

Chorus Makes Its Own Kind Of Music

"Make your own kind of music, sing you own kind of song." That's exactly what the RMSH choruses are doing. Under the leadership of Mrs. Antonette Battle, the choruses have won recognition both from judges in competition and the various community organizations for which they have sung. There are three choruses at RMSH: the Modernaires, the Mixed Chorus, and the Girls' Chorus.

The Modernaires are the select group. Most of them have spent at least a semester in one of the other choruses, or have had previous voice training. Already this year they have sung for the Thanksgiving assembly and the D. E. District Conference. They also plan to sing at the Elementary Schools at Christmas and for the Civitan Club and the Rotary Club.

The members of the

Modernaires are Matthew Armstrong, Sylvia Arrington, Mary E. Barnes, Pamela Butler, Clementine Davis, Richard Davis, Ronnie Davis, Terry Forbes, Carolyn Gantt, Melanie Goff, Linda Harrison, Reginald Horne, Randy Joyner, Susan Kitts, Thomas Lancaster, Donald Lodge, Bonnie Proctor, Belinda Washington, Linda Whitakers, Caroline Wiggins, Renee Wilkins, Donald Winstead, Mary Rogerson, and David Canipe.

Not so well known are the Mixed Chorus and the Girls' Chorus. In Girls' Chorus, girls who enjoy singing can receive advice on how to improve their voices, and have fun in the process.

The Mixed Chorus has the same objective as the Girls' Chorus. Both male and female students can participate in Mixed Chorus.

JUST A THOUGHT
Aren't we lucky that we don't get all we deserve?

Takes Work To Capture One Rabbit

Two dogs met one night to chase rabbits.

As dogs will, they sniffed and pawed and ran all over the place.

"Looking for rabbits is hard work" moaned one dog. "Let's forget 'em and take a snooze."

"No," growled the other. "I want a rabbit and I mean to have one."

Finally, they actually spied a rabbit. And the chase was on.

That rabbit darted off and raced through the forest as if his life depended on it. Of course, it did. So neither dog



was surprised when the rabbit leaped into the lake and started paddling to the other side.

One dog sat down and howled at his misfortune. The other dog jumped into the lake

and swam hard and long to catch up with that rabbit. Needless to ask which dog caught the most rabbits.

Or to complete the fable: If you want your meat, you have to work for it.

RMSH Teachers Are Goofy Cheerleaders

Behind every strong team, there is a strong cheerleading squad; strong in spirit, hopefully in body. That is exactly what the Goofy Gryphons had behind them during their first game on November 20. Whether sitting down during halftime or in the middle of the court during the toss-up, the cheerleaders really showed fantastic spirit.

Led by two highly qualified teachers, Mrs. Angela Hyson and Mrs. Betty Pryor, the squad squatted and squeaked for an hour. Their brand new uniforms, blue jeans and white shirts tied at the waist, were highlighted with matching ribbons in their hair! One cheerleader, who couldn't find a babysitter, brought her little girl along -- a very fine mascot indeed.

The teachers who volunteered their time and talents to leading the cheering section should be congratulated. They put a lot

of hard work into perfecting their slides and wiggles, and during halftime they even took time out to explain to the fans what a "grandma's bustle" was. During one cheer, there was a sudden hush over the stands as the students waited to see if Mrs. Williams would be able to "stand up and holler" after her "four bits."

I'm sure the Droopy Dribblers enjoyed their yelling since the only time they yelled "get that ball back" was when the Gryphons had the ball. The spirit was contagious as Mrs. Hyson walked up and down the court shouting "we want action" and then realizing it was time out.

Really, a special thank you should be extended to the cheerleaders. They did an excellent job in leading the cheers and one can say they surely had had their "Cheerios."

December 15- Important Date

I will be almost 200 years of age December 15, 1973; and though neither perfect nor complete, I am a vital instrument for the preservation of freedom.

My creation was no simple task. I was born out of centuries of suffering by millions who dreamed of me. Still, I recognize neither majority, nor minority, race, creed, or color -- only the dignity of the individual.

I am suspicious of government and the desires for power of those who hold its reins. And I am unique, for I make of government a ser-

vant of man -- not his master.

I demand that certain unalienable rights and freedoms shall not be denied any citizen by the Federal Government, as such freedoms are of God - not man.

By prohibiting the Government from interfering with responsible freedom, I provide the opportunity for man to achieve what he will, limited only by his abilities.

I am often taken advantage of by those I protect, who would destroy me to their own detriment and the detriment of all. Un-

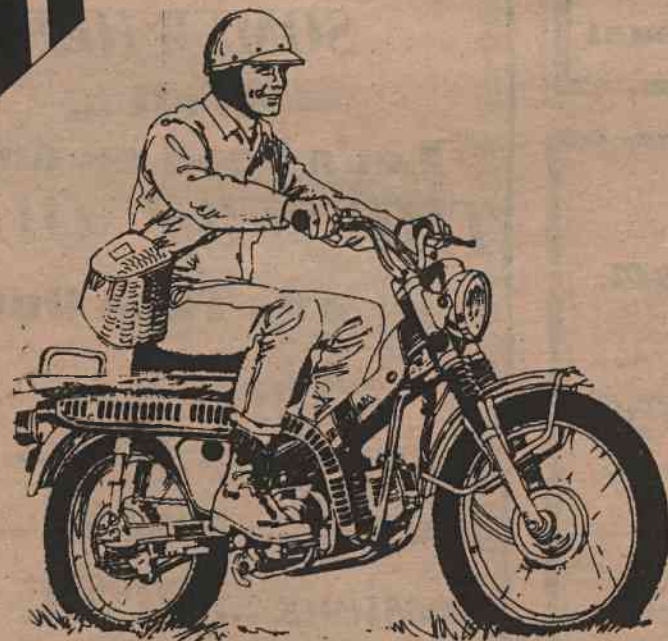
fortunately, I am a jealous and demanding yet fragile instrument, for I require that citizens assume responsibility for my survival.

I am of the past, the present and the future. My ideals are eternal, but I shall survive only as long as those I benefit recognize and assume the hard and tedious task of keeping my provisions alive for all posterity.

I am the Bill of Rights, the First Ten Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

'Twas the night before Christmas

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None of us can truly appreciate the value of time - the opportunity we have each new day to live. As one grows older, the hours become more precious. We realize time passes quickly, and only in memory can any of it be recalled. The greatest of all waste is the waste of time.

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