

The Full Moon

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Mrs. Fry's Third Period Senior English Class

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A

Merry

Christmas

greeting to

you and those

near you at this

time. Your Happiness

at this season will make

ours complete. Accept our best

wishes for this joyous season — and

a prayer that the days of the New Year

will bring us all health, happiness, and peace.

Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous New Year

THE STAFF

THE EDITOR

THE ADVISOR

A Letter FROM Santa

Dear Students of A.S.H.S.:
Christmas Day is drawing near, and I am making a list of the things that I want you to give me for Christmas. The list is small, but it involves a great deal of thought. This year I want you to lend me your eyes and ears for my Christmas route. I want you to see and hear the things that my eyes and ears do. Your eyes see many things, but they are not equipped so that they might "see through a person," and understand them. If they were with me on my route, they would be aware of astonishing sights . . . A small child who had no Christmas, a starving family, or the cold wind that crept silently into the shack of a widowed mother holding her small infant close to her. On the other hand, they would see a child who had a Christmas filled with love and toys, a family bowed in reverence before a table of fine food and wine, or a mother in one of the finer homes of today, holding her small infant close to her. Yes, your eyes would see many things. Your ears have not heard the things which mine have . . . an orphan child asking "Santa Claus" to bring him a father and a mother for Christmas. A carol sung by a handicapped man to

earn a few pennies so that his children might have a Christmas — or an invalid woman talking to herself and wishing with all her heart that someone might care and give her just a small Christmas gift—nothing of monetary value, but something given with love. The story of Christmas is known to all of you. You hear it every Christmas. You sing the carols, you buy gifts, and you receive them. Every Christmas is like the rest, you say. Is it because you make it that way? Do you close your eyes and ears to the things that "don't concern you?" Can you close your heart? Christmas means different things to different people, and I believe that you, the students of A.S.H.S., are the messengers I have been looking for. Don't let me down, students. I have a faith that tells me that you will lend me your eyes and ears for Christmas—a faith that tells me that from henceforth you will see and hear the "darker side of Christmas," and brighten it with your love and understanding. Thank you for your Christmas presents to me, students, and may I say, Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight!"
—SANTA CLAUS.

Resolutions — Better You

Are you going to make New Year's resolutions this year? If not, you should. Not only will they give you something to work toward, but if carried out, they will give you a sense of self-satisfaction. Many people when asked if they are going to make a New Year's resolution reply, "No, I don't know what to make one about." If you are one of those people who are always talking about someone else, why not make a resolution to say only nice things about others? Or maybe your grades are declining from lack of study. A resolution to cut down

on your night life during the week would solve that problem. Some people say they would like to make a New Year's resolution, but they know they won't stick with it, so what's the use? If you really make up your mind to do something, you can follow through with it. Perhaps you won't be able to go a whole year observing your resolutions, but you can still benefit from them. Since the new year is just around the corner, take note of your faults and make a resolution to improve yourself. Then the new year can bring forth a new and better you.

Noncensored Nonsense

Dear Santa,
Bring Max home.—Karen Herndon.
Bring me an unwrecked car.—Gary Morton.
Bring us victories.—Girls' and Boys' Basketball Teams.
Let me pass a course in math.—Sylvia Feldman.
Bring me clothes.—Louise Furr.
Bring me water for my pool.—Don Simpson.
Help us raise enough money for the prom.—Junior Class.
No more broken noses, please.—Linda Haynes.
Put Bill in my stocking.—Vivian Smith.
Let me get my driver's license.—Lane Lowder.
Bring Lannie from Japan.—Sheila Harris.
Send me a letter from Robbie.—Nancy Aldridge.
Where is Della? — Brenda Smith.
Bring me lots of school spirit.—Pam Sells.
Improve my love-life. — Jerry Tucker.
Bring me that baseball scholarship.—Kent Montgomery.
Bring me a Southern accent.—Faye Bauer.
Put Carl under my Christmas tree.—Jane Crutchfield.
Bring me a car that no one else can drive.—"Bo" Burris.
Send me a chemistry table of my own.—Judy Griffin.
Bring me a voice.—John Troublefield.
I want a Moravian star. I don't know how to make them.—Mike Fusonie.
Bring some spare time; I'm rushed to death.—Johnny Shelton.
Bring Mr. Tyson a heart so he won't kill animals. — Biology classes.
Put a drummer in my stocking.—Susan Ausband.

New Year's Resolutions

I resolve to hit all my basketball goals like I did in the East Rowan Game.—Florence Morton.
Not to shoot at the wrong basket.—Jerrell Bunting and Ronnie Holt.
To make honor roll next six weeks.—Jerry Smith.
To return to the United States.—Inger Blomfelt.
To give a party in my basement New Year's Eve.—Don Burgess.
To sing instead of talk in chorus.—Janice Hearne.
To wash Mrs. Hayes' blackboards every day without complaining.—Edith Smith.
Not to send \$10.00 next time I want to take an aptitude test.—Jann Barrier.
Not to talk.—Sara Talbert.
To be President of the United States.—Kenny Furr.
To lose weight.—Johnny Gehring.

Teacher Of The Month

MR. FRY

"Music, music, music!" is a theme which well describes the work and interest of Mr. Paul Fry, the teacher featured this month. Mr. Fry not only spends much time with the Senior Mixed Chorus, Junior Mixed Chorus, Girls' Ensemble, and Boys' Double Quartet at the Senior High, but also he works with choral groups at the Junior High and with individual singers. He is well known throughout the state, having served as president of N. C. Choral directors. At present he is secretary of this group and serves as registrar of the summer Choral Workshop at the University of N. C. each summer. Mr. Fry is also well known in other states. He is a national director of Modern Music Masters and last fall was guest conductor of a choral clinic at the University of Alabama. His spare time? When he is not working with musicians he can be found in his yard working with his roses and other flowers.

Inquisitive Inquisitor

QUESTION: What would you say if you saw Santa bounding down your chimney?

GIRLS

"It's just Mike trying to scare me."—Dink Morton.
"He's a fake."—Barbara Doby.
"Oh, my gosh, I forgot to put out a coke."—Sylvia Wall.
"Daddy, are you hurt?"—Vickie Hudson.
"Boy, I'm sure glad I didn't wait up for nothing!"—Carrieeta Redfern.
"Santa, did you bring me Don?"—Brenda Morris.
"You don't look like a Davidson football player to me."—Jane Crutchfield.
"I would think that it was pretty ridiculous because my house doesn't have a chimney."—June Whitley.
"O.K., fatman, get out of my fireplace."—Gaynell Deese.
"I'd grab him before he had a chance to get away." — Loretta Holt.
"I would ask him what he had brought me."—Brenda York.
"Where did you get that outfit, Gunther?"—Judy Starnes.
"Ah, you don't believe in that stuff do you?"—Cecilia Roache.
"It would scare the living daylight out of me!"—Frances Sides.
"Why, there's Santa Claus!"—Joanne Herrin.
"Great gobs of goose grease, Johnny, why don't you shave?"—Judy Underwood.
"I'd tell him he was wasting his time—I can't stand fat boys."—Sheila Harris.
"You're going to have a big cleaning bill on that suit, bust-er."—Janice Hearne.
"I would call the police."—Rowena Kluttz.

BOYS

"What I do every year — grab his bag and run."—Stan Biggers.
"I'd say 'Best you brought money.'"—Milton Almond.
"I'd yell for help."—Bryan Fox.
"Run for my good deeds list."—Jerry Shaver.
"I'd ask him what happened the other sixteen Christmases I was here and he didn't come."—Danny Davis.
"I'd say 'What's in the bag, Fatso?'"—Steve Griffin.
"I'd say, 'Sit down, Santa, ole boy, and tell me all about what's in that little ole bag of yours.'"—Bennie Harwood.
"I'd tell him I knew he'd make it someday."—Nelson Smith.
"I'd sell him an annual."—Mike Fusonie.
"I'd take a picture for the annual."—Steve Surratt.
"Shake his hand."—Gary Bell.
"Like so wild."—Hilton Butler.
"I'd say, 'Got my goodies?'"—James Lisk.
"Hug his neck."—Roddy Cot-ten.
"I'd ask him where he'd been so long."—Jimmy Aldridge.
"I'd say 'Go away, Pop. I only believe in the Great Pumpkin now.'"—Ted Snotherly.
"I'd tell him to go'way; there would be a catch in it somewhere."—Dan Walter.
"Like who's the cat with the bag?"—Seven Culpepper.
"I didn't think he was real."—Don Walter.
"I'd probably say, 'Boy, am I glad to see you.'"—Gary Swar-ingen.
"I'd ask what I had done to deserve this goodly bit of fuh."—Neville Patterson.
"Guess I'd ask him what he brought me."—Craven Morton.
"If I ever see Santa Claus, it'll be after I've had too much egg nog."—Steve Smith.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Hi Students!
After another month of snooping around, we're here to let you in on the very latest gossip. Just "give a listen."
Well, Mr. Nye just got hitched . . . Congratulations to him from all of us. The lucky lady he married is a sweet, adorable blond. Again we say, congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ken Nye. We are also very proud of a certain young lady, whose initials are Edith Smith. A very great honor has recently been bestowed upon her. She has been asked to attend the Governor's Inaugural Ball and has accepted with pleasure. We hear she really has big plans and is looking forward to a grand time with her escort, Jerry Lowder.
Lane Lowder had a little "get together" over at his house not so long ago. By the way, why did you make everyone leave so early, hostess Pam and host Lane? Was the show that good?
Why does Pat Lawhon like to take those little trips to Wingate College? Could it be because of a certain boy named Parks? (from Concord, we hear)
Who's that little "bird" that is always flying around? Jerry Smith . . . they all call him "Happy-Go-Lucky" Smith.
Now football season's over and basketball is underway! "Best" we all support our teams and show what kind of school spirit we really have.
Thanks to Mr. Tom Maultsby, we have a new form of recreation in town, bowling! Quite a few students find the sport very interesting. Some of the people often seen at Dogwood Lanes are Gary Morton, Nelson Smith, Lloyd Crisco, "Bo" Burris, Jerry Tucker, and Steve Surratt. But it's not just the boys! We heard that Jo Lynn Pickler, Cathy Freeman, Nancy Aldridge and Mary Hill Hatley are a few of the girls that are about to become professional bowlers.
Everyone was thrilled to see many of the college students home for the Thanksgiving holidays, especially Jimmy Stone-street and Charles Brown, who were the hosts of a great party. Seen having a good time were Suzanne Swindell and Steve Surratt, Pam Treece and Bill Burbage, Margaret Ann Casper and Ronnie Herrin, Louise Furr and Charles Brown, Sara Talbert, Karen Herndon, Edith Smith, Jerry Smith and just everybody—including scads of our college friends (Chip Cain, Jerry Lowder, Bernie Miller and Diane Watkins, Susan Cashwell, Jimmy Morris, etc.)
By the way, congratulations are in order to many of our "lovely ladies from ASHS". It seems that a number of them graced floats in the Albemarle '60 Christmas Parade. A few were Lydia Hearne, Nancy Rogers, Ricky Furr, Nancy Langley, Judy Harris, Inger Blomfelt, Edee Smith, Margaret Ann Casper, Karen Herndon, Brenda Smith, Nancy Smith, Louise Furr and Ann Bell.
Anybody for a party? Paula Feldman threw a nice one down at her cabin at the river when she was home over Thanksgiving. Everyone—and we mean everyone—had a ball. It seems that "I Could Have Danced All Night" was Jerry Smith's theme song. Whatcha say, Jerry??
This is a problem we're all trying to figure out: why do all the Sophomore boys wink at the Senior girls and all the Senior boys wink at the underclassmen?
Incidentally, while we are speaking of Sophomores, thanks for a wonderful Christmas Dance. We, as Seniors, will remember it vividly as our last one.
Since we are about to run out of room, maybe we had better make a few Christmas wishes to you! We'll be signing off, but Merry Christmas, Happy New Year—and may Santa bring you everything you want.
Remember! we hear all, we see all, and above all, we tell all.
—Sneak and Peak