



# ***Dudes & Dolls*** SQUARE DANCE CLUB

Volume 59 / Number 3

March 2010

Info at: [www.DudesAndDolls.org](http://www.DudesAndDolls.org)

Second, Fourth, and Fifth Friday Dance at Cedar Valley Grange / 20526 – 52nd Ave. W / Lynnwood WA

## ***Graduation Day / March 16, 2010 / Congratulations Graduates / Well Done!!!***

### ***'MainStream' no longer a Mystery ...***

Last September when you first learned what a square was, relative to square dancing; and what a corner was, who were the heads and sides, who is the partner and always remember your corner ... and on and on.

On that first day it seemed Scott Coon, your illustrious, world class, teacher/caller, was speaking a different language. It all sounded like gobbledygook, set to music; and the thought of learning around 65 different calls and moves, seemed like an impossible dream.

No one could learn that many calls in that short time.

But today, I want you to put both arms up into the air, as though there was a hold-up, bend back your right arm at the elbow, and put the palm of your hand into the middle of your back. Pat it vigorously, and say, "Good job, (your name), Good Job. You did it!"

As you progressed, week by week, the Dudes & Dolls Gang of Angels was there, helping to keep the squares intact, and sometimes being shown how to do it by the students.

This was an unique class, as it had a wide-range of age difference, but it was refreshing to dance with the younger learners, as well as the 'old timers' of middle age.

Today, with this ceremony, albeit seemingly over-celebratory, you are now a member of the greatest club on earth. Square Dancers are the best people in the world, and you are one of them now.

Where you go from here is your choice. Whatever you do, remember how you felt at Lesson One, and how you feel today. Share that feeling with your friends and even relatives. Keep on square dancing.

### ***Where do you go from here?***

Here is what I feel is the directions you can take from here.

You are qualified to go to any square dance, and dance Mainstream Dances, anywhere in the world. You do not have to have your certificate tattooed to your forearm, nor produce it to gain entrance to a square.

You just go and square dance ... and Smile.

If you are not smiling, you are not Square Dancing.

Go to a few dances, and even look up where they may be having lessons that have started in January, and attend the last of their sessions.

If you can, attend the WorkShop that follows this series of Lesson Sessions. It is a little more intense than the lessons you just graduated from, and extremely helpful for your upcoming dance experiences. It lasts six weeks. There are three different callers, which makes it interesting when you start to learn that Scott, your teacher, has his way of calling, and you will find other callers have their own style, each unique and different, yet entertaining.

You will be looking for a club to join. If Dudes & Dolls fits you and your lifestyle, we would be happy if you joined us.

If your desire is to dance with a different group, there are clubs and groups that would be excited to sign you up.

You can pick up a form from any of the officers of our club.

Along with the two or three square dances a month, except for June, July, and August, there are many events that take place for Dudes & Dolls.

In May, we go on a Mystery Caravan. July there is a Club Picnic, and later in the month, a CampOut. There are activities at the campout that add so much to being a member of the club.

General meetings happen three or four times a year, and that is where the slate of officers is elected, and the year is planned out.

If Dudes & Dolls is the Club you want to join, fill out an application, and Square them up, with the Dudes & Dolls.

### ***Why I Square Dance ...*** by Warren B Funnell

In days of yore, when I was young . . . er, a mere 14 years old, my sister said, to me, "If you are going to be interested in girls, you have to learn to dance."

This was before the animalistic gyrations brought on at the beginnings of Rock and Roll. The dancing I would learn from my sister would never be banned on the Ed Sullivan Show, noted for showing a rebel singer, Elvis Presley, ONLY from the waist up.

So it came to pass, on a fateful day, I asked a girl to my Grade 9 Graduation dance, and I did not know the first thing about tripping the light fantastic.

I could put it off no longer. In our living room, my sister made me hold her in the traditional sister-brother arm's-length dance position, and started counting, "One, two, three, four."

"Is that all there is to it?" I asked. This is going to be a snap.

So she counted again and my right foot went into the pre-described dance step.

"One," I said.

Now came the hard part. I had to put my left foot down, the "two" in the sequence, and, at that point, I could not remember which foot was my left foot. My brain took over and disowned my legs, from the waist down. They were out of the will and as far as my brain was concerned, not even in the same gene pool.

So when the "three" came from my sister, I was completely baffled.

My brain went out to lunch, and my feet and legs were useless.

At that point, I started to drool, and looked down to see if my shirt was buttoned up correctly.

My brain has been unhappy at me ever since, and refuses to aid me when I am up on a dance floor, ready to dance.

So, I cannot dance because my brain does not want my legs and feet to dance. I have tried many approaches.

First, my sister. She gave up. I went to my first dance, and sat beside my partner the whole night, not once attempting to do a "One, two, three, four" dance around the floor.

Then came Rock and Roll. The jumping and bending and contortions required to get through a dance was overwhelming.

Now the music was sooooo loud, I could not hear myself count. I was doomed.

And my brain would help at all. Now it was me against my brain; and it was I becoming sensitive, and well beyond insecure, on how dumb I would look, as I tried to gyrate, and twist, and shuffle, and hop, and "swim" on a dance floor, to this new wave of music, with all my peers around to critique my attempts at dancing. I tried to "jive". But I looked like a tree in a strong wind, with no purpose or rhythm in my utterly self-conscious body.

In the sixties, seventies, and eighties, what with raising a family, dancing could be put on the back burner. It was always fun to go to a dance with Flo, and our friends, and it was always a pleasure watching others dance. But when I got out onto the floor, I had to count, out loud, because my brain would not listen to my inner voice. Wife, Flo, was adept, and learned quickly to avoid the clomping of my feet, as my brain even tried to discourage her by having my feet stomp heavily on her toes.

I could not dance well, nor comfortably enough with a partner, other than Flo, and usually ended up acting silly, so the dance production was interrupted by me jumping up and down on the dance floor, or starting my count over and over, "One . . . Two . . . oops . . . One . . . T . . . oops . . . and so on." If I could keep my dance partner laughing through the song we were supposedly dancing to, there would be no missteps, as many people cannot laugh and dance at the same time. We went to the "I Can Teach Anyone to Dance in Ten Easy Lessons" classes. We went through the course twice, for it was my time to take control of my brain and show it who was boss. The instructor jumped up onto the center table, and "one-, two-, three-, four-ed" his way through 9 of the 10 easy lessons.

Twice.

My feet and brains were finally on speaking terms on the dance floor. As I watched the teacher, Feet followed his as though they were tied together. Flo praised my efforts and my ability to finally "dance". We even changed partners, and I danced with people that were better and worse than me.

Fred Astaire, and Gene Kelly--look out. I was on my way to fame! Then on the ninth and eighteenth lesson, the teacher jumps off the table. Without him there, Brain could not handle the solo.

Fred and Gene were in no trouble. Their dance careers were secure. Brain went dumb, and my two left feet just stood on one spot, with no desire or ability to try to dance. The circle of forty-four students kept bumping into me, as not only was I supposed to dance, I was supposed to get moving ahead, change partners, to the beat of the music, within this circle of dancers.

Soon, they pushed me aside; and there I was, standing on the outside of the circle, with some dumbfounded partner, waiting for me to get with it, and wondering why she had wasted her money on some foolish dance lessons.

I asked if the instructor would stay on the center table so I could graduate, and would he be available to dance on a table at the Olympic Hotel, a few evenings a year, so Flo and I could go dancing. He said, "No."

I flunked dance class.

Twice.

So now I was back to square one with my dancing. Flo so loved to dance and she looked so goooood on the dance floor, I felt I was taking some of her happiness away, by not being able to dance with her.

So plan "B" hit me.

I would go onto the floor, move my feet and body minimally, and swing and twirl the living daylights out of Flo. And let her dance to her heart's content. She could spin and glacade and dip and twirl while I stood in one spot, moving a heel and a toe, once in a while, to the beat of the music.

I usually looked for another person on the dance floor that appeared seemingly sillier than me, and I told myself everyone was gawking at him, so I was not being watched at all.

Then along came Square Dancing.

"Garage Sale Here" were the words on the sign at Cedar Valley Grange" in Lynnwood, barely one block from our house.

We stopped in and when we left the garage sale I had three VHS videos of movies that I never ever watched, and Flo had some indescribable bargains that are stored up in the loft of my shed.

But, we were invited to come to three free lessons in Square Dancing the coming Tuesday. Well, the word that got me was FREE! On the Tuesday, at 7 o'clock, I said to Flo, "We were going over to take the three free lessons, right."

"If they're Free, I'm there," says I.

Because we had not discussed the lessons, she figured it would be the same old story: take a few lessons, give up, and end up sitting at home, watching the boob tube.

We went through Day One, and learned Alamande Left, and Do-sa-do. Circle Right and Left, Promenade, Parts of a Square, Home Place and some Dance Etiquette.

Feets were out of the picture, but Brain got into this Square Dancing. All Brain knew is to get me from Spot A to Spot B, and Feets will be on their own. It works beautifully.

I do not have to "One, Two, Three" my way to the next spot. And I do NOT have to slide, nor hop, nor box step, nor tiptoe, nor squeeze, nor cross step, nor weave, nor toe-heel-toe-slide my way to get through the dance.

When the square dance caller calls the move, I just do as I am told. Sort of like being married for 50 years, except I have to do the move NOW.

Flo and I graduated in March of 2007, one year and two months after my by-pass surgery. We coordinated the 2008 square dance class, graduating 19 new square dancers.

If you ever thought you would like to join a great group of people, doing everything together, having FUN, FUN, FUN . . . consider Square Dancing.

It is the Official Dance of the State of Washington.

And that's why I Square Dance

Try it before you say you can't do it.