

Investigative Report: Literally the Longest Yard

By RODNEY HARWOOD

The silent, inert crowd stood with their mouths hanging open in an ominous expression of defeat, while across the field multitudes of jovial fans ranted in disbelief. What had happened? I decided to put away my intense research on thermonuclear frequency equalization and investigate into the apparent cause of these diverse emotions. Being the skilled and experienced investigative reporter that I am, I decided to go about this task by questioning one of the many illiterate bystanders present. I turned to my immediate left and proceeded in rigorously questioning the unwary fellow next to myself. Being an investigative reporter introduces many undesirable situations, and questioning this unenlightened simpleton was certainly one of them. From what I could decipher of my ignorant friend's reply was essentially that the Albemarle football team had had four chances to move the football one yard into the Forest Hill's defended end zone, tie the game, and have a chance to win with an extra point. Through the years as an investigative reporter I have stumbled upon many intriguing and unbelievable facts, but this had to be the climax of them all. Having a diverse and workable knowledge of most of the world's athletic events, I knew that football (in the American sense) was

primarily a ground acquisition contest in which two opposing teams try to gain or defend territory. Offensive or defensive perspectives are decided upon the possession of the football. Albemarle had possession of the football; therefore, I deduced that Albemarle was on the offensive trying to acquire the last yard and achieve the ultimate goal — The End Zone.

Obviously a yard is a very insignificant distance in this game, or the failure of the Albemarle team to attain it would not have been such a major disaster. Then why did our beloved team fail? It is not often that I come upon a question that I cannot answer but this one was plaguing me almost to the point of insanity. So being the devoted investigative reporter that I've always been, I decided to seek an answer to this pestilent question.

I resolved that my investigation would begin with a questioning of an actual member of the Albemarle football team. I decided upon Doug Hayes as the right man for an interview. Doug has many attributes which qualify him for this honor, one being that he is co-captain of the football team. But most important is the fact that Doug is a close personal friend of mine and has often come to me for advice on academic matters; so I felt it time he returned the favor. I cornered Doug

one day in his study hall while he was wisely pretending to catch up on some much needed sleep (obviously, he was diligently contemplating the cryptic origins of the universe). I promptly interrupted his meditation and conveyed my intentions for an exclusive interview. Doug returned my communication with an affirmative nod of the head. I interpreted this primitive gesture as a sign of approval and commenced with my interrogation. First, I asked Doug why twice he failed to enter the end zone from one yard out. His astute reply was, "I don't know. I choked, man." Feeling that this answer was slightly insufficient, I further inquired as to the reason all four Albemarle attempts failed. Doug's finely-tuned, expert opinion was, "I believe the field was too long, especially the last yard. I think it was longer than the other yards." This second response had some merit. Was the last yard too long? If so, maybe Albemarle really did win. The mystery of the longest yard was finally falling into place. I probed the deepest corridors of my investigative mind in hopes of acquiring some idea as how to prove this conception of an Albemarle victory. Suddenly, to my utmost surprise, Doug had the brilliant idea of actually calling Forest Hills by phone. He said that I could obtain the imperative number from the wall of the

coaches' office. Not having the athletic stature to be cleared for access into this distinctive and prestigious sanctuary for Albemarle coaches past and present, Doug assisted me in my quest for the all-important number. We journeyed to the very threshold of this secretive haven, cleverly situated in a bland dismal hallway next to the gym. After a quick look over from Coach Klutz we were allowed to cross the boundary into the coaches' utopia. This unparalleled football fantasyland filled my mind with awe, but I was speedily brought back to harsh, journalistic reality when my hawk-like vision spied the required number on the wall. Having recorded the information, I reluctantly departed from the impressive coaching facility.

My next duty was obvious; I had to tele-communicate with the person in charge of preparing the Forest Hills football field for games. Being an ever-devoted investigative reporter, this is exactly what I did. An anonymous voice answered the phone in a dull, unimaginative tone. I immediately stated my identity and insisted on speaking with the man in charge of the field. I sensed a cowardly shiver in his voice as he told some hastily conceived story of how the field preparation employee had gone home for the evening. I wasn't about to let this low-life parasite divert me from



attaining the truth. I kindly asked the imbecile if he would mind measuring their field and returning to the phone with his results. There was an intense moment of silence and then our line was abruptly terminated. This weak-minded vermin obviously felt he was the victor in our conversation, but the elimination of this contact was no major catastrophe, for I had already solved the deceptive scandal.

Due to the evident cover-up by the top Forest Hills officials and also due to the certainty of Doug Hayes' valuable remarks, I cleverly deduced that Forest Hills had deviously and incorrectly measured the last yard of their field, making it longer than the universally accepted length of a yard. This underhanded move on Forest Hills' part cost Albemarle's team the out right victory they deserved. Forest Hills almost succeeded with this dubious attack on fair and sportsman-like conduct, but their intricate planning and scheming was not superior enough to escape the unsurpassed journalistic talents of Rodney Harwood, Investigative Reporter. Now that this startling event has been publicly recognized, I'm sure that the proper steps will be taken to award Albemarle the triumph of which we are worthy.

Halloween Puzzle

By ELLEN SNYDER

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| SKELETON | FULL MOON |
| HALLOWEEN | PUMPKIN |
| OCTOBER | BAT |
| WITCH | JACK-O-LANTERN |
| BROOMSTICK | SCARECROW |
| BLACK CAT | COSTUME |
| GHOUL | TRICK OR TREAT |
| GOBLIN | MASK |

G H E B E L O M P K B G T
R O M A K F H E L J O H L
E P U M P K I N F B D U S
W J T L R C R T L G S O K
B V S N W I S I B C I G E
S H O I E T N U S T W S L
M P C S O S O K C A P A E
O J S U K M O C P E U W T
O L K S J O M B S R I C O
B J A C K O L A N T E R N
E M K A W R L S C R J L B
L K I R T B U H E O C L N
A T S E H I F W D K A S E
N F O C T O B E R C L N E
B A C R S V A J K I E B W
P L U O H G O C L R C K O
H F G W I T A B C T K I L
L M B S C T L D B F M O L
A O L J K E S C O U V A A
W N U R P I J H A L J C H

Teachers' Pets

By LEE ANN SIDES

Have you ever wondered how teachers spend their free time? An unofficial survey indicates that the teachers of Albemarle Senior High, like any other normal people, have pets which are special to them. Dogs are the outstanding preference among teachers, with cats in a distant second place.

Mrs. Smith for example has two German Shepherds, Sam and Lady, and Mrs. Dennis has an "ugly and cute" Boston Terrier named Brutus. Mrs. Bursleson, however, simply has a "dawg" named Smokey.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbert, who are always full of surprises, apparently have been hiding two great musicians from the rest of the world. These talented individuals are Gretchen the Dachshund and Jasper the Cocker Spaniel. Gretchen can sit up and conduct the music while Jasper sings.

Gretchen and Jasper, however, are not the only unusual pets that were discovered. Mrs. Brown has a mischievous Cock-A-Poo named Muffin. When Mrs. Brown is playing a T.V. game, Muffin turns the game off so that Mrs. Brown will play ball with him.

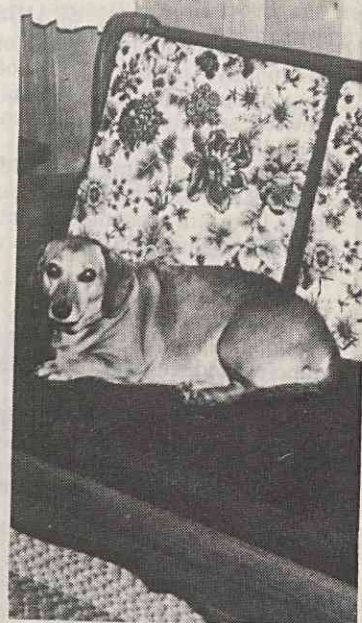
If you think someone in the band can hit a squeaky note, wait until you hear Mr. Hedrick's dog



that squeaks when she is petted. This "very lovable" dog is appropriately named Squeaker. Perhaps Squeaker should consider joining the band, or even that great duo of Gretchen and Jasper.

Some teachers on the other hand, prefer cats. Mrs. Carter, for example, has a twelve-year-old Siamese cat named Brownie. Mrs. Ellis' cat, Abraham, is only five months old. Although he is still young, Abraham has already learned how to express himself. He bites Mrs. Ellis on the cheek every morning to wake her up. This amazing cat can even talk. When he eats peanut butter and then meows, it sounds like "Mama!" (Is that with a Spanish accent?)

As you can see, the teachers have a number of pets which are as unique as the teachers themselves. Mrs. Kinsey, however, has the most unique pets. She loves those cockroaches!



Bach Blalock is the friend and scientific companion of Mr. Blalock.

Magazine Salespersons Unite

By LEE-ANNE WILLIAMS

The annual magazine sale, sponsored by the ASHS student council, is back again and it seems bigger than ever. The purpose, of course, is to sell as many magazines as possible. The money that is raised goes to the student activities of the school.

There are two booklets from which to choose. One booklet contains a wide variety of magazines, paper-backs, and hard-back books. The second order catalog contains music ranging from classical music to acid rock.

For each sale the student receives a card to be exchanged for prizes. If a person sells one of the special magazines — TV GUIDE, JET, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, and TIME — he/she will receive

two cards. With these cards one can win a Fighting Bulldog button, the smallest prize, up to the largest prizes which are a radio and a traffic light.

The homeroom with the top sales will have a free pizza party. The homeroom teacher with the most sales will have dinner for two at a value of \$25. There will be mystery envelop containing the names of three people. If those three people have sold at least four magazines they will receive \$50 cash.

Our goal this year is to sell \$8000 worth of magazines compared to only \$6000 last year. If the school spirit stays up then we should not have any problem reaching this goal. So get out and start selling!



Mrs. Brown's dogs "baby sit" Michelle. "Sorry Michelle, this is the only way the picture could go in."



Above are Mrs. Talbert's four pets: Jasper, Gretchen, baby Taren, and Mr. T.