

### Whitley's Whitlin's . . .

JOE - CHARLES - WHIT

Thought for the month: The only two who can live as cheaply as one are a flea and a dog.

*Proof*  
The horse and mule live 30 years  
And nothing know of wines and beers;  
Goats and sheep at 20 die  
And never taste of Scotch and Rye.

Cows drink water by the ton;  
At 18 they are mostly done;  
The dog at 15 cashes in  
Without the aid of Rum or Gin.  
The cat in milk and water soaks  
And then in 12 short years it croaks;  
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen  
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.

ALL ANIMALS are strictly dry,  
They sinless live and swiftly die;  
But Sinful, Ginful, Rum-soaked Men  
Survive for three score years and ten.

*Wataugan*

Lib: Do you believe in clubs for girls?  
Angela: Well, yes, if kindness fails.

Said the ground to the plow:  
"What are you going to do to me, John Deere?"

Policeman (to Jimmy Green just struck by a hit and-run driver) "Did you get his number?"

Jimmy: "No, but I'd recognize his laugh any place."

One angry skunk to another: "So do you!"

Garters, Brassieres, and highwaymen all do the same thing, only at different places.

The dimmer the light, the more scandal power.

The burlesque dancer was arrested for no gauge at all.

### It's The Truth . . .

"CHICKEN" PALMER

The other week was Fair week, as we all know, and as usual the burlesque wasn't missing. The Fair was great, but a couple of side shows were outstanding and received a large attendance from the pupils of A. H. S.

By now you no doubt know what I'm talking about; that's right — the "Vanities". That's the show that has girls instead of monkeys and freaks.

Well, getting back to the A. H. S. attendance, it was well represented by girls and boys, the greater part being girls. Not accustomed to this type of entertainment and being there just to takes the names of the persons I knew, I was so shocked I haven't gotten over it yet. I felt so out of place in this huggie-guchie that I could hardly write the names of the people I saw there. I wrote only four names before I had to leave for fear of fainting from shock.

There sat Jo Ann Burrell, Lillian Copley, and Lib Elder, but the thing that took my breath was Jimmy Griffin. They were all sitting on the front row. That in itself wasn't so bad, but what they were doing wasn't so good either. Jo Ann, better known as "Gooch" Burrell, was eating popcorn and reaching for the abandoned costumes at the same time, which wasn't so bad, but she kept saying loud enough for the whole midway to hear, "I can beat that."

As for Lib, she was trying to make off with the master of ceremonies, who was, of course a man.

Well, Lillian wasn't going to miss a thing, with her saucer eyes never leaving the stage, and it took five men to drag her out. She then tried to get a job as a strip-artist.

As for Jimmy Griffin, he wasn't content to sit on the front row, but got himself a chair and moved up close enough to reach the stage and get a birds eye view at the same time.

These were only a few of the people I saw, but I haven't got room for all the names of the five or six hundred students in the tent, which was built to seat three hundred.

After the show I stood at the exit to take the names of the under-age attendants. As the number reached about three hundred, a girl whom I didn't recognize grabbed the list from my hand and took off through the crowd. I could see the people parting as though the second moon trip had started.

One of my co-workers saw my secret signal and caught the list snatcher and held her till I got there. When I saw who it was I almost dropped my tooth. There she stood like a wild woman with her hair pulled over her eyes and, for further disguise, her lipstick on her cheek instead of her mouth. This didn't fool two smart detectives like us, for we had finished a two year course in disguise.

By the time I got to Martha Rae, she had torn up the list and eaten it. We decided it was best to call Mr. Harris and tell him to punish her instead of sending her to the pen as we usually do.

## WHO'S WHO



JOHN HARWOOD

"Well, you have a point there. Is there any more discussion?" This is the familiar voice of John Harwood as he conducts many heated discussions during the senior class meetings.

Because of John's ability to get along with people and his rare dependability, he is very active in high school, having been treasurer of the Black Masque, Student Council representative, member of the athletic council and Monogram Club, and this year assistant business manager of the annual and senior class president.

John excels in sports, especially basketball, and has played on the varsity squad for two years. He was also a member of the baseball team and has participated in intramural sports and field day events.

Steak heads John's food preferences, and other favorites of his are the movie stars, Esther Williams, Alan Ladd, and Glenn Ford. His only intense dislike is silly girls.

State College is the school of his choice, where he plans to major in some phase of engineering.

By the way, girls, John likes you all, but when asked what type of girl he liked most, he said, "Just a clean-cut girl."

Frindly, dependable and helpful — with these adjectives describing John Harwood he is sure to be a success in whatever he undertakes.

**Seniors Select Colors, Flowers**  
Class colors, flowers and motto were decided upon at recent meetings of the senior class. Other things voted on include dedication of the annual and color of robes to be worn at graduation.

Blue and white are the class colors, senior flowers are the pink and white carnation, and the class motto is "We build the ladder today by which we climb tomorrow."

Gray nosed out white for the color of the robes. Dedication of "Crossroads" was voted on by secret ballot, and results will be kept secret until the annual comes out next spring.

"Knowledge is not a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a sort of commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop of profit and sale; but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate." —Bacon.

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MYRA DAVIS

From the land of palm trees and beautiful moonlight nights came the vivacious brunette, Myra Davis, when the mighty seniors were sophomores. Yes, Hawaii is Myra's old home. But being a stranger in these parts made no difference to her. She immediately fell into the swing of things.

A girl of definite tastes, Myra likes steak and french fries, "I Can't Get Started With You", and Bob Mitchum and Gail Russell. Boys who talk a lot and have a good personality are her preferences. Looks aren't too important as far as the opposite sex is concerned. Skirts and sweaters are her favorite attire.

Collecting records and snapshots is her hobby. As high school reporter to the *Stanly News and Press*, she is often kept busy chasing down events and writing them up in her own particular style. She is also the Mixed Chorus reporter and secretary of the senior class.

W. C. U. N. C. will be Myra's home for the next four years, where she plans to major in either physical education or journalism. Wherever she goes you may be sure that she's bringing a little bit of sunshine into the life of everyone she meets.

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### Ladies Of Faculty Honored At Party

Mrs. N. A. Hayes and Mrs. P. B. Fry were recent hostesses at a delightful bridge party, honoring the ladies of Albemarle high school faculty.

The affair was given in the Fry home on East Main street, where lovely arrangements of mixed autumn flowers graced the appointed rooms. The guests found their places at several small tables set up for the occasion and prior to the bridge session, covers were laid. The hostesses served a delicious dessert course with salted nuts and coffee.

Several progressions of bridge were enjoyed throughout the remainder of the evening. When scores were tallied, Mrs. A. S. Lynn excelled in contract and received the high score prize. Mrs. Warren Coble was awarded the consolation prize and the winning bingo hand was held by Miss Inez Bankett.

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