

The Full Moon

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ALBEMARLE, N. C., MARCH 16, 1939

Care of Library Materials

If library materials had the power of crying out when abused, what a mournful plea our library would be!

Some of us do not take the time to realize the damage we are doing, when we carelessly fill in the "o's" in the books, draw mistakes on the funny paper characters, or try improving the pictures in the magazines. We never give a fleeting thought to the person who will handle the article next.

We slam the books shut, creasing the pages, rip the backs off periodicals, place the reference books on the wrong shelves, drop the borrowed novels into the rainy slush outside, misplace the cards in the card catalog, tear the newspapers, use pencils and combs as book marks that strain the binding, write notes in the margins of magazines, crush them into the grass hurriedly when the bell rings, or worse, give someone else the responsibility of seeing that they are replaced. Lo, the poor librarian! She is left to pick up and clean up after us.

We don't treat our personal property that way; so why should we be so careless with that belonging to others? After all, the library materials are for our benefit.

From now on let's try treating the school property as if it belongs to us, so if we ourselves have paid for it. Let's hold the same regard and respect for the persons who will use the magazines, by leaving the paper after us, by keeping the materials in the good condition in which we find them.

The Human Parasite

Not only is there a parasite that destroys and lives off wood, but there is also a parasite that lives off human beings.

In grammar school Bob did not borrow to excess, but he occasionally asked the loan of a sheet of paper and neglected to repay it. Both always happened in reference to the boys walked along toward the drug store after school, but he continuously failed to have money handy. Not only did his pals share his drug store bill, but they paid his paper and pencil fee

BOY'S LIFE OF WILL ROGERS

By Harold Clark
Reviewed by G. C. Clark

This story of a Tom Sawyer grown-up gives you the intimate story of Will Rogers in a simple, unadorned, but manly manner. Will in his boyhood certainly was no Sunday School library hero. He didn't like school of any sort, so he wouldn't comb his hair or clean his fingernails. He wanted to run away from home, to be a cowboy, and live a Wild West show—and he did. Yet he grew up to be a famous man! One of Will's teachers in military school which he disliked (especially the uniforms) later said, "To think that folks are so uncombed Will for the very thing I used to punish him for!"

Mr. Keith covers with an intimate knowledge the happy-go-lucky life that Will led. Being a fellow Oklahoman who comes from the same section, he compiled authentic anecdotes and pictures of Will's life, capably making the reader love the haremum, but lovable boy and man that he was.

"Boys—and girls, too—will read this book alive. It is a well-written reviewer's comment on this story of one of the most interesting persons of our age."

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Also. When this equipment was needed in one of his classes, Bob always came up lacking.

"Sponger," a nickname given him by his friends, was graduated from high school with the aid of some kind-hearted souls whose papers he would copy a few minutes before class.

Through the influence of a relative he got a job in an office. Although the office supplied the necessary equipment, Bob was continuously finding some favor to do his office employees. The task of his friends, who do not recall being called "the fruit of his own labor," because part of it was done (even if only a problem of long division) by one of his friends. This practice continued until the boy thought all his work should be done by his co-workers.

Today Bob walks the streets without employment. He exists through the aid of insurance for the unemployed, if he has no hope, no future, and not even the satisfaction of knowing self-confidence or independence.

ETIQUETTE

NEW OFFICERS ELECTED
(Continued from Page One)

Q. What are the duties of a hostess at a dance?
A. She greets the guests at the door. After supper, her receiving card is over, and she is free to dance or talk with her friends.

Q. What guests have, she stands wherever she might be, shake hands, and say, "Good night."
Q. How should a man "cut in" on a girl?
A. He lays his hand on the shoulder of her partner, who immediately relinquishes his place in favor of the newcomer.

Q. Should a girl ever refuse to let a man "cut in"?
A. No, never. This is inexcusable.

Q. What is a guest's duty at his hostess's?
A. He should always dance with her and each guest of honor at least once.

Q. What does a guest tell his hostess when he leaves?
A. "I had a delightful time," or "I enjoyed the party so much," (Never "I enjoyed myself.")

Sans. "You look all in today, Bill." What's the trouble, Bill?
Bill: "Well, I didn't get home after daylight, and I was just undressing when my wife came up and said, 'Aren't you getting up pre-early?' In order to save an argument I put on my clean shirt and came down to the office."—The Collier, Greenboro, N. C.

THE LIBRARY NOOK

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Carnival Capers

By STONEY
Yep, the carnival went off with a bang—or was that a bursting balloon? . . . At any rate, you would have seen Mr. Gibson's intriguingly posing with his head through the center of a sheet while the students threw balls at him! . . . Little John K. "swinging out" . . . The cluster of girls around Joe Beatty's handsome boy from Charlotte every time you turned around. . . Sid G. blasting on bugle to attract customers in pitch pennies. . . Bill Hough working doggedly selling drinks. . . A winning number for decked in fancy antics. . . Polly Beaver fitting around. . . Peggy E. smiling to herself. Virginia C. decked in slacks barking and pounding the counter of her booth with a ham-mer between her feet, and then rubbing vigorously at the telltale lipstick on his face revealing the fact that had visited the kiss booth. . . Mr. Fry picketing a lone field of waters before the Madame Kollat stand with a box of candy and calling "Eat while you wait!"

Roger A. calling numbers to bingo players. . . Margaret Niven telling fortunes. . . Catastrophe in the freak booth. The three-legged woman, alias Jack O., broke her third leg!

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CAMPUS CHATTER

It's Spring!

And "In the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Jack C.'s thoughts certainly have turned in that direction. He took one look at the argument in the library and fell for Max! Max! Max! that little spiky is wearing a senior's ring. Now . . .

Whom does Pattie T. see every afternoon coming home from hospital? . . . "Gerry" Critch would give her all to get out of school. . .

Who does one of his admirers from Kappa? . . . When one of his admirers from Kappa? . . .

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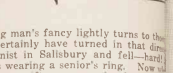
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Alumni News

Helien Morgan, sophomore at W. C., recently served as committee chairman in making preparations for the formal dance of the sophomore class.

Ann Parker was honored recently when she was one of the 25 students to receive a bid for membership in the Square Circle, honorarium mathematics club at W. C.

Frances Horton and Frances Henning were included among the 45 new members initiated into the Home Economics club at W. C.

Frances Henning was recently elected secretary of the freshman class at W. C. She was again honored by being appointed a member of the committee to make plans for a Jefferson Day dinner sponsored by the Young Democratic club at the college. Frances also was among those on the honor roll for the first semester.

J. B. Coppel was one of the 110 Wake Forest students to be included on the mid-year honor roll.

Exchanges

"Let's play we are in college," said little Ruth. . .

"All right," replied George, "I'll get a pennant and pipe and you get Bill." "What do you do when you see an unusually pretty girl?"

Mary: "I look for a while; then I get tired and lay the morrow down."

Six-year-old Mary woke up about 2:00 in the morning. "Tell me a story, Mama," she pleaded. "Hush, darling," said mother, "daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

Mother: "Stop using such terrible language, Shooey."

Mother: "Shakespeare used it, too." "What do you play with him, He's not a fit companion for you."—The Loudspeaker, Elizabeth City, N. C.

First Angel: "How did you get here?"

Second Angel: "Flia did she get here."—The Loudspeaker, Elizabeth City, N. C.

After being told to bring a figure to school with curved sides, I returned with a picture of Mae . . .

Do you know that married men live longer than single men? You are mistaken; it only seems so. —High Spots, Mount Airy, N. C.

BET'S CORNER

A GOOD PLACE TO
Albemarle High School—
The place we go
To learn the things
We have to know;
To laugh and sing,
To run and play
Merrily, Tossy, every day.
We learn what's good;
We know what's true,
We're here to learn,
And learn a lot.
There are no whips—
They give you slips—
We have our books,
To Mr. Gibson, you know
Mr. Gibson's our principal,
Who has our backs.
With all his might
He'll treat you right,
And we have our history,
We have our French;
We have our ball teams—
We have our bands.
We study our lessons;
We do our best
And love our teachers;
Do all the rest.
I should do right,
I should do my best.
It's been my home
Since thirty-two!

"BUCK" MARSH

A FORD
I know that I'm a Ford
Another in T-model Ford.

A Ford that rattles like the
Although it never wets.

One that threw up dirt and
While underneath all was
A Ford that stopped at
A good still
To make me push it over
A thing that I like best
Sometimes I thought it
shakes—
I couldn't ever use the brake.

Cars are driven by fools
But never again that model
—LOIS MILLER

A BEE
I think that I shall never
A thing that I like best
A bee whose hungry mouth
Against a flower's sweet
breast;
A bee that swipes from hand
and day
I keep his stinger in
A bee, my misty summer
A nest of honey for us
Upon whose stinger hand

To only jump away in pain
Fools are stung by bees,
But bees never grant it won't
—KENNETH BROWN