

THE SKIRL

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We Salute

Because of a heavy semester schedule, Betty Lou Lamb has found it necessary to resign as editor of *The Skirl*. We all regret that Betty Lou had to do this, and the entire student body joins the staff in expressing appreciation to her for the fine job which she has performed during her editorship. Although being the first editor of a newspaper and getting it organized properly is certainly a tremendous task, Betty Lou has truly worked diligently and thus done much to establish our newspaper—which we hope will be a growing asset through the years.

Incidentally, Betty Lou is still very much interested in the newspaper and is constantly giving valuable help and guidance to the staff.

Let's Take A Walk

Although the calendar says spring isn't due for quite sometime yet, the weatherman has been coming up with some mighty lovely days. If you're one of the many here on the campus who haven't visited the gardens lately, why not take advantage of this spring-like weather by taking at least a short walk through them. They are filled with not only well-known flowers but also many rare varieties of camellias, azaleas, and others. Our gardener spends a great deal of time rebuilding the paths and working the flower beds and is most willing to make your trip enjoyable by showing you various kinds of plants.

Come on; let's go to the gardens!

One Student Expresses It For All

I think that I can speak for all of the FMC girls when I say that we're glad to have Evelyn Boyd back with us. It's mighty nice to pass her in the halls, see her warm smile and exchange a few words of greeting after such a long time. We hope that you're feeling as well as you look, Evelyn. We missed you and we're glad to have you back!

—Nancy Wilkinson.

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Under The Dome

By GINA GRAY

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the cabinet members, associates and assistants of the Eisenhower administration. In this column we hope to bring to the reader a broader knowledge and insight regarding the present status of national affairs. In this issue we will discuss Lt. Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor and Secretary of Interior Douglas McKay. These members are not necessarily run in order according to their importance.

Lieutenant General Maxwell D. Taylor has assumed the post of Commander of all U. N. ground forces in Korea. This 51 year old successor of Gen. Van Fleet assumed his duties after numerous consultations with President Eisenhower.

Gen. Taylor, as commander of the 101st Airborne Division in WW II, made quite a good showing in Normandy. Since then he has become well acquainted with the people of the Orient, in addition to his more recent posts as superintendent of the Military Academy, and Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army.

We all know Gen. Taylor has many problems to face and try to defeat. Among them are those of troop rotation and the training of troops to fight offensively.

What Gen. Taylor can do about Korea, depends on the decisions of our president. In the meantime, however, the proficient handling of paratroops may be causing the Communist generals in Korea a few headaches and a bit of uneasiness these days.

As Secretary of Interior, Eisenhower chose the former governor of Oregon, Douglas McKay, 59, who is responsible for the conserving and developing of the rich natural resources of the nation.

McKay has made his position clear. He favors the greatest possible development of resources . . . through the cooperation of Federal and state governments and private enterprise. He believes in leaving the policy matters and final operating control in the hands of the "People who live in and love the region."

The statehood for Alaska and Hawaii are strongly recommended by McKay. From the turn of events and opinions regarding this matter, we can expect Hawaii to add the forty-ninth star to our American flag in the very near future.

McKay, who considers himself wholly "in the employ of General Eisenhower," says that all comments on irrigation, reclamation and public power will have to come from his chief.

Choral Club Sings At Fort Bragg

Service Club 4 on Smoke Hill at Fort Bragg was host to the Flora Macdonald College Choral Club Saturday evening, February 21.

The girls were carried by bus to the post, and escorted gallantly by M. P's. to the service club. All the girls felt as observed as if "all eyes of all Texas were upon them". After a few general introductions, and the stage was put in order, the Choral Club presented a concert, the first part of which consisted of a few sacred numbers and the second part of the program depicting some of Flora Macdonald's heritage by singing of some Scottish songs and lighter numbers, followed by four of the Scottish dancers doing the Foursome Reel and the traditional Highland Fling. The program seemed well received. The confirmation of the last statement comes

About Ogden Nash . . .

Any Flossie Mac-er nourishing the idea that she must painfully suffer through a "stuffy old lecture" here on the evening of March 10 will be quite "al-lama-ed" when she beholds and hears the personality hailed as "America's uncrowned poet laureate"—Mr. Ogden Nash.

To quote the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Ogden Nash is "God's gift to the United States"—genuine comic talent is nearly priceless. Mr. Nash is our best literary comedian since Will Rogers. He has become, in a strictly Shakespearean sense, America's number one fool, though in any other sense he is nobody's fool.

This American humorist and poet was born Frederic Ogden Nash in Rye, New York. After going to St. George's school in Newport, Rhode Island, he became a student at Harvard. He spent some years in the editorial and publicity department of the publishing firm of Doubleday, Doran and Co. In 1931 he published two books of verse, *HARD LINES* and *FREE WHEELING*, both of which won immediate recognition because of the poet's amusingly-free style of writing. In that same year he married Frances Rider Leonard and made his home in Baltimore. His wife and two daughters, Linell Chenault (now Mrs. John Marshall Smith) and Isabel Jackson, have been subjects of many of his poems.

Retiring from publishing work to devote his time to his own writing, Nash became very noted for his humorous verse which appeared in a dozen periodicals and in Hearst's New York Journal. He wrote more books: *Happy Days*, *The Primrose Path*, (verse), *The Bad Parents*, *Garden of Verse*, *I'm A Stranger Here Myself*, *Face Is Familiar*, *Good Intentions*, *Many Long Ago* (verse) and *Versus*. He became co-author with Kurt Weill and S. J. Perelman in writing the musical comedy entitled *One Touch of Venus*. Today Nash is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He still frequently contributes verse to leading magazines.

It is said of Nash that he can write not only verse with exaggerated sprung rhythms and fearless rhymes but poems of delicate lyrical feeling or deep intensity. As Christopher Moreley uniquely puts it, "He has become a social necessity". . . I have only one criterion for judging authors; how many are there without whom I could not possibly have lived until now? Ogden Nash is one of them." Poems by Ogden Nash:

THE PARENT

Children aren't happy with nothing to ignore,
 And that's what parents were created for.

THE OCTOPUS

Tell me, O Octopus, I begs,
 Is those things arms, or is they legs?
 I marvel at the, Octopus;
 If I were thou, I'd call me Us!

from the fact that the service men entertained the Choral Club in fine fashion after the concert by the music of Hal Gore and band, and dancing. Light refreshments were enjoyed throughout the evening,
 The evening was evidently a success, as there have been numerous comments pointing to the fact that "a good time was had by all!"

Wife: "Do you have a good memory for faces, dear?"
 Husband: "Of course, I have."
 Wife: "That's good. I just dropped your shaving mirror."

"MEM" Remembers

You girls had better watch how your coat labels are sewed in from now on. Mr. Sinclair declares that ladies buy expensive-name labels from stores and sew them in coats—even sew them up side down so they can easily be read by the person sitting behind them when their coats are thrown over a chair. He didn't say how he got his information however.

And what's this about that laundry girl who's going to borrow an article of clothing from one of the faculty members to plan her house by???

"Horse" said she wouldn't really recommend walking up the stairs with books stacked on the head for health any more. Just look what it did to her. Put her in the infirmary for ah, so long. Don' know what effect it had on Gina. She was still around at the last checking-up.

Doris Tucker says there's no place like Raleigh for seeing your school-mates whom you're always too busy to see at school. She and Mary Haygood ran into each other at the Ice Follies last week-end.

"What would happen if Katherine McNeill stayed off the rotunda railing just one whole day?" Hec, that's anybody's guess. If it ever happens please let this one know.

Hammond finally came out of hibernating and joined civilization again. She's really alive and breathing and "just touch me if you don't believe it."

That loud scream and yell over on Morgan II wasn't because Dottie Shaw pulled over the fire extinguisher again. It was just Nona welcoming Nell Ruth back from Georgia. Nell Ruth said it was snowing down there when she left. Wish our neighbor state would be generous and share her blessings with this section.

Norma Jean was about to be too sure nobody could break into the T. Hole or coke machine when she locked both those keys up in the coke machine.

Some of the girls on Vardell II have trouble sleeping nights. Seems that Barbara C. talks all the time—even when she's asleep. Some folks are still wondering about that box of candy Betty Jo Hatcher got for Valentine. That was mighty fancy to be from a friend of the family they tell me.

That was a mighty good volley ball serve Dr. Woodson gave at the College Cook-out last week. Too bad one of the classes can't sign him up for next year's team.

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