

A FEW UNINTERESTING REVELATIONS ABOUT CHORUS TOUR

~~Kate~~-sleeping Chorus girls had to forego this privilege on the chilly morn of Feb. 6, for at 7 a. m. that day the Montreat Singers boarded "our" Trailways bus and began the sixth annual chorus tour. Mr. Guy was finally on his way with his brood of thirty-five girls---we should say $34\frac{1}{2}$, since Marjene seemed to be living in dream world, judging from the grin on her face and the new ring on her finger.

Our first stop was the high school in Franklin, North Carolina. Kathy Steele started things off right by drawing several wolf whistles from the audience as she stepped out to give the commercial.

We sang Thursday night at Murphy, N. C., and we understand that a boy at this church really impressed Ann Gox when he told her that the most beautiful girls he had ever met were from Kentucky.

Friday morning, we arrived at Copper Basin High School, Ducktown, Tennessee. We had hardly stepped off the bus, when we saw a marvelous sight-----somebody we knew! There was Faye Robinson, all smiles, making us feel right at home.

In spite of the rain and snow and the fact that Mr. Guy forgot to change his watch, we managed to get to Shelbyville, Tennessee, that night right on schedule. (Poor Mr. Guy called long-distance to inform our hosts for the night that we would be an hour late. When he was reminded to set his watch back an hour, he had to call again and correct his mistake.) Mary Lou Kiser broke the 11 p. m. bed-time rule that night and kept her roommate awake until 2 a. m.!

Saturday we spent in icy Nashville going "broker", if possible. Virginia Tolley bought another unusual hat to add to her collection. (Her lamp-shade hat had Mr. Guy all confused--he always had to check to see who was under it each time we got off the bus.)

Saturday night found us taking it easy in Lebanon, Tennessee. Barbara Priest discovered that she and her hostesses were kissin' cousins. Naturally, her host wanted to get in on the fun! The next morning we could hardly sing because the church balcony was filled with boys from the military academy. J. Lou, especially, committed the un-

pardonable sin of eye-wandering during the course of that concert. Seems that one boy kept watching her.

Sunday night we sang at Columbia, Tennessee. Marilyn always seemed to get attention because she stayed in a "Guest House" that night with Frances Arrington, Dot Allen, and Joan Conner, and came up with a brilliant new idea---a slight case pneumonis. Of course, Martha Robinson was sick the next day, too. It's amazing how some people can be dignified even when they're not feeling well.

Monday, we sang in Lawrence County High School, Tennessee, and in Tupelo. Now, we aren't sure what state that city belongs to but Sabra could probably enlighten anyone who wants to know. She must have been there before, because there was a casual acquaintance of hers named Glenn in the congregation.

Tuesday, we crossed into a beautiful country called Alabama. We sang in a high school in Jasper and then sped to Birmingham. All the rush was caused by some of the girls who could hardly wait to see Vulcan, the iron man who turns his head every time he hears a fire engine pass. That night we sang to a capacity crowd and when Kathleen Johnston's and Dot Allen's families came it looked like old-home week. The good people at the church had been secretly informed that it was Mary Mangrum's birthday, and had a surprise party all ready for her.

The next day we sang at Jones Valley High School in Birmingham, which incidentally has an excellent band. From there we went to sing with a hillbilly band on television. Gladys made a big hit here when she borrowed one of the "cowboys" guitar and out-played him. (Incidentally, she celebrated her thirty-first birthday while on tour and didn't tell anybody. Can you blame her?)

Wednesday night we sang to Mr. Guy's kinfolks at Bessemer, Alabama. Thursday morning, Frances Murphy tried to sleep late and skip a concert, but the preacher's wife managed to get her to Bessemer High School just as the curtains were opening.

Thursday we crossed the Tennessee River three times on our way to Florence, Ala. Phyllis declared rapturously, "I just