

New Skirl Editor Speaks

by Ann McLeod

At the request of Dr. Gwynn, the present editorial staff of the SKIRL will continue publication through May of this year. He has offered this suggestion with the hope that there will be less confusion in changing from one staff to another. In the past the new staff has assumed its duties in April, publishing the last two editions of the paper in one college year and the first seven editions in the following college year. This arrangement has led to complication particularly in the keeping of books.

The 1959-60 SKIRL staff will begin publication in September and will continue publication throughout the year. The assistant editor is Marion Davis, and the business manager is Joanne Matthews. We will be working with the present staff during the next month and learn more about

our specific duties through experience.

In the "College Handbook" is the statement that the SKIRL is a newspaper "of the students, by the students, and for the students." Let me challenge you to make the SKIRL represent the best that the students of this college have and are willing to give. Please express openly any suggestions, or ideas, or criticisms that you may have. The SKIRL is open for articles or letters that any student wishes to write on any pertinent subject. Use the paper to share some of your better ideas with other students. If you don't feel that the paper is doing what it should do for you, let the staff know it so they can consider your complaints and suggestions. A bit of praise now and then, if it is merited, would also be quite in order.

ANGLES - TRIED, MOSTLY

Do you know that a man wearing a tuxedo may be a sheep in wolf's clothing? "Tuxedo" originated from a word meaning "wolf." Don't ask me how come (Shades of the departed Miss Allen; I thought she taught me better grammar!). I happened to see it in a new book on word origins in the sepulcher literaria, when I heard the unliberty bell tolling for me, so I left the book. Since then, I have been in close communion with Dr. Craig (You don't know him? Ask any sophomore, IF you're prepared to run!) and haven't paid any attention to the wolves and "all that jive."

No, it's not the cha-cha-cha, Alvin. Alvin! ALVIN! Penny Moore and Betty Lou Futrell prefer the Hokey-Pokey. And, Alvin, don't say things like that—it's a nice little dance. Just because chipmonks don't—not your harmonica, Alvin. I don't think Miss Bateman wants a harmonica in May Day.

"Black as the devil, hot as hell, pure as an angel, sweet as love." According to *The Readers Digest*, that's a recipe for coffee.

"Deanie" commented the other day that the girls seem to have an entirely different set of names on the halls than she finds recorded in the office. For her enlightenment, we have collected a few.

- "Flip" — Faye Phillips.
- "Buddy" — Barbara Morgan.
- "Gussie" — Bess Brady
- "Cleo" — Carol Harriss
- "Ispen" — Liz Clark
- "Roomie" — Joan Macdonald
- "Poopie" — Piddie Barefoot
- "Shed" — Gay Mothershed
- "Whitey" — Ann White McMillan
- "Trish" — Patricia Finch
- "Sunshine" — Carolyn Northrup.

"Schatzie" — Chase Collins
There are lots 'n lots more—Janice Page even has several extra-official names; J. P. Jip, Bay, Jenny, and "Stan's Jan."

Did you ever wonder if, when people address one impish freshman, they were calling her "Noyes" or "Noise." It seems that it could well be spelled either way.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Crowd watches steam shovel at work, on its side this sign: "NOW OPERATING, EDDIE BRIGGS — FORMERLY SEEN IN SUCH HITS AS: 'MID-TOWN TUNNEL' — 'CITY BANK BUILDING' — 8TH STREET BRIDGE."

There's a swanky strip of shops with such signs as "Furs by Robert" and "Coiffures by Charles." At the end of the block a gas station says: "Petrol by Murphy."

On a used-car lot: "Quiet, timid salesman now on duty."

Seen in a French antique shop: "English and French Spoken — Cash understood."

In a photo lab: "All orders for delivery yesterday must be placed before noon tomorrow."

In a psychiatrist's office: "Five couches — no waiting." (The Reader's Digest)

PARENTS VS. CHILDREN

Woman looking at child-care books to clerk: "Don't you have any that stick up for parents?"

Small boy to librarian: "Do you have anything on the parent from 30 to 35?"

Child's comment on piggy banks: "They teach children to become misers, and parents to become bank robbers."

Child about school play: "We're going to have real people there — not just mothers and fathers." (The Reader's Digest)

Girl graduate: "Four years of college! And whom has it got me?"

College glamour girl to suitor: "By 'secret engagement' I suppose you mean no ring."

A student who was asked by his dean whether he was in the top half of his class replied: "Oh, no sir, I'm one of those who make the top half possible."

America is no longer a melting pot — it's a pressure cooker.

Conservatory Notes

by Carroll Shoemaker and Joanne Ross

On Friday evening, April 3, 1959, Miss "Boots" Pridgen presented her Senior piano recital. The highlights of the program were the Chopin group, which she played with a great display of technique, and the Schumann "Concerto in A Minor" — a grand finale.

"Boots" dress was of royal blue tulle with lace applique and sequins.

On Friday evening, April 17, 1959, Miss Betty Jo Trent gave her graduating organ recital. Betty Jo displayed a fine touch and sensitivity for the music. Her program ranged in mood from the "Musical Clocks" of Haydn, a light, airy set of pieces, to "The Grande Coer Dialogue" of Gigout, a grand, majestic piece of music which climaxed the recital.

Betty Jo's dress was of white tulle and lace set off by aqua satin cabbage roses.

On Friday evening, April 24, 1959, Miss Joanne Ross performed her Senior piano recital. Joanne opened her program with "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring" of Bach, a piece which acted as a good finger exercise. She played the Beethoven "Pathetique Sonata" with great skill and gave a fine performance of Chopin's "Nocturne in C sharp Minor, Op. 27, No. 1", a piece which is extremely difficult technically. Her program was climaxed with Grieg's "Concerto in A Minor."

Our congratulations to Sandra Lundin, Laurinburg High School junior, for her excellent April 16 performance of Mozart's Piano Concerto in A Major. Sandra is a pupil of Dr. Vardell.

This is the country where people in all walks of life prefer to ride.

Defined Points: Hot Dog — the only animal that feeds the hand that bites it.

Hangover — something to occupy a head that wasn't used the night before.

Grandfather — a grandchild's press agent.

Patience — the ability to idle your motor when you feel like stripping your gears.

A fellow with the world's greatest inferiority complex: Whenever he tells an elevator operator what floor he wants to stop at, he adds apologetically, "If it isn't out of your way."

(The Reader's Digest)

MORE ABOUT Dorm Life

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Petite Yet Powerful

by Kathy King

Our personality for this month is another of the "conservatory dwellers" otherwise known as a music major. This young miss is a piano major and is accompanist for the Choral Club this year.

An amazing trait belonging to our personality is an ability to be fast and slow almost at the same time. Friends say that in most things she moves quite slowly, but when it comes to walking she can outwalk any of them. When plans are made for an outing, she usually can be heard to exclaim, "Oh, I can't possibly go", but when the time comes she is usually one of the crowd.

Although she makes three regular trips to the dining hall each day, she seems to be always hungry. She keeps the people who make "nabs" in business. Speaking of the dining hall, she can be found most mornings after breakfast at a "late-sitters" table having her second cup of coffee and viewing people with what is known as her "crucial look". After her coffee ritual she makes her way to the ironing board where she begins the daily procedure of ironing a blouse. The blouse takes the place of the blue Flora Macdonald sweatshirt which is her breakfast shirt.

It should never be said that she

does not plan ahead. Her room is decked with clothes from Monday on when she is going away for the week end. Usually her possessions are neatly arranged, generally in the little plastic boxes she owns. A favorite pastime she has is caring for her nails which she does with the aid of a miniature manicure set.

We suppose that being a music major is the cause of this young lady's constant hum. It seems she even hums while brushing her teeth or taking an aspirin, which, by the way, she believes will cure anything from a headache to a sore toe. We wonder if she hums in accompaniment to Dave Brubeck and his jazz albums which she loves.

Our personality is a person of determination, and once she decides on something it takes quite a lot to change her mind. Her plans for summer include teaching piano in Roanoke, Va., which is her home. She has been an officer in the Saint Cecelia Music Club, a reporter for the SKIRL, and a Scribbler this year.

Friday, April 24, was a big day for her as this was the date of her senior recital. With this accomplishment, the battle is almost won. Our brown-haired, brown-eyed personality is Joanne Ross.

Mother's Project

by Mrs. Fritz Weber

Inspired by "Housing Project for Bluebirds" in February's "Wildlife" in North Carolina" my seventy-four year old mother in Homestead was assailed with a burning desire to build a bird house like the 301 in Siler City. Mrs. Kingman took all day, painted pink a big headlight bowl off of the old old truck that the dear Colonel had used to haul so many limes to the Florida packing house. She painted a long iron bar with a little platform on it aqua to which she chained the pink bowl with its yellow door.

The platform she decorated with feathers dyed deep rose — some white — and tied a sheath of bird seeds to the top with a bow of pink ribbon. It looked just lovely! Mother admired it very much, then thought, "I must have someone to admire

it with me!" So off she drove to find Mrs. Merriam, working in her garden and returned slowly home up Kingman Road in her new Rambler.

The place was vacant, not a sign of the birdhouse. The old lady thought she would die, thought she had gone mad. "Now, don't feel so bereft and bewildered," said Mrs. M. "It must have been as lovely as you say it was and someone needed it more than you did."

The next day the grape vine reported that Mr. McGilvery thought it was a time bomb and took it to the police station! Quickly she telephoned Mr. Gooding her insurance man for Fire and Theft and he dashed to the Police station and retrieved the fabulous contrivance, a little worse for wear after a night and so many hours at Headquarters. Now it is all retouched and a bird is singing out by it for all get out.