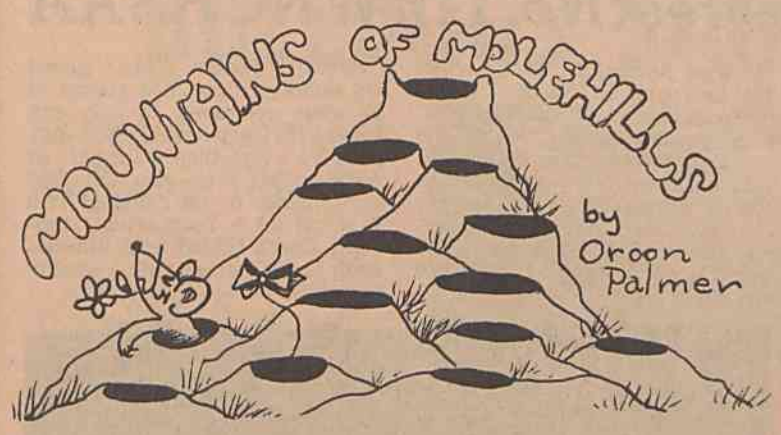


Undoubtedly, the Albemarle Senior High School police force is the best in the county. This force goes by the official name of the Parking Lot Patrol. This patrol is on duty throughout fourth period and is very efficient. It always gets its man. So park your car in an inconspicuous place, like on the back exit road so you won't be noticed. Better still, take the underground railroad, sponsored by $am the Bookie and associates. Mr. B. is happy to serve you in any way that he possibly can. SPECIAL CONTEST! GUESS WHO IS $AM THE BOOKIE AND GET YOUR NAME IN THE PAPER IN CAPITAL LETTERS AND UNDERLINED. CLUES WILL BE HIDDEN THROUGHOUT THE SCHOOL IN UNEXPECTED PLACES. THE FIRST PERSON TO GUESS THE REAL NAME OF $AM THE BOOKIE GETS HIS NAME IN THE PAPER! (Members of the journalism class and their families are not eligible to participate.)

All chucks in this school are hereby ordered to report to the head of the parking lot patrol to repair the damage they caused by making those chuckholes in the parking lot. Failure to heed this order will result in immediate imprisonment under the stage or immediate payment of a fine not less than fifty dollars to Mr. B.

The following cheer is to be adopted by the student body: What are we gonna do? Give them hail Blue. Rip them up, tear them up, give them hail Blue!

Students, support your school subversive activities. Support the Underground Railroad. Though Underground is a misnomer, support it. $am the Bookie has recently entered into a corporation with the Mars-Venus Transit Company and has arranged for a flying saucer to make two runs daily to Good Buddie's. Come try this new trend in transportation and entertainment. Climb the flagpole some afternoon at about twelve thirty and meet the student's friend, Zlrxqpn Nqrtnzqbv. He is your friendly pilot and his saucer is covered by the Blue Cross group insurance plan. Be to Buddie's and back in 1.57 x 10-99999 seconds. Instant transit at your easy reaching. Rides cost only 23 dzmpbq and are really worth the money. Flights depart from the flagpole at 12:30 and return at 12:30.00000000000 000000057. Be there and back before the Flagpole patrol can find you out.

Dear Mouth.

I have a terrible problem. Lately, I have put on a pair of short-shorts a few afternoons and shot a little basketball (just for the heck of it, of course!) and now I'm in a mess. My legs are so beautiful that the girls are storming my locker every morning and carrying me home piggy-back every afternoon. And the senior girls have decided to leave for posterity a bronze impression of my legs in a new extra-large trophy case, built just for this masterpiece. My problem is—ah, I don't know how to say it. Well, MY FEET! No one has ever seen them, and I'm so afraid that when I remove my shoes to make the mold, the girls will see my eight-inch-long toes. Help!

Jolly Joints Tommy

Dear Joint,

I've searched every store in town and finally found your solution—Playtex Living Feet.

* * *

Dear Mouth,

Every morning as I step out of the housing to leave for school, a very colorful bird swoops down from the heavens and flies up my nose. Although I suffer no great discomfort, I find that I have trouble breathing. Do you have any suggestions that might rid me of this feathered friend?

Clogged Nasal Passages

Dear Clogged,

Perhaps you could try letting an elephant carress you with his toes. But by no means harm the bird. This rare bird is close to extinction. See a doctor who can offer you practical advice or a taxidermist with cheap rates.

* * *

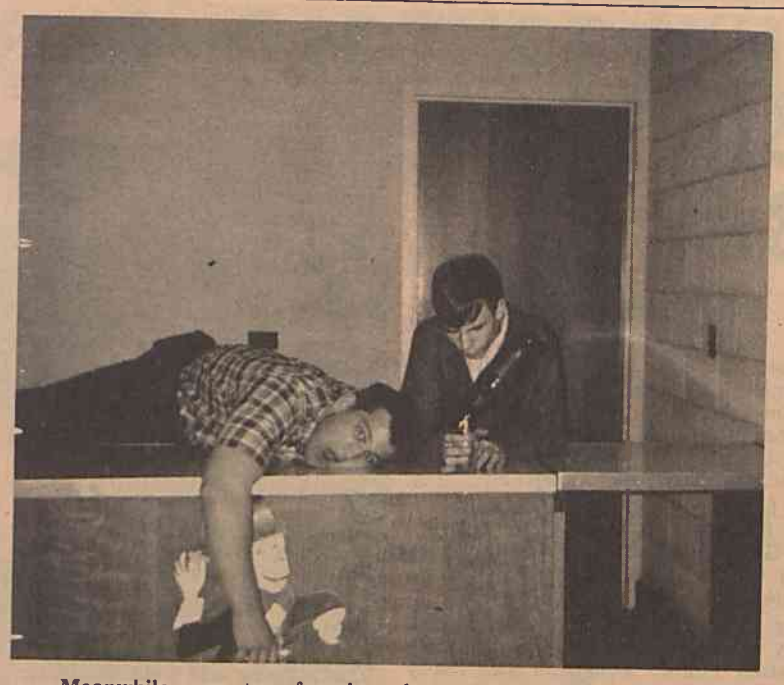
Dear Mouth,

I'm about to lose my mind! The Junior-Senior Prom came up so suddenly this year, and all the juniors have been madly rushing around trying to get ready for it. Gee, I sure hope we can put up all these decorations by tonight. But what if we can't finish it in time! If there is no prom, there will be no juniors left alive to be seniors next year. What shall I do?

Crying Catherine

Dear Crying,

Don't worry. If you are unable to carry out your original plans. I have good news. Cam West has offered his house for the location of the prom. No decoration is needed. The theme will be the "King's Palace."



Meanwhile, our two ferocious heroes prepare to rush to the rescue after a long afternoon of guzzling Ginger Ale, and placing fast bets on Old Maids.

...and again...

Meanwhile, back at the saloon. The boys are at their nightly brawl in the middle of the dance floor when all of a sudden all eyes are focused on the swinging doors. A dog howls, a bat hoots, an Ooron moorons, and then in comes that handsome, muscle-bound, sweet-voiced, fast-drawing, Roman warrior, Rob Land. (Gee)

Rob approaches the bar and says, "Gib me a Rue Blibbon, uh-uh-uh I mean Blue Ribbon." Now Rob pulls out his Donald Duck Beginners mug and fills it up. Gulp! Halp! Someone revive Land. "Has anerbody seen ma Ho to Gell Hat?"

A few hours later, the fearless Rob Land has heard about the buzzardly scheme of Oil Can Shred Farkey. Immediately he heads straight for SSS's shack where Shred is about to confiscate Flippity Flirt Flossie as a downpayment on SSS's rent. KA PLAM!! "Here I come to save the day, that means that big Rob Land is on his way!" Land is here. In he dashes and up to Shred he bolts, and in a mighty monstrous mouse's voice he screams, "Enie menie minie moe, I know where Shred can go!"

"Heeeeee, Hoooooo, haaaaaa, weeeeee, wooooooo. Rob, you're an honest to goodness tough feller," shrieks Farkey. And just now he makes a mad dash for the door with Flossie under his arm.

"Never fear," cries Rob, "My trusty bosom buddy is at hand."

And just who do you think comes staggering in but that jolly old Hardee hat rack, Charlie Taylor, or rather sugar lips.

"Come on Lips," cries Land as he makes his way to the exit on the left of the stage. "We got to save Floss."

Now the mad dash is on. Shred heads to the saw mill, Land and Lips cut him off. To the lumber shoot! Curses!" Now Oil Can heads to his last resort, the train tracks. Shred ties Floss to the rails, runs and jumps into the train, blows the whistle and then builds up steam as he heads down the track, straight for Floss, and then . . . and then . . .

Meanwhile Lips and Land are resting on a rock. But off in a distance they hear a scream and they race to the rescue of dear Floss. Closer and closer they come to the tracks and just as fast, Shred whistles along in his track toddler.)%*$)'%'&ⓘ'/(;&*+→%ⓘ/:*•?$!(&';:%* ?!$)(

When the smoke cleared, any witness could have seen plainly what had happened. There on the track was an arm and a leg and an arm and a leg and a head and a neck and a nose and an ear and another ear, And running down the track free as a lark is "FARKEY DAY GOODIES FOR FARKEY, YA, HA HA!"

Julia's Viewpoint

I am looking forward to spending Easter in the United States and I know that there will be many experiences. In Greece, we go out of school for Easter vacations for 15 days and there are many customs during the Passion Week, the week before Easter. Passion Week is the climax of the Greek holy year. The Greeks observe fast in the days before Easter. Thursday before Easter is the special day for housewives to dye eggs, usually in red color. Toward midnight on Saturday the whole community assembles in and around the church, all bringing unlighted white candles. Some minutes, before midnight, the priest goes out of the door and mounts a platform under the stars. There he reads from the Gospel and then he says, "Come, ye, partake of the never-setting light!" The clear flames dance and spread out, passing from candle to candle until every candle in the crowd is light. Finally, midnight comes and the priest cries out "Christos Anesti!" which means "Christ is Risen!" Suddenly every church bell and ship's siren in the whole of Greece rings forth. At the same moment you see many fireworks in the sky and the people embrace each other repeating and repeating "Christos Anesti!" That is a very exciting and thrilling moment. Easter day is a day for everybody to be happy and there is a custom for all the people to eat lamb on that day and all the relatives of the family to gather together. While they wait for the lamb to get done they dance folk dances singing all together folk songs. It is true that every country has its own way of celebrating Easter and I am looking forward to learning the American customs for Easter. It is going to be an experience for me.

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