

*** FFDC NEWSLETTER ***

AUGUST 1988

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SHERLOCK HOLMES RIDES AGAIN!

Welllll, I guess ONE installment doesn't make a mystery, but TWO? The moment the second one hit the streets I was besieged with amateur sleuths & psychologists, all trying to guess WHO IS TIFFANY TEARDROP? So, you want to know, I'll tell you. Tiffany Teardrop is ... well, Tiffany Teardrop, of course. She has friends among us who slip her little hints of scandal, no doubt, and she certainly has an accurate feeling for the real "Neverblades". But she enjoys her position of "editorial impartiality", shall we say, so she prefers to remain on the "anonymous" list for yet a while longer. (I will take ALL the blame for the little cartoon last month, however, for poor Tiffany had no more notion it was going to appear than did you, yourself!)

WHILE THE CAT'S AWAY DEPARTMENT

The mice will play, as they say. (In this case we don't happen to be talking about Bonnie's MacRodent.) Rumor has it that our fearless leader, good ol' Bonnie Whatzername, is out in the colorful ethnic villages of Western Canada, researching the legendary Potlatch Dance (while keeping a sharp eye out for a handsome Mountain Man or two.) (In a late development, she came back & confirmed these rumors. We will try to squeeze her reports in here somewhere.) For example:

If you have delicious, easy-to-fix recipes for Hungary or Greece, which are relatively inexpensive, please send a copy to Bonnie immediately. She'll begin to work with the cooks at camp concerning the camp menu very soon. We need vegetables, soups, main dishes, breads and deserts -- so send whatever you have. Thanks!

MEMBERSHIP LIST

Here, and on the following page, is the listing of our current membership. (It started out in alphabetic order, but I moved some of the longest and shortest items to compact the list a bit.)

Linda Albert, Tampa	Wanda Conway, Tampa	Gerry Duran, Tampa
David Digby, Tampa	Frank Cross, Orlando	Dylan Conway, Tampa
Milt Lewis, Tampa	Ruby Orella, Tampa	Sarah Scala, Miami
Robert Stone, Miami	Ida Teger, Deerfield	Anne Thomas, Tampa
Ursula Tison, Tampa	Katy Warner, Orlando	Dee Yehiel, Tamarac
Jim Warner, Kissimmee	Lee Woodfin, Tampa	Donna Young, Tampa

Kathie Aagaard, Tampa
 Terry Abrahams, Tampa
 Marjorie Derrick, Melbourne
 Linda Baumel, Miami Beach
 Nancy Bercu, Tampa
 Theresa Borker, Orlando
 Connie Bush, Lakeland
 Gretchen Caldwell, Tampa
 Joyce Dewsbury, Gainesville
 Basia Dziewanowska, Key West
 Elizabeth Darling, Tampa
 Dorthy Doliton, Tampa
 Bonnie Dupuis, Dade City
 Emanuel Corwin, Miami
 Ida Epstein, Delray
 Ray Fishbein, Miami
 Jeff Flint, Palmetto
 Goldie Glazer, Orlando
 Eleanor Gleiter, Sarasota
 Elinor Hall, Winter Park
 Ziona Hanash, Tampa
 Sue Harper, Miami
 Pat Henderson, Orlando
 Joy Herndon, Orlando
 Anita Holloway, Orlando
 Mary Holmer, Nokomis
 Eileen Jacobs, Palm Harbor
 Harold Jung, Kissimmee
 Andi Kapplin, Tampa
 John Karris, Orlando
 Bea Kaufman, Hallandale
 Phyllis Kelley, Sanford
 Art Kiefer, Tampa
 JoAnne Kordas, Maitland
 Jean Larson, Gainesville
 Joan Washington, Yale, MI
 Betty Dowd Loor, Tampa
 Marjorie Malerk, Deland
 Nancy Maranya, Miami
 Helen Marks, Naples
 Virginia Marszal, Miami
 Liz Nunan, Decatur, GA
 Dorothy Wolski, Lakeland
 Maria Pasetti, Tampa
 Pat Pierattè, Tallahasee
 Diana Polizo, Cantonment
 Andy Pollock, Tampa
 Bob Quibodeaux, Orlando
 Carol Santander, Tampa
 Phyllis Winnick, Miami
 Lorrie Schumpf, Tampa
 William Schwartz, Valrico
 Edwina Scinta, Orlando
 George Senyk, Sharpes
 Debbie Shook, Holly Hill
 Jane Sneddon, Wheeling, WV
 Ann Stephens, Pinellas Park
 Ida Stern, N. Miami Beach
 Connie Walker, Pensacola
 Demetrius & Shirley Babiak, Sarasota
 Ernesto & Judith Baizan, Tampa
 Tom Bozigian, Los Angeles, CA
 Emilie Brozek, Ormond Beach
 Bert & Rosanne Castro, Tampa
 Betty Ciallella, Union, NJ
 Jackie & Don Davis, Land O'Lakes
 Stanton Deriel, Pembroke Pines
 Kathy Dudek, Bryson City, NC
 Larry Lou Foster, Pensacola
 Colleen Finegan-Stoll, Blacksburg, VA
 Catie Condran Geist, Palm Bay
 Celia Glotzer, North Miami Beach
 Millicent W. Goins, Jacksonville
 James R. Gold, Teaneck, NJ
 Joseph & Sofie Goodman, Miami
 Sterling Green, Tarpon Springs
 Vivian Halpern, Plantation
 William Herman, Wheeling, WV
 Julius Horvath, Daytona Beach
 Norma D. Huff, Atlanta, Georgia
 Safia Rubaii Kahn, Boulder, CO
 Maria Kaloyanove, Cary, NC
 Arleen Kaufmann, Gainesville
 Kira & Marian Kersting, Tampa
 Atanas Kolarovski, Seattle, WA
 Morris Kole, West Palm Beach
 Gertrude Kole, West Palm Beach
 Ana Lancaster, Land O'Lakes
 Deborah Lazarovic, Boca Raton
 Gerald & Evelyn Licht, Ridge, NY
 Jaap Leegwater, Carmichael, CA
 David Leone, St. Petersburg
 Patti McDonald, Tallahassee
 Tom McDonnell, Gainesville
 Joy C. Mershimer, Chicago, IL
 Naomi Miller, Great Neck, NY
 John & Marie Millett, Sarasota
 Debbie & Judy Norris, Sarasota
 Mark & Irma Polster, Tampa
 Lisa & Rita Princi, Holly Hill
 Fred & Juanita Schockey, Orlando
 Eleanor & William Sellers, Sarasota
 Jack & Linda Seltzer, Gainesville
 William & Barbara Simmons, Sarasota
 Pedro & Anna Trakas, St. Petersburg
 Herbert Traxler, New Carrollton, MD
 Eveline Van der Veer, The Netherlands
 Robert Volpi, Palm Beach Gardens
 Craig Whitehead, Gainesville
 Cubby & Jeannie Whitehead, Sarasota
 Fred & Gladys Wiedorn, Nokomis
 Elaine Prosnitz, Pembroke Pines
 Robert Weinstein, Tallahassee
 Larry Wartell, Winter Park
 Vyts Beliajus, Denver, CO
 Nil & Kevin Wilkins, Tampa
 Gary Doktor, Howey-in-the-Hills
 Gretel Dunsing, St. Petersburg

IF YOU DON'T READ ANYTHING ELSE IN THIS MONTH'S NEWSLETTER,
AT LEAST READ THIS:

Last month at my request, David printed a list of members' names. According to our records, these people had not brought their 1988 FFDC membership up to the new annual dues standard, as ordained by the camp meeting back in February. Since the printing of this list, I received a note from one member who felt she had been publically humiliated by the appearance of her name on the list.

Please believe me when I say that I would never want to embarrass anyone. I apologize from the bottom of my heart to anyone who felt this way. (All credit/blame for the headline on this list was entirely the editors, if that contributed to anyone's embarrassment.)

Understandably, some people still do not know what we are trying to do. I had hoped that printing the names would help those people who were not present at our 1988 meeting, and those who gloss over their newsletters rather than reading them. I'd like to re-explain the reason for such crazy and confusing dues, lists, etc. (There has also been at least one other request for such a re-explanation, but without the expression of embarrassment.)

Under the old system, FFDC membership renewals were due in whatever month the person first joined. Because of this, the process of handling checks, sending lists of names to add or delete among the treasurer, editor and president, and revising the actual mailing list had to occur EVERY MONTH, not to forget the circling of dates and other reminders to members whose subscription was about to expire.

(In addition to the frequent and repetitive work required, there was much fretting over the delay and uncertainty, during the lengthy time that each renewal was being processed. Sort of like this year!)

Beginning in 1989, under the new system, everyone will pay in January. The newsletter will be used to print a list of names and monies received. By February everyone will have a "receipt" in the form of finding their names on the published list.

In March the mailing list will be purged. With this system the paperwork burden will be concentrated from every month to once a year, (making it easier to "get it right", as well as to provide an easier and cheaper form of communication for the results.) Anyone whose name fails to make the list will know that their check was not received. So these people can contact the treasurer and straighten matters out immediately. Hopefully this system will be easier for everyone and solve the current problem where FFDC and members' records don't match.

The tricky part of this system is what is happening this year. We had to figure out what each member should pay to bring them to a January renewal date, (and then communicate that information to them.) The list that was printed last month was our (latest) attempt to complete the changeover.

If you believe that our records are wrong, a quick, pleasant note will be appreciated and honored. Rita, David and I can only go forward on the basis of the records we have. All of us are trying to do the best we can for our club, and we thank you for your support in these matters.

I'd like to thank this member for her note. I hesitate to list a name, because I'm unsure whether she'd feel exonerated or more embarrassed. I hope that this explanation and apology will be accepted. I truly want all of our members to be happy and to feel that they are an important part of our FFDC family.

(Editor's note: I apologize to Bonnie for editing this letter more heavily than others, (including everything in parentheses), as an expedient to avoid writing a separate note on the same subject.)

A LETTER FROM SUMMER CAMP

Dear Members,

Today I am hiking in the land of the Sasquatch. Talk about a "hunk". Would Vivacious Vivian be jealous if I came home with this gorgeous giant? I suppose I might have to teach him about bathing, shaving and dancing ... but then no man is perfect. (There she goes, impugning my manhood again!) Since it seems to be the American Woman's dream to change the man she gets, I figure that this would be the ultimate challenge. If I find him and he has a brother, I'll be sure to share. Of course you must like the strong, silent type, enjoy camping & the outdoors, as well as be ready to relocate to a mountainous area.

Seriously folks, I'm in British Columbia in a town called Harrison Hot Springs. The weather is gorgeous, the mountains magnificent, the forests pristine, and the atmosphere relaxed. Now this is what life (or at least vacation) is all about.

My three weeks in Western Canada are almost finished. I have a few days left to visit Vancouver & then I'll return home. I'll just have time to get my pictures developed before taking off for a week in Jamaica. Life can be tough, but somebody's got to do it.

WELL, ENOUGH ABOUT ME - ON TO FFDC ITEMS

First I'd like to share the results of this year's survey with you:

Two thirds of the responders expressed a desire to keep two teachers, have singing (teach words to dances being learned) and decrease the overall number of dances taught at camp.

Half wanted to continue the movies/slides, pot-luck snack, bazaar, regular and silent auction, as well as the culture corner, and to increase free time, time spent teaching styling, and time spent practicing new dances.

Only one third wanted local performances, the campfire, and one teacher with local teachers reviewing previous camps.

One tenth liked the idea of skits and concurrent sessions.

Many mentioned a desire for live music.

(These facts were based on a total of 31 surveys returned.)



NOW FOR THE EXCITING NEWS

We have our first teacher for Camp Ocala '89. Ta dah! Okay. Vanna, turn over those letters. Vanna. Oh Vanna, where are you?

Sorry folks, I guess she's on vacation too. Well, just let me slip into something sexy & slinky, sweep my hair to the side, and add a jewel or two to my neck, ears, and wrist, and I'll do the job myself. Well, just use your imagination (lots of it) . . .

THE ANNOUNCER: Ladies and gentlemen, on tonight's Wheel of Folkdance Fortune we are happy to present Ms. Bonnie, who will be substituting for Vanna White. (SOUND EFFECTS: Booming and Hissing.) Bonnie is wearing an unbelievable ensemble, and I do mean unbelievable. Her overalls and mountain underwear shirt were designed by Pierre Goodwill. Her hair style was created exclusively for our show by Cave Women Naturale Salon, jewelry by Magnifying Glass Unlimited. (SOUND EFFECTS: Laughter). And now, folks, she'll hop-step-step across the stage to turn those all-telling letters. Will they be Greek, Serbo-Croatian, Roman, or just plain Anglo-Saxon? Our contestants have once again selected the S,T,L,R,N and E, so we have: STE_E __T_NS__.

(continued, next page)

MORE GROUPS TO ADD TO LAST MONTH'S LIST

Thursdays - Pensacola - Scottish - 7:30 to 9:30 PM - East Pensacola Heights Community Center. Sally Hall, (904) 932-3605

"SPECIAL EVENT" ANNOUNCEMENTS

(Performances, as well as workshops & general participation!)

July 31-Aug 5, Montreal Int FD Camp, Israeli week, (514) 481-3867
Aug 7-12, Montreal Int FD Camp, International week, (very late eve)
August 7-13, Blue Ridge Mountain Dance Roundup - \$301
(Lloyd Shaw Foundation camp) call (719) 275-8755.
August 15 - DEADLINE - - Y'all git Y'stuff in, rot naow, Y'hear?
August 19, at 7:30 PM, Tampa will be teaching Santa Rita, at the
Hunt Recreation Center, 4017 N Hesperides (off Tampa Bay Blvd.)
August 20,21 - (Orlando area) - Israeli Workshop - Maurice Amar - JCC
of Central FL, 851 N. Maitland Ave, Maitland, FL 32751 check for
\$25/2 days, \$15/1 day (tell which day) by Aug 1. (407) 645-5933
August 19-22, - Buffalo Gap - Polish Family Camp
call Basia Dziewanowska, (617) 926-8048 or (305) 296-6099.
August 26 - Bradenton, 7:30 PM, - Olde Tyme Dance -
August 28 - Miami - 1-5 PM - Old Time Dance
Sept 2-5 Oglebay FD Camp - Joe Graziosi, Sandy Starkman, Bill Alkire.
FD Camp c/o Stifer Center, 1330 National Rd, Wheeling, WV 26003.
September 15-19, Cajun Music & Dance Tour - \$275 - Diana Polizo,
2400 Sunnydale Lane, Cantonment, FL 32533. (904) 968-2628
September 25 - Miami - 1-5 PM - Old Time Dance -
October 1 - Pensacola - Scottish Country Dance Workshop 9 AM - 1 PM, &
Evening Gala 7-11 PM, (\$10 by Sept 23 to Sally G. Hall, 302
Camelia St, Gulf Breeze, FL 32561) (904) 932-3605
November 13 - Folk Fest '88 - 2PM, Performing Arts Center, Tampa.
- (see FOLKFEST article)
December 27-January 1, 1989 - Micanope Music and Dance Camp at Camp
Ocala. Send \$75 deposit to Micanope Music & Dance Camp, PO Box
12135, Gainesville, FL 32604 - (Total is \$280 if paid before
October 1.) For more information call (904) 495-2243.

FOLK FEST FEVER FURIOUSLY FERMENTS!

Andy Pollock, chairman of Folk Fest 1988, is just back from vacation, but intends to get an information package out to the performing groups in the next few days. If anyone tried to call him, please try again, because it looks like his answering machine ate several calls. The program is probably filled up by now. Andy Pollock, 6104 N. Webb #1102, Tampa, FL 33615. 'phone (813) 882-4472.

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(Bonnie has broken out in a Greek Hasapiko) - No clues Vanna, I mean Bonnie. (But Bonnie continues dancing, this time her favorite czardas is evident.) Hit the gong! Get the hook! (Bonnie is drug off the stage screaming STEVE KOTANSKY! STEVE KOTANSKY! STEVE KOTANSKY!

Well, until next month I'll leave you with these parting thoughts -- Will Bonnie have ring around the neck from her show biz experience? Was it Captain Hook who drug her off stage? Will she get a date with a pirate or with the Sasquatch?

Happy dancing,

- Bonnie

YES, VIRGINIA, WE HAVE A REEL DANCER UP THERE!

(An open letter from Colleen to Bonnie)

Dear Bonnie, I just received my June Newsletter, and I am compelled to write to you tonight. I was saddened by your open letter to the members, and I wanted you to know how I feel. Although it is, like me, long winded, feel free to publish any part of it.

I have continued getting the newsletter even though I moved from Tampa, and have actually renewed it of my own free will. Why? First, because I want to keep up with "friends, enemies, and folkdancers". Second, because I want to help support the group (and the people) that meant so much to me while living in Tampa ... it was the one support group that never let me down. I look forward to the newsletters and actually read them the same day that they arrive. I not only read it, I enjoy it. . . . I enjoy your letters, Bonnie. You are a born writer and have a real way with words. I feel I have gotten to know you more as PRES through your letters than in 6 years dancing in the same circle. . . . You have really contributed to the spirit of the newsletter and therefore the group (as has David).

I wanted so badly to come to Ocala Dance Camp this year. I did observe from reading the newsletter that many of the past problems and potential problems seemed to have been thought through and were under control. The time and effort that you put into organizing things was VERY evident. I could not attend, so I cannot comment on what came to pass. All I do know is that I understood perfectly what you were specifying or asking in order for the week-end to go more smoothly ... and I was impressed. My compliments to you!

I know it is a thankless job. I know personally what Terry went through when she organized the camps, and I wouldn't have wanted her job for all the Hambos in Europe. A lot of tears have flown over the dance camps. Of the 4 or 5 I have attended, I enjoyed the 2 or 3 for which I did not request a scholarship. When I worked in the kitchen, I saw a side of many fellow dancers that I did not know existed, and that I did not like. You expressed the attitude of many dancers whom I observed: "I had paid all this money and somebody should be making sure that I was having a good time".

One could forgive the dancer whose rudeness was an oversight, but even after sharing our feelings, few people changed their attitude or their actions. Everyone needs the eye-opening experience of helping to organize even a small part of the week-end, or even serve a regular meal. Maybe then all the dancers would put down their stun guns and work together to make camp a fun experience for everyone!

I noticed that you said that you had a few more months as PREZ. I hope that this does not mean that you are retiring with only one year's battle scars. FFDC will be hard put to find another Prez who will shoulder an un-campaigned-for post with the enthusiasm and dedication that you have shown.

By the way, I like the catchy titles of the local reports, David.

Next topic: More Tiffany Teardrop!!

With my dance shoes on, and a tear in my eyes - Colleen Finegan-Stoll

(EDITOR'S NOTE:

We put back in a couple of pages we had thought to omit this trip, and loaded up the address page, so we got everything in that came in, but we can't guarantee that late stuff will always make it!)

AS THE OPANCI HOP-STEP-STEP
(INSTALLMENT 3)
by Tiffany Teardrop

"Hello," said Ethel Ann Arbuckle cautiously as she picked up the phone.

"Hello, Ethel Ann. How are you?" said a charming and confident voice on the other end of the line.

"I'm fine, thank you. Who is this?" asked Ethel Ann.

"This is Alex ... Alex Arkan ... We danced together a couple of weeks ago. Do you remember?" he asked hopefully.

"Oh, yes," said Ethel Ann who was trying to remain calm even though her heart had leaped up into her throat and was practically strangling her. For of course, this Alex Arkan was none other than the Absolutely Most Gorgeous Hunk that Ethel Ann had met that fateful night at folkdancing, and that she thought she would never see again. "I remember. I just didn't catch your name that night, and you hadn't been back since."

"I know," Alex said, "I was called out of town suddenly. I just got back. I was sorry I didn't get to talk to you more that night. You just disappeared."

"Yes, well, I was suddenly taken ill," said Ethel Ann.

"Gee, that's too bad," said Alex, "There must be something going around. I just spoke to Vivian Vlasko. She gave me your name and number. I hope you don't mind. Anyway, she said she was sick these last two weeks and couldn't even go folkdancing. Isn't that awful?"

"It's terrible," said Ethel Ann. "But how did you get ... oh, never mind. It just surprises me that after talking to Vivian you would even think about talking to me."

"Oh, Vivian's all right. She's just not my type," replied Alex. "She's too ... well, too VIVACIOUS. You're more my type, Ethel Ann, and I'd like to get to know you better. I was wondering ... are you going to the 4th of July camp at the Neverblades?"

"Yes," said Ethel Ann.

"Would you like to ride together?" asked Alex.

"I'd love to, said Ethel Ann, "But I can't. I promised Miriam Mayim she could ride with me. Her car is too undependable. And my car is too small to take any more people comfortably." Ethel Ann felt a twinge of disappointment.

"That's too bad," said Alex. "My car is too small, also. I guess I'll just have to meet you at camp. I hope we can still be partners for the Scandinavian-Polish dances."

"I'd like that," said Ethel Ann. "Good," said Alex, "I'll see you at camp." And with that he hung up.

The next day, Ethel Ann and Miriam were on their way to camp. They arrived at the Neverblades at approximately six o'clock. After finding their cabins and getting settled in, the two women went up to the hall where the first folk dance party was already in progress. Ethel Ann looked nervously around for Alex, but he was not there yet. She began to dance but found she couldn't concentrate. She was tripping all over herself. "He'd better get here soon; I can't take much more of this," thought Ethel Ann.

But take it she did. Dance after dance; hour after hour; until no one was left at the party but the diehards. It was three o'clock in the morning. Ethel Ann finally said, "This is ridiculous! No woman should have to wait around for a man like this ... even if he is the Absolutely Most Gorgeous Hunk in the world. I'm going to bed!"

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Just at that moment, who should walk in but none other than Alex Arkan himself! Ethel Ann was elated. She was about to go speak to him when she saw something SO AWFUL, SO HORRIBLE that she could not contain her anger.

She ran up to Alex and shouted, " YOU SCUM! HOW COULD YOU?! MAY ALL YOUR TEETH FALL OUT EXCEPT ONE! WHEN YOU GET HOME I HOPE YOUR MOTHER BITES YOU! MAY YOU BE TIED TO A CHAIR AND FORCED TO EAT ARTIFICIALLY FLAVORED SNACK CAKES WHILE WATCHING RERUNS OF GILLIGAN'S ISLAND UNTIL THE NEXT FOLK DANCE DIRECTORY COMES OUT!" And at that, Ethel Ann stormed out of the hall, for you see, with Alex Arkan was the Absolutely Most Beautiful Woman Ethel Ann had ever seen.

"How amusing," said Editor Norbert Noodlenodder, "This will make interesting reading in our newsletter."

"It's an outrage!" said President Hy Rocky. "How could Alex bring that Woman here?! Why, she's not even registered for camp!"

Thus endeth another episode of our little story. It poses some interesting questions. Where did Ethel Ann go? Why did Alex bring the Most Beautiful Woman with him? Who is this woman? Will she be allowed to stay at camp even though she's not registered? Will Norbert really publish all this in the newsletter? Be sure and look for the next episode of "As the Opanci Hop-Step-Step," and until then remember, when doing a shoulder hold, support your own weight; don't hang; it's not nice. I remain yours faithfully,

- Tiffany Teardrop

TAMPA TRIVIA

Scandinavian dancing is still every Wednesday evening, 7:30-9:30, at Hunt Recreation Center, (except for the first, which is English.)

The travelling Baizans made it home from a zig zag jaunt that had us in Utah, Idaho, and Wyoming for half the time, and then in Washington D.C. for the rest. We discovered that it was VERY HOT EVERYWHERE! Except in the Mormon Geneological Library in Salt Lake City, where we spent 2 full days of air-conditioned comfort, scrutinizing film strips for our ancestors' birth records.

What took us out west was a get-together in Yellowstone Park of a California family branch we scarcely knew. I was asked to bring a few folk dance tapes and organize some dancing on one of the evenings. The hotel allotted us a 6 to 7:30 slot on the dance floor for this purpose. Ernesto and I and my cousin and her husband started off with a few foxtrots and tangos while the rest of the party assembled, and then I put them through the usual audience-participation repertoire: Carnavalito, Bele Kawe, Savila Sa Bela Loza, and others. All but one of our group of 17 (including 4 children) participated vigorously, while the one holdout sat and complained that we hadn't warned him to bring his video camera. The next morning at breakfast my cousin said they all wanted another dance night. (Can you believe this? Non-dancers, and they're asking for more!) At the next hotel, then, with the management's enthusiastic go-ahead, a vast lobby with gleaming wood floor, and no time limit, we set up again. My relatives took part eagerly, (the hold-out video taping) and a lot of other hotel guests saw the fun and joined in. After a while one of our youngsters ceremoniously presented me with a necklace he had just purchased -- with his allowance plus some extra wheedled from his mom, as I learned later -- because I was "teaching him to dance". Wow! Maybe that's what Florida needs -- a bunch of Californians!

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Those of you who remember Craig Miller from Tallahassee will be happy to know that he is alive and well and living in Salt Lake City. Last year he realized his golden dream of directing a performing group doing Yugoslav dances at festivals in Yugoslavia. Now he's sort of going with the flow, working at the Folk Life Center, putting together a weekly broadcast, organizing "Utah-slavia" (a festival based on participation of local ethnic Yugoslavs), and renovating his newest acquisition, a large old house in a charming neighborhood, where Ernesto and I had the pleasure of spending a few nights.

Then off to Washington, D.C., and Scandinavian Dance Week at Buffalo Gap, W. Virginia, where 100 dancers and musicians (including Tampans Kathie Aagaard and Andy Pollock) plus 20 to 30 staff people made for a full camp! Teachers were Roo Lester for basic techniques, Olaf Sem, the dynamic Norwegian Telespringar expert, the Swedish couple, Kalle and Ingeborg, and the musicians John Chambers (who used to play for us in Tampa), Bruce Sagan, Loretta Kelly, and Leif, the Swedish fiddler. Each morning we had a dance class with each of the 3 teachers. Most of the attendees were very good dancers, and some were excellent. The teachers called often for a change of partners so that everyone got a chance to learn with a good partner who was possibly already familiar with the dance being taught. Even when one "knows the dance" there is much to learn in the way of foot placement, tricks of balance, etc., to improve one's dancing. After lunch came a craft class, followed by one dance period in which the teachers rotated, and then free time until supper. Immediately afterward came a one-hour period for such activities as staff or student concerts, slide shows, etc.

And then the evening party. The band escorted us to the dance hall, played while we changed into our dancing shoes, and led us into the hall for a gammaldans set of waltzes, hambos and schottisches. Following this they alternated springar/gangar sets played by Loretta on the hardingfele with sets of Swedish bygedans and other requests played by the fiddlers. In the final set of the evening the few surviving dancers invariably kept Loretta playing until 1 or 2 in the morning.

According to camp tradition, however, on Wednesday after evening snack, the "Balkan workers" staged an alternate music and dance activity in the dining hall. Fiddles were put aside in favor of gaida, kaval, and tupan, and for a few hours the paiduskas and ruchenitsas reigned supreme.

Meals were varied, delicious and abundant, with plenty of vegetable and fruit (and cookies). Cold juices, sodas, and beers were available, and we could settle our tabs at the end of camp.

Anyone who might want to attend next year should ask to be put on the mailing list now. Write to Judy Barlas and Bruce Sagan, 425 Everett Dr, Lansing, MI 48915. Remember, this year's camp was sold out!

- Judith Baizan

TAMPA TRAGEDY

We just got to love having her here, and now she's going back to California! Woe is us! But the least we can do is to help make her trip as comfortable as possible, so if you know anyone who might be interested in carpooling to California early in August, please have them contact Nancy Bercu, (813) 839-3649 in Tampa.

THE GREAT MOUSE IS STILL MUSING LATELY

We always enjoy greeting returniks - Gloria and Sol Brenner, old members who hope to be active again; Darcy Silvers and Aaron, our newest dancing team; and Big Bob Monahan, a favorite itinerant.

I listen to all the election news, but somehow the media do not always report stuff of real importance. OIFDC had it's annual election of officers in July, and during the vicious campaign (people were coerced to volunteer) a sensational bit of information was inadvertently leaked, and we now have ...

THE WINTER (PARK) GATE SCANDAL

Last year the harmonious team of Pat Henderson and Bobby Quibodeaux were elected President and VP of the Orlando IFDC, although who was which was never decided. This bit of confusion over who was THE boss never made any difference in our operation, but sometimes left us wondering about the identity of our real leader.

This year Pat did not run for office. Bobby was elected President. Pat congratulated him on his NEW office ... Well!

Our new VP with the winning smile is Edwina Scinta. Juanita Schockey was elected to continue as Treasurer (she is not behind in juggling the books.) I was told to continue as scribe until I get it right.

- Larry Wartell

MORE BONNIE WORDS FROM OUR LEADER

Two issues ago I wrote about my feelings concerning the treatment of myself and other group leaders. Evidently my words were more poignant than I imagined they would be.

I would like to thank those of you who responded in writing or with verbal support. I honestly did not write the article to get pats on the back -- though I appreciate them and will take them wherever I can get them. I had hoped that my article would remind members that officers at the state and local levels do have feelings, and that, no matter how hard they work or plan, can not please everyone.

So please continue, in your most positive & pleasant manner, to pitch in and help, to be part of the solution rather than the problem, and to be realistic about your expectations.

I would also like to re-emphasize that I believe that the majority of folkdancers fall into this category of "positive and supportive". Thanks again for the pats on my back, words of appreciation and kindness. Please also share these on a regular basis with your local leaders. See you at camp!

- Bonnie

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