

The Full Moon

Published Monthly By
Mrs. Fry's Third Period Senior English Class
EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor.....John Burchette
Managing Editor.....Jerry Lou Holbert
News Editor.....Landis Miller
News Writers.....Suzanne Finch, Larry Joe Almond, Kenneth Huneycutt, Mary Jo Winn, Roger Laney, Eddie Lefler, Wayland McKenzie, Larry Shelton, Paul Welch, Neil Efrid, Vance Huneycutt, Luray Hatley.
Feature Editor.....Pam Truette
Feature Writers.....Susan Cashwell, Linda Heckard, Bonnie Lowder, Sylvia Smith, Gale Lowder, Ann Taylor, Gene Starnes.
Sports Editor.....Bobby Harris
Sports Writers.....Steve Hill, Stanly Lambeth, Ronald Russell, David Scarboro, Dwight Smith, Joe Stoker, Ray Terry.
Business Manager.....Harry Whitley
Assistant Business Manager.....Roger Laney
Typing Editor.....Luray Hatley
Circulation Manager.....Ray Terry
Faculty Advisor.....Mrs. Paul B. Fry

Congratulations And Thanks

Special recognition and thanks are due the following people for their participation and accomplishments in the activities of the school in the past year:

Valedictorians Jimmy Stonestreet, Jerry Lou Holbert, and Charles Brown; Salutatorians Elaine Morris and Harry Whitley.

Present Student Council officers Charles Brown, president; Kenny Furr, vice-president; Janice Hearne, secretary; and Jimmy and Johnny Stonestreet, co-treasurers; along with Mrs. Young, for their fine work this year. Also congratulations and best of luck to the new slate of officers, who are Kenny Furr, president; Jeff Underwood, vice-president; Susie Napier, secretary; and Judy Starnes, treasurer.

New National Honor Society members which include Steve Hill, Myra Whitley, Joe Stoker, Pam Treece, Nancy Finan, Mary Hill Hatley, Robert Iddings, Susan Ausband, Judy Harris, Margaret Ann Furr, Nancy Smith, and Diane Griffin.

Senior class officers—Joe Stoker, president; Eddie Lefler, vice-president; Ann Taylor, secretary; and Paul Welch, treasurer, as well as Miss Caughman, for heading up the finest senior class ever.

Robert Iddings for being chosen the new A.F.S. representative to Germany.

The football team and Coaches Gantt, Maulsby, and Barden for the fine season.

The band for its faithful support at football games, and for its spring concert.

Neil Efrid, who has been appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

All the beauty queens of ASHS — Bonnie Lowder, Carrousel Princess and DeMolay Sweetheart; Ann Taylor, Football Homecoming Queen; Ann Whitley, Basketball Homecoming Queen; Pam Truette, Miss Merry Christmas; Sharon Smith, district Dairy Queen winner; and Luray Hatley, Miss Rainbow.

Junior class and sponsor, Mrs. Deese, for "Teahouse of the April Moon," the second best Prom ever.

Teen-age March of Dimes campaign chairmen, Charles Brown and Susan Ausband. Also Kenneth Thompson and Elaine Morris, March of Dimes king and queen.

Next year's editors and business managers of the Full Moon and Crossroads, Suzanne Swindell, Steve Watson, Susan Ausband, and Ronnie Herrin. Also to the advisors, Mrs. Fry and Mrs. Carter, without whose assistance and devotion the publications would not be possible.

The new cheerleaders—Nancy Rogers, Carletta Redfern, and Sylvia Wall, as well as to the old cheerleaders, majorettes, and letter girls for their faithfulness and helpfulness at ball games.

Mr. Fry, for his leadership in acquiring three superior and three excellent ratings in the district choral contests.

June Whitley, who received the only superior rating in the state piano contest.

Special thanks to Mr. Thomas Cousins, who helped the choruses and Mr. Fry to make the choral spring concert one of the best ever held.

Cast members of the three junior plays—"Cabbages," "Cynthia's Stretagy," and "Grandma Pulls the Strings."

Basketball teams and Coaches Frazier and Gamewell for some very fine basketball.

Debating teams of Roger Laney and Jeff Underwood, negative; and Eddie Lefler and Kenneth Huneycutt, affirmative; and Mrs. Hayes, their coach.

Student Lions—Jimmy Stonestreet, Roger Laney, Harry Whitley, Bobby Harris, Gene Starnes, Steven Hill, Mike Ross, Joe Stoker, and David Scarboro; and Student Rotarians—Neil Efrid, Charles Brown, John Burchette, Larry Shelton, Paul Welch, Stanley Lambeth, Eddie Lefler, Wayland McKenzie, and Jimmy Holt.

Baseball team and Coach Maltby for the best season in six years.

Sophomores for their beautiful hop, "Moonlight and Roses".

Cast of the senior play, "The Skeleton Walks," and especially to Mrs. Armfield for her help and work.

All who participated in Optimist Youth Appreciation Week. National Merit Scholarship finalists—Roger Laney, Harry Whitley, John Burchette, Mary Jo Winn, Larry Shelton, and Neil Efrid. Jimmy Stonestreet, who was named "Boy of the Year" by the Albemarle Optimist Club.

Our foreign exchange student from Italy, Chiara Zoffoli.

All library, office, and traffic contral assistants for their fine and helpful work.

Charles Brown, who was named Jaycees' "Teen-ager of the Year" and who has received the Morehead Scholarship to U.N.C.

Work of the Boosters Club and the support of the student body at all extra-curricular activities.

Mrs. Hall, who has been very understanding and helpful with our gripes. Also to Mr. Cashwell for his help in securing scholarships for seniors.

F.T.A. student teachers—Harry Whitley, Luray Whitley, and Landis Miller.

All-Conference football and basketball players. Also Kenny Furr, who is wrestling champ for the third year.

All managers of athletic teams for their hard work and faithfulness.

All who received awards on Awards Day.

And finally, a very special word of thanks to all the parents, especially Mr. and Mrs. Flave Whitley and Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Scarboro, who have sponsored, chaperoned, and put-up with parties and trips this year.

That Wonderful Rain

PAT CLEMMER

It has been said, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," but in Spencer that didn't seem to be true. Sandra, a young blond haired femme fatale was having tremendous difficulty in getting the attentions of Don, the pitcher for the high school baseball team. After finally cornering him in the hall and "accidentally" dropping her books, Sandra began her plan of attack.

"Oh, imagine meeting you here! I thought you would be rushing to baseball practice."

"Well, as a matter of fact that's what I was doing before the hall was barricaded by your books. Why don't you watch where you are going?"

Sarcastically Sandra replied, "My, don't we have polite, considerate boys in our little town. They're always being helpful wherever possible. N'est-ce pas?"

"Don't talk that stupid French to me! You know I don't take it."

"Why of course! Since baseball season started that's all you eat, sleep, think, and talk about. You'd think you were Mickey Mantle or something."

"For your informaton, I'm a pitcher, not a centerfielder. That just shows how much you know about baseball." Hurrying down the hall, Don mumbled to himself, "Dumb girls!"

"Well," Sandra thought to herself, "that line of attack sure goofed. If I can't do any better than that, it looks like I won't go to the Prom. Why are boys so hard to wangle into a date?" For the moment she forgot about Don, and hurried on down to the drugstore where everybody congregated for Cokes and gossip after school. Finding her best friend, Sandra grabbed her and pulled her over into a corner, signifying that a confidential conversation was about to take place.

"Martha, I can't get through to that boy. He's just so dense, he doesn't hear a thing you're saying unless it's about baseball."

"My gosh, you've tried almost every legitimate possibility. What can you do now?"

"If I knew, why would I be asking you? Honestly, Martha sometimes I wonder about you. Think—think! I'm getting desperate!"

"Oh, don't get so teed off; just give me a minute to set my scheming little brain to work."

Pause

"Hey, I've got it! Have you tried acting real dumb like? Figure out some way to get him over here tomorrow afternoon and let him explain baseball."

"You know good and well he has practice every afternoon until 6:00, then he goes home and stuffs himself and goes to bed."

"That's right! Well—then try his second love next. FOOD! Ask him over for supper or something."

"The more you talk, the dumber the ideas get. Do you know what I can cook? Nothing! That's spelled N-O-T-H-I-N-G—in fact, it's quite an accomplishment when I slap some peanut butter between two pieces of bread."

"Cheat then, ask him over Saturday to watch the ballgame on TV. You can get your mother to make a cake and some junk like that to eat. He's so gullible he'll think you made it."

"Oh, all right. I'm about at the point where I'll try anything! I'll grab him after history tomorrow and ask him."

"Good, I'll meet you at your locker afterwards and see how things went."

"O. K. Bye—I've gotta get home—We're having company for supper."

Feeling a little more encouraged, Sandra hurried home.

The next morning she spent an extra half an hour fixing her hair, putting on her prettiest skirt and sweater, and snitching

CAMPUS CHATTER

Dear friends,

Since graduation is just around the corner (June 7), this will be our last report to you on the activities at school. This has certainly been a wonderful year and we'll miss our job of snooping around the school gathering all of the gossip. But before we leave we want to tell you about the closing adventure of the class of '60.

The Full Moon Class for the first time in history named Mrs. Fry—Queen for a Day on May 18. The presentation of a silver serving tray, a crown, and a banner for the "Queen" and refreshments and music were a part of the festivities. This was in honor of her interest, helpfulness, and love she has shown to all of her students. Mrs. Fry, you made a lovely queen.

Man, did you see those cool beards and gone outfits worn at the Beatnik Party held by the Monogram Club? David's Pad was decorated with green lights, black crepe paper, and empty "soft-drink" cans—it was the most! Bobby Whitley and Steven "Maynard" Hill had quite a cultivation of whiskers on their faces.

It seems we have celebrities amongst us. All of you who turned on your T. V. sets on May 7 found that A. S. H. S. had invaded Kilgo's Kanteen. Jimmy Stonestreet won a new shirt and tie because of his neat and stylish appearance. Landis Miller was his partner, and with them there were Ann W. and Jimmy M., Becky H., and Gary W., Pam T. and David S., Mary Jo W. and Pep M., Paul W. and Susan A., Bonnie L. and Dudley R., and Ann T. and Jerry Tucker.

Senior Day was a cheerful day for all—except a few. Several seniors were invited to Ann Whitley's for lunch by their "Second Mother", Mrs. Whitley. You should have seen the food and after lunch the bulging stomachs. Each person present was presented with a small gift. This was followed by the task of decorating the school cafeteria for the Senior Banquet.

We're sure the senior class would like to thank everyone on the various committees, the class writers, and the junior class for making this the best banquet yet—naturally. The highlight of the program was the presentation of a mule collar, artistically decorated with flowers, to Susan Cashwell as a consolation prize for not placing in the "Race to the Cafeteria."

Luray Hatley held a party afterwards for the seniors and their dates. Susie Napier and Larry Palmer, Don Mauldin and Brenda Morris, Anna May Renger and Stanley Lambeth, and Frankie Fenters and Joyce Smith really seemed to be having a grand time.

The '60 seniors were honored on a three-hour program on WZKY. They completely dominated the show, with requests, jokes, and laugh'er. Vance Huneycutt really seemed to enjoy the chance of expressing himself with the help of Sylvia, Paula, Susan, Paul W., Bobby H., Pam, Ann T., Gene S., Ann W., Bonnie, Gary, Eddie, Harry, Sue, Anna May, Jimmy Jane, Kathy, and Eunice.

The annual NHS party put on by the new members was held at the Morrrows' cabin at River Haven. John and Elaine, Billy Burbage and Judy H., Stanley Biggers and Mary Hill, Bryan and Diane Griffin really enjoyed all of that barbecued chicken—in fact, everyone did.

Chiara Zoffoli enjoyed several surprise parties on her recent eighteenth birthday. Pam Truette gave her a party at her home where Chiara was presented with a bracelet of silver discs engraved with names of her friends. Linda Wilhoit had a supper party, where Jeanette Varner, Judy L., Trena B., presented Chiara with presents. The last party was given by Mrs. Armfield's second period English Class. Here Chiara was presented with a book of American poetry.

They say that "all good things must come to an end" and so another year of school and another class graduates. It's going to be sad for us to leave all the friends we've made, but we must.

So this is Snoopy and Droopy saying good-bye to ASHS students and to the graduating seniors.

Your spying friends,

SNOOPY AND DROOPY.

some of her mother's perfume. She finally left for school with her spirits high, just in time to reach her desk before the tardy bell rang. She had history third period: that meant she had to go through three agonizing hours of wondering and waiting.

At last, history was almost over. After thirty minutes of primping instead of taking notes, Sandra anxiously awaited the bell.—Ring!

"Oh, my gosh, that's it. O. K. girl, let's do this right," she said to herself.

Meeting Don in the hall, she almost lost her nerve, but good old reliable Martha gave her a little push.

"Hi Don."

"Howdy."

"Say, I was just wondering if maybe you'd like to come over to the house Saturday and watch Los Angeles and Milwaukee play on TV. I'll fix some cake and sandwiches, and you can explain 'the great game' to me."

"Wow, will wonders never cease? Are you ever changing your colors! Gee, I'd love to, but we play East High Saturday. I'll take a rain check though."

Trying to hide the disappointment she replied, "Oh sure, it's too bad—I didn't know. Well, that's the breaks I guess. I'll

see you. Maybe we can do it some other time."

"Sure—I'm sorry."

That night, Friday, the weather and Sandra's mood certainly coincided. Dreary and rainy. She couldn't keep her mind off of the disappointment over Don. After crying since she came home from school, she finally gave in to sweet sleep, dreaming of what might have happened if it had not been for that mean old ball game.

The next morning she awoke to the combined noises of the ringing telephone and the still pouring rain. Knowing her mother was busy she hurried to the phone. It was "that" voice.

"Hi—this is Don. Did I wake you up?"

"Oh no," she fibbed, "I've been up for hours," trying to cover up the yawn.

"Well, then I guess you know the game's been postponed because of this lousy rain. Thought maybe if you hadn't planned anything else, I'd come over and watch that game. O.K.?"

"Sure, that's great. I'll be looking for you after lunch. Bye."

"That wonderful, glorious, beautiful rain," she said. "I never realized how much it makes things grow: friendships as well as plants."