



Dan Schweitzer

It is summertime! Long warm days, with lots to do in the garden, the yard, in parks, in the mountains, and on the road. Just don't forget to keep dancing.

You will, of course make the State Festival up here at Keystone, and the trail-in and trail-out dances (June 10 to 14). Right?

Another fun summer option is a week at a square dance camp.

There, you can enjoy a hearty breakfast, wander around the grounds, over-eat at lunch, sharpen your dancing at a workshop, have a big supper, dance away the night, then finish with a double-dip cone. Repeat all week. Toss in a little fishing, horseshoes, lawn darts, paddle-boating, a campfire, and a few marshmallows.

Start making lists, because you won't remember the names of all the fun people you meet.

Bring suspenders – belts tend to get tight.

Just keep your spouse out of the miniature golf tournament.

Some background may be in order. My friends all know that I dislike golf. There are plenty of things in life that can bring pain and frustration, things that we can't

avoid. I don't see any point in spending money and time on a sport that adds to the list. I'm quite sure that before the marketing folks got to it, golf was spelled the other way around.

My wife, on the other hand, does not discriminate. Competition is competition. She jumped into all of the tournaments.

Unfortunately, spouses of the golf finalists are expected to caddy. In this never-never land of square dance campgrounds the job of the caddy is to maximize the frustration of the spouse's opponents. Caddies, all in the weirdest possible outfits, try to foil putter concentration with unseemly antics, and noise. Short of touching the ball or the golfer, anything goes.

So, fair warning, if your spouse shows interest in the miniature golf tournament, object strenuously, cry, beg, put your foot down – whatever works.

Otherwise... well, let's just say, I know this guy. He caddied. He was photographed wearing a bonnet, red lipstick, a pink blouse, a bra filled with one tennis ball, and a checked skirt.

And, now there is a stinking golf trophy in his house.

Maybe a safer option is to visit us in the mountains. We don't have golf tournaments. Check our schedule at:

www.timberlinetoppers.org