

AT LAST; THE BOYS CLASSIFIED

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Girls, here is the article you have been waiting for so long. We realize you couldn't make a move until the males have been as neatly classified as the females. With this guide, you can now act with the assurance that you will not make any mistakes or, heaven forbid, commit any serious breach of etiquette.

Let's start with the "Sponge". We'll get this class out of the way first, because, really, he is not very pleasant to dwell upon. This type is invariably out of cigarettes (temporarily, of course), homework, paper, etc. In fact, he's just out of it, period.

Now let's move on to our next category of the male animal, "The Anti-Social Type." You've all seen him, or rather, not seen him in his favorite roosts—corners, back stairways, behind doors. It's no use greeting him; he's in a world of his own, lost in a dream or a cloud of cigarette smoke.

Then, there is the "Man of the World." He's been everywhere, seen everything, and has nothing more to learn. He has an opinion on every subject, and will volunteer it on the slightest encouragement. The trouble is, he's never been farther away than Jeddo, and his reading is confined to "Mad" comics.

We've all seen the "Athletic Type." His girl goes bowling every Saturday night, and, presumably, they handwrestle in their more tender moments. To make a hit with him is very simple; memorize the batting averages of all the major league players since 1925, and know who came in first at Aqueduct for the last ten years. Emily Post offers this method as effective, but no one could possibly be worth it. (This goes for auto-maniacs, whose taste in conversation runs to carburetors, dual exhausts, R.P.M.'s, pistons, etc.)

As a special warning to you girls, we now

present the "Boor." He has never met the parents of a girl yet, and does not intend to. His car is equipped with an extra-loud horn (sounds like a dying bull elephant), which is used to tell the girl that "lover boy" is here. It's no use her waiting for him to open the car door, or any other doors. The girl who dates this type has to be very self-sufficient, definitely not the dependent type.

Now we come to a very common breed—"The Man with the Line," also known as lover boy, Romeo, Don Juan, etc. Here's the set up: the year—1958; the time—10:30 P.M.; the place—a deserted road; the excuse—the car's out of gas; the cast—one very disgusted girl, plus the eager pitchman. The risk he is taking is that she brought along a pint of gas. His dates can often be seen walking home late at night, and, eventually, he has to branch out to neighboring towns to get dates.

Now we'll briefly mention an almost extinct breed, once known as "the gentleman." There are few now in captivity, and it would not pay to go into a lengthy classification for the few specimens still left walking around.

Of course, this classification does not refer to any of the outstanding males in this "institution." They are in a class of their own.

P.S. All letters to the editor concerning this article may be deposited in a special wastebasket which will be provided for that purpose.

The drunk was telling of his days as a salesman. "Well," he said, "I sold a bottle of my miracle rub to a cripple. He rubbed some on his right leg and threw away his right crutch. Then he rubbed some on his left leg and threw away his left crutch."

"Well, what happened then?" asked his listener.

"Hell, he fell flat on his face. He couldn't walk without his crutches."
