

Rumor Has It That . . .

Mr. Kluttz is going to stand in for "Mean Joe Green" in the next Coke commercial.

Bob Andrew and Barbara Cesare are in love and that they are going to elope.

Gary Hughes was seen serious when he and Linda Jo were being hot and heavy in the library.

Robin Jolly has been suspended from school.

Tracy Asbury, Fredia Blackmon, Regina Blackmon, and Patricia Little are turning white. (AND YOU KNOW THAT!)

Henry Sikes is the new hair stylist at the Beauty Boutique.

Donnell and Vonnell Wall are really test tube babies.

Mrs. Cowan is directing the new Broadway musical, Grease II.

Mack Morgan is going to Yale to become a math professor.

Patricia Watson is going to quarterback for the New York Jets.

Mr. "Flash" Frazier was seen streaking in the teacher's lounge.

Kelly Watson is shy.

Doug Winecoff is seriously considering becoming a priest.

Kathy Love was seen frowning.

The junior girls are secretly practicing new football plays for a re-match against the senior girls. They have chosen two new coaches: Todd Mauldin and Matthew Howard.

Maria Dennis is going to be a "Tarhill" cheerleader.

Mrs. Maske is trading her Lincoln Continental for a new Harley Davidson motorcycle. For Christmas she is asking for a leather jacket, a helmet, and goggles. (Way to go, Agnes!)

Mark Taylor was last seen wearing penny loafers, green and pink plaid pants, a pink button-down shirt with a green polo tie. He also had an alligator tattooed on his face.

Joe Thompson is going to be in charge of "maintenance" at John's Tavern.

Jonathan Hinson is going to be the center-fold in the December issue of *Playgirl*.

Beth Talbert won the Marie Osmond look-alike contest.

Mrs. Talbert is taking the Varsity cheerleaders to a men's strip joint and is buying them beer as a consolation for the spirited pep rally.

Anthony Reese is writing a book, entitled "Fifty Ways to be Popular."

David Harwood has been unanimously voted into the Sigma Nu fraternity.

Mrs. Hathcock is giving up teaching English to be the new P.E. teacher. For homework her students are expected to jog eight miles a day, do 1080 push-ups, 657 sit-ups, 1202 jumping jacks, and 652½ squatters. Finally, they will have to write a five page summary on "How Exercise Affects the Body."

Coach Holcomb has decided to teach a speech therapy class next year.

Inside Rap: Speaking Frankly

By TRACY ASBURY

School and class office elections, cheerleader selections, and senior class elections are three articles that make up part of our important high school agenda. Each member of Albemarle High wishes to be considered for one or more of these activities. The most popular coeds in our school usually are considered, and some are chosen. Unfortunately, black students are rarely considered "popular enough" for anything in this "equal" school and society.

In former years, it was rare that our student council had more than one black member to be elected to serve in the council. The question was frequently asked: "Why are they so apathetic?" The answer was either that our grades weren't high enough, or that we knew we wouldn't be elected to begin with. Since we have black students in the upper class ranks, but few with an "A" or "B" average, the requirements this year for running in elections were for all students in the upper ranks of each class. A black student ran for each office. Even though they lost, it was by a smaller margin than in the past. To alter having a student council with no ethnic input, the council

asked the members who had run for office to become ex-officio members. Sure, the black students joined, but it is not the same as being elected.

Why were these black ex-officio members chosen? — because of the ignorant and biased practice of "race" voting. As students, we often vote as our parents and other adults in our society vote: not by the competence of the candidate, but by his or her skin color, popularity, and kinship of affiliation (friend or acquaintance). Only when both candidates are of the same race do we consider their competence.

Many young ladies envision themselves being chosen as a cheerleader during their high school years. This is a dream that often comes true for many, but often, the black girl's dream does not come true. In the past, black students have been chosen for the squad. During the school year 1980-81, no black students served as cheerleaders. They were said not to have a high enough grade point average, or either they had not been in our school as students long enough. Regardless, they were not chosen for the squad. This year, the picture is different in a better sense. The two young

ladies on the squad this year are excellent cheerleaders. Though they have tried out for the squad before, they were chosen this, their senior year, for the first time. They are commended because even though this is their first year on the squad, they cheer and perform in equity with the other young ladies.

Most Intellectual, Best Dressed, Most School Spirited, Most Likely to Succeed . . . these are just a few titles that make up senior superlatives. All seniors hope to be considered or even chosen for one or more of these categories. The most popular members of the senior class usually are selected. Unfortunately, black students are usually exempt from all but one of these — Most Athletic. Superlatives are presently an issue here at Albemarle High School. Many people wish to do away with superlatives. That's not the way to solve an issue. The best way to deal with an issue is to consider an alternative that will be fair and right.

An alternative that is feasible and better than no alternative at all is to have two candidates, male and female, black and white, to represent each category. The best alternative would be if the ideas of cliquishness, selfishness, and most especially racism were dead and buried. It would be better if each of us could see everyone as an equal being dependent upon the other for friendship and love. Until the primitiveness of hostility toward those we consider different is wiped from each of our minds, a true alternative will never be reached.

It is a good thing to have black students in every school activity. We are the least used people in America, and the most abused, we contribute a great deal to the world. It is time that we as a people take a second look at why we react to others the way we do. It's something to think about!

For the new year, let's make a true resolution to respect our fellowmen as the people they truly are. Merry Christmas!

'Twas The Night

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the school,
Not a teacher was stirring, not even a fool.
The freshmen were hung by their lockers with care,
In hopes that Flash would never be there.

The students were restless with ideas in their heads,
That the teachers would be roped and tied to their beds.
Ms. Wolf in her jammies and Holcomb in his cap
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
Flash sprang from his chair to see what was the matter.
Away to the door he ran mighty fast,
Just to suspend Ms. Carter and Ms. Maske.

Out on the dead grass with new fallen dew,
He found Ms. Maske and Ms. Carter with some ice cold brew.
When what to his wondering eyes should appear,
But Mr. Kluttz, intoxicated with holiday cheer.

With a slave driver, who was no fun
We knew in a moment it must be Ver-nun.
Slower than a turtle, by trials he came
He shouted and hollered and called them by name.

Now, Della! Now, Gina! Now, Martha and Susan!
On, Blalock! On, Edwards! Oh, Johnston and Hampton!
To the top of the stairs! To the top of the walls!
Ver-nun drove them with bats and balls!

They spoke not a word, but went straight to work
And filled each desk with lots of work.
With a smile on their faces, they turned to the door,
Thinking of the students' next chore.

He ran to the gym and gave the teachers a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard them exclaim, as they ran out of sight,
Merry Christmas to all! and to all a good night.



THE FULL MOON

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Maria Dennis, Editor-In-Chief
Ann Novak, News Editor
David Smith, Sports Editor
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Mrs. Mary Catherine Ellis, Advisor

SENIOR STAFF

Kelly Watson, Bobby Gaskin,
Michael Harwood, Brent Williams,
Tracy Asbury, Patricia Little,
Fredia Blackmon,
Cassandra McDonald

JUNIOR STAFF

Maria Hernandez, Beth Efirid,
Keli Farlow, Kelley Herrin,
Camille Plyler

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