

## A TRIBUTE TO MY DANCING TEACHER

It was in the Fall of a certain year,  
In nineteen and twenty, if my memory is clear.

Two young mothers with baby boys were blessed,  
One on the East Coast, and the other out West.

Mrs. Rooney said, "Mickey is what I'll name my boy."  
Mrs. Whaley said, "I think I'll call my son Roy."

Mickey went right from his crib to the stage.  
Roy studied accounting to earn him his wage.

At the movies, Roy watched Mickey sing and then dance.  
It all looked so good it put Roy in a trance.

He said to his mother, "You may think I'm looney  
But I want to dance just like young Mickey Rooney."

When Roy was a grandpa he moved to San Diego.  
He said, "I must dance before I get lumbago."

So he joined a tap class with Miss Dottie Jones,  
Who taught him to shuffle and loosened his bones.

She taught him a warm-up that started with slaps,  
Then drilled him, nearly killed him, with twirls and flaps.

She dressed him in costumes for all of his shows;  
Sequins, red satin, tuxedo and bows.

Up on the stage just watch that man go!  
With a right and a left and a shuffle hop toe.

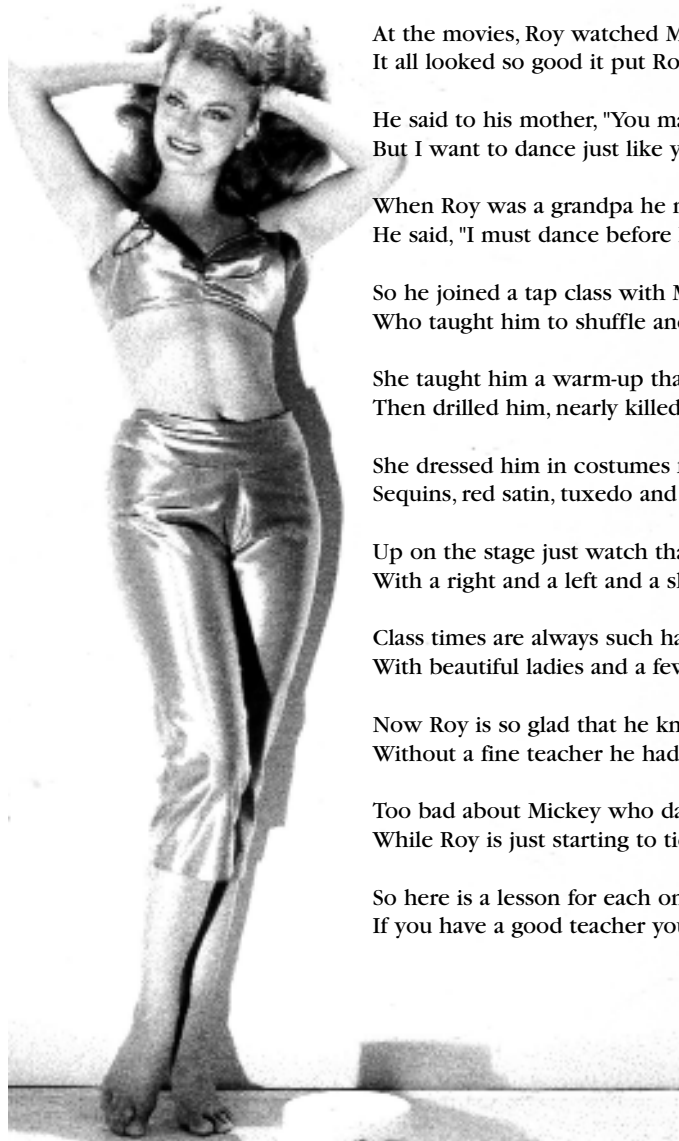
Class times are always such happy events  
With beautiful ladies and a few lucky gents.

Now Roy is so glad that he knows how to dance.  
Without a fine teacher he hadn't a chance.

Too bad about Mickey who dances no more  
While Roy is just starting to tickle the floor.

So here is a lesson for each one of you;  
If you have a good teacher your dream can come true.

Dottie  
Jones



Dottie circa 1950s



**D**ottie Jones taught for the Civic Dance Arts program for 23 years. She has touched the lives of thousands of students by giving them the gift of dance and as is always the case with Dottie, true class and style! Please join us as we honor her and celebrating her retirement from the Civic Dance Arts program on Sunday, February 1st at the Casa del Prado theatre immediately following the 2:00pm show.