

He's So Pretty I'd Dump My Boyfriend For Him

by Jerry Ratch

I remember when we first met, telling my friends, *He's so pretty I'd dump my boyfriend for him.*

I remember driving all around Elmhurst looking for parking. We sat in the car eating figs and popcorn. We tried to throw the fig pits or stumps, or whatever you call them, through the closed windows because the glass was so clean. We sat and laughed at life.

I always thought *everything* you wrote should have been written in gold ink and put in the rare book section at the library. (Guess I was a fan.) Evidently I didn't give you enough credit for remembering the old days! You remember a lot. Even poor old Louie Weaser. I used him mercilessly, I'm afraid. Mostly to get to you. I didn't bring up the thing with Sharon and swimming on purpose ... not one of my shining moments. (Later on, she and I did compare notes. You should know girls will do that.) Thank you for the poem ... it means a lot to me. And thanks for the info about JAM — after all these years, I finally have an answer!

