

BOYHOOD:

Made In America

(Reprint from "The Wonderful World of Books")

"What's a poet good for? What does he do for people? Let's take Walt Whitman. Walt was a carpenter's son, a handy boy with an ax and saw, used to plain ways and hard work, pleased with everybody and everything. In Long Island, where he grew up, the many-sided life of America swirled around him—the farms with their growing, the sea with its commerce, the cities noisy with making and building. Walt's quick eyes saw it all, and the stir and beat of it got into his blood.

"Every good man eventually gives back to the world what has been given to him. So Walt in time took the great pulse of hope and excitement that America had put in his heart, and began to make a book of it.

"'Leaves of Grass' he called it—a book as boundless and free-growing as an uncut field, blooming with every fresh, green thought that ever grew inside Walt Whitman, American.

"We wrote of the lovely body of his country, its mountains, rivers, prairies, seacoasts, the wet smell of its woods, the cool breath of its winds.

"He wrote of his countrymen at work; stevedores, herdsmen, preachers, Congressmen; the bellowing auctioneer and the gentle healer of wounds; the teamster with his sweating horses and the farmer with his whistling scythe; all stirring, building, buying, selling—a nation of brothers and equals, happy to be going somewhere together.

"What's a poet good for? To give us words for the music in ourselves. To give us words to live by; great, swinging words for our dreams to march to. For just as it takes a child to remind us of the joy in simple things, so it takes a great poet to show us the wonder for what is before our eyes.

"Walt did this for us, and one thing more. He showed us that America itself is the great poem to be written and each of us is its poet, adding our verse to the big book that never ends."

LOUIS REDMOND

A presentation copy . . . is a copy of a book which does not sell, sent you by the author, with his foolish autograph at the beginning of it; for which, if a stranger, he only demands your friendship; if a brother author, he expects from you a book of yours, which does not sell, in return—Charles Lamb

When I am dead, I hope it may be said:

"His sins were scarlet, but his books were read." —Belloc

Marshals Announced

Miss Cone has announced that the marshals for this year are: Louis Albert Hoover, chief; James Owen Brady; William Gordon Crabtree; Louella Robinson, and Donald Wayne Tyser.

Congratulations, you people who have worked hard enough to gain this distinction. We are all proud of you.

KEEVER AND STOGNER

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will receive papers every month. In order for this to be successful we will have to have a circulation manager. If anyone would be interested in holding this position it would be greatly appreciated if they would let it be known.

Also we expect help from the writer's club that Miss Denny is organizing at the present time. I believe that we will be able to publish many interesting editorials that the writing club will undoubtedly turn out.

With the writing club, advertising, and the wholehearted support of the student body, I think that we will be able to reach the high goal that was reached this past year.

JOHN KILGO

A Genoa, Italy, gentleman, charged with living with two wives, indignantly replied, "I've got two jobs!"

A native of the Tennessee mountains came down to Memphis for his initial visit. When he returned home, he was asked how he liked the big city. "Never did see much of the town," he replied. "There was too much going on around the depot."

A magician, entertaining aboard a luxury liner, was heckled each performance by a parrot owned by one of the sailors. After each trick, the parrot would squawk: "Fake! Fake!" This continued for almost a week and then, in the middle of the magician's act, disaster struck the ship.

The sole survivors were the magician and the parrot. Hostilely, they took their positions at opposite ends of a board. For three days and nights not a word passed between them. It was the parrot who spoke first. "All right, wise guy!" he snapped. "What did you do with the ship?"

When I take up a work that I have read before (the oftener the better) I know what I have to expect. The satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated.

—Hazlitt

Dance Big Success

The Charlotte College annual Freshman-Graduate Dance was held May 15, in the ballroom of the Barringer Hotel. We wish to say that this was one of the best dances Charlotte College has ever had. The attendance was good and so was the participation. Some of us felt a little sad since this was the last dance we would ever attend at C. C. as students, but all in all a grand time was had by everyone. If you were not present you don't know what you missed.

Many thanks from the student body to the people who planned and made possible this dance. We can now look forward to the Class Picnic planned for May 29.

GLEN NKEEVER

The man accosting the cop was badly pickled. "Offisher, I'm lookin' for a parkin' plashe."

"But you've got no car," replied the officer.

"Oh, yesh I have; it's in the parkin' plashe I' mlookin' for."

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.
—Emerson

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I cannot see that lectures can do so much good as reading the books from which the lectures are taken.

—Samuel Johnson

SO LONG FOR A WHILE

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portion of our hearts. We leave our best wishes for the successful growth of Charlotte College as it begins a new life and as it prepares itself to become the queen college of the Queen City. To the faculty who have been so patient and understanding, we say "thanks for everything." To those students who remain behind to step up into our ranks as Sophomores, we throw the flaming torch; be it yours to hold high. To those new students who are yet to enter the portals of Charlotte College, we express our sincere desire that they may benefit as we have benefited. And to C. C., we say "so long" but not farewell; we will be on the sidelines, cheering and rooting for our Alma Mater as it glides to victory and fame.

MARTHA STOGNER

Former Student

We have received some word on one of Charlotte College's more distinguished graduates and wish to pass it on to you students.

David Littlejohn, a graduate of Charlotte College, is really making a name for himself. David secured his Bachelor's Degree from U. N. C. in 1950. He was a Phi Beta Kappa and majored in Spanish. He has since studied both French and Portuguese. During the summer of 1950 David worked for the Health Department in Washington. In October he went to Spain on a scholarship to continue his study of Spanish and Spanish literature. David was in Spain over a year studying at the University of Barcelona.

David is now in San Jose, Costa Rica, studying Spanish Literature and tutoring English. He earned enough money doing this to buy a Jeep. David is doing his teaching at the University of Costa Rica. He expects to get his Master's Degree at the University of North Carolina. Students at Charlotte College need only look at David's many accomplishments to see the value of our school.

Mr. Littlejohn is the author of an article which appeared in the March, 1954, issue of "Orbe," a literary magazine published in Spanish in San Jose, Costa Rica. "Manuel de Jesus Jimenez y Sus Cuadros de Costumbres" is the title of his articles, which treats mainly of Manuel de Jesus Jimenez Oreamuno, born in Costa Rica in 1854, and his contribution to Costa Rican literature.

Don Manuel's background was one of distinction. His father was elected twice to the presidency of the Republic, and his mother was a distinguished member of one of the "first" families of Cartago, the city in which he was born. Because of this, Don Manuel was brought up in an atmosphere of culture, and he was surrounded by persons of great intellectual capacity, which influenced his life greatly.

Mr. Littlejohn includes in his article three or four detailed pictures as told by don Manuel. Don Manuel relates with a wonderful sense of humor the episodes of the simple life of his country in the formative years, all the drama—the love, hate, happiness and tragedy—of the cities in those days. His episodes tell of cockfights, horse-races, humble festivals, expeditions against Indian rebels, and the little political problems of colonial life in Costa Rica, which revolved around the old capital of Cartago.

There is no such thing as a moral or an immoral book. Books are well written, or badly written. That is all.—Oscar Wilde.