

The Fountain

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Van - cou-ver has a foun-tain in the cen-tre of the town, With pla-ces where you walk a-bout, and



grass where you sit down, But if you think of go-ing there our foun-tain for to view.



Change your mind, try some-thing else, is our ad-vice to you. Go and climb a moun-tain or



take a boat for a sail, But don't go look at the foun-tain or you might wind up in jail.

Vancouver has a fountain in the centre of the town,
With places where you walk about, and grass where you sit down,
But if you think of going there our fountain for to view,
Change your mind, try something else, is our advice to you.

Chorus:

Go and climb a mountain or take a boat for a sail,
But don't go look at the fountain or you might wind up in jail.

The man who built the fountain had a nice idea in mind,
That folks would come from near and far a meeting-place to find
But don't attempt to use it as a meeting-place this spring,
They've put up a great big sign that says *NO LOITERING*.

Policemen keep an eye upon the people passing by,
So walk along quite briskly, and to loiter do not try;
They've got a bunch of warrants and the names are all left blank,
All they do is write them in, then throw you in the tank.

It's right beside the Court House, where our justice is dispensed;
The hippies used to gather there 'til someone got incensed,
So now you cannot linger, even if you are a square;
Even lawyers are not safe, so you should all beware.

Now every town in Europe has a central city square,
With benches for the visitors who like to gather there;
Vancouver has a centre and it's too unique for words;
It's reserved for flowers and for butterflies and birds.



Then we went back to Vermilion and stayed over till the morning. Anyone who has never seen a Red River jig and a real halfbreed dance, should have been with the Cornwall party on the evening after they returned from the trip to the Peace River chutes. It was tentatively suggested to the party that if each member could see his way clear to contribute a dollar toward grub expenses, a dance would occur that would open their eyes. The dollars came so easily that it was thought the breeds were sorry that they had not asked for two; but they did not, and so there was only eighteen dollars subscribed for coffee and chuck, but it was enough.

The signal went out, up the river, down the river, and back into the brush, that there was going to be a dance, and the "moneyas" members of the Cornwall party would be there to dance with the belles of the brush country. So, all attired in their best bib and tucker the belles came with their best men, the belles in calico and silk and linens, the best young men mostly wearing store clothes and moccasins. One or two wore store shoes and could hardly handle them, while all of the girls had on civilized footwear and seemed as much at home as though treading the light fantastic in the natural soft coating of dead moose.

Forty breeds and about twenty-five women attended the dance, which was held in a log building in the rear of the of the Hudson's Bay store, where the crowd filled every inch around the walls and overflowed over the back-pushed tables and the corners. Every one was bashful and even the girls were coy. No one had the nerve to start, though the fiddles wailed encouragingly for about fifteen minutes and finally took on almost a despairing note. Propped against the walls, the fiddlers drew the jigtime bows across the steel strings of their fiddles, and beat a wall-shaking time accompaniment with their moccasins that sounded like the fall of a trip hammer; but, although the itching feet of the future dancers shuffled almost unconsciously, no one had the bravery to start first.

At last Joe Morris took the bit in his teeth and, seconded by Sergeant McLeod, drew partners and started to form the square. The ice was broken and the dance was on. In the old, familiar cowpuncher style Joe Morris called the square dance and the breeds swung and circled and promenaded in a manner most enviable to watch. The dust arose in clouds, started by the thunderous moccasins of the men, and swept higher by the swishing skirts of the girls, the fiddlers speeded up and the notes rippled off the strings like a boy walking past a fence and rattling a stick across the pickets. Until human endurance could last no longer the dance proceeded, then all retired for a gasp of fresh air.

There was no liquor, because it is alleged that the breed girls will not go to a dance where liquor is obtainable, for the young men grow uncontrol-

lable and much trouble results. Also there was no liquor because the country was officially dry and the Mounted Police officer was present.

Austin A. Briggs of Saskatoon watched the dancing with an eager light in his eye, and then went to each lady separately and asked if she could dance waltzes or two steps. None could. Only square dances were recognized, but the participants, the native ones, were certainly master of that, so Briggs had no dance and the other round dance experts also suffered. Jim Cornwall came in and proved to be as good at dancing as he is at everything else, and Professors Bull and Pettit threw themselves irresistibly on the ladies and made a great hit with their polished Chicago and Minneapolis ways and their knowledge of the art.

Finally matters were worked up to the Red River jig. This is a most marvellous piece of talent, for only talented persons can do it properly. A man takes the floor and a woman faces him. They go through some phenomenally rapid steps for a few minutes, the dance being so strenuous that even the hardy frontiersmen and river men cannot last very long, new ones taking the place of the dancer every couple of minutes. While the dance was begun played thus, a gray-whiskered grandfather of 70 years, who came originally from the home of the Red River dance, flung his feet in a manner that drew envious applause from even the younger bucks. His great display of perfected foot art aroused in Mr. Day a spirit of emulation, and the party was joyously pleased to witness the gentleman face off before a nice dark belle and go through some steps as light as thistle down.

The belle, or at least one of the belles of the ball, was a girl of perhaps 22, with the old fashioned sloping broad shoulders, once so admired, shapely hands, small feet, a mobile face, and a round, powerful neck that would have made a sculptor rave. It was whispered to us that a stray Englishman had shot himself to death because of her, only about a year ago. It appears that the Englishman fell in love with the girl and offered his heart and hand. Being wise and cautious, she told him to wait while she consulted her family. Then she left him. The unfortunate man thought himself rejected, so he at once blew his brains out.

But the dance went on and on. Coffee, bannocks and cakes were served, the dancers circled from the Red River jig to the sailor's hornpipe, and some few figures of the lancers, then back and back again.

The fiddles were wonderful. The sound of a full string orchestra was drawn from the strings and the sound boxes. The fiddlers fiddled, the moccasins beat the floor like rolling bass drums, and alongside each musician stood a young man with two long dry sticks, resembling in size macaroni, with which he beat rapid tattoos [sic] on the violin strings below the bridge, fetching forth a sound of a million small and distant snare drums.