

# Love is Blind

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Lovely weather we're having."

"Yes, although it could be a little warmer. The first cold winds always bother my sinuses, you know. Let me tell you, my dear, I always have trouble at this time of year. Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, music."

"Oh, yes, music," Janie repeated weakly. She managed a faint smile while she thought to herself: "What else has he talked about! How long can this go on? Wait until I talk to that Alice. A fine blind date this is. Everybody else is dancing and here we sit discussing the finer music."

"What did you say? I'm afraid I didn't hear you. (How could I? I wasn't listening," she added to herself.)

"I wanted to know if you agree with me—about Chopin, you know." "Personally," Tom went on, "I prefer him to the more popular classical composers such as Debussy. But I always say: 'To each his own.' Now, Bach has always fascinated me, too, and Beethoven's works are stimulating. Let me tell you——"

He rattled on while Janie made frantic gestures to a couple on the dance floor to hurry back to the table.

"My dear, you're not paying attention," Tom admonished. "You must be listening to the tempo of that dance music. How can anyone enjoy that sort of thing? I find it amusing myself."

"Keep calm," Jane kept repeating to herself. "Try changing the subject again. He wouldn't be too bad if he talked about something besides music, or even some other types of music besides classical pieces."

"Why, Bob and Alice! I didn't realize that the dance was over." Under her breath she added, "I've just been counting every step you took getting back here." Aloud she said, "I know you want to powder your nose, Alice. If you boys will excuse us. Come, Alice!"

With that, Jane dragged her bewildered friend toward the ladies' lounge. Once inside the door she turned to Alice and exclaimed: "Why didn't you tell me he was a walking phonograph record repeating the same phrases over and over? 'My dear, let me tell you, as I always say.' And why can't he discuss anything but long-hair stuff? I appreciate that music a little more than some people, but how long can a person talk about the three B's? Why did I let you talk me into this?"

As she paused for breath, Alice took the opportunity to defend herself. "Poor Janie. You've been swell all evening long. I know he is monotonous, and you have tried so hard to interest him in something else. Really, I am sorry. I haven't seen him since we moved from Cincinnati six years ago. He was lots of fun then. I guess he has changed. Come on. Let's go back and tell the boys we want to go home."

"Thanks, Alice. Tom is really a nice boy—but for somebody else, not me. I don't mind his glasses, but must he keep reminding me he is half blind? And I feel sorry about his sinuses, but must he keep referring to them? I'll make another attempt to be my own sweet self, hard as it will be. 'But my dear, let me tell you,' this is my last blind date!"

A few weeks later Janie had cause to remember those words as she again heard Alice ask the fatal question.

"Will you do me a big favor? Bob has a friend from Purdue spending the weekend with him. I thought, well, will you go out with us? Please, for an old friend."

"Alice, you may be my friend, but how far can friendship go? I told you, after my sad evening with Tom, no more blind dates!"

"But this boy is different. I've seen him once or twice with Bob. He's tall, and he has black, wavy hair, and the biggest, dreamiest brown eyes."

"So has a cocker spaniel. No, Alice. That's final."

"Well, I guess I could tell him to forget about a date. But it's a shame; he liked your picture so much. Maybe I can get Julie."

"That's fine with—what did you say about my picture?"

"Bob showed him that picture he has of the two of us. But never mind. I'll ask Julie; she likes football players."

"Football? Maybe I could reconsider—no! I've said no and I mean it!"

"Okay, if you want to worry about what you're missing. He's an excellent dancer. Who knows, he might write to you after he goes back to Purdue. Those Purdue dances and football games are really something! Well, I'll see you."

"Wait. You twisted my arm. I'll go. But this is the last time!"

"The last time." Jane kept repeating that to herself during the week preceding her date with Bob's friend Jack. On the evening of their date, Janie sat counting brush strokes in front of her mirror and thinking.

"Why did I get into this? I'm a nervous wreck. I don't know whether he likes perfume and nailpolish or prefers his girls unvarnished. I should have asked more questions. Maybe he'll talk about football all night; maybe he's going to be

the chief topic. I wonder what position he plays? Probably tackle. I'll bet he is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. We'll look like Mutt and Jeff. Or maybe I'll be impressed and he won't. Oh, dear!"

Her thoughts were interrupted by the ringing of the door-bell, followed by her mother's voice announcing the arrival of her friends

"How do I look?" she murmured to the mirror. "At least my slip doesn't show. Should I keep them waiting? No, Alice and Bob don't impress that easily. Besides, he probably likes promptness."

"I'm coming, mother," she called. She shrugged her shoulders and said softly, "Here goes nothing."

She descended the steps to the sound of gay voices from the hall below. She could distinguish one unfamiliar and very pleasant voice, a little deeper than the rest, saying: "I'm certainly glad to meet you, Mrs. Williams. I've been looking forward to seeing you and your daughter."

Then she saw him. Tall, lean, wiry, broad-shouldered, clean-cut. And his eyes—they were very unlike a cocker spaniel's. His first remarks to her were: "Well, hello! My mother said there would be days like this, if I were lucky."

As the four of them left, Jane nudged Alice and whispered: "Okay, I'm convinced. You never know what to expect on a blind date. And after all," she said with a wink, "I've heard that love is blind!"



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