

THE SKIRL

Published by the Students of Flora Macdonald College
Red Springs, North Carolina

Editor-In-Chief Jennie Beck
Assistant Editor Della Evans
Business Manager Peggy Cole
Assistant Business Manager Babs Adams
Circulation Manager Hannah Sloop
News Editor Jane Harrell
Feature Editor Ann McLeod
Art Editors Grace Kennedy, Avis Gann, Freda Burgess
Conservatory Editors Carroll Shoemaker, Joanne Ross
Day Student Reporter Joyce Bounds
Faculty Advisor Miss Virginia Ann Walker
Reporters Linda Phillips, Kathy King, Kelsey McGee
Marion Davis

Typists .. Jackie Kennington, Joanne Matthews, Jeanette Davis
Business Staff

Jeneal Deaver, Barbara Pittard, Judy Tindall, Ann White
McMillan, Emily Batchelor, Linda Lee, Frances Ann Tim-
berlake, Jerry Cuttino, Jackie Kennington.

Conservatory Notes

by Joanne Ross
and Carroll Shoemaker

Next month an article on a well-known twentieth century American musician will conclude our composer series. For this edition we have chosen the eminent Johannes Brahms, born in Hamburg, Germany on May 7, 1833.

Brahms was the son of a musician who played the double bass in the orchestra of the town theater. The father taught his young son to play the violin, the cello, and the horn. When he was seven, he began piano study under a local teacher who soon sent the boy to study theory with a learned and well-known composer, Edward Marxsen.

Much of Brahms' young years were spent giving lessons, playing at dances and making arrangements. Even yet, he found time not only for serious study of the technical aspects of composition, but also for the writing of some piano pieces.

Brahms' unusual talents fortunately led him to contact with the famous Liszt and Schumann. The latter was so impressed with Brahms and his compositions that he wrote an essay which hailed the twenty-year-old as a composer from whom the world might some day expect great choral and orchestral works. Evidence of the fulfillment of this prophecy is seen in much of Brahms' work.

The personality of Brahms resembled that of Beethoven in that it was concealed from the world by a rough exterior. To strangers he seemed crude and almost ill-mannered, yet among friends he was thoroughly charming and witty. He never married, and had the typical old bachelor's fondness for children. Brahms died in 1897.

Schedule of Coming Recitals

- March 2, Miss Bryant
- March 13, Sylvia Williams
- April 3, Boots Pridgen
- April 17, Betty Jo Trent
- April 24, Joanne Ross
- May 8, Adeline Brady

We welcome to the conservatory Ginny Woods, sophomore transfer from Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania.

On Friday evening, February 6, 1959, Mr. John Williams at the organ presented the second faculty recital of the year. Mr. Williams opened the program with the "Little G Minor Fugue" of Bach — well known and loved by all organists. Following this were three different settings of an old hymn tune or chorale "Deck Thyself, O My Soul." Mr. Williams' registra-

(Continued on Page 3)

panelling on the stairs after the panelling on the walls of the inn in Princeton where he went to seminary. This place hold the memory of long trips by car and train, culminating in tired little feet stumbling up the front steps of Grandpa's house in the dead of night, Daddy's hands too full of suitcases to carry me. I remember Deck transplanting azaleas and pruning



Personality Has Characteristics Galore

by Kathy King

If one is desirous of a good argument, she need only ask our personality, Which is more basic, mathematics or music? to begin it. Strange to relate, however, while she would argue for mathematics she loves and appreciates music of most all types. It is characteristic that she loves a good argument.

At first appearance our personality may seem quiet and serious, but it takes only a short while to learn that this quietness covers a mischievous and impetuous twinkle in the depths of her eyes. This is not to say that she cannot be serious, for indeed she can; it is rather to say that she is a person of versatility and as her moods range from the extremes each one is intense in its time.

It would be hard to decide which of these would hold first place in her interests, practical jokes or cooking. She is forever found the culprit when a spider is found in a tub or clothes are found moved from room to room. The screen in her room is a cover for the store she keeps stocked with all sorts of goodies for midnight snacks. She loves highly seasoned foods, and gar-

lic is her middle name.

It is not strange since she loves music so to find her a member of the choral club. She has also been a member of the French Club, the Mathematical Honor Society, a Prayer Band Leader and has been on the May court. Another activity which could be considered extra-curricular is that of her driving. She is always taking someone's table out to eat or taking just her gang out for a movie. Putting it mildly, she can really handle a car.

Her major field is mathematics and this has been known to extend her bedtime into the wee hours of the morning. So far her plans for the future are to teach, the location not yet being known.

Capable of thoughtful argument, a loyal friend, with a pleasing personality and a subtle wit, she is found quite an individual. Once met she is hard to forget. For many reasons, one being her physical attractiveness. She has lovely blue eyes so clear it seems one can look right through them. Hailing from Salters, S. C. with that characteristic South Carolina accent, is Adalyn Burrows.

camellias. I recall huge birthday cakes with ninety odd candles and elaborate sugar flowers, three hundred girls singing "Happy Birthday" and the happy light in Grandpa's eyes as he thanked "his girls." Then there was the time Grandma's casket rested in the right front parlor amid a thicket of flowers. I remember May Days and the semicentennial pageant and the bagpipers marching into the dining room and filling the room with a music like tangible substance.

This is the heritage that is mine, passed on to me by my grandfather and grandmother, founders of this college, and by my mother, sister, aunts, and uncles, graduates of this school. This is my birthright, abstract, intangible. Dissection would destroy it, analysis annihilate it. Proudly to accept it is better. I am indeed rich, and I have a great inheritance. Do you not agree?

"I'm shy, but don't let that stop you!" reads one contem-

porary valentine.

Warning: Don't be like the sophomore who asked a colonel (one step below a general) from Fort Bragg to deliver a message to her friend, a private at Fort Bragg.

(P.S. The colonel delivered the message.)

Overheard on leaving a sophomore "lit." class: "Thank goodness! No more peeps out of Pepys."

Sez who?

Beauty is only sin deep.

—Saki.

I think she must have been very strictly brought up, she's so desperately anxious to do the wrong thing correctly.

—Saki.

Then there is the senior who received a letter from home that closed with the sentence, "I would have sent you some money, but I've already sealed the envelope. Love, Mother."

Request For Concern

Complaints, complaints, complaints. Yes, there have really been a lot of them thrown around concerning the "old" method of electing our campus leaders.

"It's just not fair." "Now, I guess they are satisfied. They have gotten that little group on the Student Council." "Mary Jones is elected to everything because she is always running around and playing jokes, while Ann Brown, who is most conscientious, capable, dependable, a leader and a follower, has not held an office since she has been here." "Well, I am glad Sue White finally won an election. She has been nominated for everything for the past three days."

These and other statements are such as have been heard to be made by you — the Student Body of Flora Macdonald College.

Something has been done about this. The Student Council, at the beginning of its term of office last spring, realized that there was a need for a new method of choosing our campus leaders. They immediately took into consideration the things which had been said by you students; they set up an electoral committee which worked during the summer gathering information about different systems. This committee has presented a system which has been thoroughly and completely

thought through and worked out. It has been left with you to think about seriously. You have also had the chance to question any of its aspects which you wonder about.

In this editorial I am urging you to think about this new system honestly and sincerely. Weigh each and every point in the new system against the corresponding point (where there is one) in the old system. Think of the needs of the Student Body. Will this system meet them?

You have implied that you wanted a new system — a more democratic system. A type of democratic system has been presented, and this system (let me be the first to assure you) is the fruit of much hard labor.

Maybe this seems trite to you, but it is not. You have asked for something new. You have received it. Now — the big responsibility is yours. Yes, you decide whether or not this is the system for us. Let me urge you to vote when the question is called. Let me also, however, urge you not to vote until you have given thought to this thing and know just exactly why you are voting as you are. Do not let the efforts of the members of the electoral system be in vain. If you give the system serious consideration, then their work will be worthwhile.

This is your responsibility — your decision! What will it be?

Angles - Tried Mostly

by Kelsey McGee

Such Stuff as Themes Are Made On Fragment, Comma, Sentence Sense, Agreement, Dash, Coherence, Tense, Spelling, Diction, Active Voice, Exactness, Paragraph, Word Choice, Person, Number, Mood, Broad Ref, Italics, Jargon, Colon, F,

John N. Morris

("From a Freshman's Letter" speaks for itself. It was published in the fall, 1952 issue of the Pine and Thistle. Linda McNett is a granddaughter of our late President Emeritus, Dr. Vardell.)

"Here at Flora Macdonald there is more than I can ever write about or ever be able to describe in mere words in a letter, for how do you describe the joyous feeling that you get

standing elbow to elbow around the rotunda singing old hymns, or the fun it is to sit crosslegged on somebody's bed with a coke in one hand and the omnipresent peanut butter cracker in the other, rehashing a trip to the milk bar? How do you transmit the poignancy of the breath of tealive in the crepuscular light of the garden?

People ask me why I came to Flora Macdonald College, so far from my home in the suburbs of Philadelphia. I can scarcely tell them what this college is to me. It is Grandpa telling me many little things about the beginning of his school: how he bargained with canny Scots for the bricks and lumber; of hoisting the dome into place by hand; the tall, white columns arriving in boxcars from New York; how he patterned the