

Ana' Or 'Cata'? — Which? Why?

"Ana" and "Cata" were twins sisters who attended the same school, were in the same class, and were very popular among their friends and classmates.

The time arrived for the small school to elect officers and by coincidence the twins names were placed on the slate for president.

Both sisters wanted to win that position and the campaigns ran in different styles. "Cata" built her campaign mainly by criticizing her sister. Posters telling "Ana's" weaknesses could be seen over the school.

"Ana," however, campaigned by giving only her good qualities and characteristics, leaving any mention of "Cata's" name off her posters and out of her speeches.

Both girls fought a hard battle in their own way for the presidency, but both couldn't be president. The Bolism family, however, was represented in that school. "Ana" was elected. Why?

Do you agree that "Ana" Bolism was a better candidate for the job than "Cata" Bolism?

(Refer to "Mr. Webster" for the meanings of anabolism and cantabolism.)

I Promise . . . What?!!

"In order to help maintain for high school the good reputation which we have been re-establishing, I promise that I will neither give nor attend any other party on the night of the 1952 Junior-Senior and that I will go home immediately after leaving the Benvenue Country Club."

Signature _____
Class _____

That is the pledge that each junior and senior who went to the Junior-Senior dance signed. It is upon these pledges that invitations were issued.

How trivial those words might seem to a person who doesn't care! He might have signed that little slip of paper without even considering what it meant or what he was promising to do. "If I don't sign it, I won't get an invitation and if I don't get an invitation I can't get out of the house. And just think of the free meal!" These thoughts might have passed through such a person's mind.

Most people who signed that pledge had all intentions of keeping it. Of course, there were people who didn't even sign because they didn't want to keep it, but there might have been some who felt as the person above. There could have been!

What if something happened! How would it affect the student who broke the pledge he made when he signed the slip saying, "I promise"?

The Responsibility Is Ours, The Students

Let's take a peek in the future at two members of the 1952 graduating class, Johnny and Jane.

Both were given the same opportunities while in school. Jane took advantage of what was offered and took the commercial course which equipped her for a job in an office, and after graduation immediately received a well paying position with chance for advancement.

Lazy Johnny, who had gone through high school doing no more work than he had to do to get by, had whiled away his time in class and had barely graduated. Later he found that he was not equipped to support himself.

Back to the present, we wonder now how many Janes and how many Johnnies there are in this class of '52.

When The Sun Shines

When the frost is off the pumkin
and the sun is shining hot,
When you hear the splash and roar
of the surf upon the rock,
And the shouts of happy swimmers
and the crowds upon the sands,

And see sun-tan oil a-shinning' as
the gals broil hours for tans;
Oh it's then the times a person is a
feelin' at his best

With the risin' sun to greet him
from a night of peaceful rest;
As he leaves the house, arms
laden, and goes wearily to-
ward the school,

It's then a person feels a educa-
tion is made for fools.

By Beryl Peters
(Apologies to James
Whitcomb Riley)

Come, Partner, Let's Dance



He's Mine!



May I have this dance?



Dance me loose



We found something to fill
this spot. (Ed. staff)

Whales

I think that I shall always pale

To see a monster like a whale.

A whale whose hungry mouth is
pressed

Against the sea's sweet flowing
breast,

A whale that sees the brine all
day,

And sends aloft its briney
spray,

A whale that may in summers wear
A nest of seaweed in his hair;
From whose big mouth the fish do
"fly"

And hope that he will pass them
by.

Bath tubs are ruled by fools like
me

But only whales can rule the
sea.

By Sonny Halford
(Apologies to Kilmer)

My Aching Back! Ouch!

Ouch! They slammed be again
so I guess it must be a change of
periods. My life is marked from
one class period to the next and
my only social contacts are made
between them. You see, I'm a locker;
no name—just a number identifies
me. Locker Number 000, that's me!
(That's good English?)

Two girls use me for a catch-
all for all their possessions which
need catching. For instance, forty-
five minutes ago Fracturina Hop-
scotch came galloping up the hall.
She very unceremoniously grabbed
my nose, gave my face a mighty
yank and went wild. She threw
an algebra book into my lap with
all the force of a big league pitcher.
She next heaved an American
history book, a French I book,
and three notebooks on my head.
She threw her coat on my ear,
grabbed her biology book, slammed
my face, and left.

I had just put my Miles Ner-
vine and Doctor Paine's muscle
and bruise linament away when
Catastrophidiata Sinrswin decended
upon me with all the fury of
two hurricanes plus an Oklahoma
cyclone. Doing my and nose in-
justice, she dived in, head first,
and furiously began to dig. Hav-
ing laboriously procured a book
from my hip pocket she slammed
my face and I was alone with my
confusion, bruises, and frazzled
nerves.

This peace was blasted in about
fifteen seconds, for to my extreme
horror, she was back! Ouch! My
nose! With stamina and energy I
hadn't thought possible, she be-
gan her search for a pencil. It was
near the top, for a wonder. Hur-
rying off, she gave my face a
feeble push, leaving it open.
Gratefully I unloaded the burden

Miniature Wind Tunnel

Or

(Ants In A Clarinet)

Antsville is a very active city
now that modern industry is
springing up. It seems only a few
years since the Wrant brothers in-
vented the airoleaf. It was an
humble little structure then, a
clover leaf propelled by two
blades of grass and guided by a
rudder made of weeping willow
leaflets.

Now things are different. The
airoleaf is now becoming a stream-
lined jet leaf. The body is now
closed, made of the strongest of
string bean shells, with the most
pointed of pine needles on its
nose, and the wings are of sturdy
imported blade grass. It is to be
run by jet propulsion, the power
coming from the phosphorus on
matches stored in the highly
guarded phorphorus — atomic
plants. Only one problem faced
them.

George Knite was a close neigh-
bor of the Antsville occupants,
although he didn't know it. He
had often caused earthquakes to
shake the town with frightening
jars. Now George played a clarinet
for the RMHS band. One day,
careless as he always is, George
left his clarinet very near Ants-
ville and it was discovered by the
ants. It was the answer to their
problem. They had invented the
jetleaf but had no way to test it.
This long ugly, but expensive,
tunnel-like object would make a
perfect wind tunnel for testing
their jetleaf. The jetleaf could
be made safer without the use of
their daffodil parachutes.

If you ever hear George Knite
playing his clarinet and it sounds
more like a jet plane than a musi-
cal instrument, just remember the
ants may be using it as their wind-
tunnel to test their jetleaves!

Did We?

We never know how lucky we are
Til we are called to recite,
And then, if we are well prepared,
Our grades will be all right.

The stories we recite
Will be a daily thing;
Did not ourselves the lessons pre-
pare
And give them a special ring?
By Bobbitt Clay

which Fracturina and Catastro-
phidiata inflicted upon me. Oh,
what a relief!!!

The peace is doomed, however,
for here they come down the hall.
Where's my Nervine? Oh, oh, too
late. O-o-o oh, my aching back!

The Other Viewpoint?

Do you have problems—or is
your life just one rosy glow? The
majority of students have some
problems, either real or imaginary.

"Can I have the car?" This is
a familiar yell around most homes
and one which can upset an other-
wise happy domicile. Sometimes
the parents are right in thinking
the children don't have enough
sense of responsibility to drive
correctly, but usually the children
are old enough and good enough
drivers to treat the car correyly
and respect the privileges of driv-
ers. Teenagers should act so to
deserve the parents' respect.

Getting out of the house is an-
other ever present problem. Some
parents just don't see why teen-
agers should be constantly on the
go. If a teenager never does any
homework or never attends to any
home duties, a parent has a right
to wonder why he wants to go off
continuously.

Taking care of baby brother or
sister is a problem some of us
are lucky enough to have. If you
have a younger child in the fam-
ily, you probably treasure him at
times; but then they are horrible
nuisances at times too. When you
have to look after them, you often
wonder. The thing to remember
is that someone looked after you
when you were younger.

The use of the telephone is a
privilege which is usually abused.
Teenagers should realize that
Alexander Graham Bell's inven-
tion isn't exclusively theirs and
that their parents should occas-
ionally get to use it.

In all our problems the thing to
remember is that there are other
viewpoints besides ours and we
should respect our parents' ideas
and opinions. We should all work
for a more harmonious relation-
ship with p a r e n t s, teachers,
friends and children.

Weather

Sure is hot today—wish I were-
n't in school—Wonder what that
teacher is talking about?—Does
she expect me to listen? !!!—
Can't do it in this weather!—Look
at that girl's energy—She's actu-
ally answering a question—May-
be she wants an A—That's just
too much trouble—I'll probably
flunk—Then I'll have to take it
next year! Hey, that means in hot
weather again!—Who cares if it's
hot now?—I've got to study!!!



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