

THE SKIRL

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It Is The Thought That Counts

During this busy season, we so often lose ourselves in the Christmas rush that we find ourselves thinking: Will this be too expensive; will my gift equal hers? Perhaps we should stop and ask ourselves during this busy season if we really are selecting gifts with a true spirit of love or are we looking for bargain gifts that "show well." We would like to reprint an editorial from the December issue of "Living for Young Homemakers", which well expresses our thoughts.

"Joy at Christmastime has become for many of us a curious emotion to evaluate. We know perfectly well that the Joyous Season is upon us— at least we send everyone we know a card saying so; we warble away at "Joy to the World" like so many earth-born angels; we laugh, we sentimentalize and we kick up our heels, yet somewhere there seems to be something faintly, disturbingly askew. Do we detect a thread of hypocrisy in our joyousness? Why in the midst of our caroling and wasailing, do we sud-

denly wonder how in the world we're going to get all the bills paid? For almost everyone, the answer, of course, is quite basic; we've spent too much money. Forgetting the true meaning of Christmas, we've tried to buy joy—a feat which can't be done even if we could afford it. A gift is a token of affection, nothing more. Its cost is meaningless, and it has no significance unless it is selected or made with thought and care and given with humility . . . Don't assess it in terms of potential "show." Only be certain that it is needed or, better yet, wanted, and if possible, make it yourself. If a penwiper is the best you can do, very well then, but let it be the most inspired, most beautiful, most lovingly-made penwiper ever contrived. As Lord Byron said (and like so many poets, he more often than not knew exactly what he was talking about): "All who joy would win, must share it."

It is not the cost of a gift that is important, but the thought behind it that gives joy, both to the giver and receiver.

Here and There

by Loueen Price

You Can't Win

The school-teacher's lot is rough. About the time she finishes telling the children you can't put more in a container than it will hold, along comes a lady in slacks.

Her Method

Ed. . . "Why, for goodness' sake, did Grandma put wheels on her rocking chair?"

Fred. . . "She declared she wanted to rock and roll."

Over-Done

Her cheeks bloom with health, So rosy, so bright.

But why's her left cheek healthier than her right?

Man's Best Friend?

If the dog is man's best friend, how come he doesn't come home sometimes with a bone with some meat on it?

Poetry at Dawn

Dewey. . . "This poetic wife of mine wakens me at sunrise and says: 'Lo, the morn.'"

Hewey. . . "Mine's somewhat the same, but what she tells me is 'Mow the lawn!'"

Side-Tracked

Dentist's daughter. . . "Darling, why haven't you asked dad

for my hand?"

Elbert. . . "Because every time I stop into his office I lose my nerve and just have him pull another wisdom tooth."

Overheard

Wife setting out with husband: "Now if it's a dull party, just leave it that way."

Broken Engagement

Man to dinner companion: "Okay, we'll break our engagement if that's the way you want it. Waiter, separate checks, please."

Exaggerates

"It was raining cats and dogs and leaving little poodles."

Modern Art

"Oodles of doodles."

Discussion

"An argument that nobody is particularly interested in."

Conscience

That still small voice that tells you what other people should do.

Home for Christmas

I'm going home for Christmas, and I can't wait until I'm there with those who mean so much— those who really care— with kinfolk and neighbors coming in— the children will be playing so gaily— all excited with Christmas spirit. The house will be filled

Conservatory Notes

by Joanne Ross and Carroll Shoemaker

Second in a series of articles about the lives of famous composers:

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, Austria on January 27, 1756, the son of Leopold Mozart, vice Kapellmeister and court composer to the Archbishop of Salzburg.

Mozart's phenomenal music talent was displayed when he was very young. He played the harpsichord at three and was already composing short pieces by his fifth year. His studies in clavier, violin, and composition were all under the direction of his father, an able teacher.

Mozart's sister Marianne was also a proficient harpsichordist, and in 1763 the father took the two child prodigies on a tour of the principal European cities. The young Mozart continued to amaze audiences with his performances on the harpsichord, the violin, and the organ, with his ability to accompany songs and transpose them at sight, and above all, with his skill of improvisation.

Following extensive concert tours and various positions such as concertmaster and court organist for the Archbishop of Salzburg, Mozart was a free lance in Vienna, earning a miserable living.

Continued overwork along with financial worry brought about Mozart's complete physical collapse, and he died in 1791 in his thirty-fifth year. He was given a third-class funeral and was buried in a potter's field. Thus ended the life of one of the most gifted composers that the world has ever known.

A student recital was held Thursday, December 4, 1958, at 4:45 P.M. in the auditorium. The program was as follows:

"From Kleine Praeludium und Intermeggi, op. 9" — Schroeder Allegretto Maestoso

Sandra Abbott

"Se tu M'ami" — Scarlatti Violet Culler, soprano

Jeannette Davis, accompanist

"Bouree" — G. F. Handel Patricia Haterfield, flutist

Ruth Haterfield, accompanist

"Hungarian Dance No. 7" — Brahms Ann McArver

"Greensleeves" — Purvis Carrou Shoemaker

"Miranda" — Hageman Jane Woodard, alto

Jeannette Davis, accompanist

with Christmas decorations: holly, greenery, nasturtioe, candles, a lighted tree, and many other things. Delicious smells will drift through the house. I can hardly wait to taste the delicious homemade fruit cake mama always bakes. It will be fun to sit around the fire, eat nuts, and other Christmas goodies. On Christmas morning how exciting it will be to watch everyone open their gifts, especially the young ones when they see what Santa brought them. Most important, and what we must never forget, is the true meaning of Christmas and all the things we are thankful for.

I hope you have a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. See you next year!

For You

To the Students:

This space is usually "yours"— by that I mean that it is saved for any letters which you may wish to write. This month it is still actually yours, but in a different slant because I am writing to you.

I just did not feel that I could go home for the holidays without having expressed some feelings. This is the end of the year, and a good time for saying things that have maybe gone unsaid throughout the year. My thanks and feelings of appreciation go out to those of you who have helped us on the SKIRL staff by writing articles, typing articles, and giving your suggestions and ideas about the paper (your opinions are always considered).

We have certainly already had a good beginning for our holidays. The snow which was so pretty, calm, peaceful, and covered the campus like a blanket of white was a big surprise to all of us when we awoke last Thursday morning and saw it. (Beata, when

you go home to Florida for Christmas, you can think about this pretty snow you had up in North Carolina). The excitement started as early as 5:30 a.m. and continued throughout the day. "White Christmas" was sung more than once that day. The snow was nature's gift and made everyone happy and gay.

There are other things which happen every Christmas at Flora Macdonald, and these things happen because of the interest and anxiety of the students. These are such experiences as the White Gift Service, Christmas Caroling, the Dome Service, and Christmas Banquet. Let these acts of Christmas love have real meaning for you— now, as you go home, and in the many years to come.

To each of you, I personally wish a very happy holiday with your family and friends.

The entire SKIRL staff says "We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Sincerely,
Jennie Beck, editor

Personality Described as "Belle"

by Kathy King

The term perhaps most often applied to this young lady is "Southern Belle." Both in looks and manner she reminds one much of the traditional "belle" of the old south. Her manner is gentle and easy-going, and her

"Golliwog's Cake Walk" — Debussy

John Rozier

"Valse Romantique" — Debussy

Margaret Ann Martin

The conservatory gave a chapel program Thursday, December 11, 1958. The program included performances on the piano, organ, and for voice.

Several representatives of the F.M.C. conservatory presented a varied program of compositions for piano and voice at Presbyterian Junior College, Friday, December 12, 1958 at 8:00 P.M.

The choral ensemble, under the direction of Mr. Skinner, presented a program of sacred and secular music on Tuesday, December 16, 1958 for the Women's Club of Fairmont.

carriage is full of poise and dignity. Even those who are closest to her recognize her soft-spoken characteristic and find that she never varies far from it. Her whole demeanor is one of a lady.

A characteristic of this young lady which her friends find trying sometimes is an ability to keep a secret. They say that getting a secret out of her is like "squeezing blood out of a turnip." She absolutely will not tell. Another characteristic which marks her is the fact that she is not a gossip. Her friends say that she never talks about anyone. She is generous and easy-going and is always ready with a smile wherever she may be.

On the lighter side, she is much teased about her old-maid tendencies. Quite often she is found talking to herself in the mumbling way old-maids sometimes do. A nightly ritual is the wearing of the nightcap which is another source of fun for her friends. It seems that she also keeps a trunk in which almost anything from a to z can be found. All these add up to a nickname of "old maid" for her.

