

COLUMNS

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SCRIPTURE

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore
 get wisdom: and with all thy getting get
 understanding.—Prov. 4:7.

WELCOME, FRESHMEN!

Columns extends to you, the new stu-
 dents of Louisburg, a hearty welcome!

Welcome to our friendly campus with
 its stately oaks and graceful columns and
 to the different phases of student life. We
 want you to be as much a part of our cam-
 pus as anyone of these permanent remind-
 ers.

The doors of Knowledge will constant-
 ly be opened to you during your sojourn at
 this college. Each of you is faced with this
 new and exciting challenge. May you have
 the power to grasp the many opportunities
 of this new life and to make the most of
 them and, afterwards in passing, carry
 with you the riches of Knowledge and ex-
 perience gained here at Louisburg.

Here's to a successful year for each
 of you.—J. M. W.

NOISE! NOISE!

Lately, there have been several com-
 plaints of unnecessary noise in the halls
 and in the rooms directly above the class-
 rooms. On several occasions, these dis-
 turbances have been loud enough to cause
 distraction in the classrooms.

It is assumed that these students who
 exhibit their rowdiness do not want them-
 selves or their deeds brought to light; yet,
 they have been intermittently informed
 of the conflicts that they are causing. To
 publicly expose these offenders is by no
 means a way to eliminate these disturbanc-
 es. Only by complete cooperation may any
 satisfactory agreement be reached.

We must remember that we are now
 in college and that our conduct should be
 in accord with that level. To fall below this
 set standard is entirely discrediting.

By recognizing the preceding, we
 should strive to reform.—J. M. W.

NEW LOOK

From the standpoint of a senior, life
 at Louisburg is not what it used to be. The
 first week of school was calm and quiet.
 The juniors did not seem to have the life
 and energy of their predecessors, but that
 idea was soon falsified.

We had been here only a short time when
 we had a fire scare. Since then we have had
 several cases of theft and endless excite-
 ment. The first weekend that the girls
 were allowed to go home, the girls who re-
 mained on campus made their own amuse-
 ment by short sheeting all of the beds,
 swapping shoes from one closet to another,
 and hiding books. The junior girls have
 proved themselves to be even more mis-
 chievous than the junior girls of last year.

From all reports, life in the boy's
 dorm is somewhat different, too. The boys
 had a lot of fun last year, but they did not
 have such sound sleepers. There has been
 a lot of fun at the expense of one of the
 boys who sleeps so soundly that being car-
 ried all over the dorm, upstairs and down,
 did not even disturb him.

There have been the traditional water
 fights in boys' and girls' dorms. Things are
 not dull, no matter what point of view one
 takes.

Life at Louisburg is not what is used
 to be, but the students next year will prob-
 ably see even more difference in campus
 life.—J. M. W.

Student Features

COLLEGE

College entrance is an import-
 ant step in the life of every stu-
 dent. For many, it is the first
 break from home; for all, it means
 an adjustment to new methods of
 work and new standards, as well
 as more complex human relation-
 ships. A boy might find it hard
 to adjust himself to sharing a
 room with a person whom he has
 never seen before, whose tastes,
 interests, and study habits may be
 different from his own.

I found upon my arrival at col-
 lege a nice layout of buildings,
 comfortable class rooms, good
 teachers, and a pleasant atmos-
 phere. I met many people who will
 be my life-long friends. The wealth
 of friendship we find in the as-
 sociation with other people is ever-
 lasting.

All is not work at college. Many
 clubs and organizations offer very
 pleasing extra-curricular activities.
 These organizations offer a great
 deal of training in citizenship.

What do I want to be? That
 question is what brings most of
 us to college. Not many of us ac-

ually know what our life's work
 will be. The schools and colleges
 have a great responsibility in
 helping young people answer this
 question. I believe it is the aim
 of all the schools to help the stu-
 dent develop his individual tal-
 ents. I believe each one of us will
 leave college with a better under-
 standing of life. We will also know
 how to be a more useful person
 to ourselves and society. Colleges
 are maintained so that people may
 learn to live life to its utmost in
 joy and service.

—JACKIE WILLIAMS

Army Life For Me?

"Jackson!"
 "Here, Sir!"
 "Jennings!"
 "Here, Sir!"
 "Jones!"
 "Here, Sir!"
 "Jordan! . . . Jordan! . . . Jordan!"

"Come on, Jordan, sound off
 when your name is called! I have
 to call your name three times
 every day, Jordan! You'd better
 start speaking up!" Sergeant Grif-

fin was really heated up that
 morning and he was taking out
 his anger on the trainees.

"He's deaf, Sergeant!" one of
 the trainees spoke out.

"Shut up, Soldier! I'll do the
 talking around here! At ease,
 Men! The Lieutenant has a few
 words to say to you!", said Grif-
 fin still shouting from the top of
 his lungs.

So, this was army life. I didn't
 know much about it, except that
 I didn't like it. How I had ever
 got into this deal in the first
 place was beyond me. It was just
 like a terrible nightmare from
 which I couldn't awake. It had
 all started just a few days before.
 On May 25, 1951, I had been in-
 ducted into the United States
 Army, along with thirty-six other
 boys from Halifax County. After
 spending a day at the recruiting
 station in Raleigh, North Caro-
 lina, the group was transferred
 to Fort Jackson, South Carolina.

At Fort Jackson we were placed
 in Company "B" of the Recep-
 tion Center. After a week of pro-
 cessing there, we were given ship-
 ping orders. My heart would al-
 most stop beating when various
 names were called out to be
 transferred to other camps far
 away from Fort Jackson. I was
 lucky. I wasn't shipped to Fort
 Custer, Michigan, or Fort Knox,
 Kentucky, or even to Camp Gor-

don, Georgia, like some of the
 other fellows. I was shipped over
 the hill one mile from the Recep-
 tion Center to Company "M",
 13th Infantry Regiment of the
 8th Division.

So here I was waiting, along
 with 250 other fellows, to begin
 basic training, which was to start
 the next day.

Lieutenant Dial, the Company
 Commander, was beginning to
 speak. "Men," he said, "tomorrow
 you begin basic training. It's go-
 ing to be rough at first, but you'll
 get used to it. Some of you can't
 walk a mile without getting tired.
 Others can walk five miles. When
 basic training is over, all of you
 will be able to march twenty
 miles and not give it a second
 thought."

"There's something else I want
 you men to get into your heads,
 too. All of you are infantry sol-
 diers whether you like it or not,
 and you will be trained to act like
 infantry soldiers. These rifles that
 you were issued today were
 made for one purpose and one
 purpose only—that is, to kill a
 man. These rifles will be your
 best friends while you're in the
 army, so treat them like friends.
 Oil them, clean them, and don't
 let them rust; and remember,
 don't point them at anyone unless
 you intend to kill him. That's all,
 men! Dismissed!"

It was only a short time after
 that day until I was called to the
 base hospital for a closer examina-
 tion. I was immediately sent up
 before the Medical Board and told
 that I would be recommended for
 discharge. Two weeks later I pack-
 ed my belongings, picked up my
 discharge papers, and left Fort
 Jackson for the last time.

So at last I was out of the army.
 This was what I had wanted since
 the day I had been inducted. I
 didn't feel right at all leaving my
 friends to take training and later
 be sent to combat. Somehow I felt
 I wasn't doing my part, but
 the Colonel had given me a dis-
 charge; so there was nothing else
 for me to do but go home.

Now I'm out of the army. I don't
 have to clean rifles, polish boots,
 stand to attention, or go on long
 hikes, but I still think about those
 forty-six days I spent in service.

Some nights when I'm sleeping,
 I have dreams about life in Com-
 pany "M". I can see the troops
 standing to attention. I can see
 them marching down the road and
 through the woods. I can hear the
 rhythm of the march. That hup-hup-
 hup—echoing through the trees
 sounds almost like the harsh voice
 of Sergeant Griffin when he shouts
 "At ease, Men! At ease, Men! At
 ease, Men!"

—MARVIN JORDAN.

A JULY NIGHT ON
THE FARM

It was a July night when I lay
 in my bed trying to sleep. I had
 worked hard all day. Tobacco was
 in the midst of being harvested.
 All the farmers of my neighbor-
 hood were working diligently try-
 ing to get their tobacco gathered.
 I had worked since four o'clock
 that morning, and I was ready to
 drop from weariness, but I could
 not go to sleep. I was thinking of
 how much trouble the tobacco was
 and how hard the work was which
 I had put into this tobacco. I was
 wondering if it was really worth
 the trouble. I thought that the old
 saying, "All work and no play
 makes Jack a dull boy", was a true
 statement. I had been working
 nearly a month in tobacco, and
 there had been no time for play.
 Tobacco seemed to me an ugly
 weed, and, surely, it was no help

to anyone. Why did people bother
 with it? Then I went to sleep still
 thinking unpleasant thoughts
 about tobacco.

I was awakened by the dog bark-
 ing. It was difficult to get to sleep
 again, for the atmosphere was sul-
 try. As I lay, looking out my win-
 dow, I could see the tobacco fields
 in all its peak of beauty waiting
 to be harvested. The light of a full
 moon caused the beautiful, mellow
 yellow of the big leaves to give
 the appearance of a technicolor
 film strip. Now and then the gen-
 tle breeze would bring the fresh
 tobacco odor through the window
 to me.

Yes! It was quite picturesque
 until I suddenly realized that I
 was one of those who would have
 to get up early and help harvest
 the crop. Suddenly the whole
 scene was quite ugly. I turned
 away from the window and went
 to sleep.

—EUGENE MERCER

Louisburg Through
Freshmen Eyes

Scared? Of course I was scared!
 What green freshman was not as
 he got his first glimpse of Louis-
 burg College? Coming from a
 small school, I found that the
 small campus here looked big and
 alarming. We drove up and I was
 almost afraid to get out of the
 car.

Jackie Hall, between flying
 trips upstairs with luggage, found
 time to stop, find out my name,
 and if I planned to attend col-
 lege here this term. After this
 little chat the lump in my throat
 grew a little smaller, and I was
 soon able to talk without my voice
 breaking.

By the time my family left, I
 could be almost cheerful. I went
 to my room, and after distribut-
 ing my various possessions, it ac-
 quired a more homelike appear-
 ance.

The thing that impressed me
 most about Louisburg was the
 friendly atmosphere that prevails
 here. Everyone seems to really
 be interested in you, and they
 are never too preoccupied to
 smile and give a cheerful word.

Though I miss home dreadfully,
 I know that the students here
 could do no more to make it bear-
 able.

My heart goes out to the stu-
 dents of Louisburg College for
 their cheerful words, ready
 smiles, and friendly spirits.

—MIRIAM TURNER

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