

Growing Pains

Penn Station

JIM WELD

world seemed won-
 ing, the lovely just morning I re-
 front, and the telling me that I
 plete with bran-chool bus route. I
 outdoor furnit- excited to be one
 Pinecrest Esta- girl drivers chosen
 clusive and his- he gigantic yellow
 could Patty and-0-3491, I fell in-
 this lavishness, with it. After I
 construction en- fifty-four-passenger
 wasn't much. S- little differently
 was a constructio- and after I learned
 remembered whe- seventh-grade boys,
 had started out- thly. My bus was
 had bypassed his- he band to football
 frankly admitted- I sat tall in the
 ole apple." "Co- felt as if I really
 that pedestal, Bill.

Bill's reply, leaves me out," OWENS
 of him. She had
 for his honesty
 denly, it seemed Monday morning in
 fault. There was up at six, dressed
 being too hones- started on my
 good. When it te to school. With
 and butter, you, I pulled into the
 future of your Our principal, Mr.
 to change. Espe- to go up into the
 and time, when boy's route which
 so keen. miles of dirt roads.

It wasn't just trouble my mud-
 for one by one-look its second load
 friends had move- even o'clock.
 blossomed out- as I was driv-
 clothes, and on pick-up truck
 expensive vacat- I glanced in the
 could brag about- and a seventh-
 gave? Was it-throwing a spitball.
 so, they didn't- eyes back to the
 they'd all starte- that the truck and
 same time. me had stopped.

At the party completely, I hit
 to remember whe- he truck, knocking
 when Marilyn H- After the neces-
 "Guess what, g- on the accident
 going to Hono- nged, the man in
 ed up his bumper
 Joan did not- back of the truck.
 of delight, but- group of children
 said, "How nice- me, and the next
 Then Fried- no disciplinary

looked at her on-
 new homes neve- on during trigo-
 you and Bill, de- Mr. Stoudemire,
 if you can do it- ent, called me into
 feel I'm getting- ere stood a girl

(Cont. on

who had driven for me before
 and who had remarked that she
 never would again. It then
 dawned on me that she was going
 to be given my bus, my route, and
 my school children. I was told
 to go out and show her how to
 fill in my bus report.

Tears fell. I felt as though I
 had lost a part of myself. The
 one responsibility that I had
 wanted so much and had been so
 proud of was taken from me. I
 felt that each child was mine.
 I thought the world was against
 me since I had lost my bus.

In the next few weeks I did
 a great deal of thinking. "Sure,"
 I told myself, "you are disap-
 pointed, but this is the way life
 is sometimes."

I feel that this experience was
 one of my most acute growing
 pains. I was faced with adult
 responsibility and with adult dis-
 appointment. I realized that my
 parents could no longer shelter
 me from being hurt. I am now
 eager to forget the old disappoint-
 ments and to discover my place
 in the world; but when I walk
 down the girls' hill every morning
 and see the school buses pass, I
 still get a warm feeling inside.

Whan that Aprille with his shoures
 soote

The droghte of Marche hath
 perced to the roote,

.

Than longen folk to goon on
 pilgrimages.

—Chaucer



In the summer of 1959, I had
 occasion to stop in New York
 City between bus and train. I
 had spent my vacation on Cape
 Cod and really was enthusiastic
 about seeing a bit of New York
 City.

When it came time to leave the
 Cape, I boarded a bus, and after
 a long, tedious journey, arrived in
 the big city. I was very much ex-
 cited by the sight of the towering
 buildings, the snarled traffic, and
 the throngs of pedestrians. At the
 bus station I got a cab to the
 Pennsylvania Railway Station. Af-
 ter about fifteen minutes in the
 cab, I began to wonder if the
 driver were not giving me a sight-
 seeing tour instead of just a short
 trip between stations. We wove
 through the traffic, bumped from
 corner to corner, were deafened
 by the multitude of horns, and
 pushed and shoved through a maze
 of one-way streets.

En route to the train station,
 the driver had a little mishap.
 The driver directly ahead of us
 backed his car just a little too hard
 and a little too far. Immediately
 the driver of my cab jumped out.
 I am sure that I had never heard
 such a long burst of profanity in
 all my life! After they reached
 some sort of agreement, my driver
 returned and cursed the rest of
 the way to the train station.

As I entered the station, I was
 awe-stricken at the size and gran-
 deur of the building. There was
 a massive room with a beautiful
 marble floor, and at the far end
 the ticket windows could be seen.
 I trudged across what seemed a
 never-ending expanse, with my
 luggage in my hands, under my
 arms, and my shaving kit dangling
 from my shoulder. When I
 reached the window, sagging with
 exhaustion, I let everything drop
 to the floor, including my shaving
 kit.

I asked the ticket agent when
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