



Thwarting An Epidemic

From the looks of things shown at the pep rally held a whole period one Thursday, the vast majority of our students suffer from anemia. It seems iron-poor blood got the best of us and it was all we could do to raise our hands and pitifully clap a few times. With such a discouraging show of enthusiasm one is surprised that the cheerleaders did not just forget the whole program and walk out. No one would have blamed them at all.

When one clamors for an event, especially a pep rally, and complains when he does not get it, he indicates that he is interested and concerned about the event. But if he gets that pep rally and then quietly sits with his hands folded in his lap—afraid the slightest whisper may raise the dead—something is wrong somewhere. Granted, the cheerleaders had several new cheers that most of us did not know. Yet, the old stand-by, "Two Bits" received about as much enthusiasm as a leak in a submarine.

At our next pep rally (if there is another) we can all afford to be a little noisier. This is the only place in school that teachers encourage noise. Noise is free and it is the very least we could do to show our appreciation to the football team and to the tremendous amount of hard practice the cheerleaders do getting ready for such a program. Our cheerleaders are the most beautiful in the state, but they don't turn people to stone. So yell!

Huck Finn And Snoopy

A minor national crisis has been brewing for several years. Some parents and various organizations are up in arms about books that students are required to read in their courses of study. Basing their judgment and condemnation upon what they have read or heard from "reliable" sources, some even forbid their children to read these vital works.

How is a student expected to become well-versed in literature if he is guided through life by the "good" books? How is the student to develop his sense of judgment so as to recognize the finer literature if he is exposed to that which shows only one side of the picture? Maybe students should stop reading *Huckleberry Finn* because Huck Finn embodies the author's scorn for society. *Little Black Sambo* has been banished from one library in a relatively large city. Why? Because *Little Sambo* is not welcome in an era of integration and racial strife. Perhaps the comic strip *Peanuts* should be doomed because Snoopy is supposed to be a Christ-figure!

By the time a student reaches high school, he is usually mature and broadminded enough to realize that certain works express the opinions of an individual author and not those of the whole world. Fortunately, most persons are the type that either allow their children to read widely or understand literary works enough to know what they mean. On the other hand, it's bad that just a few must inconvenience the rest.



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SCHOOL SPICE

Foreign exchange students import some of the flavor of various nationalities into our school life. We have been fortunate enough to have several foreign exchange students in the past few years and each has been an asset to our school and many of its extracurricular activities. Christian Koepecke, last year's exchange student from Germany participated in sports, was active in the classroom, and spoke at various club meetings. Julia Nicoloutsou, our Greek asset, has contributed much to the Journalism Class and will be doing much for the benefit of the student body. She has already won a place in the hearts of many of our students and everyone is looking forward to a beneficial year with her.

Briefly Speaking...

Scientists tell us the moon's surface may be covered with dust, as much as 20 feet of it. We've heard of sorry house keeping, but that's ridiculous.

Not having pep rallies on Friday does take just a little away from the game. But it's very considerate of the office to let us have a whole period on Thursday. Maybe next year things will work out better.

Congratulations are in store for Whit Morrow, Student Lion, and Dane Perry, Student Rotarian for the month of September. While we're congratulating people, we might as well tip our hats to Joe Rabon, who blocked a punt in the E. Rowan game. It's just unfortunate that Joe turned down the chance to date in Coach Gibb's new Mustang as a reward for the block.

It's a shame that so many people show up at our football games and then the crowds begin to diminish through basketball, wrestling, and baseball seasons. Sure would be nice to have such crowds at the school's other athletic events.

A wrestler: one who does not have the agility, moves, or stamina or overall athletic ability to play basketball.

submitted by Tom Webb

In closing, a salute to Senior High's newest father: Coach Gibbs. Congratulations, Pop!

School Of Arts Accepts Senter

Tony Senter, a former ASHS student, is now attending the North Carolina School of the Performing Arts. This state-supported school is located in Winston-Salem, and the 1965-66 school year will be its first year in operation.

Only high school students attend the school, and there are 139 students from the United States and six foreign countries studying at the School of Arts at the present time.

Tony plans specialized studio instruction in his major field: organ and piano. In correlation with his study of music, Tony plans to study the history of organ-building, music theory, and keyboard harmony.

Tony comments, "Our academic Dean tells us about our studies. A statement such as 'I'm doing as well as I can' is not acceptable. Evidently, we must study and work harder than we have ever done before."

Mailing Jars

Finding her mailbox locked while in Chapel Hill this summer, Mrs. Harrison left the following note for the mailman:

"Attention mailman:

Please open Box 321 and leave ajar."

The mailman left the following answer for Mrs. Harrison:

"I opened 321 but had no jar."

Julia States Ideas About U.S.

When I got to America I was very excited. I saw so many unknown places that gave me my first good impressions of America. I liked so much the sky scrapers of New York and the beautiful cities of North Carolina, especially Albemarle.

I am so happy to be here and to attend the Albemarle Senior High School. It is my first year in a school with boys but I like it. In Greece we have some schools only for girls and some others only for boys. I went to a school for girls and now attending this school with boys I find some difference. For example the girls

use more make up and try to be more good looking.

Although I have been here for a very short time I realized that all the students are interested in sports. I took the opportunity to watch one of them. It was the football game, which is quite different from the Greek one. Really I enjoyed it very much. It was an experience for me.

I'm so happy to be here, and to live among such kind people. It is such an experience to live in the United States. I enjoy it very much.

—Julia Nicoloutsou

'Mike' Travelled During Summer

Michal Medling travelled through France this summer with a touring program after crossing the Atlantic Ocean in one of the smallest ocean liners in the world. This voyage lasted nine days, as did Michal's sea-sickness.

While visiting Aix en Provence, she stayed with a Communist family in which only French was spoken. If a three-room house accomodating seven people was not bad enough, Michal discovered that her "French father" was helping in a plot against De Gaulle and that her "French sister" had a police record.

Fortunately, she lived with this family only a week, and then moved on to the Riviera with its perfume factories, glass blowers, and bikinis. Being fashionable, Michal wore her bikini, only to find she had lost it in the act of jumping off a cliff.

The alps were her next visiting spot. She went mountain climbing on *Mont Blanc* and learned her loud new hobby: yodelling. Out came Michal's bikini again; this time it saw a snowball fight on August 13.

On arrival in Paris, Michal discovered that she and her travel-mates were to stay in the Latin Quarter, or the beatnik section of the city. Although she saw many of these non-conformists, she noticed more Americans than Frenchmen. It seems that August is the French vacation month. Also, in Paris, she visited the Louvre, Notre-Dame, the

Sorbonne, Versailles, and various museums.

About her summer, Michal commented, "Because I actually spoke the language, I learned to better enjoy my field of studies. I also learned to appreciate the ancestry and tradition of these people. It was a wonderful experience."

His Yo-Yo Talks

Walking down that road he went. He hadn't money nor any sense. His condition was that of dazed insensibility and he reeked of apathy.

He cares not
Whether his hair hangs down
His feet hurt
His body tired.

Out of his back sticks a knife that's stamped "made by a Communist, your best wartime supporter."

He doesn't notice the pain because he's too proud of the yo-yo given him by this same country which he uses to feed his family because the rice paddies are red with blood and his garden is pregnant with mines.

Up and down, up and down
The yo-yo goes around.
Along the road stands a monument.

Dedicated to those, who in peace,
Gave up their hoes.
And took on yo-yo's.

Our Heroes.
Around and down the yo-yo goes.
The string breaks and hits his toes.

Startled. He awakes. Pain.
Take out the knife. "I hurt."

His yo-yo broken and his children crying and his back hurting.

"I want my hoe."
"Ho, Ho, Ho," laughs his Commie friend. "I'm your best wartime fan."

"Ha, Ha, Ha," echoes a small murmur called Apathy.
—Dane Perry

Believe It...

In one minute light travels 11,160,000 miles.

A bushel of air weighs only 1.5 ounces.

Scientists estimate that the weight of the atmosphere is about 5,630,000,000,000,000 tons.

During a one-inch rain more than 27,000 gallons of water fall on an acre of land.

Charles Ripley, author of *Believe It or Not*, got his start as a high school journalist.



Grooming The Showplace

With the help of a few amateur theatrical students Mr. Webb dramatically presented important rules of conduct for high school students recently. Specifically emphasized were regulations concerning cleanliness of the school grounds, care of school property, proper dress, conduct in the lunchroom, and boy-girl relationships during school hours. As mature high school students we have a responsibility toward the care and treatment of the equipment that we use. But when we forget or don't realize this responsibility, damage and dirt usually result in the school.

This school is the showplace of our community. As Mr. Webb related, almost every visitor brought to this community is shown the high school. We should be proud of the fact. Two former students who had been away to school for several years recently came back for a visit and looked the building over. The thing that impressed them, they said, was the fact that they had not recognized the beauty of the building. Let's keep the building this impressive.