

THE FULL MOON

Published Monthly by Members of Mrs. Fry's
First Period English Class

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Class Prophecy

By JUNIOR JOSEY

The year, 1965; the month, June. The atomic bomb is now a thing of the past. In its place, the "Fissel Missile" has become the bomb voted most likely to explode. It's been many years since we've seen Albemarle.

Roger Morris and I have been away quite some time. Albemarle has really expanded. It's grown so large it makes Charlotte look like an ant hill. We've been traveling inside the city limits for two hours, and yet we are just now coming to the main city. The old bridge that was once between Huneycutt Motors and the flour mill has been removed. In its place is the I. I. G. A. H. W. B. I. H. bridge. (If It Gets Any Higher, We'll Be In Heaven.) It's the largest in the world.

The town has grown so much that the sewage disposal plant has had to enlarge 32 times. . . . Incidentally, we also have the world's largest fertilizer plant. The old home town just doesn't look the same. The drug stores we once knew have really changed. Purcell's is now the Drive-In Drug store with room for 500 cars—and the Hill building, now called the Mountain building, has been made so large that it makes the Empire State Building look like a toothpick.

We had just started viewing the town when Roger Morris' (Roger graduated from Hot Dog university, with a mustard degree) stomach began talking to him. It said the usual thing: "I'm hungry." So we went to the only cafe in town. The Better Shop (once called the Goody Shop) so named to keep up with the enlarging of the town, now has the only wiener in the world 11 feet long.

While in town we saw many of our old high school friends. Don Archer, who in his high school days loved horses, now has his own horse farm with 500 horses. Don also has taken over his father's barbecue pit, only now he sells hamburger.

While touring the town, we visited the new bakery, managed by Rossie Barfield. In most businesses a man will get the big head. Not Rossie. His success has gone to his stomach. One of Rossie's chief workers is Bobby Kelly. Bob's in charge of making holes in the doughnut. Randall Plyler, who is married and has a lot of children, is also working there. He is in charge of the yeast products, and he is still rising. For a hobby, Randall is working in a night club, making \$6,000 a week—nice hobby.

Walking seemed to make Roger hungry—everything seemed to make Roger hungry—so we went to Rose's to get some nuts. While we were there, we met Jane McDowell. Jane at one time was a big show-off, and her one ambition was to be a nudist. Now she has one of the most embarrassing jobs she could possibly have—she is a window dresser.

Two of our home town girls have become models—Nancy Morrow and Nancy Yow. You can pick up any magazine and see their pictures, except the Charles Atlas book. Both of them model for the same product—E. Z. Reducing Plan. Nancy Morrow is the BEFORE, and Nancy Yow, the AFTER.

Both Roger and I thought it was a little odd that it was snowing in June, but we soon figured it was only Professor Nancy Jo Haynes. Nancy has become a large nut in the wheel of the government fortune. She is now working on a device that will warn motorists of on-coming patrolmen. She is really doing a fine job in the department of science. In a few years she may even get Mr. R. C. Hatley's job.

John Eagle, who has always had his head in the clouds, now has made himself a name in aviation. He's a sky-writer. John has done things with an airplane that no one else would do. He works in his own plane. He has become so good at flying, the government is begging him to fly the Super-Flip, the fastest plane in the world—and Russia. He can even slip wheels in an airpocket.

Joe Gaskin and Virginia Helms have finally gotten married, and have two beautiful red-headed children. After ten years of college, Joe has finally made it. He has the job he has really worked for. He is number 1 man in the street cleaning department. Joe has become so famous as a surgeon that he now can perform two operations at a time.

The year 1965 is a big year for Johnny Youngblood and Theo Hinson. They have finally graduated. John has made a name for himself in government politics. He has found out why the British have to borrow so much money. They spend it by the pound. John and Theo have gone into business together. They have a machine and electric shop. Theo had a shocking time learning electricity, but he finally got the plug in it.

Henry Carpenter and Betty Brunson, the love-birds of the senior class, have gotten slaphappily married and have two children. I met the oldest one, Henry, Jr., who was driving a stripped-down hot rod—a '52 Cadillac. Henry has gone into the grocery business, and Betty is teaching gym at AHS.

We had to go over to the hospital to get Roger's weekly blood plasma, and several girls of the class of '52 were working there—Betty Aldridge, Betty Burris, Helen Hitchcock, Margaret Griffin, and Janice Scott. It's nice to know that some of our girls went for something besides refreshments when they visited the hospital that May day in '52.

After leaving the hospital we decided to visit the old school. I think it has changed the most. The principal now is Leslie (L. S. M. F. T.) Swanner. He is really a mean one. Leslie had an ambition to be a genius, but when he failed, he took the job as principal. He has a lovely secretary, who loves to wear French bathing suits, or handkerchiefs, none other than Nancy Austin. Nancy also teaches French.

The new English teacher is Barbara Crowell. Her husband is now teaching chorus. Barbara is really a fine teacher. I only said a few words to her. When she started correcting me, I left. Larry (Red) Tucker is now teaching shop and is giving trumpet lessons. He has done a lot for the school. He now has a coke machine in every room.

After leaving the school we went down town to see a few more of our friends. Patsy Pet-

tit, Betty Lowder, and Ann Swaringen have become secretaries. Patsy must be some kin to her boss, because she was on his lap. I guess she's his niece. Betty Lowder is working for Bill Lisk, who is now the owner of Sayless Department store.

Katherine Kimery and Jean Barringer are still playing basketball. They have become so famous that basketball shoes, socks, T-shirts and other things have been named for them.

We met old Kenneth (Tub) Russell in Rogers and Patterson's store buying his weekly suit. As we remembered him in our class, he was the boy with the braced smile. Now he is on TV advertising Colgate Toothpaste. "The toothpaste that gives you that sexy tooth look."

Betty Davis is now married and is the leading secretary in the Building and Loan. She has had three children and is still happily married.

When we were riding around, we turned on the radio, and guess who we heard. Tommie Poplin, the morning player. Yes, Tommie has made a name for herself in Hill-Billy music. She was broadcasting from Tennessee.

David Morrow is now the head of the American National Religion association. While a senior at Albemarle high school, David was well-known for his Baptist work. He also excelled in road work. After graduating from a Baptist seminary he was transferred to a Methodist church by mistake. The whole congregation will agree with me that it was a mistake.

Carrie Mae Russell, who received her ring while a senior in AHS, is now pleasantly married and her husband heads a corporation making golf ball tees. He gets teed off every night when he comes in. We ate supper with Betty the other day and her husband sure lets her know who is boss. Incidentally, he is a wonderful cook.

Emily Milton, the Little Miss Muffet of the senior class, had while in school a secret desire to be an artist. Emily has become one and has done some wonderful and great paintings. She started off doing paintings of babies. . . . then of grown-ups. . . . then she started doing landscapes. The government hired her for her last job, which was painting the capitol in Washington. It took Emily two years to do this painting, and 6,500,022 gallons of paint.

We extend our congratulations to Jimmy Hunsucker for remaining alive through all these years. He now drives a bread truck because it's a loafing job.

Bruce Lowder and Paula Howard are now married. After living off of love for two years, they were hired as skeleton keys by the Yale Lock company. They sure latched on to each other. Bruce stays all geared up because he's the wheel of Huneycutt Motors and when he goes home, Paula has him in her clutches. After three years as an operatic star, Paula has given up her voice range for the kitchen range.

William Litaker, that shy, bashful character we remember from the '52 senior class, is now another Rudolph Valentino. Women are attracted to him by the millions. He has a magnetic personality. When in high school William hadn't decided what his life's work would be. Now he's decided.

Jimmy Brown and Jimmy Austin have gone into business together. Brown once had an ambition to be in the movies in Hollywood. The closest he's gotten is being married and divorced four times. And Austin, the 97 pound weakling, has grown and grown and grown to be a 98 pound weakling. They are in the hot-rod business together. They're making new wrecks out of old wrecks. Their sideline is undertaking: the business with a body to it.

And Betty Lynn Crowell. To her, 1965 is a wonderful year. She has finally found Jack's ring. After Jack had been on a fishing trip, she found it in a shark. A card shark. Sounds fishy.

Doug Knotts attended Duke University and played varsity football four years. He has forsaken an athletic career for the theater, where he is now a stage

Last Will and Testament

We, the mighty Senior Class of 1952 of Albemarle High School, after long deliberation and much thinking, have drawn up the following document, which we certify as our last will and testament.

SECTION I. We leave to the underclassmen, especially the juniors, a wonderful school which we have attended for four happy years. To them we leave the task of keeping AHS with high standards in scholarship, honesty, and friendliness. Good luck, underclassmen!

SECTION II. To the mentors who have taught us, we leave our apologies for the hardships we have put them through and our compliments on the way they always handled every situation. We are, it is hoped, taking our education with us; and we leave thanks to all those who have helped us receive it.

SECTION III. To Coaches Webb, Jeffords, Lentz, and Knotts we leave our congratulations for their fine coaching, which brought forth Albemarle's first undefeated football team in many years.

Article 1. I, Don Almond, will my much-enjoyed two years in Mr. Fry's mixed chorus to J. C. Boone.

Article 2. I, Catherine Atkins, will my Royal typewriter and my typing desk in room 102 to Jeanette "Slow-Poke" Dennis.

Article 3. I, Jean Barringer, will my selection as guard on the all-state basketball team to Vann Lowder, who may soon gain the honor for herself.

Article 4. I, Audrey Burris, will my quietness to David Aaron Bruton.

Article 5. I, Keith Byrd, will my friendliness, popularity, and athletic ability to Jerry Traywick.

Article 6. I, Kenneth Coley, will my ability to drive a truck to Jimmie Carol Burleson.

Article 7. I, Marie Corbett, will my cooking and dress-making to another Future Homemaker, Joanne Rummage.

Article 8. I, Jimmy Crisco, will my job in a grocery store to Larry "Bow-wow" Bowers.

Article 9. I, Ann Reeder Daniel, will my Ford convertible to Frank Burrell in hopes that he will take good care of it.

Article 10. I, Jo Ann Griffin, will my high scholastic standing and capable mind to Robert Shaver.

Article 11. I, John Clarence Griffith, will my fine car and my position of guard on the football team to Raygene Smith and Tebo McLendon, respectively.

Article 12. We three, Mrs. Everette Huneycutt, Mrs. Jimmy Scarboro, and Mrs. Perry Lefeavers, leave our coveted engagement and wedding rings to Trudy Weaver, Janelle Harrington, and Merle Hinson.

Article 13. I, Veston Levi Harwood, will my fund-handling job of treasurer of the senior class to Bernice Roscoe.

Article 14. I, Gene Edward Huneycutt, will my two-striped manager's sweater to Charles McManus.

Article 15. I, Virginia Rose Helms, will my beautiful hair, changing the color, to Ellen Palmer.

Article 1. I, Angeline Hopkins, will my knowledge of history to Martha Harris.

Article 17. I, Carolyn Jones, will my seat in the school band to my sister Eleanor.

Article 18. I, Flynt Milas Josey, Jr., will my algebra book, which is as good as new, and my trombone to Larry Hartsell.

Article 19. I, Doug Knotts, will my number 35 football jersey to Bill Huckabee, provided that he allows me to keep my selection as All-American.

Article 20. I, Jerry Laton, will my job at a well-known service station to Donald Perry.

Article 21. I, Joyce Lewis, will

coach.

Now, as Roger and I bid farewell to Albemarle, we take one last look at the town before returning to our Pacific Island. That majestic little island rises among the smog of San Francisco—Alcatraz. But the memories of our friends shall live in our minds forever, for our high school friends are lifelong friends.

my witty sayings and my always-present sense of humor to Bettie Gantt.

Article 22. I, William Mundy Litaker, will my position of president of the student body to Glenn Almond and my happy-go-lucky personality to Marvin Clark.

Article 23. I, Helen Luther, will my seats in the business classes of Albemarle High School to Carolyn Gaddy.

Article 24. I, Peggy Morris, will my love of basketball to Doris Hinson.

Article 25. I, Roger Morris, will my girlish figure and small appetite to Jimmy Griffin.

Article 26. I, Marion Hamilton Morton, Jr., will a certain school-teacher's daughter back to her mother to be taken care of on my leave.

Article 27. I, Mickey Morton, will my first soprano voice to Sandra Davis.

Article 28. I, Joe Russell, will my ambition to be a meat cutter to a brave junior with little care for his fingers.

Article 29. I, Harold Smith, will my presidency of the senior class to James Gibson and my tennis playing ability to my nephew, Lindell Smith.

Article 30. I, Betty Sue Rogers, will my membership in the Honor Society to Ellen Cook.

Article 31. I, Jane Russell, leave my dependability and extreme height to Avanelle Osborne.

Article 32. I, Leroy Thorpe, will my philosophy of life and my fun-loving spirit to Gene Snuggs.

Article 33. I, Kenneth Whitley, will my job as salesman in an Albemarle store to Claud Grigg, Jr.

Article 34. I, Patsy Williford, will my neat and pleasant appearance and my ability to make friends to Carolyn Williams.

Article 35. I, John Delano Youngblood, was planning to will my diploma to Buddy Boone, but have decided to hold on to it if I ever receive it. I do, however, will my joking and my ability to drive big cars to "Doonie" Lowder.

JOE GASKIN, Testator.
J. L. CASHWELL, Witness.

Class of '52

By ALTON TALBERT

We, the Seniors of fifty-two Would like to bid our friends adieu,
And think of memories of the past.

Many of which we know will last. As we unite here all in one,
We know a big battle in life is won.

We pay respect to our teachers dear,
Who have helped so much to bring us here.

They've worked hard, we say with praises loud,
Now the job's over, we hope they are proud.

We'll keep a place for them in our heart
Whether we're together, or far apart.

To the underclassmen we leave behind
Our dear old school and you will find

All of you have a battle to fight,
So work together with all your might.

When battle's over and victory's won,
I know you'll think back and say,
it was fun.

When high school is over a new life begins,
Let's start that life off by making new friends.

With friends you're as rich as with silver and gold.
A true friend will prove true when you grow old.

But don't forget the friends you've made here
They will prove loyal year after year.

Last comes the part Seniors hate to do.
That's say good-bye A. H. S. to you.

Four years we've worked and our goal have won
And now our high school days are done.

To you old school we owe our best,
We love you, dear old A. H. S.