

# CHIRPER

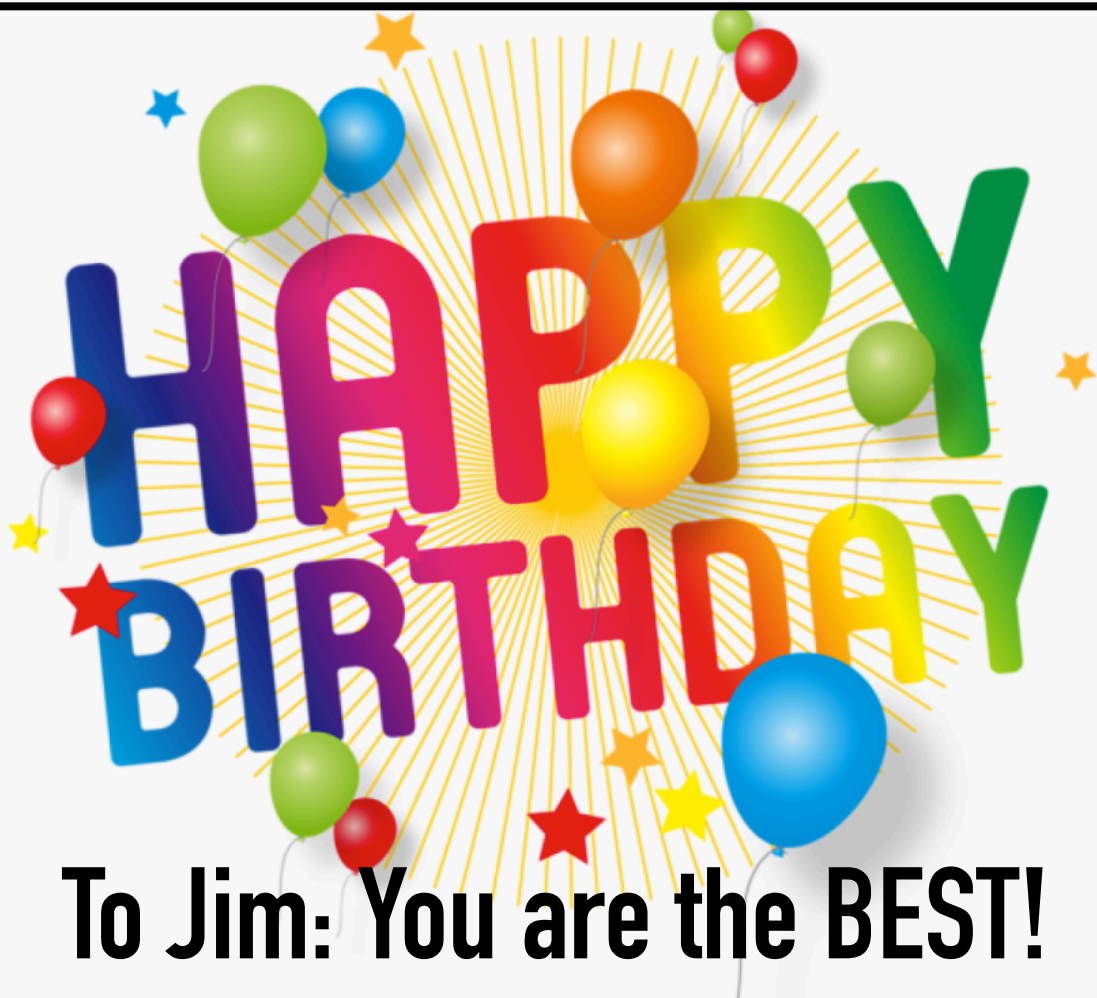


June 2020

Katydid Square Dance Club Newsletter

Volume 57, No 6

**START YOUR WEEKEND RIGHT ... DANCE WITH THE KATYDIDS ON FRIDAY NIGHT VIA ZOOM!**



**To Jim: You are the BEST!**

**To Morris: Congrats on your 92<sup>nd</sup>!!**

**CLUB CALENDAR**



**[www.katydid.org](http://www.katydid.org)**

## **KATYDIDS' CLUB EVENTS**

All Katydids in-person events have been postponed, cancelled or otherwise on hold until further notice. We are, however, "dancing" via ZOOM on Friday nights.

## **LOCAL SQUARE DANCING EVENTS**

All local square dancing events have also been postponed or cancelled until further notice.

**PRESIDENT'S CORNER**

Hello Katydids and friends,



Wish I had some great news to tell you about re-opening but, alas, I don't. You can be sure that as soon as I have any news, I will let you know. In the meanwhile, **Jim** has been continuing to be available on Friday nights for us to share stories and perhaps do a bit of dancing. THANK YOU, JIM, for helping us stay connected with each other! And, did you know that you don't have to have a camera or a microphone to participate in the ZOOM meetings?. Contact Skip ([skip.stevens@comcast.net](mailto:skip.stevens@comcast.net) 408-761-7688) on how to join in the fun. We have been averaging about 25 participants each night and it is pretty evenly split between Katydids members and friends.

Recently we learned that **Liv** had the scare of her life when she was given 10 minutes to evacuate her home due to the Colleen fire in the Santa Teresa Foothills. She and her home are okay. **Parker** reports that his wife Sue is on the mend from a fall where she broke her arm and he recently had a bit of minor surgery. And, speaking of surgery,, **Bea** is on the mend from recent back surgery. We wish them all a speedy recovery.

At Friday, June 6th's ZOOM meeting, frequent guest, **Mark Mason**, told us that he was finally able to hold his new granddaughter who was born in March. Congratulations, Mark!! (We want a picture!!)

At Friday's ZOOM meeting, we met Liv's dog, Baxter, and Parker's dog, Lucy. And, Jim told us that so far he is scheduled to call at the one, and only one, Slab dance this summer on Saturday, August 8th. Mark your calendars!!

**Stephanie**

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**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**

**Morris Hosoda.....June 21**

**Jim Osborne.....June 25**

**Lee Fleeman .....June 28**

**NEW FROM IKEA**



**SOCIAL DISTANCE BENCH**

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**SURVIVING THE QUARANTINE** (copied from someone else, who copied from . . . )

Half of us are going to come out of this quarantine as amazing cooks. The other half will come out with a drinking problem.

I used to spin that toilet paper like I was on Wheel of Fortune. Now I turn it like I'm cracking a safe.

I need to practice social-distancing from the refrigerator. Still haven't decided where to go for Easter ----- The Living Room or The Bedroom

PSA: every few days try your jeans on just to make sure they fit. Pajamas will have you believe all is well in the kingdom.

Home schooling is going well. 2 students suspended for fighting and 1 teacher fired for drinking on the job.

I don't think anyone expected that when we changed the clocks we'd go from Standard Time to the Twilight Zone

This morning I saw a neighbor talking to her cat. It was obvious she thought her cat understood her. I came into my house, told my dog..... we laughed a lot.

So, after this quarantine.....will the producers of My 600 Pound Life just find me or do I find them?

Quarantine Day 5: Went to this restaurant called THE KITCHEN. You have to gather all the ingredients and make your own meal. I have no clue how this place is still in business.

My body has absorbed so much soap and disinfectant lately that when I pee it cleans the toilet.

Day 5 of Home schooling: One of these little monsters called in a bomb threat. I'm so excited --- it's time to take out the garbage.

What should I wear? I hope the weather is good tomorrow for my trip to Puerto Backyarda. I'm getting tired of Los Living room.

Classified Ad: Single man with toilet paper seeks woman with hand sanitizer for good clean fun.

Day 6 of Homeschooling: My child just said "I hope I don't have the same teacher next year" .... I'm offended. Better 6 feet apart than 6 feet under.

## What a time to visit your family!

by frequent Katydid's guest, Mark Mason

I left California on March 7, Saturday, on a road trip to the Midwest to visit my sisters. They were just starting to get serious about the virus and as a last-minute thought, I decided to take along a bottle of Purell. Five days of driving across the country to get to St. Louis, my older sister's home. I slept in the car 3 nights on that leg of the trip and stayed in a motel one night to freshen up. It only got down to about freezing at night and snuggled into my bedroll, still wearing my clothes and jacket I was quite comfortable. My motivation for sleeping in the car was to save money, to donate it to my favorite candidates. I started eating takeout to save time so only had one sit down, dine in meal during that part of the trip. Of course, the radio only continued to give alarming reports so I started using the Purell and had another reason to sleep in my car.

After 5 days on the road I arrived in St. Louis and stayed with my older sister and brother-in-law. The first night there, we went out for dinner, all was well, and of course by then no one was touching anyone. The next day Missouri called for closing all dine in restaurants and only take out was available. The welcome mat was looking a little tattered. I spent one day away from my family, roaming around my boyhood haunts in southern Illinois, seeing how the old town had changed and enjoying the return of old memories. Finally, my time was up and time to move on, but no hugs in this goodbye, just a wave and don't let the screen door hit you on the way out.

One day of driving north to Wisconsin to visit my remaining younger sister. By now I was using Purell after every gas fill up, food stop, and restroom break. Some of the interstate rest stops were closed "for Repairs" yet they looked to be in better shape than the ones that were open. Drinking fountains were shut off, only gas stations were sure to have a restroom open and the truck stops had stepped up to the task and therefore pulling more business than the smaller stations. Free refills ceased and only one time use disposable cups were allowed.

My last two trips through Illinois with California plates on my car, I was pulled over 3 times. It seems anyone driving in Illinois with California plates MUST be trying to smuggle drugs into Chicago. Then recently Illinois legalized marijuana and two thirds of the Illinois Highway Patrol were missing on this trip; I was not stopped and did not have to unload my vehicle. Nice for a change.

Upon arriving at my younger sister's place outside Madison, Wisconsin I found that they had just shut down their dine in restaurants. We ate at her home, some take out, some home cooked. TV coverage of the virus was unpleasant so old movies filled the gap, but governor Cuomo brought reality to the situation. We visited for 6 days without touching. I got to visit with my nephew and

his two kids for a couple of hours, in his back yard, around a camp fire in the cold, maintaining our social distancing, happy that he was willing to get that close. Later in the week another nephew, a bigger and more brutish fellow came over for a visit, hugging me before I realized it. Ah, to be 40 again and think you are invincible. To keep from going stir crazy, we were taking 100-mile joy rides everyday looking over the scenic country side. I hated seeing the old farm houses abandoned and some of the old barns with the roofs caving in.

Finally, it was time to turn west and head for home. I took I-90 through South Dakota, driving through Badlands National Park, closed but drive through was allowed as long as you kept your distance. Got my last sit-down meal, a trucker diner sized for 100 customers and only about 8 of us. They closed their restaurants that night. Then in Wyoming I drove through Devils Tower, also closed but open to drive through (it was closed last summer for repairs so we could not get close).

I continued on to Sheridan, Wyoming expecting to park somewhere and sleep in the car but a snow storm was approaching and I was concerned that I could get snowed in on a side road so I took a motel room for the night, better to have TV and WIFI if you are snowed in.

Next morning, I waited an hour for the snow to dissipate, then headed towards Yellowstone hoping to drive through and see some wildlife. I missed the memo from a day before that Yellowstone was being shut down tight. Back tracked and took a two-lane highway down to Jackson, Wyoming driving at 40 mph over the snow covered passes, glad to get through without incident. From Jackson I headed down to I-80 but had a blowout (right rear) near Ogden, Utah. Lucky for me it occurred about 5 mi from my chain of tire dealers so once I had the spare on (one of those little donuts that are rated for 50 MPH and 50 miles max), I drove over to get a new tire, or two. Four tires later I was all set to go, and boy did the car drive nice with new tires. I had only noticed the degradation when it got really bad. Oh well, one more night sleeping in the car near Elko, Nevada

The high desert with clear skies gets cold at night, 20 F. It woke me about 5 a.m. due to a cold spot in the car at the car center pillar. The pillar does not have any plastic covering it and a short length to the outside so I had one cold spot that woke me up. Next time I will place a towel around the door pillar. Once you are cold and awake you might as well move on so I got moving. I could sleep at home, in my own bed. Take a shower in my own bathroom and would not have to Purell after touching any surface. Gassed up every 200 miles just in case some stations would be closed. Once I reached California the number of cars and trucks on the road increased, still less than average. Finally, home after 3 weeks, a strange trip indeed, and I do not think it was worthwhile since the visits were strained. But who planned for this virus two months in advance, not I.

**COVID-19**

from Katydone, Don Gaubatz. Thank you, Don!

I hope they give us two weeks' notice before sending us back out into the real world. I think we'll all need the time to become ourselves again. And by "ourselves" I mean lose 10 pounds, cut our hair and get used to not drinking at 9:00 a.m.

New monthly budget: Gas \$0, Entertainment \$0, Clothes \$0, Groceries \$2,799.

Breaking News: Wearing a mask inside your home is now highly recommended. Not so much to stop COVID-19, but to stop eating.

Low maintenance chicks are having their moment right now. We don't have nails to file and paint, roots to dye, eyelashes to re-mink, and are thrilled not to have to get dressed every day. I have been training for this moment my entire life!

When this quarantine is over, let's not tell some people. I stepped on my scale this morning. It said: "Please practice social distancing. Only one person at a time on scale."

Not to brag, but I haven't been late to anything in over 6 weeks.

It may take a village to raise a child, but I swear it's going to take a vineyard to home school one.

I wanted zombies and anarchy. Instead we got working from home and toilet paper shortages.

Worst. Apocalypse. Ever.

You know those car commercials where there's only One vehicle on the road - doesn't seem so unrealistic these days..

They can open things up next month, I'm staying in until July to see what happens to you all first.

Day 37: The garbage man placed an AA flyer on my recycling bin.

The spread of Covid-19 is based on two things:

1. How dense the population is.
2. How dense the population is.

Appropriate analogy: "The curve is flattening so we can start lifting restrictions now" = "The parachute has slowed our rate of descent, so we can take it off now".

People keep asking: "Is coronavirus REALLY all that serious?" Listen y'all, the churches and casinos are closed. When heaven and hell agree on the same thing it's probably pretty serious.

Never in a million years could I have imagined I would go up to a bank teller wearing a mask and ask for money.

Home school Day 1: I'm trying to figure out how I can get this kid transferred out of my class.

Putting a drink in each room of my house today and calling it a pub crawl.

Okay, the schools are closed. So, do we drop the kids off at the teacher's house or what?

For the second part of this quarantine do we have to stay with the same family, or will they relocate us? Asking for myself ...

Coronavirus has turned us all into dogs. We wander around the house looking for food. We get told "No" if we get too close to strangers and we get really excited about going for walks and car rides.

The dumbest thing I've ever bought was a 2020 planner ...

**Enjoy your day. You don't have anything else to do.**