

THE COUNTRY DANCER

Winter
'60-'61

THE COUNTRY DANCER

The magazine of
THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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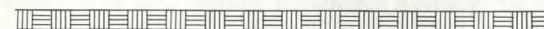
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Table of Contents

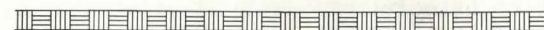
	Page
Calendar of Events.....	3
Marriages and Births.....	3
A Long Road - And Its Turnings.....	5
Jack-in-the-Green.....	7
D'ye Ken John Peel?.....	9
The Kennedy's Visit.....	12
Dancers not Tourists!.....	13
Summer Folk Dancing.....	15
Four Seasons Consort.....	16
In Memoriam.....	16
Dancing in the Green Mountains.....	17
C.D.S. Christmas Festival, 1960.....	18-19
October Weekend.....	20
Dancing on the Green.....	21
Nonsense Refrains in Folk Song.....	22
Pinewoods Parings, 1960.....	24
Map of Pinewoods.....	25
Book Reviews.....	26
From Christchurch Bells to Jingle Bell Rock..	27
Center News.....	29
Dance Doings in New York.....	31

Calendar of Events

March 25, 1961	SQUARE DANCE - DICK FORSCHER & CLIFF BULLARD (in cooperation with the McBurney YMCA), New York C.D.S.
April or May	C.D.S. THEATER BENEFIT, New York. Details to be announced.
April 6 - 8	26th ANNUAL MOUNTAIN FOLK FESTIVAL, Berea, Ky. The Festival is affiliated with the Country Dance Society of America.
April 14 - 16	C.D.S. SPRING HOUSE PARTY WEEKEND, Hudson Guild Farm, Andover, New Jersey.
April 29 tentative	C.D.S. SPRING FESTIVAL in New York
June 23 - 26	DANCE WEEKEND at PINWOODS, Boston C.D.S. Centre.
August 6 - 20	PINWOODS CAMP: TWO DANCE WEEKS, National C.D.S., Buzzards Bay, Mass.
August 20 - 27	PINWOODS CAMP: FOLK MUSIC AND RECORDER WEEK, National C.D.S., Buzzards Bay, Mass.



PICTURE CREDITS By Gloria Berchielli, New York: Jack-in-the-Green, p.8. By Jack Shimer, New York: The Kennedys, p.12. By George Pickow, New York: Jean Ritchie, p.35.



Marriages

SHRIGLEY-LAWSON: In August 1960, in New Augusta, Indiana, Rebecca Shrigley to John Lawson.

LAPINER-COHEN: February 3, 1961, in New York City, Jane Lapiner to Henry D. Cohen.

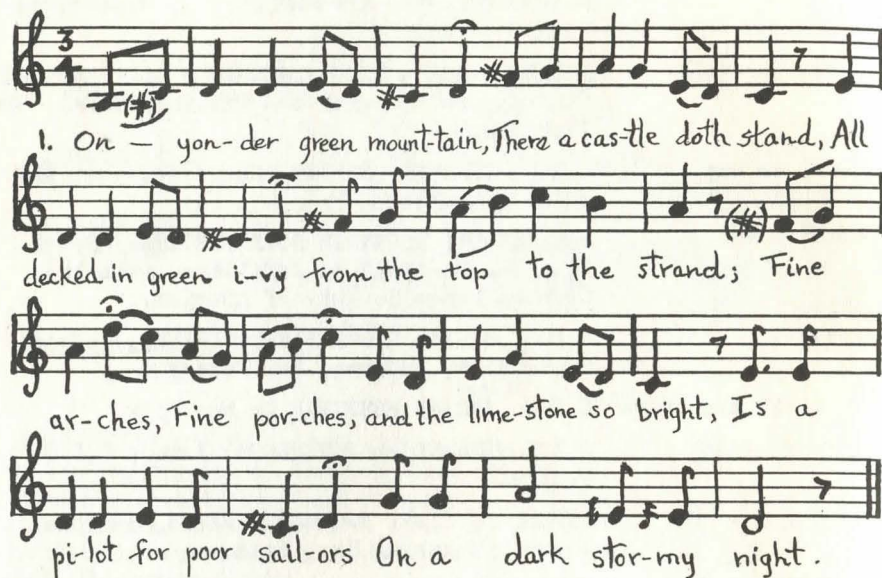
Births

GLUCK: To Carol and Joseph Gluck of St. Louis, Missouri, in February, a daughter, JENNIFER LYNN.

Engagement

LUQUER-BOSWELL: January 23, 1961, Anne Luquer to John Boswell. A summer wedding is planned.

ON YONDER GREEN MOUNTAIN



2. At the foot of yonder mountain where the tide ebbs and flows,
And ships from the East Indies to Madeira that goes,
Where the red flag is a-flying, and the beating of drums,
And sweet instruments of music and the firing of guns.
3. It was early Monday morning when we sailed away,
The drums were all beating and sweet music did play.
But most of us being married men, it grieved my heart sore
To think of pretty Polly; she's the girl I adore.
4. But her mind being changeful, it ebbs like the tide
Or some ship on the ocean that is tossed to and fro
From the height of her promotion to the depths of sad woe.
If pretty Polly had been willing with her I would go.
5. Now come all you little purling streams that go murmuring by,
Pray direct me to where that my true love doth lie,
For her eyes they invite me, though her tongue still says "No,"
Some angel direct me to where I should go.

Text from A Heritage of Song, p. 132, by Mrs. Carrie Grover.
Tune transcribed by E.K.Wells from Mrs. Grover's Library of
Congress recording.

A Long Road...and Its Turnings

Jottings on the way

The start: Boston Garden, 1942, the National Folk Festival; a thin, elderly woman in black, picked out of the vast dark arena by spot-light, singing the rare "Robin Hood and the Pedlar" - Mrs. Carrie Grover of Gorham, Maine.

Thence: To Gorham in May, 1944, after two years of letters exchanged, and with hoarded gas-rations in my bag. Five hours listening as she sang, whistled, or fiddled from her enormous repertoire some of the "better" 150 family songs already recorded for a forth-coming book - Child ballads, nursery songs, mouth music, ancient hymns, broadsides of English, Scottish, Irish and local origin heard in her early years in Nova Scotia and a long life in Maine - all interspersed with reminiscence and comment. My enormous pleasure and stimulus in this friendly contact with a fine person, an intelligent student of her own songs, and an authentic performer. Her consent to my inclusion of three of her ballads in The Ballad Tree.

Next stop: Berwyn, Pa., July 1955. Mrs. Grover, now 75, living with a married son. Maud Karpeles and I recording her songs, talk, and reading from her collection, A Heritage of Song, now multigraphed by Gould Academy, Bethel, Maine, - her old school. Three generations of Grovers present, including now the college-age grandson. Cake and lemonade and "come again" (not, alas, to be).

Lost and wandering on the road: After Mrs. Grover's death, how to get that promised copy of "Heritage"? The family has only one; Gould Academy doesn't answer my letters; where is the music editor, now retired from the school? She is finally located and sends me "Heritage." Back to the road.

January 1959, a long stop: Studying her songs, first those I already knew from English or Appalachian sources, then concentration on one, her favorite, "On Yonder Green Mountain".

Sign-post: "Little purling streams" (5th verse) points to "little streamers" of Sharp's "The Streams of Lovely Nancy" - the same song.

Next stop: In the journals of the Folk Song Society, the learned notes of Lucy Broadwood and Anne Gilchrist trace English variants of the song back from a nameless Cornish poetaster, back and further back eventually to a 12th century religious poem in honor of the Virgin. Some 25 variants compared.

By-paths here: Into Cornish history, especially tin-mining ("little streamers" are tin-miners, often children); into poetic allusions through the centuries to pilgrimages to St. Michael's

Mount in Cornwall (the "castle" of the song); into stories of Mount's Bay as a great trading and naval port (see mention of ships, battle, far countries in the song).

Converging paths: Spring, 1960, a paper on my connections with Mrs. Grover, an analysis of her repertoire, and special comment on "On Yonder Green Mountain", illustrated by tape recordings, read at the Sturbridge meetings of the Folklore Society of the Northeast.

Dallying now by the way: Looking for other American traditional versions of the song. None found.

Sign-post: October 1960, recognition by my friend Lucile Wilkin of this song as coming from a rare 1802 American song book, and her generous sharing with me of her exhaustive notes on this and other songsters.

Another by-path: Study of this 1802 songster, borrowed on Inter-library loan from Philadelphia.

Around the bend of the road: A further vista. Light thrown by Mrs. Grover's book on this and other song books, and hence on the dissemination of songs through the Northeast in the early 19th century.

Back to the main road: Comparison of the tunes as printed in "Heritage" (made from her recordings for Gould Academy) with her other recordings of the same songs, at the Library of Congress and for me. Discovery of many discrepancies.

Next stop: Gould Academy, at Bethel, Maine. The new headmaster's cordial interest in the possible development of this multi-graphed, uncopyrighted, unadvertised and somewhat amateur book into a scholarly study of variants, methods of distribution, musical analysis, - a picture of a culture, a family heritage of song, and an individual. A search begun for her Gould Academy recordings (so far not found).

The End of the Road, or an approach to a Major Highway?
"Some Angel direct me to where I should go!"

EVELYN K. WELLS

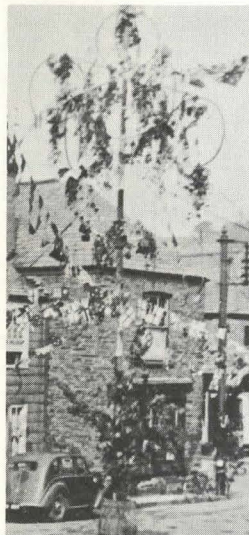
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE E.F.D.S.S.

We note with much pleasure the following announcement in the December issue of English Dance and Song: "Members of the Society will be pleased to hear that H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARGARET has kindly consented to become President of the Society in place of being our Patron." The Princess has long shown great interest in the English Folk Dance and Song Society and has attended and taken part in special parties. As President, she will be in even closer contact with its activities.

Jack-in-the-Green

This is the time of year when we begin to think about Spring Festivals and need to plan the necessary properties.

A MAYPOLE is a decorative asset and it provides a focus for arrangement of sets on the floor, one that has meaning and charm for both dancers and audience. Any of the traditional Spring circle dances, such as Sellengers Round, can be danced around it in concentric circles; and morris and longways country dance sets can form "spokes" facing the Maypole.



Padstow Maypole

The traditional Maypole is a very high pole, much too high for any ribbon weaving dance. It is decorated with Spring greenery, flowers, ribbons, and pieces of metal or small mirrors to attract the sun. Sometimes there are cross-bars at the top from which garlands are suspended, as in the picture of the Maypole erected each Mayday at Padstow, in Cornwall, England.

While the Maypole can be adapted in height to indoor Festival requirements, it still needs to be "planted" in some way if it is to have any real substance. If a dance focus that can be moved about is needed, we have another of the Spring fertility emblems, the JACK-IN-THE-GREEN, a bush or cage cover-. in Spring Greenery. Inside is a man who carries his bush with him. He can lead a procession on or off, stand in the middle while dancers circle round him and move away when he is not needed.

If you want to use the framework of your Jack-in-the-Green annually, here is a way of making one that can be easily collapsed for storage. The measurements given are for a man-size wearer; for a child use smaller measurements - when the "Jack" is decorated it can be quite heavy to move around.

MATERIALS: 8 bamboo poles Length: 8 feet Diameter 1/2 to 3/4" at bottom end.

3 wooden hoops Diameter 30", 27", 17" respectively.
Roll of wire flexible but strong; reel florists wire.

It is best to buy the poles a foot longer than needed so that the thin part at the top can be cut off, for greater strength. The two largest hoops can usually be bought at any toy store. If the small hoop cannot be bought, it can be made from a flexible bough, fastened in a circle with wire.

D'ye ken John Peel ?

1. Mark each bamboo pole with a permanent mark (waterproof ink or masking tape) 3 feet up from the bottom end. Mark each of the two large hoops with eight equally spaced marks.

2. Tie the bamboos together at the thin ends, using wire, to make a tepee or cone. Put the largest hoop on the floor and stand the cone upright and outside the hoop and, using the thin wire or string, fasten the poles to the hoop a few inches up from the ground, using the marks made on the hoop for equal spacing.

3. Put the second hoop inside the cone and raise to the marks made on the poles. Fasten as above.

4. Put the cone on its side and push the smallest hoop up as far as it will go. Fasten as above. It is most important that all hoops are level horizontally - or the cone will not be upright. After all hoops are fastened,



Making a Jack-in-the-Green

Stand the cone upright. If it leans or tips, adjust the position of the hoops. The wearer carries the Jack by holding it by the middle hoop - hold it at the sides, just off the ground. Loops can be attached to the hoop if desired, to be held, or crossed over the shoulders of the wearer.

5. When the framework is completed, take the strong wire and fasten one end to a pole just above the bottom hoop. Then bring the wire round the outside of the cone winding it twice around each pole, and fasten firmly when it meets the first pole. Make a similar ring of wire just above the middle hoop. The purpose of these rings of wire is to hold the framework together when the hoops are taken out for storage.

TO DECORATE: Tie on branches of greenery so that the framework is completely covered except for a space at the level of the wearer's face. Add a crown of flowers at the top.

TO STORE: Take off the decorations. Cut the wire holding the hoops in place and take them out. Collapse the framework by bending the wires that were fastened round it above the hoops and tie at bottom and middle for storage. Be very careful not to cut these wires or the wire fastening the poles together at the top (it is a good idea to use copper wire for wire that is not to be cut and a different color for the temporary fastenings. To set up next year, open the framework out by straightening the wires, put in and fasten the hoops.

MAY GADD

I arrived in London the evening of the 8th of July. I checked in at my hotel near the British Museum at 11 P.M. and immediately walked the neighborhood, winding up in an Italian Espresso place. After paying my bill, I turned the corner and noticed a record shop which dealt exclusively in folk music. Many familiar faces were on the album covers such as Pete Seeger, Ewan MacColl, and Theo Bikel. A few days later, by introductions, I was to return to this very shop to make arrangements to distribute some of our folk music anthology publications. Also, I was to be referred to Malcolm Nixon, one of the important promoters of folk singers in Great Britain.

One of my purposes in making the trip was to try to arrange for the sale of my publications abroad despite the unfavorable dollar relationship to European currency. I succeeded in making such arrangements only after coming to the decision to print the music in Europe.

Most publishers abroad, as in this country, print music by the offset process. Music publishing starts with a manuscript which is transferred to a "working plate" in one of several ways. The original process of making this transfer by engraving is still practiced abroad, as it is to a limited extent in this country. This is done by tapping the notes on a prepared zinc surface. Engraved printing was produced by using these engraved metal plates. Today, an impression of these plates are made and used as the basis for photo offset printing. Other current methods of preparing for offset printing include Autographing; a method of hand drawing the notes on paper; Rubber stamping the notes on prepared paper; use of a musical typewriter on prepared paper; using large plastic note figures on a fabric prepared background. The products of these methods are all photographed and transferred to large zinc sheets, which are affixed to a printing press in the manner of newspaper printing.

Before we left England we met with John Runge, the English Folk singer, recording artist and Editor of our Lute Song Collections. We lunched with Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl, both of whom recently gave folk music concerts around the U. S., and we made a trip to Leeds where E.J. Arnold & Sons Ltd. have an enormous plant which produces educational publications and educational toys and classroom materials. In as much as they publish the three volumes of School Recorder Book, for which we have the American representation, we were anxious to visit the plant and offices and to meet with Mr. Edwin Wood, the Director. After a very pleasant introductory conversation with Mr. Wood, I showed him some of our publications, and he was most interested in one of them, "All The Pretty Little Horses" by Laura Weber, which contained

an old English song well known to us all, JOHN PEEL. The discussion which followed his examination of this song is so well summarized in a letter which he addressed to me in August - which enclosed an article published in his firm's house Journal, that I reproduce it here.

Dear Mr. Newman,

Since we had the pleasure of a visit from you and Mrs. Newman on the 19th of July, I have been able to confirm that the correct word in the song "D'ye ken John Peel" is "Grey" and not "Gay". My authority is a book "John Peel - famous in Sport and Song" (published in 1926) by Hugh Machell with a foreword by the Right Hon. Viscount Ullswater, Master of the Blencathra Foxhounds 1903-1919.

My researches brought back so many pleasant memories of that delightful district that I decided to write a short article for our House Journal "The Month At Butterley Street" and I enclose a copy in the hope that it will be of interest to you and give you some background to John Peel's life and activities which I mentioned to you when you were in my office.

May I close by saying how delighted we were to see you at Butterley Street and hope that when correspondence is now taking place between us we shall feel we are writing to a personality rather than merely a signature.

Yours sincerely,

EDMUND A. WOOD

(The article enclosed in the above letter follows)

THE MONTH AT BUTTERLEY STREET

During July we had an unexpected visit from Mr. Newman of the Hargail Music Press, New York (accompanied by Mrs. Newman) which firm in addition to buying our Recorder Books, publishes its own music. In the course of conversation Mr. Newman showed me one of his Song Books and I spotted the popular mistake where in the song "D'ye ken John Peel" the huntsman's coat is referred to as "Gay". I pointed out to Mr. Newman that this word should be "Grey" and said I was prepared to substantiate the fact.

I have had no difficulty in doing this and my research aroused such pleasant memories of the Lakeland Fells that I thought the following information about John Peel might be of interest to the readers of this Journal.

The "coat so gay" incorrectly printed and sung infers the hunting pink of the mounted huntsman and the fact that Peel "relics" include spurs would appear to strengthen this inference, but the fact is that in those days every farmer had his riding horse as a means of personal transport and Peel would sometimes ride along the valley roads to a suitable starting point for the hunt where the horse would be left whilst the hounds moved away

up the hills, or he might follow the hounds mounted so long as they were in the valley. Fundamentally however, John Peel hunted on foot - the country in this area is in most places quite impossible for horses. (The cloth for the grey coat was made from Herdwick Wool - Herdwicks are a popular and hardy breed of sheep in the lake district).

The lakeland foxes are a tough and wiry type and when pursued, do as the psalmist - they lift up their eyes to the hills and up they go through the bracken, and I'd like to see the conventional huntsman top-hatted, cravatted, pink-coated, white-breeched, knee-booted and spurred try to get his horse through the bracken, scree and boulders which cover the area where the Blencathra hunts. If you look at a map of the area you will appreciate this point. The centre of the pack's area is Blencathra (or more commonly known as Saddleback) and includes Helvellyn, Skiddaw, Borrowdale and the hills over to Buttermere including the wild area around Honister Pass.

Peel's hounds were "billeted" on friends in the village and at farms in the vicinity. On hearing from a local farmer that he had his hen-roost raided or one of his prime geese carried off by Reynard, the hunt was on. Peel summoned the pack by blasts on his horn - hence the line "T'was the sound of his horn called me from my bed" for if the hounds were locked up the man of the house would have to let them out immediately.

The names of Peel's hounds still persist in Lakeland packs - many of these hounds being in direct descent and the names Bellman, Ranter, and Dancer are also given to trailhounds taking part in that local but well known and popular sport of houndtrailing - the poor man's sport of Kings.

The Border Regiment returned from the Boer War in 1902 with its own modified version of the famous song in which local campaign names and the names of Boer Generals were incorporated - no doubt the same thing happened in 1914/1918 and in the last war with the "Borders".

I've had pleasant and strenuous days out with the Blencathra - sometimes losing the hunt early in the morning and not seeing them again that day - running up and down suitable spurs of hill trying to regain touch with the hunt. During my research I found a snap taken in 1954 when attending a special Meet of the Blencathra to celebrate the 100th anniversary of John Peel's death. At this Meet there were representatives from neighbouring hunts - the North Cumberland, West Cumberland, Melbreak and Ullswater Foxhounds (Mounted packs). As so often it poured down all day but this did not damp the enthusiasm of a large crowd who later turned their attention to a "meat and tattie pie" supper, into which (I heard) several hundredweights of potatoes had gone.

Footnote - I see that our own publication "PART SONGS FOR CHANGING VOICES" contains the same error.

HAROLD NEWMAN

The Kennedy's Visit

Many things are going to happen at Pinewoods this year and one of the most exciting will be the visit of Douglas Kennedy, Director of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, London, England, and Helen Kennedy.



The Kennedys
on a former visit

repertory of folk songs and his point of view concerning their present-day use.

What a Pinewoods this is going to be! With all of our regular Pinewoods Staff back again for the Dance Weeks (including Genevieve Shimer this year;) the very talented Recorder artists and teachers who were with us last year will be with us again, and for all three weeks; and all of last year's Folk Music Week leaders are returning this summer. Pinewoods folder will give you all the details. "House Full" signs may be out quite early.

A DANCE AND MUSIC CAMP

Come for One, Two or Three Weeks

Dancers — not Tourists!

Some of the readers of The Country Dancer will remember Solvejg Bording, a Dane who spent a year and a half in this country. She arrived in New York when the John C. Campbell Folk School was having a craft sale there, sponsored by the Country Dance Society. Two nights later, she went with us to the Christmas Party at Hunter College and for the first time experienced and enjoyed English and American dances.

For years, Solvejg had been connected with a folk school in Denmark. Five months after she returned there in May 1958, she was ordained a minister of a church in a small picturesque village on the island of Falster, two hours by train south of Copenhagen. Although she is now a minister, her interest in dancing continues. In fact, she hopes to bring recreation into her church group, as is the custom in so many parish houses here.

Every five years we try to return to Denmark, the land of Georg Bidstrup's birth. While there we search for new, to us, dances. So, we had asked Solvejg to find out about dance courses, in the early fall, for we were to land in Copenhagen on September 3rd. The only course sponsored by the Danish Folk Dance Society during our five and a half weeks stay was the first weekend in October in Holstebro, a small town in west Jutland.

When we reached the school, having traveled by train, ferry, two buses and a taxi, the course was to begin in less than an hour. If this had been at Long Pond, Berea or the Folk School here, cars and people would have been evident everywhere. We could find no one, and began to wonder if we had the wrong weekend. Finally, we were rescued by a young girl who invited us into the living room of the Head of the school - formerly the manor house of a country estate. The barns had been converted into dormitories and a large gymnasium.

As if by magic, people began to arrive by bicycle and by car, and coffee was served. On the dot the music struck up and the dancing began with one hundred and thirty dancers. All the teaching was done by one man, an excellent and tireless teacher. Two lists of dances were posted. Thirty to be taught the afternoon Saturday and Sunday sessions. A new book of dances collected on the island of Lolland had just been published and many of these were included. Thirty favorites to be danced Saturday night without teaching. Only experienced dancers were accepted for this course. We felt very fortunate that two Americans were made to feel so welcome because some Danes had to be turned away. Fortunately, Danes stop for coffee every evening, mid-morning and mid-afternoon because dancing continued until midnight Saturday and within fifteen minutes of supper Sunday.

For a bit of variety, one American dance, Patty Cake Polka and one English dance, Circassian Circle, were on the list, also a Finnish and Swedish dance. They asked us to teach a dance, and, because the Danes waltz as naturally as they walk, we did Waltz Country Dance which was such a hit it was requested at a later dance session.

We spent the following weekend with Solvejg, as she wanted us to help her put through an evening like our family Friday nights at the Folk School here. The Danish churches do not have a parish house, so it was necessary to go to a school two miles away. We showed colored slides of our work. Then in the big gym all ages danced together, and finally around coffee tables we visited, sang and had speeches. In her Christmas letter, Solvejg wrote: "The evening with the congregation was a success. Everyone liked it so well. Really, it was the most joyful meeting we have had as a congregation. It means a lot that we are sharing other things than the sermon."

The following weekend we were guests at the largest folk school in Holland, near Bergen, close to the North Sea. Maryke Geerstema, Co-director, had been with us for a course in June four years ago. Staff and students asked if we would tell about our School and teach some songs and dances. So that Sunday night, instead of Georg speaking in Danish, I did the talking in English!

After several American dances, Georg taught Family Six, a Danish dance we had learned in Denmark in 1950. To our amazement, our musician, the music teacher there, swung into the tune that is always used. We could not understand how he could know it. The secret - we had taught it here and in Berea. Bicky McLain, now in Egypt, took it to Barford, England, where she teaches every summer. "Lucky Seven", they called it there, as you grand right and left to the seventh person - your new partner. Every spring a group from England goes to Holland for a dance course, and, so, our musician knew the dance!

So, because of our interest in dance, we had three interesting weekends not as tourists in another land, but as participants in a "beeg" circle!

MARGUERITE B. BIDSTRUP

FOLK MUSIC EVENING IN NEW YORK

Having been asked by several Pinewoods Folk Music Week campers if we were not going to have a "get-together" we decided to have one. We asked ART SCHRADER to be M.C. and he had good ideas about making a corner of our Hall attractive with lamps and starting the music as the first people arrived. Art led songs in which all could join, sang some himself with guitar accompaniment and invited others to offer songs or tunes. Singers and Musicians included: HAROLD SHAPIRO with twelve-string guitar

(continued on page 23)

Summer Folk Dancing

C.D.S. members are bound to be on the look-out for genuine folk dance events during a summer vacation, and we were no exception. Last summer our chance to see and participate in a folk dance program came in Fjaerland, a tiny village on a branch of the great Sognefiord in Norway. Here the owners of Mundal's Hotel put on a show for us and the other members of our international geological field-trip, beginning with a magnificent ceremonial spread of sour cream porridge (swimming in melted butter) and some rather pretzel-like crackers. We also nibbled a bit tentatively at slices of raw smoked meat cut from a leg of lamb which was being waved around by one of the older men. This old farmer was a fine dancer and later he led us in some circle dances on the lawn. (Being country dancers from way back, we had the right kind of foot gear for this, but some of our ladies were in real trouble with stiletto heels that sank into the ground.)

The dances were very simple but lots of fun. We helped out the music gallantly by singing la,la,la, since the Norwegian words were utterly beyond us. After a few big circle dances, we did one of two set dances for two couples and then one for one man and two girls which was very much like the Kielder Schottische.

Before they got us all dancing, they showed some more difficult dances, which they did beautifully. Everyone was in costume, of course, and they told us about the particular costumes they were each wearing. The music was excellent. The young musician, an engineer, played on a beautiful Hardanger fiddle, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. The Hardanger fiddle has a set of understrings, which gives a dronelike quality to the music. The musician told us that many violinists play on the gut of a cat, but they say the Hardanger fiddler plays on the whole cat!

While we were in Oslo, we saw some more dancing at the Folk Museum. This time it was mostly couple dances, in which the man put on a great show of virtuosity for the benefit of his partner. He also did a couple of highly athletic and skillful solo dances, using a variety of steps. Some could have been Morris capers, others recalled Slavic dances where there is a great deal of squatting and rebounding, knees to the floor, and an occasional somersault. Here again the music was the Hardanger fiddle.

For such a brief glimpse of Norwegian dancing, we felt we had managed to see rather a wide range of dances, from the very complicated solo dance to the gay couple dances, and the simpler set dances and easy round dances. They would all be great fun to do - be sure to try them out when next you go to Norway.

GENEVIEVE & JACK SHIMER

FOUR SEASONS CONSORT

The Four Seasons Consort, directed by Eric Leber, and including Marleen Forsberg, Barbara Mueser and Lois Wann, has presented several concerts during the 1960-1961 season: at the City and Country School on November 5th and 6th, Karen Ranung joined them in a well chosen program rich in variety; on January 13th, a delightful performance at the Mannes College of Music, and on March 5th at Carnegie Recital Hall with Helen Boatwright and Morris Newman, bassoon, as guests. Of this latest recital, Allen Hugues of The Times writes: "...Helen Boatwright, soprano, gave Purcell's 'Music for a while shall all your cares beguile' one of the most penetrating and expressive performances this listener has ever heard. And these words describe with exactitude the effect of the wonderful little concert in which she was participating." From the review in The Herald Tribune: "Special mention...must be made of Mr. Leber's nimble recorder playing and Mr. Newman's skillful dynamics on the bassoon." Those who have heard these lovely performances can only agree and look forward eagerly to future concerts.

IN MEMORIAM

ABE GAMZON

October 25, 1960

Abe Gamzon was a very talented musician and dancer and our dances and music meant a great deal to him. The news of his death came as a great shock to all who knew him, and we sympathize deeply with his wife, Louise, in her loss.

ROSE ROSSER

January 3, 1961

Rose Rosser's death has saddened all of us who knew her at Pinewoods and we feel deeply for her husband, James Rosser and for their children, Maude and Pat. This family has been a part of Pinewoods for so many years and have so loved the dancing and the music and the place. Rose will be greatly missed.

PERCY GRAINGER

February 20, 1961

Percy Grainger's "Shepherd's Hey" and "Country Gardens" coming over the radio has been for many their first introduction to English morris dance tunes. The melodies were noted by Cecil Sharp from William Kimber, but the delightful arrangements with their weaving together of different versions of the tunes, were Percy Grainger's and he often played them himself. He made many contributions in the field of music but it is perhaps by these tunes that he will be best remembered. We shall always be grateful to him. We remember with great pleasure his enjoyment of one of our Festivals, and his visit to the dance group in New York when he spoke of his debt to Cecil Sharp.

English Dancing in the Green Mountains

I had been looking forward to my arrival at Kinhaven Music Camp in Weston, Vt. for a long time, not only because I would see a picturesque part of the country, and meet new people but because for the first time in my life, I would be instructing a large group of teenagers (ages 10-16) the dances that I grew up on, the dances that I loved, and when one is enamoured with what he is teaching, it is usually a most enjoyable experience. Such was the case with me for a six week period during last summer.

Upon my arrival at "Kinhaven", I found the directors Mr. and Mrs. Dushkin to be very pleasant people, and interested in the things I was interested in. Among others, at the top of the list, stood Country dancing and Morris dancing. These it was decided I would teach three times a week in classes for those interested, in addition to a Wednesday night dance evening for everyone.

Both of the classes went very well. In Morris, we started out with "Beansetting", and progressed through most of the stick dances, and a few handkerchief dances including "Ladies Pleasure", a jig the children had much fun with. What a magnificent time the young people had, especially when they demonstrated outside on the lawn during the Wednesday night dance sessions with all of the vitality that young people so often display. In the Country class, we started with some of the more elementary dances, and worked our way up to such dances as "Picking Up Sticks" and other fairly difficult dances. These too were demonstrated on Wednesday evenings with the help of a buffoon who managed once to confuse things in the first figure of "Picking Up Sticks". But it was all in fun, and both the dancers and the spectators had a genuinely good time.

Preparing for the large Wednesday night dances proved to be the most difficult because there I was catering to those from my afternoon classes, and to those who had never done any dancing before. As a result, for the first few dances, I had to teach on the level of the beginner. At first, the non-beginners were rather bothered by this, but when I told them that I often liked to do these elementary dances myself, they quieted down. I explained that it was during these dances that one could really dance in a magnificent manner due to the fact that the figures were simple and didn't require a lot of brainwork to remember, but instead could be utilized as a time to dance freely. As time progressed, so did the quality of the dancing. The difficult dances were no longer as difficult, and were danced with an air of freedom.

As the end of camp drew near, I knew I would miss the children as well as the teaching. I would miss everything, for what I learned through this experience is unattainable in the finest of books. For a teacher, or anyone for that matter, there is nothing as valuable as experience, for through experience comes education in its finest form.

PETER LEIBERT



C.D.S. CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL, 1960

** All the ingredients for a most successful Festival * gaily decorated hall * colorful costumes * enthusiastic dancers * wonderful music and a fine program * favorite dances * entertainment too, with the Boar's Head Processional * the Sword Play with all its familiar characters * the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance * Carols and Recorders * and of course the many friends, old and new, who make this annual event such a happy occasion.

October Weekend

A mist lay in the valleys and along the hills of north-west Jersey but the night sky overhead was clear as some sixty dancers assembled in the red barn of the Hudson Guild Farm for the opening party of our fall dance weekend. The long distance record among us was held by the Ides from Alexandria, Va., but the Durkees, who had come from Bethlehem, Pa., ran them a close second. As for the rest of us, we were mostly city and suburb dwellers, as eager to gape at the brilliant autumn foliage as the typical tourist is meant to at the Empire State Building.

We had our chance during the next two days, both of which, after the early departure of the foggy, foggy dew, were sunny and warm. In the late mornings, after two strenuous hours of dancing, though there was another dance session for those who could still more than totter, the rest of us traipsed about in the balmy sunshine exploring the paths and byways around the farm. Lest those cynics who remember blizzards at Hudson Guild on past weekends be inclined to doubt my tale of heat and sun, we have sworn testimony that a few daring souls even went in swimming, including one nameless gentlemen who plunged impetuously into an isolated lake in his BVD's.

Both mornings began with Morris classes, led by Bob Hider, May Gadd and Genny Shimer, wherein we relearned the truth of such old adages as 1) if you don't have Morris legs after half an hour, Brackley Lads a Bunchun will give them to you, and 2) paper napkins are not a very good substitute for Morris handkerchiefs, a fact indisputably proved by Roy Bair, who manfully flapped a graceless pair stolen from the breakfast table. A second hour of English dancing followed, with Gay and Genny again the patient and rewarding teachers of the two groups. In addition, there were some vigorous American Square and Contra sessions with Dick Forscher and a very energetic Newbiggin with Bob Hider. We had three sword sets, the four tallest gentlemen among us graciously bestowed themselves on two of these so as to experience the exhilarating sensation of nearly having an ear sliced off as short and medium-sized ladies whizzed by them in the single guard. But neither Russell Houghton, Art Schrader, John Hodgkin nor Leland Durkee appear to have suffered any permanent ill-effects. All moments not otherwise accounted for were filled by the gentle tweeting of the indefatigable recorder players, and we had one good teatime singing session Saturday led by Art Schrader. I had to revise my opinion that Americans, unlike people from other countries, don't have a large shared body of songs for which they need no written words. At least our group does, and it's a pleasant thing to hear.

Our appetites increased in inverse ratio to the length of time remaining, and we were splendidly taken care of on that score in the farm's spacious dining room. An unexpected bonus after our gala Saturday evening party was a large and handsome cake, brought by Esther Moreno and Harold Newman as a tribute to Gay and Phil (but devoured hungrily by the rest of us as well).

Our ranks were somewhat thinned when we met for our final party Sunday afternoon, for some of those who had the longest way to go had already had to start home. After it was all over, and we had shown off our Bacca Pipes, our Amaryllis, our Sackett's Harbor, and Newbiggin, and were preparing to make any separate ways back to city and town, the old timers all seemed to agree that it had been one of the best Hudson Guild weekends we'd ever had. Neophytes can't say that, but they can say, as I do, I can't imagine how it could have been better.

DIANA LOCKARD

The annual Spring Weekend is coming soon - April 14 - 16. Mark the date. We hope to see you there!

Dancing on The Green

June will be here before we know it and we shall be looking forward to our annual Dance-Garden party. We are late with the report of last June's affair, but here it is:

This is a report on the Durkee's Garden Party held here in Bethlehem on June 4th. It rained, hard, starting about noon and continuing until after 2 o'clock so that we adjourned to the Hecktown Lodge Hall. The weather cleared and about 5 o'clock, it was voted to return to the house where the tables were set up for the picnic and the grass was dry enough to dance on. We danced until after dark and some played recorders after that until 11 P.M. At least fifty people attended. Considering the attendance and the weather, the voluntary collection was excellent, a total of \$77.00.

We hope that some of those who came and who are not members will join the Society. We suspect that they were probably in the majority. Many of the older and more familiar faces were not able to be with us this year for one reason or another, and this is our one regret, that more of our older friends could not join us on this occasion.

LELAND DURKEE

Editors note: The Durkees make no deduction for the expenses of this affair which are considerable. We are most grateful.

Nonsense Refrains in Folk Song

When I began getting acquainted with folk songs, one of the aspects that interested me was the nonsense refrains in which they abound -- the repetitive words or phrases in which everybody joins, even if he doesn't know the other lines. I was puzzled, recently, by a review of some folk song records which referred to the refreshing absence, from these particular songs, of repetitious and meaningless refrains -- puzzled because I had always assumed a general agreement that these elements add considerably to the lilt and singability, and the distinctive character, of folk songs. I enjoy singing "The Three Ra'ens" (Ravens), and can't imagine finding the same charm in it with the sonorous "Down adown, Hey down adown ... With a down, derry, derry, derry down down" omitted.

Be that as it may, I have long been curious about the refrains themselves. Do they mean anything, or are they merely exuberant sound? I have found very little in print on this matter; one suggestion is that some of the refrains may be distortions of Latin prayers or hymns. Obviously, sounds which now appear meaningless and arbitrary may be corruptions, or distortions, of real words, so that a particular refrain may once have had a meaning which is no longer visible. (Similarly, in the Opies' Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes, pp. 12-14, appears an interesting account of the possible origin of the apparently meaningless counting-out formulas of children in archaic counting systems.) In "The Soldier and the Lady" the refrain, "Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la," etc., is surely from the musical scale. There are even proper names; in the refrain of "The Wee Cooper of Fife" appears the name "John Dougal"; perhaps a man of that name had something to do with whatever it was that gave rise to the song. (Incidentally, this refrain begins "Nickety nackety," a form which I believe philologists call ricochet words. This is fairly typical; Tom Lehrer, in his spoof on folk songs, has a refrain beginning "Rickety tickety.")

The old song "Old Bangum," which is itself a corruption of an older ballad, "Sir Lionel and the Boar," contains a fascinatingly mysterious refrain -- "Dillum down dillum ... Cubby kee cuddle down killy quo cum." It sounds as if it ought to mean something, and perhaps it once did. (It also illustrates the difficulty of rendering by spelling the actual sounds; in various printed sources I have seen variant spellings of the same refrains.

After all these speculations, however, I suppose it is likely that many, if not most, of these refrains are actually arbitrary sounds, without meaning, selected, or stumbled upon, by the creators or singers of the songs because they have a fine lilt, and lend themselves to being roared out happily by untrained voices, like mine. I enjoy bellowing "Lolly too dum, too dum, lolly too dum

day;" if it means anything, I wish someone would tell me. This, to my ear, "rolls trippingly off the tongue," in Hamlet's phrase; others are less mellifluous. The "coma ti yi yippy yippy yay, yippy yay, coma ti yi yippy yippy yay" of the "Old Chizzum (Chisholm) Trail" no doubt was well suited for the cowboy's urge to whoop it up.

One of the interesting phases of this subject is the fact that the same song may have several quite different refrains. I give a few examples. "Sweet Betsy from Pike" appears in Lomax' American Ballads and Folk Songs with "Sing too ralli oo ralli oo rally ay." Burl Ives sings it with "Oodle dang fol de dido, oodle dang fol de day." MacEdward Leach's The Ballad Book contains this extraordinary refrain, which sounds utterly foreign to the song and which I can't imagine anyone singing:

"Eli compoli compoli copelia
Eli compoli com copleria
Eli compoli com petheria
Eli compoli com petheria."

The Irish version of "The Farmer's Curst Wife" has "Rifle (at least that's what it sounds like on my record) rifle tiddy fi day." Other versions have "Scrath a fillee, filiddle filum," and "Hi diddle-i diddle-i fie, diddle-i diddle-i day."

The refrains of "Springfield Mountain," a comparatively recent song, show less variation from the basic pattern. One form is "Ri toody noo, ri toody nay, ri toody nu, ri toody nay;" another is "Ri tu ri nu, ri tu ri nu, ri tu di nay;" a third, "Ri tuga nuga nay, ri tuga nuga nay, ri tuga nuga nuga na di o."

So perhaps the next time the voices bear down lustily at Pinewoods on the nonsense refrain of a song, some of you may give a thought or two to these considerations or suggestions, and come up with some of your own.

MANUEL PRENNER

(continued from page 14)

and his sister DOLLIE who sang "The Unquiet Grave;" STEVE MARGULIS, Blues with Classic Guitar; ARUN FOXMAN, French Canadian songs; DUTEE HALL, "I've been a good Boy" and "Terrytown;" ERIC LOEB, "Life is a Toil" and "Good old Rebel;" TONY SCOTT and daughter ELIZABETH, "Jennie Jenkins" and "Springfield Mountain;" DAN ZEMACHSON, Fiddle tunes.

JOHN LANGSTAFF and CYNTHIA GOODING dropped in and gave the evening a grand finale by singing (Cynthia) a "Mexican Courting Song" and "Delia" while Jack led a rousing "Rattlin' Bog" and sang "Six Dukes" and "Paddy Doyle." Following a break for refreshments there was an interlude of Country dancing for all.

Pinewoods Parings, 1960

Will first week campers ever forget the demonstrations of falling asleep in a Pinewoods bed by Messrs. Gruskin, Van Cleef and Guillard?

Eric Leber, fed up with his recorder class holding whole notes for only three counts burst out with, "Nold your oats!"

Rev. Frank Van Cleef describing the recorder groups' playing: "... this catastrophic cacophonous catharsis of sound." (It's well that he plays - Is that ambiguous enough, Reverend?)

Remember the summer shark scare on both coasts? One letter from home anxiously warned daughter to stay out of the water at Pinewoods. (Someone send that mother a map.)

We can understand how busy you are, Mrs. Conant. But to neglect your practicing to the point where a spider builds a web in your recorder!!!

When two married couples interchanged spouses for a charades skit and went out into the dark to wait their turn, a voice popped up with, "It's alright, they're married."

After recorder teacher had repeatedly endured the absence of indicated sharp in the music's key signature, he pleaded, "What is the first thing you do when you get a new piece of music?" The answer came quickly, "Write your name on it."

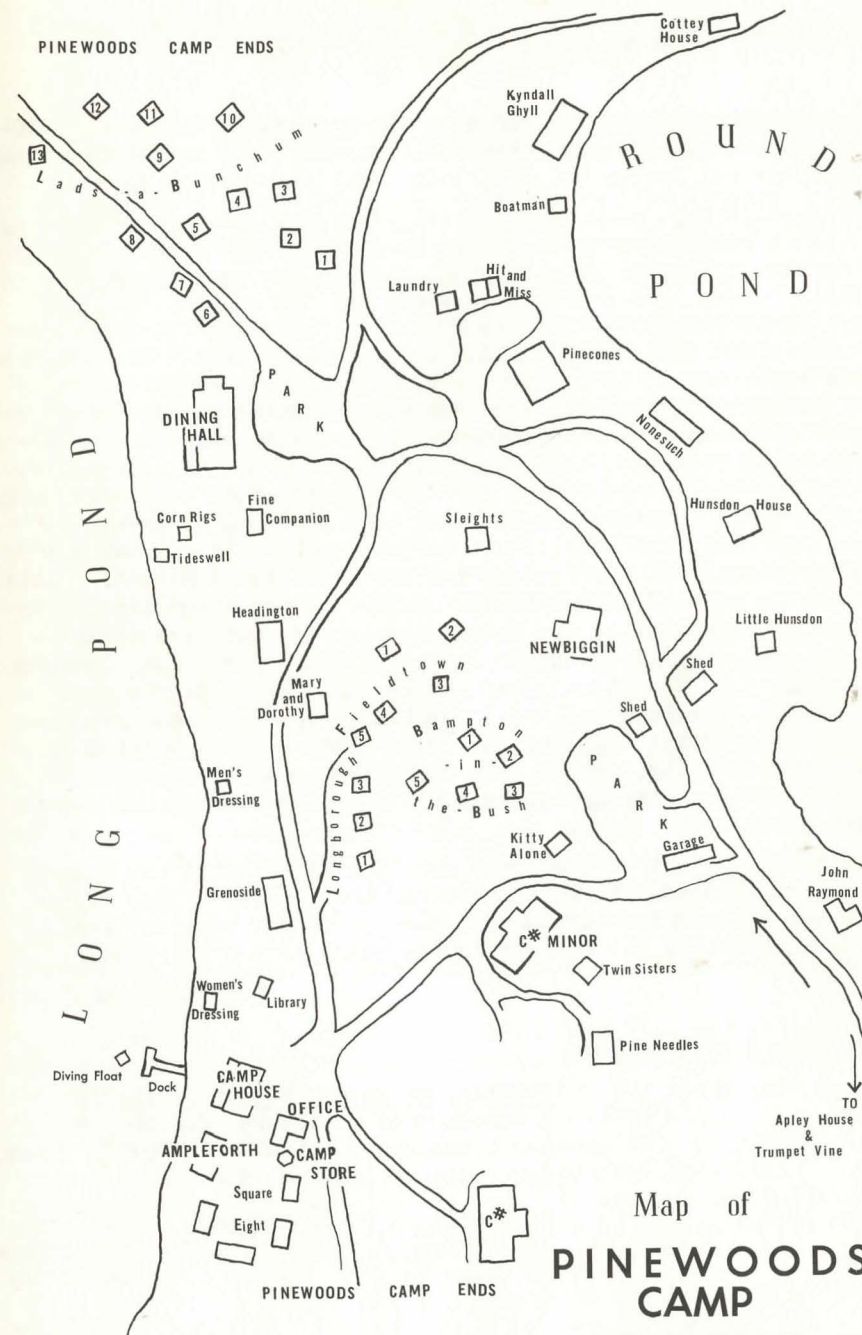
Cynthia Gooding, suffering a momentary lapse of feeling for English pronunciation, gave the reference for her song. "I found it in the ap' pendix of the book." (Sounded right, too.)

Peter Leibert and Eric Leber delighted campers with their Constant Billy Limp Stick Dance, Pinewoods tradition.

Campers were twice honored with performances by distinguished members of the Buzzards Bay Symphony. Artists included Martha Bixler, toy piano; Marleen Forsberg, cornet; Joe Gluck, trombone; Phil Merrill, English concertina; Frank Grinnell, triangle; Eric Leber, Italian accordion. Featured soloist was Mrs. Helen Grinnell, tuba player, who rendered Country Gardens (asunder?). The symphony delighted dancers with Hit and Miss (and it mostly was) and Huntsman's Chorus.

GLORIA R. BERCHIELLI

The International Festival Club announces a Series of Rare Films to be shown during February and March on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Programs begin at 8:30, members \$.50, non-members \$1.00 Free Coffee during intermissions. For more information call GR 5-9245 or write International Festival Club, 84 East 10th Street, New York 3, New York.



Book Reviews

Bulletin of the Folksong Society of the Northeast, Nos. 1-12, 1930-1937. Reprinted by the American Folklore Society, in Bibliographical and Special Series Vol. XI, 1960, with foreword by Samuel P. Bayard. \$6.00.

This reprint covers a highly productive decade in the study of American folksong, but it speaks also to our own decade with peculiar force. The enormous knowledge of the editor, Phillips Barry, placed him in a class with Francis J. Child; but Barry also knew music and collected from the singers themselves. His articles stress continually the importance of studying all songs, not only Child ballads; of complete and informed attention to the music, not only of one stanza but the changes from verse to verse; of a thorough grounding in folklore, social history, and the psychological laws controlling the changes in song. His demonstration of these changes, which he calls "communal re-creation", continues throughout the successive bulletins and gives a certain unity to his treatment of versions submitted, his reviews and his criticism. He anticipates much of the work of George Pullen Jackson in white spirituals; he reviews publications of the thirties which are still important - the critical studies of Archer Taylor ("Edward") and G.H. Gerould ("The Ballad of Tradition"), and collections like Greenleaf and Mansfield's from Newfoundland ("the best book of ballads yet published by the Harvard University Press") and the Sharp-Karpeles "standard authority for all time on folk-song and folk-music of the Appalachians, indispensable equally to the music-lover and research scholar..."

Barry was one of the great scholars who visited our summer schools at Amherst. Would that we had some record of his lecture there, which laid foundations for many of us who were involved in the development of the Society in the twenties and thirties.

EVELYN K. WELLS

Other recent publications

Lawless, Ray M.

Folksingers and Folksongs in America
A Handbook of Biography, Bibliography,
and Discography. New York, Duell, Sloan,
and Pearce. 1960. \$10.00

Lomax, Alan

Folksongs of North America, in the English Language, Melodies and guitar chords by Peggy Seeger. Garden City, Doubleday, 1961. \$7.50

Wilgus, D.K.

Anglo-American Folksong Scholarship since 1898. New Brunswick, Rutgers University Press, 1959. \$7.50

From Christchurch Bells to Jingle Bell Rock

(An account of the experiences of Helen and Maxwell Reiskind in a dance course they gave at the Staten Island Museum last year.)

Last year Helen and I gave a course in folk dancing "with special emphasis on English and American dances, and particularly English country dancing," at the Staten Island Museum. It was a short course, only six sessions, but a great success.

Perhaps the success was due as much to the refreshments and the gala atmosphere as to the dancing, because the group from the very beginning was an extremely sociable one, and the cookies and punch got better with each session. To close the series we had a Party Night to which each member of the class could bring one guest. It was wonderfully successful and many people didn't sit down all evening -- there weren't enough seats. All the regulars brought special delicacies. One of the men was a baker and baked a magnificent cake with stick-figures of dancers in icing. Maybe we didn't dance as much as we wanted to, but everyone had a good time, and nobody went home hungry.

As for the dancing, in the course of the six sessions we did some country dancing, some other English and American dances, and some international folk dances. The country dances included Christchurch Bells, Black Nag, Picking Up Sticks, Hole in the Wall, Childgrove, and Trip to Paris. We also did English "old time" dances like Boston Two Step and St. Bernard's Waltz; Scottish dances like Gay Gordons and Road to the Isles; and international folk dances like Misirlou, the Swedish Varsouvienne and Hambo, and the Norwegian Polka. Finally, we also did some American couple and novelty dances. Any purists among our readers should stop now and go on to the next article. Not only did we do Portland Fancy and the Spanish Circle Waltz, but we also did Sentimental Journey and (hold onto your hats, folks) Jingle Bell Rock.

It wasn't all orthodox, but it was exciting and it was fun, and we developed a staunchly loyal group of dancers. Twenty brave people (five men, fifteen women) registered for the course and most of them stayed with it to the end. Almost all of them had never folk danced before, but they all loved it. Only two people dropped out of the course of their own apparent free will. Of course, other people used devious means to escape our clutches: one couple moved to Buffalo merely to have an excuse to be absent; and one of the women became enceinte for the same reason.

Helen and I enjoyed the experience immensely. And we learned a few things too. For example, that the best way to learn a dance is to teach it. Also, that A Trip to Paris is not such a simple dance to teach, at least if you don't have in your group

a healthy sprinkling of persons who already know it.

Anyhow, Helen and I, crazed with success, planned an even more advanced course for this year. But we reckoned without the Museum. They couldn't simply dismiss us -- our course was too successful and popular. So behind our backs they sold one of their buildings -- and no longer had room for us. We tried to make arrangements with Wagner College and with the local Unitarian Church, but they both had the same problem as the Museum, and were making constant and total use of their plants.

Through the sponsorship of a P.T.A., an elementary school was made available to us on a trial basis. It was late in November before we got started again, and we lost some of our group to other courses and other commitments. But more than half of them are back on the dance floor, and new dancers are coming in. So when you meet Staten Islanders at the Spring or Winter festivals, or at Pinewoods next summer, please be kind to them -- they've had a hard time -- they're dance-starved.

MAXWELL REISKIND

Square and Folk Dance Events



April 7 - 9, 1961

COUNTRY SQUARE DANCE WEEKEND with RALPH PAGE, Troy New Hampshire.

May 17 - 19

25th ANNUAL NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL, Washington, D.C., Director, Gertrude Knott.

June 10 - 16

17 - 23

24 - 29

DANCE WEEKS with MICHAEL HERMAN, Bridgton, Maine. Register with Alice Moray, c/o Folk Dance House, 108 W.16 St., New York 11, New York.

June 29 - July 1

10th ANNUAL NATIONAL SQUARE DANCE Convention, Detroit, Michigan.

July 2 - 9

THE 1961 FOLK CAMP, Lookout Mountain, Golden, Colorado. (See page 34)

August 28 - September 3

14th ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSIC COUNCIL Conference, Universite Laval, Quebec, Canada.

CENTER NEWS

Boston, Mass. The Boston Centre celebrated the holidays with a right merry Christmas Party December 17th and followed it up, with scarcely a pause to catch their breath, by a New Year's Eve Square Dance. They have already had their first party of 1961 - a Valentine Party on February 9th. Still to come is a St. Patrick's Party on March 16th at The Union Boat Club.

Meanwhile, regular classes continue to flourish. A new ten weeks' course for beginners learning basic square and country dance steps started January 4th at The Boston Adult Education Center. The Wednesday evening classes in English dancing - both Country and Morris at the Cambridge Y.W.C.A., and the Square Dance Drop-In Evenings held Thursdays at The Union Boat Club are doing well.

Dayton, Ohio On December 3rd and 4th, the Miami Valley Folk Dancers sponsored a gala weekend emphasizing contras and featuring Ralph Page, for whom it was the Thirtieth anniversary as a caller. The weekend included Saturday and Sunday afternoon sessions, a Pennsylvania Dutch Pot Pie dinner Saturday and a New England Cotillion party Saturday night and even came complete with baby sitter service for couples with young children.

Denver, Col. Every third Saturday of each month is English folk night at the Steele Community Center, directed by Fred Enholm. The English Folk Group held their Christmas Party December 17th at the Center, under the leadership of Jack and Shirley Burks and Jean Hann.

Steele Center reports that there have been eight weddings of members of the Sherwood International Folk Dance Club in the last sixteen months. Half of the couples met at the Club, and at several of the wedding receptions, bride, groom and Sherwood guests did folk dancing, including wedding dances from Israel, Slovenia and French Catalonia.

Hartford, Conn. We extend a special welcome to a newly affiliated center, The Community Folk Dancers of Hartford. This group was organized in 1943 as an outgrowth of a recreation program under the leadership of Eddy Nadel for the students of the Hartford Seminary Foundation. Though they only recently became affiliated with The Country Dance Society, many of the members have belonged for some time and have attended both the Boston Weekend Camp and Pinewoods Camp in August.

English country dances, led by Miss May Wrinn, one of their members, have had an important part in the programs; and in the past they have had as guest leaders, Miss Chapin, Miss Gadd, and Mr. Adrian Hull. During this fall season, the

group has enjoyed reviewing old favorites and learning some new English dances from the Reverend Frank Van Cleef of Tolland, Conn. He has come once a month since September, and his enthusiasm and excellent leadership have made the sessions very enjoyable.

The Folk Dancers meet regularly at Jefferson House, 36 Jefferson Street, near the Hartford Hospital, Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock. Anyone interested in dancing is welcome to drop in of an evening and join them.

Their officers, elected in November are as follows: President, Chester Case; Vice-president, Nathan Falk; Secretary, Elizabeth Angelo; Treasurer, Ottley Richardson.

Hindman, Ky. An important part of the work of Hindman Settlement School is carried on by the Settlement's Recreation Director during visits to schools in this mountain area. The letter quoted below was written by a third-grader whose remote two-room school had recently received a visit. The Settlement's Executive Director, Raymond McLain, writes: "How rewarding Mildred's letter is" and mentions that the Hindman School will house and guide Mildred through her high school years. He speaks too of the enriching of the Settlement by the traditions of the mountain country that it serves and the widening of its scope "through the enlightened influence of its graduates." Here is Mildred's letter:

*I thought I would write you to
let you know that I am all right.
I like the games you learned us.
I like the game that turns a circle
wrong side out and lubyly and the grand
march and I like the songs you learned us.*

Philadelphia, Pa. An English Country Dancing Workshop and Party was held December 3rd at the Folk Dance Center on Race Street. The dancing began at three thirty in the afternoon and continued on into the evening. Leo Jones directed the program.

Tolland, Conn. It was wonderful to have May Gadd with us again for a Workshop on February 10th. Our regular group plus guests from the Hartford Folk Dance Club, a CDS affiliate, and also from the University of Connecticut, brought the number of dancers present to forty-five. (That includes Jimmie Jamieson who came down from Putnam!) Although we differed widely in experience, Gay held us together with her usual skill and charm, and gave everyone a very happy evening, which wound up with a supper party at the parsonage.

The Tolland group meets regularly twice a month (2nd and 4th Fridays, in case any of you CDS members are in the neighborhood). Though the stork and the weatherman have sometimes made deep inroads on our numbers, we persevere and have added some very promising and enthusiastic new dancers. We are hoping to bring a group down to the Spring Festival.

Woods Hole, Mass. From a letter received from Bob Guillard: "...Many people here remembered the spontaneous New Year's Eve Party that developed in 1959, and wanted another this year, but unfortunately the Parish Hall of St. Barnabas Church (of which William Workman is minister) was damaged in a fire and thus not available to us. It is now repaired and we expect to start dancing again this spring. After the bones have set from the skiing season, that is.

There is more recorder playing this year than last. Harold Newman will tell you that he has been shipping us crates of music and instruments. We have two groups, one of beginners and one that can play Greensleeves and the Bach Canzona. Occasionally the two groups meet and play with each other. Most everyone sings in the chorus, too; this year we are doing two works by Schutz. We can muster a French horn, a couple of obsolete horns, an oboe, and a clarinet, but no one to play them well. No harpsichord yet."

DANCE DOINGS IN NEW YORK

An active season is in progress with Wednesday classes taking care of advanced dancers as well as beginners in English Country and Morris, and conducted by May Gadd and John Bremer, with help from Genevieve Shimer, Gloria Berchielli and Anne Soernssen. Dick Forscher calls a Square from time to time, and the wonderful playing of Philip Merrill is heard both on Wednesdays and at Saturday Parties. Saturday Square Dances have brought us Callers Ralph Page in October and February, Joe Rechter in January, and Dick Forscher will be with us in March.

The season opened at the end of September with a Get-together Dance with the Shimers in charge and May Gadd as M.C. On October 8th our first Country Dance Party brought us all out for a good time, with Josephine Giarratano as Chairman, and on November 12th we had an Evening of Folk Music and Song, with Art Schrader as M.C. On November 19th we celebrated the close of the Cecil Sharp Centennial Year with a Morris and Sword afternoon with John Bremer and Bob Hider and a gala Country Dance Party with exhibition Morris and Sword dances. We celebrated December with the Christmas Festival.

The January Country Dance Party was highlighted as "Twelfth Night Revels" or "Topsy-Turvey Night, with Eric Leber as Lord of Misrule and Rae Meltzer, Chairman. Men and women changed dance positions in "Morpeth Rant;" "Gay Madd" was asked to call "The Old Mole" in reverse order; dancers found Phil Merrill linking dances to the "wrong" tunes; and "Parson's Farewell" was demonstrated as a dance with little connection with one's partner - the dancers being blindfolded. Their quiet exit one by

one during the encore left one uninformed dancer groping for someone to dance with. A final "balance and poise" dance in which all danced "Trip to Paris" with a coin on their heads (one cent up) and lost it if it fell off, netted \$8. for the Pinewoods Scholarship Fund. A wonderful decoration scheme was designed and carried out by Gertrude Gray and Josephine Giarratano. Murals depicted dance characters in unfamiliar guises - a Satyr as "Piper's Fancy", a black Unicorn as "The original Black Nag," etc.

February gave us another Morris and Sword afternoon followed by a dinner at the Stonewall Inn (next door to our Headquarters) and a Pinewoods Reunion Country Dance Party. M.C. Genevieve Shimer and A.C. King decorated the Hall with photographs showing Pinewoods in the '40's, '50's and '60's and impressions of landmarks at Camp.

NATIONAL C.D.S. OFFICE

Many of our members may not have seen the Society's Office on Christopher Street. It is a cosy room with a friendly atmosphere. Here, the daily routine of answering letters, filing memberships, adding to the mailing lists, sales of books and music, and giving information about our activities to those who telephone in goes on. Here also, some recorder classes are held, and it is the scene of the mailing parties run by our local members. The Office is open every day except Saturdays and Holidays from 9:30 to 5:00. If you are in town, we would like very much to see you if you can come by.



The bottom row of the drawer file contains the stencils of our members. May Gadd's desk is on the right; Secretary's on the left.

These photographs were taken by Gloria R. Berchielli, one of our New York City members.



This is where we store the horns for the Abbots Bromley.

PRIZE ESSAY

The Editorial Board of the Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society have pleasure in inviting essays on one of the following subjects:

- A. Some aspect of English folk music other than folk song.
- B. A study of one or more English folk dances and their connected customs, with special reference to analogous dance-customs on the European continent.

Essays should be between 3,000 and 5,000 words in length and should be addressed to the Editor of the Journal, Cecil Sharp House, 2 Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.1., to arrive on or before June 1st, 1962.

One prize of ten guineas (about \$30.00) is offered and it is hoped to print the winning essay in the Journal for 1962.

The adjudicators, who will be Miss Violet Alford, Mr. Frank Howes, and the Editor of the Journal, Dr. Russell Wortley, reserve the right to withhold the prize should essays not reach the standard required.

COUNTRY DANCE WEDDING

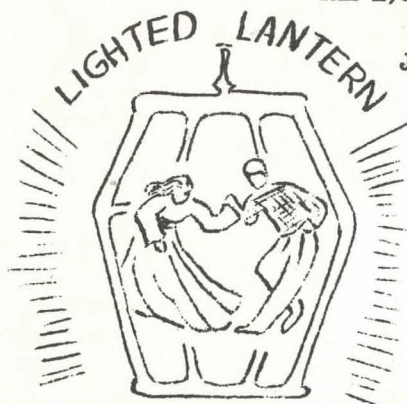
The Shrigley family has been coming to Pinewoods for many years. Last August, the elder daughter, Rebecca, was married to John Lawson. We received a letter from her mother, Marjorie, and here are some of the things she said about the occasion.

"The wedding could not have been more perfect! It was truly a joyous occasion, with the guests reflecting the happiness of the young couple... The 120 guests were seated in the part of the lawn between the dining room and the woods, looking towards the pasture as it slopes toward the valley. Out of the living room doors came Sue and the other bridesmaid. Then out of the living room doors and across the lawn walked John with Rebecca on his right."

The Quaker ceremony followed, and then the bride and groom started down the aisle to the tune of "John, Come Kiss Me Now."

Before the wedding Mr. Saurini, first flautist in the Indianapolis Symphony, played a half-hour concert. It was a superb performance; he played "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday," "Dashing Away with the Smoothing Iron," "Greensleeves" and a Handel selection. "At the rehearsal the night before," Marjorie writes, "he had played country dance tunes for half an hour while we sat on the west lawn, enchanted and transported back to Pinewoods."

We are all looking forward to seeing John and Rebecca at Pinewoods this summer, as well as the rest of the Shrigley family.



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