

The Full Moon

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Mrs. Fry's Journalism Class

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The Hitchhikers

It has been said that there are two kinds of people in this world—those who are willing to work and those who are willing to let them. Hitchhiking—catching a free "ride" at the expense of someone else, is a practice which seems to be gaining in popularity not only among students at A.S.H.S. but also among students at a large number of other high schools. It is indeed a rare student who has not engaged in some form of hitchhiking during his school career. Even the most scrupulous student sometimes finds himself hitchhiking his way through classes via copies of his friends' homework papers.

While it is true that book reports, themes, projects, and notebooks often have that annoying habit of being due all at the same time, this situation does not excuse any student from passing off another's efforts and accomplishments as his own.

Purchasing the talents of an accomplished fellow student in order to produce a project, buying a book report, or "borrowing" a classmate's homework—these forms of hitchhiking, no matter how justifiable they may seem at the time, are synonymous with that ugly practice known as *cheating*.

A student may engage in other forms of hitchhiking which, though not exactly dishonest, serve nevertheless, to injure his reputation as far as those students affected by his hitchhiking are concerned.

Pity the poor committee chairman who discovers that half of his committee members, especially the ones so anxious to see their names in the newspaper, have disappeared without doing any of the work to be done. Consequently, the chairman must undertake the entire project and all the work it entails by himself. His wayward committee members will, by the way, be on hand without fail when it is completed in order to receive "their" share of the credit.

However, this situation can happen in reverse. The club officer or committee chairman who agrees to undertake a project and then shifts all of the responsibility and work to those serving on his committee is guilty of hitchhiking in the first degree.

Each year there are, of course, those few students who pretend to want to help with the Junior-Senior Prom but who actually plan to wait around just long enough to get into a group snapshot taken for the annual. If anyone tries to assign them a job, they vanish quicker than Banquo's ghost.

Such students forfeit more than the respect of their friends; they also forfeit the wonderful and invaluable experience of making the annual Junior Class dream a reality.

E-Day, The Sixth Of March

Exactly what took place here at A.S.H.S. on that fateful day of March 6—that long-awaited, long dreaded day which the teachers spoke of in urgent whispers as "E-Day, the Sixth of March"?

Perhaps an editorial written by an editor who is just as confused as anyone else around here could shed a dim light on the matter. Any way it couldn't do any harm, so here goes.

Several days prior to March 6, floors were swept, desks were waxed, elaborate bulletin boards were assembled, projects were dusted off, lesson outlines were planned, and a large brown spider was unmercifully evicted from his home in the *Full Moon* office. All of these preparations were carried out in the hope that they would enable A.S.H.S. to make a good impression on . . . The Committee.

March 6 dawned dreary and soggy. However, The Committee was greeted by the shining, scrubbed faces of the A.S.H.S. faculty members, who couldn't have been any more nervous if they had been preparing for the committee's visit only two minutes instead of two years, as was the case.

The committee members nodded and smiled and announced that they had come (as if anybody didn't know), "to observe an ordinary school day."

They interrupted classes . . . took notes . . . didn't look at the bulletin boards . . . lost their way in the building . . . took notes . . . ignored the teachers' greetings . . . glanced through the textbooks . . . took notes . . . peered nearsightedly at the students . . . took notes . . . commented on the food . . . asked questions . . . took notes . . . walked up the wrong side of the steps . . . took notes . . . talked with the teachers and ended their visit on a sour note, or rather several sour notes, which upset a few of the teachers when the co-ordinator read them aloud.

However, there was no reason for chagrin on anyone's part. A.S.H.S. was "weighed in the balance," and very little was found wanting.

Principal H. T. Webb, in expressing his thanks to all of those who devoted their time and efforts to assist in the A.S.H.S. evaluation program, stated that the committee's suggestions would be used "to improve our school program" in the necessary areas.

Anyone coming across a large brown spider wandering around the halls is requested to direct him to the *Full Moon* office where he may live in peace until the next evaluation committee visits this school ten years from now.

The Ripper Is Loose

Ripper strikes again in the A.S.H.S. library! Pages are missing, and many have been drawn or colored on with pencils. This is the work of the Ripper. Who can it be? Could it possibly be the Students?

Students often don't realize that the books in the school library are to be used to help them. The books should be treated with great care. Just a little tear can lead to a larger one, so please, stop it with a little tape! It won't take long!

Look around! If you see the Ripper, stop him! Remember, some people still like to read!

Non-Censored Nonsense

Products Sail Ship

While still at sea, the good ship Blue Bonnet lost all her equipment when a great Tide swept over her, and to Add to the other miseries of the crew, a hungry Honey Bee had gotten loose. This caused a grand catastrophe, with everyone running around like a Comet. A pail of water was overturned on Grandma's Lye Soap, producing a Sudsy, Foamy effect of Super Suds on the ship.

Ajax and Mr. Clean began working together which was Les Toil for both of them, to make the deck Spic 'n Span.

Meanwhile Rinso Blue the horn signaling their entrance into Bud's Chesapeake Bay. Now, Texize the situation and calls for Handy Andy to check with Aunt Jemima to see if Borden is the one who has been pasting a Red Band on everything to distinguish his belongings from Scotties. He had to take a Pledge not to do it again, for at one time he Sanka ship because of his playfulness.

In spite of all, everyone was full of Joy and good Cheer. The captain was overflowing with Praise for the grand show of Zest by all his crew.

Teacher Of The Month

We are happy to salute Mr. H. T. Webb, who has won fame in two fields, as this month's "Teacher of the Month."

As football coach for A.H.S., Mr. Webb won his 100th victory before resigning his post.

In 1958 Mr. Webb took the position of principal of Junior High School. After serving in this capacity for two years he was given the position of principal of A.S.H.S. For two years he has successfully filled this post.

Shortly after Mr. Webb became principal of A.S.H.S., the school began a reevaluation program in order to prepare for re-accreditation. Mr. Webb took his new job and all the extra responsibilities of the evaluation program in stride and manner becoming a person of his great caliber.

With an optimistic attitude, a deep sense of responsibility, and a high degree of dedication to his job, Mr. Webb faithfully performed with the interest of the students and school in mind.

Believing in the students of A.S.H.S., he encourages them to work hard and to set their goals high.

"You can go to college," he states. And then he goes to work to help the student arrange financial help. This is a typical example of Mr. Webb's interest in A.S.H.S. students.

Ode To Spring

The fever of spring has just begun

And woe to all the teachers.
'Cause that's the time that one forgets

And studies of spring's features.

You sit in class and dream the most

Of a softly blowing breeze,
Of birds that soar up high in the sky

And sing in the tops of the trees.

But then with a start, you're brought back here
And you wonder "What is the matter?"

The teacher is scowling and beckons to you
Amid all the fuss and chatter.

So for the wonderful dream you had,
You stay in after school

To write a theme called "Don't Daydream"
An' you gotta play it cool.

Look out the window and sigh a bit.

Then back to the pen and paper.
You know you've got to finish it,
Or very mad you'll make her.

Inquisitive Inquisitor

Question: What Do Your Parents Think of the Twist?

GIRLS

"They're wild about it!" They do it all the time!—Susan Rogers.

"I suppose they just take it for granted. They never say anything."—Gay Snuggs.

"My father likes it because Mother won't do it and he can dance by himself."—Jane Crutchfield.

"My mother's too fat to try it."—Jane Boaz.

"They won't do it because it hurts their sides."—Bobbie Atkins.

"Daddy thinks he's the greatest Twister there ever was and we don't tell him any different!"—Brenda Morris.

"Daddy thinks a Twister looks like a centipede with the hot foot!"—Harriet Reeves.

"My father think it's dangerous."—Jackie Barbee.

"They think it's good for me because it might help me lose weight."—Janice Hearne.

"Mother doesn't mind if I do it, but she doesn't like to see it done in public."—Betty Morton.

"My daddy likes it, but he's too fat to do it."—Judy Starnes.

"My father likes it; Mother thinks it's vulgar."—Sheila Harris.

"They think it's revolting!"—Vivian Smith.

"I don't even think Mother knows what it is!"—Betty Revell.

"They don't!"—Judy Wilson.

"They think it's all right but my father doesn't like for my mother to do it."—Judy Hesley.

"My mother doesn't like it because she can't do it."—Dink Morton.

"They don't see anything the matter with it. It's O.K. by them."—Janet Allred.

"My mother likes to see my sister do it. She kids about it a lot."—Loretta Holt.

"Each generation comes up with its own dance and this is yours. So enjoy it!"—Mrs. Fry.

"It really looks like a lot of fun. I wish I had the time to learn it."—Miss Thomas.

BOYS

"They want to learn how!"—Lester Bivens.

"I don't know. Mother doesn't talk; she just keeps twisting."—Tony Furr.

"I haven't heard my parents discuss it, but I feel it's just like any other dance craze. They come and they go."—Eddie McLester.

"My parents think it's fine. My little sister can really go!"—Tommy Little.

"I don't know. I never asked them."—Rayvon Laton.

"I like the Twist. My parents haven't said anything, but they don't mind me twisting."—Larry Hatley.

"They think it's a passing fad just like the Charleston was, but they like it."—Kenneth York.

"They think it beats the Big Apple!"—Dannie Davis.

"I don't know. I haven't asked them lately. My aunt hates it."—Monty Montgomery.

"They have opinions—all positive!"—Hinky Tucker.

"They don't think; they don't smoke either."—Annoymous.

"What's the Twist?"—Mike Burleson.

"Hmmm."—Johnny Fesperman.

"My parents invented the Twist!"—Neville Patterson.

"They're too old to even think."—Bobby Richards.

"Daddy likes to do it better than I do. It's good for his stomach."—Charles Stockton.

"You couldn't print what my mother thinks of the Twist!"—Edward Lowder.

"My parents think teenagers need a more constructive pastime."—Robert Throneburg.

"My father does a cross between the Twist and the Charleston!"—John Gore.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Hi Gang,

Strange things have been happening since we wrote you last. Colonel John Glenn made his terrific orbital flight through space, the evaluation committee visited A.S.H.S., and our Senior High students learned how to play "Red Rover," "Rhythm," and five-card "Poker"!

We sincerely hope that the teachers and Mr. Webb have recovered from their many hard hours of work on the evaluating program. A few students seemed to have a rough time at the evaluation banquet eating that fried chicken. Whoever heard of eating chicken with a knife and fork anyway?

The music in the lounge at lunch is sure to be a great success. There was a real live party up there the first day it was opened; however, the only couples who were brave enough to dance were Tommy and Sherry, Sheila and Mickey, and Vonda and Ronald. Some of those standing by and "jest watchin'" were Judy Wilson, Barbara Doby, Larry Solomon, Mike Skidmore, Loretta Holt, Vivian Smith, Ellen Hatley, Judy Hudson, Nancy Stoker, and Rowena Klutz.

The Honor Society has been very busy these past few weeks. We heard that Mr. Hatley almost missed the "Tea Party"! Then there was the Honor Society's great version of "Frankie and Johnny," produced and directed by Barbara Doby. This was the group's annual entertainment for the Rotary Club. We understand there was an overweight sheriff in the skit who really made the show great. How about that, Margaret?

Yes, there was a little snow, but so little that prayers from every classroom were almost audible! It seems the flakes just floated around but never "made contact" with earth! Some other snow jobs have been pretty successful, though. Right, Betty and Ronnie? Bobbie and Jerry, Chuck and Linda, and "Dink" and Johnny seem to like the snow too.

Welcome back, Miss Caughman! It's really great to have you home again. We hear you really received a lot of cards and letters—even an electric blanket and some of that "sweet-smellin'" stuff!

Prom time is rapidly approaching. Some of the couples who may be expected to be there are Kenneth York and Claudia Hall, Jane Greer and Steve Griffin, Linda Lefler and Arthur Sells, and Ellen Hatley and Jeff Underwood.

Gang, you'll probably feel "O. D." rocking all the way up here on the day after the prom. Some of the lucky couples who've already made "big beach plans" are Jane Crutchfield and Bob Gaines, Sherry Pegram and Tommy Little, Bobby Richards and Marie Ruffat, Sylvia Wall and Dannie Davis, Ellen Efrid and Benny Harwood, and Lloyd Crisco and Jane Stoker. We know ya'll really have a blast! Congratulations go to Sylvia, Sheila, and Janice, who will be debs this year. These girls will surely represent their town beautifully, we know.

Did we hear the "Winston Trio" singing in our parking lot? That's great, boys! Keep it up because we all enjoy your "serenades," even though the Junior lunch period falls between the Sophomore and the Senior.

Bye For Now,
Look and Crook