



# Charlie's "Super Stud" Corner

BY CHARLES BRITTON

Long time no see! I know how it is now to have two reference papers due during the same week. If you've never had that experience, keep your chin up; your chance will arrive forthwith (or something like that). Have you had any thoughts lately? Whoops —I meant to say, have you had any thoughts about GHS life? Send them to the High Life room postmarked "Corner". That way I'm sure to receive them.

I have a special treat for you this week. It's a satirical letter from a pen pal in Michigan who is a friend of a friend of mine right here in "Whirliland". Got that? Right! Herewith and henceforth forevermore I begin the letter and in addition (2+12-15) here endeth my close friendship with he that hath received this epistle. That's right. He doesn't

know that his letter is being printed!  
Hello Bill—

You never told me that your old picture wasn't washable. It seems that it got mixed in with the dirty underwear. That's all right, you don't have to send me another one; I have your new one. It was your old one that turned everyone off.

The reasons why I haven't written lately are as follows:

- \*I lost your address.
- \*I forgot your name.
- \*I was kidnapped for three weeks.
- \*I ran out of ink.
- \*I busted my fingers.
- \*I got a cramp in my ear.
- \*I got diarrhea.
- (Don't believe a one of them.)

Actually, the real reasons I haven't written are as follows:

- \*I've become a hippie.
- \*I fell in love with the German exchange student even though I haven't met her yet. I make eyes at her everytime I pass her in the hall. It wasn't until today that I found out that she is a karate expert.

\*I'm nursing a broken back.

I was going to write you last week to tell you that I didn't have time to write you that week but decided you could wait until next week which is now this week which was the week that followed the week I first decided to write you and tell you that I didn't have time to write that week. I knew you'd understand.

I've applied at Mich. State Univ., Univ. of Mich., and M.I.T. I think I'll end up going to U. of M. (They have more love-ins).

I was recently elected Kaiser of the German club at school. We're planning a lot of activities —like a car wash where all German cars pay 1/2 price, dinner

at the German restaurant downtown, and a Nazi uprising. (Don't tell anyone, but our sponsor has Nazi ties. She keeps getting mail from East Germany). At the moment we are fighting the French club for Alsace-Lorraine. Their motto is "Kill Krauts."

Today I was using a ouija (wee-gee) board at a girl's house down the street. It said that I was going to be married in 1969, but then I asked it if I was going to be a bachelor and it said "yes." I guess I'll have to settle with being a married bachelor, whatever that is.

Enclosed are some Mad stickers. Paste them to your schoolbooks, your locker, your desks, your teachers, and your hymnals at church. I knew you would.

Our church group is having a masquerade party next week. Barb and I were going as Adam and Eve before the fall, but nobody would take note of such a cheap and unoriginal costume as that. Therefore, I am going as a hippie. I'm going to wear a fur belt, beads, and a flower instead of a figleaf. Barb is going to paint flowers on my legs and give me some sandals. I am also growing a beard.

Well, that is just about all the news for now. Here's a "pome" I wrote:

*"Yesterday I slipped a cog;  
I dropped my sucker in the dirt.  
Today it lies there, oh so pert,  
Surrounded with ants agog!"*  
Sincerely,  
S.W.  
(Don't you believe it)

## Aliens Land -- Secret Weapon Foils

BY TED TALLY

8:36 p.m. It was passionate pink in hue, with red and green flashing lights, and made gurgling siren noises that would have put the Philharmonic Orchestra to shame. Its size and structure were roughly equivalent to the Volkswagon Company's design of an M-3 Tank Destroyer, and the way it crashed through a half a dozen large trees and landed on our station wagon (smunching it in like a proverbial can of Country Club Malt Lager) made a charging bull elephant look subtle. I tentatively identified it as a "flying saucer."

Call Police

8:37 p.m. I called the police to report an Anonymous Object landing in my yard, probably flown by aliens from "somewhere over the rainbow." The desk sergeant gave me the number of the local chapter of Alcoholic's Anonymous. I thanked him for his help and hung up.

8:43 p.m. Realizing that I would have to investigate on my own, I went out into the front yard armed with a submachine gun, a butterfly net, some trading beads, and my poker deck. I felt I was covered for all possible contingencies.

Try Anything Once

8:44 p.m. I knocked on the door, or the hatch, or the plate, or the lid, or whatever you want to call the closed opening on the saucer, or craft, or ship, or vehicle or whatever it was.

8:44 1/2 p.m. Nobody home (thank goodness).

8:45 p.m. Somebody was home after all. They got me with their zzap as I was making a "strategic withdrawal."

8:46 p.m. Once inside the object (let's not start that again) I had a look around. I couldn't see much. I couldn't move much. I was lying on the floor (or deck, etc.) and three of them were sitting on my stomach. They were

sort of a mauve with chartreuse polka dots. I asked to be taken to their leader.

8:47 p.m. They seemed to have no difficulty in understanding my Martian, though my command of the language is somewhat sketchy. In a trice (a little shorter than a 'minnit') a plump, important-looking chap stood before me, who assured me that he was Oorg, First Vice-Blugh of Mars; I was thrilled. He told me that they weren't looking for any trouble; they merely wanted me to give them the most powerful Earth-weapon and demonstrate how to use it. I agreed to their terms.

The Earth-Weapon

9:03 p.m. I went into my house, climbed up into the attic, groped around in the dark for a bit, and found an ancient Chubby Checker record.

9:05 p.m. After I had played only a few seconds of it, the Aliens begged me to please turn it off, and had to admit that they didn't have anything in their arsenal to match it. In exchange for the record, they gave me a three-ton block of solid platinum. I told them that their cheating me might lead to bad future Earth-Mars relations, but that I'd let it go this once. They left.

4:32 a.m. I woke up and I decided to swear off drinking pineapple-cherry-prune juice punch.

## Career Chatter!

Honesty is a desirable trait for one to have in the business world today. Everyone is expected to keep his word. But suppose you have made an error. Should you tell the truth and admit your mistake, or should you let it slip by and hope that it will go unnoticed? If you don't admit this mistake now, difficulties may arise later from this one error.

Honesty also includes working the full number of required hours. If you don't do this, it will cheat not only your business, but yourself, too. Sooner or later, someone will find out about you. Returning late from your breaks and lunch hours take away from the employer's valuable time and may even cost him money.

Arriving late for your job will

cause you to begin the day in a rushed atmosphere. Arriving early will help you to begin the day in a calm and relaxed manner.

By arriving on time, following the required number of working hours, and by leaving your job at the set time, you show that you value your job.

Being honest with the little things in today's business world is a necessary trait for a successful job, for if you are honest with the little things you will most likely be honest with the large and important things. Remember honesty starts right now and even the little people can do the big things of the business world.

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