



HE PRIES  
HE SPIES  
HE SNOOPS  
SNOOPING SAM

Sh! What's that noise? Oh, it's only about half the sophomore girls sneaking in late for math. Next time, girls, you better get your excuses from Mr. Weaver, not Miss Langley.

Willis Finch, so little studing is done in this school that a book held in front of you creates suspicion, justified in your case when the real interest proved to be a concealed library book.

Oh, isn't it a shame that Roy and J. C. forgot their skirts? Won't some of you girls lend them yours so that they may sit on the girls' side of the school bus?

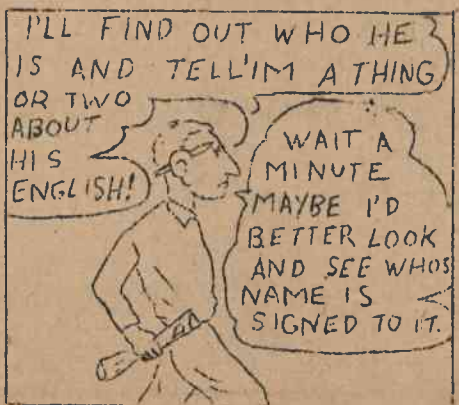
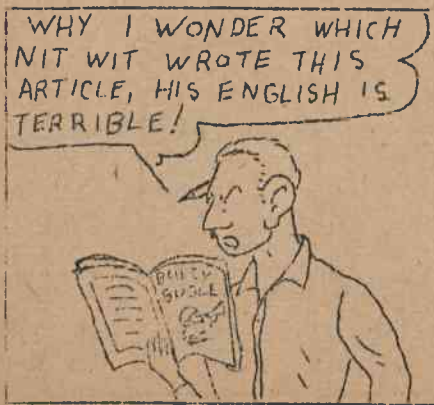
The juniors can really change their minds quickly; can't they? About the rings, I mean.

Little acts have a way of portraying our manners as witnessed on study hall recently when all heads were turned backwards to glare at the new student, Luther Morris. Thoughts of how self-conscious he might become were forgotten.

Have you seen James Ray Stone in his new brown suit? My, but does he look handsome? Since Jerome and Herbert have invented a new horn for 61, commonly known as "Rabbit box," maybe Mr. Weaver will ask them to invent one for the other trucks also.



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