

# SHAVER'S SHAVIN'S

BY ROBERT SHAVER

Hello again, and a good December to you! I think we have some good little anecdotes and jokes for this month. Hope you like 'em, anyway!

A fellow walked into a doctor's office and said, "Doctor, I feel terrible. I want you to give me a thorough examination."

The doctor said, "Fine. First let me ask you a few questions."

"Go right ahead," said the man.

"First, do you drink much liquor?"

"I have never touched the vile potato."

"Uhuh. Do you smoke?"

"I've never touched the filthy weed!"

"Do you run around much nights?"

"I am in bed every night by nine o'clock for a fine night's sleep!"

"How about women?"

"They have no fascination for me."

"Uhuh. Tell me, do you have sharp pains in the head?"

"That's just it! I have terribly sharp pains in the head."

"That's your trouble — Your halo's on too tight!"

Beach attire these days may be a bit shocking but men are good shock-absorbers.

New feminine accessory — hankies with monogrammed phone numbers.

The hardest thing to learn about farming is getting up.

The date a girl breaks nowadays is the one she goes out with.

It's nice to be whistled at, girls, but don't let it turn your head.

Adolescence is when children start to question the answers.

Humor is a saving grace. When we realize it even pops up in cemeteries, it makes it easier for all concerned and helps to soften "the sting of death". This is one of Lew Lehr's favorite "graveyard" tales.

Passing a cemetery he noticed a fellow was leaning over a grave and crying as if his heart would break. "Oh, why did you die, oh, why did you die?" Over and over for about ten minutes, he cried, "Oh, why did you die?"

Finally Lew walked over and patted him on the shoulder and said, "Look, your grief is very profound and I hate to interrupt you, but I'm very curious. Would you mind telling me, who's buried here?"

"My wife's first husband! Oh, why did you die?"

Well, that's it. Hope you have happy holiday season, and we'll see you next month! Bye, bye!

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## What A Life

By JERRY TRAYWICK

Well, Christmas has rolled around again, and that means everyone will be friends again, or at least until Christmas is over. Friends, because everyone likes to receive gifts. Of course, gifts and everything Christmas brings make you happy, but it is always the same thing over and over.

Last year things turned out different for Bill Huckabee and me. It wouldn't seem like Christmas without a Christmas tree, so Bill and I decided to save money and go out into the deep wood and find one.

On Thursday morning before Christmas, Bill and I set out to find a tree. You might think looking for a Christmas tree would be easy, but they are always too big, or there aren't any at all. After walking for hours we still didn't have a tree. Our packs were getting heavy, too, because our mothers had packed us enough food for a week. Besides being tired and having heavy packs, it turned out to be the coldest day of the year.

About 12 o'clock we sat down to get a load off our feet and to eat lunch. We ate most of the food and threw the rest of it aside as we lay back and went to sleep. Before we had hardly started to snore, we were awakened by a strange noise. I looked and there before us was a big bad bear, trying to get the food we had left over.

The first thing was climb a tree. I said "climb", but I believe Bill jumped to the first limb. There we were without a gun and a bear at our feet trying to get to us.

Bill asked me if I knew a sad song we could sing to the bear. I happened to think of one, "Nature Boy", that Page had taught me, so I taught it to Bill. We began singing the song, and it was really sad.

It was so cold it wasn't very hard to make it sound sad, especially with Bill and me singing. Then Bill told me to look, and if I hadn't, I wouldn't have believed it. The bear was crying! As he cried the tears flowing and began to freeze. Finally the bear's eyes were frozen shut.

That was our chance! All we had to do was climb down the tree and run. We got home OK, but we forgot our Christmas tree.

The next morning Bill wanted to go back and get the bear, so I agreed. We had been walking only a little while when Bill saw a cabin. We went in and built a fire.

Suddenly he doubled up and began groaning.

"I don't feel very well," he gasped. "You go and get the bear, and I'll stay here. Then when you get him here, I'll skin him for us."

I had been gone only a few minutes when I saw the bear. I raised the gun to shoot, but I didn't anything come out. I must have left the shells in the cabin. I threw down my gun and ran for the cabin. The bear and ran for the cabin. When I was right behind me. When I got there, I opened the door and jumped aside. The bear ran in, and I pulled the door shut behind him.

Before I started home, I poked my head in the window long enough to tell Bill:

"There he is. Now you skin him!"

But I don't think he heard me. He seemed right busy.

Members of the Honor Society recently received their membership pins and guards.

# WHO'S WHO



PETE ALMOND

BETTIE GANTT

It's always a pleasure to meet Pete Almond in the halls. A nice grin from this boy makes the day seem brighter. Pete's entire high school career has been one of service and leadership to his fellow students.

One of the biggest jobs in school is his. As president of the entire student body, Pete is a busy boy, and yet he has found time for numerous other extracurricular activities. After entering the intramural sports of the school wholeheartedly in the past years, he now holds the position of first string guard on the basketball team. He seems to be quite a whiz at ping-pong too, for he was the Y.M.C.A. champion of that sport in Albemarle and Kannapolis. Baseball, football, horseshoes, and even dancing come under his list of favorite pastimes.

This outstanding senior served as vice-president of the student body last year and is now well prepared for his job of president this year. It was no surprise to see Pete tapped into the National Honor Society this fall, because even with his extracurricular work, he maintains a high scholastic average.

When Pete received the trophy last year as the most outstanding intramural athlete, he accepted it with the modesty that is so becoming to him. This trait as well as that of being such a fine sport rates Pete as one of the most well-liked boys in school.

Pete served as commencement marshal in the tenth grade and last year had the honor of being chief marshal for the ceremonies.

In talking to Pete we find that he likes so many things it would be hard to list them all, but when it comes to food he says, "Give me fried chicken and banana pudding and I'll be happy." When Piper Laurie and Tony Curtis are on the screen, he'll more than likely be watching, for they're his favorite stars. Asked what class he enjoys most he replied, "Mixed Chorus, of course."

Someday we'll see Pete high

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## Geometry Class Honors Teacher

The five members of Miss Tucker's solid geometry class honored her with a birthday party last Friday.

The students went to the Student Lounge to honor their teacher on her 25th birthday.

To start the party, Miss Tucker blew out all the candles with the help of Martha Rae Harris. Miss Tucker then cut the cake as the students served ice cream, peanuts and cokes.

Miss Tucker was presented with a beautiful rose sweater, which she immediately went upstairs and put on.

The party was a real success and after it was over, cake was distributed to numerous teachers around school who had requested it.

agree that she was one of the most deserving for this honor.

Last year Bettie was a member of the varsity basketball team, and also was secretary of the Speakers' and Writer's Club. She took an active part in the student radio programs, too. This year Bettie is on both the Full Moon and annual staffs, and is a member of Mixed Chorus.

On the subject of food, spaghetti tops the list of her favorites. Susan Hayward takes the spotlight as far as actresses are concerned, and any picture starring Jeff Chandler will always find Bettie in the audience.

If the boy is tall, blonde, and blue-eyed, has a good personality and is generally well-liked, then he is Bettie's idea of the ideal man. (Any application?)

The college that gets "Sweetie" next year will be W. C. and then on to Carolina for her last two years. Her sparkling personality will draw many friends, and her presence will do honor to AHS while she's in school.

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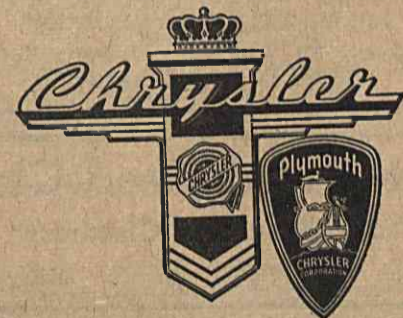
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