

Class History

By FRANCES ROSS

This is the Cinderella story of the Senior Class of 1955. On the first page we pay tribute to our teachers, the contributors to our success. In the preface we find mention of the hard work along with the fun our class has had these five years, but let's turn the page and proceed to the first chapter, which took place in 1950.

Standing on the front steps looking up at A.H.S. we wished that we could go back to the peaceful existence of grammar school. In our mixed up little minds it represented a dense maze of halls and winding stairs. Stealing shy glances at the lofty seniors, the boys wondered if they would ever be that tall, and the girls tried to visualize the dream boy they would be going steady with when they reached that age.

As our first day began we felt so sorry for ourselves when we didn't get assigned to the same room with our best friends, but were perked up immensely when we became aware of all the new friends we were making. However, there was one boy who was new to all of us. Word got around that he was the new principal's son, Dickie Cashwell. Immediately we were all aware of his friendly charm, particularly the girls. Maybe it was that baseball cap that was constantly pulled down over his ears that attracted all our eighth grade glamor girls. Who would have believed that he would have become president of the Honor Society and a Morehead scholarship winner of today.

Mrs. Lynn and Mrs. Saunders' rooms won the class basketball championship, and we proved to be a class to watch as we took third place in field day in the spring. Our trip to Raleigh made up for the long hours of studying North Carolina history, as we have the opportunity to visit the state capital and other interesting sites. However, we probably had the most fun going around in the revolving doors at the S&W.

As we come to the end of this first chapter we can stop for a moment and visualize in our minds this first year. Weren't we a scream in that eighth grade group picture? Surely we didn't look as bad as that!

Turning the page we come to chapter two, our freshman year. We had pretty well mastered the hall situation by now and had no trouble at all changing classes—well, almost no trouble. John David Moose was elected president of our class and many of our classmates became members of the newly organized Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y clubs. These same clubs afforded the girls much pleasure several years later as they discovered that pushing the boys' cars down the hill was great fun, especially when the boys got mad and threw rolls out the windows.

At the football games we really had something to cheer about, for our own Donnie Smith was playing on the varsity team, a job he was to hold down for the next three years. Helping lead the cheers was Elaine Mills, who was chosen cheerleader from our class, and dressing up the half-time was majorette Sylvia Rogers and eleven of our classmates playing in the band. The ninth grade operetta, "Hearts and Blossoms," proved to be our first taste of success, and were we proud of ourselves.

This year also brought about a drastic change in some of the girls. Painfully shy around the upper classmen before, they now burst into fits of giggles and sighs at the mere mention of the senior football heroes. The boys found this extremely disgusting. At the close of the year Frances Litaker was elected secretary of the Student Council, an honor richly deserved as she went on to graduate at the top of her class.

As we come to the end of this chapter we were amazed to find that we were growing up and that the boys were actually getting taller than the girls. We now looked on the eighth graders with disgust and wondered if we could ever have been so adolescent.

Turning to our third chapter

we found everyone returning for their sophomore year with peroxide hair and sun tans, that is all except Charlotte Pope, who returned with some new freckles. This is a year of geometry and biology, subjects we shall never forget. Girls' screams are still echoing in the biology lab after our smart-aleck boys chased us with earthworms. No one would have dreamed that today Judy Scaggs would actually be chasing after a "Wormey" of her own!

A new addition to our class arrived from Aquadale. She was Louise Cooper, who immediately warmed the A.H.S. halls with her gay laughter and smiling face. She made us feel even more important when she was put on the varsity basketball team. Under the leadership of Lendell Smith we planned a very successful Sophomore Hop. The boys ventured out bravely to get a date for our first real social event, entering the gayly decorated gym that night was Cinderella Pat Allan with Charles James as her blushing Prince Charming.

At the end of this chapter we found Bobby Peck being elected vice president of the student body, which was only the beginning of his Student Council work. He went on to become vice president of the North Carolina Student Council Congress and a delegate to the National Convention.

These next two chapters in our story represent the two most exciting years of our lives. Our fourth chapter deals with one of these, our junior year.

We filled the balcony with pride and held our heads erect as we sang the school song, for we could yell almost as loud as the seniors that year. Dickie Cashwell was elected class president and Charlotte Pope and Gerry Saunders were selected as cheerleaders. Eleven of our boys helped our football team compile an undefeated record and six of our most deserving students were tapped into the National Honor Society. The junior play, "Ready-Made Family," was a very successful comedy, and the long-awaited class rings arrived.

During the midst of all these activities, however, the equivalent of an atom bomb hit A.H.S. Word spread that the cutest thing on Earth or Mars had landed on our campus. This turned out to be John McLaughlin, who immediately became the class lover. Many girls have since asked their fairy godmothers for a date with him.

We found the seniors actually going out of their way to stop and chat with us. We knew that they were trying to pry the theme of the forth coming J-SR. Prom out of us, but being faithful followers of Dragnet's Joe Friday, we don't squeal. We worked long and hard on the decorations, but the night of the prom was enough to justify that, "April in Paris" was never lovelier. John David Moose and Charles James went to Boys' State and Charles was elected president of the student body and Johnny Rummage was elected treasurer. By now we were all speaking French fluently, especially Lendell Smith, who had mastered the word "Q'est-ce que c'est?". Most of us obtained our driver's license, and immediately two new patrolmen were added to the police force. We ended this chapter with the anxiety of becoming mighty seniors the next year.

The fifth and final chapter in our story was now before us. To lead us through out last year was John David Moose, our class president, with Edward Hatley, Elliott Gaddy, and Yoder Whitley serving with him under the sponsorship of Miss Caughman. Our football team proved to be our pride and joy as they extended our winning streak to 29 straight before losing a hard fought game to Lexington. Playing on this team were the co-captains Bobby Peck and John David Moose along with Roger Saunders, Donnie Smith, Dickie Cashwell, John McLaughlin, Roger Freeman, Charles James, Lendell Smith, Skipper Gantt, and Elliott Gaddy.

Ten seniors were honored by

Class Poem

The class of '55 will live
In hearts, both young and old.
The treasury of our memories
Is far past a sum of gold.

We've lived and loved together
We've fought 'til we have won.
Each year has brought new courage
Each day has brought more fun.

You'll never see such friendships
As we have enjoyed here.
We know they'll never vanish
But grow from year to year.

We're looking to the future
With goals we must attain
There is much in life to work for
There is much success to gain.

We say farewell forever
As we all go on our way.
Though many things will happen
We will never forget this day.

The halls will not be empty
They still will be alive,
But they will always long for
The class of '55.

—Amorelle Tucker.

Group Elects New Officers

(Continued from page 1, col. 4)

and business manager, Bill Fisher.

Bible club officers are: president, Vivian Smith; vice president, Sue Winn; secretary, Ann Stone; treasurer, Libby Hatley; general representative, Linda Miller; and historian, Virginia Huckabee.

Officers of the Student Council elected last month are as follows: president, Wade Smith; vice president, Jo Ellen Brooks; secretary, Pat Starnes; and treasurer, Libby Hatley.

Lunch hour was just over, and Mrs. Lyke called her fourth period class to order.

"Our work this afternoon," she said, "will be cutting up and inspecting the inward workings of a frog. I have a frog in my pocket here, to be used as a specimen."

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a paper sack, shaking its contents on the table. Out rolled a sandwich.

She was puzzled. For several seconds she looked at the sandwich, then muttered:

"That's funny. I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

The boys and girls in trig
Are saying up is the jig.
They work so hard
They are very "tard"
And don't have time for a cig.

Ross Mason in Hatley's lab
Spent days doing nothing but gab
An engine of steam
Was Ross's dream
But at science fair no project was had.

One night a couple of days ago,
Some fellers went in swimmin'
And they were having lots of fun
Till up drove a car full of
wimmin'.

the Honor Society and others by Who's Who in the Full Moon. Elizabeth Hunsucker was truly a Cinderella as she represented us in the Carrousel Parade, and many of our girls became engaged, proving that diamonds were still a girl's best friend. Slumber parties were the latest rage with pestering the couples at Badin Lake a close second. The senior play, "The Bishop's Mantle," was tops, and the juniors presented us with a wonderful prom. None of us will ever forget "Over The Rainbow." We won field day and Gerry Saunders shattered her own record in the potato race.

We chose our little mascots for graduation, and there was much talk of going away to college. We realized that the end was rapidly approaching. And now at our Senior Banquet we review these memories that have passed and hate to see them fade. But let's not close this book, our Cinderella story, but leave it open for others to read of our success and to refresh our memories so as to never forget the Class of 1955.

Class Prophecy

By AMORELLE TUCKER

Most people look for the secrets of the future in a crystal ball but with the theme Cinderella to follow, I tried to see the future in a little glass slipper. This complicated the matter somewhat and I may have made a mistake or two.

I was a bit afraid to take the first peep into the future but what I saw was indeed pleasant. Very dimly I could see a lady in a very extravagantly furnished room. All this looked inviting so I gazed deeper and harder as the view became clearer and clearer. I was indeed surprised at what I saw! I hardly recognized myself. My sense of curiosity was so great that I decided to join myself, and that is how we go from the present to the future.

"James," I called, "get the car ready. I want to take a little trip. It was exactly ten years ago today that we had our senior banquet at A. H. S. and I'd like to go back and look up some of my old friends." (James was my chauffeur. He was not any particular James, just James. You know, you always name your chauffeur James.)

Before long I reached the city limits of Albemarle. Right inside the city limits, I was astonished to see what looked like Badin lake to me. Sure enough, the sign had a line drawn through Badin, and Albemarle written above it. A little sign read: "All dating couples who are hunting Badin lake, the old place has been moved to Frog Pond." Albemarle had undertaken quite an expansion program and from the looks of everything, it had worked in a big way.

The first thing I noticed as I rode into town was the "Barbee Motor Company" and there was Gerald, standing in the doorway with a big smile on his face just singing to the top of his voice. He has a voice just like Mario Lanza and he does a TV program each of his days off. That happens to be Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. I saw some of his workers rushing around inside, really turning out some work. There was Kent Davis, whose job it is to count door handles as the cars go out to make sure all cars have the proper number.

Parking my car, I walked on down the street and was not at all surprised to see a truck from James Bakery come cruising down the street. Of course, there was Lewis himself behind the wheel. I knew he'd be able to make dough.

I decided I'd step into Rose's store and see how things had changed. I saw the manager's door open so I stuck my head in. To my delight, there I found Mark Almond and his private secretary, Gloria Campbell. Mark had taken a course in managing stores while his bones were mending from a fall in the A. H. S. shop and it had really paid off. He had really made some changes in the old store. There was a new dress department and there were models galore. I recognized Sylvia Rogers, Ivy Mabe, Johnnie Baldwin, and Shelby Doby. They were putting on quite a show in their new Formosa Bathing Suits.

I ran into Sylvia Long as I was going on up the street. She was standing in the doorway of Purcell's Drug Store, which occupied the old Riff, Glamour Shop and McLellan buildings. Sylvia informed me that it was the largest drug store in town and that she was the manager. She really enjoyed standing back and watching her crew of sixty-four waitresses serve the public in such a charming manner. The head of the Pharmacy Department was another of our classmates, Marian Stiller. Marian had recently invented a successful new drug to cure one of the dreaded diseases of the day, Study Hall Sleeping Sickness. Sylvia also told me that Nancy Burleson was now a Kirk and owned one of the largest dress shops in town, Kirky's.

I turned to walk on down the street, and a flash bulb went off right in my face. I wasn't at all surprised to see Ned Lowder when I regained my sight. He told me he was taking pictures

to demonstrate one of the new cameras sold by the Starnes-Lowder Jewelry Store. He had recently given up his job on the staff of the STANLY NEWS AND PRESS, which was doing fine under the leadership of Wayne Kimrey. I asked Ned about some of the other classmates and he told me that Lendell Smith, who was Chief of Police in Ellerbe, N. C., had been offered a co-partnership with Walt Disney. Lendell had not yet consented to give up his post as Chief of Police, but he was considering it very seriously. I also found out that Marvin Clark had just been named Sandwich Maker of the Year by the National Sandwich Foundation of America. His new fountain soda, the dill pickle milk shake, had gained recognition in the southern states.

On up the street I decided to go into the STANLY COUNTY LIBRARY AND MUSEUM. I found the head librarian, Jimmie Cooke, and his worthy assistant, Janet Barbee, hard at work. Jimmie and Janet were ordering a new order of books, but I had the shock of my life when I went into the reading room of the library. There were couches all around and people were lying flat on their backs, reading. They told me that Jimmie had invented a new system whereby all the pages of books were shown on a ceiling movie screen so students could read and study lying down. The museum part of the building had been closed down. The overseer, Frances Regan, had suddenly eloped without warning anyone. While she had been engaged for eleven years, no one really thought she'd get married!

As I came out through the lobby of the building, I met Jeffie Lee. She had a handkerchief tied around her jaw and I knew it was either mumps or a bad tooth. She told me it was a bad tooth. I said,

"Jeffie, why on earth don't you go to a dentist's office?"

"That's exactly where I'm headed." She laughed as she went on up the stairway. I laughed too when I read the sign that said, Dr. Jeffie Lee, Dentist.

I then passed by the SECRETARIAL TRAINING SCHOOL and saw Lorreta Thomas standing inside. Going on in, I found that she was founder and director. The school had an enrollment of 2,356 and was one of the most modern in the state. They were using new typewriters invented by the Larry Eudy Company, and there was a new feature that was the very thing. Larry had experimented with the typewriter in the old library at school so much that he figured out a way to put a record player inside a typewriter that was completely automatic. All you had to do was just push a button and the record you had put in would play again and again. He had made one major mistake. He had put a record in, but he had left no way to get it out, so the whole place was going right in rhythm with his favorite, "Rocking With Red." His chief competitor, Myra Melton, had somehow gotten the news and had come out with the same idea using the record, "Ready With Rocks." Both companies were hard at work on a way to get the record out of the typewriter.

I rode over to the hospital to see if any of our medical-minded friends were in the business. I found Polly Tucker as head nurse, and Bettie Jean Burris as dietician. They also told me of the work of Dr. Phyllis Greer, who had become a throat specialist to cure the laryngitis of debating teams.

As I drove over to the school, I saw a truck with Dewey D. Mauldin written on it. Seeing Russell driving, I asked him how that had happened. He explained it to me.

"All these years I've been buying on the business, and with the thirty dollars I made this week, I'll be able to take away the Dewey and put J, my first initial."

I called to him that I was so happy of his success and drove on. I was quite anxious to see how things had been getting along without us for ten years.

(Continued on Page 7, Col. 3)