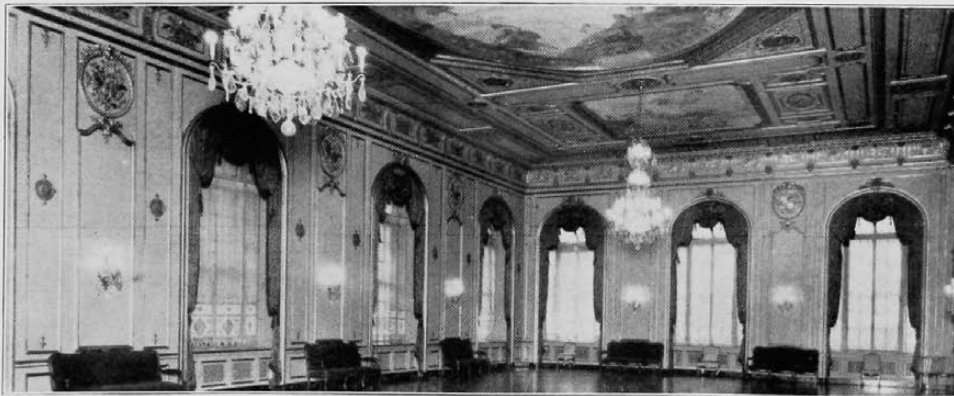


The Junior Prom



PATRICIA SHARKEY
Prom Queen

FRIDAY night—the Sinton Hotel bedecked in splendor—the straining and whining of the orchestra—an ocean of light—the polished floor of the Louis XIV ballroom—twinkling silver and gold slippers marred by huge footprints—an animated hum of conversation—the fragrance of flowers—continuous dancing—incessant music—the advent of the favors—the merriment of the dean—the blushing prom queen—the knowing winks of politicians—music and twinkling slippers again—a rush among the stags to get in the last few dances with their favorites—the apple who objects to anyone tagging his girl—the final wailings of the orchestra—the darkened lights—the thinning crowd—the deserted ballroom—aged scrubwomen on their knees—a thousand dollars—the Junior Prom!



THE SINTON BALL ROOM