

Editorial

We must begin this issue with sad news. Shortly before Christmas, Society stalwart Hugh Hendry died in Saskatoon following an operation for cancer. On page 22, we offer Bill Sarjeant's portrait of his friend, colleague, and musical partner.

In the meantime, Society President Judith Cohen has had to alter plans for this year's Annual General Meeting, which she outlines in the following note:

Because the planned Saskatoon meeting is no longer possible, we have had to come up with a quick plan for the '95 meeting. It is unusual to run an AGM two consecutive years in the same city, but circumstances and logistics make Toronto a reasonable choice, and will give us the opportunity to plan the '96 joint meeting there with the Society for Ethnomusicology (SEM) and meet with Mariposa and other Toronto folk music organizations to plan collaboration with them in '96 as well. The likely time is early November, and we'll publish the exact date in the next Bulletin. Meanwhile, if you have ideas for workshop, performance and/or paper sessions, please send them to me. (Judith R. Cohen <jcohen@epas.utoronto.ca>; 751 Euclid Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M6G 2V3.)



After a long period of frustrating Herculean labours by our treasurer, Gordon Smith, the Society has regained its charitable status, which had been in abeyance due to failure of a treasurer, years ago, to

file proper reports with the government. Our charitable society number has been reactivated, and we can once more issue receipts for income tax purposes. Some members have been taking advantage of this—in a recent week, not one but two donations in the \$100 range arrived in the same batch of mail. These were very timely, and donations in general are extremely helpful, especially in these troubled times when prospects of financial help from the public sector are even more remote than in the past. [JL]



Having just reported to the Treasurer on the Bulletin's finances for the 1993-94 fiscal year, I ought to pass on to you the information that, although our financial crisis is past, we're still not totally out of the woods. In our efforts to give you more for your money in terms of appearance as well as contents, the Bulletin is spending slightly more than it takes in. Obviously this cannot continue forever. However, there's no panic. We expect that, in the coming year, new memberships, plus timely donations, will supplement the regular membership renewals and stabilize the Bulletin's financial picture. As always, though, we exhort our members to renew promptly, make a donation if they can manage it, and urge like-minded friends and organizations to join. We've succeeded in keeping our head above water, but it'd be nice if we could start swimming strongly! [JL]



We went to a dance, the first dance we had ever attended. In the early part of the summer Paul and John had gone to one or two dances at a coal mine in the coulee, reporting a good time and a good crowd. Mother had been brought up in a Welsh Congregational community with more or less Puritanical ideas in regard to dancing, but she did not want Dorothy and me to miss out on the good times that the other young people were having; so when a dance at the coal mine was again planned, she gave her consent to our going, even urged us to go. We needed very little urging, however, as we were really very keen to go. Accordingly, on the night of the dance, the boys, instead of walking the four or five miles to the mine as on former occasions, hitched up the horses, not old Samis and Queen, but Nichie and Dick, two half-broken Indian horses, and escorted us to the dance. After a wild ride across the prairies, we arrived, shy and expectant, at the long, low building, lit with lamp and lantern, where the dance was to be held. We arrived, a number of young bachelors arrived; but where were the rest of the girls? The woman who cooked for the miners soon joined us, but not another girl showed up during the evening. We were most disappointed and chagrined as well, but we stayed and the dance rolled on, consisting mostly of squares in which the boys could pair off with one another to make enough dancers for a set. Although we had no lack of gallant partners, we did not consider the evening a success. Our mother was quite flabbergasted when she heard our account of the evening. As a result of this dance, we stayed away from the big affair of the whole summer. Smiths had built a huge barn and at its completion invited the entire neighborhood to a dance in it. We did not go; we had heard some remarks that somebody had made about girls going to dances unchaperoned, and, like simpletons, we took it to heart, and so missed a thoroughly good time at that barn dance.