



Coach White had a big surprise when he opened his Christmas present from the basketball boys. It seems that a certain junior got her mother's present mixed up with his.

Well, Patricia, what had you so shook up that you wore two shoes of different kinds to school one day?

Johnny K. should qualify as an up-and-coming surgeon. It's not every young boy who can sew up his own finger when he cuts it.

Who are the boys who finally got caught sneaking out of third period physics class?

What are these strange noises coming out of the psychology room? Opera and the can - can?!?! It surely is a change from the day before Christmas.

Donneil, do you have a secret lover who leaves you notes in your locker?

For shame, Coach Merritt and Coach Brady, trying to break up true love!!

People are losing the strangest things in the halls and walkways of West Montgomery these days, n'est-ce pas, R. G. and M. L. M.? Very embarrassing!!!!

P. R. has the worst luck: two accidents in two weeks. First he gets "lost" in Morrow Mountain coming home from Albemarle and then finds himself a victim of the icy roads. In this latest endeavor he shares honors with J. E. H. who also slid on the icy roads.

What do you do when the bus leaves you and you have no way home from school. Take Shelia's advice and try thumbing home!! Works every time if you're a girl!

Marion, you lost what under Terry McCaskill's house!?!?

N. H. B., I see that you finally solved your "Two Lovers" problem. Congrats!

Polly, did you have fun with M. H. about 2 weeks ago?

V. C. B. seems to be going to the water fountain quite often these days. The water isn't the only attraction, is it?

B.S.B., why do you go to Mr. Black's room every day at 5th period?

What are you going to do with that box of Valentine Candy, H.L.S.?

Many-Ha-Ha

"Hell Bound"

It hasn't been long, a month or so;
I was on my death bed, about to go.
The doc said, "Hmmm, good it's not.
It looks as if your 'wad' is shot."

"Save me, Doc, I beg of you;
My moncy is growing; my debts are few.
Life is beginning to take on some meaning
And now on the Golden Gates I'm leaning."

At least my plans include this place;
For when I go, there I'll race.
I said to the doc, "Faint I feel.
I believe I'm going up that hill."

Alas and alack, my steps were thwarted,
For in the other direction I'd started.
A force I couldn't begin to fight
Pulled me down with all its might.

I hit this ramp and down I slid;
It mattered not what I did.
Through the air I flew with a bound,
Until my rear contacted the ground.

Low and behold! What did I see!?
There was the Devil, standing by me.
Slowly I was lifted from my seat
Until, unsteadily, I regained my feet.

Then the power started once more.
I was slowly drawn to a huge iron door.
The Devil only stood there and smirked.
You can't imagine how I was irked.

I fought with force toward the other side,
While toward the door I continue my
slide.

Hope nowhere there seemed to be,
For the force got stronger, pulling me.

Then I turned to my last hope's source,
And shouted these words with fury and
force,

"Get behind me, Satan--I'm on the level.
Don't just stand there; push like the
Devil."

--- by J. E. Hodge