LIBRARY

A room full of volumes

T) educate one's self,
A dozen hands all reaching

For a novel on the shelf.

A lot of nice big tables,
To study in perfect case,
Surrounded by a "gabbing" group,
Of eager he's and she's.

In the rows of encyclopedias, A reference one might find, But it seems their general purpose,

Is to talk and giggle behind.

Till the last day of summer, From the first day of fall.

The library is the favorite, When one seeks a social hall.

----Juliatte Hickman

TO A FRIEND

I can't remember how I lived
Before you came along.
'Twas you who drove the clouds
away,

And made my life a song.

Where nothing else but darkness Awelt,

I find a glowing spark.

It's the ember of your friend ship,

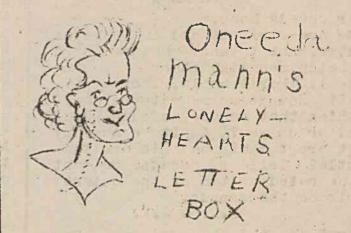
Lighting up the dark.

I shall not waste my time with thoughts

Of life with you away.
I'll blot the future from my mind,

And live just for today.
---Juliette Hickman

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as 11:00 o'clock at night. And so
the long-awaited picture "Gone
With the Wind" has come and gone,
and another dream has been fulfilled.



Dear Oneeda,

I have been in many plays during my time at Louisburg. Everytime I am in a play, I fall for the leading man. I am, at present, going with a very nice young man. Here's the catch—we fight all the time. How can I prevent it?

SIGNED: A.C.

Dear A. C.

This is a hard problem. True love never runs smooth. Talk to your man (if he is a man) and tell him what you think. Let him tell you what he thinks and then have a good fight. Make this a good one, for it may be the last.

Dear Miss Mann,

I am big, and when I walk, I think that there is someone following me. What can I do about this problem?

Too big for words, Tubby

Dear Tubby,

It looks as if there is a crowd following you instead of just one person. If you'll start eating in the College lining Hall, you will be sure of losing all of this excess baggage.

Oneeda.