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Louie's Invasion

Louie, the Rotten, slipped in Apple Basket No. 44 very late that night and began organizing a mob. Slowly, one by one, other citizens of No. 44 became one of his rotten gang. Little by little Louie the Rotten's gang worked themselves into the very center of the small community of 200 or more law abiding apples.

Gossip Mongers in Apple Basket No. 46 began to talk about No. 44, saying that the whole city was rotten, giving the innocent apples no credit at all. Actually, though they themselves were guiltless, the citizens of No 44 deserved all the gossipers said about them.

Why? It wasn't up to No. 46 or anyone but No. 44 to clean out Louie the Rotten and his gang. The longer Louie stayed, the more he spread his putrid influence and multiplied his gang.

When No. 44 realized this, Mayor Winesap and a group of the people began a clean up campaign, ridding No. 44 of Louie and his rottenness. This restored the good reputation of the Apple Basket and stilled the tongues of the gossips.

Apple Basket No. 44 might be compared to a high school? To this high school? Where are the rotten apples? The bad spots? The remedies?

Saint Valentine's Motive?

Legend has it that Valentine's Day came about when Saint Valentine, who was awaiting execution in a Roman prison, wrote messages and greetings on little slips of paper and sent them by carrier pigeon to his friends all over the city.

Traditionally, February 14 is a day for lovers. In medieval times young people in England, Scotland, and France used to assemble on Saint Valentine's Eve. They drew names by chance from an urn. Each person then became the "valentine," that is, the special friend of the one whose name he drew.

The youth of today seem to have their own special way of greeting both friends and enemies alike. Feelings are hurt by cruel and sarcastic verses on valentines. An apology cannot erase the harm done to a friendship by one of these so-called greetings. As said before, Valentine's Day is a day for lovers and friends. If these people aren't worthy of a sincere message, it would be better not to send one at all.

'But When I Became A Man'

"Well, it's a big responsibility" is the phrase so often heard around class election time. It's heard so much it soon becomes trite and meaningless.

The word responsibility, however, is never trite but always means there's something to be done and done well. Whether the responsibility is that of class president or that of messenger who simply carries a paper from one person to another, a responsibility is a trust given to one person by someone else. someone who has enough confidence in a person to believe that the job will be well done.

When class officers are elected the majority of the class has expressed a trust in them. When a teacher assigns homework she or he believes the student is capable of the assignment, and it is the responsibility of the student to be worthy of that belief.

Send A Note To Me

Valentine, Valentine, won't you be my Valentine?

I will send you candy sweet, if you'll be mine.

Write a little note to me,
Place it in the apple tree.

Be mine only and you'll see,
I'll love you for eternity.

By Marcia Milne

Snowflakes Fall

Have you ever really thought how beautiful snowflakes are? Sometimes I think they are more beautiful than the loveliest star.

So graceful and smooth, so fluffy and white
They fall continuously all through the night.

By Julian Aldridge

Semester Resolutions

This semester I told myself
I would improve my mind.
My homework would be perfect;
I wouldn't get behind.
I'd keep my notes in order;
All my work would rate an "A".
On tests I'd make "A hundred,"
I would be there every day.
But time is slipping by,
And once again I find
That on my notes and homework
I'm just a bit behind.

By Marilyn M. Ezzelle

Double Check Check!

Radio Broadcasters Club members voted to buy a book, "Let's Broadcast" and instructed their secretary, Kitty Friar to order it and the treasurer, Edgar Bulluck to give her a check. Kitty wrote the letter ordering the book and mailed it—without the check.

It was discovered at the next meeting that the letter had been mailed without the check but the matter was quickly remedied. The treasurer wrote a second letter and double checked to make sure he had the check with it when he mailed it.

For A Richer Life

One needs to be born again before he can be accepted into the kingdom of Heaven. This and many other truths were taught the students who attended the recent Youth Revival at the First Baptist Church.

Mr. Bob Finley, outstanding evangelist, helped many students decide on the life's course of action by his soul-searching words. Reverend Finley informed the crowds that unless they truly accept Christ they will never be saved and never be truly happy.

He stressed the fact that one should live for Christ—not themselves. "A life for Christ is a fuller happier life—one that will bring joy to those who come in contact with it."

Depression

They watched as a tiny snowflake drifted in under the eaves and settled to the floor of their home. The snowflake lay there a second in all the splendor a king could own and then disappeared as quickly as it had come, leaving a feeling of cold dampness because they had only the heat of their bodies to keep them warm.

They were lucky to get the attic to stay in, some didn't have that much. Food was a luxury to all of them.

After all birds do have a hard time when it snows.

By James Willoughby

A Shut-In's Idea Of Snow

A white pillow on the dark dreary earth. This is what I see as I sit by my window this chilly morning. It's nothing unusual you say! Well, you sit here in one spot for 20 out of 30 years, seeing the same thing over and over day after day, year after year as I have done. I just imagine you will feel the way I do about seeing the beautiful flakes stumbling over each other, racing to see which will hit the ground first.

Oh, yes, I know that I don't have to bring in coal, or wood. I know I don't have to get up early in the morning to start a fire. But stop grumbling for a while and think of the children that are running around making snowmen, and

playing in the soft feather-like snow.

Just look here, out this window. Doesn't the sight of the neighbor's small boy, who has just learned to walk, toddling around looking like a small snowman, make your old dried up heart shed all its wrinkles and sing for joy? Well, it does mine. Stop thinking of the few people who are unhappy because of the snow and think of the few who are happy. The others will be happy too if they will only open their eyes and try to appreciate God's most beautiful piece of work.

Isn't it pretty? Just a soft white pillow on the cold dreary earth.

By Becky Odom

What I Know About History

Abraham Lincoln was the first president of the United States. His family was very poor so he had to study by the light of the fireplace because his father wanted to save electricity. He had to wear old clothes and his pockets had holes in them. Now Abraham had only a penny for his week's allowance, and he had a hard time keeping the money because of the holes in his pockets. His mother had his picture put on one side of the penny so when he lost it it would be easy for him to find it.

Abraham fell in love with an Indian, Pocahontas. Now there was another Indian in love with her too. His name was chief Powhatan. So Abe and Powhatan had a war, but Abe won and he and Pocahontas were soon married. In memory of chief Powhatan, they had his picture put on the other side of the penny.

One evening, during Abe's presidency, he and his wife went to the theater to see Clarke Gable in his newest role. While there some smarty had a bean shooter and one of the beans hit Abe. It killed him instantly, but Pocahontas wasn't cheated. She got a return money for the tickets.

Later that year Eli Whitley discovered gin in cotton, but it didn't work long because Prohibition was soon born.

And that's all I know about history.

P. S.—Happy birthday to Abe, the man who is everybody, grown taller!

Platter IQ

Below are some statements which indicate the titles of currently popular tunes. The object of the game is to see how many titles you can guess correctly.

1. Not easily forgotten.
2. No special time.
3. A slow person.
4. A place to go for vacation.
5. A cloud is unhappy.
6. Girls name, means charming
7. A card game.
8. Soft blue material.
9. A kind of boat.
10. Give me another try.

Answers

1. Unforgettable.
2. Anytime.
3. Slowpoke.
4. Bermuda.
5. Little White Cloud That Cried.
6. Charmaine.
7. Solitaire.
8. Blue Velvet.
9. Shrimp Boats.
10. Just One More Chance.

Before --- And After Heroin!

"Forget you even have a son," said the stern hard-hearted cop as he dragged the woman's boy away leaving her standing there, not forgetting, but with poignant memories of the days BEFORE.

She remembered the happy times she and her son had had before, when on Sunday's he took her for drives in the country. Memories of the companionship they had shared when he came in from school and told her his problems stabbed mockingly at her heart. Warmth flooded her being when she recalled that he was president of his class. Then the knowledge hit once again, that was BEFORE—and the slow dejected sound of her heels on the pavement took up the haunting rhythm, "BEFORE!" "BEFORE!"

Then she thought of that first Sunday when he hedged about the usual drive and finally left with some boys. She thought of the many days he didn't come home for supper until seven, offering no explanation, and going out after supper every night and returning late. He became moody and nervous. She began noticing that his old friends had vanished and an older, rougher crowd had replaced them. This was BEFORE.

Automatically she boarded the

trolley, and its clanging bell repeated, "BEFORE! BEFORE! BEFORE!"

At her corner she got off the trolley, and the familiar sights and sounds of her neighborhood mocked her. She hurried into her house. The house that had been home—BEFORE.

Then she remembered the morning when they came for her boy. Th big cop had said, "I'm sorry Mrs. Jane, but he's in this stolen car racket up to his ears." Blindly she followed them down to the police station, bewildered and hurt. This was BEFORE, but it was the beginning of AFTER.

At the station she heard her boy raving and shouting, "Shouting for me, his mother," she had thought as she raced toward him. Even that was BEFORE, but just barely BEFORE.

When she reached her son, he was raving all right—but not for his mother, not for anything she knew. He hardly noticed her presence. The cop had taken her away then and told her as gently as his inborn gruffness would allow, the story of her son's ruin.

Now she was home, or what had been home BEFORE—BEFORE Heroin had taken her place, a mother's place in her son's life.