

COLUMNS

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STOP AND THINK

Now that the Christmas holidays are over, we have had a two-weeks' stay at our "temporary" homes. By now most of us should realize the importance of going to college and what it will mean to us in future years. Some of us are going because our parents demand it; others are going because college offers a challenge after high school. Many people here are attending as a means of betterment, both socially and financially. But have you as an individual, ever stopped and thought about the distinct advantages you will gain as a result of receiving a college diploma?

In college, we learn to think for ourselves. Those of us who have remained here for three months should be able to go ahead and graduate. But many of us will falter by the wayside and let our fellow students be the ones to receive all the "spoils," because we did not have enough foresight and courage to receive four years of preparation. In this day and time, a college education is almost a necessity for success in life. If only we as individuals can grasp this thought, and let it be the pathway to our goal, then future generations will be left more, advantages than we now are able to secure.

Of course, many students argue that finances, home problems, lack of secondary training and inability to do college work, as reasons for dropping out of school. However, upon close observation, the person making the excuses should stop and observe, and eventually he will find that the

problem was created by himself, and not always influenced by things around him.

Even though it is true a person can be self-educated, can he fit justly into society, or will he remain the introvert, as expected? College can teach us to expand our horizons — we can learn facts for serious thought and discussion. In college, we get all the educational advantages, plus the trimmings, which include the comradery of dormitory life, the bull sessions, and the meeting of new personalities.

College will teach us to express ourselves. We can learn to live in the world; for the men who make history are the men who really know history. In college, we learn to be tolerant of others. Classes are only the starter because from them we learn to find interest in reading and further study on the subjects we enjoy. Through college training, we can learn to form opinions based on facts, and not on prejudice. We can learn to evaluate ourselves, as well as the people around us. And last, but by far not least, is the fact that when most of us enter college, we are nothing more than wide-awake kids in a bee-hive of activity, but when we leave we are mature individuals, capable of making wise decisions.

There are many other things offered as a result of college preparation. College graduation should only be the start of a life filled with gratitude and the desire to do to the best of our ability the things in life most important.

Wright Dorm News

Hi Gang!

What's the Happs?

One thing we know for sure—the leaves are off the trees, and it's really getting "breezy" outside its winter again, but since the flu is about over, everything's going to be all right!

Since we don't have football here at L. J. C., naturally we are concentrating on basketball. All the girls are glad that the games have started. Every night there has been a game on campus, the boys have come over about 7:15 to walk their girls, or a girl, over to the gym. It has been such fun!

The 11:30 Tuesday-Thursday P. E. class had a "blast" a few weeks ago. They went out to one of the L. J. C. Fraternity Houses (the cabin). Charcoaled hamburgers, and cheeseburgers, with all the trimmings were on the menu.

There was the week the cheerleaders for this year practiced and tried out "Laugh! We thought we'd cry" watching them come up the steps. They were so sore. Most of them, like me, hadn't had that much exercise for ages.

Mid-semester grades coming out surely make some girls happy! You know with a "C" average we get one dating privilege a week, and with a "B" average we get two dating privileges a week. It makes it nice for those lucky girls who have boy friends on campus.

New faces seen around campus together this month haven't varied much from last month but there are some new ones. Connie Mabry and "Boney" have gotten to be friends. They have basketball in common. We all agree with that, but we have a feeling 9:30-10:00 every night isn't spent in just talking about basketball. They do look cute together, don't they?

Betty "Bloss" Love just can't make up her mind. She's having a swell time with several boys but is not getting serious. That's what more of us should do. How can we though?

Ann Burns and Pat Conner seem to be one of those couples that really enjoy being together. ALL THE TIME!

Jody Foster and Bill Hughes are darling together, aren't they? They glow when they are together. Don't you think so?

Bob Kennedy does all her studying during the week, but never fear! She catches up on her socializing the weekends when Bob Berry (formerly of L. J. C.) comes over from Carolina to see her.

Nancy Cloer just walks around on clouds everywhere. You see she has a new boy friend — Jimmy Seagroves. They seem to make each other happy, and that makes us happy.

Keep this under your hat, but Miss Audrey Allen has a crush on a Durham day student. You boys should get together, figure out which one of you it is, and give the girl a thrill. Let me clue you, she is a darling girl and has a personality that just won't stop!

Speaking of giving someone a break or a thrill, Marvin Jones, why don't you come on over to Wright Dorm? We have lots of fun over here, T. V. and everything.

We predict Barbara Jean Leonard and Gene Bedsole will be going steady before long. They seem to fascinate each other.

In closing Wright Dorm news, I would like to say for all the girls that we are pulling for you boys at every single game. (We have our fingers crossed.) We are proud of our "All Stars" and wish we could see more of your games. Why don't you play some games on campus?

Let me know some news next month.

See you around,

Pat Eason

Something Wonderful Happens In Winter

Perhaps you have often wondered how a girl feels when she is getting ready to date a boy who is extra special to her. Almost any girl who has ever liked one boy a great deal can tell you; but even though the boys would like to know, they very seldom ask.

Since my roommate would disown me if I used her as an example, I shall pick a victim whose identity shall not be revealed. Let us call her Jane, and the boy she has a "crush" on, Barney.

One afternoon when all was quiet and peaceful in Wright Dorm., I was busily preparing my lessons for the following day. I was very much engrossed in my work when I heard the sound of someone coming up the stairs two by two. An instant later the door flew open, and Jane rushed into the room.

"It happened! It happened!" she sang. She was dancing up and down and then up on the bed, jumping as if she were on a trampoline. By this time I was standing up and staring in amazement. Could this be Jane the nice, quiet reserved girl I knew?

After she regained her breath I asked her to explain to me what had happened to cause all this excitement. "It's Barney," she cried, and started dancing around the room again. Finally she stopped dancing and explained the reason for her excitement.

Barney, a nice, handsome and quiet boy, had been idolized by Jane for quite some time. She talked about him constantly and whenever he passed by her, she sighed and dreamed of him until they met again.

On this particular afternoon Jane had gone to the library to do some extra work. Quite by accident, Barney was there.

Jane proceeded to tell me all the details. "Barney was seated one table down from me," she began. "I tried to keep from glancing in his direction but I slipped and looked a few times anyway. About thirty minutes passed and I decided to leave. As I walked out, I passed by the table at which he was seated. I had almost gotten by him when I heard him call my name. I turned around, and he asked me to sit down and talk to him. I should have gone back to the room then, but against my better judgment I decided to stay. We talked about different subjects and teachers for awhile and then without previous warning he said, 'Would you like to go to the show with me tomorrow night?' I couldn't speak for a minute. Finally I managed to tell him I would. Then I picked up my books and walked out, trying to act as this was an everyday occurrence for me. By the time I got inside the dormitory I couldn't maintain a cool dignified air anymore. I rushed up the stairs shouting my joy — and here I am."

By this time Jane was beginning to regain control of herself. We started talking about a quiz which we were going to have on the following day. Suddenly I glanced toward Jane. She was staring into space with a dazed expression on her face. Since she had been so excited just a few minutes before, I couldn't understand why she had changed so quickly. Before I had time to ask her what was wrong, she jumped up and ran down the hall to her room. Curious about her actions, I followed, to find her pulling clothes out of the closet. Dresses, skirts, sweaters, and shoes were flying through the air—aimed in the direction of the bed. After the closet had been cleaned out, she proceeded to try on clothes. "What can I wear?" She would cry, flinging one outfit on a chair and trying on another. After deciding that nothing which she had was suitable to wear, we went back to my room where she began trying on my clothes. After about an hour had passed she decided to wear the first dress she had tried on.

The following afternoon at about four-thirty Jane started getting ready for the big occasion. She was doing everything backwards. Her hair had gotten wet in the shower and she had been forced to pin it up again and dry it. Suddenly she remembered that she was due for a theme conference at five o'clock; so, she had to put on her skirt and sweater again, take her hair down and comb it, and rush to keep the appointment. It was six o'clock before she returned. She was nervous and more excited than ever. She pinned her hair up again, took a shower, dressed, combed her hair, and came down to my room to wait for him to call for her. She combed her hair and fixed her face over and over again. Then she started wondering if she had been mistaken about the time he was coming. "Did he say he would come at seven or at eight? Could he possibly have meant tomorrow night instead of tonight?" These were the questions she repeated over and over again as she paced back and forth across the room.

Finally, to my relief a voice came, loud and clear, over the public address system—"Jane Clark, you have a caller in the parlor."

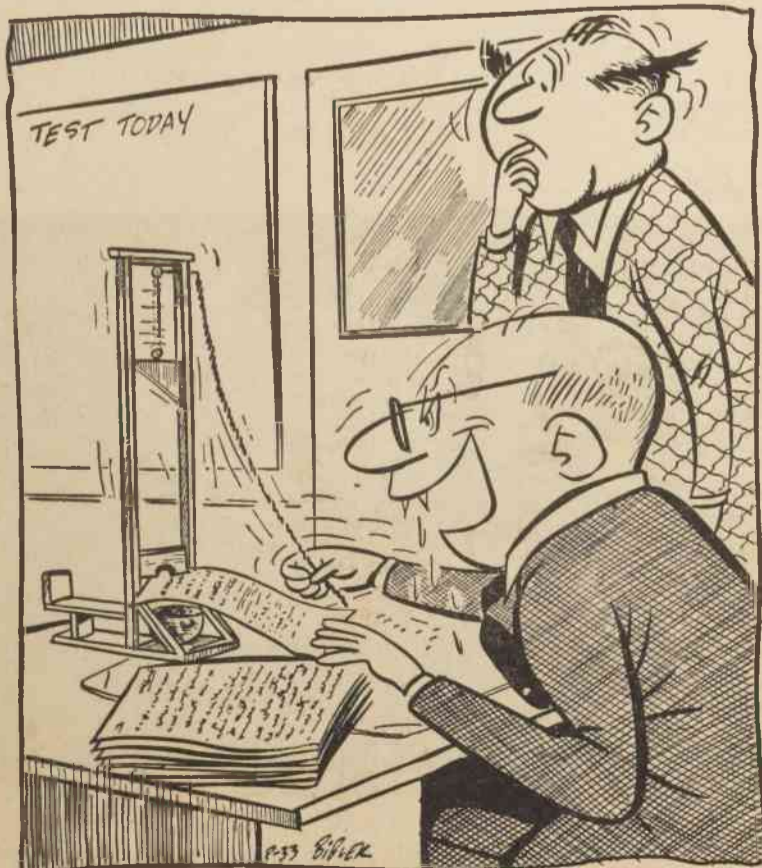
Suddenly, upon hearing her name called she panicked. "What can I do? How should I act?" These were only a few questions which she asked.

"He's waiting for you," I reminded her. Quickly she grabbed her coat and raced toward the stairs, pausing for a moment before she went down, regaining her poise, and with great dignity she walked down the stairs.

This, fellows, is an example of how a girl acts when she is getting ready to date a boy she considers "extra special."

Barbara Reynolds

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS by Dick Bibler



"—AND WHEN IT FALLS ON THE PAPER IT STAMPS A BIG RED 'F'."

HAS SPUTNIK SPUTTERED?

Listen all you people, there's a rumor in the town,
That there's something up in the sky going round and round.
Some call it Sputnik, others call it names unprintable,
But there's one thing sure; it's something very eventful.
It sails through the air with a dog inside,
No one knows if it landed on Mars, or fell in the tide.
It came out of Russia, so the Russians say,
But just wait, we good old Americans will have our day.
They may have their Sputnik, but so what who cares?
We have a democracy, do the Russians have theirs?
Let them search outer space, let them have their keepsakes,
Let them have a field day laughing at our mistakes.
Let them go on and on and maybe soon
They'll discover land and life way up on the moon.
And when they do maybe they'll leave,
And the earth we love and live on will once more be free!
I started this poem in a very light vein,
I hope (if you read it) you'll follow the same.

Jim Fine