

The Full Moon

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ALBEMARLE, N. C., MAY 31, 1939

CONGRATULATIONS!

Hats off to the winners! Yes, the Full Moon staff wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate all contest winners. First, we recognize our music director, Mr. Fry; the Boys' Glee club and chorus: the quartet and soloist, Bill Mann, C. B. Efrid, Claud Shankle, and Bill Hough. All these boys and Sammy Andrew, one of Miss Worsham's pupils, gave splendid performances at the state music contest in Greensboro, winning six first places, one second, and one third.

Following the music came the typing contest, in which Billie Ray Drye, with no errors, captured from over 7,000 entries, first place. Keep up the good work, Billie Ray!

Albemarle High netters emerged victorious in the South Piedmont tennis tournament, as a result of their excellent playing. Josephine Whitley and Bill Mann were top scorers. Nice going, "champs!"

We are proud of you, honor society initiates. It is truly right that you be recognized for your outstanding scholarship, service, character, and leadership.

And here's a hand for the new student participation officers! Chosen for your popularity, leadership ability, and versatility, you will be expected to be dependable and unselfish in your efforts to bring about still closer student-faculty and student-student relationships.

Our compliments to the creative writing class and the staff of the Al-Hi-Script, who have this year edited two attractive and interesting numbers of the first literary magazine ever published in A. H. S. This publication should be continued, for it motivates the students' interest in writing.

To the seniors we offer our congratulations and best wishes. Especially is honor due the first twelfth grade graduates.

And yet one more time—congratulations to A. H. S.! We are proud of you and proud to know that we are a part of you. Again you are on the Southern association list, a rating which assures your graduates of acceptance at any college without entrance examinations. You have installed, this year, a chapter of the National Honor society; you have been given a double "A" rating due to the fact that a twelfth grade has been added. We congratulate you not only on these achievements but also on the fact that you have teachers who train students thoroughly and students who have "what it takes" to be winners!

HAVE YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT?

Someone has said, "We indicate our character and ambition by the use of our leisure time." There are three months of leisure ahead. How do we plan to use this time?

Of course, thinking about it now, we are looking forward just to eating, sleeping, enjoying shows and parties, and dreaming away a drowsy good time. And it will be just that for the first three or four days. Then we shall be faced with the startling realization that this reveling isn't what we thought it would be.

As we begin to wonder what we are going to do the rest of the summer vacation, we take the question of a job or a hobby into consideration. Through a job we get experience for an occupation we may take up later. Then there is the question of spending money; a job easily solves that problem.

An interesting hobby is an ideal diversion for the long, hot summer days. Starting from something we are mildly interested in, a hobby can develop into an engaging, profitable business. And even though a hobby might not reward us in a monetary way, it can still be a thoroughly enjoyable pastime.

Summer sports can't be left out. There's nothing like a peppy swim or a set of tennis to regain that old vim, vigor, and vitality.

Remember those best-sellers we've been planning to read? Well, summer is the best time imaginable to catch up on our reading. A tall glass of ice-cold lemonade, our favorite lawn chair under a shady tree, and we're ready to crawl in for a quiet session of good reading.

Naturally we all like to travel, to make new contacts, to see new places, to live new experiences; so why not take a trip this summer?

Through jobs, hobbies, sports, and travel we can improve our character, broaden our outlook on life, and work further toward the realization of our ambitions.

ETIQUETTE

Q. Does one ever thank a clerk for waiting on him?

A. Yes, get in the habit of thanking everybody for everything. This brands you polite in any company.

Q. At any meal what should one do before drinking beverages?

A. Use his napkin.

Q. What piece of silver should one use to put jelly on his bread?

A. The knife.

Q. Where should a man walk when he is with two ladies?

A. He takes the curb. He should never sandwich himself between them.

Q. What is the most important thing to remember when one is in public?

A. To be quiet and inconspicuous. Never try to draw attention to yourself.



NORTHWEST PASSAGE

Kenneth Roberts

Reviewed by Bill Mann

"Northwest Passage" brings to view an almost unknown figure in the early history of the United States, Major Rogers, and shows through his incredible exploits that he was one of the greatest of Indian fighters.

Langdon Towne, a young artist, after getting into trouble at Harvard for drawing a mock picture of one of the trustees and later being threatened with arrest and imprisonment at home for criticizing some of the King's officers, joins Rogers's Rangers and follows him on these expeditions.

Soon after, the war is over, and Major marries the girl who is engaged to Towne but who puts money and position above love. Towne, crushed by this, goes to England to forget her. He continues his study of art there, living a boring, uneventful life.

After he has been in London for about a year, he sees Major Rogers, who tells fantastic tales of a Northwest passage. About this time he receives a contract to go to America and paint a series of Indian pictures. He then joyfully accepts Rogers's invitation to help him discover the Northwest passage.

"Northwest Passage" has the elements—literary distinction, historical accuracy, humor and romance—to make the book most enjoyable.

Alumni News

HONORS WON AT W. C.

Wilhelmina Efrid has been elected vice president of the Adelpian society. She also recently served as dance chairman for the junior-senior formals and as junior marshal at the May Day exercises.

Geraldine Rogers has been chosen as junior marshal of the Cornelian society for next year.

Frances Henning was chosen corresponding secretary of the Dikean society recently.

The Dikean society also selected Helen Morgan as junior marshal for next year. Helen was accompanist for the dances given at May Day exercises.

Patricia Ross is one of the twenty-four dancers who will take part in the spring dance program at Mississippi State college for Women in Columbus, Mississippi.

Franklin Niven was recently elected vice president of the junior class at Davidson college. Franklin has also made a good record in athletics this year, playing football, basketball, and baseball.

Carl Helms was recently honored for his record made at Riverside Military academy at Gainesville, Ga., by being awarded a merit ribbon for having won a hundred merits this year.

Mildred Easley and Jewell Bowie graduated from Capitol City School of Nursing, Washington, D. C., May 29.

CAMPUS



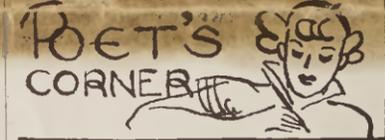
CHATTER

A coupla flashes!

Do these seniors make time in the last month? If you don't believe it, just take a look at Virginia C. and Bill Hough. Did you ever see the like of "love licks" that they're passing? . . . Margaret Turner is gonna spend her whole summer in Richfield . . . And Pearl Smith! Ummm! . . . Wonder why Louise H. is so anxious for school to be over . . . Just ask Evelyn T. about the new '39 Ford deluxe coupes. She should be able to tell you all about 'em! . . . Warren P. is always right on the "Dot" when he's in Badin . . . Bruce L. rushing "Jerry" these days . . . Maybe if Ned B. weren't such a woman-hater, he'd give Tina G. a break. She thinks he's sweet! . . . "Bert" has a new admirer in Charles Lowder. Why doesn't somebody start a boarding house on Fourth street? . . . Wilma was seen parking at the Badin dam one Sunday afternoon . . . Is Douglas really breaking Marie's heart? Well, at least he's breaking their dates . . . When "Laffy" dates any girl but Clara, she really rates. Nice goin', Ann! . . . That Stone gal seems awfully interested in the Press nowadays. Of course it's strictly professional . . . And W. I. Efrid continues on the rampage—with upper classmen . . . Frank, did you know your gal could write the sweetest notes . . . If Bonnie and "Doc" are mad, we'd love to see 'em when they aren't . . . Boy, doesn't that Steele girl attract a mob though? Must be the accent! . . . Why did Nell D. have to look so especially pretty for a certain Concord dance? . . . And even the Statesville baseball team leaves notes for "Sister" . . . When the cast first started practicing for the senior play, Rachel wished it were C. B. instead of "Doug" she could embrace . . . Weren't "Phenie" and "Alex" the cutest couple at the banquet? . . . Why does "Jerry" C. blush every time she hears a motorcycle? . . . Don't feel so bad about it, Glenn. It happens to the best of us. Anyway, Endy's not the only town on the map . . . Rogers A. has up a case with Rubye Anderson . . . Bill B. says his "date ticket" with "Ginny" G. doesn't work . . . Howard C. still sticks to New London . . . Walsie B. has turned Badin on us too . . . Don't these high school rings get around though, Iris? . . . "Scootie" had a marvelous time in Chapel Hill one week-end . . . And so did "Polly" B. at Riverside . . . "King" Jack is now the hero of—Sara Doby! . . . Who brings Hazel M. candy every day? I wouldn't be Paul P., or would it? . . . Bill M. says he's in love. Too bad A. P. beat him to the date. And where did Oron come in that night, or did he? . . . Why doesn't "Hoochie" try working a little math sometimes? . . . Wanted: A one-way trip to Concord—Jack Lowder . . . The creative writing excursion brought more than a little inspiration, huh, "Shakespeare"? . . . Julia M. is more than just casually interested in Norwood . . . James G. has suddenly taken a liking to Mooresville . . . How many know why Pauline F. went to S. C.? . . . "Knottsy" can certainly write goeey love letters . . .

Well, the end is here, but I'll be back. I'll be snoopin' around a little more time for a lot more romances. I'll be snoopin' around all summer and will tell you all about ev'rything next September.

YE WISE OLD OWL.



GRADUATION DAY

I've labored hard from day to day
To gain all knowledge that I may,
So that in the end there'd be
A graduation day for me.

I've studied books both large and small;
Some were hard—no fun at all,
But I was sure I'd win some way
A diploma commencement day.

Now joy and gladness dispel fear,
For graduation day is here!
Persistent work and patience too
Are the things that brought me through.

In my hand I hope you see
A scroll that's very dear to me.
How much I've won nobody can say
Till I have proved its worth some day.

—MARGARET TURNER.

DEAR ALBEMARLE HIGH SCHOOL

(Tune: "My Heart's in the Highlands")
Farewell to our teachers, farewell
to our school,
The birthplace of learning, our
valuable tool;
Wherever we wander, wherever we
rove,
Dear Albemarle High School for-
ever we'll love.

Farewell to our colors, the white
and royal blue,
Farewell to our motto and school
song so true;
Dear school, when we think of you
day after day,
We shall, in spirit, never be far
away.

Our hearts are with classmates,
whom we hold dear,
May memories of them live year
after year;
Wherever we wander, wherever we
rove,
Dear Albemarle High School for-
ever we'll love.

—HAZEL MAULDIN.

FAREWELL

To our dear old Albemarle High,
We've come at last to say good-by—
Five happy years did swiftly pass
Encompassed in our school-room
class.

We've loved each happy moment
here;
(Forgive us if we shed a tear)
How hard it is for us to say
That we must now be on our way.

We've met each obstacle and won
This all-absorbing race we've run
At last we've reached our shining
goal,
For which we've strived, with heart
and soul.

As onward through the years we
go,
And try to conquer each new foe
To our class colors we'll be true—
We'll gladly follow the white and
blue.

Now on this graduation day,
Which is a milestone 'long our way,
We must, at last, bid all good-by—
A fond farewell to our old High!

—IRIS ALMOND.

WHILE I LIVE

I will not ask that in the future
years,
When I have passed into that far
off Land,
You come to me with kisses, smiles
or tears—
For your true love I would not
understand.

I will not ask that lovely flowers
be brought
There on my grave to wither and
to die.
I will not ask that my name e'er
be wrought
On monuments that rise up to the
sky.

I need the joy that your dear face
can bring,
I need the comfort that your smile
will give,
And your sweet voice, just like the
birds that sing,
Not after I'm dead, but while I live.
So if you have a blessing to be-
stow,
Or if you have a kindly word to
give,
Don't wait till I am lying low
Beneath the earth, but tell me
while I live.

—JULIA MABRY.