

Briefly Speaking...

Ignorance has triumphed again! A young man recently burned his draft card in protest of U. S. involvement in Vietnam. Upon his arrest he immediately wanted to know why this action was so sternly condemned. After all, he is entitled to the right of protest since our democracy is based on expression of the individual. We feel sure that arrangements could be made for his transportation to one of the more remote sections of fighting.

The Full Moon staff wishes to extend its congratulations to the newly tapped National Honor Society members. Ginny Rogers, Robbie Vick, Pat Snipes, Fredia Plyler, Janis Clarke, Jean Ray, Alberta Doby, Billy Tucker, Ellen Wilson, Vickie Alexander, Sara Mabry, Nancy Walker, and Julia Nicoloutsou have all worked to maintain a standard that meets the requirements of the society.

The assembly program which illustrated the rules of safe driving proved to be one of the most informative as well as most interesting held here in a long time. Stimulating in its opening, this program further impressed students with actual driving demonstrations in the street in front of the school. The demonstrations helped students to realize the importance of speed by actual observation of braking distance. Visual illustration is the best method of introduction. Our school was indeed fortunate to have such a program presented to its students.

For the first time in the history of our school, we have an officer on the state student council congress level. That officer is Jane Lowder, the Secretary of the North Carolina Student Council Congress. We are all proud of this honor bestowed upon Jane. Besides reflecting the leadership traits of Jane, this election also points out the successful degree of activity of our student council and speaks well for the whole school.

A Pilgrimage

As each dying leaf falls to the crusted earth, a ray of sun floods through its vacated spot and casts itself on the next leaf, all alike, all dying. These trees! these leaves! where once I romped and rejoiced like a child possessed, but now I can only watch and remember, alone, for those woods no longer call my name. Now the autumn sun gives way to the rise of the swollen moon and a veil of darkness prevails throughout the barked mansion. And the song of the blue birds is dulled and slowly slips away to return to a joyous dawn. The frogs all hide beneath the dormant strawberry patches for the ants are no longer bountiful. Life in my forest has gone to seek itself in another time, a time unlike this time. And so as the moon reaches its peak, a wind begins to churn the leaves into a talkative rustle, a conversation from earth that seems to be coaxing the stars to illuminate a path through the sky. Suddenly the door of nightly sounds is flung open and the unseen creatures chant their mournful tune to the nothingness around them.

Onward, toward the thickened darkness is the only direction my feet can take me for though I am but one of six. Behind me walks a man who knows not his destination nor knows he his life. He lives in a world of a retarded mental state and although he is solid of build and strong as a winter wind, his mind holds no bundle of memories. His steps are slow, heavy and intentional, and the bulk of his shoeless feet absorb the slightly audible crunch of the drying brush, but his face shows no sign of the pain inflicted by the briary prongs. Behind this man is another, suave in manner, with little sign of suffering upon his countenance, only an empty expression of definite indifference to the time and situation. This man, void of emotion, attracts not my eyes but rather pleads with them to move on. Again following the line of men there is a farmer, different from the others only by his rugged dress and the tragic expression painted on his face. The eyes of this lifelong laborer draw pity from nature and the sweet harshness of the night tends to retract its fear from this solemn figure. His brow is full of wrinkles, each inflicted by struggle and hardship, and his cheeks are drawn and the sun burnt bronze gold no longer looks healthy but is frozen into a wax-like mold. There is another among the tired five, driven on by the sixth, who appears somewhat inspired by what the future, or more appropriate, futureless future, holds. His lips are pursed and his fists are clenched and his back is rigid and straight, although it carries perhaps the heaviest of human knowledge, anxiety of death. Following this line of men is another, a man only by watching his chest and shoulders, for his face is masked and all that shows are the darkened slits which one would imagine to be eyes. In his hand he grasps a whip and around his waist are a knife and a gun. The tremble of Fate passes over me and I am forced to look before me, to the scaling bark of the old oak tree where the dying leaves fall to the crusted ground, and the glowing moon casts a shadow to the open earth, the shadow of a limb and of five nooses.

—Michal Medling

Same Old Thing

That furious diatribe concerning the use of prayer in schools, that raged throughout the entire nation a few years ago, has left no lasting effects on our school. We still have morning devotions and occasional prayer at assemblies. During the heated debate, however, no one stopped to evaluate the daily devotions. Are they really beneficial to our school life?

The first minutes of homeroom period are dominated by a dull roar. Often the teacher has to ask the room to be quiet in order that the announcements may be heard. During the devotion, most of the students have their minds elsewhere. They are, perhaps, thinking about one of the announcements or the English test they are going to have. Maybe they are absorbed in their trig homework. At any rate, few really listen to the devotions. And what do these few hear? An illustrative story with an over-used and wornout moral is usually the devotion. Those who give the devotions are more often draffees than volunteers.

Unless the student body shows more interest in the daily devotions, they may as well be eliminated.

Julia's Viewpoint

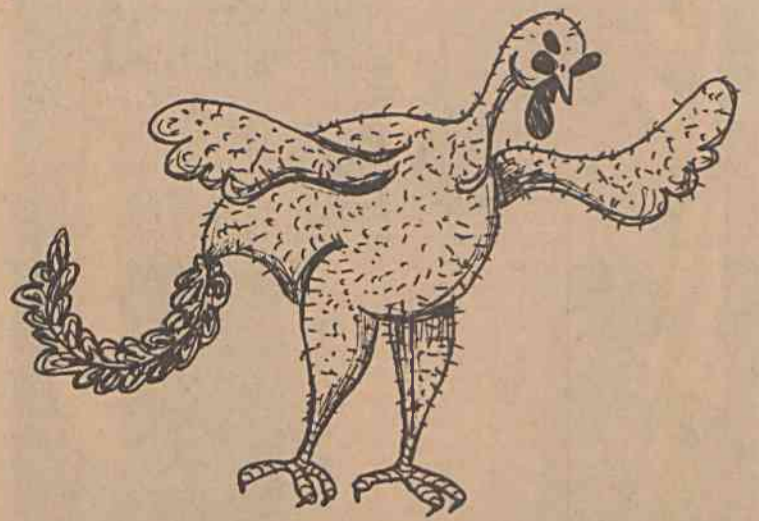
Three months have already passed since I came to the United States. They passed so quickly and really I cannot realize how quickly they passed. Each day was full of new experiences which sometimes were connected with much fun. One of these was the Modern Music Masters induction. That day I was surprised very much at the really good program, and I had the most fun I had ever had since I got here. I realized that all the members of the Modern Music Masters Society are talented and that each one has his own talent. All the members who took a part in that program impressed me because of their good performance. But the funniest time was when the President of the student body sang and was hit in the face with shaving cream. I had a wonderful time then which added much to my entertainment and experiences in the United States.

The homecoming football game was another experience. I realized that many preparations were made with much enthusiasm and that many students helped for a successful homecoming game. I liked very much the parade with the big bulldog, the band, the majorettes, the cheerleaders and the sponsors. In Greece the activities for the football games are quite different and so, that homecoming game was something new for me.

I was glad to learn about the American Halloween and I enjoyed this custom of the disguised children's "trick or treat." In Greece we have something like that but not exactly the same. During the first week of March we have Carnival and on the first Sunday of March there is a big parade of disguised people. In the parade there are many floats decorated and some of them are original and very funny. Many disguised people walk in the streets and almost everybody has a wonderful time during that date and many dances are held. It is a special date for everybody to be happy.

The National Honor Society was one of my best experiences. I feel so happy that I was accepted as an honorary member of the National Honor Society. I liked the decoration which was really pretty. The tapping seemed funny to me and I realized that it added much to the surprise of the new members.

In my home the way that a good student is honored is different. At the end of the school year, the students, who had good grades, good character and service for the school, receive not only their certificate, but another paper too which is called "The Praise" and tells about their good character and grades and that they have the congratulations of their teachers and their best wishes for better progress at any other school after the high school. It is one of the best ways that a student is honored for his good behavior at school.



Brave New Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving Day has finally arrived at the average home of an average American family in the above average Great Society. That antique provision of a politician, long since passed on the Great Senate in the sky, of chicken on every table in every home has been fulfilled. The chicken or turkey as the family's need determined may be quite skinny and have very little meat on it. But one cannot expect much more from the government surplus. Did the family expect the government to furnish everything, including candied yams and cranberry sauce? What do those folks think this country is—a land of plenty?

In the home only one place at the Thanksgiving dinner table is vacant. This place once belonged to a husky 19-year old kid. Today this teenage man celebrates his Thanksgiving with rice-brewed beer, K-rations, and hot, steaming pieces of turkey. The Society looks after its boys; none of them go hungry on Thanksgiving. Just because the settings are different from home, a fox-hole clammy with jungle dew, green crawling things scurrying across his plate, and a sniper's bullet punctuating his prayer, it does not mean he is restricted in his celebration. If he were not there fighting so that his relatives could celebrate Thanksgiving in harmony and peace he might as well come home. Then he could do something useful for his government when he celebrates Thanksgiving—like burning his draft card. The Great Society thrills to see a card go up in flames.

But the family has grown accustomed to the vacancy at the table. Talk around the table hops from one topic to another. Uncle has attracted everyone's attention as he sentimentally describes the poor conditions throughout the states he has traveled. His tears of concern almost spill onto his plate which has just been filled with a third helping of everything on the table. The rest of the family looks over Uncle's display of emotion because they realize that he over-emphasizes the facts. They all know that the best things in life are free. Therefore, everybody in America gets a Thanksgiving Dinner. Indigestion after the lunch is remedied by governmental dispersion of soda bi-carbonate.

Toward the end of the meal, one little stupid kid asked what Thanksgiving was all about. After he was laughed completely out of the room for such show of ignorance, the adults settled back down and looked up "Thanksgiving" in an encyclopedia. Upon finding that it was a celebration with Indians and settlers for living through a winter, they all just laughed and put the encyclopedia back on the shelf. What a ridiculous celebration! After all, the Indians have never had it so good!

BITS OF CHEESE

WHOEVER owns the pen used at the National Honor Society tapping; your pen does not work. A few names seem to be partially unlisted in the Role Book because this pen was temporarily out of ink. Imagine how Joyce Story felt when she discovered that a portion of her speech was missing. Congratulations to Joyce on her superb memory!

RUMORED around school is that Coach Gibbs is turning our wrestlers into Reverse-Robin Hood-Thieves. In other words, our boys are stealing from the needy and giving to the rich — themselves. The pile of soap collected for the Vietnamese by Operation Bubble slowly diminished day by day. Wonder what happened? Well, just so you didn't put your

dirty towels in place of each bar, boys. That would be a little too cruel.

WHAT IS IT that brought the sweet smell of rotten pumpkins, eggs and a feeling of fresh rain to us? Why, last October 30! I still have yet to wash my car from the onslaught of water balloons and eggs, but who wants to wash away such sweet and treasured memories? Who can forget the merry chases o'er hill and dale, uptown and downtown? RUN, RUN, FUZZ, FUZZ! The "mean wittle kids" heaving boulders at you, the squeal of tires from quick stops to remedy this situation, the "splatt" of water balloons, and the smell of burning rubber blanketing the town. Yes, these things linger on, but OH! What a headache!

WHAT or WHO is inside the big bulldog?

- Soap.—David Cranford.
- Wire, paper, wood.—Bobby Hill.
- 1000 Trojans.—Billy Sikes.
- Fortune cookies with raffle tickets in them.—Frankie Barbee.
- Air.—Mr. Hadley.
- Bill Trivette.—Chuck Morehead.
- Snow White.—Mitchell Holt.
- 7 dwarfs.—Frankie Russell.
- 007.—Billy Wilhelm.
- Half digested soap.—Steve Hathcock.
- Mr. Bubble.—Steve Vanderberg.
- A birdie.—Jane Sanges.
- A smiling picture of CENSOR-ED.—Tanya Lefle.
- A purple people eater.—Johnny Auten.
- Mr. Clean's bod.—Charles Lefler.
- A bunch of baby bulldogs.—Sid Smith.



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