

THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

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"Wrens and robins in the hedge,
Wrens and robins here and there;
Building, perching, pecking, fluttering,
Everywhere!" -- Christina Rossetti

Just about the
tip of that
fancy "T",
there...

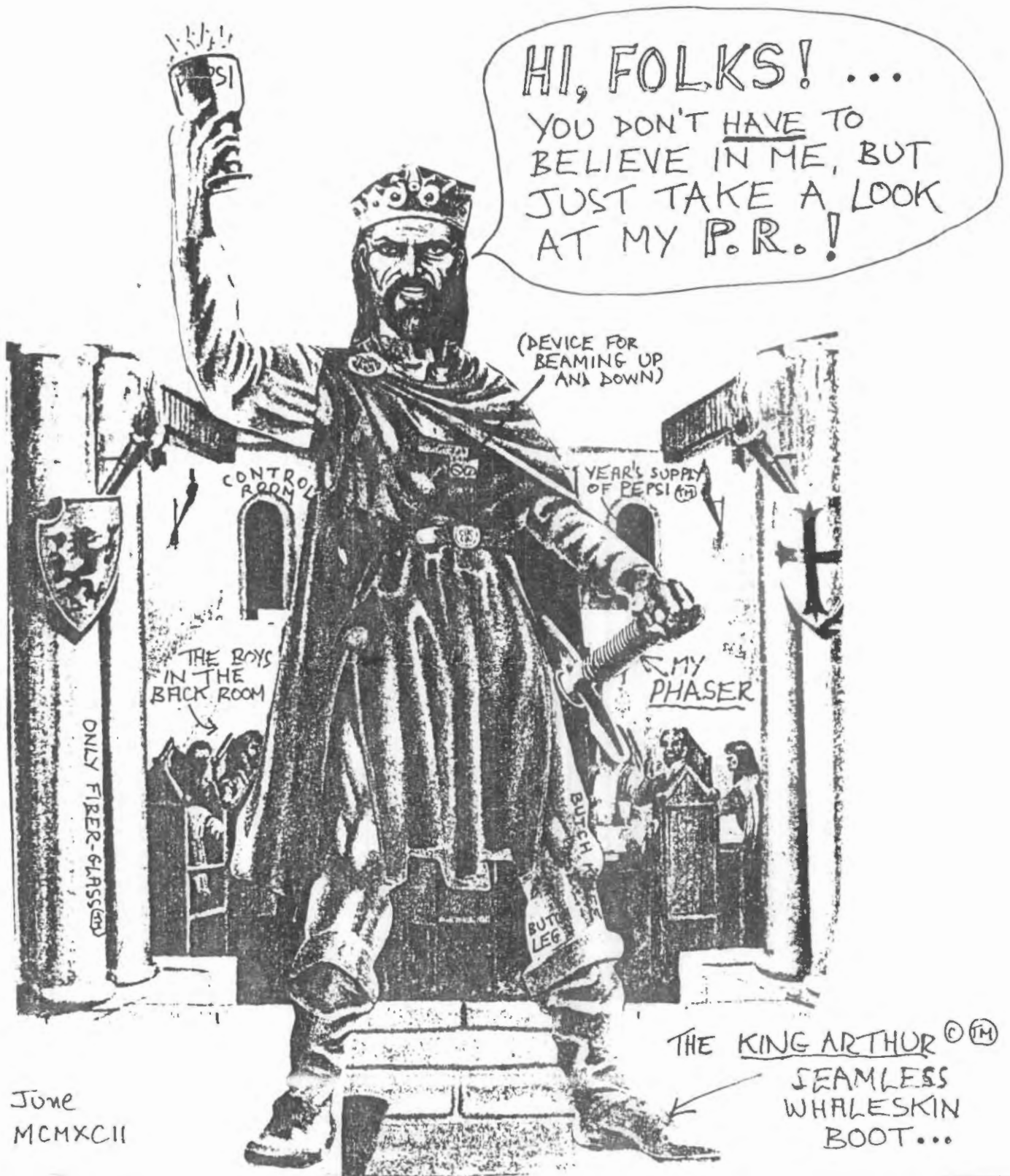


SOME NOTES on your -

Fantasy Tour

- visit to - Tintagel

PREPARED FOR YOU, IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT, BY CORNWALL ARCHAEOLOGICAL UNIT



(DEVICE FOR BEAMING UP AND DOWN)

CONTROL ROOM

YEAR'S SUPPLY OF PEPSI

THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM

MY PHASER

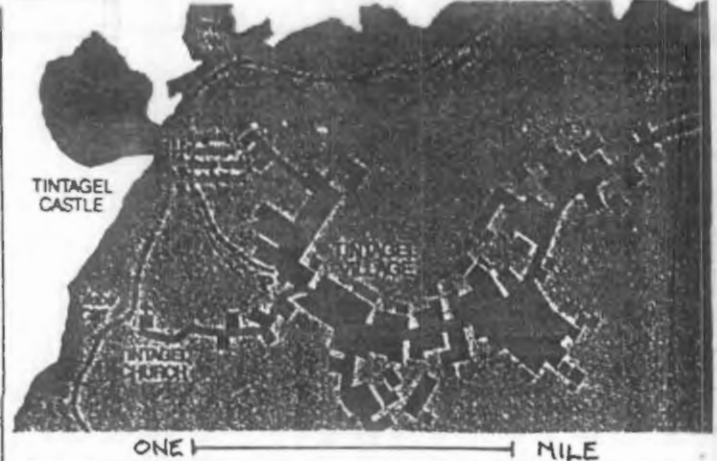
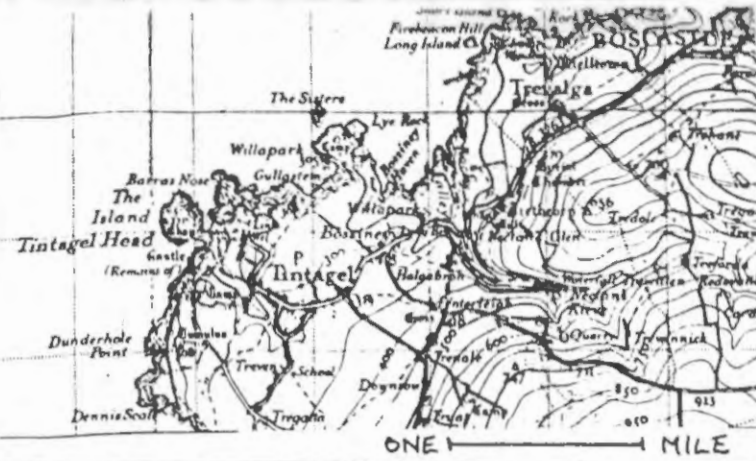
ONLY FIBER-GLASS

BUTCH BUTT LEG

THE KING ARTHUR © (TM)

SEAMLESS WHALESKIN BOOT...

June MCMXCII



WE'RE VERY HAPPY to welcome you all to Tintagel. Your guides for today are Jacqueline Nowakowski BA MIFA, a Field Officer with Cornwall Archaeological Unit, archaeologist with wide experience in the U.K. and elsewhere, and the Director of Excavations at Tintagel Churchyard, 1990-91; and Charles Thomas FBA FSA, retired professor, one of Her Majesty's Commissioners for Historical Monuments of England, and author of various works of supposed piety and learning. We both know Tintagel well, we've spent a lot of time here together, and we are delighted to have been asked to show you around.

If time allows, and we shall keep you moving, there are three main places to visit. Let us say at once that what you in the USA call comfort stops or rest-rooms or wash-rooms, and what here are called toilets or even lavatories, exist (a) at the English Heritage ticket-office and shop, and (b) in Tintagel village. Equally vital, if you're running short on camera film, we'll be passing 3 places (ticket-office, a bookshop, a drugstore) selling 35 mm. color. Some basic site plans, to aid your understanding, are attached.

1. PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MATERIANA (female saint), TINTAGEL - CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Basically, a Norman cruciform church built about 1130-1140; north-east angle incorporates what may be remains of 11th-century cell; west tower added in 14th century. Remarkable font, mid-12th century. Fine new East Window (1891). The church, and other places, sells A.C. Canner's The Parish of Tintagel (1982, now re-issued), a snap at £5.00, tells you everything about the whole area and is one of the best local histories ever produced. Church has many other exciting details, including Roman milestone found 1880s at entrance. Excavations in the churchyard (brief guided tour will show where) in 1990-91, sponsored by Mobil North Sea Ltd., a U.K. subsidiary of Mobil Oil, take the story back to the 6th century AD. Highlights included foundations of a smaller and earlier church probably built around 1000 AD.

2. TINTAGEL CASTLE AND ISLAND

This is a state-administered Property in Care, rather like a U.S. National Monument; owned since 1337 by the Duchy of Cornwall, and administered by the agency English Heritage, who have kindly waived the entrance charges for such distinguished visitors (we've already thanked them on your behalf). The remains of the masonry CASTLE are those of a complicated citadel, built 1230-36 by Richard Earl of Cornwall, 2nd son of king John - ambitious youth who failed to become Holy Roman Emperor, but made it as far as being King of the Germans. We enter the LANDWARD WARDS at the very spot seen in the 1130s by Geoffrey of Monmouth, whose History of the Kings of Britain first introduced the notion that 'Arthur' was conceived by trickery within the Island citadel.

The large building on the next headland is King Arthur's Castle Hotel, 1899. Its golden age was 1900-1930; Edward Elgar wrote his 2nd Symphony here, Bax his tone poem Tintagel, Vaughan Williams stayed here as did numerous writers. American feminists, especially American feminist professors of literature, may not know that Mary Ellen Chase stayed there too. Chase (born 1887) taught at Univ. of Missouri, then at Smith, and is an under-valued writer; her fine novel Dawn in Lyonesse (Macmillan, NY, 1938) is a re-play of the Tristan story set at this hotel, which she visited during her Cornwall years, 1934-6.

We descend a lot of steps, cross a bridge, climb more steps, and see the INNER WARD of the Castle on the Island. We'll be touring the Island, because long before Earl Richard's Castle this was a citadel of ancient rulers of south-west Britain - names lost, but the whole King Mark-Tristan-Iseult story seems to have been sited here before the Norman conquest, and was then worked up by Beroul, Gottfried of Strassburg and others. The later Arthurian angle was given real prominence in the 19th century by R.S. Hawker, Tennyson, Swinburne and Thomas Hardy.

When we come down again and exit, past the English Heritage shop (books, postcards, display, etc.) we'll walk up the valley to the village of Tintagel, which has a shaky summer-only economy based mainly on Arthurian tourism - an object lesson in itself.

ENMLED NOTE: Charles Thomas collects Arthur material in BAD TASTE. If you want to get rid of any of yours, or you know where some is, let me know & I'll send it to him.

"NO MORE TWIST" is a trivial pursuits type game originated by Helen Jamison on our 1st trip; we play it last night, & people submit interesting bits of fact, and remarks of trip members, actions, observations, etc. One this year: "Who's spent more time in Shakespeare's Kitchen than Shakespeare?" ANS: Cecil, our driver, who made the remark in said Kitchen. One that cracked me up (after Westminster, Canterbury, Salisbury, Winchester, York, Bath, & assorted ruins) was "Which English cathedral have we NOT seen?"

What to say about this spring's FANTASY TRIP?

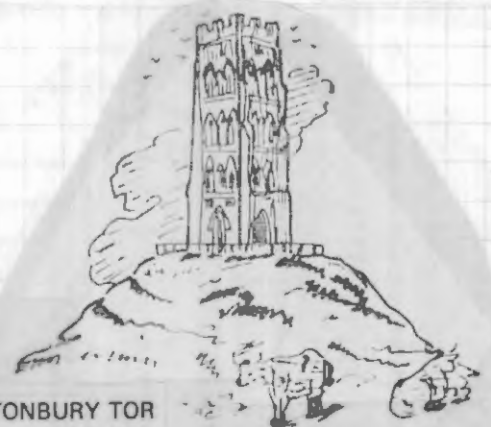
First, it truly WAS fantastic. I have no horror stories to report, nothing you have to go to your mirror in order to read. The head planner/teacher wasn't me, but Helen Kaufmann of Parkland, and she was thoughtful, caring, easy to work with. We made a fine team. And the people on the trip were all good apples. We had a nice age range--rather more early 20's than usual, going up to age 72, and a balance between Parkland, U of I and SSU, with some coming from Kentucky and Virginia. I didn't do as much recruiting this year, though of our 26 people, 10 were corralled by me (or came willingly). (And again, at the end, there were people who would have liked to have come. But 26 and two leaders is really the comfort limit for our kind of trip.) HIGHLIGHTS: Among many, of course--every day had two or three, planned or serendipitous. **TINTAGEL!** Charles Thomas, who has been excavating Tintagel, and his two colleagues (former students?) really knocked themselves out for us, preparing a special booklet of which I've here reproduced the first two pages only (if ENNL Arthur buffs want a copy of the whole thing, let me know), lining up reduced fees or none at all (we were "visiting American medievalists"), and then leading us all over the area, with great energy and enthusiasm, explaining, demonstrating, e.g. having us stand in certain crucial spots so that our bodies limned out a structure, contrary to what former "experts" had decided, etc. ("It's like drawing lines between the dots," Charles Thomas said. "Do it one way, you get the head of Churchill, another way, the map of Venus.")

We had a beginning lecture by him, from the pulpit of the Tintagel parish church of St. Materiana, out on the cliffs, and then a pasty picnic (provided by ENNL reader, semi-cousin Pam Taylor of Perranporth, down the coast) in the church porch till the rain finally let up. Good weather followed for Jackie Nowakowski to explain to us the excavations in the churchyard, which indicate foundations of an earlier church, perhaps 1000 A.D. Then came our scramble all over Tintagel, trying to keep up in thought and pace with Dr. Thomas. One funny highlight was his posing with a sneer on his face for a picture beside a hewn out tunnel with the sign, "USE UNKNOWN"--"The use is clear, and I've told them," he said. "It's a refrigerator: the wind constantly sweeps up the cliff and whistles through the tunnel; look, you can see here where the notches were cut to hold the beams that they'd hang the meat and game on." A highlight for ME was Charles's picking up from the path what appeared to be a stone, which he said was a shard of Roman pottery; he explained what it was doing in that particular place in the ruins--and then gave it to me! telling me to check with his colleague (whose name eludes me here) for particulars. I did, he glanced at it both sides, and (casually) pronounced it made in Turkey in the 5th century, a piece from an amphora. I was impressed--and shall mount it for my office!

CECIL OUR COACH DRIVER FOR FOURTH TIME

There were actually three leaders this trip--for the fourth time we had Cecil White as our coach driver. Cecil has said to me in the past that the most fun he has all year is when our group comes, and I believe him. On other tours, he's treated merely as driver --there's usually a courier who deals directly with the passengers; Cecil has his own room at hotels, often the people are from foreign countries and don't talk English, or he's travelling in France or Spain. After work it's lonely in different cities with no cronies; he goes to the pubs. But with us--he's one of the gang! On our very first trip he balked the first night at sleeping at a youth hostel with alot of other blokes, but by the second night he'd discovered where the action and fun was, and has been an avid hosteler ever since. This year, after his driving all day to get us to Winchester, we discovered him doing dishes downstairs while the rest of us were still loitering over our meal. "Cecil!" we cried. "You've driven all day! You've done your share!" "But not at the hostel," protested Cecil. "I haven't done my turn on dishes lately!" And we couldn't drag him from the dishpan. But where we were a really well oiled team was on picnic duty. I took on picnics as my special realm--we had eight of them--and Cecil and I knew how to spot a super market, grab the carts, split the list, race through the aisles, compare notes as we swung past each other on the corners, arrive at the checkouts together, and get back to the coach by the appointed moment, often racing our carts a block over cobblestones. And when it came to laying out food and serving up, we were just as efficient. And were our picnics yummy! Good English bread and whole wheat sandwich buns ("bams"), four kinds of different English cheeses, from Brie to Stilton to Double Leisces-ter, cold meats, pickled onions, firm little tomatoes about as big as ping pong balls, other veggies and various fruits, English or New Zealand apples (NO Delicious!), Israel or Spanish oranges. Ribena black currant drink, lemon barley water, various squashes, etc. Chocolate biscuits and digestive. (We let people buy their own Pepsi and candy and chips, pardon me, crisps.) And we kept thermoses of hot tea on the coach, and fruit and biscuits for refreshment during the day. Group members were the tea making contingent. . . . At our merry Medieval Banquet at St. Briavel's Castle, Cecil, dressed in velvets, was a splendid Lord Drip-slobber, who with Lady Marjorie meted out harsh punishments, arranged marriages, etc. His serving wenches were Postwiddle and Sniffbottom (see Watership Down chapter "The Fairy Wogdog" for this names-parody on A Midsummer Night's Dream).

Anyway-- Cecil has resigned from long trips; it's not a happy life for relationships, one is never home, and right now his mother needs him. But he's told his boss that there's one long trip he hasn't resigned: that the next time Jackie or Helen or any of their friends lead a trip, he's to be driver. The boss has agreed.



GLASTONBURY TOR

HERE'S LOTS MORE YET ON FANTASY TRIP!

Walt Hooper met with us at **C.S. Lewis's** former home, **The Kilns**, and was his usual gentle, entertaining, courteous self--some of his material I'd heard before, but there were new bits and pieces, and all felt very fresh. We had **Tara McClellan** with us, who works for WSSU, and she recorded Walt, Charles Thomas and Richard Adams--I have yet to hear what pieces she did for broadcasting. I don't imagine she pitched her tapes, we may have some copies available for you. Walt lunched with us afterwards at the Turf. **Richard Adams** met with us graciously, but there has been a sad change since we climbed *Watership Down* with him four years ago--he has aged so much, and lost his ebullience. Isn't writing, and said he may not, again. I fear he is quite ill. Yet he gave us a generous afternoon. The two Shakespeare productions were excellent--we had a backstage talk and tour, after **As You Like It**, at Stratford, and I've never seen a better **Midsummer Night's Dream** than in the open air theater in Regent's Park. I especially liked the attendant fairies who were truly of another genus-- not gossamer and sweet, but scruffy, shrill voiced (except for a lovely bird-like trilling), and feisty. And Bottom had an ass's head that not only looked like him in its compact fatuousness, but could wave its ears, roll its eyes, raise one upper lip or the other or both--not at all Disney, but very realistic and fun. Someone said the actor was doing all the manipulating with his fingers; though concealed behind hoofs one could see them constantly twiddling.

One of the pluses of NOT being the prime planner on this trip was that Helen took us places I'd not taken the Children's Lit tours (nor co-teacher Mary Coffman who shared those trips) such as Stratford, Regent's Park, Tintagel, and Whitby. **Dracula** turned out to be (to me) a surprise hit! I read the book en route (It's one you always figure you've already read) and it's lots better than I expected. Then at Whitby the hostel is a former stables/barn on the cliffs right next to the spectacular ruined abbey and at the top of the 199 steps that Dracula ran up in the form of a dog, when he arrived via shipwreck in England from Transylvania. (With his fifty boxes of earth.) Helen got us guide pamphlets for a Dracula walk, we took it after supper, up and down both sides of Whitby, and with all our contributions, and trying to find the salient spots, and continually meeting black dogs, we were convulsed. (No More Twist question: "How could Mina at night look across from the South Cliff to the North [the space of river and town intervening] and see sleepwalking Lucy swooned on a bench in the churchyard with a black figure bent over her neck?" Answer: "She fortunately had ten pence for the telescope.") Serendipitous event: We stayed again at the Maypool hostel, next door (but for a woods and pasture) to Agatha Christie's former home. Last year we had a garden tour by Mrs. Hicks, Christie's daughter. This year I volunteered to give anyone a distant view of

the house. About 15 of us set out after supper with me bringing up the rear, slowed down by my bad foot, and we saw the house, and spotted a figure on the gate across the pasture. I called for us to turn back since we weren't invited, but **Virginia Witucke**, from Virginia, boldly strode ahead amidst the cow pies, talked to the figure, and waved for us all to come on. We did, it was the head gardener and his bewitching son Ian, and they gave us a tour of that 38 acre garden that left last year's in the dust, (and me badly limping!) esp. since we got the gardener's view of everything, what he'd like to see done, how limited was his staff, where were the successful bits, where he was not in agreement with Mrs. Hicks, etc. We finished at his cottage, met the rest of the family, **Rosie Roach** told Ian she'd send him a Lincoln T shirt from Springfield. Ian was pleased, but asked couldn't he have a Michael Jordan one instead? Rosie agreed. As we straggled across the pasture in dusk too thick to distinguish the cow pies, Ian raced after us with a fist full of money. "Please," he told Rosie, "my sister and brother want Michael Jordan T shirts, too!" Rosie waved aside the money and promised to send three! (She found and sent 'em, but they turned out to be expensive, she told me!)

MORE HIGHLIGHTS: Having **Wordsworth's granddaughter** (or gr-gr?) read his poetry to us as we drank wine and ate biscuits in the living room of Rydal Mount, while outside a thunder storm raged and flashed ***A picnic on deck at **Lake Windemere** and a sunny cruise ***Going to Bampton in the Cotswolds our second night, where a local (i.e., non tourist) **morris dancing festival** was going on, and seeing many different groups dancing before the pubs, including our own dear group from Wantage led by **Joe Marns**, that we danced with last year at the Ridgeway. Their costumes with elaborate and varied wyverns on their vest backs were by far our favorites ***The **Canterbury Cathedral tour** and then sung **Evensong**, sitting right up beside the choristers *****Helen's professor friend** at Canterbury giving us a fun-filled **lecture on poetry** (not an oxymoron!) at the hostel our last night on the road *****Smoked haddock for breakfast** at the Maypool hostel, and seeing our warden friends **the Rows** again *****Glastonbury Abbey**, Tor and Chalice Garden ***The **Ghost Walk** on deserted streets and alleys near St. Pauls ***and more, and more, and more!



TRIP NOT ENTIRELY WITHOUT GLITCHES

--We did have 2 jackets stolen when a careless coach driver left the door unlocked & went for coffee while we were at the Tower. We did wait at Heathrow for a long time for that same coach driver to decide to come and find us. We did get booked into a hostel in Devon where there were NO coach access (and not a place you'd care to take a car!) We managed to hire Cyril, a cab driver in the village of Nether Stowey (where Southly lived once) & he ported in our luggage while most walked, & then he ferried us out again next A.M. But the food was good, & the warden told us that Stonehenge's stones had been secretly replaced by fiberglass facsimiles, & the real stones hidden underground somewhere, to preserve them. Hence the present fence; so people won't realize. Oh, we also had one bad cold that several got -- but not most.

A NOTE TO ENNL READERS WHO'VE GONE OTHER YEARS

I enjoyed this trip. A very large part of my enjoyment was having Rose Corgan along, who's gone on three of these four trips, and is a person I cherish deeply. I loved working with Helen Kaufmann, an old friend, and getting to know her family. Rosie Roach has been a friend for many years, and I enjoyed being with her in this new setting. All the other people were new, and I enjoyed getting to know them. But I realize that for me a major factor in the other three trips was the fairly large proportion each time of old, dear friends who went along--the joy of having them with me, and (in cases where they hadn't) of their meeting each other. The first year it was June Park, Rose Corgan, Carol Corgan, Katie Waters, Ann Lindvahl, Helen Jamison, LaVerne Smith, Frankie Harris (and some other students I knew); the next was Jan Grimes, Sara Cwoner, Shirley Ray Redmond, Mimi Baldwin, my father, Elizabeth Weir, Becky Stokes, Bonnie Shepherd, and more students. Last year it was Mimi again, Rose, Carol, Jim and Wes Corgan, Annabelle Dirks, Dorothy and Bill Hathaway, Betsy Irwin, my sister Jo Schmidt, Pat Boyce, Marcia Salner. On each trip I've enjoyed getting to know the new people, and many have become good friends, like Marianne Cochrane--but having such a core of previous friends gave the trips more personal depth, more involvement to my sharing, and resulted in a kind of creative tension and headiness for me--so I was especially glad that Rose was with me this year. I do thank all of you who've gone. I don't know if I'll lead or accompany another trip or not (Betsy and I are talking about it! and Rosie Roach says she's singing our trip's praises around school!) but these four trips have been a pretty meaningful effort and part of my life. Just want the above list to know you were missed--(and, did I miss any names that should be here? My records are all in Springfield, and I'm in Vermont.)

SOME YET UNMENTIONED SPECIAL TIMES

-- Going to Kensington Palace with Helen & Andrew Kaufmann & having tea, scones, clotted cream & jam.
 -- ON THE WAY TO O'HARE, the Springfield contingent stopped at Becky & Jerry Veach's, in Wheaton, and they had a veritable FEAST for us! Cheeses & crackers, strawberries & a delicious fruit dip, chocolate chip homemade cookies. A wonderful send-off!! [AT THE "ORANGERIE"]
 -- After the trip, in the time I stayed on in England, Cecil (an coach driver & special friend) fetched me from Maggie D's in Oxford, & took me to his little Cotswold village of Marsh Gibbon, not far away. We toured the town, which didn't take long--saw his former home(s) had a cup of tea with his mother, & then went to a fete put on by the cub scouts - a PIG ROAST! with other goodies, various games of chance the cub had devised, AND, a Morris dancing troop! For their last act, they asked for group participation, so I came forward & Morris danced! I had a lovely time with Cecil, and his village is beautiful, golden, and hasn't been discovered by the tourists. Thank you, Cecil! (We've all told Cecil when he comes to the U.S. we'll pass him from family to family - OK, everybody? I said we'd rent a bus & take a cross country tour w/ him driving, but he gave his staccato laugh-yelp to that! Another characteristic feature of Cecil: He says cheerfully, for setbacks we're of great, "Oh well... nevermind!"

And After the Ball Was Over:

JJ stayed on another week in England! Actually I was ready to go home with the rest, with my sore foot & things to do in Spk W, but this year our tickets allowed us to come home whenever we liked, so I contracted to stay one more week. And I'm glad I did -- otherwise I wouldn't have played several mean games of Scrabble in Cornwall with Lavinie, or looked at several hundred varieties of wild flower with Pam, most of them smaller than my little fingernails; or got lost on the cliffs around Kynance Cove with Pam, (and the old foot held up under grueling punishment!) I wouldn't have spent good days with Hugh & Jess & Sue & Michael in Dorset--enjoyed the talks & the walks with the dog, (with Sue & Jess), the telly, the good food we always have, and the Dorset gringers! Nor had some good days with Maggie Dewerey, got trounced in Scrabble, had bikes, went to church, admired all her art-work. And gone w/ Cecil to his village! (see below.) I was sorry I didn't get back into London to see Jane Jackson & Anna Davis, but one week turned out to be not long enough!

ONE HELEN TELLS ON ME

"Jackie was the last one in the Wordsworth Museum at Dove Cottage. I realized we were running late, and there was no way we could catch our cruise boat on Lake Windermere at the appointed time. I rushed to find Jackie & tell her, found her at an exhibit with ear-phones on, told her the upsetting news. She listened attentively, then placed the ear-phones on my head & said 'Have you heard the Aeolian harp?'"

HONEYMOONERS ON TRIP

It's no ordinary bride who'd go on her honeymoon with her mother, father, brother, and 23 other people, many of them strangers, staying in sex-segregated hostels, but Felice Kaufmann isn't ordinary, nor is Harry, her husband (who'd have had his 1st cousin along if Betsy Irwin had been able to come!). There is a vegetarian hotel in the woods above Thorny How Hostel, and 23 yr old Derek Ross, ever mindful of his future, wandered in and priced the honeymoon suite. "80 pounds," they said, "but we have a cancellation for tonight and you can have it for 15." "I'll take it," said Derek, and hurried back to told Harry & Felice, who were only too pleased to go enjoy a jacuzzi double bed-- ALONE!

200th Anniversary of Mary Wollstonecraft's Vindication of the Rights of Woman

London. I didn't get to see Anna Davin while I was in England, but I may have seen the top of her head. When we talked on the phone, she told me there was a big celebration that night, for the above event, & actors were going to read from her works. It was our last night in London, & our group had a ghost walk scheduled, but the time of the Anniversary was 7 pm, our walk at 8:30, & only one tube stop away. So I hied myself down to Conway Hall on Red Lion Square, trying to get there early as Anna had recommended. Arrived just before 7, MOBS of women, & some men, were streaming into an already packed hall. I think my white hair & lumpy foot got me a 1st row balcony seat, & I searched the galleries & then the floor for Anna, but never saw her. The place was packed; all standing room filled, all stairs sat upon. And then, what a moving, thrilling reading! Moving from voice to voice, both women & men on stage, reading from her letter & her published works, & some responses, observations by William Godwin. The first half more or less followed the course of her life, and ended with her death, of septicaemia, 10 days after the birth of her daughter, the future Mary Shelley. At that point I fought my way through the crowds and got to the ghost walk just in time. Anna tells me that the 2nd half was even better & more moving. What I hope to do is to get the script; we should be able to put it on at SSU. It should be heard all over the world!



Q: In England, what phrase is synonymous with "WAY OUT"? A: "GIFT SHOP". Q: How many gift shops do you have to go through to get out of Anne Hathaway's cottage? Answer: Five.

PICNIC BRINGERS: We haven't yet said that Maggie Devereux of Oxford bought and brought our FIRST picnic to us, meeting us on top of White Horse Hill on the Ridge Way. She organized four "eating groups" and later gave us readings abt the White Horse; it's possible origins, & a personal essay on its effect on her in different seasons. Thank you, Maggie! We have said that Pam Taylor delivered pasties to Tintagel: made in Perranporth by the butcher's wife. TWO batches: one we ate in the church porch, on the Tintagel cliffs; the other was "for the road" (we weren't going to have time to shop that next day.) We ate 2nd batch at Stonehenge! TY, Pam!

PROF ENLIGHTENS US ON ECHOIC H-PAIRS

At the Medieval Banquet at St. Briavel's Castle, not only did we have a jester, Tara McClellan, who juggled and provided us with other foolery, but we had a learned don from a leading university, Milo Kaufmann, who at Lord Dripslobber's request gave us a lecture on his life's researches into "echoic h-pairs," those curious English combinations that begin with "h", rhyme, and generally indicate off-balance, or not-quite-nice or right. Most famous is Humpty-Dumpty, but there's definitely Henny-Penny. (Where does that leave Goosey-Loosey?) Other examples:

The Professor rejected our suggestion of "hurdy gurdy" as not being enough on the dark side, while "hocus pocus" fits the definition, yet is thought to come from the Latin at the center of the Mass: "Hic est corpus" (but could have evolved following the pattern --or set the pattern?) We thought of an F-pair: flibberty-gibberty, and a W-, willy nilly, (wishy washy rejected as non rhyme) but the Professor was only interested in H's, such a hotshot has he become at knowing more and more about less and less. Hotsy totsy research, eh? Does it give you the heebie-jeebies?

Hickety-pickety Dorset Jess Parkius regularly quotes her mother, Sophie Gillingham, b.1877. Remember Higgedy-piggedy "Ketchup is an insult to the cook," and "Men are a necessary nuisance." ("They aren't made like us.")? New to me this year: "You can't be upside with it all!"

- Harum-scarum
- Herky-jerky
- Humdrum
- Hobnob
- Hotch-potch
- Hodge-podge
- Hanky-panky
- Hurly burly
- Hokey pokey
- Hurry scurry

