

Let us be Thankful

By
REGINA HARLES

"And thank you most of all for my mommy and daddy and brother and sisters" was the conclusion of my seven-year old brother's prayer the night before Thanksgiving last year. In his prayer, childish, but so very sincere, he included thanks for food, clothing, and shelter. He asked God to bless all of his friends and relatives, his teacher, his pets, and even the Russians, "because they must be good 'way deep down if You made them."

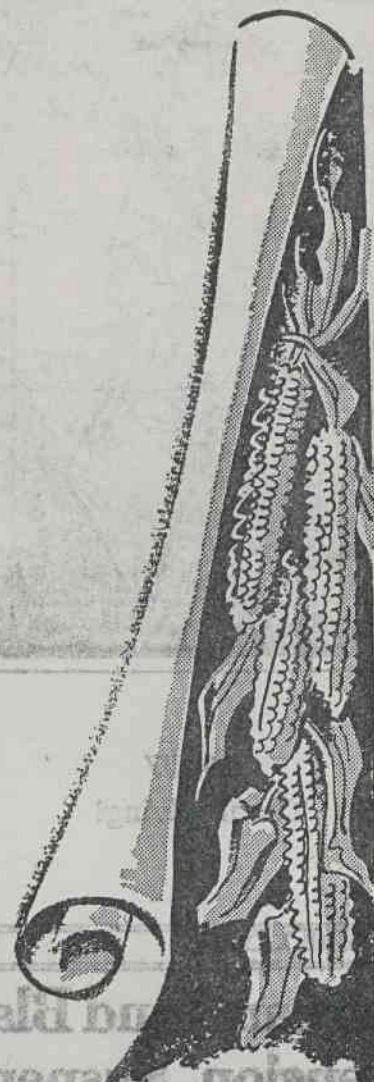
After listening to his prayer of Thanksgiving, I went to my own room and thought a great deal. How sweet his prayer was! How unselfish! He asked for continued happiness, not for himself, but for everyone "in the whole wide world." He thanked God first for all the things he was so fortunate in having, then asked God's blessing for all his friends, and happiness for them all. What a wonderful order, not only for a child's prayer, but for anyone's!

Much can be learned from a child. The prayer of a small boy began to make me really think about what I had to be thankful for: food, clothing, shelter, friends, happiness—these, and so many more things!

I am thankful for beauty. How wonderful God was to give us such a gift! There is beauty everywhere, when it is looked for. In his prayer, my brother thanked God for "everything pretty." Children do see beauty—perhaps even more than adults.

Everyone these days tend to ask for a little more than they give thanks for—IS THIS RIGHT? When I questioned him about this, my brother said he didn't think so—that "God doesn't want us to pray this way, and we shouldn't want anything that He doesn't want."

Yes, my small brother is thankful—and he taught me to become more thankful. For this, I offer my thanks.



Dead Men Do Tell Tales

By HERB ALLRED

"No, sir, never been sick in my life except for a little cold now and then."

"Shucks, I've got more sense than to get TB. Besides, TB has been stamped out for ages."

That's what Tom Jones said. He died a year later of . . . you guessed it . . . tuberculosis. There are thousands who think exactly as Tom thought and will probably die as he did.

TB is not stamped out. Only after months of rest, medication, and probably surgery is a patient released. Even then he is not cured as patients who have measles or mumps are. The germs are merely isolated in a small section of the lung.

Tom also didn't know that TB is still killing more Americans than all other infectious diseases combined.

Don't be like Tom! By getting yearly chest X-rays and physical check-ups, and buying Christmas seals, some day TB will be stamped out.

Editor's Note: The above is the prize winning editorial in the annual contest co-sponsored by the National Tuberculosis Association and the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. It is sponsored on the local level by the Rocky Mount Tuberculosis Chapter and the journalism class.

It's Still a Great Life

By HERB ALLRED

Everyday it's the same old routine!

Up in the morning to the vibrating of Mother's shaking you like a nervous chiropractor. You wake up at the breakfast table to find that you have put your shoes on the wrong feet.

You're late for school and your suspicious homeroom teacher charges you with playing hooky (or smoking without a permit, etc. etc. etc.)

In French class you accidentally

(in your poor French) call the teacher and "ugly clod" and she gives you an "E" on French and a "5" on courtesy.

By the time chemistry period rolls around, you're pretty well shot. You spill burning phosphorus on the floor and try to wash it off with hydrochloric acid.

The dinner bell sounds. You poke your head out the door. Oops! Too far! You're pulled under and you gasp for breath as flying hooves kick your teeth around the hall.

At last it's through, and so are you! "Boy, are you a mess?" you say to yourself, peeling your flat foot off the floor.

The bell rings and you trudge to Algebra II where you fail a test and contemplate hari-kari, sliced wrists, or cyanide.

After school, you head home-ward, beaten, discouraged, dis-owned by the world, but thinking, "It's a great life!"

Ben Blackbird Sez



Man should open his mouth and his pocketbook cautiously.

You Can't Win

As I burn the midnight oil,
I cannot help but think,
How lovely it will be into my
bed to sink.

But alas, for it is hopeless,
For studying must be done;
So I cram my brain until
I see the rays of morning sun.

So I stagger off to school that day,
And try to stifle yawning;
But I just can't get accustomed
to this studying at dawning.

That evening I stumble home,
And once again it begins;
But I have found in trying
to do homework,
It's simple; you can't win.

Editor's Note: This poem was selected from a poetry unit in Miss Alma Murchison's Creative Writing Class.

Right to Vote For SO Officers Important Privilege of Student

One of the most important privileges of a student is the right to vote for student organization officers according to the dictates of his own conscience.

Hand-in-hand with each privilege comes responsibility and duty—responsibility not only to his school but also to himself. It is his duty to live up to the confidence placed in his good judgment and mirrored in his right to vote.

Although many Senior High students registered last year, very few remembered that it was their responsibility as well as their right to vote for the candidates of their choice. These students knew that this, the right to vote, belonged to them and a few realized its importance; yet many forgot their responsibility as a student in return for voting power.

In the days of our grandparents, student organization was a vague, dark outline lost in obscurity but as the trends of a growing nation became more liberal, so the policies of running the schools became more elastic. Today students enjoy what might be called a "little world within a world." The one thing that keeps this "little world" in orbit is the student when he exercises his right to vote. Should this source of energy, the vote, be suddenly and completely severed, his "little world" would collapse around him.

Voting is the very essence of school organization. It is the way in which the students may assure themselves that their school organization is run the way they want it.

'The Band Plays On'

Shiny instruments, talented musicians, pert majorettes, and bars of fine music flowing through the air are all that could be asked of a high school band.

Rocky Mount's Senior High band fits this description to a "T". Though small in size, it is enormous in spirit. Fans have shown that in their eyes this band of stout hearts measures up to that of any other school.

During the football season familiar strains of "Hail to the Varsity" broke out in herald of a touchdown, lifting spirits as well as voices high. The majorettes, in all their sparkling glory helped to add the finishing touches to this attractive scene.

Coming events for the band are rather far off; nevertheless the members are kept busy. They are working to master the music they will play in the Christmas parade. In the spring they will give a concert. Preparation for this takes time and work.

Mr. Harold Parry, the director, and his band deserve congratulations for making "The Band Play On."

THE BLACKBIRD

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