

Speaking Out

Spirit Of The Game

There was a multi-colored flurry of hurtling bodies, straining, reaching upward. One out-stretched hand reached farther, and tapped the ball in. A whistle blew. The hand raised belonged to a white-black-gold uniform.

Above the din and uproar were shouts. "Hey hotdog!" "Ref's a fairy" were among the least of the insults. This was not Berkeley campus. It was not the Russian embassy in Peking. It was the Rocky Mount Senior High School gym. The shouts came from Rocky Mount Senior High students.

The scene described above is typical of our school spirit. It's hard to refrain from shouting when your team wins one game during the season, but jeers and insults such as those are never appropriate under any conditions. Rocky Mount Senior High has a reputation of such outbursts this year. It's too late to do anything now but let's have some respect for other teams and for the officials next year.

Is College For You?

Seniors, do you realize that within these next few months you will have to make one of the most important decisions of your lives?

Your teachers, counselors, and parents have done everything they could to see that you get the best high school education possible, but a high school diploma is not enough. In today's modern world, the best way to be sure of a well-paying job and a life of luxuries is a college education.

In accepting the responsibilities of college life, one learns to be an individual and to really "stand on his own two feet." He begins to form stronger opinions and beliefs, and learns to stand up for these beliefs. College also gives him the answers to many of the questions which have been plaguing mankind for centuries.

The doors of a good college can lead you to practically any kind of profession you desire, and can prepare you financially as well as socially.

"The future of our generation depends largely on how well you prepare yourself to meet tomorrow's problems." This is a decision you and you alone can make.

Hurrah For The Germ!

Hi-yo Corpuscule away! The Lone WRENGer rides again!

The Lone WRENGer and his Indian sidekick, Killum T. B. Germ, were after the well-known killer and disabler, the T. B. Kid. The searched from Noseville, his first hit, to Mouthville, but could not find him. He seemed to have disappeared. No one had heard anything about him. They continued to search for him, moving down the Windpipe Road. At Lungsville, traces were found—inflation, tissue broken, and tubercules. When the Lone WRENGer tried to find out where the Kid had gone, no one wanted to tell him. Finally, one small boy spoke up. He said that the Kid had headed toward Lymph Nodesville, farther in the Midwest.

The Lone Wrenger traveled on to Lymph Nodesville on his famous horse, White Corpuscule. There was even greater inflammation in Lymph Nodesville, but the WRENGer still could not find the Kid.

The WRENGer and Killum T. B. Germ took the Blood Road to Kidney and Joints Town. At Kidney, there was infection, but no T. B. Kid. It was the same in Joints Town.

Not finding the T. B. Kid in either of these places, the Lone WRENGer and Killum T. B. Germ returned to Lungsville. Here they found that the T. B. Kid had returned to the scene of the crime. The WRENGer called the Kid out of the air-sac saloon. Using his famous guns with the silver streptomycin

and issoniazid bullets, he killed the T. B. Kid on the first shot.

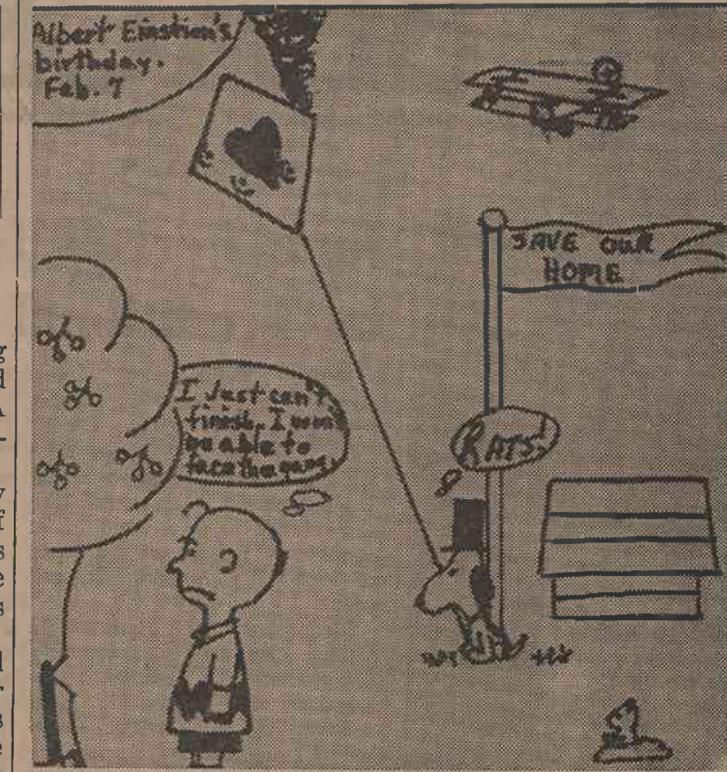
Once again, the Lone WRENGer and his faithful companion saved the day. Once again, the forces of evil have been defeated. And so, as the sun sets slowly along the horizon, the Lone WRENGer rides away to continue his fight against T. B. The Lone WRENGer rides again!

Note: The above article by Carolyn Bryant of R. M. S. H. S. won first place in the National Press Project.

Burd Of The Week No. 8

With the ending of last semester, a whole flock of burds were received into our exclusive group. Membership was extend for such crass actions as: passing the semester with a D-; coercive dropping of a subject due to passive interest (flunking out); and the supreme sacrifice, may we remember them as they were, being drafted (their lighters were defunct of fluid).

Among the more notable of our entries were two members of the honored Junior Class. It came about that Sarah Willis and Pat Stussie, out for an afternoon drive in Pat's motor car, a 1950 Ford, aptly named the "Black Bomb", found themselves on Villa Street, in the vicinity of our ivy-covered halls. Glancing at the gas needle, Pat observed that they had enough gas to get home but little more.



At Last! Letters

Dear Editor,

It is well-known throughout the school that Seniors have special privileges. One of these is getting at the front of the lunch line. They get to leave class two minutes early so that they can enjoy this privilege. This is all well and good.

But where do sophomores and Juniors fit into this picture of being able to get in the front of the line? Who gave these students the right to break in the front of the line?

Many times I have been standing in line about to be served, when a group of sophomores have come and gotten in line with some of their friends in front of me and many others. Juniors, too are guilty of this. I think that all underclassmen should show more courtesy to others, especially to Seniors, since this is one of their privileges. Underclassmen should remember that one of these days they will be Seniors.

Betsy Elmore
a Junior

As everyone is aware, our lunch periods last but a short time. Standing in the lunch line takes up most of the time allotted. The time we have left is taken up looking for a table and then a seat to sit on.

I'm sure no one would invite a guest to their home and expect them to bring their own table and chairs. Each day it is a race and scramble to see of you can acquire seats and table. This is certainly not good for proper digestion. Also it is bad when ten to twelve people have to tsi at a table made for eight.

Thoughts have crossed my mind about possibly eating in the parking lot. If this problem continues, more students will probably begin eating there. This would only cause the trash problem to become greater. So, PLEASE, give us more tables and chairs to sit on without having to beg, borrow, or sneak, and maybe our indigestion will soon disappear.

Pat Stussie
Junior

(Editors note: The following letter was written in response to a letter to the editor published in a past issue. We wish to thank Miss Medlin for her observations on the subject.)

Dear Sir:

Unfortunately, Jeff Surles left out a part of school spirit in his letter to the editor in the January 27 issue of The Blackbird. The part he left out was sportsmanship.

True, a school does include "the hush of the crowd as the crucial shot is in the air," although I hope that he wasn't referring to a shot by a Blackbird player. It also includes the "hush of the crowd" as the opposing team's player shoots from the foul line. I am proud to say that my school, Goldsboro High School, has this sportsmanship ingredient in our school spirit. We are too busy urging our own team on to a hopeful victory, at the appropriate times, to annoy the other team.

I sincerely hope that your school's student body will learn to retain that the game's-beginning-we're-winning sportsmanship until the end of the game.

Bobbie Medlin
P. S. I wish future luck to an otherwise fine high school.

From The Roost Of The Jr. Editor

As one closely scrutinizes this issue of the BLACKBIRD, (as I am sure all of our fascinated readers do) one would of course notice the masthead at the bottom of this page. Now that we have drawn your attention to the acknowledgements, we hope you will also notice the unfamiliarity of the names printed there. The courageous and competent junior staff has agreed to temporarily relieve weary and faithful senior staffers of their positions in the publishing of the BLACKBIRD.

At this time, we of the junior staff would like to bestow upon the more deserving senior staff our sincere thanks and congratulations, for we now esteem and value the effort and time that goes into putting out a newspaper. The junior staff also expresses a desire to our readers: We would greatly appreciate any letters commenting on or giving suggestions to the quality of this issue.

Monkey Business

This is a note only to those sensitive intelligencia who took the initiative and purchased the great literary magazine, The Paradigm. Kathy Viverette and her staff of monkeys have been working hard to produce a true masterpiece for the world to behold. Contributions of art, poetry, prose, and even music score are still being earnestly requested. So to all budding Van Goghs, Voltaires, and Sousas, send in your work and let us know how good you really are.

Accounting for the increase in price of The Paradigm is the fact that no advertisements will appear in the pages as in former issues. Although some complaints over the price of the magazine have been sounded into the ever-alert ear of THE BLACKBIRD, we are certain that all grumblers will regret their grumbles when they see the superior results of Kathy Viverette's efforts.

The paradigm will come out in May, giving all subscribers something to look forward to besides going barefoot in May Day.

Upcoming Events

Students are urged to attend the Student-Faculty Basketball Game to be held in the gymnasium this Friday night. The game is sponsored by the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Game time is 7:30 and admission for the event is 50c for adults and 25c for students. Season passes will not be accepted.

The Blackbird

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