

Show me the man who has never been puzzled by one of the most perplexing of boy versus girl problems, that of bidding a date good night, and I will readily admit that we are still living in the age of miracles. It is true that the manner in which a boy takes fond leave of his date depends in no small manner on the events which took place during the preceding evening, but nearly every amorous male has wondered at one time or another: "Should I kiss her good night?"

Naturally enough, this sort of mental debate occurs more often on a first date than at any other time, but it must be admitted that there are several other types of adieus, affectionate and otherwise, which are in universal use today.

Among these different types is the timid, bashful procedure—the Caspar Milquetoast technique. After getting himself and his date out of the car, this shy Casanova leads said date to her front door with bold and purposeful heart. But, as the distance between the car and the front door grows shorter, so does Caspar's heretofore venturesome heart grow weaker. In fact, by the time he has his now trembling hands on the lovely one's front door, it's all he can do to weakly mumble "good night" and then make a reckless dash for the car.

Then there is the bold, smooth type, too. No Milquetoast tactics for this intrepid soul. Here we have an artist, one who is thoroughly and capably skilled in the art of last-minute wooing, and one whose work inspires the envy and admiration of all his male associates. One good night kiss is entirely unsatisfactory; only mass production holds good here. The point being—give the girl a last minute rush and, more often than not, she'll like it. At any rate, if she doesn't, the resounding smack of her dainty hand on your manly face will be likened unto nothing quite so much as the business end of one of Deppsy's rights.

Less frequent in occurrence, but considerably more speed-evoking in nature is the highly undesirable "My God, your father is waiting up" type. The sight of an angry father (who fails to see eye to eye with your policy of bringing his daughter in at such an unsightly hour) waiting up with shotgun in hand, goes a long way towards encouraging a hasty departure from Miss Soandso. The blunt truth is, the conventional practice of escorting the date to her front door is usually thrown to the wind here and,

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instead, she is somewhat hastily released at the car door, whereupon her escort "guns" his car in a matter very indigative of an urgent farewell.

And what of the invite-me-in-for-something-to-eat type? No discussion of the art of good-nighting a date would be complete without reference to this mercenary (though capable) individual. Having already made an evening's financial investment comparable to the national debt, this prudent lad casts the fishy eye of reluctance on any suggestion that might lead to further spending, especially in the matter of foodstuffs. Believing in the collegiate motto of eat-where-the-meal-is-free, and that every fem-fie's parents possess a refrigerator, the male usually makes a tactful indication that a raid on the same would be altogether in line with his ideas. However, the vigorous episodes of sound and fury that occasionally follow such suggestions may make this type of good night somewhat unfeasible; but it's worth a chance, especially when you're broke.

And the indifferent type can't be overlooked. A rare fellow indeed, he just doesn't give a damn. Girls often look on such a man as one unsaved, one who has not yet seen the light; but such individuals do exist. This lad's friendships with womankind are purely the platonic kind—not a pass in a carload!

With understandable reluctance is this paragraph on the disgusted type written, but the truth needs no crutches, and it is true that occasionally a boy and a girl, during a date, promote such a cordial dislike for each other that the usually pleasant task of bidding each other good night becomes, at its best, a painful and strained formality, even the moderate practice of holding hands being gin-

gerly avoided and each cheerfully lying to the other about what a wonderful evening they have spent together.

And not least in importance is the intoxicated type, wherein the male has to carry, rather than lead, his date to her front porch, lean her up against the wall, and then run. Sometimes, however, the affair is reversed, the girl, after calling the milkman or some other person to assist her, conveying her soused escort to whatever place he calls home. Nor is this type of good night to be confused with anything romantic. It's a mutual joy to everyone concerned when a parting at the ways is affected.

Probably the most comic of the different forms of good nights is the prolonged type, one much drawn out and lengthened in the time taken to do what ordinarily requires only a minute or so, and one in which love usually has a half-nelson on the hearts of those involved. The theory is "Just one more kiss and then I'll go home." But one more kiss doesn't satisfy . . . nor do two more . . . or ten more! Such a marathon usually is carried out in one of two ways; the boy either carries on a glib conversation about the weather, intermingled with an occasional "peck" at the susceptible one's waiting lips; or he actually leaves her, only to discover after he is a few feet away from the door that there is something he has forgotten to say, thus necessitating another short conversation, another embrace, and another good night kiss.

The old saying that the best comes last still holds water as far as this article is concerned, because a sweet good night has no counterpart in the writer's opinion. Indeed, what manner of good night could be more perfect than the tender farewell of a lovely girl as she gently melts into your arms and caressingly gives her all to complete an already heavenly evening? Love's program is subject to change without notice, but it's a truism which can hardly be denied that no typical male, regardless of how suave or indifferent he may be, can form an unromantic opinion of a girl after being the recipient of such an adieu.

You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly. The nearest you can come to it is to kiss her sooner than she thought you would. Maybe this is the key to successfully good-nighting a first date. Don't wait until you take her home—kiss her first.

By George Fuermann