

THAT'S LIFE

By Sarah and Billiegene

Buzz! — Clang!! — Clang!!
Everything here is run by bells. I do honestly believe that when the Christmas bells ring I'll automatically grog over to the clock, put a skirt over my p. j.'s and file down the front steps and expect to get my powdered eggs and floppy toast.

That's the Chapel bell. In we go. Today our speaker is Mr. T. Auditorium who will squeak to us on the preservation and use of squirrel tails when we go out into the cold world as housewives and mothers. These Tales directly influence our relationships with Indo-sneezia.

On the way to class we find a note in our room from Mrs. Dorrah. Too many rags in the closet, she says—but we have to wear something.

Mail time, and it's off to read the news column. We don't ever get any from home. Only pamphlets come telling you how to earn money in your spare (?) time.

Lunch time and — bo-i-i-ng!! All clubs seem to want to meet in the right front parlor. After these sessions in how to deplete

your pocketbook by donating toward this or that Christmas present, we trudge to our beds and drop off to a deep sleep. It's too good to last, of course, for — shranch! ktuutch! Attention all halls! Blah! Blah! Elsie May announces that the picture of the Rotunda Hangers will be made now at two o'clock.

Since it's birthday night and we all are out of money, we're planning to have a Lewis Carroll night. A very happy un-birthday to all!

Gotta hurry and press the dress for a concert by John Jacob Child, the Poet-all. A deception will be held in the parlors immediately after the concert and cookies and punch will be served.

The Tea-Hole is open and hot-dogs are sold by the Be-Kind-to-Dumb-Animals Club.

A call down comes next for keeping the lights on until after two in order to chart the first twenty-four chapters of I Samuel.

At last time for bed and with expectation of waking to the radiator's cracking we ponder the preceding dull day. Nothing ever seems to happen around here.

SOCIAL WHIRL

Don't know whether it's the brilliant sparkle of all these newly acquired diamonds—it might be well to add that plain gold band to them—or the excitement of the fast moving tournament, approaching holidays, or just what the reason is but its mighty hard to keep the mind pinned down to the level of work these days isn't it?

Have all of you been by Vardell II to see the brilliant expression of the season in the form of the Christmas tree there? We thank you, Miss Parker, for your hand in that.

Wasn't the dance beautiful Saturday nite? Our two societies really showed a fine spirit of cooperation for it. Congratulations, dance chairmen, for the splendid job you did.

We have always known that the girls at Flossie Mac were quite smart but hadn't realized how smart they really were until a certain sophomore member of the student council made the discovery that the heart of a frog could be identified easily because it was heart shaped!!!

From what I've heard Ella Ruth McNeill received quite a shock at 7:25 one morning recently when she woke up and found herself fully dressed. . . .

The voices of some of the more studious ones next door remind me that there are things I must do now too.

Have loads of fun at home. everybody. Here's hoping Santa Claus received all those letters and is ready to stop by your house in not too many more days.
M. E. M.

Never do today what your roommate can do tomorrow.

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I RESOLVE:

Sara Sanders: "To break my roommate from getting up at 7:00 every morning."

Mickie Ozlin: "To sharpen my wit so I can keep up with Mr. Sinclair."

Dibbie Abernathy: "Never to have another roommate except Jimmie."

Carolyn Patterson: "To get three hours sleep every afternoon so I can go to movies at night."

Becky Ray: "To dedicate to Harvey, 'I'm Yours' after January 27."

Shirley Dabbs: "To find a good excuse to stay at school one week end next semester."

Nickie Ellis: "Not to make New Year's resolutions."

Norma Jean Thompson: "To study Calculus 28 hours a day instead of only 27 hours to pull up my zero."

Cooper Knox: "To be sure the trash is swept all the way under my bed on Thursday mornings so Mrs. Dorrah won't be able to find it."

Gladys McCain: "To get a new Sears-Roebuck clock since my old one broke when it hit Norma's head."

Charlotte Calhoun: "Not to miss another hour's practice." (Followed by a slight lift of the eye brow)

Clash Of The Classes

The traditional battle among the classes and mascots began this year on Monday, December 8 with the Volleyball Tournament.

The sophomore team and its big sister, the senior team, started the action at 3:40 p. m. The sophomores got off to a very slow start, while the seniors were red hot. The score at one time was 18 to 4 in favor of the seniors. But the sophomores made a strong comeback and cooled them off to the tune of 25-20 in favor of the seniors for a final score.

Volleyball Game



The second game of the afternoon was between the freshmen and junior teams. The volleying in the game was, as a whole, better than it was in the other games. The first half was very close, but the experience of the entire junior team and the ability of Marjorie Stevenson to get the ball to the floor paid off for the juniors in the second half. The final score was 24 to 14.

On Tuesday afternoon the opening game was between the freshmen and senior teams. It was a hard fought game with the seniors coming out as the victors. In the second game, the juniors over-powered the sophomores to the tune of 22 to 15. At this stage, the battle for the title was between the juniors and the seniors.

The last day of the tournament saw the freshmen and sophomores battling for "bottom place." The sophomores more than willingly gave it to the freshmen, who never seriously threatened the lead built up by the fighting sophomores in the opening moments of the game. The final score was 26 to 16.

The cocky Roosters and the fighting Bulldogs met in the last game of the tournament to decide who would be the champions. It was a fight to the finish and the seniors were not sure of the championship until the final whistle blew, and the scoreboard read 20 to 14.

Sportsmanship FMC Style

The sportsmanship and cooperation during the volleyball tournament was typical of F.M. girls. The only thing which marred the three days of competition and fun was the taking away of the mascots because of unnecessary roughness. This roughness was caused by a misunderstanding of the role which the mascots should play in a tournament. The AA feel that with the cooperation of the students this well not happen again.

The electing of the varsity this year will be a hard task because there are so many who deserve recognition. We should give a big hand to Charlotte Calhoun, head of volleyball and to the captains of the different teams. The captains are:

- Seniors, Lib McGoogan.
- Juniors, Betty Jean Gilliland.
- Sophomores, Lucille Graham.
- Freshmen, Sally Ann Monroe.

Hobo Holiday

Many F.M.C. girls proudly made their debut into hobo society on the night of December 6. The occasion was a Tacky Party, sponsored by the Westminster Fellowship. Covered in rags, patches, buttons and bows, these girls were greeted in the gym by boys from P.J.C., who were guests of the party.

Soon the square dancing was begun. Above the music could be heard the voice of the caller, Mr.

Leslie Bullock and Mr. Roger Decker; they had been secretly looking for the person in the tackiest costume. Dr. Bullock proudly presented "tacky" Betty Jo Richardson with the prize of a Christmas stocking filled with hard candy. Then everyone gathered around Nancy Hammond at the piano for some group singing. Finally the party broke up, and the happy hobos left the gym with tacky clothes, a joyous heart, and an evening of fun behind them.

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