

Who Are The Thieves?

"Give me your attention for some announcements, please. Twice in the past two days wallets containing money and other valuables have been stolen from two of our girl students. It is alarming to know that we have a thief in our midst! All students and teachers are requested not to leave valuables of any kind lying around where they might be stolen. The office would appreciate any information that might help put a stop to the stealing that has occurred recently."

This announcement came as a great shock to the majority of the students of Rocky Mount high school. This offense right in the walls of our school is cause enough for alarm on the part of both students and teachers. To know that a thief or thieves are on the loose right under our very noses is alarming. It makes everyone scared to leave anything of the least bit of value lying around. No one knows whether or not he will return to find his books, coats, or other valuables in the same place or to even find them at all if they are left for two or three minutes.

The only solution to this lies in the hands of the students of Rocky Mount high school. They are the only people who will be able to find out and punish this thief or band of thieves.

Lease On Peace

This is the story of two people I know. You might know them too. Their names? Miss World Peace and Mr. Communism.

These two folks ought to be pretty well-known by now. Even though Miss World Peace is very shy (so it seems right now) Mr. Communism is not afraid of anything, (or so it seems right now).

Maybe I'd better explain their case. Miss World Peace has a very cozy apartment in one of the few good sections of our world, but her landlord, Mr. Communism, wants her to move so he can remodel for a new tenant, Mr. Russia. Miss World Peace has some good friends who are trying to help her out but she needs more than a few friends now. Mr. Communism has also raised the rent so she will have to give in and move. Everything seems to be pressing down rather hard on Miss Peace's head right now. She can't give in to his whim without making miserable the lives of others. You see Miss Peace is not the only one in the apartment. Her family, American People, are living with her.

If she moves it will have to be to a neighborhood where she will have to give up her moral standards, her church, her schools, her business, and her democratic way of life. She would have to move into a concentration camp, be an atheist, have no way of supporting her family, and will have no way to educate her young people in her home.

Some of you might be asking, "Well, why give us this sob story? It isn't up to us to help her out"—ISN'T IT? THINK HARD, YOU, MR. FUTURE LEADER.

What do you say? Does Miss World Peace get a new lease on her apartment or does Mr. Communism succeed in driving her out just to give Mr. Russia a larger place to live?

My Lady's Hat Speaks

Being a lady's hat can be pretty awful. People laugh at me a lot but I never see what is funny. I think I am a very attractive hat. I have several flowers on me and blue bird sitting among them.

I go out once or twice a week because I'm quite new. I go to church, teas, dinners, etc. The rest of the time I sit in a stuffy old box on a stuffier closet shelf.

Mrs. Bingle's husband got quite mad when she bought me. He almost had convulsions from laughing at me. But when she told him how much I cost, he turned a beautiful shade of blue. Then he told Mrs. Bingle what he thought of me, and he hurt my feelings just a bit. Personally I think I'm worth every cent of the thirty-five dollar plus the five she didn't tell him about, too.

He tried to make a hat like me so Mrs. Bingle would return me and wear his creation. It didn't turn out so well. He got glue on flowers and the brim, and the bird hung over the edge so it seemed to be looking in Mr. Bingle's ear.

When I go to church, people tell Mrs. Bingle how pretty I am; then when they think I'm not listening they talk about me. But Mrs. Bingle talks about their hats, so I suppose it's all right.

I often wonder if, when I get old, I'll have to stay on that old closet shelf like those other hats. They never go anywhere. Just two other hats and I ever go out. I won't worry about it however, because I'm so pretty I doubt if Mrs. Bingle will ever get tired of me.

I Wonder Why!

I'd been in the window of a furniture store for a long time but no one seemed to want me. Why this was, I didn't know, for everyone seemed to look at me.

An old lady came up and grinned at me, a big man made faces at me, a little boy stuck out his tongue at me, and even an old pooch stood out front and barked at me.

Last week I found out why everyone had been looking at me. It is not because I am pretty and shiny, not because I am different from others of my kind, but because through me, they could see the image of themselves. They could see themselves as they really were and wish to become different, in most cases.

A perfect picture of the world can be seen through me. But in me the world is peaceful and silent. I just wonder if the world is peaceful and silent outside as it is in me. What can I do about it if it isn't? Stop reflecting? No, sir!!! That's my job! I can't change this world. After all, what could a mirror do?

Freshman Program

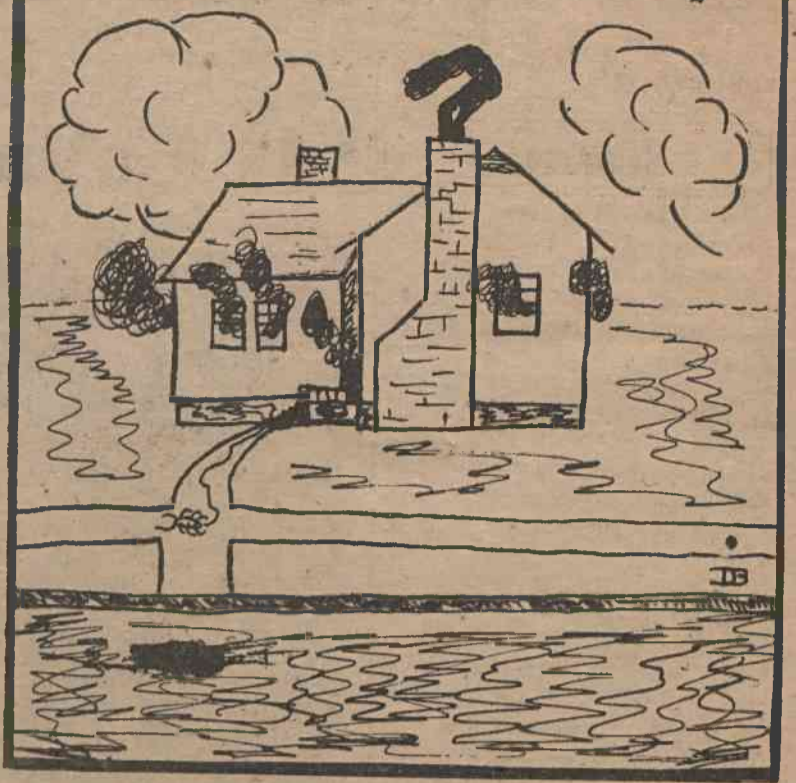
(Continued from Page 1)

duced. Miss Dorothy Craighill's homeroom was in charge of the devotion. Miss Rubie Vause's homeroom conducted the devotional at the previous meeting.

Although the orientation program is officially over at the end of the eight weeks period, guidance for the freshmen will continue through the rest of the school year, say the leaders.

Production of the preferred types of pesticides was increased approximately 50 per cent in 1951 above the 1950 level.

The Trail of The Firebug



Fire --- No Respector Of Place Or Person

"Fighting fire is the job of firemen. Why should we try to stop fires? This is a statement made by many, but those who believe this have a lot to learn.

Rocky Mount is lucky to have two fire stations and a group of good firemen. Yet, if too many people get careless, fires may be started that can cause much damage before fire trucks and volunteer fighters can stop them.

"Fire Prevention Week" began yesterday and will last through this week. George Patseavouras, chairman of the fire drill committee, and his committee have planned a program of fire drills this week climaxed by an assembly on "Fire Prevention."

The purpose of this week is to help the people of Rocky Mount, school students mainly, to know how to prevent fires, what to do in case of fires, and to have a "know how"

of anything else which might come up during or after a fire. In school there will be fire drills, the purpose of which is to teach each student which way to leave the building if fire occurs and how to act (don't talk, don't run, but walk speedily, keep in line behind your leader).

School is not only the place where fires must be stopped. Careless persons have caused many other tragedies. Millions of dollars worth of timber has burned, and unless the careless become careful, much more will burn. Homes, factories, hotels, banks, stores, warehouses! All of these are subject to that which will destroy almost anything in its path. Life is no exception!

Life would be a much more wonderful thing if everyone would be careful and HELP PREVENT FIRE.

'Teeth'

My teacher asked me to write an essay.

Teeth is my subject.

Teeth is a noble animal.

Teeth is hatched in the mouth.

Most every man has teeth 'cepting a hen, she ain't got any—she swallows her vittles whole and chews them with her gizzard.

My grandmother has false teeth; she puts them in a glass of water. I told her she ought to buy her a gizzard.

A man has one mouth, one knows and two years and two eyes. His mouth is to hatch teeth in; his nose is to sniffle air with; his eyes are to catch dust in and his ears is to keep his hate from falling down over his face.

Man has one skeleton. A skeleton is what's left when the insides are taken out and the outsides are taken off.

Man has one spinal colm.

His head sits on one end and he sits on the other.

Man has one skull.

His brains are on the inside if'n he's got any.

Woman's has ankles. Ankles are to keep the calves from coming down and eating up the corns.

And that's all I know about teeth.

Author Unknown

The South Rises 'Agin'

A sea of flags and caps was seen in the Halls of R. M. High And a cry was heard from the senior steps and the girls expressed a sigh.

For the hero of the day appeared in a pair of old blue jeans, And in his hand and on his head confederate signs were seen He called his troops into battle line and their voices carried on the wind—

All blended into harmony—The South (oh, goodness) has risen 'agin'.

Marcia Milne

The Ladder Of Success

- 100% - I did
- 90% - I will
- 80% - I can
- 70% - I think I can
- 60% - I might
- 50% - I think I might
- 40% - I think I might
- 30% - I would
- 20% - I don't know how
- 10% - I can't
- 0% - I won't

Mr. Hansen: Quick! the formula for water.

Arley: H I J K, L M N O.
Mr. Hansen: What's that?

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