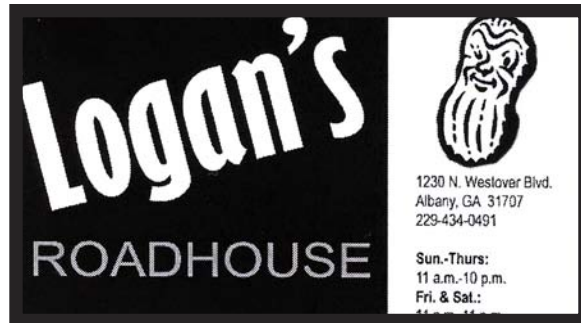


Advertising Design

“Logans”

Kayla Ruffin

The Panoptic, Lee County High School



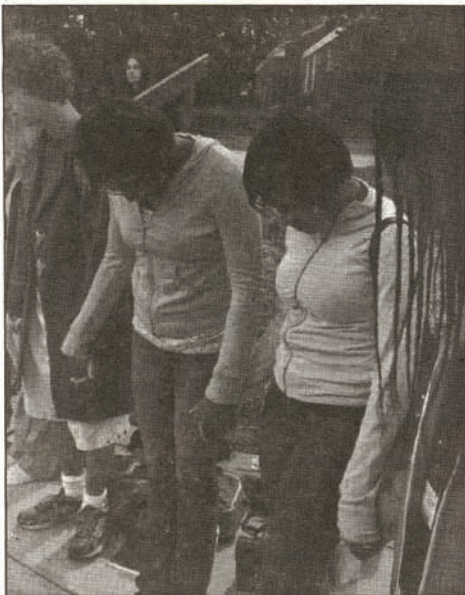
Judge's Comments:

- * Clean, Simple
- * Great Use of Image of peanut with "Logan's Roadhouse"
- * information easy to read

Caption Writing

Brian Mink

The Central Post, Central High School



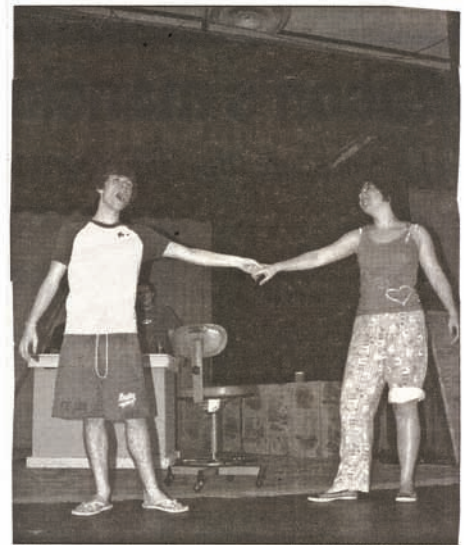
KATHLEEN RICHARDSON/THE POST

IN GOD WE TRUST: Juniors Mia Reid and Wande Kotun bow their heads in prayer in front of the flagpole on the morning of Sept. 27. More than 30 students turned out for "See You at the Pole," sponsored by Youth Alive.



KATHLEEN RICHARDSON/THE POST

STONEWALL JAMISON: Art teacher Sherrie Jamison stands guard at the snack machines during lunch. This is the first year the School has banned use of the machines during lunch hours.



KATHLEEN RICHARDSON/THE POST

LOVE AT FIRST FRIGHT: Seniors Chase Caldwell and Rachelle Wilson rehearse on Oct. 19 for the Drama Department's performance of *Little Shop of Horrors*. Caldwell and Wilson star in the offbeat musical.

Judge's Comments:

- * Good job Following AP style, describing action, indentifying all people, and using clever kickers.
- * Nice use of second sentence to go more in-depth into background.

Column

“Bustin’ Teef: Do our Morals Coincide with Entertainment?”

Lateefah Gresham

Odyssey, Clarke Central High School

November 2006

Viewpoints

Lateefah Gresham

Bustin’ Teef Do our morals coincide with entertainment?

Rackem! Rackem! Rackem! Rackem! Rackem! Every student at Clarke Central High School, and possibly in Athens, knows this chant. What does “Rackem! Rackem!” signify? How did this chant become so popular? It all started when two college students decided to create a short movie, “Rackem,” about a homeless man for the “Dama Show” (a local version of “MadTV”). The three-minute video has been downloaded to iPods, computers and CD players. I may have laughed the first time I saw it, but is this really funny?

The film begins with the protagonist introducing himself as Willie James Huff, better known as “Funky Chicken.” While Huff was talking into the microphone, the interviewer thought it would be comical to stick the microphone into Huff’s mouth. Huff goggled on it, but acted as if nothing happened. The interviewer then wiped it on Huff’s shirt as if he were in disgust.

I was certainly disgusted. I found it upsetting to watch two students take advantage of someone who is clearly deranged. The interviewer’s audacity to wipe the microphone off an Huff’s shirt like it was contaminated truly hurt me. Oh, genius, you were the one with the bright idea to stick it into his mouth in the first place.

The two boys encouraged Huff to talk about body parts, his view on homosexuality, to sing into the drive-thru speaker at the Varsity, drink straight Vodka, to jump on tree hedges, to sing to the roots and stems, and more. They laughed at his story about his brother being raped, danced to his singing and had him sing with his mouth full of food.

The filmmakers had Huff commit so many degrading acts that I wonder if Huff just decided to further shame himself because he was already so embarrassed.

Now, this is something that most viewers did not notice. Huff explained his love for the filmers near the end of the movie.

“No, I don’t think that they were making fun of me. They like me,” said Huff, obviously unaware that the puerile teens were mocking him. “They was just something said to make money. I enjoyed it.”

It angers me to see an innocent man like this confess his emotions to people who are using him for a profit. Tricking a tormented soul is an inexcusable act. The fact that this degradation has become the laugh-stock of our school is nauseating.

For one thing, this movie is in no way comical. Well, let me elaborate that. “Rackem” is comical to most people because of their ignorance of Huff’s condition. Students’ response to the film shows how inconsiderate people can be, exploiting someone else’s misfortune.

Despite Huff’s current status, Huff spent the early part of his life happily here in Athens. An athlete who played football and basketball, Huff was one of the most popular boys at Burney Harris High School.

Huff came upon tragic times which affected the rest of his life and resulted in him emotions that would lead to his current illness, schizophrenia. “After my sister got killed in the fire I wasn’t able to pull through it. I’ve been this way ever since,” Huff admitted. Now he is homeless and necked by the community.

Of course I didn’t expect the students at Clarke Central, or anybody who



Above: RACKEM! RACKEM! Willie Huff sings the classic song, “Ballin’ Bitch,” which was published on the “Dama Show” and has become very popular at CCOS. Below: A FALLON STAR, Huff, who was once considered Burney Harris High School’s “big man on campus,” as a star athlete, is now homeless.

has seen “Rackem” to know this, but I am putting it out there for everyone to know. Huff is not a recovering meth or crack addict (as so many people think), and he is not crazy; he is actually pretty logical.

So why would two young adults decide to film this? Maybe they did it because that is their job; the show’s purpose is for amusement. But how could someone take advantage of a helpless man like this? They obviously were not raised to respect others and made this movie just for a laugh.

Making a short film for profit is one thing. Ridiculing a homeless man is another. The employees of the “Dama Show” obviously have no feeling of guilt about belittling those around them for the cheap amusement of their viewers.

But why should I expect the “Dama Show” to stop its business of humiliating people when it is bringing in so much of publicity? I’ll tell you why, because the Dama Show is racist and sickening! Sure their shows are captivating, but who is their primary focus of laughter? Blacks. And most of their movies are not about making jokes or asking people random questions, it is of people actually committing heinous acts.

I find “Rackem” pathetic, not laughable. The fact that two grown men (in terms of age, not maturity) publicized a documentary that degrades a homeless man is infuriating.

Willie James Huff deserves to be treated with respect, despite his image or willingness to go along with childish acts. And we, as people, need to stop being so shallow-minded as to laughing at things that brings down others.

Photo by Lateefah Gresham
Photo illustration by Clark Miller

Lateefah Gresham Bustin’ Teef What is “acting white”?

Ham, the nasty comments and ugly remarks I’ve heard over the years. Well, they go a little something like this:

“You are the whitest-acting black person that I know.”
“You don’t seem black. You’re like a loud white girl!”
“She thinks that she’s white; she forgot where she came from.”

I have been faced with comments like these since I was about eight. After repeatedly hearing these ignorant remarks since elementary school, I’ve finally reached my limit.

What defines “acting white”? Intelligence? Speech? Appearance? Friends? All of these attributes definitely play a part in people’s minds when they dub someone as acting a certain way.

Classes determine a lot about a person, especially socially. Gifted and Honors classes are said to be for white people. Because my classes are made up predominantly of white students, I am classified as being white also. So, because I have a high IQ, or because I am in advanced classes, I am acting white? I don’t think so.

I have been in gifted classes since I started school, and I am definitely not white. Sure, in advanced classes there are only a handful of minorities; I have been the only black student in a few of my classes. But that will not deter me from getting a good education!

So what if there are no other people of my color in the room? I can learn with anyone, no matter what his or her color. We have both proven to be on the same educational level, so we can learn together. Sure, I would like to be in classes with more of my close friends, but I refuse to dumb myself down just to be in a class where there are more blacks.

I don’t know who perpetuated the myth that all black people were meant to be in average/intermediate classes, but it is not true. My fellow black peers, please don’t be influenced by this archaic tradition. All of us are capable of being in advanced classes. Sure there are more white people in advanced classes than any other race, but that does not mean that black people aren’t as smart.

Isn’t it a little weird that blacks make up the majority of Clarke Central High School but are the minority in gifted classes? There should be more of us in Honors classes than one, two or three. We all grew up learning together, so there is no reason for there to be any more of one race in a room than another.

Talking also defines how I act. I talk “white” because I speak grammatically correct English; I use correct sentence structure and tense. But if you ask any college professor, don’t speak properly; I use just as much slang as anyone else. Sure I try to speak as well as I can, and if I am said to be acting another way because of this then so be it. Talking “black” does not mean that Ebonics is my dominant language. It doesn’t mean anything.

Fashion plays the biggest role in the black-people-acting-white thing. I haven’t been accused as acting “white” because of my clothes, but I have seen others taunted because of this, like black guys that wear pants that fit instead of falling down their butt. Like my fellow females dress “white” by wearing several layers and sometimes uncoordinated clothing instead of trying to impress everyone with top-notch name

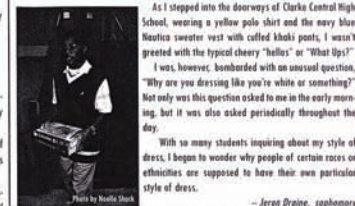


Photo by Lateefah Gresham

As I stepped into the doorways of Clarke Central High School, wearing a yellow polo shirt and the navy blue Mustang sweater vest with coffee stains, I wasn’t greeted with the typical cheer “Hello!” or “What’s up?”

I was, however, bombarded with an unusual question, “Why are you dressing like you’re white or something?” Not only was this question asked to me in the early morning, but it was also asked periodically throughout the day.

With so many students inquiring about my style of dress, I began to wonder why people of certain races or ethnicities are supposed to have their own particular style of dress.

—Jeron Draine, sophomore

brands. Because some people step out of the ordinary and wear things that are unique and comfortable, instead of competing to see who can wear the most Baby Phat and buy the biggest Dooney & Burke purse, they must be “acting white.”

Why must we think like this? There was such a fine line between dressing in different cultures, and there is still said to be one, but everyone is starting to dress alike. The new Polo trend has swept the country and into many black homes ever since T.I. got the bright idea to wear one in his video. Now that we are past the white-tee phase, it’s “in” to wear Polo collar shirts and Sperry shoes.

While I have been trying to get my brother and male friends to dress like this for years, they only now want to become a superstar dresses like this. No one considers this preppy look as dressing white anymore because so many black people wear it now, but it started out as a white trend. Whatever.

I do not run up and down the hallway representing my neighborhood or talking loudly. I am humble and focus on things that are important to me, which is intimidating to some people and causes a false perception that I am not acting accordingly. Not all black people are loud. Not all black people care to represent their neighborhood at every social event because these types of things are irrelevant.

In case you ignorant people who base your judgment of people on false interpretations like I haven’t noticed, blacks are moving up in the world. It is a new millennium, we are past the theory that we talk, dress and act a certain way just to keep our “native” culture alive.

Our original culture was ignorant of America’s values compared to the natives of this continent. Now that we are all given the same opportunities, people are starting to take advantage of it.

Go outside of your usual area to other states and cities, and you will notice a new mindset in other races’ minds. I’m personally trying to be somebody, and if that means leaving behind my perceived “culture” in the process, then I will do that.

I do not think that I am white. When I look into the mirror, I don’t see a pale face. I see a colorful reflection, with brown being the most dominant color.

I am not confused about my ethnicity; I know what color I am. I know that my ancestors are from Africa. I know that my great-great-grandparents were slaves. I know that my parents were beaten down during the Civil Rights Movement.

I know all about my culture’s past, and I recognize everything that has been done. I accept my race; I respect my color and my heritage. My personality is a reflection of me, not of my stereotypical race.

Judge’s Comments:

* Ms. Gresham tackles two tough subjects, mental illness and race, expressing her views with amazing clarity and honesty. Her work represents what a column should be— an opportunity to hold a mirror in front of readers, making them confront and, hopefully, think about, the attitudes and prejudices they carry with them. She’s not afraid to call things exactly as she sees them.

Commentary/ Op-Ed Column

“Though Smart Driving Newsworthy,
Judge Overstepped Limitations of Law,”

David Liddell,

The Messenger, Northview High School

Letter from the Editor

Though smart driving newsworthy, judge overstepped limitations of law

The Constitution really says it best so maybe there's not much use in taking up all of this space. Nonetheless I feel an obligation as a student journalist to make myself heard on this topic.

Last week a writer on the staff of this newspaper returned from her court date at Fulton County Juvenile Court with an order from Judge Wanda L. Dallas (who has served on the bench since March of this year). Her offense was speeding. Her retribution – part of it, at least – was to write an opinion piece on the seriousness and the dangers of reckless teen driving. The student editor, aware and accepting that she had done wrong, told the judge she would write the piece, but would have to verify that there was space for its publication in the upcoming issue of the paper. To this, the judge responded that we – the staff – would make room for the piece.

As a newspaperman, little is more unnerving than to have a distraught staffer in a bind. As a citizen, little is more appalling than to have a judge break the law.

Hearing the news, I dove into research. Where on planet Earth, I wondered, would a public officer, a judge, no less, come up with the idea that she could order anyone to publish anything, let alone an editorial? A call to the Student Press Law Center in Arlington, Va., reassured me that my utter disbelief was not unfounded. Attorney advocate Adam Goldstein told me it's called compelled speech – big time unconstitutional. He went on to say that the action is procedurally invalid, as The Messenger was not party to the case. Mr. Goldstein said other things about Judge Dallas, too, which I will not repeat here.

My next task was to inform the court of its little slip-up. So I sent emails to the Complaint Office and the Court Clerk's Office. The Complaint Office (which to its own credit was very obliging) directed me to the Court Administrator, but unfortunately he was out of the office for a week; I was told I'd receive a response when he returned. That would have



David Liddell
Editor in Chief

been Monday, Nov. 13, but Monday brought no reply to my inbox, so I followed up by asking again for a swift response to this significant matter.

Before press time Wednesday, I received an apologetic email from Mr. Michael Wilson, Chief Administrative Officer of the court. Despite Mr. Wilson's reply, nothing came from Judge Dallas, and let me say that being legally violated and then ignored by public officials doesn't feel good. I do not appreciate it.

So it is my hope that when our writer returns to the courthouse with The Messenger in hand, Judge Wanda L. Dallas will turn to Page 7. There she will read a well-crafted, newsworthy opinion on teen driving about a characteristically gentle, unassuming girl who made a mistake, and about how she is willing to live up to it. Then I hope Judge Dallas looks just to the right of that article to read of her own inadequacies, to see that she made a mistake that is infinitely more detrimental – not only to the institution she represents and the ideals she upholds, but to the people she serves.

The decay of our founding principles is to be prohibited at all costs, and civil servants should be on the front line of prevention. A judge should not, cannot, be an instigator of the dissolution of constitutional law. Novice status is no excuse. But just for good measure, I direct her honor to the first of a handful of amendments to the Constitution of the United States of America, which more or less lays out what's come to be known as freedom of the press.

Judge's Comments:

*** Grammatically speaking, this wasn't the cleanest entry in this category, but that's a minor point in comparison with the writer's willingness to defend his newspaper's first amendment rights. With regard to the second column in this submission, Mr. Liddell did a good job commenting on the "dumbing down" so prevalent in modern culture.**

Critical Review

“Z, My Morning Jacket”

Taylor Kelly

Nexus, Grady High School

Z [My Morning Jacket]



booming solos of yore. Around this point, My Morning Jacket clearly tires of the city life and returns home. The pace slows down dramatically, the tracks get longer, and guitar solos begin replacing the keyboards of the beginning. The highlights of this half are actually the two pop songs: the synthesizer-paced “Anytime” and the sprawling, dramatic closer “Dondante.” Though the album is different, you shouldn’t get the impression that it is a complete change of style. There are many elements that remain from the highly acclaimed 2003 masterpiece *It Still Moves*. Reverb reigns supreme and the vocals are as ethereal as ever; the real difference is in structure and the added keyboardist. Every track is strong, but the halves vary too greatly to provide any album unity, which makes the work feel like a collection of songs. *It Still Moves* was long and slow, but resultantly powerful and emotional. It also perfected a sound that My Morning Jacket had been known for since their beginning with Darla Records. *Z* is an outstanding progression into new territory for Morning Jacket that leaves the listener not only sated but hoping for more of the same in years to come.

Unlike in the alphabet, Z is not only an end but also a beginning. My Morning Jacket’s second major-label full-length enters the city limits of pop music, leaving behind (but not forgetting) the rolling pastures and foothills of their alt-country past. They handle the move with grace and success, apparently ready for the hustle and bustle of urban life. The album opens with a keyboard (an oddity for My Morning Jacket) and feels like a cover record with the first two tracks sounding like Yoshimi-ish Flaming Lips and Coldplay, respectively. The album arrives quickly to its first single, “Off the Record,” with only one song barely breaking four minutes and (God forbid) no guitar solos. Any My Morning Jacket fan should have their mouth gaping and eyes bulged, no doubt, but perhaps with a tapping foot and an intrigued ear. “Off the Record” is more reminiscent of the band’s previous albums but is certainly more pop-influenced, and uses an interesting ambience to end the song rather than the typical

-Taylor Kelley
★ ★ ★ 7

Judge’s Comments:

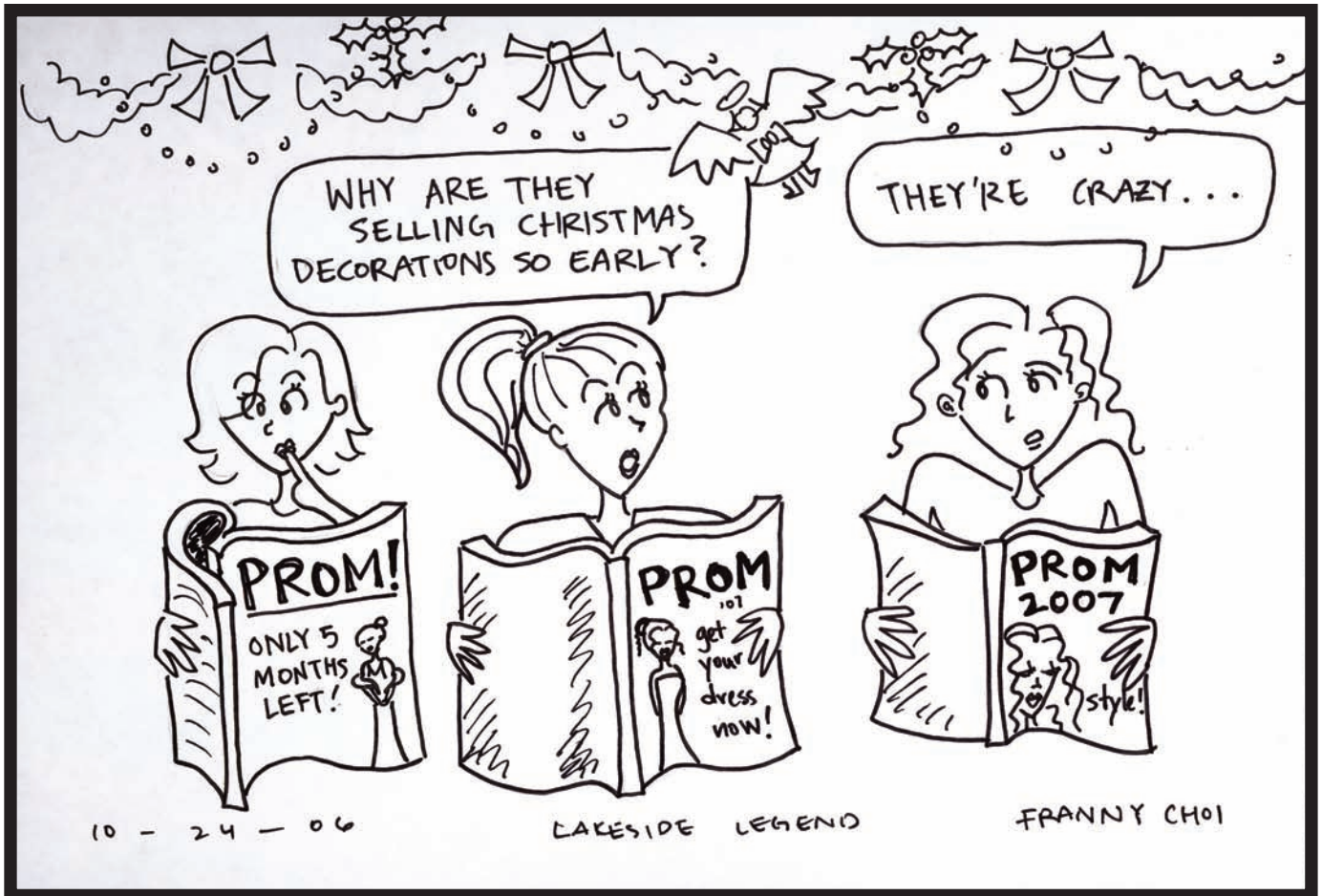
no comments available

Editorial Cartoon

“Planning Ahead”

Frances Choi

Lakeside Legend, Lakeside High School



Judge's Comments:

- * Outstanding artwork. Simple, easy-to-follow storyline.
- * The strong art draws in the reader, and the topic is relevant to your audience, and the cartoon is funny.