

Arts, Letters, & Entertainment

The St. Andrews Pipe Band: An Integral Part of St. Andrews' Scottish Heritage

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Associate Editor

Should you happen to hear the skirl of bagpipes echoing across the lake, then know that the music is comes from the St. Andrews Pipe Band.

Formed as part of the college's Scottish heritage effort in 1990-1991, the band has expanded to nine members: six pipers, two drummers, and a Highland dancer.

According to St. Andrews Scottish Heritage Center director Bill Caudill, "The band provides an opportunity for students to get interested in Scottish music on campus and another performance ensemble for the community."

The band performed last year without the traditional kilt, but this year they will be wearing kilts of the Earl of St.

Andrews tartan. Purchase of the band's uniforms was made possible by outside donations.

The future of the pipe band will lie in its recruitment policies, and Caudill is working diligently to expand and improve upon the corps he has already established. Caudill will be teaching bagpipe to freshmen and sophomores over the winter term, and is looking to add experienced players by offering them scholarships.

The present members of the band come from both the campus and the community. The pipers are: pipe-major Bill Caudill, students Ian James, Susan Walmsley, and Rod Gammon and Laurinburg members Wendy Gibson and Courtney Pate. S.A. students Jay Ball and Jennifer Inman are drummers, and Fiona James is Highland dancer. James is a

world class dancer who placed sixth in the World Highland Dancing Championships in Scotland.

The band will be performing during Scottish Night for the Monday Night at the Arts series on Nov. 18 at St. Andrews.

The band is also hoping to compete against other pipe bands on the Scottish games circuit in 1992.

"Our future looks good," said Caudill. "We have some good prospects for next year, and I hope to have 10 pipers and two more drummers. Anyone interested in joining the band can contact me. Right now I need a bass drummer, but if anyone is interested in joining the band they can contact me at my office A3 in the LA building."



Elizabeth Cox, novelist and poet will read from her latest fiction at a special Writer's Forum Oct. 2 in the Belk Main Lounge. "The Ragged Way People Fall Out of Love" — Cox's latest, novel has been highly praised by *The New York Times Book Review*, *Chicago Tribune*, and many other major reviewers. She will be a master writer in the new St. Andrews masters of fine arts and creative writing program. Presently she is professor of creative writing at Duke University.



Four St. Andrews alumni, Carolyn Moore, Kris Deal, David Southwood-Smith, and E. Waverly Land, read from their works in an evening reading held on Sept. 19. Moore is now director of the annual fund at St. Andrews, and both Deal and Southwood-Smith work in the St. Andrews Admissions office. E. Waverly Land works with the Bureau of Budget in Washington, D.C.

The St. Andrews Press will soon be publishing Land's book, "It moves from Arm to Arm," and published Southwood-Smith's "Pictures From the Wax Museum," which was the 1989 Chapbook Award Winner at St. Andrews.

The Forum meets weekly at 8 p.m. in the Mecklenburg Lounge on the St. Andrews campus. The public, along with students, faculty and staff, are invited to attend free of charge.

'old spice'
Laura Molinaro

1. you're reminding me of my father.
on sunday mornings
he'd come down the steps
and kiss my cheek
on his way out the door.
i wouldn't see him
'til after mass.
when he'd sing along with Frank Sinatra.
thanks — a lot.

2. the roses have died
early in the season —
not one was picked.
he said they'd last
forever.
i guess a child of six
can't understand
that they wouldn't.

3. the house is empty
the voices echo through the halls
i hide under my bed, scared.
they call me
it's a conspiracy!
i don't want to be like you.

my face is stinging. i'm sorry
i didn't mean to defy you
i just want to be happy
after all there is no love here.

4. i ran to the bottom of the hill
stumbling to a halt
there a wall protected me
from falling into the water below,
like my father once saved me
from the clutches of a scary monster.
i stood and stared at the swirling water
the current changed — not drastically
yet my father no longer protects me.

5. during the night i see my father
i unlock him from my dreams
i don't find it abnormal
to sit and chat with him
on my bed.

AS THE LAKE GROWS OLD IN YOU

Dan Auman

A stone's skip away
from me
sitting unmoving

unmoving
you sit
unmoved.

Your eyes gaze skies
far from mine,
stirring
dreamlike
peering
'round;

your eyes...
no lake lies
bluer than...

I wade though jade
to you

you
perched
on foam,
branching swiftly.

I approach
as your flower opens
closes...
silently
my hand draws
near and you
quiver.

Seasons
Cerebus

The wind blows dandruff
from her hair onto my leg.

I think of winter.

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