

# What's Thanksgiving Coming To?

Each year, as the commercialism of Christmas spreads farther and farther back on the calendar, the chances of survival of the real Thanksgiving grow slimmer. The hallowe'en candy and costumes can hardly be moved fast enough for the Christmas decorations to replace them, pushing Thanksgiving into a corner of oblivion. What's the philosophy behind this action? Thanksgiving isn't profitable!

This is only one of the many problems that faces Thanksgiving each year. Thanksgiving has become an overceremonious ritual, where we get so wound up in what is going on that we forget the underlying concept. In other words, the real thanksgiving has been given up for "better things."

These "better things" are what have developed a special type of commercialism for Thanksgiving. Macy's Christmas Parade makes Thanksgiving official, and after we completely gorge ourselves at our special Thanksgiving dinner, we settle down for an afternoon of televised football (You did notice that the parade is a Christmas parade, not a Thanksgiving parade).

The Thanksgiving dinner must be given special note, because this time when everyone is gathered at the table is the closest most families ever get to reaching the true meaning of Thanksgiving although in many cases even this is only a feeble, half-hearted attempt. Any transcendent feeling

brought about by the grace is quickly shattered when somebody looks at the turkey and complains, "Oh, no. We'll be eating that bird 'til Christmas."

We do not mean to say that the religious aspect of Thanksgiving, the real basis for Thanksgiving, is totally void. Every year, on Thanksgiving eve, the churches combine and have a community service, and then on Thanksgiving morning several churches hold private services, and these services are well attended. We can only speculate the motives that make persons come, or the thoughts that occupy their minds during the service, the same as any other religious or social function; however, to believe that everyone attending the service is not there for religious inspiration would be a safe assumption.

Short conversations this morning after the assembly readily prove the point: these discussions ranged from critical analysis of the music to the legality of a prayer at the end of the program. Students discuss plans for the "holiday," including hunting and trips to far off places, always plans that have to be worked around Thanksgiving, and appear to work in spite of the fact that the break was cut short by Thanksgiving.

No, Thanksgiving is no longer the name of a holiday, but a pseudonym, a trademark for another holiday or holidays: National Glutton Day, Parade Day, Reunion Day, Annual Long-Weekend Hunting, to name a few.

## 'I Who Am Black'

Black is...

"Saying it loud, I'm Black and Proud." knowing your color even in a crowd, hell, and who knows why; soul' and hard to satisfy; knowing where the action is; knowledge gained through the years, a question without an answer; mod, the famous singers and dancers, darker than any other color; in, soul sisters and brothers, no play thing; and no roaming around; called dirt, but there's no frown, courage, being brave and strong; no different from right and wrong, like darkness, nowhere to see; beautiful like it's supposed to be, over with the slaving and beating; tired of the stealing and cheating; a color not easily seen; not

mixed, or in between.

I am... Black, not against whites, kind, against violence, for Peace, a part of God, an American, a part of the white world. Contributed by Mrs. Almond's Black Literature Class Edited by Arlesa Daniels

## First Stand On Forum For'em

"The team that wins in football is the one that is ahead when the game ends." That is an old adage known by almost all football fans. But this basic rule was violated on August 25 when the obviously superior Albemarle Bulldogs easily dismissed the obviously inferior North Stanly Comets on the

scoreboard, by 30-14.

Albemarle went on to become a fourth place team in the tough South Piedmont Conference while North Stanly dropped eight straight games, to gain a firm grip on the cellar of the weak North Piedmont Conference.

The score was no indication of the actual outcome of the game. North was hopelessly outclassed, and scored half of their points against Albemarle's second string defense, which ran the entire second half. Even our second string offense showed that it could put points on the board against the Comets' "sieve" defense.

After the game, the Comets, who had been beaten with ease, immediately "protested" the use of "an ineligible player." So now the game has been forfeited (according to Commandment XXI, Ridiculous Rules for Protesting Resounding Defeats, p.3) and the Comets claim that their football team "won" the game, even though they had their noses run into the turf.

Until next year, all we can do is sit on our hands in fury. But when that day comes, all impartial observers will be only too quick to favor Albemarle by a large margin. That game will, I believe, establish the certain superiority of the Albemarle Bulldogs. If the situation was not so infuriating, I would be urged to laugh long and loud.

Thank God for the few people who actually do observe Thanksgiving Day; also, be glad He does not bless us as we bless Him.

**PROCLAMATION**  
*The year that is drawing to its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful and healthful skies. These bounties are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come. It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently and gratefully acknowledged as with one heart and voice by the American people.*  
 Abraham Lincoln  
 1863

HAVE A  
**Happy  
 Thanksgiving!**



Mrs. Wolfe puts English in order.

## A Lamb In Wolf's Clothing

BY MARY EMMONS

Indispensable persons are not always the most obvious ones. Behind the scenes at Senior High, an indispensable lady wears bunions on her fingertips by typing for all of the English teachers. Each year, she takes charge of the chocolate sale. She is coordinator, advisor, beggar, giver, father, mother, and drill sergeant all wrapped up in one. Her name is Mrs. Amy Wolf.

Mrs. Wolf's official title is "teachers' aid," and she fills this job completely. As teachers' aid, she does everything that teachers need to do, but can't, because they don't have time. Mrs. Wolf is always doing something, whether it be typing, filing, advising, or running errands.

World's Finest Chocolate might more appropriately be called "Wolf's Finest Chocolate." Each year, Mrs. Wolf is overwhelmed by chocolate. In fact, she almost radiates the smell of it. But that's as close as she comes to it. "I never eat that stuff-but don't quote me on that."

Versatile would be a good word to describe Mrs. Wolf. She

might well be the best educated of all the faculty members. Since her college major was biology, she could take over that department with a moment's notice, and since she is the prop and stay of the English department, her mind is filled with all the basics and "unbasics" of language arts from Shakespeare to the most intricate grammatical structures.

Mrs. Wolf's concern for students became apparent when the interview for this article changed hands, and she began interviewing the interviewers. "Where are you kids going to school next year?"

But probably most important is the way that students and teachers feel about her. "She's great!" "She's terrific!" "She's an angel in disguise." "She's crazy." "She's a nice lady."

All are typical comments, but, by no means, is Mrs. Wolf a typical person. We are lucky to have such a lady in our midst.

**ENGLISH CURRICULUM**  
 As far as can be seen, students and teachers alike are enjoying the new English classes. So far, everything is running smoothly. Let's keep up the good work.

## Well, You Can't Win Them All

"Back in '68, I was for Nixon. I'm not a dove or anything like that; to me a war was a war. Sure I wanted to see it end. I hoped Nixon would end it like he promised. But last winter, when he ordered the mining of Haiphong Harbor, I knew Nixon wasn't going to come through with his promise. I decided then, in January, no February, to support a candidate who could get us out of Vietnam."

with the other candidates, McGovern seemed the best qualified.

McGovern made his way through the national convention to become the Democratic Presidential candidate. Bobby's decision as a voter was made, and his duty as a citizen fulfilled. But for Bobby, the job of getting his candidate elected was not to be left to others.

"I don't know how much good I did. I just went out and talked to people and told them what I believed."

Way before the primaries, Bobby Swan began his campaign for the election of Senator George McGovern-at a time when public opinion pointed to Humphrey or Wallace, maybe even Muskie, as the Democratic Presidential candidate, when McGovern was the underdog.

But why would somebody pick an underdog? Bobby laughed. "Just lucky, I guess." Luck had little to do with Bobby's choice. He knew what McGovern had to say, and after comparing him

A lot of time goes into a campaign, as Bobby can prove. A member of the YDC and Stanly Citizens for McGovern, most of his "free" time was spent politicking-canvassing, speaking, putting up posters. Even some of his not so free time; like when he spoke to three of Miss McKenzie's classes, giving up his own classes to do so. "I don't know how much good I did. I just went out and talked to people and told them what I believed."



Coach Wheeler enters during football camp...

Coach W.: Men, I have some good news and some bad news.

First, the good news. You all get a change of underwear.

B. Baucom: Duh, Coach, what's the bad news?

Coach W.: Baucom, you change with Redwine, Burris, you change with Smith...

A sports car rally is to be held November 20. The track will consist of a 1/10 mile course in Julian Rogers' back yard. All entries should pay their \$5 insurance by Friday.

Q. What do you get when you cross a bird with a lawn mower?  
 A. A shredded tweet.

(Reprinted by request)

Q. What's white on the outside, green on the inside, and jumps?  
 A. A frog sandwich.

"Jogging may be great, but it'll never replace staggering."

Frustration is a moustache - on a girl.

Confusion say: Being ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of the ignorant.

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