

THE SKIRL

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Our Hats Off To You, S. C.

The old student council has been replaced by a new group of officers; their year of service to the Flora Macdonald Student Association has ended. As the old council members shed their official robes of honor and duty to office, they must have done so only with many mixed feelings. Perhaps a sigh of relief that the tremendous responsibility of leading the students was in someone else's hands, that the long hours of meetings were over, that the task of giving call downs and checking sign out cards was for someone else now. There must have been a bit of sadness as the council circle, which had worked so closely together, was broken. Perhaps there has been the occasional feeling that in some instances a situation could have been dealt with differently. They feel, we are sure, that their offices are left in quite capable hands and will be well

cared for.

There is one feeling that we think the retiring council should experience, and that is the satisfaction of knowing a job has been well done. Truly they have done well in their work, not only because of their leadership ability, but because of their spirit of cooperation have we gone through the year successfully. Changes in many phases of our student life here on campus point to a definite step forward.

They have worn well the honor bestowed upon them by the student body yet they did not forget their responsibility to these students. Surely it demands an exceptional person who can be a student, a friend, and a leader and yet remain the true person they are. The Skirl would like to salute you, the retiring council, for work well done. Your rest is well deserved.
D. E.

Angles - Tried Mostly

by Kelsey McGee

From Raymond B. Fosdick's book, *John D. Rockefeller, Jr.: A Portrait*, we have the following quotation from one of Rockefeller's letters as a young man in college: "I think I never was kept so continually on the move. Wednesday college opened and since then I have had to attend recitations, which I find to be a great inconvenience and to consume an unnecessary amount of time. In the college of the coming century not only all studying but even recitations will have to be abolished in order to make time for the social and athletic duties of college men."

The foregoing just goes to show girls (and co-eds), that the unfair balance of classroom activities and social activities was noted by a man who became a multimillionaire.

Moral: Think like that and maybe you'll become a multimillionaire, but don't bet on it.

A Tale of Two Tots

Once 'pon a time there was a little girl who wanted to play hide and seek and a little boy who was not at all adverse to the idea. So the little girl hid, and the conversation thereafter went as follows:

L. G.: I'm hiding.
L. B.: I'm gonna find you.

L. G.: I'm hiding.
L. B.: I'm gonna find you, and when I do, I'm gonna kiss you.
L. G.: I'm hiding — in the closet!

Yummy!

One boy said most of his girlfriend's cooking is out of this world (or should be), but some of it is delicious.

Here's something interesting to some people. Did y'all know The Skirl was only begun in 1952?

If inspiration for something to fill the remaining six or seven inches of this column doesn't come soon, I'm going to leave it and call it a "Do It Yourself Column." If you ever see a lot of white space here, take it from me, you've just seen a D. I. Y. C., but the editor probably doesn't approve of them.

Teacher's Pet?

Wonder if any of FMC's student teachers ever get a tribute like this one, recorded in H. Allen Smith's *Write Me A Poem, Baby*:

"Dear Miss Randall:
Sorry you're sick
And lying in bed.
Hope you come back
Before you're dead."

Did you ever want to write a thank you note like this: "Thank you for your nice present. I

Conservatory Notes

by Carroll Shoemaker and Joanne Ross

George Gershwin — often referred to as the "White Hope of American Music." He was born in Brooklyn on September 28, 1898. Boyhood days were spent on Grand Street, New York, usually in the gutter either playing punchball or roller skating. The piano in those days was merely a dull necessity which mother imposed upon him.

Gershwin's arrival into Tin Pan Alley began at sixteen when he answered the ad of Remick and Sons for a good pianist. Gershwin dreamed of making jazz a serious musical product. He believed he could compose a jazz work in a large form. Paul Whiteman felt he could give such a score a unique performance. A week before the concert date, Whiteman tore his hair in anguish because the jazz rhapsody which Gershwin was composing had not reached his office and it was less than a week for performance. Whiteman stormed into Gershwin's house late one night and demanded the manuscript. Gershwin pleaded to let him improve upon it, but Whiteman refused. Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" made musical history in America.

Gershwin waited until late at night to compose when he undressed to a state of almost complete nudity, sat at the piano and chewed a cigar.

He was fond of athletics, being a good boxer, a fine tennis player, and an excellent golfer. His favorite composers included Debussy, Stravinsky, and Alban Berg.

Some of his principal works: "Rhapsody in Blue," "American in Paris," "Porgy and Bess," "Lady Be Good," "Strike Up the Band," "The Man I Love," and

always wanted a pin cushion, although not much."

We Always Knewed

An indeterminate "they" reports that a faculty member came to school one morning with dark circles under his eyes. Another faculty member commented that he looked ill. "No wonder," gasped the first. "I had a horrible dream last night that I had to pass that test I gave my classes yesterday."

Rah! Rah! Carolina

There was a young athlete at State
Who was touted as mighty and great
He was handsome and strong
And but one thing was wrong
His head was constructed of slate.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"To heck with school, I'll stay in bed."

A man came into an agent's office one day and announced proudly: "I'm a terrific act. You've got to book me. I'm a dwarf."
"A dwarf?" said the agent. "My gosh, you're five feet ten."
"That's right," said the guy. "I'm the tallest dwarf in the whole world!"

— Northwestern Profile

"Embraceable You."
He died in Hollywood, 1937.

A student recital was held Thursday afternoon, March 5, 1959. Included on the program were:

The Singing Lesson, Hale: Animal Parade, Stevens; Jane Bennett.

Two - Part Invention, No. 8, Bach; Bagatelle in D Major, Beethoven; Nell Jones.

Rondo in C Major, Op. 51, Beethoven; Linda Reynolds.

Prelude I, Frank Martin; Julia Ann Pridgen.

Impromptu in A Flat Major, Op. 29, Chopin; Margaret Ann Martin.

Verborgtheit (Secrecy), Wolf; Judy Rembert, Alto.

Toccata in F Major, Bach;

Sylvia Williams.

A flute recital was presented by Miss Joyce M. Bryant on Monday, March 2, at 8:15 p.m. It was interesting to note that the entire program consisted of French works. Composers ranged from early ones such as Couperin and Leclair to the later Honegger and Chaminode.

On Friday evening, March 13, at 8:15 Sylvia Williams presented her graduate recital, the first senior recital of the year. Her program consisted of all Bach works, including:

Concerto No. 2 in A Minor
Four Chorale Preludes
Fantasy and Fugue in G Minor
Trio Sonata No. 5 in C Major (Largo)
Toccato in F Major

Music, Music, Music

by Kathy King

Seen making a path from her room on McCain second to the conservatory is our music major personality of the month. It might be said that about fifteen hours of her day are spent in the conservatory, her room being used mainly for sleep. With the erectness of a tin soldier and a characteristic slide to her walk she is observed making these trips to and fro.

Our personality is a person of a variety of moods, one to fit each occasion with a few spares to keep her an individual. Her manner is very quiet and reserved and seriousness permeates her being. A very distinctive trait she possesses is that of frankness. There is no "beating around the bush" with her; she says what she thinks.

On a lighter side she seems to have a passion for bread and a favorite saying heard at mealtime is, "pass the biscuits, please." A very familiar sight also is our personality making her way to or from the tub room with her spray and shampoo for the regular "every other night" hair washing. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of her immaculate grooming. Always looking like a picture from a magazine she is an exception rather than a rule at this girls college. Speaking of physical characteristics, one factor should definitely be mentioned, that of her lovely eyes. Their

color is sort of an ice blue and they are one of the first things to be noticed about her.

One thing perhaps more distinctive than any other is her capacity for practice. She is certainly never behind in it and usually is quite a bit ahead. Her self-discipline is amazing and she drives herself more than she would probably be driven by another. She is most conscientious and always has her work done well in advance of the date it is due. In spite of all her preparations she has been heard to say, "Well, I failed that test," only to come up with an A.

In the extra-curricular line she was a Scribbler, President of the Choral Club, a member of the St. Cecelia Music Club and the Organ Guild.

One of the biggest events in her life was her Senior Recital given Friday, March 13th, here at Flora Macdonald. With the completion of this she has seen the end of most of her college work. The remainder of the stretch is not so drastic.

Our brown haired, blue-eyed lassie hails from Salisbury, N. C. Her plans for next year are indefinite, but she is considering a position as Church Organist at the Ginter Park Baptist Church in Richmond, Virginia. Our personality is Sylvia Williams.

