



Suave, debonair Mike Ruffin concentrates hard on the "Sports Section" of the Gryphon. (Photo by Burnette)

Kiwanis Boy Ruffin Calls Senior Class To Order

The gavel raps on the speakers stand twice. Three times. Four times. "The meeting will please come to order. Please stand up and we will pledge our allegiance to the flag . . . of the United States of America." The strong, steady voice is commanded by Mike Ruffin, second semester President of the Cass of '71.

This same Mike Ruffin has been named Kiwanis Boy of the Month of March. His varied activities range from "All East Honorable Mention" in football to being a member of the "Quill and Scroll National Honor Society." In football, he's won the coveted titles of "All Division Two End", the Durham Herald Newspaper's Lineman of the Week, and Rocky Mount's own cherished "Gryphon of the Week." His coordination, speed and skill don't end there. (Pun.) Baseball is one of his favorite sports and he hopes to play baseball on a scholarship to ECU. Mike presently is first baseman. His letter sweater is

getting pretty cluttered up with one fat letter and five little stars representative of the time and energy Mike gives to sports.

Active in the Monogram Club and Journalism Club, Mike has participated in almost every branch of school activities. The lively sports section you have the privilege of reading, was sweated over by Mike Ruffin. In all due respect, it's not hard to understand why Mike Ruffin was chosen by his classmates to be one of the "Outstanding Seniors of the Year 1971."

Looking ahead into the future's crystal ball, Mike plans to attend East Carolina University and major in Police Science or Business Administration.

Asked about his reactions to this award Mike replied seriously, "I was very happy to receive the honor for it gave me an opportunity to represent the school. The Kiwanis Club does many things for RMSH that are not recognized by the students."

U. S. Law States Firmly

Penalty For Possession Of Dope

Editor's Note: The penalties for the possession of dope have been slightly paraphrased from a Fawcett Publication, Inc. by John A. MacDonald.

Personally, I am sick of hearing about dope and Margy-Wana (marijuana) The subject has been overworked and underpaid. Kids realize that it's not nutritious or beneficial nor does it help the body to grow strong in twelve different ways. Dope creates a world of rainbows and fairy queens and kindergarten's musical chairs. It's a lift and a complete space-out. The mind gets happy.

Dope traffic does exist in Rocky Mount. Tuesday, March 15, a lot of students looked down at their shoes, or stared straight ahead. There lingered an uncertainty about RMSH. Rumors flew around the school—who had been busted and who hadn't and who would be next. Obviously, there's quite a handful of students who are familiar with drugs, even though it's illegal. Either the students do not take the United States government seriously, or they have decided that the law should make an exception for them. Besides the moral ethics, the consequences of the possession of dope should be brought out from behind the curtain of doubt.

Let's say a kid at RMSH, 18 years old, is picked up with a couple of joints with him. Alright, well what's a few joints?

This is what a few joints mean. He is convicted of possession, which is an automatic

felony, and given a suspended sentence.

What has he lost? I mean, what doesn't the kid have now?

"The kid has lost the right to vote, the right to own a gun, and the right to run for public office.

He can never become a doctor, dentist, C.P.A., engineer, lawyer, architect, realtor, osterpath, physical therapist, private detective, pharmacist, school teacher, barber, funeral

director, masseur, or stock broker.

He can never get any job where he has to be bonded or licensed.

He can't work for the city, count, or federal government.

He can't get into West Point, Annapolis or the Air Force Academy.

He can enlist in the military, but will be denied his choice of service, and probably be assigned to a labor battalion."

Poem For Mrs. Bradley's Store

Soft drinks
Gentle winks
Creaky screen door.
Behind the pinball
machine
And chewing gum
galore
A lady
At the counter

Asks if
You'd like some more.
Hands search pockets
For some change
Feet clutter
On the floor
It's really nice
To feel at home
In Mrs. Bradley's store.



After a hard day at RMSH, Bradley's store is a nice place to relieve tension. (Photo by Burnette)

"You?! . . . Raced Shopping Carts?"

Editor's Note: Richard Newman did.

As Springtime approaches, thoughts of outdoor activity enter my head. Everyone from child to grandparent finds enjoyment in the outdoors. In my childhood I had my share of outdoor Springtime activities.

One of the first financial activities a child takes part in is the sale of a product on a street corner. I remember one day we took in a grand total of seventy-four cents--not bad for unsweetened "kool-aid" without ice.

I remember on hot days the fire department would open the valves on the hydrant located on the corner of our yard. This flooded the streets and gave all of the kids a chance to get soak-

ing wet, not to mention a chance to wash their dogs, cats, and any other pet which needed a bath. The only problem was that our house was at the bottom of a slight hill and the water from the streets would eventually reach our house. In time, our yard looked a cross between a San Francisco Bay and the monsoon rain areas of Southeast Asia--so much for the fire hydrants.

Another pastime of the neighborhood kids was the daily shopping cart races. The races were held in the parking lot of the local shopping center. Each entry consisted of two able-bodied five year olds and a Safeway shopping cart. At the signal every entry would begin racing around the entire parking lot with one kid riding in

the cart while the other pushed. The situation often became confusing, to say the least. Besides having up to fifteen shopping carts heading in fifteen different directions, we often tied up traffic in the parking lot, at which time local police officers would send us home, collect the carts, and return the flow of traffic to normal.

These are some of my thoughts about spring time and my childhood, not that it was different than anyone else's, but because it was very special to me.

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