ASC Convocation Marks Year's End
Silver A's Highlight
Evening of Honors

ASC recently held its Annual Convocation giving out eight Silver A awards. Julie Simmons, Debra Crosbee, Jerry Williams and Melanie Roberts received Silver A awards for service.

The Yvonne English Memorial award also went to Julie Simmons. Vicki Hill received an award for outstanding English major for the second year. Vicki also received an Academic Silver A.

Other recipients of the Academic Silver A were Michelle Sullivan and Donna Adier.

The Joseph A. Buck award for college and community services went to Jeff Gulla.

Other awards were: The Henry L. Ashmore Award for Outstanding Senior-Stephen Whalen; Outstanding Club Union Board Award-Stephanie Norman; President's Cup went to James R. Brown as the student athlete with the highest scholastic average.

Bradley A. Smith received the Bily Bond Memorial scholarship.

Twenty-five departmental awards were also presented.

87-88 Squad Selected

The Armstrong State Pirates are proud to announce the selection of their 1987-88 cheerleading squad: Cindy Hieronymus, Karen Showalter, Lynn Ross, Paige O'Connor, Lydia Taylor and Lisa Hamilton. Serving as alternate will be Janne Singletary. The girls are happy to have Ginny Knorr as their new coach. Next year's squad should prove to be one of the best. The Pirates are looking for male cheerleaders. Anyone interested should contact Ginny Knorr at the gym. No experience is necessary, just a positive attitude.

A.C.H.T.U.N.G!

ASC

SUMMER SESSIONS
BEGIN JUNE 16

A.P.- Disturbing reports are being relayed via the LSU underground (LSU) that two-timing INKWELL mugil Ronnie Thompson has been duped and presumably executed by right-wing administrative death squads.

It is ominously related incident, INKWELL staff members close to Thompson were locked out of the offices of the newspaper on the very same day of Thompson's presumed death.

The reasons for the lockout have not been established with certainty. Administration officials have not been available for comment. It is rumored that certain elements within the administration were plotting retaliatory actions against Thompson for his two controversial stints as the INKWELL editor.

Sources wishing to remain anonymous for fear of official displeasure seeing ASC campus Secret Security Services (SSS), attended by a contingent of right-wing students chanting "you mind - our business" forcibly placing Thompson in an SSS riot wagon.

As rumors circulated of the abduction, a counter-demonstration organized by the LSU assembled on the campus quadrange. The assembly was quickly dispersed when SSS stormed the scene with tear gas, water cannons, rubber bullets, and attack dogs.

It is not known how many protesters were killed, wounded, or incarcerated. However, the Ministry of Money Matters placed the cost of damage to campus shrubs in the hundreds of dollars.

Incoming editor Michael West denied any fore-knowledge of the incident, and played down rumors of an end-of-quarter coup. It is well known, however, that Thompson feared he would not see the end of his reign because of rumblings from the administration and his defection to West in official correspondence.

Editor Slain; Kronos Bound

Editor and procurer W.W. Hiccup reported that Thompson was in low spirits in the final days leading up to his martyrdom. He constantly reiterated passages from the epic motion picture The Road Warrior, and in one such outburst of epic passion-presumably modeled on the eloquence of the Lord Humongous-he thundered: "We all have something we love. It's a shame when you come to cherish something and then that something is taken from you. We are all potential sufferers." Hiccup raised his own alcoholic voice in love-lorn lamentation; "Mr. Ronnie...he dead."

Michael J. Kronos, Jr., summoned from on Olympus high, where he sits on the right knee of father Kronos, spake: "...verily, verily, I say unto thee, before this day in heaven is ended, Ronnie Thompson will be seated beside me on the left knee of almighty Kronos."

Thompson's first stint as editor in 1982-83 ushered in an unprecedented renaissance of editorial expression that generated both disgust and veneration. Other controversial features included the infamous Comix and the groundbreaking revelations of racism in higher education documented by the then mortal Michael J. Xivan.

It was near the end of this first term that Thompson incurred the wrath of disgruntled students and teachers of journalism, by insisting pressure to become their exclusive organ. Thompson also angered administrative partisans that insisted the college paper should tow the official party line.

Despite these pressures, Thompson stubbornly maintained that "mein Kampf is not with the students or with the powers that be, but with bad opinion and the suppression of First Amendment rights."

Regardless of charges by aspiring editors and critics that Thompson's INKWELL contained no news fit to smear or print, he was called upon again to resuscitate at least the semblance of a college newspaper. It was assumed that Thompson would not again flout the unspoken prohibition on free expression of doubts about the progress of ASC as an institution of higher learning.
For Which It Stands

When in the course of my haphazard pursuit of wages, domestic comfort, and self-esteem I catch the scent of pre-determination, I naturally begin to wonder by what suggestion these goals become important. Is it the way of democracy, this death-mask of self-possession pulled over my beloved educational weakness? Or am I preparing myself, through discrete genetic instructions, for marriage and a family? After four insular years of credit hour mumble-jpeg, it is time to show my colors—to make myself accessible and acceptable as the master of some routine, the constant and serious devotee of some set of attitudes articulated about some wage-earning endeavour. I must be a pious man of business. I will be a professional.

But mother republic, is it already time to die? For that is how the rigor of the work ethic appears to me. While I cannot pretend to know the “Puritan” or otherwise roots of this drive to dig the deepest, safest hole in the economic landscape that one can, I vouch my own experience of “professionalism” as a bourgeois maximus. All the important details are taken care of; the products, the arena in which they compete, the value of my participation as part of the marketing. All that remains for me is to organize most of my time, tolerance, and physical energy and a little of my mind to work the will of whichever establishment I am the guest of. The challenge of doing my best for the almighty boss (who will kill me if I am late) or the corporation is constantly renewed by the latest grim recruits in my workplace or discipline. Threatened with eviction, ostracism, ridicule, I at least control the expression of any mood but optimism. Worse, I allow the feeling that I must prove myself to predominate. I purge my mind of impious perceptions about the service I perform, and exhaust myself for the privilege of abandonment to a veritable religion of labour.

Perhaps I am simply not strong enough to balance the necessity of a livelihood (a debt to the comfort of civilization) with some unique exercise in humanity. A recent acquaintance told me flatly that I had to make a choice between the “business and the academic world.” In the context of our talk about consumers and suppliers, the choice was between a material good living and an ongoing process of reflection, which would probably prevent me from enjoying as freely as himself—freedom. I can make all kinds of comfort for myself, as long as I accept the luxuries democracy substitute for gods. In return for the lawful recognition of my self-interest and my right to dig my own hole, I will substitute for the maturation of my judgement (an improbable thing in any case, a servile, intellectually moribund fix. In my old age I will be suspicious, slightly misanthropic, strangely unfulfilled. Despite my in exorable supplantation by the new blood, and my general decline into obsolescence, I will still be able to enjoy my retirement as a contractual right and not as a charity. There will be a maturation of sorts.

Free at last. Free at last.
Thank God Almighty
I’m Free at last.
Inkwell to be Under New Führer

by Michael West

The New Reich

The Children's Crusade

Every day, children under the age of 17 walk into video stores and rent or buy "slasher" movies. Should excessively violent films be restricted to people over age 17?

Take for example the film "alan Prye". This film features blood hungry lesbian vampires feasting on a dead woman bodily fluids through a hole in her stomach. Also, make them Die Slowly includes a scene in which a man slices a woman in half with a pair of scissors. Furthermore, Flesh Feast reveals maggots consuming human beings in less than pleasant manner.

I feel that "Gross" movies such as these and others (such as Surfer Nazi Die) should be restricted from the view of minors. Why? Because there is a theory that excessive violence on television causes violent behavior in children. Just look at me! What about copy cats? Doesn't everybody do something for a reason? (everything except this article).

In this picture, a few articles here and there: who knows what kind of wild hair I'll get up my behind. Our budget for next year (which, incidentally, was up to about $1,456,396.33 at last count, eat your heart out, CUB) will allow us to take over the dorms and use them as the Inkwell Housing Facility and Offices (groundbreaking ceremonies will be held on July 4), and it will also allow me to pay my staff members enormous sums of money. Golly gee whiz, can't you just smell the impending excitement for next year?

My right-wing cohort and ex-President of the SGA, Lee Harrell has promised me the use of his refrigerator down in the Geechee office. Lee, incidentally, has come down to the real world after his brief tenure as the Big Cheese last year to take over the realm of Geechee editor, the spot which was vacated by Bob Long who will wreak havoc on the entire free world next year in his new office of Vice-President. I love to plug you, guys!

Before I go, I'd like to say "aloha" to Master Ronald Thompson who will be leaving us to attend law school next year in Birm'ing'm, Alabama.

Seems he's gotten too good for us sleazebags and is moving on to bigger and better things. Anyway, we're going to miss you, Oh Omnipotent One. Give 'em hell in 'Bama, Boss.

Well until the CHAOS edition (or the Fall, whichever comes first) this is the soon-to-be new Master of the entire literary world signing off!

By the way, to whom it may concern (Vicki/Alpha Gammas), the picture is of yours truly. No phone calls, please.

ASC is my school; I shall not be ignorant.

It maketh me to sit on hard desks; it leadeth me into the library.

It stimulates my intellect; it leadeth me in the recital of the honor code for integrity's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of failure, I shall fear no exam; for ASC art with me; it's cafeteria and it's vending machines they comfort me.

It prepareth a final for me in the presence of intellectuals, it anointeth my head with facts; my brain runneth over.

Surely English and Algebra shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall dwell in the hall of Gamble forever.
Goody, Cruel Year

Well, it is time for the final installment of my "pseudo-journalistic" career, it has been at times enjoyable and at times a A-1 pain in the yazz.

As I write this final chapter to Cary's Corner I must tell you that I feel like a lobster. I spent the afternoon basking in the hot sunlight at Tybee and overdid it a bit...a lot actually. It really isn't my fault though, you see I was studying for a class and I would flip over after every chapter. Unfortunately the chapters were long and I was stupid. So now I look like a radiocarbon constant from one of those B-rate sci-fi flicks, yeh. Stop.

In my farewell article I would like to tell you about ASC. Yes, no other subject but Armstrong State College and company. Stop.

Firstly, I would like to commend the community which has all but spit in the proverbial face of Armstrong. The way this fine institution is ignored by the people in this area is absurd. Who cares about the Bulldogs? They're 250 miles away! Wouldn't it be easier to just support something a little closer to home, say Armstrong?

It's a real shame ASC cannot be uprooted and planted someplace it will be more appreciated.

I've been here quite a number of years, off and on over the past five to be exact. In those years I have held jobs as a sports writer three different times on the INKWELL and in those years the only time I remember any type of support for Armstrong was on one occasion when the "A-Team" of Renny Bryner was 10-0 at the beginning of one basketball season a few years back. Even that didn't last too long. This lack of interest is truly disgusting to me.

The people of the city knock Armstrong and the students...knock Armstrong...to these people I have this to say:

"If you can't say something nice, don't talk and if you don't like it here...well, the doors that way just don't let it hit you on the way out."

ASC is an excellent academic school so who cares if we don't have a top football or basketball team. We do have two of the best teams in tennis and baseball: but we see what kind of support they get. Getting to my point, the staff of Armstrong makes great strides towards the learning process of students here. And if and when I finally get a degree I will be more than proud it came from Armstrong State College. To hell with what everybody else says, I know how good the instruction here is and I know I've learned something. So thank you to the administration and faculty for making this college what it is, top notch.

Let's away back to the athletic path now and gaze at the past year of ASC sports. Unfortunately for Armstrong, the team could not have been a much more disastrous year athletically than it was.

The two bright spots were the successes of the tennis team and the baseball team. The rest were very gloomy even before fall quarter began, a slide that was very contagious for this fugitive of Division I.

Before the first class of fall ever meets the ASC soccer team has several matches out of the way. And as their record can attest, it was their worst season ever. Losing all but one match despite hard work and determination their record was the rule rather than the exception for most Pirate squads to follow.

The basketball team, the cross country team, women's volleyball, and the golf team all met similar fates. Very few wins with many set backs.

In the fall Renny Bryner resigned as the head basketball coach, leaving interim coach Pastwick with the task of handling ASC's toughest schedule ever. The team was overwhelmed by bigger and faster teams.

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The Way The Ball Bounces
A Pictorial History Of A Mess

Photos by Misc.
Armstrong Losing Four Professors To Retirement

It is inevitable that professors will one day retire, but we hate to see them go. Close relationships between faculty and students makes for a feeling of family. And yet it can be a time for new directions and opportunities as well.

Dr. Connie Lawson is retiring this spring after 15 years at Armstrong and Savannah State Colleges, the culmination of a long life of teaching careers as a teacher. She is a member of the Teacher Corps in the 1950's, and helped train Indiana teachers to teach in their own people. She expressed much gratitude for all the help she received along the way and especially to Armstrong for granting her the sabbatical that allowed her to finish up important post-graduate credits. In 1983 she received her B.S. at Florida State University, her M.A. at the University of Arkansas. Her teaching specialty is early childhood education. She loves children and plans to stay in bed with her grandchildren in Oregon and Virginia. She is also looking forward to visiting New York, Florida and friends in Holland, and beyond that is looking forward to traveling to Europe.

Another professor leaving us is Jane Ann Patch, who taught anthropology and archeology. She went to college at 45 and began a new career at 50 and M.A. from Central and Western Michigan Universities respectively. During her time in college, she helped build the anthropology curriculum into a minor program, and she hopes it will continue to grow. She says that Armstrong is "like family, the students like children the faculty kindof," and that she will miss it very much. She plans to move to the west coast to live and will teach part-time at a junior college there.

Chuck White, of the English Department, also retired this year after 23 years. He received his B.A. at East Carolina University and his M.A. from Southern Illinois University. His specialties are creative writing, modern British literature and folklore. He is much appreciated by his colleagues and admired by his students, both for his scholarship and grasp of the language, and for his sense of humor and love of puns. His plans include traveling and writing, and publishing, particularly in the areas of folklore and contemporary literature.

After 30 years at ASC, Miller: ASC's Musical E.F. Hutton

When Bonny Miller plays people listen. In a faculty solo piano recital on May 22, Miller performed sonatas by Beethoven and Chopin that were so well received by the audience that they requested an encore of his waltzes by Ravel and American ragtime. The solo recital caps off a year of community performances not just at Armstrong, but on public radio, in church, at area teachers, and benefit appearances around the state, such as the Festival of Trees in Savannah and for the Hilton Head Community Orchestra.

Teaching piano and music history is only part of the job for Dr. Miller. She says, "I try to be an essential part of the musical life in Savannah, both as a performer and a teacher." She was recently installed as the president of the Savannah chapter of the Georgia Music Teachers Association after serving for two years as vice-president for programs for the group.

In another role, Miller is often more for young music students seeking contests for young musicians around the state, such as the Macon Symphony Young Artist Contest and the scholarship competition of the Mozart Society of St. Simon's Island.

Miller is also an active scholar. Her investigations of songs and piano pieces published in household magazines from 1800 to 1900 frequently yields music that she adds to her concert programs. "The popular music of 80 to 100 years ago brings an aspect of lighter music to my recitals. People enjoy hearing it and it's fun to play. The research of the past year has brought more ragtime music into my programs," Miller predicts, "I hope to bring works by women and by early American composers into my concerts next year."

A Dream Deferred Comes True

Patricia ("Pat") King has been secretary for ASC's Department of Languages, Literature and Dramatic Arts since July 1985. This year Pat and several others were in Focus; reprinted with permission by Patricia R. King.

Several years ago a mood swept over me to clean out several boxes of papers that had bumped around with the family during the years. I have three daughters, fought for the post of a long time and for a while I popped them into carefully labeled envelopes according to categories and methodically devised.

I was maverick-what was I to do now? I looked like a term paper and I should know by now about the Senior Secretary for the Department of Languages, Literature, and Dramatic Arts for several years and still be in college, along with the professor's name. I leaned back in my chair and read through the words of my eighteen-year-old self, chuckling here and there at the presence revealed in so many sentences. The title of the paper was "The Mississippl River." How much I had dared to write about something of which I knew so little. Oh, well, everyone is smart to grow young.

I turned to the final page of the essay to find written comment from that professor of so long ago: "Skillfully written with intent to keep interest alive, really superior writing!"

And it had been only eighteen years since I wrote it. My teacher remembered me in the circumstances which had prevented me from going back and getting my degree; my widowed mother's income, my subsequent marriage, motherhood, and divorce. He placed the essay inside the folder marked "Personal," and continued with my self-imposed sorting task. Ten years or so later decided to take a look at it when I was in question years since that college approximation had an imprint. I did, so came up heavy on the English side, and light on the math, as I had pretended to be so much to put myself going back to college into action, but again, life interfered.

Then in the fall of 1985 I talked with several professors in the department where I work. They convinced me that by easing into my college education gradually I could begin to take the first faltering steps toward my own dream of being a major in History, and G.P.A. of 3.6. Yes, I have a long way to go, and sometimes to road seems to stretch out toward infinity, but instead of thinking of the total number of credit hours needed to graduate, I try instead to focus on the one at-a-time principle. Remember the tortoise and the hare? The tortoise won, that race with its determinations, and as I slowly but steadily pursue my beloved college education, I know that I too will achieve my goal. My dream deferred is coming true. Watch my dust—I'm going to win MY race.
Alright, enough already! Yes, Daytona was great, but its time to move on to bigger and better...well, other things. Let’s talk about some of our more local goings on.

How many of you have received a ticket from the campus rent-a-cops lately? I have, and do you want to know what for; for parking in my own parking place. No shit! Is that a joke or what? Well, what goes around comes around right?

Hey, how about that streaker they caught on campus? This guy, who by the way is a personal friend of mine, was going around exposing his pride and joy to some young ladies in the nursing department. When we interviewed “shortly” after one of these exposures, one of the young ladies said that “it was no big deal” Hal.

I would like to take this opportunity to say congratulations to the baseball team for having such a great season. They proved that Armstrong can be competitive in Division NCAA. Well, in baseball anyway!

Attention all WAFWOT participants! There will be an organizational meeting in the fountain at midnight, June 8th. Rubber fish suits and flippers are required. Spunky’s bringing the vaseline. Remember that this is the final meeting of the year and we will be accepting pledges to replace graduating Seniors. Girls and guys welcome. However, sorry Ron, we need more GIRLS!

Well the weather is warmer and the girls are hotter. No kidding. Do you ever notice how short the shorts get about this time of the year. Not that I am complaining I just like the weather better, but it does get rather distracting when you are sitting in a classroom and some leggy blonde sets her half-bared bottom within “reach out and touch somone” range right in front of your face. Of course the bottoms are not the only parts of the female anatomy that are half-bared. The tops tend to bounce a little more also mainly due to a lack of support if you know what I mean? These conditions often lead to dehydration in the male students as a result of profuse drooling.

In case you have not noticed, this article, like the rest in this issue, is rather long-winded. This is because our beloved editor has left us with the unenviable task of putting together a twenty page paper with only four pages of material. At long last this article has meandered into the realm of the oblivion with only, you guessed it, obscure comments remaining.

W.W. drives again!

How close is my personal UB For You & Me?

Free To Drink; Free To Brawwww

The University of Budweiser recently sent a representative to the ASC campus to recruit members for a new chapter to be based here at Armstrong. The rep. was quite impressed by the advanced state and quality of beer drinkers already present on campus. He was, however, quite upset upon discovering that no juice is allowed in the dorms.

Applications of Pledges for this prestigious fraternity will be accepted next fall from any and all comers. However, certain priorities must be met. It is essential that each applicant be knowledgable of the following information:

Budweiser is the King of Beers.

The letters in Budweiser stand for; Because U Deserve What Every Individual Should Enjoy Regularly.

The local distributor of Budweiser is H&H of Savannah.

The Budweiser lable reads as follows; This is the famous Budweiser beer. We know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and age. Our exclusive Beachwood aging produces a taste, smoothness and drinkability you will find in no other beer at any price.

After answering these and other related questions on a written form, there will be an aptitude test for those who pass the written test. The aptitude test requires that applicants chug a thirty minute time period. Intermittent vomiting is allowed provided that the applicant clean him/herself. Applicant must achieve a blood-alcohol level of at least .35 within this time or forfeit his or her opportunity. Any applicant going into permanent coma or death, automatically forfeits his or her opportunity for regular membership. However, he or she may receive honorary induction as an at large member.

Party at my condo after graduation.

And no, I did not forget; “I love you Penny!”

As Always ALF

Album Review

B.B. Does a R.E.M. Job

by Brendan Buttimer

Generally, when one browses one must suffer through both the good and the bad which is offered. Such is not entirely the case with R.E.M.’s new album, Dead Letter Office. This is a must for the true fans of Athens’ premier band. As described by Peter Buck (no relation to the local dean), this album is a kind of tour of a junkhouse, offering “a little bit of uh-huh and a whole lot of oh-yeah.” The album covers the entire span of R.E.M.’s career, as most songs were taken from various albums. As album standards go (very high in theory but low in practice), this album probably will not win many fans for the Fab Four. Nothing is taken seriously, as witnessed by the hallucinogenic “Walter’s Theme/ King of the Road” and the outrageous “Voice of Harold.” But fans who found “Life’s Rich Pageant” a bit too socially aware will have no problem warming up to “Dead Letter Office.” Additionally, people fond of R.E.M.’s renditions of work by Aerosmith and Lou Reed and the Velvet Underground will be pleased to hear that the band has several rehashes on “DLO”, including “Toys in the Attic” and “Femme Fatale.” As a bulk package, the album is worth the price; they crammed 15 songs on a single album.

Final Notes: New R.E.M. can also be found on a soundtrack featuring various Athens bands, also the band does a great deal of work on Zevo’s new album “Sentimental Hygiene” (sounds like something for Donahue, doesn’t it?). Finally, anyone knowing where a copy of “Father’s House” by a group called DREAM’S SO REAL can be purchased, please call me.

P.S.B.S.: Special thanks to I-95’s Nighthawk, who helped us through this issue. We wouldn’t have his help ON ANY OTHER DAY.
Meanwhile, on a sunny morning on the outskirts of Moscow -

Comrade, what is this bird?

There, comrades, is the Enormous Blackbird, or the KB for short.

Well, comrade, it is long and white with four feet, my tail feathers and a bow in my belt.

Ronald Reagan making a public speech!

Drink, drank, drop!

This is Mr. Ratman...

It's that time again.

Term papers are due.

Ratman

What evil plans lie in the evil peanut-brain of Ratman?

His friends & associates?

You'll see!!!

11/12/82

Ratman

The Russians are imperialistic rats. Best on subjugating a free man...

Something stinks in Gamble Bldg...

We cannot allow this ignorant man to contaminate us with the godless commies... We must defend our honor!!!

After the murder and subsequent eating of E.T., the minions of the dreaded rats...

We are not the damn Commies... Airborne 9th Parachute Infantry Div.

I've called in into my office. Discredit your Idol papers, Mr. Smear.
An adolescent nightmare lurks deep within us all...

Comix
Re-animated
IN TRODUCING
THE KLAUS BARBIE DOLL

THAT NAUGHTY BUTCHER OF LYONS

THE GOVERNMENT'S FAVORITE TOY CAN NO LONGER BE KEPT A SECRET

HE WALKS! HE TALKS! HE LOPS OFF HEADS WITH AN AX!

THE MOST SUPERIOR DOLL OF ALL TIME

FROM THE FOLKS WHO BROUGHT YOU THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION AND WATERGATE

A SPACE SHIP HURLETS THRU TIME AND SPACE WITH ITS 3 OCCUPANTS...

A TIME WARP...

AND IS FORCED TO CRASH LAND ON A STRANGE PLANET.

THE CREW IS SEPARATED IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS. THEY FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE PLANET'S INHABITANTS. DR. BURNETT IS KILLED AND THEN STUFFED. DR. ASHEMORE IS GIVEN A LABOTOMY. ONLY CAPTAIN STEGAL REMAINS UNALTERED.

THE CRAFT PASSES THRU A TIME WARP...

WILL HE EVER MAKE IT HOME TO THE PLANET ARMSTRONG? OR WILL HE PERISH ON...

THE PLANET OF THE CATS

I HATE READING...

AND THE NEWSPAPER HURT MY FEELINGS...

MY HISTORY TEACHER GAVE ME A B...

MY LUNCH WAS TERRIBLE...

THE GOVERNMENT'S FAVORITE TOY CAN NO LONGER BE KEPT A SECRET
It was a foggy night in Savannah, Ga., way back in 1953. Little Billy Bob and Little Jimmy Joe were two young men in a hurry. The movie they wanted to see started in nine minutes. What happened in those nine minutes would throw the town of bumpkins into nine minutes of pure living, unadulterated HELL!! It all began...

“Where is yore momma, Jimmy Joe?”

“She is daid!”

STARRING

Slim Ratman
Tripod
B.A. Barachus

Roba Uno & His Pet Dog Biboda
A De LARINGUS MOTION PICTURE

Directed by Ding L. Barry

Produced by N. Lodiams

SIX-TRACK DOLBY STEREO® PRESENTATION
Alpha Gams Preparing For Summer Sun

the 16th of April? The Alpha Gams held their annual window wash, which proved to be a large success as large amounts of pollen were removed (temporarily) from the windows of campus cars. Sorry, we couldn’t clean the whole car, but a little bit of Windex only goes so far.

In all seriousness, though, we’d like to congratulate our sisters who were elected to Student council offices: Stephanie Norman, who was elected secretary for the SGA, and Vicki Aeger, who was elected Senator of Health Professions. A very big congratulations to Lynn Norris who received the highest GPA of the graduating seniors and was represented with a schol-ship pendant by Alpha Gama Delta.

We would like to welcome our new sister,

Wendy Hendrix, who was initiated April 4, and our two new pledges, Kelly Stahl and Donna Bone.

That’s about all for now. Look forward to more exciting events and have a great summer.

Alpha Gam Annie

Opti-World.
ASC’s Best Eyewear Value.

RA Applications Due
Today, June 5th

The Housing Office is accepting applications for Resident Assistant positions for 1987-88. If you are interested in applying, come by the Housing Office, Room 11 in the Administration Building and pick up an application. Application deadline is today, Jack.

You’re never too old to quit blowing smoke.

American Heart Association
W E R E F I T T H I N G F O R Y O U R L I F E

Yes, it’s us and we’re out in full force on the Armstrong Campus. During the second week of May we put an end to any chance of wearing last year’s bathing suits by selling homemade goodies and Gorin’s ice cream in the cafeteria. The money raised will be used to send our illustrious president, Stephanie Norman, to the Alpha Gamma Delta convention being held in St. Louis at the end of June. Many thanks to all who helped out! Faculty, could you actually see to drive home on

Phi Mu Announces
New Officers For 88

Phi Mu would like to announce its new officers: Cindy Hieronymus-president; Karen Showalter-Vice-President; Suzanne Lindsay-Secretary; Vicki Aeger-treasurer; Dana Hutson and Karen Cook-panhelliclinic delegates; and Sheri Sanders-Phi Delta. We would like to welcome three new sisters to our sorority: Toni Perry, Elaine Steinbach and Audra Davis.

We are planning Fall Rush now. Any girl interested should plan on attending the formal rush which will be held immediately after the start of school (definite dates TBA). Until next year, have a great summer!

Convenient Location.
We’re conveniently located at 560 Abercom Street at Twelve Oaks du Manche next to Ashby’s. Open Monday-Saturday 10 a.m.-9 p.m. and Sunday 1 p.m.-6 p.m. Phone 352-2020.

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What follows is a sad commentary on today's society. This note, as printed, was sent home to parents of students at Bloomingdale Elementary School on Tuesday, June 1, 1987.

Freaks Peddling Death in Schools

According to police authorities, a form of tattoo called BLUE STAR is readily available to your child. It is a small sheet of white paper containing "blue stars" the size of a pencil eraser. Each star is coated with LSD. The tattoo is placed on the tongue or the skin. Either way, the LSD gets into the child's bloodstream. There are also tabs the size of a stamp that have pictures of Superman, Mickey Mouse, clowns, butterflies, and other Disney characters on them. These stamps are packed in a red cardboard box with a picture of Mickey Mouse wrapped in foil in a clear locktype bag. This package contains five one-inch square stamps. This is a new way of selling drugs. A child could happen upon these and have a fatal "TRIP". Sometimes these tattoos and stamps are given free to children.

Also available to your child are sheets of red stamps called "RED PYRAMID", colored dots the size of a pin head, and grids that can be cut out. These are laced with drugs that react quickly. Symptoms are hallucinations, mood changes, and severe vomiting. If you see these in your child, take him/her to the hospital immediately. Others are laced with sycrynine, a poison that can cause immediate death.

For the safety and well-being of your child:

WARN THEM NOT TO HANDLE ANY OF THE ABOVE
INSTRUCT YOUR CHILD TO TELL AN ADULT IF THEY SEE ANY OF THE ABOVE
NOTIFY THE POLICE

A spokesperson for Bloomingdale Elementary said there has been no incidence of this problem at Bloomingdale Elementary, nor is there any evidence of this problem at other local elementary schools. "This could be a nationwide problem and not have reached us yet," said the representative.

The notice came from the Chatham County Board of Education as a means of alerting parents and educators to the potential problem.

ASC Dominates Selections

Seventeen of the 36 area women honored as Outstanding Women of America for 1987 have ties to ASC.

ALUMNAE: Guillemette Bell, Margaret Bel, Patricia Eates, Mary Goldwire, Patricia Henderson, Jennifer Murphy, Nona Robson, and Cathy Sheffled. STUDENTS: Deborah Cow, Paula Guelten, Slaby Feil, Col Johnson, and Melanie Roberts.

FACULTY AND STAFF: Jane Brown, Kristina Brockmen, Theresa Liles, and Lucinda Schulte.

The program recognizes achievements and abilities of women between the ages of 21 and 36. The women listed, along with other Outstanding Young Women, were selected from 115,000 nominations received nationwide.

Armstrong State College
CLASS SCHEDULE
Summer 1987

SESSION A
4 weeks, M-F
June 16 - July 13

SESSION B
4 weeks, M-F
July 14 - August 10

SESSION C
8 weeks, M-Th
June 16 - August 11

SESSION D
8 weeks, M-F
June 16 - August 11

SESSION E
8 weeks, Evenings
June 16 - August 11

NO FEES DUE UNTIL JUNE 9

*PLEASE NOTE: Admissions with extended hours is only one week. Advanced registration is both weeks. Registration is required for all programs.

ALL SESSIONS
Advanced Registration/Advisement
April 27 9 am - 5 pm
April 28 & 29 9 am - 7 pm
April 30 - May 1 9 am - 5 pm

Advanced Registration*
May 4-7 9 am - 7 pm
May 8 9 am - 5 pm

Registration
June 15 9 am - 7 pm
July 13 9 am - 7 pm

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Sign up for Army ROTC Basic Camp. You'll get six weeks of challenges that can build up your leadership skills as well as your body. You'll also get almost $700.

But hurry. This summer may be your last chance to graduate from college with a degree and an officer's commission. Be all you can be.

See Maj Evans in Room 210 MCC or call 927-5206 as soon as possible.

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