

The strange world . . .



. . . of campus dances

It is happening everywhere. There are few exceptions.

A man goes into a pub in Montreal and sits. And just sits. In a metropolitan city of that size, a man is wary of strangers and does not attempt to mingle. So he sits, drinks and pretends he is happy. Soon, he is loaded.

In Vancouver, a fella has no where to go. He just walks and stares and, in rare moments, meditates. Finally, he spots a reasonable movie and spends several hours in the company

of the more poney people on earth. Then he is again lonely and eventually heads to a refreshment parlour. It's either that or the television set.

In Edmonton where the cold winds are ready to blow and the students at this university tend to the indoors, the problem is the same. Some are too young for the bars but that does not always deter them. The others who had a free evening Friday went to a fling called the Bicuspid Bounce.

Many people were there and the

sponsors were happy and richer when the night was complete. All types go to these dances. They are the epitome of the Alberta campus student. There are the swingers and the soakers and the dead, the coke drinkers and the ones who just look and the ones who really work at having a good time. It is all but the last few to whom this piece is solemnly dedicated.

TRY THE WASHROOM

Where at a dance do you find a lonely guy? First, try the washroom. People have been known to spend the entire evening flipping coins there. But that night, just two fellas were there.

"Man, we're really makin' a killin'," one said to the other in a nasal but reasonably coherent voice.

"Yea, I know," said the other.

Exit washroom. No luck.

To the hall which has been misnamed Education Gym. There were lots here waiting to be discovered. The girls were sitting on one side and the fellas were in one massive stag mess near the entrance.

THE GALLANT GESTURE

One particularly attractive young lady was sitting alone. Your agent was in one of his more heroic moods and stepped over to her. Everyone else just watched.

En route, I asked one observer who she was.

"I don't know," he answered.

"She's been sitting there for a long time. Guess no one asked her yet?"

"Are you going to," he was asked.

"Nope. She looks too lonely. Couldn't bear it," was the scholarly report.

So I went over.

She was in a talking mood and obviously not the extremely shy try who giggles, coughs and flits her eyelids while wondering what to add to an already stale conversation.

THE WIT STRIKES

"Waiting for someone?" I asked in a rare burst of originality. The line always gets them. That's why I'm a bachelor.

"No," she said. "My boyfriend is out with his other girlfriend. It's her turn."

I swallowed the cigar but coughed it up in time to re-ignite the conversation if there was anything left to say.

"He's with the other girl," I said unbelieving. "That's nice. Some setup you got. A fine boyfriend. Do you really tolerate that?"

"Well, it's his night to drink and he knows I don't like to drink so he takes the other one out." She was truly sincere or your reporter is mistaken which is not too rare.

ONLY HUMAN

"I know he's sleeping with the other girl but that doesn't bother me. After all, he's human and so is she."



SOME FUN, EH GANG?

. . . well it sort of beats tiddleywinks