

Radio Becomes Alarm Clock

"Have you heard of the new style of alarm clock?" The timed radio! It's a radio which works like a clock. The radio comes on at a set time and you wake to soft music—or do you!!!

Such an awakening could be very pleasant or very "horrible." Who would want to be awakened to "Ham-bone?" Sure, there're all kinds of people in this world and they like all kinds of music.

Everything in this world is composed in one way or another of music. Yes hundreds of kinds of music all recorded so it can be put on the radio to either scare you out of bed or "float" you out. There's really "music in the air."

Let's Hope It Stays This Way

"What was the use of our staying after school, sanding the desks, washing the woodwork, and doing all of that cleaning up?" Tom asked.

"To tell the truth, I enjoyed it, replied Jane.

"Well, it'll soon get right back dirty," Tom carried on.

"Don't you like to sit in a clean room. I can study better when a room is clean," Jane answered.

Joe continued, "Well, since we've done all this, let's hope it stays cleaned up, and no one will try to be smart and destroy the work we've done."

Dis Cip Loses The Race

Dis here boy, he wuz quite uh bad'un. Yep, he neber done nothin' right in 'is life. Twas one ub dem days—da days when all mischeffus boys feel even mo mischeffus, speshully dis 'un.

He hed quiet a build. Yes sah, he waz one ub da most atha? atha?? one ub da best spohts I eber sah! Terday wuz de day he s'pose ter run in the turneyment. He wuz da fassett boy we had. Coach tol' 'im not to eat sumpin befo' he run. But ez I say, he neber mine nobody. Well, befo' dat race he et ebeting he kin hole. Twas dat day dat he regret it too. Te run dat race an he come in las'—green az grass. He had cip a drink rite befo' he toe dat line.

Seems ter me dat dis boy who cip de drink as he toe de line sho' needs sumpin, probly a lil' discipline. Yep! Twas dis cip (on a) line dat lost fo' him.

Vote Or Veto?

Vote—Ah, what a word this is. Its used year round. According to Webster it means the right to exercise a wish, choice, or expression of will. Yes, this is the meaning we know. In the coming elections, all the students of RMHS will have this power—the power to exercise their choice for their officers.

Veto—Now this also is a well-known word, and how! Have you ever noticed how nearly alike these two words are? **Vote** with the e and o switched produces **Veto**. Their meanings, however, are very different. Webster says this about **Veto**. "To prohibit; to refuse to admit or approve!"

The candidates running for officers are asking for the votes of RMHS students to allow them to take over a very important and difficult job. You have the right to vote. The lack of one little vote may well be the cause of your favorite candidate's not getting this office.

A person who fails to vote can easily prohibit one from getting an earned job. Thus. **Vote** will become **Veto**!

Are you going to exercise your power of a **Vote** or a **Veto**?

He Said A Mouthful!

There was once a small turtle, who lived near the home of a young man and his mother. One day the turtle heard the man say, "Well, goodbye, mother. I'm going to see the world."

"To see the world. What is the rest of the world like, mama?" he asked his mother.

But before she could answer him, two birds flew down to him and said, "If you want to see the rest of the world, sonny, why not go with us?"

"But I can't fly," the little turtle wailed.

"Um-m-m. Let me see," said one bird, "I have an idea. We'll take this piece of string in our beaks. We shall each take an end, and you can hold on to the middle by your mouth. Remember, keep your mouth shut."

That was what they did. They went flying over the hills, the trees, and towns. The turtle was having a wonderful time. They saw Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon, Washington, and the turtle was thrilled.

But when they hit New York City, the turtle forgot and he opened his mouth to say, "Look at that tall building." When the building was cleaned next, the cleaners found a small greasy spot with a lot of small pieces of shell in the middle of the roof.

Moral: There are times when it is best to keep the mouth shut.

Three Big Bears

Once upon a time in the land of America—in a little white house—lived three girls, **Me**, **Myself** and **I**.

One morning when they sat down at breakfast **Me** took a sip of her coffee and exclaimed, "This coffee is too hot!" **Myself** took a sip of hers and exclaimed, "Mine is, too!" Then **I**, the biggest of the three, took a sip and said, "My coffee is too hot, too. Let's take a walk down to the drug store."

While they were gone **You**, taking a stroll through the park, saw the house across the street. **You** went over and knocked on the door. When no one answered, **You** went in to look around. **You** took a sip of **Myself's** coffee; it was too cold. Then **You** took a sip of **I's** coffee; it was just right so **You** drank it all up.

Then **You** picked up a science magazine of **Me**; it was too complicated for **You** to read. **You** picked up **Myself's** Time; it was too boring. Then **You** found **I's** newspaper; it was just right. So **You** settled back in a big easy chair and read the latest issue of "The Blackbird."

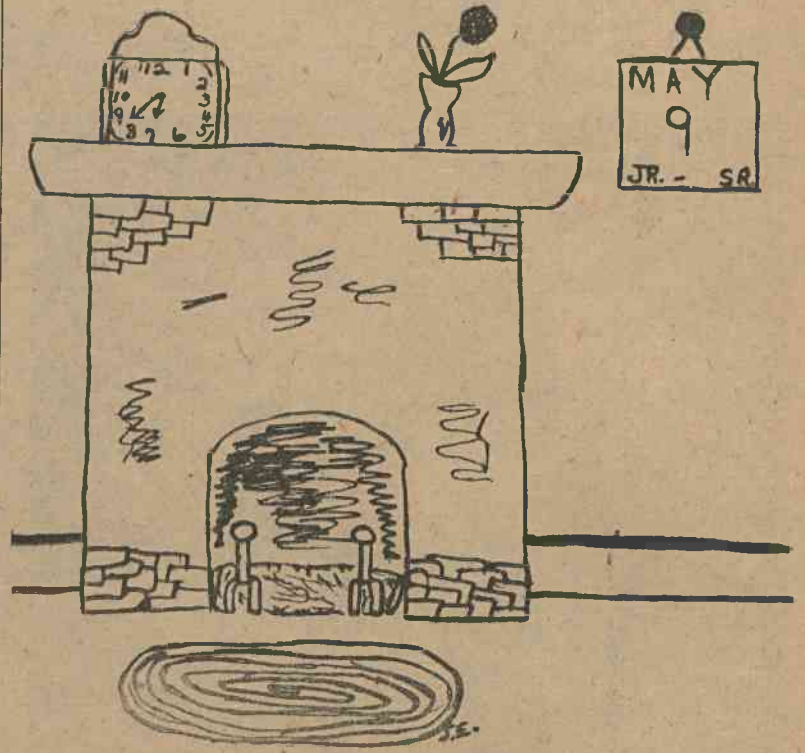
Owl Gazes On RMHS

"Jail, prison, insane asylum, and horror house" are popular terms for 'ol R M H S, but a new and maybe truer term may be found now.

With the help of a visiting friend the "true term" was added recently. Who? Yes, whoo! Well, that's all anyone could get out of him. This friend was an owl—a barn owl. Hum-m-m! If you look at R M H S from the right slant, it does favor a barn at that! Mr. Owl must have thought so!

Do you like music? Hear the A. Cappella Choir tonight.

The House — The Day!



Take Heed, Dateless Girls

Attention, all girls!!

Are you dateless? Do boys avoid you or do they just not know you are around?

I'm not Dorothy Dix and I don't propose to solve all your problems, but I have endeavored to find some pointers to use in snaring a man. Leap year doesn't come often and while it's here, we girls have to stick together and really get busy and solve the age old problem of what these fickle males like.

While walking down the halls of RMHS one bright and sunny day, I amazed many an unsuspecting male by asking him what he likes best in a girl. Did he like her quiet? Gay? Talkative? Serious? Silly? Dumb? Intelligent? Sweet? or Sophisticated?

Due to the nature of the question I shall not reveal the names of the boys to whom I posed this weighty interrogation in order to protect them from any bodily harm they might experience in case they chose a girl entirely different from their steady.

In general the male population likes a girl who is interested in him (with a capital letter). Noth-

ing flatters the male ego more than a girl who sits wide-eyed listening to everything he says. Even if he rambles on for hours about his car and the football team.

A girl should be intelligent but not to much so. A boy likes to feel masterful as most men do. So, girls, it pays to be a little dumb at times, and we leave it up to your womanly intuition as to when.

Above all a girl should never actually chase a boy. Use all the tricks of the trade and your feminine wiles to catch your man but never let him know he is being trapped. Let him think he has done the trapping.

Attractiveness is of great importance to a boy. A girl need not be a raving beauty but she must be clean and fresh looking. Nothing is so undesirable as sloppiness.

Girls, I hope these tips will put you on your mark and ready to get out and hook that dreamboat you've had your eyes on for so long. I cannot guarantee these tips to be foolproof, 'cause you see I'm just a poor struggling female too!

Good luck! Get ready! Get set! GO!

Two Coffins

Yonder in the funeral home
Two cheap old coffins lie
With a name written on each of them

In a beautiful golden dye.

How peacefully old Hallford sleeps!

You know, the boy with the rubber legs,
From too much time in chemistry
Concocting the odor of rotten eggs.

He was slowly failing his school-work

Because of baseball and a girl,
And it finally overcame him
For Pearce's mind stopped its whirl.

All is quiet and peaceful
As the preacher bids farewell,
The two old coffins are lowered
And I mournfully toll the bell.
(Apologies to "The Two Coffins"
by Eugene Field)

Clean As A Pin

The rooms are all clean, the teachers all beam,

They all think their homeroom's the prettiest seen.

Flowers bedecking the desks and the sills

Show we'll find ways if we have the wills.

Everyone helped; the mops fairly flew;

The brooms and the dust rags did their share too.

But everyone knows, it's easy to see,

The work was all done by, who else, but "We."

Now we're not complaining, heck no, we're proud!

We just want the credit when credit's allowed.

We just want the taxpayers to take it all in;

We'll all keep the new school as neat as a pin! (We hope)

By Beryl Peters



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