

My High School Dance

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It was a clear chilly night, as I recall, clear with the freshness of late fall. The moon shone ever so brightly as I approached the long, low brick building which housed the school cafeteria. It was late in October of my junior year, and I, at the age of sixteen, was still slightly shy around girls but even more daring—to compensate for this shyness—with the group of boys with which I associated. It was the night of the annual Freshman Mixer, and I, as a worker in the cafeteria, had been asked to assist in the serving of refreshments to the even more shy freshmen and their guests.

The boys—what more can be said of them—and I were jokingly anxious to see if there were any “frosh” girls at which we would bother to look. Could we, of such superior intelligence and “know-how”, and we of the finer techniques, possibly stoop to such a low level as to give a young, still growing, freshman girl a second look? Ah, Fate!

Several yards across the campus stood the main building in which was located nine-tenths of the classrooms plus the combination auditorium-gymnasium in the east wing, as well as the teachers' quarters in the west wing. The campus, and I use the term loosely, was nothing more than an asphalt parking lot connecting the fine arts building with the main building. In the southeast corner of the campus were several handball courts, and farther down one end was situated a lone, rough, basketball court.

The gymnasium-auditorium-dance hall was brightly lighted and decorated this fine evening. Streamers hung from the ceiling to a bright-colored cellophane tape centerpiece. The tables, arranged in neat rectangular order, were covered with clean white cloths as were the chairs. The tables were used not only for seating couples at the dance but also for bunco games. Bunco—and we laughed—seemed such a childish game, but still that joking anxiety remained among us and became more and more just plain anxiety.

Before refreshments were served and about midway through the dance, that anxiety could no longer be checked. We then stole our way across the campus and into the dim corridor leading to the dance floor. We looked at all the girls in general, but one in particular caught my eye. Stop! Could it be that I had taken a second look at a mere youngster? Yet there she stood while something strange happened to me.

After that we served the refreshments, and we "grown ups" spent our time serving, speaking, and flirting in our own silly, childish, inimitable way. Somehow I made it a point to meet this girl, and fate began its wonderful work. Someday soon I hope to marry that—"youngster."

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Snow Flurry

The howling wind, brisk, biting,
Blows with rage, dashing, hurling
Flakes of snow, whirling, swirling,
About the earth, cold, chilling.

The howling wind blows hard,
Driving, ever driving
Tiny crystal flakes of snow
Before it in its rage.