

June 1988

CRIN·O·LINES

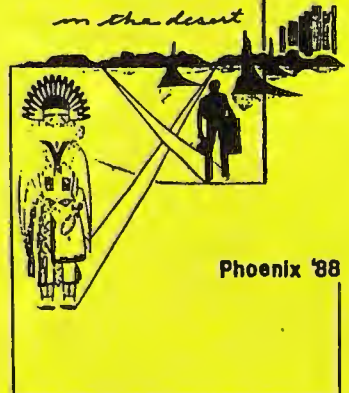
A Convention Report

by Miss Wella Balsam

MAY 19-22, 1988

CROSS TRAILS

in the desert



Phoenix '88

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Dedication

This year's report is bein' dedicated to a number of folks who deserve more than just a mention and a half. One dedication in mind is goin' out to the Desert Valley Squares and The Sunburst Squares of Phoenix, Arizona fer puttin' this shindig on. Havin' been to two of these things now, I can well appreciate the workload and craziness these folks have to put themselves through to get the job done! Y'all did yerselves proud, kids, and we're all grateful y'all took on the load this year. Kisses and hugs to everyone all 'round....

Another group of folks I want to mention right here, is that crowd of men that puts themselves through utter nonsense in order to try and become a Honky Tonk Queen! The title will never get you through a line at a "fashionable" place to chow down in, or get y'all two good seats at the cinema, but it's a fun way to be a part of Convention. And fer this, we all have Gary Way, the first Honky Tonk Queen - Seattle, Washington. to thank and remember. Gary isn't with us all in physical body no more, but if the 1988 contest is any sign, his spirit is bein' remembered just fine 'n dandy! Gary loved to have fun at events, like a barn goin' a blaze, and with all this year's contestants, the judges, the audience, and especially Sybil Presley doin' fabulous duties as hostess, he will be loved an' remembered as long as we remember that the key word to this whole shindig is F-U-N...

Foreward

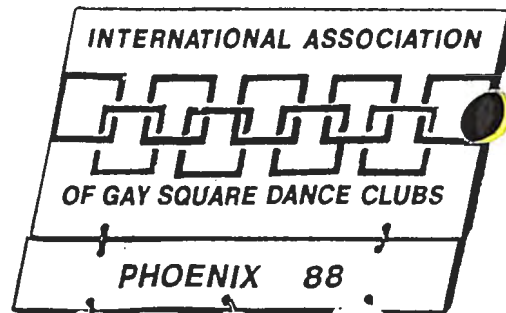
If y'all are a virgin CRIN-O-LINer this year, then 'HOWDY!' If y'all are readin' through this fer a second year now, then "Here we go agin!"

This year's report may seem chunk full of stuff to read over an' drop yer jaw at - but by the near end of Convention it looked like the thing may never have seen the light of paper at all! This was due, in part, to a lack of information (& gossip) I was able to 'collect.' And that I think, was the result of how our lodgins' were set up. Darlin', I would have needed a lear jet to race around to get what I needed to give to y'all! That's how bad things were...but luckily I managed to 'mention' this wee problem to a few chums in the main lobby just as I was gettin' ready to leave fer home. You should've heard the coffee klatch erupt in under two hours! Lordy, if the roosters were hot 'n bothered fer action, you still couldn't of pried us away with a crowbar! We were that 'deep' into things. Anyway, the information just flowed forth, and my little pen nearly melted from overuse!

One "hot" example of information that I can tell y'all right now goes like this - seems one pore soul readin' the weekend schedule, noticed that there was a "12-STEP MEETIN'" takin' place (which is for folks in AA). Well, apparently this pore darlin' thought this was a workshop fer line dancin', so off he trundled to the meetin'...with a cocktail in hand!!! An' then there's the little bit of information I have recently learned, that Hankie from Seattle, Washington is really all LACE! An' that's how it went. Hope y'all enjoy readin' through this thing. I'm always tryin' to get the real TRUTH out of everythin' I hear. But sometimes the real truth is so BORIN'...well, y'all know what I mean. Have a good time.....

XX Wellen

The "Report"



Hot, hot, hot, an' MORE HOT!!!

Darlin' ain't no other way to put into words the time we all had in Phoenix, Arizona for CROSSTRAILS IN THE DESERT! An' I ain't jest talkin' 'bout the weather either! The sweat that this crowd worked up over that time coulda supplied the Scottsdale community with a saltwater river they'd never get rid of! Honey, I tell ya...HOT!!

Dancin' in the grand ballrooms, dancin' in the smaller-type meetin' rooms, dancin' in them swimmin' pools, dancin' in the planes; I don't think there's a place that ain't been "swung through" or been "relayed & deuceyed around" in a turkey's age! Them spinnin' electrical fans were shore as heck workin' overtime at that Sheraton resort, but then, thank the lord fer the man who invented air conditionin'!

It all got off to a real special start, when we had a 30 minute "sound check" right at the beginnin' of the weekend. Kinda made us feel important dontcha think? And in the end not a whole lot of us wanted to really leave, ain't that right? I mean, Seattle was so intent on not wantin' to go, that I think it was planned that the Puddledown Squares Board "sort of" forget about takin' their dance banners down from the Grand Ballrooms! Anythin' to stick around a little while longer, right darlin'? Hope they got their banners back safe and sound...

An' some of the clubs this year made a real nice impression on folks. New York, I think, was the big winner here with all them folks in nice "hot-lookin'" BASIC BLACK (no pearls, hon) outfits. An' one of the newest clubs, the Chicago Chi-Town Squares wera impressed by US, especially when "Spin The Top" was called.... seems they kept fallin' apart an' fallin' down laughin' every time we cried "spin the top" right back to the callers! Now ain't that too sweet fer words? I think we'll have to look out fer Chicago - they're a bunch of comers (that's stage-slang, darlin', not a descriptive verb!).

One of the "biggies" to happen this weekend, was a new tradition bein' put out by the women who attended Convention '88. Seems theys gonna give out the title of HONORABLE LESBIAN every year to a MAN who's shown positive effort in bringin' the lesbian and gay men's community closer together, if only jest a wee bit! An' the first one went out to TERI PRESLEY, fer his wonderful suggestion, that every year at the Honky Tonk Queen Contest, all candidates strive to bring a female escort to the proceedings. Truly inspirin'. And what an honour, darlin' Teri. You earned it, hon...

So it was a mixture of touch 'n go, tit fer tat, my crinoline fer yore hunk, and so on. We spent another glorious weekend dancin' our little be-hinds off, an' gettin' to appreciate iced tea more 'n ever! An' swimmin' pools, too! So the rest of the report eyeballs a few things that y'all didn't know about, or woulda rather fergottin all together! But what the hay, have a heck of a time readin' this thing while I go check my crinoline line, y'hear?

The Resort



What can y'all say 'bout a place that has five swimmin' pools, darlin'? Nothin', 'cept we all seemed to be drawn to two of them things in particular! But what a wonderful to nearly get sunstroke!

The SHERATON SCOTTSDALE was like nothin' that some of us had ever seen before, and many of us was comparin' it like we was lookin' at a section of our very own hometowns! So here we all were, makin' up cute little names of things, like the lobby & Grand Ballrooms bein' the CENTER OF TOWN, and the big pool area bein' the COMMUNITY CENTER, and my part of the resort bein' the RED-LIGHT DISTRICT! But it was all in fantasy, right darlin'?

About that pool area. Never have I seen folks felt they had to be so clean day after day after day! You'da think there was prizes down at the bottom of them pools fer those that stayed in the longest! And some of them squaredancers did just that - especially those that crowded in those things durin' the night-time! All cozy and 150+ of them! Seems they all got a couple of squares in there, too; and started makin' up a "swirl pool" kind of thing later on. And later on into the night, y'all could hear the sweet refrains of "Row, Row, Row Yer Boat," echoin' through the resort 'streets.' Just lovely...

Gotta mention them lovely girls, too. Oh y'all know the ones I'm talkin' about. Them Cabana Pool 'n women - Lori, Holly & Teri... lovely girls. Mighty purty, and very helpful in gettin' our parched throats wetted down a tidge. They was all a big bundle of fun 'n gaiety galore, pardon the expression! Wish we could take 'em all with us to New York next year. But then.... Aunt Wella's heard a little ole rumour...

So the SHERATON was a very interestin' choice of place to have Convention at this year. The rooms were very nice, an' I even got to talk to the maid service staff who did my room up real purty. But we got into a wee "translatin'" problem.... seems every time I said "ICE BUCKET" they'd just giggle ta bits and say "NO SPEAK ENGLISH!" And so on. One other thing I'd like to mention. If we ever get those kinda lodgin's again, I'd like it a big heap if we could each get one 'o those neat little golfcart contraptions to zip around in, 'stead of hidjakin' some pore sole who was drivin' them around the resort! They was all nice about it, but think of what a hoot it'd be with us racin' down them 'streets'.... WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

Phoenix/Scottsdale



Imagine if y'all will, some flapjack batter bein' spread over a nice flat griddle. That batter starts bubblin' a bit, and soon, large bubbles start hittin' the surface an' stayin' that way on the flapjack.

That's the best way to describe Phoenix/Scottsdale from my point of view, darlin'! One big flapjack spread out all over the place, with hills fer bubbles dottin' here 'n there! Pretty easy, ain't it? The one hill I had a 'sort of' view of from my resort room, was called CAMELBACK MOUNTAIN with another little bump called THE PRAYING MONK. Interstin' kind of hill to wake up to every day.



And cactusses! Honey, if they'd plunked me down in this part of the world, then told me that we was bein' invaded by little green men, I'd of believed 'em! And somebody fergot to tell some of them little guys to stop growin'! Some pretty BIG green men, too! And some of them things was older 'n them redwoods in California! Maybe one or two hundred years older! Would take alot of waterin' to keep 'em growin' that big; and old. I also found out 'bout an interestin' berry bush that was growin' all around my resort room. It's called "pyra-cantha" (hope I got the spellin' there, hon), and is jest loved by the birds in these parts. They nibble on them berries, then go through the quaint ritual of bashin' into home windows and stuff due to them bein' drunk! How nice. Reminds me of a few of my old beaus, only on a larger scale...

Scottsdale/Phoenix is also known as a town where cityblocks are one mile apart! Some of the visitors found that out when they tried to walk to one of the local bars in town! And the shoppin' malls tend to take on a strange similarity to them resorts and vice versa! You couldn't tell a Safeway store from a Hilton without a roadmap at times. An' everythin' is done up in that there "adobie" kind of surface with that deep red color to it...and tons of lights everywhere! They jest loves to light anythin' and everythin' they can, and at night, you'd a thought the stars had moved down closer to the ground. All them cactusses, palm trees, even the streetlights was lit! An' stainglased things was everywhere, too. I was so surprised to find a bank with one of them things! I thought it was someone's grand livin' room! Now that's class in my books, darlin'...

Yesiree, Scottsdale/Phoenix (or whichever way it goes!) is a mighty interestin' place to see, but darlin' y'all better use Los Angeles as a trainin' area before y'all head out here. You'll need the drivin' practise with all that distance yer gonna have to cover between stores!

The Squaredance Clubs



Many, many squaredancin' clubs put in a big "howdy" at Convention this year. I think the biggest "HOWDY" for all concerned was the whoop 'n holler that New York City put in, with over 90 folks showin' up! They created a storm of excitement (an' Toto, too) what with their flashy clothes, their flashy party suite, their flashy dancin' an' their flashy bodies...well, I say that they was doin' all this stuff to win us over for their Convention in 1989...but one reason or 'nother, they shore impressed us a whole heap!

An' we had two new dancin' clubs this year to welcome to the family! From eastern Canada (that's anywheres east of Vancouver, darlin') we got the Triangle Squares from Toronto; and a little more closer to the west coast, we got the Chi-Town Squares from little ole Chicago. It was heartwarmin' seein' new blood (and men, hon!) comin' into the family.

An' there weren't one but two party rooms this year, darlin'! My lord, I couldn't keep track of the directions to get from one to the other at times. Musta been gettin' a wee bit too tipsy I suppose. But it was real nice findin' Seattle and New York jest down the street from each other! Very neighbor-like...two really nice swanky affairs, that sorta brought the east an' the west a little closer together...literally! I think it was a real nice afternoon well spent, hon.

New Calls

Now as time moves along, quarterlies may drop 'em, levels may move 'em around here an' there, but sooner or later, squaredancin' calls go through some kinda change! An' this year was no different, hon! The followin' proved to be the most interestin' bunch of calls....

TOE-TIP - this came as a result of that Grand March becomin a wee bit too cozy fer most of them dancers! Seems that durin' the March, everyone got their lefts an' rights mixed up a touch, and naturally had to put their foot/feet down somewhere!

TOSS THE DIAMOND - seems that some of these girls don't know a good thing, an' are more content with their rhinestones than the real McCoy! Must of been that heat I mentioned before, hon....

SCATTER PROMENADE - dedicated to them couples who were so itchy, that they had to get around alot to say "howdy" to everyone else!

SPLAT THE BABY - seems that a member of the Times Squares group was unhappy with bein' made a lead everytime he joined a square. So he grabbed a balloon, stuffed it under his shirt, and proclaimed, "You never make a follow a lead, when she's nearly due!" And then someone in that square promptly pulled out the balloon (baby), put it into the center of that square, all feet headed fer the center, and, well, y'all can guess the rest of that one!

HONKY TONK QUEEN CONTEST

It was a banner year fer the Honky Tonk Queen Contest! Never had we seen so many lovely and eager contestants vyin' fer this year's title. An' I must tell y'all, that dear Sybil Presley really outdid herself to a frenzy hostin' the affair! Darlin', y'all kin come and do a Tupperware Party fer me anytime!!!

Them candidates were roughly polished to a point of no return, and it was lookin' very difficult on who might get that darlin' crown! I'm sure that the Judge, Mr. M. Desisto was havin' a heck of a time wonderin' who was gonna belt him one, if she didn't win! But in the end, I think the choice was well made...and very safely decided!

A mention here to some of the other candidates who, sadly, couldn't cut it with Desisto this year! Muffy & Puffy from Phoenix were real honeys with the crowd, doin' their cute cheerleadin' routine an' call. Can't remember that call - must have blocked it out. Oh, but it was just precious girls! And Ms. Juana Feel Good from Washington, DC made a rather big double impression on everyone, especially durin' the "talent contest"...

An' a very special mention goes out to them lovely barwomen, Holly & Lori. What charmin' contestants they was, though a touch quiet at times. Lots of toothy flash, thouth - nice touch, girls. An' them two nieces of mine, Sugar & Manitoba Maple were so cute bein' in that lineup. Lovely high cheekbones kids - an' not on yer faces! And Naomi Ash....darlin' what were y'all doin' here in Phoenix? I thought you was over in Asia somewhere bringin' country music to them third world folks? Jest goes to show, ya can't keep track of all yer relatives? Nice to see y'all girl...pretty dress, too.

I should mention, that even with all this talent and loveliness aboundin' in the hall, the contest really got down to two candidates. An' one of them, a Miss Yoo-Hoo from LA was a real crowd whopper! But I guess the Yoo-Hoos couldn't outyell the Ya-Hoos, and the winner was....

Miss Pam De Moanium from Seattle, Washington!!!

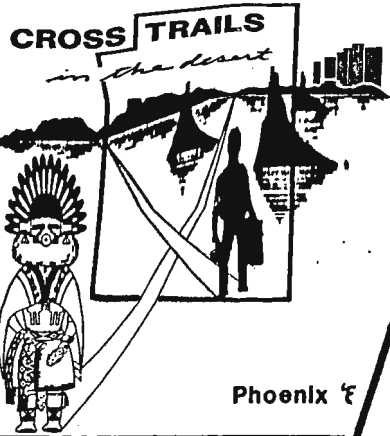
What a vision in Spanish Blue Somethingorother she wore! An' her speech was jest precious; what I think she said after winnin' was "Hard to tell, with all them other girls cryin' an' beatin' up on the judge! But as luck would have it, Pam jest happened to be on my flight headin' home! And what she did say up there was somethin' like, "I have to wear that thing for a whole year?!" What a sweet girl. An' she's already got big plans fer the comin' year in her reign. Like redesignin' that galldurned crown into a "travel-sized" model for trips 'n tourin' into the colonies. Nice start Pam. Let's keep in touch, girl, okay? Lovely....

MEMORIES...

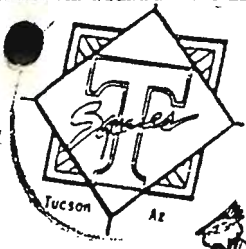
The Desert Valley Squares and The Sunburst Squares are pleased to welcome you to

The 5th Annual Convention of the

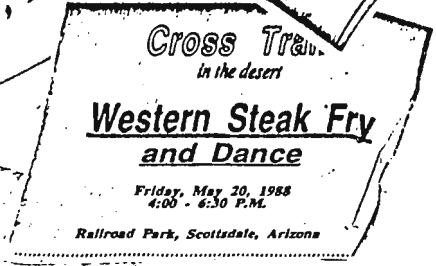
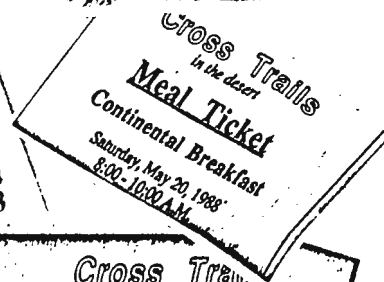
International Association of Gay Square Dance Clubs



Phoenix '88



CROSS TRAILS
In the desert
1988 I.A.G.S.D.C.
Convention
Phoenix, Arizona
May 19-21, 1988



THE WESTERN EXPRESS

Welcome to Phoenix all participants in Cross Trails In The Desert national square dance performance convention. Members of the gay community and its businesses welcome the opportunity to assist Desert Valley Squares in hosting your over 600 delegates. We hope you have a great time and take home many pleasant memories of your convention and of the City of Phoenix and the State of Arizona.



Café Cabana



Meals

The food was very interestin' this year, an' I think the words 'wait 'n see' best described the whole thing! Ya never knew what was gonna happen next... somethin' was always waitin' in the wings!

An' speakin' of chicken, wasn't that Mexican Dinner..... red?!! An' just when I was totally calmed down about nothin' bein' too hot fer my delicate system, along comes that chicken skin with spices 'n stuff, nabs my pore little tongue and won't let go! I think everyone around me saw a leapfrog jump they'd never ferget - no matter how hard they tried! Broke a record fer height and distance I think! Made me appreciate iced tea a whole lot that evenin'! And this year we only counted two trays bein' dropped by them waiterspersons! Guess they was practisin' more this year! An' while I had a BIG reason fer iced tea, everyone else downed that stuff pretty fast themselves! Must of been that heat I guess...

Now backin' up a touch, Friday's Steak Fry proved to be a true example of magical mayhem, when dessert was served! It all started out with a cherry cobbler bein' served up; but as soon as yours truly hit that dessert table, cherry cobbler had turned into apple pie! An' after I mentioned the apple pie to a fellow diner, he hopped up to that very same table and "HAZAMI... peach pie! And wouldn't y'all know it... soon after that change... WHOOCOSH!... chocolate cake! Couldn't get more crazy 'n that.

I think, though, that Sunday lunch was the most 'interestin' of the bunch. Not because we was all wonderin' who was gettin' the 1992 Convention (Atlanta or Albuquerque), but "what WAS in that dark meat salad?!!" I suggested it might have to do with them rattle-snakes that someone had mentioned seein' a couple of days before on the resort, and that they had "sort of" disappeared since then. Makes y'all think about it, though someone else suggested it was just tumafish er somethin'. Ya never know....

Fashion & Beauty



Darlin', I had so much trouble keepin' tack of all the fashion an' beauty aboundin' at Convention this year, I had ta keep hightallin' it back to my room ta make more notes - an' to grab another smart cocktail er two! Lots of loveliness this year. ...

Startin' with them Bradley family from Hooterville (near Pixley), and the whole bunch from New York City, I know group efforts when I sees it! Wonderful 'ensemble' stylings, kids. An' Bradley girls - best wishes fer that Bradley Bell yer startin' up on.

Then there was Michael who'd worn his leather pants soooo much, I guess the seat of them things jest worn clean through. Ch you know him, he was the "butt-less" one at the steak fry. An' speakin' of missin' specifics, pore Samantha Steel from New York was found wanderin' towards her room absolutely WITHOUT ANY JEWELRY!!! Lovely dress you had darlin' - very apropos (is that Spanish?), but remember what purses are for!

Then there were Bob & Rouanne, my favorite "quick-change couple!" Lost count on the number of outfits they turned up in. I remember seein' sailors, them darlin' cavepeople, and then somethin' Polynesian. Sorry they didn't make the Badge Tour this year - or did they??? Hmmm...

Larry Ward's hair was likened to Leeberace (!), Seattle's exhibition shirts were likened to day-glo nighties, an' Matthew from New York was likened to Jackie O in his/her leopard print neo-Stewardess designer dress an' hat! Fascinatn'.....

Black was very in this year, witnessed by that squaredance widow mooin' around the lobby durin' Convention, an' the aforementioned New York shirts. Then we were treated to black on fuschia - an' hon, we know what that was, right? THOSE t-shirts from Seattle!!! I couldn't help thinkin' to myself, "ugly t-shirts, girl!" but sometimes fashion can rear it's ugly little ole head and scream, "I'M HERE!" An' so it was, an' they were, an' the order forms in this report somewhere! So take a peek and decides fer yerself....

An' I finally met that plaid shirt with all them beading things on it this year! Put darn if'n I fergot his name an' what club he's with. Heck! I'll have to wait fer next year to find out agin.. this time, hon, I knows who you is, so watch out!!!

Fun Badge Tour



I could tell that this year's Fun Badge Tour was gonna be a real "interestin'" affair, when Ted Oakes' voice started soundin' like the actual sound system we used on the tour! Come ta think of it, my little ole voice warn't too clear 'n crisp m'self! Anyways, the soundbox grunted an' squeaked, we all groaned an' strained, and by the end of that tour, we'd pretty well learned all them songs we'd been dancin' to (there was only two songs most o' the time!), and started singin' out real loud by ourselves as we'd knowed the words by the last stop! Great bunch of tourers....

Well, we first hit their City Hall, and there it was, in among all these trees and "artwork stuff." That art was pretty well all over the town once we figgered out what was "art" and what was construction materials! Took a little work on our brains to figger out the difference.

After that, we then hit what I thought was the biggest beauty parlour in my life! I mean, girlfriend, they could tint 'n tease a whole bunch of us in that place in no time flat! Put yer wig in one end, run ta the other and out it'd pop! It was jest amazn'... looked like an old-fashioned over-sized carousel covering, but REALLY BIG! Put together by a man named Wright. Couldn't do no "wrong" in my books, hon, after seein' that gorgeous edifice to beauty....

After that we went to an open-spaced mall of some kind, where a few nameless spacey people were, too! Never found out their names, and after hearin' them squawkin' and screechin', I din't care to neither! Turns out another thing was goin' while we were squaredancin', so most of us made a donation of sorts while there, but it shore warn't because of them so-called DJ's. Darlin' they were LOUD! So we all left kinda quiet-like an' let 'em squawk to themselves....

Remember me mentionin' little green men around these parts? Well, the last stop on the Badge Tour took us all to Squaw Peak Park, and honey, this was THE place fer them little (an' BIG) green critters! They was all over the place, up hill, beside us, opposite the busses everywhere but sharin' dancin' space in our squares! Not much else on them hills themselves, but a pretty big change from a mall, or city hall or beauty parlours (big as it was!). Kinda liked it myself. Was a most interestin' way to end the Fun Badge Tour. Jest little green men an' all of us squaredancin' fools....

Dangles & Pins

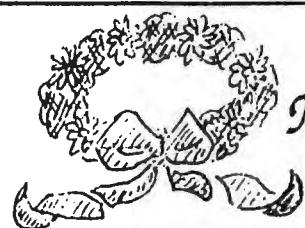


Well, darlin', I finally got a Tuscon T Square pin this Convention! And I got a Times Squares pin, an' a Alaska Airlines badge, an' a New York red apple pin, plus a couple of others. I was happier than a piggy in a waller big enough for ten! So thank y'all fer the lovely momentoes....

Other than those pins, there warn't too many other pins floatin' around Convention this year. With costs of things risin' higher than Manitoba & Sugar Maple's garter-lines, it's no wonder old tradin' was a little "off" this year. Vancouver was doin' it's thing again, with BC pins, an' a few maple leafs passin' around, too.

I think though, that the BIG hit this year concernin' pins & badges, was that little shoo that had everyone linin' up patiently every day of the weekend. That couple, Jo Ann and Robert Fial was so nice with all of us crowdin' around them an' orderin' this 'n that. I felt they deserved a special pin of their own for handlin' us so well, dontcha think? They was amazin' folks ta talk with, always helpful and plum full of stuff on how to get the most out of a pin or badge. Very nice folks. I hope we'll get to run into them again sometime soon.

Apart from Convention, there was a few goins' on involvin' planes that I thought deserved a dangle er two! I know some folks were doin' some kinda dancin' on the way to Phoenix and that deserved a pin. Then there was a planeload of folks headin' back to San Francisco, while doin' a real cute thing with those paper bags you always find in front of yer seats but never quite know what to do with 'em? Seems this imaginative bunch did a lively PUPPET SHOW on board, 30,000¢ in the air! Now surely, there oughta be a dangle fer arts 'n crafts on planes??! Or how about that group that headed off to that Grand Canyon thing, and got there lodgin's mixed up? They ended up in a place called Flagstaff. Or was it called Flagstaff?? Anyway, each room was a total color of one kind, an' maybe they should' got a dangle fer whatever color room they landed in! Somethin' to think about fer the future Conventions.....



IN MEMORY OF

On January 13, 1988 Grace Pine passed away following her nasty fall from the chair-lift in the Swiss Alps.

Her ashes were returned to Canada to be buried in the family plot at Lee's Trail in Stanely Park.

At the reading of her will, two surprise cousins, the Maple Sisters - Manitoba and Sugar - appeared to pay their last respects to Grace.

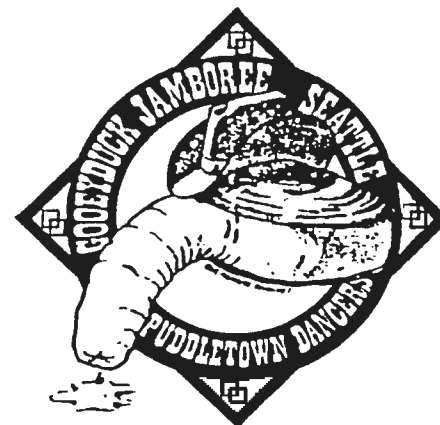
To the shock of the other Pine Sisters, Grace's entire estate was left to Manitoba and Sugar Maple. The remaining Pine's may be contesting the Will in court.

Following this tragedy, Brenda and Solange have decided to retire with their broken hearts while Cashmere Pine will be carrying on the family tradition.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the 1990 I.A.G.S.D.C. Convention.
The Pine Family

NORTH STAR PROMENADE, P.O. Box 4404, Vancouver, BC V6B 3Z8

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Please send to: Howard Botz, Puddletown Squares
354 Fallon St.
Seattle, WA 98109

Accidents

This year's get-together had more 'n it's share of bumps & bruises! So I decided that a section was needed devoted to accidents... 'an it looked like Vancouver an' New York tied fer the clubs with the most RANGED-UP DANCERS!

From the Times Squares, we had Mr. Bill S. endin' up with a sprained wrist due to one of his dancin' partners bein' too enthusiastic to let go of his arm durin' a "swing through!" Then there was Alain, whose head ended up bein' at the end of a foot durin' "weave the ring!" Seems another dancer in the square had a marvelous extension on the last count, but it turned out to be a wee bit extended too much! But I'm happy to report that both Bill & Alain are healed over an' doin' jest fine & dandy.

From Squares Across The Border, ther was happy-go-lucky Lauro who was so happy to be at the TimesSquares Party Suite (co-incidence?) that he right-on-the-spot bit his tongue!! And Bill H. swears (though not directly to me - I am a lady!) that he didn't see that swimmin' pool approachin' his nose! A sort of 'hit & run' I was told, but we'll never really know. But again, both have healed are fine.

So it was TWO AN' TWO for both clubs, an' from whatever else I could find out, darlin' no one got 'touched' by that sun up there! Praise the lord and pass the sequins fer that....

Final Call

This "report" was put together with not too much emphasis on "seriousness," if y'all get my meanin'. It's only bein' done to keep the memories of CROSS TRAILS IN THE DESERT a little more alive fer all involved. In the end, the whole thing should be taken with a BIG grain of salt!

The Final Call in all of this partyin' and dancin' around a swimmin' pool, is that no matter where we find ourselves, no matter how hot the weather (and darlin' that was a hot time in Phoenix!), we couldn't get more out of kickin' up our heels an' havin' a hell of a great time! Squaredancin' is found all over the country, and in just five years or so, we've taken Convention from the Pacific Northwest down to the Southwest and a few places in between. And next year, we really travel, goin' over to the East coast!

So now that we've unpacked our bolo-ties, an' crinolines, and fancy doodads from the resort bathrooms (yes, hon, I still do that, too!), let's reflect on that past weekend, and think how lucky we all are... to know each other so well, to be able to make many new friends, and to be able to come together ANYWHERE an' immediately do what we all love doin' best!

In short, there's always somewhere to form a square!!!

Thankyous

A hug an' a half to the Desert Valley Squares & The Sunburst Squares fer puttin' up with us all, an' providin' a weekend of fun & joy.

Just kisses galore to my room-mates (Harold, Edward & Timothy) fer makin' a girl's crinolines easier to unfurl 'n stretch out a bit!

To my fellow performers - Virginia Hamm, Amethyst Rainbelle, and Blanchie Jo Bradley... what a wonderful quartet we made up, hon! I'm a heap proud of what we pulled off... good fer us!

Loads of love to all the callers who put us through crazy moves & calls, but made it loads more fun than tapes! And Larry Ward, I still love yer hair!

To Suzi from San Francisco, many thanks hon, fer changin' Ed from the Concrete Cloggers into Virginia Hamm in a matter of minutes!!!

To my drivers fer the weekend, Chris (Vancouver) and Bill S. (New York), thanks darlins. You made gettin' out on the town a little bit easier and a treat to boot!

To my nieces - Manitoba & Sugar Maple, and Naomi Ash - thanks fer showin' what the north country holds girls! I think they all want to come up to Canada now! An' Naomi, I think y'all jest have a wonderful design career ahead of you, judgin' by yer dress an' all.

To a someone special, who's now made me learn to enjoy things that go BUMP in the night!

An' to someone else in my heart, I now enjoy the times when that ole sky full o' stars fades out, an' that sunrise starts comin' in full tilt. Love on ya darlin'.....

To Bill S., Bobby, Terry & Casper - my Sunday dinner companions. Y'all were a heap of fun to get to know. An' remember darlins, the photographs are comin' in the mail.....



CROSS TRAILS
in the desert
1988 I.A.G.S.D.C.
Convention
Phoenix, Arizona
May 19-31, 1988



See y'all in New York '89!



Overheard at CROSSTRAILS IN THE DESERT!!!



"Ugly T-shirt!"

- on seeing Seattle's "designer t-shirt!"

"NO SPEAK ENGLISH..."

- Sheraton Scottsdale Resort Maid Service Staff

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- equipment "sound check."

"YOO-HOO!"

- at the 1988 Honky Tonk Queen Contest

"ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BOAT..."

- at the Hot Tub

"The bar is how far away?"

- at the Sheraton information desk

"?X%\$ PLYC  all you get the ring..."

- sound equipment on Fun Badge Tour