

MICHAEL STROKA

At the beginning of gym period we all used to stand in line and call "Here!" when the teacher took attendance. Then we would cut out of gym and go to this little grocery store on the corner and drink chocolate milk and eat Danish and apple turnovers and watch the TV they had there. I think I must have eaten more chocolate bars and junk during my gym periods than I have at all the other times in my life put together!

Another thing I remember is that I was on the Y.M.C.A. swim team along with my friend, Henry. Henry was a strong swimmer, but he wasn't a good diver and wanted to learn. So I coached him—and pretty soon Henry was beating me out at all the meets!

We had a Spanish teacher in high school who had just gotten out of college herself. She wasn't too much older than any of us. Well, we made her life so miserable that she quit at the end of the year. We locked her in a closet once—she had gone into the supply closet to get something, and we just closed the door and put a chain in front of it. And we left her there. We sat around the classroom and talked and carried on and goofed. And when the period was over we just left. That poor girl!

When I was a junior in high school I decided I wanted to get into acting, so I came into New York City and enrolled in a drama school. And that was like the major thing that happened to me in high school—high school itself wasn't that eventful for me.



DAVID CASSIDY

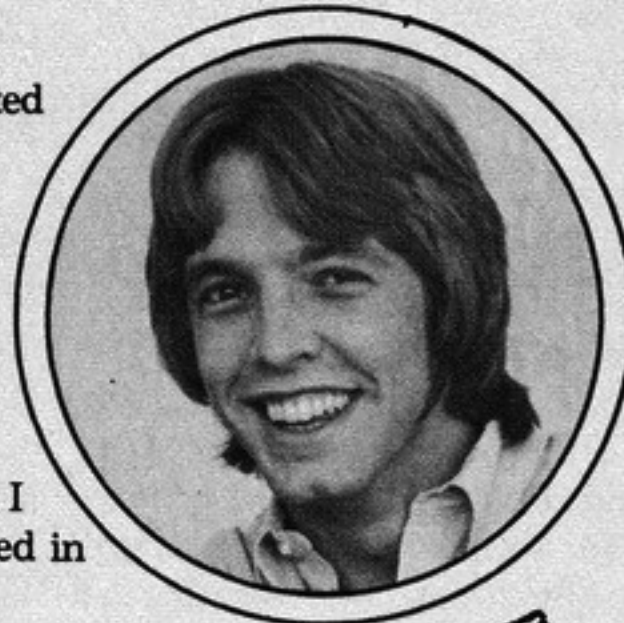
When I started high school I changed a lot. I felt like I really got lost and I started running away from school. I cut classes and everything was just a big escape.

I started cutting during the second week of classes and by the second month of classes I had 102 class cuts and when I did go to class I had to tell them who I was.

When they finally caught up with me they didn't exactly kick me out—they just told me not to come back. My folks were not too pleased to say the least. I almost got to the point of being a drop out when I entered a private school. I decided to give it one more crack and I was fortunate enough to have parents who could afford private school.

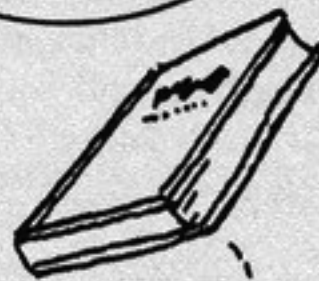
I did poorly for about a semester and a half. It was like I got lost. I think I just needed more personal attention—I think that's a lot of what's wrong with public schools is the lack of personal attention.

But I did graduate and I graduated only a summer school late despite everything, so I guess it worked out OK.



RICK ELY

One of the funniest incidents I remember from school occurred in high school. It was the time I tangled with the Boys' Vice Principal at Reseda High School (in Los Angeles) because of the flamenco boots I always wore. I had just come from Fairfax High School where they were very popular, but everyone at Reseda was wearing tennis shoes. Well, the Vice Principal actually called me into his office and told me "We don't wear those boots here." I told him "I buy my own boots and I'll wear what I want. When you start buying my boots for me, then I'll listen to what you say about them." The VP said if that was the way I felt, then perhaps he'd better talk to my father. So I said go ahead. And my father, who hated the boots, went down and really let the VP have it. Even though he hated the boots, he defended my right to wear them. I really have a great father. So anyway, I continued wearing the flamenco boots, and pretty soon everyone was wearing them!



"OUR BACK-TO-SCHOOL MEMORIES!"