

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO MEN

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Men have a very neat classification of women which, unfortunately, is the same as it was in the days of Shakespeare. If a female happens to be blonde, she's either dumb or she "has more fun." Redheads have a temper which is greater than Hell's fury, and it's too bad if you're just a brunette. I feel that these observations, made on appearance only, are very unjust and I am in favor of a new system. As an example (and perhaps a little out of revenge) I have devised a classification of men based mainly on their interior qualities.

After seven years of dating experience, I have found that there is a different kind of man for every day of the week. The most boring type of man is the shy guy. He's also the safest. If he ever says anything, you can be sure it will be about his mother. (Hint: If Mr. Shy ever takes you to a drive-in movie, be sure to have him buy you a bag of popcorn. It will give you something to do while you watch the show, and it's a clever way to cover up your yawns.)

At the other end of the pendulum we have a real swinger—the aggressive male. After the party is over, there's always a party-for-two at his pad. Even if you've never met him before, he acts as though you've been married for five years. And don't be surprised when you discover that he has more paws than your cat. If you get enough courage to go anywhere with him alone, be sure you're wearing at least four turtleneck sweaters. This way you'll have some time to plan your escape. (Hint: If you ever go to a drive-in movie with an aggressive man, be sure to have him buy you a bag of popcorn. Then tell him that you've decided you don't want the popcorn after all and let him have it. It will give him something else to do with his hands for a while.)

Probably the worst guy of all is the jerk, and he doesn't deserve much time in this paper. You all know him. He says he'll call, but he doesn't. He stands you up every Saturday night. Or he takes you to a party and leaves early with another girl. In general, he acts like a jerk. (Hint: If the jerk should ever take you to a movie, plan on buying your own popcorn, even though he'll probably eat most of it.)

This next man is almost as bad as the jerk, but not quite. He's the car buff, who always has grease on his elbows and dirt under his fingernails. The first thing he does when he gets to your house is help himself to whatever he can find in the refrigerator. Then he tells you that he's decided that you'll both just watch T.V. tonight because he had to buy a lot of new parts for his car. This guy will tell you that he loves you, and then spend the next two hours telling you about his automobile. You may be the only love of his life, but you're still second to his car. (Hint: Try to keep popcorn in the house at all times. It's much cheaper than cold meat sandwiches, but just as filling.)

This fellow can also talk about cars—an combustible engines, bionucleonics, marine biology, eighteenth-century drama, and radar technology. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mind carrying on an intelligent conversation with a guy, but the educated sophisticate is too learned for me. His idea of a good time is reading the *World Book Encyclopedia*—all thirty-seven volumes! Mom loves him even though she never knows what he's talking about. The worst thing about dating this guy is that you always have to take Noah Webster along with you. (Hint: Also take along popcorn. It gives your jaws exercise while he does all the talking.)

A super jock is fun to be with, provided you love all sports and have as much energy as he does. Don't feel bad if you're no good in tennis as he doesn't mind beating you. And be sure to praise all of his athletic accomplishments because his ego is bigger than he is. (Hint: It's too bad if you like popcorn, because this guy will never buy you any. He doesn't consider it a health food.)

At last we have the romantic fellow. He'll praise your beauty with poetry and win your heart with wine. But don't be naive. Too much wine and this smooth talking dude will have you lured into his plush pad. He has a lot of lines and uses good bait, and there will be more catches after he's thrown you back. (Hint: Be cool and forget about the popcorn. Try to develop a taste for caviar instead.)

Men come in all kinds of packages, but underneath that layer of skin there are only a few distinct types, which I have endeavored to point out to you. By looking at the interior qualities of the human male, I feel that my classification is much fairer than the stereotypes in which women are daily placed. Perhaps we shall at last see a new trend in female classification, and may Shakespeare's ghost approve of this.