



Well, let's see, on things square-dance, I've written about lessons, callers, and a New Year's party. So what's left before I start repeating myself?

Clothes?

Manners? (Sounds dull, am I that desperate?).

Music? (Knowing my lack of musical ability, I think not.)

Bureaucracy? (I'm blissfully ignorant on the subject and plan to stay that way.)

Oh heck, clothes then.

For the record, I'm in favor of clothing at all square dances. That goes especially up here in Summit County where the two annual seasons for nudists would be Frostbite and Melanoma.

Granted, a clothes requirement is a real shame, given our high-altitude tanned bodies, fashionably weather toned to look like alligator boots or ostrich skin handbags. Still, I remain squarely in the "clothes are required" camp.

In general, I'm not too particular about the type of clothes. (Friends have often noted this about me.) I'd just like a relatively clean, dry layer over everything -- well, skip the face (for smile visibility.), and hands (the eating snacks with mittens problem).

I know that some people strongly favor the garb from old westerns -- ah, the splendor of John Wayne, or Gabby Hayes dressed for an evening out! But, how did that attire get so connected to square dancing? Did I miss the episode where Matt Dillon and Miss Kitty did a Sides Face, Grand Square?

At the Frisco Safeway, a tourist from Kansas, Roberta, saw my wife, Cathy's, Timberline Topper name tag. The two got to talking, and on returning to Kansas, Roberta sent Cathy a huge box of Matt and Kitty outfits. Apparently, Roberta's part of Kansas no longer has a square dance club. Nor, I gather, does it have a Long Branch Saloon or a Howdy Doody club. Hence, Roberta and her husband could no longer be seen in public in these duds.

So, now, on occasion, Cathy and I slip out disguised as Gunsmoke extras.

By the way, petticoats take up a lot of valuable closet space. At least (and fortunately for everyone), Roberta did not send any petticoats in my size -- now there's an image to start your new year.

(With apologies to Roberta, who generously sent a huge box of her square dance memories. All, I must admit, are quite cute -- in an 1885 sort of way.)