

THE FULL MOON

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

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How Dry We Are!

Where are they? Have you seen them? Oh, you know what we are talking about. It's our chapel programs. Has Albemarle High lost its talent for giving good chapel programs? In years past we really had some fine ones—talent shows, "It Pays to Be Ignorant", plays, musicals, and just crazy things.

It is all right to have a speaker once in a while, but when every time one thinks of chapel he thinks of a speaker, it is getting bad, and that is about all we have had this year.

How many more times are we going to be put to sleep in chapel?

Masculine, Feminine, or Neuter?

Being a freshman is always a liability, but when matters are made worse by lack of thoughtfulness on the part of the school, it becomes truly a dilemma.

Mary Jones is a typical freshman. She knows her way around fairly well after the first semester of school, but she is still uncertain of one thing: Which restrooms are for the boys and which are for the girls?

Mary's plight, however, is not limited to the freshmen alone. It is the simplest thing of all to forget which floor one is on and thus go into the wrong room.

This situation could be easily remedied by simply placing over the door of each restroom a sign which indicates whether it is for "Ladies" or "Gents".

The school owes that much to Mary!

Valentines Again

Sue flashed Jane a quizzical look as she opened the white envelope addressed to her. Inside she found a big heart which read, "Sweetie, if you will be my Valentine, all my troubles will be over", and it was signed "Guess Who"? Well, that it a typical scene on Valentine's Day.

According to a legend, St. Valentine, a Roman martyr and Priest, was beheaded on February 14, 270 A. D., at Rome, under the Roman emperor, Claudius. His name has come to be associated with a pagan celebration in honor of love on February 14. He is regarded as the patron saint of unhappy lovers, and love messages generally sent on that date are called Valentines after him.

You see, the old notion was that birds begin to mate on that day; hence arose the custom of young persons of both sexes choosing each other as "Valentines" for the ensuing year by a species of lottery and of sending love missives to each other.

Some of the Valentines are highly ornamental and artistic, while others, commonly called "comic Valentines", are caricatures, designed to reflect on the personal appearance, habits, and character of the person to whom they are addressed. Most generally they are sent anonymously.

Saint Valentine would probably be the most surprised one of all on Valentine's Day if he were to return and find that his death had been the beginning of such an unusual holiday.

In a Rut

"From the line of assembly. It's Friday, remember." In every homeroom every week these words are uttered, but the responses are quite varied. To be sure, each student takes his place but something seems to be lacking.

Is this not an occasion to await eagerly? Have the boys and girls forgotten that this is the day for entertainment? But is that really true? The programs presented are dependent upon students, faculty, and sponsors for the extent of their effectiveness. They may bring to our school a stronger feeling of cooperation and pride, or they may create merely a situation of boredom.

It is the opinion of this paper that countless resources are being overlooked in the planning of these periods. Those who are present wish to be entertained and the effects of well-planned intelligent ideas have been seen in past years.

Dramatic skits, musical programs, talent shows, and quizzes are favorites, but speakers on current issues are received heartily. There is a great deal of buried talent about us waiting to be unearthed. The pleasure which may be found in wholesome fun and fellowship with other students can play a definite part in increasing the spirit of unity and cooperation among all within these walls. There are few ties so strong as those felt in moments of happiness with others.

And Let There Be Music

We often hear these familiar lines coming from students of A. H. S., "Let's have a band, one like Kannapolis High School has. One that will perform at all of our football games and sports events."

Let's see why it has not performed at any of the football games and other sports events. To begin with, this group has just been organized this year and has not had the time required to play at games. Second, students have not shown the interest essential to get a band started. Last and most important of all, lack of funds.

The answer comes back, "But the Jaycees gave \$500 and the West Albemarle P. T. A. has given a couple hundred dollars."

Yes, the public has been very generous, but when instruments cost \$250 dollars and uniforms \$50 to \$75, this sum falls far short of being enough.

A little more time, a little more interest, and a big fund will surely put the band on top for next year.

Letters to Cupid

Dear Cupid:

I've been so worried lately that I have decided I need help. The other boys are in the same fix that I am, but they're too bashful to say so. You see, it's like this:

Betty Brunson, Virginia Helms, Patsy Pettit, Betty Lynn Crowell, Sylvia Morrow, and Ann Reeder Daniels just won't pay any attention to me. And it's all because of those Winecoff twins! Now, I'm not jealous, but it just burns me up the way those boys get more than their share of the swoons around this school. What can I do? Take an Atlas course? Buy a station wagon?

Just waiting,
 JIMMY BROWN.

Dear Jimmy:

You certainly are in a fix. About the only thing I can suggest is to twiddle your thumbs until next fall. George and Frank will be so busy at State then that they won't have time to write your girls, and then you can get a little attention. But in the meantime, to while away the time, I suggest that you cultivate that "Winecoff casualness", practice flirting, and buy yourself a maroon convertible. I'm almost positive this will help you to get a little attention, even if it is from the Senior girls.

Helpfully,
 —CUPID.

Dear Cupid:

I'm desperate and that's all there is to it. Hanky and I are never alone any more. In fact, I feel like a bigamist, dating seven or eight girls at once!

Here is my problem. When I go by for Hanky, there's always a carload of other girls waiting too! They either want to go riding or to the show with us! Please tell me how I can be alone with Hanky once in a while.

—Ed "Desperate" Underwood.

Dear "Desperate":

After reading your pitiful letter, I'm inclined to sympathize with you. You really do have a problem. There are only two ways out of this that I can see. You'll have to buy the girls a new car for themselves, and then you and Hanky can use your old one. Or, probably less expensive, would be to buy a one-seated Bantam car. Then about the only place anyone else could ride would be in the glove compartment, and you can always lock that. And remember those Bantams are so—o—o cozy.

—CUPID.

I'd Like You to Meet—

Virginia Helms, age 13, red hair and blue eyes, height 5 feet and 3 inches. Virginia is a very attractive eighth grade A student, who claims her favorite food is potato salad and who likes to read. Her favorite sport is playing basketball.

Helen Bowers, age 14, brown hair, blue eyes, weight 119 pounds, and five feet and 4 inches tall. This cute freshman is very outstanding because of her basketball ability. To prove this, she is the only freshman and the youngest girl on the Varsity. Helen's favorite food is rhubarb pie.

Elbert Holt, age 15, brown hair and blue eyes, 5 feet and 10 inches tall. Elbert, that good looking sophomore, never fails to make honor roll and usually highest honor. He was president of his home room in ninth grade.

Eugene Earnhardt, age 17, brown eyes, and brown hair, and 6 feet tall. This handsome junior is very outstanding in the fields of basketball and baseball. He is on the basketball team this year. He was treasurer of his home room in the tenth grade. Saving old coins is his hobby.

Let It Freeze

(Continued from page one)

with the snow and slush of this winter. Frank Efrid likes it fine, however. He writes:

I like the snow
 Because it makes you grow.
 If not so,
 See Jo Jo
 He'll make it so!

INQUIRING REPORTER

Question: What kind of chapel program would you like us to have?

GIRLS

I'd rather hear Kent sing!—Carolyn Poplin.
 Pep Rallies—Norman Efrid.
 Some quiz programs.—Imogene Lowder.

More student talent programs.—Miss Maxwell.

Plays, plays, and more plays!—Margaret Morris.

I'd like to get up and tell the "kids" a few things!—Louise Poplin.

Romantic scenes!—Ruby Morris.

/I like music—I think.—Jeanine Boysworth.

I'd like to see some programs sponsored by clubs.—Sue Herrin.

I like most anything, except talks.—Argine Fitzgerald.

Music, PLEASE!—Louise Burgess.

Something good for a change.—Betty West.

Frankly, I don't know. Give us some good chapel programs and then we'll decide.—Pansy Page.

Movies!—Betty Frick.

More programs with student participation.—Betty Lee McQueen.

Some crazy quiz programs like "It Pays To Be Ignorant," or a "Baby Snooks" program.—Jeannette Sells.

Programs that would be fun for everybody, I guess.—Peggy Snipes.

I'd like to see plays.—Ruby Andrews.

I like talent programs better'n anything.—Mary Helen Cooper.

I like crazy programs! Anything but lectures.—Jean Bullock.

I'd like to hear the band more.—Audine Barringer.

The ninth grade choruses haven't sung or mixed chorus or any of the boys quartettes. I'd like to hear them.—Monzelle Talbert.

BOYS

I reckon talent shows are 'bout as good as anything.—Cecil Milton.

I like music programs.—Bill Mason.

Not so many speeches a more talent programs.—Elmon Russell.

Let's have more drama!—Bob Smith.

I'd like to see the band play more often.—Mr. Wilson.

We ought to dig out some of the talent here in school and put on a good program.—Carroll Poplin.

Just give me more plays.—Jerry Freeman.

Six good-looking girls in bathing suits and a comedian to crack a few jokes.—Cecil Hatley.

Just something crazy. I don't care what it is.—Bill Ridenhour.

A beauty contest!—Tottsie Little.

Let's sing more in chapel.—Charles Reap.

A lot of comedies, fun, singing, and a few speakers that I can understand.—Tom Hinson.

I want anything!—"Shotgun" Talbert.

Any of 'em O. K. with me.—Martin Ussery.

Science exhibitions.—Buddy Lowder.

A program where they give away things!—Frank Winecoff.

Doesn't much matter to me.—Jimmy Kelly.

More short comedy acts!—Jerry Lowder.

I might get up and play, "It Pays To Be Ignorant."—Harry Cook.

Science programs.—Carolyn Griffin.

We ought to have more of that group singing.—Charles Ross.

I'd like to see some singing talent.—Halbert Lowder.

I'd like to see us get our sweaters!—Bob "Goo-Goo" Gantt.

★ Campus Chatter ★

B is for Bobbie, our Cheer Leading Chief,
 For all boys' hearts she's certainly a thief.
 E is for Evelyn, a senior this year,
 Who has Vonderyl very serious, we hear.

O is for the only one deep in our heart,
 But why won't Jack P. give us a start?
 U is for Ussery, a good ole Joe,
 But gee, he misses his Sally so.
 R is for the rough time we had on the hill,
 Sliding and sleighing with many a spill.

V is for Valentine, a day for flowers and candy,
 So dig deep, boys, get that money handy,
 A is for all the after-dance places,
 Say, have you ever tried running the bases?
 L is for Lovers, of which we have few;
 It must be the lines, all the boys think are new.
 E is for eight, the time for that special date;
 Remember too, boys, girls don't like to wait.
 N is for nothing—that's what we know
 When we try to take a test after a night at the show.
 T is for Time, we always declare,
 Complaining there's not enough there.
 I is for Ivey, whose first name is Jim,
 He's got all the girls running after him.
 N is for Nancy, a cute little thing,
 Who we hear has H. G. on a string.
 E is for Edward, the boy with a car;
 He hasn't been caught but three times so far.

Everyone in school felt like fugitives from "last week-end" after two week-ends of snow, but it was lots of fun—wasn't it, Whit, Barbara, Martha Belle, and Jimmy? Jim Ivey says he hates snow 'cause he can't get out of New London when the roads are slick—all we can say is that anyone who shoots roosters at dawn ought to stay in New London.

Who's that sophomore that's got all the senior boys talking? Beware, you older girls; Virginia's really got what it takes.

How 'bout that sparkler Idalene L. is sporting; also that blue Chevrolet convertible Evelyn A. drives lately?

Seems like all this bad weather is working against you, George. But maybe you can make it to High Point this week-end—that is, if it doesn't snow again. Also we hear Sonny has a new flame up there. Right, Sonny?

"May I have this dance?" said the girls of high school last week-end at the big leap year dance. The belle of the ball seemed to be Coach Webb with all the girls dreamily floating away after a dance with—"Ain't he just darling," and, "All that and he can dance too."

Our candidate for the Cassinova of A. H. S. is Jimmy Kelly, who seems to have girls up and down every hall claiming to be married, divorced from, or on the way to the church with him. Mary Anna, can't you do something about this, or are they bigger than you?
 —BOB 'N' REBOB.