

● In Retrospect

It is a hard task to compress within the twelve pages of a Senior edition the lights and shadows that have made a school year memorable.

In a real sense, this Senior edition is but a key to the preceeding issues. Throughout the year we have tried to bring you in somewhat more detail the passing parade. Student endeavor in all fields has been encouraged and publicized.

We have attempted to inform you, entertain you, and challenge you. The extent to which we have succeeded will not be immediately perceptible. It is only as you continue to derive enjoyment from these issues that they will be of real value.

With these thoughts in mind, we present to you your Senior edition. Full conscious that it is far unworthy of the class, we hope that you may, nevertheless, enjoy its pages.

● How's Your Ambition?

"Ah, this is the life!"

Is this you, the month after school is out, lying out under the trees in a hammock, with a "coke", and doing nothing but watching the clouds sail by?

Well, that's one way to spend the summer. But, if you must spend it this way, why not take a good book along to the hammock and catch up on some of those books you have intended to read for so long?

Or why not slip into the kitchen before it gets too hot and practice up on some of those recipes you've been collecting all winter, girls?

That could apply to the boys, too, but why not get out and polish up that tennis game, or that stroke you never could quite master in swimming? Or, if your mind runs along more constructive lines, how about working on some of those things you started for your mother in manual training and just half finished? Or maybe you could help improve the looks of your house or yard.

Any of these things and many more, just small things, too, but so worthwhile would they be that when the summer's over, you really will have gained something besides a master's degree in loafing.

THE FULL MOON

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And, By The Way

Photographs

Class photographs and individual pictures seem very important at graduation time.

If you look over a box of old photographs, you will see at once that a person should be photographed in an extremely simple way, with all the photographer's emphasis on the features and practically none on one's clothes. Then, when the styles change, the likeness will still be the noticeable part of the picture.

Do not give your photographs away freely. Beware also of silly snapshots; you will loathe the sight of them in a year or two. Don't be photographed in "two's" and "couple's." Friendships change.

A boy, of course, never exhibits a girl's picture, even a snapshot, and he never boasts about having such a picture.

Photographs are either intimate family treasures or matters of real news value for newspapers. The average young person's picture has no place in a newspaper. It is different with the Royal Family and with the President's children, but with few others.

* * *

Traveling

The biggest problem connected with travel is money.

You read delightful accounts of college lads who go round the world with five dollars and a kodak, of girls who walk from Chicago to California, of students on the Continent who sleep in the open. If each were not one in ten thousand, the account would not have been published. These are not the travelers who must get to some particular engagement by a very definite date, the opening of school, the vacation visit, or college "prom," and who must look neat and ship-shape, well-pressed, and clean when they step off the train.

The perfect way to travel in safety and mental comfort is to have stored carefully away in travelers' checks the price of a ticket back home, and in addition, a sum to cover all meals you would ordinarily eat on the way. Don't spend every cent you have on a last theater ticket, a final sightseeing trip, or another present for the family. Save out enough for emergencies on the trip, particularly for food. Do not think, in happy-go-lucky style, that you can telegraph home for money at the last minute. Sometimes you can't get the money order cashed; sometimes the money isn't at home.

Career Men and Women - Yeah, But What Careers They Have Chosen For Themselves!

Among this year's graduates are some 25 students who will continue their school work in college, 4 listed for nursing, and others interested in various fields.

Colleges in which they plan to enroll are: William and Mary, Duke, Wake Forest, University of North Carolina, Winthrop, Georgia Tech, State, Appalachian, Catawba, Lenoir Rhyne, W. C. U. N. C., and Oak Ridge.

Some 10 or 12 graduates are planning to take a business course at King's or Guyer's Business College in Charlotte. One is to study music at Texas College.

Two wish to be interior decorators and some 30 hope to take up various positions after graduation. Quite a number are still undecided what they will do.

Some students when asked what they planned to do gave very clever answers.

Robert Tucker—I am going to work for my father in his wholesale business by day and date by night.

BOOK BROWSINGS

"I Wanted to Be An Actress:—An absorbing autobiography by the greatest actress of our time, published by Random House, New York, 361 pp.

The warmth and charm that helped Katharine Cornell become "The First Lady of the American Stage" shine through the pages of her autobiography. This is the intimate record of her life and career—her school days in Buffalo, her early apprenticeship in stock, her notable successes in a host of plays, her record-breaking tour of the whole United States.

Miss Cornell tells of her husband and Jessie Bonstelle and the others who have helped to make her career, about the actors she has played with and the parts she has played. Amusing incidents, stories of her blunders and mistakes—stories that bring gay laughter.

Perhaps the most amusing was Miss Cornell's account of her stay in the White House in 1937, when she was presented the Chi Omega National Sorority's award for the outstanding woman's achievement of the year. After her delightful account of their train trip she says:

"A White House equerry met us at the station, and we were whisked away in great elegance—an elegance not enhanced, I must admit, by having Guthrie's faithful, travel-worn, break-away bag burst open on the station platform, scattering his shirts, ties, and shorts under the dignified feet of official Washington."

Miss Cornell speaks—directly, easily to you, for this is a story told, not written. As you listen, if you have the eyes of recollection, you will keep seeing a face, a face which changes constantly—the smiles of Juliet—the eyes of Elizabeth Barret—. If you have the ears of memory, you will keep hearing a voice, a voice which will echo forever through the legend of our theatre . . .

HATS OFF TO:

Mrs. A. C. Huneycutt for the use of her yard and home in taking senior superlative pictures.

Sammy Andrew for his typing record, 71 words a minute with four mistakes for fifteen minutes.

The Parent-Teacher Association for taking as its objective for next year buying robes for the mixed chorus group.

Betsy Ivey, Carolyn Stone, and Virginia Stone for a grand job on ads for this Senior issue.

Margaret Ridenhour, Lucille Palmer, and Sammy Andrew for their initiation into the National Honor Society.

The Girls' Tennis Team for the championship of the South Piedmont Conference for the second consecutive year.

J. P. Mauldin—Undecided until Helen finishes school.

Coral Coble—I'm going to be a traveling salesman "South of the Border."

Monford Fesperman—If I am not a target in Germany, I will work in a hosiery mill.

Lydia Bowers—Since my debut in "Mama's Baby Boy" failed to catch the eye of the beauty lovers in Hollywood, I have finally decided to spend my coming years to further the interest of the interior decorations of chicken coops and hog pens.

Bill Helms—"Nobody knows."

Hurl Almond— Play while the sun shines, Court when the moon shines, And work when I have to.

Bob Lipe—We are moving to the farm, so I guess I'll have to start a diary on a chicken farm.

Campus Chatter

At last we know dear spring is here, And this is how we tell:

The girls all go with piled up hair, But gosh! It looks like—

* * *

Hot weather has arrived at last And this will be my text, The gals have left their stockings, What will they take off next?

* * *

Senior's Lament

I think that there will never be Another senior dumb as me. A guy who tries from day to day To cut his work in every way. I wish that one true fact I'd learned For every cigarette I've burned; But after all it's not so bad, For look at all the fun I've had.

* * *

Boys

Graduation time has come And this is what I hate: My working hours are longer now— They've stretched from five to eight.

* * *

Girls

The time has come to leave this school I'm out and free again; To heck with working any more I'm out to get a man.

* * *

Student: My radio plays lots better since you fixed it, Mr. Hatley. I turned it on the other night and got Bolivia.

Mr. Hatley: That's nothing! I opened the window the other night and got Chicago.

* * *

Oscar Speight, a small, red-headed freshman, was absent from school for several days. When a friend asked him why he had been out so long his answer was:

"Well, it's like this. It's been a long while since I got a haircut, so I had to stay out and get one."

* * *

Miss Caughman learned several interesting facts when going over her eighth grade papers, but the most interesting was one little girl's answer to the question "How can they play football in Pasadena, Calif., on New Year's eve, if it is so hot here?"

The answer was, "By moonlight."

* * *

There was a 'hoss' race in the hills the other evening. Jockey Phenix and hoss Creel galloped in neck and neck across the old finish line with Jockey arie and hoss Keith coming in second.

Jockey Sarah and hoss Bill coming in third. Yes, the three couples staged a 'piggy back' race the other night that was a real shame.

* * *

The hottest affair in these hills is and it's a trio at that!! The members of the Master Denning, Miss Bobbie Morrow, Master Oron Rogers. Miss Morrow was to tell which "she" care for the most. She says all three parked (Bobbie, what would mother say?) in Forest Hills the other night. Tsk! Tsk! This younger generation!

* * *

Careful there how you hand out! you are driving a car, you had better hold out a piece of wood or something to signal a turn. Buck Mabry did that through town and held out his hand for a right turn. Suddenly all the members of Albemarle running for political office shook his hand before he could drive back into the car.

* * *

Believe it or not, but Mr. Gibson actually turned janitor. The other day during the early hours of the school Mr. Gibson was propelling the lawn mower while Hailey was sitting in the shade but don't get the wrong impression, it was a power lawn mower.