

## I Was Dancing

*By Marilyn Reeves*

I'm a hopeless romantic. Always have been. When I was a young girl my sister Jan and I would go to the movies – most of them musicals – and then come home and sing and dance around the house to songs from “The Merry Widow”, or pretend we were Ginger Rogers dancing with Fred Astaire. In later years we would dream of “Dancing In The Dark” with a special someone, perhaps a “Funny Valentine.” And who didn't thrill to Yul Brynner waltzing 'round and 'round the room with Deborah Kerr in “The King and I”? Put a whole new spin on the concept of waltzing, if you'll pardon the pun.

When I was in high school, occasionally there would be formal dances like Homecoming or the Prom. The girls would get decked out in gowns of frothy layers of chiffon – mine was coral pink – and when I put it on I felt like a princess. In my senior year, my date for the Prom brought me an orchid corsage. His hands were shaking so badly that my mother finally had to help him pin it on.

Then we were off to the ballroom at the Elks Club to dance to those wonderful tunes of Glen Miller and Tommy Dorsey, inherited from our parents' generation and still very much in vogue. I felt like I was living a dream, swirling around to the rhythm of the music and literally could have danced all night. When they played “Stardust” – our school's adopted theme song – we knew it was the last dance of the evening, but we still weren't ready to call it a night.

Unlike the kids of today who go into debt hiring limousines and dining at the Brown Palace, a group of us all piled into one car and headed out to Bob's Diner for a coke and some French fries. It was a perfect way to wind down and continue to enjoy one another's company for another hour or so. A perfect ending to a perfect evening. Who could have asked for more?

Most of our school dances weren't so formal, however. We'd put on our bobby socks and our poodle skirts and head to the school gym to rock 'n roll to the beat of the Everly Brothers, and Rock Around the Clock to that old time rock 'n roll. And we had a blast!

But in the early '60's something had changed. When my first husband Tom and I were still dating, we went some place in Boulder ... was it Tulagi's? ... and the kids there weren't dancing to rock 'n roll. At least not the way I had learned it. They weren't holding hands. Each of them was out there dancing by themselves, doing their own thing. I tried watching their feet, but couldn't really get the hang of it, so I went back to the table and sat down.

One day when I was cleaning house, however, some of the new music was playing on the radio. Before I knew it, I was moving around the living room and grooving to the beat, sort of doing my own thing, and I realized ... that's it! Forget about steps – there aren't any. You just let yourself go and dance!

