

MAY 67

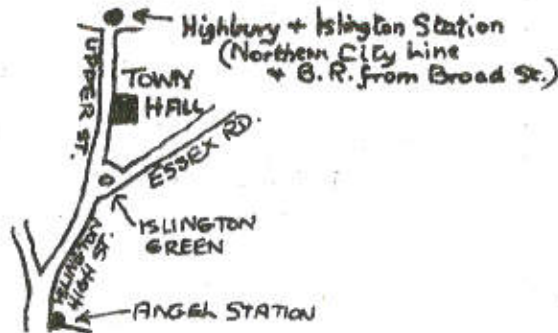
# S.I.F.D. NEWS



## DANCE

SAT. 3 JUNE, 1900-2300  
ISLINGTON TOWN HALL, UPPER ST., N. 1.

Bus routes -  
19, 30, 104,  
172, 279.



TICKETS - 7/6<sup>D</sup>

Wear a folk costume

Dance shoes must be worn - no stiletto heels



Published each month by the Society for International Folk Dancing.

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LONDON S.W.19

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COVER - This month's cover is by Caroline Thomas.

### S.I.F.D. CLASSES

Those who would like to try a class which they have not previously been to may do so once without charge. The Committee have ruled that this applies to non-members as well as members, but otherwise the classes are open to members only. A fee of 12s 6d covers attendance at one or two of our classes until the summer break and 15s covers three or four classes. At Margery Latham's Monday and Wednesday classes members may pay for individual evenings at 2s.

At CHRISTOPHER HATTON SCHOOL, Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

Monday	19.00-20.00	Spanish: beginners.	Margaret Colato
	20.00-21.30	Spanish: intermediate and advanced.	Margaret Colato
	18.15-20.15	General European: beginners.	Margery Latham
	20.00-22.00	Polish	Betty Harvey
Thursday	19.00-21.30	Spanish: Flamenco.	Margaret Colato.
Friday	19.30-21.30	All countries: certificate class.	Kathleen Monroe-James

At HUGH MYDDELTON SCHOOL, Corporation Row, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1

Tuesday	18.30-19.30	Balkan: beginners.	Ken Ward
	19.30-21.30	Balkan: intermediate and advanced.	Ken Ward
Wednesday	19.00-21.00	General European: intermediate.	Margery Latham
	21.00-22.00	General European: advanced and demonstration.	Margery Latham

Light refreshments are available at both schools.

The present year ends on 1 July but the Spanish class and possibly others will continue after that. Places of meeting and times may be different.

The Wednesday class has been having a series of guest teachers which we hope to continue until the summer break.

The Friday class has been training folk-dance teachers. These are now practising teaching at the class, and any member who cares to go along for a free lesson will be welcome.

### CLASSES NEXT YEAR

There will be an enrolment dance for all S.I.F.D. classes at Hugh Myddelton School on Thursday 7 Sept.

The only changes planned are that Philippa Heal will take over the Spanish class, and Margaret Colato will run a singers' class on Thursday evenings.

The terms next year will be: 25 Sept - 15 Dec  
8 Jan - 5 Apr  
22 Apr - 28 June (except Mon 3 June)



HELP NEEDED ON NEWS SHEET. I have been pleased to have offers of help on envelope addressing and typing. I still need the following help:

Assistant Editor to help write and check the news sheet. The work is far too much for me alone. I give more time than I can afford and the news sheet still comes out late with errors unnoticed. I cannot keep up with correspondence.

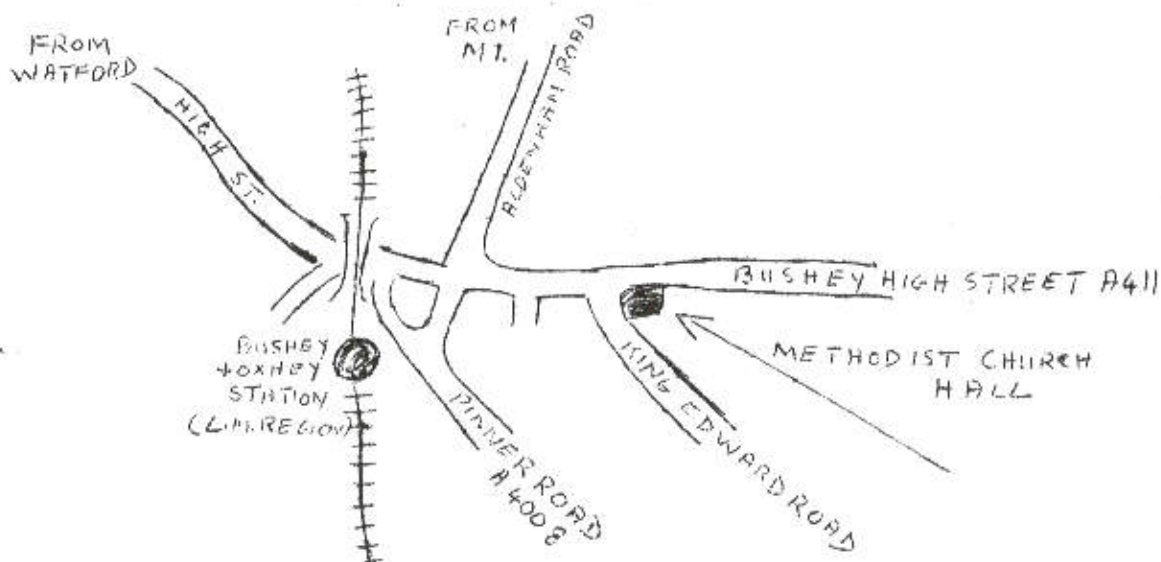
Collation and despatch. Once the news sheet is printed it should be got into the post quickly. Would two or three members be willing to come here to collate and put into envelopes? We could make quite a pleasant evening of doing it together. It need not be the same people each month.

Correspondent for Balkan class to keep the news sheet informed of their activities. This month I was ill just when the news sheet should have been done. It was particularly serious because the final agenda of the General Meeting had to go out with it. When I took over, one of the things I wanted to do was publish translations of the excellent writings on folk dancing published in the countries from which our dances come. I have never had time to do this.

SETTING OUR FACTS RIGHT. I have been trying to check a list of dances for our Summer dance. Looking through the Society's books, Albert Hall programmes, etc, I see widely different versions of how dances are spelt. It has been pointed out many times that some dances are being taught wrong, that some are announced under wrong names and that names of dances are mispronounced. Our M.C.s continue to make the same mistakes. If we are to be taken seriously we must be more careful about getting our facts right.

#### DANCE AT BUSHEY

There will be a MIDSUMMER DANCE organised by WATFORD INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCE GROUP at 19.30 on Saturday 1 July at the Methodist Church Hall, King Edward Road, Bushey. Music by Harry de Caux on his accordion. Admission: 4s. Bushey and Oxhey station can be reached in 39 minutes by British Railways from Euston. Trains leave at 3, 18, 33 and 48 minutes past each hour. It can also be reached on the Bakerloo Line.



SWANSEA SUMMER SCHOOL, 28 July to 4 August.

I have just been reading in three back numbers of the News Sheet articles about the previous Swansea courses. "... it was sad to go home," said Marjorie Bracey in 1962. "The farewell party came round all too soon" said Len and Pearl Pascoe in 1963. "I am sure this year will stand out as being the best ... so far" said Ivor Fenton in 1965.

Yes, there have already been three S.I.F.D. Summer Schools and the fourth one is very nearly with us. Since I first joined in 1953 (was it really 14 years ago?) the S.I.F.D. has organized a great number of successful activities and I have certainly enjoyed all those that I have been concerned with; even the failures. Why do Swansea courses then stand out in my mind as being the most enjoyable of all? Not purely I think because they consist of a whole week of folk-dancing but because they consist of a whole week of living in a superbly relaxed and friendly atmosphere supported by a framework of dancing.

I am tempted to enumerate the pleasures of past courses, the swimming, walking, wine-drinking, etc, but this would become merely tedious for those who were not there. Instead I will say that ordinary holidays seem to me rather dull after a week at the Summer School.

I expect this year will see many old friends returning to Swansea. See you there!

Joan says I should have mentioned the comfortable beds and the good food and laundrette and the late-night tea and the friendly staff and . . . .

SIMON GUEST

Charge to members: £15.15s (non-members: £17.17s)

Bookings to: Prof. J.F. Richardson Dept of Chemical Engineering  
University College  
SWANSEA, Glam.

DANCE ON SATURDAY 3 JUNE - see front cover.

Some further points: M.C.s will be Margery Latham and Ian Willson. Musicians will be: Cliff Beck, Peter Bush, Donald Campbell, Alan Humberstone and Robert Mellows. We expect to have demonstrations by the Hornchurch and Harrow Green groups and by our Polish, Spanish and Balkan classes and by the Swiss group from Margery Latham's class. There will be a bar and buffet. It is a condition of hiring the hall that dance shoes be worn. In particular, stiletto heels or other small heels cannot be allowed. Another condition is that no pass-out tickets shall be allowed.

TAPE FOR SUNDAY DANCES. A few months ago a musician did not turn up. Fortunately, Caroline Thomas was there and played the piano. Another time we may not be so lucky. There will in future be a tape recorder at Floral Street. George Sweetland has put together four tapes with a variety of dances.

OUR OWN PREMISES. Attention is drawn to the part of the Chairman's report which tells of the room which we have rented for storing costumes. We have also had two Committee meetings there. It is at 11 Elia Street, N.1.

ARE WE 20 OR 21? - I thank those who have written to the news sheet on this. I intend to include the information which they have given in the next issue.

ALAN CORKEPT is now at a new address: 37D London Road, S.E.23. Phone: 01-699 6359.

A LETTER FROM U.S.A.

4

From Dorothy Innes who is now Mrs. Dorothy Dunn.

24 April.

Dear Folks,

The last time I wrote to you was from the Middle East. Now I'm writing from Virginia City, Montana - Mid West U.S.A. It's not a letter of folk dancing, just a natter to all my friends back home. Perhaps you all know by now that Clay and I got well and truly fired, glazed, and the lot in the Unitarian Church in Houston on February 25th.

We could have done with you folk dancers around but unfortunately Pan-Am wouldn't lend us a plane for the occasion. We spent a little time in Texas and then planned to go to California but the navy stepped in and we went to New Orleans, Louisiana instead, where Clay's ship was undergoing repairs. Fortunately it took two weeks so we were able to browse round the delectable and less delectable parts of N.O. It is a fascinating city with its French section reminiscent of the Pigalle of Paris - Bourbon Street with its strip bars, etc. We managed to find a folk singing club, the only "clean" part of the area, and enjoyed ourselves there sipping Old Fashioneds.

We also went to the real live Dixie Jazz Clubs, but I felt it was better from the street as the noise inside was deafening - but of course one must do these things. Another night took us to the puppet show - straight from Paris they told us. They were very good but definitely not for children. The French section is a fascinating part to wander round, it has numerous courtyards and wrought iron balconies protruding at all angles. We went up South Rampart Street hoping to see a parade but no one had died. It is great to see a funeral here as the negroes dance and sing as the cortege goes along.

The Mississippi basin, or is it delta, is full of swamps and equally interesting to explore. When out among the swamps we met many people fishing for crayfish and one woman was merrily shooting into the water. When I asked her what she hoped to hit, she replied Snails!! Well one lives and learns. While in Houston we went to the Rodeo in the Astrodome. I enjoyed this but they were all too good and no one was thrown. Pity. The temperature was about 80 degrees so many days it was a case of swim or sweat. I chose to swim. This is the marvellous thing about motels over here, they provide swimming pools all in.

As Clay had to go off to India again (I'm telling you!) and I couldn't go this trip, we decided I'd go to Montana to see his aunt, and look after her. I flew to Butte, via Dallas, Colorado, Salt Lake. The latter place I was able to explore as I had a six hour wait, so I took a bus and went to explore. It is a marvellous city built, on a filled in lake and excellently planned, by the Mormons who have it as their city. Knowing next to nothing of Mormons, except that they used to practice polygamy, I went to see their temple. One can't go into the temple unless a chosen Mormon but the tabernacle is open for the also rans and I was able to see and hear its wonderful organ. I also collected free pamphlets about their religion. Around are huge mountains framing the city like a picture and here people ski in winter and hike in summer. Soon I was above the clouds and into a snow blizzard as we got further into



the Rockies. Conditions were pretty bad so we had to keep our safety belts on the whole trip.

Butte is the richest hill on earth about 5500 ft. above sea level. Here silver, gold, copper, zinc etc. are mined in huge quantities. It's a squalid sort of town looks as though it has been thrown there, but as open cast mining is up-rooting all the old dwellings it is beginning to spread in all directions. The run from Butte to Virginia City taken by car is about 75 miles and through some very pretty country. The roads were slippery as there was plenty of snow around and it was about 20 degrees below. We slithered along and crossed the Continental Divide-line marking Atlantic and Pacific and went into countryside very reminiscent of Wester Ross and parts of Yorkshire.

Then we landed in Virginia City. This is an old ghost mining town. It is still very much one and all the original buildings are preserved as it is a great tourist attraction. Everytime I walk along the street I feel that I am in a "wild west movie". It has the title, rather pretentious I feel, of city when actually it is only a village of 190 inhabitants. So everyone knows everyone else and me in particular being Clay's wife and foreign into the bargain. I was even told by one misguided woman in Butte, when asked how long I'd been here, that I'd learnt English very quickly. Mind you small wonder, but enough said. The people are very friendly and we have a sheriff who goes around with his star and collects the rubbish when asked. There is still much gold and silver mined around here and when summer comes and the snow goes, around June they tell me, I'm going to pan gold. They do it a dollar a go for the visitors and that is to be my job. Whacko. I'll be rich at last.

The history of Virginia City is fascinating. We have a hill at the back of us called Boot Hill where five men, who were hanged in the shed at the front of us, are buried. So you see we are in the middle. That's Clay's aunt and I. We hope for better treatment. Apparently these men were buried in their boots hence the name. All I get to kill are mice and I've chalked four up to date.

Bill Fairweather's name is revered in these areas as he and five other prospectors escaped from the Indians and found gold in Alder Creek here in 1868. Ten thousand other miners rushed to the spot and so the rush began. Until 1878 this town was the capital of Montana but then Helena took over. Now it is just the capital of Madison County and has a huge courthouse which I plan to visit sometime for a hearing. During one outbreak of violence years ago enraged miners hanged twenty one outlaws including the sheriff who proved to be the gang leader. It got its name because a miner staggered home one day with whisky in his hand. Falling on the door step he broke the bottle and as he watched the alcohol sinking to the ground he mumbled "I christen thee Virginia City". Walking along the street one sees Wells Fargo Office, complete with stage coach and covered wagon. There is also a wild west Opera House open in the tourist season, so it should be a lark to visit. One can have a ball, to quote local idioms.

Not far away is Yellowstone Park with gushing geysers, spectacular waterfalls and deep canyons. It is a must. The main geysers are called "Old Faithful", "Daisy" and "Riverside" and the Yellowstone River plunges twice the height of Niagara Falls. The river flows so fast it gets hot at the bottom but freezes at the top - all this is due to volcanic matter. In the park are bears, elk, deer, marmots, as well as innumerable flowers.

There aren't any Indians in this locality, they have been put on reserves further north but the chief ones in this locality were the Flatheads. They arrived at this anatomical feature by putting heavy weights on their children's heads and binding them down for a year. After that the skull became flat and the face heart-shaped. How about trying it?

The other night I heard a racket at the back door and when I went to look found a squirrel chattering angrily. I don't know whether he was hungry but he certainly looked mad. We have skunk also but I don't go near them - not my brand of perfume.

Well enough history and geography rambling. All I have to say now is best wishes from "Big Sky Country" from a Highland Globe trotter.

All the best, DOROTHY

#### FOLK DANCING AT 7 A.M. - MAY MORNING ON THE LEAS AT FOLKESTONE.

The Folkestone Leas are a line of lawns along the cliff top. Folkestone District National Dance Group, accompanied by a giant hooden horse on wheels, were there in costume to dance Helston Fury, Sellenger's Round, Circassian Circle and other English country dances and a sword dance under their maypole on May morning. With the view of ships moving on a calm sea behind them they were a grand sight.

In the evening I went to their ceillidh and dance in a hall whose windows also looked out over the Channel. Their handbell ringers are always a delight. The East Kent Morris Men with their white hooden horse also performed. There was a small dog there who could not make the hooden horse out at all and gingerly tried to smell its rear when it sat down. The horse turned and clapped its mouth, producing a very puzzled and somewhat frightened dog.

It was nice to meet Folkestone members who are also individual S.I.F.D. members and whose names are so familiar to me from writing them on envelopes. A pleasant surprise was to meet Denis Turner who now lives at Shepherdswell near Dover.

STEPHEN WARD

#### FUTURE EVENTS

- June 9 E.F.D.S.S. Anglo-Scottish dance, Cecil Sharp House, 19.30, 5s.
- 17 - 23 Folkestone International Folklore Festival.
- 30 - July 20 Georgian State Dance Company at Albert Hall.
- July 1 E.F.D.S.S. Folk Dance Festival at Parliament Hill Fields.
- 4 - 9 International Eisteddfod, Llangollen.
- 31 - Aug 5 Georgian State Dance Company at Wimbledon Theatre.
- Aug. 4 - 11 Sidmouth Folk Festival.
- 13 - 16 German folk-dance group will visit S.I.F.D. in London.
- Sept.9 Hop Hoodening at Canterbury and other places in Kent.
- 15 - 17 S.I.F.D. folk dancers' weekend at Uplands near High Wycombe.
- Oct.27 - 29 Folk dancers' weekend at Surrey Crest near Godstone.

#### GREEK TAVERN IN LONDON

The following advertisement is displayed near Victoria:

CHANTICLEER, a genuine Greek tavern in the heart of London. Greek cuisine, Greek music, Greek atmosphere, Greek dancing performed by real Greek Evzones. Chanticleer, Roebuck House, Palace Street, S.W.1. Book your table early. Phone: VIC 5695. Will any reader who tries it please report on its interest to folk dancers, and on it in general, particularly prices?

## THE BLACKWOOD SAGA

Another instalment of Ken Blackwood's overland journey to New Zealand.

Still camping by an empty swimming pool - Iran.

I've been in to Teheran twice now and it is most interesting to drive in. They drive on their horns, but fortunately the roads are good - no cobbles. My bike is fast and the brakes squeal terribly. That, and the fact that I'm quite prepared to boot the other fellow's side panels in, and I've been taught to drive in London, makes driving interesting, but I'm leaving tomorrow and it's a good thing, or I might get into trouble.

I'm better prepared than some and, to my surprise, I'm making faster progress too. At this site there was an English couple who didn't know about the visa requirements for Iran and had to go hundreds of miles back into Turkey. Another thing, fancy coming this far with only smallpox and cholera jabs. I've been very lucky - for example, while posting the last lot of letters at the Post Office, I pointed out one was to New Zealand. One word led to another with the next in the queue. She was a New Zealander, spoke fluent Persian and had been working in Mashud for a year. She told me that a pass was necessary to travel by road across Pakistan. Thus, I was able to get one for myself and perhaps save trouble. Another group I met in Tabriz were making less miles per day than I. On the other hand, another pair drove from Baghdad to here in one go - 600 miles. I told them of a chap I'd met at Thessalonika who also drove through the night, killed a man and spent a month in a Greek prison and lost £170-odd. Not worth it.

Was considering the Vampire Club again but my N.Z. Post Office friend, a bacteriologist, was dead against it. I'll wait until Mashud, or perhaps even until the graze on my leg heals. Quite a coincidence, she knew all the people in the Scottish Y.H.A. that Naren and I knew, having worked in Killin with Mac and Mrs. Halliday.

The bread is funny here - flat, about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, 30" long x 10", good though.

Cheap hotel in Mashud, Iran.

The road to Mashud was nice and smooth, except for the joins between the rails. Tomorrow I'm off to Herat. This is supposed to be a bad road, so I'll have to wait and see whether I get that far. I've only a few more days before my visa expires so I'll have to get on.

The country I passed through was real desert - even the camels were spread out.

Before I left, I toured Teheran, and also got my watch fixed at last. It was water-logged - in this arid country. The palace at Teheran was all cut-mirror work - overwhelming, but beautiful tilework. Teheran was quite nice but much as any other big city, though nice and warm.

Mashud is chilly. Coming in this morning there was ice everywhere. By lunchtime it was pleasant. A student (male again) picked me up and we inspected a turquoise works, monument/museum. I had previously inspected the mosque and the mosque museum.

I've finally given way to temptation and bought some 'worry beads' and I found myself tonight, while talking to someone, flicking them around like any Greek, Turk or Persian. The man selling these had some beautiful amber beads, about thumb-size, and knowing Mum loves amber I was tempted but my taste is too good. They were too expensive.



In Iran one stays at Boy Scout Houses, except for Mashud. They are cheap, convenient, and, as far as I can see, fairly grubby. I've only been in one at Teheran and it was all those. I enquired about Scouts and found someone who was eager to assist a brother Scouter.

I wouldn't recommend Iran for the tourist, except for the weather and the people - both seem excellent. Waiting for the bus tonight, one of a family I'd shared a carriage with came up and greeted me, and then a boy I'd spoken to while seeking a hotel greeted me. Little things, but pleasant. They are generally eager to help, even if sometimes useless. Everyone is terribly pleased when it finally dawns what is being sought.

Gaznie Hotel, Afghanistan.

This is quite a flash hotel and shockingly dear - about 7/9d for a bed and a beautifully cooked chicken kebab (leg & wing) and bread and chai. The chicken was gorgeous, damn near half the bird. But the last two nights at Kandahar (Afghanistan) - for dinner (rice, mutton, spuds, preceded by an excellent meat soup, and many chais (tea)), and two breakfasts of 2 eggs, bread and jam - 11/-. So this place is dear. It's European standard, though, and one I would recommend even to you. I am the sole guest.

The speedo cable broke the day before yesterday, and what a nuisance. The Afghan seems incapable of saying, or else me of understanding, the distance from A to B, and I've been unable to get a map. I charged down the wrong road and had been going a good half hour before I realized it was wrong. I was stopped at what must have been a border point. I was then directed back 'about 3 km'. It must have been nearer 30. I then got along the road at a brisk pace but there were no mile/km posts. I knew there were two fairly major towns en route but I failed to find either. Enquiry at a petrol pump (very rare) gave me varying answers of 240 km, 26 km, and possibly 46 km (the last was in Pushtu numerals). Enquiry later gave me answers of 6 km, 5 km, 4 km, all definitely wrong. Then I ran through one of the dips in the road and found it flooded (after dark), which gave me b....y cold feet. There had been ice on and around pools all day, though sitting in the sun was lovely. I finally arrived and am now drinking chai and eating bread and mutton. I've been given two tins of Blue Band, and very pleased I was. The Afghans don't use butter or cheese. Their bread is nice.

I've decided to buy myself a souvenir. A Chupan (an Afghan padded cotton coat). Lovely colours, long sleeves, slit sides for about 8" from the bottom, and general Chinese Mandarin appearance. The natives use them and they are cheap.

It seems I'll be able to sell the bike in India fairly easily. I'll begin trying in Delhi as prices should be best there. She's running O.K. but she's a low compression engine now.

I'm collecting all sorts of currency now. I've 7 Auss dollars, 2 Yank, and £5 sterling. In Kabul I'll see about buying rupees, Pak and Indian, as one can buy dollars in Delhi and the exchange rates enable one to do it at par.

Kabul, I hope, tomorrow. A short but hilly and chilly hop. The city is high and thus cold. I've been told it is snowing but will wait and see. From Kabul, 100 km lands one in or near Jalalabad "where all the rich people retire to from Kabul for the winter". It will be warm (I believe and hope) and from there it's warm all the way.

Met two boys who had a cheap Landrover to sell, but alas the head was cracked, and I passed them on my patchwork trip.

There's no fire here because it costs money, and as there's no reason to sit up, I'm off to bed and saving money.

KEN BLACKWOOD

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THE COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY FOR INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING:

Chairman: Harry Whitaker, 29 Sherbrook Gardens, LONDON N.21 LAB 4965.

Treasurer: Marjorie Bracey, 125 Reigate Avenue, SUTTON, Surrey. 01-644 0742

Membership Secretary: Roland Minton, 131 Holly Street, LONDON E.8.

Demonstration Secretary: Margery Latham Home: PRO 7055

14 Beechwood Avenue, Kew, RICHMOND, Surrey. Work: WHI 9000 ext.636

Other members: Peter Lilley, Kathleen Monroe-James, Ian Willson, Stephen Ward.

RESIGNATION OF SECRETARY. Liz Randall has resigned as Secretary. She does not feel that she has the time to give to the Society and she feels that she does not know enough about it. We thank her for what she has done for us.

SEE HOW THEY DANCE - Accounts are not yet available.

THE WEEKEND AT DUNFORD (14-16 JULY) IS CANCELLED.

DANCES AT THE COCKPIT IN HYDE PARK will take place on Saturdays 10 June and 22 July at 16.00. They will be demonstrations with some joining in by the public. On Monday 14 August (at a time yet to be fixed) there will be another dance there which we hope the visiting German group will come to. Roland Minton is arranging the programme.

THERE WILL BE AN END OF TERM PARTY ON THURSDAY 29 JUNE.

#### SUNDAY DANCES

Dances start at 19.00. Admission: 4s for members, 5s for non-members. Please do not wear stiletto heels, and if you invite someone to come warn her of this in advance.

At the DANCE CENTRE, Floral Street, W.C.2

	Musician	M.C.
June 4	Wilf Horrocks	Narendra Kotiyan
11	Cliff Beck	Roland Minton
18	Wilf Horrocks	Stephen Ward

At CECIL SHARP HOUSE, Regent's Park Road, N.W.1

June 25 M.C. Bert Price

After that Cecil Sharp House dances will be on the first Sunday of the month (including August).

AN OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN HUNGARIAN DANCES.

On the afternoon of 6 August Miss Ossko, who is coming from Hungary to teach at the Swansea Summer School, will teach at Cecil Sharp House. Marjorie Bracey would like to hear from those who would like to come.