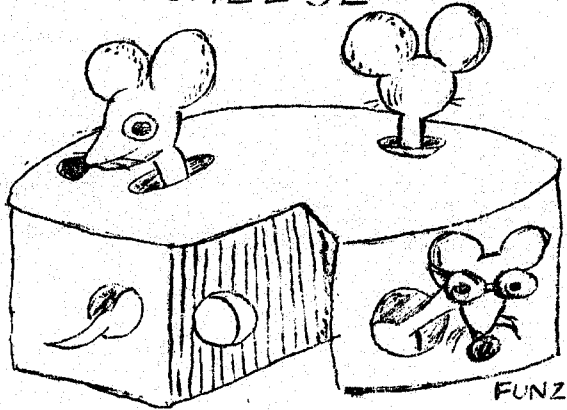


POPULAR CHEESE



Linda Lovely

Gosharootie! Well, here I am banging away at the typewriter and racking my feeble little mind (?) to say something useful, for a change.

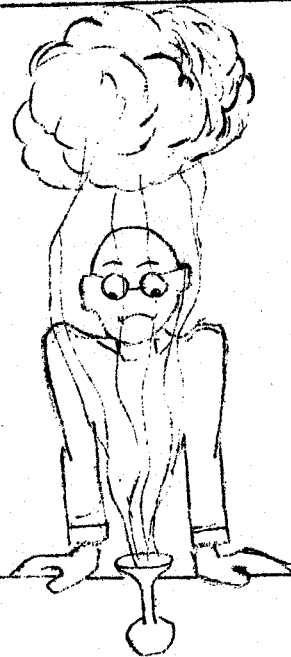
Here we all are back at school. Egad! (That horrible swear word again!) And making very interesting attempts to become educated. But then, that's life. Things sure have started off like the 4th of July. Eh, what, gals? I must say that the odds aren't quite equal, but then that's a minor detail. Surprisingly enough, there are very few handcuffs around this year so, gals, I have only one little word to say to you—**CHARGE!!!**

Say, boys, how does the prison garb fit by now? I do hope that you're quickly getting used to the rock pile in those very gray hours of the morning. But then life's tough all over.

By the way, I really miss seeing all of those "Eager Beavers" around. Who did win the game, Anyhow? My coffee cup has been rattling in its saucer for high unto two weeks because I've been in such suspense.

To all of you sept. and Oct. fans I wish a "Happy Bra+day." Don't forget to save those Confederate Bratday dollars; the South will rise again!

As I crawl around under the cafeteria tables, I can't seem to dig up any really juicy pieces of dirt, so I guess it's back to the sewer for another week, for me. I leave you with this charming thought. If the sky is dark and cloudy, don't give up hope; it'll probably rain for at least a week.



NOW LOOKIE!
THIS COULD MEAN
TROUBLE, BUT I HAVE
HOPE.