

# The CLASS



Dear Diary,

Well, it's that time, the time to say goodbye to these familiar, friendly halls of North Putnam, to say "adios" to friends and peers. Our six years at North Putnam are perhaps best summarized in the words of Charles Dickens, "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness . . ."

We have survived the banning of pep sessions and convocations, and as seniors we saw their return, for how could we expand our minds adequately without convocations and how could we properly support our athletic teams without pep sessions?

Speaking of teams, how about all of our athletes with their long practices and hard work? We may not have won often, but we will always remember the friendships that developed and the feeling of belonging to the team.

Another team effort was in the band. All those summer practices and yelling sessions which really paid off as the band made it to the state marching competition at the Hoosier Dome twice. All that work made the fun of the band trips all the sweeter.

Then there were all the clubs. OEA and FFA did great in their