

Sports

Girls Sport A Winning Record

by Janice White

Since Christmas, the women's basketball team has a record that now stands at 12-4 with two games left in the season. The women have a fast break and gain most of their points off steals and full court press.

The season started after Christmas with a M-AC victory over Sacred Heart, 42-73. The women used the full court press to their advantage. The next game, a defeat for M-AC, was against Warren Wilson, 53-59. M-AC had a disadvantage of starting with only seven players on the bench. During the game one player was injured and three fouled out. The game ended with M-AC having only three players on the court. However, Montreat was ahead most of the game. Following Warren Wilson was a tough victory for M-AC against Brevard, 52-58. Coach Jayne Isaacson said,

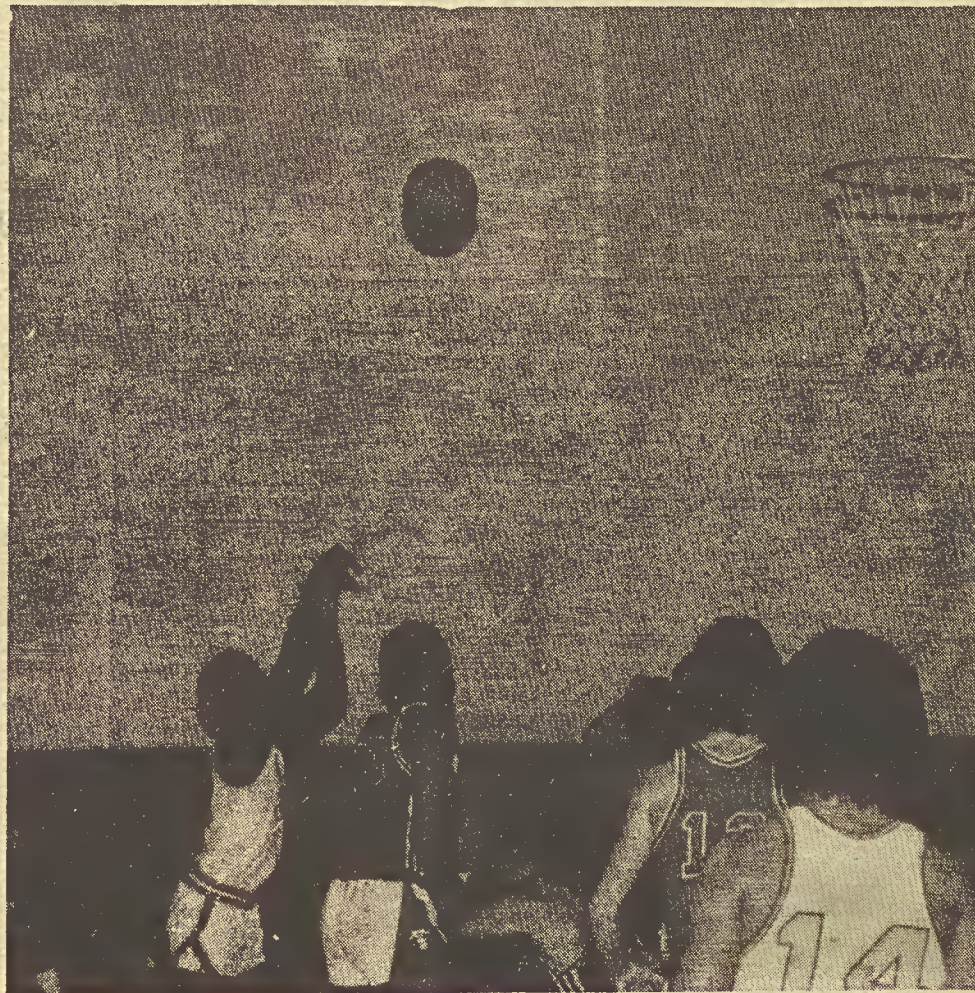
"Brevard was tough competition but that was the best game we played as a team." The next two games were losses for M-AC against Isothermal and Tusculum. Coach Isaacson felt that Isothermal had a height advantage but Montreat played a close game against Tusculum.

Montreat then went on a winning streak. On January 30, they played A-B Tech and defeated them 38-65. The next two games brought a victory over Caldwell, 50-56, and over Davidson, 75-60. On February 16, at Warren Wilson, the women had an exciting victory in overtime, 74-72. At one point during the second half, Warren Wilson had a 9 point lead. With four minutes left Montreat closed the lead and the game ended in a tie. During overtime M-AC took a 2 point lead and kept it.

High statistics to be

recognized from the Warren Wilson game are: Saundra Fox, highest scorer, 18 points, Dee Lyalls with 20 rebounds and Mary Mullinax with 7 steals and assists.

Coach Isaacson shared her feelings about the team, "The team has worked well together so far this season. We enjoy practice and we love each other. There is no competition within the team: individuals work their best for the team."



Ivan Diggs shoots for two. (photo by D. Swenson)

Editorial Comments

"Right from the Fishes Mouth; A Modern Story of Jonah"

Once upon a time, not too long ago, God spoke to Jon as he was basking in the sun at Laguna Beach in California. Jon was an average kind of a guy, and he thought himself to be a pretty good Christian. No one knew much about 'ol Jon, except that his father was Amittai—no last name, just Amittai. Jon would always get pretty upset with his name.

"Hi, I'm Jon, son of Amittai," he'd say upon introducing himself. It really ticked him off when people called him Mr. Son of Amittai. His friends had a hard time as well, they'd never really get his full name, "hey Jon, ah ah?"

Well, anyway, as Jon was laying around on the beach God spoke to him through the wind. The bystanders were pretty freaked out.

"Jon, ah...?"

"Jon, son of Amittai," Jon replied.

"Listen," God said, "how about I just call you Jonah?"

"Fine with me," replied Jonah.

"Okay, listen Jonah, I want you to do something for me.

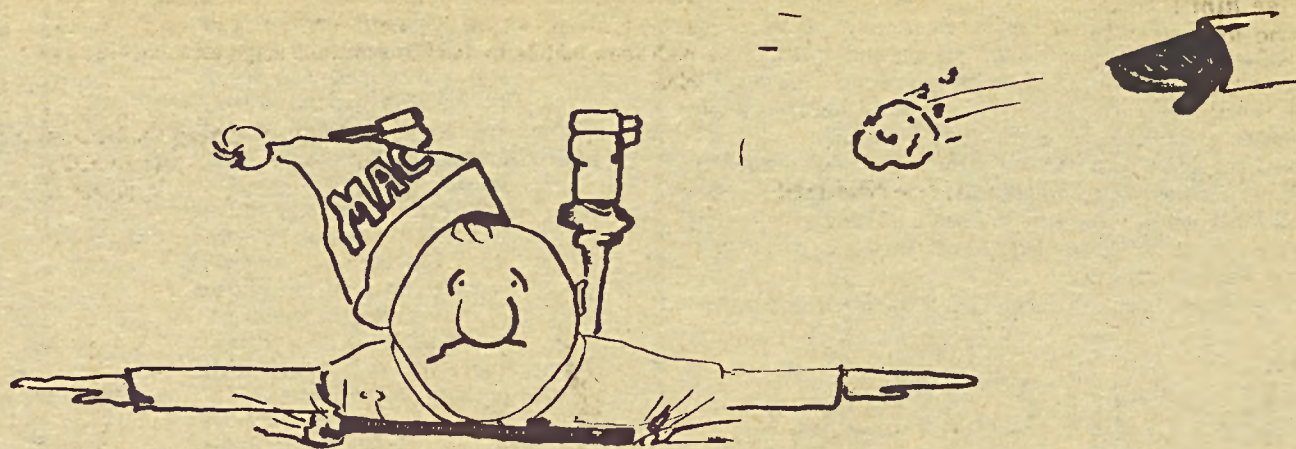
I'm getting pretty upset with these people down in Hollywood. I can see their evilness spread all the way across on the big screen up here. Whatever happened to the Walt Disney influence? Now, this is what I want you to do Jonah. You go up to Hollywood and tell these people that, if they don't start to provide better viewing for the public, I'll destroy them."

But Jonah was frightened. He knew what kind of people those Hollywooders were, and besides, he liked Charlie's Angels. So Jonah tried to run from the Lord.

He went to his apartment and gathered some of his things, and ran to catch the one o'clock cruiser to Europe.

It was just his luck that it happened to be New Year's Eve, and that the name of the cruiser was the "S.S. Posidon." About halfway to Europe, approximately one minute to twelve a huge wave hit the ship and knocked Jonah overboard into the fierce ocean. There was nothing poor old Jonah could do except attempt to swim to the nearest shore. "But where is the nearest shore?" Jonah thought. He swam and swam and little did he know that God had previously arranged with Mr. G. White to swallow him up whole.

As Jonah was swimming he noticed the Great White's fin approaching, slowly, slowly. He remembered Jaws II, and knew that this was the end. "Oh, why didn't I listen to the Lord?" he thought. The fish swallowed him.



On the third night, as Jonah was trying to make himself comfortable in the shark's belly, he decided to give it a try and pray to God.

"Hey God," he said. "Forgive me, huh? I'm real sorry and I'll try to do what is you wish for me to do. And besides, it's getting pretty stuffy in here."

So God answered his prayer and commanded the great white to spit him out at the next port. Jonah was greatly relieved, not to mention the shark.

So Jonah went to Hollywood and is still to this day trying to fulfill what God had told him to do. He just a couple of weeks ago got CBS to show the Nativity, so that goes to show that all things are possible with God on your side.

Moral—Don't try to run from God, you'll only get swallowed by a fish.

by D. Swinson

"Snow Rumors"

by Steve Burke

The weather forecast is for a possibility of snow. First it is 20 percent, then 40 percent, then before you know it it's almost a 100 percent chance. The news spreads around the campus. At first it is two inches, then four, and before too long 8 inches. By now the excitement is beginning to stir. It's now time for dinner and a few flakes are coming down. The talk in the cafeteria centers around the pending weather storm and by now the talk is the hope that the teachers will not be able to make it to classes the next day.

After dinner they head back to the dorm and break out the trays and what sleds are to be found, and head for Lookout road or Appalachian and then the fun begins. Soon the crowd gathers and gradually grows larger. After awhile the traying and sledding is in full swing and the snowball fights begin to break out.

After several hours of skidding, crack-ups and snowballs, the crowds begin to break up and head back to their dorms full of triumph and promises of woe to the enemy next time around. They leave behind an aftermath of a battered and trampled snow, and a few accidentally broken windows. During the night the plows stay busy and by the next morning the roads have been well cleared. The students look out the window the next morning and make this dismaying discovery and then head off to classes as if nothing had ever happened.