



These Hallowed Halls Kept By Odessa And Ethel

There are two ladies who work side by side with us here from six-thirty in the morning until three forty-five in the afternoon each day. In the morning as we start out to that first period class, either half asleep or wide awake with dread, their cheerful faces and greetings encourage us to do our best. The mere fact that they take time to wish us a good day gives us a little better outlook, and we begin to forget our uncertainties because of this calm execution of the day's task. Their seeming unanxiousness makes us wonder at our own perplexities.

At noon we see them in the vicinity of the tub rooms on second floor. Yes, these ladies are Odessa Brown and Ethel Johnson. We see them many times every day, but do we really know them?

Both of them are married and live in Red Springs. Odessa used to live near Antioch. But, Ethel has always lived in Robeson County; she lived at Buie's Station. At one time, when Odessa was a child, she lived on the place belonging to Mrs. McPhaul's father. She came from a family of six, but Ethel was the baby of a family of sixteen. Ethel has three children of her own now. They're all girls ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-two. Odessa has two children, aged twelve and sixteen.

Their duties include not only the second and third floors of the main building, but also the faculty house. Part of the time they work together, but at other times one is responsible for one thing, and the other is responsible for something else. Odessa works more on the second floor and Ethel works more on third floor. They have every Saturday afternoon and every other Sunday off.

Both of them heard about vacancies here in 1947. They applied for jobs and started working the same year. Strangely enough, neither of them knew the other before coming here to work, but since they've worked together for eleven years they've become close friends. They work together all winter, but they rarely see each other in the summertime.

They both say they enjoy the work, and like the people whom the job brings them in contact with — the girls, Miss Query, and Mrs. Pate. They know quite a few

of the girls by name. Mrs. Pate received their highest, "She's a wonderful person to work for, and a fine woman."

They say that they have gained some things by working here for which they are grateful. They appreciate the girls having helped their children by giving them clothes. They have received church literature, which has been helpful to them. Since Ethel is a Presbyterian, she has been able to use it with her circle and share it with some of the other ladies at her church. Odessa is a Free Will Baptist, but has read the literature for her own benefit. They both think the girls are doing a fine job in helping needy people at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Ethel said that she has used some of the same ideas in her own church and community work. Odessa added that they certainly appreciate the Christmas Party and toys from the Toy Workshop.

I don't believe two people could be found with a more Christian attitude toward their everyday job.

Math Majors Attend Conference

On October 31, three senior math majors, along with Mrs. Wade Mobley, will be seen leaving the F. M. C. campus to attend the Mathematics Teacher's Conference which is held at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill each year. Attending the conference will be Kathy King, Jeanne Flournoy, and Sarah Hatcher.

This conference is sponsored jointly by the Mathematics Department of U. N. C. and the N. C. E. A. and is especially for teachers of high school mathematics.

The main speaker this year will be Dr. J. W. Carr of the University of Michigan. Dr. Carr has just returned from Russia and will speak on "What Russia is Doing With Electronic Computers". Other discussions will be concerned with teaching plane and solid geometry simultaneously in high schools, and new methods in teaching algebra.

Practice In Family Living

On November 3, the Senior Home Economics majors, Elizabeth Ann Clark, Susan Currie, Della Evans, and Sarah Jordan,

Birthday Tradition Still Strong At FMC

Jane, who has probably been busily preparing her homework or maybe has just awakened from an afternoon nap, enters the dining room and makes her way to her table as usual. Just before reaching it she observes something surprisingly different; her table is gaily decorated and centered with a swirly chocolate cake. Once there she finds to her amazement her name on the place card at the regular hostess's seat. At the same time she hears a chorus of voices singing "Happy Birthday" to her. She is filled with excitement; she then looks around and sees the same thing happening at other tables.

This is a typical scene to be found in the dining room of F. M. C. each Wednesday night. This is Birthday Night, a gala occasion and muchloved tradition, dating back to some time within the past fifteen years. Until the time that this was started, parties were given almost every night, for someone was always having a birthday; the individual tables celebrated these on any night they found suitable. The result was a very noisy dining room almost every night. Also, no special meal was prepared, and the hostess often bought something extra; she bought the cake or had some lady in town to bake it for the occasion.

In order to lessen the noise and also to provide a special dinner, it was decided that one night each week be set aside for birthdays. The idea developed into a tradition that has continued to the present. This weekly event still creates great anticipation among the girls because of the special dinner, including ice cream and cake, plus the gay time, fun, and fellowship afforded while celebrating some unsuspecting girl's birthday. Each girl looks forward to the night when she will be the honoree, even if her birthday comes during the summer. Long live this tradition at F. M. C.!

will move into the Home Management House for six weeks experience in the planning and managing of a home. Miss Charlotte Womble, Professor of Home Economics will stay with the girls.

During the six weeks the girls are responsible for planning and buying food, planning and preparing meals, and attending to the other duties involved in managing a home. To make things a little more interesting the girls give themselves names which signify their individual duties. The four girls make up a family consisting of Mother or Hostess, Father or Host, Daughter or Cook and Son or Housekeeper.

The duties of the mother are to plan the menus and to see to the general well being of the household. The Father is the host and asks the blessing at meals. He too sees to the running of the home. The daughter is in charge of the cooking of the meals and the son is in charge of the general housekeeping and cleaning.

All these activities serve to train the girls how to live and plan as a family.

If the power to do hard work is not a talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

—James A. Garfield

Mystery Observer Returns To Post

(Editor's note: After a summer rest, our columnist, THE BIRD WATCHER, has returned. You will be interested to learn that THE BIRD WATCHER spent his vacation studying the schizophrenic tendencies of the Mocking Bird.) Dear Editor:

Once again, greetings from the fifth floor of the Rotunda, where I have resumed my post as official FMC BIRD WATCHER! After a four-month lapse, I am eager to make my first report of the new birdwatching season. Ready?

To be quite truthful, the FMC area has been so thoroughly inundated with new and unusual species that your Bird Watcher has had a busy time of it. And, despite my vast ornithological knowledge, I have been forced to resort to scholarly research in order to identify some of the birds that have winged in from all parts of the southeastern United States.

May I begin the season on a cheerful note? Allow me to point out for your edification and admiration the Flora Mac Fledgling (Freshmanus typicus), an abundant and enthusiastic species new to the area. The species is distinguishable by its strong, and as yet undisciplined, voice, and by its apparently inexhaustible supply of sand-piperish energy. Too, the Flossie Fledgling occasionally appears to be slightly addled by all that is expected of it, and can be seen (and heard) flapping and cawing hysterically

along the halls of West when the class bell rings.

One small group of the Fledglings may occasionally appear to belong to the sub-group known colloquially as the Red-eyed Flossie Fledglings (homesickus plenteous) but this group is very much in the minority. In fact, the bird Watcher has not observed any honest-to-goodness Red-eyed Flossies save among those Fledglings who came with preconceived tendencies in that direction. Shame on them! The clear-eyed variety is far more attractive!

The Fledgling is at this stage tremendously domestic and works during every spare moment to make her new nest more habitable. ("Gracious Living," you know.) Nest-mates become acquainted, and birds who were total strangers a few days ago now lie awake after light bell and cackle and giggle (bird fashion) until far into the night.

This species has, in the early fall, a most charming mixture of naivete, self-confidence, insecurity, and enthusiasm. The older FMC birds (particularly the second-year birds) will see fit to eradicate much of the naivete the first English, music theory, the self-confidence; the Big Sis and chemistry classes may jar ters may dispel the insecurity; but let us hope that the enthusiasm will remain intact!

Yours from the Dome,
THE BIRD WATCHER



Memories Will Long Remain With Student Teachers

by Marion Davis

The tardy bell has rung, the class has already been seated, the roll has been checked with one student missing. It's the usual excuse given by her roommate, Ann White comes running in — her pretext is Student Teaching; the car wouldn't crank, or else she had to walk back from school, so she's late again.

Talk to almost any Senior these days, and the subject of Student Teaching will come up. One may be already in the process of doing her practice teach-

ing, another may still be observing, and still others may be anxiously awaiting the day when they will start this phase of their college work. I dare say that there must be mingled feelings of excitement, anxiety, and perhaps fear for some as they face this new adventure, a very challenging one. Those who have not started yet seem to be a little worried about actually putting into practice what they

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He that is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

—Benjamin Franklin

Undue procrastination indicates that a man does not see his way clearly; undue precipitation, that he does not see it at all.

—Shakespeare