

● Bug-y Days Here Again

Cleo, King Edward, Nurica, Cremo, Clara, Mediation, John Jr., Princess, Blue Ribbon, Hav-A-Tampa, El-Reese-So, and El Moro.

No—this isn't French, Spanish, Latin, German, or "what-have-you." Sounds somewhat like a wholesale cigar store, but careful inspection of these boxes did not reveal large rolls of nicotine as expected.

When the lid was raised, (Boo!) the eye was focused on Orthoptera, Lepidoptera, Coleoptera, Hymenoptera, Hemiptera, Diptera, and Neuroptera with oak, briar, golden rod, galls, and weevils with eggs, larva, pupa, and adults—the total being some 3,000 members of the Hexapod group which will not devour man's (and woman's) beans and cabbage next year.

After two frightful weeks of chasing six-legged creatures with butterfly nets, (made from everything in formaldehyde vials, the six biology classes have pinned these cossacklike creatures through the thorax, and tagged them for inspection Friday.

Wayne Hall, one of Miss Moore's biology students, says his mother has been so frightened with the wiggling things that he and Merrill have dragged in, she is ready to "up-and leave" the house to them and the varmints.

Scores of the students are ready to call the course bugology rather than biology, but just for wait until the leaves turn (Ah! colorful fall) and all these pieces will change to xanthophyll, carotophyll, and entrophyll.

● "There's a Great Day Coming"

Since the P. T. A. meeting Thursday night in the interest and enthusiasm in the Mixed Chorus has grown from day to day. The number who responded to the call will need to be cut to fifty or sixty, however, as the practice room is too small to seat eighty-eight. This will not be easy to do as there is much good material due to the large number from last year's class responding and also a number of promising new voices.

The new vestments which the P. T. A. is giving the Mixed Chorus will be worn on numerous occasions: for chapel programs, at various choruses, and for commencement music.

Last year the Boys' Chorus and the Girls' Chorus were eligible to compete in the Regional Contest at West Palm Beach. It is hoped that they, as well as the Mixed Chorus, will do as well this year.

THE FULL MOON

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Boys' Ideal Girl

Girls, read this and then take stock of yourselves and see how you stand with the stronger (?) sex. These were several of the views given when the boys were approached on the subject.

"A sense of humor, first and foremost, and then she should have a lively interest in sports, along with intellectual interest."—Mr. McFadyen.

"Diond hair, big blue eyes, and she'd have to be strong so she could cook and clean house for me."—Bob Morrow.

Another one with his mind on domestic affairs says, "She will be one that is a good cook and be a good driver and not wear too much make-up."—Ray Leffer.

"Very sweet and understanding with a good sense of humor. And then she should be so brilliant in school—and I do like long hair," says Jimmy Peck.

"She couldn't be very tall and she should have dark eyes and hair. But most of all, I like one who doesn't say more so that I can do all the talking."—John Morrow.

STUDENT IMPRESSIONS

1—Nickname "Blondie" . . . weakness Georgie . . . hangout Badin (?) . . . ambition to be able to say, "Hold, who goes there?"

2—Nickname "Lamour" . . . weakness R. C. (and we don't mean cola) . . . hangout anywhere they have Campbell (R) . . . ambition to be smaller than T. S.

3—Nickname "Ull" . . . weakness Tommy R. . . hangout Elfrid's store . . . ambition to get T. R.'s autograph.

4—Nickname "Jimmy Cricket" . . . weakness Ruby May Talley . . . hangout anywhere on somebody else's bicycle . . . ambition to be Ruby May's henpecked husband.

5—Nickname "Two Ton" . . . weakness "Sweetie" McCarnes . . . hangout following Tommy and Lois . . . ambition to be a fat boy and love fat girls.

6—Nickname "Shorty" . . . weakness Alva Ruth . . . hangout Ice Cream Parlor . . . ambition to be tall.

7—Nickname "Maze" . . . weakness boys (little or big, tall or short) . . . hangout anywhere there is a crowd . . . ambition to be skinny.

8—Nickname "Daddy Rabbit" . . . weakness "Skipper" . . . hangout Oakboro . . . ambition to go to Carolina.

9—Nickname "Beau" . . . weakness Willie . . . hangout Phillips . . . ambition to get married.

10—Nickname "Skipper" . . . weakness John Sides . . . hangout Ice Cream Parlor . . . ambition to go to Carolina.

Nuts, Lipstick, Slugs, Keys, Shoe Horns; Everything, But Money, In Boys' Pockets

Although only small boys are supposed to carry their pockets full, the eleventh grade boys in A. H. S. have the fullest pockets, a roving reporter who played pickpocket discovered a few days ago.

Everything from an empty Prince Albert tobacco can, a cluster of nuts, and moth balls to shoe horns and a social security card rest peacefully in innocent pockets. The poor pockets have nothing whatever to do about this!

In the Freshman class pencils, slugs, keys, rubber bands, and combs reigned supreme. In all, classes, Freshie Senior, seemed to have an unusual desire to have neat (?) hair. Almost everyone had combs. There were only a few fingernail files present, however.

In the ninth and tenth grades two shoe horns were found. What purpose they served was not discovered, but they evidently had a reason for going in those pockets, perhaps a hangover from Miss



Theme—
"Good Books—Good Friends"

FAIR NEWS

Well, here we are back again at the fair, taking it all in and trying to see who or what we can do.

There's Pansy Morton and Ruby Anderson hanging on to H. A. Perry . . . Louise and Chavel standing open-mouthed before the Wren-Planes . . . Jimmy, Larry, Ted, and Fred coming out of the (ahem) sidwows . . . and Bailey, on crutches, gazing longingly at the rides, wishing he could get on them . . . also "Skid" trying to borrow some money for "just a few more rides."

"Hoochie" and Jim Peavy (our freshman football player) got more fun out of playing hands with the girls than anything else . . . "Becky," Beupaine, Louise, and "Skipper" Barker being pursued by the football team . . . "Sister" Auten was doing all right with Hoyle Berger, too, as well as Miss Ross, Miss Holt, and Miss Hooker taking it all in with their beaux and having as much fun as any kid over there.

"Little Eddie" was walking around by himself . . . "Hall" Peck rode the Wirt-Plane fourteen times and would have ridden another but his five hamburgers were making him rather groggy . . . Our two beautiful Legion baseball players, Sherill and Jim McCarnes, looking at Paradise . . . Betty Ruth Rogers and "Totie" strolling with "Junior" and Clyde H. . . Clyde Joscy eating hamburgers as fast as he could gulp 'em down . . . Charles B. and Louise being slung around by the "O-topus" . . . Ramele P. and her fiance playing Bingo . . . Elbert "Mastro" Mullin and Bob Lipe eating hamburgers with their teeth and then trying to get a girl.

Ralph L. and "Pete" Furr posing for their pictures, also Beupaine and Newell A. having their made . . . Laura Frances, "Dot", and "Polly" chasing Ted all over the mid-way . . . "Hoochie" and Dick looking sick when they come off the Tilt-a-Whirl.

Freeman's kitchen band.

Charles Lowder, the sissy (?) had two—mind you girls, two—lipsticks! He said he collected them! Maybe you could get some free samples, girls. You'd better see him for further information. Ikey Stone, very willing to help, discovered his suite in his hip pocket! In this class also, a boy unearched five handkerchiefs! He had no cold either!

In the twelfth grade four slugs were found hidden in a pocket. The boy, it seemed, was going "digging" at the Fair! (lab 18), revealed that teachers do not need to carry much in their pockets. His pockets, when searched, produced two "brownies", a nickel and a dime, (he's been married since Christmas), two keys, a knife—it opens at both ends—an empty (?) billfold, and a handkerchief which had served its purpose all day in the laboratory.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Some students like to take a little ride (offside): To Forest Hills . . . You should see the Gulliver . . . "Roof" Hit strutting it out to the school on Saddey nights . . . The crowd and army's army, Lardner, you make up your mind?

"Whorey" Ruby Sides plays basketball . . . young Romeo out in the front of building every day at lunch . . . and Jim Peavy are learning to ride. Incidentally 20 12th graders think it is a straight gaiter . . . Love me and love my goat but romance pay . . . Bill, but ye old gossip was he . . . hands with "Knocker" Morrow . . . Coolidge Almond . . . had heartdropsy during fair week . . . der why?

The draft store does draw the girls by cranks, draw the girls for instance, Frances . . . "Twerp" Russell . . . Dolle Hader . . . Charlie (see-saw) Lowder man . . . paradise or is it "Fair" for the . . . John Morrow is just about nuts . . . Jane Hatley . . . Two girls . . . junior and sophomore classes . . . to writing a certain 12th grader's . . . day in a particular class. Ask R.

Blondes can get them, if they are blond, and thirteen—Uh, Ruby K. . . Jackie Leffer vs. Jewell Maudin . . . "wapped" boy friends, or is it . . . petition between the Kinley K. . . fred the Great . . . A certain ga . . . Fred Mazel's boy friend from L . . . Or is it the convertible she likes . . . The freshmen are on equal t . . . the upper classmen when it comes . . . dances, such as Donald Whiting . . . zel Little's romance . . . What . . . Gerald Mann snuck into a . . . day he sang, "Good-bye Little Ramele Morris sits in the . . . Home yard with a certain 'Le . . . Don't we like pitchers though? . . .

WHY ISN'T—
Laura Frances a Gnow instead of Peck?
Dick an Employee instead of a man?
Flonnie a Parkenminute instead of Ridenhour?
Everette a Humppable instead of Ford?
Beatrice a Franklin instead of a tin?
Polly a Jay Bird instead of a Jane a Lifter instead of a Ter . . . Lafayette a Whitepump instead of Blackwell?
Lloyd a Slideside instead of a . . . Dot a Rider instead of a Par . . . Betsy a Wandering Dew instead of Ivey?
Fred a Half-wit instead of a . . .

I'm not under the influence of . . . although some think maybe pay . . . not as tink as you drunk I am . . . so foolish.

I wonder who's me.

LUCK

I've found four-leaf clovers galen . . . And lucky pins a goodly store.

Some lads to gain . . . Have picked up hair-pins every day . . . Made numerous wishes on loads of . . . But all in vain.

One's Luck doesn't always prove . . . For what good will pins and combs . . . I cannot see.

As I would have it it is going . . . The man I wanted did propose . . . But not to me.

ODE TO FRESHMAN CLASS

I stood upon a high bluff, . . . I looked down on a lane . . . I saw a lot of green stuff . . . That looked like waving grain . . . I stared at it with puzzled eyes . . . And thought it must be grain . . . But goodness! To my great joy . . . It was our Freshman class!