

THE SKIRL

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EDITORS' EFFORT

On May 4 the Mental Hygiene class took its annual field trip to the state hospitals in Raleigh and Goldsboro. It was certainly an experience that many of us will not forget. For several persons it was the first experience of seeing or having contact with people in these particular conditions. It was a sobering and thought provoking trip.

There are many things which come to mind as we look back on our trip. We certainly have a responsibility to the people in these institutions. Our interest and our concern is needed in trying to restore these people to normal happy, productive lives.

Our responsibility becomes even more prominent when an individual returns to society from one of the hospitals of this kind. We often ostracize them and refuse to accept them back into our society. This is wrong. One thing that we need to realize is that there is no shame in being mentally ill. This is a very hard fact for many people to grasp. But nevertheless, it is

true. There is no more disgrace in being mentally ill than there is in being physically ill. We do not shun a person who has been physically ill and is now well enough to return to society. Why so with mentally ill persons?

If we realize these things, how and where can we begin? We can begin with ourselves. Our society is made up of individuals who have a personal responsibility. We must first be concerned with our own opinions, feelings, and actions. Even though it may be new to some of us to have such an outlook on mental illness and the persons afflicted with it, this new outlook is certainly needed.

We would not say that we "enjoyed" the trip to the mental hospitals. But we are glad the trip is required. A new outlook on such a widespread illness is necessary in a world that moves at such a rapid pace as ours. It was said that one out of five persons will spend some time in a mental institution. This statement shocked us all. Will you be one of the five. S.J.

We are very pleased with the improvements that have been made here this year. The milk machine and cigarette machine in the tea hole, the new roof on Morgan Hall, the brighter lights and more secure chairs in the library, the paint job on the pool, the painting that has been done inside and outside the building, and many many other things. It seems to us that there have been more improvements made this year than there have in other years since we have been here. We like it! It has added to the looks of the place and improved our general attitude.

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In the annoyance department we still have a few questions. Why do we not have hot water after ten at night? Recently the cold red water has been most discouraging in the tub room after study hour. And one more—why turn the lights off at 11:25 on Sunday night and 11:40 Saturday night unless this is to be an announced standard practice—oh, the panic of thinking you are late!

Our complaints are not an attempt to alienate people or to create enemies. Sometimes we feel the end justifies the means—especially when we aren't sure what the "proper channels" would be. Really, we prefer to

see things done rather than to listen to people gripe all year long with no results.

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We have enjoyed this bit of work this year. There were times when the sledding was rough, quite rough in fact. We have tried not to be extreme, but we have also tried desperately not to be slushy enough to print a nice little paper about some nice little girls. Some colleges do, you know. Our goal has been to present things as we see them through facts, humor, and opinion. If you haven't liked it, you should have answered our challenge of the first issue. If you have, as some of you have indicated, we are glad. We appreciate the interest, kindness, and encouragement that we have had from students, faculty members, and some Red Springs citizens. We have enjoyed the Skirl this year; we only hope that you have enjoyed it, too.

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The Seniors have been to the Silver Tea, the beach, the Faculty Coffee Hour. They have attended their last dance, their last concert, their last May Day. They have finished student teaching, gone on the last field trip, sung at their last going up day. They have attended the last chapel service, the last Wednesday

The Army Brats Organize - Drena Edwards

Making it's second official appearance with this issue of the Skirl is the Army Daughter's answer to the Charlotte Club — the Fort Bragg Club. The roster is none too large, as a matter of fact there are only four members — Janice Belford, Ann Weber, Ginny Woods, and I.

Our main purpose is to get our picture in the annual, but this is not by any means our soul purpose. Think of the possibilities of a female R. O. T. C. unit at our school. We could have a military ball. Next year's May Day there could be W. W. II. We could mount a tank in the pansy bed. Our unit sponsors (male type) would wear combat boots and kilts. We could hold night maneuvers in the garden. Best of all we won't pay dues but get an appropriation from congress.

Speaking of maneuvers the honorable father is going on one in Formosa for six weeks and if I don't get his helmet to him before he leaves... I really will have to enlist.

One more "War story. A jeep driving Sgt. was stopped and told the bridge he was about to cross had been theoretically blown up.

Lady Who's Informed On Flora Mac

Here at Flora Macdonald is a remarkable person who keeps the "outside"-world informed, who keeps the Alumnae informed by a bulletin which she writes, who is Secretary to the Alumnae Association, and who makes every motion she can for this college which she loves. It is Mrs. Walter Bullock.

Mrs. Bullock, a petite lady who sometimes wears dark glasses to protect her eyes, has many interesting stories to tell about Flora Macdonald, and she often conducts visitors on a tour of the campus and entertains with the stories. Ever hear of the time the Kiltie Band came to Flora Macdonald from York, Pennsylvania? Or how the gym was built? Or how Dr. Vardell built this college? Mrs. Bullock remembers precisely and loves to narrate these incidents.

Mrs. Bullock meets life with enthusiasm; she sees humor in everyday situations. FMC student, if you do not know Mrs. B. personally, we advocate you find an occasion to do so!

meeting, the last class. And they seem to be staging their last fling.

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This month we decided to let Sylvia Jennings, the 1960-61 editor, get the feel of things by writing her first editorial. We give her our best wishes for her job next year. We realize what a big job it is now, but know that she is capable of handling it. With one last word of thanks to the Staff for their cooperation we turn the job over to her. It's all yours, Sylvia — and good luck! A. McL.

Undaunted he took off and answered over his shoulder, "That doesn't stop me — I'm a helicopter."

The poor Lt.'s that are misfortunate enough to wander into my house. My parents and their friends seem to think it is open season all year around on junior type officers. One of my dad's croonys closed a "brief" discussion of how they did things in "the old Army" closed with his solution to "the new army's" problems. Lt.' should be seen not heard, and if you have to see them, they should be hard at work. Invariably one of the elders states that they just don't make'em like they used to. From experience I know that this is the

time to make an exit; I also know it isn't possible. Now its practically a matter of honor and we end up racing the elders down stairs on a tray or doing something equally ridiculous to prove that they do make'em like they used to.

I guess it's no secret that I'm fond of Army life, but there are irritations. Currently my chief peeve is an old established institute of learning. Jungle Warfare School. This charming six weeks course is simply not something one should miss. Where else can one get the life history of Frank Buck or learn how to look debonaire in a leopard skin and tennis shoes.

RAMBLINGS ON TAKE-OFFS

by Martha Perry

Laugh! But just don't laugh too hard. One of these days it'll be you they'll be "taking-off" and it may be you who'll be crawling under the chair from pure humiliation. Seriously though, I really don't remember when I've ever laughed so hard. Pardon me for a minute while I ramble about some of the incidents which gave me particular amusement that night.

You know, I get just about as much enjoyment from listening to comments after such a program as I do by watching it. Some I remember especially. "Well, it was good, but I really believe they exaggerated the way I walked." "I'm not really that big, I know!" "That was my letter! Where'd she get it from?!" "I never act like that in the library." "Jimmy would've been so embarrassed..."

Don't you think it helps at times like this to try to "see ourselves as others see us"? I mean, well, we appear to be something - and probably hope we really are - and this sort of thing can bring out something which we really wish we weren't. Catch? I was truly grateful to Sylvia for all the things she didn't do!! Of course, she exaggerated some things just a little but we all understand that they have to do that once in a while to get the point across - well, especially when the person just doesn't do anything different - just an "ordinary" person. She did pretty good, considering...

But then there were some that were just great. Take Gussie Brady - she really had Ruth McArthur down pat. And you could tell that Audrey Hartsell had been to a few student body meetings -- there was one thing missing but Sally would kill me if I mentioned it here. Talking about people who are "different," I bet Jerrie Johnson and Kara Ramsey had a ball working up their skit. They had Ruth White and Carol Ruff down just perfect and I howled at those little sneezes till I thought I'd die. Jo Campbell was rolling on the floor though when Roberta Parker was up there making a monkey of herself -- or was it Jo? Did Carol

Shoemaker watch LaRue? The sister acts were good, especially and Jane look just like Johnelle.

I had a few favorites though. One was Alice Carol Huggins imitating Martha Robinson so perfectly and in the same scene Drena Edwards for Jane Woodward. (Now she'd be a hard one to do!) The folks around me though almost had to carry me out when Kay Barber went on stage for Carolyn Northrup. I've never heard so much laughter from this gang as then, Carolyn included. Three others: Barbara Morgan for Gayle Foster, Babs Adams for Sally Taylor and Ellen Herndon for Alice Lee. Just don't get me wrong - I'm not making fun. I think these girls all did a marvelous job of imitating the others. Last year I was supposed to take-off Gay Mothershed and I got so tickled that I couldn't do a thing. It really takes talent to pretend you're someone else.

Every scene was hilarious in itself and the seniors wish to thank Hanna Sloop and all who worked with her on casting the performance and seeing it through. Many thanks to each actor and actress for a wonderful evening of entertainment, and I hope when your time comes you can be as good sports as we tried to be.

A.A. Retreat

Miss Ethel Bateman's cottage at Surfside Beach was the scene of the annual A.A. retreat which was held on May 14. The old and new board members participated.

Students wishing to use the recreation room will no longer have to provide their own record players, thanks to the efforts of the Student Council, who are donating a new one for use by the students.

The Skirl staff wishes to express its appreciation to Mrs. Walter Bullock for the assistance she has so good-naturedly given us this year.