

The Full Moon

Published Monthly by the Journalistic Clubs of Albemarle High School

Subscription Price: 25c a Year: 5c a Copy



Literary Staff

Editor: VIRGINIA STONE
 Associate Editor: LEO COFFLE
 Society Editor: PAULINE BEAVER
 News Editors: VIRGINIA CHOWELL, GLENN SMITH
 Exchange Editor: JACK LOWDER
 Reporters: ELLEN HEARNE, HAZEL MAULDIN, CAROLYN STONE, VIRGINIA NYEN
 Typist: JACK LOWDER
 Literary Advisor: GLADYS WATSON

Business Staff

Business Manager: KENNETH BROOKS
 Assistant Business Managers: SARA DOY, FRED SHARKEY
 Circulation Manager: BAILEY GILLERIE
 Business Advisor: MAX RICHIE, WILLIE ELLIOTT

ALBEMARLE, N. C., DECEMBER 16, 1938

"God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Savior, was born on Christmas Day."

Sharing

"You can share energy, enthusiasm, ideas, skill, knowledge, tolerance, understanding, love, and laughter—and when you share any of them, you earn rich, lasting dividends," says Norman H. Davis.

It is mainly at Christmas time that we stress the virtue of sharing to make the world brighter and better, but sharing is not to be put on with the Christmas decorations and done away with when they are taken down. It is something to be done every day in the year.

Not only may we share by buying gifts for our friends, but we can buy Christmas seals and bring food to be given to needy families. It makes no difference how small the gift, the number of seals you buy, or the amount of food you bring, it is the true Christmas spirit that counts. As the poet Lowell said: "Not what we give, but what we share, For the gift without the giver is bare."

Then when the holidays are over, let's keep right on sharing, for it is a necessary virtue, especially if we wish to be happy—and don't we all?

'Al-Hi-Script', Welcome!

The staff of the FULL MOON wishes to welcome the 'Al-Hi-Script', new literary magazine that is being published by the creative writing class. For several years now there has been felt the need for such a publication. Only this year, through the formation of this new class, has the need become a reality.

We read the first issue with a great deal of pride, especially since every article was written, selected, and revised by members of the class. We are proud, too, to know that our high school is

among the few in the state publishing a magazine.

Perhaps the best tribute that can be paid to the new magazine is to say that it has truly achieved the goal set forth in the foreword of the first issue: "to give the students of Albemarle High School a magazine of which they can be truly proud, a magazine in which students will take a real personal interest, a magazine that will make a worthy contribution to the heritage that is shared by every student who enters the portals of Albemarle High School."

What About Report Cards?

How many students turned red with shame when the first report cards were distributed? How many made excuses and decided the teacher just "had it in for me?" On the other hand, how many students proudly displayed a row of A's or B's? Congratulations to you, honor roll students!

If you were included in the first group of students mentioned, why not get to work and improve the looks of your card? There's plenty of time left to do this, for we don't get another report until January. (Let's not, however, wait until the last few weeks and then start studying!) A little more time and concentration over your books will go a long way toward changing those D's to A's.

You elected those subjects you're taking. Why not do your best to master them? It's a good time to make a New Year's resolution to study harder and improve your grades during the year 1939.

There was a young man from the West,
Who loved a young lady with zest;
So hard did he press her,
To make her say, "Yes, Sir,"
That he broke three cigars in his vest.

A wealthy young lady name Flo
Had a poor, but good-looking beau.
Said Flo to her beau,
Said the beau, "If you'll blow, I'll know that our high school is

THE FULL MOON



"ANTARCTIC ICEBREAKERS"

Reviewed by Marshal Boyce.

Exhausted and broken in spirit, the four men, Dr. Wilson, Captain Scott, Edgar Evans and Titus Oates, reached Ross Shelf Ice on February 12 and began their heroic struggle over the remaining 400 miles. Every day seemed to find them less fit than before. Fatally, they pulled the sledges over the lumpy surface, the heavy loads straining their strength. At last the weather was calm now but it, too, was cold. Forty degrees below zero was the noon temperature; and the dry, thin men were all but too weak to endure it.

Days dragged heavily by. March came at last. The party sensed that they had little chance of getting through. But they made one great effort on March 22, and under full sail in a favorable wind, they covered five miles and a half. The surface was sticky, and their feet were badly frozen.

Food supplies had become so scarce that it was no longer possible to heat their scanty rations. And to their freezing bodies cold scrapes would give little warmth.

Will they get through to the base camp? Read "Antarctic Icebreakers" by Jerome K. Ford. This is just one of the many thrilling adventures in the book.

DID YOU KNOW

That 573 students have each checked out at least one book this year? Are you one of the other 96% who are missing the joys of reading?

That the library has added a total of 216 new books since September 1?

That the library subscribes to 32 monthly magazines and 7 weekly periodicals?

That you can check out back issues of magazines?
That material for home room programs can be found in the library?
That other students would enjoy reading books which you have finished and will give to the library?
That the highest circulation for any one title this year up to now is during Book Week?

That the bulletin boards in the library call your attention to interesting books and events?
That you can show courtesy to others by putting magazines, papers and books in their places when you have finished with them?

ETIQUETTE

- Q. When are "bread-and-butter" letters sent?
A. After a visit for a night, a weekend, or longer.
- Q. What are some of the duties of a guest?
A. To be punctual and agreeable at all times.
- Q. When is a typewritten social letter permissible?
A. In all cases except a letter of condolence, an invitation, or an answer to an invitation.
- Q. What shades of writing paper are correct?
A. Almost any shade, except, perhaps, pink. White paper and black ink are always correct and appropriate.

Book Gift Suggestions

- For Dad: "Northwest Passage," by Roberts; "Return to Religion," by Link.
- For Mother: "Madame Curie," by Curie; "The Citadel," by Cronin.
- For Older Brother: "Marshall Ney," by Blythe; "Action at Aquila," by Ayle.
- For Older Sister: "What is She Else, Merewalt," by Penney.
- For Younger Brother: "Smuggling," by Villiers.
- For Younger Sister: "Patay of the Post Shop," by DuBois; "Prizes and Presents Every Girl Can Make," by Hamilton.

Hi Ho Silver!
 Didn't everybody celebrate the Thanksgiving holidays, what all the new affairs and those cases that were broken up like... "Those Morgan is very much so out for basketball!"... Lucienne T... Mary Emily... Margaret prove to be a friend... Friday night? And don't I, won't either," or something... A... fine P. and Stacey Q. have broken up, and how!"... Judging from... those seniors who are robbing the grade, maybe they'd all... come seen the looks Kenneth B. gave the new girl from Wash... during algebra class?... Wilber Rogers is just wondering if... gave a hot case, although she denies it... Lois went to see "M... one Sunday... "Scottie" dated a girl from Charlotte and she... perfectly swell-legant time. (What happens to the Winstead... girl who sings on the radio, "Scottie")?... Did "Hamp" really... the word "daring" in one of "Goldlock's" letters?... Cl... head-over-heels in love with the new girl in his typing class... all... More than one girl is glad "Buck" is out of the hospital... certain mighty senior a resounding sail on the face?... We... that Ann H. has fallen for a boy, whose initials are B. L... M. and Sibyl L. seem to have heart-thrills in Norway... "She... Frank made the most of that short time?... Nothing's wrong... "I, and William. Ah! if only we could make like those two... certain night between them and Lou... still budding... to get out of the "Friendly Circle"... Which football tota... whom about where which certain sport, lived?... "Rings... fingers"... so the old song goes... as if Santa has re... remembered our social adaptation teacher.

The Christmas holidays will bring on some sizing new room (and probably some happy years), so I'll tell you all about it January.

Happy New Year!
 WY WISE OLE OWL.

The Football Ball

At the high school here one day night
 A number gathered filled delight
 For the ballet dance of our ball
 To exhibit their grace and style
 In toe point
 Each one was impatient to show
 So all approved when the girls
 "Behold, I bring good tidings,"
 "Sath the angel of the Lord,
 The first unto the town of Beth-
 A Savior, Christ the Lord."

They found the child in Bethlehem
 And brought their gifts of love;
 They bowed down then to worship
 Him.
 While those sang from above.

"O, Mary, Holy Mother,
 Thy child will be the King.
 He'll rule with love and kindness,
 And peace to the world he'll bring.
 —Merrilee Bennett.

Christmas Poem

The snow was quiet—
 'Twas Christmas Eve night.
 Snow flakes were falling;
 The ground was white.

A good little boy,
 With a smile on his face,
 Was hanging up stockings
 Up by the fire place.

He started up stairs,
 And said with delight,
 "I hope that old Santa,
 Won't miss me tonight!"

He ran up the stairs
 And hopped into bed
 And pulled all the cover
 Up over his head.

He said with a sigh,
 As he turned out the light,
 "To the good old Christmas
 Would come every year."
 —"Buck" Mabry.

Ain'tcha Ever Gonna Write?

I'm always thinking of old
 and you,
 Every day and every night.
 I wonder what you always do.
 Ain'tcha ever gonna write?

I wait for the postman ever
 And hope with all my might
 That some day I'll receive
 "Ain'tcha ever gonna write?"

But I find my hopes are all
 Never a letter is in sight,
 I always sigh and say again,
 "Ain'tcha ever gonna write?"

Although I have a good time
 In my every day and night,
 Cause I'm afraid you're fast
 my dear,
 Ain'tcha ever gonna write?

I'd like very much to hear
 'Twould be a great delight,
 But all that I can ever do
 Is wonder if you'll ever
 —Lorene M.