

What's in A Name ?

J. W. big—J. W. strong—J. W. Boney.
 Robert clean—Robert sweep — Robert Broome.
 Sammy in shorts—Sammy outside—Sammy Cole.
 Lawrence walk under ladder — Lawrence knock off green paint—Lawrence Green.
 Ernest hammer — Ernest hit thumb—Ernest Howell.
 Gerald have gun—Gerald have bullets—Gerald Hunt.
 Robert use phone—Robert get date—Robert Gayman.
 William go to fair—William thrown out—William Young.
 Sammy see whisker — Sammy shave—Sammy Mann.
 Harper buy banana — Harper want—Harper Peel.
 John Henry salty—John Henry smoky—John Henry Oldham.
 James carry suitcase — James get tip—James Porter.
 John enlist—John turned down — John Small.
 Billy shoot—Billy score — Billy Shotwell.
 William see grade book—William curious—William Steele.
 Neil got good appetite—Neil eat much—Neil Stout.
 Coe make tea—Coe hate tea leaves—Coe Strain.
 Pervist broad jumps — Pervist shot puts—Pervist Miles.
 Carroll hang around — Carroll ask too many questions — Carroll Payne.
 James cut down tree—James on wrong side—James Underwood.
 Roscoe ride bicycle — Roscoe have accident—Roscoe Wheelless.
 Dan mad—Dan fight — Dan Wynn.
 Glenn wild about women—Glenn see Moody gals—Glenn Wilder.
 Annie Belle has criticism—Annie Belle not tactful—Annie Belle Blount.
 Daisy in hurry—Daisy fly — Daisy Byrd.
 Glennor called strange name—Glennor called funny name—Glennor Culpepper.
 Merle get bad grade—Merle go to teacher—Merle Sasser.
 Pat walk in rain—Pat fall in mud—Pat Waller.
 Samuel hold ounce—Samuel hold pound—Samuel Holton.
 Bob add—Bob total—Bob Balance.
 Thomas see customer—Thomas give haircut—Thomas Barbour.
 Walton sing—Walton in Glee Club—Walton Bass.
 Elmer nominated—Elmer elected—Elmer Best.

"It is hard to say where studies should stop and other things begin, but until this is worked out our schools will continue to have the same effect on students as an unbalanced diet."—Merle Summerlin, '50.

Probably the most important asset to a college student is a mind that is willing to absorb learning. A college student without an interest in learning is like a crippled man without a crutch. A person who is eager to learn can overcome almost any deficiency.

There is a great deal of different types of work going on in college. The most important one is studying.—Benjamin F. Allen, '48.

A Freak

Days before the fury of the storm reached the coast of North Carolina, there lay over Roanoke Island a deathly hot calm. Storm warnings were out, and the Red Cross issued warnings for the people to abandon the nearby beaches. Fishermen over the entire sector were to be found making fast their boats in the coves, canals, and bays of the island. Everywhere, people were making ready for the storm which, according to reports by weather experts, carried a wind velocity of approximately 120 or 125 miles per hour.

About six hours before the storm was to spend its destruction on Roanoke Island, there developed a small breeze, welcome in one way and very unwelcome in another. It was welcomed as a relief from the stifling heat of the preceding week, and unwelcomed as the forerunner of the dreaded menace of the Atlantic seaboard—the hurricane. The surf began to roar loudly so that even on Roanoke Island, which is about three miles from the Atlantic breakers, one could hear the gigantic waves pounding as if they were in his own back yard.

It was now 8:00 p. m., Monday, August 30, 1948. At 2:00 a. m. the following day, the hurricane was to strike the section with all its destructive force.

A few hours later, the small breeze had developed into a steady blow, but was still without the velocity of a storm. It seemed that everyone retired early that night, a night of fear—fear of property damage, for rarely does one get injured in a North Carolina hurricane. The wind blew steadily on through the night. With the coming of dawn, the breeze had increased a few m.p.h. Still, the wind blew not hard enough to damage anything. Everyone was staying by his radio, hopefully awaiting a good report of the storm. Then it came! Flash! The newscast read something like this: "The hurricane has blown northwest to a point approximately 125 miles east of Cape Hatteras and then changed its course to a northerly direction." Though weather experts had predicted that the storm would veer off to sea and there exhaust itself, they seemed to be wrong, for the wind increased steadily. However, there still was no damage done.

After all, the report proved to be true. The wind slowed to a pleasant breeze and the sun again began to shine. People everywhere began to breathe more easily. In all, everyone seemed to be disappointed. All had anticipated and prepared for the expected high winds which never came. The air of disappointment was like a heavy fog that envelopes all in its path. However, there was joy—joy in a sense that this was one storm that would not render its destruction to valuable property.

The grave mistake that most people make when they take responsibility for themselves is waiting too long to realize the fact that they are boss.—Jewel Brown, ex '48.

Who's Who



Two years ago when Orlando Fransi said "ad-ios" to his friends in Cardenas, Cuba, and said "hello" to strangers in Louisburg, U. S. A., our Alma Mater gained a true son; and those "strangers"

in Louisburg gained a true friend. Since coming to our campus, Pedro, as his friends call him, has in his own quiet, unspectacular way attained recognition for his helpfulness, cooperation, and loyalty. It is in recognition of these qualities that COLUMNS presents him as Who's Who in this first issue of COLUMNS for the current year.

One of the most outstanding characteristics of Orlando is his willingness to help do any task, great or small, at any time. He gives the same attention to a small, menial chore as he would give to some huge, noticeable task. One of his mottos must surely be "If it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well." Though he has never been officially a member of the staff of COLUMNS, his services in typing and in preparing issues for mailing have been symbols of his helpful interest.

Another enviable quality of Orlando's is his dependability and steadfastness. Those who have known him since he came to the States cannot help admiring the way that he has stubbornly and untiringly worked on his English, refusing to give up even under the most difficult and discouraging conditions. An interesting fact is that he is repeating the course in English Comp. after having passed with a transferable grade. How many of us are serious enough about mastering even our own language—voluntarily to repeat a course?

Still another admirable trait of Orlando's is his friendliness. Pedro seems to be a friend of everyone. When one knows him, it is easy to understand why every one likes him.

His current presidency of the campus chapter of Alpha Pi Epsilon, national commercial fraternity, is his major official achievement, but that position is only partially suggestive of the unofficial prominence that is his.

Whenever Orlando says "so long" to his friends here to say "hola" to his friends in Cuba, he cannot truly leave us. He will have left a part of himself here in the hearts of "those strangers" at Louisburg.

"I feel that every student should have a prepared reading list of the classics and other important works, thus increasing one's power of thought . . . Let us not fall into the depths of illiteracy."—Joe Carter, '50.

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Fleenor on Music

This may shock you, but Stan Kenton has a dance band. For some reason it has become fashionable of late among those who seek to evaluate hot music to get really sassy when the Kenton band of right now is a thoroughly magnificent group—one of the great bands of all time.

What's so wonderful about the band? Well, for one thing, a different kind of music emanates from the band on a dance job. They get a big sound. It's brassy and gutty one minute and absorbingly interesting the next.

Take the brass section for example. There was never a better one than this. It hits harder and cleaner than you would imagine it possible for ten men to do together. When they hit it together the impact is like a clap of thunder.

And that rhythm section. Its beautiful feeling has been achieved only through countless measures of playing together. You will hear intricate rhythms and counter-rhythms that will surpass any big band of today. As far as I'm concerned, anyone who says the band doesn't swing wouldn't know a beat if you hit him with one.

There's not a pop tune in the books except for the novelty things that June Christy does, but it's loaded with fine standards like, "If I Could Be With You", and so on.

There is a fine spirit in the band. The men play as hard in small towns as they would in Carnegie Hall.

This review is not intended to switch your allegiance from Woody or Benny or even Vaughn to Stan. But it does have the objective of re-educating those who have a mistaken impression from Kenton's concerts and recent records.

If the next time you see Kenton his music jolts the breath out of you, and you get your kicks in a hysterical sort of way, and you know that you have heard something unbearably exciting in jazz, then Kenton is your boy. I don't like Kenton myself.

Williams Elected Vet President

Lon Williams was elected president of the Veterans' Club at their first meeting, Sept. 30. The other officers are Paul Byrum, vice-president; Edwin Collins, secretary; Larry Winborne, acting secretary; and Allie Lee Dameron, the one woman member, treasurer. Mr. Bowers was re-elected adviser.

The club's first function of the current college year was a barbecue at Jackson's Pond Oct. 15. Approximately 100 students and faculty members were present.

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Nosing Along

Several days ago when the heat of the presidential campaign was at its highest, many arguments were in progress on the campus. There was an especially terrific argument up on fourth floor Main. It seemed that two students, Mac Fuller and Seymour Holt, could not come to an agreement as to the outcome of the presidential election. (A newspaper is no place to discuss personal politics, but an exception is about to be made).

Seymour had the unchangeable idea in his head that Mr. Dewey would win by a landslide. On the other hand, Mac was definitely sure that the Democratic candidate would emerge from the election with an overwhelming majority. In fact, each was so sure of his favorite's chances that he placed a bet that had a very strange stake. Seymour and Mac heartily agreed that if his respective candidate lost, he would move a peanut from one end of fourth Main hall to the other. Now, moving a peanut seems to be an easy job, but the agreement was to roll it along the floor by using the nose!—strange stake, but the terms of the agreement.

During the hours that ensued, each of the boys kept his ears glued to his radio, hoping and praying for victory. Each was seemingly confident that his candidate would win, but both sweated considerably. On through the weary hours, they listened hopefully, still wishing to emerge victoriously; for neither of the boys thought pushing a peanut with his nose a very desirable act, especially in public. Mac even let part of his English Literature go to seed in order that he might keep tab on the election returns. That was hard, too; for he had the exam the following day.

There is no need to say who won the election or who roled the peanut; but if anyone wants to know how long it takes to roll a peanut by his nose down fourth Main hall, ask Seymour Holt. He knows!

"A student needs to know the right fork to use just as much as he needs to know the dates of the Civil War."—Merle Summerlin, '50

To me college is more than just a place to acquire an education. I consider it a real part of life. Dan Cameron, ex '48.

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