

Special Feature

All Greek to Me!

My telephone rang quite late on the Wednesday evening. It was Vernon and as usual he wanted something. This time he was running a big charity dance on Friday evening continuing to Saturday morning



head to foot in a gorilla costume. He always did his own thing. But the next person I saw was Stephen, the charity treasurer, and he was wearing thick crepe soled shoes, a checked shirt and the tightest jeans

breakfast. The person who had been going to sell Tombola and raffle tickets on the night, had 'flu, absolutely everyone else on the committee was already fully occupied - could I possibly help? As I support the charity I said yes. Vernon thanked me and just before ringing off remembered to say, "By the way - it's themed fancy dress."

"Oh - what's the theme?"

"Greece. Thanks again." And he rang off.

Like the Statues

Going to bed a little later I decided to see about hiring a Greek dress from a theatrical costumier - something like the local drama group had had for a recent production of *The Rape of the Belt*.

I rather fancied myself, in heavy white silk with a gold belt round my waist. I had some nice gold sandals and perhaps my hairdresser could give me a 'Greek' style? "Like the statues on vases." I told her when I rang. Sue offered to look through a book of hair styles for inspiration.

All went to plan, I found a lovely dress, my size; Sue did wonders with my hair and on Friday evening I drove to Victor's house in Aldbury, the venue for the dance. Victor was one of the Charity Vice Presidents and I wasn't a bit surprised when he came out to greet me dressed

imaginable, which was odd.

Stephen didn't see me and disappeared round the back, while I followed Victor. "We're very grateful." He said, "We'll keep you well supplied with food and drink. Go on through, you're in the marquee. We've been given some very good prizes. I must go and make sure the Jacuzzi organisers know the rules about no glasses, only plastic."

What's a Greek Urn?

I walked on through the house and into the huge marquee which had been grafted onto the back for the night. The men were dressed in tight jeans, checked shirts and had done strange things to their hair styles. The women either wore tight black leather trousers, or sticking-out skirts with volumes of frilly petticoat.

As I looked round the penny dropped. It wasn't Greece the country, it was Grease the musical.

My only consolation was that I sold a record number of both raffle and tombola tickets, as I bandied witticisms with the guests. The dance raised an outstanding amount for the times, over £10,000, which in 1982 was very good. I like to think I helped them reach that total.

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