amongst our company, for whom the dance was written.

After lunch, Saturday afternoon was left free to explore the area or just chill out and relax in the lounge before a late afternoon workshop on "Two Modern English Squares"—Pond Full of Stars and Twenty-Five Years for Crook. This workshop was followed by dinner and the evening dance.

We were lucky to have Nikki Herbst from Iowa as a dancer and guest caller; Nikki called a lovely set of dances including A Solstice Snow, Felicity, and Sally by the Pond, and once again this provided a special chance to dance with the person for whom it was written: Sally Lackman from New Jersey was with us for the weekend and on the dance floor for her dance! Andrew continued with some old favorites including Shropshire Lass and this concluded a very full and exciting day, packed with beautiful dancing and excellent music from Paul Hutchinson and John Hymas.

Sunday morning started with a workshop on dances published by John Walsh, and Andrew must have been in a romantic mood because his program included Widows Shall All Have Husbands and The Constant Lover; we didn't ask him what had prompted this selection! However it was followed by the last workshop of the weekend entitled, "Keeping It in the Family—a Selection of Dances for the Shaws." This humorous session included the dance that Fried de Metz Herman wrote for Andrew Shaw called The English Poacher, and also the beautiful dance that Philippe Callens wrote for Andrew's wife, Sally Shaw, The Pharmacists Pleasure, and ended, of course, with Andrew's Maggot.

The final session was a "Recapitulation" of requests from the weekend. And then it was time for the famous "Halsway Manor Cream Tea" and to say our goodbyes to old friends and new; to thank our dancing partners and the callers and musicians who had made this weekend so special, before we went our separate ways.

What an international crowd we were; a tapestry of fifty-four dancers from England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium and the United States, our feet working like stitches to create a patchwork pattern of friendship and community, of lives woven together in dance, sharing an experience that will live on in the memory of everyone involved.

To find out more about Halsway Manor and the program of events it hosts, please go to web site www.halswaymanor.co.uk.

The author lives in County Waterford, Ireland and is a newly-joined CDSS member.

Photo on preceding page courtesy the author.

Swinging by Harvey J. Gardner

The solitary twirling swing
A universal childhood thing.
Exhilarating, giddy getting,
God inviting, trance inducing
Mimicking this planet's spin
Her grip of gravity embracing
As we're weaned from the illusion
That she'll never let us go.

I see us smiling, swinging pairs
As planetary bodies in a
Solar step around a sun of sorts,
Coupled, clinging, gripping hands
And pivot slipping soles so slightly shifting,
Their connection tested in the centrifuge
Of old time toe-tap fiddle tunes
And the Caller's playful whim.

Can't we revel in the swing's revealing Really who we are, and not the tired Old or wide or tall or thin or bald or bent Or bold or spent or small or frail or new...?

I'm ready. Are you?

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"At age eighteen I joined the folk and square dance club at Brooklyn College. After a year or so, the club president and skilled caller, asked me to play the accordion in his square dance band. I did and saw how he conducted an evening's entertainment. So I advertised that I was available to call square dances. My first booking was for a yacht club for around forty people. I taught the first dance, perhaps, Uptown, Downtown, and then started to play the accordion. To my surprise and total embarrassment, I couldn't call and play at the same time. So, believe it or not, I taught the entire group to call the dance. They caught on quickly and called in choral speaking while I played. We did that for about eight dances; they didn't seem too upset about paying me the \$25 which I applied to the purchase of a seven-watt portable PA system and record player, microphone (Shure) and mic stand. I continued to call until ten years ago when I hung up my mic and gave my one hundred shellac 78 rpm collection of square and folk dances to a contra dance caller from New Jersey. My favorite tunes: Eighth of January, Devils Dream, Tom and Jerry." $\sim HJG$

Thanks to Wendy Graham for sending us the poem; Harvey read it during intermission at a Tucson dance last fall—"It was absolutely lovely in the way it rolled off his tongue," she said. Harvey gave her the poem as a gift for calling the dance that night. "What a wonderful way to appreciate the caller," Wendy told us.