

Lester, Harvey, Robin, Dennis Penny, Sashie, Priscilla, Monk, Phyllis, Wesley, and other locals had a swell time.

Since the fabulous Junior-Senior is described in another article, need I mention it, except to thank the juniors for such a lovely evening. Following the prom the seniors played hosts to the juniors at a Bermuda party. This party had a theme--also--a cafe--which was easily recognized upon entering the hut and seeing the tables covered with candles. Betty, Doug, Mary Jo, Sherwood, Tommy Boone, Norman, Bobby Davis, Francis Johnson, Susan Eason, Frank Layne, Ray, Nancy Lassiter, John, Staton, Judy Evans, Myra, Billy Fuller, Judy and scads of others reported a swell time in the hours after midnight.

On the next night the VFW sponsored a dance for the teenagers. Becky Boone, Beverly, Herbert, Jane, Phil Gurganus, Ann Hamilton, Cinda, Margaret Higgins, P-nut, Skipper, Bonnie, Kay, Donia, Linda, Jim, Lena Rose, Olivia, Ann Batten, Ann Rogers, Dorothy, Clyda, Brian, Mary Ann Honeycutt really had a ball while the juniors and seniors were at the beach.

Wayne threw a big party out at the club to celebrate his seventeenth birthday. Loads of the local teenagers were out there and three of our locals won honors in the dancing contest. Roy Brown walked away with first place and Fran and Freddy won second prize. Jackie, Julia, Mary Ann, Ann Britt, Emily, Jelynn, Jimmie Ennis, Mac, and many, many others were there to wish Wayne a happy birthday.

Following the Senior Play Mary Ann honored the seniors, their dates, and the faculty at her home. Julie, Darby, Gwen, Hubert, Mary Joe, Wes, Winnie, Harvey, Alvin, Eugene, Edwin, Angeline, Sylvia, Shirley, Ann Lee, and Margie were a few of the guests discussing the play and feasting on the good eats.

After Mary Ann's party Katherine invited the girls in the play cast to spend the night out at her home. Anesha, Mary Ann, Dottie, Ruthie, Susan, and Gail were some of the gals

out there trying to sleep, but they reported no results due to a few girls who couldn't seem to be quiet.

Thus ends the parties for this year. Thanks for keeping me informed on all the goings on and be sure to do the same for your social writer next year!! See you at the next party!!

Mary Ogie Haugham

SPRING

Tiny green buds burst
From their beds
And look upward toward the
sky;
A robin pecks aimlessly
in the newly planted garden;
A gentle breeze
Stirs,
A velvet green carpet
Covers the earth;
The warmth of the sun
filters through the
clouds;
Touching gently each bit of
life;
The day is calm--
It is
Spring.

Julie Hooks

CAN'T WAIT FOR SUMMER

You prop up in bed and try to study. But for some reason you just can't!! You hear the frogs croaking; the resounding of a late walker on the sidewalk; the crack of the ball against the bat as a few voices call out to the umpire. You simply can't bear it for another second so you creep over to the window and gaze out at the moon; and maybe wish on your star. The light breeze ruffles the budding limbs and brushes against your face. The aroma from the roses in the back yard floats up and in through the window. Then you look over and see the lights glaring from the ballpark as the cheering of the crowd drifts with the wind. Reluctantly you force