GROWING UP

Here are two youngsters looking at themselves. One is asking for help. The other seems to be making a happy adjustment. They may be sitting side by side in your classroom; yet they present very different problems. Are we aware of their needs? What are we doing to help them and hundreds like them?

What's the Use?

The only thing I like about school is the recesses and noons.
I like the way the teacher dresses and I like the teacher O.K. Sometimes she scolds me, but I guess it's up to me, if I get scolded, or not.
I don't like very many of the kids at school, because they don't seem to like me.
I wish I didn't have to go to school. I'm so dumb, I can't learn nothing anyway. If I do, I just forget it. I would rather take my dog, and my skies, and go skiing, or take my sled, and my dog, and go sleding.
I guess school is O.K. but I just don't like it but gee whiz, what's the use, I guess I'll join the army.

I'm Happy

The thing that strikes me as being most important and interesting about my school career is my change of attitude through the years. Whether others go through this same change or a similar one as markedly as I have, I don't know; it hasn't been noticeable in any of my friends.
Perhaps the most outstanding period, socially, is that of junior high, the three years that I'll always remember as a very unhappy time. "The Awkward Stage"—a period of hating everybody and everything—is something everyone must go through, no doubt, and probably there is very little anyone can do about it.
This difficult stage was followed closely by a period of wanting to have a good time and nothing else; that was the tenth grade. This lasted a year, and then came the other extreme: studying, day in and day out, and practicing like a demon. This, too, lasted a year, bringing us up to date. And, now at last, I've struck a happy medium, or at least I hope so. I do know that I'm happy for the first time in my life.