

## COLUMNS

VOLUME XI NUMBER 1

Published by Louisburg College Students

## STAFF OF COLUMNS

Editor-in-Chief ..... JIMMY WILLIS  
 Associate Editor ..... JEANETTE MILLER  
 Business Manager ..... HARVEY JOHNSON  
 Asst. Business Mgr. .... PAUL BUNN  
 Feature Editor ..... MARVIN JORDAN  
 News Manager ..... MARGARET ARM-  
 STRONG  
 Reporters ..... JACKIE HALL, RUDOLFO  
 MIER Y TERAN, NANCY STREET-  
 MAN, PHYLLIS BAILEY, PHILLIP  
 JOHNSON, ED DRIVER, SIDNEY  
 EPPERSON, RUBY RIGGAN.  
 Make-up Manager ..... THELBERT WHITT  
 Sports Editors ..... EARLE PIERCE and  
 BILL BROGDEN

Subscription rate for non-residents for  
 collegiate year, \$1.00

## 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

## O'NEAL'S

"Your Drug Store"

LOUISBURG, N. C.

The  
 Friendly Shop  
 Appreciates Your  
 Patronage  
 Louisburg, N. C.

TUTTLE  
Appliance Co.

Frigidaire Appliances  
 Radios - Television  
 Small Appliances

Compliments of  
 H. C. Taylor  
 Hardware - Furniture  
 Louisburg, N. C.