

I'd better quit while I'm behind

by joan klein

To some, the phrase "the second time around" means a second marriage. To me, it means a late addition to the family. When my oldest son was three, he had two kid brothers. When he was fifteen, he was baby-sitting a kid sister.

Coping with three little people was quite an exercise in every sense of the word. Every day brought a new experience. I made plenty of mistakes, not the least of which was in the area of sex education.

I came by my ignorance honestly. My mother's pre-Spock generation handled the subject with, "I'll explain that to you when you're a little older." Time had a way of standing still in those days.

There was no such easy cop out for me for I was a MODERN mother. I fielded queries as they came: "Where do babies come from? What are those dogs doing? How come we all have one and you don't?" I got the distinct impression they knew, but were checking to see if I did. Then came the inevitable question, "Mommy, what is f--?"

Informed, intelligent, in hysterics, I screamed, "Where did you hear a filthy word like that?" "Peter says the f--ing ball, the f--ing teacher, the f--ing bus,... like that," said Son #1. "Well," said I, "that just goes to show you what a dumb-bell Peter is. It's a verb, not an adjective." He looked smug. We both knew Peter didn't have a lick of sense when it came to grammar.

"But what does it mean, Mom?" he persisted. The lesson in grammar had given me sufficient time to recover my cool. I answered and, apparently satisfied, my eldest left.

I was reprimanding myself for having overreacted when Son#2 ran in with, "Mom, what is f--?" My second explanation went more smoothly. At least I didn't scream. I congratulated myself on my adaptability.

Before I could become too self-satisfied, Son#3 toddled in and babbled, "Momma, f--?" Peter could never be accused of age discrimination. The doorbell rang and, exhibiting a marvelously short attention span, the littlest ran off to play with his buddy. Gene Tuney is not the only one to have been saved by the bell.

As we all grew older, the questions became more sophisticated: "How does the little egg get fertilized? How come you and Daddy didn't wear your pajamas to bed last night? What is that box of white things in your bottom drawer under all the sweaters?"

The elementary school system had cut me a break on this last one asked by the youngest. His big brother waved his hand saying, "I know. I know." And he did. He gave a stunningly accurate rundown of my reproductive system.

I was pleased and I complimented him on his presentation. "Oh, that's nothing," he said. "We just studied that in school. Next week, we're going on to the earthworm." I was

relieved to have been taken off the hook so easily, but distressed to discover I was considered somewhat less complex than the earthworm.

At some point, the questions ebbed. I began to feel the worst of it was over when I discovered there was to be a second time around. After the usual time lapse, a daughter was born. I felt confident, with all my previous, if rusty, experience, that I would be able to handle her sex education in a more enlightened way.

I am brimful of appropriate answers, but she never asks the right questions. she never bothered to ask what f-- means. no doubt she had that squared away in utero.

This child of the '70's comes up with new material: "Mommy, am I a lesbian because I kissed Susie? Why don't you shave there every day like Daddy shaves his face? What is the Pill?"

To this last, I responded glibly, "What Pill?" She answered, "I don't know. This girl on TV just told her Daddy she wants to use the Pill and he is angry about it." I knew how he felt. I gave her an explanation suitable (?) to a seven-year old. She wanted to know, "Should I have a baby or should I take the Pill?"

"Aha," I thought. Here was an opportunity to pass along a value judgment. I told her my feelings on ingesting chemicals. She sighed resignedly, "Oh, okay. I guess I'll go ahead then and have a baby." Good grief! Happily, no definite time schedule was set.

I'm trying to keep on my toes, but I feel like an aging boxer whose legs are giving out. I would throw in the sponge, but I'm too curious about what the future might bring.

A friend recently talked me into going to a fortune teller. I don't believe in gypsies. She insisted it was "just for fun." The seeress took my hand, examined my palm and accurately told me my age, weight, marital status, wedding date, likes, dislikes, friends' birthdays, and of my involvement in a community college in Pennsylvania. "Humph," thought I, "Just lucky guesses." I don't believe in gypsies.

She ran her finger over one of the lines on my palm and said, "I see you have five children." "No, I have four," I countered. With a frown, she glanced up, looked into my eyes, and a knowing smile spread slowly over her face. A third time around? Mercifully, I fainted. Am I worried? Heck, no. I don't believe in gypsies.



February is Heart Month

Do something special for someone you love.

Learn how to perform C.P.R. It could save a life.

Class weekly - See Nurse for details.

FEBRUARY HAPPENINGS

12 *faculty recital* hacc noon

sga meeting in conference room

men's basketball sheanandoah home 7:30 pm.

13 *sha na na concert* hershy park arena 8 pm.

'kiss me kate' on wif 9 pm.

flower show live and painted at the art association 9:30 am. to 1 pm.

keggar student center 9 pm. adm. \$2.50

14 *film* Fellini's 8 1/2 at hershey med. center, 8 pm.

gong show student show at york college 8:30 pm.

shakespeare play 'julius caesar' 8 pm. wif tv

film 'moon flights and medicine' noon william penn memorial museum

15 *jazz clinic and concert* dave stahl big band 8pm. hacc adm. \$2

the budapest symphony orchestra hershey theatre 8:15 pm.

16 *stanley turrentine concert* at the forum 8 pm.

film 'the red shoes' hacc 8pm.

17 *romeo and juliet* susquehanna university 8pm.

planetarium show 'the moon' william penn museum

Lou's Corner

In these days of "Student-try" one of the most devastating things is to get home tired from University, head hanging and the weight of intelligence and good, nutritious meal taking half an hour to cook:

1 large Spanish or Bermuda onion (sweet)

1/2 cup oil, preferably polyunsaturate

3 small (6 oz.) cans tomato paste

1/2 cup sugar

1/2 teaspoonful basil (must)

1 teaspoonful oregano, or to taste (optional)

Parmesan cheese

Salt and black pepper to taste

Heat oil in a covered pan.

Add the sliced and peeled onion and cook until the onion is light brown. Add tomato paste to the from University, head hanging and the weight of intelligence and good, nutritious meal taking half an hour to cook: sugar, salt, pepper, basil and oregano and bring sauce to boil, cover pan, and simmer for 1/2 hour, stirring occasionally.

Prepare spaghetti according to instructions. Serve piping hot. Pour sauce on the spaghetti. Sprinkle Parmesan cheese generously on top of the tomato sauce, and enjoy! Serves four.

This sauce can be frozen for an unlimited amount of time in the freezer. It is also excellent with meat balls, with or without cheese.



LOVE

chess tournament u. park 9:30 am. to 7 pm.

bowling shippensburg home 1 pm.

mass student center 7 pm.

18 *'the puppet proposition'* children's theatre, performed by *lovelace theatre company* from pittsburg 2 pm. adm. \$2

audobon field trip to the frozen waterfalls of richett's glen, meet 9 am. behind summerdale plaza mcdonald's phone 1-486-5031.

running win a cherry pie run with the road runners at hacc 1:30 pm.

19 *demonstration multi-media* artist william rohrbeck at messiah college 7 pm.

recreational vehicle show at farm show arena

sga meeting in conference room

20 *square dance* western village in carlisle

musical 'bye - bye birdie' fulton opera house lancaster 8:30 p thur 2/24

planetarium show 'the easter story' shippensburg state college 7:30 pm.

swampwater party 9 pm. student center

21 *clown make up program* by norman burkhardt east shore library 7 pm.

film 'le sammurai' hershey med. center 8 pm.

film 'smokey and the bandit' york college 8:30 pm.

black culture music and theatre by local black artists people place 7 pm.