



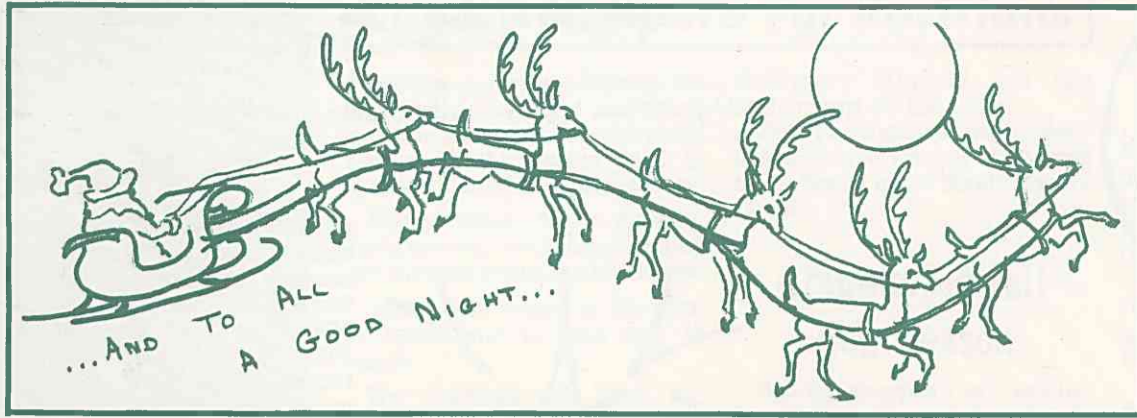
SINK OR FLOAT?

It was our float. We, the students of ASHS, that float in the Christmas Parade was ours.

It's easy to say "Well, uh, I didn't work on it; it doesn't represent me." The fact is the float was a project of the Student Council and the Boosters Club, both groups highly representative of this student body.

Sure, we can devise committees all day long for everything from A to Z, but they don't accomplish anything.

That float really represented the students of ASHS.



Education Endeavors

A possible change is in the asking for us as students of ASHS. Up through the grades, we have been introduced to material only to receive the same curriculum again in future years.

Many have been asking that question, and now a first step has been taken in renovating our present studies.

There will be a group from each department so that no type of study will escape scrutiny.

Each group will evaluate the department they represent and will make suggestions concerning the curriculum and mode of study.

The most enticing facet of this proposal is that students will serve on the evaluation groups.

The Editors readily endorse this first step toward educational advancement.

Briefly Speaking

As we claim to be a generation that hates the synthetic world we live in, it seems hypocritical to follow the traditional whoopee celebration of Christmas.

Congratulations to the "other publication" for reaching the half-way point in their "annual affair."

College night was a complete success. Instead of being confused about one or two colleges, we are now confused about many.

He Made It

Little does the common man know, but last Christmas was almost a failure due to crime, pollution, and selfishness.

The first problem Santa Claus had was that the toys were almost not made by Christmas. Strikes delayed the toys because workers wanted higher wages and fewer working hours.

After Santa collected the toys, he started his annual journey. Last year, it took him twice as long because he had to fly ten feet off the ground in order to see the houses because there was heavy smog covering the earth.

Santa encountered four burglars last year. Three of them only tied him up, delaying him a total of thirty minutes, but the fourth burglar lifted his suit; however, this did not delay Santa except for ten minutes, for he rented a suit from a department store.

Santa was delayed another forty-five minutes when he was arrested for burglary. Charges were dropped when he confirmed his identity.

The longest delay was an hour which was used to visit a doctor after he digested a cake left for him containing strychnine.

Santa's speed enabled him to finish his rounds in time, and the beautiful children of this world woke up Christmas morning to discover presents under the Christmas tree.

Help Me If You Can

Again Santa Claus is afraid his toys will not be delivered Christmas morning. Santa has been the victim of our society. His sled broke down and needs repair, but he can't find anyone to repair it.

Why is this? Students have been taught all their lives that if they don't go to college they are a failure in life. It is considered degrading for a high school student to obtain a maintenance job after he has his diploma.

How can you help? Examine your abilities and goals. Go to a college if you will be happy but remember, workers are needed and just maybe you would be happier in the vast field of services.

463-3171

Need help in getting your head together? Turning Point is here to help. Turning Point is a facility of the Stanly County Community Organization for Drug Abuse Prevention, established to give confidential advice and help to any person, especially to youth.

The staff of Turning Point wants to help persons of any age or race. Turning Point is located on West Depot Street, turn in



front of London Arms Company in New London.

The purpose of Turning Point is to advise or assist persons with problems concerning drugs, pregnancy, draft, marriage, or domestic situations.

Volunteers, black and white, who want to help will be welcomed at Turning Point. There is no age restriction.



"My, your folks are old-fashioned," the little girl exclaimed to the friend she was visiting. "I see you are still using hand-operated toothbrushes."

Conscience: That still, small voice that shuts up when money talks.

The first health hazard in smoking a pipe is high blood pressure from trying to keep it lit.

Waiting for women to finish talking is like looking for the end of a roller towel.

Money may talk, but today's dollar doesn't have enough cents to say very much.

Mini-skirts rank in advancement equal with the steamboat. As Robert Fulton put it, "We no longer have to wait for the wind to blow."

In bygone days, when you asked, "Is it a boy or a girl?" you were looking at a baby.

In a way, a baseball umpire is like a woman. He makes quick decisions, never reverses them, and doesn't think you're safe when you're out.

You can lead a horse to water — but a pencil has to be lead.

We heard about a young doctor who used his textbook for practice. He took out the appendix.

Santa's helpers are a bunch of subordinate clauses.

Then there was the toy manufacturer that made a doll so real that when you wound it up it ran away from home.

"Does your husband still find you entertaining?" "Not if I can help it!"

Did you hear the one about the overweight goat who went on a diet of Metrecal cans?



GREEN CHEESE

T'was the night before Christmas, and everything was nice. All the creatures were stirring, especially us mice; The mouse sox were hung by the chimney with care, In hopes that Santa Mouse soon would be there; The children were nestled in their mouse-hole beds, While visions of Swiss cheese-plums danced through their heads;

I'd turned the lights out, when outside rose some chatter, So I rushed from my bed to see Santa on a ladder. As I turned my head and glanced around, down the chimney came Santa Mouse with a bound.

He was dressed in grey mouse fur from his head to his foot, and his body was coated with ashes and soot. His eyes, they were beady, his gaze it was seedy. His nose and his whiskers twitched

like a twig(?) He had chubby cheeks, and a little round belly and a long stringy tail that really looked silly. He was chubby and plump — a sly-looking mouse — And he filled up his bag with goods from the house.

A wink of his eye and a nod of his head soon gave me to know I had something to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work, He emptied the stockings and looked like a jerk, And laying a finger aside of his nose, he giggled and said, "I left them some clothes!"

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a squeal, and away they all flew in their get-away-obile; but I heard him exclaim (a ridiculous call): "Happy Christmas to all, and for me, a good haul!"