

when we have them over, you can bet it won't be me doing



CINDY SEBETES AND MANNY SOUSA

the cooking! We had a great time just talking and getting to know them a little outside of the club. (How's your bathroom holding up, Cindy?)

And the last person I'd like to mention is **LINDA LORMAN**. I met Linda a little over a year ago. She is definitely the sweetest person I know. Her and Rick had just gotten back from their honeymoon and we



Linda and Rick Lorman

started talking out on the deck. We had them come share Thanksgiving dinner with us and went on a freezing cold day to go pick up our Christmas trees. We've had

some nice times together and we always end up laughing quite a bit. Now that her and Rick are on the road a lot, she doesn't come as much as she did before, but I can tell you I miss her when she's not here. She always makes me laugh on the dance floor with her "Catwalk" antics!

In closing, I'd like to say that hopefully you'll get a chance to meet some of the people I've mentioned above. You'll see for yourself the kind of people they are, and maybe make a few new friends yourself.

Wendy



DANCERS BUMP INTO THE NICEST PEOPLE: It's a fairly accepted practice that when a collision occurs, apologize, EVEN if it wasn't your fault.



The trouble with those great big belt buckles!

You Might Be A Line Dancer If...

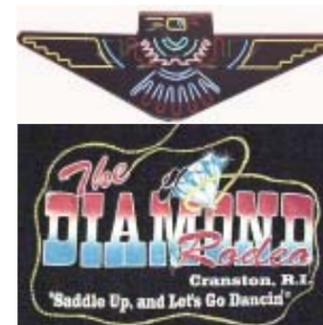
- 1.you always start counting with 5,6,7,8.
- 2.you grapevine down your super market aisles.
- 3.you have a "Neon Light" tan Line.
- 4.you have a separate closet for your dance clothes.
- 5.you mumble things in your sleep like " One more time " .
- 6.you know you can't eat anything off a grapevine.
- 7.you know the difference between Sheplers, Cheyenne, and Drysdales, or even know what they are.
- 8.you wear a belt buckle that costs more than your first car.
- 9.you try to purchase a hamburger with some "Kick-Ball-Change"
- 10.you own one or more pair of bowling shoes and don't have a ball, and can't find the alley.
- 11.you watch Friday night T.V. on Sunday.
- 12.the bar you dance at goes broke because you only order water.
- 13.foreplay is "5, 6, 7, 8"
- 14.your hands go into your pockets every time you hear country music.
- 15.your boots match your outfit.
- 16.your work boots have fringe.
- 17.you break your leg building a dance hall.
- 18.you look up while dancing and everyone else is doing the wrong dance.
- 19.you watch your feet while dancing.
- 20.perspiration drips off the end of your nose.
- 21.you ride 10 miles on a mountain bike and still go dancing that night.
- 22.you don't have a willing partner.
- 23.your wife stomps her foot and you don't pay attention.
- 24.a Trashy Women is a dance, not someone you find in a bar.
- 25.Ty England is a performer, not a geographical location.
- 26.Garth Brooks is a singer, not a retirement community.
- 27.Pigeon Toes don't refer to birds.
- 28.you don't fish with a swivel.
- 29.a jazz box is not a New Orleans honky tonk.
- 30.Patty Loveless is a person, not a condition.
- 31.you talk with your feet and not your hands.
- 32.when spotting, you don't need to turn your head unless the turn is more than 360 degrees

Submitted by: Lee Burke

Wednesday-Line Dance Lessons at 7:00 with Gail McKenna
 Thursday-Two Step Lessons 7:00 - 9:00 with Joe Macera
 Karaoke from 9:00 - 11:00
 Friday - Line Dance Lessons at 7:00 with Gail McKenna
 Cat Country Dance Party Night Every Friday
 Saturday - Line Dance Lessons at 7:00 with Gail McKenna



**Wednesdays, Fridays & Saturdays
Gail McKenna**



Side - Bar
Comments

Club Hours

Wednesday 7 PM - 1 AM
 Thursday 7 PM - 1 AM
 Friday 7 PM - 1 AM
 Saturday 7PM - 1 AM

MARDI GRAS

1500 Oaklawn Ave.
 Cranston, RI
 (401) 463-3080

Wednesdays
 Fridays
 Saturdays
 Free Line Dance Lessons
 with Gail McKenna
 7 - 8 PM

Thursday
 Two Step Lessons 7:00 -
 9:00 with Joe Macera
 Karaoke from 9:00 - 11:00

This newsletter can be
 viewed on line at
www.mikeponte.com



Quick Quick... Slow Slow



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Writer,Columnist: Rita Polce

**November
2003**

interview links

bioGRAPHY reviews



**Does Joe not look like Big Daddy to us all or what?
 Most of us have known each other between 5-10
 years...I hate to say it....but we are old.**

Aw...sweet summer memories... New and old friends coming together for a little backyard fiesta. Can you smell the Magaritas? Could there possibly have been a better chance to tailgate other than to Kenny Chesney's Senoritas and Margaritas summer concert tour? We think not!

This photo was taken before Rob's Tequila was distributed. Before Noelle's calzones were distributed...were they calzones???..before some of us started begging other



Kenny Chesney
 July 19, 2003
 The Tailgate Party

tailgaters for their barbecued ribs, stealing each others Smirnoffs (sorry Jeff), scuffing dance moves on the dirt, calling our exes in a drunken stupor, getting lost in the woods, falling asleep in the car, and getting lost in the woods again while being severely eaten alive by mosquitoes. And of course, there are those people (we won't mention their names) who were so lost they didn't make this picture or park anywhere in the same vicinity as us. Apparently they didn't understand the concept of tailgating?!

The parked parking lot was filled with tailgaters at 1:30. Ladies stringin' lines to porta-johns, cowboys hootin' from their trucks and wannabees parading around...some dressed up and others taking their clothes off.

Somehow, through the hot sun and herds of cattle, we all managed to find each other while hopping blankets and to enjoy Dianna Carter, the delicious Keith Urban, and the very sexy Kenny Chesney and....remember it! (Jeff you are an excellent navigator!)

Some were they solely for Kenny, some to see Keith and Dianna, others I think just wanted to talk to each other during the whole concert! (Who could that be?) Those who were listening to the concert thought Keith Urban stole the show despite the deep true puppy love for Kenny. As a devoted Kenny fan it pains me to say that I

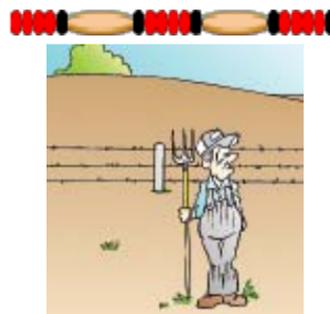
have seen him put on a better show when he toured with Tim McGraw. Sorry Kenny, but it was very disturbing to watch you sign autographs in the front row for about 20 minutes while the rest of us were left hanging, trying to determine whether or not you were going to sing again and wondering if we should stay or go. Nice gesture and all, but the cheap seats really got a cheap show.

The best part besides hearing Kenny: the fireworks. Those of you who rushed off to try to be the first ones out of the parking lot missed a great show and sad because no matter where you were you waited awhile didn't you? The luminous fireworks were the best ones anyone had seen in awhile.



(C'mon...Now, you KNOW I HAD to put that picture in didn't you?)

I never did get to throw myself on stage, but I had a great time thanks to The Tailgate Party.



A man, outstanding in his field

The first time I was exposed to country music I thought, good lord, someone turn this terrible music off. That mindset didn't last very long. I listened to it a little here and a little there, and before I knew it, that was all I was listening to. I found myself saying hey this is how I am, this is me and how I feel about things. I began singing along in the car, and soon I was a hard core country fan.



Sheree Andrews

Wanting to take my new found country experience to a new level I decided to visit the Diamond Rodeo. I was excited when I first walked in there at how much fun everyone seemed to be having. People were laughing, dancing and seemed to be having a blast. Everyone I passed had a smile on their face. I noticed one other important thing about this place, there was no defining age; there were younger people and older people all there for the same reason. They were listening to country music, line dancing and two stepping, and having a ball. It was an unusually comfortable environment; I vowed to visit the DR more often.

I recruited a friend to join me. Many of my friends had visited Mardi Gras and they always ended up somewhere other than the DR. She and I started going every Wednes-

day night, we would take a lesson or two with Gail and jump in to learn as many line dances as we could. A few months passed and we became acquainted with the regulars of the DR. We knew a lot more dances than we did when we first walked in the door.

These days... we visit the DR faithfully. We gather on the weekends, to dance to our favorite music, and say hello to our friends. These people without realizing it have become a part of my life. I have met many great lifelong

friends who mean a whole lot more than they know. We started with one thing in common, Country Music. The music I profoundly wanted to disappear has become the one thing all things revolve around in my life. As with all ages and all country folk, we found we all have more in common than the average Joe. We're hard core country fans! And for the Fabulous Five and you know who you are, soon we will all say, Nashville Here We Come!!! I love you guys!!

~Sheree Andrews



Hello from Nashville City



Harry poses with Trick Pony

Hello from Nashville, the city that never sleeps—Huh? Oh yeah, you're right; that's New York. Ok. Hello from Nashville, the city where drunken dogs drive pickup trucks and their owners cry themselves to sleep in the truck bed after getting drunk because Ellie Ann, the almost homecoming queen ran away with Mo, the rodeo guy—Or something like that. I've been pretty well occupied here in Music City since I left R.I. three years ago. I can't count the number of concerts I've been to. I've seen and met so many country artists. I've been on CMT Live not once, but four times. That's always a lot of fun. Most recently, I was in the front row of the

show with Alan Jackson and the show with Gary Allan. CMT is taping from The Wildhorse Saloon now where I've become one of the regulars. I've even had the opportunity to teach some dance lessons at the Wildhorse. Who would have thought that I, someone that didn't know a single dance step five years ago, would be teaching a dance lesson at the world Famous Wildhorse Saloon in Nashville! It never would have happened if it weren't for the friendship and help I found at Diamond Rodeo. As I've said before, I sat at the rail thinking that I would make a fool of myself wishing that I could dance like the people out on the floor.

Thanks to Peter, who is still probably the Diamond Rodeo Ambassador, and to the instructors and everyone else I had the pleasure of dancing with every week. Hell it was almost every night. And it was always fun! You were all so helpful when I stumbled and tripped through my first couple of lessons—OK! Maybe it was my first hundred lessons!

I look forward each week to getting the club photos from Mike in my email; it's like being back home at Diamond Rodeo. Each week, I try to find familiar faces in all the pictures, and I'm glad to see so many still there. I see a lot of new faces, too. It's fun, isn't it!? I don't mean just the dancing, but the people and



Harry and Jennifer Hansen

friendships that go along with it all.

I don't keep in touch as much as I should. I keep wanting to plan a trip back to R.I., but things always come up. Ill keep trying. Stop in the Wildhorse and see me if you're ever in town. I've met a few people from the club since I got here. Hopefully I'll see more of You!

I've also had the chance to be an extra in a music video—Travis Tritt's Lonesome, Ornerly, and Mean video was shot outside the coliseum, and I was in it— If You watch the video, I'm the only person in the middle of the crowd with a black cowboy hat on. Oh, I forgot to

mention—You can only see me from behind. Hey, I didn't say it was a big part! But it was a lot of fun. If I don't get back to R.I. for the holidays, I WISH YOU ALL THE HAPPIEST OF HOLIDAY SEASONS FROM MUSIC CITY! And, as LeeAnn Womack says in my favorite song, When you get the chance, I hope You dance!

Harry Pratt
lmok39@yahoo.com



First, let me start off by saying "Happy Holidays!" to everybody. It's hard to believe



Wendy

that they're just around the corner. I think this year has flown by. We had a winter that lasted FOREVER, and a summer that lasted a week! I've been meaning to get this article done because someone has been after me for a while (I won't say who), but wasn't quite sure what to write about. I thought this time I'd write about some of the special friends I've met since I started coming. I can't put down everyone, so if you're not mentioned, I apologize.

PETER SPERTINI is my little friend who is my "Sway" partner in the middle of the dance floor. He loves country dancing. He was born on August 15, 1962, and this

year we had a big birthday party for him at Mardi Gras. He wanted a pair of cowboy boots in the worst way! There were quite a few people who



PETER SPERTINI

pitched in and we came up with the money and got them for him. Some of us also picked up additional gifts for him, so he ended up with just about an entire outfit, hat included! I don't think I've ever seen anyone look so happy. Pete's eyes say everything. Watch him sometime. He went to Vegas last year and had a blast, and is now saving to go to Atlantic City. Go Pete!!

RICHARD MARCHAND and I do lunch every couple of

weeks. If there was any good thing about MG being closed down for safety renovations in March, it was definitely meeting him. I think just about everyone that comes here knows him. He



Richard Marchand

has a heart of gold and hey, every so often, I even get to dance a set with him. Thank you for your friendship, Richard.

CINDY SEBETES AND MANNY SOUSA had just bought a new house and invited Dave and I over for dinner. Cindy went through so much work to make sure everything came out just right. Anybody who knows me knows I hate cooking, so



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