

SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

We boarded a sub with hopes to soon see
The creatures of fantasy known only by me.
The time of departure was a quarter of eight;
We were so full of adventure we could hardly wait.
Then came the submerging of our great ship,
And through the glass bottom a sight was soon built,
Consisting of sea weed, a fish, and a whale;
We saw something new which is hard to tell.
Gliding along the ocean's great floor
We soon had discovered a huge hidden door.
So tremendous in size and wide in its length
Our sub could pass through it, and through it we went.
At the opposite end of this great tunnel
We saw a large building with the shape of a funnel.
Our curiosity was up and to our great surprise
A picture of beauty encountered our eyes.
A castly with people in bright evening dress
Stood weaving in water, and then it would rest.
We moved in closer, carefully not to be seen,
And got a glance of an unsuspected scene.
The MOST POPULAR of the dance were the first to enter,
So naturally Peggy Smith and Graham Harwood went to the center;
The center of the floor beside the MOST FRIENDLY
Who were Wade McSwain and Sue Winn, who spoke soft and gently.
Among the guests we saw Martha Setzler and Jeff Hartsell
Telling funny jokes which weren't at all dull.
The title of WITTIEST they earned very well,
Because they kept the crowd in a continual yell.
Near the table where the punch was being served,
Kitty Almond and Cary McSwain were doing their task with an urge.
They were MOST DEPENDABLE and did their jobs well
Because everyone commended them as being real swell.
Just then by chance we happened to pass
By a tremendously large and clear looking glass.
After seeing all the reflections, there is no doubt being
That the BEST LOOKING, Judy Eflird and Al Fusonie, were seeing.
Over in a corner, each with a bar bell,
Were Martha Huckabee and Graham Harwood, who were doing
quite well.
Their pushups were great and caused a real scene.
This proved they were MOST ATHLETIC and athletically supreme.
Then all of a sudden there was a loud noise
Which frightened the girls and startled the boys.
There at the window were Sandra Burleson and Jeff Hartsell
Out-talking two parrots sitting on a shelf tall.
As things once again became quiet and serene
We saw Libbie Hatley and Bill Hartsell with a book that was green.
The title of MOST STUDIOUS they earned we know,
Because the book's title was "To College I Go".
Then we heard the band playing music soft and low
So we knew all the couples would start to dance slow,
But Sammie Holshouser and Pat Smith the MOST ORIGINAL,
Broke out into a dance that was very continental.
Everyone soon began to follow the jump
With Betty Holt and Ronnie Millican, the CUTEST of the bunch,
Leading on to compete in the dance,
Which startled our eyes and left us in a trance.
This dance soon ended and the best was yet to come
With the MOST TALENTED at the dance to act as one.
It was Peggie Lisk and Eddie Burleson, who produced a song
That was soothing and relaxing with a romantic tone.
While looking through the crowd a sight caught our eyes:
It was the two BEST DRESSED displaying the colors of sunrise.
Stanley Lawhon and Peggie Lisk were the two whom we saw.
Their dress was that of beauty, exceeding flowers and all.
The music again started, the band was real swell
When the MOST INFLUENTIAL started dancing—Pat Starnes and
Tommy Murrell.
Their title was true and soon was swallowed
Because everyone proceeded on the floor and followed.
While the dance was in session, there was suddenly a loud noise
That brought out a laugh from all girls and boys.
It was Diane Watkins and Ronnie Millican with the MOST SCHOOL
SPIRIT.
Taking a red Fernch II book and putting a fire near it.
The time was getting near the midnight twong
And everyone was tired and about to go home,
But Peggy Smith and Wade McSwain, BEST ALL AROUND,
Were still real lively and painting the town.
Then the time came and everyone began leaving
Except the two people who had been there receiving
The guests as they entered into their giant castle;
They hurried to clean up the place in a haste.
They proved then the truth in their wonderful title
OF MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED instead of being idle.
Cary McSwain and Pat Starnes were the last to leave;
After a wonderful night they still could achieve.
We turned our sub around and, not being seen,
Went out like we had entered to think of this dream.
We got back to shore to tell you of the sight
Of what we saw on that wonderful night.
—MOLLY HOLBROOK,
LARRY MULLIS.

Fish Tales

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she started using their feathers for her hats.

As we came into the business district, a huge neon sign reading "Setzler's Inc." caught our eyes. I took Kay inside to see Martha Ann, who is now president of the largest manufacturer of black Hudson convertibles. She introduced us to her husband who got her started in this business so that she would have something to do while he was away directing his traveling operas. The building was equipped with everything for Martha Ann's convenience. Shirley Parker had been hired to sell cigarettes and ten-cent cigars manufactured by Al Fusonie.

While we were there Martha Ann invited us to a big dinner party she was having that afternoon in honor of Carolyn Butler, who had just been promoted to the position of manager of the Glamor Shop.

Before going to the party we dropped in to see Betsy Kluttz in her new Forest Hills home. Betsy and Joe were just scurrying their seven darling youngsters off to bed. Betsy explained that the children had had a busy morning because they had taken their first octopus riding lesson. When the baby-sitter arrived, the Kluttzes joined us and we made our way to the dinner party, which took place at Hotel Albemarle.

Arriving there, we found it quite different from what we had anticipated. The managers, William Roger Smith and Gale Whitfield, had modernized it. Swimming pools had been installed in all the suites and a combo was also included with all the other services of a private room. The hotel had been expanded, too, and now covered a city block.

When we entered the banquet hall, we were delighted to see most of the class of '58. We were greeted by the former Becky Coble and her handsome husband, Roger, who was now head spear-fishing coach at A. H. S. Becky was attired in a fabulous dress with three tiers made of silver scales, an original from her dress shop, "Mermaid's Paradise". Becky called our attention to Linda Morton, a famous model, who was wearing another of her exquisite creations made from pink taffeta and fish net, flaked with cultured oyster pearls.

Later on it was our pleasure to sit at the same table with Marcia Moses and Sylvia McDuffie, who entertained us with tales of their trip to the moon. Cary McSwain had designed the rocket ship which carried them to their destination on the moon. It seems that they had fallen in love with two moon men and were now waiting for Cary to invent a floating rocket to bring their loved ones to them.

Glancing around the room, we tried to locate Roy Wilhoit, who had been in charge of our third period honor study hall. After inquiring, we found that he had entered the noble profession of the ministry and had a very important appointment for the day. He was hitchin' up Kenneth Huneycutt and Janet Lunsford. After all these years they had finally decided to tie the knot.

While we were in a questioning mood, we decided to ask about Evelyn Underwood. We were told that she had graduated from Woman's College with honors and had gone on to West Point to be a cafeteria girl. After working hours she was privately tutoring several of the cadets.

Suddenly a loud burst of applause filled the air and our attention was drawn to the spotlight beams in the center of the floor. Carol Deese, dressed in a monkey suit and high-heeled shoes, commenced to stand on her head and stack 500 greased B. B.'s straight in the air while sucking peanut butter through a safety straw.

Autograph hounds swarmed around Carol after she finished her splendid performance, but her private bodyguard, Jerry "Atlas" Morton, with his biceps bulging, hurried her into a waiting cab before anyone could talk to her. A slightly aged teen-ager wearing a faded cheerleader outfit, a baggy white sweater, and turned over oxfords continued to chase her down the street while leading a sad old bulldog and doing a pep

Last Will And Testament

To whom it may concern: We, the seniors of '58, on this day of May 2, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred fifty-eight, fully realizing that we are departing into a world of many surprises and being of sound mind and body, do make this last will and testament, thereby revoking all wills and promises made heretofore.

SECTION I.

Item I.

We, the seniors, leave to Mr. Grigg, Mr. Cashwell, faculty, and school board our appreciation for the things they have done in helping us grow up to be better citizens in the world we are about to enter.

Item II.

We, the seniors of 1958, leave to our one and only second mother, Miss Caughman, a year of gratitude and many memories of the countless things she has done to make us a better class. We will always keep the memories of her help and sacrifices deep down in our hearts, never to be forgotten.

Item III.

We, the seniors, leave to the juniors the privilege of laying out and giving the teachers a hard time whenever possible—excluding Mr. Cashwell, of course.

Item IV.

We leave to the sophomores the right to spend all the money necessary on the prom next year, even though it could never beat ours.

Item V.

We leave to the freshmen the privilege of going to the new high school that we were supposed to graduate in.

SECTION II.

Article I. I, Brenda Casper, bequeath my right to sneak down to Sammie Holshouser's house to Sara Talbert, whom he has snowed.

Article II. I, Emma Lynn Morton, leave my ability to swindle diamonds to Gail Vanderburg.

Article III. I, Gay Crowell, hereby leave my makeout ability to Brenda Gantt, who will need it while Eddie is away.

Article IV. I, Nancy Eagle, leave my right to matrimony to Billy Jo Barrier, who will soon need it—well, James is hoping so anyway.

Article V. I, Barbara Hoey, bequeath my math ability and general knowledge to that Einstein of men, Chip The Moose Cain.

Article VI. I, Barbara Smith, leave the ability to snow the biggest boys in high school to Pam Treese.

Article VII. I, Ellen Starnes, leave my job at the YMCA to Glenda Sue Honey, so she can make out at the banquets.

Article VIII. I, Linda Jordan, leave my vocal cords to that opera star of all times, Eddie Crutchfield.

Article IX. I, Agnes Lawhon, bequeath my library ability to Goober Blalock, who needs it for his research.

Article X. I, Kay Swindell, leave my road map to Chapel Hill, and petticoats to Frankie Hatley, who has turned to a Carolina lover for some reason.

Article XI. I, Peggie Sue Lisk, will my clothes to Trudy Carter, who has turned into a southern belle that will never stop ringing.

Article XII. I, Jimmy Duke, leave my height, hands, and feet to that Goose Tatum of basketball, Coach Lenny Lippard.

Article XIII. I, Charles Delk,

leave my Elvis background to Lane Brown, that little Hound Dog.

Article XIV. I, Graham Harwood, leave my measles catching ability to Roger Smith, who had rather have measles than date Jo Parks—the fool.

Article XV. I, Stanley Lawhorn, leave my snow flake factory and country estate to all the women in the world who will die when I leave for college.

Article XVI. I, Cary McSwain, leave my math brain and scientific ways to that genius, R. C. Hatley, who is a threat to the Russian underworld.

Article XVII. I, Dwight Morgan, leave my ability to antagonize Miss Caughman to her little All-American, Roger curly-haired Whitley, who will probably be here next year making up a physical education failure.

Article XVIII. I, James Norton, leave Billy Jo to Miller, who ras had his eyes on her all year.

Article XIX. I, Jerry Reid, leave my broken arm to Mr. Fry, who never uses his while directing.

Article XX. I, Ralph Thompson, leave my English knowledge to any boy who will have Mrs. Little, because he won't pay attention to his books. You all know how excited and shook up she gets reading MacBeth.

Article XXI. I, Gail Buck, leave my muscles to the wrestling team.

Article XXII. I, Joyce Burris, leave Sherrill to Jo Parks.

Article XXIII. I, Al Fusonie, leave my wrestling ability for back seat matches to that hound of them all, Johnny Almond. Watch the clinches, boy.

Article XXIV. I, Shirley Parker, leave my bleached hair to old Hollywood himself, Wayne the beachcomber Spivey.

Article XXV. I, Mickey Lawhon, leave my jitterbug ability and dancing shoes to that flower of the Twenties, Frenchie Deese.

Article XXVI. I, Jeff Hartsell, leave—I hope.

Article XXVII. I, Gail Morris, leave my ability to make out to Eunice Haynsworth.

Article XXVIII. I, Roger Eudy, leave my harem of snowed freshmen girls to anyone who wants them.

Article XXIX. I, Joe Miller, leave my no-hitter right arm to anyone who is man enough to take it.

Article XXX. I, Norris Jeffries, leave my water skiing ability and contact lenses to Drip. May he use them for better things than I have.

Article XXXI. I, Brenda Casper, leave my big, bad, rough, and mean Marine to little Wayne Spivey, who is now taking a Charles Delk muscle building course.

Article XXXII. I, Gale Whitfield, leave my reducing book to Susan Greene.

Article XXXIII. I, Martha Ann Setzler, leave my barbells and body building exercise course to Susan Cashwell.

Article XXXIV. I, Ronnie Smith, leave my shrewd brain, Morehead Scholarship, and school lounge to Chip Cain. May he use them better than I did.

Article XXXV. I, Jennings Burris, am taking the Song Bird with me.

Article XXXVI. I, Elaine Davidson, leave my ways with the men to Florence Morton.

Article XXXVII. I, Charles Morgan, leave my black motorcycle jacket, riding boots, wranglers and switch blade to Ivan Sibley.

Article XXXVIII. I, Martha Huckabee, leave Thorne Horns to any girl who wants him.

Article XXXIX. I, Ann Stokes, leave all the boys at Pfeiffer College to the Junior Class.

Article XL. I, Dwane Morton, leave Kennie Beaver to anyone who can hold her.

Article XLI. I, Pat Smith, leave my ability to date southern gentlemen and when they go south, date northerners, to Judy Redfern.

Article XLII. I, Kay Almond, leave my business ability to Miss Bankett.

Signed: RONNIE MILLICAN,
JEFF HARTSELL,
Testators.
Witnesses:
E. C. HALEY,
CALVIN PEMBERTON

Ideal Senior

Trait	Girl	Boy
Hair	Aloma Roache	Roger Whitley
Eyes	Janice Rogers	Jeff Hartsell
Teeth	Diane Watkins	James Johnson
Nose	Becky Coble	Eddie Doby
Legs	Peggy Smith	Stanley Lawhon
Physique & Figure	Sue Winn	Al Fusonie
Lips	Gail Morris	Tommy Murrell
Complexion	Judy Eflird	Alex Furr
Posture	Betsy Kluttz	Larry Mullis
Sportsmanship	Martha Huckabee	Tim Dry
Personality	Kay Swindell	Ronnie Millican
Clothes	Carolyn Butler	Kenneth Helderman
Voice	Lynda Jordan	Eddie Burleson
Cuteness	Betty Holt	Wade McSwain
Neatness	Pat Starnes	Mickey Lawhorn
Smile	Maxine Sells	Graham Harwood
Modesty	Rita Morris	Charles Morgan
Dependability	Joyce Burris	Jerry Reid
Skill	Libbie Hatley	Marney Lowder
Talent	Peggie Sue Lisk	Sammie Holshouser
Quietness	Pat Lowder	Billy Hartsell

yell. Someone in the crowd remarked that this was Diane "I'll Never-Grow-Up" Watkins, who could never face the idea of giving up cheering. She was now thirty-three and had given up teaching French to organize fan clubs and to continue her cheerleading. Her youth and vigor gave us renewed energy, so we left the party and continued our tour of the city-beneath-the-sea.

On our way through town we became involved in a terrific traffic jam and wondered what could be responsible for such congestion. There in the middle of the whole mess was a lady policeman trying desperately to direct the submarine traffic. A closer look confirmed that it was our old classmate, Billy Jane "Safety-First" Eudy. We pulled into the city hall to get out of

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