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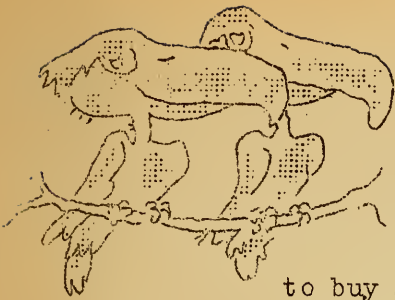
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To find the real beginnings,
Ancient call books man does cite;
Don't forget that man was dancing
Long before man learned to write

Pat Pending

TAKE IT OR
LEAVE IT



It is only a question of time before every dance teacher in the United States - and it will include square dance teachers too! - will be forced to buy a license to teach from some government agency. Don't laugh. It is inevitable. It has been kicked around in too many state legislations for too many years to have it ever become completely quelled, and each year the rumble of it spreads to a few more states as more and more legislators discover that dance teachers are a sitting duck for a nice stiff fee for a license which would have no meaning to it except that you couldn't teach dancing without it.

As far as educating the public is concerned we'd better agree right now that the public is a large and unwieldy group, and is getting awful tired of having other people's dirty wash dumped into their lap. Whenever a group or profession can't figure out a way to clean its own house, it invariably hollers "educate the public" as though educating some 110,000,000 adults was as uncomplicated as sending out a press release.

It isn't a pleasant thought, but within less than ten years every square dance teacher; every round dance teacher; every folk dance teacher will have to have a federal license to do so. Money will buy it - not how good a teacher you are. It's too late to quibble over whether it should be called a certificate or a license. It won't matter, for you'll either have one or you won't be teaching dances of any category.

And on that high note it's so long for the summer.

Sincerely

Ralph

CALLER X PLANS A DANCE



by ART HACKING

Probably no caller sets up his program for a club or open dance just like any other caller. However, no matter whether he pores over a program sheet for hours or ad libs his way through the dance, he is working on the basis of principles developed through study and experience. What are these principles? For purpose of illustration, let us make some assumptions and analyze the principles followed by Caller X.

His first is "What did I do last time?" He knows that dancers like to have dances repeated so that they become familiar with them and learn to know them. Accordingly, he chooses, say, six dances from the last program and three dances from previous programs. For the remaining three dances, he picks new numbers or works out some interesting variations of standard numbers.

His second thought is "How many singing calls?" The catchy tunes, improved music and choreography, and clear directions in many of the current calls is resulting in greater popularity of the singing calls. Caller X decides on 50 percent singing calls for his program. This brings up the matter of arrangement of singing calls in the program. Since patter calls give a greater opportunity to sound out the dancers, to establish the desired level of dancing, and to provide an opportunity to work into figures to be used later in the evening, Caller X decides to make each of the first two sets consist of two patter calls followed by

one of the easier singing calls. The two patter calls will give the dancers a workout and challenge, and the singing calls will provide the frosting on the cake and leave them humming during the break.

This brings Caller X to the choice and arrangement of patter calls. Since he has made up a major portion of his program from singing calls, the patter calls must be chosen specially to provide good program balance and something different. Figures and breaks in the patter calls must be different where used purposely to build toward figures in the singing calls and thus avoid unnecessary walkthroughs.

In making up his program, Caller X is continually looking for those dances which are going to require walk-throughs. Where will he place them? He says to himself, "Walk the dancers through when they are fresh and rested." He intends to place major walk-throughs at the beginning of a set, perhaps in the middle number, but preferably not on the last. Also, he intends to do less and less in the way of walk-throughs as the evening progresses.

To add interest and variety, Caller X rounds out his program with a quadrille (Farmers Quadrille, Buffalo Quadrille, or Grand Square) a mixer or two and some round dances as well as a few contras. He then plans to end the evening in style - no walk-throughs - a catchy tune - a sense of accomplishment - leave the dancers "high". Then he knows that the dancers will be back next time - if they can wait that long!

(National Capital Square Dance Newsletter, V5N9, 3/57)

The last frontier - may have been reached in children's dancing. A youth leader told Louise Gustafson not to use the term "western cowboy" dances or all the boys would stay home because that's "Pick Temple stuff".

(National Square Dance Newsletter, June, 1961)

CLUB DANCING

by PAT PENDING



Let's sit back and analyze this much maligned phrase 'Club Dancing'. Now, one of my best friends is the dictionary, and it gives as the definition of the word 'club' as: "a group of persons associated for a common purpose, or mutual benefit".

Well, according to this definition, any dance held regularly where the clientele is 75 or 80 percent permanent is a club, even though they don't have by-laws nor a president. Every one of these weekly or bi-weekly dances seems to stick to a steady diet of dances of about the same character; some use simple ones, some do a little more difficult ones, some with a wee bit of challenge, and some just plain mighty challenging. But each of these groups is purely and simply a club - a group of people meeting for mutual benefit, namely, to have some good clean fun. So, admitting it is so, what is all the hullabaloo about clubs all about?

Right out plain, it is this, and this only: the adherents of each separate character of square dancing have been taught and are fully convinced that the type

of dancing that they perform is the ONLY type of square dancing and all the other types are mere interlopers. Regardless of their chosen type they sneer at all other types, and woe to strangers who have read their advertisement of a square dance and blunder in after paying the tariff, and are unable to adjust their dancing to the kind offered by this particular club or group.

And this brings up the problem - we have those who have danced since infancy and are happy to dance the same 10 or 15 dances week after week, year after year, almost generation after generation. They are out for fun without mental labor. We have those who became enthusiastic not too long ago and enjoy learning a few new and time-tested (by this I mean a year or so old and acceptable smoothies) patterns, shall we say normally progressive folks who want to dance for fun and not have to use too much brain work.



Next come that group, similar to groups in every activity, who take pride in being progressive, so they search out spots where kindred souls do the same kind of dancing - skillfully blended, if the caller in on the ball, with some learning of newly discovered movements.

Then we go on to those folks who have their tongues hanging out for more and more challenge - the jazz department of square dancing.

Naturally, in between these sharp divisions, are many overlapping sections, but taking it by and large, the four described are the majors, the in-betweens are merely the sharps and flats.

Thus the problem: what are the proper nomenclatures for these divisions? Surely the names that have

been tacked onto them without proper thought, but apparently in general use today are wrong. Yes, dead wrong. Do you know if only we could get all America to calling these divisions by truly descriptive names and advertising dances under these names, we would accomplish something that has been a worry to each and every caller, teacher and leader in the field? And we would stop the horrible mortality rate that is now a real affliction to our pastime.

People would not drive 50 miles to attend a dance of a type that they were not only not interested in, but actually abhor. Dancers of equal ability would patronize dances tailored for their desired character, and each dance would become in reality a club of nice people dancing for their mutual benefit and purpose, be it a one night stand or a meeting each week or once a month.



If an advertisement featured not only the name of a caller but also the style of dance to be called such as: Old-time Square Dance; Moderate Modern Square Dance; Challenging Square Dance; or Hellety Poppin' Square Dance (merely suggestions, you name 'em). With the type of dancing given preference and the name of the caller as secondary. Some name callers sure would not like it, but the dancers would. What a Utopia each dance would be - callers without problems, as all dancers there have shown up for the same type of dancing and are fairly well versed in it. Dancers without a problem because they are forewarned and ready for just what will be offered them. A good time had by all.

And again, folks would be able to find out that there is more than one character of dancing and some of them would explore other types than the one they

were tutored in, thus being exposed to different types they might find a kind of dancing that they liked better than their original love and transfer their affections in absolute contrast to what is now happening.- throwing in the sponge and quitting, as they have been led to believe that there is only one type of dancing, and they didn't know where nor how to go about finding what is true - there is a type of square dancing that is interesting and appealing to every type of personality. Just by proper advertising, all folks interested in the same type could get together, and what is the result? Loosely-knit clubs having a dandy time together, permanently.

oo

DO YOU TAPE FROM RECORDS?

Are you aware that it is unlawful to make a tape from a record which would be used for teaching, or a dub for performance?

The Government requires a payment of excise tax on each record or tape made. The Musician's Union Trust Fund wants its cut. The Publishers and Composers are entitled to their royalty.

Recently, 9 men were indicted in the Federal Courts of Los Angeles, for pirating recordings. They taped from current commercial LP records and made albums, then undersold the entire market. The possible fine and Jail sentence for such practice is enormous.

oo



AU PAYS DU QUÉBEC

by PAT BOUCHER



A Montréal, les 6 et 7 mai avait lieu un grand Folkmoot Provincial. Les professeurs, Grégoire Marcil, Guy Landry, Germain Hébert et Robert Legault, y ont enseigné des danses telles que Karagouna, Krakowiak, Has sapikos, Helena Polka, etc.

Les 13 et 14 mai, les dolkloristes se sont rendus jusqu'à Saint-Jérôme pour se rencontrer Madelynnne Greene. La fin de semaine organisée par Paul-André Tétrault et Bernard Allard fut un réel succès. Parmi les 400 danseurs présents, quelques 250 venaient de l'extérieur.

Les deux groupements folkloriques de la Province de Québec, "L'Association des Folkloristes Canadiens" et "La Fédération Folklorique du Québec", possèdent maintenant chacun une charte provinciale.

Les Folkloristes du Québec, sous la direction de Mlle Simonne Voyer, ont été invités à interpréter les danses du Canada Français lors de la Conférence Internationale de Musique Folklorique à Québec au début de Septembre.

Le 27 juin prochain débiteront au Carré Dominion les danses en plein air organisées par le Service des Parcs de la Ville de Montréal.

Après l'Auberge du Lac Guindon, on vient d'ouvrir au Lac aux Quenouilles, près de Saint-Donat, une auberge de jeunesse qui s'appelle "Le Quadrille". Quatre folkloristes en sont les directeurs et tous sont cordialement invités à y passer soit leurs vacances ou simplement une fin de semaine. On y organise justement une fin de semaine folklorique qui doit avoir lieu les 1, 2, et 3 juillet.

La Fédération Folklorique du Québec annonce son camp annuel qui sera tenu au Lac Guindon, du 26 août au 1er Septembre. Parmi les professeurs invités: Paul et Gretel Dunsing de Chicago déjà connus dans la province de Québec et qui arriveront d'un voyage d'études en Europe.

NEWS

ATIAS MAGAZINE reports the quickest inter-governmental agreement reached in recent times. A Bulgarian official wrote his Ghana counterpart requesting that visiting dancers cover themselves "to conform with Bulgarian customs." The Ghana dignitary agreed - on the provision that the Bulgarian dancers on an exchange visit would "conform to the customs of Ghana" by presenting their dancers naked to the waist.



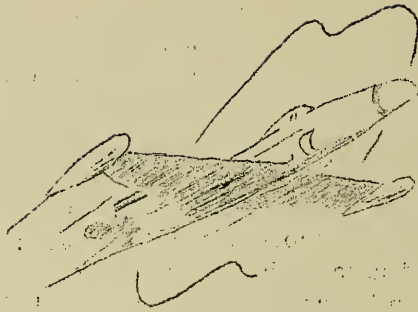
The Ghana dancers appeared in their customary way!

XX

BORN: May 16 to Mr & Mrs Joe Goldenberg, a son, Neil.

MARRIED: May 27th in Cambridge, Mass. Wendy Dorman and Andrew James McIntosh.

XX



THE ARMSTRONGS ABROAD

The day had arrived - January 16, 1961! After months of planning - reams of correspondence with Jim Lees, Henry Andrews, Bob Taylor, Goodie Goodman, Ray Clark, the Mixers, Ted Wright, Bob Carstens, Viv Cannon, Bruce, Jane and all the others; hours spent with AAA maps and guidebooks and car purchase plans, plus the exciting literature received from the travel bureau of every European country (just a postcard to their New York address will bring a flood of it to any mail box); list after list of things we must not forget, like vaccination certificates, rubber boots, lip ice, kleenex, clothesline (and did we use it!) the 20 rolls of film we left in the refrigerator until the last day, Sorboquel (ask anyone who has traveled overseas, they'll know!) aspirin, soap (you would think we expected to find Europe completely primitive - we were ready to board TWA for the night flight to London. We had persuaded Don that two cameras would be sufficient, but even that added to two boxes of square dance records, all of Terry's schoolbooks, two plastic clothesbags with bouffant slips, an extra coat too heavy to include in our 44-pound limit, and two mammoth loaded handbags (you understand of course that our five big pieces of luggage were checked) made our entry and exit from the plane quite an accomplishment. And if you think we looked like gypsies when we departed you should have seen us returning to the States!



To those of you who might not know her, Terry is our 13-year old daughter, and a good enough student that the school and all of us considered the travel experience justification for nine weeks' absence from the classroom - and we're proud to say that Terry came back and kept her marks right up to par.

When we arrived in London we picked up a Volkswagen station wagon, and the rest of our European travel was made in it, except for a flight to Morocco. Our first few days in London we spent in the obvious places - Westminster Abbey, the British Museum, the Jewel Tower; watching the changing of the Guards (a most impressive pageant, and one which we were delightfully surprised to find is attended every day by hundreds of Londoners, they never seem to tire of it); taking pictures of Buckingham Palace, Big Ben, London Bridge, the mounted bobbies; in the tea shops eating pork pies or sweets, and in the restaurants getting acquainted with fish and chips. Yorkshire pudding, trifle, the always-included delicious cream soups and fresh brussel sprouts. We were glad we all liked lamb, for it is served so often, and was always excellent. And well as we had packed, and even after all the lists, both Terry and I forgot to take along a wash cloth (Don never bothers, for he likes his shower with soap only, but Europe doesn't believe in showers, which was one of Don's hardships!), so we went shopping for a wash cloth in the linen department of a huge store. We looked through towels, sheets, pillow covers, more towels, but could not find a face cloth. In desperation we asked a clerk, who replied, "Oh, you won't find that here, go to the chemist shop and ask for a 'face flannel'". Which was just typical of their shops - everything separate, no general store or supermarket. Bread sold in

one shop, dairy products in another, meats in another, the few canned goods they use in another, fresh produce at the greengrocer and fruit from the wagons. It would take you all morning to shop, and be sure to carry along a string bag for the purchases, for ye'll get na' paper bag.

And now to work - for after all this was a professional square-dance calling and teaching trip, and we

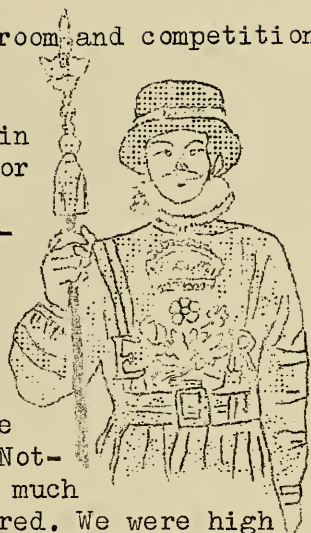


found that rather than seem like work, our calling engagements provided us with many of the most memorable of our experiences, and we firmly believe there is no better way to tour Europe, nor the United States for that matter, than through visits with that wonderful, hospitable society of people who pursue square and folk dancing.

Our first dance in London was quite a thrill - they found Don very easy to understand (even accused him of being a Britisher) and he found their rhythm and appreciation of music the perfect ingredients to make a solid hit with his patter and singing calls. We found this group quite contemporary in the figures and calls, and able to follow any directive routine. Our biggest surprise was in the age group attending. We expected, I suppose, the young middle-aged couples we find in any square dance activity at home, and instead the overwhelming majority of the dancers fell between the ages of 18 and 25, and single. From our observation we attribute this (and we found it true all over England) in part as being too expensive an activity for young married people, what with baby sitters, transportation, etc. and in a great measure to the fact that the normal square dance age group has so many dancing opportunities - English old-time dancing - a parallel to our round dancing - English country

dancing, and the very popular ballroom and competition ballroom dancing.

A siege with the flu kept me in bed but Don conducted a workshop for the callers in the London area on Sunday - he made it home to the hotel and collapsed himself, and for four days we were confined there. We had to cancel two jobs, just too sick to move. Thank goodness Terry escaped it and she kept us supplied with soup and orange juice and aspirin. Our next date was in Nottingham where Jim Lees had done so much to make our trip one-to-be-remembered. We were highly honored to have the Sheriff of Nottingham attend a dance (he is the Queen's officer in Nottingham and is respected accordingly), we visited Sherwood Forest and Nottingham Castle and Jerusalem Inn, the oldest Inn in England, bought Nottingham lace for my mother's table, attended an old tyme dancing evening, and experienced the shock, but pleasurable, of finding warming pans in our beds.



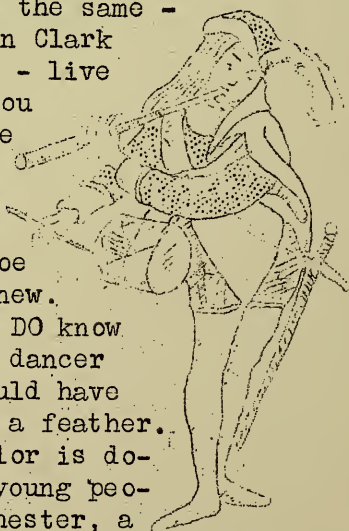
Scotland stole our hearts completely. It might have been in part our heritage - the Armstrong clan was one of the important Border families, and the Lowreys descend from the Lawrie and Love clans - but every moment spent along beautiful Princess Street in Edinburgh, at the Scott and Burns memorials, driving the golden mile between the Castle and the Palace, the day spent driving around Loch Lomond and by Ben Lomond and the moors, the morning coffee at Lomond Castle, the Scotch haggis at the Covenanters Inn, and our wonderful experiences in Glasgow added up to a near-perfect visit. What's left? Don saw so many fishing holes and he had neither line nor rod, so we just have to return to these mountain lakes. Once again, our pleasure was due in a great measure to members of our fraternity, Bruce McClure, the Scottish dancer and teacher with whom we have worked at Oglebay Institute Folk

and Square Dance Camp, is dance director for Scottish Television, Ltd. He engaged Don to call some square dancing on his regular series "Jig Time", a program of Scottish country dancing and folk singing. Don spent an entire Sunday in rehearsal with the cast, interspersed with tea, afternoon tea, and high tea, and enjoyed the meticulous care that went into every note, step, voice inflection, and camera angle of this production. Through Bruce we met Jimmy Blair and his band and danced with them at a regular Scottish country dance evening. Before we left home, friends in Louisville, Ky. sent us the name of a Louisville couple living in Glasgow, square dancers of course, and Jim and Isla Gloor were a rare find. First of all, they had a WARM bathroom, which doesn't seem like such an unusual thing here, but in Scotland it is quite a luxury, and when they invited us, we didn't hesitate to move right out of our hotel and into their large apartment. They were wonderful hosts and showed us and told us so much about Scotland we could never learn from travel folders.

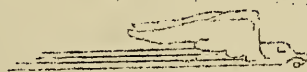
All through England it was the same - our visit in Birmingham with Ken Clark and the English country dancers - live music and oh, but I must tell you this - a young man came up to me very shyly, and with an apology for even presuming such a thing with 170 million people in the States, asked if I might know Joe Blundon, the only American he knew.

And you won't believe it, but I DO know Joe Blundon quite well - a folk dancer from West Virginia - and you could have knocked the young man over with a feather.

And in Liverpool where Bob Taylor is doing such a grand job with the young people, and where he took us to Chester, a charming town with Tudor architecture and the wall around the city completely intact. And back in London where Don called at Cecil Sharp House they clamored for more. It was meeting the people that made the difference - but if I don't get on the ferry and over to



Boulogne we'll never finish this story.



We were on our way to visit Jane Farwell Hinrichs in Ostfriesland, Germany, so we didn't tarry in France and Belgium the first trip through. We barely had time to assimilate the value of the currency and coins before we were at another border and had to exchange French for Belgian francs, and then Belgian francs for Dutch guilders. In Breda, Holland, we stayed at the only motel we found in Europe, and was it welcome, complete with shower! We could write a book on our hotel experiences, and the clumbing, and the toilet tissue - the same impressions gained by every American traveler and they are a part of the experience of touring Europe, but we have more people for you to meet.

Jane and Jurgen Hinrichs live on a farm near Spenkendorf, in Northwestern Germany. It was a very special visit for all of us - the huge building that housed the cattle, the milker and his family, and the owner and his family all at the same house, but on two levels! The interesting things we learned about hunting and Jurgen's trophies, the delicious venison, black break, cheeses, and Jane's own hunter's stew, and the evening spent with young folk dancers who spoke no English. And of course our German is limited to "danker schoen", but with a little interpreting from Jane and much mothin of the hands and feet it was an easy trick to teach them our dances.

Our most vivid impression of Amsterdam unfortunately, was the fantastic bicycle traffic; it gave Don such a phobia we decided against staying over there, and drove back to the motel at Breda. We did find windmills, more in Germany than in Holland, but they were there and in use, and we saw many people wearing wooden shoes, some incongruously while astride a modern motor bike. The entire country seemed most prosperous, and Belgium much the



same, though becoming less so as we neared France.

Paris - the glamor was dimmed somewhat by Don's attack of "Paris stomach", my minor traffic mishap, an outrageous cleaning bill and the nerve-shattering take-your-life-in-your-hands experience of driving the Paris boulevards and "places" (I think we could call them squares, but they amount to an arena of charging chariots with engines). In spite of these little things we took in the Louvre Museum, the Eiffel Tower, stood in awe under the Arc de Triomphe, walked and gawked on the Rue de la Paix, stood with heads bowed in Notre Dame, bought no less than five fishing reels, and had a wonderful day conducting a workshop and square dance for Bob Carstens and the Paris Squares, U.S. Military personnel stationed in and around Paris. Our visit to the Palace at Versailles would have been memorable any way, but just as we reached the gates on the morning of February 15th, the sky darkened in the final stage of the total solar eclipse, and we stood there on the Palace grounds with hundreds of school children watching this spectacle of Nature.

Our sojourn in Spain is a tour in itself - to another world. Hundreds of years separate the culture of our civilization and theirs - in architecture, tapas-try, paintings, marble and granite statuary, mosaic art, leather and woodcraft - yet the conveniences which we take for granted are unknown to the majority of Spaniards. Town after town with no auto in the whole town (and no gas either; we coasted into Pamplona on three prayers), field tilled with homemade plows drawn by oxen or mules, or a mule and an ox; roads built practically by hand - a handwoven basket behind a donkey to carry stones, a two pound mallet to break them up; women washing clothes in a river or at a vat by the village fountain; no fences, but herders for everything - cows, sheep, goats, swine, ducks and geese; a solitary fountain in many a village the sole source of water. The interior is arid, devoid of trees, consisting mostly of vineyards and food crops; the



coastal areas and more fertile uplands covered with citrus and olive and almond trees. The oranges we got there were the best I've ever eaten, and we learned to eat and enjoy the mussels, snails, squid, octopus rings, shrimp always hiding in the payella, a yellow rice dish also accompanied by roast chicken. And artichoke hearts - yum-m-m one of the most prominent vegetable crops (although someone told me the artichoke is really in the thistle family!). Our workshops and dances with the 4th Air Force in Zaragoza, Madrid and Sevilla were all very satisfying experiences. These transplanted Americans are just like your square dance corner, just as eager to have fun, learn the latest in dancing, costuming, who's who, and just as ready to

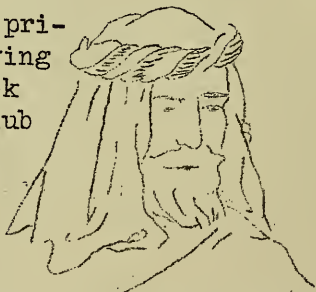


finish an evening with "coffee" and lots of "and". And in addition, they are excellent travel guides and were anxious to show us the things they had found interesting. We visited the ancient and lovely Cathedral de La Seo with Izzy Clark, which was made more impressive by her ability to converse with the Fathers in Spanish and translate for us. We visited the Valley of the Fallen near Madrid, a monument so huge and so magnificent that it defied description. It is a memorial to those who fell in the Spanish Revolution, on both sides, and has been twenty years in the building. Lynn and Millie Mixer made sure that we saw Madrid and provided for us one of the highlights of the trip by secretly arranging to have us serenaded by Spanish troubadours in medieval costume the night of our arrival - at 3:00 in the morning yet!! And we had a four hour lesson on the Sardana, learned what to do but did not master the lightness of foot required in this delicate graceful dance; we're too accustomed to stepping on the down beat. In Madrid we had the pleasure of visiting with my cousin, whom I had not seen for 20 years -

she is the wife of the Episcopal chaplain there. The night of toska-hopping in Madrid and the evening arranged by the Goodmans at the Hotel Christina in Sevilla where we ate sumptuously and saw the best in flamenco dancing, provided entertaining diversions from our usual square dance evenings.

Among the Sevilla Spin 'N Wheels that evening at the Christina were Al and Margaret Allen who, after leaving Tampa Bay area did not square dance again until they were stationed in Sevilla. And in Zaragoza we met Ed and Marie Thunberg's daughter, Mrs Ralph Little taking square dance lessons. The Thunbergs are square dancers from Largo.

From Sevilla we took a small private plane to Casablanca. On arriving there Henry and Connie Andrews took us to a presentation at the USO club by Laila, leading harem dancer of Morocco. The native musicians, the Arab girls serving mint tea, the architecture of the immense villa transported us to her world; and Laila's dancing was one of the purest expressions of art I have ever seen. She was - well, just get Don to tell you how exquisitely beautiful she was. Unfortunately for him and us, King Mohammed V died that very afternoon and we were restricted to Nouasseur Air Base the rest of our stay. The square dancers from the outlying areas could not come in, but we danced on Monday and Wednesday nights and enjoyed a lovely visit with the Andrews; then flew back to Sevilla and started out again by car.



We found things of interest everywhere in Spain, but if you can go to only one city in Spain, make it Barcelona. On one Sunday we visited Pueblo Espanol (where buildings and crafts from every province are restored - glass-blowing, wood block printing, lace making, embroidery, candy making, etc.), looked, listened and danced with the crowds in the park enjoying the every-Sunday impromptu Sardana dancing with live music;

went to a bull fight; watched an impressive religious festival; and ate our way through a dozen courses at Los Caracoles. The Bull fight Terry considered the highlight of her trip and Don enjoyed it too. I could appreciate the pageantry, almost the idolism of the event by the 60 or 70 thousand people attending, but it was too gory for me and I don't know yet whether the "Óle" is for the bull or the toreador.



Switzerland is everything and more, that is claimed by the tourist bureau, and pictured in the movies; the story books and the White Stag ads. The friendly, courteous people, the towns humming with industry, but in a dignified way, the picturesque chalets dotted over the hills like a toy train landscape, the hospitable restaurants and hotels, combine to make it a wonderful place to visit. We stopped several days in Berne and spent one of those days on a train trip to the top of the Jungfrau, a trip we will never forget. The train was filled with skiers, the only time in Europe we saw girls in masculine clothing. We thought we had run the gamut of hotel experience, but found here that we had rented a room without bath (which we expected to mean without private bath) and that we had to pay extra to get a bath. It was so funny that we couldn't annoy but it gave Don a wonderful excuse to avoid a tub bath. In Berne we met a most delightful group of folk dancers, we danced their dances and they danced ours. Again, with only a minimum of interpreting we were able to teach simple figures in a matter of moments. Reluctant to leave Switzerland we made a last stop in Basel, and one of the nicest. Susie Johnson, who for many years was the receptionist in Dr Stefan's office in Clearwater, lives there with her father and her son. To see her again was a joy, and she made Basel come alive for us - the Cathedral, the shops, the dimly-lit cafe where we had cheese and wine, the story

of the old and new cities on either side of the river
- the visit was just too short.

Back on familiar ground - this time the RCAF barracks at Longuyon, France, and by this time quite welcome conversation in our own language (well, Canadian is pretty close) and familiar food on the table - except for the Yorkshire pudding Lois Wright made, which was better than any we had in England. I could get very familiar with that given the chance! Our dance at the service club in Marville was a happy one - the experience level was about as wide as you could imagine, but the enthusiasm and good fellowship made it fun for everyone, and there were dancers from all Canadian and U.S. bases in Eastern France, and many from Germany. Our periodic tours in Canada and our wide circle of acquaintances there, plus Don's duty with the RCAF as an officer-test pilot in World War II, made us home folks to the transplanted Canadians.

We attended a mid-Lent festival in a Belgian village on Sunday, complete with puffing bands, gaily costumed marchers, home-decorated floats, old man Gloom burned at the stake and dancing in the streets; no commercialism, just a miniature Mardi Gras for plain folks

Our drive back to Paris was a sobering one, through the battlefields of Verdun, where pillboxes, and entrenchments still show their ugly heads, past the rubble of villages, monuments to the fallen British, American, French of two wars, rows of white crosses. These grim reminders stop suddenly short of Paris as the advancing armies did, and again we were in the City Beautiful. Spring had come during the four weeks we were gone, and Paris in the springtime is all the poets make of it.

But Florida in the spring sounded even more wonderful to us, so we left the Volkswagen with the AAA to have it shipped home, collected our by now overwhelming hand luggage, including two cuckoo clocks, five fishing reels, a telescope rifle sight and last minute

perfume purchases, sat on it til the plane was ready and staggered on. The customs officer in New York took one look at us, shook his head, made a few perfunctory gestures in the middle of our bags, closed them up, marked our purchases as "souvenirs , under the limit" and dismissed us as harmless. Al Skrobisch (Betty Mc-Dermid's brother-in-law) was waiting there with our car, and was he a welcome sight! We had left Paris in Spring with the sun shining, and landed in New York in the middle of a dark winter snow storm; to struggle with a cab, or train, or bus at that point would have been just a bit much. Fourteen hours later we were in North Carolina with my family, and home in Port Richey Florida, a day later.

Would we do it again? You bet.

MARIE ARMSTRONG



--*-*-*

The 7th Atlantic Square Dance Convention will be held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, September 29-30, 1961, at the Chalfonte-Haddon Hall Hotel. Hosts for the event will be the Northern New Jersey Square Dancers Association. More information may be obtained by writing them at P.O. Box 56, Metuchen, N.J.

--*-*-*

THIS IS

FUN?

by NEVA RICHMOND



The following opinions in this article are based on my experience as a dancer in regards to the apparent reasons for drop-offs and slow deterioration of the square dance movement in this area.

One thing that causes disgust and resentment by the majority of dancers are cliques who dance within their own little groups for superior reasons. They are generally good dancers who don't like a goofed-up square or, etc., etc. How can you follow the square dance motto of fun, friendliness and fellowship with such asinine reasoning? How can you make new friendships?

A large proportion of drop-offs stem from the dancers who square up for inferior reasons. The lack of patience and tolerance towards and hurt feelings from this group are inconceivable. Unless their shoulders are extremely broad, if this is done too often, these people drop out of square dancing completely. In various ways a helping hand is sorely needed here. Surely there was someone who did likewise for you. There are exceptions, but to try it certainly won't hurt.

In this category somewhere comes the wallflower type whose attitude is "show me a good time". This minority group should hasten a little more to form a

square.

Along this same trend of thought are the pre-arranged squares. There is nothing wrong with an occasional pre-arranged square but if it's done all evening long it is termed snobbery and is very obvious.

To survive financially, many clubs depend on guests. To have your guests come back, hospitality should be shown. It is a feeling of disappointment to go to a cold club. Your thought are, "Gee, I should've stayed home and saved my two bucks."

A successful club that has been operating three or more years is either lucky or has had good leadership from members who promote square dancing. For your committees choose the ones who will have an impartial viewpoint, and not aggressive to the point of personal gain.

If you find your club diminishing in members due to drop-offs, and no one joining, you will generally find it due to cliques, dictatorial or poor leadership, aggressiveness, friction within the club or committees, pettiness, shady form of club politics, eager beavers, plus other various reasons.

There have been enough drop-offs. Let us promote instead of watching it slowly deteriorate. Let us see those beginner classes start booming again, for to keep this square dancing movement healthy we need beginner classes. Also we need the intermediate clubs so the beginners have a club to join and a place to dance after basic beginner and intermediate lessons. If your club plans were to remain an intermediate club, help the square dance movement by letting it remain an intermediate club. When you are beyond this intermediate range, there are many advanced clubs and workshops who will welcome you. These new dancers are needed for the continuous flow to the intermediate and advanced clubs, to compensate the legitimate reasons for drop-offs. I firmly believe if the Golden Rule were practiced the drop-offs would be fewer and club members happier.

(from "BUCKEYE BEACON" V3N2, 1961)

CONTRA DANCE

ELEGANCE AND SIMPLICITY

Suggested music: "Big John McNeil" MH1511

Couples 1-4-7-etc active. DON'T cross over

Right hand star half around with 2nd couple

Left hand star half around with 3rd couple

Half right and left with same couple (3rd)

Half right and left with 2nd couple

Down the center with partner

Same way back and cast off

Right and left four

OR by having active couples cross over before the dance starts, end with "ladies chain".

This is a real old timer and may be found in many of the old dance manuscripts of the early 1800's. It is a very unusual contra as given above. The right and left finds the ladies backing up instead of the men. Once your group has mastered the dance as a triple minor have them try it as a duple minor. Stand back and get ready for trouble!

SQUARE YOUR SETS

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Editor: Ray Olson

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Moline, Illinois

FOLK SONG

ON ILKA MOOR BAHT HAT
(English)



Where hast thou been since I saw thee, I saw thee?

On Ilka Moor baht hat

Where hast thou been since I saw thee?

Where hast thou been since I saw thee?

On Ilka Moor baht hat, baht hat, on Ilka Moor baht hat,

On Ilka Moor baht hat.

2. I've been a-courtin' Mary Jane, Mary Jane

3. There wilt thou catch thy death of cold etc

4. Then we will come and bury thee, bury thee

5. Then worms will come and eat thee up, eat thee up

6. Then ducks will come and eat up worms, eat up etc

7. Then we will come and eat up ducks, eat up ducks

8. Then us will all have et thee up, et thee up!

("Baht" means "without")

FOLK DANCE

POLKA zu DREIN
(German)



Formation: Sets of threes. One man and two girls

Part 1: Place right heel forward, then place right toe in front of left toe. Take one two-step forward (or 1 polka step). Repeat with left heel and toe and one two step. Repeat all this again. Then turn around to left and repeat whole figure in other direction. Hands are

joined during this figure.

Part 2: All make a right hand star with a wrist hold and polka forward 8 steps in small circle. Repeat with a left hand star in opposite direction.

Part 3: Repeat all of Part 1.

Part 4: Join hands in a circle and circle left with 8 polka steps, then circle right with 8 polka steps.

Repeat entire dance from beginning.

We learned this dance from Paul & Gretel Dunsing.

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Plan to attend the Square Dance Festival, August 5th, 1961 at the Elementary School Gymnasium on Main St, Ashby, Mass. To be held in conjunction with the Country Fair sponsored by the First Parish. 8 - 11:30 P.M.

WHERE PUCK IS KING

by LESLIE DAIKEN



Each year sees a shoal of new events arranged in various corners of the world with a view to attracting more tourists. Even the traditional and indigenous tends to get glamorized and dressed up out of all recognition. Not so Puck Fair, which attracts thousands of people from all parts of Kerry to buy and sell cattle, sheep and horses, and to join in celebrations whose origins and significance have been forgotten long, long ago.

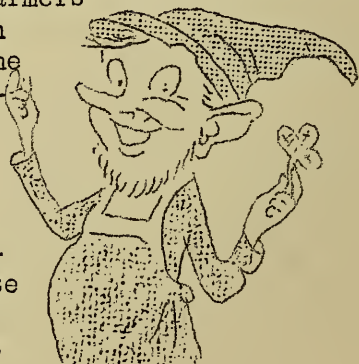
I believe in Fiesta. There's a grandeur about a grandscale whoopee, when hearts are really in it. I have come under its spell when the air is full of grape-scent at ingatherings and pressings; when laughing girls on floats battle with flowers; or, in more solemn vein, when there's a ceremony like the Marriage of a City with the sea. In Ireland, we have a syllable that evokes excitement as potent as any such gala occasion. If you are a native of Kerry, domiciled there, or far from home, young, or old, or middling old - it resounds with a connotation warm and glowing as port-wine - or potheen, maybe - redolent of hearthstone and birthplace.

The little word is Puck, short for Puck Fair,

and in turn, short for the Puckaun, or billy-goat who, like and silken-coated, reigns supreme over the festivities for three days and nights, far-famed as Ireland's only king! For, of all the traditional fairs I have enjoyed, having a time-old charter or some very special character, this is the only annual congregation of men and women of goodwill in north-west Europe, where the wild goat is tamed for kingship, and where the fun, though often fast and free, is never a riot or bacchanale, but nimble as a Kerryman's tongue with spontaneous jollity; friendly as a big family party; honestly countrified, like any true fair-day ought to be.

All the world knows Killarney, its incredible beauty of lake and landscape. A mere fourteen miles to the northwest lies the little market-town of Killarney, population one thousand odd, commanding a fabulous view of the Killarney Mountains, and of lofty Carruntuohill looking at its best as Prince of the Reeks. Nowadays more people each year flock to Killarney - for something different, something never-to-be forgotten. They converge for August 10th, 11th and 12th, when high-summer sees a variegated countryside dramatic in its lushness, splendid with scents and sounds.

Every poet in Ireland comes to Puck Fair; and every native of Kerry is, at heart, a poet. How lyrically do they name the four days of merrymaking! There is Gathering Day, when the hill-farmers and drovers urge their unbroken colts and store cattle along the road to join the pigs and poultry in their crated carts and pens. There is Coronation Day when, to a wild skirling the bannered and kilted bagpipers lead the procession for the Enthronement of the antlered white he-goat, brought down from the wild herds of Ireland's highest



mountain, for the annual proclamation; there follows the Detronement Ceremony, when the spirit of carnival seems to wax rather than wane; and the denouement, they call Scattering Day, which brings calm and quiet to the town, money to showmen and merchants, wonderful memories to travellers.



In the crowded streets, the fairground, and on the white-dusted road, and beyond the 'bridge below the town' which spans the lazy Laune River, there is the kind of jostling of goose-girl and nobleman, as in a storybook. Horse-dealers rub shoulders with Justices of the Peace, tweedy country folk, American visitors, Trick-o-the-loop men and beggarmen, tinkers and tailors talk freely to merchant princes and students from college, or from Life's harder universities. And this arabesque of movement, music, of hurrahs for winners, and handclasps for runners-up, is contoured by a hostings of a hundred units of 'Travelling People' - Ireland's itinerants who roam the roads that J.M. Synge knew well, with their herds of skewbalds and large families, and hand-decorated horse-drawn caravans.

No melodeon, or street ballad-singer anywhere sounds so mellow; no lilt of fiddles so fiery, as in the Packed public houses where, after the rich talk and the richer barleyjuice, I have yet to taste a rare bit more succulent than the proverbial cruibeen, or sobering boiled pigsfoot! Kerry people, of all Ireland's country clans, are great conversationalists,

Blessed with a high I.Q. Eloquence, intuitive wisdom (such as you don't find in cities), and sociable to a degree, they make you feel 'at home'. Indeed, 'Home for Puck', is a phrase heard on all sides in mid-August. And it explains the babel of accents from Brooklyn to Brisbane, whither Wild Geese have flown, and wherefrom cousins and grandchildren have returned. How good to hear, among the welter of local talent in the open-air dancing and singing contests, a faithful emi-



grant's son or daughter giving voice. And the lashings of atin' and drinkin'. Yet, Killorglin's police have told me, to a man, that excess is rare and violence exceptional - all credit to the parish committee, enthusiasts to a man, who make Puck Fair a mecca for all holiday-makers. What of Puck Goat's origin? 'Lost in the mists of antiquity' reply your Killorglin gentry! But just because they are blessed with fancy and resourcefulness they will then offer no less than three theories; the Legend Mercantile, the Legend Military, and the Legend Religious - with heated schools to support either, till the cocks crow and your eyes nod. There's the he-goat which warned the peasantry in Norman times, that the King's bailiffs were in ambush to round-up their cattle; the he-goat which warned the patriots that Cromwell's redcoats were on the warpath; or, the puck-goat and his herd which a Chieftain presented to an angry St. Patrick when bandits rustled the Saint's herd on the Kerry frontier!... But for the storyteller's flourishes and frills you must go to Killorglin's great talkers, as I did. And again, as I had to do, steel yourself for the Fourth Theorist who will demolish all three as 'plain bunkum'! and will advance his own pet with 'evidence that it derives from a pagan fertility rite, and is now in respectable guise'.

At Puck Fair a hedge-schoolmaster gets the same hearing as a scholar from the academies. Come to Killorglin, traveller, and see for yourself how true this is. For at Killorglin in the fair Kingdom of Kerry, the spirit of Puck, whether he be Shakespear's saucy goblin, or the symbol of a virile community, is supreme sovereign.

Long may be reign, in rain or drought!

(from Ireland of the Welcomes, with permission)

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Write to Ardis Stevens, Chester, Vt. for further
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IT'S FUN TO HUNT



AN OLD TIME CATTLE SHOW

by Mrs E.O.P. STURGIS

"It was in the beautiful month of October that the Worcester County Agricultural Society elected to hold its annual "cattle show". And what a comprehensive term that was! Only another for a week of gaiety, and I may say it was the gala week of the year in Worcester in the old days.

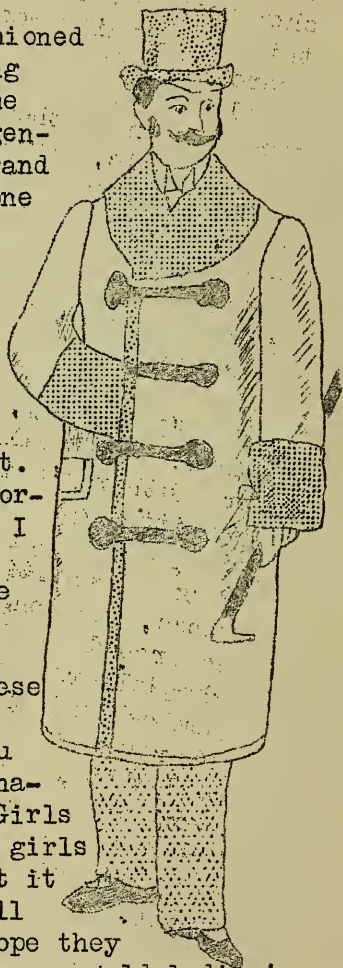
".....The ball in the evening was, however, the great social event of the day, and had been looked forward to for many previous weeks by the young people in the town. One might suppose from the name that all the farmers and their families would attend, but on the contrary it was, to use a conventional term, a most select affair, and it was only with difficulty and influence that any outsider could procure a ticket, though the rules regarding entrance were much relaxed at a later date. The company was composed of all the prominent members of society, who were invited as a matter of course,

the gentlemen in the family paying \$5 each for their tickets, while the ladies were admitted free. Cattle show week found most all houses filled with guests, for this opportunity was taken to invite friends from elsewhere. Weeks beforehand a meeting was called of the gentlemen in the town to elect managers. Committees were chosen by them to attend the different departments - for music, invitations, supper, dressing the ball-rooms and for carriages, for there were not many in town, and the young men on that committee having engaged them all, went about to the different houses on the evening of the ball to collect the guests. At an earlier date than I can recall, stages were used for this purpose.

"In my day, the balls were given in Brinley Hall, though originally they were held at Stockwell's Tavern, or Hathaway's it must have been in those days and the committee on dressing it for the occasion called upon the young people to assist. Ground pine and laurel in large quantities were brought to the hall from the woods, and long garlands were woven, which were wreathed around and between the pillars, festooned from the chandeliers and hung from the music gallery. Trees of hemlock and pine stood in the corners of the hall, and wherever they would be ornamental. The hall being painted white, the effect of all this green on the wood-work was charming, "a study in green and white," and when the lamps were lighted the heat from them caused an aromatic fragrance of the woods to permeate the hall.

"The ball was very handsome, for all the ladies wore their new ball-dresses, and as was often the case when the governor of the Commonwealth came to cattle show officially, he brought with him a small escort of cadets, and they were very ornamental in their military costumes of white, red and gold. The supper, a very simple repast, at which nothing stronger than lemonade was allowed, was served in an upper hall. We kept early hours, going and coming away at what would now be considered a most unfashionable hour. We danced

quadrilles, Spanish and old-fashioned country dances, the figures being called for us, and there was some waltzing, but not much, and we generally had what was called a "grand march" of all the dancers. But one and all enjoyed themselves, and made many valuable acquaintances among the large number of strangers present of both sexes, which did not end with the close of the ball.



From an old letter dated Oct. 12, 1821, written by a lady in Worcester to her nephew in Boston. I quote the following, and I judge from these extracts that in those remote days cattle show week was as gay as it was in later days: "Young men are not invited to these parties under the age of twenty-one, except collegians, so if you had been here at the ball the managers would have known your age. Girls are invited at sixteen."...."The girls are going to a dance tonight, but it is raining hard, and how they will get to the house I know not. I hope they will not walk it. Mrs Salisbury has an 'old ladies' party tonight and the young men will go from one to the other.....Mrs Foxcroft's party of last evening went off charmingly, and they almost brought down the house in their dance."

"And another letter from the same person: Sept 15 1822. 'We enjoy ourselves here more than you do in the city. The girls are now in the ballroom dressing it, and three beaux assisting.... Mrs Styles has given a dance and party to old and young. Mrs Newton gave one on Tuesday last to the old, and on Wednesday a supper and dance to the young.'

"The last and crowning event of the week, however, was the annual ball given by Gov. and Mrs Lincoln, on Thursday evening, the company composed mostly of the same people who were present at the ball of the preceding evening, including the large number of strangers who were present on that occasion. These balls being private parties, the present writer is precluded from describing them in detail, but a few people may yet be living in Worcester who will remember what beautiful balls they were and they will recall with what courtesy and cordiality the guests were received by their host, a gentleman of the old school, and what a hearty welcome was extended to them by their hostess, and how all the family vied with each other in polite attentions to their parents' guests.

"I have vainly endeavored to determine the date of the first cattle show ball, but if we may judge from the old letters from which I have quoted, it was an established custom in 1821. So we may infer that one had been given some years previous. The last one was given in the early 50's. The first Lincoln ball, from which I can learn, was given probably about 1824 or near that time, the two balls after this date being coeval with each other. The last one took place in the early 40's, there being one in 1842, and I think one the next year, but there were none after that date. I have no recollection of these balls in the house on Main street, but only of those in the then new house of Gov. Lincoln on Elm street, now occupied by his grandson."

(from "The Bulletin" of The Worcester (Mass) Society of Antiquity, November, 1899, No. 14)



Claremont, N.H.

Dear Ralph:--

A few days ago an old fellow here in town gave me a couple of old dance books. He said that years ago he had an idea of learning to call dances but never got any farther than buying the books. One of them, French's old handbook, of course you are familiar with. The other I had never seen, though possibly you have. It is "Clendenen's Fashionable Call Book and Guide to Etiquette", published in 1899 by the Chart Music Pub.Co. Chicago, Illinois. I was interested in some of dance instructions. If this first one had been followed you would be out of a job.



"Dancing quadrilles without a "prompter" is the only correct style of dancing, and will, in the near future, be the only way that society will entertain them."

"Allemande right or left - Turn the corner (the gentleman turns the lady on his left with right hand) on returning to partner join left hands and turn with left hand. The only difference between allemande left and right, is that in the latter the gentleman passes back of his partner and turns the right hand lady".

"Turn partner to place - The old style of "swinging partners", necessitates placing the arm around the ladies waist, but it is no longer in vogue. The gentleman joins his partners with both hands and turns once around to the left, the hands raised even with the lady's waist." (Think of all the years I've been swinging and didn't know it was wrong! It's been a lot of fun anyway, and it will be hard to change over).

I know you have never had much experience in a ball-room, so some of these rules of ettiquette may help you in your future contacts with society.

"Do not dance with your hat or bonnet on, leave them in the dressing room."

"The ball-room was not designed for the purpose of making love."

"The ladies' dressing room is a sacred precinct, into which no gentleman should presume to look. To enter it would be an outrage not to be forgiven."

Well, watch your step in the future, and have fun (if you can).

Les Hunt.

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How times have changed! Remember when -

Women traded cake recipes, instead of comparing notes on how to "doctor up" cake mixes?

A hostess might apologize for a dish that didn't turn out quite as well as usual but wouldn't dream of apologizing for the number of calories it contained?

Monday was wash day in almost every family?

Families sat on front porches instead of back patios?

The only reason for buying a small car was that you couldn't afford a big one?

No one thought the housewife's job was a snap? Housewives, in fact, had men sold on the idea that "a woman's work is never done".

Boys asked permission to use the family car BEFORE they asked a girl for a date?

Fashions changed gradually enough so that a woman could "get the good out of a dress" before it went out of style?

Women talked about "having careers" instead of get-

ting jobs?

Only one parent was expected to go to PTA meetings - and that one, of course, was mama?

Housewives did their work in housedresses instead of shorts, slacks or Capri pants?

Children played hide-and-seek or run-sheep-run after dinner instead of watching TV?

Letting a child walk a mile to school in all kinds of weather wasn't considered cruel and inhuman treatment?

Father, rather than mother, was the family chauffer?

It really wasn't so very long ago.



TONGUE TWISTERS

If Flossie Fancie fried a fryer full of Favorite fritters, where is the fryer full of favorite fritters that Flossie Fancie fried?

Thirteen tots too tired to talk took the two-thirty through train to Trenton.

Forty frail frigates floated freely through thirty fathoms of fresh water.

Sheila stashed stockings in threes as Sally sacked silk socks in sacks.



WHY WE SAY

High and Dry: This expression, which means to be 'without assistance, comes from the sea. If a ship runs aground, it is too high and dry to float.

Knock on Wood: Oddly enough, the practice of knocking on wood for good luck was started by those who wanted to show their gratitude to Christ for dying on a wooden cross.

Let the Cat Out of the Bag or Buy a Pig In a Poke.....
In early days it occasionally happened that the farmer who took a pig to market took also, in another bag, a cat, and when the unsuspecting buyer had paid the price, he discovered on reaching home that his bag contained a cat. If, being suspicious, he investigated before taking his bag home, he "let the cat out of the bag." If he did not look into his bag, he made the discovery that he had "bought a pig in a poke." Hence the origin of these two sayings.

WAYS WITH WOMEN.

(Proverbs here & there)

A truth-telling woman has few friends. Irish.

There never was a mirror that told a woman she was ugly. French.

Women rouge that they may not blush. Italian.

Many women had rather be beautiful than good. German.

The cunning wife makes her husband her apron. English.

An unscolled wife, like an uncut millstone, does not go easily. Rumanian.

Don't kiss a homely maid - she'll brag of it. Asiatic.

A woman either hates or loves; there is no third course. Latin.

A buxom widow must be either married, buried, or shut up in a convent. Spanish.

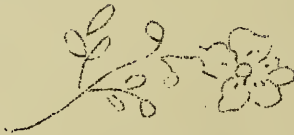
A young wife should be in her house but a shadow and an echo. Chinese.



RIDDLE ROUND-UP

1. What goes through the door but never comes in or out? The keyhole.
2. What is used most of the time by others, although it belongs to you? Your name.
3. What kind of beans do not grow in a garden? Jelly beans.
4. What turns without moving? Milk turns sour.
5. What is in most cases harder than a diamond? Paying for it.

6. What is it that goes around the house in the day-time and sits in the corner at night? A broom.
7. What is it that never asks a question but has to be answered frequently? The doorbell.
8. What kind of nut do you eat without cracking? A doughnut.
9. What goes up and down at the same time? A stairway.
10. What can you put in a barrel to make it lighter? Holes.
11. A boy went across a bridge on Sunday and came back two days later on Sunday. How did he do it? He rode a pony named Sunday.



And from Duke Miller, Gloversville, N.Y. here are two standard riddles that still are good.

Brother and sister have I none, but that man's father is my father's son. The man is son of the speaker.

There was a beggar. The beggar had a brother. The brother dies. But the man who died had no brother. Therefore what relation was the beggar to the man who died?
Answer - sister.

And this one from Maine is a real cutie.

I have three ribs and no backbone.
Two heads with a mouth in each.
I spend part of my life in the seaweed and kelp
And part on the sandy beach.
I began my life on the hard dry land,
But soon in the water I go.
For a loving embrace in the arms of the deep
And a home where the tides ebb and flow.

This will stick nine out of ten people, even State of Mainers, where the answer is evident every day of their lives. The answer is, a lobster pot. It is believed to have been originated by Mrs E.R. Presley of Jonesport, Maine.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

WITH

SONG AND DANCE

by HERB WARREN



How refreshing it is to find dance folk tying in their favorite activity with something else for the entertainment of all parties concerned! Such was the case this late May when the Larkin Dance Group, of the Chelsea, Vermont, area, put on a party to celebrate the 78th birthday of its pianist, Walter Sawyer, associated with the group for years, since it started demonstrations at the Tunbridge "World's Fair" under the personal guidance and discipline of the late "Old Ed" Larkin.

Some eighty well-wishers from ten towns around showed up at the party, enough to provide talent for the evening's program and an interested audience. Five fiddlers, old-time vintage, were on hand, willing and glad to get together on favorite melodies, and provide the music with Walter leading at the piano.

The evening started with the singing of once-popu

lar songs, the right kind of move to get everybody in the proper spirit. Then a soloist obliged with a couple of "Remember when?" numbers - "I'm in Love With the Man in the Moon" with "And the Band Played On" for an encore. Applause intimated that "rememberers" were in a majority of those present. For a switch of material came the recital of a poem especially composed for the occasion, recalling incidents and accidents (incidents are not, necessarily "accidental") that had come Walter's way through the years, and which seemed as amusing and up to date as ever to those in the know of the details. Enough members of the Harmony Singers - group of song lovers more active in the past than in the present - were there to bring back more old favorites that awaked old memories, big source of comment to next-chair neighbors.

The party was running smoothly, atmosphere very folksy, and so just the right point for "On with the dance", with a few quadrilles definitely dated, but different enough to be interesting to JUNKET fans. Then a few contras with some local flavor, but "doable" for those who have come under the patient guidance of the Sage - the one of Pearl Street, that is. But, for all his telling of the difference between the earlier and later versions of Chorus Jig, this reporter wants to state that the once-over telling, or repeated, is scanty preparation for any student of his to know on the beat how to use his right hand right and his left hand not, or "get put in his place" in very short order. Good fun for all that, no harm in learning a new turn or two, contras or otherwise.



Then came a break, regular part of any birthday party, and Walter was called to the stage: "Something from all of us in memory of many, many things you have done", said the chosen presenter of the "purse" - no leather gadget that with snap and buckle, but some nice filler of folded paper, special manufacture.

Sooner than expected came the time for coffee and cakes. Walter's birthday cake stood out, high, wide and handsome, surrounded by a sumptuous array of other cakes from many a good cook, anyone could find his special favorite or two. (N.B. Next time try Spice Cake). The village reporter of the weekly newspaper of another day, had an apt expression for describing such a grand finale of any community get-together, "...and a delectable collation was served".

And so a busy evening with a program of something for everyone to enjoy, no end of conversation at the moment and for days to come. The shank of the evening came not too late, and good-byes were punctuated with "Glad to see yer, be seein' yer agenn". Everybody had left except members of the Dance Group, a special message had been brought to the Group, and so on to business. The question was, would the Group accept the invitation of the Boston Arts Festival to put on a demonstration of its dances, Sunday, June 18th, on Boston Common. That offered a grand opportunity for members to bring their favorite dances to the attention of a much larger audience, but commitments to house and farm also had to be considered. That called for talking things out, and finding who could go. Little by little another couple was added to the first one who had said "Yes", and finally the necessary six couples and an alternate agreed to make the trip, and very glad to, in fact. And so business was added to pleasure, and the evening rounded out and made more eventful for all parties concerned.



COME AND GET IT



A FAMILY FAVORITE - "KROMESKI"

Even cooks who insist their families like nothing better than "just plain meat and potatoes" perk up their ears, we notice, when a new way of serving ground beef is mentioned.

So here, ladies, is something to try with hamburger meat. The first thing that attracted us about the recipe was the name: kromeski. You can spell the word kromeski, if you like, and believe it or not it's in Webster. There, a kromeski is defined as "a kind of croquette wrapped in bacon or cow's udder, dipped in batter, and fried." We wrap our kromeskis in bacon!!

The friend who gave us this recipe tells us that her freezer always holds a small tray of kromeskis ready to be dipped and fried. Her youngsters consider them very partyish and she serves them in frankfurter rolls, plain or toasted, with go-alongs of sliced tomato, onion rings, and bread and butter pickles. Here's how:

2 lbs ground chuck beef	2 eggs
2 sandwich-size slices bread	2 tsps salt
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp pepper	2 tbsps catchup
1 to 3 tsps aromatic bitters	12 slices bacon
Batter	Vegetable shortening (for frying)

Mix the meat and eggs. Soak the bread (including the crusts) in water and squeeze out the moisture. Add the bread to the meat mixture along with the salt, pepper, catchup, and aromatic bitters. Mix lightly but thoroughly. Form into 12 sausage-shaped patties. Wrap a slice of bacon around each. Heat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening (or more) in a heavy skillet on top of the range or in an electric skillet set at 375 degrees. Dip the kromeskis in batter and fry in the hot fat about 6 minutes, turning to brown on all sides, or until the meat is cooked through. This can be done in two lots, adding more shortening as needed.

To Prepare Batter: Beat together 1 large egg, 6 tbsps milk and 3 tbsps flour until smooth.

MEXICAN CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 chicken, cut up	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped green pepper
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour	$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned tomatoes
$2\frac{1}{4}$ tsp salt	1 pkge frozen corn thawed
$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp pepper	2 cloves garlic, crushed
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped onions	3 tbs vinegar
1 tbs chili powder	1 tbs tarragon

Place the flour, $3/4$ tsp salt and the pepper in a paper bag with the chicken and shake until coated. Saute until golden in 4 tbs butter. Put in casserole. Saute onions and pepper in same skillet, adding 2 more tbs butter if needed. Mix the remaining ingredients and pour over chicken. Cover and bake in 325 degree oven until tender, about an hour. This may be made ahead, refrigerated and reheated. 6 servings.

TERIYAKI STEAK

3 lbs beefsteak	1 clove garlic
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup soy sauce	1 small piece ginger root
2 tbsps sugar	crushed, or 1 tbsp ground
	ginger

This is an Hawaiian variant of a Japanese dish.

Slice meat thin, across the grain if possible. Combine the remaining ingredients and soak meat in this sauce for 20 minutes or longer. Drain. Place on rack and broil on each side for 5 to 10 minutes or until brown. Serve immediately. Six servings.



CHEF'S HAT DENOTES RANK

The tall white hat which identifies a fine chef dates all the way back to 1566, when the King of France recognized and franchised the cooks' union.

Besides having this traditional meaning, the hat is also functional, since its band absorbs perspiration and its puffy top allows air to circulate. The choice of washable white denotes cleanliness - an essential attribute of chef and kitchen alike.

HEAVENLY SOUR CREAM PANCAKES

These are thin and meltingly tender.

2 cups flour, sifted	1 tsp soda
$\frac{2}{3}$ tsp salt	2 eggs
2 tps sugar	1 cup sour cream

Sift flour, sugar, salt and soda. Beat eggs, add cream. Beat well. Gradually beat in flour. Bake on moderately hot greased griddle. When the bubbles come to surface and break, cake is ready to turn - only once. Serves 4.

Don't spurn bread pudding. It can be a most delicious dessert. Bread pudding has a long and honorable history. Two recipes for it are in the first cookbook of American authorship published in the United States.

From its beginning bread pudding was a simple, honest dish. It's remained that way. Early recipes called for raisins or currants; we like the former. And too, we prefer flavorings of nutmeg and grated lemon rind. Vanilla is a newer addition, but well worthwhile.

RAISIN BREAD PUDDING

1 large can or 1 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup Evaporated milk
 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ cups water 2 tbsp butter or margarine
 2 cups soft bread crumbs, some like the crusts removed but we don't.
 2 eggs $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar
 salt. $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp nutmeg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vanilla Grated rind of 1 lemon
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup raisins (rinsed in hot water & drained)

Scald milk and water; remove from heat and stir in butter until melted. Pour over bread crumbs and let stand. With a fork, beat eggs enough to combine whites and yolks; add sugar, a dash of salt, nutmeg, vanilla and grated lemon rind; at once slowly add hot milk and crumb mixture, stirring constantly and mixing well. Turn into buttered $\frac{1}{2}$ quart casserole. Scatter $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the raisins over the top - they'll sink. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350 degrees) about 50 minutes or until knife inserted close to center comes out clean. Sprinkle remaining raisins over top for garnish. Serve warm with 1 cup light cream mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vanilla. Makes six large servings. If any of the pudding is leftover it may be reheated in a double boiler over a small amount of boiling water.

POLISH PIEROGI

$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water
 1 egg pinch of salt

Make a mountain of the flour in a bowl. Form a hole and add water, egg and salt. Mix and if dough is too sticky, add a little more flour. Roll out thin on a floured board and cut with glass or cookie cutter.

FILLING

1 lb mashed potatoes $\frac{1}{4}$ lb cottage cheese
1 onion salt and pepper

Lightly brown onion in a little fat and add rest of ingredients. Place 1 tbsp filling on each piece of dough, pinch edges together well so they will not open during boiling. Cook in boiling water (salted) for five minutes, or until they float. Serve with melted butter and sour cream. Leftovers are delicious fried.

WANTED

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and

DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR OLD DANCE AND FESTIVAL PROGRAMS OR CONVENTION PROGRAMS. SEND THEM TO ME. I COLLECT THEM, AS A PART OF A RESEARCH PROJECT I'M WORKING ON.

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