

## Highnotes Of The Tour

by Sylvia Jennings and Martha Perry

How could we ever forget that Tuesday morning! If your eyes were wide open, you, too, saw many white-bloused, black-skirted Choral Club members scrambling around with suitcases, pocketbooks, etc., trying to sign out and to secure a seat on the bus — all at the same time. The huge, double-decker bus, loaded to capacity, with four cars following it, started out on the annual Spring Tour of the FMC Choral Club for six glorious days of singing, riding, and eating ham.

The bus was a whole world unto itself. At any given time could be seen the knitting granies (with Frances King as their inspiration), the sleeping beauties (with Carolyn Whitley as the supreme example), and even some brave souls studying (Jo Campbell, Alice Carol Huggins, and Gay Mothershed). At times it looked almost like a chiropractic clinic, but there were some who could have used a hospital instead. But above all, our deepest thanks go to Jane Woodard for her "excellent" reading of such well-chosen stories.

The first day of touring was the hardest because we weren't used to singing so much. Soon we were able to find new challenges with each performance. Once we learned how to maintain a fairly pleasant disposition and smile (even when our "dogs" were howling!), we were able to put ourselves into the spirit of the music and really enjoy it.

Because FMC now claims their twin "pride and joy" (Babs and Judy Wienges) the folks at the St. Matthews high school received us royally and all of us really enjoyed ourselves.

Surprising to us was Mary Rouse's attempted disappearing act on stage in Dallas. She be-

came a virtual light-foot! Joanne, don't worry, we'll have that Dallas piano here in time for your recital. Even though Joanne is not a tall, lanky Texan, she was compared to Van Cliburn who won the hearts of the people of Russia. We appreciate all of the work that she has done and realize that without her many hours of practicing the tour could not have been a success.

There was the special treat to many in uniting with old friends. In Latta there was Patty Jo Jones (Allen now) and in Cartersville, Alese Harrison, who, by the way, is leaving for A.T.S. Sandra Sweet and Hazel McLean, after four hours of frantic waiting, greeted us in Spartanburg. Belmont had a real delegation of FMC grads including Elise Williams, the D.C.E., Ann Beamon, Betty Lou Snoddy, Margaret Cope Henderson, Kathryn Cox Hoffman (with the new addition to her family), Peggy Graham, and Martha Steppe. Surely there may have been others whom we did not meet.

As varied as our music — ranging from old and traditional numbers to the modern — were the churches in which we sang. As thrilling as singing in the old historical church in Columbia was the experience in the contemporary one in Decatur. The lovely stained-glass windows in the Druid Hills Church in Atlanta were very impressive as they portrayed our religious heritage from the Creation through the complete revelation of God in Christ and the continuing growth of His church in the world.

As you would expect there was much food consumed by this group. We had ham, string beans, potato salad, and ham. Mr. Skinner certainly expressed our feelings, as well as his, when he thanked Elise Williams for what our supper was not as

much as for what it was. (In other words, no mo'hammy.)

Anyone wanting a new recipe just ask Gwen and Linda about their Sunday dinner — it was highly recommended by them. Seriously, though, we really had so much delicious food while away, and appreciate all of the many extra hours of work the ladies spent in preparing it.

One thing can be said for Mr. Skinner and that is that he truly puts himself into his music. He really feels that "Dip your finger in the water, come and (UH) cool my tongue" and "Comin' Through the Rye." Although we sang our numbers over and over again, there were always Mr. Skinner's introductions to add life and sparkle to them. In Cartersville he exhibited his true wit when comparing that piano, which was suffering from a slipped disc, to the one in Dallas that had not recovered from a nervous breakdown.

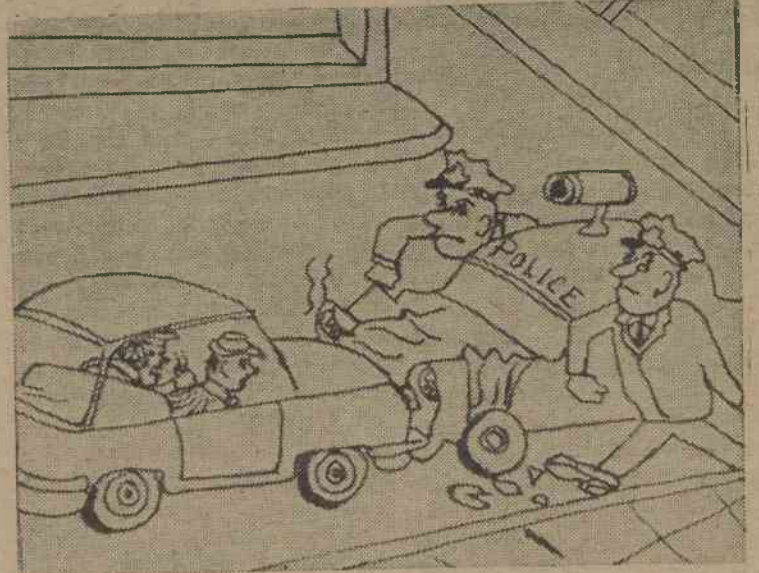
There were many good times experienced while sightseeing. If we remember correctly, there were several members who wanted to take speech lessons from the guide at the Cyclorama. Those who have never visited there should do so because it was certainly a fascinating place.

Ask Debbie, Adalyn and Carroll Shoemaker how the kissometer at Grant Park rated them. And who was it that calmly walked into the elephant house drinking pepsi and came running out breathlessly with hand over cup? Wonder if any interested Bible (or other) majors will investigate the idea of the Ark of the Covenant being under those Indian mounds near Cartersville? It's possible, who knows?

We must remember to hold Linda Phillips to that promise of her first three millions going for the improvement of Georgia roads. At the same time, Gwen must be commended for her simply beautiful solo in Shelby. What was that card floating around in the back of the bus called the Epic or something or other? Seemed to get a lot of laughs.

After the first night, one event to which we most looked forward was meeting the people with whom we were to spend the night. We all had varying experiences — ranging from small, but comfortable homes to mansions with elevators; from motels and hotels to plantations. We both consider ourselves fortunate to have been entertained by a very delightful and charming lady in a beautiful plantation home built in 1837.

There are many, many memories of our first Choral Club Tour that we will cherish for years. In fact, we're ready to go right back! Again, thanks to Gay Mothershed for all the hours spent doing the work necessary to make it possible for us to have such a successful tour. She really kept the ball rolling smoothly. Without doubt, all of our officers and Mr. Skinner must be congratulated for a wonderful year which reached a climax with our tour. And our friendly bus driver, Woody Godwin, also helped make the trip pleasant and enjoyable with his expert driving and his willing-



"Remember now, it's just their word against ours."

## Scholarship Winner!

by Della Evans

Have you heard about Susan Currie? We are quite proud of her because she learned several weeks ago that she has been awarded a partial scholarship to the University of Oslo in Norway for summer school this summer.

Susan first heard about the University from a friend who also attended on a scholarship last summer. His enthusiasm over his

he was needed.

Thrilling to us too, was the way in which we were received at the schools and churches. It made singing a real joy to us to have such warm receptions and to be treated so graciously.

These are just a few highlights of our tour — we hope you have enjoyed dreaming about them as much as we have enjoyed reminiscing. Maybe you'd like to join the Choral Club... how 'bout it?

experiences abroad inspired her to write for application blanks. Since she applied in January, there has been a constant shuffling of letters from Norway to Red Springs and back again.

Her program of work for the summer is quite appropriate for the retiring president of the Athletic Association. She plans to do work in physical education, which is proof that Home Economics majors (Susan is one) are interested in more than just cooking and sewing.

On June 23, Susan will board the "Oslofjord" in New York Harbor and will sail to Copenhagen and then to Norway. The next time she will view New York will be on August 22, when she will be returning from Norway.

We are sure not only that Susan will be a good will ambassador to the Norwegian people, but also that she will return with a greater appreciation for our world neighbors.

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## Professor - Personality Plus

by Becky Whetstone

(Editor's Note: In the past issues of the Skirl certain personalities of students have been reported on. It has been brought to our attention that our faculty members are just as worthy of having a few words of praise spoken for them. So, in this April issue of the Skirl, we present sketches on Miss Doris Hartwell Hawse.)

Member of Flora Macdonald College faculty; assistant professor of biology; on curriculum committee for the new college; anatomy, zoology, bacteriology, embryology, and genetics; informal, instructive classes; many lab hours; considerate of her students; well planned lessons; interesting sidelines—

Classroom with Virginia Club Banner flying high, froggy, cats, earthworms, and bacteria; terrarium in the window; display cabinet and many small cabinets; making of a good tea in the drawer —

Home, apartment round the block; home to feed the two small kittens; first Presbyterian Church of Red Springs, circle member; the big hand behind

Sponsors of Epsilon Chi Society and William Bartram Scientific Society; "Conserve Crew" friends; program maker for the concerts of conservatory faculty in foreign languages, no less; French interpreter; receiving lines; honored member of faculty volleyball team—

Puritan shoes and long socks during very cold weather; epitome of neatness always; many stylish clothes; gray-black crowning glory; matchless jewelry, rings for every attire, coin bracelet with coins she collected—

Brains, double major in biology and English at University of Alabama, B.A. and M.A., other work at John Hopkins University, University of Maryland, University of Paris, and University of Virginia, honorary member of Chi Beta Phi; great sense of humor; artist, caricatures, especially; writer, published poem recently; big heart, understanding, sincere concern for others; human, always giving a helping hand; reserved, quiet charm; never quitting, summers of studying along the coast, teaching, and traveling.—