

TEEN TALKS

by a Teen Ager

No. 2—On Dates

Grant, Frances
Teen Talk —
ADG 6193



TEEN TALK

ON

DATES



by

FRANCES GRANT

Decidified



TEEN TALK

On Dates

by

FRANCES GRANT

Those butterflies in your middle just can't be kept still.

That triphammer in your chest won't be calmed down.

And the expression on your face is a dead give-away.

You've got a date!

Mr. Webster's idea of a date is "an engagement; appointment." But our definition goes farther than that — it means an evening of fun with the gang at the local sweet shop, taking in the latest hit picture downtown, or feeding nickels to the hungry juke box at the Friday night YOUTH dance. Nope, there's no getting away from it, the *right* kind of date is fun and makes the weekend something to look forward to. But then, there's always the other kind, too

— you know what we mean — the atmosphere, far from being bright and cheerful, is dark and gloomy, and gay music is replaced by murmurs of a bored bunch of guys and gals sipping cokes plus, or the silence of a dark corner where two love-birds go at it hot and heavy. But let's discuss this matter of dating — it's a subject worth talking about!

Mind Your Manners

First of all, *any* dumb-bunny knows enough to introduce her date to her parents. That stands to reason. But how about including Junior in that family group, too? Don't lock him in a closet just before your date is due to arrive — maybe that he-man of yours has a little brother who collects toads, too.

And better never than late, in our opinion, when it comes to dating. It's just as bad for Jack to be late at the front door as it is for Susie to make a dramatic entrance after Jack has twiddled his thumbs for forty-five minutes waiting for her. And, by the way, we'd like to throw a bunch of wilted dandelions at the character who calls up at six and expects the gal to be ready for an eight o'clock date, and present an orchid corsage to the chick who's smart enough to refuse to go out on such short notice. But enough said on that point — nobody in the category of procrastinators will

ever get anybody's vote for most likely to succeed, so mind *your* manners!

By All Means

Along with remembering the simple rules of etiquette, having a knock-out personality is another sure-fire way to be popular. A Gloomy Gus or a Morbid Mabel never rated on any popularity poll. Look around you sometime — you'll find that these characters just don't make headway with your crowd. And at the same time, you'll notice that the natural, cheerful, friendly type goes over big with anybody — taken in the proper doses, of course. An overdose gives you a Giggling Gertie or a Boisterous Bill who slaps you on the back in his over-friendly manner, and sends you flying. Sooooo — the moral to that little story is: Be yourself. Act natural, and you're all set for popularity. If your date is a bit on the shy side, draw him out by asking how he won his letter, or what the chances are for the Dodgers to win the pennant. That's the best way we know of to get the conversational ball off with a big bounce. From then on, it's up to you to see that nobody monopolizes it.

Eight Is No Crowd

You've probably discovered that it's much more fun to double or triple date than do tandems. Four, six or eight share ideas and laughs

much more successfully than a lonely couple, and it's really hilarious when the gang of you get together at a table at the Coke Corner and make the rounds of the newest moron jokes and shaggy dog stories. The time seems to whiz by on greased lightning, and before you know it, it's time to go. Compare that picture with that of one couple sitting across from each other in one of the booths, commenting on the weather or some such trite things or merely looking around miserably at the gang of boys and girls having so much fun across the aisle. Or better yet, compare the laughs and friendliness of the gang with the solitary couple parked out in the country somewhere, smooching for lack of something better to do. There's really a comparison for you — which would you rather be — happy and popular with everyone, bored and popular with no one, or secretly laughed at by everyone and popular with that fast boy whose car always seems to run out of gas on lonely country roads? We don't blame you for wanting to throw something at us for even suggesting that last, but you have to consider dating from every angle.

If you're tired of dropping nickels in juke boxes to get your music, why not invite the gang to your house one of these nights for cokes and sandwiches and music — on the house. Mom won't mind if you roll up the rugs

to dance or raid the cookie jar because most mothers we know are pleased as punch to have their small fry entertain at home — if they're careful not to throw vases and lamps around and who does that? The boys will appreciate it, too, because it eases the strain on their wallets.

Birds of a Feather

You've heard the old saying, "Birds of a feather stick together," haven't you? It's surprising how often that proves itself in regard to you and your friends. That's why it's so important to choose them carefully.

Your best friend is your type. You both wear the same clothes, are in the same crowd, the same class in school, and like the same things. You stick up for each other always, and don't go around saying nasty things behind each other's backs. So — he, or she, is of *your* variety of bird.

Now, you wouldn't go around with a bunch of sharpies who frequent places your parents have forbidden you to go — roadhouses and such — because they just aren't your type, and because you, too, would get a shady reputation if you did. That is why we say the people you go around with can make or break you. And if you're wise, you avoid that twosome arrangement we spoke of earlier, and the inevitable parked car. "Necking" is a word no-

body likes — it sound cheap, and you don't want *your* name associated with that. So it's up to you to steer clear of boys and girls who don't give a healthy darn about their reputations along that line.

You can't deny it, there *is* a certain air of glamour and sophistication attached to the dim lights and smoky atmosphere of a roadhouse, the heavily made-up girls and their so-called "manly" dates — usually three sheets to the wind. And if you ever went to those places at first you'd have a sense of secret delight, as Eve did when she tasted that forbidden fruit. But if you ever went there again — and again — the picture would lose its appeal. Your eyes would water from too much cigarette smoke, your jazzed up coke would suddenly be very bitter, and the woozy feeling in your stomach would make you resolve — never again. The coarse jokes and loud conversation of those "glamorous people" would, all at once, sound too raucous, and the "glamorous people" themselves taken for what they really are—a bunch of kids who want to grow up fast and just don't know how to go about it in the right way. So you're full of good intentions never to go there again — and maybe you don't. But in the meantime you've managed to acquire a bad name for yourself that can't be erased for a long, long time. No matter how

hard you try, you just can't convince people that you're not "that kind" of girl or boy. Is the "glamour" worth it?

Some Two-Legged Animals

Doesn't it make you mad to see Lulu all dressed up fit to kill, for the solitary purpose of snaring some poor unsuspecting male? Everybody has *her* number, and no wonder! She's known all over town for pilfering more Joes than a dog has fleas, so she's never invited to go out with your gang. She is never happy with her own date, but tries to get everything in pants and sports coat. Obviously, she's of a very common species of wolf.

And doesn't Harry remind you of a hyena? He gets a big bang out of everything — silly or sad. The time he pulled Betty's chair out from under her, he nearly lost a tonsil laughing. And when he playfully tripped Bill in the movies, he became almost hysterical. He's another pill the gang won't have anything to do with. Harry the Hyena and his practical jokes doesn't ring the bell with anybody.

Connie Cobra is one of the deadliest people you know. She seems to smell out a gathering, and immediately rushes up to shovel up the latest "dirt" about your friends. Who cares if Dottie's sweater *did* cost only three dollars, and if Eddie *does* have his eye on someone

else's girl? Honestly! People like her should be gagged.

Jack really takes the cake though when it comes to making girls see red. He lets his date open her own doors, orders *his* soda first, and tops everything off by talking about himself constantly. No wonder no girl will go out with him twice. His motto seems to be "after me, you come first." With a ME complex like his, he should be made to live in solitary confinement in a mirrored room. But then, that would probably suit him just fine.

Going Steady

It gives you a warm feeling inside to be able to sing "Somebody Loves Me" and really mean it — to know that you can always count on a date for every weekend, to be able to wear somebody else's ring. You and your steady are linked together as inseparably as bread and butter, and everybody knows it, respects your wishes, and nobody violates your wish to exclude everyone from your list of dates. You don't have to worry about whom to ask to the Junior Prom and know that you won't miss the Latin Club dance. You're sort of engaged to be engaged and love it. Until the glow wears off, you float around on cloud number nine, with a feeling of possession that you know is mutual. That's all very well and

good, but there comes a time when all at once you don't enjoy the feeling of being a one man dog. You're disappointed that you can't go to the ballgame with that cute redhead who just moved in down the street. You can't take that pert blue-eyed blonde up on her invitation to help her with her homework because Sally wouldn't understand. Then you start thinking — you don't like being stuck with one person all the time. "Sure, Joe's a wonderful guy, but that redhead . . ." and "Sally's tops, but I sorta would like to ask Sue out. . . ." And so it goes. You both pretend for a while that everything's kopasetic, but one night, when you're both feeling kinda down in the dumps about being tied down, you confess to each other that going steady isn't all it's cracked up to be. So, Joe gets his ring back, Sally wears hers again, and you call it quits on going steady. From now on when you go out with the gang you won't have to worry when Joe laughs at Sue's corny jokes, or when Sally dances with the new redhead at school. You're still friends, but not steadies. The sad part about going steady for a girl is that many times it takes a while to get back into circulation after she's broken up with her man. The telephone is strangely silent, and she carries her own books after class for a while. She tries to pretend she doesn't care if the gang is all set for a big

night — without her — but all the time she wishes like everything that she had a date so she could go too.

With a boy it's a little different. He has the advantage of being able to ask another girl out, and maybe she'll go with him. But too many times the answer is No. Why? Because she's afraid that pretty soon he'll ask *her* to go steady and she doesn't want to be tied down. Wisely enough, she realizes that she's much better off playing the field — free as a bird. Honestly now, don't you agree?

A Kiss Goodnight

To kiss or not to kiss — that is the question. Some do, some don't. No wonder you're confused! We're not going to say Yes or No definitely, but give you both sides of the problem so you can decide for yourself. One point we'd like to make very clear is, *don't* kiss your date goodnight unless:

1. You know him well and know he isn't the over-amourous type.
2. You're positive in your own mind that nothing can come of it.

The first point isn't hard to understand. You know that some boys take a girl out for just one thing — to kiss her — once or twice or a dozen times. Once you've discovered his motives, you realize that he's not the boy for you,

so you don't mind refusing him one single bit. But the main thing is — refuse him!

In explanation to the second point, the important thing to remember is that a boy is easily aroused by even as "innocent" a thing as kissing — as much and often more so than a girl. You're very plainly and simply playing with fire or dynamite to allow him to kiss you with more than a friendly impulse behind it. And it's also very, *very* wrong — so watch out!

You don't have to say yes, anyhow. Some girls think that in order to have dates they can't have a mind of their own when it comes to saying goodnight — and that's when it's most important. The old truism about grass on the other side of the fence being greener illustrates very clearly what we're trying to get across to you. In this case, you are the grass, if you don't mind using your imagination a bit. If you make it too easy for him to get your "grass" he loses interest and tries to get that luscious clump on the other side of the fence. But, on the other hand, if you say to your too-ardent Romeo "no" very politely but very firmly, he won't lose his respect for you, and you'll find that you're that luscious clump on the other side of the fence. Do you get the point?

It's much more important that a girl be re-

spected by boys than laughed at by them. They *do* talk, you know! No decent boy would take out a girl with the reputation for being a "heavy neck," any more than a decent girl would want to date a fast boy. You'll find that, in the long run, it's much more fun and much safer, too, to keep your relationship with members of the stronger sex on a strictly friendly basis. But remember, you can't have your cake and eat it too!

They're Important, Too!

Besides being a barrel of fun, they form an essential part of your growing up. By looking around and playing the field, you make comparisons and draw conclusions that help you choose your life partner when you're ready for marriage. So, you might call dating a pre-courtship period. Your parents realize this — that's why you should listen to them and obey them when they disapprove of a boy or a girl you've been dating.

As long as you are preparing for marriage (whether you realize it or not) you'll want to keep yourself pure and fresh. Nobody likes a present that has been handled and picked over by a lot of people? — agreed? Shopworn, ugh! Then, in the same way, your future husband or wife won't want to accept *you* if you have been treated none too gently. Then watch your dress, your conversation, and your ac-

tions, or you'll find yourself on the well-known shelf. Sins of indecency and impurity do nothing to help your reputation or conscience. For that reason, parked cars (our old bugbear), necking (another one), and smutty stories are strictly taboo. But that's pretty obvious, isn't it?

The type of girls that boys want to marry is the girl on the pedestal — just ask 'em! She must be clean-minded and morally tops. Of course, her friends are as clean as she herself, too.

Girls look for fairness, purity and wholesomeness in their men, too. It isn't sissified to exclude dirty stories and impure books from their list of amusements. On the contrary, it shows strength of character. And boys with questionable reputations aren't on *any* girl's list of desirables.

What has become of the blush? Our grandmothers used to do it — so did our mothers — and why can't we? Certainly the blushable subjects haven't disappeared. Could it be that we're so accustomed to the filth and degeneracy of our generation that we take them in our stride — with no qualms of conscience at all at accepting them? If that's the case, it's high time we woke up to the fact that though times change, morals *don't* necessarily — unless *we* allow them to. It's definitely a challenge to our generation to make dirty stories,

conversation, and deeds so unpopular and distasteful that they will eventually be over-ruled in decent society. *How about it?*

Jiminy Cricket's Advice to You

It's pretty safe to sum up all we've said about dating in the words of Jiminy Cricket (remember him in Pinocchio?): "Always let your conscience be your guide." If you do, you won't have a single qualm about whether your dress was too low-cut at the formal; you won't worry about the story getting all over town that you kissed Bob on your first date with him; you won't have to wonder what you'll say to the folks to explain to them why you got in so late after just a movie date. Why? Because you won't have done any of these things. In other words, you'll be all set. It's understood, of course, that your conscience is in good working order. Better take a good look at it right now. If it's a bit rusty, dust it off well and start over again — this time for keeps.

Have fun! And keep that cute little cricket's advice in mind. "Always let *your* conscience be *your* guide!"

THIS IS PAMPHLET No. 129

Published by

C. I. S.

214 West 31st St., New York 1, N. Y.

PRINTED
IN
U.S.A.



NEVER DESTROY GOOD PRINT.
Pass It from Person to Person. Thanks!