The Full Moon

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Welcome, Freshmen

You know we want all these little freshmen to feel prefectly at home down here because they're the up-and-coming pride of A.H.S. Too, we'd like them to know that we'll endeavor to make their high school careers as pleasant as possible for them—no matter what size they are.

We imagine you've all passed the stage of wandering through our "endless" halls at a total loss as far as knowing where or when your next classes begin, but if you need a helping hand, just call on us. We'll be glad to be of any assistance.

Let's all make their stay here most enjoyable so that they will have something about which they can look back upon and say, "Them were the days!"

School Spirit

School spirit is one of the most valuable and essential possessions of a high school student body. After a moment's association with students of another school, one knows whether or not that school has this most vital factor.

With it, high schoolers are happy, sporting — whether they win or lose—, cheerful, and proud of their school, teams, teachers, and schoolmates. Without it, the students just don't care.

Now that the downtown business district begins to take a larger interest in our football games, we need more than ever before to show good sportsmanship as well as school spirit. The outsiders usually follow the example set by the students, and a well-behaved, enthusiastic student group makes a very favorable impression upon them as well as upon the out-of-town visitors.

School spirit and sportsmanship have increased amazingly in A. H. S. in the last two years. Let's all get together and keep them on the upgrade.

Join a Club

We have in our school the best variety of clubs that any high school could possibly ... Each student should be able to find one which interests him in one way or another, and he should take advantage of the opportunity. There are clubs available to develop everything from brains to brawn! Students would certainly profit a great deal by joining these clubs, for they add much to the pleasures of high school and divert one's mind to more enjoyable things.

Do you enjoy taking candid camera shots? Then, why not join the Photography club?

Maybe you have a vague interest in writing; well, why not try the Journalistic club? If you think you have only a little talent, join this club and develop that. If you're a book-worm, see Mrs. Robertson about her Library Science club and learn more facts concerning books, authors and library work.

Perhaps you're the technical-minded type. Then join the Sound club and enjoy working with Mr. Hatley on radio and the motion picture camera. Are you the outdoor-loving specimen? Then try the Nature club. If you freshmen girls want to be as big and strong as Olynn Lowder, join the Recreation club. You husky-throated ones should try the Glee club or the Booster's club. Learn more about your Old North State by joining the Citizenship club. If acting interests you, join one of the four Dramatic clubs.

After joining these clubs, don't expect to loaf or waste the sponsor's time. Contribute your part in the club activities so that you will gain the "mosta of the besta" for your time and interest.

BOOK REVIEW

"PRIVATE PROPS"

By Gertrude Mallette

Reviewed by SARA DOBY

I would recommend to high school students, particularly those interested in journalism, the new book, "Private Props", by Gertrude Mallette. The story concerns Lynn Curtis, who longs to take a college course in journalism, but is financially unable. She secures a part-time job on **The News**, and hopes some day to become a staff reporter. This secret dream of hers would probably have never come true, if Pat, her setter puppy, hadn't led her head-first into an important discovery. Because of Thane, the boy whom she loves, Lynn uncovered a story that was to be front page news.

Rogers Almond calling to the manager of a book store: "I ordered a book the other day on how to make 'phone calls. It was damaged and I-uh-I didn't learn how!"

Heard in the Halls

By STONEY

Jeanne Hurt muttering absent-mindedly, "So I don't know what's to become of me any more?"—for line from a play she's learning for dramatics . . . "Nutsy" and "Scoot" in a heated argument which ended with deciding they should be friends . . . "Many-feet" Bennett cheerily "Helloing" everyone, and everyone deciding the morning was a nice one at that . . . Ann W. teasing "Hitch" in a sing-song tune, "I gotta date with 'Les' Feldman!" . . . "Whatta flapper!" whistled a twelfth grader to another who agreed, "Yep, she's a vamp!" . . . Marie D.: "I'm so mad I could—" . . . Later: "Oh, Stone, guess what!" and everything must be honky-dory again. . . . An upper classman nudging his way with difficulty through a freshmen-littered hall, "I'm gonna murder me a couple greenies one o' these days!" . . . Several boy-guying Miss Nye: "Now, tes-ch-grrl" . . . After our first game someone yelled to someone else called Polly M.: "Can I cry on your shoulder, tonight?" . . . "Honey chile," greets "Ginny" Crowell . . . Mr. Gibson straightening out a brawl between two freshmen boys, "Did you hit him?" Came the answer: "Yeah, but he hit me first!" . . . "Buck" Mabry boasting to Peggy, "Aw, I could lift you up with one hand!" "You could not!" exclaimed our heroine. "I did 'Little Eddie' that way!" . . . And meself murmuring question-ingly, "The first hundred issues are always the hardest."

At the Fair

By STONEY

Billy Jordan sprawling on a "Grab-a-Bite" bench in Gary Lane erish style with neat Mary Jane (Sister) Auten . . . "Knottsy" and Joe A. and "Ginny" C. and collyholed Robert Taylor Wade Atkins of the 'Luminum Town just having an hilarious time . . . A. P. Hubbard and Edgar Lefler at the trick motorcycle side show . . . "Scoot" and Bonnie—and Jean Hurt toddling around . . . "Hod" and "Phinie" getting tired feet . . . Polly flitting all over the place with Lois . . . "Doug" and Marie putting up a brave front while the Octopus slings them around . . . Oron, "Hamp," and "Buck" studying the types of "Oriental" dancing . . . Peggy and Bill Mann riding the eight-legged thingamajig, too . . . John B., Sid, and Max F. trying to coax the little rat to win 'em some money . . . James S. winning and losing $1.35 at a slot (take-all-ya-got) machine. Lloyd Skidmore breaking even at pitching copper lucre . . . Billy Benson with a different goil every time I turn around . . . Clara and Lafayette munching hamboigers . . . Cap'n Furr and First Mate Sara wandering over the dust . . . Miss Mahaffey and Mr. McFadyen taking in a sideshow . . . "Little Eddie" and Mr. Canipe looking over the agricultural exhibits critically . . . Glenn (Sweet Gum) Hatley and his current heartbeat on the "Kilt-a-Whirl" . . . Betsy Ivey with Sara Jean Austin dabbing cotton candy in their faces . . . Clebbor Mattox and Julia Mae R. enjoying the whole hullaballo . . . Dolan and Ann being delighted with the Caterpillar . . . Helen Wentz and a coupla "Spiders" . . . Reed Gaskin sporting his Scout uniform . . . Jettie and Irene Furr looping-the-loop . . . Stacy and Johnny S. roaming the fairways . . . Jane and Maria both missing Robert . . . Mr. Gibson looking powerful tired . . . Clarence Rogers having a wunnerful time with a cute number . . . Bill Huff and a brunette . . . Wade U. and Kenneth B. gabbing and laughing . . . "Hamp" throwing baseballs at a "Win-Every-Time" Booth . . . C. B. Clark and Creel (Alexander, the Great) Lowder listening to the barker at the Paradise . . .

Campus Chatter

Dear Ole Gossip Lovers,

Here's your latest news—hot off the wires—For further deta keep your eyes open and watch for the rising of each **Full Moon.**

Not that it matters, but Marie has a way to all the football game . . . Peggy's had a change of heart, but she's not a one-man girl, y Some of her stamps do go on up side down, though . . . Paulin got that faraway look in her eye (and it's not Gainsville) . . . Phinie not doing so bad either, what with letters from Fletcher somebo and "Hod" here in town to keep her company . . . Grace says h is the best-looking but . . . Give "Knottsy" and Virginia car and gallon of gas and they can go to—Badin!—Poor Frank, give a a break, won't you, Stoney? . . . Gladys seems a lot happier—wonder why . . . "Hitch" and "Les" hit another reef, but the tr moved so everything is O. K., now . . . Can't you see through the broken dates, Laffy? . . . How 'bout "Scoot" and that young th from Salisbury entertaining each other all day Sunday? . . . De break Teamund's heart, Bonnie! . . . And has that twelfth grad from Norwood received much mail from the University of Maxte . . . How many girls nearly had heart failure when Jack got knock out at the game? . . . P. L. Crowell still has her Badin ring. (Wha your secret of success, Pattie Lee?) . . . Ikey still comes to school at times! . . . Those ninth grade students really know how to fla woo on Friday nights! Is that what the "Spider" gang specialize in? . . . Seems as if that freshman Rabe-Austin affair is kinda on t rocks. Can't somebody help them a little? . . . In a certain cla C. B. and Lorene asked a lot of questions concerning dating. P. They also answered quite a few . . . "Crack's" changed his se in math class, and now he can't get his mind on algebra . . . There a rumor going around that Ann rather likes Dolan.. All right, know, but she calls Oron "Darling." And speaking of Oron, to wh girl does he give his most undivided attention in English class? Don't you think Martha Sargent and John (Casanova) Kennedy ma a cute couple? . . . Elberta has a s. p. at Pfeiffer . . . Jeanette (yaw and Kenneth . . . Have you noticed how bored Jane is when Has asks her for a date? . . . Robert and Ramelle are still the best . . . By the way, didn't we see you in Norwood the oth night, Bob? . . . There's more than one girl who wants to take mann training . . . Edith K. wears a "B" on her sweater . . . Buck (Swi High) Mabry asked a certain tenth grader for a date one moonlig night, but she wouldn't give it to him . . . Bill afraid that ba nette football player is beating his time in a certain class? . . . T Greensboro mail is good to Jack, so I hear. But I'll bet he's n the only one who's lucky . . . What is it that interests those Efird sista so at Badin? I believe Lucille Green is in on that, too . . . Max Fe perman has a crush on Pee Dee Avenue, and he taught her how drive! . . . Did you see that **look** on Jane's face when the fact w revealed that Robert's ring was on another damsel's finger? . . . Ma by the way, got a very interesting letter from a college in Virgin . . . After our radio program, Annabel said **somebody** was mistake . . . Who is the girl who got such sad news from Chapel Hiill a says it's all over, now? . . . Does "Woody" really have a crush Thompson?

I must leave you now, but I'll be back with plenty of dots an flashes after Hallowe'en.

YE WISE OLE OWL.

The Poet's Corner

Bailey G.

(With Apologies to Kipling)

By BILL MANN

Now in dear old A. H. S.
Where I used to do my bes'
A-playing sports—'n' passing with a D,
I knew a good old boy,
Treated like a toy,
He was our grinnin', gruntin' Bailey G.

It was "Bailey, Bailey, Bailey,
Where the mischief can you be?
Hurry up and bring that soap,
Or we'll murder you, you dope!"
And that's the way we treated Bailey G.

At the end of every quarter
He would run out with the water,
And on ev'ry time-out there he'd kneel;
But for all his ugly mug,
He would always help to lug
The ones with broken bodies off the field.

It was "Bailey, Bailey, Bailey,
Here's a guy with a busted knee!
Tell the coach to come a-runnin',
And, if you can quit your funnin',
Please, bring us some water, Bailey G."

I shan't forget the day
That I dropped along the way,
With my knee-joint almost busted half in two.
Good old Bailey spied me first,
And I thought that he would burst
His lungs, a-yellin' for the coach to come out too.

And when the game was through
And we were black and blue,
A-lyin' round as tired as we could be,
As we'd come up from the shower,
Lookin' awful mean and sour,
It 'uld make us grin to see old Bailey G.

So after he is gone,
Where it won't take so much brai
To play a harp and walk on stree of gold,
He'll be goin' out his way,
Givin' drinks just every day,
And many a ha, ha, 'll get a drin from Bailey G.

Yes, Bailey, Bailey, Bailey!
You hunk of skin and bones, Bai ey G.
Though we've belted you an flayed you,
By the living God that made you
You're a better man than I am Bailey G.

Science Boners

Chemists are guys that call spade a ferric implement.

"Will you take soup?"
"Is it good soup?"
"Certainly, 14 caret."

Chem. Prof.: Tomorrow th class will take arsenic.

"Why is Prussic Acid like th Brooklyn Bridge?"
"One drop is enough."

The story of rubber is very in teresting, but probably it has bee stretched a lot.

A very effective nasal spray mai be made by mixing three volume of concentrated hydrochloric acid with one volume of nitric acid.

On looking over the list of ele ments, we are surprised and pleas ed to find U there.

"When the rain falls, does it ever rise again?"
"Yes, in dew time."

First Angel: How did you get here?
Second Angel: Flu.

Doctor: Madame, I shall have to paint your husband's throat with Nitrate of Silver.

Mrs. Rich: Please use Nitrate of Gold. The expense is immate rial.