

Off The Cuff Stuff

BY BRUCE HOPKINS

Saturday morning I went woman hunting. I had been attending most of the social functions up to that point with my roommate. But I was afraid we were getting too serious (I don't believe in going steady in college.)

"Sorry, Room," I told him. "But I can't quite see myself going out with you again this weekend."

"Well, Bruce," he tried to hold back the tears, "if that's the way you want it." His lower lip began quivering. "But, can we still be good friends?"

I assured him that we could. The problem now was: who was I going to ask? I had wanted to ask Nancy whom I had met at a dance. She was a Freshman, and was really cute. Except I didn't know what dorm she lived in, and I didn't know her last name. Therefore, I decided I'd walk around hoping to run into her. After a while, I decided to ask Jean, an old friend, since I hadn't run into Nancy. I called Jean, made a date, and ran into Nancy. Why do things always happen that way to me? We talked for a while, and finally I couldn't resist. I asked her what she was doing the next night.

"Oh, probably just sitting in my room, alone, twiddling my thumbs." Well, I couldn't let the poor girl get depressed, could I?

Saturday's date was a normal, average, nice-time date, Sunday's was an experience I'll never forget. I've been out with unusual girls, but never anything like this.

I left my room Sunday night with \$3.10 in my pocket. The movie the night before had cost 70 cents a piece. Naturally, I assumed that, since it was the same movie (it was the only good one in town, and what else can you do with a girl on a Sunday night in Bloomsburg on the first date?), it would cost the same. That left me with \$1.60 in case we wanted something to eat. Plenty.

The movie cost \$1.00. "What do you mean a dollar?" I asked the girl in the booth. "We're students."

"High school or college?" she asked.

"College."

"That's a dollar." She said.

"But it was seventy cents last night!" I pleaded.

She could have called the manager, but the twenty people behind me looked impatient, and besides, I didn't want to seem cheap in front of Nancy. After all what was 60 cents? I still had \$1.10 and she didn't look like the hungry type anyway.

She was the hungry type. When

the movie ended, I asked her how she liked it.

"It was real good. Could I have some pizza?" She didn't waste time.

The only place to get pizza on a Sunday night was Charlie's. Expensive Charlie's.

"Sure, Nancy," I replied, "you can have some pizza." (After all, how much is a cut of pizza?)

"With Pepperoni?"

(It's expensive.) On the way to Charlie's she showed me where she had put her hand prints all over the plate glass window of the American Auto Store, where she had written her name in the dirt by the town fountain, and she told me that if her mother had ever taught her anything, it was: "If you don't want to laugh, don't laugh." I didn't laugh. I gave a lot of thought to crying, but I didn't laugh.

We walked into Charlie's. "Uh, how many cuts would you like?" I asked.

"Two," she replied.

I went up to the counter and inquired into the price of two cuts of pepperoni pizza.

"Well, if you want pepperoni, you have to buy at least four slices, and that will be 90 cents."

That meant I had twenty cents to fool around with. I'd have to ask if she wanted something to drink.

"Can I have something to drink?" she asked as I returned. Fortunately she settled for a coke.

We finished eating, and I went to the counter for the check. I gulped. I held my breath. Charlie added it up.

"Okay, everything with tax comes to, uh, one dollar and seven cents." I breathed a sigh of relief. I even had three cents to spare.

I don't remember much after that. It's kind of a blur. I remember hearing something about her family, her retarded dog, her brother and sister who are a year and a day apart, and if it were one way they'd be the same age for one day, but it's not that way so they aren't, and she's only known her roommate for one week, and she misses her whenever they aren't together.

I was beginning to miss mine too.

"Well, thanks, Bruce," she said as I dropped her off. "You know, you're different. Most guys react awfully strangely to me."

"Oh," I said.

"Yeah, well, thanks again. G'night." She ran up the stairs—by twos. I stood there—shaking. As she rounded the third flight I half waved and muttered quietly.

SEE YA!

Leslie Miles, 76, Sweet Valley Man

Leslie F. Miles, 76, Sweet Valley RD 1, died September 19th at General Hospital, where he had been admitted three weeks earlier.

Native of Northumberland County, he had been employed until retirement at Kern's Farm, Harveys Lake. Previous employment had been with Lehigh Valley Railroad.

He attended Maple Grove Methodist Church.

His wife, the former Emma Troster, died in 1942. A brother John, Wilkes-Barre jeweler, died eight years ago.

Surviving are children: John P. Edwardsville; Mrs. Ralph S. Carey, Plymouth; William, Nanticoke; Thomas P., master sergeant in the US Army in Germany; George E., serving with the Navy aboard a hospital ship in the Pacific; eleven grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.

Mrs. Joan Steadle

Mrs. Joan Louise Steadle, 36, a former resident of Shavertown, died Friday in Miami Hospital, Inspiration Arizona. She was buried on Monday in Globe, Arizona.

The former Joan Anthony attended Kingston Township High School. For the past eighteen years she had lived in Arizona.

She leaves her husband Carl; two daughters, Helen Louise and Susan Diane; her father, Samuel J. Anthony, Shavertown; sisters: Mrs. Marion Oplinger, Harveys Lake; Mrs. Jane Youngblood and Mrs. Olive McDonald, Shavertown; Mrs. Betty Olinger and Mrs. Patricia Carr, Kingston; Mrs. Nancy Frantz, Bethlehem; Mrs. Beverly Keene,

Karl F. Stock, 77, Dies At General

Karl F. Stock, 77, of Harris Hill Road, died Friday morning at General Hospital after several weeks of illness.

Born in Forty Fort, and spending his early years in Carverton, he had been a resident of Trucksville most of his life.

For several years he was a self employed contractor. He belonged to Trucksville Methodist Church and to Wyoming Lodge 468 F&AM.

His wife the former Kate Schooley, died in January of this year.

He leaves a son, Karl F. Jr., of Amityville, Long Island; a daughter, Mrs. Natalie Jones, at home; one granddaughter; three brothers: Ray, Shavertown; Grove, Dallas; and Earl, Belfont.

Burial was Monday morning at Cedar Crest, following services conducted by his pastor, Rev. Charles F. Gommer, from the Snowdon Funeral Home in Shavertown.

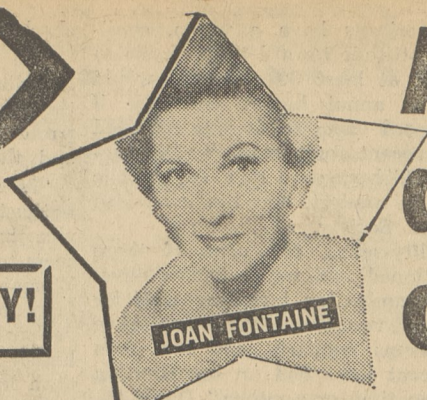
LEGAL NOTICE!

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Letters Testamentary have been granted in the Estate of Helen C. Honeywell, deceased, late of Dallas Township (died August 8, 1956) to John D. Honeywell, 151 Church Street, Dallas, Pennsylvania. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims are directed to present the same without delay to the Executor above named, Robert L. Fleming, Attorney-at-Law, 907 Wilkes National Bank Building, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Levittown; Mrs. Ruth Jackson, Waycross, Georgia.



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