

ON DOUGLAS KENNEDY

Douglas Kennedy died on January 7, 1988 at the age of 93 after a short illness.

We learn again that there is no immortality. Our collective loss, for those who knew Douglas as well as for those who knew only about him, is immeasurable. There will be chroniclers to spell out in some detail the work he completed as the Director of the English Folk Song and Dance Society, writer and international lecturer. A biography of his life will become a classic to the enthusiasts of English folk music, song and dance. Somehow, I recall that he was resistant to this idea.

Whether I think of him as the inspiring teacher who came to Pinewoods Camp repeatedly before World War II and again in the 1950's and 1960's, or as I really prefer, think of him as a friend, I find my own thoughts turning bittersweet. In October of 1976, on his last trip, we went to Long Pond and he disappeared into the camp to be alone with his thoughts; his wife Helen had recently died and he explained that he had come to say goodbye for both of them. In 1982 and again in 1984 he welcomed us to Deck House In Waldringhamfield on the Debon, Suffolk, and with his new wife Elizabeth entertained us first and then both the Pinewoods and East Suffolk Morris Men.

He cared a great deal more about life than the songs and dances that usurped him early in life, taking him from a career in biology. He was concerned about the future of his country, concerned for the welfare of those around him, and showed his zest for living out the years left by sailing, even cruising, around Greece. During the 1984 tour of PMM, we were treated to a number of surprises by Douglas, including his own home-baked bread for some 30 to 40 guests, an on-camera repartee complete with a vigorous ten-second jig with me holding on, and as drummer of the pickup dance band for the afternoon.

It was, of course, the total person that he was which dominated his speech about any subject he chose to discuss. As you listened to him he exuded a lyrical quality. He could see the humor in any situation and lightened the load of listening to a dull lecture on the "rrrrrhythm" and anticipation, (was it "arsis" or "thesis"?), with wit and projection of himself into the listeners' shoes, puns and double meanings included. You clearly got the message that anticipation was a way of life, not the mere act of keeping time with which so many of us have had some trouble.

He was deeply attached to the people who had made their way to the American continent to spread the gospel of English folk dance and song. He could recall in detail the issues that separated the various factions of the ever increasingly institutionalized movement. He was very careful to treat everyone's contribution with attention and respect.

He is the last of the "pioneers" that I knew. No doubt if there is a dance floor "up there", Douglas has all those other

"worthies" organized. There will be the band with which he is the drummer and they will listen again to his sure beat. But we will miss him here on earth.

- Rick Conant



IN MEMORY

Barbara Bridgham, of Boston, recently moved to Bath, ME. Barbara was a long-time member, dancer and supporter of the Boston Centre, as well as NEFFA and RSCDS.

Theodore Santarelli de Brasch, of South Hamilton, MA. Known to his friends as Ted, he was an avid square, contra and English country dancer. He was a former Vice President and member of the Boston Centre Executive Committee before the bylaws were changed, and then became a member of the Board of Directors.



WHERE HAVE ALL THE QUILT BLOCKS GONE?

No, that's not the title of a folk song - it's a real question! Over the past two years, at both Labor Day and July 4th weekends at Pinewoods, I have displayed a "quilt-in-progress" in the Camphouse, and have given campers a kit of pre-cut pieces and instructions for making the "Churn Dash" block with them. My goal is to collect 42 signed blocks, enough to make a double bed-sized quilt to be raffled off to benefit Pinewoods, Inc. About half of that number have been returned to me, but I know there are many of you who took a block away from camp with every intention of doing it, and have just forgotten.

Please, if you are one of those people, take an hour now, in the dreary winter time, to sit and sew and enjoy the relaxation and pleasure that piecing can give you. It's a perfect time to think of why you want to help Pinewoods, and to write that on your block, along with your name. Or dedicate your block to someone - one wonderful one I received was in memory of Ed Shaw; a block done at camp last July was for Cindy Green.

When it's done, mail it to me:
Mary Stafford
26 Wadsworth Street
Allston, MA 02134

An ordinary business-sized envelope will do. Mark it "Hand Cancel/Quilt Block" and use two 22 cent stamps, and I guarantee it will arrive safely - I get such envelopes from all around the world. I am really anxious to finish this project this year, so do take a minute to locate your block and get going on it!