

sence. With guys it was different. He could say things to them more readily than he could to girls. Girls frightened him, even though he was keenly interested in them. He didn't know why he was afraid. Perhaps it was simply that he regarded them as an alien species devoid from his experience.

Anyway, Frank happened to see Sylvia sitting by herself in the coffee shop one Tuesday morning. He decided that he might as well go over and talk to her. After all, he had nothing to lose.

THE FIRST BIG DATE - A SHORT STORY

Frank Lockwood was an extremely happy individual. Imagine! He, Frank Lockwood had a date with the most beautiful girl on campus. Sylvia Goldman had long, flowing hair, blue eyes that sparkled like stars on a moonlit night, an hourglass figure, and an aura of sweetness and loveliness. It was too good to be true.

Frank knew Sylvia from high school. He and she had been in the same class from grade nine through Grade twelve. He had always been fascinated by her beauty and elegance. In those days, he wouldn't have stood a chance. Sylvia was courted by all the athletic heroes at Trimbleton High. What chance would a guy who was five foot 10, inclined to be stocky, and not too very handsome, have had with her then. Now things were changed at Rushmore College. Though Sylvia had shone out, there were many other girls one could choose from. She had lost some of her stature but none of her beauty. If it was possible, she had become even more beautiful than she had been in high school.

Frank had not dated much in high school. He always seemed to be the outsider. Nobody ever paid much attention to him, and his naturally shy nature drove him further and further into his shell. Girls bothered him. He was never sure how he was expected to behave in their pre-

"Hi, Sylvia. Long time no see."

"Oh, Hi Frank."

"Mind if I set down?"

"No, go ahead."

"What have you been doing with yourself lately?"

"On, nothing much."

"This is the second year for you, isn't it Sylvia?"

"Yes."

"What courses are you taking this term?"

"Two English, two History and a Political Science."

"Heh! That's quite a coincidence. I'm in Arts and majoring in English."

"That's nice."

"Say, are you busy Friday night? There's a really good movie playing at the 'Phoenix' and I can't think of anyone I'd rather take."

To Frank's utter astonishment, she said yes and the date was set for Friday night. Frank was beside himself with excitement. He was a bundle of nerves and energy. He could hardly wait for the hours to tick away until it would be Friday.

Finally, the big day arrived. This was it, the moment that he was waiting for. Frank hardly heard a word his professors said in class. His head was in the clouds, dreaming of what a fantastic time he was going to have.

Preparations for the big date were extensive. First of all he took a bath. He decided that he would wash and just lie in the tub for 15 - 20 minutes soaking up the soothing warmth of the water. However, he was so preoccupied with his thoughts that he dried himself off before he remembered that he was going to lie and soak in the tub. This operation completed, he went about the task of selecting clothes. First he laid out his pink shirt and his blue trousers. Next he had to decide what jacket to wear. He finally hit on his new grey sportscoat. Then he walked timidly downstairs for inspection.

"Hey, dad! Do I look all right?"

"Just fine, son. Got a big date tonight, eh? Who is she?"

"Just some girl I knew from high school."

"Well, have a good time. Take care."

"I will dad. See you later."

Frank climbed into his red Pinto and rode off to Sylvia's house. He was almost petrified as he walked up the steps. "Will she approve of me?" "Will I make a good impression with her or will I foul up?" "What of her folks answer the door?" "Will I be stuck for something to say?"

These were the questions that kept buzzing through his mind. Luckily, Sylvia answered the door, and they were off to the theatre.

During the ride, Frank tried to make light conversation to ease the tension that he thought Sylvia was sharing with him. However, her answers were short and noncommittal. She asked him such questions as "Is my hair alright? Is my slip showing? Do I look a mess? I must." To all these inquiries, Frank replied that she looked just fine.

The reached the theatre and went in. The movie was a Jerry Lewis comedy, one that Frank had been wanting to see for about 3 months. The movie was extremely funny and Frank laughed throughout. Sylvia, however, said not a word nor conveyed a single emotion to indicate her presence.

The ride home was even more awkward than the ride to the movie. Frank tried to loosen up things with some conversation but to no avail.

"What did you think of the movie Sylvia?"

"It was okay."

"But did you really enjoy it?"

"I guess so."

"You know movies are a lot like life. There are comedies in life as well as in fiction. For example, this is my second year of College and I really haven't made up my mind what I want to do yet. What do you want to do?"

"I don't know."

"Say do you want to go to bed with me tonight?"

"I'm sorry. What did you say?"

"That's okay. It was nothing important."

Frank dropped Sylvia off at her house. He gave her a peck on the cheek and said that he hoped she enjoyed the evening. "It was okay," replied Sylvia. As Frank walked back to his car he kept thinking, "What did I do wrong? She obviously had a lousy time. Am I a klutz? Can't I do any-

thing right? Will I ever be able to face another girl again?"

He crept dejectedly home.

Stay tuned for our dramatic conclusion next week.

Lightning

P.S. For all those who had a negative reaction to my first article: In immortal words of Jim Bouton (for all you basketball fans out there), "I'm glad you didn't take it personally." Really, though, it warms my heart to see the reaction I could have predicted before I wrote it. Of course, nobody seemed to have the time or the inclination to read it carefully and try to discover what the article was really about. I thought I had given several dead giveaways throughout the whole story, but for those who misinterpreted them or missed them altogether, here they are again (pay attention folks! There may be an exam later): Clue number one: The title, Men's Liberation and all that (?.) What word comes logically after "that"?

Clue number two: I said words to the effect that girls must buy their own drinks from now on unless they happen to be an acquaintance, a girlfriend, a relative or a nice looking broad. I could have used the phrase "any girl" but I thought that would be too obvious and would let the cat out of the bag.

Clue number three: "We will fight them in the residences; we will fight them in the bars; we will fight them in the restaurants; we shall never surrender" and "Up against the wall female chauvenist pig". Obviously perversions of well known cliches.

Clue number four: "For too long have we been treated as mere money objects." The allusion is all too obvious. What am I trying to say? I refuse to spell it out for you except to give you two more hints which were not in the article. (1) I wish I were taking psychology because this would be a great experiment. (2) I wish I had written it on April 1. If you still haven't figured it out by now, I give up! You're hopeless.