

Food For Thought

All We Have to Fear is Fear Itself

by Rebecca McCoy

Most Americans today acknowledge that Franklin D. Roosevelt's statement, "All we have to fear is fear itself" is true. They are willing to accept this largely because of Roosevelt's personal life — his ability to overcome his own private fear that he would not be physically able to serve as the President of the United States for the American people. Yet the majority of the people of the world are, at this moment, filled with fear — fear of war, world-wide Communistic rule, hunger, or another "great depression." We are afraid of the future and of what it holds for us as individuals and as a group.

From what source does this fear arise? The answer is ignorance. If we were asked what causes any one of the things that we are fearing, we would have to shake our heads and respond that we do not know. Certainly this is logical, for if we knew the cause then we should be able to plan some solution to keep the issue from becoming a reality. Alas, when fear controls one, there is no ability to think clearly. Fear also takes a strong grip on its victim.

Only last winter there was an "Asian Flu" epidemic almost nationwide. It began by conquering only one individual. By contact that person communicated it to others. Fear is even more contagious than "Asian Flu," but it too had begun with just one individual. We do not know who the first person who contracted "Asian Flu" was, nor do we know who the first individual to become obsessed with this dreaded anxiety was. That is irrelevant except that we must see that the solution to conquering fear lies not in finding who first had it but in stopping it before it reaches its disastrous climax. Scientists had a knowledge of the proper medicine to prevent and thus overcome "Asian Flu." Knowledge and isolation of those who had "bad" cases of "Asian Flu" saved Americans from this physical illness.

What will save the people of the world today from the controlling grip of fear? I believe that those who are dominated by fear must be isolated if we are to save ourselves. The only other solution is to spread truth everywhere, for truth destroys fear.

What An Education Means To Me
by Betty Ruth Barker

Education is a difficult word to define, for it covers many phases of life. To some it has no meaning other than to spend a few years in grammar school and then marry. In my life it has an entirely different meaning. Within me is a genuine desire to reach forth and to grasp hold of every opportunity that arises and to apply myself in such a way that I might profit from each experience with which I am confronted.

To me an education grants the precious opportunity of understanding people. It often seems that the more I learn the more capable I become of understanding the problems of

others who are confused and uncertain about the various fears of life. I find that as I learn the desire grows deeper to be kinder and truer to those who have so little. This is realized as I stand in awe before those I may be seeking to understand. Through my own education, I realize that many people might have become great and might have contributed much to the world if the needs of the world were not far too vague. Thus, the opportunity which is mine of receiving an education must be used to help people find themselves.

I feel that to acquire an education there is a great deal that a person must sacrifice. To me it means accepting the fact that there are numerous things in life that I must be willing to do, though I may not wish to. I must be willing to understand that the basic subjects that are required, in order to do what I would like to do in the future are important. I must sacrifice my desire to do other things and put my time on that which is required. Not only does it mean a sacrifice of time but also a sacrifice of parties, ballgames,

and sometimes friends and family. It takes time to acquire an education, and I feel that one has to be willing to take that time and to do the work each day that must be done.

To me an education also brings to a mind a vision — a vision of the goal for which I strive. It means that with hard work and a dedicated self I may someday and somewhere arrive at my destination. Yes, education involves sacrifice, work, struggles, problems, and even temptations, but the reward will come if we await and prepare for that day with patience.

The wondrous thing about an education is that no matter where I go or what I do, I can always take it with me. By having it with me at all times, I am aware that those who pass my way may, perhaps, be a little more richer and happier for the influence which I leave with them.

Education is indeed something to strive for and to live for. My prayer is one of praise to God that He has given me an understanding of the need for knowledge and dedicated lives in this confused and troubled world of today. I shall ever strive to learn more and to give more as I realize the greatness of knowledge and as I seek to find my place in this troubled world.

Epidemic Sweeps Southern College

by Linda Phillips

A recent news broadcast over FMC-TV reported that a semi-crippling epidemic was sweeping over the campus of one of our small southern colleges. The local doctors have been called in to diagnose the fever and we are including the statement which they have submitted to the authorities of the stricken school. The doctors have said that the disease is apparently more prevalent among young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two. However, the disease has reportedly struck a few older adults who had been closely associated with the stricken young people.

The doctors also say the disease is curable only in its very insipient stages. Once it has gained a foothold, the fever is almost impossible to cure, even with our modern miracle drugs. We have included the combined diagnosis and report of the doctors in the hope that it will help our campus to prevent an outbreak of a similar epidemic.

Symptoms are different with each person but the general debilitating effects are the same. Some of the symptoms listed by the doctors as being most common are as follows:

(1) A feeling akin to that caused by creeping encephalitis (sleeping sickness). The victim feels drugged and is unable to shake off this lethargy for any length of time. There is a great reduction, therefore, in one's ability to concentrate or focus one's attention on any subject requiring clear thought.

(2) A nagging fatigue which saps all one's energy and strength. Any strenuous physical exercise leaves the victim in a state of near exhaustion from which he can recover only after frequent and prolonged periods of rest. So far, no tonic has been found which

will relieve this symptom, closely akin to the effects of severe anemia.

Perhaps the most baffling of all the symptoms of the disease is the psychological effect which it has upon the victims, particularly upon the young people. They are left with no desire or incentive to work at anything. Although they retain the feeling that they should do their best work in spite of their illness, they seem utterly lacking in their capacity to do so. The doctors are considering the possibility that this psychological effect may be a result of the physically run-down condition of those who are stricken.

These symptoms, together with others which vary with the individual, are usually felt by all who contract the disease and are usually present from the very earliest stages. Doctors are still not certain what the disease is, but after much observation and consultation they set forth the hypothesis that is a rare tropical fever known as *Feverus springus*.

Because little is known about the disease, doctors can offer very few suggestions as to its treatment. The cause is unknown; therefore, there are no known preventative measures which can be taken.

Suggestions for treatment of the fever are . . . Oh my goodness! I forgot what the announcer said. Oh well, don't let *Feverus springus* hit you!

Marlene Dietrich:

Every human being is in need of talking to somebody. In this country nobody has time. It seems that talking to a friend has gone out of style. Now you have to pay money to go to an analyst.

(Reader's Digest)

What Would We Do Without You, Susie And Ruby?

by Marion Davis

A rather small lady, dressed in a blue and white uniform, makes her way toward the entrance by way of the gate, then turns to the right to avoid it. She keeps her steady pace down the street and across the grass, all the time with a particular destination in mind. She has been away for two hours, downtown perhaps, or maybe she has stolen a few moments at home. It is ten minutes until the hour of four. She must be there by four and without fail she will be there. This little lady is none other than Susie Vinner, who is well-known and liked back in the kitchen, especially by the tablegirls.

Susie is a resident of Red Springs, her home located near the armory. She has one daughter and a grandson who live in Newark, New Jersey. She is always more than happy to see Easter, the fourth of July, and Christmas because on these three occasions her loved ones come to visit her. She spent a week with them in 1957 when her grandchild was born.

On Halloween Day of this year Susie will complete her twelfth year of service in the college kitchen. She has cooked for many, many girls who have come and gone, who will not forget the luscious taste of her hot biscuits. As for the table girls with whom she comes in contact three times each day, she says, "I have a lot of fun with them."

Susie specializes in the making of biscuits, rolls, cornbread, pie-crust and cake. To her comes the question from the table girls so many times — "What kind of bread do we have for supper, Susie?" Of course, if anyone knows, she does. The girls come asking to get the biscuits to carry out only to hear her traditional reply — "I'm ready but Mrs. Gambill's not." Then Mrs. Gambill gives the word to go ahead, and Susie very skillfully divides out the bread, whatever it may be, putting eight pieces in each plate.

The specialist in making breads enjoys her work although she has off only two hours each day from two to four o'clock and one Sunday each month. Besides, she finds

Six Named To Honor Society

On Tuesday morning, April 14, Dr. Frontis W. Johnston, dean of the Davidson College faculty, delivered the annual chapel service address for the tapping of new members into the Flora Macdonald Honor Society.

Dr. Johnston was introduced by Dr. Price H. Gwynn, Jr. His address was based on "The Paradox of Education."

The three seniors tapped into the society were: Elizabeth Ann Clark of Jackson Springs, Janice Gore of Ash, a first semester graduate, and Marion McGill Jackson of St. Pauls.

Three juniors also have the same honor. They are: Cecilia Heins of Greeleyville, S. C., Josephine Campbell of Laurinburg, and Martha Stevenson of Statesville, president.

David Grayson

I wish some of the ardent advisers of the human race would read a certain passage in Thomas a' Kempis:

"Be not angry that you cannot make others as you wish them to be since you cannot make yourself as you wish to be."

(Reader's Digest)

Mrs. Gambill nice to work with. Bustling about in the daily routine of activity in the kitchen, Susie remains a very lively, energetic, and amiable person.

Another popular person in the kitchen is Ruby Johnson who has been working faithfully for sixteen years, so long that without her the kitchen would not be the same. She came even before Mrs. Gambill arrived to take over as dietitian. Concerning her work she says, "I like it fine and the girls, too." She finds working with Mrs. Gambill enjoyable also.

In the kitchen she does almost anything, but she especially loves to make the salads. In addition to the salads she acts as an assistant to Susie in making the breads.

At home Ruby resides on the Lumberton highway out of Red Springs. She has a son and a two-year-old grandson who live with her. She looks forward to being off on Sunday afternoons and one Sunday each month so that she can be home.



Susie and Ruby dish out bread to table girls.