

'To The Voters Belongs The Candidate'

"To the victor belongs the spoils." That might be changed to "To the voters belongs the candidate." A person who is running for an office may have plenty of friends who are supporting him. However, unless these friends become voters on election day, their support has been worthless.

Do voters realize the power they have when they go to the polls? Do they use this power and privilege to the best advantage? It seems that someone is doing these things, for all the offices are filled. Many national offices are filled by corrupt politicians, as many crime surveys are showing. How did these "gangsters" get there? "You can't blame me," said one man, "I didn't even vote." Does that relieve him of the blame? The "gangster," at least, exercised his privilege.

In the school election that has just passed, only a handful of voters turned out at the polls. These people are the ones who elected our officers. They were interested in the final results. Maybe, the elected officers aren't the ones all of the students wanted, but did all the students vote? Maybe one of the defeated candidates would have won if his friends had turned voters on election day.

Why Follow The Gang?

Recently, a high school junior was trying to tell her mother that she had started smoking.

She used this approach:

"Mother, do you know that Betty smokes?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know that Mary does too?"

"Yes, dear, you told me."

"Well, do you know that both George and Donald smoke?"

"Yes, but they seem like nice boys."

"Well, Mother, I smoke too."

This girl was right in telling her mother that she smoked, but her approach was all wrong. She seemed to think that because her friends smoked, it was all right for her to smoke too. She was doing nothing more than following the gang.

Many teenagers will say that to be popular you have to follow the gang. One definition of popularity is individualism. The gang will like a person just as much if he doesn't smoke—maybe more. However, the non-smoker shouldn't take a I'm-better-than-you-are,-because-I-don't-smoke attitude and look down his nose on those who do.

If a teenager has his parent's permission and honestly enjoys smoking, that is strictly a family affair. However, two things that can't be stressed enough are "Don't smoke just because the gang does" and "Remember the correct places for smoking."

How One Lie Hurts

"How could it hurt if I tell just one?" The boy sat with head bowed, worried whether to tell the truth or not.

He was worried over whether just one lie would hurt, would his Mother find out, or, worse yet, would it lead to a succession of lies—each worse than the one before it?

If only this boy—and others like him—could realize that only by telling the truth are we free from worry! By telling the truth we know that whatever the consequences, we have a clear conscience that we've done the right thing. If the truth hurts, a lie hurts more and more, and the hurt is more lasting—Truth brings relief!

BYRDS Convene In VANN On HILL

The names in RMHS have an interesting story behind them. For instance this story was told to me at the annual BYRD'S convention.

There was an old VANN which was WHEELLESS on the HILL and many of the BYRDS built nests and made their HOLMES there. In the back corner was the nest of the ENGLISH WRENNS and two LITTLE ROBBINS lived in the middle. The FINCHES lived near the door and everyone was one GAY family. One GRAY day, Mr. FINCH fell in a PITT and drowned and Mrs. FINCH went LOONEY. The ROBBINS separated and moved into two BARNES.

The WRENNS, making the BEST of things, thought it would be DIVINE to be alone. They stole two MAPLES and a ROSE from a GARDNER and planted them. While they were looking for MOORE plants in the WOODS, Mr. WRENN fell on a BLOUNT object and was HURT. It was a RIDDLE to Mrs. WRENN how it happened.

While they were away, some SELLERS came to sell the VANN. The two LITTLE WRENNS had to move into WEBB HALL, the old BYRDS HOLMES.

You may think this tragedy is a lot of BULL but it's true.

Look! I Caught One!! (Yes, DO Look!)



Get That Man --- Dogpatch Style!

Down in the village of Dogpatch the women really have the right idea. If they haven't received a proposal (of marriage) by the spring of the year, they have a big race, the object of which is to catch a man. This is the famous Sadie Hawkins Day and all single people participate (some by force).

The men are allowed a fair chance, with perhaps a two minutes start on the women. But they are as good as gone; for when those women see the handsome men, it encourages them to run faster and faster.

The race continues all day with the women having to give up if they haven't caught and dragged the

men across the finish line by sundown. If a man is lucky enough to have escaped them all day, he can come on in then — knowing he'll be free till the next year.

All women who haven't caught a husband by sundown go home — to start training for next year. Training includes the lifting of dumbbells (for muscles to get the heavy ones), running (for fast ones), and numerous deceitful tricks designed to help any woman get a man.

Dogpatch women could teach the rest of the women this one trick — the best way to get a man is to grab him and hold on! However, this doesn't guarantee keeping him.

Pass Your Driver's Test? And How!!

What now? Just answer these questions? All right. Got a pencil? Thanks. Number one — let's see now. Da, da, da, dee—Wonder what number nine is? Hmm-mn-mn. Here you are, officer, all through. (A few minutes pass during which the officers check the answers), Did I really miss six? What's next? Take a road sign test? No, I don't wear glasses. Whatcha think I am, a creep? Wait, don't answer that. (A few minutes pass). Got 'em all right, you say? Well, I'm not surprised. Are you?

When do I drive? Now? Get my father to sign for me, hub? Why? I can write, you know. Oh, all right. Hey, Pop! Come here and make your x for this nice officer. Give me the keys, too. Ready to go? Here's my car. No, I'm not nervous. Are you?

What First
What do we do first? Parallel park? Between those two poles? Now, let's see—turn my wheels this way, now that way. Oops, did I hit something? Oh, it didn't fall. Just wobbled back and forth. Made it! What now? Go out on the highway? Well, here we are. Turn left? Oops, didn't see that car. You can open your eyes now, Officer, I made it.

Back! Stop! Start! Railroad crossing! Back into that road! Slow down for that school! Turn around and go back to the station! Well, that was fast, wasn't it? I didn't think it would be so easy. What's the matter, Officer? You look kinda green and about ten years older.

Must be something you ate. Here, I'll help you out of the car.

Now, You're Back

Here we are. Back in your little office.

Did I pass? I did! Hey, Pop, I passed! Come help him, Pop, I think he's going to faint. Just keep this receipt until my license comes? All right. Well thank you, sir. I hope you feel better. I'll tell all my friends to ask for you when they come for their license.

Oops, didn't mean to slam the door! Did he say something, Pop? I wonder what's wrong with him. He seemed all right when I came out here. Oh, well, that's old folks for you. You never can tell what they'll do next!

Smiles Come Cheap

It costs nothing but creates much.

It enriches those who receive it without impoverishing those who give.

It happens in a flash, and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever.

None are so rich that they can get along without it; and none are so poor but are richer for its benefit. . . .

. . . If at sometime you meet someone who fails to give you a smile, just give one of your own; for none need a smile so much as those who have none left to give Exchange.

Masonic Magazine

Editor's Mailbag

Dear Editor,

Why can't I ever get an athletic boy friend? I'm tired of pip-squeaks.

Shelia R.

Shelia,

Go to all the games and maybe you'll find one remaining around. Luck to you!

Editor

Dear Editor,

I want to win more games! What can be done to help me?

Coach Lundy

Coach,

Ask Everette—maybe he had some boys around 6'5" for spare.

Editor

Dear Editor,

Why isn't this a more interesting paper?

James J.

James,

Look at the staff.

Editor

Dear Editor,

Why can't I make passing grades? My parents are tired of E's.

Tommy Slater

Tommy,

If you would study more and flirt less, you'd make straight A's. Try it!

Editor

Dear Editor,

Why haven't you a love-lorn column? I need help.

Barbara

Barbara,

So do we!

Editor

Dear Editor,

Why does one of my students go to sleep during first period every day?

A Teacher

Dear Teacher,

Maybe he gets sleepy!

Editor



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