

Green Cheese

Dear Folks,
 How are things in your neck of the woods? Cold, I'll bet. But things here aren't the best, either, because sometimes when I fall asleep the heater stops working and I wake up frozen.

If any emergency comes up, please call me collect at 982-9933. This new number is the number of the pay phone which was installed "for the convenience of the students." This idea went over so well, rumor has it, that the administration is going to install pay toilets, leaving one free for emergencies and official business. The administration claims this should lower the level of pollution in the waterworks of our school.

Speaking of pollution, the Student Council has placed a cardboard trashcan in front of the office. I'm sure that this has helped Henry, considering all the trash that students have put in it.

Mom, I know you think I only write when I need money, and usually you're right. But this time you're wrong. In fact you can cut down my allowance, because I can now buy hamburgers and hotdogs here instead of sending you-know-who to Hardee's.

I'll see you during spring break. Take it easy, and if you can't, just take it.

Love,
 Squeaky

Power To The People

It was last March in the quiet of her room that Ginny Deese composed some poems that were later published in Power, a church literary magazine.

Her writing, which really began in the eighth grade, has been a secret until now.

Recently she received a letter from Nido Queblin and Associates, Inc. asking permission to publish her poem, "I Believe" in their magazine, Adventure with Youth. They also asked if the poem could be used on radio.

More students of ASHS, take a look around. You might find another poet standing on your grounds.

Briefly Speaking

The student body is congratulated for its conduct in the Assembly on February 7. It was excellent. We really showed the Administration that we are willing to accept the responsibility as well as the freedom of assemblies.

The Student Council placed the Gripe Box in front of the office expecting the students to use it. But the participation in this has been nominal. So, come on students, let's gripe.

Students will no longer need to use the services of a pawn shop. Now they can discard of excess loot by advertising it on the bulletin board. Gee thanks, Student Council.

DISTORTED REFLECTIONS
DIZOBBLED BELFECTIONZ

Another year has passed, and the draft officials have had their fun with the annual contest of Lottery Game, where the winners lose and the losers win. After the successful usage of chance to make big decisions for others, prospects are for the spread of the lottery system to cover major governmental choices.

Let's look at the proposals. In an effort to cut the mushrooming number of presidential candidates, sets of numbered dates have been matched through pure chance. Anyone born on an August 32nd will have the first opportunity to run for high office. This eliminates the advantage held by rich, handsome, famous candidates.

In Washington, many people use a special version of "Monopoly" to make decisions. The new freeway will cut through the ghetto homes on Baltic

Avenue and Oriental Street. Howard Hughes will build a new hotel on Park Place with government aid. A man, if rich enough, can buy a "get-out-of-jail" card.

The call of "seven come eleven" echoes through the White House as President Nixon uses the roll of dice to make plans for his next trip to serve America. Will he end up in Camp David, Key Biscayne, or San Clemente?

The Pentagon's giant chess set holds the fate of Vietnam War contestants. The main objective is to keep the ruler of the kingdom protected from attacks, by sacrificing any other pieces on the board. Pawns are moved around, only to get knocked off by the other players. Bishops and knights are "rooked."

Odds are, such proposals on how to make governmental decisions don't stand a chance.

Falentine's Follies

A recent classroom episode came to our attention, and we feel obliged to convey it to the student body.

It seems that there is a great lover in Mrs. Hatley's sixth period Trig class. He thought that he could remain undiscovered and still carry on his love-letter writing. But true to Mrs. Hatley's hypersensitivity, the lover could not remain unnoticed. As Mrs. Hatley checked his paper, she gasped in amazement at the totally unmathematical work our lover was doing.

Mrs. Hatley reached for the letter, and our lover quickly snatched his work away from her. The fight was on.

With the help of David Bryson, Mrs. Hatley cornered the now

exasperated lover, and with no other choice, except to have his secret known, the lover ate the letter.

Now I know that you have become extremely curious about who could have done such a bizarre thing. Well, wonder no longer; the name will clarify the action. Our lover is none other than the modest Larry Mills.

I bet you never would have suspected Larry having a secret love by the name of Susan Doster living in Charlotte.!

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