

## Student Speaking English Isn't English

One need listen for only a very short time to discover that the Bailey High School students run their words together, use incorrect English, are guilty of too much slang and too poor pronunciation.

Here are samples of expressions often heard: Winna we gonna hab dat test? Is zat so? Hey, dar. Are yuh gonna lemme go? Look dare. Howa yuh doing? Well I swanie!

These expressions are used by the better English students as well as the poorer ones. It is a fine thing to be able to write English correctly, but even more wonderful to be able to speak it as it should be spoken.

As high school students, we have been speaking the English language ever since we first began talking. For most of us it will be the only language that we will be able to converse in. We should at least have pride enough in it to speak it correctly.

## Add Your List of Thanks To These

In the fall of 1621, fifty-one of the first Americans gathered together on the lonely shores of Massachusetts to praise God and give thanks for their long-desired freedom.

It is now 1954. What a difference the years have made in the blessings coming the student's way!

Today, Bailey students have much to be thankful for--no actual war is being fought, damages of the hurricane were slight compared to some other places, a number of high school classes are divided to provide for better work, opportunities are better for more participation in school activities, and relationships between students and teachers are on a more congenial footing.

Students, in all the excitement of the holidays this week, may we take time out Thursday to give thanks for these and other blessings.

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Co-Editors-Bobby R. Eatmon

Lane Farmer

Staff: Beebe Eatmon, Sonja Manning, Bobbie Lou Batts, Peggy Braswell, Keith Vick, Mac Bowen, Mack Burgess,

Marlene Eatmon, S. Williams

A girl wastes a lot of valuable time looking for an ideal man before she starts looking for a husband.

A man may be lifted out of the slums without God, but only God can lift the slums out of him.

I am a great believer in luck. The harder I work, the more of it I seem to have.

F. L. Emerson

## 'No Fooling; I'm I'm'

By Bobbie Lou Batts

"My paper gave out." "I didn't have time." "I had to go to my Aunt Ellie's in Wilson because my Uncle Tom was sick. We didn't get home until ten and I had to go to bed then." These and countless similar excuses for not having up work are heard each day by teachers of Bailey High School.

The seniors thought they had a perfect alibi until November 5; it was "I had to practice for the play."

Always Excuse is a young lady we all know. She is Ever Excuse's sister. You know her brother, Eternally Excuse; he graduated last year.

Today we are going to visit Always Excuse and stay with her from sun-up 'till sun-down.

By sun-up, we mean some where near that time, say seven o'clock. When we arrive at Always's home we find her still dreaming. The alarm rings, but the only response from Always is a moan and a plea to "shut that thing off." Finally at ten to eight she pokes her sleepy head out to see what time it is. On finding out the lateness of the hour, she springs from her bed, and from then on it is a mad scramble to eat, dress, and get to school on time. Throughout the day we hear this bevy of excuses:

Home Room: "The stop light was red when it should have been green and this delayed me."

First Period: "I slept un-

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