

# Freshmen

We came to the high school armed only with a map and faint memories of orientation speeches. We were left to figure out for ourselves just what everybody meant by "old section" and "new section," and why the school map never quite got us where we wanted to go. We had to clear up the confusion caused by the numerous gyms, and why there were ten period numbers and only seven periods. Some of us accidentally stayed at lunch two periods and missed half of our next class, or got sick of getting our passports stamped, and failed orientation. Restricted Study was a mysterious dungeon, and we sometimes wondered if people assigned there ever came back. We wondered whose idea it was to put the offices all the way at the back of the school, and strive to find the new system behind the room numbers in the new section. We followed people we thought were in our next class, only to find they had led us to the wrong part of the building. The only help many of us received from upper-classmen was, "It's around the corner from the elevator," or "It's down the hallway from the pool." Finally, we learned to make the mad dash from class to class in under five minutes.

Yet somehow, without quite realizing it, we began to feel we fit in. Once we figured out where we were going, we had a chance to meet a variety of interesting people and make new friends. Many found more was expected of us here; good grades were harder to achieve, and we were given a greater amount of freedom and responsibility. We found less pressure in what to wear and how to act. Many of us took advantage of what the high school has to offer — becoming involved in clubs, sports, and other activities, and began looking forward to our travels through S.P.F.H.S.



Top left: Shh! Don't let them catch me. It's one hundred days overdue. Left: I hate to break this to you but it's not a, b, or c. Above: A friendly smile for the Culmen Editor. Thanks a lot Mr. Evans.