



*Dan Schweitzer*

Don't you agree?

Something ought to be done about the mess.

Eight people weave and loop with military precision (ok, slight exaggeration) for nearly 15 minutes, and then comes the "thank you" thing.

Issues immediately arise:

- Do we hold hands, bow and utter a communal thank you?
- What's the cue so we bow in unison?
- How do we sync the words?

"Precision" isn't what normally happens.

Then comes the really fun part: Individual hand shakes? A hug?

Start with your partner, or your corner? Continue in the same direction, and ignore the person behind you? Or, turn back and forth?

Ack! – A stranger with no name tag! His name is Dave, or Don, or maybe Dick. Guess? Mumble? Skip the name part?

Double Ack! – A friend, sans name tag, and ..., and .... Brain failure! Quick, turn around and thank a person in some other direction.

One person to go. Darn, she's on the far side of the group. Reach across the other people shaking hands? Go around? But, she's headed the other way! Tackle her? Oh no! She's about to get into a long discussion about Mildred's new hairdo. Leave her un-thanked? Hang around until the topics of color, length, perms, and stylist are exhausted? (Like that's going to happen.)

Rather than the individual thanks, some bend over and wave their fingers at each other. Are they speed typing: "Thank you George. Thank you Mary, ...?"

Another alternative is a little hip bump.

I suppose there even exists a club somewhere that huddles up, like a college basketball team. They'd extend their right hands into the center, palms down, hollering a thanks as they push down.

Anyway, you get the picture. And, it's not pretty.

The National Caller Lab needs to address this problem, and soon. Too many of us (well, me anyway) can't be left to our own devices. A special request for you lab guys: Maintain a tight formation so I can eavesdrop and catch un-tagged names.

Of course, the Lab won't apply a meaningful call name. My bet is a name like Mildred March.

In the meantime, I intend to quietly slip off to the men's room, to avoid hair-do discussions.

Oh, almost forgot: Thank you.