

his sticks. Oh, no! Not a fast one! He looked at the girl helplessly. "Do you want to dance this one?"

"Well. . ."

"Marsha! I didn't see you before. Where were you hiding?"

"Grant, how are you?" She looked up at the intruder in relief.

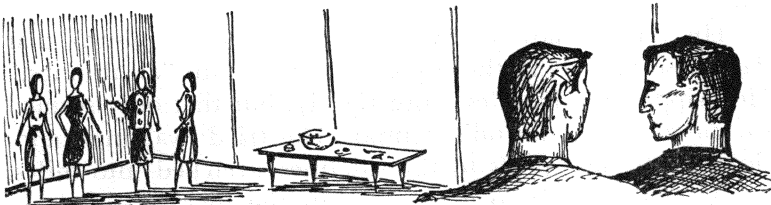
"Fine! Ah. . . is this dance taken?"

"Well. . ." she looked at Jim.

"Oh. . . go right ahead," Jim blurted out.

"Sure you don't mind?"

"No! It's just fine!" He stepped back and watched as they whirled away. She was laughing. Her dark eyes sparkled beneath the black lashes. Jim shoved his big hands into his pockets and walked out the door.



Right Chanel

by Jocelyn Renard

I squeeze you dear and hold you tight.
 You're touched by my devotion—
 But no, it isn't you I love,
 But just your shaving lotion.