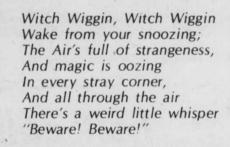
night to remember





Witch Wiggin
By Solveing Paulson Russell



Witch Wiggin, Witch Wiggin, Reach for your broom, Set your high hat askew And swish through the gloom! The ghosts and the banshees Are affot on the trails, And the belfry bats shudder At moanings and wails.

Witch Wiggin, Witch Wiggin, Come, stir your old bones! Black cats are a-bistle, And clankings are groans Are enticingly lovely

For each wiggling witch ear! Witch Wiggin, Witch Wiggin, Hallowe'en's [ALMOST] here!



In past years, students have dressed in costumes or just had a good time



