

The play practice after supper seemed much improved—the actors no longer seemed to consider it just one more thing to do. They had finally found a bit of inspiration.

He tried to avoid Debbie, but she seemed to be ever-present. Eventually, they engaged in a bit of conversation that must have resembled the one they had on their first date. In spite of his doubtfulness, he offered her a ride home, which she readily accepted.

Can it be that she is reconsidering, he hoped as the door of her house closed behind her.

The faculty soon found teaching the next day to be futile. Spring fever had struck, and there were few who had any interest in the pursuit of knowledge. Extra assignments did not phase the overjoyed student body of NCHS. Winter had truly passed!



In the Senior play. Walt Sturman emphasizes that his pants need pressing.



At the prom. The grand march.

That night, the public performance of the Senior play was a howling success. The laughter of the crowd literally shook the rafters of the old gymnasium. Immediately following the presentation, he sought out Debbie and suggested that she ride home with him.

After making five or six circuits up and down Main street, he pulled the car to a stop, switched off the ignition, and shut off the lights—in front of her home.

After about half-an-hour's friendly conversation, he said in a rather stiff manner, "Debbie!"

"What do you want?" she asked when his voice faltered.

"Nothing much—just a little human warmth and kindness."

"But how can I supply that?" she asked, bewildered. "Just two weeks ago you said that I was a cold fish who didn't know what the word kindness meant!"

"Cold people can be warmed up!" he argued. She slid a little closer to him.

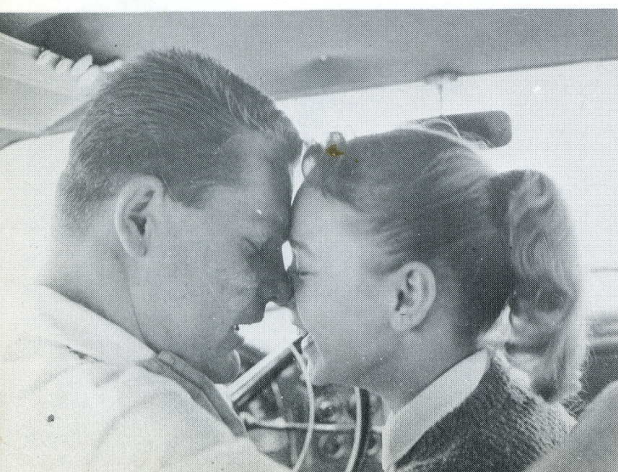
"Well, possibly!" She moved still closer.

"You know," he continued, "I had formed a theory concerning going steady, but I am afraid that it just got blasted to bits tonight."

"What was this theory like?" she asked smugly.

"Well, it went something like this"

The moon shone on unblinkingly, for in its many centuries in the heavens, it had seen more than one such theory being blasted.



After a long day. Another theory blasted.