

IT'S VALENTINE'S



THE GREAT LOVER

by Larry Saunders

In our society we have two main types of lovers: the ones who are hunting love and the ones who have found it. Here's my story of both of these.

Lover number one is usually the first to arrive on the scene each morning to catch a bus to West. Of course he has on his white London Fog jacket, naturally with the collar turned up; a crisp, freshly pressed sport shirt with a Hi-Y or some other club pin on the collar; tan or light olive pants with a straw belt; and black shoes so shining that one could see oneself in them. With a conspicuously wrinkled hat (the name of which, heaven only knows), a smear of Aqua Velva here and there, and two dabs of Brylcreem, our lover number one is ready for a hard day of study--a study of girls, that is. After arriving at West and depositing his books in Mr. Smith's room, the lover begins his daily patrol of the halls. Of course he has a big smile for all the girls; a smile and a hello for the girls he's friends with or would like to be friends with; and a smile, a hello, and some type of joke or "you look-nice-today: for those girls that he knows real well. It's really quite a sight to see him work.

Lover number two isn't nearly so exciting to

watch while he's operating. He's found his steady and is through with all this hunting around. One may say that he's "experienced." Unlike lover number one, lover number two gets to school at the latest possible minute. He's still usually half asleep upon arrival because of a late date the night before. He finds his mate, and together they seek a place as much out of range of the common eye of their fellow classmates as possible. Then, hand in hand, they begin to talk until they're disrupted by the tardy bell. Then with their sad good-bye's said, they part until the next break between classes. Lover two isn't nearly so neat in dress as lover number one. Who thinks of clothes at a time like this anyway?!

BLIND DATE

--Ellen Highsmith

A blind date is something that I heartily recommend that every one should have at least, and at most, one of. The greatest advantage in having had one is that when everyone who has suffered through one is relating his or her tale of agony or ecstasy, you, too, can offer your experience as material to help pad the general discourse.

The first experience that I had concerning this subject was also the first time I came face to face with any kind of date at

all. I was young, naive, and most of all, very ignorant of all the fine arts of flirting, dodging, and laughing at sick, sick jokes that can be mastered only by practice. Needless to mention--I had my first lesson with a perfectly strange professor!

I was spending a weekend with one of my more "worldly" friends who, at the time, was a BIG sophomore in high school. However, I had to add years to my appearance before I could begin to feel that I didn't look like the child that I really knew I was! The years came with a brush of mascara, mist of cologne, and shocking pink (really "shocking" if my mother had seen me) lipstick.

After my elder colleague gave me the low-down on my blind partner, I squelched my desire to run the fifty miles home non-stop. The great occasion was to take place in the recreation room of my friend's home. Several couples had already arrived and were peering at me through the beadiest brigade of eyes in history. Finally I became positive that he had seen my picture and would never come then. I wasn't too upset by this idea, but my laissez-faire attitude had hardly time enough to wrinkle my brain than the horrid clang of the bell echoed and re-echoed through the house.

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