

By Ratface McDoodles

A Scorching Editorial

Nyah, somethin's gotta be done 'round here. The way I figger it's gettin' pretty serious when everybody in high school turns "chicken." Well, almost everybody. There's still a few of us left (but a mighty few) that ain't so chicken-hearted.

For example, the other day this teacher, arms loaded, was walking down the hall, see? Minding her own business, wasn't botherin' nobody. First thing ya' know some sport brushed past her, knocking that armload of papers skeddaddie. Well, sir, I actually couldn't b'lieve me peepers when I saw two lily-livered fellas git down on their shins to help pick 'em up.

It was revoltin'! Wasn't no reason that she couldn't a picked 'em up herself. Her leg wasn't broke. That was a cryin' shame. Trouble is that kinda stuff happens all the time. Them fellas oughta have their backs broke.

Then the other Saturday night we wuz out joy-ridin'. "Hotrod" had his old man's new Dodge what wasn't broke in good yet, and we figgered on havin' a little fun. So, we rode out to Aluminum's Diner at Six Points to see 'bout gettin' up a little race. Now, I want you to know that not one of the gang out there wuz fer it. They all muttered somethin' like "Not me, I'm not asking for a broken neck," or "No thanks, those patrolmen are pretty hep." Coppers! Cheez, they'd never know what passed 'em on the road. But ya' can't tell them "shy-guys" that. Ain't it a dead shame? Don't know what this world's comin' to.

Cripes, it just goes to show ya' that somethin's gotta be done 'round here. Soon, too. See?

School Daze

Whew! My head's in a whirl. Either it's this salty air 'round here or that chocolate milk I drank for lunch; anyway, my bifocals are seeing things I ain't never seen before. Oh, these school daze! . . . Now, what is Mr. Ishee doing peddling Jeffy's tricycle down the hall during the middle of classes, and Mr. Honeycutt right behind him, walking on his hands. It's a race—Bobby Culler is keeping the time with a thermometer. . . And here comes that cute Maxine Farlow selling balloons. Why in the world doesn't someone tell her that she dropped one back there in the tower. Oops, too late! Ray Greene just came hopping down the escalator and stepped right on it. Bang! What a shame. The poor boy is lying on the rug, gasping, "Give Pat me love, O'Kelly". . . What's this? . . . Oh, only Fred Farmer sowing seeds down the auditorium aisles. He's gonna grow Petunias for the Porky Pig Club. . . Terrible things are happening! The waitresses in the cafeteria are on a strike. They refuse to eat the left-overs after each meal unless something is done about that infernal egg situation in China. . . And now Mrs. Jackson has fired all the office girls 'cause they raided the refrigerator in the bookroom and ate all her Hershey bars. . . The Talent Show crew just barged. Honest, that Chuck Payne, Charlie Mann, and Bucket are in a tizzy. The Talent Show just fell through. Got censored at the last minute and so. . . no performance tonight. Chuck said they sure were sorry but everybody'd probably rather see that psycho show at the Center anyway. . . Miss Upchurch and a gang of girls on the athletic field playing baseball are gonna get caught in the snow if they don't watch out. . . You'd be surprised at the snow jobs that come around every year this time, anyway. Dreamy looks and clasped hands—that proof enough? . . . Where am I? . . . Wake up, Joe. Miss Goodman said there's to be no snoring in this study hall. . . It was just a daze. . . A school daze.

Ain't This A Scream? . . .



Hey, Bucket, You Didn't Accentuate the Positive!

Pome

i wish i wuz a kangaroo i wish i wuz a clock i wish i wuz the orchid stripe in sumwuns sky blue sock i wish i wuz a purple pig with pokadotted trimming i wish i wuz a zooloo gal i wish i wuz in swimming i wish i wuz a mutton legg or just a legg of lamm ide gladly bee most ennything lutt this dumm thing i am! —copied

He Wrote This

For almost six months now I have been chronicling the hatches, matches and dispatches of this school so they could be published in that grand, glorious and delicious publication, The Pointer. Here's what I haven't told ya':

This office is uncomfortable. The bottom of the seats were designed by a madman who could not possibly have had in mind any human anatomy when he made them. The pencil sharpener refuses to work. It will not empty. It is fastened to the wall more securely than Goodie-Gumdrop gum-tape. The radiator puffs like a steam caliope and permanently confuses any ideas for abstract stories that the innocent staffer might have had when he first entered the office. One of the typewriters has a carriage on it that jumps up like food shot from guns every time it is returned. It contains souvenirs from years and years back, the office that is, including an old picture of Ref Renfrow, a toy dog what W. B. brought M. back from a football trip, and somebody's Bible. Names are scratched on the window sill that date back to way yonder. The tables are too high, and the chairs are too low. Everybody gets a low blow when they type.

Now, Max Thurman was going to write the story that goes in this space, but there has been a space just below this one reserved just for him. . . I'm through. . .

Announcing Selection of

Miss Bobby Pin of Hawg Hollow Hi

Here's the news you've all been waiting for. . . The winner of the Miss Bobby Pin Contest is. . . Nolie Brewer! Yes, little Nolie came out victorious in a hair-raising campaign which has lasted almost for several days. During these few hectic days Nos Alman, Roy Bragg, and Nolie Brewer could be seen doing anybody's homework, helping distressed females, etc. Just anything to win this honorable title.



When the day of the rally finally dawned the three candidates were eagerly prepared to entertain their fellow voters. The first event of the rally featured Nos and his rendition of "Scrub Me, Mama" as he splashed around in his little tin tub filled with bubble bath. Next on the program was Bragg who appeared in a cave man costume just to show off his Charles Atlas fifteen-minute-a-day course. The greatest attraction was Nolie Brewer who imitated a South Sea island babe. He appeared in a Dorothy Lamour Sarong with all the extras—including a large flower which flopped over his ear, and several jangling trinkets adorned his dainty wrists and ankles. The crowd went wild, Miss Hunter fainted, Mr. Rhode just "looked," and Pete Jones stood up and shouted, "Hey, what'cha doing Saturday night?"

Jim Neely, witty and capable Campaign Manager of Nolie, took charge of the critical situation and announced that all students would be forced to return to home rooms and cast their ballots for Nolie there.

Since the prize for the winner is such an extraordinary one, we'll be seeing Nolie Bobbie Pins throughout the universe and he will receive a year's supply of them to give him that All-American, irresistible charm. . .

The Latest On . . .

Femme Fashions

Are skirts splitting up or down this year? How much briefer can the latest bathing suits get? What masculine fashions are being taken over by females? If you're the least bit in doubt about the latest fashion modes, this article should erase all doubt from your mind.

First, come the ankles and then comes the skirt. . . Yes, ever since Paris set the long, full, ballerina style, the masculine sex has been wondering if they'll ever see the day when the leg shows again. . . Well, that day is coming, but soon! The latest scoop is a tight skirt with a 14 inch split! Well-a-whoool!

This summer will find many females basking in gay, ruffled peek-a-boo pantaloons type bathing suits. A new extra attraction will be the enclosed midriff and shoulders. . . Of course more material has to be used in making this creation, but because of a recent nation-wide-survey which says that nine out of ten freckles result from over exposure of sun—one just can't be too careful!

The latest feminine attire in spring slacks will feature three inch welt seams forgetting the flapped pockets. To add a new kind of originality to shorts, why not try slipping cuff links in the side seams?

We've pondered deeply over what new creations can adorn April's Easter bonnet; but there just aren't any flowers, birds, animals or minerals left in existence to trim hats with this year—maybe camouflaged hats will be the next result. Who knows. . . they couldn't hide much more.

Reviewing

The Strange Loves Of Karl Marx

An enlightening column written so that our dear readers will know which picture show to go see.

One of the most unusual pictures we've seen in the last ten days is "The Strange Loves of Karl Marx." It is not one-tenth as good as "Annie Get Your Gum," which we consider the worst ever.

"The Strange Loves of Karl Marx" is a picture full of love, hate, passion, people, feeling, inspiration, transpiration, perspiration, respiration, indifference. It takes place in Siberia, where capitalists are swinging on trees.

The hero, Karl Marx, is a tall, spare, capitalist-eating varmint who chews on straw and drawls a few words out now and then, but not enough for anyone to know what he is talking about.

Around lanky, tactiturn Karl Marx revolves a cast of 57 of the world's ugliest people. "The Strange Loves of Karl Marx" is the kind of picture whose producer has spared no expense, except in producing it.

The musical background is tastefully restrained. It is produced by a combination cigarette-case-music-box which belonged to the producer's grandfather. There is no music unless the hero wants a cigarette. To get a cigarette he listens to seven tinkling choruses of Marche Slob. Pretty soon fans associate Marche Slob with Karl's nicotine desires. This is a neat psychological touch.

A neater, if less restrained, psychological touch comes when Karl loses his mental balance, falls off a ledge, sulks, and dies.

Well, there it is. The question is, do you want it? We don't. Don't wait to miss "The Strange Loves of Karl Marx." Start missing it now. You'll be sorry. . .

THE SETTER

Instigated By the Inhabitants of HAWG HOLLOW HI

Member National Scholastic Press Association (Prior to This Issue)

Ring Leader Marilyn Asst. R. L. Bill McGin Pencil Sharpener Deadhead Conrad

"MAN BITES DOG" EDITORS

Fancy Earle Upholston Harris Jean Stammers Smartly Burton

GOSSIP GOPHERS

Erogan White Lib Martini Scotty Crook Carolyn Fandancer Pill Cecil Jon Babble Advice to Lovelorn Jim Needy

MAMA'S LIL' HELPERS

Deadhead Conrad Ann Boatrinse Bill McGin "Look-At-the-Birdie" Click Boyles Catch-That-Head Deadhead Conrad

TOOTHPICKS

Jeanne Pigmy Aroma Garner Business Big-Wheel Gladys Cement

AD-ADDERS

Red-head Tilson Ann Wrong Ballyhoosers Walter L. Ice Cream

MAMA'S LIL' HELPERS

Calf Brown Carola Sock Petty Bowman Paper Peddlers Martha Heel

MAMA'S LIL' HELPERS

Wanda Gimme Sadnail Ingle

Chief Meddler Snoopy Perryman Assistant Joan Prowler

Battleaxes Miss Eleanor Shotgun Mrs. Vera Slingshot

Don't Read This!

Can't 'cha read? We said skip this article. . . There you go, sticking your nose into something you were warned not to read. Now, if you really want to redeem yourself, then stop reading this right now!

O. K., so you won't take our good advice again. If you're so dog-gone hard headed and insist on reading this anyway, then go ahead! Just one more warning. . . you'll be sorry!

Now that's all straightened out, so now we can get down to the bare facts. You asked for it. . . First, you've proved to yourself that you lack will power; you do just what you're told not to do; and, last but far from least, you'll probably die of curiosity.

Now are you satisfied?

Pouring . . . . . Outside

I sat up in bed. Through the silent darkness I could hear it raining outside. Hear cold drops hit the windowpane. Then I yawned. I went back to sleep.

The next day was Tuesday. Ma poured kid rations of orange juice and oatmeal down me before I left for school. Had to wear a raincoat, 'cause it was raining.

Hit school at 8:27. First thing I saw was a mob gathered out front. That wouldn't have been so unusual 'cept that there were girls, too; and everybody was making a lot of noise and racket; and in the middle of the crowd was a firetruck. That firetruck was a new Olds and the sweetest looking job! Bet it woulda done 110 in a walk.

The school was on fire. Smoke 'n' flame 'n' all that. I noticed Chuck with a new baseball glove in his hand. I didn't know he was going out. Be muddy out there today. But, shoot, Coach'd have those guys eating mud before he'd miss a day's practice.

The fire kept on burning. Those firemen kept the hose spitting a strong stream of water. It was 8:32.

I swanee, it just don't do nothin' but rain.