

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

At a certain time every year Junior-Senior rolls around. Seniors began asking questions and getting answers (??)

Senior: "Hey, look at all that glue.

There must be ten bottles. What do you need all that glue for, Julia?"

Answer: "We're gluing the fish bowls on the space suits tonight" might have been the answer.

Senior: "There goes Ruth into the florist again. She never buys flowers though. Hey, what did you get, Ruthie?"

Answer: "I'll never tell."

Senior: "Some of those Juniors wanted to borrow a grass skirt. What does that have to do with fish bowls?"

Senior: "June is busting out all over---"

Answer: "Is it? I hadn't noticed."

Senior: "I think I know what the theme is."

Answer: "That's one on me. We haven't decided yet."

This is the way the seniors saw it. Behind the scenes Juniors were busy finding this and that, writing verses for gifts, and making paper flowers in their sleep.

Darby Wood, class poet, wrote one verse on a gold teapot. It was discarded but we think it's one of his best. This is the verse:

"When you get married and your husband's road a sot,
Hit him over the head with this gold teapot."

Every night Juniors crowded the Ogburn's garage to work. We succeeded in glittering ourselves better than we glittered the stars. All the stores in town soon sold out of red crepe paper. Empty glue and glitter bottles cluttered corners, and filled chairs and tables.

Several talents were revealed on the decoration committee. Jerry Highsmith was our expert flower maker. Dottie Lassiter knows more about hanging stars than any girl in S.H.S. Jimmy George can teach you "How to Bread a Birdbath" in one easy lesson. Joe Reed daintily painted butterflies in very distinctive Indian designs.

Twenty jars of glister, bottles and bottles of glue, hundreds of rubber bands, and one thousand pins later, we produced our "Enchanted Spring Garden." In our garden was everything from stars and a moon to a garden scene complete with flowers, a birdbath and a bird. The seniors were greeted by a garden fountain and terrace outside.

Seniors danced while many Juniors lacked the energy and could do nothing more than watch. Of course, we Juniors think it was the greatest Junior-Senior ever, but the Seniors declare theirs was a little better. "Everyone to his own opinion"--we Juniors say.

Bear with us Seniors. We'll return all your grass skirts and fish bowls as soon as possible.

Betty McGowan

ALONG THE GRAPEVINE

Once in Smithfield High so dreary
While I pondered weak and weary
Came a voice up to my door
Telling me of forgotten lore
Never again can I talle on
You Seniors
Nevermore!

I see Clifford and Sue holding hands
in the halls, as I see Jean and Bill B.
Bobby P. and Howard say Selma's Jr.-
Sr. was fine. Bet it couldn't even touch
our Enchanted Spring Garden. What say,
boys?

Shelton and Julie make a cute couple
now and then.

Faye and Ruthie J. seem to keep the

road to Selma hot.
Catherine D. and Linda M. won't let
me get a peek into their date books. I
wonder!!

I hear Lucy Hill has become a traitor
to the S.H.S. cause. Believe just every-
body thinks about out-of-town nowadays.
Well, Mary Ann, did you have a good
time in the big city? From what I hear
they have quite a few of the opposite
sex up that way.

Well, Betty's done been caught. Looks
like everythings down Pat!

Barbara McGee has eyes for only one.
Anybody notice? Wonder what happened to
a certain "Springs" boy?

Wonder if Sashie ever gets her fill
of going to Raleigh?

You freshmen are all alike--you clam
up every time I come around. But I found
out more than you think--Bud and a certain
'lil 8th grader have lots in common. I
hear that Edgar has a crush on some frosh.
I think D. B. Montgomery is goggle-eyed
over some Tom, Dick, or Harry.

Well, like the voice said--"Nevermore,
nevermore can I tell on you Seniors." Well
it was fun while it lasted - But all good
things must come to an end. Adieu, Seniors

Ima Snoop

'til next year