

The Full Moon

Published Monthly By
Mrs. Fry's Journalism Class

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Salute To ASHS Students

Amid the clamor which results from the noisy condemnation of all teenagers in general, it is certainly a relief to hear a voice raised in support of this often misunderstood minority group.

One such voice was heard recently in the halls of ASHS praising its students for their co-operation during this past semester!

"I would like very much to commend our students on the manner in which they are keeping the building and the parking lot clean. I am much impressed that this year the grounds are better kept than in the past."

This opinion, voiced by Principal H. T. Webb, has been echoed by the visitors who have admired our attractive new school and its lovely grounds. The Student Council has done much in promoting cleanliness of the grounds through its anti-litter campaign, but it was mainly through the co-operation of ASHS students that the campaign was so highly successful.

Co-operation such as this offers strong affirmative proof that our students are proud of their school and are concerned with its outward appearance. However, being concerned with the school's appearance was not enough for ASHS students. They have also shown that they are interested in maintaining its reputation as one of the best schools in the state.

Mr. Webb finds that "our school spirit at football games and our conduct have been excellent," and hopes that this "will carry over into the basketball season."

Display of school spirit this year has so far been highly commendable. The enthusiastic majority of students is found at all games, come rain, sleet, or what-have-you, supporting their team all the way.

Another fact in favor of the ASHS student body: as yet, it has not been necessary to use expulsion as a disciplinary measure.

Mr. Webb has generously commended our "fine student body."

"We have a lot of problems," he stated, "but I feel that our students are above the average in their conduct, in their appearance, and in their outlook on our school program."

In the light of such encouraging praise, how could any student fail to do his utmost to uphold the high standards of his school during the coming New Year?

School, like life, requires hard work of anyone who wishes to succeed in it; the more a student puts into his school, the more he will get out of it.

Teacher Of Month

MRS. GAMEWELL

Sheer friendliness is only one of her many virtues. As a teacher, no one shows more interest in the development and well being of the students of A.S.H.S. She is the teacher of this month, Mrs. Gamewell.

The admiration and trust placed by the students in Mrs. Gamewell has been well deserved. Many students have gone to her with problems which have been easily solved. With her understanding ways and sympathetic attitude, she makes the students' problems her own.

Mrs. Gamewell resides in Ba-

din with her husband, Buck — a 1961 graduate of Pfeiffer College, and her four children — Kathy, Grey, Paul Jr., and Mark. While attending High Point College, she played on the boys' basketball team, starring as guard.

Mrs. Gamewell has contributed immeasurably to the current re-evaluation program being conducted at A.S.H.S. She is to co-ordinate all school activities.

With all these fine qualities, the students of A.S.H.S. have ample reason to be proud of one of the finest and best loved teachers.

Non-Censored Nonsense

Dear Santa,
I'm writing you this letter,
For sure "the sooner the better",
Just so you will understand
The things that are in much demand.

Some real nice friends of mine
Have wanted for a long, long time

Several items I proceed to list;
So here I go, hoping I won't miss.
First of all I'd like to say

That there's no one here today
Who deserves more toys and joys
Than all these girls and boys.
Now for Cathy I'd like you to bring

A very, very pretty diamond ring.
And if she has one before this date,

Please bring Gary to bake the cake.

A horse for Bill would sure be better

Than a small dog or an English setter.

And to make sure he does it right,

Some riding lessons might be in sight.

As for Pauline, who does love art,
I'd like some brushes so she can start

A masterpiece of modern colors
To simply amaze both you and others.

A football would do for Joe and Jerry,

And also one for Steve and Terry.
You see, they're actually hoping to play,

If really good enough, some day.
Now Raymond is a real nice guy,
Who is quite witty, but never shy.

Quick as a flash, he can write a story

So for him I think would be a little glory.

Sylvia is my friend and head cheerleader,
Always smiling whenever you meet her.

At the games, she hollers 'til her throat is hoarse,

So what I'm asking of you is a megaphone, of course.

Well, Santa, that's all that I ask,
'Cause I know it is a great task.
But could you please bring some cheer

To make the real meaning very clear?

Trustingly yours.

Hints To Wise

Helpful hints on how to keep from talking to oneself:

A. Talking Hebrew so you can't understand yourself.

B. Wear earplugs so you can't hear yourself.

C. Stay in a padded cell where you'll end up after NOT talking to yourself.

Did you hear that Mr. Tyson started smoking at the age of eight to stunt his growth?

These placement tests the seniors took showed some pertinent facts, mainly that 90% should be in the eleventh grade.

And say, have you noticed how some people seem to brighten up any room . . . when they leave?

And to clear up one English stumbling block, don't confuse asthma (wheeze) with passion (pant).

Christmas Brings Memories

Christmas trees . . . various colors and shapes of ornaments . . . gaily colored tree lights . . . the whole family getting together to decorate the house and afterwards sitting around the fireplace admiring their masterpiece . . . the many cards from friends . . . tinsel . . . tingling, jingling bells . . . candles . . . holly . . . berries . . . wreaths . . . mistletoe . . .

Fruit cake . . . turkey . . . egg nog . . . plum pudding . . . fruit and nuts . . . going to Grandma and Grandpa's house with all the other relatives and gorging with goodies . . . kids wishing for lots of snow so Santa will be able to land his sleigh . . . the happy faces of people rushing to get ready for the big day . . . the atmosphere of Christmas that one can almost feel in the air . . . friends coming in and out . . .

Stores dressed in their Yuletide outfits . . . shopping for presents for everyone on the list . . . tired feet after the shopping is over . . . ribbon . . . gaily wrapped gifts . . . getting presents ready to send to that boy friend or brother far away who won't be coming home this year . . .

Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer . . . hanging stockings on the mantel to be filled to the brim with candy . . . peppermint candy canes . . . red and green, the colors of Christmas . . . poinsettias . . . 'Twas the Night Before Christmas . . .

New clothes . . . parties . . . happy children with laughing eyes being extra good so Santa Claus will bring the train or tricycle instead of switches . . . the Christmas Concert . . . the Carrousel and other parades . . . two glorious weeks with no homework and no school . . .

Chimes ringing out the old familiar carols . . . groups of boys and girls going caroling . . . prayer . . . programs at the church . . . helping the poor and needy who won't be able to have toys and food without someone's help . . . the Singing Christmas Tree . . .

The Virgin Mary and Joseph . . . the lowly stable in Bethlehem . . . shepherds watching over their flocks by night . . . the three wise men from the East bringing gold, frankincense, and myrrh . . . angels who brightened the skies and sang of the birth of the Saviour . . . the Star of the East shining over all, symbolizing peace on earth, good will to men.

St. Nick Gets His Mail

Dear St. Nick:
The A.S.H.S. students
Are happy as can be
With their Christmas letters
written

And decorations on each tree.
For Sherry, who's smart as a dandy

And likes a guy out of town.
A boy by the first name of Sandy
If you find one by that name around.

For Harriet, who studies a lot
But now finds herself behind,
All the no-doze tablets you've got,
And please get them here on time.

For Jeff, who is such a scholar
And knows so very much,
For his education a dollar,
More brains, influence and the such.

To Tony please send some lunch money
So his dinner he'll buy along the way,
'Cause the girls don't think it's so funny

That's it's their tray he eats off each day.
Look in your bag for Jimmy Nance,

And find him a pair of wrestling pants.
Give him a powerful car, so he can gun'er

And become a Western Stanly Road Runner.
Oh, you great big beatnick from the North,

Let me, James Hendley, be your dwarf.
We'll soup up sleigh and really

swing,
With sleigh bells that go, "Rama Lama Ding Ding."

I, Bobby Richards, have made my pile.

I've had what I wanted for quite a while.

I've everything from autos to zoos,
So tell me, Santa, what can you use?

Thanks for last year's Christmas cheer,
I drank it every bit.

Please leave some more again this year;
I've some eggnog to put in it.
(Of Unknown Authorship)

I, Mrs. Young, make this request;
With talented students I am not blest.

So if you would make my Christmas merry,
Please take away that Raymond Perry.

I'm Mr. Gantt and it would seem,
That I need a winning football team.

So Santa look into your sack,
For two huge tackles and a fast halfback.

And now that our letters are in the mail,
A joyous Merry Christmas to all we yell.

May you laugh and be merry;
be truly gay,
Neither sadness nor harm be yours today.

Just one last thought with you we'll leave:
Remember 'tis more blessed to give than receive.

CAMPUS CHATTER

'Twas the day before school's out and all through the halls,
All the students were laughing and shouting because
Vacations were coming with parties and cheer,
As well as good tidings and meaning so clear.
The Sophomores were scurrying, couldn't wait to be out,
For they felt by this time they'd been through a bout!
What with Seniors and Juniors all on their backs,
Plus the tests of Coach Tyson—their brains were sure racked.
All the Juniors were looking so carefree and gay,
But soon they'll need money with which they can pay
The bills of refreshments, the scenery and band,
For a Prom to make everyone feel simply grand.
The Seniors were all feeling really sublime,
With colleges chosen and the exam behind
There was sure to be parties and dances galore,
This year vacations would not be a bore.
TaTa and Barbara were all in a stew,
What gifts for Lindsey and Brian will do?
Likewise were Julie, Frances and Ellen;
Oh my goodness, can't somebody tell'em?
Anita and Judy were planning a party;
All the people will go, and all will eat hearty,
Like Molly and Ibba and Linda and Sue,
With Doug and Bennie and David there, too.
That grand time has come and spirits soar high
And the time for Saint Nickolas is now drawing nigh.
Young brothers and sisters are filled with delight
For the joys and surprises that will come with this night.
'Tis the day after Christmas and all through the town,
A.H.S. students aren't making a sound.
They're all sleeping soundly, and this, I'd bet,
Was a Christmas that they will never forget!

★ Two Stars ★

(Continued from Page One)

The decadent capitalist countries celebrated Christmas. Of course they celebrated it just to improve their economic situations. There certainly could not be any other reason for doing so.

Ridiculous that he should stand shivering here in the cold square thinking of Christmas. "Peace on earth, good will towards men" was a mockery. He should not even think of such things, for the State did not allow peace on earth. Nor did it allow good will towards men or belief in the miracle of Christmas. The State did not even allow God.

There had been a time, almost two thousand years ago, when men had struggled against the strangling, grasping government of Rome for the right to their beliefs. They had been brave enough to stand up for their principles in spite of threats of destruction and death.

The young Party leader with the brilliant

future realized only too clearly that a future which required him to deny everything he had ever believed in held nothing. Even though he might gain a reputation as a strong leader, his inner self would always remind him of his weakness—the weakness which denied him the courage to accept God's holiest and greatest gift to men. He lacked the strength to accept the gift of Christmas; therefore he lacked the strength to accept the gift of life itself.

Turning, he stumbled down the dusky avenue, shielding his face as if to hide it from the livid gleam of the giant red star.

In the dark sky over a distant country, the midnight stars dimmed themselves in the presence of a star that blazed with such pure brilliance that it seemed worthy to herald the birth of a Saviour.