

The Full Moon

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ALBEMARLE, N. C., DECEMBER, 1937

Paragraphs

To each and every one of you, the staff of the Full Moon wishes a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Have you seen the new venetian blinds in the offices? If not, peep in as you go by today and notice the improvements they have made.

Be careful about shooting fireworks this year, students. So many accidents that are avoidable occur during the holiday season because of the carelessness of young people in their merry-making. After all, isn't Christmas an inappropriate time to shoot fire crackers? Why not wait until Fourth of July for this type of celebration?

The Spirit of Giving

"Not what we give but what we share,"
 For the gift without the giver is bare.
 Who gives himself with his aims feeds three,
 Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me."

That is the message that Christ gave to the poor man who shared his last piece of bread with a fellow-sufferer. He had searched the world over for the Spirit of Christ and found it at last when he had performed this deed of kindness.

This could be applied to the approaching holidays. Christmas, the most joyous season of the year, is the time when we should all think of those less fortunate than we and endeavor to help them in some way. Many children will have a bleak Christmas, one in which cheer and gladness will not enter. Why not look around and find just one child whom you can bring joy to in some way this year?

The spirit of Christmas lies in the familiar quotation, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is not always the most expensive gifts that are appreciated the most. Many times it is some insignificant present that brings the most joy just because of the spirit in which it is given. Don't give because it is a duty or a habit, but do so because you really want to, for only the gifts we give with a feeling of cheerfulness really mean anything. It has been said that the true test of selfishness lies in giving to someone else the gift that you want for yourself. But how few of us do that!

"This Christmas let us be more liberal in our giving. Surely if we can succeed in bringing gladness into just one heart, our own holidays will be much happier.

Support the Basketball Teams

Let us recall the last football game, the one between Barium and Albemarle. Did you ever see a peppier crowd of boosters? It was undoubtedly the best cheering we had during the entire season. Why can't we put that much pep into our yelling at the basketball games? When the seasons begins, come out to all the games and support the teams.

Last year, although the girls' team didn't win so many games, they worked just as hard as the boys did. The prospects for this year look very bright, for there are many freshmen and sophomores out for practice, and most of the girls that won letters last year have returned. With Miss Holt as coach and Mr. Hatley assistant, they should have a very successful season.

Since Mr. Canipe can spend more time than ever before coaching the boys, they also should be a stronger team this year. Many of last year's lettermen have returned, and the places of those who were lost are well filled.

Attend all the home games this season, and yell, yell for your teams!

Thoughts on Christmas Holidays

No school! Cold crisp mornings—good old sleep—breakfasts—college friends coming home—that happy excited feeling—parties—starry nights—and eyes—moonlight—glow of open fires—seen through curtained windows—Christmas-tree lights—holly wreaths—bright-colored lights strung along Main Street—smell of cakes baking—mince-meat pies—turkey and cranberry sauce—spicy fruit cakes—aroma of coffee late at night—crowded stores—bustling and hustling of last-minute shoppers—tired and red-rimmed eyes—rustle of silver and tin—taste of glue on Red Cross seals—smell of the cedar tree in the living room—red candles—strains of "Silent Night" on radio—solemn stillness of the church—when the words, "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," are being read—Christmas cards—exciting chatter—relatives—crowded buses—the tinkle of bells—mysterious looking packages—expectant faces leaning across drug store tables—crowded cars parked at P. D. Junction—picture shows—trips to Charlotte—Santa Claus standing on the street corner surrounded by groups of excited children—bulging stockings hanging from the mantel—Christmas morning—new

handkerchiefs—socks—compact—bracelets—rings—perfume—bowls of fruit—candy and nuts—fruit cakes—Only 6 more shopping days!—Merry Christmas to all!

From the Postman's Pack

Dear Santa, Please bring me another red headed girl because my sph's done me wrong and left me—al most. Your lovely friend,
 BOB PURR

Dear Santa Claus, Please bring me some pop corn for Sadio. Also bring me a good boy—that's me. I have been a good boy just as you'd do this for me.

Trushtinely yours,
 EUGENE MORRIS

Dear Santa, I've got my hair cut so short that Bill doesn't like it anymore, so you'd better bring me a wig. Also bring me a tricycle so I can get to school on time.

Your old friend,
 "BUICK" MABRY

Dear Santa Claus, Will you please bring me two stoper gunn this year? The stopper gun you brought me last year are worn out.

Lots of love,
 "TWO-GUN" JOLLY

Dear Santa, If it is not too much trouble, will you please pick Budin up and move it next door to me? It is so hard to get there now—4 days so I can see my Romeo three times a day and after supper until mamma calls bedtime on us.

Yours hopefully,
 "KNOTSIE"

Dear Santa, Please bring me something to keep the other boys away from Jeannette. I prefer some "Stay-Away Powders" advertised by Homer Briar-hopper. If you will do this for me, I get out of school—if I ever do.

Yours devotedly,
 KENNETH MILLER

Dear Santa, old boy, When you come around my house, please bring me pink mutatche to play with me. I keep my upper lip sore all the time playing with it. Then, too, I expect you had better throw in a couple of scarfs so I can do the scarf dance in chapel.

A very good little boy,
 (Ask Miss Watson)

"PRIME" DOBY

Dear Santa Claus, I would like for you to bring me a bottle of color-hair to put in my hair. "Dinkie" doesn't like red-heads anymore. Is there anything else you have that will help me get her back.

A color-back patron,
 BILL MANN

Exchanges

They parted at the corner; She whispered with a sigh; "It'll be some time tonight." He answered, "So will I."
 —The Student Press.

On a school bus a boy gave his seat to a girl. She fainted. When she recovered she thanked him. Then he fainted.
 —The Sandspur.

RAMBLING 'ROUND ABOUT 'OTHER SCHOOLS

New Haworth high school in Wilmington is the only public high school in North Carolina to have an accredited R. O. T. C. unit.

The students at Chapel Hill publish the only college daily paper in the south, The Daily Tar Heel.

The Chatterbox, Danville high school paper, announced that sound movies may be used in the classrooms there.

Before they can receive a high school diploma, the boys in a Chicago high school have to pass examinations in automobile driving.

English students at Russel Sage college, Troy, N. Y., are through with written examinations. They stand up to a microphone and answer examination questions out loud.

CAMPUS CHATTER

Yes, it's me again! I'll begin with— Questions Without Answers: Has George Efrid fallen for Margaret, what has happened to the crooner? ... What's the trouble between the ever soft couple over Thanksgiving? ... What popular senior girl had a fight with Sherman Lowder on the campus last Thursday night? ... Ned Betts is going strong with Maxie ... What's the story about Bob ... "Scooter" Castevens and Sarah ... Purr is wearing someone's cross—so is Shankle ... Jane has ... on-you-guess ... Bobby A. and Hazel W. ... Douglas has been competitive, so he and Lorene called it off. Nice going, and Ralph Harwood prefers "Sunshine" to rain ... Ellsworth and the little freshman. "Baby" M. just passed, and Ellsworth writes "Shrim!"

See Here and There: William and Inez at parties together. Riley McSwain really is nuts over a soph ... Who was that blonde that broadcasted Saturday, November 27, over WBT? ... Who does "Ace" like to sit by in chapel? ... We wonder how John Lee is looking for another heart-beat at present. Jane, we see you writing a note to Jane A. Turner 'Cother' days? ... I, has a crush on Estelle W. ... Isabelle and Estelle have written a card to your senior ...

Brother Billy isn't doing badly, either ... You'll see him in a bunch of girls in front of school every morning, come in at Jenkins' locker every now and then ... Why can't big Bob Purr ... on any girl his size? ... We saw Estelle C. toasting him a note ... (We're talking about the chap who runs around with a red-headed soph?) ... Claude S. ... who was found in front of the building at lunch with the Hon ... trying to tie in Claude? ... Is M. C. ... Jack Lowder and Waleie Bell haven't had a squaw yet this freshman year ... Ruth Lee Austin writes to whom? ... writing tags are Paul Shaver and Agnes H. ... Max F. gives notes to ... former constant companion, but she still draws little hearts with ... and C. T. ... W. ... Is M. C. ... and R. T. ... make up her mind between Clyde and ... she does seem to prefer green cars! ... W. ... James' ... Johnny Loo's getting letters from "Red" Wylie ... ought to be a lot happening during the holidays, and there's ... first thing in 1938, and that's

POETS' CORNER

Christmas
 (By Mary Hill)

Again comes the Christmas
 Spreading joy far and wide
 The shoppers gayly go
 With their minds and gladness
 The snow is falling thick
 And all the world is white
 All our hearts are feeling
 With cars ringing in the
 The story of the Christ
 Is heard throughout the
 earth.

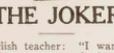
A Christmas Thought
 (By Sadie Pickles)

With Christmas comes the
 of mirth,
 Of gladness, spread 't
 earth.
 The chiming bells now
 For born this day was
 King.

Rich lights brought
 last year
 While guided by that East
 And wise men came, led
 light.

As shepherds watched
 by night.

A guarded watch the
 While on the hay the
 The story of this lowly
 Again brings joy to all



THE JOKER

English teacher: "I want you to write an essay of about 500 words on the subject: 'What about your father's bicycle, or some everyday thing like that.'"
 The student received this essay from a freshman: "My father has a bicycle," she wrote. "He went for a ride on it yesterday. That's about all." The words—Father said the other four hundred and seventy carrying the bicycle home.

What a queer bird the frog are. When he sit he stand—almost. He ain't got no legs—almost. He ain't got no sense—hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly—either. He sit on his haunches—almost. King.

Doctor: "I will examine you for ten dollars."
 Patient: "Go ahead. If you find it, I'll give you half."
 Light.

Outfowl: "The chief has hay fever."
 Osagwog: "Serves him right. We told him not to eat that grass weed."
 Light.

"So you ain't wanted the green dress," when she took the red one, "Ma'am," replied the large woman of dark complexion, "Ah surely don't. How do you look too much like a ton of coal in a lettuce patch."

Miss Laws (asking question in French): "Etes-vous un garcon ou une fille? (Are you a boy or a girl?)"
 M. M. Austin: "Je suis une fille."
 Calvin Doby: "He's a sissy boy, Miss Laws."

Son: "Pop, I need an encyclopedia for school."
 Father: "Encyclopedia nothing at all. You'll walk to school as I did."

Autumn

(By Carolyn Earnhart)

Bare trees,
 Trees one and brown;
 Glistening leaves,
 Drifting down;
 Falling snow,
 White and white;
 Freezing ice,
 Forming at night;
 Gray squirrels,
 Scampering around;
 Big round nuts,
 One and one round;
 Whistling winds,
 With their eerie notes;
 Autumn—
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