this summer when we taught at **Ihduhapi**. The nice thing about the records is that they delight the sight with streaks of colored die pressed into the record. The line is handled by **Northwest Tempo Distributing Co.** of **Seattle** and those starred have instructions. \*13 **Morrison Recording Orchestra**. Recording of accordion is coarse, playing fair. **Danish Polka** **Lotte Walked**. TR 69. **Seven Step** Metronome 134. TR 69. **21 Turkey in the Straw** **Curley Hayes** and his **Hay-seeds**. Recording fair, balance heavy on the highs, playing fair. Metronome 130. TR 70. **I'm Lonesome** **Morrison Orchestra**, vocal by **Glen Leise** **Waltz**. Recording fair, playing fair, vocalizing poor, balance good. Metronome 30. TR 65. \*31 **Valse Lente**, **Valse Bleue** **Morrison Recording Orchestra** playing good, recording good, balance good. Metronome 55. TR 78. **Vilia** Metronome 60. TR 77. \*47 **Treasure Island Souvenir** **Morrison** and **Vega Artists**. Playing enthusiastic, recording coarse, balance good. Metronome 134. TR 72. **Chinese Toddle** **Alice Morrison** and **Vega Artists**. Playing fair, recording coarse, balance good. Metronome 78. TR 70. \*51 **Gen Mendel's Music**. Recording coarse, playing mediocre, balance good, orchestration sound like a "20s jazz band. **Won't You Be My Valentine** for the **Marine Four Step**. Metronome 180 or 90. TR 70. **Isle of Capri** for the **Royal Empress Tango**. Metronome 131. TR 73. \*52 **Yours Gonzalo Roig** and **Vega Artists**. Recording fair, playing good, balance good. Vocal. Metronome 136. TR 78. **The Pan-American** **Morrison Recording Orchestra**. Recording fair, playing good, balance good. Metronome 190. TR 78. **103 Jingle Bells** **Morrison Music**. Recording sufficiently poor, playing fair, orchestration includes bells, Hawaiian guitar. Vocal in pig latin. Metronome 118. TR 49 (that is, unusable for square dancing). **302A Beautiful Dreamer** (other side of 103) **Vega Artists**. Playing good, recording good, Hawaiian guitar. Metronome 78. TR 73. \*305 **Morrison Music**. Recording fair to middlin', playing ditto, **Cielito Lindo** for **Spanish Waltz**. Metronome 58. TR 70. **Old Folks at Home** for **Boston Two Step**. Metronome 133. TR 71. **1002 The Norse Landers**. Recording better, playing fair, balance heavy on the accordion. **Girls from Oland Schottische**. Metronome 174. TR 75. **New Varmlands Waltz**. Metronome 68. TR 71.

**SMART 12-78-01** George Karp with Sheldon Gibbs and the Arizona Ranch Boys. Playing good, recording good, balance good, calling is heavily syncopated with many notes held technically, it is good. **Baby Face** My dance to **Rose, Rose, I Love You** appears in this issue so perhaps I should not challenge the use of other popular tunes, but I discarded many popular tunes as not having the necessary square dance tempo and rhythm. I should have discarded **Baby Face**. I must further admit that the western orchestras have been very successful in adapting popular tunes such as **Ghost Riders in the Sky** to square dance tempo. This orchestra and caller have not been so successful (or they would not have produced this homily). The syncopation is pronounced and makes dancing (and counting) difficult. Metronome 126. TR 72. **Alabama Jubilee** Metronome 138. TR 79. (Not recommended when Windsor is available but it's pretty good). The companion record without calls will be released shortly on 10".

**WESTERN JUBILEE** Schroeder's Playboys. 10". Instructions included. 503 Mike Michelle calling. Instructions. Playing good, recording good, calling better than good, balance good. **Jessie Polka Square** Metronome 126. TR 82. **She's Just Right for You (Too Fat Polka)** This is another tune that could be improved by choosing another for square dancing. Metronome 124. TR 73. The rest are without calls. Playing is generally good but uninspired, recording good, balance leans to the fiddle. 602 **Arizona Breakdown** 6/8 time and played without emphasis. Metronome 125. TR 63. **Cripple Creek Ditto**. Metronome 126. TR 65. 700 Instructions. **Varsouvianna**. The tune changes. Metronome 52. TR 83. **Schottische (Starlight)** the tune changes. Metronome 134. TR 82. 701 Instructions. **Jessie Polka (Calico Polka)** Metronome 129. TR 75. **Lili Marlene** Metronome 125. TR 75. 800 Instructions. **Abadaba Honeymoon** Metronome 112. TR 70. **Alabama Jubilee** 130. TR 67. I won't say you can't use this, but the beat is so slight and syncopated that it is difficult. 801 Instructions. **Jesuita** (for **Jessie Polka Square**) Metronome 126. TR 79. **Too Fat Polka** Metronome 128. TR 75.

**WINDSOR** The Sundowners Band. You may remember that we rated the 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  records of the following tunes very low. They sounded monotonous and uninspired and we couldn't recommend them. We were surprised when friends requested the 78 recordings of the same tunes. We tried them and found the playing enthusiastic and an excellent beat. Perhaps it is our playback machine which was built before the microgroove, that leveled off the highs, altho that was the type of machine which we thought Doc's 3000 series was designed for. At any rate, we felt that the records deserved reviewing at the 78 speed, and here are the results. Playing fine and enthusiastic recording with a slight ring, balance fine. 7101 **Marmaduke's Hornpipe** Metronome 138. TR 83 **Ida Red** Metronome 135. TR 82. 7102 **Gray Eagle** Metronome 140 TR 85 **Bill Cheatem** Metronome 136. TR 79. (Guitar became monotonous.) 7108 **Old Red Rooster** Metronome 140. TR 82. **Battle of Eagle's Peak** Metronome 132. TR 82. 7109 **Limber Jim** Metronome 133 TR 87. **Gotta Chop Some Wood** Metronome 138. TR 84. We stock these records at \$1.45.

**WINDSOR** The Sundowner's Band. Playing enthusiastic, recording good, balance fine. 7112 **My Pretty Girl** Metronome 134 TR 85. **Marching thru Georgia** Heavy syncopation, arranged. Metronome 134. TR 82. 3112 The slower speed drains off some of the enthusiasm by leveling the high spots. TR 78. **Marching thru Georgia** TR 77. 7113 Instructions. **Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas** It's interesting to fit the patter into the blank spots. Metronome 135. TR 84. **Ghost Riders in the Sky** Not as unsquaredancy as you might think. However, in giving the imitation of supernatural effect the accordion and fiddle become rough. Metronome 137. TR 81. We stock these records at \$1.45 (except the 3000 \$1.75-)

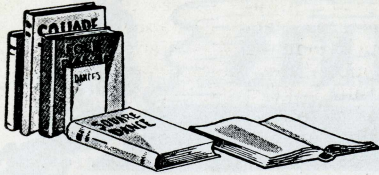
**WINDSOR** Playing fine, recording good, balance good, calling excellent tho I prefer him when he doesn't throw in grace remarks. His singing is better than his patter. 7412 **My Pretty Girl** Metronome 134. TR 84. **Marching thru Georgia** Metronome 134 TR 86. 7413 **Ding Dong Daddy from Dumas** Metronome 132 TR 87. **Ghost Rider in the Sky** Metronome 136 TR 89. We stock these at \$1.45.

**WINDSOR 7608** Organ, accordion guitar. Instructions. The combination is better than the others. **Always** Metronome 122. TR 85. **Jeannie** Metronome 142. TR 81. We stock this record at 90c.

**WINDSOR** is planning double releases: one disc with old favorites and one with new dances each month or two. Coming up are **California Here I Come, Down Yonder, She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain and Hot Time in the Old Town**.



Phil Hall of the St. Paul Y. M. C. A. has transferred to the Y at New Haven, Conn. and would appreciate contacts from square dancers in his new home.



# Book Reviews

We do not stock reviewed books unless specifically stated

**SQUARE DANCE PATTERN BOOK**, Cal Golden. Pasadena, Calif. 1951 McCartney Publications. \$1.00

'Twas a couple of years ago we started, with our subscribers' help to compile a book of **Just Patter**. We didn't have the time. Cal Golden did. I'm glad to report that he did a thorough job. I must also report, tho, that some of them sound a bit ridiculous even to me.

Nor are the rhymes always exact or the rhythms perfect. Some of the more interesting follow:

Grab your girl and kiss her twice  
Hurry up boys, here comes your wife

Pull off your shoes, roll up your socks  
Swing those girls and rattle their hocks.

Got caught a speedin' and paid my fine  
You swing yours and I'll swing mine.

Grandpa had a muley cow  
She's muley when she was born  
It took a jaybird forty years  
To fly from horn to horn.

From old L. A. to Kokomo  
Everybody's doing the doceydoe  
From Kokomo to old L. A.  
They all do it a different way.

Now quit your crying and quit your bawling  
You're thru dancing and I'm thru calling

And I'm thru reviewing. TR 47.

Charley Thomas



## PROGRAMS

Fifth Annual State Festival of the Oklahoma State Federation of Square Dance Clubs. Earl Hunter, Printed Program Chairman.

Financed by ads, this is an excellent program filled, not only with the usual program but pictures of officers and clubs from various districts of the state federation. The festival was run on the basis of green and yellow tickets the room being restricted and in addition to a "clinic" or workshop and the open dances, which were apparently continuous, there was an "After-the-Dance Show" with the demonstrations usually found at such affairs given them. During the show refreshments were served at seats.

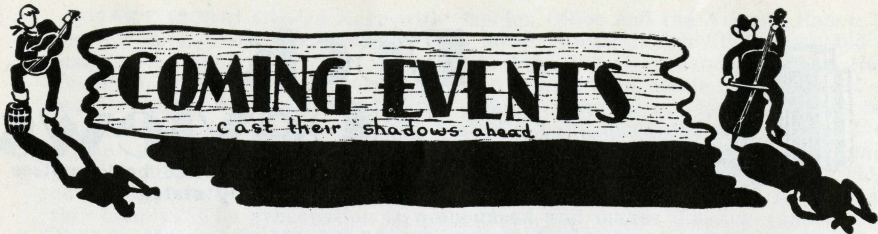
In addition to a callers "clinic" there were also General and Officers Clinic, Square Dance Clinic and Folk Dance Clinic. Could anyone decide which to attend? We'd like to compliment the general manager but were unable to find his name—perhaps the 20 chairmen worked together without a boss?

We would recommend a perusal of the cover to dancers from the neighboring state of Texas. Texas has always bred people who insisted printing pictures of Texas covering three-fifths of the United States. With true modesty the cover depicts Oklahoma covering only one-third and shows Texas in its true proportion.

Charley Thomas



Dick Kraus, author of **Square Dances of Today**, has received his doctorate in the field of the dance and has been appointed Assistant Professor in Education at Teachers College, Columbia, University.



# COMING EVENTS

cast their shadows ahead

- Jan. 5, Camden, N. J., Charlie Zintle, Bloomfield, N. J., Guest Caller at Camden Y.M.C.A.
- Jan. 12, New York City, Columbia University Folk Festival, Dick Kraus, M.C., Barnard College of Columbia University.
- Jan. 18, 19, Tuscon, Arizona, Fourth Annual Southern Arizona Square Dance Festival. Write Harry O. Trygg, 740 E. Blackledge Drive, Tuscon, Arizona.
- Jan. 20, New York City, New York City Square Dance Caller's Assn. monthly workshop. Third Sunday of each month. Today, Paul Hunt discusses Eastern Singing Calls.
- Jan. 26, St. Paul, Minn., Square Dance Jamboree, St. Paul Winter Carnival, St. Paul Auditorium.
- Jan. 26, Phila., Pa., "Y" Country Dance Party, Charlie Wilson calling, Y.W.C.A., 2027 Chestnut St.
- Feb. 2, Camden, N. J., Jerry Gerold, Rahway, N. J. Guest Caller, Camden, Y.M.C.A.
- Feb. 15, Seattle, Wash., Annual Winter Festival, Central Puget Sound Council Folk Dance Federation of Washington, Seattle Civic Auditorium. Dr. Lloyd Shaw, master of ceremonies.
- Feb. 22, Tuscon, Arizona, 2nd Annual Rodeo Square Dance, Fiesta de la Vaqueros.
- Feb. 23, Houston, Texas, Jamboree, Houston Square Dance Council.
- Mar. 13, 14, 15, Amherst, Mass., 16th Annual Recreation Conference, University of Massachusetts, Lawrence V. Loy, Chairman.



## Why Organize

(Continued from Page 2)

Our record committee was responsible for the publishing of *Bully of the Town* and *Nellie Was a Lady* by Guyden.

In January we shall hear a report from a committee set up to recommend procedures for a course for callers. There is some difference of opinion as to its advisability of such a course, but we are alive to the possibility.

We have established a mailing list available to members of the organization.

We are expecting to take up shortly the possibility of cooperating with the schools in teaching square dancing. So many of the schools in this area injure square dancing by improper teaching of children.

We continue to press for the extension of square dancing.

We may have missed some of the ways in which a callers' association can be of service. If so, we should like to hear from people in other sections with other ideas. We are trying to live up to our purposes.



Charley Thomas

## Ladies Bow

(Continued from Page 3)

husband after the music had stopped.

"Reckon we better start back," said Henry. "Goin' to be All-Day Singin' to-morrer."

We dragged Knox away from a pale little girl who resented his departure cordially.

Then we were out in the soft night. The moon was higher now and whiter. We were rolling towards home in the Ford.

"You done pretty good, perfesser," said Mattie Sue. "I reckon you could learn it fine in a while."

"Henry," said Knox, "you've got to watch that wife of yours. She's the sweet talkinest little ol' gal."

"She don't mean nothin' by it," said Henry stolidly. "Don't mind her, perfesser."

But the perfesser was still happily minding her when he dropped off to sleep—with the quilt called the Road to California resting lightly above him.



Mrs. Ruth Flathe of Winona, Minn., has been selected to be the first woman caller ever to call at the St. Paul Winter Carnival Square Dance Jamboree. She attended our school at Camp Ihduhapi the past two years.

# The Oracle

By JOHN ZAGORIEKO

**Q.**—Could you tell me where I might obtain instructions for folk dances such as Glow Worm, Lili Marlene, Black Hawk Waltz, Laces and Graces, etc.? Sally Howard, Sandusky, Ohio.

**A.**—For the largest single source with detailed explanations, we suggest "The Round Dance Book," by Lloyd Shaw, \$5.00. For others, check our catalog.

**Q.**—Do you have any of the following records: Jeanine, Always, Stumbling, Labios du Carol? I would like to obtain instructions for Jeanine and Always. What record is used and where can I get instructions for the Tuxedo? Mrs. Eunice Robey, Uvalde, Texas.

**A.**—We have Jeanine and Always on one record, Windsor 7608 at 90c. For instructions, look on another page of this issue under "Try These." We do not stock Stumbling. The only recording of "Tuxedo" we have heard is in Decca Album 18, "Ye Olde Time Dance Nite." Until you obtain this, try the instructions below to the tune Marching Thru Georgia or some march music. Follow the "Tuxedo":

Slide two slow slides to the left (four counts)

Four fast slides to the left (four counts)

Repeat the two slow and four fast slides to the right

Two-step for eight measures.

For Labios du Carol see Imperial.

**Q.**—In "American Squares Dances" by Dot Burgin there is a call for a square dance entitled "Where Do We Go From Here" by Charley Thomas. Where can I obtain the record? John Malloy, Oakland, Calif.

**A.**—Charley says he used an old Victor recording which may be difficult to obtain now. Try your local RCA Victor record dealer.

**Q.**—Where can I get the call "Arkansas Traveler"? I have several books but cannot find this call. Members of our club would like to know the correct way (if there is one) to turn into home position after a promenade. Stuart Kissane, N. Charleston, S. C.

**A.**—Calls for the Arkansas Traveler, also often called The Four Leaf Clover can be found in "Square Your Sets," by Waudby, \$1.00, Ray Smith's Square Dance Handbook, \$1.50 and "Hand Book of Square Dances" by Ed Bossing, \$2.00. Any of the above is a worthwhile addition to your library. The call has also been printed previously in these pages but since it's a short one, we'll repeat it. Repeat call twice or four times for each active pair.

Head two couples, forward and back,

Now forward again,

Turn the opposite lady with the right hand round,

Your partner lady with the left hand round,

Your corners all with the right hand round,

Your partners left, turn all way round,

Promenade corners as they come down.

Here are some of the ways we have seen couples end a promenade;

(1) Promenade home, face center and stop. (2) Ladies turn left or right face, face partner, do a slight bow. (3) Ladies face partner, hold right hands, gents bow, ladies do deep curtesy, spreading skirt with free hand.

(4) In sections where the skating form of promenade position is the style, gent usually meets partner with right hand, gives lady a right face twirl to face her in promenade direction. At the end of the promenade, gent twirls lady right face under right arm, and holding right hands, both balance away from each other by stepping back on left foot and kicking forward with the right. (5) In the varsoviennne position, the lady would twirl once and a half before the balance kick. This balance and kick is often done with a slight hop on the supporting foot. The kick may vary from a slight forward thrust of the foot to a vigorous high kick, usually by the ladies, who thus fan their partners' brows with the breeze of six fluttering petticoats. There are probably other styles, but these are the most prevalent. Take your choice.

**Q**—I have been offered a chance to run an all square dance disc jockey show on the local radio station. Can I use my records without running afoul of any licensing agreements? G. W. Wakefield, Newville, Pa.

**A**—Yes, you may use what records you own. Courts have ruled that it is possible to control the use of records after they are sold. Most radio stations pay a lump sum to the principal copyright organizations for the privilege of using their material in any quantity.

**Q**—Can you tell me anything about the square dances known as "The Lemonade Swing" and "The Crooked S"? John Bellamy, Cleveland, Ohio.

**A**—Sorry, but those titles are new to me. Can anyone tell us if they know of any dances coupled with these names?

**Q**—What is a hambo? I have many records but no descriptions for this dance. Fred Oppen, Green Bay, Wisc.

**A**—The Hambo is a Swedish couple dance which has become very popular among folk dancers. It is difficult to teach thru print because the ladies part is slightly different from the gents. The coordination is a might tricky. The best printed description we have seen is in "Folk Dances of Scandinavia" by A. S. Duggan and others, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., 67 West 44th Street, New York 18. A description with helpful pictures and diagrams was published in "The Folk Dancer" magazine by Michael Herman of New York. I cannot recall the date of the issue.

**Q**—Would you suggest some calls to go with the records "Comin' Round the Mountain" and "Sioux City Sue"? C. E. Brown, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**A**—The most popular version previously published Feb. '49.

Head couples ladies chain, side couples swing,  
Chain them round the mountain, chain them home  
Side couples ladies chain, head couples swing again  
Chain them 'round the mountain, chain them home.  
Allemande left with your corner, and pass your partner by  
Then swing the next girl on the right,  
Oh swing her high and whirl low, promenade and away you go,  
Promenade around the mountain, promenade.

Remember, the ladies chain across and back. For "Sioux City Sue":  
Chorus or break:

Swing, boys Swing! Everybody swing!  
And promenade around that ring.  
Promenade her home.  
Then swing, boys, swing! You swing Sioux City Sue.

Figure:

The first couple lead out to the right, you circle four hands around,  
Do-sa-do your opposite lady once around,  
Now you do-sa-do your partner and swing her too,  
Both couples swing, you swing Sioux City Sue.  
Lead her to the next and circle four hands 'round,  
Dos-sa-do your opposite lady etc.

Repeat for each couple in turn.

## *Sets in Order*

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# LETTERS

Nov. 27, 1951

Dear Charley Thomas:

Regards your article in the Oct. '51 issue entitled 'The Poor Right Hand Lady': I have suggested using the term **side**. i. e. swing your 'side' lady, as opposed to swing your opposite, or swing your corner. The term is short, simple, easily understood, rhymes easily, applicable to either gent or lady or both. In the movement PROMENADE RED HOT; we call it 'And a side lady right and a right hand around, and your partner left and all the way round etc. So far the term has worked fine for us and we like it. Now you may be able to think of some objection and I would be interested but give it a try.

Sincerely,  
Nellie J. Spears (Mrs. Vernon.)  
Mishawaka, Ind.



Dear Charlie,

I have been traveling along at a pretty fast clip and consequently don't get my mail like the average human being does. Several American Squares caught up to me at the same time and then today while I was having a day off the road, I just started in to catch up with what is going on in the square dance World...

Well I get reading, and Lo and Behold, everything I run into is someone trying to tell everyone else what to do, how to do it, what to wear, what dances they should do, which ones they think are not so good and, well just about everything, except, trying to let the other fellow attend to his or her own business, with the writer doing the same thing....One place they are telling the dancer what he should wear. Tom Mullins of Houston says, you can't wear a gaberdine shirt because if you did you would burn up. Well maybe you would burn up in Houston, but wonder if Tom ever stopped to think that people are square dancing in all the forty eight states of the Union, in Canada, and in Europe for that matter..He suggests in another paragraph that you should wear Levi's. As I said before I believe in everyone doing as they please, but for myself, I never wore anything any more uncomfortable, in my life, than a pair of Levi's....Then he goes on and takes a few cracks about the belt, the boots, and about everything that Guy had mentioned, I guess...sure the prices are a little high for the boots and the belt buckles, but if a fellow likes to spend his money for nice items like that, why shouldn't it be his own business.

Then there is the one in the same letter that says you should have to dress Western, if you go to a square dance. Who said the square dance is a western dance??.Just because it was danced by our forefathers doesn't mean it's a western dance. There's the good old waltz which is as old as any dance we do today, nobody suggests you should have to dress western when you do a waltz....I still can't see why you couldn't do a good old do-ci-do in a pair of sharkskin slacks and a short sleeve sport shirt.

I have traveled in fifteen States this year, have gone over a hundred thousand miles, have called to over a hundred thousand dancers, and I don't believe I have called at one dance yet, that we didn't have from two to eight or ten Doctors there. We all know that a Doctor is on call at all times of the day and night. In fact several times at my dances, I have had to call for the Doctor who was wanted and he had to leave right away on an emergency call...Now wouldn't this Doctor look swell going to make a delivery, or to attend to an emergency operation, or anything else you want to think up, if he had on a pair of Levi's, high heeled boots, a loud checked shirt and a silk neckerchief..In some cases he might have time to go home and make a quick change, but in most cases he don't have the time and if he had to wear western costume to go to a square dance, he probably wouldn't get interested in square dancing in the first place....I still think that, if a fellow is a fairly good square dancer, mixes well with the other square dancers, doesn't mess up the squares he gets in, and is just an all around good fellow, folks won't care a heck what he has on when he gets in a square.

Now as for myself, well that's another thing. I like to dress western, the louder the better. In fact as I go back and look over another column in Tom's letter, I believe that a couple of those cracks about California cali-

ers, might have been directed my way. Of course I'm not the only caller who dresses real loud and some of the other callers who read the letter might have thought that it was directed at them too. Tom suggests that we are wearing that type of clothes so that we can feel that we are above our dancers. This I can never agree with. I always get right out on the floor and dance with all the dancers if I get the chance, and I sure don't at any time ever feel that I am better than the dancers....

Then there's the one about the fellow who don't want to hear a word from the dancers while he is calling a dance. I must say that that's really putting yourself on a pedestal or something of the sort. In other words, he feels that every word he speaks is as though jewels were dripping from his lips.... Well I guess he has a right to that feeling, but if I'm calling a dance and the dancers don't let out a yip and a yap now and then, I don't feel like they are having a good time. If they start yelling a little, I get encouraged and I'm sure I do a much better job of calling.... Some of the callers and instructors have forgotten the fact that the good old square dance is supposed to be for fun. They want the dancers to work it as a routine, like soldiers in an army. They are taking all the fun out of it and consequently, will do a quick but thorough job of killing square dancing.

Well I had no intention of sticking my neck out so far when I started but I got going and I guess things that I have been thinking about for a long time, had to come out.... All these rules and by-laws and such nonsense are the reason for the ROYAL ORDER OF BLUE BUTTE-S being born. This group in Butte, Montana got so tired of someone telling them what to do, when to do it, how to do it, laying down all sorts of rules etc., that they just got together and organized an order without rules or by-laws. Just a creed, that's all they have, and it costs ten cents a year to belong to it.... Whether you want to join it or not, just send and ask for a copy of their creed, at no cost.... 1651 Grand Ave., Butte, Montana. Guess that takes care of all I got to say for this time, so HAPPY SQUARE DANCING and as the BLUE BUTTE-S say... Square dancin fun for everyone.

Les Gotcher



Dear Charley:

To stimulate increased interest in square dancing and to introduce the competitive spirit therein, the writer is prepared to donate a trophy to be known as the "SQUARE DANCE CHALLENGE TROPHY" and to be retired on being won three times by the same dance team in grand finals to be held every six months in the metropolitan area. This announcement is being sent to square dance organizations and interested groups so that they can collaborate in working out details of and responsibility for conducting the competition. Eliminations could be had at square dance groups, semi-finals at jamborees and the final at some grand annual affair. In due course I shall provide the trophy.

Very Cordially,  
JACK ATKINSON,  
32 Broadway New York, N. Y.



Dear Charley:

In "What's Wrong, page 2, December issue AS, you ask about Sutter's Mill,

**Star by the Right**

First published to my knowledge in *Do-Si-Do* by Bob Sumrall in 1948, and, if I remember correctly his set danced the figure one night at one of my classes in Abilene, Texas, in 1940 or 1941.

**Four Gents Star**

Published in *Square Dancing for Intermediates* by Osgood and Hoheisal, 1949 credited to Lloyd Collier, Dallas, Texas.

**Sutter's Mill**

"Valley of the Sun" Square Dance Organization, Inc., Phoenix, Ariz, 1950, credit to Bob Sumrall.

All are the same identical pattern, a few words of the call changed due to sectional terminology.

Happy dancing,  
Jimmy Clossin



Welcome to **The Midwest Dancer** to the field of square dance publications. They have earned our undying gratitude by giving a new **Bully of the Town** call to the Guyden record. Contact Walter Meier, 314 Cumberland Parkway, Des Plaines, Ill. \$2.00 for ten issues.



# TRY THESE

## DOWN YONDER

Singing Call: Tune of same name.

Records: Western Jubilee 504 Windsor 7114 Apex 26315 Victor 20-2167, Imperial 1128.

Introduction:

Honor to your partner, your corner lady too  
Swing with your honey, the way you always do  
Step right back, look her in the eye, then swing her awhile  
Waiting on down yonder for me.

Dance

Head couples separate, go half way around  
Side couples do a right and left through, don't you fall down  
(Head gents walk to the left outside of the ring, head ladies walk to the right outside of the ring. Partners meet at opposite position. While the head couples are doing this the side couples go forward, return to place, then do a right and left through. Gents twirl partners at opposite positions. All four couples have now traded places with their opposites.)

Allemande the corner gal, and do-sa-do your own  
(Allemande left, then gents walk around partner right shoulders back to back.)

Half sashay the opposite girl, the one at your home  
Swing that corner maid around, swing her up and down  
(Gents walk to their left inside of the ring and half sashay (gents go behind the opposite lady) and swing corner lady for new partner. New partner is original right hand lady.)

Take her around the floor, back to your swanee shore.

Promenade down yonder, to your promised land  
(Promenade to gents original home position)

I mean just you and your honey, you swing her so grand  
All around your corner gal, the one dressed in blue  
(Gents walk around corner lady right shoulders back to back)

All around your little pal, the one who's so true  
(Gents walk around partners passing left shoulders back to back)

Left elbow swing the corner maid, twice around don't be afraid

Right to your partner, man, into a right and left grand.

When you meet your honey, do-sa-do and smile

Now do a right and left grand for another half mile

(Give partner right hand and continue in a grand right and left)

Down yonder you will find her, and you swing her so free

Swinging on down yonder for me

(Gents meet partners at home position, waist swing.)

Repeat dance three more times to obtain original partner.

Lead with head couples twice, then side couples twice.

Original by Mike Michele



## ROSE, ROSE, I LOVE YOU

Singing call. Popular song of the same name, chorus only.

Your own introduction.

Swing, swing your corner, swing her round and round

Now swing your partner, swing her off the ground

Ladies chain across the tract, you chain across the square

(It's a grand chain with all ladies active at once.)

Do-si corners all and swing that lady fair. (Partner)

Swing, swing your partner, swing her round and round

Ladies chain right back again, back to your home ground

Do-si-do your corners all, and pass your partner by

Swing your right hand lady boys and watch 'em fly.

Swing, swing that lady, swing that little maid.

Allemande left your corner, to your own and promenade

(According to how fast your dancers are, pick up the loose ends and fill in.)

Original by Charley Thomas.

# JEANNIE

MUSIC: "JEANNIE", WINDSOR Record No. 7608

STARTING POSITION: Couples in circle facing counterclockwise around the room, lady on gent's right side, in semi-open ballroom position.

(Note: Steps described are for the gent's footwork, the lady uses counter-part footwork throughout except as noted.)

## PART "A", MEASURES 1-8

**MEAS. 1-2:** Step forward on left foot (ct.1), touch right toe to floor beside left foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 1). Step back on right foot (ct. 1), touch left toe to floor beside right foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 2).

**MEAS. 3-4:** Gent releases right arm from lady's waist but retains her right hand in his left hand as he steps forward on left foot and pivots  $\frac{1}{4}$  turn to right on his left foot (ct. 1), closes right foot to left (cts. 2 and 3—Meas. 3), steps to side (counterclockwise around the circle) on left foot pivoting  $\frac{1}{4}$  turn to right on that foot (ct. 1) to face clockwise around the room and holds two counts (cts. 2 and 3—Meas. 4) with weight on left foot and with right foot poised about six inches off the floor in front. The lady makes a right face (clockwise)  $\frac{1}{2}$  turn under her own right and the gent's left arm using two counts for each walking step, R—L—R, (cts. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 3) and cts. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 4), to face clockwise around the room. End Meas. 4 with gent's left arm around lady's waist, lady's right hand on gent's left shoulder, other hands joined in front—in what might be called a "reverse" ballroom position, partners both facing clockwise around the room.

**MEAS. 5-8:** Repeat action of Meas. 1-4 starting on opposite feet and moving clockwise until the turn is made. The lady makes a left face (counterclockwise) turn under her own left and the gent's right arm. End Meas. 8 with partners facing each other, gent's back to center of room, gent's left hand joined with lady's right hand.

## PART "B", MEASURES 9-16

**MEAS. 9-12:** Step back (toward center of circle) on left foot (ct. 1), touch right toe beside left foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 9). Step forward on right foot (ct. 1), touch left toe beside right foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 10), taking a closed ballroom dance position but with right hips adjacent ("banjo" position) at end of Meas. 10. Take three fast walking steps, L—R—L, in clockwise circle around with partner, ending in starting position (cts. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 11). Step on right foot in place (ct. 1), touch left toe beside right foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 12).

**MEAS. 13-16:** Repeat action of Meas. 9-12, ending in semi-open ballroom position, partners both facing counterclockwise around the room.

## PART "C", MEASURES 17-24

**MEAS. 17-20:** Step forward on left foot (ct. 1) rising to place weight on ball of left foot (ct. 2), and swing right foot forward (ct. 3—Meas. 17). Step forward on right foot (ct. 1) rising to place weight on ball of right foot (ct. 2), and swing left foot forward (ct. 3—Meas. 18). Take three fast walking steps in a complete left face (counterclockwise) turn away from partner, L—R—L, while the lady makes a complete right face turn, R—L—R; ending in original starting position (cts. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 19). Step forward on right foot (ct. 1), touch left toe beside right foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 20).

**MEAS. 21-24:** Repeat action of Meas. 17-20 except to end in a regular ballroom dance position with the gent facing line of direction (counterclockwise around the room), the lady facing reverse line of direction.

## PART "D", MEASURES 25-32

**MEAS. 25-28:** Step forward on left foot (ct. 1), touch right toe beside left foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 25). Step back on right foot (ct. 1), touch left toe beside right foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 26). Take three fast walking steps forward (lady walking backward), L—R—L, (cts. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 27). Step forward on right foot (ct. 1), touch left toe beside right foot (ct. 2), and hold (ct. 3—Meas. 28).

**MEAS. 29-32:** Repeat action of Measure 25 and 26 above for Meas. 29 and 30. Then the man takes three walking steps forward, L—R—L, (ct. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 31) while the lady takes two steps backward R—L, (cts. 1 and 2—Meas. 31), and then starts a four-step right face,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  turn under her own right and the gent's left arm, R—L—R—L (ct. 3—Meas. 31; cts. 1, 2, 3—Meas. 32). As the lady completes her turn, the gent steps forward on his right foot (ct. 1), touches left toe beside right foot (ct. 2), and holds (ct. 3—Meas. 32).

REPEAT ENTIRE DANCE FOR A TOTAL OF FOUR TIMES

Original by Doc and Winifred Alumbaugh.

## EAGLE'S GATE

Patter call.

First and third balance and swing  
 Lead right out to the right of the ring  
 Circle half and don't be late  
 Dive right thru the eagle's gate  
 (No. 1 thru No. 2 arch and No. 3 thru No. 4)  
 Swing the other fellow's Sally  
 Swing her home, right down our alley  
 Around your corners, do-so-do  
 Back to your own for a do-pas-o  
 Partner left, corner right  
 Back to partner and promenade.

Repeat to get partners back.

Original by Randy Randolph of San Francisco  
 Contributed by Gage and Della Wamsley, Chicago



## GARDENA ALLEMANDE

Break for a patter call.

Allemande left for a right way thar  
 A right and left and form a star (original side lady)  
 Back around, boys, in a RIGHT hand star  
 Shoot that star with a full turn around  
 A right to your corner as she comes down (original partner)  
 Go once and a half to a wrong way thar  
 And back around, boys, in a LEFT hand star  
 Shoot that star to a left allemande  
 (Gents break star and walk forward around partner to original corner)  
 A right to your honey and a right and left grand,  
 Etc.

Original by Dave Clavner



## DOWNFALL OF PARIS

Contra. Triple Limer

Active couples down the outside	(4)
Back	(4)
Down the center	(4)
Back, cast off	(4)
Forward and back six	(2)
Circle six half around	(2)
Forward and back six	(2)
Circle Six half around	(2)
Right hand star with third couple	(4)
Back with the left	(4)
Right and left with the second couple	(8)

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