

RIGHT OR WRONG,  
I BELIEVE...

# The Hazy Future

The year is now closing and for about three-hundred members of our student body, an important part of life is closing with it. Twelve difficult years are climaxing with the presentation of a High School diploma. It seems fitting now to wonder what the future holds for each member of our school.

The Seniors will soon meet together for the last time. Some will go on to higher education and training. Others will immediately fill positions in business and become active citizens. Some will become members of the armed services and undoubtedly have to fight for the beliefs of our country. The Seniors are beginning a new, different stage of life.

The Juniors are shortly to become the new Seniors. They do not yet fully realize how close they are to completion of their high school years but they soon will. With this realization will come a new outlook on school, the future, and most of life in general. The Juniors are now the leaders in the school.

Finally, the Sophomores are no longer the underlings of RMSH. They have proven themselves as worthy members of our outstanding school heritage and capable managers of our school's future. They are well into their high school work with a complete education as their goal. Upperclassmen now see that RMSH has as bright a future as it does a past.

So the year closes with every member of the school thinking of the future. The view is cloudy and, for many, uncertain. But the warmth of faith in ourselves and the light of a full education gained here can burn through the clouds, no matter how thick, and reveal a future to which we can all look forward.

## Final Letter To Editor

May 19, 1967

Dear BURDS,

Ever since I was a little girl I have, like the PEANUTS, been wondering what happiness really is. Last year I had to write a theme about it for my Danish class and I couldn't. But this year I have found my answers as I wan you all to hear:

- Happiness is . . . seeing our Blackbirds play
- Happiness is . . . passing an Am. History test
- Happiness is . . . a "Hi Elsebeth!" in the hall
- Happiness is . . . pyjama parties
- Happiness is . . . sitting at the Goodie Shop
- Happiness is . . . the assemblies
- Happiness is . . . a hamburger
- Happiness is . . .

BEING A STUDENT AT SENIOR HIGH

Why I was the lucky one to come here, I don't know. But I do know that this year has been the most wonderful one in my life. All I can say is thank you to every one of you, for all you have done to make me happy here. I have noticed that the clock on the wall outside the school has not moved since I came. I wish that clock was right so we could do it all over again.

It does not seem possible that my year soon has come to an end, and I will have to leave, but Rocky Mount will always be in mind. If you are in New York on the 22nd of July seeing "Rijndam" leave the harbour, you will hear me yell. "I shall return!"

Love always,  
Elsebeth

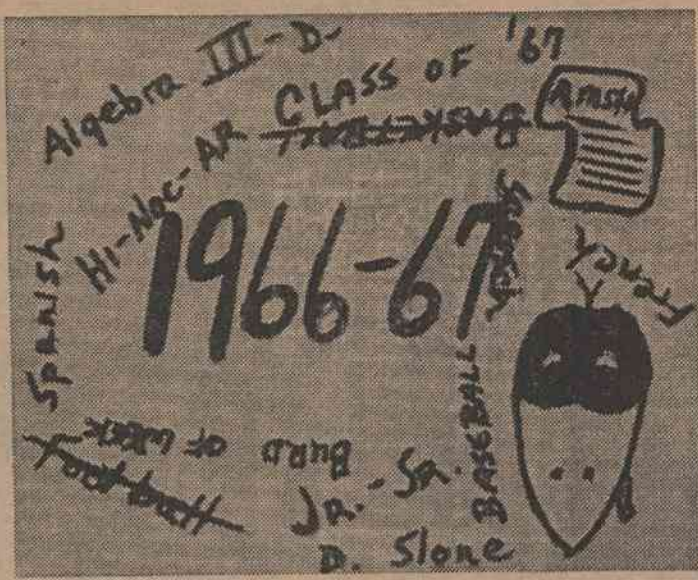
## RMSH '66-'67

While the 1966-67 school year closes, time comes to not only look to the future but also to the past. In all, it has been a good, profitable year.

Sports started this year with everyone hopeful for another outstanding team. The football season ended as a disaster with only one thing still intact—the RMSH school spirit. Time went on and basketball began with high hopes renewed. When this season was over, the fans could only think of one thing worse than the basketball record—the football record!

Now, we are finishing the season with something new: a winning team. May will say that this is the only Rocky Mount group that achieved anything this year. But think! The Seniors have distinguished themselves with honors, awards, scholarships, and accomplishments. The Juniors have given an outstanding Junior-Senior, achieved well scholastically, and fully prepared themselves for their final year. The Sophomores have matured into capable students, proven themselves as worthy inheritors of the RMSH heritage, and become a part of their school.

Much has been done and much has been left to do. It has been a good year.



## Burd Of The Week No. 12

As the year closes, all the burds anxiously gather around the nest to see which will be recognized as the greatest, the one, the only, that burd of burds, leader of the flock, protector of the week, protector of the month, keeper of the cellophane eraser—the burd of the year! Therefore, this final issue will name the final burds, the last of the ones eligible for the coveted burd of the year 69 cent scholarship to any college, university, business school, magazine stand or army of the winner's choice.

This issue, it seems that Dale Hall must be a burd. When Dale was at the beach, he was not a burd. But when Dale, better know as Super Shifter, hit the parking lot, he became a burd. His hot six-cylinder has been dubbed "Chevy II Much" by the parking lot drag-strip group. In the twenty foot drag in reverse, no one can match Dale. Rumor has it that Ford has hired Carrol Shelby

to build some kind of machine which will have a chance but this seems impossible. Super Shifter is just too much. At one time, Dale actually had two gear shifts in his car. He said this made it twice as fast as usual (fantastic). For extra fast runs, Dale has been known to add S.T.P. stickers to his car, thus adding 50 horsepower. All in all, Dale (Super Shifter) is the fastest burd in the herd. Great.

Several members of the National Honor Society also have become burds. During the last day of the yearly car wash, they captured the machine owned by Ann Taylor and took off. Unfortunately, the boys had been cleaning cars too long and could not stop, so as they rode down the street, they brushed the floor, washed the windows changed the oil, cleaned the seats, and generally overhauled the car. This is burdy.

Next, it is time to recognize Chris Stanley for his outstanding move. One day recently, while the band was practicing for its Washington trip, he worked the whole class time and still seemed to have accomplished nothing. It was just a bad day. Therefore, he went back to the band room and threw his drum through the window. Glory, laud, and honor such a burdy act.

Karen Columbo and her distinguished father, Mister, became burds together recently when their named appeared in the newspaper. It seems that they were racing when a friendly Rocky Mount policeman saw fit to pull them over. He declared that since Karen had won the race, she was also speeding. However, since Mister was in second place, he wasn't speeding. Instead, he had run through a stop sign. Shame! At the same time, Glory, burds!

## Biggest Burd

Here it is! The thing that everyone has so long awaited has now arrived. It is time to announce the first winner of the fabulous Burd of the Year Scholarship.

This annual grant of 69 cents is made to the one person who has done the most and, accordingly, has accomplished the least. Unfortunately, this year's winner owes us \$29.21, since we spent so much, trying to get in touch with him. Now, the winner. . . BEN GAZZARA, judge for the beauty court, who neglected to select a winner. Glory, laud, thrills, spills, whoopee, etc. to the burd of the year.

It is the sincere wish of the BLACKBIRD, the Hi-Noc-Ar, and the Student Organization, the Beauty Court, and the entire group which attended the Junior-Senior, that the cure for Mr. Paul Bryan's disease will be found—one day too late to save him. Also, may Mr. Gazzara stand warned: "If you ever see any member of the 1967 Beauty Court, you had better 'Run For Your Life'."



## The Final Eggs From The Nest

Congratulations to the members of the Class of 1967. They have succeeded. Next Friday night they will receive a piece of paper which will be one of their most valued possessions. This diploma represents twelve or more long years of study, toil and determination. They have worked long and diligently to graduate and they should be proud of it. The Class of '67 is leaving a record that will be difficult for the future seniors to equal. The classes of '68 and '69 will be prudent to use the '67 record of achievement as their goal.

### A Winner

The mention of the baseball team of RMSH should make all of us swell up with pride. Our Birds have come through with a fantastic record on a combination of scrappy determination and ability. The most evident characteristic of Rocky Mount athletes, determination, is in abundance on this edition of our baseball nine. They have fought hard and well with dignity and sportsmanship. This s truly a team of championship calibre.

### Junior-Senior

The junior class is to be andcommended for the beauty and dignity of this year's Junior-Senior. The determined effort of the decorations committee and of the entier junior class made this year's Junior-Senior one that will be long remembered.

I would like to thank the faculty, administration, and the student body of RMSH for the support and cooperation given to me and to the BLACKBIRD during my tenure as editor. It has been a wonderful experience to serve you.

Although we have had some rough spots this year I am quite pleased with the quality of our publication. The staff and advisor of the BLACKBIRD deserve a tremendous amount of credit for this year's success. They are a wonderful group of people, and it has been a pleasure to be associated with them.

Best wishes to everyone. I would like to remind the underclassmen to strive to achieve excellence in their academic endeavors. It is really great to be exempt.

## The Blackbird

Member of Columbia Scholastic Press Association  
\$1.25 Yearly — \$.25 Single Issue

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