

NORTHERN JUNKET



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DIED: Chapin Illingworth, old-time dancing master
 Rev. Walter Euston
 Joanna Taylor, January 31

The Polish Krakowiak Dancers of Boston in Concert in
 John Hancock Hall, Boston, Mass. April 29, 8:00 p.m.

We would like to tell you about the "Bob Easter Memo-
 rial Old-time Country & Blue Grass Festival to be held
 April 6, 7 & 8, on Oklahoma State Univ. Campus in Still
 water, Cal.



TAKE IT OR
LEAVE IT

It distresses me to see the lack of rapport between folk dancers and square dancers. Both groups have a lot to learn from the other. We are nearing the days of folk festivals and square dance conventions. If are a square dancer please attend your nearest folk festival; if you are a folk dancer please attend

your nearest square dance convention. And go with an open mind and not with the idea of "slumming"! Even if you only prove to yourself that your form of the dance is the better of the two. I am not asking you to become a convert but simply to attend and be an interested on-looker. As the modern saying goes: "Try it. You'll like it."

The most authentic folk festival in the country is the New England Folk Festival, held this year in the Wellesley, Mass. High School, April 21 & 22 with a contra and folk dance workshop April 23rd. The greatest square dance convention in the country is the New England Square Dance Convention held this year in Springfield, Mass. April 28 & 29.

Someone has to take the first step; it will not harm you morally, spiritually, or physically if you are the one taking that first step.

Sincerely

Ralph

AS I

SEE IT

by PAT PHILLIPS



Square Dancers! Do you believe your form of the dance is exciting? Is it worthwhile and of such value that, if taught and called correctly, most people would be captivated by it as you are? Do you believe that square dancing can provide a pleasurable experience regardless of the level one has reached? Then.....why do people leave the square dance? Why are there fewer people dancing today in the United States than in 1960? If you were truly concerned, you would find the answer to this problem and you'd work to correct it.

Ask yourself the following: Is an opportunity ever provided these people (those who have left the clubs) to attend a square dance where they could participate at a level familiar to them? Or, are you ignoring the problem associated with dropouts as well as ignoring the possibility that you might be responsible for this situation?

Right now, all of you are protesting that you are concerned; that you do provide for these people. The Fifty Basic Program of American Square Dancing has been nationally recognized. The New England Square Dance Convention offered a chance for people of all abilities to participate. Yet, a remark in the editorial of the New England Caller stated that if these people were not successful in their purpose, it was due to the lack of a-

bility on the caller's part. This implies not all the sessions were successful in their intent. Further, how many programs based on the Fifty Basic Program are in full swing today? Is an effort really being made by the callers and dancers to provide for all the people, regardless of their dancing ability?



Back in 1969, Bob Osgood recognized that the number of basics being added to the dance was necessitating more and more lessons at the beginner level in order to prepare participants for their advent into community square dancing. And further, the increasing number of basics were necessitating a 'demand' attendance at club dances in order to continue at a level which would assure successful dancing. It was every person's right to determine at what level he wished to participate and with this philosophy, and realizing the field was not offering this chance, Osgood developed the Twenty Basic Program. It was a beautiful, intelligent, well-constructed program. Several well-known callers wrote SIO remarking on the advisability for instituting this program in the community. What ever happened? The number of basics continued to increase, the number of lessons continued to multiply; little attention was paid to those who could not devote the necessary time to learning the dances and the number of participants went on a decline. In another attempt to provide for all of the people, Osgood instituted the Fifty Basic Program. How many are using it, or will this effort also go unnoticed?

All of you have known prospective square dancers

who happily journeyed to their first lessons. They anticipated a fun-filled time. But one evening it was impossible for them to make their lesson, and the next week they found they had missed so much they were holding back the rest of the class. Soon, another night came when they could not attend, and the next week they went through a similar embarrassment. Some withstood it! Others left!

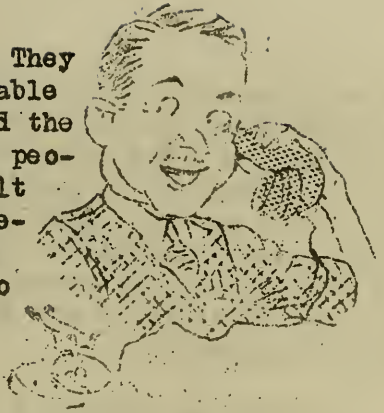


All of you have known square dancers who graduated from their class and happily looked forward to their first real community square dance. Filled with the expectancy of a good time, they traveled to the dance only to find their ability was not up to par. Some withstood it and continued! Others gave up!

All of you have known square dancers who were participating club members. But, due to some family problem or business commitment, they had to give up participating in the square dance for several months. On their return they found they were far behind in knowledge. Some withstood it due to aggressiveness, and the help of club members. Others gave up!

All of you have had the experience of attending a dance and finding you were incapable of participating in at least half of the dances. The caller was great! He used such intricate basics, he called such complicated movements, he cut timing to such an extent you weren't able to keep up. If you are still dancing, you evidently placed the blame on yourself and went back for more lessons. If you are a graduate, however, one wonders if the fault really rests on your shoulders or on the caller's.

People attend a dance to dance. They should expect that they are capable of participating if they devoted the year or two in learning. If all people aren't successful whose fault is it? Does the caller have a responsibility to provide dancing for everyone, or is it a game to decide who is better, dancer or caller? Should the square dancer be made to feel embarrassed if he can't keep up, or should the caller, whose responsibility it is to call a dance, accept this responsibility and allow all the people to satisfy their desire for dancing? After all, this is what they attend the dance to do. Shouldn't they be allowed this right?

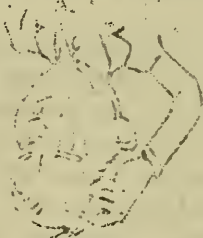


We must ask the question: Is the square dance membership truly concerned with these problems? If it were concerned, there would be many dances advertised where the level of ability is clearly spelled out. If it were concerned, we would attend dances where everyone, most of the time, is participating. If it were concerned, we would have emphasis on dancing, not on the ability of the caller to overwhelm as we see in some instances.

No one denies you your clubs where it is your prerogative to concentrate at a level to which all members aspire. If it weren't for the clubs, the square dance would never have progressed to the point it has. This assured the growth of the modern square dance. It has elevated the dance to the position it now holds. It is the greatest folk dance known in history both as to content, form, and participation. But the American square dance does not belong to you alone. It belongs to all the people. You have found an activity through which you wish to devote most of your leisure time. You have developed this activity beyond the grasp of those who cannot or will not devote the same amount of time. Yet, many of these people would like an opportunity to patti

cipate at a more uncomplicated level. Did you ever stop to think that you might be denying people this opportunity? By your very dedication and interest in the activity, you have built a wall around yourselves. You imply to the masses, "Play the game our way or not at all!" (Again, ask yourself why people leave the square dance and what becomes of them? Many get tired of trying to keep up, but this is not to say they wouldn't enjoy dancing occasionally!).

No! No one questions your right to have a club system but one could question your lack of action to provide for others. The "others" have no organization and thus cannot provide for themselves. You do have the organization! You do have the knowledge! You do speak of your "love" for the activity! You do preach fellowship!



One wonders where this empathy is except on the tongues of people. If the American square dance is worth anything at all, and if you believe in it as a dance for all the people, by the people, you do have a responsibility to provide for all....not just yourselves. You developed the square dance beyond the grasp of those with less dedication. You control the dance. You are responsible for its direction.

Many of you will not agree with this thought. You will feel that as you do devote a great amount of time to the activity, you deserve to reap the benefits through experiences which satisfy you. As you took the responsibility to seek experiences which are beneficial to you, others could do the same. There is, of course, merit to this belief. But this philosophy (which is apparently governing the square dance scene today) is not in keeping with the idealistic philosophy which govern-



ed the initial development of the square dance in this country, the development of the Western square dance, and the initial development of the modern square dance. Unless we come back to this idealistic philosophy, we might see a disintegration of our dance. Those who are aware of the history of the American square dance realize that during the late 1800's, the dance collapsed in the East (except, of course, for the small groups of people who kept the dance alive in their immediate locations). At that time, the dance was governed by the Dancing Masters. It was complicated; it was controlled; it was out of the reach of the "average" person. The philosophy governing the dance was similar to that of today. No one can predict the future with certainty, but we can use intelligent reasoning in the face of the facts presented to us.

It might be true that the modern square dancer (club dancer) has never criticized the traditional square dance, and the proponents of easy level dancing as they supposedly have done to the high level dancer. But an ignoring of their complaints and a lack of action might be construed as the same thing. In not replying to their charges, in relentlessly pursuing the path you have been taking, you are showing your disdain for all but your activity. We criticize others for exactly the same thing we are guilty of. But in our dedication to what we believe is right and valuable, we fail to see the value of what others are working for, especially when we will not take the time to listen to them.

There is a definite value to easy level dancing!
There is definite value to the traditional square dance!
There is a definite value to round dancing! There is a

definite value to square dance clubs and to experimental and high level dancing! All of these areas make up the American square dance. All serve a purpose. The people who participate in any of these areas do so for they find the experience worthwhile. We can only understand their viewpoint if we listen to them, and if we study each of these aspects in relation to the American square dance as a whole. Until we do, we have no right



to make a judgement on the merit or demerit of any one aspect. To complain or to criticize without understanding - without offering or working for a solution - is to show that we feel threatened. If we do, it would only be a display of wisdom to come to grips with the problem and attempt a solution - a solution which would make everyone happy.

Time and time again, articles are written on the problems encountered in the square dance. Just pick up a copy of the New England Caller, or SIO and read the section on Letters to the Editor. There are problems! We attempt to prove them wrong based on our own interests! We attempt to justify our own standpoint! But seldom do we make an effort to understand or to ask ourselves if we could help to solve these problems which are causing concern to others. If it is of concern, it is a problem. And if it concerns any aspect of the American square dance, it is a problem for all of us for it will ultimately affect the entire square dance structure. But problems can be corrected. All it takes is

interested people who are sincere in their desire to upgrade the activity, not tear it down. It takes people who are interested in providing for all people, as the square dance was intended. It takes respect and empathy. It takes the interest of people who are willing to listen and who are not afraid to change if they are wrong. It takes people who are willing to discard their emotionalism, replacing it with objectivity in working for the good of the entire square dance scene. All it takes is responsible people acting responsibly; All it takes is YOU!

New England Caller, Oct. 1971

Miss Phillips teaches in the Physical Education Program at Bridgewater State College, Bridgewater, Mass.

Jerry Helt calls an evening of "Recreational Square Dancing For Folk Dancers", Sunday, February 27, 2 - 5 p.m. Ida Noyes Hall, 1212 E 59th St. Chicago, Ill.

Ralph Page calls an evening of New England-style contra & squares at the Cambridge, Mass. YWCA, Temple St. Cambridge. 8 - 11 p.m. Live Music! All welcome!

Dudley Briggs has started a new series of dances at the Unitarian Parish Hall, 404 Concord Ave. Belmont, Mass. the 1st & 3rd Fridays of each month through May, 1972. Easy level dances. Bright easy singing calls plus modern patter calls. New England and Texas style squares will comprise the square dancing. In addition there will be one modern contra and one traditional contra. In between there will be Old Tyme Round Dances, circle dances and some standard folk dances. 8:15 - 11:00 p.m. Admission \$1.25 each. Sounds like good fun.

Ralph Page calls for the Country Dance Society, New York Branch party in Metropolitan Duane Hall, 201 W 13 St. NYC, April 8, Live music.



REELING IN THE HILLS

by TOM HANNA

"How long do you think we've been in here playing this fiddle, George?"

"Oh, 'bout fifteen minutes, I'd say," the pupil replied.

"Young fella, we've been playing here two hours."

Now, more than a half century later, George Garland hasn't changed a bit. When he picks up a fiddle - time is no longer a factor.

"The other night," George said, "I went into the back room to play. Didn't know time could go so fast. It was 10 o'clock before I had to stop, because my ear ached so bad."

The Garlands are uprooted farmers who have found new stakes in Alstead, N.H. Much of this farmer's life remains just as it has for more than a hundred years. For the Garland family, fiddling is its recreation and entertainment.

George, originally from Putney, Vt. began "bending"

a bow" at age 10 when a fellow named Frank Snow was his instructor. However, Mr. Snow, though excellent, "had a style hard for me to understand," so George had to make a switch.

And by no means was this a single transition. For the next year George traveled 25 miles to Brattleboro. In the winter this meant going by sleigh. "By the time I got there my hands were so cold, I could hardly pick up a fiddle, never mind play one," George recollected.

The German snstructor, Frank Jacoby, had his studio near the Brattleboro railroad station. Two walls of shelves held orchestra music, and George remembers with a trace of envy, "I've never seen so much music in all my life." With this teacher George's proficiency progressed.

"Music teachers are exacting," mused the soft-spoken violinist. "Some of them are quite loud, little out-of-the-ordinary voice box. Used to kind of disturb me. But Jacoby, he was a little nicer. There's some Belgian in me and I 'spose Jacoby knew how to handle me better. More in common."

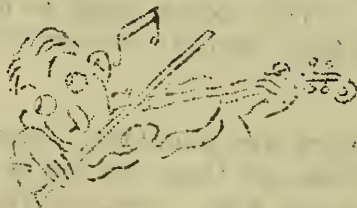


One day, George had made the long, 25-mile trek to Jacoby's studio. When he knocked on the door, there was no answer.

Neighbors told him Frank Jacoby had suddenly picked up and returned to Milwaukee. They said he had received word that his children weren't practicing their violins enough, and Jacoby had to go home to get after them. Except for brief instruction years later by a man named Hendrickson, of Keene, George Garland's formal learning thus ended.

"Well, it's time to show you a couple of the instruments," George offered. We were in the kitchen around the table, worn, because it is the only winter gathering place. Modest though George is, his visitor seemed to serve as a convenient excuse for him to spend the afternoon fiddling instead of splitting wood. It was a treat for everyone; all were fiddling enthusiasts. Pally, the daughter, and Treat, the son, played regularly while Mrs. Garland did the repairing. Requests for certain jigs or reels began.

Out of the back room came George, carrying two fiddles and his music stand, not a usual item on a fiddler's list of essentials.



"You see, I'm still trying to learn. We want to advance ourselves beyond just the fiddlers. So I try to learn the technical stuff, in order to advance my boy and my daughter, not just memorize the tunes."

His Franco-Belgian pernambuco wood bow is exactly 58 grams, and proud he is of the "bite" it renders.

Years of studying masters' advice, and of personal experimentation, have convinced George that the bridge of his instrument must be $13 \frac{2}{16}$ inches down the neck. And so it goes. Patience and dedication to his hobby have improved this fiddler each year.

The violin requires diligence. "There's an instructor down in Boston who advises parents with temperamental children not to take up string instruments," George said. He has a remedy for an occasional unavoidable frustration. He owns no fewer than nine violins, some of better vintago than others, some in commission, some out. "Sometimes you get in a rut, and you pick up another."

er one, and play something you never thought you could play."

With "Top of Cork Road," feet uncontrollably began to stamp. Baby Ginny's head went from side to side in uncanny beat to the jig. Soon the robust, cheerful-faced Mrs. Garland had the baby in her arms doing a little number to her husband's tune.



"This violin will really speak out if you want it to," although George didn't need to tell us. "That's the criticism I usually get when I play in Vermont fiddle festivals."

George prefers flexacoarse steel strings to the hair style. "They say I make too much noise, but in the old days you didn't use microphones and with people stomping around, a fiddle had to carry its own sound."

"Irish Jig," "Sailor's Hornpipe," and "Seaside Polka" came in succession, then George held up his fingers. "I've chopped trees and dug out logs all my life," he said. "It's a wonder they're as nimble as they are."

George gets up every morning at 5:30 to get the wood stove going. At 6 o'clock Mrs. Garland leaves to drive the Fall Mountain Regional bus, 115 miles a day. For George it's a long day clearing land, securing enough wood for heat and widening the strawberry and blueberry patches for the spring.

He's a farmer, but if things had gone his way he would have been a fiddler, a professional violinist, "trainin' every day."

WHAT IS NEEDED



by ED MOODY

Words - words - words. The pages of forward thinking, well-balanced square dance magazines are full of them. All are saying the same things over and over again, warning neophyte callers of the pitfalls that are being created. But those microbats are too busy studying senseless words that come with a new recording and properly termed "Idiot Sheets", to bother to read and digest the columns of excellent sense many of our better dance magazines are now carrying. From birth they have been conditioned to believe that only something "new" is worthwhile; if it's new then it must be good, etra cetra ad nauseam.

A few years ago Mrs. Lloyd Shaw wrote an article in one of the better magazines and it sure deserves some analysing and plenty of deep thought. She built it around the word "professionalism," and that's sure food for thought.

I once had the privilege of sitting in at the first session of a Folk Dance Camp and watched a gentleman from England weld together a floor of people, many of whom had just arrived after miles and miles of driving from distant parts of the country. At his first session of instruction, the entire floor began going at sixes and sevens, performing the way they had been taught in their own localities: or an interpretation offered by a local caller. But within 15 minutes he suc-

ceeded in smoothing them out completely, and had them all moving the way he knew an English Folk Dance should be performed, and what's more, all were very happy. I talked to the director of that camp, dwelling on the way he had quickly, to say it bluntly, subdued his floor from a bunch of ego experts into a complete group grasping for knowledge. And the director answered me in three words: "He's a professional."



Square Dancing sure needs some professionals. The sad influx of 6-months old dancers who gather together the price of a few lessons on calling plus the down payment on a P.A. system and then set themselves up as experts is appalling. They may be able to memorize a set of words that come wrapped up in a new record envelope, and spew them into a microphone. Any parrott can be taught to do that, BUT, does he have the experience to be a qualified teacher - a smooth straightener out of local squabbles, and an organizer of desirable and attractive projects? Can he qualify a floor in his first couple of tips of an evening and then reach into a vast repertoire and call to the majority level of that floor? Does he read between the lines of national and local Square Dance magazines and govern himself accordingly? Does he use what he has learned by his reading in such a way that those who dance to his calling want to come back for more?

Sadly, we have too many rank amateurs now posing and advertising themselves as experienced callers. We

do not have enough true professionals to keep this enormous project on an even keel. And again, sadly, more 6-months wonders are arriving day after day, and less professionals are being created. And these amateurs are sure stirring up one horrible mess.

The recognized professionals are having their hands full educating enough good dancers to have a firm foundation of the basic figures of square dancing instead of 4-minute miles in costumes more vivid than those of Joseph's coat.

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A special party will be held March 26 in the Barre City Auditorium, Barre, Vt. 2nd Live Music Dance, featuring Clem Myers, the Northeast Fiddlers Champion and his band. Jim Ford will call the squares.

Go English Country Dancing in the Old South Church Congregational, S. Weymouth, Mass. Monday evenings Feb. 14 & 28; March 13, 20 & 27; April 10 & 24; May 8 & 22. Geo. Fogg, Mc.; Ellen Mandigo piano and accordion.

The 28th Annual New England Folk Festival will be held at Wellesley, Mass. High School, April 21-22-23, 1972; Folk dances. Square dances. Nationality foods. Crafts & Exhibits. Dancing For All.

An international folk dance workshop will be held at the University of North Carolina, Greensboro, N.C. with Conny Taylor instructing. Further information by writing Jerry Meisner, Physics Dept. Univ. of North Carolina, Greensboro, N.C. 27412. Dates are March 10 - 11.

Ann & Andor Czompo sponsor a folk dance weekend at SUNY Cortland, N.Y. April 21-23. More information from the Czompos, 8 Brechtwood Drive, Ecmer, N.Y. 13077.

Ada & Jas Dzielanowski lead a Polish dance workshop at Swarthmore College, sponsored by the Swarthmore Folk Dance Club, Swarthmore, Pa. March 11, 1972.

BOOK REVIEWS

HUNGARIAN FOLK SONG AND FOLK INSTRUMENTS
by Janos Manga. 68 pp. Map. 32 pages of
photographs in black & white. 14 pages
of color photographs. Musical exam-
ples. Corvina Press 1969, Printed in
Hungary 1969 by Kossuth Printing House.
Obtainable in the U.S. from Amdor
Czompo, Homer, N.Y. 13077.



This is one of the series about Hungarian Folk Art, being # 2 in that series. It is a short but very comprehensive history of Hungarian folk song and instruments used in the playing of them. It is written in an authoritative manner which is also interesting. Most important it is written in clear, understandable language. I found it a fascinating book and one that should appeal to lovers of folk song everywhere. In fact, it is the finest book of its kind that I have ever read. It surely belongs on the bookshelves of every folk singer and historian in the world. Highly recommended.

JUDEO-SPANISH BALLADS FROM BOSNIA. Edited by Samuel G. Armistead & Joseph H. Silverman. 129 pp Soft cover. \$6.50
University of Pennsylvania Press, Philadelphia, Pa. 1971.
Glossary & Indice. Introduction.

A history of the songs of the Sephardic Jews, exiled from Spain in 1492, many of whom settled in Bosnia and other parts of the then Ottoman Empire. As a history it is adequate, but as far being of interest to folk singers it cannot rate too high. It tells about many songs; it gives the words to many; it gives not one note of music to sing them to. Accordingly, this book is of interest only to historians. It is well written in a scholarly manner. It will do nothing to popularize Jewish folk songs of Bosnia.

BANJO MAKER

When business is slow at Andrew Boarman's barber shop in Hedgesville, W. Va. he turns to another trade. Boarman makes what some banjo pickers say is one of the best banjos in the world.

A specially designed metal tone ring is used, along with best quality wood. "If they want more tone out of one, all they have to do is reach down and grab it," he said, picking up an instrument. The rollicking chords of "Buffalo Gal" rang out triumphantly as his fingers raced up and down the banjo neck.

As the exuberant notes faded, Boarman sat silently for a moment and then said the first requirement for a good sound is a solidly built banjo. "The main thing is they have to be good and tight."

Boarman, 60, said he had built or rebuilt banjos as a hobby in the barber shop for the last 10 years. A completed Dixie Grand, Boarman's own trade name, may sell for \$1,000. He uses maple and mahogany to form the body of his banjos, while the backs are of mahogany only. The necks are walnut, overlaid with ebony to form the keyboard. Rosewood, a heavy, dense wood, lines the banjos inner box to give it a clearer tone.

When the banjo body is finished, Boarman uses a set of dentist tools to inlay intricate designs of mother-of-pearl. After a clear shellac is applied, the banjo is ready for a man with music in his fingers.



RELAX - GOOD DANCING WILL



LIVE

by PAT PENDING

The necessity of preserving the art of good dancing by a dedicated few has become paramount. For a short time it will become an acute necessity until the storm of burlesque dancing subsides.

Until some 30 years ago, young folks of grammar school age attended a dancing school taught by a competent dancing master. At high school age a few more lessons were added, again by an able old-time dancing master. They learned how to move in accordance with the rhythm of the music. They learned to waltz, to schottische, to two-step, to polka, and a dance at that time called "The Barn Dance," all on the correct beat of the music. Most good dancing masters taught them a figure or two of the Lancers and a smattering of traditional dances. Most of them emphasized the learning of the waltz. You have heard the old saying that "A good waltzer is always a good dancer." The two-step fell by the wayside and was replaced by various versions of the tango which, under the influence of the Castles, became "The Castle Walk" which in turn merged itself into what is now known as the Fox Trot.

During this transition period we saw - to come and go - "The Bunny Hug," the "Grizzly Bear", and several other short-lived inventions, as the dance generation

of that day, felt around for what they called progress. Of all the monkey-shines tried out, only the Fox Trot survived to slip into a niche along with the Waltz and Polka, to become, even to this day, the mainstays of good ballroom dancing. Fads do come and go but history has proven that they are damnable shortlived.

Unfortunately these old dancing masters have for the most part, left the scene, and our youngsters are being deprived of their teachings. This is plainly noted when a waltz is played and we observe the antics performed on the dance floor masquerading under the guise of waltzing. Regardless of whether the tune is played in Viennese waltz time, English waltz time, or American waltz time, the hitching and hauling and jerking by the majority of the dancers is plain deplorable. The only bright spot on the floor will be presented by some white-haired couple who learned correctly and who glide smoothly in and out among the struggling others. They had learned to dance before it took some fifty lessons to teach one how to gallop through a pattern out of step with the music.



Since history always repeats itself, this craze for close-order drilling in gaudy costumes will fade out because it is top heavy. Thus, the question is, how can good dancing be preserved so that we can present it to our descendants when the present storm subsides?

Actually, it is being well preserved. Every year in locales all the way from Nova Scotia to British Columbia in Canada; to places all over the United States from Maine to California, and all points in between, some of our old time dancing masters who are still left.

hold week-long sessions that are called dance camps. Here, folk dancing from overseas, which is the base all American folk dancing is built on, and its descendant, American Square Dancing, is properly taught. Thus, many people of all ages are indoctrinated, or are taking post graduate lessons in the proper methods of dancing as it should be done. They enjoy carrying out the number one definition of "dance" - viz. "Move in time with the music."



These camps or institutes are actually dedicated dancing schools with plenty of fine fellowship and neighborhood thrown into the curriculum for added measure. They include some folk dancing taught by an expert, often brought here from the country of its origin. Also some topnotch American teachers. All are capable of polishing up waltzes and polkas, as well as leading the dancers in figures of the lancers and Quadrilles which are the forefathers of American Square Dancing. Usually sessions in New England contra dances will be a feature. In other words, the fundamentals of good dancing is presented by expert teachers.

So you see, the Art of Dancing is being properly preserved and presented. Those who are worrying that dancing will die and become merely a paragraph in history, can cease to worry. The dance campers really love to dance properly. They take these refresher courses annually, and during the rest of the year they attempt to keep it alive; standing by with life preservers ready to toss

them to anyone who wants to be saved. They will even toss them to any who have given up all hope of salvation due to the desire to survive has been thrashed out of them by overzealous and under-educated taskmasters who are falsely riding around as experts and teachers of present day terpsichore which darned sure can't be called dancing if one ever consults the dictionary -- or stops to consults his or her inner self.



The Folk Dance Center of Philadelphia sponsor a Hungarian Workshop & Party, March 18, with Andor Czompo leader. Also a Memorial day weekend of Polish dancing with Ada & Jas Dziewanowski.

Here are the dates of the Maine Folk Dance Camp for those who have to plan a long way ahead: June 17-23; June 24-30; July 1-7; July 8-14; August 19-25; August 26-September 1; Labor Day Weekend September 1-4. Further information from Mary Ann Herman, P.O. Box 201, Flushing, N.Y. 11352.

Barnard College, N.Y. Folk Dance Club is sponsoring a folk festival April 17-23, 1972. Dance, Music & Song Workshops; Ethnographic Films; Folk Concert; Folk Dance Parties; Live Music. Leaders: Sunny Bloland, Roumanian Dances; David Henry, Greek Dances; Martin Koenig, Balkan Dances; Morley Leyton, Polish Dances; Orhan Yildiz, Turkish Dances; Sam Chianis, Greek Music; Ethel Raim, Slavic Song. For further information: John Huseby, Barnard Folk Dance Club, McIntosh Student Center, 118th St. & Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10027.

FOLK DANCE HOUSE is sponsoring a Folk Festival, Saturday, March 25, 1972 at the huge, beautifully air-conditioned auditorium of the St. Vartan's Armenian Cathedral, 2nd Ave. between 34th & 35th Sts. 8 p.m. to at least 1 a.m. Afternoon workshop with Ralph Page in New England Squares & Contra dances. More information from Folk Dance House, P.O. Box 201, Flushing, N.Y. 11352.

Write to Educational Activities Inc. P.O. Box 392, Freeport, N.Y. 11520 and request their new catalogue # 72B "A Classroom Tested Materials Catalog."

The Dance Division of AANPER will honor Vyts Beliajus at the Heritage Luncheon during the AANPER 1972 National Convention in Houston, Texas

If you are interested in taking a graduate course in American Folk Culture, you should write to Cooperstown Graduate Program, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326. Courses will be held at S.U.N.Y. in Oneonta, N.Y. and will include, Oral Tradition in America; American Folklife Research; Folklife in America; American Folk Painting; American Folk Culture, etc.

Prof. Kamil Dziewanowski, European History teacher at Boston University, has received an invitation to teach NATO and SHAPE personnel in Brussels and Berlin for the academic year 1972/73.

MUGWUMPS' INSTRUMENT HERALD, a New Magazine. A Mugwump loosely defined, is a non-conformist, one who dances to his own tune. This new magazine is for the Mugwumps who have resisted the trend to electric instruments and rock music. It appears that no real communication between serious collectors of folk instruments is possible today. Also there exists no specific market-place for folk instruments. Mugwumps addresses these needs at a time when interest in folk music is increasing. Further information from MIH, 4623 Roxbury Drive, Bethesda, Md. 20014.

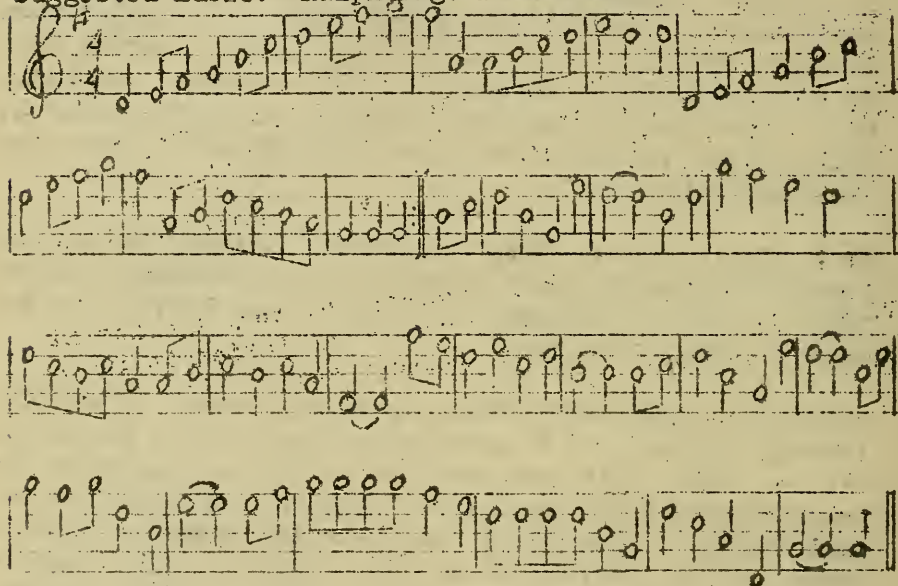
If you are a lover of Southern Mountain and Bluegrass Music you should be on the mailing list of Homestead Records, 6241 Three Lakes Drive, Brighton, Mich. 48116. If interested, write them at above address.



CONTRA DANCE

THE KITCHEN HORNPIPE

Suggested music: "Ralph Page Breakdown"



Couples 1 - 4 - 7 etc active
Cross over before dance starts

Balance and swing the one below
Six hands once around
Right hand star with the couple above
Left hand star with the couple below
Right and left four with the couple above

This dance and suggested music are original with Ralph Page. It's a nice contra to introduce your group to the couples "above" and "below."

FOR SALE

Swing Below - \$1.50

by Ed Moody - A Book On The Contra Dance

Musical Mixer Fun - \$1.00

by Ray Olson

Dancing Back The Clock - \$1.50

directions for 94 Old-Time English Round Dances

The Ralph Page Book Of Contra Dances - \$1.50

by Ralph Page - 22 dances plus suggested music

Let's Create Old-Time Square Dancing - \$2.50

by Ralph Sweet - A MUST book for serious callers

A Collection of German & Austrian Dances - \$1.50

as taught by Paul & Gretel Dunsing

New Hampshire Camp Notebook - \$1.00

200 dances - square, contra, folk - songs & recipes

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favorite recipes at N.H. Folk Dance Camps

Country Kitchen - \$1.75

favorite recipes of Monadnock Region of N.H.

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THE THIRDSIDE

A MAGAZINE FOR SCOTTISH DANCERS

Descriptions - Background - History

Sample backnumber on request.

Quarterly \$1.25 from 3315 Fraser St. Vancouver 10, B.C.

The Canadian Folk Dance Record Service now carries full lines of "DANCE ISRAEL" LP: also Bert Everett's book TRADITIONAL CANADIAN DANCES. Write for their listings:

185 Spadina Ave. Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

WANTED

Copies of old recipe books, the privately printed ones gathered together by Ladies' Aid Groups, Rebeckahs, or Churches & Granges, AND old dance & festival programs Convention Programs. Don't throw them away. Send them to me. I collect them as a part of a research project ALSO - any old-time dance music for violin or full orchestration. Dance music only, please. Send to:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431

Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. announces a new FOLK DANCE RECORD SERVICE. For more complete information, call him at V02-7144

Plan now to attend the

ANNUAL

SPRING FOLK DANCE WEEKEND

May 5 - 6 - 7

At The Inn at EAST HILL FARM, TROY, N.H.

With

CONNY TAYLOR - General Folk Dances

MARY ANN HERMAN - General Folk Dances

RALPH PAGE - Contra Dances

CCST: \$37.50 tax included per person

A \$5.00 deposit per person please when you register.

Further information & registrations from:

Ralph Page, 117 Washington St. Keene, N.H. 03431.

Please register early.

FOLK DANCE HOUSE is sponsoring a Folk Festival, Saturday, March 25, 1972 at the huge, beautifully air-conditioned auditorium of the St. Vartan's Armenian Cathedral, 2nd Ave. between 34th & 35th Sts. 8 p.m. to - at least 1a.m. Afternoon workshop with Ralph Page in New England Squares & Contras. More information from Folk Dance House, P.O. Box 201, Flushing, N.Y. 11352

FOLK DANCE HOUSE is now holding classes three nights a week at the

"V" HALL of the

Diocese Armenian Church
630 Second Ave.
Between 34th & 35th Sts.
N.Y.C.

Do NOT use the Cathedral entrance. There is a separate door in the stone wall, in the middle of the Avenue -
THAT IS THE DOOR TO USE.

COME JOIN US FOR THE SAME KIND OF QUALITY FOLK DANCING FOR WHICH FOLK DANCE HOUSE IS FAMOUS. Mary Ann & Michael Herman will do most of the teaching.

Thursdays 6-8 p.m. Early class for Intermediate folk dancing with thorough instruction for those with some experience.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Fast Intermediate Session, rapid teaching and review

Wednesday 6-8 p.m. for real beginners. A fun way to get started in folk dancing. Basic dances taught painlessly - you'll be dancing in no time at all.

8:30 - 11 p.m. Late class. Advanced and practice sessions for those with much experience. Emphasis on style.

Fridays 8:30 - 11 p.m. Light folk dance fun. Easy, intermediate, advanced. A real folk dance "come-all-ye".

SQUARE DANCE

TIPPERARY

One of Ed Gilmore's dances, as called Geo. Hodgson, Jr.

The head two couples promenade
 Just halfway round the ring
 Chain those girls across the set
 And turn them, don't be slow
 Lead to the right and circle four
 And make a line for me
 Go forward up and back then
 1 and 3 diagonally right and left through
 Turn, pass through, hook the sides and
 Turn that line all the way round
 Bend the line and chain the ladies
 Forward up and back you go
 Star through, your corner swing now
 Promenade around that ring - sing
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary
 But my heart's right there.

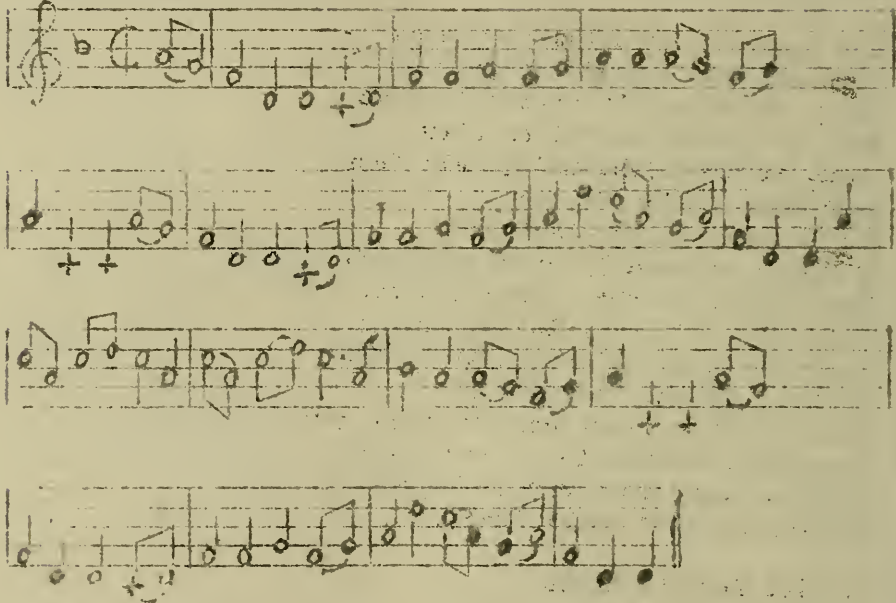
Repeat for the heads
 Repeat twice for the sides.

THANKS TO: Nellie Maxwell, 3 boxes cigars
 Windy Sayer, music for Old Time Dance
 Mr. & Mrs. Bob Paul, 2 cookbooks, 1 "Old Time
 Dancing", 14 back issues Northern Junket
 Martin Bacharach, book of old time music
 Ander Czompo, book "Hungarian Folk Song and
 Folk Instruments",
 Alan Corkett, LP "Our Friends, The Yetties",
 7in EP "Southerners Special",
 Gretel Dunsing, cigars & cigar case
 June Bean, calendar
 Pearl Atkinson, cookbook & foreign stamps

FOLK SONG

THE PARTING GLASS

Irish Street Ballad



O, the money e'er I had
 I spent it in good company
 And all the harm I've ever done
 Alas it was to none but me
 And all I've done for want of wit
 To mem'ry now I can't recall
 So fill to me the parting glass
 Good night and joy be with you all

Oh, all the comrades e'er I had
 They're sorry for my going away
 And all the sweethearts e'er I had
 They'd wish me one day more to stay

But since it falls unto my lot
That I should rise and you should not
I gently rise and softly call
Good night and joy be with you all.

If I had money enough to spend
And leisure time to sit awhile
There is a fair maid in this town
That sorely has my heart beguiled
Her rosy cheeks and ruby lips
I own she has my heart in thrall
Then fill to me the parting glass
Good night and joy be with you all.

The longer a man is wrong the surer he is he's right.
No man is ignorant of his faults if he is married.

A well-adjusted person is one who can play bridge or
golf as if they were games.
A sweater is a garment that a child wears when his moth-
er feels chilly.

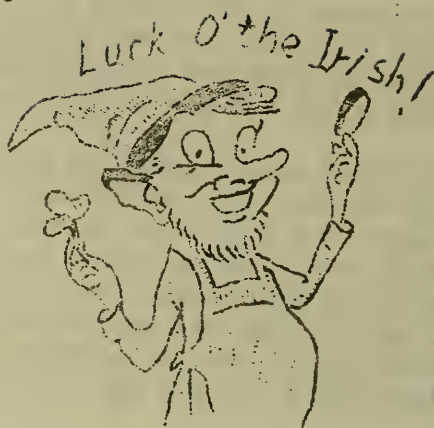
Drive safely - and avoid the mourning after.
There is no substitute for intelligence. The nearest
thing to it is silence.
Isn't it a shame that future generations can't be here
to see all the wonderful things the government is doing
with their money?

Build a better mousetrap and some rat will copy it.
When people discover that money cannot buy everything
they start using credit cards.

Social Security is a system that guarantees a person a
steak after his teeth are gone.
A man who falls for soft soap is soon washed up.
"Fishing" snorted the angler's wife. "It's just a jerk
at one end of the line waiting for a jerk at the other
end of the line."
There are bigger things in life than money. For example
---bills!

The Honest Shillelagh

by JOAN HOBSON



"With my shillelagh under my arm,
And a twinkle in my eye,
I'll be off to Tipperary in the morning."

The Irishman of traditional song and story is invariably pictured carrying a shillelagh in his hand or under his arm. This fighting stick of very hard wood is often described as the 'honest shillelagh' because it could not be concealed in the pocket like a gun, knife or knuckleduster of today.

The earliest record of its use in battle is the great Easter Monday battle which took place in 1209 six miles from the heart of Dublin. The war-like clan of O'Byrnes and O'Tooles combined to defeat the soldiery from the city in a bloody battle that resulted in scores of lost lives. For several centuries afterwards its anniversary was commemorated in Dublin with a colorful military review featuring dress uniforms and martial music.

Shillelaghs were referred to as cudgels in those far-off days and it was not until sticks cut from the great forest surrounding the area of County Wicklow, where the Carnew-Tullow road crosses the Shillelagh river, had proved the best 'pacifiers', that the present title was adopted.

Blackthorn trees and bushes grew among the oaks for which the district was famous, and which supplied roof timbers for London's Westminster Hall and St. Patrick's Cathedral; the same hardwood blackthorn still lines the lanes and covers the hillsides of Ireland.



According to legend St. Patrick rested beneath a blackthorn bush one wet December. White flowers immediately burst forth to shelter him and henceforth every blackthorn tree and bush in Ireland has flowered during the last week in December, regardless of the weather.

Used as hunting weapons, cudgels were essential to the peasant of the Middle Ages. Every Irish lad spent hours searching the hedges for the stout stick which would be his companion for life. When at last he spotted a perfect specimen, he would claim it with what the Town and Country magazine of 1772 referred to as the traditional cry of 'Be-J--s, and that's mine!' Henceforth he would ceremoniously visit the chosen sapling to inspect the growth and remove other plants threatening up nearby. On reaching manhood he would choose a winter's day when the sap was down and solemnly cut the now mature blackthorn. Proud of the regularity of the thorns and the shapeliness of the knob, he'd bear it home in triumph. Every spare moment until spring he would sit by the peat fire lovingly smoothing the knots and rounding the head. If part of the stem had grown too crooked he would gently soak it, then hang it from the rafters weighted with sand, until the shape was right. From the day the shillelagh was completed until his death he would carry it everywhere, even then it would be placed beside him in the coffin.



In the remote country districts people found little by way of entertainment. The lusty, muscular Irishmen, though unskilled in formal jousting or archery, dearly loved a test of skill. By the late eighteenth century faction fighting was an accepted part of the social life of the countryside. Pattern Day, 24th August, was a much favoured date in certain districts for the tournaments. After the Parish wells had been blessed and the usual prayers said, the battle would begin. Although the contest had no formal rules there were recognised loyalties and accepted conventions governing the match. Usually there was no more bad blood or enmity between the opposing factions than there is between rival cricket teams today. The sport consisted of several single combats between experienced men who handled their cudgels and shillelaghs with great skill and sense of fair play. Once an opponent was down he couldn't be 'clobbered' again.



Occasionally, in the excitement of the moment, a general melee developed in which the spectators, including the women-folk joined. Such a fracas was always regarded as a disgraceful departure from the rules of proper fighting. Good manners officially demanded that only those who actually belonged in the opposing factions should join in, and tradition wholeheartedly endorsed the attitude of the young stranger who, when asked to which faction he belonged, answered 'None of them, although I'd like to have a bit of a puck round if you have no objection'.

Factions were often formed for the most trivial reasons such as a dispute between children over marbles; the age of a cow offered for sale; fighting digs, or even nothing at all.

At fairs, markets and fete days hundreds of people assembled to cheer on their 'side' and join in a spot of healthy exercise themselves. Proceedings began when the leader shouted his team war-cry and flourished his shillelagh on high. Some hero of the other band would answer, brandishing his own weapon in a particular action called 'wheeling' (this connotation has remained - we still refer to an important man as a 'big wheel'). "Up the Blacks and who'll say boo to a Mulvihill?" and "Four Year Olds; and who'll stand against a Four Year Old?" were two of the most famous battle chants heard in County Limerick, where faction fighting was most widely practiced.



Egged on by the spectators the contestants tempers sometimes flared out of control and towards the end of the eighteenth century faction fighting had reached fearsome proportions.

In 1827, Major Wilcocks, Munster's Chief Inspector of Police, reported five, six hundred or even a thousand people regularly engaged in faction fighting. The police used to remain discreetly absent on these occasions, deeming it prudent to let the sides vent their fury on each other. The survivors were proud of their wounds. The painful but apparently successful treatment for broken heads was to clip the hair from around the wound, pour in turpentine mixed with whiskey, stitch up the injury, plaster it over and send the patient home.

Injuries and fatalities caused in these fights were not looked on by the country people in the same way as assault or murder. They were not followed by private vengeance or invokement of the law, but rather cultivated as a reason to be avenged by the faction in future contests.

Though the results were somewhat drastic, sheer high-spirits were often the sole cause of faction fighting. Lynch of Killeedy, a great man with the shillelagh, once challenged a passing tramp who was defeated by him. He entertained the fellow in house for a week and paid him to impart every trick in his extensive repertoire of thrust and repost.



Following a battle that raged four hours non-stop at Abington fair, an elderly man was seen chasing a much younger fellow. Each time he reached striking distance he bashed him on the head with his shillelagh. At last the youth escaped and a townsman enquired of a local bystander 'Why does that young man let the older fellow beat him so savagely?' 'Ah sure, your honour' was the reply, 'that's only his father that is chastising him for being beaten in the fighting.'

In 1829 most of the faction fighting ceased. William Robert Le Fanu described the general armistice in his book "Seventy Years of Irish Life." 'It was the marching of the reaskawallahs from their headquarters near Doon to the headquarters of the Coffeys at Newport. They marched six deep, in military order, with music and banners, each man carrying, as an emblem of peace, a green bough. The procession was nearly two miles long. On arrival at Newport the meeting was celebrated with much joy and whiskey, and in the presence of the priest a treaty of perpetual peace was established, and never from that day did those factions meet again in battle. Similar reconciliations took place all over the country and faction fighting practically ended'.

The following year an old man who'd attended Abbey feale June fair for the past fifty years was disappointed when the usual fighting didn't begin. "Ochon" said he, "it's ten o'clock and not a blow struck yet."

At Donneybrook where the ancient annual midsummer fair was originally a festive and genteel occasion, faction fighting lasted another twenty-five years. History has it that in the previous century a local man, bored with the tame attractions of the fair, declared he was 'blue mouldy for want of a baiting' and trailed his long tailed coat through the fair yelling 'who'll dare to tread on that?' 'I dare,' shouted a likely lad, at the same instant making a whack with his shillelagh. In the twinkling of an eye hundreds of sticks were up, dozens of heads broken. In vain the parish priest and his curate rode through the crowd begging them to stop.

Every year henceforth some local worthy trailed his coat and a battle followed; peaceful folk deserted the fair and the notoriety of Donneybrook's fearsome battles became known all over Ireland and beyond. Finally the patriotic locals, protective of their country's reputation for kindhearted hospitality, grew ashamed of the rough sport, and the Corporation looked out the ancient charter from King John by which the fair was authorised. The patents were repealed and the fair suppressed in 1855.

Today the traditional shillelagh is back in business - no longer a weapon, but as a souvenir. Foreign tourists all want one to hang over their fireplaces as a reminder of a pleasant holiday, or as a proud claim to Irish ancestry. Cudgels and shillelaghs made from a real Irish blackthorn can be picked up in various parts of Ireland.





THE OLD-TIME TAVERN, Chap. 2
 "Stage Coach and Tavern Days."

"In the early half of the eighteenth century the sentinel New York tavern was that of Robert Todd, ~~virtuoso~~. It was in Smith (now William) Street between Pine and Cedar, near the Old Dutch Church. The house was known by the sign of the Black Horse. Concerts, dinners, receptions, and balls took place within its elegant walls. On the evening of January 19, 1736, a ball was therein given in honor of the Prince of Wales's birthday. The healths of the Royal Family, the Governor, the Council had been pledged loyally and often at the fort through the day, and "the very great appearance of ladies and gentlemen and an elegant entertainment" at the ball fitly ended the celebration. The ladies were said to be "magnificent." The ball opened with French dances and then proceeded to country dances, "upon which Mrs. Morris led up to two country dances made upon the occasion, the first was called the Prince of Wales, the second the Princess of Saxe-Gotha.

"At the junction of 51st and 52nd streets with the post road stood Cato's Road House, built in 1712. Cato was a negro slave who had so mastered various specialities in cooking that he was able to earn enough money to buy his freedom from his South Carolina master. He kept this inn for forty-eight years. Alongside his road house he built a ballroom which would let thirty couple swing widely in energetic reels and quadrilles. When Christmas sleighing set in, the Knickerbocker braves and belles drove out there to dance; and there was always sleighing at Christmas in old New York."

Chap. 11

"In the Wayside Inn at Sudbury, a small special staircase winding in the corner of the taproom led to the four "drivers' bedrooms" above. One of the upper rooms in the Pease Tavern (Shrewsbury) was a dancing hall. Across this hall from wall to wall was a swing partition which could be hooked up to the ceiling when a dance was given, but at other times divided the hall into two large bedrooms. This was a common appurtenance of the old-time tavern."

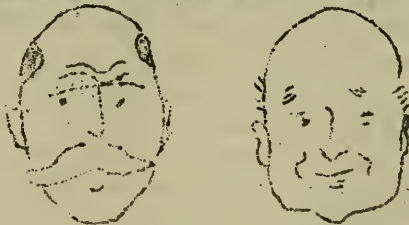


Chap. XV "The Stage Driver"

"The Presidential Ball of February 22, 1849 held at The Depot Hotel in Concord, New Hampshire, was evidently a grand affair. Cuts of Taylor and Fillmore appear on the invitations surrounded by the American Eagle and flags of our country."

"Albert Herbert apparently was a social leader in Concord as his name is written on the back of some of the programs in the Historical Society Collections. Perhaps he may have held the same position of prominence in the events of the New Hampshire town that several of Boston's distinguished citizens held as leaders of most of our Cotillions here, when no ball was complete without their presence.

"It is a pity more could not be learned about these unique stage drivers' events. Nevertheless, it does not require much imagination to visualize the burly and perhaps toughly dressed driver rigged out in his "very best" dancing with his girl friend dressed in all the finery she could muster for the occasion.



"Dancing was fully as much in vogue in the early days as now and many parties came from Boston, Quincy and other towns in Norfolk County to test the ball room at the Norfolk House, which many of the recent generations have enjoyed equally as much. An article in the Dedham Transcript, by E.W. Virgin, states: "'From far and near parties of quality came to try the celebrated spring floor and the elegant game suppers following a royal dance.'" This attractive room forms a part of the beautiful tavern, residence now of Mrs. Walter Austin. To those of the writer's generation the only spring floor that could compete with this Dedham one belonged to the noted dancing teacher Papanti, who held classes for many years on Tremont Street in Boston.

"Of this Norfolk ball room the Dedham Transcript has a good deal to say:... 'as it yielded to the even step of the merry dancers it would rise and fall like the waves upon a gentle sea; at the same time the doors and win-



dows in the second story beneath would rattle as if buffeted by a storm...The square dance was then all the go; the round dance as yet had not caught in its fond embrace the Dedham youth!

"The dances indulged in are indicated in an advertisement by a teacher in 1837. It reads: 'Mr. A. Deuchar - will teach Waltzes, Gallôpades and Mazourkas, which have become so very popular and fashionable. Particular attention will be given to instruction in attitudes. It was the day of the "contre-dance", - the first gentleman "to foot it, to the second lady and both turn single," - "first three couples haze," - "three hands round with the second lady."

"A well known teacher of this "polite accomplishment" was Lovet Stimson, who "respectively informs the inhabitants of Dedham that his school for the instruction of young Masters and Misses in the polite accomplishments of Dancing will commence.....at Mr. Gragg's Hall." (Another name for the Norfolk Tavern). Later he will also teach "Cotillions....the most fashionable dances." A good many years later he added to his list the Polka, Schottische, Redoway and Brilliants, and if any of his pupils could master this variety of steps how popular they must have been!

"A Thanksgiving ball was held at Capt. Alder's Hall (the Norfolk) in the winter of 1836, and at that time the popularity of the dance induced these few lines:

'Let dimples and ringlets now deck every face,
Bring plumes, wreaths and roses, gems, diamonds and all,
And prepare to attend the grand Thanksgiving Ball.'

"The Phoenix shared some of the success achieved by the Norfolk and at one time it was one of the finest in the country. Here too place during the winter months several 'Social Assemblies' at which, according to an editorial in the Norfolk Democrat in 1841, "the music is of the tallest kind; those who have not heard it had better brush up their pumps and test its merits'.

Taverns and Stagecoaches of New England, Vol. 2

Groton Inn (Mass.) 1883

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



"The custom of that day of securing a partner for a dance is then described. Each gentleman and each lady drew a number and then these two had to dance together.

Buckman Tavern, Lexington, Mass.

"Many balls and parties were given here and on one notable occasion a fashionable group from Boston engaged the house and grounds for a day to celebrate the close of the War of 1812, erecting a marquee, or tent, for dancing. The ladies were served a fine dinner by them-

selves at the tavern, but the gentlemen had to provide for themselves in neighboring hostelryes. There was a guard stationed around the grounds to exclude Lexington people!!"

Eagle Tavern, East Poultney, Vt.

"The vaulted "Assembly Room" of the Tavern, as was so frequently the case, was used as a lodge room by Masonic Groups from 1791 to 1817. Cotillions and assemblies too, were held there. For a period of forty years the Tavern was owned by a man named Buckingham so, inevitably, it became known locally as "Buckingham Palace."



The biggest problem with political promises is that they go in one year and out the other.
Overheard in the bus: "You know I wouldn't say a word about her unless it was good. And oh boy! is this good".

Conscience doesn't keep you from doing anything wrong. It just keeps you from enjoying it.
The "New morality" looks just like the old immorality. If at first you don't succeed, you're like most of the rest of us.

Socrates was a Greek philosopher who went around giving good advice. They poisoned him.
To insure the education of your teenager, parents need to pull a few wires: television, telephone and ignition.

Nothing is impossible? Did you ever try to carry a pair of skis through a revolving door?

The human voice is a wondrous organ that starts working the moment you're born and never stops until you stand up to speak in public.

One of life's most fleeting moments is the time between reading the sign on the freeway and reading that you just missed the exit ramp.

PAINLESS

FOLKLORE



LAST CUSTODIANS OF A LUSTY LANGUAGE

The weatherworn green front door swings open and a gust of snow blows in, followed by a stranger.

The weatherbeaten men sitting around the potbel-
lied stove in tired sheepskin jackets fall silent. Some
one alien has invaded their Winter and, until he com-
pletes his purchases and departs, they are not going to
do any talking.

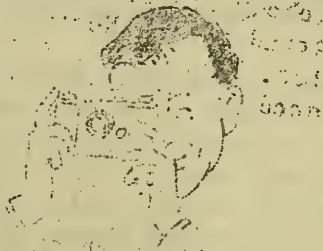
Some word the stranger drops to the storekeeper
may give them a clue to who he is, where he lives, what
he does, or whether he is related to someone in town.
One can almost hear the ears being attuned, in the
quiet of the general store.

There are still little general stores like this
scattered throughout all of northern New England. They
still carry all the necessities, from ice-fishing equip-
ment to cut plug eating tobacco. And they still sustain
their coteries of hot stove sojourners who, between
jousts at the cribbage board, chew over the events of
the past Summer and the foibles of their fellow citi-
zens. These country men have long memories. They enter-
tain themselves with exploits of remembering. Some are
walking village historians, although the bounds of
their knowledge do not go much beyond the town limits.

Their function as village historians is of little
significance. But as the last custodians of a pictu-
resque language that is retreating before the homogeni-

zation of television, they are neglected treasures. When one of them says; "The tail goes with the hide," he isn't moralizing. He is simply saying that whatever you bought or swapped for, you take it all. If you bought his wagon for the sake of the wheels, you take the wagon bed too.

If you say the word "crossroads" to a Maine man, he will know what you are talking about, but that isn't the way he says it. He says "four corners." You go down the road to the four corners and then turn right if you want to find the auction.



A Summer visitor can cope with a term like "four corners", but if a Maine man tells a visitor to drive down the road as far as the "heater piece" and then take the right hand road, the stranger may need an interpreter.

In the slow growth of the Pine Tree State, "heater pieces" gradually developed where two diverging roads formed a "V". Rather than drive to the apex of the "V" farmers got in the habit of swinging their horse and buggy left or right across the base of the triangle. The final result, if the landowner didn't put a stop to it, was a flatiron-shaped piece of land. Now the country folk could just as well have called this odd piece of land a flatiron, as they do in New York and other sophisticated places. But nothing is done easily in Maine, so they used a synonym and came up with "heater piece."

In numerous Maine villages, the "heater piece" became the town common, and village people kept it abloom with flowers in the Summer. It was Maine's version of

the highway cloverleaf long before modern highway departments came upon the idea.

There are other unusual northern New England ways of naming things. On Government Geodetic Survey maps, you can find places like, Abbott's Purchase or Hart's Location. A purchase is a township purchased from the state in the early days. A location is a village where nobody lives. Most purchases and locations are now found in the North and are now owned by lumber companies. There are still many residents who spent their boyhood in towns that now have no people.

Maine and Vermont also have gores. Gores are large triangular pieces of land left over when early surveyors, possibly too friendly with the cider jug, ran their lines wrong, and ended up with a piece of land left over. Gores had to be dealt with, however they came about, and most received their own names, like Misery Gore. Later, most gores were bought up by the adjoining towns.

There is one other bit of wording along the highways in Spring that is apt to amuse and confuse outlanders. It is a sign saying simply: "Frost Heaves." This does not mean that some individual named Frost nauseated at that spot. It does mean that some distance ahead, the Winter frost has raised the roadbed into a permanent hummock. It is good to slow down at Frost Heaves. The bump can be nauseating!

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A chafing dish is a girl who rubs you the wrong way. "Drive carefully," said the church bulletin. "It's not just cars that can be recalled by their maker." Mini skirts are making men more polite. Did you ever see a man get on a bus ahead of one? The trouble with good advice is that it usually interferes with our plans. Some people don't exaggerate: they just remember big.

REMEMBER WHEN

When present day woes oppress you and modern pleasures pall, you can always get a chuckle out of living by leaning back and remembering when:

Grandpa would pay you a nickel to clean his spats. It was the height of deviltry on April Fool's Day to call up the zoo and ask, "Is Mr. Wolf there?"

You finally learned to tie your own shoes - and felt that life could hardly hold a greater victory. A dime would buy you more licorice than you could chew in a day.

One of the things you did before going to sleep was to hide your gum wad in a place where you could find it again, and your mother couldn't.

People would stay up until after midnight for the thrill of tuning in a new station on the family's crystal radio set.

One of the greatest joys of childhood in Winter was to make "snow ice cream", with the help of a little cream and vanilla flavoring.

One of mother's biggest tasks was to see that you scrubbed behind your ears before leaving for school. If a kid didn't have a patch on the right knee of his stocking, you knew one thing for sure about him - he was no good at playing marbles.

All young boys carried knives, but it never occurred to them to use the blades on each other. The most sophisticated comeback to any remark was the reply, "So's your old man." Remember buying a pen point, saving photos of Hollywood stars on Dixie Cup lids, resharpening cactus needles for your Victrola after each play, and owning a "steamer trunk?"

Remember when? Really, it wasn't so long ago!

ARITHME-TICKLER

How much money does it take to be popular? To find out, take a pencil and paper and work out this little arithmetic problem.

1. Take the number that a stitch in time saves.
2. Multiply it by the number of heads that are better than one.
3. Divide by how many's a crowd.
4. Add the number of lives a cat has.
5. Divide by the number of pigs who went to market.
6. Add the number that makes company but not a crowd.
7. Subtract the number of dwarfs Snow White knew.
8. What you have left is how much money you need if you want to be popular.

Answers: 1, nine. 2, two. 3, three. 4, nine. 5, three. 6, two. 7, seven. 8, nothing.

UNLIKELY EVENTS YOU KEEP HEARING ABOUT:-

Grabbing a cab, catching a plane, picking up a cold, dropping a hint and driving a hard bargain.

Flying off the handle, flying in the face of facts, smoothing someone's ruffled feathers and finding yourself between the devil and the deep blue sea.

Knocking something into a cocked hat, kicking over the traces, being on one's uppers and going off the deep end.

You're a real old-time television buff if you can recall watching Dagmar night after night on TV.

One of the few people who can smile when everything goes wrong is your friendly TV repairman.

Remember when: You could buy a Saxon roadster for \$395? Or a Maxwell for \$595?

When a family that couldn't afford a car didn't!

A cloth wrung out in equal parts of rubbing alcohol and water will wipe mildew off leather.

MEDICAL FOLKLORE

It was early belief that:

The pains of gout could be eased by boiling rosemary leaves and tying them, wrapped in linen, round the afflicted members.

A well-known cure for a sty in the eye is to stroke it with a black cat's tail.

The milk of a red cow, it was suggested, was superior to that of any other and had healing properties. It was used as a remedy for various ills, especially chest ailments.

A skin itch might be treated with hot water and soft soap to be applied with a corncob, followed by a lotion composed of lard and sulphur or gunpowder.

A single leaf if caught before it falls to the ground was believed to preserve the person concerned from colds and similar ailments in the winter to come.

Snail froth, obtained by pricking the snail with a thorn and dropped into the ear has been recorded in Gloucestershire as a cure for earache.

If anyone suffering from sore throat ties his (or her) left stocking round his throat on going to bed, he will be better in the morning.

WHAT WE SAY IN N.E.

Out of sight, out of mind.

I'll chance it.

The devil's in a fiddle.

'Twas a bitter pill to swallow.

She's set her cap for him.

You can't get blood out of a stone.

It fits like the paper on the wall.

Pie timber (filling for pies).

It's all wool and a yard wide.

You can catch more flies with molasses than you can with vinegar.

He's the high cock a-lorum.

FOOD TO GROW UP ON



One of the fondest memories of growing up in a country household was knowing the delights of mother's cookie jar. Seldom, if ever was it completely empty. No boy should live without experiencing the delicacies sure to be found in the covered crock located just within reach of a lad, on one of the lower shelves of the butt'ry. One of our long-time favorites is the following recipe for raisin-filled cookies. Good with figs too!

1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk

1 tsp. vanilla
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted flour
2 tps. cream of tartar
1 tsp. soda

Cream shortening. Add sugar and egg. Beat well. Add milk and vanilla. Sift flour, cream of tartar, and soda together. Add to liquid mixture gradually, stirring well. Roll out on a floured board until thin. Cut pieces using a round cookie cutter. Place a small amount of filling on circles. Cover with another circle. Press edges together with fingers. Bake on a greased cookie sheet in a 400 oven for 10-14 minutes.

FILLING

2 chps chopped seeded muscat ¹ / ₂ cup cold water to which	
raisins	has been added 3 tbsps flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup plus 1 tbsp sugar	$3\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	1 tsp. vanilla

Place all ingredients (except vanilla) in a pan and cook stirring until thick. Cool. Add vanilla before using to fill cookies.

APPLESAUCE COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
1 cup sugar	1 tsp. baking powder
1 egg	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick applesauce	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins
1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups sifted flour	1 tbsp powdered orange peel

Cream butter or margarine. Add sugar, gradually, creaming and beating until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat. Stir in applesauce. Sift together flour, salt, baking powder, soda, and powdered orange peel. Add dry ingredients, mixing well. Add raisins. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake in a 350 oven for 15-minutes.

HOMEMADE BREAD

In a large, warm bowl dissolve 1 package of dry yeast in 1 cup warm milk. Add 3 tablespoons butter. Add, in this order, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 3 cups sifted flour. Keep adding the flour until no more can be worked in with a spoon or fingers. Cover lightly and let rise until dough is three times its original bulk. Turn out on a floured board, knead lightly. Shape and place dough in a well-greased bread pan. Cover. Let rise until twice its original size. Bake the bread in a preheated 365 oven for 40 minutes. When done, remove to cooling rack and rub the top lightly with

MR. FENELAND'S PICKLES

Into a crock put: 1 gallon cider vinegar; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb onion, cup up; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dry mustard; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. whole black peppers; 1 oz. whole stick cinnamon; 1 oz. whole cloves; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain salt.

With dry cloth, wipe small, whole cucumbers to clean and remove spines. Do not wash. Put cleaned cucumbers into the mixture in crock until it is full. Stir every day with a wooden spoon. Keep in a cool place.

KITCHEN HINTS

To make heavy cream float nicely on top of Irish coffee beat the cream lightly - - just enough to let a little air through it, and pour it on coffee instead of spooning it on.

To a can of plain baked beans, add 1/3 cup of sherry and one teaspoon of instant coffee for an impossible to identify nutty flavor.

For crisp, tangy spare ribs, first bake then in moderate oven, then singe under broiler for last few minutes. Add a touch of mayonnaise to your melted butter to get better taste next time to your broiled lobsters.

Blend a tablespoon of sour cream into your next serving of steak tartar for a different taste.

Coat thinly sliced ham in pancake batter and deep-fry for an unusual breakfast dish.

To make those meatballs spicy, be sure to include a sprinkling of ground ginger, ground nutmeg and ground black pepper.

Jam stored too long becomes thick and sugary, but if placed in an oven until sugar melts, it will be ready for use again.

For a different and better taste for potato salad, add juice of a half grapefruit to the mayonnaise.

To give meat loaf a new taste, pour syrup from canned peaches over meat just before cooking is finished.

A bit of mint added to any rice mixture is a delicious taste change.

For an Oriental flavor, try basting pork with pineapple juice and brown sugar - then serve in thin slices.

Brush the top of fruit cake with honey to give it a nice glaze.

Blend pineapple juice in mayonnaise for a zesty salad dressing.

Potato salad is extra good if prepared with sour cream.



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Folk Dance Editor
Ted Sannella

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Roger Whynot invites all square dancers to a dance of New England-Maritime Squares & Contras to be held on Friday, March 3, 1972, 8 - 11 p.m. at the Landmark School, Frides Crossing, Mass. \$1.00 per person.

Country Dance Society, Boston Center, announce their Drop-In Thursday evening parties at 3 Joy St. Boston, Mass. schedule of callers for March & April as follows: March 2, Jack Evans; 9, Louise Winston; 16, Ted Sannella. April 6, Roger Whynot, 13, Louise Winston; 27 Dick Delery. The Society also plan Square Dance Classes for Beginners, Thursday nights at 3 Joy St. Boston, Mass. 6:45 - 7:45, March 2-9-23; April 6-13; May 4-11-18-25 Cost for course \$10.00. Teacher-caller, Louise Winston.
