



THE BLACKBIRD
 Official Publication of
Rocky Mount High School
 Member of the
 Columbia Scholastic Press Association
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Published fourteen times during the year by the Journalism Class of Rocky Mount High School.

Subscription Rate \$1.00

'The Dearest Girl I Know'

"The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl of all the girls I know . . ."

To some that is true, but for me, there's another girl, not a dream girl, but one in reality, dearer than any other. She's a person whom I take too often for granted. She's someone to pick up my clothes after me, clean the house, cook my meals, and a million and one other things. She moves quietly and efficiently, asking no praise, expecting no glory, but just a little love in return. She's the girl my father fell in love with, his dream girl. She made him what he was, just as she's trying to make me into a better person.

With a firm, but gentle hand and with a patience that never ends even when I tax it almost to the breaking point, she guides me.

She taught me to walk, to talk, to dress myself. She went through Scarlet Fever, Chicken Pox, Measles, Whooping Cough with me, suffering more than I suffered perhaps. She saw me through my quarrels with neighbor's children. She was always there when I had a skinned knee, a cut finger, or a stubbed toe. She comforted me when my dog died and when I broke my doll. She was always there when I stumbled off the chosen path.

I could write a million things about her, about the way her eyes twinkle when she smiles, about her work-worn hands, work-worn because of me. There are wrinkles on her forehead, grey hairs appearing ever so slightly at her temples, because of me.

She's very dear and words can't tell how proud I am of her. I know you've guessed by now, that person is my mother, "the sweetest and dearest girl I know."

Career Or Korea?

"Should I go to college and study for my life's work or wait until the army gets me?"

Many lads of eighteen and above have asked parents, teachers, and friends this question recently. It is a timely question, for everyday many boys in the United States go off to fight for their country.

It appears needless for these boys to begin college, for they would probably be snatched out after they had hardly begun. On the other hand, it seems needless to lose a year while waiting for Uncle Sam's call—a year in which much knowledge could be acquired from one of the higher institutions of learning.

Therefore, it is up to every boy to make his own decision in the matter. It is certain that either decision will be for the good of the individual and the United States. If a boy joins the army, he will be fighting to defend the freedom of the country. And if he goes to college, he will study to go into some field which will in some way be of benefit to the country.

It is, therefore, a time of great decision—career or Korea!

School—No Place For Love Making

Love is wonderful! Love is what a home is built on. However, the place for demonstrating love is not in our school corridors, the corners of the hall, and the various other spots all over school.

As one walks down the halls he sees students holding hands and making eyes at one another. Some of the students think that these demonstrations belittle the true meaning of love. It is fine, but not in school. The place to demonstrate affection is at home or when you are alone. You certainly are not alone in the school building. So, boys, if you think anything about your girl friend, you will wait until you are alone to demonstrate your feelings toward her.

Give A Big Smile

If you're feeling low
 And your troubles trouble you,
 Don't let them get you down,
 Let a smile breakthrough.

When you think you're unlucky
 And you just can't win,
 Just thing it over once or twice
 And give a great big grin.

While you're walking down life's
 pathways
 As though you're on the last mile,
 Don't worry about the things to
 come.
 Just break out with a smile.

Some folks thing that funny
 things
 Are only a waste of time,
 But if they knew what a smile
 would do,
 It really would be fine.

And when you get up in years
 If you'll stop for a while
 And think of pleasant memories,
 Soon you'll find you can smile.

—By Carolyn Ellis

Color Crazy

I have a problem facing me,
 Which can be solved only by a
 genius.
 What color of gown shall I wear
 To the prom for juniors and
 seniors?

I could wear my baby blue gown—
 The prettiest you've ever seen—
 Oh, but that would never do.
 Because "his" seat covers are
 green!

I thought of wearing my gown of
 pink,
 But that thought I dismissed;
 'Cause "he'd" surely wear his
 bright red tie
 And to send me red roses, "he'd"
 insist.

And, too, I could wear my strap-
 less dress—
 The one of aqua hue—
 But, of course, as my luck goes
 The scenery would clash with it
 too.

And so I'll wear my gown of
 white;
 I guess that's my best bet,
 This is the most serious problem
 That has ever faced me yet.
 —By Carolyn Ellis

Queen Of The Ball

Pictures, pictures, all on the wall.
 Who is to be the queen of the ball?
 Nobody knows, yet everyone
 gusses;
 Everyone will be there in pretty
 dresses.

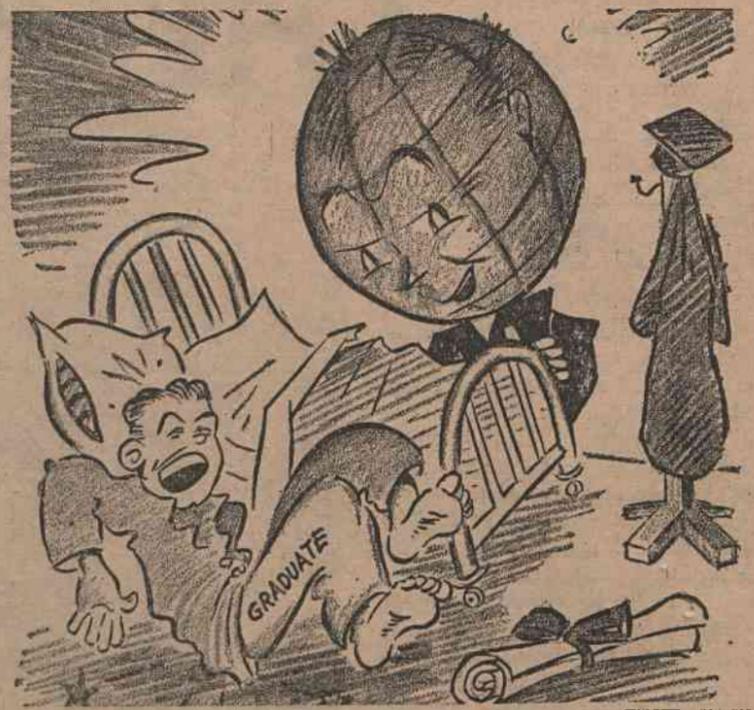
Yes, it's the Jr.-Sr. I'm speaking
 about.
 Committees. Committees. Every-
 one shouts!
 What's the theme? We all want
 to know,
 But that's the secret of our big
 show!

"Do you have a date?" your best
 friend asks.
 "Yes" I replied, "He asked me
 at last."
 "I waited and waited and finally
 he came,
 I tell you, my dear—I was nearly
 insane."

The juniors and seniors are all
 excited;
 Teachers all have been invited.
 The juniors are hoping this year's
 to be
 The best dinner-dance you'll ever
 see.

—By Emily Baker

Whew! What A Dream



Lend Me Your Ears

With apologies to William Shakespeare Margaret Reaves presents the following parody of the first part of Marc Antony's famous oration given at Julius Caesar's funeral.

Margaret prepared this parody as part of her project on the Shakespearean drama, which she studied recently in the English class.

Friends, students, teachers, lend
 me your ears;
 I come this day to tell you a secret.
 The day of reckoning is near at
 hand,
 The day when we judge and are
 judged;
 So say our teachers. Our precious
 teachers
 Hath told us we should've studied:
 If it were so, it was a terrible
 task,
 And terribly have we studied.
 Here, under leave of our principal
 and the rest—
 For he is a wise man;
 So are they all, all wise people—
 Come I to tell you this.
 Today is the day and we drag
 to school,
 But our teachers say we must
 hurry,
 And our teachers are wise people.
 We hath crammed for facts and
 dates,
 Until they swim around in our
 heads;
 Did this in us seem wise?
 When that the clock have struck
 twelve, we have wept;
 We are not yet ready for bed.
 Our dear teachers say we should

'Tis Spring! Awake!

Purple-lilac Wisteria, gently waving in the breeze . . . yellow Daffodils emerging from the new green grass . . . trees budding green, blossoming out in all their radiance . . . Azaleas . . . deep red of the Christmas Cheer—beautiful pink of the Coral Bell . . . purple of the Formosa . . . stately Iris in all its white and lavender glory . . . pleasant odor of apple blossoms . . . white and pink of the Dogwood . . . deep purple and yellow of the baby Pansies, clinging close to mother earth . . . waves of Thrift covering the earth with a blanket of brilliant color . . . birds awakening you each morning with their joyous notes . . . the smell of the earth after an April shower . . . at last—'tis Spring . . . the Great Awakening!

have studied;
 And now we know they are right.
 You all did see that on exam day
 Some did try to cheat: Was this
 wise?
 Our teachers say we should have
 studied,
 And sure they are right.
 I speak not to scare you,
 But here I am giving you warning.
 You all did study once, long ago.
 What keeps you from doing so
 now?
 O students! Thou art unwise
 people
 If you do not do your homework.
 Study with me,
 My mind has not been on my
 studies,
 And now, I must cram for final
 exams.

Why Did They Drop Out?

To have a community which does things and accomplishes what it goes after there must be active co-operation among the citizens, there should be a willingness on their part to work, and last they should get enjoyment out of working as well as experience.

Last week Mr. Russell Sorrell, and Mr. Ed Hunt, asked twelve or fifteen boys and girls from Rocky Mount high school if they would be in the Jaycee Minstrel which will be held in the high school auditorium on April 26, 27, and 28. Some thirty boys and girls responded to their plea and started rehearsing. On the day of tryouts six of these girls didn't show up and last Thursday six of the boys dropped out.

What happened to these people? These boys are the people who will someday be Jaycees themselves and they in turn will be asking high school students to help them with their projects.

Why didn't more students respond to the plea and why did these twelve drop out? No doubt they had good intentions when they started out but what happened after? Couldn't they take responsibilities or weren't they willing to sacrifice a little of their time to help someone who has helped our high school? Nobody knows why.

"Co-operation, willingness, enjoyment," and "dependability." What do those words mean to you?