

## Why Exchanges

BY BETTY LOU BROWN

Exchanges of school papers serve more purposes than merely for entertainment. They can be a real asset to any staff and to the student body.

Ideas for improving the staff's paper, for solving students' problems, and learning about certain clubs, like the Beta Club, are among the reasons for exchanges.

Another reason for exchanges is that schools like to know about other schools; hence a common interest is shared.

Exchanges can help in a comparative study of one's paper. Weak points and good points can be weighed, resulting in a better paper for the staff evaluating the papers.

New friends can be met through exchanges. Reading about certain students month after month, their interests, their activities makes them come alive and appear as new friends.

If anyone wants to increase his journalism terms, exchanges make this possible too.

## Sing While You Drive

At 45 miles per hour, sing--  
"HIGHWAYS ARE HAPPY WAYS."

At 65 miles, sing--  
"NEARER MY GOD TO THEE."

At 85 miles, sing--  
"LORD, I'M COMING HOME."

## The Battle Of The Halls

(ESSAY - BOBBIE LOU BATTIS)

I looked at my watch again. One minute until ten o'clock. Only one more minute and we would go into battle, my stout-hearted classmates and I. We would change from algebra to English class. I looked around at those close to me. They were getting ready for the battle that occurs in the halls between each class. They shifted their algebra books over to the side of their notebooks and clipboards. Books placed in this manner make excellent weapons.

Ring-a-ling went the bell. Zip! We were out of our seats and out the door. Gaily chattering and laughing, we marched down the hall. The laughter was just a pretense. In the narrow hall filled with scurrying schoolmates, the "friends" we were with couldn't see us when we knocked, pinched, pushed, and shoved them about.

Finally, we got to a place where there were lockers on both sides of the hall.

Push ("Excuse me!")  
Shove ("Ouch! ! That's my foot when you're through with it!")

Pinch ("No! That wasn't me!")

At last! My locker loomed in view. I struggled to it. Mary, the girl I shared the locker with, already had it opened. I have the bottom part of the locker so I leaned down to get my books. A fatal mistake! Before I could rise again somebody shoved "Two-Ton"

Joe Baker and he sat down on what I laughingly refer to as my head. When I got up, Mary dropped her science book (the heaviest book we have) on what was left of me.

"Oh, dear! Excuse me!" she said.

"Perfectly all right" I managed to mumble. I didn't even have the strength to pinch her leg.

I got to my seat just as the principal announced, "Folks, that was good! Only one casualty. Let's see if we can do this good between every class."

Goodness! only one casualty; that was good.

I looked at my watch. 10:15, only 45 minutes until . . . . .

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