

He was late to Advanced Composition and had to get a tardy slip; but once his work had begun, he was uninterrupted. At the end of the period he had made considerable progress on his term paper research. Of course, he had to continue to concentrate on this assignment. It was due in a week.

In study hall the next period, he found himself unable to study in competition with a gossip session behind him. As he left for the lab, Sue and Jo Ann were still going strong on the topic of "Who's going with whom!"

He hurried up the stairs, and as he walked by the business department, he heard the chatter of the typewriters of the Typing I class.

The smell of formaldehyde met him as he entered the Chemistry laboratory. The Biology class must be dissecting some poor creature today, he assumed. He got out his bunsen burner and ring stand. While he waited for the beaker of water to come to a boil, he considered the years of college ahead of him. I've got to keep my grades up if I expect to have my college applications accepted, he reasoned. The way my grades have been slipping, I'm surprised that they haven't booted me out of the National Honor Society.

What class does Debbie have this period, he wondered. Oh yeah—she's in Home Ec. Of course, if she treats all fellows like she treated me, she won't need to worry about homemaking or . . . . .

His abstract thoughts were cut short as Harry entered the room. "I just caught heck for not getting cleared properly with the office!" he stated bluntly. "I'm ready for graduation from this place, right now! They expect us to act as adults, and yet they treat us like children! My folks claim that high school is the best time of a person's life, but I have a different version to that story—I've had it!"

"Ah, don't get all fired up," he answered impatiently. "I've got enough on my mind without your adding something else."

"Who are you going to the prom with—that is, since you and Debbie broke up?" questioned Harry cautiously.

"I really don't have much desire to go with anyone, he replied dejectedly. "But—if I am going to go, I imagine that I had better ask someone pretty soon."

"You shouldn't have given her up at this stage of the game!"

"It was her idea—not mine! Besides, this steady business is for the birds!"

"It's not so bad as you might think it is," defended Harry, whose class ring was in Linda's possession.

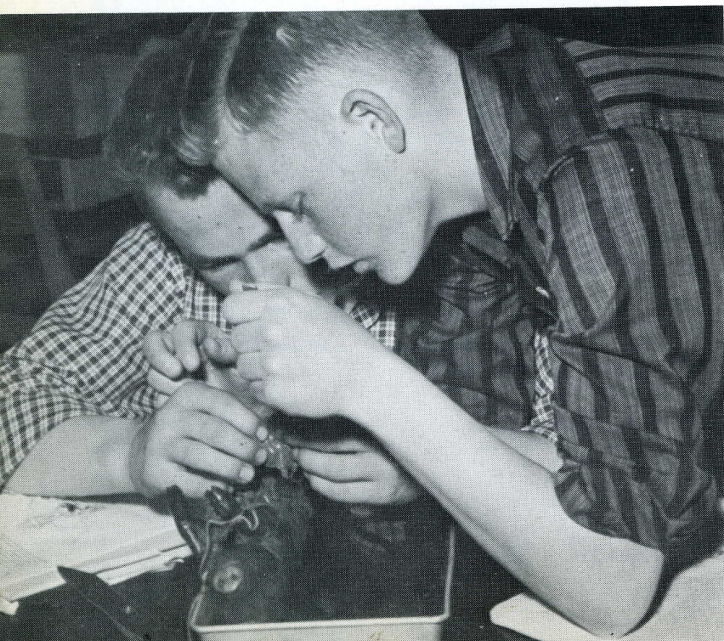
After sixth period, he went directly to Senior play practice. As he sat awaiting his cue to go onstage, he was discussing the merits of extra-curricular activities with Kent.

"We've all got so much to do, that no one has much interest in doing anything. Just look at this rehearsal—everyone is just going through a lot of phony motions. Actually, we don't act like we care if the play is staged or not."



In Home Ec. Myra Kindred and Sally Hansen.

In Biology. Jim Osborne and Harold Sturman.



In study hall. The typical bull session.

