

WINTER



A false calm—an outward drowsiness seems to fall on the school with the coming of winter. Tops on convertibles are up and the windows tightly closed against the bracing cold air. The athletic fields are empty, covered only by an insulation of ice and snow. Skeletons are all that remain from the fall beauty of the trees; the brook at the side of the school is choked with ice. People leave the building clustered together or huddled against the cold alone. The school seems to have lost something.

But it hasn't. All its activities have been submerged in the building itself. Basketball and wrestling have succeeded football and soccer. The halls are crowded with people painting posters for pep rallies or making decorations for the Christmas dance. Others are crowded in the guidance office studying college directories and planning for their futures. It is the time when the true spirit of the school begins to emerge, when the school fails or succeeds.

Of course everyone, even the sophomores, is at least mildly afflicted with senioritis. Some of the minor things are left to slide, but the important things get done. Plays are rehearsed and presented, newspapers are assembled and published, music is practiced and sung. Projects are completed, and tests are taken.

Each student makes the decisions he has to make and does the things he feels he must do. He grows up a little, and the school matures with him.