

"Parlez-Vous Gossip?"

Rumors are circulating that the *Full Moon* lost potential subscriptions because it has no gossip column. We of the *Full Moon* wish to defend our position on this issue.

Who cares if Phillip M. dated Beth L. or if a certain cheerleader is interested in David B. from South Stanly? Why should a school paper publicize the private lives of Ed and Joy? In other words, is a gossip column necessary to a quality school newspaper?

A gossip column has little or no news value. Such a column, dealing mostly with out of school activities, has no place in a school paper. Often, the facts in a gossip column are totally untrue or perhaps only half-true. A person's private life is no concern to anyone but that person; thus, a gossip column is an unsanctioned invasion of privacy. No school paper should lower itself to such cheap sensationalism. Sacrificing the quality of the paper for an increased circulation would be a grave mistake.

Therefore, we of the *Full Moon* staff absolutely refuse to print half-truths, or participate in yellow journalism, and unwarranted invasion of private lives. By adding nothing to a paper, one gains nothing.

Briefly Speaking...

In our last issue we emphasized the freedom of an individual to read any work he wanted in connection with school work. We did not, however, put our approval on some of the pornographic books that have been floating around the school recently. A student should use his good judgment in choosing books to read. Certainly anyone can recognize trash when he sees it, and garbage is only for pigs.

The athletic teams here must have a god-coach somewhere. A brand new bus has been purchased. This is probably the greatest thing that has happened to the Athletic Department. But besides the great treat for all, individual departments have received gifts. The footballers have new game jerseys and warm-up suits. Rumors are in the air that other teams are also getting new equipment. All boys on these teams express their thanks to the unknown god-coach.

While we're speaking of new equipment coming in, we might mention that the English and History Departments finally scored. During last year they were placed under the NDEA. As a result of positioning these departments thus, they are to receive equipment as have the Math, French, and Science Departments been doing for years. Finally, the English and history teachers have hope!

Our congratulations this issue to Bobby Overcash, Student Rotarian for the month of October, and to Tom Webb, Student Lion.

A very nice convenience has recently been added the school: Announcements over the P.A. system. No one is any happier than Mrs. Hall!

Anyone who has a low mental capacity, who is extremely mal-coordinated, and who is in no condition whatsoever can play football.

(Submitted by Wade Hatley)

Who Needs A Track?

Did you know that we possess one of the state's most confusing obstacle courses? Well, we do! As one enters the building from the side entrance in the morning hours, he will find numerous curves and barricades to overcome before reaching the part of the hall where his room angles off. These obstacles usually consist of earnest students studying for pop tests in one or two subjects or for a vocabulary test in a French class. Other times there are just the plain gossipers talking about this or that, or what Mr. Teacher told John Doe to do. At any rate there is a continuous uproar of human voices blending in to such a volume so as to confuse any brave soul who wanders into the maze, whether student or faculty member. Most of the time these who make up the obstacles carry with them an object which can also add to the treachery of the lane. Anyone who is not yet quite awake may falter over such a thing called a book. The greatest of these obstacles is perhaps the one in front of or near the office of the track supervisor. It is perhaps the largest and usually almost completely blocks the way in either direction. We suspect that quite an uproar would be heard if we were denied a student lounge?



The Full Moon

Published by the journalism class of Albemarle Senior High School, 311 Palestine Road, Albemarle, North Carolina.

Subscription.....\$1.50 per year

EDITORIAL STAFF

- Editor-in-Chief.....Allison Harris
- Promotion.....Buck Snuggs
- Editorial Editor.....Dane Perry
- News Editor.....Linda Long
- Club Editor.....Cindy Hamilton
- Feature Editor.....Ginny Rogers
- Assistant Feature Editor.....Betsy Patterson
- Sports Editor.....Carolyn Eury
- Assistant Sports Editor.....Bill Hartsell
- Photography.....Randy Burton
- Art Editor.....Debbie Weemhoff
- Typing.....Dianne Hill
- Co-editors.....Grey Gamewell
- Business Manager.....Sandy Kelly
- Edwin Sides, Financial Manager; Debbie Weemhoff, Advertising Manager; Keith Wolf, Circulation Manager; Joe Beaman, Exchange Editor.
- Staff.....Elicia Harwood, Michal Medling, Julia Nicoloutsou, Oroon Palmer, Faye Vanhoy.
- Advisor.....Mrs. Nancy Gamewell

Printed by Press Printing Company

All Fall Down

Cry, ye millions of voiceless people!
Put forth your blood-stained hands
And pray to a god who stands
Speechless upon his concrete steeple.

A noise rises like a tickle of pale gray smoke
And settle back solemnly as dew falls upon the tarnished figure.

No longer the mass surges and clamors,
No longer the mass seeks a door.
Down through them sifts a common knowledge
Which tells them that the figure cannot speak.

The figure can say no more than can Abe Lincoln or Thomas Jefferson
Philosophize from the front of a coin.

The figure's golden lips have tarnished green as the sightless eyes that peer into nothingness.

Millions once worshipped him and called him their own,
Millions now seek him and ask where he's gone.

Once he stood spotless, bold symbol of wealth;
Death forgets not even a few.

Cry, ye millions of voiceless people!

The earth swallows you whole.
A god stares at you with eyes so cold,

Sneering contentedly at wits so dull.

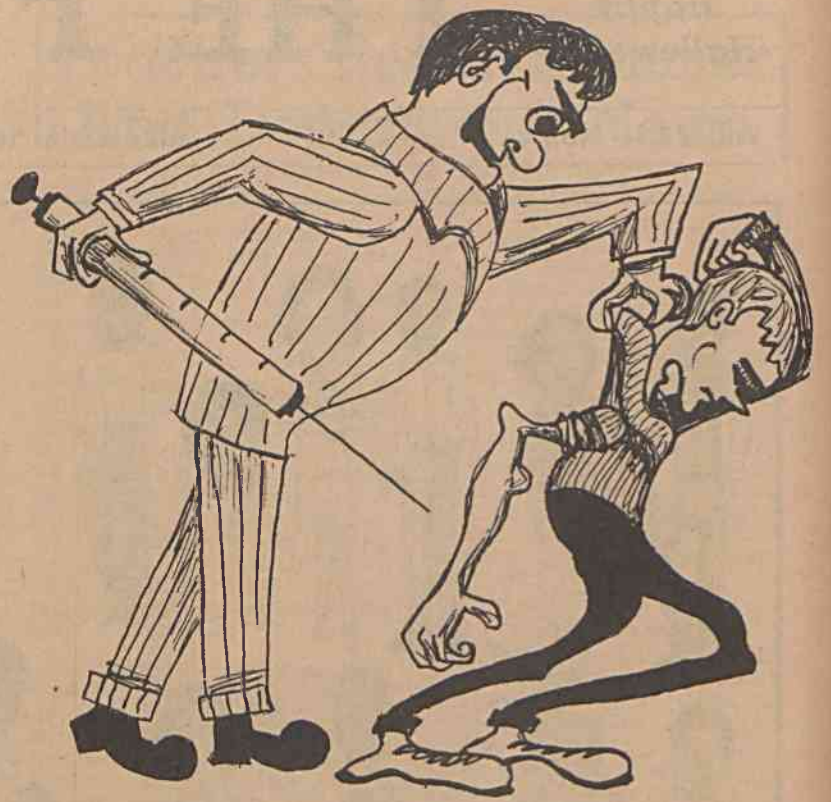
—Dane Perry

Mine! Mine!

(Dane wanted to do something with the Casba, but he couldn't think of anything constructive.)

You never saw such a pleased little boy. At last! Coach White has a new toy to play with. When he saw his new bus, it was love at first sight with sugar on top. The little man's shouts of glee could be heard all over the county. His only words were, "Come with me to the Casba and we will make love together! Never my darling, shall we be separated." They weren't. For the entire day that the bus arrived he rode students around and, between stops, he languished in his seat. He shifted his gears, turned his steering wheel, and stepped on his brakes. Mine! Mine! All Mine! But wait — What's this? The hoard advances — it comes closer — and closer AUGGH! — it's the football team! They're wearing cleats! No! Not my nice clean aisle, not my seats, get their sweaty jerseys out of my clean smelling bus!

As the coach slowly sinks in the west, where is he going? To the Casba maybe?



Needling The Seniors

With a secretive slyness than only Ian Fleming could imitate (although Yves Montain is considered a professional in his imitation of bird calls) Dr. Paschold gave the Seniors mass inoculation for tetanus. Dr. Paschold tried a different approach to the situation this year. He did not even announce the date the shots were to be given. By this method he was able to trap most Seniors and keep them in school. He finally realized the Senior Class isn't as dumb as the disbanded Ugly Club may represent it to be. When he announced dates for the shots, some students always found an excuse for not taking the shot. Some of these were rather ingenious excuses, I might add (or I might subtract as the case may be). One student's grandmother broke a shoelace on her combat boots and he had to go home and get another. Another grandmother. A student found that due to sudden appearances of sunspots he developed a nosebleed. Unfortunately, Dr. Paschold brought a bottle of plasma with him and the student was not allowed to leave school. Maybe the best excuse presented was the case where a girl's pet guppy was having babies that afternoon and she was needed as a midwife. She was allowed to leave school immediately.

But all seriousness aside, either right or left, you may have your choice, it has been discovered that the doctor received a better turnout when he does not announce the dates for his shots. It is rather disappointing to a doctor to load all his needles and then have no one to receive the serum. It makes one realize that old axiom is true: "Tetanus serum is thicker than blood." And I have a lump on my arm to prove it.

Bits Of Cheese

DID ANYONE notice what color Woody Brigham's jersey was in the game against Concord? No, the coach isn't color blind. Due to forgetfulness on the part of many, an extra jersey wasn't taken. The green one was borrowed from the opponents. Although the color was wrong, the jersey served the same purpose.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT concerning tetanus shots for the seniors seemed to have spurred Mr. Tyson to one of his drawers in the biology room where he produced an apparatus characteristic of the one being used on the seniors at that specified time, only his would more likely be found at a horse hospital. After filling it with water, he then went bounding into Mr. Frazier's biology class in the direction of Steve Morgan, hypodermic in hand, ready to puncture his victim. Steve, terror stricken and quaking with fear, dashed to a distant corner of the room. Pandemonium broke out in the class but with the exit of Mr. Tyson returned peace and tranquility.

WHAT IS in the North Hall?

A chihuahua that eats "Ken-L-Ration.—Frankie Barbee.

A lot of little things.—Mrs. Hall.

A she-wolf.—Jimmy Gantt.

Uh, the North Hall what?—Mr. Webb.

A white elephant.—Billy Wilhelm.

The library?—Miss Bishop.

The busiest place in town because I'm there.—Mrs. Westerland.

What do I win if I guess it?—Tommy Blalock.

A bow-legged bulldog.—Keith Burris.

Palmer the Terrible.—Mr. Frazier.

A Super Ball.—Joe Mullis.

That's where the 'nanner forest is.—Steve Treece.

A hippopotamus.—Johnny Auten.

Hippopotamus? I thought it was a horse.—David Taylor.

The Greenfield Football Team.—David Ritchie.

Storm Baby tied to a stake.—Benny Bowers.

Kelley.—Nancy Walker.

My math mind.—Charles Daniel.

And all I wanted to do was find the music room!

The President of ASHS, Dane Perry, has finally revealed his beauty secret. For the past five or six years Dane has faithfully washed his hair once every two weeks, put on his mother's hair net, climbed under her hairdryer for approximately twenty minutes, then stood in front of the mirror and applied his daily coat of Hidden Magic hair spray, all for one little cowlick. At the time of this interview, Dane remembered the approaching Homecoming weekend and vigorously whipped out his chap stick.

A HEROIC EFFORT was performed by Ralph Burleson, a junior tenor, when he boldly put an end to a yellow jacket which had been harrassing a number of the singers in Senior Choir. Also, would-be superman Joe Frick must be commended for the gallant way in which he tossed his music across the room in apprehension of the culprit.

ATTENTION!! Be prepared to catch the monkey which is on the loose in the kitchen! He is suspected to be hiding near the tray-washing machine. Although no one has ever seen him, he is heard in the cafeteria every day during fourth period. Listen for him, and be on the lookout!

