

She made her point.

"You don't mind that at all," I said pressing for more sordid details.

"No," and then she got up and left. But not before she said that she did not love or intend to marry him. That made me feel good and I wondered about the other girl friend.

Meanwhile, in an almost completely darkened corner, a young lass was saying to a friend, "Who'll win the series?"

The friend did not answer.

"The Sox got Lonborg and Yaz somebody," the other prodded. "They could beat the Cardinals."

"Uh huh," was the mute reply.

LOVELY MUSIC

While all this was going on, a band that made more noise than music was having a go at a popular song of some time ago called "Louie, Louie." Or something like that.

The music was deafening. No time to think. The ones in the corner watched the would-be dancers and those on the floor were indulging in the widest assortment of steps imaginable.

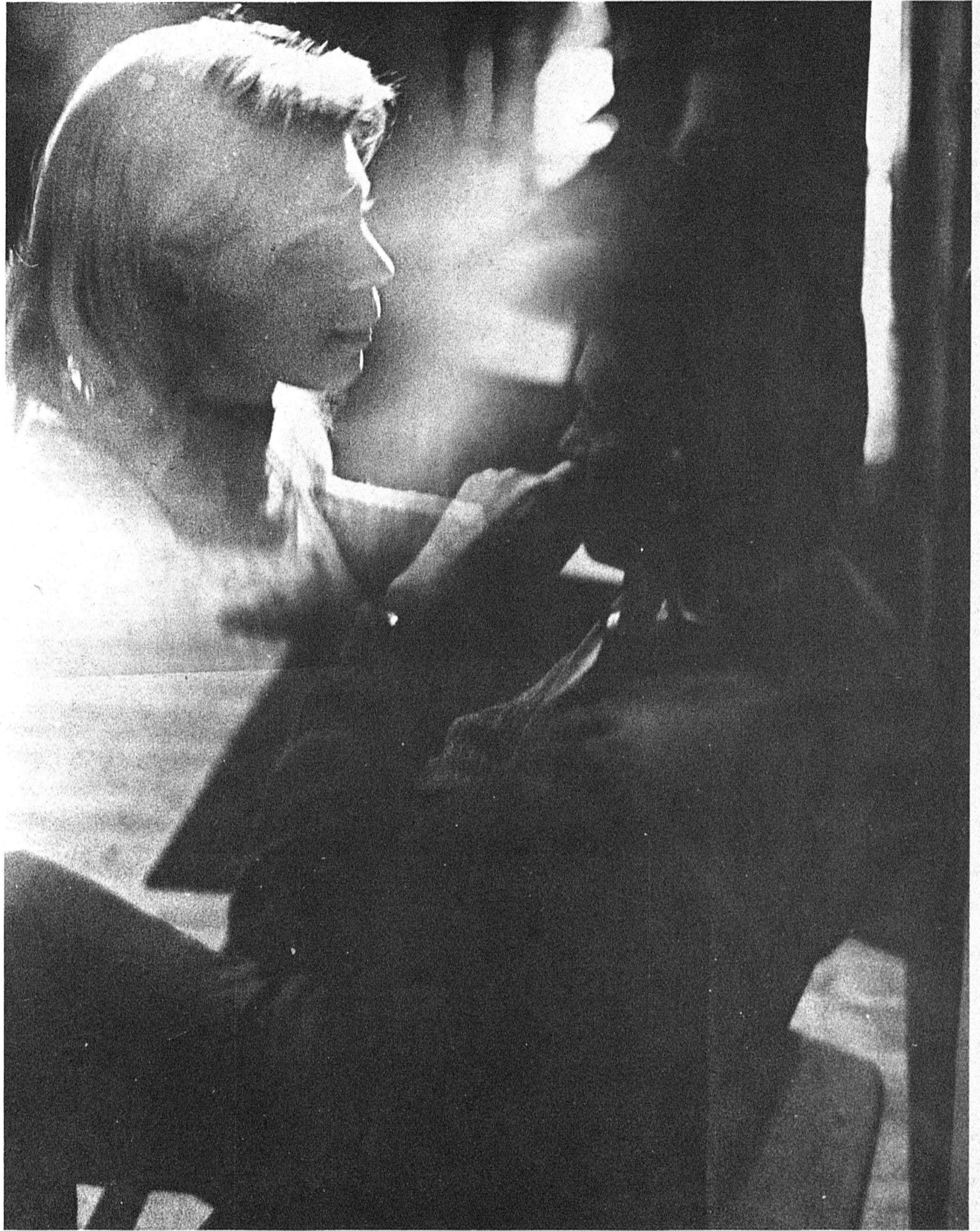
One couple were almost glued together while another were many paces apart. They flung their arms, their feet moved in all directions and the bodies were anything but still. Where did all the energy come from? These same people would sleep in a classroom Monday and others would not even bother to attend at all.

NOT A SOUND

And the others sat in a corner. Silently. Watching. Maybe waiting. The stag line was getting larger and larger. But no one moved. They just stared. And looked around for a buddy or at least someone they knew and could talk to. They weren't the happiest lot around. It showed.

Even a guy who sat alone in a Vancouver pub for a few nights could see this.

In a doorway, two girls stood alone. A photographer saw them and decided to take a picture. The



feature by rich vivone
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girls smiled brightly as the flash lit the entire room. Apparently it did some good because a fella came over and escorted one of the girls on to the floor.

UNUSUAL MOVEMENTS

It was a strange dance that they were about to attempt. The male wasn't the best around and looked rather silly. Hell, I thought, if he has enough guts, so have I and found a voluntary victim.

She was young and pretty, as the story so often goes.

"You better show me what this is all about," I warned "I'm not the most mobile person in this place."

"I can see that," she tittered amongst the giggles that preceded

the last shuffle. "But we'll try anyway."

So she led me to the battle field and the war against fat people began. Her hips went this way, her legs another, her feet yet another and God knows which way was the right way. This excluded what her upper part was doing.

NO FRED ASTAIRE

"Try it," she said hardly waiting for the results.

I tried. Then quit. She giggled.

"What faculty you in," I said in an attempt to sneak out of this embarrassing situation. Actually, there was a faint hope that she was a freshie and not too intelligent. It would be a way out.

A SMILE AND A FRIENDLY VOICE

"I don't go to school here," she said and there was an audible out-gush of air. Pure relief.

"Oh, you work in the city?" she was asked. "No, I go to high school."

So this place is not one shade better than the football and hockey, etc. Student apathy saved by the sly bubblegummers.

"You have a lot of friends here?" I asked and added, "high school friends, especially."

THIS IS STATUS?

"Sure," was the naked reply. "A lot of them come here for the dances. They have a little more class than the school dances. The guys there are just strange. You know, stand around in the corners and just gawk

... often hard to find around here

and everything."

"This is different?" was the question.

"Oh, you bet." The guys here are just the best. They're much more mature and everything.

That was something that should never be said about Alberta types because most won't be able to wear hats for a while.

But people in Montreal will see that this is the same in their city. Vancouver too.

It happened at the Bicuspid Bounce. Last Friday.

While the kid sat in the corner talking about the World Series and a girl sat waiting for someone to ask her to dance.