

(By Larry Saunders)

I'm a yo yo and believe me I've had it rough lately. These kids around West Montgomery have really put me "through the mill." I have spun on a string so many times that my poor head reels and has hit the wall or floor so many times that my poor exterior is pitted and cracked. But, alas, no one understands my point of view. I'm only a yo yo.

There are three main types of yo yoers around here: The ones who get along without trying out the latest and most difficult tricks, and the ones who like to sneak a spin so well that they even risk playing with me in class, and often I end up in a stuffy old desk drawer until spring.

These Warriors just can't imagine how awful it is to slam into the wall or floor ten times per day at the rate of thirty miles a minute. Even worse, however, is the threat of lying in a stuffy desk drawer for six months because of some inconsiderate yo yoer.

Together with my fellow yo yo's we would like to wish you a very Merry Christmas, but please, if you receive one of us for Christmas, remember that we have feelings too.

"If we discovered that we had only five minutes left to say all we wanted to say," the late Christopher Morley once observed, "every telephone booth would be occupied by people calling other people to stammer that they loved them."

Said a Quaker spinster who was asked why she had never married: "It takes a mighty good husband to be better than none."

(By—John Hodge)

Of course, the cry which would be uttered loudest and longest would be this, "Mr. Ritchie just gives too much lunch!"

However, don't despair. Mr. Ritchie wouldn't take this abuse lying down. He'd stand in front of his lunch room and say, "As you know, lunch is my first love." He might even say, "Doest thou love lunch? If so, do not squander food, for that is the stuff lunch is made of."

All this may seem slightly silly and quite improbable to you; but, think it over. It isn't such a bad idea.

APOLOGIES IN ORDER

The staff wishes to apologize for omitting several names in the last issue of The Smoke Signal.

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It hasn't been more than several days since two of my cohorts and I were eating together in the lunch room. These friends were both football players, and all three of us had been among those previously released early for lunch. However, football season was now at an end, and two of us had to eat on regular schedule. This didn't agree with us. We began discussing the possibility of everyone connected directly or indirectly with sports eating early. This, of course, meant everyone in school.

We were back where we had started. Then it was suggested, if everyone was let out early the football players should be released just a bit earlier. This continued until the idea arose that school should simply be done away with as such and that just classes on eating should be held. The student, therefore, would come directly from home.....to lunch.

I'm sure that a great number of us would be quite well pleased if class periods were exchanged for lunch periods. But no matter, it wouldn't be long before the complaining would begin. Time hallowed sayings such as these would return. "I'm having a big lunch test tomorrow," or, "Well, I flunked lunch today." Somewhere would be heard, "I just can't take all this lunch." Or maybe would come, "Oops, I forgot to study my lunch last night."