

# The Full Moon

Published Monthly By Mrs. Gamewell's Journalism Class

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## Youths View Trials Of Youth

"Yes, An' No, An' Mebbe, An' Mebbe Not!"—Westcott

Responsibility! This is the key word to the discontent of today's students. But still, why should we be discontented? After all, more gifts are lavished on us than on any generation of the past. Materially, we are the most opulent, the most affluent of any former generation. So why the discontent? The answer, of course, is that the goals set for us by society are rather ambiguous. A few examples of this are given below. They are petty when figured independently, but try them for significance when figured into the entire scheme of our society . . .

- Act like a man, but don't remind us that you are one.
 

? ? ?
- Be responsible, but don't you dare take the privileges that go with responsibility . . .
 

? ? ?
- Act on your own judgment—we trust it, but it had better meet with our approval . . .
 

? ? ?
- It's not the grades that count—it's learning, but remember, you have to get into a good college, and your marks are very important . . .
 

? ? ?
- Don't worry, if you ever make a mistake, we're here and we'll help to pick up the pieces and put you on the right track again, but . . . when you make your own mistake, take the consequences like a man . . .
 

? ? ?
- Confide in us, but don't bother us with "trivial" things . . .
 

? ? ?
- Be realistic, but don't remind us of the very real situation of our world today . . .
 

? ? ?
- Be perfect, but please don't look at our imperfection . . . We want your respect, but ignore our hypocrisy . . .
 

? ? ?
- We want your love, but don't let it bother you, if, at times, you don't recognize ours . . .
 

? ? ?
- We know you want security, but what can we do about your apprehensions?
 

? ? ?

—PAUL ELLIS

"Striving to Better, Oft We Mar What's Well"—Shakespeare

School life for the American student is very tedious and complicated today. This is because the world appears to expect so much, yet to yield so little.

Keen competition between this nation and the Communist nations, competition between organizations, and competition between individuals have led American society to set a severely rigid standard of success for American youth. This standard—that only perfection or near perfection is good—is born out of ideals and fears, not reality.

Very few students today are allowed the luxury of being self-satisfied. Those who pass judgment on students, those whose privilege it is to give praise to students, deny the students this luxury. These judges—the whole of adult society—lead students to believe that unless they work as hard as they possibly can or make "A's" they are not successful. The unreality of this is the implication that perfection is obtainable. As human beings we can't really do our best. Partial-best is all that is obtainable.

In defense of this notion that perfection is a proper goal, it might be said that it creates a superior nation led by "superior individuals." But this is a fallacy for it fails to recognize that only happy individuals can be "superior individuals" and that every American who swears allegiance to his country is as important as the greatest scientist in the eyes of the Constitution. It also fails to recognize that discontent with self, the product of "perfect" goals, breeds discontent with God and country, the ideals which superior individuals would serve.

—ANDY COOK

## If The Shoe Fits . . .

In the early times in the United States, Halloween was a time of playing harmless pranks, but recently many pranks played on Halloween night have not been harmless. Harmless pranks are enjoyed by both the prankster and the victim of the prank but harmful pranks are destructive and expensive. Evidence of destructive pranks was clearly visible around the schools in our country after this year's Halloween night.

Marring the beauty of structures belonging to the public is one of the most destructive pranks that can be played. Marring buildings not only detracts from their beauty and lowers their value, but sets a bad example for others. Such conduct can get innocent people into trouble and make the community cast disapproving stares on the youth of the community.

## Appreciation To Pedagogos

During this Thanksgiving season when one's thoughts turn to the many blessings which he has received, the student of Albemarle Senior High School should express an extra "Thanks" to the teachers who strive to make his high school career as interesting, valuable, and enjoyable as possible.

Many teachers not only prepare and present the materials to be studied in a noteworthy manner, they also assume extra responsibilities to make extra curricular activities available to the students. To the student, this presents the avenue by which he may participate in numerous pleasing activities. To the teacher, however, this means more work and spending more time after school, with no extra pay. Advising club activities, working with the annual or newspaper staffs, producing school plays, planning the prom, or attending conventions with school groups are only a few of the ways by which a teacher expresses his special interest in his students.

In recognition of this special interest, right now is a good time for the **Full Moon** to express its appreciation and for everyone to make a special effort to personally say "Thank You" to his teachers.

## Race For Life

By SAM TRUETTE

A human form strolled slowly down the rustic dirt road, stumbling occasionally over an overturned rock, or a large swell of soil extruding from the irregular surface. He was a man of ordinary bourgeois standing, of average height and weight, but he had one adverse characteristic, he was black. For this small reason he had been persecuted and mocked since he could remember. He was made to understand, in no uncertain terms, by his white counterparts, that he was inferior to them and that he belonged to a deficient social environment. In rebuttal to these opinions, he and other members of his race had attempted desperately to break the cruel barrier which dominated them by engaging in demonstrations, freedom marches, and mass religious appeals, but these futile attempts were all in vain.

Soon things grew worse for the Negro race. Mobbings of racial demonstrators, burning and bombing of Negro housing districts—these were just a few of the horrible incidents.

Having endured this wave of violence, he departed from that land of hate and despair.

The broken figure walked down that crude, remote road, and as he stepped over its broken plane, it reminded him of the lives of his people—a battleground of prejudice and resentment.

He walked lonely and begotten. Where? He didn't know; maybe he could find a land, a Eutopia which would give equality and freedom to its inhabitants.

"A Domestic Dilemma," which was printed in the last issue of the **Full Moon**, was written by Tony Almond. Appreciation is expressed to Tony for serving as a guest author.

## Whoa!

Something's missing it seems to me.  
 Christmas is already here I see.  
 The lights are hung, the sales are on.  
 The season for Santa has really won.  
 What happened to the poor turkey we eat?  
 If life is a bus, he's lost his seat.  
 Already the dreams of yuletide appear.  
 But what of Thanksgiving?  
 Not stylish this year?

## On Love And Hate

By CINDY STONE

There is a world of difference in Love and Hate. Love, like a light June breeze, comes gently and gradually and settles in a comfortable corner of a warm heart, while Hate, like a torrent of January air, enters the heart as a dictator and begins at that moment to completely dominate a person's character. Love whispers an understanding note of sympathy at the shedding of a tear, while Hate scorns the softness of any sympathetic utterance. While walking, Love learns to tiptoe lightly across a hard wooden floor and may trip gaily across a field blanketed with daisies, for it wishes not to disturb the pink dream-mist which always caresses a thing of beauty. Love throws back its carefree head and laughs at the clouds of a sunny May afternoon, and, in time of trouble, raises its hopeful blue eyes to a flickering star which is never far away for those who truly seek it. Hate may take the form of a weed, a black morning, a thorn hidden behind the fragrance of a frail yellow rose, and the rotten side of a shiny, red apple. Hate grows as a disease grows. It first affects the heart, and when it has thoroughly invaded the secret chambers of a person's being, it moves to the brain where it takes over the elements of emotion and clear thinking. Love is a magic wand. It can turn the most common being into a king amid a place bathed in emerald satin. It can quench the thirst of a dusty traveler just in from a long day's journey. Hate tears at an individual as a cruel December snowstorm does to a shutter on an empty, long-forgotten cottage. Hate wears a black cloak in the midst of a masquerade party and holds about it a foggy mist which may be penetrated neither by the eye nor the heart. Love is the fire which lights up a cold room. Hate, the remaining ashes. Love is the sunrise; Hate, the sunset. Love is dressed in pink, yellow, and blue; Hate, in black, brown, and grey. Love is understanding; Hate is fear. Love is the Beginning; Hate, the End.

## For Whom The Axe Tolls

As I stand here in my makeshift prison cell and look at the stars above me, I think of my past experiences and how they led to my inevitable fate.

When I was small, I ate an enormous amount and grew bigger than the rest of the members of my species. My size brought a twinkle to my master's eyes. I was set apart from my friends and placed in an enclosure by myself. I was given still more to eat and grew bigger while my friends were barely given enough to exist.

The other members of my species voted one night to rebel against the master. By certain means, they were able to tell me what they planned to do and wanted to know if I would join them. The loyalty to my friends seemed, at the moment, more important than my well-being, so I told them I would help.

The appointed day came, the rebellion began, and a few managed to get out of their barriers. But it was of no avail. The rebellion was quickly put down by the master and his sons. Severe measures were taken with my friends. They were given a still smaller amount to eat and many of them starved as a result of this. For some strange reason, no harsh penalties were dealt to me. I was just placed in my old surroundings with the same amount of food to eat.

One day my master came to my "cage" with another man. As they stood there, they pointed at me and talked.

"I don't know," said my master, "he may be a tough one."

"That'll be all right," replied the stranger. They talked, nodded, and pointed at me for what seemed an eternity. Finally, the stranger nodded and shook hands with my master, indicating that a deal had been made. That's the last I saw of the stranger.

I try to keep from thinking about it, but my mind drifts into the future and yearns to know the way I will die. Will my neck be twisted and pulled until I die of a broken spine, or will the axe fall upon my neck and cause my head to be parted from my body? I will just have to wait for the approaching tomorrow and find out. I do know that after I die, I will be disemboweled. My body will then be cremated and my burned flesh picked off the bones, without any type of decent burial, will be thrown upon a refuse heap and will decay there. What a way to die! . . .

The sun threw a scatter-rug of colors over the surrounding countryside. Somewhere, in the mind of the prisoner, he vaguely remembered today. It's Thanksgiving! The master approached the prison with a broad-bladed axe in hand. Decapitation! Yes, today is surely a day of doom.

## Wee Wit And Wisdom

Speeding motorists should remember that it's better to be a little late down here than too early up there.

A journey of one thousand miles begins with one step.

Some of us don't know what we want, but we feel sure we don't have it.

There are two classes of pedestrians: the quick and the dead.

Most of us never get too old to learn a new way of being stupid.

We would have no objection to people who eat like sparrows if they would stop that everlasting chirping about it.

An autobiography usually reveals nothing bad about its writer except his memory.

There are two ways to get to the top of an oak tree: climb or sit on an acorn long enough.

The oldest and shortest words, yes and no are those which require the most thought.

Life: Just one fool thing after another.  
 Love: Just two fool things after each other.

There's only one thing wrong with modern marriages—the best man doesn't get the bride.

Love is the star men look up to as they walk along, and marriage is the orbit they fall into.

A man begins cutting his wisdom teeth the first time he bites off more than he can chew.

We are all manufacturers in a way—some making good, making trouble, or making excuses.