

# The Full Moon

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## princiPAL deserves credit

The 1964 Junior-Senior Prom was a resounding success! This success can be attributed to the enthusiastic response brought about by the decision to open the event to invite outsiders. As a result of this overwhelming acceptance of the experiment, the Prom will be retained as an annual event in the school year at ASHS. Many students, who otherwise might have been denied the opportunity, were able to attend. Many students invited students from other schools and graduates as their guests. These people are sure to have gone away with a favorable impression of our school, our student body, and most of all, our Junior-Senior. We have proved by this effort that, contrary to the long-disputed opinion, we can attend a social event of this kind and behave in a manner befitting our age.

Mr. Webb deserves much credit for the success of this affair. His foresight along with his confidence in us is deeply appreciated. To initiate such a controversial policy certainly proved a step forward in the right direction. In addition to this, his interest and patience were invaluable assets in the planning and carrying out of the preparations for the Prom.

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The inadvertance of certain personages indiginous to our particular purlieu breeds acerbity not only in our adversaries, but also in our advocates. This consuetude of invective department in our contemporaries is indeed censurable. It would seem that these very people would wish to consumate their own perdition through their inauspicious behavior.

If we are to procure an efficient decoction for this predicament, it is imperative that we become proficient at deciphering the emotional motivations that induce these people to function in their curious ways.

These people, in their devious and diverse manners, are reasonable approximations of ourselves. How can I make such an insouciant accusation? It is simply because, even if the premise does have extrinscality or possibly extraneousness, it is an unmitigated, unadulterated, undisguised, unrefuted verisimilitude that human nature we must all be cognizant of this fact—is essentially similar.

Therefore, so that we may become more indulgent of these personages, we must recognize their similarity to ourselves and humor them accordingly.

## Should The Election Campaigns Be Void Of Frivolity?

### Pro

Have our S. O. elections become a mockery because of the silliness of campaign speeches? After hearing the speeches made this year by certain candidates, many students may say "yes." The majority of the speeches contained an excessive amount of humor and inadequate amount of information concerning the candidate's qualifications and proposals. What are our speeches coming to when we must resort to angels, toilet paper, demonstrations, and southern belles to get votes? We are forgetting the true purpose of campaign speeches: to acquaint the audience with the candidate and his qualifications. Our duty as a conscientious student body is not to elect the wittiest candidate, but to elect the candidate who can do the best job in the office he is seeking, and one who will represent his school in a manner fit for other students to follow. For students who don't know the candidates, campaign speeches serve as a way of acquainting these students with the candidates and their qualifications. Humorous speeches don't give the true picture of the candidate running for office.

Some humor in campaign speeches makes the speeches interesting and adds zest to them, but if we continue to have excessively humorous speeches, any comedian can be elected to an office in the school instead of a capable person with desire and determination.

### Con

I believe that the Student Council elections should be conducted in a humorous manner. This year's convention was both informative and entertaining.

Following the recent S. O. election campaign, much discussion was aired concerning the frivolity and the amount of it shown in the campaigns.

Both students and teachers were heard mildly debating the subject.

Full Moon takes the opportunity to bring you both viewpoints of the situation.

The necessary serious aspects of the convention were made much more tasteful by being served with humor. The usual boring, endless drone of praises and tributes to the candidates sound like a record being played over and over. This year the observer was so caught up in the fast-moving pace of the skits and speeches that he listened to the serious comments and hardly realized that he was learning and forming an opinion.

Students in the audience found themselves impressed by both the showmanship of the candidates, and the spirit of his campaign manager and helpers. The contagion of this spirit made the student an integral part of the convention. This informal talent literally "saved the day" for the convention.

## May Day

I hate May Day, you know why? I don't know, but I hate to lie. It seems to be another day, One that clatters up the Calendar with a red array. It ain't big over here in the Good old U. S. But in the U.S.S.R., it's used in excess. It's stupid and dumb with Those ridiculous flowers, Loved only by medieval friars. Yes, I hate May Day I despise it, I loath it, I hope you feel the same: That the stupid ol' Thing will go down the Bloody drain.

— Sam Truette

## Word(??), Word What's The Word

What caused raised eyebrows at the assembly, Tuesday, April 7? Why, mention of the word "shuh," of course! Since the word has become part of our everyday vocabulary, we must not be ignorant of its meaning; therefore, this article is dedicated to you.

Let's examine the responses of students and faculty alike concerning the meaning of this mystery word.

Teacher: I don't know what that word means, but the next time I hear it, you're going to the office!

Students: I don't understand it, but I hate to ask and appear dumb! . . . you know, like my father would "shuh" me . . . have you ever seen a boy who's been "shuhed" by his father? . . . no, like a merry "shuh" to you all! . . . I thought it was "shud" . . . No, it's "shunk" . . . The word is not "shunk," it's "shun" . . . Somebody go get Richard! . . . I've been trying to conduct meetings, and I've been griping about it; I ought to know—it's "shun," "shun," "shun!" . . . I don't care what it is . . . atten-shun, now, let's go get some ra-shuns . . . It's "shunk" . . . I don't care . . . No, it's "shud" . . . Hey, listen, don't get down to the technicalities; it's when you . . .

Sorry, we haven't the proper authorities backing us, so we can't disclose the real meaning. If you're interested, just ask the "shuh-king!" . . . Hm-m-m, wonder if he knows?

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### Juniors:

To your class on behalf of my classmates, thank you for a significant and memorable evening in this most important of our years in school. You will realize next year that you can see all the rewards of the labors of your preparation for this prom only when you have one given in your honor. It is our honest hope that this time next year you will feel as richly rewarded as we.

Once again, thanks. ANDY COOK, Senior Class President

## Inquisitive Inquisitor

"What's the meanest trick you've ever played on anybody?"

### Boys

Unscrewing the top of the salt shaker at the lunch table.—Wayne Harkey.

Putting a pop bead in the clam which a student was dissecting at Duke.—Mr. Tyson.

I got mad at my aunt one time, ran over her with my bicycle and broke her arm.—James Keever.

Stealing Coley's track shoes at the track meet.—J. W. Lisk.

Yanking the screen off Holland's house to cook hamburgers on.—Lee Youngblood.

Dropping a watermelon off the top of the bypass. — Herman Mauldin.

Threw a boy off the pier at the beach—fully dressed. — Jimmy Hathcock.

Nominating Kelly for student body president.—Johnny Burleson.

Just one?—Coach Frazier.

Greased the steps to the "old folk's home."—Richard Frick.

We fed a girl tobasco for ketchup.—Butch Lowder and Chuckie Morehead.

Stepping on somebody's hand.—Sam Truette.

I stole my sister's shoes.—Mark Cook.

Telling a girl her arm was broken and watching her faint.—Dan Blalock.

You're not going to write down anything about me!—Richard Little.

Asking a girl for her telephone number and then not calling her.—Bobby Lowder.

Dating two sisters on one night.—Gary Long.

You'd be surprised! — Terry Lorch.

Taking the spark plug wire out of Ed Snuggs' car.—David Bowen.

Telling my little brother there wasn't a Santa Claus. — Tommy Smith.

Swiping my Sunday School teacher's belt — while he had it on.—Steve Smith.

### Girls

Reading one of my guest's diaries at my sixth grade pajama party.—Diane Saunders.

Convincing Cindy she was expelled from school in the ninth grade.—Joanne Lisk.

Convincing Butch I was born in Texas.—Sheila Shankle.

I've never pulled any tricks on anyone but I think of some mean ones pulled on me.—Miss Misenheimer.

I guess that "pop" test I gave to the U. S. History Class.—Mrs. Westerlund.

Putting a porcupine in Nancy Morton's mailbox.—Cindy Stone.

Being born.—Brookie Smith.

Charging my daddy's Father's Day present.—Janie Ragsdale.

Pulling a faint in front of this boy I didn't want to date. — Fran Miller.

When my sister was little, I told her she was adopted. — Melissa Beam.

Playing an April Fool's trick on my elementary school principal. It backfired.—Mrs. Young.

Squashing Kay's hand down in her ice cream.—Mary Alice Lambeth.

Made cookies out of hot stuff to feed the seventh graders.—Martha Garrison.

Snatching Kathy's pickles.—Mrs. Gamewell.

Put my brother's madras shirt in the washing machine with the other clothes.—Sarah Efrid.

I ride with "people" while Jack's away at school.—Elaine Efrid.

I pretended I was engaged.—Nancy Parker.

Putting toothpaste in somebody's ears while she was asleep on the bus.—Tanya Lefler.

Singing "If I Had a Hammer" by moonlight.—Carol Jean Lefler.

## Armistice Called

The war's over and a victor has emerged. As the fruits of victory are still being bestowed upon the triumphant generals, a silence dominates the atmosphere of Senior High like that which immediately follows a hurricane.

However, the noise of battle still rings in students' ears. Remains of previous battles and engagements can still be seen around the poster-laden walls. The immortal words of one famous commander, pronounced with dignity amidst the wilds of conflict, can easily be spotted at the scene of an early battle:

"You can be a violet, too!"

This is only one of many remaining scars which depict the sincerity and great effort with which the war was fought.

By far the most outstanding battle of this great struggle and undoubtedly the one which will be most remembered was the initial encounter which took place in the auditorium several weeks ago. It began calmly with only a few verbal blasts. But the arguments grew hotter and more striking. Finally, after a period of intense debate and flaring tempers, the "shot heard 'round the school" was fired. The "War of '64" had begun. One general made an immediate attack: with a goddess from above, cutting a deep gap in the opposition lines. But suddenly an entire military regiment counter-attacked from the rear, advancing with the pounding of drums and the crashing of symbols. Confusion was at the utmost, aided by an earlier "blitzkrieg" of propaganda thrown from the stage by an optimistic commander. Then from the left came the flashing arms of a troop of Arab tent-pole makers!

To bring the battle to a climax, in sailed that gigantic Georgia battleship, the x. z. z. Hesley. With "all-ahead full," she nearly torpeded the entire battle area into mob pandemonium!

This was only the beginning. For an entire week the conflict waxed on. But this war was different from any other. Instead of gun, propoganda was the main weapon. And I mean propoganda! It was displayed on doors, windows, walls, and ?!?!!

What a week! What a war! However, great as it was, with April 14 came the armistice. As everyone waited anxiously, this stirring episode was brought to a dramatic ending as the president announced the newly elected officers of the Student Organization.

## Two Wrongs, No Right!

JoJo's House was dirty and ugly probably because JoJo was likewise. TomTom despised JoJo's ugly house and so he burned it down, leaving JoJo sad.

"Dumb old TomTom," croaked JoJo, I hate you."

"Ah, shut-up," returned TomTom politely and kicked the crying JoJo plainly on the head. "Now, you won't laugh at me when I read my books."

"Ho, Ho, Ho," whimpered JoJo reluctantly, and he immediately began burning down TomTom's house. "You, dumb old TomTom, will suffer too, also."

Moral: What you don't do or likewise to yourself depends upon the ugly actions of others.