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May 1990

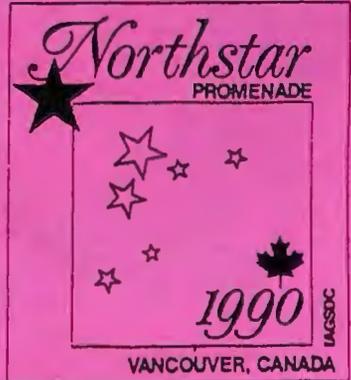
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CRIN·O·LINES

A Convention Report

by Miss Wella Balsam

Honky Tonk Princess Royale



© Bill Houghton 1990

Dedication

They've been my little ole home club now for these past six years, and I can only add to what y'all have already mentioned numerous times, is that SQUARES ACROSS THE BORDER is a mighty fine club, that anyone would be darned proud to be a member of! Everyone, from the NORTH STAR PROMENADE committee people, to the members' widows put on a really high-falutin' spectacle durin' Easter weekend, so darlins', this first dedication goes out to all of YOU!!!

Two members of the SQUARES I particularly want to make a dedication to, is them fine announcin' team of JUDY MCGUIRE & LAURO DE HAAN. Nowhere has I seen two people get more places in record time, get their notes and messages out to the crowd, and still find time to dance a touch! Why, they even found tidges of minutes here and there to dance a touch! clothes, though one did get a teensy confused as to who was in the pants, who was in the dress, and vicey-vercy!!! But as Judy cried out her war-whoop, "LET'S DANCE," everyone did, and we owe alot to these two fine folks fer keepin' us in our place, and in the right rooms, too!

And finally, a word need be mentioned here about our "Queen" y'all had the pleasure of fallin' outa yore seats over, durin' her dinner 'speech!' BILL MONROE has been doin' his 'thing' as it were fer a number of years now, always puttin' energy in here and there for a number of causes, particularly the PWA COALITION. An' I jest can't remember a time when someone spent soooo long at one table, doin' autographin' and bein' real friendly-like to all who passed by - all for a good cause. He's a real trouser, and he does a real mean 'wave' to the crowd, too! Bless, ye, darlin'!

*Karl, hon
Congrats again on a wonderful job
you've done for the PWA
I'll be sure to see you again
for a good cause. He's a real trouser, and he does a real mean 'wave' to the crowd, too! Bless, ye, darlin'!*

Forward

I gotta tell ya hon - had absolutely no problems in puttin' this little report together! All it took, was a nice light pizza & salad at a local restaurant on Easter Monday ta calm m'self down from all that high-energy before, and PRESTO! Instant report!!!

Now I did think I'd have a wee 'bias' er two, considerin' that this was my hometown, and my home club was puttin' this shindig on. (by the way, ain't a 'bias' got somethin' er other ta do with blouses? jest askin') But y'all did enough gushin' and praisin' fer NORTH STAR to set my mind at rest real fast-like, an' make this ole gal real proud ta put this report together! It seemed like by the time Sunday evenin' was rollin' around, the moment any of y'all came smilin' up my way, an' looked like y'all was comin' down with a happiness-fit, I jest seen through that, smiled back, and said, "yer welcome!" It felt that easy ta do.

So while I'm still tryin' ta figure out why that Hotel Vancouver added a "drag clause" in the contract agreement, and why Mike De Sisto an' Johnny Preston wanted two hours er so, by themselves, fer no apparent reason, y'all jest go through the rest of this report, an' have a real good time rememberin', alright hon? Crinoline line, needs a touch of straightenin' anyway....An' then it's on to MIAMI!!!

XX Wella



The 'Report'



Here, there an' everywhere! That seems to sum up all the activity, energy, and jest plain fun that was goin' on all through NORTH STAR PROMENADE. I mean, them clubs were so darned hungry fer some north-of-the-border hospitality, that I really think by the end of the convention, we nearly had a hundred or so immigrante right there, wantin' application forms immediately!!!

An' that above phrase seemed to easily describe the travellin' line that everythin' seemed to take. Fer a few examples, we had the Grand March startin' in the Pacific Ballroom, headin' across a hallway, right through the Vancouver Island Room, and into the Columbia an' British Rooms, which when combined spelled out somethin' I still cain't get right! An the leather tip took some hunks in hides from the sizzlin' (literally, hon!) Social Suite, down a floor, and into the Pacific Ballroom. An' then there's that Easter Egg Hunt, which had five of us (out of over 800 people attendin' - and smartly sleepin' in, too) fools huntin' everywhere that floorin', furniture, and lamps could hold an egg! All in all, I think we all got ta know the layout of the place real good by the end of convention!

The callers (Ray Brandzy, Mike De Sisto, Steve Edlund, Harlan Kerr, Johnny Preston, Dave Stevens, Arne & Joe Uebelacker, Larry Ward) were "hot" as ever, there was a "hot" three evenin's of live music from Ted Scott & His Radio Wranglers fer our non-square dancin' pleasure, an' we ended the Sunday Fun Badge Tour with a "hot" reunion with non-tourers at Robson Square ta show the rest of the town what we can do!

Karl Jaekel was deservedly bestowed the Golden Boot Award (now 'shrunk' down to watch-size by dear Freeman Stamper, last year's recipient), and the creator of the new convention flag, Myron from the SQUARES, who are lovingly handed the flag over to the South Florida Mustangs, who are gonna put on next year's shindig fer us all.

We had more people comin' to town than we had information packets ta keep 'em all informed! Ran outa programs, envelopes, maps, condoms, y'all name it, we was runnin' out real fast! But we did our best ta keep the non-informed, real informed, and I think it paid off real good, y'know?

Coffee stayed hot an' ran out real fast; the showerin' water never got hot an' ran out too fast; and that Social Suite just stayed hot! Last year's convention it was a bus - this year it was THAT ROOM. But we were determined to have a good time, and agin, it all seemed to pay off

And in an' around all of the above, we danced, danced, and danced some more! Took workshops, socialized (alot, hon), gabbed and-gaped, grabbed an' missed, kissed and hugged, partied and partied, etc. An' I thought I was gettin' some rest out of this weekend!

So while I never did find out how ta get to that dang swimmin pool at the hotel, I had a real fine time findin' diversions ta change my mind from goin' swimmin' at all! An' y'all will find most of them diversions located in the rest of this report. So read on, wonder how an' why, an' I'll go check how my dresses did between bein' pressed and squished between buttons, flyers - and lovely memories, okay?

The Hotel

Canadian Pacific Hotels & Resorts
Hotel Vancouver

What can y'all say about a hotel that has elevators that act like they're holdin' a buckin' bronco at the rodeo??? My word, seemed like every time we landed at a certain floor in the Hotel Vancouver, that they wanted to "jump-start" us all to the floor above! It was a little scary, but it only made this dear old buildin' a little more 'unique' to this convention.

The Hotel Vancouver is jest over 50 years old now, and judgin' by the way that some things worked around the place (see above, hon), I tend to think that "beauty" was definitely comin' before "age!" Y'see I think they overlooked a few things here and there, when the old place needed a little updatin' - like telephone wirin'. Y'all ever noticed (unless it was jest my phone, hon), that when y'all were before it set call from room-to-room, ya never got to the last number we go through in on ringin'? An' plumbin' - seems every convention we go through the little problem of "no hot water available," at certain times of the day. Well, darlin', I kept runnin' into this "little problem" all day! My sweat during dancin' was gettin' me more washed down than any showerin' faucet could or would do!

But the beds was nice an' comfy, the mini-bar an' snak basket looked invitin' (I did look at that card before tearin' into everything, hon), and the ice machines kept jinglin' and distributin' cold cubes into whatever libations we all bought after lookin' at the mini-bar price list!

An' speakin of coffee! Ever notice how it all seemed to run out between the hours of 8:30 & 9 in the mornin'? Cream, too, darlin'. Maybe it was that person who carried his thermos around and down between floors (3-10 in particular) gettin' his 'refills' where he could? Not sure. But it did disappear from the elevator foyées real fast! (I knew I'd get some French-talk in somewheres!).

Dancin' rooms were pretty easy to find on the convention level. And after a spell, we all discovered that not-so-secret passage-way to that aforementioned 'room-from-heck' called the Social Suite! So it was all a matter of checkin' it out fer ourselves, ignorin the maps, and getting ta know the Hotel Vancouver in our own special ways.

Vancouver, BC



Well, since this has always been my report on the city we were visitin' fer convention, I ain't gonna tell y'all too much about my own home town, except I love it very dearly. It's full of buildin's, trees, mountains, apartment overload, trees, crazy drivers, crazy sidewalk people, and trees!

In short, it's like any medium-sized American town, but with a 'slight accent', y'all know what I mean, hon? An' most of the folks in this place is real friendly-like, too. Y'all remember that Trail-In Dance we had on the Thursday of convention? Brought out quite a passel of our friendly folks out that evenin'! An' y'all responded in kind real nice.

So we're like all of you down there. Real friendly, real fashion-sensible - an' real HOT!!! So y'all come back real soon when y'all can, okay now?? Everything won't change toooo much by then -

The Clubs



We got pinned by the Toronto Triangle Squares fer their up-comin' June fly-in, we oohed and aaahed at them Copper City Squares lovely copper namebadges, and there was booths to the right'a us (South Florida Mustangs) and booths to the left'a us (Albuquerque's Wilde Bunch) as we headed down that hotel hallway! The square dance clubs were in fine form, and doin' whatever was possible (short o' personal invites on the spot!) ta gets yore attention fer whatever function they was plannin' fer the future.

A new club in Portland made it's debut, Heads To The Center, with a lovely-lookin' t-shirt design, that probably was stopped short of lightin' up with revolvin' neon watchamacallits blinkin' on an' off! And that old favorite, the New York Times Squares seemed to be matchin' the hostin' club, Squares Across The Border, in numbers of folks it brought over fer the weekend! And in them basic-back shirts agin, too. Jest Lovely kids -

Besides their interestin' pins, Copper City came up with a grand finishin' t-shirt, ta say 'thankyew' to the Squares, an' ta urge us all on to head on down to Miami an' next year's convention. Truly inspirin' design it was.

An' while The Wilde Bunch was jest startin' ta cover bases on informin' us about it's 1992 ideas for dancin' and twirlin' in New Mexico, the Mustangs (South Florida, hon) was all over us, plitchin' and givin' new meanin' ta them words, "production values!" Darlin', they kept changin' the interior design of their convention booth faster 'n I change my mind - which can be quite often, bein' as I am known ta do!

So we all had lots ta catch up on with each other, for each other, about each other, and to each other! Now, that's the club spirit! Yay team!

New Calls & Tips



The new calls seemed to outnumber the tips by a long-shot this convention (though I wouldn't bet on it - I am a simple girl!). So we'll get right into it, and try to sort through it all -

THE CALLS:

MEN'S CHORUS CALL - Such a grand number of good lookin' gentlemen, all singin' the same square dance call! Got kinda scary in a few parts here and there, but after that other call in the Grand March (See below, hon), we figured anythin' was worth tryin'! But they was good and somethin' special ta hear.

TED SCOTT & HIS RADIO WRANGLERS - they called up some of the finest dancin' music I'd not heard in a skirt's age! Made endin' the evenin's activities alot more 'active!' Good pickin', boys!

"LET'S DANCE!" - always called, anywhere y'all found Judy McGuire! She was so nice, ta get us all goin' into it all.

"CUT, DEVIDE, SPLIT & BREAK UP THE LINES"

- done durin' the Grand March, when the 'directors' of the March seemed to be too far away from each other to know which direction the other was pointin'! Oh heck, it all worked out in the end, and we all 'spliced' back together for a Grand Finale, nearly scarin' the Men's Chorus offa that front platform!

and...

CALLS FOR WATER
CALLS FOR COFFEE
CALLS FOR AIR-CONDITIONIN' !!!

THE TIPS:

FLOOR TIP - or "floor trip" I should correct m'self in statin'. Seemed all them clubs couldn't wait ta get into that Grand March, an' we nearly lost a couple of convention-goers from the way they 'flew' through the Vancouver Island Room, due to a raised edge on a certain wood floor!

LEATHER TIP - well, they did it again this year. Put on the cow, and strut their stuff in Mainstream and Plus dancin'! Though at the beginnin', it looked like the Social Suite was gonna win out temperature-wise over the "hot" hide-covered bodies that rocked the floor above convention! But as quick as one could scream 'sweat', they were all down in the Pacific Ballroom, sashayin' plus-style, an' comparin' chain-links to the numbers of rings in their, well, y'all know what I'm meanin' (I hope).



THE NUDE TIP - well, sorry to report, nothing showed up, so nothing happened I guess. Hm... does that mean that the tip actually did materialize?? This is startin' ta get very confusin'! Oh well, nothing harmed I s'pose - I think ..

HONKY TONK QUEEN CONTEST

Well, let it be said (an' I will say it darlin'!), that I never saw a floor more well-used durin' a Honky Tonk Queen Contest, as this year's was! I skated across it, Gladys Rough from Seattle was 'dragged' across it (not that kind, hon), one Bessie Mae Gucho 'sort-of' shimmed around it, the "blind square dance" all them lovely (sic) contestants did nearly did it in, and yours truly an' Sybil Presley, Tami Wynotte and Virginia Hamm simply do-wopped their way back an' forth on it, backin' up Pam Demoanium's little shownum. Not too shabby a use for what looked like 15' x 20' o' space ta move around in!!!

And, oh yes, the contest - it did happen, darlin'. Or rather, everyone happened to it! Not as large a number of entries as last year's onslaught (more French?), but just as effective - or effected - or is that affected? Well, they was all jest too, too, TOO!!!

There were those questions, and those answers, and, um, did I mention THAT TITLE??? No? Well, you know what I'm talkin' about, hon. Anyway, it's on the cover of this report, so I'll jest thank darlin' Tami in my own way next year in Miami, alright hon? No really, hon, I am very honored to receive a title that I know I'm gonna have trouble livin' up to!!! But I will try - trust me!

Fashion in the ccontest will be covered in it's proper section, and just briefly (thankyou Vogue patterns!), but I did want to mention what I had heard about what might make a fashionable appearance, but never got to be.

Yours truly heard from reliable sources, that Ms. Juana Feel Good was going to expose her talent in a "double salute" to Canada, but alas, got grounded before her flags could fly! And I did hear mention of an elephant's head making a 'brief' appearance - complete with trunk? - but again, y'all couldn't locate it fer all that 'jungle' of beauty out there!

So we had to settle for intelligence, beauty, and talent, without any of them candidates movin' around too much (eliminatin' at least one category), except at times with some of them equally-lovely escorts (male or female), some of the audience was gettin' mighty 'moved' by it all! Had ta stand themselves upright at times, I noticed. Musta been that floor gettin' too hard er somethin'.

MEMORIES...

Northstar PROMENAD



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VANCOUVER, CANADA

SQUARES ACROSS THE BORDER

Wheel and Deal in Albuquerque
October 12-14, 1990



The Great Chicago
CROSSFIRE
September 7, 8, 9, 1990

GOLDEN
STATE
SQUARES

SQUARES
ACROSS THE BORDER

VANCOUVER, B.C.
WELLA BALSAM

FIRST LADY - 1990

SQUARES
DANCER
please do not
disturb

TO WELLA LOVE,
WITH L.L.A.
CRICKET HARLAND

O CANADA!

Callie Love

MT. Rex Le Lachet

HA-TIVE LAND

GLOW-ING

FAP ANN WIDE OH

GOD KEEP OUR LAND GLO-RIOUS

FOR

fly-in Registration form on other

Chesapeake
Squares

WELLA
BALSAM
loves y'all!

and welcome
to Vancouver,
dustin!!!

Wella
Saying Here Tonight!

Wella
SOUTH FLORIDA 1991

CAST A SHADOW IN THE SUN
AND A SHADOW IN THE SUN



Bud
COUNTRY
MUSIC

WELLA
BALSAM
loves y'all!
Vancouver '90

TED SCOTT



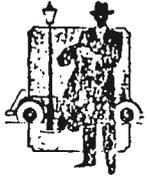
RADIO
WRANGLERS

WILDE
BUNCH



An' it got narrowed down (very quickly, thankyou Joe, Anne & Mikel), and there in all her glory, and crinolines, and eyelashes, and hair, and beard she stood, Miss Honky Tonk queen 1990.
The Chicago Chi-Town She-Devil / Miss Layona Davenport!!!

Truly an elegantly attired, TALL beauty, who I'm shure will have no trouble at all balancin' that dall-gurned crown we still hav ta lug around from year ta year! Oh yes, hon, she'll do real fine with that thing. S another year, another beauty to carry the boot! An' next year in Miami, someone suggested somethin' er other about swimsuits???? We'll see, hon...



Fashion & Beauty



Fashion this year warn't so much how much glitz y'all could put on yerself, but how you did the whole operation. An' sometimes, the operation went very smooth-like, and sometimes, well, darlin', I woulda called fer a second opinion before the first 'stitch' had been done! But convention is like that, sometimes a hit, sometimes a miss, sometimes totally run over!!!

Rod from Western Star was all over the buidlin' (besides everyone in the buidlin') sportin' an' sellin' his quick-tye/ties! An' though he informed me he hadn't had time to 'whip' somethin' new up this year for convention, I musta missed what he was aimin' at the first time, cause he was as dazzlin' as always, especially durin' the last hour of the weekend. Lord, I was lookin' around fer an extension cord, jest ta see if his outfit lit up at all! Too much, hon.

The Rainbellees from Denver sported appropos Easter bonnets everywhere on their bods but in their hands, but well-secured on I was informed. An' Bunny Attire seemed to explode like the ninth month of them things when Sunday rolled around! An' our own dear Christine proved, that a president of a club is never too proud to hop around, look cute, an' get sweaty inside fur!!! Y'all were jest precious, hon.

Black armbands fer the widows became 'fashionable,' Bessie Mae Gucho's dress durin' the Honky Tonk Contest became "three-tiered," (but I didn't cry at all, hon, jest looked the other way!), the Nude Tip - which I supposed was gonna be "minimalist fashion - never materialized (I jest love that joke!), an' Janie Jo Bradley from the Bradley Famile sported what I dearly hope will be a new trend - colorization of a cast in a bad situation!!! Hers was all purple, with a myriad of pinks and Greens, barber-poling it all around and around! So Easter, girlfriend!

An' I bet y'all never thought I could come up with a word like that - purple, I mean hon! Jest goes ta show ya - where fashion screams, I listen and reply, usually getting hoarse from the result!!!

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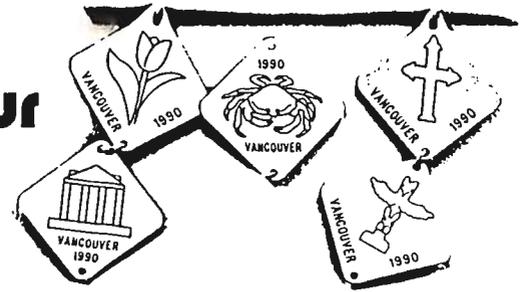
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HOPE YOU HAVE A GRAND AND GLORIOUS TIME IN VANCOUVER.
WE MISS EACH AND EVERYONE, SEE YOU IN 1991!

Fun Badge Tour



Well, someone in hisorher right mind finally put that tour in it's proper time-zone!!! Only I had the craziness to still get up very early, and crawl around for - oh well, that's another section, hon!

MOM - BUNI - SYBIL - PAM - TAMI - 1990 / Strange names fer busses ta wheel us all around the town fer a dance er two, but then we weren't exactly goin' ta church that day neither! So we paraded through the hotel lobby (or hopped, or chanted, or cheered, dependin' on which bus y'all actually was on!), and hit them Vancouver streets fer some serious sightseein', dancin' and general traffic-stoppin'...

Or in the first stop, the traffic stopped us! Down to a crawl. Actually slowed us down so much, we could count the number of branches on each and every tree in Stanley Park! But we got to them totemy poles, plugged in the sound, got monaural, re-plugged the sound, slammed into stereo, danced, re-boarded, and left the first stop as some nice policeman was givin' out autographed pieces of paper to them auto-owners that were parked very close to our site. Very friendly, these Vancouver folk are, hon!

At Vanier Park, we saw a BIGGG crab made outa tin cans, and danced on a tilt, nearly rolin' into the parkin' lot. The lid on that planetary um woulda made some swell lampshade I thought. Very pretty thing.

Right beside Regent College at their University site, dear Rich (is he, girls?), thin Rich, TALL Rich and yours truly tripped the fountain fantastic in the middle of all them squares. An' thank the Lord that no one found the "on" switch to turn that thing on, under our dancin'!

The Bloedel Conversatory looks like some gigantic cake cover, with alot of flat stuff all 'round! Lovely view of Vancouver, though. When y'all could see it, through all of them other tourists there, who when they weren't takin' pictures of us were 'jammin' the edge of the viewin' places takin' picture of it - the city, I mean.

' because of that afore-mentioned traffic 'problem' we had in the Park, we couldn't see the world's biggest set o' boatin' sails I was informed. Had ta pass that one up, jest to make up a tidge of time. But we did end it all at Robson Square, which is sort-of a small sunken street-thing that coulda been fer skatin' er somethin'. But the rest of the convention dancers joined us there (was mnlly a spit from the hotel), and we danced, and danced some more till we had to go back and try to get hot showerin' water again!

At this time, I must mention all them lovely folks who 'guided' us through this whirlwind tour of the town. Lovely outfits kids. And hair! An' I thought it was real peachy of them busses ta have TeeVee's right where ya'll can see them, though I'm not sure fer what! We was all too busy lookin' outa them busses at the sights, though I did hear that Tami's bus had two er three sightseers that weren't lookin' too much outside! Seems they had their own little "fly-in" at the back of the vehicle. Don't know too much more - but I may give Portland a call one day, and ask if any of our Vancouver Widows really do know how to say 'hello' in more than two or three phrases? mmmmm? Jest a thought.....



Final Call

You loved us -
We loved you -

And y'all are welcome anytime y'all gets the notion ta call on us again real soon!

We knew we could do it - an' we can do it all again next year. So whaddya say kids?????

WE WANNA GO TO MIAAAAAM!!!!

Hot or cold, and y'all are never too old ta square up!



5-4-3-2-1...THANKYOU!

NORTH STAR PROMENADE CONVENTION COMMITTEE

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Recording Secretary:	Bill Bader
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Volunteers:	Tom Cox
Fun Badge Tour:	Lauro De Haan. Ed Woch

Special thanks to:
Denys Carrier, Gord Harding,
Doug Stimson, John Ashley-Pryce,
Dennis Tessier, Chris Duclos,
Gary Jacks, Darcey Fiddler,
Judy McGuire, Klaus Kohlmeyer
and all the members of
Squares Across The Border.

to my roomies, David & Tim, fer lettin' me turn our lovely room into a fashionable war-zone!!!

to Finesse fer maglokal goings-on with that hair of mine! An' Tami's too!

to Tami, Sybil, Pam, Virginia, Anne & Joe, Mike & Johnny & Bessie Mae, dear Harlan, an' all them lovelies in the Hoky Tonk Contest. Lordy, how 'm constantly amazed how it goes every year! We did good, kids!

to Bill & Michael (Sacramento), Glen, Bob & Ken (Florida), Cricket & Harland (Texas), and Ed (New York) fer sparklin' conversation, an' equally sparklin' souvenirs of my convention weekend! Super, darlin's!

to that wonderful soundman, Dick, and all them callers, y'all were great!

to all of you who said 'thankyou' to us, we say 'thankyou' to you, too!!!



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CAST A SHADOW IN THE SUN

See y'all in Miami '91!

We're just about ready for the....



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Heard throughout NORTHSTAR PROMENADE!

"IMAFANOFANNE"

- Uebelacker Groupie t-shirt.

"No more COFFEE?"

- 8:30-9 am 3rd-10th floor
Hotel Vancouver Hotel Foyers

**'LET'S
DANCE!'**

- J. McGuire

"the Room From Hell"

- Mainstream Social Suite

**"SHURE... ~~CE~~?... Left & Right...
I like bushes.....FARTS!"**

- 1990 Honky Tonk Queen Contest