

THE FULL MOON

Published Monthly by Members of Mrs. Fry's Second Period Senior English Class

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Don't Give Us Wide Open Spaces

Having a car to drive usually is considered an asset, but when one is forced to "shell-out" ten dollars ever so often, it becomes definitely a liability.

Before the new traffic regulations were passed, students and teachers driving to school could park on either side of the street. Now they must park only on the side nearest the school. This greatly inconveniences the driver because of the comparatively small amount of space available. One has only to look at the number of cars located there each school day to understand what we mean.

The reason for making this new law given by Mr. W. W. Dibble, traffic engineer who made the survey of traffic conditions in Albemarle, was that a car parking on the left hand side of a one-way street must cross the line of traffic both in getting in and out of the traffic. This, he contends, makes it more liable to wrecks than if it were parked on the right hand side.

Of course we don't wish to disagree with Mr. Dibble, but we are quite sure that if he could see the vast distance some of the students of A. H. S. are forced to walk each day after parking their cars, he would be more liberal in his judgment.

Someone has suggested, however, that, since we can't change the law, it would be much more convenient for everyone concerned if the people who park their cars in this strategic area would do so in as small a space as possible. It might work!

Fact or Fable

"What happened?" asked a bewildered bystander to his companion.

"Well," answered his buddy, "it's a long but an old story." An admirer of A. H. S. was being ushered around by Mr. McFadyen, who was pointing out the various things of interest to his grateful guest. The shadows cast outside by the sun indicated that the time of day was close to noon.

The guest was happily soaking in every detail of information forwarded to him, when suddenly the quietness of the noonday was shattered by the buzz of a bell. The guest hardly had time to paint a questioning expression on his face before the storm broke. Down upon these two bewildered and defenseless men swooped scores of racing, screaming students. All means of escape were blocked, so the two men braced themselves for a brave fight.

Seconds later as the dust began to settle in the quietness after the storm, the two men rose feebly to their feet with a look of agony on their faces. Finally the mangled and dispirited guest asked, "What was it?"

Mr. McFadyen replied rather sorrowfully, "Oh that? That was only the dinner bell."

Submarines Again!

Every morning sleepy-eyed students jam the office asking for tardy slips.

Now just signing "H. C. McFadyen" on a slip of paper may not look like much trouble, but multiply it by at least ten and that is trouble—needless trouble.

Besides getting the tardy slip signed and disturbing classes which punctual students have already started, arriving late at school or any other place is habit-forming. A survey would show that the majority of tardy slips issued go to a small group of students who persist in being late. These students are not only stealing class time, but hindering themselves from getting ahead as well.

Punctuality should start at home and extend to school and is a headstart toward a finer character and better job.

Hold Your Hat!!

The daily morning school bus ride presents a hilarious commotion of clamoring, screaming, falling, and shoving of the innocent as well as the guilty.

How can students be expected to come to school decently dressed when they're piled three feet deep on a bus with three kids standing on each foot? How can teachers expect students to get their minds on work when the memory of loud commotion is still vividly ringing in their ears? They say an apple a day will keep the doctor away, but even the apple gets smashed on a school bus. How can school children be expected to carry a smile after being thoroughly flattened between two high school giants?

It's really enough to cause a riot, and it does—every morning on the school bus.

Two Cokes, Please!

Any student who has attended either of the two home games this season is well aware of the fact that Albemarle High now has a concession on the football field.

Mr. McFadyen says that the concession not only is great service to the people but relieves the rush to the gates during the half of the game.

Formerly the only place near enough to get refreshments was Tate's Drug. The trouble came during the half when the majority of the people in the stadium would rush out the gates to get reinforcements for their stomachs. Now, thanks to the concession, that situation is remedied.

Mr. Fry has put a great deal of work into the management of the stand and deserves credit for keeping it well supplied with almost anything a starving or famished football fan could require.

Letters to the Editor

Of all the money the football team makes for the school, we, the individual members of the team, see only 75c each of it on out-of-town games, and receive nothing at home games.

We receive usually a dinner in our honor, sponsored by a civic club of Albemarle, and the school donates a monogram, which most of us never wear because we cannot find a proper sweater to display it on.

Miniature gold footballs are sometimes donated from a prominent civic club, but don't you think the team has worked hard enough for a sweater to go with the monogram? We got out in the hot summertime, sweating and enduring sprained ankles and bruises, to make up a team to earn money and recognition for the school while everyone else was enjoying the swimming pool and still having fun on their vacation.

The school could easily afford 22 sweaters at wholesale price. After all, what would Albemarle High be without a football team?
—The Football Squad.

Saunders, Lynn To Revise History

"No, you're wrong. Columbus thought the world was flat," Mrs. Saunders insisted to some dumb student yesterday.

Don't be so shocked, she was only preparing the class for the future which they must become accustomed to, for she and Mrs. Lynn are rewriting the history book. It is to be composed of statements made by the most brilliant eighth grade students on a recent test.

Since you don't want to appear ignorant of these important facts, let us tell you some of them. For instance, did you know Columbus called the natives of America Negroes because he thought he was in the East Indies?

The United States, can't be so old, because George Washington was the first white child born in America.

But you don't know why your state is called Carolina—for King Carol, of course.

The man we always recognized as the founder of the Jamestown Colony, Captain John Smith, wasn't saved by Pocahontas but by Paul Revere.

North Carolina should be a state noted for its pioneering in steam navigation, since it was once owned by Robert Fulton.

The friendly Manteo and hostile Wanchese were really pirates, not Indians as we had supposed.

Is Virginia ahead of North Carolina in any way? It can't be, because the Great Deed stated that Virginia could not get ahead of N. C.

John Rolfe, supposedly the husband of Pocahontas, actually married Queen Elizabeth.

The Declaration of Independence was not signed in 1776, because Columbus had just discovered America that year.

All North Carolinians should know that the dates on their flag have been changed to 1946 and 1947.

A subject that has perplexed archaeologists for ages is the mysterious disappearance of the Roanoke Colony. The eighth graders have just informed the investigators that they made a play of it. (The Lost Colony).

The aristocrats, middle class and pheasants were the three classes of people in England.

In 1907, only forty years ago, Jamestown was founded; it was named after Sir Walter Raleigh or Queen Elizabeth.

The brilliance of these students is no doubt the result of the excellent instruction of Mrs. Saunders, who taught the same group in the fifth grade.

Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hindrance abroad; companions by night, in traveling, in the country.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Question: If you could be a character in a book, whom would you choose to be?

BOYS

Lou Gehrig because he was one of the greatest ball players of all times and one of my ambitions is to be a good baseball player.—Hub Holt.

I'd like to be Huckleberry Finn because he did what he pleased.—Bobby Mauldin.

Robinson Crusoe, just to get away from it all.—Sidney Efrid. Huckleberry Finn; then I would be Tom Sawyer's buddy.—Jimmy Skidmore.

Charles Linbergh because of his work in aviation.—Ernest Burleson.

Robinson Crusoe, so I could be alone.—Kenneth Whitley.

I'd like to be like John Ames in Young Ames because he married the boss's daughter.—Charles Almond.

Tom Sawyer because I like to hunt and camp out and be with a crowd of boys.—Graham Russell.

I'd just like to be Paul Bunyan.—Frank Lowder.

Jim Hawkins in Treasure Island.—Bob Gulledge.

Johnny Lynn in All American Football, because I wish I could play football as well as he did.—Winkie Plyler.

I'd like to be Fearless Fosdick because he is muh ideal.—Cecil Milton.

Tom Sawyer because he had a girl friend.—Chase Crump.

GIRLS

Snow White—she had seven men.—Martha Moore.

Rip Van Winkle, so I could sleep 20 years.—Jean Taylor.

A maid in any story if I could listen to the conversation.—Peggy Shankle.

Cinderella . . . and have a Prince Charming.—Ellene Holbrook.

Deanie in The Robe, because she lived during the period that Christ lived and was crucified.—Barbara Smith.

Goldilocks, because she was supposed to be cute.—Anne Milton.

I'd like to be Beth in Little Women because she was so sweet and good.—Nanvy Glover.

Little Red Riding Hood because she had a wolf after her.—Helen Mitchell.

Cinderella because she got her man.—Betty Lou Still.

Queen Elizabeth. To have been wooed by Sir Walter Raleigh would have been fun.—Phyllis Callicutt.

Evangeline, and wander around and look for Gabriel.—Elizabeth Hogan.

The Strange Woman because I like strange women.—Frances Austin.

I'd like to be Elizabeth in Pride and Prejudice because I think the same way she does.—Ann Johnson.

★ Student Impressions ★

1. Nickname—"Fish"; hangout, Tate's; weakness, Tommy Hearne; pastime, playing tennis; ambition, to be a doctor.
2. Nickname—"Becky"; hangout, Welch's Grill; weakness, boys; pastime, dreaming; ambition, to finish school.
3. Nickname—"Concrete"; hangout, Purcell's; weakness, Ed Paterson; pastime, talking on the phone; ambition, to have a convertible.
4. Nickname—"Bishop"; hangout, Barbara's house; weakness, Barbara C.; pastime, movies; ambition, to play professional baseball.
5. Nickname—"Frankie"; hangout, Stanly Grill; weakness, Peggy S.; pastime, singing; ambition, to beat Fank Sinatra's time.
6. Nickname—"Dump"; weakness, Vonderyl Hall; hangout, home; pastime, thinking about Von; ambition, to get a diamond.
7. Nickname—"Buddy"; hangout, just around town; weakness, girls and more girls; pastime, flying the car; ambition, to raise the speed limit.
8. Nickname—"Hambone"; hangout, athletic field; weakness, football; pastime, playing football; ambition, to play varsity football.
9. Nickname—"Meany"; hangout, home; weakness, Harry P.; pastime, eating and studying about Poland; ambition to get married.
10. Nickname—just O'lema; hangout, at Eleanor's house; weakness, boys; pastime, studying; ambition, to make highest honor.

★ Campus Chatter ★

Those unfortunate mortals who, having given out of excuses to stay home, approach school stumbling and dragging loafers two sizes too large, a jacket, boots, and umbrella (Mother said it might rain), a dozen or so books taken home to impress the family, though needless to say they haven't been touched, greet their fellow students with remarks as "I'm here in body but not in soul," "I don't have a thing to wear," and "Johnny came over last night and I don't know a thing about that test."

Hark! A shrill sound shatters the peaceful gossip of students. The dreadful time has arrived and the procession up the well-beaten path begins, led by the eighth grade idols, George and Frank Winecoff, who, ignoring screams, sighs, and fainting girls, fight their way toward their homerooms and safety.

Leaving George and his fellow students, we rush down stairs to beat the tardy bell and the mad rush in the Freshman Hall—but alas! our efforts are in vain. The bell rings and we're quickly swallowed up by what seems to be a multitude from nowhere. Groping for air and an exit (door, that is) we hear a question asked many times. Everyone seems to want to know "If Bob G. will have competition with B. J. S. now that Paul S. and Claude H. are also after her?"

Betty B. Lewis Kluttz, Sylvia Morrow, Nancy A., Bruch Lowder, Jimmy B., and Bob Palmer, all standing around the water fountain, seem to be all of the same opinion—"Grammar School was never like this."

As Mrs. Saunders beckons them back to reading, writing and 'rithmetic, we hurry on in fear we will be late for our own much needed but neglected studies. If so, it will mean a tardy slip and most likely a theme for Mr. Mac—History—3rd period—Which reminds us—Have you seen that cute Harry Pawlick? Hey, Madeline, you got to share him with us.

And now getting back to classes (You know they can't start a class without us. Now can they? Don't answer that) we start towards English. But realizing we're ten minutes late and that much of the period has been wasted, we begin on the northward journey to our second period class. In route we join fellow travelers—Barbara Copley, Sally Kluttz, Sid Helms and Virginia (who, by the way, gave us the low-down on Whit) to that room full of books (big one's too) sometimes known as a—oh—what's that word—yea—library. The traffic seems to be comparatively light today—swish—oops! spoke too soon. Was it a plane, or it a bird? No—it was Gene Harrington making his usual getaway from the library. Will he make it back or will he be caught and sentenced? This is what Tom Hinson is taking bets on in corner table study hall as we glance in to see our ideal study hall teacher, Miss Morton.