

To take up the few remaining minutes they sang a few songs and although some did a bit of giggling all enjoyed singing and watching.

Then it was time to leave. They left in ranks and bid us good afternoon. The class was empty and soon all the pairs of shiny eyes would be home very likely to beg some cookies or other sweets.

Although I didn't realize it then I know now that this experience, simple though it was, was one of the most enjoyable and heartwarming I have ever had.

—RHODA LONGAPHIE

A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

A young man, of medium size, with large hands and feet, outstanding ears, and a total lack of sophistication, strode into the Dance Hall. He was a new student—very selfconscious and very scared.

As he stood on the sidelines, he has the strange feeling that he had shrunk into himself, that he was not really there but saw, as from afar off, through two holes in his skull.

So this is the place—large, exciting—and frightening! The people—sophisticated, smart—movie people. Wiseguy from class . . . twice as sinister . . . even that nice boy seems fast and dangerous . . . Girls, lovely, . . . and terrifying . . . painted, bespangled . . . talking brightly; laughing brittlely . . . a sweet tinkle sound . . . at me?"

It shouldn't happen to a dog, but he picked a lulu that time—a real hard doll. She froze him! His stock headed for the nether regions.

Then he met a senior from home—an unknowable here. This great man kindly persuaded him, as one man of the world to another, to resume dancing. He did, with a nice girl who grew up too fast and then stopped. After he stumbled about for a while (foot and mouth) she became fed up and made with the cold shoulder. He seemed so miserable, however, that she took pity on him and tried to cheer him up. By the time the dance had finished, a small germ of his self respect had returned.

Back at the stagline he saw his like number among the girls, but the inverted snobbery of the trampled prevented him from going to her. Instead he asked a coed . . . she must have been at least a junior!

One of the goddesses . . . Where did I get the courage?

She talks to him almost as though he is a human . . . even a man; and he begins to feel like one even if he does come from McCouvrey's Crick! She finally manages to untangle his feet, and, unlike her predecessors, his sister and roommate, she does so by untangling his senses and emotions. . . Sweating profusely, he rather proudly returns her to her seat.

His next dance is with a nice, attractive and very genuine girl (beginner's luck). She draws him out while they dance . . . the world is rosy. Suddenly he feels trapped. Have his questions given the impression that he intends to take her home?

Can't must!

In the taxi, sitting to himself he ponders the vital question. "When will I . . . ? Cripes I have to . . . all the guys do . . . Not the way I kissed Mom goodbye when I left. Perhaps I'll shake hands and say goodnight . . . O God . . ." Feels sick at what that would do to his reputation if he did that. What a deal . . . to even think of it . . . if the boys ever found out . . .

She: "This is it." And she chatters on, oblivious to the torment in her escort's brain.

He remembers to hold the door, and mumbles, panic stricken.

Going up the walk she yawns, stretches, and stops. "Isn't it a lovely night?"

"Um ah-h . . . yeah."

This is one thing Harry didn't show me how to do. At this idea he laughs to himself, and, like the first blow in a fight, it loosens him.

They sparr around with small talk . . . indecisive . . . Then she issues an ultimatum. "It's getting late; I must be getting in." She turns, slowly . . . he clears his throat . . . she pauses . . . "I uh . . ." . . . "mmmmuH"!

Following up his attack he asks for a date, ". . . next week" and is accepted.

Striding off with the world in a small corner of his pocket he knew that this was something he should do more often.

—J. M. REDDIN '60