

# NORTHERN

# JUNKET



VOL 11  
NO 4

35¢

# INDEX

Article	Page
Take It Or Leave It - - -	1
As Time Goes By - "Progress" - - -	2
Fiddler In A Taxi - - - -	6
More Patter - - - -	12
Something To Crow About - - - -	16
Memo For Paper Tigers - - - -	18
It Began With Old Mole - - - -	21
Contra Dance - Draw the Sword Scotland	25
Square Dance - Rockingham Star - - -	26
Folk Dance - Patch Tanz - - - -	27
Irish Curses - - - -	28
Folk Song - Ned Flaherty's Drake - -	30
It's Coitins For the Sounds of Old New York	34
It's Fun To Hunt - - - -	37
Painless Folklore - - - -	41
Signs of the Times - Ccäl Miners Garden	
Xmas Cards - Improbable Things - Forgot-	
en Expressions - Country Talk - What	
They Say In New Hampshire	
Recipes To Remember - - - -	46
Clam Chowder - Bread Pudding - Maple	
Popcorn - Maple Salad Dressing	



DIED: April 6, John Kenyon. Charter member and past officer of NEFFA



T A K E I T O R  
L E A V E I T

Just for the fun of it, find out the average age of the members of your square dance club. If your club has no one under thirty years of age, then you're in trouble. If the average age of your club members lies in the 35 to 50 average, you're in deeper trouble. If you have had some young people say from 20 to 30 years of age but they are no longer dancing with you, then you are in the deepest trouble of all. I am sorry to say, square dancing is becoming a "middle-aged" activity and is not appealing to the young the way it used to or the way it could and should. Why? You might give the problem some soul searching thought, because if it continues the way it's going then this generation of square dancers - club style - is the last.

There is a young man here in middle New England who is leading many weekly public dances. His average attendance is between 200 and 300 young college-aged and younger dancers. His program is at least 75 percent contra dances with some English country dances quite often, and always a few of the round dances that have been danced here for a couple of dance generations, such as Gay Gordons, The Roberts, Road to the Isles etc. His success is not something that has happened overnight; it has been growing for at least five years. He MUST be doing something right!

If I was a modern club style caller I'd darned soon find out his secret and do something about it. Incidentally, do you know any club-style caller who averages that many dancers four or five times a week at open dances? Neither do I.

Sincerely

Ralph

# AS TIME GOES BY "PROGRESS"



by WALTER MEIER

During my 30 years of square dance calling (1941 - 1971) changes in attitudes and changes in types, styles and performance of square dancing were continually in evidence. Going back to the '40s, it was an easy matter to visit the different square dances without having any fear of being insulted, ridiculed or embarrassed when things in the square did not go too well. The fun to dance with strangers was prevalent, and numerous and lasting friendships were made. Beginner square dance classes were non-existent, and by attending the different dances, it took no time at all to become a bona fide square dancer. Visiting couple dances were predominant, and by taking the No. 4 position in the square, and by being watchful and alert the dancing went well - and without disruption. Everywhere a friendly attitude of the dancers, who always gave a helping hand was very pleasant and enjoyable. Square dancing was THE American Folk Dance, and deeply rooted in folklore. Figures could be traced to folk dances and the calls were by no means descriptive. It was up to each couple to memorize the correct and appropriate patterns, except for the nine existing basics.

Slowly, a change in square dancing became noticeable. The change went under the name of "progress". Soon, the delightful little visiting couple dances dis-



appeared and were forgotten. In their place new basic figures were invented (?), and the excuse was that all calls should be very descriptive. Thus, the most important part of our American Folk Dance was substituted with very strange, and often undanceable new basics. With this new trend, beginner square dance classes were introduced which, at that particular time, required but 10 lessons to become full-fledged square dancers. Many objections were voiced to such unnecessary lessons, but the cry of "progress" overshadowed all these objections. This happened about the turn from the '40s to the '50s, and descriptive calling became the "order of the day." However, one good thing emerged during this time and that was the protest by dancers and callers against any kind of square dance competition.



Soon after that things really began to happen. Visiting out-of-state callers established themselves into many regular square dance clubs. They came with a load full of "new stuff" up their sleeve, and the local callers, not to be outdone, were forced to expand their repertoire and, at the same time, to present more and more newly invented(?) basics, if possible before the ink was dry on the call sheet. With all this a total disregard of timing came into being. Clip-timing was established, and with it, the rat race type of square dancing took hold of the square dance movement. All descriptive calling was forgotten, and the 10-lesson beginner classes had to be extended to 20-lesson classes. Dancers and callers could not marvel enough about this "progress" in the square dance movement.

As time went on, the deluge of new basics, and the more and more intricate patterns of the square dance figures made it necessary to add "brush-up" courses af-

ter the lessons in order for dancers to join a club. When such "brush-up" courses did not accomplish the necessary effect, all-year-round beginner classes were instituted. But even that did not seem to help the dancers to absorb and to learn all these new and crazy basics which completely flooded the square dance movement. The square dance, which originally was a dance for the enjoyment and relaxation for all people and which, in its intrinsic nature, IS the American Folk Dance, lost the battle with the "progress" of "square dance pollution." Therefore, it was inevitable that each and every club dance became an expanded lesson after the finish of the all-year-round classes. And what was the excuse? Yes, you guessed it: "Progress."

At the present time, styles in square dancing run rampant. It seems as though everyone does whatever he pleases with a total disregard to the other dancers in the square. Imagine when a strange dancer steps into a square and finds himself surrounded by three couples who do very strange things. Just to mention a few: a Ladies Chain cut short, a do-si-do substituted for an Irish Swing, a two-handed Allemande Left (which way do we circle, right or left?), and many more irresponsible things too numerous to mention. Such can NOT be called square dancing, and it certainly takes away all the fun and pleasure. Strict rules should be enforced by callers and dancers to immediately oust all offenders. And right here the caller has an excellent chance to show his leadership or whether he is wishy-washy in his actions.



And what has "progress" accomplished? Nothing at all. It has developed an activity which in due time shall destroy itself. It has taken the square dance out of the barn to place square dancing into very respectable establishments but, at the same time, it has taken away the square dance from the masses of the people. It has destroyed the folkloric image of the square dance; non-descriptive calls are more predominant than ever before. It has taken away the fun, friendliness - and relaxation from the square dance and it has brought back a "silent" competition in the worst way. Dancers brag that they know more than others, and callers strive to be the first with the newest. Such a "silent" competition is a rotten competition. There are no boundaries and no limits. There is never a final decision.

But let us consider and look at the square dance picture as a whole. What will be the outcome of this so-called "progress?" The outcome will be a sad story to relate. In the end it will have glorified only very few and when their aims and goal runs into a cul-de-sac, and when these few look back to see where everyone has disappeared to, they will find nothing but a barren land with no place to go to or to come back to. And all that for the sake of "progress?" Let's think a little. Let's learn a lesson from history. The more things change under the cloak of "progress", the more they remain the same, but in the worst way. Is that what YOU would call "progress?" Think it over. Soon it will be too late.

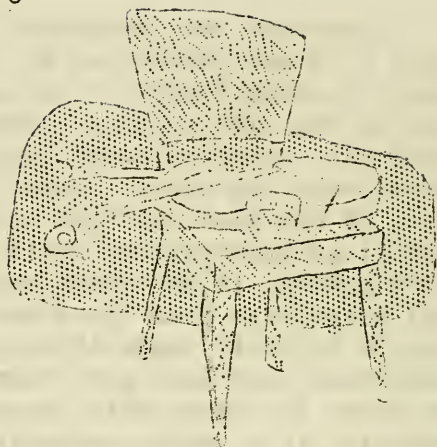
Ed. note: This article first appeared in the September "SQUARES 'ROUND CHICAGO AREA." Walter Meier was the founder and editor of "MID-WEST DANCER" for many years.





# FIDDLER IN A TAXI

by ETIENNE COLBERT



Jean Carrignan, sitting in a typical St. Catherine Street quick-service eaterie, is a study in contrasts. In one guise, he is a Montreal taxi driver, typical of the other working-class patrons - quiet, unassuming, and perhaps a little preoccupied. But removed from the vinyl and juke box restaurant atmosphere, he cuts more than an impressive figure.

You see, Jean Carrignan is recognized as one of the finest folk fiddlers in the world, a title few would aspire to win with as much surety as he.

The last of a vanishing breed of musicians, he can point to a flawless proficiency in nonless than five separate styles of folk fiddling - Quebecois, Maritime Canadian, Irish, Scottish and Bretagne. It would also take a keen ear to pinpoint his rare flaws in U.S. country music or an imitator of classical baroque themes.

His talent has been admired by everyone from Queen Elizabeth (before whom he played twice) to Pete Seeger, the dean of North American folk music. At concerts across the continent and Europe, Carrignan's music has inspired people to call his playing everything from dazzling to incredible.

But it is precisely because his technique is so unique that Carrignan is tied pushing a Montreal taxi.



He has never learned to read or write music, and all he has learned is kept behind his large and sensitive eyes. As a result, he spends most of his time defending the intricacies of his craft to a public uneducated and unappreciative of basic folk music.

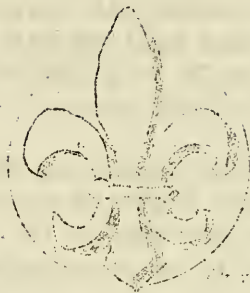
"One day somebody asked me what right I have to say I know how to play Scottish reels," he said excitedly, rattling his coffee cup on the table. "Well, I'll show you. This here is my grandmother, it's the notice of her death."

Out of the depths of his wallet, Carrignan produced a tattered clipping announcing the passing of one Marie McCraiy. "That proves I have Scottish blood in me," said Carrignan smugly. But he needn't have tried to prove his credentials that way. One earful of his technique would suffice.



It's still an uphill battle for Carrignan, who doesn't meet with too much demand for his talents. He gets jobs frequently enough - at country fairs, dances, political rallies and the like. More recently, he has played 10 years with the Feux Follets and Marie Calumet dance troupes, and for audiences dining at the Auberge le Vieux Saint Gabriel. Yet there's no steady demand for the pure stylist. Young musicians in rock and pop fields burst on the field like super-novas, and leave the serious musician behind.

By contrast, Carrignan's love for the fiddle, has been life-long. Born 56 years ago in Levis, just north of Quebec City, he first picked up the fiddle at the age of four. His father, a bricklayer and part-time fiddler, taught him ancient tunes passed down generation by generation. "But one day, when I was ten, I brought home some records by Michael Coleman," said Carrignan. "Coleman was Irish, he lived in Brooklyn and was one of the best Irish jig fiddlers of all time."



"My father said to me, who do you want to listen to that? You'll never be that good."

But young Jean, rose to the bait and learned every one of the tunes. Now, a master of some 26 of Coleman's unwritten pieces, Carignan is the only man in the world who knows how to play them without cheating, or slurring the notes to make it easier.

His rigid adherence to pure technique has made him something of a curiosity with serious classical musicians. Often, members of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra have been known to approach him on a point of bowing or fingering. Calvin Sieb, the MSO's concert master, has learned a few tricks from the untrained Carignan, and calls him a close friend.

That's not as strange as it may seem though. Carignan boasts a fine collection of classical and folk violinists. He studies each record in his library, which numbers in the thousands, and can tell you strong points and weaknesses of every great classical violinist on record.

"A piece by Coleman," he said, "is as complicated as any by Beethoven or by any other classical composer. You have to play it exactly right, never change a note. Would Menuhin re-write Beethoven? Why should I re-write Coleman? But Coleman is only one man. There are many languages of the fiddle."

"If you play Quebecois style, it's completely dif-

ferent than what you hear in New Brusswick. And don't ever let anyone tell you that Scottish and Irish reels are the same thing. They may sound similar, but they have techniques so different you'd never be able to find them similar if you knew what to look for

"The trouble for fiddle players in this country can be seen if you look at Don Messer. There are people picking potatoes in Prince Edward Island who can fiddle better than Don Messer. But people like Messer are good businessmen. They know what the people want and how to give it to them."



People have given Carignan help. Pete Seeger, when he first heard him through Montreal impressario, Sam Geser, immediately asked Carignan to tour with him. In 1960, Montreal folk-singer Alan Mills took Carignan to the Newport Folk Festival, where their act was one of the high spots of the event. And in 1968, Joan Baez stopped her concert at Place des Arts to have Carignan fiddle a few tunes.

But he isn't tied to the kind of type-filled salesmanship so much demanded by modern recording companies. Carignan has a home and family in Ville LaSalle, and he wants to be secure in the knowledge that they are well taken care of, and not in the hands of fickle audiences who couldn't tell an overnight wonder from a serious musician.



Carignan has made six records, including a couple on the Folkways label with Alan Mills and Seeger. A couple were done for the London people, but he satisfied with any except the one with Seeger.

"I tell you", he said, "All that those record producers want is to make me play the way he wants. They tell me to play with their pianists, with their accordion players. I want to play with mine, and do it the



right way. Most of the back up men today can't play at all."

"Seeger helped me though. When we were recording, the producer told me to do something I didn't want, and Seeger told that man that I could do it my way, or Seeger would walk out. The producer shut up fast."

Carignan had originally wanted to be a shoemaker,



a craft he studied and can still use everytime he runs out of an old pair. Before he went too far into that life though, he was discovered by the orchestra leader George Wade, and toured Canada as a member of the group known as George Wade and the Corn Huskers.

Over the past 20 years or so, Carignan has given concerts at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall in New York and Jordan Hall in Boston. He's appeared in Newport and several Mariposa festivals, represented Canada at the Cavalcade of the Commonwealth festival in London in 1960, and was invited to play for the Maple Leaf Ball by the then High Commissioner George Drew, which was an appearance before Princess Alexandria.

His appearances before Queen Elizabeth were in 1959, when she was in town to open the St. Lawrence Sea way, and several years later, when she appeared in P.E.I. for the Charlottetown Festival. In the early 1950's he was lead fiddler on a series of dance records for the Folk Dancer label with Bob Hill's Orchestra.... which also included his twin brothers also playing the fiddle. This series of records has been called by knowledgeable people in the trade as the best ever made for traditional square and contra dances.



But those were the best years of his life, and they are going quickly. His left ear, the one closest to his fiddle, is going deaf after long years of battering from a rivet gun he worked for four years and a 68-pound steam jackhammer used in steel demolition for another four. His days as a perfectionist may soon be over.

"I've worked in my life," he said, with a slightly tired tone. "The doctors say that my ear will never be fixed, the damage is beyond repair. But I will do something very few other fiddlers do, and that's to put my instrument away when I can't play any more. Too many musicians go on after they can't do it any more. I won't."

And with him, many things will go. The Coleman tunes. The incredible styling that has never been completely catalogued and recorded in anticipation of that one man in a century who can do the impossible with a bow across catgut.

Will he ever pass his knowledge on?

"No, there's nobody to learn," he said. "Go to the street, ask any kid you meet who was Mendelsohn, who was Paganini. He won't know. But he'll know who the hockey stars are. It took me 45 years to learn. You think I've got that much time to teach?"

Perhaps not. But perhaps we should have taken the time to listen and learn from him during his great years. Perhaps some astute producer will record his art on several LP's before too late. He is considering contracts with R.C.A. Victor in New York, and Earth Music Studio in Burlington, Vermont.





## MORE PATTER

Years ago, square dance callers prided themselves on their "promenade patter". It is becoming a forgotten art. Before it gets lost forever we thought we'd write out some that we've used, or heard other callers use. None of it is copyrighted, so if you like it and want to begin using some of it - be our guest! Most of it was used while the dancers were promenading home - hence the name, "promenade patter."

Promenade from here to there,  
Got two shoes, but they ain't a pair!

Promenade from here to there,  
Got one wife - don't need a spare.

Walk that little gal back again,  
She's not half bad for the shape she's in!

Drag your feet and do your best,  
You ain't got time to stop and rest.

Take it easy, take it light,  
You ain't goin' nowhere else tonight.

or - It's pretty hot out there tonight.

or - The floor is slick out there tonight, etc.

Cow in the barn, horse in the stable,  
Walk her back if she's still able.



Walk 'em single, on the double,  
Stick to your own, keep out of trouble.

She don't need a key or lock,  
She keeps her money in her sock.

Come on girls, let's show some rhythm,  
Snuggle up close and keep right with 'em.



You're feeling perky, full of pep?  
So raise the dickens, but watch your step.

Come on boys, keep on the move,  
I like to see you in the groove.

You know darned well where you can go,  
But I'm too polite to tell you so.



There's just one thing that I admire,  
Those gals keep dancing - they never tire.

From way back here I can't be certain  
Whether you're dancin' or you're flirtin'.

You wouldn't use these at a public dance, but I've  
heard them at 'kitchen junkets'.

A bowl of pretzels and a can of beer,  
Would taste mighty good when we get through here.

There's just one thing that I don't get,  
Those girls keep dancing but they never sweat.

That old lady would look neater,  
If she didn't comb her hair with an old egg-beater.

You know what I'd do if I really could?  
I'd swap your head for a block of wood.



Some like water, some like whiskey,  
That's what keeps 'em young and frisky.

You won't get cold, so I've been told,  
If you promenade round with a good tight hold.

Now trot 'em off, but don't get tough  
I think you all have had enough.

Let's all stop and quench our thirst,  
The one who's fastest gets there first.



Swing that gal is what I say,  
Her face is sad, but her heart is gay.

Swing that pretty gal around,  
Wear that lady's arches down.

Swing that gal and hold her tight,  
Her feet are heavy but her heart is light.

Swing that little gal around,  
Best little bargain you've ever found.

Swing 'em one, swing 'em all,  
Up and down like a rubber ball.

Swing that gal, that's what you do,  
Now there's a gal you'd like to woo.



Swing that little gal around  
Since they got married they've settled down.





If you want a gal -

I'll give you a lesson,

Tell 'em nuthin' -

keep 'em guessin'.



If you wanna keep a gal - I'll give you a tip,

Tell 'em nuthin' - button you're lip.

Walk your honey by your side,

It's much more fun to walk than ride.

Swing your partner, swing your honey,

Swing the gal who spends your money.

Drink some beer and shake a sock,

We won't go home til 12 o'clock.

Walk that gal, there's no denying

A good brisk walk is satisfying.



What I'm saying doesn't matter,

Just killing time with a little patter.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Ellen and George Rado lead a weekend of folk dancing at Paramount Hotel, Parksville, N.Y. April 13, 14, 15 1973 Write them for more information at 87-25 188th St. Hollis, N.Y. 11423. AND, Ellen is a licensed travel agent for the Penn Plaza Travel & Tours agency. Please call her when planning your next trip at HO 5 - 1088.

George Fogg leads English Country Dancing at the Old South Church Congregational. S. Weymouth, Mass. Monday evenings April 16 & 30; May 14 & 28. 8 to 10 p.m. Ellen Mandigo furnishes live music for the class.

If you live in the Chicago area you should write: Publicity Committee, 5460 S. Harper, Chicago, Ill. 60615 and ask for their Folk Dance Directory.



# SOMETHING TO

# CROW ABOUT

From the NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL

How pleased and proud we are to announce a summer seminar called FOLKLORE IN AMERICA. This intensive, 6-credit 3-week workshop covering the various aspects of traditional cultures in the U.S. will be sponsored jointly by NFFA and George Washington University. This new course will stress the cultural and interdisciplinary approach to folklore culminating with a study of the organization and presentation of our 35th National Folk Festival at Wolf Trap. The primary emphasis of the course will be on the mainstreams of traditional cultures (Anglo and Afro-American), but it will also deal with the American Indian, Pennsylvania Germans and other ethnic groups. Folklore topics will be discussed from both historical and contemporaneous points of view and will include: narrative, song, music, dance, religion, games, proverbs, riddles; folk art, architecture and craft; library and field methodology in folklore research; folk museums and archives and the revival and/or preservation of crafts. Students will be actively involved in the organization and operation of folklore societies and folk festivals during the final week of the course.

The course will be taught from July 9 through the 29 on the rural campus of Madeira School - close to Wolf Trap Farm Park, and is being developed by Charles L. Perdue, Assistant Professor of Folklore at the University of Virginia, also a member of NEFF's Board of Directors, and Victor K. Golla, Department of Anthropology, at George Washington University. Distinguished guest lecturers from the Smithsonian, Library of Congress, regional universities and museums will be frequent visitors.

This will help to give students some familiarity with the current manifestations of traditional cultures in this country - both through discussion and participation, and will give theoretical guidance as well as practical experience in applied folklore.

Room and board will be available at the Madeira School. Enrollment will be limited so for further information write immediately to the National Folk Festival Association. (Members of NFFA will be given prior consideration). 1346 Connecticut Ave. N.W. #718, Washington, D.C. 20036.

\*\*\*\*\*

A folk dance weekend is planned for April 27-29 at SUC Cortland, with Marianne Taylor & Ann & Andor Czompo leaders. Write Andor Czompo, Dance Dept. SUC at Cortland, N.Y. 13045 for more information.

Rochester International Folk Dancers sponsor a Festival weekend at the YWCA, 175 Clinton St. Rochester, N.Y. on April 13 & 14. Leaders will be David Valentine & Richer Castner. Further information from David Valentine, 337 Rockingham St. Rochester, N.Y. 14620.

The Buffalo Gap Folk Dance Camp will be held Memorial Day weekend, May 26, 27, 28, 1973. With Ted Sanella, Sunni Bloland and Pece Atanasovski as staff. Write to Mel Diamond, 2414 East Gate Drive, Silver Spring, Md. 20906 for more information.

\*\*\*\*\*



MEMO FOR

## PAPER TIGERS

by JONATHAN EBERHART

It is no cosmic revelation that we live in times rife with specialization, from which the field of research is no exception. With so many eyes looking for new areas of investigation, the areas have to get smaller just so that all the lookers can fit their eyes in at once. Organizations proliferate, along with associations, councils, bureaus and societies, dedicated to the further subdivision of the already specialized subjects of their collective endeavor.

The most fascinating indicator of this rampant focus-narrowing is the convention program. A few years ago there was a national convention devoted entirely to left-handed tools and fasteners, with paper topics such as "Reverse Threads and You". In fact, it's almost too risky to say that any given topic, however obscure, has not been the subject of some paper or dissertation, somewhere, by someone.

There also seems to be an odd, unofficial law - of the same ilk as Murphy's or Parkinson's - which dictates that many of the most - ahem - microlocutory topics are found at meetings of the most sprawling, generalized organizations. The American Folklore Society,



for example, which is surely as broadly based as it could be while still confining itself to folklore, has a bare minimum of survey-of-everything papers at its annual meetings; instead, at the 1972 meeting, for example, researches were described into such little-trafficked areas as the songs of Vietnam helicopter pilots or the railroad tie buildings of the Plain states. The obscurity trophy might well have gone to a study of "folksongs of Maltese prostitutes", were it not for the authoress's revelation (potentially worth knowing for world travellers) that in Malta, any woman who sings in public may be so regarded - which rather expands the eligible sub-culture involved.



Yet let not this article be regarded as a denunciation of obscurantism. There is at least as much to be gained from studying trees with a hand lens as there is from watching the forest during a mile-high fly-over. Also, each new cell built onto a research laboratory is likely to add at least eight new corners to look in (a maxim which may, itself, be eligible for a fairly obscure award of some sort). It is for this reason that folklorists, or researchers of any other persuasion for that matter, need never want for topics when pressures for publication begin their annual escalation cycle.

Thus, as a public service to AFS members, and to folklorists everywhere, the NEFA Newsletter offers the following possibilities for paper topics. (Whether they also need double as research topics is a matter for the conscience of the individual.) A certain trepidation must be confessed (thereby winning the Intransitive Verb Award from the National Association for the Insecure) that one or more of these areas may already have been the subjects for investigation. However, variations

in obscurity of approach can often mask overlappings in obscurity of subject. At the 1972 American Folklore Society Meeting, for example, topics ran from such sock-it-to-'em, tell-it-like-it-is items as "Generic Specificity and the Formalist-Structuralist Controversy", to academicized exercises in technical jargon as "The Stuck Tampax."

So, if your tenure's at stake and your deadline's at hand, consider these:

1. Bubblegum - An Expansive View of an Age-correlated Percussion Instrument.
2. Cross-cultural Morphanalysis of Infant and Pre-adolescent Speech Sounds and Formants. (or: One Man's mom is Another Man's Nana).
3. The New York Times as Folklore.
4. Toe-tapping and Finger-snapping vs Arthritis (or: The Boogie and Ben-Gay).

And, if you only belong to organizations that won't touch these ideas with a 10-foot Pole, don't think up more - start a new organization. Remember, nothing proliferates like proliferation.

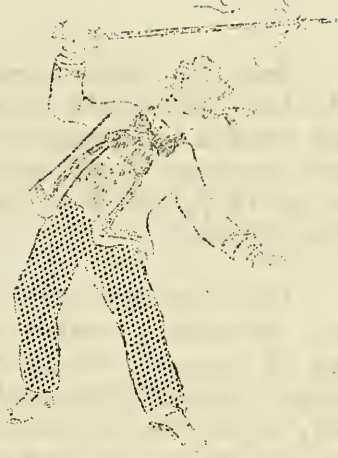
000000000000

The Royal Scottish Country Dance Society, Boston Branch is investigating the possibility of running a Charter Flight to Scotland late in October, 1973, so that members of the Society and their families may attend the celebrations honoring the 50th anniversary of the founding of the parent Royal Scottish Country Dance Society of Scotland. All interested people are requested to contact: Evelyn & Tom Lenthall, 37 Blanchard Road, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

Write to E. O'Byrne DeWitt's Sons, 1576 Tremont St. Roxbury, Mass., 02120, requesting their latest catalogue of Irish LP's and tapes.

000000000000

# IT ALL BEGAN WITH OLD MOLE



At 82 years of age, Miss May Gadd admits to a special fondness for the Morpeth Rant and Step Stately. But it was the Old Mole that turned her on to her life's work.

To the American square dancer there may be something quaint about these names - all are names of English country dances. But there is nothing quaint about Miss Gadd, who recently retired as national director of the Country Dance and Song Society of America after having served with it for 46 years. She has successfully promoted the idea that folk tradition lives only thru folk, and she is considered the foremost authority in the United States on English country dancing.


If she singles out the Step Stately - a 17th-century dance that Agnes de Mille, who often consults Miss Gadd, used in "Brigadoon" - or the Morpeth Rant - a stepping polka from Northumberland - as her favorites, this is only a manner of speaking. It is obvious that the British-born Miss Gadd loves every one of the 1,000 dances that she has taught on both sides of the Atlantic for nearly 60 years.

When she first saw the Old Mole in a London theater in 1915, she said, "That's what I want to do," and lost no time doing it. She joined the English Folk Dance and Song Society, formed in 1911 with a mission to revive a tradition once thought extinct. In 1919, she became one of the society's staff teachers and performers of English folk dances.



Sent to this country in 1927 to work full-time with the society's 12-year-old American branch, Miss Gadd stayed on permanently to reshape it as an independent American organization. She became national director in 1937, and has now been succeeded by Mrs. Genevieve Shimer.

Like its English counterpart, the American society went through a period of "collection" and reconstruction of dances that many Americans - now familiar with square dancing since childhood - take for granted. Miss Gadd, a learner as well as a teacher, began her American career by seeking out the real McCoy, so to speak, in the Kentucky hills. In 1928, she points out, the translated British country dances that are known as square dances and running sets in the Appalachians had been preserved by the mountaineers, but they were rarely seen in American cities. To study these dances, Miss Gadd once waited for a local host to return from "feudin'" as his wife phrased it.



Another side of her expertise might take her into a very different setting over the years. Unlike the social community dances preserved in New England and the Appalachians, another kind of English folk dance - a ritual type - was never brought over by settlers. But these old pagan fertility rites took root here later in a more academic environment.

If the girls at Bryn Mawr College today are still dancing around a Maypole every year, it may be because Miss Gadd was consulted there in the thirties on what is the correct height (forty feet, she said, but the college prefers shorter poles). Many an American devotee of the ritual Sword and Morris dances, who jigs away with sticks, handkerchiefs or bells, learned his steps from Miss Gadd.





"She's an absolutely wonderful person and a real professional," said Miss de Mille, who consulted Miss Gadd when choreographing her landmark musical, "Oklahoma!" in 1943 and other shows and ballets, such as "Rodeo," that used folk material.

Yet it was as a pioneer in popularizing square dancing among city slickers that Miss Gadd exhibited the leadership qualities her admirers praise so highly. "I've seen her get 700 people moving in correct circles in an armory in three minutes," Miss de Mille said.

Norman Singer, executive director of the City Center of Music and Drama, whose passion for country dancing has led him to serve as the society's current president, paid tribute to Miss Gadd "as one of the most inspiring persons I've ever known - a teacher, organizer and placater of many people."

It was this human-relations aspect that Miss Gadd stressed in an interview at the society's headquarters at 55 Christopher Street. One of the most gratifying results of teaching country dancing through the society's festivals and weekly Tuesday classes, she said, has been the response from people who say, "You don't know what this has done for me." Miss Gadd noted with satisfaction that American square dancing and the English dances are becoming increasingly popular among the young college-aged young people.

Under Miss Gadd's direction, the society has taught country dancing as a form of recreation that stresses "relations among people." She credits Cecil Sharp, founder of the English Folk Dance Society, with the insight that these old dances, once revived, could be preserved if they became popular again.

"The wonderful thing about Cecil Sharp," she said, "and this is something I feel strongly about, is that he saw that the real quality of this folk material is that it always lives. And not as a museum piece. Every generation adapts it to its own feeling. We don't want you to dance the way they did in the 17th century. These dances are fun."

Miss Gadd has given up performing, but no one expects her to stop dancing for fun. When the New Yorker published a profile of her in 1953, much was made of her gift for "lilt". A brief demonstration the other day showed "lilt", which Miss Gadd defines as "rhythm", still very much in evidence. The secret she confided, "is to get your body moving. It's not the footwork."

\*\*\*\*\*

THANKS TO: Charlie Baldwin, square dance record.  
 Rich & Bonnie Castner, home-made jellies and bottle of Irish Mist.  
 Dr. Charlotte Smith, 2 dance books: "Folk Tunes" & Pepper Collection Quadrilles & Lancers.  
 Libertad Fajardo, box of Manila cigars.  
 Ralph Sweet, copy of his book "The Fifer's Delight, copy of Clement Weeks Mss. (1783) a dance program (1906) from Rome, Italy, copy "Holland, as seen in English Country Dance."  
 Wm. Young, Kent, England, tape recording of his family band.  
 Don Armstrong, LP "Favorite Scottish Dance music" by Jimmy Blue & His Scottish Band.  
 Roger Whynot, music for "Scotty O'Neil" an original tune by Bob McQuillen.

Married: Feb. 24, 1973, Margaret Massey & Laurence Saunders, in the Community Church, New Boston, N.H.

Died: Feb. 9, 1973, Mrs. H. Thorne King (Robbie) Hancock N.H. aged 66. A charter member of the great Belmont, Ms Country Dancers.

# 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

Let's Create Old-Tyme Dancing - \$2.50

by Ralph Sweet - A MUST book for serious callers

The Ralph Page Book Of Contra Dances - \$1.50

by Ralph Page - 22 dances plus music

A Collection of German & Austrian Dances - \$1.50

as taught by Paul & Gretel Dunsing

Country Kitchen - \$1.75

favorite recipes of Monadnock Region of N.H.

New Hampshire Camp Fare - \$1.00

favorite recipes at N.H. Folk Dance Camps

COMPLETE YOUR FILE OF NORTHERN JUNKET!

we have many of the back issues at .50¢ each

Order any of the above material from:

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



MAINE FOLK DANCE CAMPS

Six exciting sessions plus  
Labor Day Weekend  
at Pioneer Lodge and Cottages  
Bridgton, Me. 04009

Session A - June 16-22      Session B - June 23-29  
Session C - June 30 - July 6      Session D - July 7-13  
with

ANDOR CZOMPO - Hungarian Dances  
ANN CZOMPO - Jazz Dances  
NELDA DRURY - Mexican Dances  
CHRISTIANNE LENENDRE - French Dances  
JOHN & PAULA PAPPAS - Greek Dances  
RALPH PAGE - Contras & Lancers  
MARY ANN HERMAN - International Dances

Session E - Aug. 18-24      Session F - Aug. 25-31  
Labor Day Weekend - Aug. 31-Sept. 3

With

JANE FARWELL - International Dances  
CONNY & MARIANNE TAYLOR - International Dances  
JOE WALLIN - Scottish Dances  
RALPH PAGE - Contras & Lancers  
MARY ANN HERMAN - International Dances  
CARMEN IRMINGER - Swiss Dances

PLUS

HENRY LASH - Chef Extraordinaire  
TED MAUNTZ - Pioneer Press  
MARY TYMKOWYCH - Pioneer Press  
AGGIE STILLMAN - Jack of all trades  
MANUS & ELVERA O'DONNELL  
BOBBIE WIGGINGTON

####

\*\*\*\*

00000

@@@@@

XOXOX

###



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

"V" HALL of the

Diocese Armenian Church  
630 Second Avenue  
Between 34th & 35 Street  
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 and Michael Herman will do most of the teaching.

Tuesdays 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.

Wednesdays 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"!

\*\*\*\*\*11

13th ANNUAL SPRING WEEKEND OF FOLK & SQUARE DANCING at  
The Inn at East Hill Farm, Troy, N.H. May 4-5-6, 1973.

Staff will include: Conny Taylor, international Dances;  
Germain & Louise Hebert, French Dances; David Henry, In-  
ternational Dances; Ralph Page, contras & squares.

Cost for weekend: \$39.50 including tax.

\$5.00 reservation needed to hold your place. Send To:

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

\*\*\*\*\*

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 or-  
chestrations. Dance music only, please. Send to:

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

\*\*\*\*\*

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 Avd. Toronto 2B, Ontario, Canada

\*\*\*\*\*

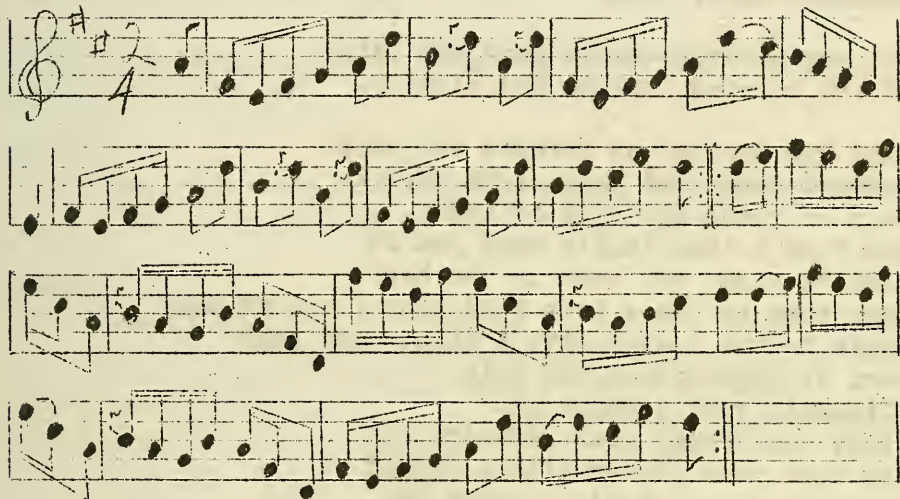
Conny Taylor, 62 Fottler Ave. Lexington, Mass. announ-  
ces a new FOLK DANCE RECORD SERVICE. For more complete  
information, call him at VO 2 - 7144

\*\*\*

# CONTRA DANCE

DRAW THE SWORD, SCOTLAND

From: Saunder's Complete Instructor for Violin, 1847



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

First lady down the middle with second gent.  
Partner follows and joins them at the foot and comes  
back with them

Partners down and up the middle and cast off one couple  
Swing six hands round  
Right and left four.

This dance is a variation of "Triumph". I have not seen this particular version in any other book or mss. I have given the dance directions exactly as given in the book. Just thought you might like to read them that way for a change. George Saunders advertises himself as a "Professor of Music and Dancing". The book contains interesting variants of well-known dance tunes also.

# SQUARE DANCE

## ROCKINGHAM STAR

As called by Rod Linnell at Nova Scotia Folk Dance Camp  
Kedgemekoogie, 1961.

Use any moderate-speed tune you like.  
Ad lib opening, breaks and closing.

Head two couples go forward and back  
Forward again and pass right through  
Keep on going and pass by two  
And form a line that's what you do  
Forward eight and back to the bar  
Ends turn in for a left-hand star (once around)  
Heads to the center with a right-hand star  
Turn it once around the hall  
Allemande your corners all  
Right hand round your partners all  
Now take your pretty little corner  
Promenade - and don't step on her.  
Break. Then again for the heads; break, repeat for the  
side couples, break, repeat once more for sides. Ending.

#####

Michael & Mary Ann Herman of Folk Dance House, NYC, are  
sponsoring two weekends at Green Acres, Loch Sheldrake,  
N.Y. April 6-8 and June 1-3. Write them at P.O. Box 201  
Flushing, N.Y. 11352, for further information.

The First "Annual" Philadelphia Spring Folk Festival  
will be held Friday, April 27, through Sunday, April 29  
1973, at nearby suburban Ambler. Further information:  
Philadelphia Folksong Society, 7115 Emlen Street, Phila  
delphia, Pa. 19119.



# FOLK DANCE

## PATCH TANZ

Record MH 1092 - Old Jewish Mixer

Circle of couples, hands joined shoulder high, lady on partner's right side.

### Part I

Mes. 1-8 8 slow steps to right, beginning R  
 " 8-16 Repeat to left, beginning R

### Part II

Meas 17-18 All take 2 steps to center, hands joined  
 " 19-20 Release hands, clap 3-times (1,2,3, pause)  
 " 21-22 Join hands, take 2-steps backward  
 " 23-24 Face partner, inside hands joined, stamp  
 foot 3-times (1,2,3, pause)  
 "25-32 Repeat Part II.

### Part III

Meas 33-40 Partners join both hands, arms extended  
 ed shoulder high. Turn, right side to  
 right side, 8 slow steps  
 41-44 Turn, left side to left side, 4 slow  
 steps, man ending on outside of circle  
 releasing his right hand  
 45-48 With 4 more steps, lady walks under  
 man's left hand still holding that  
 that hand, taking free hand of new  
 or left to rejoin circle again.

Repeat with new partner each time to end of record.

#####



## IRISH CURSES

by SEAN O'FALLON

The ancient Irish, often lauded and lamented for attributes they never possessed, were great respecters of Maledictions; Nothing was feared more than a well-couched curse and down through the ages right to this day the power of the curse remains. Consequently a man with a curl to his tongue, or, if you like, a good curser, is treated with the height of respect or given a wide berth. To offend him would be to court an uncomplimentary label, the sting of which might last for several generations.

In days gone by, no self-respecting Irish chieftain was without his own personal bard. It was a function of this bard to eulogise his employer and to curse without end his employer's enemies.

Next to the bard in cursing power came the widow woman and a widow's curse is still greatly to be feared. An orphan's curse was no joke either, while a priest's curse was to be avoided like a plague; it could always be lifted by a bishop.

My first experience of the high art of cursing came when I was about seven. There worked in our house at the time a girl who had no time for beggars. One day we were both in the kitchen when a knock came to the door. When she opened it a beggarman stood there and demanded a bite to eat. The girl cocked up her nose and said 'go along you, you dirty tramp'.

The beggarman weighed her up and down for a moment with a curiosity that boded no good. Then he fastened his eyes upon her nose which was a proboscis of considerable distinction, and the only noticeable blemish on an otherwise attractive face.

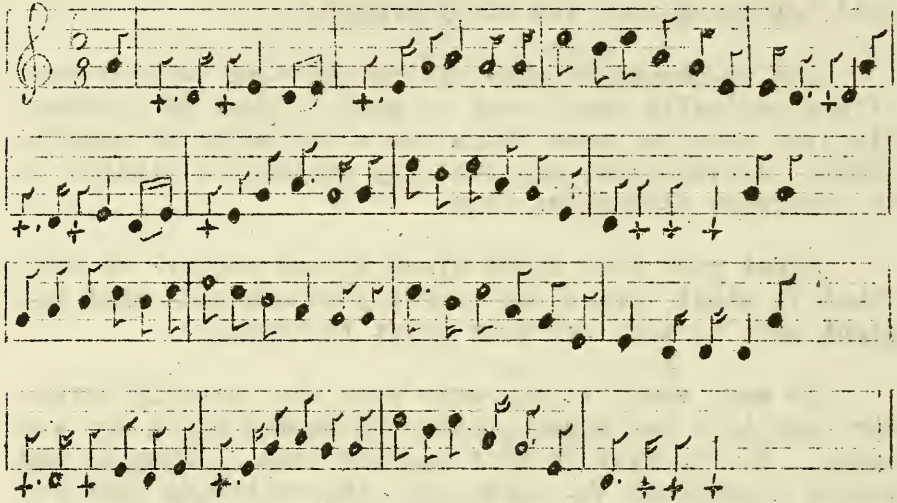
'That your nose might close up and fester' he said, 'that it might break out under your arm and that you might have to take off your shift to sneeze.'

He was about to say more when she quickly thrust her hand into her apron pocket and handed him a few coppers. He departed without another word. When he had gone I memorized the curse and thereafter my eyes and ears were always open lest I miss a better one. I hadn't long to wait. It was in a market place and there was a strong man balancing a cart wheel on his chin. While he was thus engaged, a small fat woman went around with his cap, collecting tribute. She did quite well, but as soon as the cap began to bulge the strong man took over. He pocketed its contents and made a bee-line for the nearest public house. From the waist up, like all strong men, he wore nothing but he was amply covered, for his chest had a tremendous thatch of curling black hair.

Before he could leave the market place the woman called after him: 'that every hair on your chest,' she screamed, 'might turn into a blackthorn stick and whack the behind off you down the road to hell.'

But these were common enough curses and one could hear them any day of the week. We must look to the bards if we are to begin an appreciation of truly tal-

ented cursing, in the ballad of Ned Flaherty's Drake, which was written to commemorate the death of this fine fowl, and to chastise his murderer there is much to be found in the best tradition of Irish cursing. Luckily for him, the name of the perpetrator of this savage crime was not known to the composer. But let us begin with a brief description of the deceased:



The dear little fella, his legs they were yella,  
 The universe round I would rove for his sake,  
 But some dirty savage to grease his white cabbage  
 Has murdered Ned Flaherty's beautiful drake.

So much for the drake. Now to the fellow who  
 wrought his demise:

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,  
 May a ghost ever haunt him at dead of the night,  
 May his hens never lay, may his ass never bray,  
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite,  
 That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,  
 May the biting North wind make him shiver and shake.  
 Bad cess to the robber be he drunk or be sober,  
 That murdered Ned Flaherty's beautiful drake.



May his pipe never smòke, may his taypot be broke,  
 And to add to the joke may his kettle ne'er boil,  
 May he stick to the bed till the hour that he's dead,  
 May he always be fed on hogwash and boiled oil,  
 May he swell with the gout, may his grinders fall out,  
 May he roll, howl and shout with a horrid toothache,  
 May his forehead wear horns and all his toes corns,  
 The monster that murdered Ned Flaherty's drake.

Needless to say, when Ned Flaherty was presented with another drake by his friends, the creature lived to a ripe old age and died from natural causes.

Another truly great Irish cursing ballad is "The Curse of Doneraile". Written in the year 1808, it is as popular today as it was then. In Doneraile at the time lived a Galway schoolmaster, Pat O'Kelly, who fancied himself a bit of a poet. One day he lost his watch in the lovely North Cork village and it was never returned to him. He sat down straightway and wrote the Curse of Doneraile. Far too long to give it in full, here are a few couplets:

#### The Curse of Doneraile

Alas how dismal my tale;  
 I lost my watch in Doneraile.  
 My Dublin watch, my chain and seal  
 Pilfered at once in Doneraile.  
 May fire and brimstone never fail  
 To fall in showers in Doneraile.  
 The fate of Pompey at Pharsale  
 Be that curse of Doneraile.  
 May Egypt's plague at once prevail  
 To thin the knaves of Doneraile.  
 May every Post, Gazette and Mail  
 Sad tidings bring of Doneraile.  
 May frost and snow and sleet and hail  
 Benumb each joint of Doneraile.  
 May wolves and bloodhounds trace and trail  
 The cursed crew of Doneraile.

May every mischief fresh and stale  
 Abide henceforth in Doneraile.  
 May neither flour nor catenmeal  
 Be found or known in Doneraile.  
 May curses wholesale and retail  
 Pour full force on Doneraile.  
 May every transport went to sail  
 A convict bring from Doneraile.  
 May cold and hunger still congeal  
 The stagnant blood of Doneraile.  
 May Charon's boat triumphant sail  
 Completely manned from Doneraile.  
 And may grim Pluto's inner jail  
 Forever groan with Doneraile.

Not long afterwards the composer-schoolmaster wrote to the Palinode or Recantation which he humbly dedicated to Lady Doneraile after she had presented him with a new watch. When it was discovered, some years later, that he had never lost a watch, but had written the curse out of jealousy of an ode written by a gentle man who had found Doneraile a pleasant place to stay, the people of Doneraile did not ask him to recant. They enjoyed the lambastation as much as their neighbours did, and when I worked there in 1951 it was the first thing they taught me.



But there is no real viciousness in Irish cursing. The humour always outweighs the malice. I remember when a play of mine, "Sive" was first produced, the audience atopped the show at a particular scene. You guessed it.

It was a cursing scene, and the curse was directed against a scheming matchmaker:

May the snails devour his corpse  
 May the rains do harm worse,  
 May the devil sweep the hairy cratur soon.  
 He's as greedy as a sow,  
 As a crow behind a plough  
 The black man from the mountain, Seaneed Rua.

May his brains and eyeballs burst  
 May he screech with awful thirst  
 That melted amadawn, that big bostoon,  
 May the fleas eat up his bed  
 And the mange consume his head,  
 The black man from the mountain, Seaneed Rua.

The foregoing are merely a few samples of Irish cursing, and it is well to remember that a weak man has no better weapon against a stronger than a nicely rounded curse or two. There is no blow the equal of a good Irish curse!

000000000

The annual Spring Folk Dance Camp at Oglebay Park, Wheeling, West Va., from Friday, May 25 to Monday, May 28, 1973, with Yaskov Eden, Al Schwinabart, Margie & Jack Hunter. Write: Folk Dance Camp, Oglebay Institute, Downtown Center, 841 $\frac{1}{2}$  National Road, Wheeling, West Va 26003.

Country Dance & Song Society of America announce four weeks of dance and song, all to be held at their summer camp Pinewoods, Buzzards Bay, Mass. Chamber Music Week, July 29-August 5; 2 Dance Weeks, August 5-12 & 12-19; Folk Music Week, August 19-26. Write for more information about week of your choice: Country Dance & Song Society of America, 55 Christopher St. NYC, 10014.

Spring Weekend at Huron College, London, Ontario, Canada, May 18-20, 1973, with Jane Farwell teaching International Dances & Bora Ozkok teaching Turkish Dances.

0000000

# IT'S EDITING FOR THE SQUAD OF OLD NEW YORK



The entry in a book on speech might run something like this:

"The New York City Accent (duh Noo Yawk City Ak-sent): Also known as 'the Brooklyn Accent' and 'New Yorkese.' Characterized by such pronunciations as 'dem' for 'them', 'ting' for 'thing' and 'foist' for 'first.' Born in the mid-1800s. Died in the late-1900s, of natural causes."

Alas, the above is almost certain to come true. "Dese" and "dose" and other relics of Hell's Kitchen and the pages of Damon Runyun seem destined to go the way of the Third Avenue El, the Coney Island Steeple chase and the Brooklyn Dodgers. This melancholy conclusion has been confirmed by students of the fabled dialect. They say it has shrunk like the dollar during the postwar years and is now confined to a few isolated sections of the Metropolitan area - like Greenpoint, Brooklyn, or Sunnyside, Queens.

"As the generations pass, more and more New Yorkers are taking on pronunciation features from outside the city and dropping their own," comments Allan Hubbell, author of "The Pronunciation of English in New York City" and an English prof at NYU.



"The old accent is lessening if not disappearing," is how a City University language expert, Harold Kirshner, puts it. Most researchers only give New Yorkese an other generation or two before it is altogether replaced by the less colorful intonations known to scholars as the North Central States accent.

The death of the dialect is at least one thing that can't be blamed on Mayor Lindsay, by the way. Although Hizzoner has less of a New York accent than any recent predecessor according to Hubbell, national rather than local pressures are doing in "dis" and "dat".



Except for the tough-guy and working-class roles, for instance, New Yorkese is rarely heard on television, radio or in the movies, where the speech called Standard English prevails. So, because of its blue-collar stigma, New Yorkese is quickly shed by social-climbing New Yorkers. And Education has its impact, too.

Also, while Southern and New England accents are more or less admired nationally, if not emulated, speakers of our dialect are apt to find themselves derided by outlanders when they leave the Big Apple even just to move to suburbia.

Another factor contributing to dialectical change is the changing ethnic makeup of the city. Southern blacks and Puerto Ricans have their own distinctive ways of speaking English, quite different from the old New York speech.

Maybe New Yorkers would be prouder of their speech if they knew that, in the opinion of some experts, it's been getting a bum rap. It's not, for instance, a Brooklyn accent. It's range extends well beyond the city limits into Jersey's Hudson River towns and western Nassau County. Further, the media tend to exaggerate the New York accent when they stoop to using it. Very few people ever said "Toity-toid and toid," as an example. It comes out more like "thuty-thud" according to Prof. Hubbell.

And Kirshner rejects the notion that a speaker of Our Tongue is necessarily ill-educated. Accent, he points out is a secondary characteristic of speech. "The most important elements are vocabulary and syntax," he remarks. "If you're outstanding in those you have good educated speech." Take that! Henry Higgins.

Although speech chauvinist pigs would agree with Kirshner as to the social acceptability of pure "Greenpernt," there is general agreement on how it came into being. It was a product of the "melting pot" of the waves of German, Irish, Italian and Jewish immigrants who washed over Manhattan Island during the last half of the 19th century. In effect, these immigrants threw a very large linguistic stone into the placid surface of New York's English, which had originally been deeply influenced by Dutch. When the waters settled again, what became famous, or notorious, as the New York accent emerged.

Several sound features characterize it. Since their native languages had no "th" sounds, for example, many of the new immigrants found it difficult to pronounce basic words like "this" and "thing", which came out in New Yorkese as "dis" and "ting". In a similar way we acquired "erl" for "oil". Add to these the waning "r" which is borrowed from the ends of words that contain it and added on to the ends of words that don't. Hence "sister" is, or was, pronounced "sistuh" hereabouts, while "idea" becomes "idear". Finally change the open "a" sound to "aw" as in "bawl" for "ball" and you have the basics of New Yorkese.



# IT'S FUN TO HUNT

The following items are from the pages of The Cheshire Republican, a weekly newspaper published in Keene, N.H. for some eighty years during the 1800s and 1900s, until 1912. We find these old-time dance items of interest.

3/16/78 Fitzwilliam:- Cheshire Co. Quadrille Band furnished music for a dance at the Town Hall in the evening. Owing to unfavorable weather, but a small party was in attendance.

2/23/78 Troy:- The Grand ball by the citizens on Tuesday eve. 19th inst. was a success for this place. Thirty-six couples were present, 8 couples from Winchendon, and we owe them many thanks. Everything passed off quietly, and all say they had a splendid time. We hope next season to see them all together again with others from adjoining towns who failed to put in an appearance this time, and we are confident that all who have or may come to our good times here when Curtis & White's Orchestra is present, cannot fail to enjoy all there is in dancing.

Marlboro:- A number from this place attended the Universal levee and ball at Keene, Thursday night last. All were well pleased with it.

8/17/78 Fitzwilliam:- The ladies connected with the Orthodox society held a levee, Wednesday evening, which netted them about seventy-five dollars.

8/14/80 N.H. Matters:- There were three French Weddings on Manchester street in the same locality Tuesday night.



20

They had the usual accompaniment of dancing. The rooms were crowded to suffocation, and how anyone could dance in such a temperature and atmosphere seems incredible. But the participants enjoyed it while the perspiration ran from their faces, and the odor from the heated apartments rolled out in such volume of strength, that even the disgusted sewer-gas withdrew to its subterranean home.

1/1/81 General News Items:- At a ball at Schwarzenberg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier, as if to light it, when a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished, the walls partly gave way, some of the dancers were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had killed himself by means of a dynamite cartridge.

4/6/81 General News:- The Last Charity Balls - "Charity suffereth long and is kind." There has arisen a fierce discussion along the avowedly religious newspapers, taking as a text the propriety of giving dancing assemblies and balls to maintain hospitals in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, doing evil, it is alleged that good may come from it. In fact, as one of the leading pious organs states, it is better to at once mail two dollars to M.A. Dauphin, at 310 Broadway, New York City, N.Y. or the same person at New Orleans, La. for a ticket in the next grand monthly distribution of the celebrated Louisiana State Lottery Company, to take place on April 12th at New Orleans, and draw \$30,000 thereby aiding the Charity Hospital in that city.

2/3/83 N.H. Matters:- The annual concert and ball of the Laconia fire department last week Thursday evening, was a grand success. Baldwin's Cadet band of Boston furnished music for the occasion.

4/6/81 General News\* Reddy McDonald, head musician at a dance at Sidney, Neb. and a noted cutthroat, was taken from a jail by a band of vigilantes. McDonald was



one of the sixteen desperadoes who had held the town in terror for several years, and its citizens are resolved to clean them out.

1/4/82 Advertisement:

Prof. W.W. Ball

Prompter and Teacher of Dancing and Singing  
Piano and violin furnished for Schools, Public and Private Parties. Other instruments if desired.

Address: W.W. Ball, Keene, N.H.

1/28/82 Advertisement

Prof. W.W. Ball's

Dancing Class will commence another half term of six evenings, at Liberty Hall, Saturday Evening, January 28

Single Tickets for Course, \$1 or \$2 per couple

" " per evening, 25¢ or 50¢ per couple

The Course will be properly conducted

Hours from 7 Till 10 o'clock.

Mr. Ball will meet those wishing to learn Waltz, Schottische, Polka, and Figures, at 6 o'clock, on first three evenings of assemblies, 50¢ each, extra.

Music - Violin and Piano

W.W. Ball, Teacher and Prompter

3/1/84 New Hampshire Matters:- A masquerade ball for the benefit of the Peterborough quadrille band on the 22d was largely attended. ExMayor Cummings of Somerville, Mass. was awarded the prize for the best costume

3/8/84 N.H. Matters:- Mrs. Seldon Willey of Haverhill, is 80 years old and danced at the dedication of Haverhill's Town house at the Center 35 years ago. She was present at the dedication of the new Town Hall at North Haverhill a few days since and danced several figures.

9/27/84 N.H. Matters:- Theo Rouleau, aged 18, and Hortense Paro, aged 16, French Canadians, while walking home from a ball at Rochester Monday night, were overtaken by a thunder storm and both were struck by lightning. Rouleau was instantly killed. Miss Paro's hair

one arm and hand were badly burned and she has lost her reason which, it is feared, will not be restored

3/10/83 Advertisement

A red-haired clerk in Savannah  
Slipped on a piece of banana  
Great pain he endured,  
But St. Jacob's Oil cured,  
And now he goes dancing with Hannah.

He dances well to whom fortune pipes. English proverb.

4/16/81 General Items:- At a dance in Pelham, Mass. Monday night, a man named Briggs shot another named Stetson three times in the head, killing him instantly. Briggs gave himself up.

Marlboro Quadrille Band has a dance Friday night.

0000000

#### REMEMBER WHEN

Remember when hippie meant big in the hips,  
And a trip involved travel in cars, planes and ships?  
When pot was a vessel for cooking things in  
And hooked was what Grandmother's rugs may have been?  
When fix was a verb that meant mend or repair,  
And be-in meant merely existing somewhere?  
When neat meant well-organized, tidy and clean,  
And grass was a ground cover, normally green?  
When groovy meant furrowed with channels and hollows,  
And birds were winged creatures like robins and swallows  
When fuzz was a substance, real fluffy, like lint,  
And bread came from bakeries and not from the mint?  
When roll meant a bun, and rock was a stone,  
And hang-up was something you did with a phone?  
It's groovy, man, groovy, but English it's not,  
Methinks that our language is going to pot.

0000000

## PAINLESS

## FOLKLORE



## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Sign in a hotel: "If you smoke in bed, please let us know where to send the ashes."

Sign in a paint store: "Pigments of your imagination."

" on a park lawn: "Your feet are killing me."

" in a reducing parlor: "Come in - what have you got to lose?"

" in front of a night club: "Clean and decent dancing every night except Sunday."

in a music store: "Gone Chopin - back at two."

\*\*\*\*\*

Said a pleasant young student named Dyke,

I've learned things since I was a tyke,

Were it not for TV

We never could see

What a terrible headache looks like.

A baldheaded fellow in Rome,

Was asked why he carried a comb,

"You're forgetting the head

On draft beer," he said;

"I use it to skim off the foam."

\*\*\*\*\*

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, but most experienced wives would deny that.

## COAL MINER'S GARDEN

4 lumps of coal, one larger than others	
6 tbsp. bluing	6 tbsp. water
6 tbsp. salt	1 tbsp. household ammonia
	Food coloring

Use a shallow dish with a small statue as the center of your garden, if you like. Wash coal thoroughly in water. Place around statue. Combine bluing, salt, water and ammonia. Pour over coal, making sure that all areas are moistened. After "flowers" start to grow, drop food coloring on them sparingly for variety of color, being careful not to use too much blue. Do not touch or move and this will develop into a beautiful garden.

The printed Christmas card as we know it today made its first appearance in England in 1846 as a result of a private citizen hand drawing greetings and sending them to friends. By 1860 such a tradition had become an established custom, but it all started with one person wishing to convey personal greetings and best wishes to his close friends.

## IMPROBABLE THINGS WE KEEP TALKING ABOUT

Keeping your ear to the ground, reading between the lines, drinking a toast, hitting the hay, floating a loan, coughing up money, being on your high horse and going on the warpath.

Dishing the dirt, blowing off steam, breathing down someone's neck, blossoming into womanhood, climbing the ladder of success, pushing your luck, giving someone the business and eating crow.

\*\*\*\*\*

A small town is where the postman always has a couple of friendly dogs helping him distribute the mail. A jurist says it is deplorable that so few women take up law. Maybe they're too busy laying it down.



## ONCE COMMON EXPRESSIONS

Do you remember when these were common expressions?

He's a cool cat. It's the shank of the evening. She's a peroxide blonde. It's raining pitchforks. Don't be an Indian giver. He's the victim of demon rum?

She's a maiden lady. She's a Dumb Dora. Go roll a hoop. She's had a checkered career. Put on your best bib and tucker. Ye gods and little fishes. He's pie-eyed. I'll do it in two shakes of a lamb's tail?

She's the cat's meow! He's three sheets to the wind. Devil take the hindmost. I don't give a hoot about it. Half a loaf is better than none. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Let's cut a rug. Aw, go soak your head?

Haven't seen hide nor hair of him. I don't care a fig for that. He's all tuckered out. You tell 'em kid, I stutter. You'll send me over the hill to the poorhouse?

He's a young whippersnapper. Well, I swan. Looks like dirty work at the crossroads. He's ridin' high, wide and handsome. None of your lip young man. I'll put a bug in his ear? Really, it wasn't too long ago!

## COUNTRY TALK

From time to time we've made mention of various country expressions that are particularly apt or amusing - some indigenous to New Hampshire or northern New England, some just plain from the country. It's often hard to distinguish.

Take "pucker brush" - you pronounce it without the "r" of course. Pucker brush can mean weeds or stubbly bushes, or it can mean booglocks: "Aunt Betsy lives way up in the pucker brush; she don't git inter town much."

Or take "something wicked." The translation for this would be "very much" we suppose. Usually it expresses a

desire: "I'd been out picking berries in all that heat and I wanted a drink of water something wicked."

Aunt Georgie used to say of strong coffee that it would "bear up an aig." She also used to say of something unnecessary: "I need that like a toad needs a hair string"

\*\*\*\*\*

A snake's skin worn round the head was reputed to cure headaches.

Boundary water - that is, water obtained from where three boundaries meet - was used to cure skin troubles of all kinds.

The smell of a marigold plant removed "evil humours" from the head.

Walking in the fields on a Friday morning before sun-up was thought to cure gout.

For earache it was often recommended that a hot roasted onion be held against the ear.

#### YANKEE HUMOR

"Our radio doesn't work right," the man explained to the little old man in a radio shop in upper New Hampshire. "It starts with full volume, but after a few minutes fades out and we miss the important part of the news. Can you fix it?" The old man took his time, examining it carefully, shook his head slowly, then said, "Well, why don't you try turning it on a few minutes later?"

Luther I. Bonney, dean emeritus of Portland Junior College likes to tell of the time he joined a group of Bailey Island lobstermen who were grouped laughing around Bert Sinnett, local fisherman and philosopher.

"This seems to be the center of wit and wisdom," Dean Bonney remarked to his friend Bert. Bert removed his pipe and replied, "Don't know about the wisdom, but wit - you're half right."

The Maine guide expected to earn his wages, but he

didn't care much for going above and beyond the call of duty. The city sport he was guiding, however, wasn't content with merely being led to choice fishing spots. On the way he had to climb every hill or rise of ground, considering its conquest a personal challenge. The guide, of course, had to lead the way.

Finally they came to a small mountain covered with a heavy growth of trees and without a visible trail up its slope.

"How does one get to the top?" asked the city adventurer. "Well," the guide replied thoughtfully, "the way I see it, a fella'd have to be born up there."

\*\*\*\*\*

#### WHAT THEY SAY IN NEW ENGLAND

Uneasy as a fish out of water  
 I've other fish to fry  
 Stick around 'til the last dog's hung  
 She's worked her fingers to the bone  
 Put your shoulder to the wheel  
 Root hog or die. Money makes the mare go  
 Turn tail and run. Well begun is half done.

Where there's a will there's a way.  
 Between you and me and the lamp-post.  
 Don't let him get his foot in the door.  
 It's raining pitchforks.

It's rainin' cats, dogs, and large cannonballs.  
 Never trouble trouble, 'til trouble troubles you.

As tight as the bark on a tree.  
 Might as well go the whole hog.  
 You're a sight for sore eyes.  
 Living from hand to mouth.  
 If he knew better he would do better.

He scratched my back, now I'll scratch his.  
 It's not the worth of a thing, but the want of it, that  
 makes its value.



## RECIPES TO

## REMEMBER



Chowders and New England go together like ham and eggs! We like them and take great delight in them. Especially do we like them during the long cold days of winter. I am NOT speaking of that abomination known as Manhattan clam or fish chowder! Only a complete idiot would desecrate either variety with tomatoes. It is a fairly recent innovation and should never leave the puckerbrush of Gotham. Many of us like a thin (not watery) clam chowder, so here's one, New England style, right from scratch.

2 quarts clams in shells	2 onions, sliced
4 or 5 medium potatoes, diced	Salt & pepper to taste
3 slices salt pork, diced	1 quart milk
2 tablespoons butter	

Wash and clean clams thoroughly, and allow them to soak a few minutes longer in water. Discard the badly broken or "dead" clams that will rise to the surface. Place clams in large kettle and cook about 20 minutes over high heat, or until shells are well opened. (Don't add water). Remove shells, reserving any clam liquor from the clams. Discard coarse covering of clams, and snip off black necks with scissors. Put potatoes in kettle with enough water to cover. Bring to a boil and simmer. Saute salt pork in skillet until crisp and fat is rendered. Remove bits of pork and reserve. Saute onions in fat in skillet until tender, but not browned; add to



potatoes in kettle. Strain and add reserved clam liquor. Season with salt and pepper. Simmer for 10 minutes or until vegetables are tender. Then add clams and milk. Heat thoroughly but do not boil. For final additions, add butter and reserved pork. Makes six to eight fair-sized servings.

OLD-FASHIONED BREAD PUDDING

The search for perfection takes many forms. In cooking the search can wander far; for rare and wondrous foods of exotic lands; or it can stay within your own area. Or it can explore the remembered joys of homely foods; the delights of childhood, when life and tastes were new and fresh.

With me it's bread pudding. My favorite recipe is not original. What can be original about bread pudding? But it makes brilliant use of a few basic ingredients which is an acceptable criterion of any work of art.

- 6 slices day-old bread
- 2 ybsps. melted butter
- 2 tbsps. sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 4 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract

Cut crusts from bread. Brush with melted butter, sprinkle with the 2 tablespoons of sugar and the cinnamon. Cut each slice into quarters. Arrange in a buttered 1 1/2 quart baking dish in layers, sprinkling each layer with raisins.

Beat eggs just enough to blend thoroughly. Stir in the 1/2-cup sugar, the milk, and vanilla. Continue stirring until sugar dissolves; Pour over bread and raisins. Preheat oven to 350. Set baking dish in pan containing one inch hot water; bake 55 to 60 minutes or until silver knife inserted a half-inch into custard comes out clean. Serve with thin cream if desired.

\*\*\*\*\*

This is "Maple sugar time of year" in New England and so here are a few traditional maple recipes.

### MAPLE POPCORN

$1\frac{1}{2}$  quarts popped corn                       $3/4$  cup maple syrup  
2 tsps. butter or margarine               $1/2$  cup sugar

Cook butter or margarine, maple syrup and sugar to 275 degrees and pour over popped corn, stirring constantly. Spread hot coated corn on waxed paper until cool. Break into pieces and store in glass jars if not used at once.

### HASTY PUDDING A LA VERMONT

$3/4$ cup maple syrup	$1/4$ cup dark brown sugar
$1/3$ cup water	$1/2$ cup milk
1 cup flour	1 tsp. vanilla
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tsps. baking powder	$1/4$ cup melted butter or oleo
$1/2$ tsp salt	$1/4$ cup chepped nuts or raisins

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Combine syrup and water in saucepan, bring to a boil. Combine remaining ingredients except the raisins or nuts and mix until smooth. Pour batter into greased 1-quart casserole. Sprinkle with  $1/4$  cup raisins or nuts. Pour boiling syrup-water mixture over batter. This makes sauce in bottom of pan when pudding is baked. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with light cream. Serves six.

### MAPLE SALAD DRESSING

$3/4$ salad oil	1 tsp. salt
$1/4$ cup vinegar	1 tsp. dry mustard
3 tbsps maple syrup	$1/2$ tsp. paprika

Blend ingredients and serve on lettuce wedges. Makes 1 cup.

\*\*\*\*\*

A teaspoon of salt added to the water in which eggs are boiled makes them easier to remove from the shells.



