

Newsletter of the Bush Dance & Music Club of Bendigo Inc.

Incorporation No. A0012878L P.O. Box 992 Bendigo 3552
Website www.bendigobushdance.org.au ABN 9278 1559 059
P.O. Box 922 Bendigo 3552.

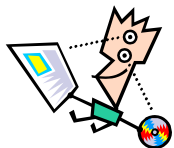


Coo-ee!

Issue Number 6, June 2014

Executive

President	Dianne Pearse 5442 1715	dpearse@inet.net.au
Vice President	Carol Rowe 5443 2571	cpurple@netspace.net.au
Secretary/Pub.Off.	Mary Smith 5442 1153	secretary@bendigobushdance.org.au
Assist. Secretary	Carol Rowe 5443 2571	cpurple@netspace.net.au
Treasurer	Margaret Dean 5439 6246	margiend6@impulse.net.au
Publicity	Dianne Pearse 5442 1715	dpearse@inet.net.au
Newsletter Editor	Peter Ellis 5442 3940	peterellis@impulse.net.au



Newsletter contribution deadline is Tuesday 8th July before the Friday Mail-out.



Next Bendigo East Hop – Saturday June 21st 8pm at Bendigo East Prog. Hall Lansell St.
Admission. Members \$5 Non-members \$8 and Children under 16 Free
A Plate of Supper to share is always appreciated and enjoyed.

Memberships Subscriptions are Now Due. Family \$30 and Single \$18 A few members have still not paid their membership. Memberships were due in February



Next General Meeting Wednesday June 25th 7.30pm at Bendigo Neighbourhood House 21 Neale Street Kennington. Please tell Mary if you will or will not be going to the next meeting. All Clubs need members. They are needed to help run things and are also needed to attend meetings. If people do not get involved with the running of a club everything comes to a standstill and clubs can soon fold up. So please do become involved in your club, we need you.



Birthdays June

Heather Somerville 4th, Stan Symes 9th,



Wedding Anniversaries

Friday May 16th was Paul & Alida Robinson's 33rd Wedding Anniversary. Alida reports "We went out for dinner at My Tepanyaki on the night before seeing he was going under the knife the next day. His

op was to repair tears to the ligament, clean up some calcium build-up and remove the burser. He will be out of action for 8 weeks” Congratulations to Paul and Alida on their wedding anniversary and a speedy recovery to Paul. **An update.** Paul said that the operation appears to be a success but his shoulder might not be back to normal until about five months. In the meantime he is still having back trouble.



Reports from the **May General Meeting.**



1 May Dance The floor was slow again, really bad; this will be addressed for the next dance. Our numbers were way down; in fact if the young folk hadn't turned up, there would have been four to six couples and the last dance of the evening there were only two couples on the floor. Despite this with the young folk present there were enough for 2 to 3 longways sets and 3 sets of Alberts, 2 of Waltz Cotillion. The teenagers had an absolute ball and apparently some are going to enrol for our learn to dance classes. Dianne did a really good job as MC under the difficulties with a bad floor. Harry Gardner thought the night was wonderful 'you've got the formula' he said.

The acoustics at the BE Hall are not good, but could be improved with some form of banners or blankets. Julie will investigate blankets at Vinnie's and Mary will check the back wall behind the stage to see what can be done.

2 It has been decided to run learn to **dance classes** from Thursday August 7th at Forest St Uniting Church Hall as an 8 week block which concludes the Thursday after the Dinki Di Ball. If successful and the interest is there it might then be continued on a weekly basis. It will be advertised as an Old Time Bush Dance Class 7.30 – 9.30. Cost will be \$30 per person for 8 weeks (no partners required). The Secretary will be the contact person and a month's notice in advertisements will be arranged. Red ribbons will be supplied for ladies dancing as men.

3 Dinki Di Ball flyers will be ready for handing out at the July dance.

4 The **July Birthday night** with the **Gay Charmers** will be an **International Folk Dance** theme, national folk costume can be the concept for fancy dress. Also the late Heidi Teague's '**Eurofest Choir**' is to sing a few songs during the appropriate dances.

.....
TSDAV functions coming up: - The **TSDAV** conducts a series of monthly dance workshops, under the name of - "**Dancing at the 11th Hour**" and continues for this year. Dates are the **1st Sunday of the Month:** - the next being **6th July** at the Eleventh Hour Theatre Hall cnr Gore & Leicester Sts Fitzroy 2.00-5.00 pm. Enquiries Norm Ellis 9888 5332 or <http://tsdav.vicnet.net.au/>

Retirement Village Dance Displays

Sunrise, Condon Street. Previous dates mentioned have been cancelled due to lack of resident patronage. Also the dance display at Strath Haven had to be cancelled owing to a virus going around.

However there is a new one for **Mirridong**, McIvor Road - Thursday 17th July 1.30-2.30 pm.

Then we have St Laurence Court Kangaroo Flat Wednesday 13th August 1.30 - 2.30pm and Friday 14th November 1.30 -2.30 pm

If you are interested in helping your support would be very welcome and appreciated, please contact Margaret Dean 5439 6246 or Julie Manypenny 5439 6317 for details. Also relating to **Bethlehem** the following enquiry to our Secretary 11th June:-

Hello Mary, Its Christine Curnow, I work at Bethlehem, in Activities and I was hoping to have a Ball Gown display up at Bethlehem for my residents to admire the Glamorous Ball-Gowns. Do you think you could ask

your dancers if I could borrow their outfits to hang up for residents to look at. I wonder if anyone would model the gowns for me as well. I haven't picked a date/time as yet so I can work in with people. Thanks Mary, wishing you all the best. From Christine Curnow

BDMC dance display at the Boundary Hotel for the Bendigo Historical Society's *Celebration commemorating the centenary of the Hustler's Mine Disaster on Sunday May 4th*.

Tom Dean, Heather Bell, Neil Watkins and Wilhelmina Iping performed wonders tripping the light fantastic toe to a wide eyed audience who had never seen this type of dancing before. I played mainly concertina and Mezon accordion, but also one dance to penny whistle and one to mouth organ, to cover the historical instruments of the period. The dances were from the goldrush era of the 1850s through to 1914 when the Mine disaster occurred and World War 1 commenced a few months later. We actually started with the old Sir Roger de Coverley once through to demonstrate the older Country Dance longways form of set that had flourished from first days of settlement to this period. Then the Parisian Quadrille was chosen as the version of the First Set as there was only enough room on carpet in the dining lounge for 2 couples. Following this was the old step-hopping Schottische, the half Highland Schottische, the Polka, Polka Mazurka and Varsoviana; all new dances in the 1850s. Then they danced a Spanish Waltz (Waltz Country Dance) once through to illustrate another dance form and the popular waltz followed by a plain Barn Dance bringing us up to the 1890s, the progressive didn't arrive in Australia till during the Second World War. Coming into the 20th century a short round of the Military 2 Step of 1904, the second type sequence dance old time style that emerged following the Veleta Waltz of 1900, then the One Step of 1912 and the Foxtrot of 1914 – the free-lance modern ballroom dances that were the rage at the time, along with the 'seedy' Tango, the one thing we declined to offer. The audience thoroughly enjoyed it and there was considerable interest in our dance club. Several from the Historical Society asked how many knew these the really old dances (I guess because they'd never seen them before) which took their interest. I said we're down to several couples only. They asked about dance classes to learn them and that they would try and round some young people up to come along.

At the meeting Marg Dean made the following comments:-

"The total involvement of the audience was born out when Peter started playing "Tipperary" (fig 4 in the Parisian Quadrille) - the entire room burst into song. Just great!! And there were many cameras clicking as the four dancers performed so well. Tommy & I have been involved in many displays during our years in the Club but have never seen or heard a reception such as this. The Club really did receive wonderful publicity - perhaps we might even see some younger folk come to join us." Margaret

Cheers Wilhelmina!

At the time of preparing the newsletter I discovered the reason Wilhelmina and Neil were not at the last dance. Wilhelmina was in hospital with pneumonia. Our thoughts are with Wilhelmina as something like that is really awful and we wish her a speedy recovery. Recent report is that Willie is recovering well.

Report from Stuart Simms: - *"Went to the Kerang Agricultural Deb Ball last night [Ron's a Life Member] and quite frankly it was quite a revelation - the 3 Deb dances were the "San Antonio Stroll" - done in 2/4 time, - "The Jacqueline Cha Cha" - would nearly get away with 4/4 time and the "Rustlers Crossing Waltz." done to Modern Waltz time. The rest of the dances [of which I am getting the titles !!] were, in all intentions Folkie dances and other sequence dances - they had 2 Pride of Erins - [although they substituted the long waltz with another back and forward and just 1 round of waltz], a "set" of 2 couples and the rest were " Strip the Willow" type of thing and other couples dances - think there was only 1 "Rock" dance where you didn't need a partner!!*

The Band consisted of Guitar, Flute and a Keyboard [or Tambourine] with a bit of background Rhythm and Vocal, and I even hear them play "Peggy O'Neil " at one stage - never thought I would see 130 Teenagers

hanging onto one-another doing a sequence dance in the one place again and neither would Morrie - or you either for that matter !!.

- up here in Northern Victoria at least!

Better put this note in the "Coo-ee" and let the rest of the Mob join in the elation - there's hope for us yet!!"

Vale Campbell George Holmes



On 14th May our good friend Campbell Holmes passed away, and only a short time after moving into accommodation attached to the Inglewood Hospital. Campbell was in his 93rd year when he passed away peacefully. The funeral was at the Uniting Church Wedderburn Monday 19th. Campbell is survived by his daughter Tamara, her husband Graeme Burke, grandchildren Conner and Ruby and his brother Alan. Campbell's extended family of nieces and nephews all attended, he was their favourite uncle.

Campbell was 48 when he married in Perth and Tamara born in 1970, so the grandchildren are about 7 and 4 respectively.

Former members of the then Hopetoun Brass Band in Bendigo of which Campbell was a member and other players from Eaglehawk, Kangaroo Flat and Maryborough played Hymns and a couple of Campbell's favourites such as Tipperary, Pack Up Your Troubles and I Want A Girl outside the Church before and after the service.

Campbell's Brother Alan, now 90, spoke with great fondness of his dear brother and what a great achiever he was in sport, gardening and of course music and anything he turned his mind to. Tamara followed with a wonderful Eulogy about her dad.

During service in World War 2 Campbell was stationed at Darwin where he saw a band playing with a lagerphone, this well predated the introduction of that instrument by the Sydney Bushwhackers in 1952. When first stationed on one of the Pacific Islands off New Guinea Campbell was there when the aeroplanes came over dropping paper leaflets to declare the end of the war. He was subsequently in the occupying forces in Japan after this, and in fact there is archival footage of the Military Band of his 38th Battalion (from Bendigo) with Campbell playing trombone as they paraded down a main street in Tokyo. He moved to England for quite some years where he met Chris Earl (convenor of Scots Day Out) and who played the last post on the bugle at the final service at the Wedderburn Cemetery. On returning from England Campbell lived for some years in Perth and then Esperance. When in Perth he was honoured as life member of the Perth City Brass Band and was also active in the Westport Jazz Band, he loved Jazz. After returning home to Wedderburn he joined the Oldtimers and has been with the band for over 20 years. His role as MC at the motel concerts was renowned with his humour, yarns and items. The ladies will remember his kissing their hands, a little lurk he picked up when in Gay Paris.

His favourite hymn 'In the Garden' was acquired from a Billy Graham memorial song book and sung with heartiness and enthusiasm by congregation, a tremendous rendition really, all in tune. Glenda played it on the organ using the Billy Graham book. Campbell who was an outstanding ballroom dancer in his day and had introduced In the Garden to the Oldtimers for the Swing Waltz. As a tribute from the Oldtimers, Glenda organised for me to read Psalm 121.

After the graveside service we convened back at the Wedderburn Bowls Club for an amazing spread of homemade goodies, something Campbell would have relished.



Then and Now an article by Jill Loorham

Like Peter Ellis, I grew up in a community where everyone knew each other's business. Grandmothers and Grandfathers, Uncles and Aunts (whether loved, tolerated or disliked intensely) were part of one's life. In small, new suburban places such as Mitcham, where I spent my childhood, children were definitely 'seen but not heard'.

Despite the conservative, narrow-minded community in which we lived, my father's (perhaps one and only virtue?) was the encouragement of a free and independent spirit served to create (at least with my older sister Rosy and I) a rebellious and change-the-world attitude. My Dad's own spirit had been somewhat restrained in his early years, by a stern, public-service, working father, who when things went badly (in his opinion in terms of my father becoming a difficult and impetuous teenager), sent the wayward son off to boarding school in Seymour. My father never forgave his father for this banishment, which took him away for years from his loved mother and grandmother. These two women, whilst having no voice in anything that mattered in the public sphere, spoiled rotten both my father and his brother, in ways that somehow formed a jealousy in my father that never left him, even in his adult years.

My mother, the worker in my family, grew up in a protestant home. Her mother became a Legacy woman, when her husband was shot. He'd served in the war but a bullet to his body whilst a serving member of the Victorian police officer, brought his life to a halt. My mother was twelve when this happened and enrolled for the Women's Auxiliary Army Corp putting up her age up to fifteen. She loved the Army but was discharged when she became pregnant to my larrikin father, who, at the time, was also a serving member of the Army in the Second World War.

When the war finished, my parents (like many other newlywed, not very well off people) moved to the new suburbs, where housing was relatively cheap and available. My mother worked from when I was very young and I remember, when I was about three years of age, laying on a small mattress on a half floor, to have an afternoon sleep, with lots of other small children.

My two sisters attended the Vermont Primary School, but when it was my turn, the school did not have sufficient class-rooms, so whilst more class-rooms were being built, I attended a sort-of school at the

Nunawading Migrant Camp. This was my initiation into the lives of the migrant new-arrivals although I don't remember thinking they had a tough time. My profound memory of that time, was using scissors and Clag – cutting up small squares of brightly coloured paper – to make a picture

From my early school days, I was a latch-key child, frequently at home by myself. After school, my older sister Rosy, who was a tomboy (wearing a Davy Crockett hat and carrying a pea-shooter) and I would roam the new suburb, eating the fruit off the fruit trees grown by orchard-owners, who had left the land, presumably to either live a suburban life, work in the many factories that then existed or had moved further afield to farm in the outer regions of Melbourne, that have since become hobby farms or horse-studs, for the rich and prosperous.

We had such freedom when we were young. We could muck around on the many building sites, after the builders had gone home, balancing precariously on the floor bearers of houses that seemed to get to lock-up in no time at all. In Mitcham, the builders were predominantly Ities (Italians), or Slavs. They copped abuse from the kids and the adults, as they worked like buggery to build the houses that nowadays fetch a fortune as Californian Bungalows.

School holidays were blissful times for many children. We didn't notice (or worry) about the many impoverished families who had little to eat and lives that were dirt-poor and troubled.

Rosy and I would wander the streets of our neighbourhood, shouting names and reciting derogatory rhymes at the Catholic kids; 'Cath'lic dogs, sitting on logs, eating gizzards out of frogs'. Darling children... not!

Then we'd head for the old pine forest a mile from home, beyond which were dams from those now-gone farms, where we'd hunt for tadpoles and best of all, tadpole eggs to put in a bottle to take home. Once in a while, we'd catch a frog and the poor creature would be bottled up to be taken home as well, where eventually it would die of malnutrition and lack of care

.My father and mother were never destined to have long, happy lives together although they did their best. With my father's background of stern Irish Catholic (when the Pope's word still resulted in Catholic women having a multitude of unwanted children) and my mother's supposed Church of England (certainly English ancestry anyway), the marriage was destined to be stormy. First of all, being 'shotgun' and secondly, being frowned upon by both sides – my grand-mother disliking my father's father Ossie in a way that was beyond my childhood understanding - and my grand-father Ossie barely speaking to my mother's mother Phyllis, who I called Nana... the marriage relationship was destined, from its beginning, to be a rocky road. They managed to stay together, despite the overwhelmingly awful odds, until they were both in their sixties whilst the family antagonisms remained as hard and steadfast as the times seemed to demand, continued unabated.

My interest in dancing came about because my Mum and Dad had Saturday-night parties every so often at home. Friends who worked at Holeproof where my Mum worked, who were dancers, came along with wives or husbands, to dance away the night in our lounge-room. My sisters and I were allowed to say a polite 'Hello Mr (or Mrs) So and So to the guests as they arrived but we were expected to go to bed immediately after doing our duty. My Mother's concession to my sisters and I, was to bring us some party food before it was served to the adults. Those were the days when party food meant Peak Frea biscuits sandwiched together with gooey tinned cooked beef which we (naturally!) called 'Gooey Meat Pies', Cheese Meat Balls which were made from minced beef, tons of grated cheddar cheese and tinned tomato soup - and kedgerree. This last dish, kedgerree, was one us kids and my father disliked intensely but for reasons beyond understanding, was popular with my parents' friends when they gathered for their Rock 'N Roll nights.

As I got older, I was allowed to stay up for a while to watch the rock 'n rolling going on in the lounge-room. Mr Hull (the accountant at Holeproof, who was my Mum's boss), was a dandy dancer of the Rock 'n Roll. Like our own Bendigo Dance Club Bert Gibson, he was a dance teacher in his spare time and he was happy to teach me some basic steps.

My older sister Judy and I loved the rock 'n roll. On Saturday nights, my sisters and I were allowed to watch Six O'clock Rock with Johnny O'Keefe on TV. Our excitement mounted as the clock ticked down and by the time Johnny O'Keefe started singing 'Come on everybody, it's time to rock', we'd be out of our chairs, rocking and rolling in the lounge room. Fast turns were practised by holding on to the kitchen door frame and spinning ourselves with one hand. Last year, for the first time in more than thirty two years, I danced the rock 'n roll with my sister Judy, when she came to Australia for a short four-week stay. It was for me, a magical moment, which perhaps may never be repeated.

Around about that age, I also was allowed to attend a family (or pretend family) relation's wedding which was held at the Heathcote Pub. To this day, I have no idea what the family relationship was, but for me, it was the beginning (or the continuance) of a life-long love of dance. The daughter of the family was having her wedding reception in the pub, as her parents were the licensees. I don't remember much about the food, except that it was a smorgasbord, something that was entirely new in Australia at the time. The tables were all set up around the room, to allow for the dancing which could then easily be organised in the centre of the room. This was my first encounter with formal couple dancing of the ballroom type. To this day, I am still baffled, despite many helpful comments over the years, about what comprises New Vogue and what comprises Old Time. Needless to say, on that night, I thought I was in heaven. The Barn Dance, which today is not a dance I'm all that thrilled with, was a joy to me beyond measure, as was the Evening Three Step. I loved the twirling and the passing on to a new partner that occurred in so many of the dances. Driving home remains a blur. My Mum and Dad had an FJ Holden and I vaguely remember sleeping in the front seat hugged tight and warm next to my Mother.

My cousin Peter and I, during our formative early teen years, went to Jazz dances which were the craze in Melbourne at the time. Gasworks at Kew with the Yarra Yarra New Orleans Jazz Band; The Onion Patch at Oakleigh with The Red Onions Jazz Band and later, Memphis, 431, Sebastian's and The Thumpin' Tum in Melbourne, which introduced us – and our generation - to the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and all those amazing musicians who followed, were wonderful places to congregate and dance. I still cannot hear Judy Jacques or the song 'Old Man Moses' without taking myself back to those heady days of wild and fantastic dancing, folk singing in the back room near the kitchen and dreadful coffee or cocoa in large mugs. My (future) husband was attracted to me by my dancing. When I danced with my cousin at Gas works, I was away in my head with the Jazz groove dressed in the mode of the time, hand-made, tartan jerkin and skirt - and lace-up, heeled tartan shoes purchased by layby over an extended period!

Those early formative years of my life, now distant memories, were wonderful – and difficult. Wonderful, because of the experiences and freedoms we had but difficult, because we discovered, (despite feeling so wonderfully 'right' about everything), we were all so woefully wrong. Cultural mores in those times, made migrants' lives (in fact, anyone who was not 'Australian' whatever that was?), much more difficult than they should have been. Racism was rampant and apathy (about the rest of the world) was a given. Enlightenment was then, and remains, a long and slow process!

Unlike Peter, I understand why life for children, teenagers and young adults can seem boring nowadays. Those very freedoms we experienced – to wander at large, to build massive bonfires – which all the neighbours attended, to ride my bike as a twelve year old from Mitcham to Maldon, without a helmet (and not be frightened about doing so), to go the flicks (as Peter did) on a Saturday afternoon and (with all the other kids), yell and scream at the baddies on the screen; to dig holes in gardens and at school, where we stored our secret and precious possessions; to build a cubby house out of rubbish found around the place; to know (as we shouted horrible things at other people) that we were doing something wrong, although we weren't sure what; to hide in the bushes instead of going to church (risking Mum telling us off); to catch the train to the City by myself when I was twelve and spend a day 'in town' spending my pocket money on Christmas presents for my family. Like my Mother, I started work at fourteen. The world was truly my oyster, if only I had known.

My list could go on for pages, but my point in – if we think about what we could do then – and then consider what kids can do now – it's easy to see why kids nowadays can become bored. The streets are filled with cars and trucks; the laws about everything are so constraining; the ability to just wander somewhere is constricted by these things. Our aging population (us!) who had freedoms, gone now, as our society and population has grown, had the best times, I think of all. We were so fortunate.

Bundanoon Dance Weekend Extravaganza Mary travelled up to Bundanoon over the long weekend to attend this marvellous special festival for social dancers. There was everything including Estonian, Scandinavian, English Playford, American Contra, Ballroom and New Vogue, Bavarian and traditional Australian Colonial and Old Time. My task was in connection with two workshops. The first I taught the country versions of the Waltz Quadrille (First Set in waltz time), Four Sisters' Barn Dance, Prince Imperials Quadrille, NSW Mazurka and my Mazurka Country Dance. I devised this dance so that some of the wonderful collected Polka Mazurka tunes could be used. The Waratah Polka Mazurka consisting of about 4 parts is really beautiful and was used. This tune was recorded by Emu Creek on one of the Merry Country Dance CDs.

The second workshop by Bruce Lemin was on New Vogue dancing and he taught the Tangoette, Gipsy Tap, Swing Waltz, Merrilyn and Charmaine. My task was to provide the music and I was joined by several very good musicians, some from 'No Such Thing' band. Isle of Capri, Eileen McCoy's Spanish Waltz and Onboard Waltz, Who Takes Care of the Caretakers Daughter, Sailor and Charmaine were the tunes played.

There were dances each evening and a grand dress up ball Sunday night. There was no recorded music, tunes provided (dots) for the musicians at each workshop and dance and you could join in any of your choice.

There was one amusing incident during Bruce Lemin's section at the ball; we were fine for the Progressive Jive, Merrilyn and Gipsy Tap. But he didn't tell me the name of one dance, and it appeared in my haste to get the tune ready for the musicians, that they were learning the Merrilyn. So they danced the Parma Waltz to the Caretaker's Daughter. It worked. Well I have seen the reverse at Yarrawalla where they preferred to dance the Charmaine to Waltzes.

Trad & Now magazine, over the last few years I been contributing articles on the history of social dance and music. Items that could be of interest to club members include 'Calling the Tune and Leading a Merry Dance (Country Dances of the extended Regency Period in days of first white settlement in Australia), History of the Bush Bands & Dance era (1970s), Bush Dance as it was in the Bush (first hand old time dance references from newspapers 1920s, 30s & 40s) and 'Fakelore to Folklore' (busting some myths). The latter includes a section with photographs of our own BDMC Mock Deb Ball of 1989.