

# Our girl's Palm Springs weekend

Our forth annual trip to Palm Springs will go down in the books as one of the best. We stayed at Leann's freshly built house, which rivals any hotel (sorry Larry) in town. The house done in a Mission Style, with large stone floors, heaving drapes and wrought iron, was a perfect, cool refuge from the hot-even-for-Palm-Springs weather.

We drove out on Saturday morning after fueling-up at Starbucks. One of my favorite things about Palm Springs is that the directions getting around town can sound something like this:

Turn left on Bob Hope

Then make a right on Dinah Shore

Flip a U-turn on Gerald Ford

But if you come up to Frank Sinatra, you've go to far

Just take Gene Autry all the way back to Bob Hope...

After spending the entire afternoon eating, chatting and pretending it wasn't too hot to lay in the sun, we decided it was time to wash off the 110 degree heat that covered us and go to dinner.

Vicki has long harangued me about my lack of...well, more talent than enthusiasm about getting dolled-up, so I gave her carte blanche and she did my hair and make-up for the night...



(Leann, Jana, me, Vicki, Jen and Jill)

We dined at Bing Crosby's Restaurant and I'm happy to report a good time was had by all. The 40's decor and atmosphere were impeccable, complete with large black and white photos

covering the walls and a hat rack brimming (ha-see what I did?) with fedoras.



The only buzz-kill of the evening was when—sharply at 8:00 pm—the swank-factor was obliterated by the band’s turn in musical genre. They switched from Old Blue Eyes to Cool and The Gang.

This was a travesty I could not let go unexplained, after calling over the manager for a little “chat” about the disgraceful turn of events...”What is with the music?”...he said this is what the locals liked—dance music. Oh, and dance they did.

All was totally forgiven when I got my “June in January”  
drink, a house special...



I happily sang “Well she’s a brick howwwwse” while enjoying  
its bubbly goodness.

We spent Sunday morning crowded under the umbrella in the pool talking about what 80’s fashions should make a come-back—creepers, wrap around skirts and Dolphin shorts being among some the winners...I mean talking about the upcoming elections. Then we headed back to Orange County; a little tanner, a little plumper, and a little happier having spent a whole weekend with friends who we love.