I discovered my own fun guy at a gin mill a few blocks from campus. The Ship Ahoy was a notorious old man’s hangout, but on weekends the college crowd took over—we’re talking late 60s—and it shook to Motown, Rolling Stones, Beatles, and Beach Boys. Jimmy Ruffino, a sophomore at our Catholic “brother” school across town, asked me to dance one Sunday night. This was the fun guy who would someday marry my college roommate Ce Ce. Jimmy told me to wait a minute, he was going to go find my future husband (or, as he said, that asshole) in the john, and a bunch of us would go to a party together and have more fun. Well, the buddy from the john turned out to be the most fun of the bunch. I’ll name him Harper for purposes of disguise and forgiveness (I like the name a lot), and after a whole night of intimate drinking and talking Harper said: I’ll call you. He was drunk as a skunk, as he used to say, and I was in l-u-v. I called home and told my parents: I just met the boy I’m gonna marry.