

He could still remember how apprehensive he had been at the thought of entering Niobrara County High School. "I thought I was in a bad way when I couldn't find my way to classes; but brother, that first day in the classroom was a soft touch, compared with the beginning of football scrimmage," he muttered.

The first two years of football had been rough. Those big bruisers showed absolutely no mercy for poor Freshmen and Sophomores, who got in their paths. However, once he had made the varsity, football became a pleasure.

This year's football season was a good one, in spite of two losses, which could have gone the other way with a few breaks. He would never forget the thrill of charging onto the new field amid the roar of the crowd at the opening game of the season. Nor would he let memories of the homecoming parade, which boosted the team to its first homecoming victory in ten years, slip from his mind. That had been one of the best days of his life—and there was the big dance to top it all off. The recollection of the dance only brought thoughts of Debbie back to him. Darn, he thought disgustedly, I wish the weather would dry up so track workouts can start.

His remembrances of the past came abruptly to a halt, and he returned his attention to the homework in front of him. He finished the Advanced Math assignment quickly and turned next to some research on a term paper for Advanced Composition.

Having completed his studies, he opened his clarinet case, assembled the instrument, and for an hour practiced furiously on his solo for the coming District Music Festival.

His labors ended, he walked into the living room where his family were watching television. "I'd like to see the late movie," he stated to his parents. "But I had better follow Joe's prescription for getting rid of anxieties and get a good night's sleep." Thereupon, he bade them good-night and went wearily to bed. The pleasant dreams of slumber soon obliterated the harsh reality of his day in school as his mind drifted to fairer subjects

When he entered the lobby of NCHS the next morning, he passed Debbie, who was on her way to study hall. He contemplated saying hello, but she obviously was not in a speaking mood. She quickened her pace and glanced to the side as they passed each other.

Going steady is just like Communism, he reflected. If you are on their side and doing what they want you to do, all goes well; but just do what you want to do once, and then they cut you to pieces! Well, off to another day of agony—what a way to begin it!

However, he soon discovered the healing power of music during Chorus, first period. How soothing were the tune and words of "You'll Never Walk Alone," from Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical "Carousel"—

"When you walk through a storm, keep your head up high,
and don't be afraid of the dark"

The Math test went well second period; and as he walked in the fresh air between the school and the shop, his outlook on school suddenly brightened.

Despite the clattering and banging of the Ag class in the shop, he finished his Mechanical Drawing assignment early and was excused to go to the office to check his credits. On his way down the hall, he passed the various classrooms in which the industrious were busily engaged. The rattle of typewriters in the Journalism room attracted his attention—several of the staff members were hurriedly beating out some last minute stories before their deadline. He smiled to himself, those clown on the paper staff got quite a large charge out of using the "Round School" column to make fun of my breaking up with Debbie; but I'll get even, somehow!

From the other side of the hall in American Problems echoed a heated debate concerning integration. They ought to debate going steady, he mused. That is really a pertinent subject.

After a short discussion in the office about the future college years, he purchased a meal ticket and joined a bunch of friends who were on their way to the lunchroom.

While they were waiting for their line to go into the cafeteria, they watched Ted and Jerry boxing in the storeroom. "How do those birds stand to fight on a full stomach?" marveled Joe.

After lunch, he and Joe took a moment to observe a girl's ping pong tournament game between Sally and Mary. "They're about a graceful crew," laughed Joe.

"Well, come here, and let's see how good you are," retorted Mary sarcastically.

"No thanks!" answered Joe over his shoulder as he started up the stairs. "I'd hate to show you up."

He and Joe meandered back to the band room, where they joined Harry and Kent for a jam session. He was just swinging out on the melody of "Blue Moon" when the bell summoned them to class. "That song gets me right here," he said to Joe, pointing to the general vicinity of his heart.

"I still maintain that you should forget that she ever existed," reminded his friend as they parted.