



THE COUNTRY DANCER

Winter

'64-'65

THE COUNTRY DANCER

The magazine of
THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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Stan Levy Pages 12 and 14
PICTURE CREDITS Suzanne Szasz Pages 18 and 19

Calendar of CDS Events

January 9	TWELFTH NIGHT AND NEW YEAR COUNTRY DANCE PARTY in New York
March 23	GOLDEN JUBILEE YEAR OPENS
April 2 - 4	RECORDER AND VIOL WEEKEND Hudson Guild Farm, N.J.
May 1	SPRING FESTIVAL - JUBILEE GALA
May 14 - 16	SPRING DANCE WEEKEND Hudson Guild Farm, N.J.
June 6	CDS DANCES AT THE WORLD'S FAIR
June 25 - 28	BOSTON CENTER DANCE WEEKEND at PINEWOODS CAMP, Buzzards Bay, Mass.
August 1 - 29	NATIONAL CDS PINEWOODS CAMP 1 - 8 CHAMBER MUSIC WEEK 8 - 22 TWO DANCE WEEKS 22 - 29 FOLK MUSIC WEEK

Marriages

HARRIS-SABURN On June 28, 1964, Elizabeth Harris to Alvin John Saburn, both of Long Island, New York.

ROSSER-ROOT On September 3, 1964, in Winnetka, Ill., Maude Rosser to Thomas Eaton Root.

GULDEN-APPEL On September 4, 1964, in New York, N.Y., Barbara Gulden to Thomas Gilmore Appel.

SMITH-HOPKINS . On September 5, 1964, in Dallas, Texas, Sherry Kay Smith to Wallace Wayne Hopkins.

ALLEN-TASCH In the fall, Jane Allen, formerly of New York, to Fred Tasch, of Provincetown, Massachusetts.

Births

DAB: To Morris and Marcia Dab, on July 22, 1964, a son, David.

RAYNA: To Jerry and Marian Rayna, on September 28, 1964, a son, Johathan Adam.

Correction: Our apologies to JENNIFER LAWSON for having announced her as a boy in our last issue. She joined the Lawson family (John, Becky and Sarah) last February.

* * * * *

Golden Jubilee

A very important year for the Country Dance Society of America is just about to begin - our FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR. The national Society was founded at a meeting held at the Colony Club in New York on March 23, 1915 and at that time was known as the United States Branch of the English Folk Dance Society. It had no actual headquarters but had a national committee based in various cities. Centers were formed immediately afterwards in Boston, Cincinnati, New York, Pittsburgh and St. Louis. Of these, Boston is still functioning, Pittsburgh reformed in 1963, and New York amalgamated with the national headquarters in 1940.

The national Society is composed of a headquarters, affiliated Centers and Clubs and individual members. Together we make the organization known as the Country Dance Society of America. It is our hope that on or near March 23, 1965, a number of Country Dance Parties can be organized by local groups in various parts of the country, to celebrate our 50th Birthday, and that during the remainder of the Golden Jubilee Year there will be a variety of celebrations, continuing to March 23, 1966. The national Spring Festival, to be held in New York on May 1st, 1965, will offer a natural gathering place and we hope to have a large number of Centers and members with us at that time. The dance program will be available early in the New Year. We are again dancing at the New York World's Fair Pavilion on June 6th. We have four hours allotted to us and would like to follow the performance with general Country Dancing for "as many as will."

This Jubilee Year provides a wonderful opportunity for all who are interested in the material and philosophy of the Country Dance Society, to plan to increase its influence. Send us your ideas - they will be carefully considered by the Golden Jubilee Committee.

MAY GADD

* * * * *

The Buffalo Dance at San Felipe

The Buffalo Dance performed in most of the Rio Grande pueblos during late December and January was once a ceremony held to propitiate the spirits of the animals; and a prayer to them to allow themselves to be killed, that their brother man might live. Now it is done to increase the strength, well-being and fertility of man, crops, and beasts. There is, however, still something of the sacrifice present, and since the dance follows so closely upon the winter solstice, when traditionally sacrifice to the sun was made, there may be a connection now buried far back in time; the mighty buffalo is a symbol of the power of the sun, as is the eagle.

At San Felipe the Buffalo Dance is in many ways the same as at the other pueblos, but the Indians here always seem remote and secret, busy with their own affairs, and the dancing appears wilder, "nearer the root." When one drives across the rickety bridge over the Rio Grande and turns into the pueblo lying along the bank of the river, there is always a tingling sensation. Unconsciously we speak in lowered voices as we see the spare figures, the long black hair and hawklike features of the men, and are on the qui vive to mind our p's and q's. Visitors, even when allowed, are generally ignored, though the Indians are courteous when asked a question.

The golden January day of the Buffalo Dance that we saw was a "big" day. Relatives had returned in numbers, feasts were prepared, and people in their most colorful costumes were sitting around the raised banks of the large sunken plaza, which gives the on-lookers a fine view while affording natural protection to the dancers. The sunshine was warm and brilliant, the sky turquoise.

The drum sounded in the distance. A great wave of song reached us, running through the plaza like a fire. The chorus entered singing with far-flung beauty which seemed to reach into the sky. There were about seventy-five men and a number of small boys with colored shawls tied in front over their blue jeans. The men wore brilliant blankets, feather headdresses, bright-colored shirts. Some had shields flung over their backs, others great circles of bright feathers, symbols of the buffalo and sun; every imaginable color and costume was there. The leader

of one chorus wore buffalo horns in his black flowing hair, which fell around his glowing face and piercing eyes. The leader of the other chorus, an older man, wore a white buckskin robe, and carried the bow of the hunter. Both choruses rivaled the sun in brilliance. A white cloud of eagle down floated from their dark heads, and the green branches in their hands waved to the rhythm of their bodies as their singing poured forth with a resonance and cadence of wild exultation. The drum seemed the song of the re-awakened earth.

There were two clans dancing, each composed of two mighty elk, two deer tossing their down-tipped antlers, four little antelope running in swift delight and in one group a very small bobcat which slyly clung close to the antelope.

The two buffalo dancers were dressed as usual: blackened bodies, shaggy heads and horns, dark moccasins, white woven kilts decorated with the sacred serpent, bringer of rain; they carried the black bow and arrow and black rattle in their hands, a sprig of spruce was thrust into the armband, and eagle down was in their hair. But nothing else was usual about them. There was a ritualistic intensity about the spare grace of bodies moving and bending, the high stepping, the vitality with which the feet came down upon the earth, the light swiftness of the girl, the faint suggestion of pawing by the males and of a clash over her. The symbolism cut to the heart of life where cruelty lies hidden. One laughed but shivered at the same time. The other animals moved and postured around them in an attending chorus.

A Koshare, the holy clown, looking like a disreputable revivalist preacher in long black coat and baggy trousers, an old felt hat pulled down over his face, entered dancing. A small black head of a hobby horse protruded from his chest; the tail down behind. Man and beast were one. His laughter, as of the gods, floated above the chorus, cracking the sky, filling us with mirth, chilling us with awe. As he danced with lifting foot and pause, supplication in the lifted arms, one could see in imagination the blessing of rain descending on all good things: man, beast, and growing plant refreshed and made strong.

As one clan went out the other entered. All day long the plaza was full of song and dance and color.

As each clan left the plaza, they danced again before their Kiva, a ceremonial chamber, and here the drama of the hunt took place. The animals ran and dodged, trying to escape their pursuers, but were always turned back and "herded" into the Kiva by men wearing white trousers, blankets round their waists and wands of office in their hands. They also held back the laughing, calling crowds that always followed.

It was interesting to note slight difference in dress between the two clans. For instance, in one the horned beasts used two sticks for the forelegs, and in the other clan only one. The Buffalo in one group wore black aprons over their kilts. But there was no difference in the wild beauty of the singing, the throbbing of the drum, the cutting edge of the dancing, the surging joyousness of the people brimming into laughter, overflowing the plaza with life and light and splendor in the pouring out of a great prayer.

On the last exit the whole chorus began to dance and as they reached the Kiva to which everyone had followed, and the rhythm, the singing, swept like a wind through the pueblo, filling it with the breath of new life. Everything and everybody seemed made of light. The spirit shone through the faces. The late afternoon air was luminous.

The drum faded, the singing grew distant. For the last time the laughter of the Koshare came shaking over our heads, as the sun disappeared behind the mountains and left us standing in shadow.

CAROL PRESTON

BOOKS FOR LENDING LIBRARY A most welcome gift to this library was a number of morris sword and country dance books which were brought to Pine-woods last August by Mrs. W. H. Curwen. They came from the library of her late husband, Harry Curwen, dancer and teacher in New York in the early days of the Society.

Another opportunity to add to this library was provided by Mrs. Dorothy Bund of Pittsburgh. She had acquired a number of new dance instruction books at a greatly reduced price and passed them on to CDS headquarters at the same low cost.

MALL PEATLY

During a staff concert at Pinewoods last summer Marshall Barron introduced one piece by name, "Mall Peatly", adding "I don't have any idea what that means - does anyone here know what it means?"

No one knew, so John Hodgkin, finding he had considerable free time the next few days, undertook a major research project. He scrutinized all available original documents, including those collected by Cecil Sharp, John Playford and Old Nibs Beveridge. He also conducted interviews in depth with all the available oldest inhabitants. Needless to say the authorities were not in complete agreement as to the meaning of the phrase. However, we are privileged to have obtained an authenticated copy of his report which was originally promulgated in person one evening during camp. We are fortunate to be able to publish herewith the definitive findings of this far-ranging research.

MALL PEATLY

When you're making a dress to go notable places,
With buttons and flounces and ribbons and laces,
To crown the confection and finish it neatly,
Mall Peatly!

When you are tired of basting and roasting,
Of baking and boiling, of stewing and toasting,
For achieving a dinner both hearty and neatly,
Mall Peatly!

When on the dance floor cavorting and prancing,
Gracefully bowing amid bright eyes glancing,
For a polished performance in footing it featly,
Mall Peatly!

When you distill a delectable whiskey,
For ensuring a flavour full-bodied and frisky,
For sipping superbly and swallowing sweetly,
Mall Peatly!

When you are building a stately cathedral,
With buttresses flying and arches dihedral,
To crown and enoble the building completely,
Mall Peatly!

When violins and recorders are playing,
With crumhorns crumhoring and flugelhorns braying,
To resolve the harmonies of notes flying fleetly,
Mall Peatly!

When in the evening the shadows are falling,
And off in the distance a whippoorwill's calling,
To find a young maiden and woo her discreetly,
Mall Peatly!

PINEWOODS MORRIS MEN

A highlight of Pinewoods Camp this year concerned the Pinewoods Morris Men. Following Nibs Matthews' report to the Morris Ring in England on the achievements and standards of our morris dancing, the Ring accepted the Pinewoods Morris Men into membership - the first group from outside the United Kingdom to enter the Ring. Bob Hider was elected Squire and George Fogg, Bagman. At a "charter meeting" held at Camp after the first Thursday demonstration, Nibs presented the official Morris Stick to Bob. The purpose of the group is the encouragement of morris and sword dancing. Membership is open to all men who are national members of CDS and interested either as dancers or as "reasonably proficient" players.

A feast in honor of the occasion was held during the second Dance Week, and the men organized a peripatetic outdoor display. The tour started at the Point with half a dozen dances and after refreshment tribute from Mr. and Mrs. Conant proceeded to the Camphouse square and then on to Fieldtown, where all the campers had been invited to a party. In all, some twenty dances were given. Despite more refreshments at Fieldtown, the group was still able to dance a triumphant processional to the dining hall. All in all, a magnificent first tour, to be followed, we hope, by many more.

WORKSHOPS

Weekend Workshops were given this Fall by NIBS MATTHEWS in New York and Boston (CDS and NEFFA) and by MAY GADD in Pittsburgh (CDS and FOLK ARTS COMMITTEE) and in Ithaca (CORNELL UNIVERSITY). All were most enjoyable and productive, and great credit is due to the organizers.

A UNION FOR FOLKSINGERS AND
THE TEACHING OF FOLK GUITAR

A letter* appeared in the August 27 Village Voice:

Your article on the coffee house players' strike (VV, August 20) seems to me to be quite unnecessary. If they want to "promote professionalism" in their ranks why not join the musicians' union and try to play in decent establishments? But, quite frankly, why bother at all. It's so wild when young people get together and seriously think they are playing a guitar just because they have learned a few simple chords and may have hitchhiked to Denver or something.

Then there are those who make a living from actually teaching folk guitar! Could someone please explain just what this is? I wonder if anyone ever heard of folk piano or folk cello!

In Spain, if someone knows a little strum-picking he plays for friends and for fun. Not so here. . .as soon as possible, on the street, into the coffee houses, and full steam into the show biz affluent frenzy.

I say, if one wants to be a professional, one must be prepared to practice, sweat, and study at least five or six hours a day for as many years, and then, with talent, be able to play interesting pieces on the guitar. And, oh yes, buy several Segovia or Julian Bream recordings and listen to the old noble guitar being played correctly.

David Harris
Morris County, New Jersey

Although the letter is both brash and naive, it raises some interesting questions. The background was a dispute between some folksingers and coffee-shop managers about wages. The folksingers had much reason on their side. They were performing for live audiences who were paying, at least in part, for entertainment, yet often they depended on passing the hat. The managers, for their

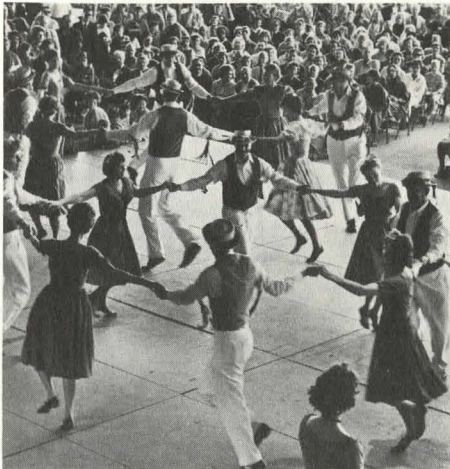
*Copyright 1964, The Village Voice, Inc. Used by permission

part, were providing an audience for young and untried performers' naturally they sought to keep down the cost to themselves. Probably the influence of show business and of labor disputes seemed to justify the strike and the attempt to organize.

It wasn't the first such organization: the defunct Folksingers' Guild had a similar purpose. Has such a folksingers' "union" a right to exist? Or should the folksingers join the American Federation of Musicians, or the American Guild of Variety Artists? Well, some of them do, when they reach a certain level of accomplishment -- or professionalism if you like. But those organizations really aim at dance-band musicians and others who have little in common with folksingers; working conditions, frequency of employment, wage scales, even ethical goals and social attitudes are different. Better for the folksingers to organize the kind of union they can control themselves. It won't be a guarantee against incompetence or amateurism, but its policies will at least be accessible to the members.

The other matter of importance is, what is "folk guitar"? (How strange to have to say that there is such a thing in America.) One species of it can be heard on any record by Huddie Ledbetter, Blind Lemon Jefferson, or Lightning Hopkins--the blues. Another species of it can be heard on records by the Carter Family, Woody Guthrie, or Doc Watson--the (white) country style. There are other species too (although the classic guitar of Segovia and Julian Bream has nothing to do with any folk style). The definition would be the same as for any piece of folklore: folk guitar styles are styles anonymous in origin and transmitted through an unbroken chain of oral tradition (i.e. without written music). Folk piano would be the same, as on Leadbelly's piano record, or Hobart Smith's "Sourwood Mountain." Doesn't anybody remember Albert Ammons any more? He was a boogie woogie pianist --a folk style-- and he didn't learn from music, ever.

The scandal is the large number of teachers of "folk guitar" who have never studied traditional styles. They teach an ersatz style, comprising a few chords and a few strums. They enable their students to accompany easily whatever folk songs, or songs in folk style, are currently popular among the camp, school, and college set. Calling such a style "folk," implying that it is traditional among any group legitimately called a folk, is a fraud. Such fraudulent operators stand to make a killing these



Unicorn Hobby Horse

days, when the guitar is so gigantically popular among the young. But they are popularizers, purveyors of "fake-lore" that "falsifies the raw data of folklore by invention, selection, fabrication, and similar refining processes . . . for capitalistic gain . . ." (Richard Dorson). Consider the influence that such teachers could have in bringing young people to a real love and preservation of traditional music. The contrast between that promise and the facts is nauseating. Further, the problem for the prospective student is acute: how is a fourteen-year-old girl to judge the credentials of a guitar teacher?

The alternative, of course, is difficult, but it is not impossible: find a teacher who either embodies a traditional style or has analytically studied such styles. Perhaps a teacher is needless. "It is a waste of time to learn songs in the manner of one of the urban singers of folk songs. Better go straight to the source" (Alan Lomax). That is what the most accomplished urban singers have done themselves (Pete Seeger, Tom Paley, Dave Van Ronk). But if, as often a teacher is needed, why not choose one who can bring you into direct contact with folk music? In general, the folk-music revival is not a revival of folk music but of music in a folk style that is often inferior. Fraudulent teachers of "folk guitar" are no help to the bettering of taste.

LEE HARING

Second Impressions

In 1963 we visited Pinewoods Camp for the first time, and we found it a very exciting experience. For years we had heard about it from our many friends and colleagues in the EFDS who had also been there, but either their descriptions were inadequate (although always enthusiastic) or our ears were deaf, for no one prepared us for that unusual mixture of open-air living, constant walking, good food, continuous dancing, and trees and recorders everywhere, which we think of as "Pinewoods".

Well, in 1964 we came and experienced the Pinewoods "mixture-as-before". Again we found it exciting, and we feel that the atmosphere generated in the Camp could be used out of Camp to make yet more people aware of the activities of the CDS throughout the country, especially during the coming Jubilee Year. The country dances of any country are an expression of sociability, and the danger of preservation societies is that they may encourage a "teacher-on-the-platform, taught-on-the-floor" attitude which engenders a false and indeed a positively asocial atmosphere. We think Pinewoods could be the sort of electric generator that would feed the necessary enthusiasm into all campers so that each one could leave knowing a few suitable dances well enough to put them across (with a good gramophone record) at any party or gathering where dancing was called for. The Folk Song Revival has thrown up any number of amateur singers who can entertain charmingly with a very small repertoire.

Years ago Douglas Kennedy introduced us to a hitherto unknown verb: to proselytize. Well, I suppose you either want to or you don't, but to share a good thing with other people can be most rewarding. We hope before next August that we shall have had many opportunities to proselytize all over the States - in YMCA's and colleges and PTA's and Folk Dance camps. We have done some such jobs already and have been a little depressed to find that the dances from any other European country are better known than a single dance from England.

At New York University recently we had a stimulating evening with what might be called an "International Friendly Society". We are quite used in England to taking such gatherings, but usually there will be people there from only one other country. At NYU there were ten different nations represented in one set of Virginia Reel

alone, and it seemed that few of the students could speak English, so much Japanese, French, German, and unknown dialects did we hear. Country Dancing proved, however, as always, an International Language.

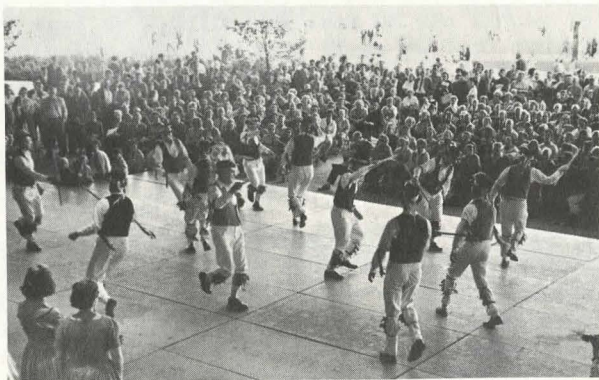
We have been to two Camps run by Ralph Page and Rod Linnell in New Hampshire and found there a very friendly and enthusiastic lot of people who have discovered to their surprise that English dancing can be as enjoyable as any other folk dancing.

As a contribution to the Golden Jubilee of the CDS we hope that readers of the Country Dancer will make for us as many contacts as they can in Dance and Community Centres, for we are willing and able to travel and hope that by doing so we can enlarge the general appreciation of English Dancing.

NIBS AND JEAN MATTHEWS



World's Fair
U.S. Pavilion



The Proper Victorians

From Kilvert's Diary, William Plomer, Ed.
New York: Macmillan, 1947.

Tuesday, 7 January, 1873

At 8 o'clock Fanny, Dora and I went to a jolly party at Sir John Awdry's at Norton House. Almost everybody in the neighborhood was there. There had been a children's party with a Christmas Tree at 5 o'clock, but when we drove up the harp and the fiddles were going.

I danced a Lancers with Harriet Awdry of Draycot Rectory, a quadrille with Sissy Awdry of Seagry Vicarage, a Lancers with Louise Awdry of Draycot Rectory, a Lancers with Mary Rooke of the Ivy, and Sir Roger with dear little Francie Rooke of the Ivy. How bright and pretty she looked, so merry, happy, and full of fun. It was a grand Sir Roger, I never danced such a one. The room was quite full, two sets and such long lines, but the crush was all the more fun. "Here," said Francie Rooke to me quietly, with a wild, merrie sparkle in her eye, and her face brilliant with excitement, "let us go into the other set." There was more fun going on there, Eliza Stiles had just fallen prostrate. There were screams of laughter, and the dance was growing quite wild. There was a struggle for the corners and everyone wanted to be at the top. In a few minutes all order was lost, and everyone was dancing wildly and promiscuously with whoever came to hand. The dance grew wilder and wilder. "The pipers loud and louder blew, the dancers quick and quicker flew." Madder and madder screamed the flying fiddle bows. Sir Roger became a wild romp till the fiddles suddenly stopped dead and there was a scream of laughter. Oh, it was such fun and Francie Rooke was brilliant. When shall I have another such partner as Francie Rooke?

An excellent supper and we got home about one o'clock, on a fine moonlit night.

GOOD WISHES! The best of good wishes to ELLEN SWINTON of Brantford, Ontario, Canada, and to ALEXANDER MACLEOD of Scotland. Their wedding was on Christmas Day in Tain, Rossshire, Scotland, where they will make their home. We shall miss Ellen at Pinewoods next summer and hope that they will both visit us someday.

The Singers Write —

Jacqueline and Bridie



A visit to a rest-room in England costs a penny; here in America it costs ten cents. This was one of the first vital differences that we observed! We've noticed others less alarming than that, and being "teachers-cum-singers of folk songs", we have decided to write a few folksy thoughts on America.

One can't generalize about anything, America least of all, but as a result of our experiences we've naturally reached a few conclusions, even if only temporary ones.

We think that the so-called "folk-song boom" in America is dying. More and more clubs are closing and fewer people

attending the existing ones. Yet, as we travelled around the country, we found plenty of people interested in singing songs of their heritage and anxious to hear our material. There is obviously a contradiction somewhere, and we think that it is because your folk-song movement is geared, by commercial agents and club owners, etc., to teenagers and students. We noticed this type of publicity format in lots of other fields, not just in folk song.

Now that teenagers are spending their money on "beatle" type entertainment, many clubs are changing over to the new craze. This is a pity, because folk song spans all age groups and, at home, this is a practical reality. A typical English audience includes ministers, teachers, dockers, doctors, and students. Teenagers attending a folk-song club probably went twisting the night before - which reminds us of something else we noticed here. We found it difficult to persuade people that, in addition to folk singing, we like other kinds of music and music-making: singing in Mozart's Requiem, listening to the Beatles (not to be confused with "Beatlemania"), listening to such pieces as Vaughan Williams' "Symphonia Antartica" and Samuel Barber's "Adagio".

However, there are many aspects of folk music here that we love. We are particularly interested in the British tradition, and we found a good many places where people are keeping it alive. In a small town called Keyser, in West Virginia, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Blundon hold weekly sessions of Scottish dancing, followed by songs from Joe. Occasionally the group gives demonstrations at local festivals, and this attracts another new dancer or two. Joe and Gwynn gave us a lovely time, and so did Dr. Dorothy Howard, at Frostburg, Maryland. She lectures in Folklore at Frostburg State Teachers College, and she sang us Welsh songs no longer known in Wales. Frostburg is a Welsh-settled mining town and, until recently, the minister had to be Welsh-speaking.

In Holland, Michigan, we stayed with Jum Lucas, who was at Pinewoods last August. Holland is a Dutch Protestant town, and Jim is learning the dulcimer Kentucky-style. (The dulcimer was originally a Dutch instrument.)

We've had many thrills: seeing the trick-or-treat procession in Frostburg, celebrating Thanksgiving at Oscar Brand's, singing with CDS at the New York World's Fair, and, of course, being able to attend wonderful Pinewoods. It was a special thrill to be able to sing at Muskegon (Michigan) Public School in aid of the school band. Profits from the concert equipped every member of the band with a special uniform. None of our experiences would have been possible without the hospitality of George and Jean (Ritchie) Pickow. They made us feel that we had a home to come to after all our travels around the country by Greyhound Bus.

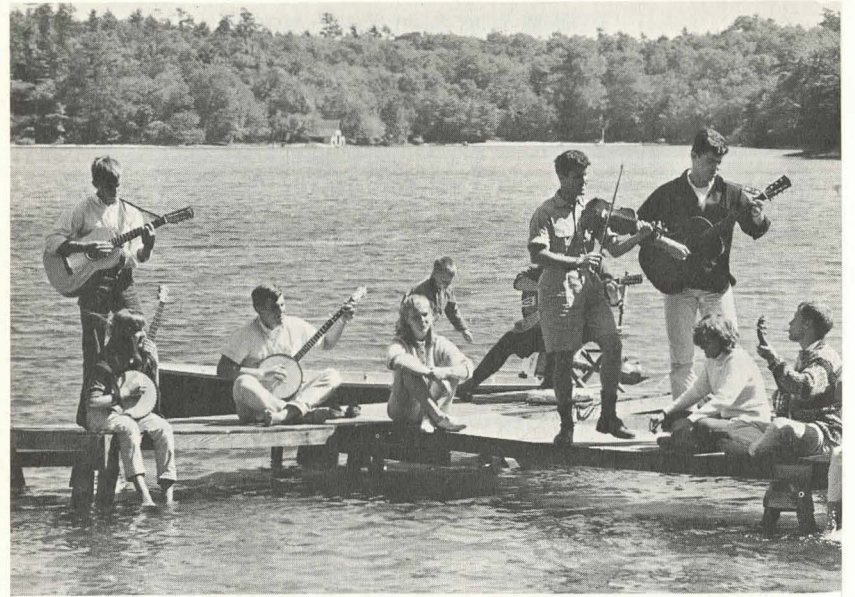
These are a few of our thoughts, and we think it might be interesting to quote to you an American's thought about us: "Thank you for the lovely singing; you were a lot better than I thought you were going to be." That was what a five-year-old said to us at the end of a concert in Maryland.

JACQUELINE McDONALD
BRIDIE O'DONNELL

Jacqueline and Bridie are folksingers from Liverpool, England, who have been in America for about four months. Their first engagement was at Pinewoods Folk Music Week. The charm and sincerity of their singing has endeared them to all who have heard them. They return home on December 19th, but we look forward to another visit.



Pinewoods 1964



**Folk
Music
Week**



DIRECT LINE AT HUDSON GUILD

It was Sunday morning; we had just finished the morning country dance session and had some free time. The weather was magnificent - sunny and crisp. So a few of us took a little walk. There were Betty Norton, Mary Buckie, Phil Hardie, Shirley and Julian Drexler, and my wife, Helen, and I.

We circled the pond in front of Orchard House, crossed the bridge, and walked down the road through the woods towards the summer bungalows, about a quarter of a mile away. We were looking for birds, botanical sights, fall foliage, or anything else we could see.

The summer houses looked thoroughly abandoned on this fall day. Yet, as we passed, we heard a phone ring nearby. The sound was coming from an outdoor phone booth attached to one of the houses.

After the first ring we had a hurried debate on whether to answer. Phil thought we shouldn't, because it was obviously a wrong number, and the caller would then have to straighten things out with the operator. But my curiosity won out. I picked up the phone.

"Hudson Guild Farm?" a woman's voice asked. "Yes," I answered, "but you really have the wrong number. These are the summer bungalows, which were closed down a couple of months ago. What you want is the Main House. I can give you that number."

"But the operator gave me this number, and this is a long-distance call," the voice complained. "Well," I said, "I'll be at the Main House in about fifteen minutes and can deliver a message for you."

"Okay," she said. "Would you please tell Betty Norton that her sister called to wish her a happy birthday."

I stepped out of the booth, holding the phone. The others were waiting for me on the road. "It's for you, Betty," I said. She looked at me, laughed, and made a gesture that said - You and your practical jokes!

"But it really is for you," I said. At that they all laughed. I paused dramatically. "Happy birthday, Betty," I said.

She looked at me closely, then went to the phone.

They had a lovely conversation there in the woods.

MAXWELL REISKIND

C.D.S. Performances

The second CDS performance at the New York World's Fair, this time at the United States Pavilion, went off with a great air of fun and enjoyment by dancers and audience alike. This was a much more intimate show than the one held in June and the dancers enjoyed the closer connection with the audience. It was indeed very close; the platform was low and the audience pressed forward on all sides - about 3,000 of them - and up the great stairways on each side of the dance. Dancing on to the platform without bringing some of the audience along with you was quite a problem, but the dancers surmounted all difficulties in grand style. Jacqueline and Bridie were very popular singers and Nibs and Jean were wonderful additions to the dancers and musicians.

On October 4 we gave another performance, in Constitution Plaza, Hartford, at the week's Festival of THE LIVE-LY ARTS OF HARTFORD, a most successful community enterprise. Our appearance was arranged by Mrs. Frank Van Cleef who did a wonderful job of organization. Here the platform was small so that our company consisted of 12 dancers and 2 musicians, but again the feeling of vicarious participation by the audience was most inspiring.

THE MATTHEWS

An article in this issue tells of Nibs' and Jean's interest in bringing our dances to a wider public. Already they have helped to do this. So far engagements for them have been mainly in the eastern states - New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Maryland. At the end of December they will be in Kentucky, then in New York State, and in March they will be in Florida and Arkansas. In April plans are being made for the Chicago area and adjoining states. Many requests for engagements have been received from other areas but often too widely spaced to make the expense of travel practical. All interested in arranging or suggesting engagements are asked to write as soon as possible. In late July Nibs will be in California. Engagements on the way there would be possible.

"Newcastle" at Newcastle

Peter Fricke and I had the rare opportunity last June of leading a trip to England for three weeks of sight-seeing, hiking, and best of all, English country dancing right where it all started. Our fifteen trip members represented both the Appalachian Mountain Club (sponsor of the trip) and the Country Dance Society.

We were delighted to learn that dancing is truly an international language. On the second night while at supper we heard the strains of "that music" and investigation proved that the Oxford Morris team was dancing in the village square just outside our hotel in Abingdon, a quiet country village on the Thames near Oxford. A crowd had gathered which we quickly joined, and in a trice Peter had donned his dancing clothes and appeared in their set --they had been looking for a replacement for their squire, Dennis Smith, and gratefully accepted him. Later that night at the Waggon and Horses, a pub in nearby Cullen, we rejoined the team for some jolly English ballads and warm beer. Each member of the team and his wife or girl friend knew a song to lead, making a varied and delightful interlude right out of the pages of a travel brochure --and there we were taking part. When they sang "The Rattlin' Bog" and other songs we knew, we joined in the chorus (just like Pinewoods!).

Thus we began our dancing adventures. Our tour continued through Oxford, Stratford, Bakewell, Lincoln (with a visit to Peter's parents and neighbors), Rosedale in Yorkshire (where we had tear with an English friend of the Appalachian Mountain Club), and on to the Border Country for hiking on the Roman Wall. Hexham was our headquarters for five days, and Alison Waite and her committee had co-ordinated the Newcastle and Hexham dance groups for an outdoor demonstration and buffet-dance later which was a delightful experience.

On my initial exploration of the town, I found to my astonishment that posters were everywhere, announcing in part, "Demonstrations by the Appalachian Mountain Club"--dance demonstrations! We numbered fifteen and about six of us were dancers, but Peter proceeded to teach us Americans a Virginia Reel, which we indeed demonstrated!

About 150 people turned out for the part, and the highlights included music of the Northumbrian Pipes,

played by members of an association formed to preserve the art of making the pipes as well as playing them. The soft, sweet sound of the pipes is something like a cross between the oboe and the clarinet. They may be a distant relative of the Highland pipe the bagpipe, but there is evidence to indicate that they were established in England long before they were known in Scotland, and that they probably came from the Hittites to the Romans, who could have brought them to Northumberland. The instrument is not blown by mouth but with an arm-operated bellows under the elbow, and the notes are fingered on a pipe. We strongly recommend that on your next visit to England you find a way to hear this music.

Another feature was folk singing in the Northumbrian dialect peculiar to the Newcastle environs, a charming sound but quite unintelligible to us! We danced Newcastle (25 miles from the town itself), Fandango, Morpeth Rant, and A Dressed Ship with mutual delight that we all knew the same dances. Although we had walked twelve miles on the Roman Wall that day, when the party broke up at midnight we did not feel fatigue--such was our enthusiasm for their warm hospitality.

After leaving this cordial town (and who did not know the Americans were there?) we made a quick trip to Scotland, back through the Lake District and then to the Snowdonia area of Wales for hiking before returning to London for a final weekend.

Saturday afternoon found us at the Tower Hill Festival with dozens of teams dancing outdoors near the Tower of London. Hugh Rippon, public relations director of the English Society, welcomed us most cordially, although his responsibilities that day included being master of ceremonies of the festival, playing for at least two teams, directing some of the teams, and dancing himself in some numbers. Many members of the teams talked and danced with us, and we felt very much at home again in the dancing atmosphere. Costumes for the girls were felt skirts and vests with white blouses, while the men's were similar to our styles. The hobby horse and four or five musicians completed the picture, and the music wafting down to the streets brought a crowd of spectators into the area.

To my mind, London could not be considered complete without a visit to Cecil Sharp House, which proved to be

a modern, spacious building. That evening Pat Shaw with his band called American squares, and we enjoyed seeing how they danced OUR dances, for a change.

We featured dancing for the trip, but another delight was the weather (only one rainy day) and clear landings and take-offs, which gave us a panoramic view of all the British Isles and a nostalgic feeling as we flew over the places we'd seen and started our list for the next visit!

ALICE L. HUTTENBACH

CALL THE PIPERS!

The sales department has on order more of the three-hole pipes (and tabors). If you have one or are getting one, let us know your locale. We hope to have a tune-book available soon, and - who knows? - perhaps a pipe band!

Out of more than a half-century of work and concern for and with the people of the Appalachian South, we offer authentic and fresh materials in folklore, music, history, and kindred studies. Write for list.



The Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc.
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CENTER NEWS

Boston, Mass BOSTON CDS has had a busy Fall season with classes and Square and Country Dance Parties. A highlight of the season was the Workshop led by Nibs and Jean Matthews. An unfortunately timed snowstorm caused the Christmas Party to be postponed until the New Year.

Chicago, Ill. THE GEORGE WILLIAMS COLLEGE FOLK DANCERS - nineteen young people, under the leadership of Paul and Gretel Dunsing, spent a wonderful summer in Europe, dancing and learning the dances other nations, and making friends for America. We some highlights from a report sent in by Mrs. Dunsing: "We did not receive financial aid from our State Department for this trip, but friends of the college and the folk dancers contributed money or labor and the college gave fine moral support. Our European friends arranged programs and helped with funds made available by various government agencies to further understanding among young people of the world.

"Our trip was all that we had hoped it would be, and more. Perhaps most important was the impression made by the students - their friendly way of meeting people and their intelligent questions which showed keen interest in political problems and especially in the problems of youth in in today's world; these made friends for us even before we started performing."

Exported movies and the attitude of some travelers do not always present a good picture of America. Mrs. Dunsing quotes the following from an Austrian broadcast interview: "We have to change our image of American young people and our ideas about American dancing; we always think of Americans as being undisciplined and noisy and of their dances as being noisy and wild. But these dances are beautiful and the young people are lovable." An educational exchange officer at the U.S. Embassy in Vienna said: "This is exactly the kind of group I would like to represent the U.S.A." Later he wrote: "It seems that you had a very successful tour of Europe; but this was no surprise to anyone who had seen your group perform." Quotations from several newspaper critics follow: "The guests from Chicago in their nice, natural and lovable way of presentation, as representatives of their continent showing mores and customs of the old and new America, knew how to convince strongly." (continued on page 34)

Brasstown, N.C. This past June during the thirty-fifth Annual Dance Course we celebrated Philip Merrill's twenty-fifth summer with us. What a wealth of richness and hours of good fun Phil has brought to our community and all who have come from afar through these years! This year in addition to nearly fifty from ten states we had forty local folks registered. The program consisted of American Squares and Contras, English and Danish Country Dances, Singing Games and Folk Songs, informal folk lore discussions, recorders, dulcimer, wood carving and paper folding.

We were fortunate in having Mrs. Lillian Oppenheimer present, in her enthusiastic and skillful way, paper-folding for the first time. The class began in the weaving room, but her students multiplied so quickly that it had to move to the dining room.

Marguerite and Otto Wood, as always, added a great deal with their fine playing and Otto's calling of Squares. Marie Marvel, of Homeplace, Kentucky, and Edna Ritchie, one of the "Singing Family of the Cumberlands", helped with the song sessions, recorders and dulcimer.

Our fifth annual Recorder Workshop followed under the able direction of Eric Leber. During this week morning and afternoon classes were according to experience, but in the evenings the entire group met together to sing, play recorders, and dance. There was also a dance session and a discussion in the morning.

Our regular Friday night family dances await the end of the basketball season, but in the meantime teenagers and married couples dance together two Saturday nights a month.

Dance and song will play a part in several of our pre-Christmas festivities. Santa always find the children at their party, playing folk-games in a big circle; to the delight of all he often joins them. Even the old folks have their dance, but this is more likely to be danced by only three or four of the more lively ones - the old traditional buck dance, sometimes called buck and wing.

Our county-seat school board and teachers, with husbands and wives, look forward to their annual folk-school party, which always begins with dancing.

The Family dance party, the biggest of all, finds the floor a mass of color and rhythm, tiny tots to gray heads (Phil has never seen a Christmas party, but every summer, when he returns to see all ages on the floor together, he says, "This is a thrilling sight. I know of no other

place where this happens.") All who have danced in our big community room in June should see it in its festive holiday dress, with a roaring fire in the big fireplace.

So song and dance have become a part of our lives in our mountain valley of western North Carolina.

MARGUERITE B. BIDSTRUP

Berea, Ky.

Country dance activities on the campus consist of weekly meetings of the Berea Country Dancers, the Foundation School Country Dance Club and Knapp Hall Elementary School Folk Dance Club, and open evenings for the college students throughout the week. During the fall semester Ethel Capps, recreation director, travels to outlying communities to teach, and the campus activities, with the exception of the Country Dancers, are under college student leadership. Garnett Slone has done an exceptional job with the Foundation School this fall, and David Rader has been a strong leader this and every other semester. These two fine cooperative dancers will be sorely missed from the campus on their graduation in January.

The adult section of the Mountain Folk Festival, held in the last week of September each year at Levi Jackson Park, London, Kentucky, was well attended by couples dancing to fine musicians. The Central Kentucky Regional Meeting of the Mountain Folk Festival was held at Annville Institute, Annville, Kentucky, October 17. Over one hundred high-school and college dancers attended. Dick Dolden and his students of Annville Institute did an excellent job of organization for the Festival.

The Berea College Country Dancers have given several performances this semester. One was quite an honor for the group - at the International Social Security Conference in Washington, D.C., on September 30. The weekend of November 6-8 they met with the Tennessee Folklore Society in Nashville, and gave a performance for that group and also one for Peabody College.

The Berea Adult Country Dancers held a highly successful pot-luck supper - country dance party on November 21. This type of meeting is very popular in the mountain area. Dancers drive as much as 140 miles to attend these affairs which are most enjoyable, with good food, good music, and good dancing with good friends. We recommend this plan to other communities.

ETHEL CAPPS

Denver, Col. THE SHERWOOD CLUB OF THE STEELE COMMUNITY CENTER. Folk dancing blossomed beautifully in Denver at a grand celebration for United Nations Day, October 24. The occasion was the International Festival held in the spacious, festively decorated hall of the Greek Hellenic Center. A standing-room-only audience applauded a most unusual presentation of dances from many lands. Eighteen groups, all from the Denver area, participated. The event was sponsored by Denver's International House and the Colorado Council for A.A.U.N. --U.N.E.S.C.O. The celebration on United Nations Day climaxed the annual week-long festival of International House. Here, on each day a country or an area of the world was featured, including the British Isles.

The Sherwood Folk Dance groups of Steele Community Center were programed for both the International House Festival and the United Nations Festival. The Sherwood Club chose dances from Sweden, Austria, and Lithuania to perform at the United Nations Day event. A youth group of the Center, the Courtyard Courtiers, represented England on both occasions. The dances of England so well performed with much life and vigor were: Dargason, Flowers of Edinburgh, None-Such, Picking Up Sticks, and Shepherds' Hey.

FREDERICK G. ENHOLM

New Haven, Conn. The New Haven group of dancers remains very small but also stable. We welcome the lively new recordings that Anne Liese Wellershaus, our leader, has been acquiring for us; and we enjoy devising ways of doing a triple minor like The Bishop without a long line of dancers.

ROBERTA W. YERKES

Pittsburgh, Pa Our membership turned out in numbers and with great enthusiasm for May Gadd's recent workshop here. Our regular monthly meeting was on the Sunday following her workshop and we were delighted to see a fine attendance and quite a few new members. Material taught by Miss Gadd was reviewed then and enjoyed by all.

Her visit to Pittsburgh was most timely, since we are preparing a full-length program for the Pennsylvania State Education Association, on April 7 at Slippery Rock College, Pa. and we wish it to include as many facets of English folk music and dance as it is possible for us to present, and we greatly appreciated not only her teaching,

but the chance to discuss our program with her.

We have been asked to appear again for Council House and for Open Doors for the Handicapped, where our programs apparently give a great deal of pleasure. Plans are also under way for an English Presentation in the Pittsburgh Folk Festival in May, with a few interest-getters along the way, such as a Twelfth Night Party at the University of Pittsburgh.

DOROTHY C. BUND

Staten Island The Staten Island Chapter of the Country Dance Society started its season on October 21, and meets the first and third Wednesday of every month. We have been greatly encouraged to see quite a few new faces with a turnout of approximately sixteen people, so that we are very hopeful of a good and enthusiastic season. We welcome Manhattan-Islanders any time. Perhaps the sight of our beautiful new bridge, illuminated in all its glory, will be an added incentive.

EDNA S. SCHMIDT

International Folk Dancing
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The Lighted Lantern is a comfortable, modern camp in the 20th year of operation.

Jerry Joris Lindsay, recently of Chicago, now of Westport, Conn., will head the staff.

Recorder sessions, folk singing, folk arts, gala parties, a mountain trip, etc., supplement the dance program.

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The Lighted Lantern Foundation, Route 3, Box 910,
Golden, Colo.

Book & record reviews

Among folk-music record companies today, only Folkways and Folk-Legacy consistently produce recordings of traditional singers and players. Other producers seek a larger market by recording popularized adaptations of folk music or featuring performers whose glamour makes them commercial. By cultivating the library and school market, and by having such popular performers as Pete Seeger in their catalog, Folkways maintain themselves successfully. Folk-Legacy, a more recent entry into the field, does not enjoy these advantages, yet its releases are consistently important to the student and enthusiast of folk music. The records under review maintain the standard: Max Hunter, FSA-11; Lawrence Older, FSA-15; Marie Hare, FSC-9; Tom Brandon, FSC-10; Paddy Tunney, FSE-7; Peg Clancy Power, FSE-8.

To begin close to home, the two United States singers, though from different geographical regions, are linked by a common desire to preserve and perform the songs of old time. Lawrence Older (who will be remembered by Pinewoods campers of 1963) is a scholarly rarity, a genuine traditional singer from the northeastern United States. Some of us also think of him as a human rarity in his warmth, tenderness, and generosity. These qualities emerge through his performances of local ballads, lumberjack songs, fiddle tunes, and no fewer than five Child ballads. The notes by Peter E. McElligott, who had no small part in the making of the record, are excellent--thorough and informative.

Max Hunter, an Ozark businessman, might not at first appear to warrant the appellation of traditional singer. It is indicative of the care and accuracy of Folk-Legacy that he is finally so classified only after much debate, revealed in the notes, and after he is awarded the approval of Vance Randolph, the leading authority on the music of the region. The problem is in part created by the pre-conceptions of the folklorist: how much mechanization or industrialization does it take before we decide that a singer has lost touch with the folk community? Hunter collects songs by tape recorder; many of his informants are traditional singers; most of his songs are folk songs. What, then, is he when he performs the songs? Mary Celestia Parler and Vance Randolph conclude that he is "a true folk-singer, not merely a singer of folksongs." The songs and performances bear out this judgment: he has a deep sympathy for his material and performs it convincingly.

The two Canadian singers, Marie Hare of New Brunswick and Tom Brandon of Ontario, demonstrate the vitality of the folksong tradition. Both sing songs mostly of Irish ancestry, many of them broadsides. Neither one would have much popular appeal to the commercial audience, but both are fine traditional singers.

From a musical point of view, the two Irish singers, Peg Clancy Power and Paddy Tunney, are the most interesting of these six. Both their records have the inestimable advantage of notes by Sean O'Boyle, the great though unrecognized scholar of Irish folksong. There is little that the reviewer can add to notes of such authority. Peg Power is the youngest of the celebrated and successful Clancy family. Unlike her brothers Patrick, Tom, and Liam, she has stayed at home in Carrick-on-Suir, County Tipperary, to raise a family. The talent that shines through this whole clan is concentrated in Peg: she is a gifted amateur actress, and in my opinion the best solo singer of the lot. Those who cannot see her sparkling eyes and black hair can discern her rich voice and warm friendliness from the record. Her singing of "Lord Gregory" is typically appealing, more ornate in style than the Irish-Canadian singers yet plainer than Paddy Tunney.

In his notes for Paddy Tunney, Sean O'Boyle puts forth a challenging hypothesis--that the highly decorated style that sounds so strange to us in Paddy Tunney's singing is a remnant of ancient Gaelic vocal and instrumental styles. If such an Irish-derived singer as Tom Brandon represents a later stage of Irish singing tradition, his plainer style represents the simplification to which the tradition tends. This hypothesis would account for the great difference we hear between the singing of a Paddy Tunney or Elizabeth Cronin (to say nothing of Gaelic singers like Colm McDonagh) and the plainer style of Tom Brandon. It would also support a frequently heard idea that all transmission in time deteriorates folklore, for Paddy Tunney's style has a haunting beauty that few English-language singers attain. Speculation aside, it is clear that the main influence on Paddy Tunney's repertoire is Gaelic song. I think he is one of the most beautiful of all singers of folk songs.

These records from Folk-Legacy are a necessity for those interested in the preservation of genuine folk song.

LEE HARING

FOLK SONGS FOR VOICE AND GUITAR, collected and arranged by Cecil Sharp and H.E.D. Hammond; transcribed for guitar by Lee Haring and Richard Best. London: Novello and Company Ltd., 1964.

Cecil Sharp is best known today as one of the greatest collectors of English and American folk music. His works are indispensable to the student of folk music, and many singers owe much of their repertoire to his volumes of ballads and folksongs.

Folksongs for Voice and Guitar is a collection of ten of Sharp's most beautiful songs, and this alone makes the book worth buying. The main intent of the editors, however, was not to market another songbook, but to present to the serious musician something more interesting and challenging. Cecil Sharp composed piano settings (accompaniments) for many of his collected songs, and Dick Best and Lee Haring have transcribed ten of these for guitar, an instrument far more versatile and satisfying for vocal accompaniment.

None of the settings in this book are for the beginning guitarist, although the chord symbols are provided on all but two of the songs (one wonders why "I'm Seventeen Come Sunday" and "The Brisk Young Widow" don't rate chord symbols) for the sake of those not yet ready to attempt a difficult arrangement. Although some settings are easier to play than others, and a guitar tablature supplements the standard music notation, none can be played even by a skilled guitarist without some work, and two or three ("Geordie," "The Unquiet Grave," "The Trees They Do Grow High") are difficult perhaps out of proportion to their usefulness. Of course, a guitarist can learn a great deal simply by reading through these arrangements, learning the different chord inversions, and taking useful ideas from the harmonic and melodic structure for his own arrangements. There is no doubt that the student who takes the time to study and learn these transcriptions will have increased his technical skill and musical understanding, in addition to increasing his repertoire.

Although Sharp's settings are always tasteful and skilled musical compositions, they are much more in the art-song style than the folk tradition, and in the leap from the rough and robust song of the country to a polished piano arrangement for the English parlor or concert

hall, a folk song, to my ears, loses a great deal of its meaning. Compounded with this factor are the problems inherent in making an exact transcription from keyboard to fingerboard, which create tremendous difficulties for the guitarist and make the arrangement self-conscious and stiff. I wish the authors had made guitar arrangements based on Sharp's settings without worrying quite so much about retaining the exact arrangement.

In some instances the transcriptions have been very successful; that is, they "work" on the guitar. To my taste, "John Barleycorn," "Seventeen Come Sunday," and "Blow Away the Morning Dew," are quite playable, and retain a free and easy feeling. Many of the others are stiff and "arty," difficult to play and even more difficult to play and sing.

All things considered, it is a book that is useful on many levels, and should be a part of your folk-song library. Let's hope Dick Best and Lee Haring do more of this sort of thing, with a little pity in their hearts for us struggling guitarists.

HAPPY TRAUM

THE DULCIMER BOOK, by Jean Ritchie. New York: Oak Publications, 1964.

The plucked dulcimer of the Southern Appalachians seems to belong to a rather large and fascinating family of stringed instruments of European descent. Although I am a self-taught maker and player of the dulcimer, I am hardly qualified to speak much concerning the background of the dulcimer, or of its personality as it exists in tradition. This is an important story, however, and is beautifully presented by Jean Ritchie in THE DULCIMER BOOK. Jean is a lovely and sensitive person, and this shows in her manner of written description of the background (local and historical) of the dulcimer. She is not only a traditional singer and musician, but also an accomplished scholar. Her account of the way this instrument became part of her way of life in the Southern mountains places the dulcimer in a charming fashion into its proper setting.

HOWARD MITCHELL

Ray Hicks of Beech Mountain, North Carolina, telling Four Traditional JACK TALES. Folk Legacy, FTA-14. Recorded and edited by Sandy Paton, texts transcribed by Lee Haggerty.

Ray Hicks is the brother-in-law of Frank Proffitt, our Pinewoods friend of recent years. Ray's stories are a rich family inheritance, told up and down "the Beech" for generations, as Richard Chase discovered some years ago. It is a pleasure to hear, in absolutely unedited mountain speech, spontaneous and without any conscious audience appeal, these four classic tales of folk-hero Jack's exploits and trickery, set here in a country of mountain courthouses and king's palaces, unicorns and wildcats, as Jack captures three steers, kills "seven (butterflies) at a whack," disposes of old fire-dragon and marries the prettiest of his three captured princesses, and gets into complications with a magic sack. Even for one used to mountain idiom, it is a help to follow from the text, and repeated listenings increase suspense as one waits for the irregular rhythms, the flashes of humor, the naive sense of drama. Sometimes the very monotony of inflection and lack of stress lends to the listener's excitement. Such expressions as "a stooping tree," "his heart was a-beating in his neck," a cabin with "the roof rottened off of it," a "brickle limb" of a tree, a "ridey-horse," and (of the sick princess) "death was on her," remind us of ballad phrases, as does also the incremental repetition of some narrative formula. And how satisfying that each tale ends with "And him and his mother lived good for then awhile."

Sandy Paton's delightful notes set the scene for the recording, linguist Cratis Williams comments on Ray's mountain speech most helpfully, and each tale is classified by number according to Stith Thompson's Motiv Index of Folk Literature.

E.K. WELLS

(continued from page 25)

"The dancing and singing was fresh joyful and careful. Certainly what was presented here had nothing to do with the artistic perfection of a Yugoslav, Hungarian or Slovak folklore ensemble. What the Americans offered was purest and original folkdance tradition. . . . Simplicity, naturalness and humble human behaviour were the trumps of these wonderful people from Chicago."

CDS is proud that English dances were presented by the group as well as German and Scandinavian.

Acknowledgments

BENEFITS Our grateful thanks to Walter and Jessie Mac-Williams for again holding a Fall CDS Benefit Country Dance Party at their home in Holmdel, N.J., and for sending us a \$25 contribution as a result. Also to Ted Davies, who held CDS Benefit Parties at his home on Long Island in July and September and sent us \$20 and \$25. Mr. Davies is an artist and at Pinewoods 1963 he painted several pictures of the dancing. Recently he sent us a commission on the sale of a picture - a double benefit for CDS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. The Philadelphia dancers gave a performance at the "Edwin Forrest Home" and most kindly donated the \$25 fee to CDS. The success of the performance resulted in an invitation to Mr. Leo Jones, Director of the Philadelphia CDS Center, to arrange a dance for the Masque in the Pennsylvania Players' production of *THE TEMPEST*. Mr. Jones writes: "We were limited by the music, which had already been selected, but worked out a satisfactory routine, which had to be quite simple in the circumstances." Program credit was given to Leo Jones and to CDS.

IN MEMORIAM

The following letter has been received from Mrs. Dorothy Bund, secretary of the Pittsburgh CDS Center:

"The Pittsburgh Chapter of the Country Dance Society has suffered a severe loss in the sudden death of one of our most valued members, Dr. Allan Dean Martin, Associate Professor of Mathematics at Carnegie Institute of Technology. He was a loyal supporter of the group and a fine musician (piano and recorders) who was helping to plan a music ensemble to play for dancing and performances.

Members of our Chapter of CDS and friends of Allan wish to offer the enclosed contribution to the Society in his memory, and to express our deep sense of loss."

CDS sends its deepest sympathy in their loss to Pittsburgh dancers and other friends of Dr. Martin. We assure them that the \$50 Memorial Gift will be used to bring the music and dancing to more people.