

NGS PERFORM — Now Generation Singers are busy preparing for their performances this Christmas season. (Photo by Kitts)

NGS Plans Christmas Folk Musical For Tarrytown Mall

The Now Generation Singers are planning a Christmas performance at Tarrytown Mall on Dec. 19 at 9:30 at night. The presentation of Christmas and fold music climaxes their Christmas season, which ends with a performance at the Ancient of Days on Dec. 21.

NGS is made up of high school students, most of whom attend RMSH, and they sing for church services, youth meetings, and

group's music, consisting mostly of religious folk, can be enjoyed by all generations. The

clubs across the state. The

students' joy in singing for God glows through their songs and smiles.

The group has as its advisor Mr. Ken Davis and as its associate advisor Jody Fountain, a former member of the group.

I go up just by myself. Then,

there's no one to fuss with; I

calm down quickly. I think a lot

more people should try flying.

It's a lot of fun." stresses

RMSH Student Takes To The Air "I love flying. When I'm mad,

bird: it's a plane! No, it's Superman! No, it's Rusty Williams, a junior at RMSH! Rusty has been interested in aviation for a long time. His father is a pilot and also owns Air-Care, an aviational service for the public. "It was just normal that I would learn to fly. It's just an everday thing around my family," says Rusty.

Rusty has been haunting the skies over Rocky Mount ever since July 19, 1973, when he got his Student License. To get a Student License, one must pass a Federal Aviation Administration physical examination, must be at least sixteen years old, and must have flown at least eight hours with a flight instructor. However, one with a Student License cannot "take anyone else up" with him. On Thanksgiving Day, Rusty received his Private License which allows him to let others fly with him. The requirements for the Private License are that the applicant is at least seventeen years old, has flown at least five hours cross-country (one of the hours must include a 100-mile cross-country flight), has passed a written

Look! Up in the sky! It's a examination given in Raleigh, and has passed an actual flying test given by a flight instructor. Rusty plans to apply for a Commercial License when he is eighteen. This will enable him to "go for hire."

Rusty says, "I want to make a career of flying. An airline pilot makes about \$50,000 a year. He doesn't have to work much; plus, he gets to choose what flights he will make.'

Rusty, however, has had a big advantage over most hopeful pilots. He explained, "I have already had about \$4000 worth of lessons, but I haven't had to pay a penny. I guess I'm kind of lucky that my father owns Air-Care.

The adventurous pilot flys every chance he gets. But he usually finds time to fly only once or twice a week. So far, Rusty has flown to Wilmington; Tampa, Fla.; Columbus, Ohio; Syracuse, N.Y.; New York, N.Y.; and Washington, D.C. Discussing the many area flights that he has made, Rusty comments, "It's a whole lot better and safer around the big airports. They have control towers with radar. That way there is less chance for collision."

Students Form Fun Chorus Line

"Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi, ..." echoed outside Room 110 on November 21 as umpteen "spur-of-thestudents momently" prepared to greet their limping teacher.

"Don't forget to kick your leg!'

"Here she comes — see, she's sideways on one side!"

"Everyone be quiet so no one will notice us!"

'Hi, Mr. Hutchinson!"

The entire unplanned ordeal began when Isabel Williams and Terre Kilpatrick were

standing innocently in front of the lockers outside Room 110. Kim Nelson, then Karen, and other Gryphon staff members piled on both sides. Being the creative, industrious, yet somewhat hypertensive, humans they all are, incorporate suggestions developed into a definite "chorus girl, chain reaction" episode of sheer enjoyment!

Mrs. Barbour's opinion was, laughing as she limped, "I don't think I know you!"

A Lesson In Humility

By Sara Jane

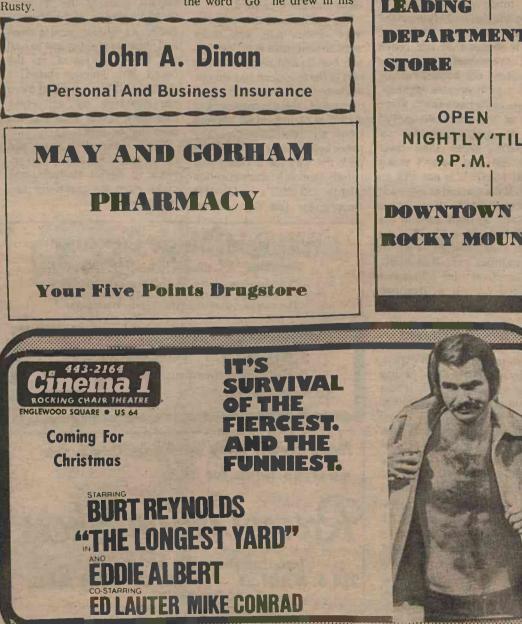
When one is in the fifth grade, he usually has the fallacious notion that ostentatious acts are the key to popularity. Such was the case in my typical fifth grade class.

One day, several of my peers chanced upon the notion of holding one's breath. This, they explained, would be the criterion for determining the relative "toughness" of a kid. Bruce Battle, a usually diffident boy of daring disposition, said rather dogmatically, "Any

student who refuses to hold his breath will henceforth be considered Communist."

"Bruce," spoke up one rather brave student, "as the paramount concern here is the indubitable toughness of our fellow students, I feel that you should go first and set the precedent."

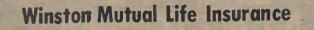
The flambouyant Battle jumped at the opportunity. At the word "Go" he drew in his



breath and proceeded to hold it. As he stood there, cheeks puffed out in a convex shape, his face began to turn blue. Suddenly, without any warning at all, he fainted. He just lay there, motionless, on the floor. Finally, however, he slowly got up. A large lump appeared from his now distorted head.

That night, his mother gave him a spanking proving that paltry acts and inflated egotism eventually lead to the downfall of the exceedingly vainglorious child.





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Representative for Rocky Mount, N. C.

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