

The Full Moon

Published Monthly By Mrs. Gamewell's Journalism Class

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor Betty Herlocker
 News Editor Anita Taylor
 Art Editor Suzanne Webster
 Photography Editor Jim Sharkey
 Feature Editors Judy Hesley, Edith Johnson
 Sports Editor Eugene Coley
 Assistant Sports Editor Jimmy Lowder
 Business Manager Kay Cornelius
 Assistant Business Manager Gary Nicholds
 Typing Editor Karen Hatley
 Circulation Manager Brown Bivens
 Page Editors Letitia Stockton, Nancy Butler,
 Joanne Lisk, Willene Rice

Staff Members: Andy Cook, Paul Ellis, Nancy Fatkin, Betty Morton, Kathy Gamewell, Charles Morton, Diane Morton, Cindy Stone, Carlotta Taylor, Frances Vanhoy, Marie Williams, Ginny Rogers, Allison Harris, Dane Perry, Teresa Yow, Sandy Kelley, Mark Cook, Buck Snuggs, Charles Lefler, Sam Truette, Carolyn Eury, Marian Cranford

The Visitor

He was old and tired. Deep furrows of life and traces of gray stubble stood out upon his life-tanned countenance. A crude scythe was clutched in his hand. Its blade had deep scars and chips covering its surface, showing definite signs of age and use. The tip was smeared with the blood of a November tragedy, which seemed to change the complete appearance of the implement. Tired and beaten from carrying his burden, he leaned against a tree which rose majestically above the frozen landscape to extend her barren boughs to heaven as if to plead for another spring, another life. An icy breeze blew, causing many leaves to tumble aimlessly over the ground. It blew against his face and body, occasionally causing him to blink, shielding his eyes from particles of ice. He almost wished he was young again so he could have a second try at taking advantage of this wonderland of health and prosperity—perhaps things would be different; but he realized that this could never be and so he erased this idea from his mind.

As he gazed across this magnificent land, scarred here and there by the destructive hand of man, he suddenly noticed a figure smoothly gliding across winter's carpet. It was at first just a minute figure with obscure features, but as it neared, the characteristics of this person could be ascertained. He wore a black cape which dangled and flapped around his body under the influence of the wind. His remaining attire was gray which blended perfectly with his flesh. As the figure approached, the old man recognized him as a familiar acquaintance.

"Well, I see that you have waited until the last minute, to relieve me from this burden," laughed the old man, whose voice cracked with nervous strain.

"Yes," replied the stranger in a deep gruff voice, "you have served well."

"But the pain——"

"Ah, but the pain was evidently necessary to convince you that you are not infallible, neither can you stand still. You must take violence in your stride. Man must do as he will. His problems are not your concern. Your duty is to exist, nothing more."

"Thank you, my friend," said the old man with a vocal trend toward relief.

Then, with a final glance at the aged land which he loved so dearly, he and his strange friend slowly walked off together into a world different from that which we know.—Sam Truette

Christmas Transformation

Have you ever noticed the difference in the Christmas you spent ten years ago and the Christmas you presently enjoy? When you were young, Christmas was represented by bright, bubbling lights, eggnog your elders would never consent to let you drink, and having to go to church on Christmas Eve when you wanted to stay home and watch the chimney. Remember how you set out a glass of milk and a sizeable chunk of homemade fruit cake on a stool beside the fireplace and got up every five minutes to see if anyone had eaten it yet? Christmas morning was welcomed as the first doubtful snowflake of the earliest winter snow—you knew it was there, but felt you had to creep up to it or it would disappear. At the crack of dawn you peered cautiously around your bedroom door to make sure "not a creature was stirring" other than yourself, and then tiptoed to the tree. By the time morning set in, the room looked as if Santa couldn't find his way down the chimney so he just dropped everything through a convenient hole in the roof. When your parents awoke, they groped blindly for the living room. Here they found you dressed formidably in your yellow bunnyrabbit pajamas, the pants precariously held up by a genuine Roy Rogers holster and gun set with two guns. There you stood, straddling a new bike and exploring the underside of the locomotive to your new electric train set. The track had been assembled somewhat hastily and, since you couldn't fit the curves together correctly, it crossed itself several times. Dad watched helplessly as the front bike wheel rolled over the exposed Howdy Doodie game set and Mom retreated wearily to the kitchen to fix breakfast.

Now, we seldom leave any cake and milk and we cease to watch the chimney. Instead of rushing to the tree at the first hint of sunlight, we plead for that last wink of sleep, probably because we were up later than Santa himself the night before.

But these aren't the only changes. Today when Christmas arrives, we come face to face with the real meaning of brotherhood and fellowship. We find ourselves able to look past the tinsel and bright ribbons and examine the real foundations of Christmas—those of love, hope, and charity. Being older, we become more convinced of the merits of a life whose goals are set by courage and a desire to contribute more than necessary towards the betterment of humanity. This season seems to re-ignite the flame of determination to do better. It reminds us that we are here for a purpose and it is our duty to find and fulfill that purpose.

PEDAGOGS' ADDRESSES

Mr. Henry T. Webb
1106 Melchor Road
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mrs. Josephine Allen
Box 781
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mrs. Jacob Carter
Route 2
Albemarle, N. C.
 Miss Chicora Caughman
Lexington, S. C.
 Mrs. Mildred Deese
531 N. Fifth St.
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mr. Kenneth Frazier
713 E. Main Street
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mr. Paul B. Fry
1934 E. Main Street
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mrs. E. P. Gamewell, Jr.
33 Hickory St.
Badin, N. C.
 Mrs. Keith F. Harrison
15 Tallasse
Badin, N. C.
 Mr. Raymon C. Hatley
Box 68
Oakboro, N. C.
 Mrs. Barbara S. Helms
808 Smith St.
Albemarle, N. C.
 Miss Betty M. Richardson
Ramseur, N. C.
 Mrs. Carolyn McLain
106 Falls Rd.
Badin, N. C.
 Miss Lillian Misenheimer
Box 364
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mr. Moyer Smith
1190 Carolyn Drive
Albemarle, N. C.
 Miss Rebecca Stasavich
205 Lewis St.
Greenville, N. C.
 Mrs. Frank Westerlund
504 McGill Drive
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mr. Henry Jackson White
1191 Carolyn Drive
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mrs. Trailer Young
Box 141
Norwood, N. C.
 Mr. Walter Smith
Route 1
Albemarle, N. C.
 Miss Dianne Thompson
271 N. Third St.
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mrs. Paul B. Fry
1034 E. Main St.
Albemarle, N. C.
 Miss Elizabeth Ann Brooks
207 N. Fifth St.
Albemarle, N. C.
 Mrs. James Brown
716 Montgomery Ave.
Albemarle, N. C.

New Year's Resolutions

I, Pookie Austin, resolve to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me—please!
 I, Brown Bivens, resolve to leave my big brother's girls alone.
 We, Leon Burleson and Diane Baker, resolve to wear our chorus blazers in Hollywood.
 I, Brenda Peeler, resolve not to eat onion dip for a year.
 I, Robert Scarboro, resolve to wear a different colored pencil behind my ear every day.
 I, Missy Burnette, resolve that only my hairdresser knows.
 I, Nancy Morton, resolve to go out for basketball next fall.
 I, Moyer Smith, resolve to buy more monogrammed shirts.
 I, Eddie Mauldin, resolve to write and sing more original compositions during homeroom period.
 I, James Keever, resolve to enjoy life more.
 I, Frances Ann Miller, resolve never to ride Pookie Austin's horse again. It uses too much gas.
 I, Tommy Taylor, resolve to walk on the right hand side of the road when I wear my red shirt.
 I, Shelia Hall, resolve to teach my daddy how to drive my car.
 I, Coach Tyson, resolve not to leave the cheerleaders again.
 I, Annette Thomas, resolve not to get mad at Johnny for three whole days.

Inquisitive Inquisitor

Question: "What would you like to find in your Christmas stocking?"

GIRLS

A personally autographed picture of Alfred E. Newman, in color.—Mary Napier.
 \$5,000 for the play. — Mrs. Brown.
 Myron! (If he'd fit.) — Frances Miller.
 Madras Easter egg. — Libby Mauldin.
 A teddy bear that looks just like Coach White. — Terry Stiller.
 A picture of Mrs. Deese holding a Latin book.—Judy Frye.
 A movie contract with Richard Chamberlain. — Karen Hatley.
 A life size portrait of Coach Smith. — Sue Snuggs.
 English under Mr. Novak.—Kay Cornelius.
 A foam rubber cushion to use on hay rides. — Sue Cooper.
 I never had one. — Gayle Byrd.
 A Mr. Tyson doll; you wind it up and watch it shoot basketball. —Lynn Calder.

BOYS

Anything but a foot. — Ronnie Blalock.
 Something for athlete's foot. — Mark Cook.
 A 10 x 12 picture of Mr. Hatley. —David Miller.
 A madras turtle with camel-hair eyes.—Jimmy Hathcock.
 A "Superfine" boy. — Johnny Burleson.
 A pumpkin. — Herman Mauldin.
 Only my hairdresser knows for sure.—Ronnie Swanner.
 An "A" in French, because Santa Claus is my only hope. — Jerry Beaver.
 A snow storm. — Eugene Coley.
 An autographed picture of Miss Brooks.—Mike Davis.
 A beautiful blonde. — Curtis Pierce.
 What usually comes in stockings.—Danny Blalock.
 A million dollars. — David Bowen.

"Promise Her Anything But..."

This is the time of the year when a fellow begins to think about gifts for those people who are important to him. Usually first and foremost in his thinking is the girl in his life. Probably more thought, more worry, and more guesswork go into selecting her present than go into the choosing of anyone else's.

Most of all, no boy wants to give a gift which he thinks will understate his feelings. Unfortunately, few can afford Buckingham Palace or the Eiffel Tower, so it is necessary to look for things a bit more practical which will still say what is meant for them to say. The essence of gift buying is choosing things which will be meaningful to the recipient of the gift, "meaningful" meaning something that will make the receiver think of the giver and the giver's feelings. At this point each boy must make a personality analysis, for where one girl might be overjoyed at receiving a stunning necklace, another might be equally charmed with a stuffed animal. Following this line of thought, it might be correct to say that when one comes down to specifics, there are some things which are not the best gifts because they have a way of being meaningless more easily than others. Items which are sort of half-luxury and which one wouldn't ordinarily buy for oneself have a tendency to carry the most meaning.

Price is a ticklish question which depends greatly upon a guy's financial resources; however, with such devices as credit and installment buying, there are fewer limits to what one can afford. Certainly no one can condemn the joy of giving to those we love, but anyone can condemn excess in anything.

Merry Christmas

Betty Herlocker	Nancy Butler
Judy Hesley	Buck Snuggs
Sam Truette	Disk Stockton
Mark C. Cook	Suzanne Webster
Andy Cook	Kay Cornelius
Allison Harris	Godmone Zisk
Teresa Yow	Dane Perry
Carolyn Eury	Kathy Gamewell
Anita Taylor	Betty Morton
Willene Rice	Edith Johnson
Sandy Kelley	Jim Sharkey
Marian Cranford	Nancy Fatkin
Gary Nicholds	Garon Hatley
Ginny Rogers	Maria Williams
Charles Lefler	Frances Vanhoy
Diane Morton	Cindy Stone
Eugene Coley	Mrs. Gamewell
Jimmy Lowder	
Paul W. Ellis	
Carlotta Taylor	
Brown Bivens	
Charles Morton	