

Hats Off To:

Mr. Isley, Florence Splude and Margaret Nisbet for the orchestration of the music for the band program.

The band for the chapel program. The student council for compiling the students' best-loved songs.

The P.-T. A. for the super-elegant square dance we enjoyed so, and to the Boosters' club for the advertising of it.

The eleventh grade for having the greatest number of students on the honor roll this month—forty.

The sociology classes for getting a flag for the auditorium.

The V. F. W. for giving a H. S. the flag for the new flagpole.

Miss Moore's homeroom for having 100 per cent on housekeeping every time so far.

The B team for allowing only one touchdown to be scored against them all season.

The Wicasset Mills for their gift of hand instruments.

Chapel Programs Enjoyed

Hoorsy for the new chapel programs we're having this year! Everybody is co-operating to put the "homeroom" chapel programs over and is having a swell time doing it.

There will be a chapel program from every homeroom in the school before the school year is over, and if they end as well as they began, there will be a great many more good times in store for the school.

So here's to better and better chapel programs as the year progresses!

Oh, Say Can You See

Halt!  
Salute!

Owing to the thoughtfulness of the sociology classes, A. H. S. will soon get a flag for the auditorium.

Sponsored by members of the classes, a campaign to make money to buy the flag has been staged throughout the high school.

This act, which shows how patriotic the students are, has received much favorable comment.

"The Full Moon" wishes to express its sympathy to the family of Max Russell, who was killed in an automobile accident on November 2.

Max, an outstanding high school student, graduated from A. H. S. with the class of '38.

THE FULL MOON

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Albe marble, N. C., November 25, 1940



GIRLS' IDEAL BOY STUDENT IMPRESSIONS

Last month the boys gave the dope on the girls. This month the tables are turned. The girls are going to tell what they think.

When asked about her "Ideal Boy," Sybil Lowder replied, "I like 'em with black hair, blue or green eyes. I like them better if they have on a military uniform."

Betty Ruth Roger's choice was a short, brown-haired boy that's lots of fun. "I like one that drives a Plymouth or Pontiac."

When Miss Ross was asked, she said, "I want one tall, dark and handsome. He must like milk and not take me seriously. He must like football, drive a car and be a grand driver."

Betty Jane Hatley's answer was, "I like 'em a little taller than I am, with freckles and blond hair."

Mabel Underwood said, "He should be neat in appearance, look well enough, and above all, be sincere!"

1. Nickname "Eesie" . . . pastime flirting . . . weakness Ted Wallace . . . known by mouth . . . ambition to win Ted's heart.
2. Nickname "Shortie" . . . pastime talking . . . weakness all girls . . . known by stuttering . . . ambition to pass World History.
3. We call her "Bill" . . . pastime singing . . . weakness a certain young man . . . known by smallness . . . ambition to marry that certain young man.
4. Just "Lulu" . . . pastime talking about Charles . . . weakness Charles Bowie . . . known by smallness and by mouth . . . ambition to be in the movies.
5. Nickname "Cobbie" . . . pastime chewing gum . . . weakness Budin . . . known by long finger nails . . . ambition to get married.
6. Better known as "Mot" . . . pastime laughing . . . weakness slim girls . . .

Campus Chatter -- Dead Straight (?)

Who is it that makes the girls' hearts flap at first sight? Oh! None other than the handsome freshman, Warren Furr . . . "Mickey" Willford often strolls the campus at Catswha on "Sally" nights. Why not, with a Romeo as handsome as Robert Deese? . . . "There's something about a soldier" that puts a diamond on your finger, Mary Ellis . . . "Look out" but who is it? "Look out" another curve—Oh! it couldn't be Junior Oglesby making all that disturbance with his "Chevie" full of dames—or could it? . . .



Sherill Cranford sure has got the attention of the upper class girls. You've got technique, Sherill; hang on to it and you'll be a professor some day . . . "Without you, (Floyd) I don't think I'll live," says Marie Herlocker . . . The love bug sure has bit "Butch" and Newell. Maybe it's bit too hard and it's true love for always and only . . . Bill and Doreen have a mind just like the weather . . . Hope springs eternally in the six-year romance of "Fluff" and Lillie Florence. "Man never is, but always to be blessed—to die an old bachelor" . . . Gosh! What about Mary Rose Johnson and Bill Long . . . Curious times, ain't it? . . . Do you, do you like the Budin fellows? . . . Or, do you.

Trust is wanting to get married but he doesn't know how; he says there are so many that he can't pick from them

all, but his choice is dear little Joyce . . . Everybody is wondering what happened to George and Ninky . . . The sophomore Grover Simpson sure has got 'oomph' on the rumba, but now he is learning the "Tango" with fifty easy lessons . . . Some lovers say love is a chicken heart fried in molasses, but Dick F. says it ticks around the heart and he can't scratch it; he ought to know, because he's often seen making goo-goo eyes at a certain group of freshmen on the north side of the building.

Jane Prester is just wadd over the twelfth grader, Ted. It is rumor they met in the show and held hands . . . Winfred Pence seems to be getting into "Principal part" tagging after Bill Parker . . . Lloyd, Lucille, Ninky, George, and the gang are often seen shoving off to Morrow Me on Sunday afternoon . . . Maxine, Dolan, Beapine and J. B. are often having fat tires too . . . Gosh! don't all the girls think Mr. Idey is swell . . . Whee!

"Chickie" is a swelligant name, but one and only one, Gaines Whitley, possesses it . . . Lib W. has your man been a draftee too? . . . "Time Grill," here we come with the gang—Genevieve, Ophelia, Mary Ellen, Evelyn, and Bill Gant, Gosh! What a car full! "I'll need a bus instead of a club coupe" . . . Bob, come down to earth where Incilla can see you.

Rest In Peace

Here lies our beloved "Mr. Mac" Friends he never seemed to be dead. But even the best of us must die. He thought he was driving too slow.

Here lie the bones of Mr. Grog. He never did buy himself a wig. So he caught a cold one winter. And blushing his last, he yawned.

Miss Rose Law lies under them. She had blue eyes and pretty hair. But she yelled so hard at a party.

Friday That now in Heaven she'll say "Howdy."

Miss Gladys Watson lies here also. She taught us Shakespeare every year. But once each student had been on time.

And now she resides—Gold Avenue, her mine.

Mrs. Eddie Gehring lies over there. Her husband is with her. I do not know. Mrs. Robertson and hers are here. She was our librarian for many years.

R. C. Hatley, the broadcaster, lies over there under the sand. He broadcast his ball games every year.

That even the dearest person on earth, Miss Holt, the girls' athletic coach. Got scared one day when she saw a snake. She dropped all she had on her. And now she reposes beneath a tree.

Charles Ibley, the leader of the band, lies way down underneath this building. He died a bachelor at eighty-two. He loved and lost his lady, you see.

The three Marys of our school are buried in this moss—Miss Knox, Miss Hege, and Miss Ross—

They taught and taught for many years. But it got them nowhere—they're here.

Over there, beneath those trees, lies Miss Fitzgerald, first name Nell. She directed good plays, we must say. Every one of them was quite a success.

Miss Willie and Paul lie here together. They were married in December. She made her first cake for "buddies" They ate—and are no longer here.

Miss Lela Hooker, who was a post was felled by a blister on the court.

Miss Elizabeth Polston, who has been got tired teaching history, so she is to fly.

Way down south in Birmingham, Alabama, lies Mildred Freeman found dead. And now she lies there, side by side with One could not live with the other.

Miss Emma Milling, the chemist, was trying one day to make something out of a chemistry set.

But she got her chemicals mixed up with her—

Room! Gee, she was such a freshman. Coach M. J. DeLotto, the boy's coach. Under this stone now resides. He coached his players, both boys and girls.

Even the ladies who "knew it all" Miss Winnie Moore, whose warm, loving arms to hunt them even in the woods 'neath the earth in a grave to rest. With stones at both her head and feet.

Miss Beulah McKenize taught the boys to sing.

But now she sings a Heavenly song. Miss Chiora Caughman beside her. Her algebra students made her laugh.

With hair so red, she used to type. But Mrs. Pauline Helms lies here. Mrs. Trosler, who taught some home ec.

(Continued on page 4)