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A. Ism or C. Ism — Which Will You Take?

C. Ism and A. Ism are twins belonging to Mr. and Mrs. M. G. People. The twins are very different, not so much in looks but in their personalities. At first glance they both seem like happy twins.

Look closer at little A. Ism. He is a generous child who obeys Mr. and Mrs. People as he should. They wrote him a basic code of laws to which they have added a list of their rights and more laws. They have provided a system of checks and balances to see that little A. Ism doesn't get out of hand. He encourages Mr. and Mrs. People to advance in every way possible, in return for which they work for his improvement. He is, indeed, everything he seems to be, having no hidden traits.

However, look at little C. Ism. At first he seems too good to be true, offering to completely take care of Mr. and Mrs. People and to assume all the family troubles. Of course, all one has to do is sign over his freedom, put a lock on his mouth, work like a dog, be willing to be banished to the salt mines, give up his children if C. Ism thinks it necessary, or what ever else he decides.

Mr. and Mrs. People have found that they can't afford both children. Now they must decide whether to keep C. Ism (Communism) or A. Ism (Americanism). What will Mr. and Mrs. People decide? What would you decide?

Make Mine Cleanliness

Cleanliness is one of the greatest assets any community could wish for. As a result our school should strive to keep clean in every possible way.

On every wall in school names and other things are carved or written. These things are a liability to the school and should be stopped.

Lockers seem to be the best trash cans in the world if one would care to inspect a few. Paper of every kind along with old food, short pencils, and other trash may be found in them. People who use these lockers could keep them clean if only they would find time to go to a trash can instead of throwing it in their locker.

Floors seem to find everything from paper to dirt on them. Of course, the dirt has to be swept up at the end of the day but paper and other trash could be kept from the floor.

Our school could be kept clean only by a small amount of thought and an even smaller amount of work. Let's strive to keep RMHS clean..

Program Needs Support Of Students

"Why should I go to the Spring Dance? I can have lots more fun at one of our crow's parties."

This is a typical remark from some of the students who don't support the school's social program. These are the students that have an active social life outside the school and actually don't need the school's program.

What of the students who don't have many outside social activities? Are the school socials going to fill that gap in his life? And will they be sufficient to teach him the social graces? Should school be all work and no play?

Some students might never learn the proper things to do and say at a dance but for the school functions. The socials provide invaluable training for them.

To prove that you are behind the school program in every way, attend the dances as well as the classes.

Anything But That!!

Have you ever had an assignment in your algebra, English, foreign language, biology, or any other subject that you thought you could never accomplish?

It happens all the time to me! Yes, and I think to myself, "Anything but that." Then I'll put myself to work, struggling to accomplish what to me is the impossible.

Then came the day that I let my thoughts into the open. Our class assignment was to write an editorial on "Make Mine Cleanliness." Who could write an editorial on a topic with a title like that? Not me! So, I said, "Can't I write an editorial on something else. Anything but that!" My teacher's reply was, "All right write an editorial on anything."

Now what can I write an editorial on? Maybe I was better off at the start! How could I know what's good for an editorial. What's she trying to do, work me to death? I'll do anything but that!

'If I Were Principal!'

"Mrs. Young, may I see Jane Edwards please?" came the voice of our beloved principal, Mr. Cy Edson. Boy! I was never so frightened in my life. I slipped out of

Now if I were principal, I wouldn't be hard at all. The first thing I would say is, "Hello, have a seat." Then, "How have you been doing in your studies lately?" "Do you like all your teachers and classes?" It would be just a friendly conversation. Until I would say, "Well since you are so happy at school, why are you always cutting classes?" After a very senseless answer, I would say very politely and calmly, "This will have to stop because we can't afford to pay teachers a regular salary if you aren't coming to school." Then I would dismiss my client. It would be so easy. And I wouldn't scare him at all.

Well, here I am, scared nearly to death. "Yes, sir, did you want to see me, Mr. Edson?"

"Ah, yes, Jane, ah hear you—
"Ugh-oh now is the hour."
"I hear you can play the piano. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir." (But I didn't break the piano!)

"Well, would you mind playing for assembly on Friday for the talent show?"

"Golly, I mean, yes, I mean, sure, I mean ugh! ugh!"

"Thank you, Jane."

"Yes, sir." Whew! Was that a shock! Well, it wasn't so bad was it? He's a good ol' principal after all." I wouldn't change places with him for anything! And also I will never skip class any more. Next time I may not be as lucky.

Our Home

A little cottage, but not too small,
Overlooking the waterfall.

With a white picket fence all around,

Out in the country where there's hardly a sound.

There are flowers, trees, and grass of green,

It paints a picture, the prettiest I've seen.

The water flows gently over the fall;

When it's quiet you can hear an echo call;

A place that will lead you not to roam,

The place in our hearts we call our home.

By Jane Edwards

Tall Tales - Don't Believe 'Em

The journalism class, after reading a Paul Bunyan story was instructed to write a "tall tale" they had heard or to make one up. Below are two original ones written by Beryl Peters and Bobbitt Clay.

The Housecleaning Mouse

The day I got married I thought keeping house would be so easy. Why, all I'd have to do was say, "Do this!" and my dear little husband would jump, but two days after my wedding I discovered the sad truth. It seems I was to do my own housework. Horrors! He couldn't expect ME to work! But he did!

One day I was crying my heart out in the kitchen when Mose appeared. Mose was just the cutest little rate you've ever seen. He came tip-tapping up to me and whispered in my ear. After recovering from the shock of a talking rat. I managed to listen to him. For one pound of limburger cheese a day Mose would do all my cleaning and cooking. This seemed pretty fair so I instantly took him up on it.

After getting hubby up the next morning and struggling through breakfast, I was ready for Mose. He came rushing out when I whistled. He was cute with his little green apron and cap!

Mose started cleaning after calling in his wife. Together they were able to get the house spick and span for the first time it had been clean since I was married.

Things went on just fine 'til hubby complained about the smell of the cheese. Unknown to me he

set a trap, and one morning I woke up to find Mose and his wife dead.

Now our house is dirty, husband eats out, and I do all my own work—what's done!

By Bobbitt Clay

ELIPHABIRDS

The other day I was walking down the road and a huge bird with six eyes, eight wings, four heads, and two and a half legs swooped down to earth. He hobbled (because of the half leg, you know,) over to a rock and banded twice and banded once with his head. The rock rose up and in a doorway stood his wife who was a little smaller than he—about the size of an elephant.. I followed him in and went down a little tunnel. There was a big room at the bottom and there were six little creatures running around. (I named the creatures 'eliphabirds') The eliphabirds were sitting down to supper and the maids were serving the meal. One brought in a huge platter and when she took the lid off, I saw they were having fried Marland Ried for dinner. Just then, Mrs. Eliphabird saw me and the whole family started chasing me. I was afraid I'd be breakfast for them so I ran and banded twice and banded once on the rock and got out. I piled dirt on the rock and started running. I just kept right on piling dirt as I ran. That's how the Appalachian mountains were made.

By Beryle Peters

Do Grades Need Food?

Do students work better with food in their stomachs? Evidently so, since we are urged to eat a good breakfast. But a breakfast, even an ample one at 7:30 is inadequate for the five hours which elapse before 12:30. Around 10:30 or so, breakfast is gone and with dinner in the distant future, one is likely to suffer small pangs of hunger. Would school work improve if students could have the privilege of bringing a small lunch to school to be eaten after second period? We are given four minutes to change classes and if we have time to stop and grab a lunch, and keep cups, wrappers, and other papers off the floors, perhaps we could summon more pep and enthusiasm for third period classes and activity period. One often hears teachers of those two periods complain that their students squirm, watch the clock, and give no interest to the subject. How can we, if we're hungry?

Who knows, maybe the grades would improve with nourishment?

Teamwork Pays

Recently the school administration worked with the students by rearranging the class schedule so that all who desired could go to the ball games and support their team. This is an excellent example of the cooperation so badly needed in all phases of school and outside life.

Another fine example of cooperation was shown in the production of "Wild Rose." The dramatics department, physical education department, musical department, and Student Organization all worked hand in hand to make this an outstanding production.

Many drives are carried on in RMHS with the students liberally contributing. The townspeople appreciate our cooperating with them in these worthwhile projects.

Only by cooperation can we achieve our means. If we work and play together we get lots more satisfaction than we would if we do these things separately. Only by preparing our home work and learning all the assigned lessons can we cooperate with our teachers. Cooperation with them is needed if we are to work together harmoniously.

Let's all work together with the teachers, townspeople, and various clubs to make this an even better school to live and work in!