



NOTTINGHAM NEWS REEL

No. 27

Dem Team 'Awesome' – it's official! See report...

Christmas 2011

The Walk-through Dance, by our youngest prospective member

Gran and Papa promised to take me to a Scottish Country Dance Social, but my dears, one hadn't a *thing* to wear, so it was a relief to be taken to the big shops in Town even if Daddy wouldn't let me go in the Big Bath in Slab Square. So Daddy and I met Gran and Papa in Debenhams and I think we'd lunch during which I demonstrated to everybody's satisfaction how to half-empty a pot of gogurt in one spoonful and get it all in at one go *and* keep a clean bib.

Then we went to the Pretty Dresses and there was lots of room to run about, but Papa *just* managed to catch me and hand me over to Daddy, so he and Gran found some pretty dresses and he took me into a little room with a lovely echo. One still wonders whether Gran and Papa could hear what I was saying, 'cos I think I heard somebody giggling when I said 'N'ike' and 'Do' want it'. Well, I certainly wasn't going to let Daddy dress me in just ANYTHING, especially since I'd heard Gran and Papa having a laugh about what happened when my Auntie Kirsty was being fitted for a bridesmaid's dress in that very same shop some time last century...we'll draw a veil over that one but Papa still has the photographs, price on application... so out I came wearing a smart little crimson number with a bow, and when they took me to a pier-glass and Gran showed me how to do a twirl...wow! There was still the little matter of the dance and Gran bought me a dark blue one for that...one just hopes that none of the *other* big girls at the dance will be wearing the same...

Gran and Auntie Kirsty took me to the dance and EVERYBODY was wearing skirts or dresses, even the gentlemen! But nobody else was wearing my dark blue, I'm pleased to say. I got *ever* so excited in the kitchen when they gave me a bright-coloured oven-glove and I came out and showed it to Papa. Perhaps one day they'll let me count the sets 'cos I can do up to twenty but one of the gentlemen could only count up to four and then started again, so I helped him out and got up to about thirteen but I may have missed out ten somewhere along the line. I copped Papa dancing with two or three *different* big girls but I haven't clyped on him to Gran....yet.

One's voice seemed to *carry* rather well in the hall and I think somebody must have overheard me

when I looked in a room at the side and said "Ooooooh, FOOD!" 'cos I distinctly heard giggles when everybody should have been listening to Uncle Tony telling them all about the next dance. So I helped myself to a fly wholegrain cracker before Papa could stop me, just to show no hard feelings.

One has heard of young ladies being swept off their feet by the menfolk at a dance and it happened to me...I was just thinking about getting into pole position for another raid on the supper table when Papa picked me up and would you believe it, there we both were in the middle of the *allemande* in 'Clutha'. Quite appropriate for one with all my Clydeside heritage, do you not think?

So when Papa was enjoying himself with *another* Big Girl in 'Major Ian Stewart' I didn't see why Kate should have all the fun so I did a 'Wee Girl's Excuse-Me' and tugged at Papa's skirt to be picked up. Suddenly Papa and Kate *took off* and it was like the dodgems, or Bridgeton Cross at the rush hour, except that nobody actually hit anybody else, and one began to regret that wholegrain cracker when a lady suddenly appeared in front of us and all of us bounced up and down and then Papa and Kate *took off* again and we all whizzed round in a circle.

I hope I didn't hurt Papa's feelings at supper time 'cos I think he found a slice of malt loaf 'specially for me but I said "No, more choc'ate". Well, what *can* a girl do when she's clocked a whole plateful of Auntie Eleanor's chocolate tiffin...? Then they stuck two candles in a piece of parkin and tried to talk me into blowing them out but I wasn't having any. One does expect a *cake*, at the very least...

Then they took me back to Papa's but after Auntie Kirsty had put me to bed I more than suspect Gran of clearing off back to the jiggin' 'cos I'd know the noise that 05 Polo makes anywhere...

Lily Page

Yan, Tan, Tethera

Yan, Tan, Tethera - as all Scottish dancers will know - is one, two, three in an old counting system used by shepherds in the south of Scotland. But how many know the rest of the numbers and the variants used in Cumberland and the West Riding of Yorkshire/Westmorland. The Scottish numbers are :-

- | | |
|-------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Yan. | 11. Yan-a-dik. |
| 2. Tan. | 12. Tan-a-dik. |
| 3. Tethera. | 13. Tethera-a-dik. |
| 4. Pethera. | 14. Pethera-a-dik |
| 5. Pimp. | 15. Bumfit. |
| 6. Sethera. | 16. Yan-a-bumfit. |
| 7. Lethera. | 17. Tan-a-bumfit. |
| 8. Hovera. | 18. Tethera-a-bumfit. |
| 9. Covera. | 19. Pethera-a-bumfit. |
| 10. Dick. | 20. Foff, figgit, or giggot. |

This counting system has no connection with Old English or Saxon and although 'pimp' is the Welsh for five there is no other similarity with that language. It would seem that that these are nonsense words just like the children's counting out game which starts 'Eeny, meeny, miny, mo', or the Scottish counting game:

*'Eenty eetary heathery methery,
Bamfry eatery cheetery overy
Doverly Ding don dell, Oh! my Nell,
An pan toosh, one two, three,
Out goes the bonnie lass, out goes she!'*

In the late 18th century anthropologists were excited to find some of the native American tribes used this system of counting, but were disillusioned when it turned out that emigrants had taught them.

Most of the information in this article was taken from The Scots Magazine c. 1985. If anyone would like to have the other versions of Yan, tan, tethera. they can let David know together with their e-mail address which he will pass on to me.

Jim Livingston

'Awesome'... 1st Toton Guides dem

Well, I *think* that's what the lassie said....



Hi everyone

We all had a brilliant time when you came to visit us at 1st Toton Guides. The music was great to dance along with and we enjoyed

learning the steps to some of the dances. Even though we did get in a muddle some of the time, it was nice to see some of you in Scottish costumes. We felt that this added to a fun evening. All the Guides felt that the group was really friendly and they all agreed that it was a great evening. We like to invite you all back again sometime in the future. Thank you all very much.

1st Toton Girl Guides

Overheard on the dance-floor...

"What sex do you want to be, Pat?"
"Well, at my age, it doesn't really matter..."

"There will now be a short pause whilst F**** adjusts her clothing...."

"Ah reckon you lot learned tae dance in a train wi' nae lавvies!"

"We've no time to cook before going to L*****'s dance – let's have a McDougall's!"

Guess the Dance?



For your diaries...

Saturday, 31st December: Hogmanay Dance, Lowdham Village Hall, 8 p.m.- midnight +, CDs, bring & share, £6/£3.

Saturday, 28th January: Nottingham Scottish Association Burns Night Dinner & Dance, Masonic Hall, Goldsmith Street, 7 for 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, 4th February: Saturday Social, Lowdham Village Hall, 7.30 p.m., bring & share, CDs, £5/£3.

Saturday, 11th February: Cèilidh, Ionic Suite, Masonic Hall, NG1 5LB, 8 p.m. Live band and caller. Tickets £8 in advance from Pip or Schuggie.

Saturday, 17th March: Annual Dance, Lowdham Village Hall, 7.30 p.m. **Scottish Measure,** supper provided, £10.

Spring Fling, for dancers aged 16-35, will be held in Dundee next year, 23rd -25th March. For further details see the HQ website at www.rscds.org

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!