

# The Full Moon

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ALBEMARLE, N. C., APRIL 6, 1939.

## Honor Society Tenets

Scholarship, service, leadership, and character—these tenets of the creed of the National Honor Society are ideals for which every boy and girl should strive.

Scholarship, not merely for the grades but the knowledge one gains by study and thought, is a reward within itself.

Service—so easily achieved by anyone! A kind word or deed, no matter how small, goes a long way toward making one's fellowman happy.

Leadership is perhaps a bit harder to attain, for all of us cannot be leaders. However, we can strive to become better ones through conscious effort and perseverance.

Character is perhaps the most important of all. It plays a prominent part in each of our lives, and furthermore, the future of our country depends greatly on the character that is developed by the boys and girls of today.

Congratulations, A. H. S., on your initiation into the National Honor Society! This is undoubtedly one of the greatest advancements made in our school. The organization of an honor society will serve both as an incentive for students to work and as an ideal for better all-round development of each member of the student body.

## Quitters

Are you a quitter? The kind of person who never finishes a task that he has begun? After leaving a small bit of work unfinished, it becomes easier the second and third time. Each task may become larger and more important, and soon we do not have the will power to complete any of our work. Before we know it, it has become the battle of life that we are up against. Then it's too late; the battle is already lost, if one is a quitter.

There is no time better than the present for us to learn to continue our work from the beginning to end. Now it will be hard to break the quitting habit, but if we wait, then it becomes much more difficult. Quitting keeps one from progressing, and makes his a weak, unreliable character.

Think of the things we would be without today if the leaders of yesterday had been quitters. What kind of country would this be in Washington, Lee, Jefferson, Mann, and Lincoln had not had the will

power and patience to struggle with the problems that confronted them? It would be hard to get along without the modern conveniences and medical perfection that men like Edison, Pasteur, Cooper, Fulton, the Wright brothers, Bell, Morse, and Whitney worked persistently to give us.

It takes effort, perseverance, and "stick-to-it-iveness," to be able to finish all that which we have begun. Let's make our motto, "Follow through," and work with a desire to win. Remember that "winner never quits and a quitter never wins."

## Ready? Get Set!

May 5—Field Day! Have you made any plans for it? Are you going to participate in any of the activities? Your class needs your help, so drag out that school spirit and be on hand to score points along with your other classmates.

It is up to you to make this second annual Field Day a success. It depends altogether on your participation in the events and your cooperation, just as did the carnival. And congratulations—since we are on the subject of the carnival, to you, students, and to the advisory council, for making it a real success.

It is such cooperation and good will as was shown then, that forms the incentive to plan and carry out more extra-curricular activities.

## ETIQUETTE

- Q. How does one know which silver to use at a banquet and what to do with it?
- A. As a general rule, start with the silver farthest away.
- Q. How does one eat pickles and olives?
- A. Pick them up with the fingers.
- Q. From which side does one sit down at a table?
- A. The left side.
- Q. How does one eat bread?
- A. Break it, and then butter it as you eat it.
- Q. Should one ever telephone a person who is at formal banquet?
- A. Never, unless it is absolutely necessary.
- A little boy entered a barber shop. "How do you want your hair cut, my little man?" inquired the barber.
- "Like Dad's," replied Bobbie.
- "With a hole in the top,"—The Torch, Pfeiffer Junior College.

## THE LIBRARY NOOK

"FOGHORNS"  
By Howard Pease.  
(Reviewed by Ted Wallace)

"Foghorns" is a thrilling title for a thrilling sea mystery by Howard Pease. San Francisco's famous waterfront and the setting of the story which is centered on the ever present labor troubles that all ordinary seamen face.

The story begins when Greg Richards, a young lover of the sea, has come to San Francisco amid the protests of his wealthy aunt, with the determination to secure a job on a ship. Finding that jobs are scarce, he is about to give up when a stranger offers him a ship which entices him to a job on the freighter, "Araby."

Taking a chance, Greg buys the ticket and reports for duty on board the "Araby," only to find himself involved in a mystery that will be solved only through a series of exciting adventures into San Francisco's Chinatown.

Having lived many years near the colorful waterfront, Pease paints a vivid picture of the various activities that are practiced there.

## Alumni News

Wilhelmina Efrid was recently honored by being nominated for office of chief marshal at W. C. U. N. C. Wilhelmina is a housewife and also a member of the student legislature.

Francois Henning was among the twenty-five students to participate in a swimming meet at W. C. recently.

Hilda Foreman was selected to play a leading role in the play "The Three Cornered Moon," given by Playwrights at Appalachian State Teachers' school.

Craig Hopkins, a student at Wake Forest, has been elected president of the N. Y. Guley Law society. Craig also is treasurer of Gamma Eta Gamma, legal fraternity.

Loise Leonard was one of the four students at Appalachian to make an average of "A" on all subjects.

## Exchanges

Nell: "Can you swim?"  
Ann: "It all depends on how handsome the lifeguard is."

Teacher: "How long did this year work last?"  
Student: "About ten years, I think."—Spencer *His Life*, Spencer High School.

Lee: "Honestly, would you think I bought this car second hand?"  
John: "No, I thought you made it yourself."—*Pine Whispers*, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mrs. Brown: "You have acute intelligence."  
Carl: "Tee! Hee! Do you think so?"

Those who go to college and never get out are called professors.—*The Torch*, Pfeiffer Junior College.

Reporter: "To what do you attribute your old age?"  
Centenarian: "For the first seventy years of my life the motor car was not invented, and for the last thirty years I have not been out on the streets."—*Facts and Fems*, Thomsville, North Carolina.

## Basket Lockers

Are Installed  
Another addition to the modern equipment in the gymnasium, the convenient baskets installed in the girls' dressing room. Each girl taking "gym" has an individual basket with a lock.

The girls say that since the baskets have been put in, their clothes stay in much better condition.

## CAMPUS CHATTER

Bang! Don't get excited; there's no cause for alarm. The only Frank's heart breaking... It looks like Max S. has to be among three girls, and one of 'em doesn't live here. Elizabeth "Walt" came to see "Duck" C. one night. Too bad she didn't take a date... It is rumored that a girl from Kannapolis is breaking a date... C. B. gives you a rush in his class—when she's not giving him one... Jewell A. and... Jack and Wally's romance... Rachel L. "loves every move" she makes... M. is making A's... Another G. A. R. dance... The D. A. R. has just tumbled when Tommy R. smiles at her... Bet Alfred L. and Dora P. are going to be married... Margaret J. down the country when she got "Maggie" had dated Reuben... Have you seen "Phenomena" when Doc tries to burn in on another of Bonnie's dates... There was a bit of forgery going on there... "Walt" gets a date with "Knotty," of course... "Hamp" did himself up any better when he broke that date with the fem in the hoo... "Gee," C. prefers a K to an A on her sweater... How the ledge boys can break hearts... The little one has a freshman being for married... Annette S. has the softest boys all over... We spring 'em in basketball... We wrapped it up, and it was just as I thought... The Junior-Senior (if that's what it is) will bring more affairs to affairs. S' long till the special senior edition... THE WISE OLDS

## AN APRIL DAY

A glorious change has come pass—  
An April sky is overhead,  
In clouds the wind blows the  
And flowers are no longer  
And bursting from their  
The golden buttercups  
Awakened from their  
The hyacinth and the croc  
Gleam in it, and the  
is filled with their petals.  
Blush-tinted petals of the  
Peach-blossoms lend a  
To where—withdrawn into  
Into the arms of Spring  
The jeweled hill is sparkling  
'Neath fleecy clouds in a  
blue.  
The woods are full of  
Fresh violets spring up  
And mossy stones by  
Now hide arbutus in cool  
—Jane M.

## CHARLIE'S FORD

Charlie bought a sporting  
He'd saved for quite a while  
In fact he'd planned this  
To drive for boys a year  
Until at last in a farmer's  
This boy and Ford were  
The ballad is not funny  
It really is no joke...  
Cause Charlie's Ford will  
have stopped  
Could he have found the  
But when the weary motor  
And all the jerks died out  
He even hauled down the  
From his spot away on the  
Beneath the hood he found  
parts:  
He loosened up some  
And since he knew not what  
He threw away the plugs  
Away went plugs and tires  
Followed by the clutch, so  
The "Charlie" thought he  
cease  
This useless waste of junk  
He tied a wire around the  
And also round each foot  
He even hauled down the  
And put tape over the  
He pushed old Lizzie up  
And started coasting down  
He hoped to reach a higher  
And coast on into town.  
Charlie's Ford tore  
And that soon made Charlie  
And so he made a left turn  
The curve went to the  
Now, Charlie's Ford is on the  
No, not with a  
But in the city dump she  
As "tops" among the  
—Charles L.

## FERDINAND, THE BULL

Old Ferdinand was a peaceful bull;  
His color was snow white;  
He liked to herd the birdsing, sing,  
But never liked to fight.

He was as friendly as the chickens,  
And as playful as the dog;  
He played leap-frog with all the  
chickens,  
And went swimming with the  
hog.

He was so unsuspecting  
As to play with Joe, the snake;  
When rattler Joe stuck out his  
tongue,  
Old "Ferdie" began to shake.

Frightened Ferdinand checked out,  
And, followed by the snake;  
He ran about a hundred miles,  
Before he pushed the brake.

"Ferdie" got on a railroad track,  
And, tired from his dash, he  
He didn't see the "Silver Streak,"  
And on toward him it rumbled.

The train was blowing as it  
charged;  
Ferdinand arose;  
This fight, it was his first and last,  
As everybody knows.

Old Ferdinand's remains were laid  
beneath the railroad's flowers.  
Upon his grave a tree  
Like a protector towered.

These are the words carved on the  
Tomb;  
For every passerby to see:  
"It happened on a midnight clear,  
The stars were shining bright,  
Here lies the peaceful Ferdinand,  
Who lost his only fight."