

THE FULL MOON FORUM

"Full Moon Forum" is given to provide students with a mode of communication and an outlet for personal reflections. Students wishing to share their ideas should pass them along to any staff member for publication.

I have been more than certain to believe that the school has been a traditionalized organization for the past few years. I have also come to the conclusion that very little progress has been made in these "traditionalized areas." Why hasn't anybody tried to progress in this day and age where IBM machines are ticking and super-sonic jets soar through the air?

Is it a tradition for students to be members of a club, or a class rank, and the teachers to run this class or club? I think so. When special occasions or events that have occurred for years come up, and you're elected on a committee for this particular occasion, do you have voice over a teacher who still considers everything a "tradition" and that it "just couldn't be changed?"

In growing up it has been proven by leading psychologists that you learn by experience, but how can we learn by experience if there are no new experiences to learn?

When the teacher gives us ideas, we say "They're good, but listen to mine," and the teacher is already in a sound-proof tunnel thinking about the "new" ideas she used last year that she will use this year also.

Although I am just one student speaking out of a school of five hundred and more, I believe that I speak for many more students.

Sincerely,
"One for a cause"

This year, for the first time, we are having open student council meeting. In having the meetings open to all students, allowing them to give their views. However, only one out of every three meetings is open. Why not have all the meetings open to all students?

Of course, if the meetings were open, who would come? In order for there to be change, someone must act. You are entitled to go to every third meeting. However, this is not just a right, it is an obligation. Since the meetings are open, you must be there to give your views! Don't expect someone to do it for you; do it yourself. If you try, there will always be someone else behind you; but you have to be behind someone else. One person can't change anything except himself.

Robert C. Eford

1. The faculty does not subsidize the killing of trains.
2. Classes are run like prisons, and students are treated as prisoners.
3. Teachers are biased against long hair.
4. Teachers refuse to be corrected when they are wrong.
5. The study methods now used stifle individuality and promote regimentation. Therefore, the more intelligent and individualistic students are labeled as 'antagonists' or 'disruptionists.'

In the lives of most ordinary students (and I do hope I am classified in that category) there are times when one gets in a class that he hates. Such is my case for there is one certain class that . . . well . . . it is hard to say just what it is like. It seems I should have never decided to take the course to start with. I guess it was just that I had pulled the wall of pride over my eyes and thought that I could do a little better than my peers. Thus, I joined with this group, but I was quickly set straight. If I were a dog (even if some people think I am.) I try my best and still I cannot (or at least they don't think I can) do anything right. I am told to do one thing and after I do it I find that someone else is doing the same thing and I have something else I am supposed to be doing. (And that's pretty bad when it's supposed to be turned in the very same day.)

Another thing about the class is I really do not have any close friends to talk to and work with. Actually I do not even think I have a friend at all in the class. Believe me, it is a pretty bad feeling to have the people you are talking just walk away or turn away from you and start talking to someone else. Really, bad is not the word for it. _____ is! (I decided not to come right out and say the word since this is supposed to be a decent newspaper, but I think you all know what the word is. The devil does anyway.)

At times it seems that even the teacher could not care less what happens in his classroom or how he treats the students who enter his room.

When I think about it, though, I find that this "hate my class" situation has opened my eyes and has shown me that all people are not what you want them to be. I am not what the people in my hated class want me to be and they are not what I want them to be. Now, to find out who's right, me or them.

I think a little more respect for the seniors is not too much to be asked of the underclassmen. We have been here longer, and deserve a little respect for all the changes we have tried to bring about for the betterment of this school. You will be seniors too, one day, and you will expect the same things we are expecting of you now.

Hey everybody! Chocolate sale was here again and as usual no one got excited. Before the sale started the Student Council officers felt that a little spirit should be added. The question was, "How?" One officer felt that if there could be a reward for the whole school if a certain amount of chocolate was sold during a week. This reward could be a pep rally or an assembly. Pretty good idea was brought out too. The idea pertained to a pep rally on the lawn and we got a pep rally on the lawn.

But wait a minute. What happened to that idea? Isn't that what happens to most ideas in this school?

Stanly County Should Always Be Dry

It is common knowledge that immorality and premarital pregnancies rank higher in wet counties than dry counties. Alcohol is almost as bad as that killer weed Mary Wanna; it will lead to narcotic addiction. Alcohol does cause brain damage, an example is Dean Martin.

Residents of Stanly County can be proud that bootleggers are not in poverty, and that the tax money on alcoholic beverages that they buy is contributed to the county government of a wet county. Drunks are not common in Stanly County, for residents have the drive back from a wet county in order to sober up.

Everyone knows you get a cold if you stay wet. Everyone knows this county will not get a cold, unless they look in the kitchen cabinets of Stanly County.



Dear Folks,

I hope everyone is doing fine. And I hope Dad is recovering from his run-in with the exterminators.

Though I have to live behind the lockers, I have had a chance to see what's going on. They call this place "Albemarle Senior High School," a fine place for rats.

It seems like a pretty good place. It is very quiet except when people inconsiderately run down the halls. Then it becomes very noisy.

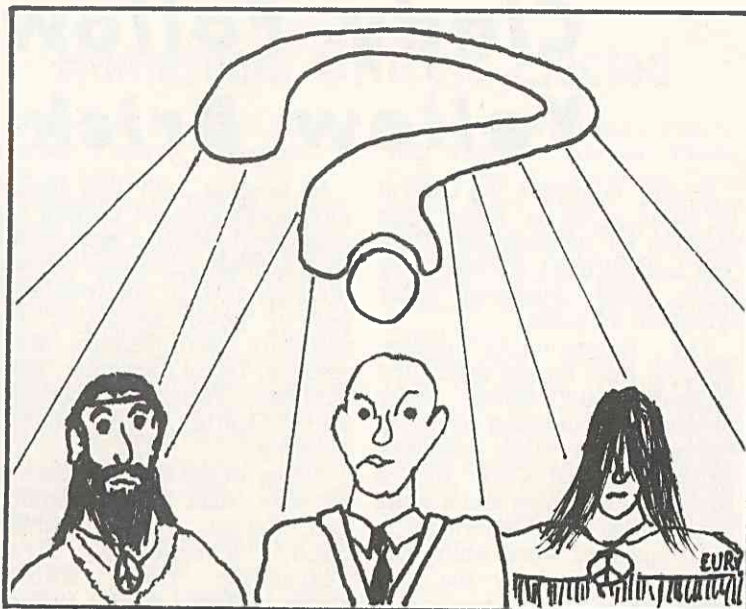
The last couple of weeks have been paradise. It seems they have a sale of what is called "The World's Finest Chocolate." And let me tell you, Mom, it is. I've gotten into many lockers to gnaw on the luscious stuff. Somehow, this makes the people mad; but, it makes me fat. I now weigh three ounces!

I almost got caught the other week. You see, a delightful fragrance called incense was coming from someone's locker and I wanted to get closer to it. I was several lockers away when they opened the locker door. I ran one way and they opened that locker; and I ran the other way and they opened the locker on that side. They didn't see me, but it was a close call.

One thing I've noticed is a lot of contempt. Back home, no one dislikes somebody just because of the length of his tail. People here dislike anyone or anything that is different. They worry a lot about the length of each other's hair and the clothes that others wear. We always found it easier to love than to hate. It's just the opposite here. Students seem to hate teachers just because they don't take time to understand them. And that's the way some of the teachers feel about the students, too. I can't figure it out.

Well, take care of yourselves. Look out for Tabby and come see me sometime.

Love,
Squeaky



DISTORTED REFLECTIONS DIZOBBLED BELFECTIONS?

Since many of you walk around school in a daze, I know you might have missed the strange occurrences over the last few days. If you did fail to notice it, let me tell you about "The Great Haircut Disaster."

Animosity began to grow after our return to school from the summer vacation. Many male students, in an effort to look tip-top, had sprouted long locks. Many other students, though, were disgusted by this flagrant show of insurrection; for as Spiro said, "Long hair breeds revolution, rebellion, violence, and lice."

Armed with this slogan, the skinheads mounted a drive to stamp out violence (and lice). They calmly underwent the task of giving out "free haircut cards" for the long hairs to use at any of the fine Albemarle trim shops. This didn't work, because the long hairs got together and shredded the cards with scissors.

When tact and diplomacy failed, the skinheads decided to follow Spiro's advice. A name calling campaign gained steam, as the long hairs were told to their faces that they were "dirty-pot-smoking-Communist-hippies."

When informed of this they brushed their locks from over their faces as they wiped away the tears shed for motherhood, apple pie, and the flag.

Ingenuity slipped into the picture somewhere. You see, the skinheads set out to open an economy barber shop on the school grounds.

Step one was to find the perfect location. This was easy, the stage would be just great, for clean-cut spectators could come into the auditorium and get cheap thrills by watching the long hairs suffer.

Step two was to steal a couple of barber poles painted an ever-symbolic red, white, and blue.

Step three was to acquire the necessary equipment. It was purchased through a grant awarded by the George Curly Wallace Beautify America Foundation.

The barber shop offered haircuts for 25 cents at first, but got no response from the long hairs. For if the skinheads shop did get business, the truth might leak out. Those are actually long hair wigs the kids are wearing.

Briefly Speaking

World's Finest Chocolate has once again exploded on the faces of ASHS. The sale came to a head on October 13, when the last of the chocolate and money was squeezed out of the students and faculty.

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The Full Moon staff expresses its best wishes to the Senior Council. May its endeavors to unite the students and their government be more successful than previous attempts.

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After looking at the overall condition of the football team, one begins to wonder if the locker room shouldn't be converted to a veterinary hospital to patch up our wounded Bulldogs.

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Attention Juniors: Congratulations to those of you who took and survived the PSAT, October 19. Our sincerest sympathy to those of you who didn't.

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