



SNARED, WHILE DANCING
March, 1954



SHOT, OKLAHOMA CITY
April, 1953



TRAPPED, SOUTH OVAL
June, 1951

The Sooner Safari . . . By an Anonymous Male

The Hunted

After receiving a promise of immunity, the author freely discusses methods to avoid the snares and pitfalls placed in the path of the untutored male animal.

Men, nature has done us dirt. A buck-toothed, moth-chewed rabbit was given fast back legs and a hole to hide in. To the deer was donated a sniffer that can smell a dog hair in a hail storm.

But to man—the most hunted of all creatures—only one defense was given when the huntress closes in. Man cannot run faster particularly than his feminine enemies; in this age, he certainly cannot hide effectively for long. And his nose is so poor that he can't even spot a huntress bearing down on him from across a dance floor. All men can do when the noose gets ready to drop is to become completely undesirable, uproariously objectionable.

Let's admit it, men, we are brother to the skunk. We are loaded with interests that throw us into all kinds of situations, but we have no means of escape except one, to raise an unholy stink.

And—although it hurts to say it—raise a stink we must! With the bushes stacked with stacked huntresses, we've got to, to get out from under those wedding bands dangling over our heads. But before taking up our strategy, let's study our enemy in this game of hunt and seek.

She is slim, round and out for a man.

She uses physical assets (real and imaginary), perfume, smiles, cuddles, to win us to her cage. Her ideal is a hairy chest, a Barrymore profile, social position, money, right family, good dancer, pleasing personality, ambition. But in a pinch—this applies particularly to the junior class type huntress—she will trap and keep a creature blessed only with about half of these, providing his list includes ambition or money.

Then there is the most dangerous variety of man trap. This is known as the last semester senior type. She'll take anything with two legs and a degree. Forget the degree.

One such huntress confided that "more girls come to college to get a husband than for an education—or maybe I'm exaggerating. It may be only half and half." She was an Alpha Phi, a senior type who had already bagged her limit.

So men, take this advice. When the huntress is about to strike, hide your wolfishness behind a skunk's stripes, be a stinker.

There are a number of ways to show the huntress you are not ready for a vine-covered penthouse, that your coat is not in

its prime and that you are not fit game and should be left for one hungrier than she.

If you happen to be tempting a huntress, and the little gal is snuggled up, gurgling useless bits of nothing, and she says softly, "My, you-all are so cute; I just want you little-old-all around all the little-old time," beware. Turn on your anti-charm.

One defense that might be effective here is what is known as the impromptu sneeze, accomplished without warning and preferably in her ear. Follow that with a second, pointed at the ceiling. And do your best to make your eyes water.

If she asks what's wrong, answer, "I dodnd doe. I thig ids by hay veever."

Keep this up for 15 minutes if necessary, and if she is anything but a senior type, she should leave you for pastures with healthier grass.

If that should fail, and she remains sympathetic, let it pass, and sit there with soft music on the radio. At the most romantic moment, think of something that you forgot and absolutely have to do right then. Like close the toothpaste tube you left open this evening. Anything that you need not get done at a particular time.

If she argues and you want to let her

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The Huntress . . .

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The young Dianas pitch their tents at a campsite near the south oval, in a location commonly called the Women's Quadrangle. Here, they collect all the weapons at hand: a frothy new formal or two, silver slippers, a bottle of French perfume that Dad gave Mother last Christmas and as many swishy and clingy things as the budget allows.

Some girls prefer to join one of the 13 specialized hunting clubs organized to aid, encourage and give advance instruction in the finer points of the sport. Some prefer the free lance or "every gal for herself" attitude, although many agree to pass up quarry with certain friendly brands.

In the first few days, they learn the rules of the safari: no closed season and don't give up easily. Look over the species carefully because you can only keep one. And, well, other general hunting tips.

The young huntress may enroll in a few beneficial and instructive courses, such as the survey of the care, feeding and psychological makeup of the quarry offered in a misnomer called Zoo 17, or Manhunting 303 offered under the label of "Personal Appraisal." Of course, the obliging administration provides dozens of other courses in which one can scout the quarry to some extent, such as English 1 and Math A.

However, after these first few days of orientation and introduction to the general terrain, the big safari is underway.

At first, the eager young maiden observes herds of the species loitering near drinking places, at the feeding grounds, or just gazing—sometimes trustfully, sometimes belligerently, sometimes eagerly—after her. Their general playful and care-free attitudes are constant symbols of challenge.

Often her first victim gets into the trap accidentally. Usually, the first one or two to fall in the trap in this manner are turned loose for another season. Immediately thereafter, the specialized hunting clubs organize a tortuous marathon called "blind dates" whereby the huntress is exposed to countless numbers of the species. Most of these also must be turned loose for another season.

A girl has to get around several obstacles before she can finally settle down for one certain victim. For example, a girl's sights may be too high: a BMOC or letterman. The young Diana must track closely and stalk carefully or all she may get is a severe case of moonburn.

It's not that these varieties are invincible. Quite the contrary. It's just that often so many others have their sights on the same creature that he gets a little frisky. So, all things being equal, the novice may lose out to a more experienced huntress.

There is another primary rule of the hunt. If you think you have him, put another rope around his neck. It's usually the "dead" ones that get away.

To some young sportswomen, the serious problem is "which." Shall she capture the first one that looks good or wait around to really look over the field? Ordinarily the safari is only a four-year program. And since the main goal is a MRS. degree and not a bachelors (there ought to be a senate investigation to brand this word as communistic) degree, it does not pose a major problem. For, at least, it obviously does not bother a majority for a very long time.

In any technical treatise, there must be classifications. Take the young huntresses, for example. Mary Lou may stalk the same creature for four long years before she finally lures him in to her trap. Her roommate may be a "trophy hunter" that collects as many victims as possible. (Could these be prosecuted under the anti-trust law?) Alice may be the shy one who never seems to do any stalking at all but who brings home the prize catch. Across the hall, Sissy goes after all the big game, but only has a shrimp or two to show for all her diligence.

As Kipling said in some place or other: "The silliest woman can manage a clever man; but it needs a very clever woman to manage a fool!" So it is in the hunt.

To properly analyze the habits and practices of the game would, if written down and explained in terms of how the huntress should meet each individual problem, do justice as a doctor's dissertation. There are only a limited number of general types, and after about 18 or more years of serious study, any good huntress can classify her prey. Therefore, few women would need to refer to this document. And since men prefer to think of themselves as "unclassifiable" (and it's best that the species retain some illusions), all information of this kind is hereby termed "top secret."

Here's one fairly standard recipe for a successful safari. Mix one warm spring evening, well seasoned with stars and full moon with a dash of Mom's French perfume. Add a carefully selected masculine subject exposed to smiles and jewelry stores. Mix well with pertinent suggestions.

It's said to be practically guaranteed that, if the recipe is timed right, the victim's natural skittishness will dissolve. But,

rest assured, if it fails there are 1001 more, one of which is bound to hit the target.

So, here's to a successful safari!

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down easily, begin to chew your nails and mumble. A good hearty mumble when she can't understand the words will ruin any evening—especially if you mix a few groans. She'll spot you as a perfectionist and make for home like a bumble bee after backing into a buddy.

Or if that shouldn't do the job, get a good case of hiccups. To fake them successfully, let each one come out so the hic is long and low and mournful, and the cup sounds like a dented canteen emptying into a fish bowl. Meanwhile whistle "Old Black Joe" in four flats. She'll hate you.

Better yet, if you know the gal is really out to get you and she knows you too well to swallow these stunts, you can switch tactics.

A good plan is to discuss your life after leaving school. Tell her excitedly of your dreams of living with the pygmies. Show great interest in your hopes of living as they live, to eat grubs and snails and raw elephant. Get a real bang out of it!

Two quick ones you can use. Take out a roll-your-own cigaret and offer it to her as marijuana, confiding slyly that you have been smoking it for years, or, just before picking her up, raise the car windows and burn a roll of film under the front seat. When she gets in, pretend there is nothing unusual taking place. Either of these, though somewhat sadistic, can make for a good evening.

But if all else fails, and if you are desperate to get that home-hungry female off your neck, you have only one recourse left.

When you meet her for a date, act moody. Growl at everything she says. Pick a fight, and if she fights back, stare at her with wide, unblinking eyes for maybe a minute.

By then she'll realize you are—as she had guessed all the time—a madman. But the clincher comes with a twitch that starts in your right shoulder and each second or so gets worse until it draws your chin and shoulder together at every twitch. Keep that going with the stare until she jumps out of the car and screams for help. Done right, that girl would no more get into that car again that she would play patty-cake with a cobra.

And if that doesn't pry her away from you, brother, I don't know. You might as well face up to being caught.

But you will have one satisfaction. You are, after all, marrying a really smart huntress—and she's only getting a skunk!